

Indiana Jones
and the Order of the Magi

By Rudi Anna

Rudi Anna
617.894.3056

Part I - Abner Ravenwood

EXT. HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINSIDE - RA-LUNDI FALLS - AFTERNOON

A MASSIVE RIDGE of rugged and complex mountains sheathed in snow. We're near the southern anchor of the Hindu Kush just east of the great bend of the Jhelum River.

TITLE CARD: WESTERN PUNJAB, 1925

WE PUSH IN

on a deep, icy crevice between two wicked mountain peaks.

AS WE NEAR

we discover that cutting down vertically through the ice is an astonishing waterfall pouring into a thousand-foot, death-defying cataract. Steam-shroud dissipates into a misty oblivion at the bottom. Ethereal.

PUSH IN FURTHER

to a third of the way down the cataract, just able to see wisps of steam rising along the waterfall's edges.

Most impressive of all is the THUNDEROUS SOUND from never-ending tons of water tumbling through the air.

A FLOCK OF WHITE CRANES glide past, dwarfed by the fall's immensity. A beat. Finally... TORCHLIGHT... from behind the water just entering from the right in a CAVE BEHIND THE WATERFALL. The light glows and flickers as it moves downwards, as if the bearer were descending a staircase. Then ANOTHER TORCHLIGHT follows... And ANOTHER. We hold until THE SEVENTH TORCHLIGHT enters frame, following the LEADER.

INT. RA-LUNDI FALLS CAVES - FISSURE - TWILIGHT

CLOSE HANDHELD - A DRIPPING WET HAND

of the LEAD TORCHBEARER illumined by the fire above his grip. His spindly fingers tattooed with mysterious lines and patterns. In the background, we see the procession of OTHER TORCHLIGHTS and the SHADOWY FORMS holding them.

An English VOICE, not from the Leader, is heard over the falling water:

ABNER (O.C.)

It must be only a few more meters
down...

REVERSE: BEHIND LEAD MONK

who is hooded, dressed in saffron robes of heavy fabric. He is of a secret sect of Tibetan monks known as the Shangpa Kagyu.

ABNER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 ... We're almost there!

WIDEN TO REVEAL

One-by-one, as the torchbearers pass us, we see they're all Shangpa Kagyu Monks dressed in robes like the Leader. Their faces shadowed by hoods. And the next two figures in line:

ABNER AND REBECCA RAVENWOOD

are incongruous with the rest. They're outsiders-- *Westerners* in Westerner's winter clothing-- and they're exhausted, their hair and coats soaked through. They clamber down a narrow stone declivity. Light through the waterfall strikes them with a silver luminescence.

ABNER wears a black fedora hat. His eyes hidden behind fogged-over spectacles. We see torchlight reflected in them. reflected glow of torchlight. He is a renowned American archaeologist just brushing with his early sixties. He follows behind:

REBECCA is Abner's wife, roughly the same age. An anthropological scholar more accustomed to life in the classroom, she is out of her element here in the 'field' with her husband. For the moment, though, she holds her own, keeping up.

And behind them, a platoon of wary RUSSIAN MERCENARIES wearing large ruck packs and rifles. One of these men, BORIS, is clearly in charge. He's stoic. His eyes surly with heavy bags-- a battle-tested gaze. The MERCENARIES following behind him appear equally as hardened.

We hear the crushing ROAR of the falls reverberating harder off the rock walls. It's so loud, they have to shout to be heard.

BORIS

Ravenwood! You better hope I'm not walking all the way down this mountain!

REBECCA

(to Abner)
 Are we going all the way down?!

ABNER

I have no idea!

REVERSE ANGLE

as REBECCA SLIPS-- but she's held fast by Abner. He helps her down a narrow step.

ABNER (CONT'D)
 ... Pay attention, my love!

THE LEAD MONK
 reaches an irregular floor of the chamber.

ANOTHER ANGLE: THE WALLS
 are scooped out, bone-like hollows eroded by tumbling water. Paintings of Byzantine, circular mazes, animals and characters adorn the sides and ceiling, all lit by torchlight.

ABNER
 Flips through a small leather-bound DIARY. He finds the page he wants:

INSERT ON DIARY
 He points to a detailed pencil-sketching of a complicated *Buddhist Shrine*. Emerging from the shrine's center-- an enormous, verdant tree. Notes and labels are scribbled all around it. He flips a few pages forward to another sketching: *an ornamented parchment scroll* filled with column after column of fine gold calligraphy, fixed on rollers so the text unrolls either left to right or right to left.

Abner MUMBLES over some of his notes. He pauses. Thinking. Until he hears:

REBECCA
 Ab?!

ANGLE ON THE LEAD MONK
 who turns, looking over his shoulder. His words of an ancient Tibetan dialect, meant for Abner:

LEAD MONK
 (in English Subtitles)
 We are here! Prepare yourselves!

Abner nods. He understands and closes the book.

ABNER
 This is it, Rebecca! This has to be it!
 (to Boris)
 You and your men can wait here!

BORIS
 You do plan on going back to the surface, don't you?!

ABNER
 Of course!

BORIS

Then hurry up, old man! I hate
being wet!

Abner gives a hollow nod. He and Rebecca push further ahead into the fissure, catching up with the Monks deeper inside.

Boris turns to his men. Pulls out a pack of cigarettes and slides one out with his lips. Boris addresses his men:

BORIS (CONT'D)

(subtitled, in Russian)
Okay. Get your rest! Let the
American earn his money!

Boris lights his cigarette as his men pull off their heavy backpacks for a rest.

MEANWHILE -FURTHER DOWN THE FISSURE
Abner and Rebecca step carefully.

ABNER

(explaining, to Rebecca)
Below the earth, within its stones,
and in the branches of the sacred
tree, they say, lived a mythic
serpent! But the serpent was a
portal, winding its way between two
realms, representing both,
connecting them together!

Now, they're lit only by the glow of torchlight.

ABNER (CONT'D)

(explaining, to Rebecca)
Somehow, they've found a way to
connect both realms together
through this shrine! And somehow--

The Lead Monk begins CHANTING LOUDLY. He does this because they are nearing the objective of their journey. Abner sees it and when he does, we PUSH IN on his face-- his eyes widen and jaw slackens upon seeing...

INT. GIANT CAVE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

... REVERSE ANGLE: A TREE SHRINE
of ancient origin rests centered within an enormous rock
corridor.

ABNER (CONT'D)

(taking in the shrine)
--We've found it!

The structure is a two-storied pagoda with tiled roof, golden walls and a stone staircase leading up to a yawning main doorway made from the serpentine roots of a GIANT BODHI TREE growing as a central pillar for the entire structure. The roots go everywhere-- through shrine's lotus-shaped windows and out over the edges of the fissure.

One by one, the monks enter the shrine, whereby, curiously, upon disappearing into the entrance, their respective torches are immediately snuffed out by a SUDDEN GUST OF WIND. The monks are unphased by the phenomenon.

ABNER

is eager to follow suit but-- TUGGING on his arm is Rebecca. She's not so sure she wants to continue. She's getting anxious.

REBECCA

Ab... Are you sure this is a good idea?

ABNER

Right now, it doesn't matter. There's too much at stake.

REBECCA

... and Marion?

Abner flinches at the sound of his daughter's name. *Marion*. The possibility of never seeing her again gives him pause... But he shakes her out of his head, his resolve already sealed.

ABNER

... She'll have to understand. Come on.

She reluctantly releases her husband's arm. Abner gives her a confirming look. This is what they *must* do.

ABNER (CONT'D)

Come on.

Abner extends his hand. Finally, Rebecca takes it and they both enter the shrine.

INT. TREE SHRINE - CONTINUOUS

REVERSE ANGLE

Abner enters with Rebecca close behind. Like the monks before, their torches are immediately SNUFFED out upon crossing the entrance boundary. This startles Rebecca.

REBECCA

Why does that happen?

ABNER

Because we're standing at the
threshold of a marvelous gateway...
And fire is not welcome here.

The interior is dark. Silver-blue light comes flashing through the waterfall, lighting the walls. Twisting branches curl down from the ceiling and protrude up out of the floor. Abner looks ahead to:

NEW ANGLE - MAIN CORRIDOR

Shimmering gold metalwork on the surrounding walls bounce vibrant rays of sunlight. We see the trunk of the Bodhi Tree and the congregation of Monks. They've encircled the tree, kneeling around it, praying in silent worship.

TWO of the Monks kneel at a circular platform adjacent the tree. They huddle around something they study intently. They beckon Abner to look upon it:

ABNER POV: THE WHEEL OF TIME SAND PAINTING

We push in on a spectrum of colorful sand. Three feet in diameter. Hard to see what it's portraying in the failing light.

ABNER

A look of astonishment, puzzlement. He addresses the monks in their language.

ABNER (CONT'D)

(subtitled, in English)

Incredible. How could you know? How-

LEAD MONK

clutches Abner's shoulder and points to the sand painting. Abner crouches for a better look. His gaze is riveted to the artwork. It's as if he's solved a master puzzle only he and the monks understand. The Lead Monk leans in, whispers something to Abner. Abner whispers something back.

REBECCA

approaches slowly, at a step-by-step pace. She's nervous.

REBECCA

What did he say?

ABNER

He said they're almost finished.

REBECCA

I don't understand.
 (pointing to sand painting)
 This isn't what you're supposed to
 find.

ABOVE THE WHEEL OF TIME

luminescent SPECKS OF LIGHT move like fireflies swirling
 around a central point.

ABNER

(in wonder)
 No... It's more. It's far more.

ABNER & REBECCA

He turns to Rebecca, rising to meet her face to face. His
 stern countenance softening until... Abner smiles. He reaches
 out for her with both hands... And into a passionate kiss--
 not only from love, but the giddiness that grows from finally
 grasping unfathomable wisdom.

THE SPECKS OF LIGHT

coalesce into a SPHERE, like a small sun suspended over the
 floor. Its light illuminates the room.

ABNER & REBECCA

The light from the sun-sphere casts beautiful golden contour
 lines along their faces. They break from the kiss. Abner
 touches the sides of her face, brushes strands of wet hair
 from her eyes...

ABNER (CONT'D)

(reassuring)
 A little longer. That's all--

BOOM-BOOM!... BOOM-BOOM!-- THE DISTANT SOUND of MORTAR FIRE
 rips through the soundscape.

EXT. RA-LUNDI FALLS CAVE - MEANWHILE

BORIS

Startled by the mortar fire. Peers out through the falls. He
 blinks... and he realizes... The mortar fire is coming for
 them, and they have only moments left to live. His face
 softens, on the verge of realizing this is the last sight
 he'll ever behold. The cigarette falls from his lips.

EXT. TREE SHRINE - MEANWHILE

ABNER

looks out to the waterfall, clearly alarmed. He exchanges a
 worried glance with Rebecca.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINSIDE - RA-LUNDI FALLS - TWILIGHT

A LONG, CONTINUOUS PULLBACK SHOT
from the same landscape we opened on. The mountain peaks rear
lit by the red light of the sun already behind them. The
waterfall, like fast-moving metal, reflects a darkening sky.

OVER THE SCENE
we HEAR SCRATCHY, BEAUTIFUL SINGING from the opera FAUST--
The final scene of Act I.

FAUST (O.S.)
Oh, Merveille. A moi les plaisir...

PULLBACK CONTINUES, REVEALING: a MAN'S BALD HEAD, looking out
toward the waterfall from a different mountain ridge some 800
meters away.

The head belongs to MA FIN(50s), a TIBETAN WARLORD. We don't
see much of his face, but can see he smokes from a Cibano
cigar. As if to keep warm, he rubs the wisping tendrils of
cigar smoke over his bald scalp.

Next to him, is a bronze, wind-up PHONOGRAPH spinning a small
disc-record on its turntable. This is where the singing comes
from.

PULLBACK CONTINUES FURTHER
reveals a SMALL MILITARY ENCAMPMENT of MA FIN'S SOLDIERS with
rifles, wearing winter combat gear, and THREE or FOUR MEMBERS
OF THE REICHSHEER, or German Army, in long army-issued woolen
jackets and winter pilot hats. Most have light machine-guns
slung over their shoulders. A few tents and pack-mules behind
them. Lean-to's shelter modest storages of supplies.

Flanking these men are FOUR SMOKING 81mm MORTAR GUNS-- fired
just moments ago-- two on either side of the encampment's
center, each manned by a GERMAN ARTILLERY SOLDIER.

They all watch/listen captively... The serene mountainscape
and waterfall... Faust singing his infernal allegiance to the
devil.

MA FIN
A beautiful evening...

In the far distance, FOUR MORTAR BOMBS-- EXPLODE into their
targets just above and to the sides of the waterfall. Snow
and rock fragments BURST OUT from the force. Below the
explosions, massive chunks of packed snow crack into
irregular shapes, then dislodge and fall, hurtling layer upon
layer in huge sheets and into... A full-fledge SNOW/ROCK/ICE
AVALANCHE... In mere seconds, it swallows the waterfall
whole...

Finally, the avalanche rolls to a finish. Random crumbles of snow roll away to dust... and into a cloud that lifts up, dissipating away. Once all has cleared, we see the waterfall is COMPLETELY BURIED under tightly packed rock and snow.

MA FIN (CONT'D)
 (English subtitles, in
 German, with heavy
 Chinese accent)
 And so... For Dr. Ravenwood, it
 would seem, hell has most certainly
 frozen over.

Ma Fin turns to look at one particular German soldier:

VON KLOVCHEK, a German Army lieutenant of enormous stature who looks every bit the Aryan nation germ he'd wholeheartedly die for.

VON KLOVCHEK
 (English subtitles, in
 German)
 And, as agreed, a generous
 compensation will be wired to your
 trust before dusk.

Von Klovchek's words please Ma Fin greatly. Ma Fin puffs his cigar.

But standing next to Von Klovchek, as if appearing suddenly from the wind, is a mysterious man-- A ZOROASTRIAN MAGI-- dressed in heavy white robes of thick animal hair. His face is covered with a white burka-- only his eyes are visible. Only Von Klovchek is aware of the Magi's presence.

MA FIN
 (turning to Von Klovchek)
 Welcome to the Great Game,
 Lieutenant. My congratulations to
 your German sovereign upon
 entering... And, may I commend,
 your opening move was particularly--
 (thinking of the word)
 ... oppressive.

On this comment, a light chuckle from Ma Fin and Von Klovchek, that draws chuckles from the other men. And the chuckles mend together, lifting to a stiff laughter. Everyone enjoying themselves. The Warlord's sense of humor not lost on anyone.

And we...

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: INDIANA JONES AND THE ORDER OF THE MAGI

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A SLIDING PEEP HOLE OPENING to the outside revealing two MEN in their mid-twenties, dressed in tweed suits and ties. They carry black graduation caps and gowns under their arms. One of them is EDWARD SAMSON - tall, lanky, a devious grin and shock of red hair on top. A toothpick fits tightly between his teeth.

The other is our Hero, Henry Jones Jr., aka: INDIANA JONES. He's not the weathered journeyman we meet in *Raiders*, but a veteran of WWI and a rich childhood of adventurous intellectual endeavor gives him a wisdom and poise beyond his years.

Samson addresses the peephole.

SAMSON

How 'bout some Juice, Cheech?

The peep hole slides shut. A beat. The door swings open...

INT. STOLI'S SPEAKEASY - CONTINUOUS

... And we follow them inside, down a narrow stairwell.

Title Card: South Chicago

Indy and Samson follow a stocky Italian greaser, STOLACHI(35), underground. Hand-painted signs on the wall inform that they are heading into a MEAT FREEZER. We hear the muffled PINGING DISSONANCE of a ragtime PIANO getting louder.

SAMSON

Hey Stoli, what're the specials for a couple soon-to-be graduates?

STOLACHI

Specials. Ah, you two's special enough already, no?

They arrive at a LARGE FREEZER DOOR. Stolachi pulls on a latch to SWING it open and into:

THE SPEAKEASY LOUNGE ROOM

... where the slapdash, wood decor hosts a small denizen of local PATRONS all drinking glasses from a homemade stew of dirty gin.

A JAZZ PIANIST tickles a ragtime tune on an old WOOD PIANO pinned up against the wall.

A wiry mix-breed DOG trots over to sniff out the two newcomers.

SAMSON
Nice dog. What, it get run over
fifty times?

STOLACHI
(watching dog)
Used to be a police dog. Now he
works for me... Only barks now when
he smells a badge.

The Dog circles Indy a few times, then steps back to a corner and plops itself down on the floor for a nap.

SAMSON
How much we lookin' at, ya Ruskie?

Stolachi moves behind a service counter.

STOLACHI
I'm Polish, ya wisenheimer scumbag.
And it's seventy-five cents.

Samson throws up his hands, unnerved by the price.

SAMSON
That's the hike for the future of
the country?

Stolachi crosses his arms over his massive chest.

STOLACHI
How 'bout a dollar?

SAMSON
All right. All right. Jeeze Louise.

Samson pats Indy on the chest.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
(to Indy)
You got fifty cents, chief?

INDY
I thought you'd take care of
everything.

SAMSON

You think I'm not gonna pay ya
back?

Indy digs into his pockets. He grudgingly hands two quarters to Samson. Samson counts out seventy-five cents and hands the coins to Stolachi.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Happy Birthday, Stoli. Throw us the
hooch before y'make us late for our
big night.

Indy glances at his watch. They probably need to hurry.

Stolachi ambles to the far side of the counter and descends into a small crawlspace behind the makeshift counter.

THE DOG

lifts its head... GROWLS. It rises and runs to the foot of the stairwell, the growling intensifying.

NEW ANGLE

shows EVERYBODY has their eyes glued on the mutt as it slowly ascends the staircase. A mild panic settles over the crowd.

SAMSON and INDY
eye the dog too.

INDY

That can't be good.

Samson quietly gulps. Then they JUMP as the growling erupts into relentless and savage BARKING. Someone opens the freezer door and the dog races up the stairs.

The speakeasy patrons start slamming their drinks. It's time to get the hell out of here.

Some throw on their hats or put on jackets-- getting ready for a fast escape. We hear the dog barking the whole time at the top of the stairs.

A scraggly, barrel-chested BRUTE follows the dog upstairs. Three frightened PATRONS leave right behind him.

Stolachi rushes out of the crawlspace with a crate crammed with moonshined gin in liter and pint bottles. He BONKS his head on the top door frame in his haste, causing him to drop the crate. It CRASHES to the ground, breaking most of the bottles in it.

STOLACHI
 (in pain)
 Sonuvabitch!

Spilt gin and broken glass spread across the floor.

STOLACHI (CONT'D)
 Whoever that is, they're gonna be
 in BIG trouble.

The Brute comes back down the stairs. His demeanor tough like a prize-fighter.

BRUTE
 It's the fuzz, Stoli. I only see
 two.

STOLACHI
 I don't hear sirens.

BRUTE
 Guess they're on hush.

STOLACHI
 They think they're sly? Well... In
 that case.

Stolachi disappears again into the crawlspace.

SAMSON
 reaches over the counter to grab the only unbroken pint of
 gin left in the crate. He stuffs it into his mortarboard cap
 and leans into Indy.

SAMSON
 (whisper)
 Time to scam.

Along with the dog BARKING, we hear BANGING coming from the
 front door up the stairs.

STOLACHI
 reappears, but now he carries two LOUISVILLE SLUGGER BASEBALL
 BATS. He tosses one of them to the Brute.

STOLACHI
 (to everybody)
 All right, ya gin-heads. I'd advise
 ya's to hightail it out the cellar
 doors 'round back over there! Ya
 get nabbed, you go def, dumb and
 blind. Ya squeal, I will find you
 and I will make your brain see
 sunlight... Meanwhile--
 (MORE)

STOLACHI (CONT'D)
 (holding up the bat)
 ... These coppers out front are
 about to pass in their chips.

Stolachi and the Brute march up the stairs, their bats ready to knock somebody out, their eyes ready for a fight.

SPEAKEASY PATRONS
 scramble to a corner of the room where a few steps lead to a pair of closed CELLAR DOORS. With a good shove, A strong PATRON pushes them both open. Immediately a SPOTLIGHT throws a bright beam right at the first fleeing Patrons through the door.

Along POLICE DOGS BARKING, We hear a POLICE OFFICER shouting outside.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)
 Freeze! Everybody freeze or we will
 open fire!

SAMSON
 takes a peek out the cellar doors. He grabs Indy's shoulder, getting panicked.

SAMSON
 How're we gonna get by the police?

Indy grins and holds up his graduation gown.

INDY
 That's what we have these for. We
 put these on, what kinda officer's
 going to arrest two of their best
 and brightest on the way to a
 graduation ceremony?

SAMSON
 I dunno. I don't think they're
 gonna care. I think they have dogs,
 Indy.

INDY
 (grins)
 ... Trust me.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY

RUNNING
 A wild-eyed Indy and Samson robed in black graduation cap and gowns. They hike up their gowns, running all out down a non-descript Chicago south side alley as:

TWO GERMAN SHEPARD POLICE DOGS

race at full speed after them. Mouths open. Teeth bared. Muscles rippling. Their panting in perfect rhythm with their strides. We hear ANGRY SHOUTING, which recedes to nothing as the two pelt along the alley.

It gets quieter.

INDY AND SAMSON RUNNING

We hear the machine-gun slap of Indy and Samson shoes on pavement, and the hard breathing of the two men, each in overdrive, going all out in long blurring strides.

INDY

looks back. Sees the demon dogs behind him, gaining. They are running machines.

AHEAD OF THEM a POLICE CAR swings into the alley. Indy hangs a hard left and blasts a wooden gate half off its hinges. Samson whips through the gate a second later. Diving into a quiet city neighborhood.

INT./ EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - FOOTCHASE SEQUENCE

Indy and Samson become a blur. Pure kinetic energy. Two meteors rocketing through a low-rent housing complex. The pursuing dogs mere seconds behind them and gaining. Indy and Samson cross a cluttered backyard. It's a broken field run through with clothes on the line, bicycles and stacks of all kinds of things.

Indy crashes through a hedge. Samson right behind. Indy and Samson race through a narrow gap between houses. Blurring along between clapboard walls.

The Dogs power into the tight space behind him.

Indy and Samson emerge into a front yard. A WOMAN getting her mail is so surprised she yelps and falls down. They hurdle her.

Indy and Samson flash across a moonlit street. They dodge in front of a FIRE WAGON which locks up the brakes. It stops so fast, one of the FIREFIGHTERS falls off the back. The FIREFIGHTER is getting up as Indy and Samson whip around the back of the truck. They dodge him and don't look back.

But the dogs aren't so lucky as they KNOCK HIM SPRAWLING and don't stop, like they don't see anything in the real world but the figures running ahead.

Another house across the street is blocked by fence on both sides. A MAN is picking up his evening newspaper.

Indy and Samson pound past him, right over the porch-- through the front door of the house.

The dogs follow, knocking the Man completely over, panting hard as they sprint to the front door that--SLAMS SHUT right in their faces.

INT. HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

SAMSON

his back planted against the door he just shut. He locks it.

WIDER ANGLE

Indy's wild-eyed, looking around. *What to do next?*

INDY

(out of breath)

These dogs ever get tired?

SAMSON

(out of breath too)

My god! They gotta feed'em human flesh!

They're exhausted, but safe for now. Until a WOMAN with a basket of laundry turns a corner, sees them down the entrance hall. Her eyes widen as she takes in the two intruders. Indy sheepishly waves his right hand. Samson sees Indy and does the exact same thing.

INDY/SAMSON

... Hi.

Samson throws up a fist, feigning a cheer.

SAMSON

Uh-- Go Maroons!... Yay!

The Woman SCREAMS her head off.

EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Indy and Samson burst out of back door, piercing SCREAMS still being heard. They both have random clean clothes hanging off their bodies. A bra hangs off Indy's left ear. Samson sheds a bed sheet wrapped around his shoulder. Indy puts on the brakes and stops Samson. Indy puts a finger to his mouth.

INDY

Shhh...

Indy points to the wood fence on the far end of the yard. He jerks his head towards the fence, suggesting they jump over it. Samson nods and they quietly hustle their way to it. They're almost there when two CATS BLUR underfoot. Indy crunches down on a tail. A CAT EXPLOSION-- REEEAAAAAAR!

Now the Dogs SPRINT around the side of the house in a beeline for Indy.

Samson has scaled the fence, flipping his legs and all over to the other side. Indy attempts the same. Grabs the top of the posts. Pulls himself up. One leg over and-- he's YANKED BACK! One of the dogs has his graduation gown in its teeth. It's not letting go. Indy gives his best effort to pull away. Swings one leg over. Then the next. The dog still has a good purchase on the gown. But Indy is over fence-top and rolls sideways to the other side-- RIPPING-- a piece of his gown off.

DOG SIDE OF FENCE

As the Dog shakes the shred of gown in its maw. A trophy it'll take back to its master.

INDY SIDE OF FENCE

Indy peels himself off the ground. Samson lends a hand, pulls him to his feet. Indy dusts himself off, straightens his gown out-- and notices the RIP in the back. He sighs.

INDY AND SAMSON

jog across another yard, duck around a garage and pull up short, catching their breaths.

SAMSON

Takes a long swig of the gin.

SAMSON

If that didn't shake up your spinal chord, this should do it.

He tosses the bottle to Indy.

INDY

(half sarcastic)
Thanks a lot.

The two men start walking away, both passing the bottle of liquor between healthy gulps. The back of Indy's gown in shreds.

FADE TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO CAMPUS - LATER

In the distance, we see red brick campus buildings and the LIGHTS and FANFARE of big celebration getting underway on the Campus Midway with a crowd of black cap-and-gowned students and their families gathered around.

Embedded in the thick of a wall of carefully pruned hedges, a handsome sign with gold lettering reads: *University of Chicago*. Underneath it, a smaller sign just staked into the ground: *Graduation Celebration on Founding Father's Day - May 23rd*. The signs stand at the beginning of a long driveway leading right to the party. This is Samson and Indy's destination.

SAMSON

Christ... I think we just missed it.

INDY

I think you're right.

As they approach the crowd, An unhappy COUPLE, formally dressed, glare at Samson. These are Samson's parents. Next to them, shaking his head in disappointment, is Samson's LITTLE BROTHER in a too tight, three-piece suit.

SAMSON

There's my folks. Hafta figure out how to explain this one.

Samson takes a final swig, pats Indy on the back and breaks away towards his family. He passes the gin bottle to Indy.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

See you later on, my friend.

(winks)

And go easy on that juice, hero!

Indy salutes goodbye to his friend and continues along the promenade. Just as he's about to reach the throng of fellow graduates:

A HAND

grasps his shoulder, halting Indy's next step.

PROFESSOR GREELEY

Hello, Henry.

Indy turns to see PROFESSOR GREELEY(40s). His dark hair sprinkled gray on the sides. His glasses folded in his shirt pocket. A handle bar mustache adorns his face.

PROFESSOR GREELEY (CONT'D)
 Been a hectic night?

Indy is reluctant to answer. He senses the suspicion in Greeley's voice.

INDY
 Uh... Yeah.

PROFESSOR GREELEY
 Yeah. Funny, because I was just carrying on with Dean Mitchell and he was curious why you'd venture to miss your own graduation ceremony.

INDY
 Is he upset?

PROFESSOR GREELEY
 Let's go find out, shall we?

Greeley puts his arm around Indy, guiding him into the center of the fanfare and right to:

DEAN MITCHELL
 He's a former professor, white-haired and distinguished. He is flanked by two other ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICERS and a completely pissed-off FIRE FIGHTER. They all stare at Indy upon his approach.

DEAN MITCHELL
 (when Indy gets to him)
 Mr. Jones.

The Dean and the others can't help but notice the gaping hole in Indy's graduation gown.

DEAN MITCHELL (CONT'D)
 (eyeing the tear)
 You are a menace! My office. Now!

Indy has nothing to say but he bends to grab his knees. He's tired and completely busted.

INT. DEAN MITCHELL'S OFFICE - LATER

The office is dimly lit by a small lamp and made to look even darker with brown paneled walls and a stained oak desk wide enough to park a Cadillac on. Every chair is bound in black leather.

Dean Mitchell sits behind his desk adorned with wordly antiques and paraphernalia. Indy and Professor Greeley sit across.

DEAN MITCHELL

So, you decided it would be more important to get illegally woofled on liquor than arrive punctually to the most important night of your young academic career?

INDY

Well... Not exactly, see--

DEAN MITCHELL

And your father? Where is the Senior Jones to be found this evening?

INDY

Dad's in England. Been there for the last six months. I'm sure he forgot all about my big night, sir.

Eyes between Greeley and Mitchell.

PROFESSOR GREELEY

(turns to Indy)

Henry. You are a wonderful student. You have high marks across the board. In less than a month, you'll be at the Sorbonne and no doubt excelling there too. But the problem is you involve yourself in nothing on campus.

DEAN MITCHELL

Why, with your service training for the war, you could have been a star half back if you'd invested a little more.

PROFESSOR GREELEY

But instead you prefer to carouse with riff-raff. Listening to Jazz.

DEAN MITCHELL

And Professor Ravenwood. A man who trumpets you his golden protege. Have you any recourse to him? Can you imagine his degree of disappointment? To a backdoor gin house of all places?

INDY

... Abner would've given me a ride.

Dean Mitchell SLAMS an open palm down hard on the desk. He almost yells something but takes a deep breath instead.

DEAN MITCHELL

Now here this, boy!

(collects himself)

I will consider some mitigating circumstances in my final judgement of you. I know you are a disturbed young man who holds not a little resentment for your absentee father and I am considering tonight's fiasco a manifestation of those feelings.

A beat. Indy squirms in his chair, wishing he were anywhere else.

DEAN MITCHELL (CONT'D)

... Therefore, the only punitive action I'll take is for you to formally apologize to us right here, and compose a written apology to both your father and Professor Ravenwood.

INDY

Ravenwood's on sabbatical until next year.

PROFESSOR GREELEY

Perfect. When he returns, he'll read it, and we won't have forgotten any of the details.

DEAN MITCHELL

And I trust the donation put forth for the quiescence of our public service officers will be reimbursed by yourself through janitorial work rendered as immediately as tomorrow morning, five a.m. sharp. You'll report to the freshmen dormitories.

INDY

But, sir--

DEAN MITCHELL

But nothing. This decision is final.

A quick staredown. Neither one even flinches.

DEAN MITCHELL (CONT'D)

One day, you will wake up and see the forest from the trees. You'll take a deep breath and understand you are a part of a society, not a game.

(checks his watch)

We have to get back out there.

(to Indy)

That is all. Off you go.

Indy gets up, takes his mortarboard.

INDY

(apathetic)

Thank you, sir.

(to Greeley)

Sir.

As Indy closes the door on his way out:

DEAN MITCHELL

Young man has a real nose for trouble.

Mitchell opens a bottom drawer in his desk and pulls out a small GLASS DECANTER OF WHISKEY and two glass tumblers. Puts them on the desk. He pours an inch of whiskey into each.

PROFESSOR GREELEY

Perhaps Paris will temper his spirits.

Dean Mitchell eyes him. Slugs all of his drink. Pours one more round.

DEAN MITCHELL

The only thing in this world that will temper the spirits of a disciple of Abner Ravenwood and a son of Henry Jones Senior is a cold, unbeating heart.

PROFESSOR GREELEY

Here's to hoping he doesn't take any unfortunate souls with him along the way out. Cheers.

Both men slug their drinks.

EXT. RUSSIAN STATE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY BUILDING- DAY

Snow falls from a gray sky. The building's first level is wrapped in thick granite blocks with thin rectangular windows every four feet. The rest of it is dull red brick. The main doors have a warm amber light coming from within. Passersby wear heavy black coats, stoic faces and no one says anything to anybody.

We HEAR the fuzzy rapid BLEEPS from Morse code being transmitted over a telegraph wire.

Title Card: **State Geographical Society - St. Petersburg, Russia**

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR (O.S.)
 (Russian, in English
 Subtitles)
 I think you may want to have a look
 at this.

INT. RUSSIAN STATE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY - CONTINUOUS

Inside the communications center. The TELEGRAPH OPERATOR sits listening carefully at a table. He smokes a cigarette. In front of him is a radio telegraph box. He wears headphones and his finger is at the ready on a tapping key. His other hand writes quickly on a pad of paper. A chubby COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER stands looking over him. Behind both of them is a huge, regal portrait of Russian explorer Nikolai Przhevalski.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
 It just came in from China. It's
 disappointing news about the
 Ravenwood expedition.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
 That is?

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
 (pausing in his work)
 Well it's-- Everyone has simply...
 disappeared.

Mild panic washes over the C.O. His face goes pale.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
 The entire expedition?

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
 Apparently. They said the entire
 team is lost?

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
 How? What happened?

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

Our consulate doesn't seem to know yet, but they're looking into it.

The C.O. gulps. His mind races.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Tell them to keep searching. Triple the efforts. It should be their top priority. We will reconnect with further orders as soon as I alert the Kremlin.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

Yes sir.

The C.O. almost hustles out the door, but stops short. A sudden look of confusion on the Operator's face.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Wait. Why would we need to alert Moscow about a simple archaeological field study?

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM

Pitch black. And we're in an enclosed tomb... A HAMMERING CLANK just outside one of the walls.

Title Card: *Constanta, Romania*

More heavy CLANKS, but in bursts of five or six... Now indistinct voices. At least three or four people talking.

Finally, the clanking-- BREAKS A CRACK THROUGH THE WALL. Beams of light flitter into the room. We see nothing but dust blown around the formerly air-locked room for the first time in over a thousand years. And we can HEAR the voices more clearly now. They speak German.

SOLDIER 1

(with English subtitles)

You're weak! That's the problem with Germans from the Ruhr. The French occupation's given them arms like starving sewage whores.

CLANK!

SOLDIER 2

Shut up! For me, it was worth spending a few hours a night to learn how to read instead of just cracking rocks on my head all day long like your people in East Prussia.

CLANK! CLANK! The small hole crumbles to a larger hole. More white light flows through.

SOLDIER 1

I'll show you how to crack a rock on your head.

CLANK!

SOLDIER 2

You crack me with anything and I'll send you back to old Prussia on the donkey you rode in on.

The sounds of a STRUGGLE. Several MEN YELLING, FIGHTING. The light from the hole flickering from the constant movement from the other side.

THUD-- dust and dirt crumble as something slams into the wall, and the hole opens wider. THUD AGAIN...wider still. The next THUD-- and a human body is SMASHES through, opening the hole into a kind of doorway.

A huge GERMAN SOLDIER 1 steps to the opening, glaring down at the barely moving GERMAN SOLDIER 2 he just threw through the wall.

SOLDIER 1

(at Soldier 2)

... There are no donkeys in Prussia.

A voice from behind him.

CHOVORN

Are you mongols finished destroying my site? Let me through.

The voice is REN CHOVORN-- a German Officer, small in stature and an icy twinkle in his blue eyes. He holds a glowing lantern. He pushes his way past Soldier 1, stepping over the supine Soldier 2.

CHOVORN (CONT'D)
 (to Soldier 2)
 Up. Up! You might have already
 damaged something.

Soldier 1 grabs Soldier 2 by the collar and pulls him out of the tomb room.

Chovorn examines the room, holding the lantern up high to see:

ON THE WALL

are strange pictographs and etchings. The room has remained well-preserved. Towards the far end, away from the opening is a large, DARK ALTAR altar. Chovorn moves towards it, gesturing to one of the Soldiers behind him.

CHOVORN (CONT'D)
 Tell the priest we've found it.

The soldier disappears into the lit corridor. Chovorn crouches near the altar, holding out the lantern to see.

THE ALTAR

is adorned with ancient Vedic Sanskrit etchings. Near the bottom are small stone statues of various animals in action poses: a cougar, a rat, an owl, a spider.

Another MAGI wearing brilliant white robes enters the tomb. All but his eyes covered with a white burka. He moves straight for the altar. Chovorn watches him carefully.

MAGI
 Yes. Everything is here.

THE MAGI

stands behind the altar. His hands feeling knowingly over the carvings on the top surface.

CHOVORN
 Don't you need the light? How will
 you read it?

MAGI
 They are the idols. We have what we
 need.

ANGLE ON THE STONE ANIMALS

as flame from the lantern flickers off the static figures-- the dance of shadow and light causing their eyes to appear to come alive.

MAGI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The rest is inconsequential.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS - LATIN QUARTER - MORNING

A brisk fall morning. Indy strolls down boulevard St. Michel, tightly bundled in a leather jacket. He looks especially out of place as he is the only pedestrian walking without a scarf. He pulls his hat low over his brow.

Title card: **Paris, France - Three Months Later.**

THE SORBONNE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS
is quiet and virtually empty aside from small groups of students making their way past the iconic domed chapel building.

INDY
crosses over a wide courtyard and walks towards a large campus building.

INT. SORBONNE CLASSROOM - LATER

An amphitheater classroom. Indy sits in the middle of a sea of STUDENTS listening to a lecture and taking notes.

PROFESSOR CARMEN TOURE
lectures at the bottom-center floor. A chalkboard filled with dates, names and other symbols stand behind her. Written most prominently of all is the name **Alexander the Great**, the topic of the class. Carmen is nothing short of stunning knockout. Her hair is raven black pulled tightly into a bun. High cheekbones. Flawless olive skin tone. Full lips and enchanting eyes you could fall into.

CARMEN
He defeats the Persian Army at the
Battle of Granicus in 334 which
puts Alexander in charge of both
Greece and Asia Minor...

She turns to write **Granicus** and **334** on the chalkboard, her hips swaying back and forth. Indy can barely keep his eyes off her. He scribbles something in his:

NOTEBOOK
and we see he isn't taking notes, but sketching a very life-like image of Carmen onto a sheet. In his drawing, her hair is down, cascading in a wind. She wears a white toga-- a Greek goddess.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Alexander would take his army all the way to the Indus River, to the western part of what's now India. He is compelled to go all the way to the Ganges River, but, for the first time, Alexander's will is not realized and his army forces him to turn back. He soon dies, not yet even 33 years-old, of a fever in Babylon in 323...

Carmen now steps towards her students, her intensity gaining.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Why does he fail to reach the Ganges? Why then does he finally falter on the verge of such overwhelming triumphs?

A beat. No one in the class is answering.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Nobody cares to speculate?

Carmen scans the room, looking for a victim to call upon. Her eyes lock on Indy.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Henry Jones. Any thoughts on the matter?

Startled by the sound of his name, Indy BREAKS the tips of his pencil on his pad. He looks out to the Professor-- a deer in headlights.

INDY

I... um. Well, he, uh--

CARMEN

He lost the power of speech? That's one theory.

Collective CHUCKLES from the student body. Indy gathers thoughts quickly, tapping his pencil in rapid succession on his notepad.

INDY

Uh... This is merely backroom poker table gossip. Things you hear the older professors spout off about when they're tying one on, if you know what I'm--

(MORE)

INDY (CONT'D)
 (looking around to blank
 stares)
 ... Well... the most interesting
 theory held that an order of
 ancient Chaldean priests were
 responsible.

Carmen gazes at Indy unwittingly.

CARMEN
 An interesting thought. Of course,
 we assume you mean the Order of the
 Magi--the Watchmen of the Heavens.
 Correct?

Indy fumbles for the right words, MURMURING something,
 getting lost in Carmen's eyes.

An anonymous RANDOM STUDENT from a corner of the room chimes
 in:

RANDOM STUDENT
 What's the good word, Livy?

More chuckles from the class. A smile from Carmen. This draws
 a smile from Indy.

INDY
 Well--

RING RING RING - The Chapel Bell interrupts, signaling class
 is over. Students gather their materials and jackets, making
 their way to the exits. Indy doesn't budge. Carmen puts some
 papers into a briefcase, eyeing Indy the whole time.

Students file out the doors, leaving Indy and Carmen as the
 last two in the classroom. A beat.

CARMEN
 And?

Indy looks at her. Confused.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
 You weren't quite finished, were
 you, Mr. Jones?

INDY
 Uh... I'm sure you're familiar with
 the Zend Avesta.

Carmen steps closer to Indy with almost every word. Drawing
 nearer... nearer. Indy stands...

CARMEN

The holy book of Zoroastrianism.

...Toe-to-toe with Carmen. They're staring right into each other's eyes. An intimate moment.

INDY

Yes, um... Well, that's what--
 (on second thought)
 Ah, never mind. Like I said, drunk professors carried away on a whim. Bedtime story stuff. I shouldn't have brought it up. Sorry.

CARMEN

Please. I find comfort in a good bedtime story.

Indy smiles. *How did I talk myself into this one?* He puts on his fedora and stands to leave.

INDY

... Uh, coffee?

Carmen's coat's already on. She ascends the amphitheater's stairs.

CARMEN

Cognac. To continue this discussion on a more level playing field. What do you say?

The look on Indy's face says *absolutely*.

EXT. HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINSIDE - RA-LUNDI - DAY

An expanse of icy snow centered in a glacial valley surrounded by immense rocky walls. A herd of sleek WILD YAKS nibble on patches of grass and lichen poking out through the snow.

EXREME CU

of the Ra-Lundi MAGI's EYES from before. Slowly, they close.

A beat.

INT. TEMPLE IN PERSEPOLIS, IRAN - CONTINUOUS

Match cut from the Magi's eyes to extreme CU on ANOTHER MAGI-- A gorgeous PERSIAN WOMAN. Her eyes also closed. Now they open-- as if a message were just telepathically transmitted across space/time. She stands...

... And we see the entire room. An enormous space. The dark insides of an ancient temple. Artwork and broken dusty statues from the golden age of Nebuchadnezzar's Babylon haunt the corners and along the walls. A small army of a FEW HUNDRED GERMAN SOLDIERS stand before the Magi.

A beat as the Magi looks over her assembly of soldiers. In front of her, spread open on the ground, a scroll of aged leather-- with ancient text written atop it in gold lettering.

A GERMAN OFFICER with a menacing grin ascends a staircase leading to the elevated platform where the Magi stands.

GERMAN OFFICER

May we witness a demonstration of
the power of your ancient magic.

A beat. Suddenly, a low earth-shaking rumble-- SHAKING the temple walls.

EX CU
of the Magi's closed eyes.

MATCH CUT

back to EX CU of the Magi's eyes in the Himalayas. He's able to see the temple scene play out a thousand miles away.

BACK TO

Persepolis Temple. The temple SHAKING HARDER now. The Soldiers apprehensive, afraid, hoping the ceiling doesn't shake loose its supports and crash down. The German officer drops to his knees before the ancient scroll. He looks up at the Magi. With that, the Magi CLAPS both hands together and we cut to:

EXT. HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINSIDE - RA-LUNDI - CONTINUOUS

EX CU
of the Magi's eyes, opening immediately on the cut.

WIDE ANGLE

shows that the Magi has been sitting undisturbed amongst the herd of Yaks, as if they purposefully created a barrier around him, protecting him. We hold on this image, then swish pan to:

A TEAM of GERMAN SOLDIERS nearby in winter gear hacking feverishly into the hard-packed ice and snow-- some concentrated on a twenty foot by twenty foot area, others standing nearby, armed, watching from the edges. So far, they've dug almost ten feet down with nothing to show for it except more ice.

VON KLOVCHEK

stands to the side of the labor, supervising the soldiers' work.

The Magi now huddles right by his side. His eyes peering out through the burka. He steps next to Von Klovchek, leaning in close:

MAGI

(whisper)

My lord, it appears another asset we seek is finally in our possession. An entire scroll, it is.

VON KLOVCHEK

How can you know? You've been here with us this whole time.

The Magi looks at Von Klovchek. He doesn't need to respond. Von Klovchek feigns understanding.

VON KLOVCHEK (CONT'D)

Ah, yes. The other from your order. You're able to communicate through the wind, or something.

MAGI

... Or something.

VON KLOVCHEK

Where are they now?

MAGI

Less than a hundred miles from Shiraz. The assets will be transported to Lhasa before dawn.

A huge grin spreads across Von Klovchek's creamy German face. He turns to his men, cupping his mouth to be heard.

VON KLOVCHEK

(German, with English subtitles)

Gentlemen! So you all know your efforts will not be in vain... our Persian friend has informed me that one of the lost scrolls has been recovered!

For the moment, the Soldiers pause in their work. A rousing CHEER erupts. They lift their pick-axes, shovels or semi-automatic machine guns to the sky in celebration on the great news.

VON KLOVCHEK (CONT'D)
 Perhaps, if we double the efforts
 on our end, we'll be able to
 produce the same outcome in only a
 few days' time!

With added vigor and enthusiasm, the soldiers noticeably pick up the pace. The sound of ice picks HAMMER into the hard surface faster than before.

SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE

BINOCULAR POV
 of the same shot of digging German soldiers, only through the
 TELESCOPED LENSES OF BINOCULARS.

ANGLE ON MA FIN
 Holding the binoculars. A cigar stub in his mouth. He pulls the binoculars down and inspects the scene with his own eyes. His expression completely humorless. He hands the binoculars off to one of his own GOONS.

GOON
 (Chinese, in English
 subtitles)
 My lord, are they digging in the
 correct location?

MA FIN
 For now... As long as their money
 keeps coming...

Ma Fin smiles. He's missing about seven or eight teeth, but the rest are a shocking white.

MA FIN (CONT'D)
 ... They can dig wherever they
 want.

GOON
 (regarding the Magi)
 What about him?

MA FIN POV
 on the Magi, now looking up directly at Ma Fin and his Goon.

MA FIN
 If he becomes a problem, I'll cut
 his throat and melt the ice with
 his blood.
 (standing, brushing off)
 Now, tell me we have something
 besides curds to eat.

INT. PARISIAN CAFE - EVENING

A little dive cafe, very bohemian. A few patrons nurse coffees or glasses of wine.

Indy sits across from Carmen at a small corner table. A two-inch candle burns between them.

CARMEN

What do you know about the Avesta?

INDY

The ancient book of Zoroastrianism. Oldest of the known world religions. Had more influence on mankind than any other single faith.

CARMEN

Correct. And its most sacred vessel, the Gathas, contained in the 19th volume of the Avesta, were almost lost when Alexander burned down the walls of Persepolis and slaughtered all Magi there residing.

INDY

He was afraid of their power.

CARMEN

And as well he should have been. The Magi were a credible force. Some say their abilities rivaled God. Using the power of the Gathas to control not only the basic elements, but the minds of beasts... Even the stars themselves.

INDY

Because the Gathas gave them this power?

A waiter brings them two small goblets of cognac. Carmen lights herself a cigarette.

CARMEN

Précisément. Over time, most of the Avesta's contents were recovered, then written on scrolls and protected from any future marauders seeking to repeat the same atrocity.

(MORE)

CARMEN (CONT'D)
 (lifts her glass to toast)
 A la vôtre.

The two clink their goblets together.

INDY
 Ya, cheers.

Indy takes down his cognac in a single swallow. He looks at his empty goblet and surveys Carmen's still glass.

CARMEN
 (on Indy's look)
 Oh my. Have we finished too early?

INDY
 Guess I was a little excited. That was my first cognac.

CARMEN
 I see. Perhaps the thing to do is retire to my apartment just up the road? Continue our conversation and quench our thirsts in more... intimate settings.

Indy and Carmen. Lost in each other's eyes. The lust just dripping from every inch of their bodies.

INDY
 I'm always a sport for extra-curriculars.
 (away, to a waiter)
 Garçon? Check.

INT. CARMEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An elegant, sparsely furnished residence. What little there is looks to be an antique, but in perfect condition.

As the door opens, Carmen has Indy by the lapels of his jacket, her face pressed to his in a passionate kiss. Indy is pushed backwards onto a love seat. This hardly stops Carmen from brushing Indy's hat off, pulling his jacket off. Finally, her lips pull away from his. She regards him.

CARMEN
 I'm getting a little ahead of myself.

She gestures to a simple commode under an array of wine and liquor bottles.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Get yourself started. I'll wash up
and join you in a moment.

Carmen springs to her feet. She pulls off her own jacket, letting it slide to the floor as she enters her bathroom and closes the door. We hear WATER RUNNING through a faucet.

Indy can't believe his luck. He lies on the love seat for a beat, taking the room in.

He gets up, looking out her window to:

INDY'S POV

A beautiful view from the Montmartre section of Paris. Merchants pedalling their goods. Couples casually stroll along the sidewalk.

Indy turns, looking around. The room is unkempt. Clothes thrown over a chair. Tossed blankets on the bed. A large black and white poster of Mayakovsky's *Radio* showing an abstract man reaching for a star hangs on the wall.

On a dresser, a collection of TRINKETS and a small wooden CHEST with intricate designs carved into it. He moves in for a closer look...

Among the various trinkets, an old stone FARAVAHAR statuette with its wings out-stretched and chipped on one side. Another statuette of a NAKED WOMAN with hair of fire, lifting a writhing flame with her hands towards the sky. Next to this: a wooden CHEST. It's been ravaged by the elements-- both human and natural. Deep slashes across the edges. The bottom's been blackened by fire. The carving on its lid shows the same Faravahar image as the statuette.

Indy reaches for it...stops...turns toward the bathroom door. Water is still RUNNING. Finally he musters the courage to open the chest... LOCKED. The water stops running. Indy hurries back to the love seat, crosses his legs as if he hadn't moved.

The bathroom door opens and Carmen emerges wearing nothing but a simple shawl across her shoulders, draping over her breasts and a pair of lace panties. She is gorgeous. She lets Indy take a look. Then she looks over to the liquor bottles... then to her chest, that's been just barely moved... then to back Indy.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Not thirsty?

Indy stands, stepping towards her, unbuttoning his shirt.

INDY
Very thirsty.

CARMEN
Anything to your liking?

INDY
(nods)
Um-hmm.

He pulls her to him and kisses her. A long passionate kiss until:

CARMEN
(nibbling on his ear)
Want to know what's inside?

INDY
I do.

They kiss again. And from out of nowhere, CARMEN dangles a small key in front INDY.

CARMEN
Well then go ahead. Unlock it.

With a wry smile, Indy takes the key.