

"INDIANA JONES AND THE REALM OF THE DEAD"

Screenplay

by

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FADE IN

EXT. CEMETERY IN UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

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

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

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

MARION RAVEWOOD

MAIN TITLE BEGINS

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

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

EXT. RAINY STREETS - DAY

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

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

EXT. MUSEUM, REAR PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

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

INT. MUSEUM OFFICES - AFTERNOON

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

INT. CURATOR'S RECEPTION ROOM - AFTERNOON

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

INT. INDY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

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

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

Indy drops his trench coat and fedora on a COUCH and makes his way to his DESK. A FRAMED PICTURE OF MARION sits on the messy desktop. Indy picks up the picture and sullenly

looks at it for a few moments. He opens a desk drawer and drops the picture into it.

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

END MAIN TITLES

The MAIN TITLES are followed by this:

NEW YORK 1951

INT. INDY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

INDY

(groggy)

What are you doing here, Grace?

GRACE

Tidying up a bit.

INDY

How many times have I told you-?

GRACE

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

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

INDY

(surly)

Hey! I wasn't done with that!

GRACE

(ignoring him)

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

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

GRACE

(continuing)

Let me take you home.

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

INDY

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

Grace helps him toward the door.

GRACE

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

INDY

Right.

INT. MUSEUM - LOBBY HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

Above the doors hangs a sign which reads "BRODY HALL:
COMING THIS FALL". A LARGE PORTRAIT OF MARCUS BRODY adorns

another sign by the door. The date under the picture reads "1876 - 1950". The setup is nearly complete for lavish exhibit planned to honor the illustrious curator after his death the previous year.

EXT. MUSEUM - FRONT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

GRACE

Hurry up and get in before we get any wetter!

INDY

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

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

GRACE

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

INDY

I'll be right back.

Thunder crashes, and Indy turns back toward the building. Unwilling to wait in the rain, Grace gets into the car and watches Indy go back into the building.

INT. MUSEUM - LOBBY HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

INT. MUSEUM - BRODY HALL - NIGHT

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

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

INDY

Working kind of late, aren't you boys?

SMITH

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

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

INDY

(dismissively)

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

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

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

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

Breathing hard, Indy looks from the fallen body of Smith to the doors at one end of Brody Hall. Johnson stands at the

doors, acting as a lookout. Johnson is surprised by his partner's failure. Johnson reaches in his pocket and pulls out a SEMIAUTOMATIC PISTOL WITH A SILENCER.

INDY

Son of a...

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

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

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

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

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

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

INDY

Unnh!

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

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

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

JOHNSON

Aaaah!

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

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

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

INDY

(grimly)

I don't think so.

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

backward by the force of the bullets, the lifeless CORPSE of the workman crashes into a pile of crates. The sound of the gunshots ECHOES through the Hall.

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

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

GRACE

Oh my God!

Indy scowls and lowers the gun.

GRACE

(continuing)

Doctor Jones! What happened?

INDY

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

(grimly)

They won't make that mistake again.

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

INDY

(angrily)

I said I'm fine.

GRACE

(trying to be helpful)

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

INDY

(softening slightly)

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

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

A BATTERED FILE CASE.

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

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

GRACE

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

INDY

(recognizing the file)

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

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

INDY

Looks like a bunch of Ravenwood's old notes.

GRACE

Yeah, almost exactly 15 years old.

The DATE ON THE PAPER reads 1935.

INDY

(thoughtfully)

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

GRACE

(skeptical)

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

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

INDY

Just papers, some journals, and-

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

INDY

(continuing)

This.

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

GRACE

I've seen something like that
before.

(she looks O.S.)

It was in a case over there.

INDY

It's another headpiece.

GRACE

So that's what those goons were
after?

Indy ignores her, lost in thought.

INDY

(to himself, but meant for
Abner)

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

GRACE

Egypt?

INDY

(determined)

Yep. That's where I'm headed.

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

GRACE

(coming up behind him)

Doctor Jones, are you sure you're
okay?

INDY

(annoyed, more with himself
than Grace)

Who made you my nurse?

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

INDY

(continuing)

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

GRACE

(concerned)

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

INDY

(snarling)

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

dammit!

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

GRACE

(to herself, watching Indy
leave)

Don't worry, I'll take care of it.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

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

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

WOMAN (O.S.)

I was starting to wonder if you
were going to make it.

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

INDY

Just what in the hell are you
doing here?

GRACE

Flying to Cairo.

INDY

I told you I don't need a nurse.

GRACE

(sweetly sarcastic)

Are you sure, DOCTOR Jones? I
thought doctors always had nurses.

Indy opens and closes his mouth without saying anything.

GRACE

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

Oh look. They've shut the door.

(matter-of-factly, looking at
Indy)

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

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

EXT. CONSTELLATION - FLYING - DAY

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAIRO AIRPORT - NIGHT

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

SALLAH (O.S.)

Indy! Indy!

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

INDY

Sallah??? What are you doing here?

SALLAH

Your secretary-- "Miss Fleming" I
think she said-- called me and
told me you'd be coming. Is this
her?

(he shakes her hand)
Charmed, my dear.

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

SALLAH
(continuing)
She also told me that you are back on the trail of some of Ravenwood's relics again. Another headpiece she said. I don't know if I can help this time. The old man is long since dead.
(laughs)
But that doesn't matter! It has been years since I've seen you my friend, you must tell-

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

SALLAH
(misunderstanding, still excited)
Of course, of course.
(laughs)
Always a clock to punch, eh Indy?

Sallah gives Indy a jovial slap on the back.

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

INDY
(interrupting, more firmly)
No Sallah. I'm working this one solo. I don't need your help.

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

SALLAH

(unwilling to believe that
Indy is snubbing him)

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

INDY

(searching for some way to
explain)

No, Sallah.

(jabbing his thumb in Grace's
direction)

It's her fault.

SALLAH

(hurt)

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

INDY

(starting to feel bad)

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

SALLAH

(understanding that is
exactly what Indy meant)

I see.

(beat)

Well...

(trying to seem
disinterested)

Nice to see you again, Indiana.
Perhaps another time then.

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

INDY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Grace stands silently, half expecting that Indy will put her on the next plane back to the States. Without any resistance from Grace, Indy's anger subsides almost as quickly as it flared up. He's tired from the long flight. With the emotional toll of his confrontation with Sallah, Indy is wiped out and can't invest any more energy in being angry with Grace.

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

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL - NIGHT

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

INT. INDY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

GRACE

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

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

INDY

No thanks. I've got what I need.

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

GRACE

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

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

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

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

INDY

Would you stop that?

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

GRACE

(oblivious)

Stop what?

INDY

(realizing that he'll never
win)

Never mind.

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

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

GRACE

(trying hard to make conversation)

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

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

INDY

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

GRACE

And as I recall, he said "no."

INDY

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

GRACE

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

Indy nods, but seems skeptical.

INDY

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

GRACE

So who is this "Abner Ravenwood"?

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

INDY

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

GRACE

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

INDY

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

(stops, looks at Grace)

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

GRACE

(putting the papers away)

Ah. Archaeologists and their obsessions.

INDY

(defensive)

What's that supposed to mean?

GRACE

It's just that-- well...

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

GRACE

(continuing)

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

(shaking her head)

Not the way I'd want to live.

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

INDY

(spiteful)

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

GRACE

What are you talking about?

INDY

(caustic)

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

GRACE

(quietly)

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

INDY

(cutting off the conversation)

Don't you need to unpack or something?

GRACE

(forcing a smile)

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

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

INDY

(softening)

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

idea.

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

GRACE

Are you worried about me?

INDY

(backpedaling)

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

(surly)

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

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

INT. INDY'S HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

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

INDY

Stupid faucet.

INT. INDY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

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

INDY

(to the closed door)
It's open.

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

GRACE
(chewing)
What are you looking for?

Indy searches frantically and starts to panic.

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

INDY
The file is gone!

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

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

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

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL - NIGHT

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

INDY

Get out of the car.

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

EXT. CAIRO SIDE STREETS - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

EXT. NILE BRIDGES - NIGHT

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

The black car veers insanely through traffic. Drivers in other vehicles HONK their horns, flash their LIGHTS, shout obscenities in Arabic, and swerve to avoid the reckless vehicles. The Thief Driver maneuvers around LARGE TRUCKS

and into ONCOMING TRAFFIC, willing to try anything to lose the pursuing taxi. Indy matches him move for move.

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

GRACE

(to Indy)

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

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

INDY

(to the thieves)

So you want to play rough, huh?

EXT. OLD CITY STREETS - NIGHT

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

GRACE

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

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

INDY

(to himself)

Dead end.

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

GRACE

(panicked)
What are you doing???

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

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

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

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

GRACE
(appalled)
What did you do that for? They
were already defenseless!

INDY
(cold)
I'm making it expensive for
whoever keeps bothering us. They
need to learn.

GRACE
(painfully, rubbing her neck)
God... why did you have to ram
them?

INDY
(unsympathetic)
We caught them, didn't we?
(beat)

Let's just get back to the hotel.

GRACE

So more thugs can come after us?
Are you kidding?

INDY

Got a better idea?

GRACE

As a matter of fact...

INT. SALLAH'S HOUSE, FRONT HALL - DAWN

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

SALLAH

(to himself, hurrying to the door)

One moment... one moment...

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

INDY

Hi, Sallah. I... uh...

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

GRACE

(to Sallah)

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

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

INDY

(to Sallah, regarding Grace)
Not only a secretary, but a mind
reader too.

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

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

INDY
(catching Sallah's meaning)
I know what you mean.

SALLAH
But enough of that... come in, my
friends. Don't stand out there
like vagabonds.
(leading the way into the
kitchen)
Join me for some breakfast before
the brigands return and ruin
everything.

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

SALLAH (O.S.)
Oh no! Too late! They're already
here! Aaah!

Fearing the worst, Indy races toward the kitchen.

INT. SALLAH'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

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

Several SMALL CHILDREN are playfully attacking Sallah. Other children help themselves to a LARGE TABLE covered with FRUIT and other BREAKFAST FOODS. All the children

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

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

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

SALLAH
(amused)
Grandchildren, Indy.
Grandchildren.

INDY
Oh... right.

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

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

INT. SALLAH'S HOUSE, STUDY - DAY

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

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

INDY

(rolling his eyes)

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

(beat)

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

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

SALLAH

May I see the headpiece?

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

SALLAH

(continuing)

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

(looking up at Indy)

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

INDY

Which will show where the Lyre is kept.

(shaking his head)

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

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

SALLAH

Cleopatra was a Ptolemy, wasn't she?

INDY

She was the last. Why?

SALLAH

(shuffling through papers on
his desk)

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

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

INDY

(excited)

This is it! This is the piece I
was missing!

SALLAH

What do you mean?

INDY

(getting up and pacing)

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

(he picks up the headpiece)

She even portrayed herself as the
goddess Isis!

SALLAH

And the dig has found the
Mausoleum?

INDY

(negative)

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

SALLAH

So you think the map room we want is there?

INDY

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

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

SALLAH

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

INDY

(interrupting, still facing the window)
No, Sallah, I can't stay.

SALLAH

(confused)
Why not? I thought that-

INDY

Listen...
(turning to face Sallah)
That file has brought me nothing but trouble. I don't want to endanger your family.
(firmly)
I need to get out of here as soon

as possible. Alone. Just let me borrow a truck or something.

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

SALLAH

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

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

GRACE

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

INDY

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

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

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

EXT. SEASIDE CAMP - AFTERNOON

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

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

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

SALLAH

(to Grace)

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

INDY

But what we want is up there.

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

INDY

(continuing)

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

EXT. FORTRESS DIG - AFTERNOON

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

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

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

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

Cray is an American in his forties. He has a deep tan and wiry build from years of fieldwork. His dark eyes and intense expression reinforce the air of competence and professionalism of the dig.

CRAY

(recognizing Indy)

My God... Jones? Indiana Jones?

INDY

Have we met before?

CRAY

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

The two men shake hands.

CRAY

(continuing)

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

INDY

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

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

CRAY

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

(beat)

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

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

INDY

Well... Egypt has always fascinated me. I'd like to look around the tunnels, if I could.

CRAY

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

INDY

I think I can manage.

CRAY

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

INDY

(almost losing his temper)

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

CRAY

Very well.

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

CRAY

(continuing)

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

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

GRACE

What was that all about?

INDY

I don't know.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - AFTERNOON

Indy, Sallah, Grace go down many steps, through ROUGH-HEWN PASSAGES and more FINISHED HALLWAYS. All three of them carry FLASHLIGHTS. Occasionally, they pass through LARGE ROOMS. These rooms are covered with ELABORATE HIEROGLYPHICS and have LARGE LIGHTS set up to aid the archaeology team.

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

INT. DIG LEADER'S TENT - AFTERNOON

An ARAB DIGGER comes into the tent.

ARAB DIGGER

They've gone down into the unexplored lower level.

CRAY

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

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - LOWER LEVEL - AFTERNOON

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

GRACE

(to Sallah)

How long have we been down here?

SALLAH

(looking at his watch)

Almost three hours. It's nearly sunset.

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

SALLAH

(continuing)
So... Miss Fleming...

GRACE
Please, call me Grace.

SALLAH
(smiling)
Grace it is. How long have you
worked for Indy?

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

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

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

INDY
(interrupting)
Hey, you two. Shine your lights
over here will ya?

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

GRACE
(coming over to Indy)
What is it?

INDY
(pointing to the cartouche)
This tells part of the legend of
Isis and Osiris.

Grace looks at Indy blankly so he elaborates.

INDY

(continuing)

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

He points to an ODDLY-SHAPED DEPRESSION IN THE MURAL.

INDY

(continuing)

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

GRACE

(looking at the picture of Isis)

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

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

GRACE

(continuing)

What's this mean?

INDY

(puzzled)

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

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

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

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

INDY

(to himself)

Pieces of Osiris. Just like the legend.

(to Sallah and Grace)

Find the rest!

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

INDY

Last one.

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

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

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

INDY

Down we go.

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

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - SECRET STAIRS - AFTERNOON

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

GRACE

Sure are a lot of steps.

INDY

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

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

INDY

Sallah, let's have those torches.

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

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

EXT. FORTRESS DIG - LATE AFTERNOON

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

ARAB DIGGER

(gasping for breath)

Jones has... has found a secret stairway.

CRAY

(interested)

In the tunnels? Where?

ARAB DIGGER

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

CRAY

Isis?

(to himself)

So it IS here...

ARAB DIGGER

(unable to make out his
comment)

Sir?

CRAY

(to the digger)

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

(darkly)

I need him to take care of
something for me.

INT. CHAMBER OF ISIS - LATE AFTERNOON

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

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

INDY

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

(noting the water-filled
passage)

That probably leads to the ruins
out in the bay.

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

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

The columns surround the whole structure and divide the Atrium into several sections. One section houses an ELABORATE ALTAR and IMPRESSIVE STATUES OF ISIS AND OSIRIS. Indy passes this section by. Finally, Indy sees what he's looking for: A MINIATURE OF THE COASTLINE!

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

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - LATE AFTERNOON

RASHID, a hulking brute of an Arab, leads a pack of six GRIM-LOOKING ARABS through the tunnels. They're all armed with GUNS OF VARIOUS MAKES AND MODELS. They march through the same rooms that Indy did during his descent.

INT. CHAMBER OF ISIS - LATE AFTERNOON

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

INDY

Hold these for me, will ya?

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

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

GRACE

(to Sallah)

Now what?

SALLAH

At Tanis, the sun would shine

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

Grace approaches the staff and pulls out her flashlight.

GRACE

Can we just do something like this?

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

INDY

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

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

INDY

(pointing to the orb)
There! That must be the "Eye of Horus" that the headpiece refers to.

GRACE

It looks like some kind of lamp.

SALLAH

But how do we light it?

INDY

(negative)
I'm not sure.

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

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - LOWER LEVEL - LATE AFTERNOON

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

INT. CHAMBER OF ISIS - LATE AFTERNOON

INDY
(frustrated)
Find anything?

GRACE (O.S.)
Over here!

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

GRACE
These jars have some sort of alcohol in them.

INDY
How can you tell?

GRACE
(teasing)
They smell like your office.

INDY
I see.

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

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

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

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

INDY
(to himself)
Here goes.

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

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

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - SECRET STAIRS - LATE AFTERNOON

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

INT. CHAMBER OF ISIS - LATE AFTERNOON

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

GRACE
(to Indy)
You better hurry. That fuel won't last long.

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

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

INDY

Oh shit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Seeing this new threat, Sallah and Grace retreat toward the opposite side of the cavern. In the dark, they bump into

Indy. Taken by surprise, Indy and Sallah nearly shoot each other. Indy has a LARGE CLAY JAR under his arm.

SALLAH
(whispering)
What are you doing?

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

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

RIGHT HAND MAN
Don't move!

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

RIGHT HAND MAN
(to Sallah)
Drop your weapon!

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

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

EXT. UNDERWATER RUINS - SUNSET

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

EXT. OCEAN NEAR THE CAMP - SUNSET

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

GRACE

That was close!

INDY

(casually)

Maybe a little.

SALLAH

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

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

GRACE

Shouldn't we be going?

INDY

Right. Let's get to the Mausoleum.

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