

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK

Screenplay by  
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Story by  
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REVISED THIRD DRAFT

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1 EXT. PERU - HIGH JUNGLE - DAY

1

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

The MAIN TITLE is followed by this:

PERU

1936

A narrow trail across the green face of the canyon. A group of men make their way along it. At the head of the party is an American, INDIANA JONES. He wears a short leather jacket, a flapped holster, and a brimmed felt hat with a weird feather stuck in the band. Behind him come two Spanish Peruvians, SATIPO and BARRANCA. Bringing up the rear are five Yagua INDIANS. They act as porters and are wrangling the two heavily-packed llamas. The Indians become increasingly nervous. They speak to each other in bursts of Quechua. The American, who is known to his friends as Indy, glances back at them.

BARRANCA

(irritated)

They're talking about the Curse again!

He turns and yells at the Indians in Quechua, his anger giving an indication of his own fears. The party reaches a break in the canyon wall and takes the trail through it.

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

The entire party is struck by the sight. The Indians, terrified now, chatter away. Suddenly the three at the back turn and run, dropping their packs as they go. Barranca yells at the fleeing Indians and pulls his pistol out. He starts to raise his arm to aim but Indy restrains it in a muscular grip.

INDY

No.

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

INDY

We don't need them.

Satipo watches this confrontation with some concern.

BARRANCA

I do not carry supplies.

INDY

We'll leave them. Once we've got it, we'll be able to reach the plane by dusk.

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

2

THE APPROACH TO THE TEMPLE

2

The party fans out to fight their way through the entwined trees that guard the temple. Visibility is cut to five feet in the heavy mist. Satipo extracts a short, native dart from a tree and examines the point gingerly.

SATIPO

(showing Indy)

The Hovitos are near. The poison is still fresh...three days. They're following us, I tell you.

INDY

If they knew we were here, they would have killed us already.

The two Indians jabber in Quechua, near hysteria. Barranca is sweating profusely, eyes darting. He yells at the Indians in Quechua to "shut up".

In the undergrowth, there is slithering movement.

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

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

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

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

INDY

So this is where Forrestal cashed in.

SATIPO

A friend of yours?

INDY

Competitor. He was good, very good.

BARRANCA

(nervous)

No one has ever come out of there alive. Why should we put our faith in you?

Indy takes the weird feather from the band of his hat. From around its point, he slips a tightly rolled piece of parchment. Barranca and Satipo exchange a quick "So that's where it was!" look. They all kneel as Indy spreads out the parchment. On it is one-half of a crude floorplan of the Temple.

INDY

No one ever had what we have... partners.

Indy fixes them with an expectant stare. Satipo produces a similar, but folded, piece of parchment. He lays it - the other half of the floorplan - next to Indy's. They all regard it for a moment, then Indy stands and walks toward the Temple. Barranca's eyes are shining as they dart between the floorplan and Satipo.

INDY

(back turned)

Assuming that pillar there marks the corner and...

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

Indy's next move is amazing, graceful and fast, yet totally unhurried.

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

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

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

Indy's face goes hard. And sad.

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

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

SATIPO

I knew nothing! He was crazy!  
Please!

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

INDY

Let's go.

3 INT. TEMPLE - INCLINED PASSAGE - DAY

3

Indy and Satipo, carrying a torch, walk up the slightly inclined, tubular passage from the main entrance. The interior is wet and dark, hanging with plant life and stalactites. Their echoing footsteps intermittently overpower the sounds of loud dripping, whistling air drafts and scampering claws.

4 HALL OF SHADOWS

4

Indy leads the way down a twisting hallway, Satipo's torch barely lighting his way from behind. Indy disappears in a shadow and when he reappears a moment later a huge black tarantula is crawling up the back of his jacket.

Indy doesn't notice and disappears into another shadow, emerging with two more tarantulas on his back.

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

Indy begins picking up little pocket-sized artifacts from the niches and ledges of the Temple. He continues to do this as the men penetrate the Temple. His collecting is quick and expert, evaluating the pieces in an instant, discarding some, stuffing others into his clothes, and never stopping his forward progress.

5 CHAMBER OF LIGHT

5

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

SATIPO

What's wrong? Are you lost?

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

INDY

Forrestal.

SATIPO

(gulps)

We can go no further.

INDY

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

Indy steps sideways into the chamber. His back pressed against the very points of the retracted spikes, he moves along the edge of the light beam, and steps clear on the other side. Satipo grimaces and begins sweating his way through.

6 STAIRWAY

6

Indy and Satipo come down stone stairs to a tight landing. Framing the entry are a carefully strung network of dead vines, each somehow hooked into the wall, narrowing the opening even more.

INDY  
(taking the torch)  
Let me see that.

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

INDY  
Try not to touch the vines.

7 FOYER OF THE SANTUARY

7

The men are in a high, straight hallway 50 feet long. The door at the end is flooded with sunlight.

SATIPO  
Senor, I think we are very close.

Indy stands still looking at the hall.

SATIPO  
(impatient)  
Let us hurry. There is nothing to fear here.

INDY  
That's what scares me.

They begin walking down the hall side by side. Satipo has inched a little ahead. Suddenly his lead foot comes down and through the floor! As Satipo begins to pitch forward, Indy grabs him by the belt and pulls him back. They both look down at the "floor".

Indy swings his whip across the floor. Fifteen feet of it cuts open beneath the lash, falling away to reveal a black pit as wide as the hall. The illusory floor was made of dust-covered cobwebs. Satipo picks up a stone and drops it down the pit. No sound. The two men exchange glances. Indy looks up at the high roof of the hall. He swings the whip up around a support beam, tests its strength with a pull and swings over the pit on the whip. From the other side he swings the whip back to Satipo, who throws Indy the torch. Satipo swings across.

When they are both standing on solid floor there is a moment of quiet in which they hear, from far, far below-- SPLASH! Indy wedges the whip handle into the wall and leaves it strung to the beam for quick retreat.

8 THE SANCTUARY

8

A large, domed room. Ten evenly-spaced skylights send their shafts of sunlight down to a unique tiled floor: white and black tiles laid out in a lovely, intricate pattern. Indy and Satipo stand at the door and look across the wide room at the alter. There, in the supreme hallowed spot, is a tiny jeweled figurine, Indy's real objective.

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

SATIPO

There's plenty of light, amigo.

Indy kneels and uses the unit end of the torch to reach out and tap a white tile. It is solid. He taps a black tile. There is a whizzing sound and a tiny dart sticks in the torch. Satipo points to the wall nearby: there is a recessed hole there.

SATIPO

From that hole!

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

INDY

You wait here.

SATIPO

If you insist, senor.

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

A dead bird lies on one of the white tiles. Its body is riddled with little deadly darts.

This has great significance to Indy and he stands with even greater caution. He waves the torch ahead of him and at waist height an air current whips at the flame. Indy ducks under it and leaves a burn mark on the white tile beneath it.



Satipo watches, wide-eyed and mystified.

Indy reaches the alter. The tiny idol looks both fierce and beautiful. It rests on a pedestal of polished stone. Indy looks the whole set-up over very carefully. From his jacket he takes a small, canvas drawstring bag. He begins filling it with dirt from around the base of the alter. When he has created a weight that he thinks approximates the weight of the idol, he bounces it a couple times in his palm concentrating. It's clear he wants to replace the idol with the bag as smoothly as possible. His hand seems ready to do that once, when he stops, takes a breath and loosens his shoulder muscles. Now he sets himself again. And makes the switch! The idol is now in his hand, the bag on the pedestal. For a long moment it sits there, then the polished stone beneath the bag drops five inches. This sets off an AURAL CHAIN REACTION of steadily increasing volume as some huge mysterious mechanism rumbles into action deep in the temple.

Indy spins and starts his kata back across the sanctuary at four times the speed.

9

THE RETREAT - INTERCUTTING INDY AND SATIPO

9

The sanctuary has begun to rumble and shake in response to the mysterious mechanism. Just as Indy goes out the door, a rock shakes loose from the wall and rolls onto the tile's floor. Immediately, a noisy torrent of poison darts fills the room.

IN THE FOYER, Satipo swings across the pit. He makes it just as the whip comes undone from the beam, leaving Indy without an escape. Satipo, extremely nervous, regards the whip a moment then turns back to face Indy, who has run up to the far side of the pit.

SATIPO

No time to argue. Throw me the idol, I throw you the whip.

Indy hesitates, eyeing the rumbling walls.

SATIPO

You have no choice! Hurry!

Indy concurs with that assessment. He tosses the idol across the pit to Satipo. Satipo stuffs it in the front pocket of his jacket, gives Indy a look, then drops the whip on the floor and runs.

SATIPO

Adios, amigo!

Indy grimaces. He had a feeling this might happen. He looks around.

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

IN THE FOYER, Indy runs in full stride to the edge of the pit and broad jumps into space. He doesn't make it. His body hits the far side of the pit and he begins to slide out of view. Only wild clawing with his fingers at the edge of the pit stops his descent. With just the tips of his fingers over the edge, he begins pulling himself up.

AT THE CHAMBER OF LIGHT, Satipo has slowed down. He begins to edge carefully around the light shaft.

AT THE VINED LANDING, Indy sails through sideways and rolls to stop at the bottom of the steps. His whip is grasped in his hand. As he raises himself, he hears, from above the giant spikes of the Chamber of Light CLANG! And an abrupt, sickening rendition of SATIPO'S LAST SCREAM. Indy runs up the steps. The rumbling sound grows louder.

AT THE CHAMBER OF LIGHT, Indy slides to a stop. The spikes have retracted, taking Satipo's body to one side. Indy edges into the chamber with his back to the shaft of light. Soon he is face to face with the dead Satipo; spikes protrude from several vital spots in the Peruvian's body. Indy removes the idol from Satipo's pocket and moves quickly out the other side.

INDY

Adios.

10 THE INCLINED PASSAGE

10

Indy shoots out of a cut-off hallway and turns toward the exit. The rumbling is very loud and now we see why: right behind Indy a huge boulder comes roaring around a corner of the passage, perfectly form-fitted to the passageway. It obliterates everything before it, sending the stalactites shooting ahead like missiles. Indy dashes for the light of the exit. His hat flies off his head. Almost immediately it is crushed by the boulder. Indy dives out the end of the passage as the boulder slams to a perfect fit at the entrance, sealing the Temple.

11 EXT. FRONT OF THE TEMPLE - DAY

11

Indy lies on the ground, gasping for air. A shadow falls across him and he looks up.

WHAT HE SEES. Looming above him are three figures. Two are HOVITOS WARRIORS in full battle paint and loin cloths. They carry long blow guns. But the man in the center draws Indy's attention. He is a tall, impressive white man, dressed in a full safari outfit including pith helmet. His name is EMILE BELLOQ. His face is thin, powerful; his eyes hypnotic; his smile charming, yet lethal. His heavily French-accented speech is deep, mellifluous, wonderful. Back beyond Belloq and his two escorts, thirty more Hovitos Warriors hover at the edge of the trees.

BELLOQ

Dr. Jones, you choose the wrong friends. This time it will cost you.

Belloq extends his hand. Indy looks at it, then produces the idol and hands it to Belloq. Belloq extends his other hand, smiling. Indy hands over his gun. Belloq sticks it in his jacket.

BELLOQ

And you thought I'd given up.

INDY

(eyeing the Hovitos)  
Too bad they don't know you like I do, Belloq.

BELLOQ

(smiles)  
Yes, too bad. You could warn them... if only you spoke Hovitos.

With that, Belloq turns dramatically and holds the idol high for all the Hovitos to see and says something in Hovitos. There is a murmur of recognition and all the Indians, including Belloq's escorts, prostrate themselves upon the ground, heads down.

Indy is immediately up and running toward the edge of the clearing.

BELLOQ

(in Hovitos)  
Kill him!

AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING, Indy disappears into the foliage. An instant later, the leaves are peppered with a rain of poison darts and spears.

12 EXT. THE JUNGLE - INDY'S RUN - VARIOUS SPOTS - DAY 12

Indy runs like hell through steadily falling terrain. And always close behind, a swift gang of angry Hovitos. Occasionally they get close enough to send a dart or spear whizzing past Indy's head.

13 EXT. THE URUBAMBA RIVER - DUSK 13

An amphibian plane sits in the water beneath a green cliff. Sitting on the wing is JOCK, the British pilot. Indy breaks out of some distant brush and runs along the path at the top of the cliff.

INDY  
(yelling)  
Get it going! Get it going!

Jock hops in and fires up the plane's engines. Indy reaches a spot on the cliff above the plane, glances back, then jumps into the river. He comes up, swims to the plane and grabs a strut.

INDY  
GO!

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

14 OMIT 14

15 OMIT 15

16 INT. JOCK'S PLANE - DUSK 16

Indy relaxes and lies across the seat, a big smile on his face. One hand drops to the floor of the cabin and Indy jumps, hitting his head. On the floor of the cabin is a huge boa constrictor. Indy tries to get his whole body onto the seat. Jock sees what's happening.

JOCK  
Don't mind him. That's Reggie.  
Wouldn't hurt a soul.

INDY  
I can't stand snakes.

JOCK

The world's full of them, you know.

INDY

I hate them.

JOCK

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

17 EXT. JOCK'S PLANE - TWILIGHT 17

It soars off over the dark jungle.

18 INT. INDY'S OFFICE, SMALL EASTERN COLLEGE - DAY 18

It's autumn and the pretty, New England campus out Indy's window reflects it in dazzling color. A few weeks before the start of classes. Activity just picking up. Some students about.

Indy is at a bookcase near the window and he looks quite different in this setting. His outfit is tweedy, slightly ruffled in the professional style. Part of his attention is focused in a book and he wears glasses to see the fine print. The office is cramped, absolutely inundated with books, maps, etchings and archeological artifacts. In fact, the only neat spot in the room right now is Indy's desk, which has been cleared off expressly for the benefit of--

MARCUS BRODY, the Curator of the National Museum in Washington D.C. Brody is examining the small artifacts Indy pocketed on his way into the Peruvian Temple. He occasionally uses a jeweller's eyepiece to get a closer look. But he is distracted, his concerns elsewhere, and it is this that his old friend Indy senses from across the room.

BRODY

Do you think the idol will ever show up?

INDY

I don't know. Just because Belloq had it doesn't mean he kept it.

Indy snaps the book closed and puts it on the shelf. He takes his glasses off and focuses on Brody. At the windowed door to his office, two pretty COEDS pause for a moment, look in at their sexy Archeology professor, giggle and disappear.

INDY  
Getting it away from those Indians  
would be a neat trick.  
(a hard look)  
I hope they got him.

A young male graduate student, Indy's TEACHING ASSISTANT,  
taps on the door and then pushes his way in with an arm-load  
of reference books. Indy helps him find a spot for them.

TEACHING ASSISTANT  
I couldn't get the McNabe,  
Professor. Someone's got it checked  
out 'till next month when classes  
start.

INDY  
That's all right, Phil. Thanks a  
lot.

TEACHING ASSISTANT  
(eager to please)  
Will there be anything else?

INDY  
No. I'll see you Thursday.

The Teaching Assistant leaves. Brody is scowling as he  
examines the last of the artifacts.

INDY  
Hey, if you don't like them, I can  
always return them.

BRODY  
No, they're beautiful. The Museum  
will buy them as usual. No  
questions asked.

INDY  
Then what's wrong?

BRODY  
I brought along some people today.

INDY  
What kind of people?

BRODY  
Government.

INDY  
(concerned)  
Government?

BRODY  
Don't worry, it's not about your  
business.  
(indicates the artifacts)  
They're from the Army.

INDY  
I've already served.

BRODY  
Army Intelligence. They're looking  
for Abner.

19 INT. INDY'S LECTURE HALL/CLASSROOM - DAY

19

Indy's course - a combination of archeology and anthropology - is taught in this amphitheater-type lecture hall. His desk and lectern hold large reference books; blackboards line the wall. Bones, maps, charts fasten on the walls.

Indy leans against his desk talking with Brody and two uniformed Army officers, COLONEL MUSGROVE and MAJOR EATON, who are situated around the first seats in the classroom.

MUSGROVE  
...but you did study under  
Professor Ravenwood at the  
University of Chicago?

INDY  
(nods)  
We haven't spoken in ten years. I'm  
afraid we had a bit of a falling  
out.

EATON  
You know nothing of his  
whereabouts?

INDY  
(negative)  
Just rumors. Somewhere in Asia,  
last I heard.

Musgrove and Eaton exchange a look; they're disappointed.

EATON  
(to Musgrove)  
Maybe Dr. Jones can make sense of  
it.

Again, the military men have a silent communication, deciding  
what to reveal.

MUSGROVE  
Well... you must understand, Dr.  
Jones, this is all strictly  
confidential.

INDY  
I understand.

MUSGROVE  
Yesterday, one of our European  
sections intercepted a Nazi  
communique from Cairo to Berlin. We  
don't quite know what to make of  
it.

Musgrove takes a sheet from his briefcase.

MUSGROVE  
Here it is - "Tanis development  
proceeding. Acquire headpiece,  
Staff of Ra, General Tengtu Hok,  
Shanghai. Locate Abner Ravenwood,  
U.S."

Brody is excited. He looks at Indy.

BRODY  
Tanis. They must have discovered  
the lost ruins.

Indy contemplates this big news; he's impressed.

INDY  
(to himself)  
Tanis. Ain't that somethin'!

EATON  
Frankly, we're a little  
suspicious... An American being  
mentioned so prominently in a  
secret Nazi cable.

INDY  
Ah, Ravenwood's no Nazi.



EATON

Then what do they want him for?

INDY

They're looking for the headpiece  
to the Staff of Ra.

MUSGROVE

(indicates his sheet)

But it says here that's in China.

INDY

Only half of it. Ravenwood had the  
other half. (MORE)

EATON

What would the Nazis want with this  
- this Staff of Ra?

BRODY

I can tell you that. Over the last  
two years the Nazis have had teams  
of archeologists running around the  
world looking for all kinds of  
religious artifacts.

MUSGROVE

That's right. Hitler's a nut on the  
subject. Crazy. He's obsessed with  
the occult.

EATON

What is this Staff of Ra, anyway?

INDY

It all has to do with the Ark of  
the Covenant.

(the Army guys look  
mystified)

The chest the Hebrews used to carry  
around the Ten Commandments.

Now it's the Army men who are impressed.

INDY

An Egyptian pharaoh stole the Ark  
from Jerusalem and took it back to  
the city of Tanis. A short time  
later, Tanis was consumed by the  
desert in a sandstorm that lasted a  
year.

INDY(cont'd)

But before that, the Pharoah had the Ark hidden away in a secret chamber called the Well of the Souls. Which is where the Staff of Ra comes in.

Indy moves to the blackboard and makes a quick sketch to give a rough idea of the system as he describes it. (And we get a glimpse of what an interesting and enthusiastic teacher he must be)

INDY

Now this was rather clever. The Staff was really just a big stick - oh, I don't know, say like this - (he indicates about six feet)  
- no one really knows for sure. Anyway, it was capped by an elaborate headpiece with a carving of the sun at the top. What you had to do was take the Staff to a special room in Tanis - it had the whole city laid out in miniature on the floor. When you placed the Staff in a certain spot in the room, at a certain time of day, the sun would shine through a hole here in the headpiece and then send a beam of light down here - to the map - giving you the location of the Well of the Souls...

MUSGROVE

... where the Ark of the Covenant was kept.

INDY

(nods)  
Which is probably what the Nazis are after.

EATON

What's this Ark look like?

INDY

Look like? Why, it's right here...

Indy pulls a big format book from the stack on his lectern and flips through the pages until he finds a large color print. The other men gather to look.

THE PRINT fills the screen.

It shows a Biblical battle. The Israelite Army is vanquishing an opposition force. At the forefront of the Israelite ranks, two men carry the Ark of the Covenant, a beautiful gold chest, crowned by two sculptured gold angels. The men do not touch the Ark itself; rather they carry it by use of two long wooden poles which pass through rings in the corners of the Ark. The painting is very dramatic, full of smoke, tumult and sinewy dying men. But the most astonishing thing in the picture is the brilliant jet of white light and flame issuing from the wings of the angels. It pierces deep into the ranks of the retreating enemy, wrecking devastation and terror.

EATON

Good God!

INDY

Yes. That's what the Hebrews thought.

MUSGROVE

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

INDY

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

EATON

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

INDY

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

(pause)

An army which carries the Ark before it is invincible.

Eaton and Musgrove exchange worried looks.

INDY

Oh, there's one other thing that Hitler undoubtedly believes about the Ark...

(a long, pregnant pause)

It's said that the Lost Ark will be recovered at the time of the coming of the True Messiah.

MUSGROVE

Dr. Jones, you've been very helpful. I hope we can call on you again if we have questions.

INDY

Most certainly.

Brody and Indy exchange a look as they all shake and Brody starts to leave with the Army men.

20 EXT. FRONT DOOR, INDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 20

Indy's English Tudor, upper middle class home. Quite toney; well beyond the financial reach of an honest college professor. Marcy Brody has already rung the bell. Indy opens the door. He is dressed in a tuxedo.

BRODY

I've got to talk to you.

INDY

This isn't really a good time.

BRODY

Indy, it's important.

INDY

All right. Come on in.

21 INT. FOYER, INDY'S HOUSE 21

The lush tone continues here in Art Deco and shiny marble. Indy motions Brody toward the study to one side.

INDY

I'll be in in a moment.

As Brody passes the entrance to the expansive living room, he spots a beautiful, silk-gowned Harlow-type lounging on the sofa in front of a roaring fire. She is sipping champagne.

22 INT. STUDY, INDY'S HOUSE 22

Brody enters the book-lined, dark-wooded study. He paces for a moment before the fire which is dying in the fireplace, then spots something and goes over to Indy's big desk. The surface is covered with open books, monographs, maps and drawings - all about the Ark of the Covenant. Brody smiles; he knows his friend very well.

Indy comes in, closing the door behind him. Brody turns to him with a triumphant expression.

BRODY  
They want you to go for it. And they'll pay.

INDY  
(smiles)  
Good work, Marcus. I had a feeling this would happen. And, of course, the Museum gets the Ark when we're done.

BRODY  
(smiles)  
Of course.

Indy's manner is vigorous, aggressive.

INDY  
Okay, here's the way it's gonna be. First, I'll high-tail it to Shanghai and get the piece from General Hok. Then I think I know where I can find Ravenwood. If only I can get...

BRODY  
General Hok's a tough customer. They don't call him the Wild Boar for nothing. And he's tied in with the Japanese.

INDY  
I'll worry about that when the time comes. My only hope is to find the Well of the Souls before the Nazis do.

WIPE TO:

23 EXT. IN THE AIR - DAY/NIGHT 23

A Pan Am Clipper flies west over the Pacific.

WIPE TO:

24 INT. KEHOE'S CAR (SHANGHAI AIRPORT) - DAY 24

Indy is barely into the front seat of a dilapidated Ford as the driver, BUZZ KEHOE, is peeling out into traffic.

In the back seat is a Chinese named BANG CHOW. Kehoe zigs crazily through traffic with only his left hand as he reaches over to shake with Indy.

KEHOE

Buzz Kehoe, Army Intelligence.  
You've met Bang Chow.

INDY

What's the hurry?

KEHOE

Some German agents got here two hours ago. Luckily, Bang was able to have them detained at Customs. We'll have to hurry.

25 OMIT 25

26 OMIT 26

27 OMIT 27

28 OMIT 28

29 EXT. HOK'S STREET - DAY 29

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

30 EXT. HOK'S STREET - IN FRONT OF THE PALACE - DAY 30

A Mercedes limousine appears round a corner and squeals to a stop at the front gate of the palace, which is manned by a sturdy Chinese Gateman. There are three Germans inside, one the driver.

31 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HOK'S MUSEUM - DAY 31

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

- 32 INT. HOK'S PALACE - ENTRY HALL 32
- The three Germans wait impatiently in a magnificent foyer. A chime sounds and huge double doors open to reveal TENG TU HOK, flanked by two uniformed Japanese Soldiers and a robed Chinese Advisor. He wears a fantastic gold ornamental robe. Despite the majesty, however, nothing can disguise the fact that Hok is basically a wild, fat barbarian; an animal. Hok and his escort group bow in what is the beginning of a long welcoming ceremony. The Germans exchange impatient glances but decide they should play it as it comes. They bow.
- 33 INT. HOK'S MUSEUM 33
- No person in sight. Instead, we see a magnificent display of ancient artifacts. Glass cases hold the velvet-couched pieces at random spots on the shining marble floor. We hear an odd sound. Near the floor on the rear wall of the museum, a steel ventilation grate moves. A hand slides it gently across the marble. Indy sticks his head out and looks around.
- 34 INT. HOK'S PALACE - TEA ROOM 34
- The three Germans are being served tea and exotic delicacies. A pleased Teng tu Hok watches from a throne-cushion. When the tray of tiny delicacies is presented to him, he takes a massive handful, crushing them together on their way to his smiling mouth.
- 35 INT. HOK'S MUSEUM 35
- A huge golden gong, seven feet in diameter, is suspended from the ceiling by a hook. An enormous hammer hangs poised above it, from which emanate myriad tiny threads which run up and across the ceiling, then down to the various display cases. Indy looks up at the gong, then continues his quick, quiet foray among the cases. Beyond him, a high window.
- 36 INT. HOK'S PALACE - TEA ROOM 36
- Hok and his visitors stand to go. The Germans' pleased expressions make it clear they're finally on their way to the museum.

37 INT. HOK'S MUSEUM 37

Indy arrives at his destination. The lovely, carved gold section of the headpiece is nested on purple velvet in a glass case. At the bottom of the piece is a round hollow where the staff would fit. There is a grunting sound behind Indy and he spins, already reaching for his revolver.

A fierce Japanese Samurai is running at Indy full speed down an aisle of display cases. His sword is raised over his shoulder ready to cut Indy in half. He's six feet away when Indy's gun levels and fires twice, blasting him backwards. Indy is still looking over his gun when another samurai sword comes down from the side and knocks the pistol brutally out of Indy's grip; his hand avoids amputation by a quarter of an inch.

An amazed Indy backs away from the crossing aisle as the Second Samurai steps in to face him, sword raised. Indy backs away into an open space and his bullwhip appears in his hand. He gives it one savage CRACK! to announce its arrival and the Samurai slows down, eyeing it curiously. The Samurai does not look unhappy about this confrontation. How pure it is - The Sword versus The Whip.

38 EXT. HOK'S PALACE - SECOND FLOOR WALKWAY - DAY 38

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

39 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE PALACE - DAY 39

The lovely Mercedes limousine blows up.

40 EXT. HOK'S PALACE - SECOND FLOOR WALKWAY - DAY 40

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

41 INT. HOK'S MUSEUM 41

Indy and the Samurai face each other. They're both breathing hard from previous, no-contact passes at each other. Now Indy begins swinging the whip over his head again. It whizzes out toward the Samurai's face. The Samurai take two lightning-quick cuts at the leather, but misses.



Indy swings for the Samurai's feet; the Samurai jumps nimbly, slashing at the whip. Indy does it gain. The Samurai hops it. Once more. The Samurai is concentrating on hopping it.

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

42 EXT. HOK'S PALACE - SECOND FLOOR WALKWAY - DAY 42

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

43 INT. HOK'S MUSEUM 43

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

44 EXT. HOK'S PALACE - SECOND FLOOR WALKWAY - DAY 44

At the sound of the gong, the running Hok skids to a halt with a crazed expression on his face. He disappears for two seconds in an alcove and emerges holding a big, black Thompson Submachine Gun. He runs across the foot bridge and is just barely over it when it blows up. Hok, safe, looks behind him in amazement and then turns to the museum.

45 INT. HOK'S MUSEUM 45

The double doors at the entrance slam open to reveal Hok.

Indy is halfway along an unprotected wall back to his ventilation entry route. Hok opens up on him, cutting off his retreat. Indy jumps behind a marble column, which is promptly blasted with machine gun fire.

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

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

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

46 EXT. ROOF - DAY 46

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

47 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HOK'S MUSEUM - DAY 47

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

48 INT. KEHOE'S CAR - DAY 48

Indy squirms his way down into the front seat.

KEHOE  
Jesus! Are you all right?

INDY  
(he's felt better)  
Great. Got it.

Kehoe guns it, throwing Indy back against the cushions.

KEHOE  
What now?

INDY  
I've got to get to Nepal.

49 OMIT 49

WIPE TO:

50 EXT. DC-3 IN THE AIR - DUSK 50

The plane flies west into the sunset.

51 INT. DC-3 - NIGHT 51

Under a meager seat light, Indy is pouring over a journal article by Abner Ravenwood and a related map of Nepal.

A few rows back, across the aisle, a trenchcoated European Spy eyes Indy.

WIPE TO:

52 INT. "THE RAVEN" SALOON - PATAN, NEPAL - NIGHT 52

A huge stuffed raven, wings spread wide, is mounted behind the long bar in the noisy, crowded saloon. A lively mix of patrons is represented in the late hour tableau: Nepalese natives, fierce Sherpa mountain guides, sleazy international smugglers and fugitives, and, of course, mountain climbers from every corner of the earth. A tall Nepalese, MAHDLO, is the bartender.

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

SHERPA

Gmoiska! Shurga rintoik!

CLIMBER

Aye! That'll be your last word.

The bar has quieted ominously and so we hear with startling clarity when - a door behind the bar slams open with a huge BANG! and some Presence, too small to be seen as it moves through the forest of towering patrons, makes a beeline for the troubled corner of the bar. A path clears for it.

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

MARION

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

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

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

MARION

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

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

INDY

Hello, Marion.

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

INDY

Nice to see you, too.

MARION

Get up and get out.

INDY  
 (getting up)  
 Take it easy. I'm looking for your  
 father.

MARION  
 (bitterly)  
 Well you're two years too late.

Indy's attitude changes instantly. This is sad news. He is silent for a long time. Mahdlo comes in the front door and hurries forward when he sees Indy with Marion. He looks to her for guidance, but she stays him with a gesture.

MARION  
 (MORE)  
 Go home, Mahdlo. I'll see you  
 tomorrow.

Mahdlo is hesitant, but lays the axe handle on the bar and goes out. Indy has been barely aware of him. Now he settles again on the barstool. Marion has a vindictive look. She'll let him stay, but she wants to inflict as much pain as possible.

INDY  
 What happened?

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

INDY  
 Did you find him?

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

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

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

MARION  
 (vitriolic)  
 Don't give me that stuff!

MARION(cont'd)

What do you know?

(she takes a drink)

I'm the one that was left in a bad way. He didn't have a penny. Guess how I lived, Mister Jones. I worked here. And I wasn't the bartender.

(another swallow)

Finally the guy that owned the joint went crazy. Snow crazy. They took him away screaming. As they dragged him out, he said the place was all mine for life.

She looks around the saloon.

MARION

Can you imagine a more evil curse?

(pause)

So far, it's working.

INDY

Why not leave? Go back to the States.

MARION

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

INDY

Where you gonna get it?

MARION

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

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

MARION

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

(hopefully)

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

Indy takes a long time to answer.

INDY  
I need one of the pieces your  
father collected.

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

MARION  
You son-of-a-bitch! You know what  
you did to me, to my life? This is  
your handiwork.

INDY  
I never meant to hurt you.

MARION  
I was a child!

INDY  
You knew what you were doing.

MARION  
I was in love.

INDY  
I guess that depends on your  
definition.

MARION  
It was wrong. You knew it.

Indy releases her arms.

INDY  
Look, I did what I did. I don't  
expect you to be happy about it.  
But maybe we can do each other some  
good.

MARION  
Why start now?

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

That stops her.

MARION

How much?

INDY

Enough to get you back to the States. Where are his things?

MARION

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

INDY

Everything?

Marion nods.

INDY

(giving up)

That's too bad.

Indy feels tired, defeated. Marion is pleased.

MARION

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

Indy has to smile at her glee.

MARION

(nods at his empty glass)

What are you drinking?

INDY

Seltzer.

MARION

(refilling his glass)

Real man's drink. Me, I like scotch. And I like bourbon. And vodka and gin. I'm not much for brandy. I'm off that.

She pours herself another as Indy watches, amused.

INDY

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

MARION

It's no act, pal. This ain't Schenectady.



INDY

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

Marion looks at him thoughtfully, takes a drink.

MARION

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

(Indy nods)

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

INDY

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

Marion thinks, nods slowly.

INDY

Do you know where it is?

MARION

Maybe. How much?

INDY

Three thousand. American.

MARION

(negative)

That'll get me back, but not in style. This doodad must be pretty important.

INDY

Maybe.

A huge smile lights up Marion's face.

MARION

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

(pours herself another drink)

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

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

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

INDY  
I'm back, aren't I?

Marion sneers and they smile together.

INDY  
You can trust me.

MARION  
Come back tomorrow.

INDY  
Why?

MARION  
Because I said so, that's why. It's  
about time I called the shots in  
this relationship.

Indy nods, gets up to go.

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

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

INDY  
I trust you.

MARION  
You're an idiot.

INDY  
I've heard that.

Indy starts for the door. Marion takes another drink. She's getting high.

MARION  
Hold it. Come here.

INDY  
(moving back)  
Bossy, aren't you?

MARION  
That's right. Give me a kiss.

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

MARION  
Get out of my place.

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

INDY  
Tomorrow.

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

53 EXT. STREETS OUTSIDE "THE RAVEN" - NIGHT

53

Indy sits thinking at the wheel of an old car. Finally, he puts the car in gear and drives away.

Across the street, the shadow in a doorway comes to life. A dark form steps out to look at Indy's departing car; it is the European Spy from the DC-3. He hurries off in the opposite direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

The Four Bad Men who advance on her are:

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

BELZIG  
Good evening, Fraulein.

MARION  
The bar's closed.

BELZIG  
We are not thirsty.

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

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

MARION  
What do you want?

BELZIG

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

Marion shakes her head.

BELZIG

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

MARION

Why, are you willing to offer more?

BELZIG

Almost certainly. Do you still have it?

MARION

No. But I know where it is.

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

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

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

MARION

How 'bout a drink for you and your men?

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

BELZIG

We will stick to the business at hand, Fraulein.

MARION

(tough)

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

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

BELZIG

I'm afraid an auction is not possible.

(pause)

Your fire is dying here, Fraulein.

(a beat, then threatening)

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

MARION

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

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

BELZIG

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

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

Belzig turns from the fireplace. In his hand is the poker, its end glowing orange. He advances on Marion. Marion stops yelling, her eyes widen in terror.

MARION

Wait! I can be reasonable-

BELZIG

That time is passed.

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

MARION

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

BELZIG

Yes, I know you will.

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

The tip of the poker is five inches from Marion's nose when there is a loud CRACK! and the fall of Indy's bullwhip wraps around the middle of the poker and tears it out of Belzig's hands. The poker sails high across the room, free of the whip, and lands in the heavy curtains that over one window. The curtains immediately burst into flame.

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

INDY

Hello.

Now everything begins to happen very fast-

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

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

Marion swings up over the top of her bar. Belzig fires at her, but his bullets smash bottles behind the bar and thud into the raven.

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

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

Indy is in a crouch behind a table, trying to get a shot at someone. He doesn't notice in the din and confusion when the door bursts open.

An incredible, fearsome GIANT SHERPA, almost seven feet tall, soars in and tackles Indy from behind. The whip flies from Indy's hand as he and the Giant Sherpa roll across the floor, upsetting furniture.

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

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

Rolling on the floor, Indy and the Giant Sherpa are fighting for control of Indy's .45. Belzig sees this and shout to the Second Nazi, who is rising from cover with the submachine gun in hand.

BELZIG

Shoot them both!

SECOND NAZI

He's our man!

BELZIG

Do as I say!

Both the Giant Sherpa and Indy hear this. The Giant Sherpa exchanges an alarmed look with Indy and together they swing the .45 around toward the surprised Second Nazi. Two blasts blow him away.

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

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

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

Belzig runs for cover as Marion gets control of the gun and levels it. Belzig dives around the end of the bar opposite Marion. When he has set himself, he peeks up over the edge of the scorched bar. The alcohol fire has moved down the bar and now, much to Belzig's surprise, he finds himself staring at the fire-blackened sun-shaped medallion! His eyes widen. He cannot believe his good fortune. Without hesitation he picks up the metal medallion, palming it.



Immediately there is a sickening searing sound and Belzig's expression changes from joy to agony. He screams in pain and tries to shake the red-hot medallion from his skin. Marion opens up and the bar starts to splinter in front of Belzig. The medallion comes free of Belzig's hand and rolls across the floor.

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

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

55 EXT. "THE RAVEN" - SNOW BANK - NIGHT 55

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

56 INT. "THE RAVEN" - NIGHT 56

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

MARION  
Unbelievable!

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

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

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

Marion stands beneath her stuffed raven with the Baretta.

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

INDY  
Let's get out of here!

MARION  
Not without that piece you want!

INDY  
It's here?

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

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

He begins dragging her out.

MARION  
(pointing)  
There!

She breaks away from him, darts back and picks the hot medallion up in the loose cloth of her blouse.

INDY  
Let's go!

MARION  
(looking around)  
You burned down my place!

INDY  
(figuratively)  
I owe you plenty!

MARION  
(literally)  
You owe me plenty!

INDY  
(smiles)  
You're something.

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

She holds up the medallion possessively.

MARION  
I'm your partner!

57 EXT. CAIRO - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

57

First we see the sprawl, the soaring minarets, the ancient skyline.

Then we're closer, in the narrow, exotic streets, teeming with life: fierce-looking men in tattered galabiyas, black-gowned women with veiled face, ragged, barefoot children.

58 OMIT 58

59 INT. DINING ROOM - SALLAH'S HOUSE (OLD CAIRO) 59

Indy and Marion have been welcomed like family into the crowded home of SALLAH, his wife FAYAH, and their NINE CHILDREN (ages 4 - 18). Fayah, a huge, imposing woman, appears, at first glance, to be the power in the house. Sallah, a small, cheerful, energetic fellow in his forties defers to his wife in all matters of little importance.

Suddenly the general liveliness at the children's table escalates into pandemonium, attracting the attention of the adults.

FAYAH

Silence!

(there is silence)

Why do you forget yourselves?

The gaggle of grinning off-spring parts to reveal in their midst- a MONKEY. It is munching some flat Arab bread.

FAYAH

What is this? Who brought this animal in?

All the children chatter their innocence at once. The Monkey chatters too; it's an entertainer. The Monkey jumps from the children's table to the adults' and struts slowly up to Marion, who thinks it's the cutest thing she ever saw. When it reaches her, it takes off its turban and does a deep, grand bow to her. She is delighted and takes the Monkey into her arms. The Monkey kisses her cheek. The children laugh.

MARION

Why, thank you. I like you too.

FAYAH

Then it shall be welcome in our house.

MARION

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

SALLAH  
 (cheerfully)  
 All of Allah's creatures are  
 welcome here. You please us by  
 letting us please you.

60 OMIT 60

61 EXT. COURTYARD - SALLAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT 61

Indy and Sallah sit in the small, protected courtyard. Sallah holds the two sections of the headpiece, the medallion and the base, and has for the first time fitted them together. They fit perfectly and complete the headpiece. He peruses the markings on the headpiece quizzically. Indy is cleaning and loading a .45 automatic.

INDY  
 I knew the Germans would hire you,  
 Sallah. They couldn't have an  
 excavation in the desert without  
 the best digger in Egypt.

SALLAH  
 All Arabs look alike to them, Indy.

INDY  
 Tell me about the map room at  
 Tanis.

SALLAH  
 We found it three days ago. I broke  
 through myself.

INDY  
 Those Nazis are moving awfully  
 fast.

SALLAH  
 The Frenchman is helping them.

Indy reacts.

INDY  
 Belloq. So he got away from the  
 Indians. This is going to be more  
 interesting than I thought.

SALLAH

I'm afraid this has put the Germans close to finding the Well of the Souls.

INDY

(indicates the headpiece)  
Even Belloq won't be able to find it without that. Can you make anything of those markings? They're nothing I'm familiar with.

SALLAH

(shakes his head "no")  
But I know someone who might. You can go to see him tomorrow.  
(a worried expression)  
Indy... something bothers me.

INDY

What it is, my friend?

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

SALLAH

It is the Ark. If it is there, at Tanis... It is not something man was meant to disturb... Death has always surrounded it. It is not of this earth.

The wind dies down. Indy shakes off a chill and stares thoughtfully at his friend.

62

EXT. HEAVILY TRAFFICKED CAIRO STREET - DAY

62

Indy and Marion are briskly walking along one of Cairo's busy bazaar streets. Vendors with fine cloth, pottery, baskets, jewelry, etc line the street. Marion has the Monkey from Sallah's house on her shoulder.

INDY

Do you really need that monkey?

MARION

I'm surprised at you, Indy. Talking that way about our baby. He's got your looks, too.

INDY  
And your brains.

As Indy and Marion turn a corner, the Monkey seems to notice something and immediately jumps from Marion's shoulder and hurries off at a frantic pace down the street.

MARION  
(looking disappointed)  
Hey! Hey! ... where're you going?

INDY  
(dragging Marion along)  
He'll be OK. Come on. Come on.

63 EXT. ANOTHER CAIRO STREET - DAY

63

The Monkey is seen running around another corner and jumps into the waiting arms of MONKEY MAN, who appears to be like a beggar with a dirty turban and an eye patch. MONKEY MAN immediately hurries down the street and passes into a building. In the building are two GERMAN AGENTS. MONKEY MAN and the MONKEY both give the Heil Hitler salute and engage in quick talk.

MONKEY MAN quickly leaves the two GERMAN AGENTS and gets back to the street. He is obviously shadowing Indy and Marion. Indy and Marion are just now passing by and the MONKEY MAN ducks back behind some baskets.

64 EXT. ANOTHER BUSY CAIRO STREET - DAY

64

Indy and Marion are passing under a balcony where a lone GERMAN AGENT stands watch. After they pass, the AGENT nods to some BAD ARABS who are hiding in the shadows of the street. In a moment, Indy and Marion pass by the break. Monkey Man turns and looks up at a roof further down the alley. He waves with his hand. Someone up there waves back.

65 EXT. A SMALL BAZAAR - DAY

65

Indy and Marion have reached a tiny square, made even more cramped by its use as a small bazaar. They have started working their way through the crowd when several Bad Arabs and a German Agent begin to converge on them. Indy immediately sees what's happening and pulls the bull whip from his jacket. The first Bad Arab to reach them gets hit in the mouth by the handle of the whip.

Now all hell breaks loose, with Bad Arabs, Innocent Shoppers, baskets of fruit and tables of good flying every which way in the constricted space.

INDY  
(to Marion)  
Run! Get out of here!

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

INDY  
Go, damnit! Go!

Marion goes. She runs off between two buildings. A Bad Arab takes off after her. Monkey Man, now standing at the edge of the square, points at Marion. The Monkey jumps off his shoulder and follows Marion.

66 EXT. BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS - DAY

66

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

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

67 EXT. THE SMALL BAZAAR - DAY

67

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

68 EXT. BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS - DAY

68

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

69 EXT. THE SMALL BAZAAR - DAY 69

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

70 EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY 70

The German Agent leads the way as the two Bad Arabs carry the huge basket above their heads. The basket top has been fastened closed, but Marion is making a fuss inside. As the place where the street cuts across the far side of the bazaar, Marion is able to wedge the top open one inch and screams-

MARION  
Indy-y-y-y!

71 EXT. THE SMALL BAZAAR - DAY 71

Indy has heard her. He looks across the square as the basket and its escorts disappear beyond a building. One last Bad Arab rises before him. Indy's whip flashes and the Bad Arab's robe falls down to his ankles. Indy frantically pushes his way through the panicked mass of humanity in the direction the basket has gone.

72 EXT. THE FOOT CHASE - INTERCUTTING INDY AND THE MOVING BASKET  
- DAY

The Bad Guys move the basket as fast as they can through streets, alleys and passageways thick with people. Indy always seems to round a corner just in time to catch a glimpse of the basket before it disappears around a new corner. Indy must fight a flow of humanity as powerful as an ocean riptide. Finally, at the head of one particularly crowded alley, Indy leaps up onto a wall for a clearer view. Whatever he sees gives him an idea and he cuts between two buildings rather than following the basket.

73 EXT. DESERTED ALLEY - DAY 73

Two Bad Arabs come running down the alley with the basket between them. Suddenly, Indy's whip flashes out sending both Arabs and the basket tumbling. Indy steps into view, his .45 trained on the sprawled Arabs, and looks at the basket. The top has come flying off and the contents have clattered onto the cobblestone: inside is not Marion, but a load of contraband pistols, rifles and ammo.



Indy is advancing on the trembling Bad Arabs with an ugly look when suddenly he hears Marion scream around the corner.

74 EXT. DESERTED SQUARE - DAY 74

Indy rounds the corner and is immediately driven back by machine gun fire. Taking cover, he gets quick, intermittent glimpses of this scene: At the far corner of the large, deserted square is a canvas-covered trunk. Two Bad Arabs are hurrying toward it with a large rattan basket between them, Marion screaming inside. A German Agent is covering the retreat with a machine gun from the cab of the truck. Indy runs up to see the rattan basket being heaved into the back of the truck.

75 EXT. BACK OF THE TRUCK - DAY 75

What Indy cannot see is that basket lands among an ominous load of German munitions, dynamite and firearms. The truck immediately peels out.

76 EXT. DESERTED SQUARE - DAY 76

The German Agent has stopped firing in order to drive. He floors it, aiming for a street at the corner of the square. Indy uses the lull to take careful aim at the German Agent's profile and fire off three careful shots. The German Agent is hit, blasted dead against the steering wheel. The speeding truck swerves, hits a wall, rolls over and explodes in an enormous, multi-leveled eruption as its contents ignite. Several surrounding buildings are leveled.

Indy, blown back across the square, looks on, astonished and horror-stricken.

INDY

Marion.

77 INT. ARAB BAR - NIGHT 77

A dark, smoke-filled den on iniquity. The patrons, almost all fearsome Arabs, sit in small shadowy groups around the room. Indy stands at the bar finishing off a fifth of bourbon. He is drunk. The ARAB BARTENDER places a new bottle of expensive bourbon in front of him.

Indy eyes it queerly.

ARAB BARTENDER

The gentleman in the corner sent it. He would like you to join him.

INDY

(doesn't even look)  
Too bad. I'm drinking alone.

The Arab Bartender does a take, looking at the three, tough GERMAN HENCHMEN who have surrounded Indy from out of the smoke, their hands stuffed in bulging trenchcoat pockets. Indy notices them now with a bleary glance. He decides he's in no shape to kill or be killed and moves with them across the room, taking his bottle with him. The Arab patrons take this in and mind their own business.  
(MORE)

The occupant of the smoke-shrouded corner table becomes visible only as Indy reaches there: it is Emile Belloq. He is drinking wine.

INDY

Belloq

BELLOQ

Good evening, Dr. Jones.

INDY

I ought to kill you right now.

BELLOQ

It was not I who brought the girl into this dirty business.

Indy knows its true; that's what's tearing him up.

BELLOQ

Sit down, please, before you fall down. We can behave as civilized people. I'm afraid it will be your last opportunity.

Indy sits, glancing at the German Henchmen, who settle nearby, just out of earshot.

INDY

Not a very private place for a murder.

BELLOQ

(looking around)  
These Arabs will not interfere in the white man's business. They do not care if we kill each other off.

BELLOQ(cont'd)

(takes a sip of wine,  
refers to it)

Terrribly difficult finding a descent vintage here. You were quite vigorous in Shanghai. Unfortunately, our friend the Wild Boar had taken the precaution of making several copies of the piece.

Indy registers this as he takes a drink. Belloq watches him with disdainful amusement.

BELLOQ

How odd that it should end this way for us, after so many... stimulating encounters. I almost regret it. (MORE) Where shall I find a new adversary so close to my own level?

INDY

Try the local sewer.

BELLOQ

I know you despise me. We always hate in others that which we most fear in ourselves. And you and I are very much alike.

INDY

Now you're getting nasty.

BELLOQ

We have always done the same kind of work. Our methods have not differed as much as you pretend. I am a shadowy reflection of you. But it would have taken only a nudge to make you the same as me, to push you out of the light.

There is a certain amount of truth to this; the recognition of it flickers across Indy's bleary eyes. Belloq sees it there.

BELLOQ

You know it to be true! How nice. And how ironic the timing.

Belloq leans forward, eyes shining, voice suddenly different.

BELLOQ

Do you realize what the Ark is?  
(very intense)  
It's a transmitter.

BELLOQ(cont'd)

A radio for talking to God! And now  
it is within my grasp.

INDY

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

Belloq glances in the gloom at the German Henchmen.

BELLOQ

(quieter)

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

INDY

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

BELLOQ

Yes. Very. You may consider  
yourself fortunate that your  
involvement concludes here.

INDY

Tell me, did you get away with the  
idol?

BELLOQ

(negative)

I was lucky to get away with my  
life. The Hovitos proved quite  
narrow-minded about the whole  
matter.

Indy takes a drink.

INDY

You know, if it's God you want to  
talk to, maybe I can arrange it.

BELLOQ

(smiles)

You have not changed. But, please,  
do not reach for your weapon until  
you are ready to die.

The front door of the bar slams open and all nine of SALLAH'S  
CHILDREN scamper in and over to a surprised Indy. Two of the  
smallest hop into his lap.

LITTLE SON

Uncle Indy, we have been looking  
for you.

LITTLE DAUGHTER  
Come home now, Uncle. Hurry!

Suddenly the Arab patrons of the bar take an intense interest in the situation, shifting their weapons.

INDY  
Yes. Yes, I'll come now.

Indy stands up. The German Henchmen are poised. Belloq eyes the Arab patrons and signals for the Henchmen to relax.

BELLOQ  
Next time, Indiana Jones, it will take more than children to save you.

The children usher Indy out.

78 INT. SALLAH'S TRUCK - IN FRONT OF ARAB BAR - NIGHT 78

Indy climbs into the cab of Sallah's truck with a smiling Sallah as the children pile into the back. Sallah pulls out.

SALLAH  
I thought we would find you there.  
(indicating the kids)  
Better than the United States  
Marines, eh?

INDY  
(nods)  
Thank you.  
(grave)  
Marion's dead.

SALLAH  
Yes, I know. I am sorry.  
(pause)  
More reason than ever to beat the  
bastards.  
(he touches Indy)  
Life goes on, Indy.  
(indicates the kids again)  
There is the proof.

Indy looks back there, nods.

SALLAH  
I have much to tell you, Indy.

79 \*\*\*\*\* PAGE 53 MISSING 79

80 \*\*\*\*\* 80

81 (CONTINUED) 81

Fayah brings in a tray of food and puts it on the table. The bowl of dates is in one corner. As Fayah leaves the room, the Monkey slips out of Sallah's lap and disappears under the table. Indy leans over the food tray, his hand hovering over the dates. But he chooses some cheese and bread instead.

INDY

And they made the calculation in the map room?

SALLAH

(nods vigorously)

This morning. Belloq and the boss German, Shliemann. When they came out of the map room, we were given a new spot in which to dig...out away from the camp.

INDY

(resigned)

The Well of the Souls.

Sallah nods, moves to the food. He picks up a date, then changes his mind and drops it, taking a bunch of grapes instead. Indy picks up a chicken leg in one hand and a date in the other, his mind distracted. Fayah enters the room just in time to see Indy flip the date high into the air and try to catch it in his mouth. It bounces off his chin and falls to the floor. Indy looks sheepishly at Fayah. Fayah picks up the fallen date and puts it in the dirty ash tray she is now removing. Amir speaks in a slow, raspy voice without looking up.

AMIR

Come. Look.

The two men go and huddle over the old man. The Monkey peeks up over the edge of the table at the array of food. He picks up a date and disappears below the table. Amir points to some markings on the lower part of the headpiece.

AMIR

This is a warning... not to disturb the Ark of the Covenant.

INDY  
Just what I need.

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

INDY  
How 'bout the height of the staff?  
Did Belloq get it off of there?

AMIR  
Yes... it is here.

Indy, nervous, goes back to the food tray, picks up another date. When he turns back to the men, the Monkey's paw grabs another date.

We see the headpiece in closeup on the table. Amir's crooked fingers trace a line of markings along the bottom section to the break in the piece.

AMIR  
It says it is... ten jamirs high...

SALLAH  
About seventy-five inches.

AMIR  
Wait! I am not finished...

Amir's finger moves across the break as the markings continue on the sun medallion.

AMIR  
(reading)  
"And one jamir to honor the Hebrew  
God whose Ark this is."

Indy, still holding the date, exchanges a long look with Sallah.

INDY  
You said their top section was  
blank. Are you absolutely sure?

Sallah nods.

INDY  
Belloq's staff is seven and a half  
inches short. They're digging in  
the wrong spot!

Sallah and Indy begin to laugh. Amir gives them a glance and returns to his wine. Sallah leans over and kisses the old man.

SALLAH

(to Amir)

A home run, my friend, grand slam!

(to Indy)

We have a saying -- "A little luck is better than much smartness."

Indy, pardner, you are very lucky fellow.

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

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

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

SALLAH

Bad dates.

82

EXT. DESERT ROAD - MORNING

82

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

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



As they move down the road we see that the back of the truck holds three other Arab Diggers.

83 EXT. RISE ABOVE THE TANIS DIG - MORNING

83

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

INDY

My God! They aren't kidding!

WHAT HE SEES. The Tanis Digs are laid out below like a painting. Trucks, bulldozers, Arab workers and German supervisors are everywhere. The excavations themselves are extensive and somewhat random - holes have been dug and then abandoned, foundations and passageways unearthed and then deserted. Beyond the main digs, a crude airstrip has been created. Sallah points to what appears to be a mound of dirt with a hole in it near the center of the activity.

SALLAH

There! That is the map room!

INDY

What time does the sun hit the map?

SALLAH

Just after eight.

INDY

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

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

INDY

Okay. Let's go.

84 EXT. THE TANIS DIGS - MORNING

84

Sallah's truck drives through the camp, one of the Arab Diggers at the wheel. Indy and Sallah are in the back and look just like the other two Arab Diggers. Sallah's truck goes behind a tent and when it appears on the other side, Indy and Sallah are gone.

85 EXT. AMONG THE TENTS - MORNING

85

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

86 INT. MAP ROOM

86

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

87 EXT. ABOVE THE MAP ROOM - DAY

87

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

JEEP GERMAN (O.S.)  
Hey! You, the skinny one!

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

JEEP GERMAN  
Yes, you. What are you doing there?

Sallah gestures his innocence.

## JEEP GERMAN

Well bring that rope over here, you cur.

The Jeep German starts back toward his major concern: his jeep is stuck in some sand beyond the next tent. Some Arab Workers are trying in vain to budge it. Now another German has backed his truck up to it. Sallah can think of nothing to do except obey. With a worried glance at the map room, he begins untying the rope from the oil drum.

88 INT. THE MAP ROOM

88

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

89 EXT. IN THE CAMP - DAY

89

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

HUNGRY GERMAN (O.S.)

Bring us some of that!

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

HUNGRY GERMAN

Now, idiot!

Sallah picks up some serving pieces and gets to work.

90 INT. THE MAP ROOM

90

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

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

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

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

91 EXT. IN THE CAMP - DAY

91

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

HUNGRY GERMAN  
Water. Bring us water.

92 INT. MAP ROOM

92

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

INDY  
(stage whisper)  
Sallah.  
(he waits, then louder)  
Sallah!

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

INDY  
(loudest)  
Sallah!

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

93 EXT. ABOVE THE MAP ROOM - DAY

93

Indy sticks his head out the skylight, sees it clear and flops his body out. Sallah, crouching behind the oil drum, immediately starts pulling in the makeshift rope. Sallah stuffs the rope in the oil drum and the two men begin walking toward some tents.

HUNGRY GERMAN (O.S.)  
Hey, you! More water over here!

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

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

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

HUNGRY GERMAN  
(yelling after him,  
irriated)  
No, dummkopf, I said come!

94 EXT. BETWEEN TWO TENTS - DAY

94

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

95 INT. THE TENT

95

Indy finds himself in a tent set up for rather comfortable living. He has just started to cross it when he hears a loud, excited grunting. He turns toward the sound. In the corner, tied to a chair and gagged is Marion. Indy rushes to her, snatches the gag from her mouth and embraces her. They kiss, deep and long.

INDY  
I thought you were dead.

MARION

They were throwing me around like a rag doll.

INDY

They must have switched baskets. Thank god for that! Bless those bastards. Have they hurt you?

MARION

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

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

MARION

What's wrong?

INDY

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

MARION

(louder)  
Cut me loose!

INDY

Keep your voice down.

MARION

(screaming)  
I said get me out of --

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

INDY

Look, you don't know how glad I am to see you. And I don't like doing this. But the whole thing will be shot if you don't just sit here quietly. They haven't hurt you in the last twenty-four hours, they aren't going to start now. I'll be back to get you in no time.

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

96 EXT. SAND DUNE OUTSIDE DIGS - DAY 96

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

97 EXT. DIFFERENT DUNE - DAY 97

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

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

INDY

There!

98 EXT. INDY'S DIG - DAY 98

Omar's truck is parked at the stop just viewed from afar. Dunes rise on either side. One of Omar's men has been posted as a lookout up on a ridge. Everybody else -- Indy, Sallah, Omar, and his men -- have begun digging for the Well of the Souls.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

99 INT. COMMAND TENT - TANIS DIGS - NIGHT 99

Belloq, SHLIEMANN the ranking Nazi, and Shliemann's Aide, GOBLER, come into the tent, which is full of charts and maps, drawings of the Ark, radio equipment, liquor and food. The men have been out digging for the Well all day. They are tired, discouraged, testy. In all matters, Gobler shows his alliance with Shliemann against Belloq with small looks and body language. The Frenchman has disappointed them and he is feeling the isolation of a scapegoat. Belloq gets himself a drink as Shliemann towels off his face.

BELLOQ

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

SHLIEMANN

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

BELLOQ

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

GOBLER

Perhaps the girl can help us.

Belloq shoots him an angry look.

SHLIEMANN

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

(really evil)

If properly motivated...

BELLOQ

I tell you, she knows nothing useful.

SHLIEMANN

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

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



100

EXT. INDY'S DIG - NIGHT

100

In the eerie conjunction of moonlight and torchlight, Indy and the other men step back in awe of their discovery: there, flush with the bottom of their pit, is a heavy stone entry door to an underground chamber. Special prying tools are produced. With two men assigned to each of the two long tools, they work in unison to open the vault. They open it a foot and the two other men rush in to flop the heavy door completely open. Down inside, only blackness.

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

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

INDY

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

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

Indy drops his torch to the floor of the Well. This is answered by the most horrific HISSING imaginable.

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

Indy shakes his head and talks to himself.

INDY

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

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

SALLAH

Asps. Very dangerous.

Where Indy's torch has landed is a circle of snake-free floor. The snakes hate the flame; they stay away.

INDY

Lots of torches. And oil. I want a landing strip down there.

101 INT. THE WELL OF THE SOULS 101

Fifteen torches have been dropped to the floor of the chamber, combining to make a good-sized clear zone. Smoke begins to fill the room. Several canisters of oil have been lowered into this space. Now, a large wooden crate is lowered slowly by rope. Rope handles are attached to each end of the crate.

Up at the hole, Indy gives Sallah a reassuring pat, takes a breath, and swings carefully onto a rope hanging from the hole. Despite his care, he swings a bit and his feet hit the stone pillar which is so near the entry. Surprisingly, the pillar casually moves a bit, showering a light rain of crumbled stone to the floor below.

Indy lands on the floor of the Well. He looks at the altar over a sea of undulating death. He picks up an oil canister and splashes two parallel lines of oil and lights them. A path six feet wide begins to open the altar. Behind Indy, Sallah comes quickly down the rope.

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

102 OMIT 102

103 INT. MARION'S TENT 103

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

BELLOQ

Believe me, you made a mistake. If you would just give me something to placate them. Some bit of information.

MARION

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

He wants to believe her.

BELLOQ

I cannot control them.

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

BELZIG

We meet again, Fraulein.

104 EXT. INDY'S DIG - JUST BEFORE DAWN 104

The sky is just beginning to lighten over the dunes to the east, making dangerously obvious the thin column of smoke rising from the entrance to the Well. Omar and his men are peering through the smoke down into the Well.

105 INT. THE WELL OF THE SOULS 105

Indy and Sallah are on the altar. Pushing together with all their strength, the heavy stone top of the protective chest begins to slide away. Indy and Sallah exchange slightly wary but very excited looks, then continue to push. As the Ark begins to be exposed, the air seems to almost vibrate, to become electrostatically charged. We hear what sounds like a low HUM. The sea of snakes around the altar draws back further from this presence.

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

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

INDY

Don't touch it! Never touch it!

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

(MORE)

The fire strips have begun to dwindle, as have some of the torches. The snakes move slowly in toward the clear spaces. Indy and Sallah eye them nervously as they hurry along with their heavy load. Under the hole, they hurriedly attach ropes to the wooden crate and it is pulled up. Indy's concentration is on the tide of snakes.

INDY

Hurry up! Why did it have to be snakes?

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

INDY

What the --

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

BELLOQ

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

Belloq and the Germans laugh.

INDY

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

BELLOQ

No thank you, my friend.  
(he glances around him)

BELLOQ(cont'd)

I think we are all very comfortable  
up here.

106 EXT. INDY'S DIG - DAWN

106

Sunlight is flooding this tableau: Sallah, Omar and his men are being held at bay by ten armed Nazis. The wooden crate sits safely nearby. Belzig and another Nazi have the gagged Marion held in their rough grasp.

BELLOQ

(down to Indy)

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

As Belloq speaks, Shliemann exchanges a look with Belzig. Belzig smiles and takes the gag from Marion's mouth.

107 INT. WELL OF THE SOULS

107

Shliemann smiles down at Indy.

SHLIEMANN

I'm afraid we must be going now,  
Dr. Jones. Our prize is awaited in  
Berlin. But I do not wish to leave  
you down in that awful place...  
(he gives a sign)  
... all alone.

Belzig and the Nazi move Marion to the hole and, to Belloq's surprise, push her in. Marion falls thirty feet screaming. Indy drops the torch, braces, and catches her! Her weight knocks him to the ground, almost into the snakes. She looks around at the snakes, clinging to him more desperately as he struggles to his feet trying to unload her.

MARION

Don't put me down!

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

BELLOQ

The girl was mine!

SHLIEMANN

She is of no use to us. Only our  
mission for the Fuhrer matters.

Shliemann glances meaningfully around at the other Nazis.

SHLIEMANN

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

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

BELLOQ

Goodbye, mademoiselle.  
(a pause, then with  
respect)  
Indiana Jones... adieu!

Belloq and the others step back from the hole and unseen Nazis slam the heavy stone door into place. Marion screams.

Her scream is accompanied by --

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

INDY

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

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

MARION

What are you doing?

INDY

Just watch the floor.

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

MARION

Whatever you're doing, do it  
faster.

INDY

(he spots something)  
There!

His head whips around, looking at the pillars around the room. He sees what he wants. He grabs one of the oil canisters, looks back to the spot on the wall he's chosen and splashes oil on the floor in that direction, then lights it. A path opens toward that wall.

INDY

Come on!

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

INDY

Stay here!

MARION

(grabbing him)

Where are you going?

INDY

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

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

INDY

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

MARION

(panicked)

What do you mean?

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

The last two torches still burning on the floor go out. Now the only light in the chamber is provided by the torches held by Indy and Marion and the dwindling oil flames. Snakes move in and surround the base of Indy's pillar. The path between Marion and the center of the room is overrun. The circle of flame around Marion is dying down.

She looks beyond it with terror-widened eyes, then up through the increasing smoke at the distant Indy.

Near the top of the pillar, Indy's hands strain along his taut whip, which he has moved higher. A snake slithers into view there, inches from Indy's straining face. Indy turns his head so the torch in his mouth can burn it. The snake falls from the pillar. Indy's torch is dwindling. Indy works his body around so that he's in on the side of the pillar away from Marion. The pillar moves, showering dust. Indy looks at the chamber wall five feet away, takes a breath and swings his legs up against it. He is now braced between the pillar and wall.

MARION (O.S.)  
(screaming)  
Where are you?!

Snakes are moving in force up the pillar toward Indy's dwindling torch. Indy grasps the pillar for dear life, grimaces with exertion and pushes against the wall with all he's got. The pillar begins to break loose of the ceiling, then stops. Indy's eyes are on the torch. It is just a spot of flame now. Snakes are sliding up toward his hands. Indy again pushes against the wall and torch falls out of his mouth.

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

MARION  
Indy! Where are you?! Please Lord!

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

INDY  
Come on!

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

108

INT. THE CATACOMBS

108

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

MARION  
The snakes... are they here?



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

MARION  
Do you know where you're going?

INDY  
Absolutely.

MARION  
Thank god. Where?

INDY  
Out.

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

INDY  
Don't do that. It scares me.

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

INDY  
Look!

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

109 EXT. THE TANIS DIGS - NEAR AIRSTRIP - DAY

109

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

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

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

GOBLER  
Get it gassed immediately! It has an important cargo to take out!

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

INDY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Under the moving wing, Indy delivers a knockout right cross to the German Mechanic which sends him staggering back toward a roaring propeller. Indy's grimace registers the man's demise and a fine mist of blood wafts toward him. Indy spins toward the sound of crumpling metal and sees --

The other top of the Flying Wing slice into a tank truck. The airplane fuel inside floods out onto the pavement, surrounding the plane. Indy backpedals away from the plane, his eyes searching the scene for Marion. Suddenly, he is shocked to see her in the cockpit. He runs toward her, skidding through the gasoline.

INDY

Get out! Get out!

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

110 EXT. THE COMMAND TENT - DAY

110

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

A large crowd of Arab Diggers are milling about among the tents. They all want to get a look at the Ark. Sallah is among them. All at once, there is an earthshaking explosion. All eyes turn toward the rise that hides the airstrip. A huge fireball floats into view over there. Everyone starts running toward it. Shliemann yells at Belzig and the Armed Nazis.

SHLIEMANN

Stay with the Ark!

111 EXT. THE RISE ABOVE AIRSTRIP - DAY

111

Almost all the Arabs and Germans in the digs have congregated here and are staring at the burning remains of the Flying Wing. Belloq and Shliemann arrive just as the second fuel tank blows up. The concussion knocks many of the observers flat. Belloq, Shliemann and Gobler watch the scene in alarm.

SHLIEMANN

Sabotage!

BELLOQ  
We must get the Ark away from this  
place immediately!

SHLIEMANN  
(to Gobler)  
Have it put on the truck. We'll fly  
out of Cairo.

Gobler snaps his heels, turns to go.

SHLIEMANN  
And Gobler --  
(Gobler stops)  
-- I want plenty of protection.

Gobler nods and runs off. Shliemann heads back toward camp. Belloq hesitates a long moment, studying the burning wreckage with an odd, suspicious look. Finally, he turns and leaves, passing a nearby stack of barrels. When he has passed, Sallah appears from among the barrels. He searches the crowd for his people and starts a broken field run along some tents to avoid a group of Germans and is running flat-out when someone sticks out a leg and sends him flipping. Sallah, dust all over his face, looks angrily toward the concealed culprit. At once, a flashing white grin splits his darkened face. Indy and Marion, splashed with soot and oil, are hiding in the flap of a tent. Sallah runs into their arms and the three embrace warmly. When they break --

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

MARION  
Us too.

SALLAH  
(suddenly remembering)  
The Ark! They're taking it on a  
truck to Cairo.

INDY  
Where is it?

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

112 EXT. AMONG THE TENTS - DAY

112

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

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

Behind the water barrels, Sallah and Marion exchange hapless looks, but Indy just concentrates on --

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

Sallah and Marion look at Indy. Belloq and Shliemann climb in the back seat of the front car and the caravan pulls out. Indy watches it go, thinking hard.

INDY

You two get back to Cairo quick and get us transportation to England -- a plane, a ship, anything.

MARION

What about you?

INDY

I'm going to get that truck. I'll meet you at Omar's. Be ready for me.

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

MARION

How are you going to get that truck?

INDY  
(still searching)  
I don't know. I'm making this up as  
I go.

He runs away between two tents.

113 EXT. AT THE EDGE OF THE DIGS - DAY 113

From among the tents, Indy suddenly bursts into view, happily astride a magnificent white Arabian stallion. He gallops off across the desert.

114 EXT. THE DESERT (VARIOUS SHOTS) - DAY 114

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

115 EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY 115

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

The Armed Guard in the cab of the truck leans out to see what's happening. Indy has been riding alongside. Now he stands on the horse and leaps to the cab. In a second, he has flipped the Armed Guard out of the truck. He slides into the cab and begins grappling with the Truck Driver. The Truck Driver tries to hit the brakes, but Inyd kicks his foot away and floors the gas pedal. The truck doubles its speed and shoots onto the steep mountain road.

116 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY 116

The Blond Driver of the front staff car sees the truck move up on him in the rearview mirror and speeds up. Belloq, Shliemann and the Armed Guard in the car twist around to look at the struggle in the truck. The Blond Driver begins what will be a continuing preview of the twists in the road. He turns his wheel sharply and takes the lead car around a bend.

In the cab of the truck, Indy and the Truck Driver stop their fight temporarily and cooperate in turning the steering wheel. The truck barely stays on the road.

A full view reveals the incredible geography of this ride. The convoy is tiny against the spectacular mountainside, the cliffs drop hundreds of feet.

At the wheel of the rear car, Gowler swerves to stay on the road and accidentally sideswipes a boulder. The Gunner perched in the back is flipped head over heels out of the road through all the dust the convoy is picking up.

The lead staff car reaches the summit of the road and barely makes the hairpin turn there, delivering a destructive blow to the guard rail that has been placed there. The guard rail is now bent.

In the cab of the truck, Indy and the Truck Driver again stop trying to choke each other long enough to negotiate the turn together. The bumper of the truck hits the broken guard rail and sends it flying off the cliff. The truck, however, holds the road.

In the rear car, Gowler and Belzig are trying to see through the thick clouds of dust. Suddenly it clears completely. Unfortunately for them, this happens because their car has shot out into space at the hairpin turn. They are flying to their final reward. Belzig, eyes wide behind his evil spectacles, screams as he goes.

In the cab of the truck, the Truck Driver is distracted by the sight of the flying staff car. Indy plasters him and he tumbles out.

Far, far below, Belzig's staff car explodes on the rocks.

In the back of the truck, a TOUGH SERGEANT takes command of the situation. He picks out six Armed Nazis and motions for them to start climbing around the outside of the truck to the cab. With some trepidation the lucky ones begin that maneuver. The truck is swerving like crazy.

In the front staff car, the Armed Guard aims his submachine gun back at Indy, alone now in the truck's cab. Shliemann knocks the barrel roughly away.

SHLIEMANN

(yelling)

If anything happens to that Ark,  
we're all dead men! The Fuhrer will  
see to it!

Indy sees this from the cab and reacts by speeding up, putting even more pressure on the Blond Driver.

Along the back of the truck, Armed Nazis are edging up toward the cab, three on each side. They hang on as the truck rounds a corner and goes into a straightaway that leads through a short tunnel.

In the cab, Indy has been concentrating on the lead staff car. Now, just before entering the tunnel, he looks in the side view mirror and sees the Nazis on his side. A quick glance to the other mirror reveals the others. As the truck sweeps into the tunnel, we see Indy just start to turn his steering wheel -- he's going to sideswipe the walls of the tunnel.

At the other end of the tunnel, we hear the roar of the two engines and two long, screeching, scraping sounds. The lead staff car shoots out of the tunnel, then the truck, its sides cleaned of Nazis.

In the rear of the truck, the Tough Sergeant is looking with distaste back at the tunnel. There remains only him and two Armed Nazis with the Ark. He sends these two climbing up over the top of the truck.

In the lead car, the Blond Driver is being pressed hard by Indy, who now edges up to bump them from the rear. Suddenly the Armed Guard next to the Driver sees the two Armed Nazis appear on the top of the truck. Without thinking, he starts to point them out to Shliemann, then realizes his stupidity.

In the cab, Indy has seen this and is at first mystified. He checks his side-view mirrors. Then he figures it out and slams on his brakes. The brakes lock, the wheels burn and the truck skids to a dusty halt. The two Armed Nazis fly off the truck, over the cab to the road in front. Indy immediately hits the gas again. The two Armed Nazis, just aiming their weapons, get wiped out.

In the rear of the truck, the crated Ark is bouncing all along, no one in sight, because --

The Tough Sergeant is on the top of the truck, making his way steadily forward. This guy clearly knows what he's doing. A submachine gun is slung across his back.

The truck and the staff car race through a series of S-curves. In the staff car, Belloq and Shliemann spot the Tough Sergeant as he reaches the front of the truck's top and begins to lower his submachine gun barrel toward the cab. Indy is unaware. Belloq and Shliemann exchange looks.



Then Shliemann yells to the Armed Guard in the front seat.

The Tough Sergeant has a line on Indy. He points his gun. The Armed Guard blasts away at the truck. The Tough Sergeant dies in a hail of bullets and flies off.

Indy, who has ducked the gunfire, is confused. But when he sees the Armed Guard up front lower his gun, Indy again floors it and begins bumping the staff car in earnest.

The road is almost down to a level now. In the distance -- Cairo. The road takes a little dogleg just before reaching level ground again. Just as the staff car is about to make the turn, Indy smashes them from behind. The staff car flies off the road and down a twenty foot embankment. Indy takes the truck speeding down the road and off toward Cairo.

In the staff car, the occupants are bruised but safe. Shliemann points at the departing truck and yells at the Blond Driver. The staff car fishtails out of its sandy resting place and takes off after the truck.

117 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CAIRO (VARIOUS SHOTS) - DAY 117

Indy had an ever-decreasing lead on the staff car as the race thunders into the narrow streets. People and animals leap out of the way; carts and barrels go flying helter skelter. Indy takes the truck down a street so narrow there are only inches to spare on each side. Pedestrians jump into doorways.

118 EXT. OMAR'S SQUARE - DAY 118

When the truck clears the narrow street, it is in a small square. Omar's garage is gaping open on the opposite side. Indy hits the brakes and the truck skids across the square and into the garage. The garage door slams shut and tenting drops from the building to hide the door. Various Arabs, friends of Omar, rush out with fruit carts and baskets and set up a mini-bazaar in seconds. Two Arab Boys sweep the tracks of the truck into oblivion. They throw aside their brooms just as the staff car appears from the narrow street. Belloq and Shliemann look around desperately as the Blond Driver steers the car through the square and out the other side.

119 EXT. CAIRO DOCKS - NIGHT 119

The waterfront is dark and misty. An old tramp steamer, THE BANTU WIND, sits by the pier. Several fierce Black African Pirates, the crewmembers, are taking on final stores.

A small light illuminates the top of the gangplank. In its circle, Indy and Marion exchange long, warm embraces with Sallah. A short distance away the ship's Captain, a handsome, powerful black named SIMON KATANGA, watches the rail, smoking a pipe.

DISSOLVE TO:

120 EXT. OPEN SEA - THE MEDITERRANEAN - NIGHT 120

The Batu Wind is bathed in moonlight as it cuts across the even seas.

121 INT. INDY'S CABIN - NIGHT 121

Indy comes in, takes off his hat, jacket, whip and holster. The door which connects this cabin to the next opens and Marion appears. She is carrying a half-full glass of liquor, but what you notice is the long, snow-white, high-necked nightgown she is wearing. It is very prim. Very innocent. And very sexy. Marion does a slightly embarrassed model's turn for Indy.

MARION

I have a feeling I'm not the first woman to travel with these pirates. There's a whole wardrobe in there.

INDY

It's lovely.

Indy sits on the cot, takes off his boots. He leans back against the wall and rubs his eyes. Marion sits on the bed, leans back against the wall with him and looks down at her white nightgown. She chuckles.

MARION

I feel like a virgin bride in this.

INDY

That's what you look like.

MARION

(takes a drink)

There are some things you can recapture in this life, but that isn't one of them.

INDY

What would you like to recapture?

MARION  
 (after a long pause)  
 Nothing. That is the way it is.

He watches her closely as she drains her glass and puts it down.

INDY  
 Did I ever say I was sorry I burned  
 down your tavern?

She turns so their lips are very close.

MARION  
 No. Then again, I burned up that  
 plane.

INDY  
 You saved my life.

MARION  
 And you saved mine.

INDY  
 Seems things have worked out kind  
 of even.

MARION  
 That's the way I like them.

INDY  
 Maybe we should consider all past  
 accounts closed.

Marion thinks about this a long time.

MARION  
 No. Not yet.

INDY  
 What else?

She looks into his eyes. A smile jumps from her lips to his.  
 He kisses her and they sink slowly to the cot.

122 INT. IN THE HOLD

122

The ship's rats are agitated. They tremble and chitter at the  
 edges of the compartment, darting about. Out in the center of  
 the hold, sitting all by itself, is the crated Ark. HUM-M-M-  
 M.

123 INT. INDY'S CABIN - DAY 123

Marion awakes with a start, alone in the cot. Something's wrong. The ship is quiet. Indy is strapping on his holster. He pulls his whip and jacket from a hook.

MARION  
What is it?

INDY  
The engines have shut down.

MARION  
Why?

INDY  
I'm going to find out.

124 EXT. LOWER DECK - DAY 124

Indy runs toward the bow, then climbs some steps four at a time. A MESSENGER PIRATE is hurrying to get him, but flies by him on the steps. By the time the Pirate stops himself, Indy is gone.

MESSENGER PIRATE  
Mister Jones! The Captain he say --

125 EXT. THE BRIDGE - DAY 125

Captain Katanga is looking with concern ahead of the ship. Indy appears behind him.

INDY  
What's wrong?

KATANGA  
You have most important friends.

Katanga turns quickly, pointing with a sweeping hand. Indy looks. Arrayed in a rough semicircle around the ship are ten German Wolf Submarines. All of their deck guns are manned and trained on the Bantu Wind. Worse, at least five heavily-armed boarding parties in rafts are closing quickly on the ship.

INDY  
Holy shit.

KATANGA

(fast)

I sent my man for you. You and the girl must disappear. We have a place in the hold. Go, my friend!

126 EXT. UPPER DECK - DAY 126

Indy tears along the deck. He looks over the rail and sees two Nazi rafts already next to the ship.

127 EXT. LOWER DECK - DAY 127

Indy flies down some stairs and starts to round a corner. Suddenly he throws himself backwards, out of view. Three uniformed Nazis are clustered near a cabin door holding the Messenger Pirate. Now two more come out of the cabin trying to maintain their grasp on a kicking, yelling Marion. She is still wearing her white nightgown. More Nazis clamber onto the deck and head toward Indy, slamming open doors, rousting Pirates, spouting racial epithets. Indy steps backwards and fades into the maze of the ship.

128 EXT./INT. THE BANTU WIND (VARIOUS SHOTS) - DAY 128

The ship is swarming with Nazis. The Black Pirates are herded forward, subjected to rough physical and verbal abuse by the Aryan Supermen. The Pirates are clearly under orders not to resist, but not one of these strong men likes it. They'd gladly give their lives to rip the throat out of a few Krauts. In the hold, the door slams open and Nazis pour in; they smile at the sight of the crated Ark.

129 EXT. THE BRIDGE - DAY 129

Captain Katanga watches as his crew is crowded into a circle of Nazis on the wide deck below him. He is surrounded by Belloq, Shliemann and several Nazis, two of whom are holding Marion. Now the Nazis from the hold appear on the lower deck carrying the crated Ark by means of the long poles. Belloq's eyes shine at the sight.

SHLIEMANN

Take it aboard the Wurrfler!

BELLOQ

And be very careful!

The Ark is taken away.

SHLIEMANN  
(to a Sergeant below)  
What about Jones?

SERGEANT  
Not a trace yet, sir!

KATANGA  
Jones is dead.

Belloq and Shliemann regard him suspiciously.

KATANGA  
We killed him. He was of no use to us. The girl, however, has certain value where we are headed. She will bring a very good price. If that cargo you have taken was your goal, then go in peace with it. But leave us the girl. It will reduce our loss on this trip.

SHLIEMANN  
Savage. You are not in a position to ask for anything. We will take what we wish and then decide whether or not to blow your ship from the water.

Belloq steps forward and puts a proprietary hand on Marion's arm, fixing Shliemann with a steady look.

BELLOQ  
That girl goes with me. It will be part of my compensation. I'm sure the Fuhrer would approve.

Shliemann considers.

BELLOQ  
If she fails to please me, you can do with her as you wish.

This appeals to Shliemann's nature. He signals his agreement with a gesture. Belloq ushers Marion away with her two keepers.

DISSOLVE TO:

130

EXT. "THE WURRFLER" - CONNING TOWER - DAY

130

The Nazis have returned to their subs. Shliemann is on the bridge with THE WURRFLER'S CAPTAIN and the Captain's Aides. The Captain is an honorable career Navy man.

THE WURRFLER'S CAPTAIN  
Colonel Shliemann, all torpedoes  
are loaded.

Shliemann nods and continues to stare at the Bantu Wind, as does the Captain. The Pirate crew is all lined across the bow. Towering above the others, standing on the rail, proud and defiant, is Katanga. Shliemann looks at the Wurrfler's Captain a moment.

SHLIEMANN  
What do you think, Captain?

THE WURRFLER'S CAPTAIN  
(earnestly)  
I think not, Colonel. Nothing is to  
be gained. We are not at war.

Shliemann mulls this, then turns to the hatch.

SHLIEMANN  
... yet. Let the vermin live. We  
must be on our way.

Shliemann disappears down the hatch. The Captain is pleased. A Radioman speaks into his headset, then follows the other Aides down the hatch. In the distance the other subs begin to move away from the ship. The Captain, alone on the bridge, looks once more at Katanga.

On the Bantu Wind, Katanga executes what might be taken for a salute.

The Wurrfler's Captain smiles, salutes crisply, then goes below, pulling the hatch closed. Immediately, the Wurrfler begins to move. And as it does, we see the rail at the aft of the main deck. From nowhere, a wet sleeve appears and a hand grabs the rail!

Indy pulls his dripping body onto the sub's main deck. He has lost his felt hat once and for all. Other than that, his outfit is the same as always, just wetter. Suddenly, water is washing over his feet; the Wurrfler is beginning to submerge. Indy runs through quickly deepening water toward the haven of the conning tower. Halfway there, he slips and goes down.

Only by grabbing the base of the aftmast light does he keep from being swept away. He struggles to his feet and sloshes through knee-deep water to the base of the conning tower.

Indy climbs the ladder to the bridge of the conning tower and looks down. The water is rising toward him fast. Indy climbs the ladder to the top of the turret and braces himself between the two uprights there - the 7 foot radio mast and the 20 foot periscope. Still the ocean comes up to meet him. Soon the top of the turret is under water and radio mast is disappearing. Indy shifts his grip to the periscope, working his way up it and hanging on for dear life as the ocean whips at his body. The periscope is quickly going under. Indy hangs on to the top three feet, all that remains above.

The forward movement of the sub continues, but, to Indy's slowly dawning delight, the dive stops. No more of the periscope goes under. Indy smiles; it's a pretty good smile, too, given the circumstances. Indy pulls out his bullwhip and begins tying himself to the periscope.

131 EXT. THE PERISCOPE - AFTERNOON 131

The sun warms that part of his body Indy has contrived to keep out of the water. The rest floats out behind. Indy isn't comfortable, but all in all, it's not as terrible as he might have feared.

DISSOLVE TO:

132 EXT. THE PERISCOPE - DUSK 132

It's as terrible as Indy might have feared. He looks wasted. Waterlogged and exhausted. The wet leather of the whip is contracting and he must struggle constantly to keep it from cutting into his skin.

DISSOLVE TO:

133 EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT 133

Several shark fins cut the surface, appearing and disappearing in the bright moonlight. They are shadowing --

134 EXT. THE PERISCOPE - NIGHT 134

Indy looks through barely open eyes at the sharks running alongside. There is nothing to be done. His eyes close.



FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

135 EXT. THE PERISCOPE - NIGHT

135

The submarine has stopped. The water is calm. The moon is bright. A gentle swell splashes Indy awake. He blinks, tries to regain his senses. He makes an inventory of his body. Surprised to find himself intact, his spirits lift. Some hidden reserve of energy flows through him. He frees his aching arms from the wet leather of his whip, leaving only one loop around his waist to hold him to the sub. He rubs his hands and stretches. Once again, he has survived. To fight again. He looks around.

WHAT HE SEES. A lovely island. No sign of man's presence. The sub has stopped at the mouth of a wide cove completely ringed by tall white rock cliffs. Suddenly the sub begins to move again. It is headed directly toward the center of the cliffs. Indy holds on, mystified, alert. When the cliffs are very close, the sub begins to dive.

INDY

Damn!

He thinks hard. Inspiration hits just before the water. Indy flips his leather jacket up over his head and holds the jacket out in front of him. His head is hidden by the jacket as he goes under water.

136 INT. THE UNDERWATER TUNNEL - NIGHT

136

The sub enters an underwater tunnel that penetrates into the cliffs. Indy is held to the periscope by his crossed legs and the whip. His improptu air bubble is working, but it's a struggle to maintain it.

The sub begins to cut through thick marine vegetation. Each dangling growth pulls at Indy's body and slaps at his leather bubble. Now a clump of entwined seaweed rips the leather out of his hands and his bubble of air rises away. Indy hangs on, holding his breath, but the vegetation gets denser. Finally, it pulls him off the periscope. The sub moves on, disappearing ahead.

Indy rises desperately through the dark water, his hand outstretched. Then, almost simultaneously, hand and head hit solid rock. But no air. Indy feels along the ceiling of rock. Nothing. It's all submerged.

Indy dives, stroking deep into the tunnel. When he has descended 15 feet, he grabs a vine and steadies himself. His eyes search the dim roof of the tunnel. He sees his last hope in the distance -- a small blue circle, an air pocket. He swims for it.

In the air pocket, Indy's head breaks the surface and smashes into rock again. The pocket is only six inches deep. No matter. Indy loves it. He'd like to move in. He gulps air.

137 INT. THE SUB BASE - DOCKING BAY

137

The Wurrfler has arrived at an extraordinary base built in the hollow interior of the island. This chamber, with the docking bay, is almost all water. A huge natural cavern, it has been reinforced and enlarged by the Germans.

The Wurrfler sits surfaced at the dock. The Ark has been unloaded and placed on a cart. Shliemann, Belloq and Marion have just disembarked and been met by a Nazi contingent from the base. Marion looks worse for the trip. Her white nightgown is now ripped and smudged.

One of the greeting Nazis, a TALL CAPTAIN, salutes Shliemann and Belloq. As he speaks to them, we notice that right behind this group, just above a great deal of sub unloading activity, Indy's whip hangs from the periscope. Working Nazis pass within feet of it unaware; the Tall Captain would see it in a moment if he were not so focused on the new arrivals.

TALL CAPTAIN

(to Belloq)

The tents have been arranged in accordance with your radioed instructions, sir.

BELLOQ

Good. We must take the Ark there now.

Shliemann looks a little unhappy about this exchange, but says nothing. The groups moves swiftly toward the end of a mine train arrangement. The train, consisting of small, separate, electric-powered cars, sits on a track which disappears into a tunnel cut in the rock.

On the turret of the Wurrfler, the Wurrfler's Captain lights a cigarette as he watches the mine train disappear, then returns his attention to the activity on the dock. He leans idly against the periscope, his head two feet below Indy's dangling whip. Something catches his eye, he yells an order and climbs down from the turret to deal with the matter.

We hold on the whip for a long moment, until its owner's hand appears and quickly reclaims it.

138 INT. TRAIN TUNNEL

138

The Ark and its entourage are moving slowly up the tight dark tunnel, their way lit by intermittent lanterns. The tunnel is irregular, but generally about 7 feet wide. It's height varies from an average of about 7 feet to a low of only about 4.5 feet at the points (every 40 feet) where support beams cross the track. The result is that there is only about a foot of clearance above the mine cars at those points; passengers must duck to keep from being hit in the head. Shliemann, looking worried, and Belloq, very excited, are focused on the Ark in the car ahead.

SHLIEMANN

I am uncomfortable with the thought of this --

(spitting it out)

-- Jewish ritual. Are you sure it's necessary?

BELLOQ

(playing him)

Let me ask you this -- Would you be more comfortable opening the Ark in Berlin -- for the Fuhrer -- and finding out only then if the sacred pieces of the Covenant are inside? Knowing, only then, whether you have accomplished your mission and obtained the one, true Ark?

Shliemann doesn't like any of his alternatives. He looks at Belloq with some suspicions as the train comes into bright light.

139 INT. COMMAND CENTER

139

A second natural cavern, even bigger than the first, has been worked over by the Germans into a rectangular, three-story high supply center around a huge, open, center court. Uniformed Nazi Soldiers are everywhere, wrangling supplies and ammunition, monitoring electronic equipment. At the far end of the court, a second train tunnel disappears into the rock.

Across the open court, Belloq sees his destination: a large, brilliant white silk tent has been erected in the midst of all this hardware. It looks incongruous, and more than a little eerie. It is the Tabernacle.

140 INT. TRAIN TUNNEL 140

Indy is making his way up the tunnel. He hears cars coming from up ahead and steps into the shadows. A mine car passes with several laughing Nazis. Indy continues on his way.

141 INT. THE TABERNACLE 141

The light in here is lovely, unearthly. Oil lamps burn. The Tabernacle is really several concentric, silk tents, which creates a flowing maze effect. The innermost tent has at its center a 3-foot high, tapestry-covered altar. Belloq watches with gleaming, obsessed eyes as two Nazis carefully lift the actual Ark out of its crate by means of the long poles. The Ark dazzles the eye, seeming to glow gold in this strange light. The two Nazis place it carefully on the altar. Shliemann and some Aides hang back. Marion is nowhere to be seen.

142 INT. COMMAND CENTER - END OF TUNNEL 142

Indy makes a fast break from the shadows of the tunnel to the protection of a high stack of supplies. He climbs the back of the stack, peeks over and surveys the area.

WHAT HE SEES. In addition to the Tabernacle, the second train tunnel entrance, and all the activity, Indy's glance rests momentarily on a large, heavy metal door halfway down one wall toward the Tabernacle. It bears the words in German: DANGER - MUNITIONS.

Indy continues to scan the scene.

143 INT. THE TABERNACLE 143

In the central area with the Ark, Shliemann and the other Nazis wait impatiently, eyeing the Ark with some discomfort. Belloq is not visible, because at the moment he is--

In the folds of the Tabernacle, the silk of the tents undulating around him. The light is even stranger, the scene almost dreamlike. With the help of the Tall Captain, Belloq lets an extraordinary, gold-embroidered, ceremonial robe fall over his head and onto his body. Belloq looks transported, possessed. The Tall Captain unlatches a wooden case and takes from it a sturdy ivory rod about 5 feet long, elaborately engraved. Belloq takes it from him, turns and slips back through the silk. The Tall Captain stays in the folds.

Back in the central area, Shliemann and the other Nazis are taken aback by Belloq's appearance in the rove. They exchange looks. From one knot of men there is muttering about "Judens" and such, but when Belloq turns a fiery gaze on them there is immediate silence. Shliemann looks uncertain in this presence.

Belloq approaches the Ark. He stops a few feet from it and begins murmuring an invocation in Hebrew. After a few moments of this he advances a step and is about to place the ivory rod in a notch under the lid of the Ark itself. The end of the rod is an inch from the notch when--

Indy steps into the Tabernacle. On his shoulder is a bazooka and it is aimed directly at the Ark.

INDY

Hold it.

(the Nazi react)

One move from anybody and I blow that box back to Moses.

Shliemann makes it clear to the other Nazis that Indy is to be obeyed.

BELLOQ

Jones, your persistence surprises even me. You are going to give mercenaries a bad name.

INDY

What about you? Talked to God yet?

(Belloq's eyes flash)

Where's the girl?

SHLIEMANN

Doctor Jones, surely you don't think you can escape from this base.

INDY

That depends on how reasonable we're all willing to be. All I want is the girl. We'll keep possession of the Ark only till we've got safe transport to England. Then it's all yours.

SHLIEMANN

If we refuse?

INDY

Then the Ark and some of us are going up in a big bang. I don't think Hitler would like that a bit. Now I don't want to talk about this anymore. Show me that girl in five seconds or--

The Tall Captain flies out of the silk and takes Indy down by the neck. The bazooka clatters across the cement floor as two other Nazis help subdue Indy. The three Nazis take Indy's pistol from his holster and raise him roughly in their grasp.

SHLIEMANN

Jones, this is the second time I have seen you looking very foolish.

INDY

It's a bad habit. I'm trying to break it.

Shliemann draws his Luger.

SHLIEMANN

I'll help you. This time I'll kill you myself.

Shliemann raises the pistol.

BELLOQ

No! Not in the presence of the Ark! Take him outside.

Shliemann eyes Belloq, then the Ark. He lowers the pistol, motions for the Nazis to take Indy out ahead of him. They stop a moment only when Belloq speaks.

BELLOQ

Indiana Jones, I salute you. I am even a little sorry you will miss this moment.

INDY

Thanks. If you talk to Him, tell Him I'm on my way up.

Shliemann motions them out and follows. Belloq turns back to the Ark, raising the ivory rod.

144 INT. COMMAND CENTER 144

Shliemann, the Tall Captain, Indy and the two Nazis holding him emerge from the Tabernacle. Shliemann points to a nearby wall and the group starts that way with Shliemann and the Tall Captain slightly ahead.

145 INT. THE TABERNACLE 145

Belloq has the ivory rod inserted in the notch under the lid of the Ark. He utters a short phrase in Hebrew and begins to press down on his end of the rod. The lid of the Ark begins to lift. It's difficult work. Belloq puts his whole weight into one big press on his end and the lid opens two feet.

Inside the Ark of the Covenant is a preview of the end of the world. A light so bright, a power so fearsome, a charge so jolting, that there is nothing in our world to compare to it. It's as though this magnificent golden box has been gathering electric energy for three thousand years, waiting for just this crack of the lid to release it all in one fast, cleansing explosion of pure force.

Blinding arcs of light shoot out across the Tabernacle instantly killing all the Nazis inside and turning the white silk to flame. But it is Belloq in his obsession who takes the full blast. His whole body seems lit by a million volt current and, for a moment, his complete form is white, then blue, then maybe green, but it is hard to tell because our eyes are blinded now too. Two aspects of this ghastly, beautiful display are somehow communicated in the chaos, although the communication is subliminal. First, that Belloq, in the instant of his destruction, has experienced some kind of sublime, transcendental knowledge. If a death's-head can smile and look satisfied, that is how Belloq's incandescent face would be described. Secondly, this event is accomplished by a sound like no other. A sound so intense and so odd and so haunting that the suggestible among us might imagine it were the whisper of God.

146 INT. COMMAND CENTER 146

Chaos. Shliemann and the Tall Captain have been temporarily blinded by the light from the Tabernacle. Indy makes short work of his two escorts. He bashes their heads together. When only one goes down at this, Indy uses the handle of his bullwhip, which has appeared instantly in his hand, to put the second one down.

Shliemann, hand on his eyes, aims his Luger blindly at the scuffle. Indy pushes the Tall Captain at Shliemann, who fires on impact, killing the Tall Captain. Indy knocks out Shliemann.

Behind Indy, the brilliant light and weird noise of the Ark have suddenly ceased, but the Tabernacle is ablaze and the fire has quickly spread to stacks of supplies on either side. Smoke is already starting to fill the cavern. Nazis are running around, yelling for firefighting water. A burning crate at the side of the Tabernacle is pushed over, only to knock over a drum of heavy black oil. A river of flame shoots across the cement.

Indy grabs a rifle with bayonet from the prostrate body of one of his former escorts and runs back into the flaming Tabernacle.

147

INT. THE TABERNACLE

147

Indy jumps through the flames into what is now a tent of fire. He looks around at the dead bodies, then at the Ark. The lid has slammed down shut again and the Ark shines gold in the flames. Before it, where Belloq once stood, is a pile of ash and charred debris. Indy registers this, then continues to scan the scene.

INDY

Marion! Marion, can you hear me?

Suddenly, Indy looks as--

The far side of the Tabernacle burns completely away, revealing Marion, tied spread-eagle between two upright posts. Her nightgown is now in tatters, black with soot. She is gagged but her eyes are screaming, focused on the flaming river of black oil which is about to engulf her feet.

Indy rushes toward her, unaware of a uniformed Nazi who has appeared from the flames. Marion looks up to see Indy and the Nazi leveling his submachine gun at Indy. She motions desperately with her eyes. Indy dives and rolls through the flames just as the Nazi opens fire. From the floor, Indy blasts the Nazi.

The river of burning oil is only a foot from Marion.

Indy jumps up and runs toward the bound Marion, his bayonet aimed directly at her. Her wide eyes flash between the flames and the shining blade. Expertly, Indy slashes down both sides at Marion, cutting all four bindings.



Marion falls backwards, away from the flames, but before she hits the ground, Indy is there, catching her in his arms. They embrace. They kiss. They break.

INDY

Hi.

MARION

Oh, Indy! Thank god you're here.

INDY

Glad I could make it.

Indy rises, pulling her up with him. The Tabernacle is burning away so fast that soon Indy and Marion will be completely exposed. Indy rushes over and grabs the submachine gun and a Luger from the dead Nazi.

INDY

Let's get out of here.

MARION

What about the Ark?

Indy stops, startled by her spunky attitude. He's considering their chances.

INDY

Are you game?

MARION

Hell yes! We've made it this far.

INDY

(grins at her)

Okay. Let's do it.

They approach the altar through the dying flames, Indy slinging the submachine gun over his back. The long carrying poles are still in place.

INDY

Whatever you do, don't touch it.  
Let's put it on the floor.

Marion nods. Each taking an end with the poles, they lift the Ark from the altar and lower it to the floor. Marion grunts under the weight. Indy registers this, hands her the submachine gun. He pulls out his whip, motions her back, and sweeps the whip tightly around the body of the Ark. The fall wraps snugly around the plaiting and Indy ties it off. The Ark is now harnessed to the whip handle.

Indy gives it an experimental pull and the Ark slides across the smooth cement. Indy indicates the direction of the second train tunnel.

INDY

We'll go down that side. Shoot  
anyone who looks at us crosseyed.

148

INT. COMMAND CENTER

148

Two huge stacks of goods are ablaze and the Nazis are having trouble getting water to them. The Nazis' main concern at this point is an enormous, neat stack of wooden cartridge boxes which are piled down the wall from one of the already blazing, and now teetering, stacks of general goods. Nervous Nazis are moving the heavy cartridge boxes as fast as they can, but it's slow work and the threatening fire is close.

Indy and Marion make their way along the side of the center court, Indy grimacing with the strain of pulling the Ark. One Nazi stops directly in front of them, looking at them queerly. Indy knocks him out with the butt of his Luger just as Marion is about to fire.

Out in the court, Shliemann has regained his eyesight. Now he crouches, scanning the scene desperately for Indy. He looks into the remains of the Tabernacle and spots the empty altar. Beyond it, the unoccupied posts where Marion was bound.

At the entrance to the second train tunnel, Indy and Marion struggle to lift the Ark into a mine car. Marion has the submachine gun slung over her back. The Ark drops heavily into the bottom of the car. The noise attracts the attention of five water-carrying Nazis. They see what's going on and reach for their side-arms. Indy grabs Marion, pulls her in front of him -- as though to use her as a shield -- and flips the submachine gun, still on her back, toward the Nazis. He opens fire, turning Marion's body so he can mow all five down.

Shliemann spins around and looks at the tunnel entrance. He points at Indy and Marion, who have just hopped into the mine car with the Ark.

SHLIEMANN

Stop them! Kill them!

A dozen Nazis spin and look at the mine car. Marion is just leveling the submachine gun. Indy pushes forward the throttle and the mine car moves toward the tunnel, picking up speed. As the Nazis raise their guns to fire, Marion and Indy both open up, peppering the area with lead. As the mine car is about to disappear into the tunnel--

INDY  
 (to Marion)  
 Get down!

As the car disappears, bullets pock the entrance of the tunnel. Shliemann runs up with three Nazis. They jump into the next mine car and take off, disappearing into the tunnel.

Over at the burning stack of goods, some terrified firefighters scurry away as the burning pile of general goods falls over onto the stack of cartridge boxes. The wooden boxes immediately start burning. Many of the Nazis just want to get out of there, but a couple of disciplined OFFICERS are trying to salvage the situation. They point to the far side of the court, the walls are lined with oil and gas drums.

OFFICER  
 We must cover the drums! Protect  
 them from the bullets!

INTERCUTTING Indy and Marion with Shliemann and the Nazis, we see a most extraordinary pursuit. This tunnel is of identical design to the first, except more twisty. This early section goes slightly uphill, as though headed for the summit of a rollercoaster. The low cross beams and the higher sections in between are causing the Nazis to alternately stand and duck in their efforts to get a clear shot at the lead car. One German times it wrong and gets whacked. Indy is unhappy with the speed of his car and he's right, the Nazis are moving faster and gaining. When both cars are in the same high section, the Nazis blast away at them. The noise is deafening, with barking guns, splintering rock, and twanging ricochets contributing to the din. As Marion fires a return volley low over the Ark, Indy kicks at the throttle, convinced it is jammed.

150

INT. COMMAND CENTER

150

The Officers are directing the placement of every moveable item in front of the oil drums. Desks, crates, chairs, food, all are heaped in front of the fuel. All the workers cast frequent glances back at the burning cartridge boxes across the court. Suddenly the worst begins to happen at the cartridge boxes. Hundreds of thousands of live cartridges begin exploding, flying around the court like shrapnel. Hot lead begins to zing off the exposed fuel drums, leaving big dents.

151 INT. TRAIN TUNNEL - LONG STRAIGHTWAY 151

The car with Indy and Marion looks almost sluggish compared to the pursuing Nazi car as they both make their way into an unusually long straightaway. Marion discards her empty submachine gun as Indy kicks at his throttle and casts a worried look back at Shliemann.

Shliemann, sensing victory, smiles evilly and carefully takes aim. Indy and Marion will be easy targets until they reach that approaching low cross beam, which is the crest of the rising tunnel.

152 INT. COMMAND CENTER - CLOSE ON FUEL DRUM 152

A fuel drum, already pocked by bullets is finally penetrated by high velocity hot lead. It explodes in a ball of flame. And then its neighbor. Then all is exploding flame.

153 INT. TRAIN TUNNEL - LONG STRAIGHTWAY 153

Shliemann and his cohorts hear the explosions behind them and look back that way.

Indy kicks the throttle one more time and it goes! Their car doubles its speed and shoots under the low cross beam at the same instant as--

A huge dragon of all-consuming fire shoots up the tunnel behind the Nazis, catches their car and incinerates Shliemann and his men. The tunnel collapses in this section, burying the fried Nazis forever.

154 INT. TRAIN TUNNEL 154

Indy and Marion look back at the low cross beam as the last tongue of flame makes it there and then is doused by falling rock and dirt. They look at each other, then turn their attention back to their own predicament. Their mine car is going incredibly fast as it moves into a downward section of wildly twisting tunnel.

MARION

Slow it down!

Indy is already pulling the throttle. It moves easily. Unfortunately, it is no longer attached to the motor. The mine car is out of control.

After several moments, far ahead, appears a circle of bright daylight-- the end of the tunnel! It approaches at a frightening rate. Indy reaches out grasps Marion's hand. They exchange looks and then turn to look ahead.

THEIR POV. We're taking this last stretch with them. It's a familiar nightmare. It has to do with a rollercoaster that ends suddenly and disastrously. The shocking brightness of sunlight rushes up to engulf us, blinding us in its glare.

155

EXT. THE ISLAND - END OF TRACKS, DOCK

155

High up on the slope of the island, Indy and Marion's mine car shoots out of the black tunnel and roars down toward a little dock at the end of the tracks.

A small Nazi transport launch, carefully disguised as a Greek fishing boat, sits bobbing by the dock. The only human: a Nazi Sentry dressed as a Greek peasant. He is perched on a pile of seed bags which are stacked at the very end of the train tracks. As the mine care barrels noisily down toward him, he throws away some burlap to reveal a mounted machine gun which he spins quickly around toward the approaching mine car. He opens fire.

In the out-of-control mine car, Indy pulls Marion down with him. They are squashed into the corner trying to avoid contact with the bouncing Ark. Bullets clang against the outside of the car and whiz inches overhead. Indy and Marion are forced into a tighter and tighter embrace of life.

At the machine gun post, the Nazi Sentry has been firing like crazy, but now there is terror in his eyes. He realizes the car is not going to stop. He lacks faith in his stronghold. Too late.

The mine car smashes into the seed bag bunker. And right on through. The Nazi Sentry, his machine gun and a dozen bursting seed bags are slammed into the ocean in a wild, hurtling mass. The mine car jumps, bounces and spins around, then slides to a stop in a cloud of seed at the edge of the water.

156

INT. COMMAND CENTER

156

Fire. Everywhere. No sign of life. A large gaping doorway, flames ringing it, blazing into the room beyond. Hanging by one hinge there, its metal blasted and jagged, is a heavy door with the signed lettering, in German, DANGER - MUNITIONS.

The first explosion happens. It's a baby compared to what's coming yet it rocks the earth. It's terrible. And then, almost immediately, another. The long, irregular, ever-larger chain of explosions begins.

157 EXT. THE ISLAND - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY 157

The island rumbles and shakes. From fissures and small natural caves, dirt and rock shoot out like spraying water. Still the explosion continues. A huge chunk of white cliff falls away into the turbulent sea. Birds scream and soar, afraid to land.

Finally, we settle on a full shot of the island. We can recognize that the small opening high on the slope from which a cloud of smoke and dust is billowing is the end of the mine tunnel. And there below it, quite small from this distance is the dock. And the boat that looks like a Greek fishing boat. There can be no mistake even from this far away -- the boat is chugging out to sea.

158 INT. THE PENTAGON - DAY 158

Indy, Brody and Marion, looking very stylish, are seated in Colonel Musgrove's huge office. Sun pours in a window, through which Washington can be seen sparkling across the Potomac. Everything is neat and clean and regular. Including the three men who are arrayed around the office. Two we know - Col. Musgrove and Maj. Eaton. The third is an unnamed Bureaucrat. He hangs back, smiling and genial, his features obscured by the glare of the window. He doesn't say anything, yet you have a sense that the others defer to him in the matter at hand. He is the essence of all that is Byzantine and inscrutable in our scrubbed government machine.

Indy and Brody are dissatisfied with the way the meeting has gone. Marion, on the other hand, is very happy and eager to get out of there. Eaton's manner is irritatingly cheery.

MUSGROVE

You've done your country a great service.

EATON

--And we trust you found the settlement satisfactory?

MARION

Quite.

EATON

Good, good.  
 (glances around at the  
 others)  
 Then I guess that about does it.

BRODY

When can we have the Ark?

Eaton's glance flicks over to the mysterious Bureaucrat, then back to Brody.

EATON

I thought we answered that. It's  
 someplace very safe--

INDY

(heated)  
 That's a powerful force. Research  
 should be done--

EATON

Oh, it will be, Dr. Jones, I assure  
 you. We have top men working on it  
 right now.

INDY

Who?

EATON

Top men.

Indy exchanges a look with Brody.

INDY

We may be able to help.

EATON

We appreciate that. And we won't  
 hesitate to call on you.

MUSGROVE

(dismissing them)  
 Thank you all. Thank you again.

Indy looks them over coldly. He gets up, sullen.

159 EXT. PENTAGON STEPS - DAY

159

Indy, Brody and Marion emerge from the building. Brody bids them farewell and moves off in another direction.

Marion clings to Indy's arm in an energetic, very feminine way, scolding him.

MARION

--Well they aren't going to tell you, so why don't you just forget it. I'd think you'd had enough of that damn Ark. Just put your mind on something else.

Indy stops, looking across the river, his mind occupied.

INDY

Yeah, like what?

Marion makes a face, then puts her arms around his neck and plants a humdinger of a a kiss on his mouth. It goes on a while. Finally they break.

INDY

It's not the Ark...but it'll have to do.

They move down the steps, smiling.

160

INT. GOVERNMENT WAREHOUSE

160

The Ark of the Covenant sits in a wooden crate. A wooden lid comes down and hides it from view. The lid is solidly nailed to the crate as we read the stenciled message on top--

TOP SECRET  
ARMY INTEL. #9906753  
DO NOT OPEN!

The hammering is completed and hands shift the heavy crate onto a dolly.

THE END CREDITS ROLL AS WE SEE--

A Little Old Government Warehouseman begins pushing the crated Ark down an aisle. Soon we see that the aisle is formed by huge stacks of crates. They come in many shapes and sizes, but when it comes right down to it, they all look like the one that holds the Ark. All have markings like the message we've just seen. Pretty soon we're far enough and high enough away from the Little Old Government Warehouseman to see that this is one of the biggest rooms in the world. And it is full. Crates and crates. All looking alike. All gathering dust.



And then we notice that the Little Old Government Warehouseman, pushing his new crate ahead of him, has turned into another aisle and disappeared from view.

FADE OUT.

THE END