# 1

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That this longing for you follows wherever I go  
  
  
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A large salmon swam to the surface of the Scottish loch, inches from a brightly colored fly. The fish scrutinized the insect carefully, unsure whether or not to bite. Although it did not notice the fishing line attached to the fly, it was instinctively apprehensive and cautious of such a seemingly easy meal.

It certainly had no idea that the line trailed from the water to a small wooden rowboat. The boat had seen better days, but then so too had its passenger, a man who was now reclined in it and napping, his hands gently gripping a wooden fishing pole. He was handsomely dressed in sportsman’s trousers and a blazer. His green, tweed fishing hat was lowered over his face, its brim filled with various types of tackle and bait.

It was dusk on a warm, summer evening in 1937. The calm loch in which the boat rested was surrounded by moors and thick night fog had begun to settle over the entire area. Normally a professor of archeology would spend his vacation preoccupied with recovering ancient relics rather than seafood, but since the outbreak of the Great Depression it was even harder than usual to fund expeditions, and most museums had given up entirely. For most archeologists this was a bitter disappointment; for this man, it had changed nothing.

Suddenly the salmon made up its primitive mind, and the man’s fishing line went taut. He stirred and opened an eye, seeing the wooden pole buckle. In a flash he sat up and flipped the hat from his face. Anxiously, hopefully, he struggled to reel in his catch, but it fought hard. He cursed under his breath. He admired the fish’s spirit but desperately hoped to overcome it. This would become his first catch in nearly two weeks of vacation.

A Scottish-accented voice interrupted in the distance. “Doctor Evans! Doctor Evans!”

Annoyed, Dr. Aaron Evans turned in the direction of the sound. In spite of himself, he nearly dropped the line he was fighting with, so shocked was he at the sight.

Countless orange flames sparkled across the moors. Torches were being carried by several members of the small nearby village, gathered behind a group of six policemen. They were headed by Inspector Angus MacGowan, a plump, balding fellow, with a veiny, bulbous nose, beady green eyes and a thick, curled red mustache. It was MacGowan who had shouted, and now he continued. “Dr. Evans!” he called. “We need your assistance!”

Could he have timed it any worse? Aaron glanced quickly from his bending line back to the police officer. “C’mon, Mac,” he pleaded. “It’s the first bite I’ve had all week...” That wasn’t entirely true, but the nibbles he’d gotten so far hardly counted.

MacGowan shook his head. “Please,” he said. “It’s very important.”

Aaron struggled a bit longer with the line, but he could see the man was deathly serious. McGowan had warned him when he arrived at the beginning of vacation about the queer events that had been happening recently, and had elicited a promise of help from the American archeologist, being familiar with and an admirer of his incredible adventures.

Finally Aaron’s conscience prevailed and he dropped the fishing pole. As the salmon swam off he could have sworn it looked back at him and flipped its tail mockingly at him. With a grumble, he rowed back to shore. He wouldn’t break his promise, but this matter would be somewhat complicated by the fact that none of those incredible adventures had actually happened. At least not to him.

Several minutes later, night had fallen as they walked the foggy moors. The policemen and following townspeople could barely see ten feet ahead as slowly, carefully, they searched, creeping, their faces tense; many unable to hide their fear. A summer wind sent an eerie howl whistling through the night air. Blue moonlight bathed the moors, creating stark, frightening shadows.

Creepy, but harmless. Aaron’s annoyance multiplied. These superstitious simpletons were letting a bunch of nothing get to them, although he was glad to have a flashlight and not a torch. He moved up to the front of the group and grumbled to MacGowan. “Do you value our friendship, Mac?”

MacGowan looked hurt. “More than me nightly pint,” he insisted.

Impressive, Aaron realized, considering they’d only met two weeks ago. “Then this better not be some wild goose chase,” he continued.

MacGowan was more serious than ever. “T’ain’t wild geese we’re after, Doctor Evans. You got me’ word on that.” He looked Aaron straight in the eye. “And a MacGowan’s word is truer than an angel’s kiss!”

Aaron was disturbed by the man’s demeanor, but he shook it off. These people were like stereotypes out of a bad movie. Whatever was going on, he was convinced there were no elements of the supernatural involved. Strange things happened sometimes, he’d be stupid to deny that, but the supernatural as a whole was a load of hokum. Of course, that didn’t mean it wouldn’t be dangerous, because people really were dying here. But if he could handle it, all he had to do was embellish the facts a little and he’d be an honest man the next time he recounted one of his exploits. Sort of.

The fact was, Aaron Evans wasn’t much of an archeologist at all. He’d taken the courses, he taught the classes, but he’d never so much as touched an artifact, or even the soil of a place where he hoped to find one. And he’d failed most of the courses actually, a fact he’d managed to hide through various means that could land him in jail, for, oh, a while. It wasn’t his fault, he insisted to himself. After his participation in the Great War he’d been a nervous wreck and school work was overshadowed by the constant fear of being blown up, shot, or – he shuddered just thinking about it – gassed. The only problem was that this was a lie as well; he’d dodged the draft by fleeing to Canada.

Still, he’d mostly gotten over these issues by the time the Great Depression broke out in ‘29.

Suddenly, like millions of other Americans, he was in desperate need of a job and feeling very depressed indeed. And so he turned to a career as an archeology professor as he’d intended all along. In spite of his failures at school he was convinced he had enough background in the subject to B.S. his way through it, and he knew if he could achieve tenure he would be set practically for life. It didn’t have the highest rates in the world, obviously, but all he needed was enough to survive on and he couldn’t afford to be picky in any case. As luck would have it Francom University was in dire need of an archeology professor and didn’t ask many questions.

Since then Aaron had grown into the job more than he’d even anticipated. Still, he sometimes felt bad that he was basically living a lie, and worse, in a different way, that the consequences if he screwed up would be disastrous. But although there had been some close calls, until now it hadn’t actually gotten him into trouble.

There was a sudden scream as one of the villagers stumbled upon something. Everyone gathered around the villager. Speak of the devil, Aaron thought as he pushed through them to get a look. As he saw it, he realized perhaps that wasn’t far off.

A man’s corpse lay before them. The body had a somewhat rubbery appearance, as if all of its bones had been broken. The man’s pale, greenish face is frozen in a hideous grimace. Aaron stared in shock with everyone else, his heart suddenly cold. In terms of grisliness, this ranked right up there with some of the things he’d seen during the war.

The villagers glanced about nervously and whispered among themselves, afraid the man’s killer was still nearby. “Scotty Ferguson,” confirmed a young man.

“He’s the eighth,” an old woman said.

A middle-aged man could barely bring himself to speak. “Just like the others... all his bones busted... crushed...”

An old man voiced what they had been thinking from the beginning. “Whatever’s killin’ people around here ain’t human.”

Maybe not, Aaron thought, forcing himself to study the body. Could an animal have done this? There were no claw or teeth marks visible. An anaconda or something, perhaps, escaped from a zoo or some idiot’s home?

He was started by a woman’s shriek and spun around to see her pointing somewhere in the distance. “It’s there! Again!” she wailed as she shot forward and ran in that direction. The police and the townspeople were right behind her. What the heck? Curious, Aaron rushed to keep up.

The woman stopped in a clearing, stone stiff, pointing ahead. The villagers surrounded her and stared. Aaron looked as well.

What they saw was an enormous, sixteenth-century Scottish castle. Tall, foreboding towers, lined with menacing gargoyles that could only have been conceived in madness, pierced the night sky. Its interior is completely dark, save for a small, flickering candlelight that burned from the castle’s upstairs window.

Kind of creepy, Aaron admitted to himself, but were these villagers still just attaching more undue significance to such things? He gave MacGowan a questioning look.

The Inspector pointed to the castle’s upstairs window, his finger trembling. “That light...only burns after a murder’s been committed.”

Aaron’s earlier thoughts about this being like a bad movie returned. “Is that so?” he said. “Somebody’s mocking you. What have you found when you’ve investigated?”

MacGowan averted his eyes. “Er... funny you should ask that...”

“Why? You found something interesting?”

“Er... funny you should ask that...”

“Oh, dear Lord.” He grabbed McGowan by the face and forced the Scotsman to look at him. “Do you mean to tell me that there have been seven other murders with that candle burning there, and you never thought ‘Hey, maybe we should go check it out?’”

“‘Twas a too frightful prospect on our own! But with ye here now, lad, we’ll go in there and git to the bottom o’ this affair!”

“Damn right,” said Aaron, but what he thought was just plain damn. The fog had thickened quickly, and the castle was suddenly looking much creepier than it had. Nothing to worry about, just a deranged guy who sics his pet anaconda on folks, probably, he reassured himself. In any case there was no sense waiting around. “Let’s go.”

The villagers stepped back as one, eyes wide with terror, murmuring.

“Ain’t goin’ in there.”

“Nor I.”

“Got me a wife and kids.”

This time, Aaron could hardly condemn their irascible fear. He turned to MacGowan. Even the usually sturdy Inspector was trembling. But, seeing Aaron’s look, he turned to his men, forcing himself to be strong.

“Well... Ahmmmm... that is what we’re here for... eh, men?... ah...” Finger still trembling, he pointed at his officers. “Hennesey... Galbraith... Bottomley... You’re comin’ with us.”

As each man was called, the color left his face. The chosen policemen reluctantly joined the Inspector and Aaron as they begin walking toward the castle. Aaron couldn’t help but worry that their numbers were pitifully few, but of course the townspeople still needed to be protected.

The remaining villagers and policemen anxiously watched them leave. The elderly woman reached for the crucifix hanging from her neck. She kissed it tenderly as she stared at the departing men.

“May God help them,” she whispered.

No one was in the mood for small talk as they headed towards the castle. The closer they came, in the darkness of night and fog, the more Aaron’s convictions against the supernatural were shaken in spite of his best efforts to remain calm. He mentally reevaluated the Scots. One could hardly blame them for being superstitious in a land like this. It was a wonder they hadn’t all gone mad.

He tried to occupy his mind by evaluating the archeological significance of the castle, but unfortunately here his lack of expertise came back to bite him. He knew it was 16th century but not much beyond that. Still, if it was privately owned, than perhaps it hadn’t been examined by scholars, and there could be all sorts of wonderful antiques and artifacts inside. Trying to psyche himself for that possibility worked only marginally.

It seemed an eternity and yet all too soon until they came to the two enormous wooden front doors. Intricate carvings of demons, serpents and gargoyles, also spawned of insanity, adorned the castle entrance. Aaron shuddered as he imagined what, hypothetically of course, such creatures would be like if they really lived. He looked away and glanced to the upstairs window. The candle still flickered there.

He looked back at the entrance. No reason not to get it over with. A long, wooden bar, carved into the shape of a serpent, was fastened through the metal door latches, blocking the castle entrance. At a nervous nod from MacGowan, Aaron and the policemen grabbed hold of the bar. It was much heavier than it looked. Only using all of their strength did they manage to slide the bar out of the door latches. It hit the ground with a thud, rolling down the castle stairs. The noise seemed to echo throughout the countryside.

Aaron frowned. Impossible. This wasn’t the sort of terrain – never mind. There was more urgent business to attend to.

Without waiting for a signal he clutched the rusty, metal door handles and pulled hard. The doors creaked and groaned with an almost tangible sense of protest as they slowly opened. As he pulled them to a stop, a thick cloud of dust and cold air exploded from inside of the castle and blew out all of the torches. The policemen cursed loudly in the sudden darkness, then hushed just as suddenly, lest the killer should hear them.

Behind the open doors there was only total darkness, making their surroundings seem like midday by comparison. Like Adolf Hitler’s soul, Aaron thought. He cast this thought aside. He tried not to dwell on Europe’s political problems while on vacation. The flashlight’s beam cut through the darkness like a propeller through air, but it was pitifully short, pitifully thin. The policemen exchanged frightened glances as he took another step. Inspector MacGowan muttered a short prayer, then shoved them through the open doors.

The beam of the flashlight glazed over elaborate, antique furnishings, macabre sculptures and oil paintings. The place was bathed in dust and thick, long-abandoned cobwebs filled each corner. Aaron stopped mentally reviewing the outrages of the Nuremberg Laws and switched gears to what should have been a professional curiosity about the pieces. He had no idea what any of them were worth, but in spite of the tarnishing many of them looked quite nice. Maybe after they arrested the killer he could take these all home and his position as an archeologist would be secure for a while longer. His beam paused on a statue he particularly liked; an angel playing bagpipes.

So engrossed was he that he hardly noticed the extreme cold, but the policemen did right off. Their breath was visible, and none of the summer night’s warmth passed the castle doors. Hennesey rubbed his folded arms. “It’s deathly cold in ‘ere,” he mumbled. “How could a human bein’ survive?”

His fellows exchanged terrified glances, their imaginations jumping ahead to a thousand possibilities, each worse than the last. Aaron rolled his eyes. It wasn’t *that* cold. If anyone lived here, he probably was really a madman, and enjoyed this temperature. Aaron reached for the angel statue to brush off a cobweb and noticed that this one still had a spider in it, albeit a dead one.

His finger touched it and he swallowed. Not only dead, but frozen stiff.

His earlier fear returned in a flash, and he resisted the impulse to wet his pants. It would not be good to get icicles down there. “Let’s keep moving,” he muttered, half to himself. “No time to waste.” He shone his flashlight around the room, looking for the way out. The beam came to a stop on a twisting stone staircase that spiraled upward along a far wall, leading to the second floor. A faint glimmer of light that had gone unnoticed emanated from the top of the stairs.

Aaron forced himself to move towards them. Fixating his thoughts elsewhere was out of the question now, and he simply focused on putting one foot in front of the other, trying not to think about what lay upstairs. This is pathetic, he told himself. I bet in the daytime this is as scary as Coney Island.

He looked over his shoulder. The policemen were staring at him and hadn’t moved an inch. “Well, come on,” he snapped in the loudest voice he could manage, which was still a mumble. “We have a job to do. Forward, men.” They began to move, their facial expressions never changing. Aaron grew a bit bolder. “You know, in some precincts that would be your job,” he told MacGowan.

“Indeed,” said MacGowan.

They ascended the stairs slowly, silently, toward the light. Aaron thought it was terribly unfair for MacGowan and the others to let him, the civilian, be in front, but he had a reputation to uphold and didn’t complain. As he made his way to the top, he examined the bizarre oil paintings that lined this wall. There were various portraits and landscapes, depicting everything from military battles to Sunday picnics. But the unsettling quality of the pictures was that, unlike the ones downstairs, they each featured the same white haired, elderly man.

“This guy’s got one heck of an ego,” he commented.

“Baron Seamus Seagrove III,” MacGowan told him in an almost reverential tone. “Some say ‘e walks the moors every midnight... others claim e’s been dead for years...”

Aaron stopped and glared at him. “You know, Mac, that’s the sort of detail that would have been nice to know before we came in here. Sounds like a prime suspect to me.”

“We didn’ know ‘is was ‘is castle,” MacGowan said.

“We’re afeared to speak ‘is name,” Galbraith added.

Aaron didn’t press the point, since they were almost at the top of the stairs and he just wanted to get this over with. He took the last few steps and rested his hand on a sculpture that was part of the banister – which, he noted uneasily, was a bust of Baron Seagrove. Egotism was just one aspect of madmen, and if this one was in the castle somewhere – he headed for the first doorway before he could allow himself to finish that thought. The door was wide open, with a thick cobweb over the entrance, and it was from here that the light emanated.

There’s a time to be macho, and a time to be smart. Aaron wiped away the web, but then gestured for MacGowan and the policemen to go first. Drawing their pistols, they did so. He followed, cautiously.

It was a bedroom, deserted except for a few pieces of elaborate, ancient furniture and a large canopy bed. Like downstairs, everything in the room was caked with dust and cobwebs... save for the burning candle. It rested on the windowsill, in a sparkling, sterling silver holder and bathed the room in an eerie orange light.

Once again, Aaron felt stupid for his fear. Baron Seagrove or whoever was behind this must be a master of psychological torture. Well, it was a nice holder, and it would be nice to have something besides the flashlight again. He walked towards the candle to pick it up. The policeman were not so comforted and they watched silently, shivering and tightly gripping their pistols. He reached out for the candlestick –

There was a loud whoosh and the candle went out. Aaron jumped back in surprise and dropped his flashlight, turning it off. Once again there was the darkness of Hitler’s soul, but this time they saw it from the inside. They wouldn’t have thought their blood could run any colder after that, but it reached absolute zero when they heard the distant, maniacal laugh of a man echoing through the castle. Aaron was almost too scared to move, but he decided the darkness was worse than the laugh and quickly retrieved the flashlight, clicking it back on. As the laugh subsided, he noticed that the candle had disappeared.

“What –?” he began.

MacGowan frantically looked over his men, a troubled look coming over his face. The Inspector’s eyes dart about the room. Hennesey was gone.

“Hennesey?...” he called hesitantly, than boldly grew louder. “Hennesey?...”

Galbraith was on the verge of a panic attack. “‘E was standin’ right ‘ere! Just a second ago... Standin’ right beside me!”

“Crud,” said Aaron.

Someone must have come in and taken the candle, and Hennesey, covered by the sound of that chilling laugh. But there were no other footprints in the dust of the floor, he realized. Before they could figure it out, the thick, dull ringing of a bell sounded in the distance, sending yet another chill through the men. Without a chance to think Aaron darted out of the room in that direction. The policemen looked at each other, then without a word from MacGowan followed directly on his heels.

They hurried back down the stairs towards the sound, MacGowan calling for Hennesey the whole way. Aaron dashed to another door along the far wall that the ringing seemed to be behind, and flung it open. It led into a dark basement and the sound of the ringing bell echoed from inside. Seeing this he grew cautious and slowed down to catch his breath. Hastily but carefully now, he motioned for the others to follow as he stepped onto the decrepit, narrow, wooden stairway that led into the basement.

Aaron kept a death grip on his flashlight as they descended. The Policemen clustered close behind him, taking each step with extreme caution. The boards creaked and groaned with their every move, and he gulped as he realized they may very well be too brittle to take everyone’s weight. It was a long staircase and the floor wasn’t even visible from here. He slowed down a smidgen more and motioned the others to do the same.

“Hennesey!” MacGowan yelled again, leaning to the side to peer out into the darkness. Suddenly, the rotted bannister snapped in two and he lost his footing, falling towards who-knew-where. Aaron grabbed him by the collar with a reflexive speed born of duress, and the Inspector nearly pulled him over the side as well. Galbraith and Bottomley quickly stepped in to help, and together they pulled him back to safety. MacGowan caught his breath, shaking. “Thanks for catchin’ me,” he gasped.

“I’d rather be catchin’ trout,” said Aaron. He was beginning to wish this had been a wild goose chase all along.

They continued down the stairs, arriving at is a large, musty stone basement. The slimy walls are covered with a green moss and there were several doors of rotted wood along the wall. The sound of the ringing bell was much louder and quite aggravating.

With no better way to decide, he selected the first door and reached for the handle. The policemen drew their pistols once again. Aaron jumped to the side as he pulled it open. This was a good decision, for a large object immediately shot out from inside, rolling at breakneck speed toward the men. They scattered quickly, firing several shots as they did. The object came to a stop and a deep red liquid began pouring out onto the floor.

Hold the phone... Before anyone could stop him, Aaron dipped his finger into the liquid and brought it to his mouth. His eyes instantly lit up. Finally, here in the pit of hell, something to officially lift his mood. “Interesting blood type,” he commented.

The policemen stared, wide-eyed. Aaron smiled for the first time since coming to the castle. “Cabernet sauvignon, 1897,” he continued, shining his flashlight beam on the mysterious object, now revealed as a mere wine barrel, the label matching his diagnosis perfectly. Beyond the opened door was a deserted wine cellar. The wine was forty years old, but it was hard to imagine someone having come down here in twice that time. Promise or no, he decided he might just stay here for the night.

Suddenly a loud creak echoed through the basement from somewhere behind them. Galbraith cried out, pointing. “Look!”

Everyone turned to see a large stone door, built into the wall, slowly opening. Aaron stared with the rest of them, dumbfounded. What could they have done to trigger that? It came to a stop wide open. Another flickering light glimmered from inside.

“I dun’ like this,” Bottomley muttered.

And so I have to be first once again, Aaron thought. He was more apprehensive than ever, but he was concerned for Hennesey’s safety, and he wanted to find the source of that infernal ringing that was still clawing at his skull. So he peered cautiously inside, the police staying a few steps behind, and nearly had a heart attack.

It took a moment to regain the power of speech. “Then you’re really not going to like *this*,” he finally managed.

They had stumbled upon a family crypt. Stone coffins with glass covered tops lined the walls, displaying their comatose inhabitants for the world to see. Macabre, ghastly religious statues decorated the room, looking more grotesque by half than those upstairs and outside. Countless death masks covered the ceiling, all carved with that same frighteningly familiar face – Baron Seagrove.

And in a far corner of the crypt, the exact same candle from upstairs rested on one of the coffins’ glass tops, still burning. No, Aaron scolded himself, that’s absurd; there’s no reason to assume it’s the same candle. It’s not like all candle-holders are totally unique.

A trembling MacGowan stepped back, away from the crypt. For the first time since before their arrival he took charge and blurted an order to his men. “Galbraith... You come with me!” he said. “We’ll search for Hennesey... out here! Bottomley... you go with Doctor Evans...” finger shaking, he gestured to the crypt’s interior “...in there.”

He and Galbraith nearly fell over each other as they scrambled back to the other side of the basement. “Thanks a bundle, Mac,” Aaron yelled with as much sarcasm as he was capable.

“‘Ey, yer the adventurin’ one,” said McGowan. “I know ye’ll come out smellin’ like roses.”

“Ah, right,” Aaron said. He shook his head when no one was looking. How had he gotten himself into this? All along he’d thought fishing was a more sensible choice of vacation than going to a brothel. Well, that and he could actually afford it. Hiding his fear once more, knowing his reputation was at stake now more than ever, he entered the crypt. A reluctant and very frightened Bottomley followed.

Of course, reputation hardly mattered next to one’s life, he reminded himself, but never mind, dead people wouldn’t hurt them. His flashlight beam danced across the glass coffin tops; the candle was not bright enough to provide a view inside them. From there decayed corpses smiled cheerily, their hands tightly clutching crucifixes. Bottomley was horrified by the sight, but Aaron quickly relaxed to it. Unlike the unfortunate Scotty Ferguson, these people all seemed to have died perfectly natural deaths, and they were nothing to what he’d seen in the war. He continued ahead, past the burning candle, moving further into the darkness of the crypt. The shivering Bottomley stayed directly behind Aaron. With their every step, the bell’s ringing grew louder... louder... how far did this place go?

The two men found out a moment later when they arrived in a circular chamber, located at the far end of the crypt. Here, the noise was nearly deafening as it echoed from above. Aaron realized they were on the floor of the bell tower, and with a sense of trepidation he couldn’t explain, he shone his flashlight upward. The beam stopped on a humongous ringing bell that hung several feet in the air.

Well, of course it was a bell. What had he expected to –

Aaron squinted, hoping he couldn’t possibly be seeing what he seemed to be seeing.

In place of a bell clapper, dangling by his feet, was the dead body of Hennesey. His body swung back and forth, the crunch of bones as it slammed into the sides drowned by the dull ringing it caused. Bottomley screamed. Aaron grabbed his arm. “Steady on,” he said. “We don’t know for sure if it’s Hennesey. Maybe it’s just a dead ringer.”

Bottomley screamed again. So much for humor lightening tense situations.

Aaron was disturbed himself, though, and the more he thought about it the more so he became. It was more obvious than ever that they were dealing with some sort of twisted mind here. But how had the killer snuck into the room and grabbed both Hennesey and the candle, and left, without leaving footprints? A secret passage? But come to think of it, the ringing had started immediately after that and continued without pause, and there was no way for him to have gotten here that fast, not with all the secret passages in the world.

Well, whatever, they’d found Hennesey and that’s all they’d been asked to do. The killer was probably up there right this minute ringing the bell and laughing at them, but that wasn’t his problem. The police could come in force, and with guns. He tightened his grip on Bottomley’s arm. “Let’s get outta here,” he said.

No sooner had they turned to the crypt door than it began to close. The two men dashed forward, but somehow it seemed to move faster. Aaron and Bottomley were only inches away when it slammed shut in their faces. They pushed and kicked but it quickly became obvious that the door wouldn’t budge. “Inspector MacGowan!” yelled Bottomley, on the verge of hysterics. “Galbraith! Open the door!”

Using his flashlight, Aaron scanned the door, looking for a crack. He didn’t care how it had closed itself, he just wanted to get the heck out of here, out of this castle. Forget the artifacts, his life was enough of a prize. He nudged Bottomley and motioned to the candle. “I need more light!”

Bottomley hurried to the candle and reached out. There was another loud *whoosh* as he candle flame went out, plunging this room as well. It took Aaron to realize that the bell had ceased, for its ringing still echoed between his ears and he could feel the beginnings of a headache. Getting his bearings, he turned from the door. “Bottomley?!” he called. The poor nervous wreck must have dropped the candle.

Receiving no answer, he shined his flashlight toward the area. Not only was the candle gone, but there was no sign of Bottomley. Aaron took a cautious step forward. “Bottomley?!” he said again.

Again, there was no answer. He swept the flashlight beam across the room. It passed one of the coffins... then shot back. Aaron Evans was met with the latest in a series of shocking sights.

Bottomley lay inside the coffin, his face twisted in a ghoulish smile, all of his bones broken. His hands were wrapped around a crucifix. Aaron stared in horror. This certainly hadn’t been done by an anaconda, he realized. Who or what had done it was not something he wanted to think about right now. And he was still trapped in this accursed room.

But he didn’t have to wait long for a sound. Footsteps. *There was someone else in here.* The killer must have gotten down from the bell tower somehow, and was coming closer. Aaron’s flashlight beam darted around the crypt, but there was no sign of anyone. “Who is it?” he said, not even bothering to keep the fear from his voice. “Who’s there?”

The same crazed laugh as earlier echoed through the crypt. That does it, I’m leaving, he thought, I don’t care if I kill myself breaking the door down. But as soon as he turned, he was startled to find the crypt door covered with a thick sheet of sparkling, green ice. For a moment he was too dumbfounded to remember being afraid, and he reached out to touch it. His hand snapped back quickly, the fingers agonizingly burnt.

On the other side, MacGowan and Galbraith had finally responded to Bottomley’s cries, and they pulled desperately at the crypt door’s metal handles. But it was no more cooperative with them. MacGowan called through the door. “Doctor Evans! Try to push!”

Aaron took a step back. “Can’t!” he said, even now trying to sound more matter-of-fact than panicky. “There’s some kinda hot ice coverin’ the –” then the floor disappeared under him.

Aaron shut his eyes and prepared for a painful landing. It took him a moment to realize he wasn’t falling, and when he opened his eyes, he saw that his fingers were barely managing to grip the bottom edge of a stone coffin. His hold was small, but he maintained it until his knuckles were white. Don’t look down, he thought. Don’t look down, don’t look down... He looked down and saw his flashlight spiraling down a hundred foot drop into total darkness. Why don’t I ever listen to me? he thought bitterly.

He tried to pull himself up, but the coffin’s ancient stone had begun to crumble from the moment he grabbed it. Large chunks and pieces fell from his grasp. He looked around frantically. There had to be something else to grab, anything else... Yes! He plunged his hand through the coffin’s glass cover and grabbed the corpse’s ankle. But this, too, failed to support him. He began to fall, dragging the entire coffin after him. Quickly he grabbed the ankle with his other arm as well, hoping to scale the coffin’s inhabitant to high ground before it was too late. This was one of those times when he wished he had worked out more regularly.

The corpse’s entire leg broke through the glass cover, swung him like a pendulum, and snapped off.

Aaron braced himself for the fall a second time. This time when he opened his eyes, he found himself on a rocky ledge, located only a few feet below the open crypt floor. He only had a few inches of room to spare, and he saw behind him that it didn’t lead anywhere, but that was okay. MacGowan would get through the door eventually and Aaron could sit tight until then.

He stared at the leg still clutched in his hands, which were lacerated in several places from breaking through the glass. Now that he noticed them, the pain still failed to register. He looked up at the coffin which teetered precariously over the edge. He hated to desecrate someone’s final resting place, especially when it may have been old enough to have archeological, and therefore monetary significance. Oh well, he thought, tossing the leg away, if they ever got out of this, he probably wouldn’t be coming back anyway. This creepy castle could keep its relics.

The ledge snapped.

Well, thought Aaron as he was falling through the pitch blackness, this is a fine how-do-you-do. I don’t know what’ll be worse, if God is real or if he isn’t. What’s better, purgatory or oblivion? Once again the darkness reminded him of Hitler’s soul, but this time the thought brought him joy and he didn’t push it aside. There’s one man who’ll make me look like a saint.

He hit something with a thud and agony shot through his entire body. I must be the only person in world history unlucky enough to fall that far and not get a quick, painless death, he thought bitterly. Then he broke the surface of what he realized was a pool of water surrounded by rocky, cavernous walls. His fisherman’s hat bobbed beside him. Less than two hours ago he had been fishing, and now it seemed like weeks... As he reached for it, a fish flapped out of the water, gobbled up one of the hat’s live baits, and disappeared.

Aaron smirked humorlessly. “*Now* they bite!”

He attempted to paddle towards shore. The pain was beginning to fade already because there hadn’t been any real damage, just a message from his body that it would rather not ever do that sort of thing again, please and thank you. But no sooner had he started moving than there was a loud sound of grinding metal and rattling chains. His eyes darted to the side. Two horizontal metal gates were ejecting from the cavern walls, shooting across the water towards a point of convergence located approximately at his neck.

If the gates hadn’t been thick with rust and mildew, Aaron probably would have been dead before he saw them. As it was he had time to dive underwater as they snapped shut less than an inch above its surface. He realized he had just condemned himself to a worse fate; he had no room to resurface. He clutched the grating, trying to move the gates apart, but they were either locked fast or just plain too heavy. Did this trap reset? How long would it take? Too long, he figured. There was nowhere to go but down.

He hoped for an alternate escape, but there was no bottom in sight. Made sense; after all, one didn’t design death traps that any old victim could just walk out of. Already his air was running out. Swimming had never been his forte by a long shot and adrenaline could only go so far. His eyes bulged and his face lost color; his muscles burned with lactic acid buildup. Fuzzy bright spots appeared all over his field of vision. Only a few precious seconds of life remained, he knew that. Then he began to feel strangely peaceful and lightheaded, and he was completely content with himself and what was coming. If he had been thinking clearly he would have remembered this was a traditional part of drowning.

Suddenly, something flashed by in his peripheral vision. A small tunnel, built into the cavern wall. Something broke through his clouded brain and told him he should go towards it, so he did. He bolted into it and saw light at the end, real light this time, breaking through his fog more fully and giving him incentive to swim harder. But his brain was shutting down, the darkness was closing in. And, what was more, his lungs burned. He couldn’t take it any longer. He took a breath of water.

And then the drain cover was flipped open, and he was sprawled in the base of a large, three tiered stone fountain, choking, gasping. Instead of the familiar carvings of angels and beautiful maidens, this structure was surrounded with water-spewing demons, gargoyles, and hellish beasts of the ilk he’d grown accustomed to seeing around here. It was an interesting piece if a disturbing one, but Aaron didn’t care. He didn’t care about anything except letting air into his wet, tired lungs.

In a few minutes color returned to his face, and he examined his other surroundings. He was shocked to find himself inside of a sprawling banquet hall, beautifully decorated in immaculate Victorian dignity. Even in his present sorry state he was shocked to see that there was not one speck of dust. Two Medieval suits of armor adorned one wall, a black one and a white. A gargantuan crystal chandelier hung above a long, mahogany banquet table.

At the far end of the table, sat a shriveled, white haired elderly man whom by now Aaron would have recognized in any crowd. It was Baron Seamus Seagrove III. No, thought Aaron, this can’t be real, after all I just went through; I must still be woozy. But Baron Seagrove was there, calmly eating his dinner. A bloated roast boar rested on a silver platter before him, among an assortment of other mouth-watering delicacies and wines. The same candle he had seen burning in the upstairs room and the family crypt, now rested on the table directly beside the Baron. No, he scolded himself again, who says it’s the same one? Two powerful, muscular mastiffs were tied to Baron Seagrove’s chair, teeth bared and eyes ablaze. The hounds fought for a scrap of meat that was shredding like cardboard in their jaws.

Aaron slowly struggled to his feet and stepped out of the fountain, stumbling and nearly falling flat on his face. Well, here he was without a policeman in sight, left to his own devices once again. Those dogs weren’t pretty, but the Baron seemed like a docile enough guy, and probably deserved the benefit of the doubt. Maybe he just didn’t know his castle was a harbinger of hell. The man was probably hard of hearing too, he never noticed the intruder’s presence even when Aaron began walking towards him. “Excuse me, sir?” said Aaron. “Hello?”

Baron Seagrove didn’t look up from his plate. Aaron moved closer and spoke louder. “Can you hear me?”

Beneath the table, the Baron’s hand went unnoticed as it nonchalantly untied the mastiffs’ bindings.

Aaron was still walking towards the table, and he was shouting now. “Hey, old man!” The Baron continued to ignore him. He grew annoyed; after all that had just happened he didn’t have the patience for a senior citizen’s frailties. “Listen, pal,” he snapped, “there are two dead policemen upstairs and –”

The mastiffs leaped forward. Aaron tried to jump to the side, but in his exhaustion he was too slow. The hounds were instantly upon him, tearing, clawing, biting. They dragged him to the floor. Baron Seagrove continued to enjoy his dinner, seemingly oblivious to the scene before him.

Aaron fought for his life, repeatedly punching the vicious dogs in the snouts and trying to keep them away from his face and neck. They tore at the rest of his clothing and skin, though, making long painful gashes. Knowing he could not hold out for long he looked around the room for something to help him escape, and spotted something on the wall above. Hanging amidst a display of stuffed animal heads was a hunter’s trumpet. He struggled to his knees trying to reach for it. But the dogs kept up their relentless attack, weakening him.

His fingers were inches from the horn, and the mastiffs’ sharp claws ripped at his outstretched arm. But he managed to snatch it and quickly moved it to his lips. With all the air he could muster under the circumstances he blew a high, piercing note. Responding to the sound, the dogs halted their attack and got off of him. For a moment.

Tattered and bruised, Aaron jumped to his feet. He dropped the horn and ran. A stupid decision in retrospect, he decided. Where could he run to? Indeed, the mastiffs soon came to their senses and darted after him, mouths foaming. Baron Seagrove continued to dine peacefully.

The window, he realized, seeing a velvet curtain and heading towards it. If the glass didn’t finish the job the dogs had started he’d probably fall to his death, but it was worth a shot. No, he had a better idea when he got there. He grabbed hold of a long, thick rope that was attached to the curtain and tore the whole apparatus from the wall. The window behind it was a beautiful stained glass masterpiece but he didn’t have time to admire it.

The first mastiff was already leaping at him. He quickly draped the curtain over the hound and tied a large knot in the open curtain end, trapping it. But now the second mastiff was only a few feet away, barreling toward him. With nowhere else to go he jumped to the window ledge and opened the window. The mastiff lunged, clearly prepared to end his life. Aaron jumped out the window, and it sailed out into the air after him.

The mastiff fell hundreds of feet into the rocky waters of the loch below. Its vicious howl faded as it hit. Aaron looked away before he saw if he survived or not, unwilling to look at what had almost been his own fate. He was hanging onto the swinging window frame, more or less safe for the moment. This maneuver had been significantly easier than the coffin thing, given more preparation; but he was still thoroughly sore. He dragged himself back into the room as quickly as he could.

Baron Seagrove was just pouring himself a glass of wine. A very angry Aaron Evans marched over to him, trying to put as much menace in his limp as possible. The old coot couldn’t possibly have missed all this. “Chow time’s over, mister,” he snapped. “You better start talkin’.” The Baron still ignored him. “There’s a lot of strange things happening around here –”

One of the suits of armor, located a few feet behind him, suddenly twitched. Its arm lowered. Its head slowly turned.

He still walked toward the Baron, who was now preoccupied with spreading butter on his bread. Aaron was practically screaming now. “– and I want some answers! Do you hear me?” He slammed a fist on the table, upsetting the Baron’s wine glass. “*I want some answers! Now!*”

He leaned over to continue his tirade directly into the Baron’s ear. There was a loud creak of metal, and then a huge, sharp battle axe swung over his head, its breeze stirring his hair. Spinning around, he was appalled to see the glistening, black suit of armor come to life. It was nearly seven feet tall. He backed away quickly, his mind numbed with the sheer impossibility of what he was seeing. It followed him, wildly swinging the axe.

Aaron had no way of knowing his steps were leading him toward the other suit of armor, the silvery white one, even taller. As he came closer it opened its arms. When he was in reach, the knight locked its powerful arms around his chest, knocking the wind out of him once again. He struggled but its grip was far too tight. The black knight still came toward him, its frenzied axe swings coming to within inches of his face.

Aaron began seeing his life flash before his eyes. No, not his whole life, he realized, but a few select scenes from high school. That was it! He instantly reversed his struggle and flung himself backward, sandwiching the white knight between himself and the wall. Then he lunged forward again and down, flipping the stunned behemoth over his head and into its black predecessor. They both crashed to the floor. Wow, he thought, it works on brainless jocks *and* otherworldly demons.

He shot to his feet, but they did as well, nearly as fast, and a chase was on. The black knight continued swinging its axe and the white one unsheathed a long, sharp sword. Baron Seagrove spooned another helping of boiled potatoes onto his plate.

Aaron realized he could not outrun them for long. He’d been taxed nearly to his limit and they, despite his previous convictions that such things did not exist, were obviously some sort of otherworldly things that never tired. He snatched a shield and sword from a nearby wall display and turned to fight. Maybe he could hold them off until MacGowan got here. Maybe.

The knights were instantly upon him. He fended off the bludgeoning axe blows with his shield, and dueled the other knight with his sword. He tried to think of all the moves he’d seen Errol Flynn do, but didn’t have the advantage of this fight being choreographed. The knights weren’t the speediest or agile opponents but he realized they were more than a match for him.

His sword managed to strike the white knight in the chest, but his attacker might have planned it; the weapon snapped in two. As he jumped back to avoid the blow aimed at his stomach, the other knight’s battle axe knocked his shield from his hand. The two metal giants raised their weapons high, aiming for his head.

As the two knights swung, he dove to the floor; another trick from high school. Funny how those years he wanted to remember even less than his war experiences were suddenly coming in handy. The knights couldn’t stop their weapons in time and delivered a hard blow to each other. In a momentary daze, they wobbled and spun. Aaron jumped to his feet and bolted.

The black knight hissed furiously and dashed after him while the white one was still reeling from the blow. Seeing his pursuer, he frantically searched for a weapon that would be of some use. He spotted the curtain’s long, thick rope lying on the floor. Well, it wouldn’t have been his first choice, but then he couldn’t expect to see any hand grenades just waiting for him.

The black knight raised its axe, preparing to split him neatly down the middle. Aaron figured his only chance was to whip the weapon out of its hand. He studied the rope hastily. Could he do that? He’d never used a whip. He wasn’t that kind of a teacher. But there was no time to practice, so he lashed out the best he could. It shot forward as the knight was lowering its axe.

And missed. The rope wrapped itself around the knight’s neck. Well, close enough. Aaron dropped again and pulled it as hard as he could. The knight, off balance from the swing of its unwieldy weapon, went flying through the air even more impressively than its comrade. This time, though, crashed into the stone fountain, shattering and thereby improving several of the sculptures. Dazed, and dented, the black knight attempted to stand, but lost its footing on the slippery surface and fell backward into the fountain’s wide drain hole that Aaron had carelessly left uncovered. Encumbered by the weight of its armor, it could not climb out, and sank all the way down.

Indy CATCHES HIS BREATH. The white knight’s SWORD SWINGS INTO FRAME!

SLICING through Indiana’s jacket! Indy JUMPS BACK. The vicious white

knight COMES toward him.

Indiana TURNS to run. Finding himself at the BANQUET TABLE. Face to

face with the ROASTED PIG. A few feet away, Baron Seagrove CONTINUES

to dine. The white knight raises his sword ABOVE Indy. WHOOSH! The

sword begins to swing DOWN! Indiana DUCKS and DODGES the deadly blows.

Instead of carving Indiana, the knight’s sword manages to SLICE

perfect sections of the roasted pig. The satisfied Baron HELPS HIMSELF

to a freshly carved slice of pork.

Indiana LEAPS onto the table top. Trying to ESCAPE the living suit of

armor. But the white knight CLIMBS up onto the table. FOLLOWING Indy.

The sword slashing knight PURSUES Indy along the table top. Indy

GLANCES upward. To the heavy CHANDELIER. Indy SMILES. A PLAN. He

continues to STEP BACKWARD. Leading the knight DIRECTLY BELOW the

chandelier.

At the precise moment, Indy picks up a STERLING SILVER PLATE from the

table top. Indy WHISKS the plate in the air. Toward the ROPE that

holds the chandelier. The spinning plate SEVERS the rope. The

chandelier FLIES DOWNWARDl! CRASHING ON TOP of the white knight! The

knight lies BENEATH the chandelier. MOTIONLESS. The sword DROPS from

its lifeless hand. Onto the TABLE TOP.

Aaron snatched up the knight’s sword. Seething with rage, weapon outstretched, he stomped across the table top to Baron Seagrove, who was preparing to take another bite of his food. Before he could put it in his mouth, the tip of the sword’s blade found his rubbery throat. Aaron snarled at him. “Haven’t you had enough?”

Baron Seagrove lowered his fork and finally looked at him. Aaron drew back, shocked by the soullessness behind his eyes, shark eyes. The man’s face twisted into an eerie grin, and then he began laughing. It was the same maniacal laugh he had heard twice earlier. In response, he got a grip on himself and blew out the mysterious candle.

Suddenly the room’s door burst open. Inspector MacGowan and Galbraith dash and hurried over to Baron Seagrove, pistols aimed at him. Galbraith handcuffed the Baron as fast as he could. MacGowan took a long, hard look at the bruised, bloodied and tattered Aaron Evans. After he had been forced to abandon breaking down the crypt door and give this man up for dead, he had never expected to see him again. But then, after all, this was Aaron Evans they were talking about. No one was better suited to get through an adventure like this alive, and that was why they’d asked him along, after all. MacGowan began to ask him something, but Aaron’s face clearly said he did not want to talk about it. That was odd; he was usually so forthcoming with information about his numerous exploits. Oh well, maybe later. “Now you can get back to your fishing, Doctor Evans,” he said instead.

Aaron grunted. “No chance, Mac. My plane leaves in the morning. Vacation’s over. Gotta get back to school.”

MacGowan shook his head sympathetically. “‘Tis a shame to go home empty handed...” he said. His face brightened as an idea came to him. “Tell ya what, me fren’... I fancy meself quite the fisherman. Tomorrow, I’ll go out and catch you a real beauty, eh?”

Aaron smirked. “Right. Send it to me airmail.”

“Doctor Evans!” the Inspector sputtered. “A MacGowan’s word is truer than –”

“Yeah, yeah, an angel’s kiss,” said Aaron. “I know.” He ached all over and wasn’t in the mood for stereotypical Scottish platitudes. But there was no point in hanging around here any longer, he thought, and half-dragged himself from the room.

The villagers surrounded the castle, bright torches raised high in the air, anxious to catch a glimpse of the returning heroes and the culprit. As Baron Seagrove was led out of the castle by Aaron and the police, they began to whisper among themselves. Their eyes were agog at the old man but he paid them no similar heed. Instead, as he was taken to the police vehicle, he turned and looked at Aaron, his eyes boring in once again, wild with madness this time. In a trembling, raspy voice that only Aaron could hear, his said, “No...jail...can...hold...me.”

A chill rushed through Aaron that topped all thus far. He groped for a witty reply, but the Baron had already turned away as if nothing had happened, continuing to the police wagon.

One of the villagers shouted, “‘E’s done it! Dr. Evans ‘as captured the killer!” The crowd burst into a cheer. Aaron tried to tear his mind from the whole night’s sordid events and managed a humble nod and wave. MacGowan shook his hand, but his gaze wandered to the police vehicle as Baron Seagrove climbed into the back compartment and Galbraith closed the doors. As he watched in disbelief, the Baron raised his hands, no longer in cuffs, and lit a cigarette. The match flame could be seen shining straight through him.

Aaron lost control of his motor functions. That did it, this story was not going into his repertoire. It stretched the limits of believability just a bit much, and furthermore he never wanted to think about it again. No one else had seen this apparition, though. MacGowan noticed the pale expression on his face. “What is it, man?” he asked. “You look as if you’ve seen a screamin’ banshee!”

Aaron pointed feebly back to the police vehicle, but it was already driving over a far hill, disappearing into the fog and darkness. He sighed and turned back to the Inspector. “Ah, it was nothing, Mac,” he said, beginning to believe it himself. “Nothing at all.”

“Loss of blood, perchance,” MacGowan said. “Yer in rough shape. We’d best get you medical attention right away.”

And a change of pants, Aaron thought.

# 2

Helmut Gutterbuhg blinked groggily as the world came back to him. Where was he? How did he get here? What was he doing? Ah, yes, he remembered as the hospital bed came into focus. He was at the St. Hedwig Krankenhaus in Berlin and had been under anesthesia for several hours. Twelve, if everything had gone according to plan.

The next thing to come into focus was the doctor, a middle-aged man named Thorsten Hohlbein. The doctor had looked worried ever since Gutterbuhg had met him, but now he looked anxious, hopeful. “Are you all right?” he asked.

It took Gutterbuhg a moment to find his voice, but it came readily enough. “Ja, I think so,” he said. “I feel fine.”

He was a thin, skeletal man, a dedicated officer of the Wehrmacht and described by his own men as resembling the angel of death. His face was narrow and sunken, and his deep set eyes were a chilling light blue in a pale complexion that rarely conveyed emotion. His blonde hair might have been handsome were it not so stringy.

“The operation seems to have been a success, but we cannot be certain,” said Hohlbein. “When you feel strong enough, try to move your arm.”

Then the rest of his memory came back to him; why he was here, what they were doing. Anticipation far exceeding the doctor’s flooded through him at this recollection. He slowly lifted his right arm from the bed, turning his head to face it just as slowly. The sight was unreal. He had not used this muscle group in nearly two decades, since shrapnel had struck his shoulder in the Great War.

Hohlbein nearly squealed with joy. “Success!” he crowed, “success!”

Yes, sweet success. The implications were staggering. “I can’t believe this is truly happening,” Gutterbuhg said. “It seems like science fiction.”

“It is not perfect, of course,” said Hohlbein, quickly switching to sheer modesty. “There is not that much use for it yet I’m afraid. There will be further developments for your elbow mobility, and your fingers –”

“No matter,” Gutterbuhg said. “At last, I can salute the Fuhrer properly.”

Hohlbein’s smile wavered for a moment. “Ja. That you can.”

Gutterbuhg lowered the arm and pushed himself to a sitting position. He had developed good lower back strength and this was unnecessary even in his groggy state, but he relished the opportunity to utilize two limbs. He sat in silence for a minute then, staring at it, flexing it slowly in all directions, contemplating some more. Finally he faced Hohlbein. “Danke sehr, doktor.”

“Oh, don’t thank me,” the doctor said. An undercurrent of bitterness crept into his voice. “Thank the generous Jewish citizens who were so kind as to finance this costly operation.”

The bitterness was not lost on Gutterbuhg. “Indeed,” he said, half to himself, as he returned his gaze to the arm. “The filthy Ungeziefer were finally good for something, ja?”

Hohlbein didn’t answer. “Speaking of which,” he said, “the gentleman who brought in the funds has been patiently waiting outside for us to finish. He would like to see you whenever you’re ready.”

“Bring him in,” Gutterbuhg said.

The doctor left and returned a few moments later with Werner von Mephisto, a nightmarish figure to foes and allies alike. His face was thick and bullish, with bulging reddish brown eyes that looked downright demonic. He had no hair whatsoever; no eyebrows, no lashes. His thick, muscular, six-foot-four frame was packed into the uniform of a Wehrmacht Oberleutnant. His eyes widened further still when he saw Gutterbuhg. “Heil Hitler,” he said, saluting.

“Heil Hitler,” Gutterbuhg repeated, saluting with his right arm for the first time. Mephisto’s lips hardened upon seeing this, the closest he would ever come to a smile.

“Sehr gut,” he said. “How are you feeling, Wachtmeister?”

“Absolutely fine,” said Gutterbuhg. “The doctor has done a marvelous job.”

“It was not easy,” Hohlbein mumbled nervously, uncomfortable in Mephisto’s presence. “As I said, I did not even think it possible. But as you see –”

“Ja, ja, of course,” said Mephisto, not taking his eyes off of Gutterbuhg. “You underestimate the power of die Mark, and of sheer determination.” He stepped closer to the bed. “The patient and I have a few things to discuss,” he said. “If you would please leave for a few minutes.”

“But sir –” Hohlbein started, then thought about Mephisto’s stature and uniform and decided he really didn’t want to argue. “Yes, of course. Just holler if you need anything, Herr Guhterbuhg.”

“Danke, I will.”

“Now,” said Mephisto when they were alone, “you are completely satisfied with what that Simpel has done?”

“More than satisfied,” said Gutterbuhg. “I can feel the power coursing through it. It has been so long, and it feels tenfold the other arm.”

“Gut,” said Mephisto. “Then it is time for your end of the bargain.”

“But of course,” said Gutterbuhg, remembering what he had pledged himself and his men to do. “I shall lead your expedition as promised, as soon as I am informed of what exactly it entails.”

“Excellent. But time is of the essence, and there is someone we must meet with first.”

“Herr Wüst?”

“Nein. There is nothing he can contribute at this point. This is not technically an Ahnenerbe operation in the traditional sense. We are going straight to the top.”

“You don’t mean –?”

“Ja.”

Gutterbuhg balked. “You must be joking.”

“Wachtmeister Gutterbuhg,” said Mephisto, drawing himself up to his full six-foot-four height, “do I look as if I am joking?”

Aaron paced impatiently in the airport terminal, even though each step brought pain. He had spent three hours getting stitches last night, and woken up with a hangover twenty minutes after his flight left. That dream with the haunted castle was still bothering him, too. What could it possibly mean? It was nothing like he’d ever had before. He wished he’d paid more attention to Freud.

It had seemed more real than any other dream he’d ever had, too – but then, he couldn’t remember being this drunk before. He wondered what he’d really done in his state of mind to lacerate himself the way he had, and whatever it was, he hated himself for it. Some of the wounds on his chest and hands were obviously going to become nasty scars. He knew that something had happened last night, and that two policemen had been killed, but he was generally aloof to such things – surely that hadn’t driven him to the bottle?

MacGowan came walking over with the newspaper he’d gone to purchase. “Sorry I took so long,” he said. “I got a wee bit sidetracked.”

“No matter,” said Aaron. “I won’t be leaving anytime soon.”

MacGowan sat on a bench. “C’mere, lad,” he said. “You oughtn’t to be up an’ pressin’ yerself yet.”

Aaron rolled his eyes, but the Inspector was right so he complied. MacGowan offered him the newspaper. Aaron shook his head, then reconsidered. “Why not,” he said, “might as well see how far to hell the world’s gone before I go back into it.”

“I thought it was just on vacation you din’t read the papers,” MacGowan said.

Aaron shrugged. “Then, and whenever else I can help it,” he said. “They depress me, but I have to stay on top of archeological developments. Hmm, let me guess,” he added as he cast his eyes to the paper, “Japan is still raping China, Italy is still raping Ethiopia, and Spain is still raping itself. I don’t mind telling you, if FDR hadn’t signed that neutrality act before I left, I wouldn’t have been able to enjoy my vacation.”

“Hope that doesn’t come back to bite ‘im,” said MacGowan.

Nazis

“Heil Hitler,” said Gutterbuhg, but his left arm, relied upon for so many years, instinctively went up instead of his right.

# 3

It was early afternoon on a rainy spring day at Francom University. Students across campus to the shelter inside, protecting themselves with textbooks.

Rain splattered the window of Aaron Evans’ cramped, cluttered office. Crooked stacks of dog-eared textbooks and papers climbed for the ceiling. The spindly bookshelves were stuffed with various archeological relics and instruments; primitive pottery, statues, and the like, most of which had been purchased on the antiquities black market and had yet for their authenticity to be determined so they could be handed to the museum. Sitting at a small wooden desk, amidst a mountain of term papers, was Aaron Evans, wearing a brown three piece suit and circular, wire rimmed glasses that he hoped made him look smarter. In one hand, he held a student seating chart, as he hurriedly read through and graded each paper, cursing his procrastination with every stroke of the pen.

To make matters worse; the office was crowded with students, and countless others were pouring out into the hallway. All of the students were anxious to get inside, and not for autographs. They were badgering, complaining and moaning at once.

“Doctor Evans,” said a student named Teddy, “I took your class instead of all the others! I coulda had Professor Needles... Professor Eisenschmidt... Professor –”

“You promised,” said Angela. “You said you’d have ‘em graded by yesterday.”

“My paper finished yet?” said another student whose name Aaron didn’t remember, but who he recognized as a consistently annoying smartass. “Name’s ‘Virgil Vektor’. That’s VIRGIL. Capital V... I... R...”

“My parents paid good money to send me here,” said Julia. “You know how much they shelled out for your class?”

“He doesn’t care about us,” Charles told her and anyone else who could hear him over the din. “He only wants fame and fortune. We’re just a buncha peons to him.”

“VEKTOR,” said Virgil. “Capital V... E... K...”

Aron tried to ignore the verbal assault. Why, oh why, couldn’t you stay focused yesterday, Evans? he asked himself. This happens every infernal year.

Then he became aware of his student assistant, Betsy Tuffet, pushing her way to the front of the incensed mob. She was 21 years old, with thick, luxurious black hair, bright brown eyes and a small framed, athletic body. She was a tough, brash, Brooklyn kid. She moved close to Aaron, her hair ever-so-slightly brushing his cheek. He tensed but pointedly refused to look up from the term papers.

“Hello, Aar –” she began, and giggled like a teenager. “Doctor Evans,” she corrected.

Oh good grief – “Not now, Betsy,” he said.

Betsy cocked an eye. “*Look* at all of those papers!”

“Please, I –”

“Want me to come by later? Help you grade?”

“Help me grade. Yeah. Sure.” Just go away, please.

Graciously, she complied with his unspoken wish. “Goodbye, Aar –” she called as she left, and giggled again. “Doctor Evans!”

He sighed.

“Didja get the name? VIRGIL! Capital V... I... R...”

Professor Thad Priestly, a young, wisecracking, greasy-haired acquaintance of Aaron’s, entered and pushed Virgil aside. Aaron was grateful for a moment, but realized quickly that this was not an improving the situation when Priestly shoved a photograph beneath his nose.

“Moby Dick,” Priestly said.

“Huh?”

Priestly pointed at the photo. “That’s what I named ‘im. Captain said it was the biggest fish he ever saw.”

Aaron glanced impatiently to the photo. It was a picture of Professor Priestly dressed in a fisherman’s outfit, standing on a pier, holding a fish that had to measure two feet if it was an inch. Aaron began to steam. Priestly gave him a manly slap on the back, aggravating his still-fresh bruises. “What about you, Aar-head? You were over in Scotty-land for two weeks... Didja catch the big one?”

Memories of his last drunken night there began to flood back, and he winced perceptibly. “Look, Priestly,” he began, trying to hold his temper, “I’m real busy –”

He was interrupted by a slap to the face that nearly knocked the fillings from his teeth. He looked up, prepared to make Priestly suffer, but he saw instead a beautiful blonde student named Rebecca standing over his desk. “Two-timing snake!” she screamed, her face purple.

Aaron rubbed his jaw, sure something must have been broken. And what was she blabbing about?

“How could you?!” she continued. “My own mother?! In my own bed?!” She slapped him again, nearly giving him whiplash. “I’ve had it with you! It’s over!”

Oh, so that was it. He’d forgotten all about that. Priestly was trying unsuccessfully to hide a chuckle. Rebecca threw his shirt on the desk and stormed out of the room. “If it makes you feel any better,” he called after her, “I didn’t enjoy it!”

He shook his head and continued working. Why couldn’t you have been strong? he berated himself. The woman had been aching for companionship since her husband had run off with all the money, and he couldn’t stand to see her suffer. Mercifully, the room had not fallen silent during this exchange, but now another loud voice came towards him.

“Special Delivery! Dr. Aaron Evans!” A burly postman stands in the doorway, holding a thick, enormous brown envelope.

What could that be? Aaron didn’t care; he had things to worry about right now. He motioned to the postman, who grudgingly began trying to force his way through the crowd. Aaron went back to his grading once again, but was interrupted by a loud tapping noise. He looked up to find Dean Claude Coventry, a stately, elderly gentleman, rapping a steel ruler on his desk. The Dean was visibly upset. “Doctor Evans,” he said sternly, “I’ve had complaints from several of the students –”

The postman interrupted, dropping the heavy envelope onto the desk and shoving a yellow paper in front of Aaron. “Sign here,” he said.

Aaron did so as the Dean continued lecturing, oblivious to the intrusion. “They feel that you are ignoring them, that you are distracted...”

“Me?” scoffed Aaron as he handed the paper back to the postman. “Distracted?”

The postman stared at his signature, puzzled. “What’s this? ‘B+’? That’s how you sign your name?”

Aaron grabbed the paper, crossed out the grade and signed his name. The Dean still paid no heed. “Francom University is not the place for sloppy behavior...”

The postman left and Aaron opened the envelope. A large amount of water poured out, saturating most of the papers on the desk, followed by an enormous dead trout. The students exchanged startled and nauseated glances. He removed a water logged note from the envelope and read, “A MacGowan’s word is truer than an angel’s kiss”.

As Aaron grabbed a tissue from the box behind him and futilely attempted to wipe some of the water from his desk, Dean Coventry shook a finger at him. “I have one final warning for you, Doctor Evans –”

The phone rang, and Aaron quickly answered it, delaying the threat by a few precious seconds. The fuming Dean finally had to acknowledge an interruption as Aaron spoke into the receiver. “Dr. Evans... yes... oh, hello, Wyatt...” He glanced at Coventry and realized the Dean’s patience was not going to hold out much longer. “Look, can you hold on?” He covered the receiver and spoke to the Dean. “You were saying, sir?”

Coventry tried to rebuild his head of steam. “Either you begin concentrating on your –”

“Yes, Wyatt,” Aaron was saying into the phone again, “I’m still here. Just hold on!” He turned back to the Dean. “I’m very sorry, sir...”

Coventry was boiling now. “ – concentrating on your teaching duties or –”

“Dammit, Wyatt! I’m standing here with Dean... What?.. Just how important?” He listened impatiently. “It is, huh? Okay. Five minutes. Yeah. I’ll be right over. But this better be important, Wyatt!” He hung up and looked sheepishly at the furious, red faced old man.

“You are on probation, Evans! Ten days! If there is no improvement, you will be dismissed!” And he stormed out of the room.

The words were like a slap in the face, far worse than the literal ones Rebecca had administered. His mind reeling, Aaron hastily began to gather the wet papers, deciding to leave the fish behind for now. With his arms full he tried to push his way through the crowd. “I promise,” he yelled above the noise, “by tomorrow I’ll have all of these graded... and *dried*!”

Some of the students quieted down, but one whiny voice still rose above them. “‘VIRGIL VECTOR!’ Capital V... I... R...”

Aaron handed him his soggy paper. “F!”

Virgil stared at it, his mouth doing a convincing impression of the fish on the desk.

Aaron hurried out the door and down the hall, ignoring the curious stares of his colleagues who had seen the crowd pressing into his office. Now that he had enough quiet to hear himself think, he thought about what the Dean had said. It was inevitable, he figured. After welcoming him with open arms at the beginning of the Depression, Coventry had been steadily losing patience with him over the years. And why not? Aaron figured. I’ve never been an archeologist, how can I teach others to be? In the past he’d managed to B.S. his way through the whole thing and his students had turned out all right, but lately things were getting out of hand. He would have assumed that living a lie for seven years would make it more true if anything, but the opposite seemed to be happening.

And now he was headed straight back to the breadlines. That is, if they didn’t finally scrutinize his records and realize how many lies he’d fabricated to land this job in the first place. In that case he didn’t even want to think about how much trouble he would be in.

He exited the college front doors. The rain had slowed considerably and the sun was beginning to break through the clouds. He hailed one of the taxis that was always loitering around to take the students to less than reputable places. “History Museum,” he said, “and step on it.”

The driver grunted. He understood no English, aside from the names of places he was likely to be asked to go, and a few key phrases such as “follow that car”, “step on it”, and “for the love of God, slow down!”.

They arrived in less than a minute. As Aaron caught his breath and removed his fingernails from the seat, he began wondering now what Wyatt, who he could see waiting outside in the rain for him and practically dancing with anticipation, thought was so urgent and important. Aaron found archeology interesting enough, to be sure, but it took second place to eating decently and having a place to sleep. Wyatt, on the other hand, was more than a bit of a fanatic.

“Thanks,” he said to the driver, paying him. “But try not to break the sound barrier next time.” The driver grinned uncomprehendingly and zoomed away while he was still pulling his second foot out, splashing a puddle all over him in the process. “Darned foreign barbarians,” he muttered, picking up the term papers that had slipped from his grasp into the puddle.

“Nice to see you again, old pal,” said Wyatt Fifield, assistant curator of the History Museum. He extended a hand, saw that Aaron was a bit laden down, and retracted it. “I hope your vacation was relaxing?”

“Well, actually –”

“Good, good, glad to hear it. Come along, I have something simply wonderful to show you. You have no idea how hard it was to wait for your return.” He began walking as fast as he could back towards the museum.”

Aaron followed him. “Look, I have some pressing matters to take care of. Couldn’t you just tell me?”

“You wouldn’t understand,” said Wyatt. “Even if I had a way with words, which I don’t, you would never grasp the significance of all this until you saw it with your own eyes. Er, would you like some help with those papers?” he added as he held open the door.

“No thanks, I’ve got them,” said Aaron.

They headed through the Prehistory Room, a large room filled with skeletons, fossils and statues dating back to the dawn of man. Wyatt pulled from his pocket something decidedly modern, a l6mm metal film canister, and placed it beneath his arm.

Aaron’s eyes darted to a full sized Tyrannosaurus Rex skeleton. “This better be important, Wyatt,” he said, or the museum will soon be displaying my bones. My teaching career is in danger of extinction.” He saw no point in trying to hide that fact, since it was probably going to happen.

Wyatt didn’t seem ruffled in the least. He smiled mysteriously. “You will not be disappointed, Aaron,” he said.

Aaron sighed. He liked Wyatt quite a bit. The two had been close friends since his employment at Francom, when Wyatt had expressed his enthusiasm for having another archeologist around the place and his hopes for future collaboration. But the man often seemed quite out of touch with reality, or at least the reality of this century. He imbued old bones and artifacts with the personalities of living people, and old myths and legends with the truth of newsreels.

Wyatt held open the door to the museum board room. Aaron entered and sat down at his desk without being asked, and tried to go back to his term papers for a moment. If he spent every spare second on them maybe he could get them finished by tomorrow and actually do an okay job of it. But Wyatt promptly shoved a tattered ancient painting in his face.

Aaron blinked and pulled his head back. He found himself face to face with some sort of watercolor anomaly, half human, half monkey. Its wise, wrinkled face possessed penetrating coal black eyes, but in a comforting way unlike Baron Seagrove’s. It wore a lion skin robe and held a tall, golden hooped staff. Surrounding it was a garden of luscious, ripe peach trees. A bright ray of light emanated from an opening in the clouds to engulf it.

“Look familiar?” said Wyatt.

Aaron dismissed it and returned to feverishly grading the term papers, but inside he was wracking his brain for the significance of the painting. It *did* look awfully familiar. And you didn’t see one of those guys out on the street every day. He finished the paper he was on and pinned it to a nearby bulletin board for drying. And then it came to him. “Sun Wu Kung,” he said. “The Stone Monkey King.”

Wyatt nodded encouragingly.

It was all coming back to him now. From ‘26 to ‘27 someone had launched an expedition, in spite of mockery from the entire scientific community, to prove that the story of Sun Wu Kung had some basis in true history. Aaron had claimed and presented false evidence that he had been an integral part of the expedition, and as such had also done quite a bit of research on the actual legend. And now Wyatt had some news about it to share? He didn’t like where this was going. “Big deal. That was ten years ago, Wyatt,” he said. He went back to the papers again. “Geez! This Heller kid’s got the worst grammar.”

“Ten years or fifty years. It will always be in your blood,” Wyatt insisted.

Aaron pretended not to hear him. “Don’t believe this... he spells ‘repeat’ with two ‘E’s.”

“Think back, Aaron. Remember your desire? Your passion?”

“Kid gets an ‘A’ on content... a ‘D’ on form.”

“Dammit, man!” yelled Wyatt, slamming his fist on the desk. “You can’t bury those feelings forever!”

Aaron realized he wasn’t getting out of this that easily, and reluctantly looked up from the papers. He glanced at Wyatt, then at the painting. What the hey? I’m going to lose my job anyway. He became very serious, somber. His eyes grew empty. His voice lowered to nearly a whisper. “Two years,” he said. “Nearly two years of my life... looking for the remains of that Monkey... a piece of his legendary Golden Hooped Rod... or some sign of the Lost City.” He shook his head. “Nine men perished on the journey. The rest of us nearly died from starvation or one of the many horrible diseases we discovered...” he looked back at the papers, and his voice was barely audible. “We still came back empty handed.” Clark Gable, eat your heart out, he thought.

Wyatt began threading the projector on the desk with the film he had been carrying. “One mustn’t give up so easily, Aaron.”

“Give up?!” Aaron sputtered. “Wyatt, we spent thirteen months in China! Another seven in India!”

“But none in Africa.”

Aaron became confused. He realized he might be blowing his credibility here, but he had researched the legend and expedition both quite thoroughly. “There was no proof... archeological or anthropological... to indicate that Sun Wu-Kung ever visited Africa...”

“Until now,” said Wyatt, turning off the lights.

“Hey,” Aaron protested weakly. “My papers...”

Ignoring him, Wyatt started the projector. A black and white image flickered on the far wall. It was an African pygmy, standing in what appeared to be a grassy area. He was adorable. Only a shade over four feet tall, his body was nonetheless taut and muscular. His long shaggy black hair framed an impish face with a very inquisitive expression, and a pair of wide, bright, almost childlike eyes. His energy was boundless and he could not stop moving. A tall, strikingly beautiful woman was communicating with him in sign language.

“The woman is Dr. Clare Clarke, the famous zoologist,” said Wyatt. “She works in Africa, studying animals in their natural habitat.

Aaron had heard of her. It was rare for a woman to be so prominent in any scientific field, let alone one who appeared better suited as a fashion model. Still, she wasn’t going to help him keep his job. “Very interesting, Wyatt. Now if you’ll turn the lights back on –”

“Three weeks ago,” Wyatt continued, “Dr. Clarke discovered that cute little fellow, "Tyki", a pygmy of an unusual race. Unrelated to any known African tribe.”

Genealogy puts me to sleep. “Wyatt. The lights.”

“Dr. Clarke believes that Tyki comes from the Lost Civilization of Sun Wu-Kung.”

“What?” Aaron paused, about to say something else. He stood, walking closer to the flickering image. Tyki was smiling straight at the camera, and Dr. Clarke began to do the same. Even in black and white, it nearly turned him to jelly. He turned away. “But how did Miss –”

“Doctor.”

“‘Doctor’ Clarke. How did she arrive at such a preposterous hypothesis?”

“The pygmy speaks in a language that has no African origins... but bears a strong resemblance to Chinese.”

Aaron waved him off. “Means nothing. The rivers of Africa have been plagued by various Oriental pirates and scavengers since the 16th Century.” Geez, even I know that. He looked back at the screen. Tyki and Dr. Clarke seemed to be playing a game. “You’ll have to do better than that, Wyatt.”

“There’s more,” he continued, unperturbed. “The pygmy was found wearing an ornamental peach stone around his neck... believed to come from Sun Wu-Kung’s legendary Garden of Immortal Peaches.”

Aaron nearly laughed. “Wyatt, there are countless undiscovered African tribes... all with various obscure beliefs and practices...” He smirked. “One tribe may wear peach stones... another may wear banana peels...” He walked back to his papers. And that is why women belong in the kitchen. She should have been a fashion model after all. Although, he mused, she’d probably look best in a birthday suit.

Wyatt paused before adding, excitement evident in his voice, “There is one final bit of evidence...”

Just as flimsy, no doubt. “Enlighten me.”

“The pygmy is over 200 years old.”

Aaron adjusted his spectacles, forgetting in his surprise that they were merely a prop, and stared at the black and white image. The cute pygmy appeared to be in his mid-twenties, unmarred by a single wrinkle. He was walking to the camera now, staring curiously into the lens as if he had just noticed it. What am I thinking? Even if he was ancient, he wouldn’t be 200 years old. No one’s 200 years old. “That’s impossible,” he said flatly, not looking away.

“Dr. Clarke has done a considerable amount of testing on the pygmy’s clothing, his sandals – everything is over 200 years old.”

“He’s probably wearing his great-grandfather’s stuff,” Aaron retorted. Tyki began to unscrew the camera lens. The picture went out of focus for a moment, and then the film ran out. Wyatt turned off the projector and flipped on the overhead room lights. Aaron blinked at the sharp change and looked at him. “What does all of this have to do with me?”

“Dr. Clarke wants to mount an expedition to find the Lost City of Sun Wu-Kung. She is quite familiar with your reputation, and she’d like you to come along.”

So that was it. A chance to expose himself as the fraud he really was. “No chance,” he said, gathering up his papers.

“There will be money involved,” Wyatt continued. “The museum is willing to fund the expedition...”

“The museum is, or you are?”

“No difference.”

“You can’t afford that right now and you know it,” said Aaron. “If this expedition fails – like the last one –”

“That’s a risk I’m willing to take for such an incredible find. Aaron, please –”

He was so excited, and so desperate, Aaron almost hated to reject his old friend. But this just wasn’t possible for a pretender. “Sorry, Wyatt,” he said, and meant it. “I’ve burned this bridge.” He turned and began to walk away.

“Aaron,” Wyatt called after him.

With a heavy sigh, Aaron turned back and waved the papers at the museum curator. “Wyatt. Please. I’ve got to finish these –”

“You’ve got to finish something much more important,” Wyatt insisted. “You crossed the threshold over a decade ago... and it’s been tearing at your insides ever since.” That familiar madness had come into his eyes and he clenched a fist to his heart in passion. “My friend, if there is even one iota of truth in Dr. Clarke’s findings, then you can lift the veil of mystery that has surrounded this Chinese legend for Centuries. You may uncover the secrets to a lost civilization...and possibly, to man’s never ending search for immortality.

Aaron stared at the painting of Sun Wu-Kung. He did believe there may be something behind the legend – but immortality? That will be the day. Might as well go looking for the Holy Grail, or the Fountain of Youth.

“Aaron,” Wyatt implored him, “can you afford to pass up the single most important adventure of your life?”

Aaron opened his mouth to shoot off another excuse, but he could not make the words come out. He picked up the painting and stared into the Monkey King’s wise eyes.

The single most important adventure of your life. The only adventure of my life. This made-up persona is a testament to my insignificance, he realized. It’s a life I will never have, and when I die, no matter how I’m remembered, I’ll still be nothing, nobody. And he thought of Dean Coventry’s words... probation... ten days... no improvement... dismissed...

Wyatt was right. He *couldn’t* afford to pass this up. Because if there was something behind this legend, anything at all, maybe it was the only thing that could save him. In more ways than one. He turned to his friend, now benefactor, and silently nodded.

“You can? Seriously?” Wyatt looked as if he had been stabbed in the chest.

“What?” Aaron was shaken from his revery.

“You can pass up the single most important adventure of your life? After all that?”

Aaron went through his memory and realized that had indeed been the last question Wyatt asked. “No,” he said. “I meant, yes, count me in.”

Before he could protest, Wyatt enveloped him in a bear hug, crushing the wet term papers between them. “I knew it!” he said through tears of joy. “I knew you wouldn’t let yourself down, Aaron Evans!”

Aaron grinned awkwardly, but his mind was already racing. Perhaps there could be a third angle to this venture as well. Perhaps he could be making full-body contact with someone *else* in the near future. He recalled the image of Clare Clarke smiling straight at the camera. She looked like the perfect candidate for another sort of research project he had in mind.

The term papers were still wet, and it was not helped by the drops of water now falling on them. Salt water, falling from the eyes of Betsy Tuffet as she graded at Aaron’s desk in his small apartment.

Behind her, he was filling a suitcase on the bed and trying to ignore her. He set aside his Smith and Wesson handgun to be put in last, where it would be easily accessible. They could be encountering all sorts of ferocious wild animals and hostile natives, he figured. He hoped Dr. Clarke at least had the brains to organize rifles and elephant guns, because in all likelihood this wasn’t going to cut it. Still, it made him feel better. He had missed it in Scotland, especially that last night.

His other supplies consisted mostly of clothes and snacks. He didn’t own any actual archeological equipment and hoped Dr. Clarke would be bringing enough to share. He did have some odds and ends, like a compass, pocketknife and bundle of rope, but that was essentially it. Of course, assuming they did give him something to use, he figured he could manage. Academic studies were never the ideal substitute for practical experience, but it was a bit late to take a crash course in fieldwork.

Finally, the silence unnerved him and he found himself looking at Betsy. She was miserable, but she had never once complained, preferring to let the guilt gnaw at his insides. He knew this was his fault in a way. The collaboration between him and his student assistant was rather more close than the traditional sort. He counted on her for more than a little bit of help preparing his lessons, and sometimes even grading assignments, nearly every night. And somehow over the course of the year she had gotten the wrong idea about there relationship.

He couldn’t take it anymore. He walked over and placed a comforting hand on her shoulder.

She jerked away. “You can’t do this to me!” she snapped.

“C’mon, Betsy. Relax.” He grabbed a couple of papers and tried to shake the tears off. “You’re gettin’ ‘em all wet again.”

“You just can’t go away,” she insisted. “I mean... Africa is so far away, and... well...” she stared into his eyes. “I love you, Aaron.”

Come on, I don’t need this kind of emotional baggage. “Thought we agreed this was s’posed to be casual.”

Betsy snorted. “You call what happened last night ‘casual’.”

Again, he cursed himself for not being stronger. He’d gotten back late, jet-lagged, still sore all over, and shaken by that infernal dream. He’d needed an escape... “My dear,” he said lamely, “a momentary lapse into passion does not a love affair make.”

She gaped. “Momentary lapse! So that’s all I am to you!” She shot to her feet. “Rebecca was right. You don’t care about anyone. She was probably telling the truth about her mom, then, too!” She stomped away from the desk.

“Betsy, wait...” he pleaded, but it was just as well that she didn’t. What could I say to her now? He sighed, and then his eye caught one of the term papers Betsy had left unfinished. He began to read, making a few corrections here and there, wishing he could correct his life as easily.

There was a creaking noise. Aaron turned and his face went white. He bolted to his feet.

One end of a rope was attached to an overhead lamp. The other end had been formed into a noose around Betsy’s neck while she stood on a wooden chair. As Aaron raced across the room she kicked the chair away and started gagging.

He grabbed her in midair, removed the noose and placed her on the floor. “Whatsa’ matter with you!” he snapped. “You think this is a joke!?”

“If I can’t have you,” she said calmly, “I don’t want to live.”

He tossed the rope into his suitcase, pulled up the chair and forced her into it. “Stay here,” he said, looking around. “You’re a little loopy... you need to calm down...” He found what he was looking for, a bottle of bourbon, on the bedside table, and poured her a tall glass. “Drink this. You’ll feel better.” Must be that time of month.

He turned his back on her and returned to his packing. Betsy raised the glass to her lips, but the message on the bottle caught her eye. DANGER! CONTENTS FLAMMABLE! She beamed as an idea came to her. Quickly she lifted the bottle over her head and began to douse herself with the liquid.

Aaron was folding his clothing, and he picked up the shirt Rebecca had returned to him that morning. It had been a favorite of his, but now it had too much unpleasantness attached. In the silence he suddenly heard the unmistakable flick of a matchstick. He turned and saw the bourbon covered Betsy preparing to light herself on fire.

He dashed forward and blew out the match an instant before it sparked her clothing. As she frowned at him, he realized this problem had to be addressed right here, and right now. He shook her by the shoulders. “C’mon, Betsy,” he pleaded. “Get a hold of yourself. You’re young. There are a lot of other guys –”

“Not like you,” she protested.

Bless her heart. “That’s true,” he admitted. No! Wait! Wrong point! “But that’s no reason to stop living! Besides, I’m too old for you. By the time you’re seventy five, I’ll be...” he did some quick mental calculations, and the image that came to mind made him grimace. “Yeccchhh! I’ll be disgusting. If not dead.”

That ought to settle it. Once again he returned to his packing. Betsy sighed and looked away for another option. It wasn’t his looks that made her so drawn to Aaron Evans. Well, yeah, that was part of it, but not the important part. It wasn’t even all those adventures he went on; she figured they were probably exaggerated anyway. It was the awesome charisma he had, that seemed to ooze from every pore of his being. No male she had ever met had it quite like that. And she knew that if such a one could not care about her, she did not want to be cared about by anyone.

She notice an enormous, stone African urn atop a section of bookshelves. She recalled Aaron telling her it weighed no less 150 pounds. Without hesitating, she laid down with her head against the shelves, reached behind her, and began shaking them.

Aaron placed his gun atop the rest of his belongings and tried to close the suitcase, but this proved a Herculean undertaking. Sweat beaded on his brow and his sore muscles screamed in protest. He could have just gotten another suitcase, but didn’t feel like having two to worry about. “Betsy?” he said, turning his head. “Could you give me a hand with – holy cow!”

As he watched the urn tipped over the bookshelves’ edge and began falling through the air, directed straight at Betsy’s head. The whole thing played as if in slow motion. Without giving himself time to think he lunged for it – grabbed it in the air inches from her face – spun around – landed painfully on his back, pinned by the heavy artifact.

“Oof,” he said. He gently pushed it aside and struggled to his feet, then tried to pull Betsy from the floor. “Look, Betsy, this is an irreplaceable relic – worth a lot of money –”

She jumped up and wrapped her arms tightly around him. “Don’t leave me, Aaron!”

He hobbled over to the bed and tried to pick up his suitcase, but Betsy’s grip would not yield. I’ve just about had enough of this. “Look,” he snapped, unable to stop himself, “you’re just a flighty kid. Twenty minutes after I walk out this door, you’ll have a date with the college Romeo. Two hours from now, you’ll be madly in love with him. By tomorrow, you’ll forget I ever existed.”

With the pain of a wounded animal in her eyes, she removed her arms and stepped back. He realized he had probably just said the entirely wrong thing to say. What was to stop her from killing herself the moment he left? “Betsy,” he added quickly, “promise me you won’t – do any more of the things you just did.”

“What’s it to you if I do?” she mumbled.

“It would hurt me very much,” he admitted. Oh geez, this is completely negating everything I said – the things I have to do – “I care about you. As a friend. You’re a bright young girl with a wonderful future ahead of you, and I don’t want you to throw that away just because life gives you a disappointment.”

“Life gave me a lemon,” she insisted. “You’re throwing it on the compost heap.”

“But don’t you see?” he shouted. “It will never work! It isn’t meant to be!” He lowered his voice, and his eyes. “I’m sorry about last night. It was wrong. I know you’re in a lot of pain right now. But promise me you’ll stay alive.”

Betsy stared at the floor for a minute. “I promise,” she mumbled at last.

“Look at me.”

She looked at him. “I promise,” she repeated.

“You promise what?”

“Not to kill myself.”

“All right. Good.” Phew, I’ve had enough of playing counselor. I’m going to blow it any minute now. Not knowing what else he could do, Aaron gave her a quick kiss on the cheek and hurried out the door.

Betsy glared at the closed door. He had a lot of nerve playing with her emotions like that. But he cared that she was alive; that was a start. So she’d stay alive, all right, if only to get the better of him in the end. A tough, angry expression covered her face, but it was mingled with a smile. “Never underestimate the determination of a Brooklyn girl, Doctor Evans,” she said to the closed door. “Never.”

INDIANA JONES

stands aboard the ship’s DECK. It is a typical, 30’s LUXURY Ocean

liner, filled with vacationing TOURISTS. Indiana STARES into the

sunrise. His face is a study in CONCENTRATION and INTENSITY. He

anxiously AWAITS his adventure.

# 4

It was a hot, sunny afternoon in early June when the tourist-packed ocean liner pulled into Beira, in central Mozambique – the chief port on the coast and gateway to the Zambesi River. Supply ships, sailboats and rafts lined the marina. The docks were crowded with merchants and sailors of all nationalities, unloading goods that, like any other such place in the world, were often of a dubious nature. Small shops and restaurants cluttered the waterfront, with rows of single story, low square homes behind them. Tall, healthy palm trees surrounded the entire area.

Aaron Evans was taken aback by the sight as he stepped onto the ocean liner’s exit ramp. He’d never been outside North America and Northwest Europe, and while this was more or less what he had been led to expect, actually seeing it was a different matter entirely. He looked cursorily to see if any of the vendors might be selling something akin to a razor; he’d forgotten his at home and now sported three weeks’ worth of stubble.

Crowds of pedestrians suddenly leaped out of the way as a loud car horn sounded and a rusted, yellow Model T came barreling along the rickety dock. The word “TAXI” was crudely painted in English and Portuguese on the car’s trembling doors, and its tires were threatening to wobble loose. Thick black smoke poured from the cracked exhaust pipe and the entire assembly rattled and ground like an old man having a coronary. It was apparently one of the first vehicles to have come off Mr. Ford’s assembly line, and must have seen some rough treatment even then.

The car screeched to a halt at the foot of the ocean liner’s ramp and a rough, unkempt African man jumped out. He was an elderly fellow but obviously possessed the energy and vitality of a youth. His snow white hair and beard were spiked and his tattered, dirty clothes were many sizes too large for his scrawny body. Homemade crocodile sandals flopped on his feet.

When the man spotted Aaron, he suddenly broke into a wild grin and darted up the ramp, weaving through the startled crowd of people. He stopped a few feet in front of Aaron and waved his arms before himself in a strange fashion. Then, he embraced the startled American. “Dr. Evans! At last I meet you!” he said in a Portuguese accent. “Dr. Fifield has told me so much about you!” He looked to the sky. “Oh, Keechingo, God of Friendship... I thank you for granting my wish!”

Aaron pulled away as politely as he could. Hugging Wyatt was awkward enough, but some Negro he’d never met was the limit. And this guy didn’t exactly smell like a bed of roses. “You must be the expedition guide,” he said.

The man nodded enthusiastically. “Scraggy Brier. You call me Scraggy,” he said. He moved to assist Aaron with his luggage, but before picking up the suitcases – Aaron had finally relented at the last minute and brought another one – he raised his arm over them and repeated the motion he had done a moment ago. He laughed at Aaron’s questioning and slightly disturbed look. “Mahootmek, God of Goodness, say ‘Before body make contact with foreign object... one must cast out bad spirits, or –”

“– or bad spirits will enter your body,” Aaron finished. He remembered Wyatt explaining that to him before he left. He’d spaced out during the entire lecture.

“Yes! You know much already, Aaron,” said Scraggy.

Aaron bristled at the familiarity but did not protest. He remembered something else Wyatt had mentioned. “Are you gonna be wearing the same clothes for three weeks straight?”

“Never separate body from clothes, or bad spirits will hide in pockets!” Scraggy affirmed.

“In other words,” said Aaron facetiously, “if people never changed clothes, there would be no evil in the world.”

Scraggy missed his mocking tone. “Exactly!”

Aaron groaned on the inside. Bad enough I gotta have a nigger as our guide – well, get used to that, you don’t come to Africa for Spaniards do you? – but now I gotta deal with these Darned ridiculous savage philosophies the whole trip. All he said was, “Whatever.”

But Scraggy acted as if he had said all that aloud, and his manner grew deadly serious. “They not so crazy, Aaron,” he said, and his tone made the other man look at him, to see that his eyes were wide with fear. “These days... there is much evil in the air. I feel it. Everywhere.”

Aaron shrugged off the chill from these words and started back down the ramp towards the waiting excuse for a car. He did not see the ugly German “tourist” in the crowd a few feet away and would not have looked twice if he had.

As Wachtmeister Helmut Gutterbuhg watched the arriving American and old Negro, he drew from his pocket a tiny, mechanical item resembling a cockroach. It was a miniature radio transmitter and another triumph of Fatherland technology, though nothing compared to his arm. In German, he whispered into it, “Are we making contact?”

The roach’s eyes blinked bright red. Gutterbuhg smiled.

Aaron and Scraggy arrived at the taxi. “I see you repainted it,” Aaron commented. “Back in the States we had a saying about the Model T – that you could get them in any color you want, as long as it was black.” Just like you and everyone here.

“I like yellow better,” said Scraggy.

While Scraggy began securing the baggage to the roof, Aaron opened the cab’s rear door, careful not to rip it from its hinges. As he tried to climb in, however, he was met with a swift kick to the stomach and fell to the ground hard as the wind rushed out of him.

Scraggy ran to the open door. “Dr. Clarke!” he scolded. “Why you kick Dr. Evans?”

Dr. Clare Clarke stepped from the shadows of the car and Aaron, from his fetal position on the ground, felt he was suddenly in the presence of a goddess. She was much more beautiful in color; he could now that her hair was bright red, and behind her glasses she sported a pair of sparkling green eyes. Though her bearing was very prim and proper, something about her conveyed a sense of intelligence and a quick wit. She was dressed in khaki slacks and shirt. From here Aaron had an exquisite view of her shapely long legs and well-toned thighs. Why, he wondered, don’t we encourage women to wear pants?

Dr. Clarke hurriedly knelt down to assist him to his feet. “Dr. Evans!” she said with a slight British accent. “Forgive me.”

When she grabbed his hand, he felt a tingle through his whole body. “No sweat,” he said grinning stupidly. I’d forgive you for stabbing me, sister.

She brushed her hair back self-consciously. “Thought I was being attacked by a degenerate sailor.”

“No,” he said. “Just a degenerate archeologist.”

“Your appearance is deceiving.”

“Likewise.” *Why’d I have to forget the Darned razor?*

They exchanged a handshake and a smile. Aaron swooned.

“Aaron Evans!” someone shouted. “Calling passenger Aaron Evans!”

He turned to see a ship porter walking through the crowd, pushing a large barrel on a dolly. “I’m him,” he said, confused, waving the man over. The porter stopped in front of him.

“You left this aboard ship,” he said.

Aaron frowned. “There must be some mistake... I didn’t –”

The porter pointed to a section of the barrel that read DELIVER TO: DR. AARON EVANS. “That’s you, ain’t it?”

“Well, yeah... but...”

The Porter dropped the barrel in front of him and hurriedly walked back to the ship. Like them, he did not glance at the dark alleyway or see Gutterbuhg hiding in it.

Curious, Aaron tried to pry the barrel open. Scraggy shouted a warning. “Aaron! Remember Mahootmek, God of Goodness! ‘Before body make contact with foreign object, you must cast out bad spirits!’”

Aaron ignored him. The barrel top was proving to be rather difficult, and though this wasn’t the best circumstance to try and impress Dr. Clarke, he figured the less time wasted the better. “May I call you ‘Clare’?” he asked.

She blushed slightly – or was he imagining it? “Please.”

“Well, Clare, we’ve obviously got a lot of notes to compare. Let’s get started tonight...” all or nothing now, big guy “– over dinner.”

She smiled. “I’d like that very much.”

His heart soared, and he attacked the barrel’s lid with renewed vigor. “Friend of mine owns a great little café,” he continued, unable to stop. “He’ll get us a nice quiet table. No disturbances. Just the two of us –”

At that moment, the barrel lid flied off, nearly sending Aaron off his feet. The inside was filled to the brim with old brown banana peels. Suddenly, Betsy’s head poked through the top of them.

He boggled. “Wha –?”

Scraggy sighed. “I warn you, Aaron! You must always cast out bad spirits!”

Filthy, unkempt, and wearing the same top and skirt as the night he had left, Betsy leaped from the barrel, scattering banana peels, and threw her arms around him. “My precious!” she cried happily.

Clare raised an eyebrow. “Your daughter?”

“My assistant,” he corrected.

“His girlfriend,” Betsy insisted.

“A child!” Clare said in revulsion.

“It’s nothing. Really,” he pleaded, realizing everything was going downhill for him quickly. He turned back to Betsy and pulled her off of him. “What the heck are you doing here?”

“Proving my love for you,” she said, batting her eyelashes.

“How terribly sordid,” said Clare dryly.

“Puppy love,” he insisted. “Schoolgirl crush. She’ll get over it.”

“Never,” Betsy proclaimed, placing her hands on her hips. “This proves that nothing can come between us. Not an ocean. Not two separate continents.”

“I think I’m going to be ill,” said Clare.

That brought up another point – “How... I mean... how could you stay alive?”

Betsy smiled. “Hey... I’m from Brooklyn.”

“But we’ve been sailing for three weeks!”

“Stowed away in the banana barrel. Ate my way to the bottom.”

“But then – much as I like to pretend women don’t – er – that is to say, how did you –?”

“Don’t ask.”

“Charming,” said Clare, nauseated.

Betsy jerked a thumb at her. “Hey, Aaron, who’s the babe?”

Clare stiffened. “Your intellectual and emotional superior.”

“Yeah? Well you’re gettin’ on my nerves, Miss... Miss...

Clare extended a hand, determined to remain civilized. “*Doctor* Clare Clarke.”

Betsy shook the hand, making no effort to hide her distaste. “Betsy Tuffet...”

Clare could not hide a smirk. “As in curds and whey?”

Betsy adopted her tough face. “Listen, sister... you better stay away from Aaron...”

Clare waved her off. “My dear, I’m sure he has no interest in me. I’ve already celebrated my tenth birthday.”

Aaron glared at her; Betsy didn’t need her self-esteem damaged any further. Before the girl could retort, he removed a wad of bills – badly needed expedition funds from Wyatt’s personal savings – and handed them to her. “Look, Betsy,” he said, “why don’t you get back on the boat. This time, as a passenger.”

“Too late, Aaron,” said Scraggy, pointing towards the ocean liner. It was several feet from shore and moving away fast.

Aaron steamed. “When’s the next one out?”

“Two weeks.”

Aaron grumbled. Amused, Dr. Clarke got back into the car. Aaron shoved Betsy inside, furious. This is going to ruin everything. I didn’t sign on to be a Darned babysitter.

Before he could get into the car, Gutterbuhg brushed against him, mumbling an apology. Aaron did not notice the man tossing a tiny mechanical cockroach at him, or feel the lightweight object attach itself to his trouser leg. He climbed in after Betsy. Scraggy blessed the taxi just in case, although it was not a foreign object any longer, and got into the driver’s seat.

Gutterbuhg watched the battered vehicle drive off. Then he turned and headed in the opposite direction, headed for a seedy waterfront hotel.

He walked through the dimly lit lobby, filled with dusty, tacky replicas of African furnishings. The man behind the desk was fast asleep, retreating from the midday heat. Gutterbuhg quietly turned a corner the into a narrow, decrepit hallway and walked until he came to the last doorway, room 113. He opened it with his key and entered.

It was a small, musty hotel room furnished with a single bed, a sofa, two chairs and a fireplace. Two bizarre African statues adorned the fireplace mantle. Gutterbuhg carefully locked the door and walked to the left statue. Tilting it forward, he was gratified by a mechanical, creaking sound beneath his feet. Suddenly the sofa began to move. It slid a few feet, revealing an opening beneath the floor. A staircase led into the opening. Glancing around the room one last time, Gutterbuhg descended the stairs.

He entered a large, brightly lit room, filled with various communications equipment and radio transmitters. Several Nazi soldiers, members of both the Wehrmacht and Ahnenerbe and able to wear their uniforms openly in this secret enclave, were seated before the equipment, monitoring various radio signals. One wall was covered with an enormous glass panel, behind which two long, sleek, mahogany hulled sppedboats floated in the water of another man-made chamber. Gutterbuhg would have liked the speedboats to be adorned with swastikas, but he realized how imprudent that would be. Directly beside the speedboats, two glistening brand new automobiles were parked on a stone incline. They were enormous, beautiful “woodies”, equipped with running boards and wood paneled sides.

The secret base had existed since shortly after Adolf Hitler’s rise to power. His desire to rule the world was a secret from no one who had bothered to read Mein Kampf (even the obsequiously censored English version) and although military conquests were still in the planning stages – they would be complete and successful after this this mission was accomplished – the Nazis had found it expedient from day one to insert themselves subtly into every nook and cranny of the world, and help the Aryan struggle along in whatever ways they could without causing an uproar.

He turned to Klaus, a hulking brute of a Nazi who stood in the corner and apparently sought to ruin the image of Reich perfection. He already knew what he would find. With a sigh, he pointed at Klaus’s feet and shouted, “Schnürsenkel binden Sie Ihre!”

Klaus looked down at the long string dangling from his boot. Grinning sheepishly, he knelt down to retie it.

Gutterbuhg turned to a young officer who sat at a radio receiver wearing headphones and listening for a transmission. He was about to ask the man a question, when a long shadow fell over both of them. He turned, and fear spread over his face. The shadow raised its arm in the traditional salute but did not speak. Gutterbuhg returned the movement, remembering just in time to use his right arm.

Oberleutnant Werner von Mephisto glared down at him. “Were you successful?” he demanded.

Gutterbuhg nodded timidly. With trembling fingers, he reached over and turned up the volume of the of the transmission. With just a slight amount of static, a young female voice became clear echoing through a tinny speaker: “...do you think you *are*, anyhow?”

A slightly older woman’s voice: “A respected anthropologist, who doesn’t have time to waste prattling with a conceited brat like you.”

An elderly man’s voice with a Portuguese accent: “See, Aaron, I tell you to bless barrel before opening. You see what happen?”

A younger man’s voice, clearest of all: “This is gonna be a long trip.”

Mephisto managed a pleased grunt. “That’s them, no mistake,” he said. “Keep a record of everything that is said.”

Gutterbuhg nudged the officer before him, who hurriedly began scrawling a transcription of the transmission.

Mephisto nodded. “This is better than we could have hoped for. Dr. Evans has been directly responsible for Ahnenerbe losses on many expeditions ever since its inception. The Fuhrer is very interested in his adventures. Very interested.”

Small man made lakes and palm trees surrounded the peaceful little zoo compound with its countless metal cages filled with various animals. The tigers, lions, bears and other violent creatures were kept behind these bars. But the llamas, giraffes, deer and other tame animals were free to roam the compound grounds.

“This is where I work,” Clare said, walking in with Aaron, Betsy and Scraggy in tow. “‘Parque Maravilhas Naturais’. ‘Natural Wonders Park’. Personally I don’t think it’s all that natural, but they try.”

“It’s breathtaking,” said Aaron. As Betsy tried persistently to snuggle closer to him, he pushed her away in annoyance. She tried to hold his hand, and he shook her loose. Scraggy watched them and giggled to himself.

“That it is,” Clare agreed. “There’s no place in the world I’d rather work, except maybe out in the jungle itself.” She waved to a zookeeper as he opened the lion cage. “Evening, Alvaro,” she said.

“Evening, Senhora Clarke,” he responded in a much thicker Portuguese accent than Scraggy’s. He was a Negro, but his skin was lightened by his Portuguese blood. “Just gone to see Tyki. He’s happy as a clam.”

“Glad to hear it,” she said. “That’s where we’re headed.”

A high-pitched beautiful voice, singing in an unfamiliar language, became audible. Clare walked to the far end of the compound, towards it, followed by the others. She gave a friendly pat on the head to a large chimpanzee named Bonzo as they passed him. Bonzo was about to go his separate way when he caught a whiff of something familiar and began to follow them.

Clare opened the door of a large metal cage that was obviously the source of the singing. She entered with Aaron close behind. Scraggy blessed the cage, then entered. Betsy moved to go inside, but a large hairy hand wrapped itself around her arm and pulled her back before the girl could scream.

The cage was filled with hand made wooden and bamboo furniture. Tyki, the adorable pygmy from Wyatt’s film, was inside. He was dressed only in a belted leather loin cloth and sandals and sat perched on the floor, working on a large tapestry. It depicted a colorful picture of clouds with the buildings of a large city reflected on them. As he did his work he sang pleasantly.

Upon hearing the cage door open, Tyki looked up. The moment he saw Clare a joyous smile covered his face and he ran over to her, giving her a huge hug and kiss. She returned the favor and motioned at the others. “Tyki,” she said, “this is Dr. Evans.”

Tyki extended his right hand and Aaron shook it, charmed by the civilized display of friendship. He smiled at Clare. “He’s a real gentleman.”

Clare shrugged dismissively. “Just basic manners. What it takes most men a lifetime to learn, Tyki’s accomplished in two weeks.” She pointed at Scraggy. “This is our guide, Scraggy Brier. And Miss Bets –” She paused, noticing that Betsy was gone. Then she suddenly broke into a laugh.

Everyone followed her gaze to outside the cage, where Bonzo was affectionately pulling and grabbing at Betsy, doing almost exactly what she had done to Aaron. She wrestled with him futilely, unwilling to call attention to her predicament by calling for help.

The others chuckled. “It appears that Bonzo is attracted to Miss Tuffet’s perfume,” said Clare. “Eau de Banana Peel.”

Tyki had lost interest in the visitors and gone back to his artwork. Fascinated, Aaron looks over his shoulder. “Where did you find him?”

“About ten miles from here,” said Clare. “We were on a photographic expedition in the thick of the jungle when I heard sounds. Whimpering. Moaning. I took a few steps, and found Tyki. He was lying in a shallow swamp, semi-conscious... a high fever... nearly dead from exhaustion. He had obviously been traveling on foot for many days, over countless miles. So I brought him back to the compound... nursed him back to health.”

“Hmm,” said Aaron.

“I don’t mind telling you,” she continued, “living in Africa, but especially meeting this little guy, has completely changed my outlook on things. I used to think Negroes and primitive peoples were intellectually inferior to us, like most of you Americans. But I’ve since found that’s a load of hogwash, perpetuated by an emotionally disturbed society that feels the need to constantly pat itself on the proverbial back or risk collapse.”

Aaron wasn’t listening. “Clare,” he began as he continued staring at the pygmy, “I hate to quibble with your anthropological abilities...”

“Quibble.”

“...but, if this little fellow is over 200 years old... I mean... what accounts for his youthful appearance? His vitality?”

Clare’s lips pursed into the faintest vestiges of a smile as she opened a door at the rear of the cage. To Aaron’s surprise, it led to a whole other room. He entered behind her. Scraggy stayed behind and exchanged a friendly smile with Tyki. Outside, Betsy and Bonzo rolled by on the ground, still wrestling.

It was a small, sterile room, completely bare aside from a little table in the center with a peach stone on it. A fruit fly crawled along the stone’s surface and took to the air as they approached. “Tyki was wearing this when I found him,” said Clare.

Aaron picked up the stone and examined it closely. He didn’t know what he was looking for. Maybe something, anything, to suggest that it was more than an ordinary stupid peach stone. The fruit fly buzzed around his head, as if in retaliation for disturbing its home.

Gutterbuhg huddled over the radio as if expecting it to run away, listening intently to the voices. He was furiously scribbling a transcription of his own, not willing to gamble success upon the young officer’s competence or English proficiency.

“Dr. Evans,” said the voice they had identified as Dr. Clare Clarke, “you are obviously familiar with the legend of Sun Wu-Kung’s Garden of Immortal Peaches?”

“A bite from the fruit of that peach tree would give a person eternal life,” said Aaron’s voice, sounding decidedly unimpressed. “Make them forever young.”

Gutterbuhg smiled. In his notebook he underlined the words “ forever young”.

“There’s nothing unusual about this,” Aaron decided, the fruit fly still buzzing around his head. “Nothing to indicate that it’s from Sun Wu-Kung’s garden.” The fruit fly landed on his neck. He smacked it harder than was strictly necessary.

Clare let out a yelp and ran over to him, grabbing his hand and gently removing what remained of the fly. She stared at it in disbelief, then glared at him. “This fruit fly had a normal life-span of twenty-four hours,” she said, and sighed in frustration. “As an experiment, the fly was put in this room, alone, with only the peach stone to sustain its existence. It stayed alive for three weeks.” She stared at it again. “Until now.” She flicked it against the wall.

Aaron shrugged. “Sorry.”

She frowned at him. “I was impressed by your reputation even before I spoke to Dr. Fifield. But I’m beginning to wonder –”

“Look, Wyatt never told me about any super-flies, okay?” he snapped. “Besides, it was probably just a mutation. I did the world’s compost heaps a favor.”

She was about to say something sharp in return, when they were interrupted by loud laughter in the next room. It took them a moment to realize that Scraggy and Tyki were having a discussion, in Tyki’s foreign tongue which did indeed resemble Chinese. Clare and Aaron stared at each other for a moment, and as one dashed in there.

Their ears had not deceived them; Scraggy and Tyki were chatting like old schoolmates. Clare nodded at Scraggy but addressed Aaron. “He understands him?” she asked.

It does appear that way, sister. “Scraggy knows hundreds of dialects,” he said, repeating what Wyatt had told him. “He’s the best guide in Africa.”

“But – Tyki’s language is supposed to be completely unknown.”

“Obviously not.”

“I know Chinese very well,” Scraggy said, breaking off his discussion. “This just that with some other mixed in.”

Aaron tried to hide how impressed and surprised he suddenly was at this weird black guy, but he never would have dreamed Scraggy spoke Chinese. but it was overcome by the beginnings of an infectious excitement that even he could recognize. “Ask Tyki where he came from,” he ordered.

Scraggy nodded and babbled something at Tyki in that strange language. Tyki babbled back and pointed to his tapestry.

“He say, ‘I come from Land of City on Clouds’.”

“Huh?” said Aaron, staring at the tapestry. It couldn’t possibly be a real place. “What the heck’s that s’posed to mean?” A thought struck him. “Can he take us there?”

Scraggy asked Tyki. Tyki answered. They both laughed hysterically.

“He say if he could... He would go back!” Tyki said something else. Scraggy frowned. “He say – sorry, I not entirely understand. He say ‘Pai Cho’ may help you.”

Aaron snorted. “I’m sure it would,” he said. “Too bad we don’t have one.”

Clare looked at him. “‘Pai Cho’? You know what that is?”

“The Sacred Proverbs and Writings of Sun Wu-Kung,” he explained. “His disciples always... carried it... with them...” His eyes widened. “Scraggy!” he ordered.

Scraggy was already asking Tyki the question. The pygmy nodded and removed his belt, which unraveled into a cloth scroll. He kissed it and handed it to Scraggy, who quickly blessed it before receiving and nervously pulled it open. It was filled with ancient Chinese writings and proverbs.

Aaron stared over his shoulder. They all looked like worthless scribbles to him. “Can you translate it?” he demanded.

Scraggy nodded. “It just take a bit.”

Suddenly, Betsy and Bonzo rolled into the cage on top of the scroll. Bonzo straddled Betsy, trying to move his lips towards hers as she valiantly resisted. “Get – him – off – me!” she screamed.

“Get her off the scroll!” Aaron yelled over her.

Bonzo finally managed to give Betsy a big smack on the lips. She grimaced. Stifling laughter, Clare finally began to make hand motions and sounds at the monkey. Bonzo turned and listened closely, then nodded and ran out of the cage.

Aaron and Scraggy exchanged a look of impression. Betsy wiped the kiss from her lips, whimpering. “I can handle mashers,” she muttered, “but I don’t feel right about kicking a monkey between the legs.”

“Now,” said Aaron, “get off the scroll. It’s a valuable artifact!” And my only link to saving my career.

Grumbling, Betsy got up and brushed dirt from the back of her clothes. “Lucky,” she called after Bonzo. “In the States we have laws against that sort of thing.”

Clare raised an accusatory eyebrow at Aaron, but he didn’t catch it. He was frantically trying to make sure the scroll was undamaged. Scraggy had set it out flat on the floor, so one could barely tell what had happened to it. “All right,” he said, “The Pai Cho is okay. Now, Scraggy –”

“Please, Aaron,” said Scraggy, “I am getting most hungry. Can we eat?”

“Yes, that sounds agreeable,” said Clare. “Let’s catch a bite while we do our stuff. The brain needs the stomach, you know.”

“All right,” said Aaron. “Count me in.”

“We can go to great little café you tell us about,” said Scraggy. “Just give directions.”

“Er – yeah,” Aaron stammered. “Look, my friend will probably butt into this whole thing and give us a bunch of publicity we don’t need. We can visit his place on the way home. You know this country better than me; why don’t you pick?”

Scraggy grinned. “I know just the place.”

“Goodbye, Tyki,” said Clare, exchanging another hug and kiss with the pygmy. “I’ll be back to say goodnight, okay? Have fun.” Tyki waved at them until they were out of sight.

“I know he’s a nigger an’ a savage an’ all,” said Betsy as they walked, “but still, why’ve you got him locked up in a cage like some animal? Even real animals are going free here,” she said, pausing to pet a zebra that had come to sniff her curious odor.

Clare stiffened. “Don’t use that word, please,” she said.

“Which one?”

“The ‘n’ word. I find it offensive.”

Aaron breathed a mental sigh of relief that she had been the first one to let that word slip and not him. “Yes, it’s very degrading,” he added. Geez, what a prude. “Besides, look at our fabulous guide here.” Scraggy nodded appreciatively. Well, that was true enough. The old guy had already grown on him, even if he was out of his primitive mind.

They arrived at the taxi. “As I was telling Dr. Evans,” Clare continued, opening the door, “Negroes and primitive peoples are just as smart as anyone else. There’s no reason to think –”

“Right, okay,” said Betsy. “So why the hell is he in a cage?”

Clare sighed. “It’s for his own safety,” she said. “Maybe it’s just that he’s so cute, but I get the impression he’s like a child – perfectly intelligent, mind you, but completely unaware of the evil in the ‘civilized’ world. He’s quite a curiosity, you know, and there’s always plenty of unrest in Africa, and – well, I don’t know. We *do* let him out to walk around every day, and we *are* working on improving his accommodations.”

“Such pointless considerations for a subhuman,” Gutterbuhg muttered. He turned off the radio’s external audio and, leaving the officer to conduct the transcription, walked to a small group of his men. “Mein herren,” he began, and stopped with a roll of his eyes. “Klaus! Schnürsenkel binden Sie Ihre, Dummkopf!”

The other men snickered as Klaus knelt to retie his boot once again. “It’s okay, Klaus,” said another, elbowing him. “I used to have trouble with my laces as well. Then I turned five.”

“It’s this one verdammt boot,” Klaus grunted. “It’s defective.”

“Silence! It is finally time for action,” Gutterbuhg continued. “We need that scroll, that ‘Pie Choke’ or whatever it is. It could be the key to the pygmy’s city.”

“I did not hear them say where exactly they are going,” said one of his men.

“Maybe they have by now. But it does not matter. Our spies will be there, as everywhere else, and anyway I do not wish to risk a public confrontation, at least not yet.”

“So, we can have one of them grab it.”

“I did not offer my men to this operation so they could be dragged to the level of pickpockets,” Gutterbuhg said. “We are going to put our own expertise into this. And we are going to see if the little black Ungeziefer is really as safe in his cage as Dr. Clarke likes to think.”

# 5

“Hi, welcome to Dashiell’s American Bar and Grill,” said the handsome blonde man, confirming the words of the flashing neon sign on the stylish Mozambique nightclub. “I’m Dashiell and yes, that’s my first name. Comes from the French surname ‘de Chiel’. What can I do for you?”

“Table for four, away from the hubbub, please,” said Aaron. He knew his plan to dine alone with Clare wouldn’t work even if she had forgiven him for the thing with Betsy, because she would be more anxious to hear Scraggy’s translation than he was.

“Coming right up. And if there’s anything else I can do to make your experience here more enjoyable, sport, don’t hesitate to ask.” He gave them a million-dollar smile what penetrated the smoky, dimly-lit air. His hair was wavy, his eyes were dazzling powder blue, and his dimpled face had obviously never suffered a pimple. His physique was thin but muscular. They were the sort of looks that posed a great danger – carried one way, they made you appear a douchebag; another, and they exuded the sort of charisma that made everyone like you. Dashiell fell firmly into the latter category.

“Thanks,” said Aaron. “Will do.”

“Right this way,” said Dashiell. He stepped out from behind the counter and began walking.

As they followed, Aaron looked more closely at the room. It was filled with cloth covered tables and, in spite of its name, ornamental African furnishings. A nine piece Negro jazz band played the latest swing tunes while a few couples swayed on the dance floor. The place was swarming with mostly white tourists, but there was something strange about them, and not just the fact that Aaron felt inexplicably nervous every time one of them looked at him.

“Right here,” said Dashiell, indicating the table at the back of the restaurant. He pulled out two chairs for the ladies first and gestured for them to sit. “What lovely creatures you have in tow,” he said to Aaron and Scraggy. “Dates?”

“No thanks,” said Scraggy. “Raisins, yes, if you have them.”

“We’re colleagues,” Clare insisted before Aaron could say anything else.

“In that case, forgive me –” said Dashiell, and he grabbed Clare’s hand and gave it a resounding kiss. Betsy stared, dumbfounded, as he did the same to her. “Colleagues have changed since my day,” he added, and handed them each a menu. “Would you like something to drink for starters?”

“Wine,” said Aaron.

“Coke,” said Scraggy.

“Wine,” said Betsy.

“Coffee,” said Clare.

Clare frowned at Betsy. “Are you sure you’re old enough to be consuming alcoholic beverages?”

Betsy made a face. “I’ll have you know I’m twenty-one years old, *Doctor* Clarke.”

“All right,” said Dashiell, “I’ll be back in a jiffy. I’m afraid it’s a busy night, as you see, but I’ll do my best.”

“Thank you,” said Aaron.

As soon as he was out of earshot, Clare began giggling like a schoolgirl. “He’s charming,” she said dreamily.

“Like the sun is hot,” Betsy agreed, her animosity forgotten.

“All right, all right,” said Aaron. “We don’t need him sticking his perfectly shaped nose in our affair, you know. Get ready to order as soon as he comes back so we can get down to business.”

Clare raised an eyebrow at his transparent jealousy, but did study the menu. “Why’d we have to pick an American place? Are you tourists too chicken to try some authentic cuisine?”

“My decision,” Scraggy reminded her. “Sorry. I think they like American food.”

“So sorry,” said Clare, “I just meant –”

“Here you are, folks,” said Dashiell, bringing a tray with the drinks. “How’d I do?”

Aaron glanced at his watch. “I wasn’t keeping track, he said, “but that couldn’t have been more than forty-five seconds.”

“Darn, I’m out of it tonight,” Dashiell said. “Well, here you go anyway. Have you folks decided?”

“In forty-five seconds?” said Clare incredulously.

“Let’s just all have steak,” said Aaron. “Medium rare. That okay?”

“Fine,” Clare grumbled. “How this exotic fare doth tempt mine palate.”

“Is it zebra steak or something?” asked Betsy.

“No,” Dashiell laughed. “Just boring old cows here.”

“Good. Zebras are cute. Cows are smelly.”

“Any appetizers?”

“We’re good,” said Aaron.

“Come on, Dr. Evans,” said Clare, “God knows how long we’ll be eating in the jungle.”

“Fine. Breadsticks with marinara for everyone. If that’s all right?”

Everyone nodded or shrugged assent. Dashiell grinned. “Excellent choices,” he said. “I’ll get right on it.” He left.

“Holy smoke, Dr. Evans, the scroll isn’t going to run away on us,” snapped Clare as soon as he was gone. “Do you have to try to alienate everyone you meet?”

“Just anxious to discover the secrets of forgotten history,” he said. “Can we get a look at it now, Scraggy?” Scraggy nodded and brought it out. Aaron put on his spectacles, fortunately having remembered to leave them in his pocket. There had never been a better time for them.

“What’s so special about this scroll?” asked Betsy as Scraggy brought it out and unrolled it.

“Sun Wu-Kung run like fire,” Scraggy began. “He journey to Many Monkey Land, to build his final empire.”

“Who’s Sun Wu-Kung?” asked Betsy.

“Many Monkey Land,” said Aaron. “That’s a definite reference to Africa. They couldn’t have known about the Americas then.” Maybe this won’t be so hard after all.

“Africa?” said Betsy. “He journeyed to Africa?”

“That confirms our suspicions that he may have formed his civilization here,” said Clare.

“What civilization?”

“Betsy, keep your trap shut,” snapped Aaron. “This doesn’t concern you.” You ruined my first shot with Clare, and now you’re going to be a burden this whole trip so don’t get a head start now.

“Fine,” she said, clearly insulted. “Terrific. Who cares about this stuff anyway! We’re in a nightclub. We should be havin’ fun.” She grabbed his hand. “C’mon, Aaron. Let’s dance.”

“Later.”

“What a buncha’ stiffs!” she said, looking over the table in disbelief. She fixed her gaze on Clare and adopted a condescending tone. “Bet you can’t dance,” she said.

Clare pursed her lips and decided to humor the girl. “Quite the contrary,” she said. “I spent several months studying dance.”

Betsy scoffed. “Oh yeah? Whatta you know? The Bunny Hop? The Jitterbug?”

Clare shook her head. “The Bondogea. The Kyebe Kyebe. The Dungumaro.”

“Huh?”

“African tribal dances.”

“Never heard of ‘em.”

“Of course not. They’re beyond the spectrum of your microscopic world.”

“Oh yeah, well –”

“Here you go, folks,” said Dashiell, setting their meals down. Aaron quickly shoved the scroll under the table and tried to act casual, wishing he’d had time to take his glasses off. “Careful, they’re hot. Remember, anything at all I can do, just ask. Bom apetite.” He kissed his fingers like a French chef and sauntered off.

“Remind me to give him a huge tip,” said Clare. “He’s magnificent.”

Betsy glared at her. “Now, where was I? Oh yeah –”

“Trap. Shut,” said Aaron firmly, not even looking at her.

Betsy gulped down her glass of wine in annoyance and refilled it. Her annoyance was completely directed towards Clare, not him. That stuck-up know-it-all prick was driving a wedge between her and Aaron at a time when she needed all the help she could get to be close to him again. She looked at him pretending – though she didn’t know that – to deeply concentrate on the scrolls. Under the table, her foot surreptitiously made its way across the floor and rested on his leg. She began to rub it back and forth, coming within an inch of the mechanical bug still attached to his trousers.

Aaron glared at her. Not now, kid.

Clare reached for her cup of coffee and noticed it was trembling slightly. She looked under the table and saw Betsy rubbing Aaron’s leg. Disgusted, she shot him a scowl of disapproval.

“It’s not what it looks like –” he began.

He was interrupted by a hand on his shoulder. Dashiell had approached without any of them noticing, and he flashed them his trademark smile again. “Enjoying your dinners?” he asked.

Everyone nodded and murmured, “Yes, very much, thank you.”

“Yeah,” said Aaron, “this steak is very –”

Dashiell grabbed him by the front of the shirt and pulled him halfway out of his chair, ignoring the others’ startled gapes. “Watch yourself, sport,” he snarled, suddenly looking much less friendly. “Talk to me like that again and I’ll have your ass on the pavement outside before you see me coming.”

Aaron sputtered. “Hey – what the devil is your –”

Dashiell leaned in close, until their noses were touching. “Watch yourself, sport,” he repeated, lowering his voice but maintaining his growl. “Most of the talk here tonight is about you. And it isn’t good.”

Aaron’s eyes darted around Dashiell’s face and across the room at the various tourists. Many of them were staring at him until he looked at them, although that could have been accounted for by what Dashiell was doing. And then he realized what was so odd about them. Aside from the couples dancing, almost all of them were men.

“I have no idea what you’ve done to all these people,” Dashiell continued. “But they are certainly no friends of yours.” Although he was keeping up the tough-guy act, his eyes betrayed worry. Aaron felt the same, more so with every passing moment, but flashed him a confident smile.

“Thanks,” he said.

“Anytime, sport.” Dashiell pushed him back into his chair, stood up, and raised his voice again. “You’re getting off this time, sport, because I don’t want to disturb the ladies. But cross me again – you understand?” He drew a finger across his larynx and stomped off.

“What on earth was that about?” demanded Clare.

“He doesn’t like my face,” said Aaron, in a voice clearly indicating he would like that matter dropped. There was no need to get everybody all riled up.

The jazz band launched into a rousing rendition of “Night and Day” as the baritone lead crooned.

“I love this song,” said Betsy, swigging some more wine. “Music’s one thing nig– I mean Negroes are good at, anyway.”

“Betsy –” Clare warned.

Aaron had been thinking the same thing, but he tried to avert the impending facilities. “Maybe you’re right, we shouldn’t have come here,” he told Clare. “I know I didn’t travel halfway across the world to hear Cole Porter.”

Richard Welles

Alvaro Njagi lit a cigarette, his second on this shift. He loved working with animals, and with Dr. Clarke, and recently, with Tyki. The little pygmy had stolen his heart as everyone else, and provided hours of entertainment. And while the zoo was hardly swimming in loot, by this country’s standards he was earning a fortune. That was why he’d reluctantly moved to night shifts only, so some less fortunate sod could get a chance to support his family. He still enjoyed the feeling that he was doing something to help nature and the pursuit of knowledge, as well as his fellow man now, but he found nights to be painfully boring. Tyki and most of the animals slept, and of course there were no visitors. Nothing ever happened.

He paced idly in front of the lion cage, watching the big cat snore, ruffling its mane with its own meat-scented breath. Such bliss, he thought. For all the violence and competition in the animal kingdom, its members knew no sin. They did not have to rely on arbitrary human creations like job markets and economies to fill their stomachs, and they did not have to annihilate one another to settle disagreements. This lion could not have cared less about the Great Depression or, if he had been alive, the Great War before that. He ate and slept just the same.

Alvaro smiled self-deprecatingly. Such thoughts had been more commonplace lately, as he tried to occupy his mind. Maybe after Dr. Clarke finished her expedition, she’d have time to finish teaching him how to read.

He decided to go check on Tyki. The little fellow was so cute when he slept. Alvaro turned and started through the row of cages when a slight movement caught the corner of his eye. Probably just an insomniac animal, of course, but it was his job to make sure. He turned back and waved his flashlight back and forth, squinting into the darkness. Nothing there. Perhaps a deer twitching in its sleep.

Then, before he knew what was happening, three humanoid figures loomed before him, walking purposefully in his direction. He was unnerved, but quickly scolded himself for his hesitance and found his voice. “Who’s there?” he demanded. “Zoo’s closed!”

The figures did not reply, nor did they slow down.

Instantly wary, his hand went to his holster. He had never shot so much as a rabbit; but he was more than prepared to use his weapon now if necessary. “Hold it right there and identify yourselves,” he warned, “or I’ll shoot!”

Finally they stopped. He stepped a bit closer, trying to get them into focus, but still wary. Then, with a slight creaking noise, the middle figure raised its right arm and pointed an index finger straight at him.

“Who’s there?” he demanded again. “Speak or I’ll –”

Suddenly his gun and flashlight flew from his fingers as he went into a spasm and flailed like a sailor in a whirlpool. His knees buckled and he collapsed to the ground. A moment later the pain registered, excruciating beyond anything he had ever experienced, and the fringe of the light’s beam heartlessly revealed to him his own blood spilling onto the dirt.

The three figures surrounded him, but he could not crane his neck to see past their jackboot-clad ankles. A voice, harsh not only because of its thick German accent, whispered “Verstecken des Körpers, schnell!” Even if the man had spoken in English or Portuguese, Alvaro Njagi would not have understood the words at this point. The last thing to register in his mind was that one of the men had a boot untied.

Tyki awoke with a start, a cold sweat covering his small body. He groped for one of the candles he had been provided with and struggled to light it in the darkness. Something was not right, he could feel it. He had been dreaming peacefully of a triumphant return home, and of telling his family and friends of his adventures in this strange world. Then, the dream had been shattered by a distressed grunt he knew as Alvaro’s, and whispered words in a voice he had never heard before, but that had sent shivers down his spine. When one lived in the jungle, one’s senses became quite attuned to such things, and one learned quickly not to ignore them. Or one died.

The candle finally flickered to life, illuminating his nearly-finished tapestry and bringing him some small comfort. He would get there someday, and this night, whatever it entailed in the end, would be but an unpleasant memory. He stroked it fondly. Then he became aware of footsteps, nearly as silent as cat treads, making their way in his direction. Three adult humans, he calculated, walking together in a uniform rhythm. And with the sort of instinct that goes beyond the senses and can neither be taught nor understood by scientists, he felt there was something hostile in their gait. His hand reached for the stone dagger beneath his loincloth.

After what seemed an eternity, the men were in front of his cage. Well, they couldn’t get in here, thank goodness. Only Clare, Alvaro and a few others had the key to the lock. But one of the men fiddled with it for a moment, and it snapped off like a stick and fell to the ground. The door swung open and they stepped in.

Gutterbuhg smiled as wickedly as he could at the pygmy. “Guten nacht, mein freund,” he whispered.

Tyki had no idea what that meant, but he knew he was in the presence of evil. Knowing he could not articulate himself any better, he simply growled like a trapped tiger as he got to his feet and raised the dagger over his head.

Gutterbuhg ignored him and raised his arm again, eliciting another creak. Bullets flew from the muzzle of his index finger, fitted with a silencer for tonight; ripping a crooked, tattered line through the beautiful tapestry and the wall behind it. He continued shooting until the cartridge was empty, then replaced it with another in a single, flawless motion and aimed at the stunned pygmy. A marvelous creation, in deed. After Hohlbein had done the tedious and difficult work of attaching the arm properly, it had been child’s play to add the gun. Mephisto had kept the poor Arzt in the dark about how his work was to be used, seeing as doctors were notorious pacifists.

Trembling, Tyki dropped the dagger and raised his hands as the Germans closed in on him.

Invisible to the others as they studied the map, Betsy poured herself the last of the wine. Aaron hadn’t touched his portion and she had drunk for the both of them. She had also begun singing along with the band: “Night and day, day and night, why is it so... that this longing for you follows wherever I go...” Beneath the table, she continued to rub her foot against Aaron’s leg.

He ignored her with everyone else, as Scraggy continued to translate: “With his Golden Hooped Rod and its powerful lightning rays, Sun Wu-Kung build Water Curtain Cave, where he live for 500 days.”

“The rhyming’s a nice touch,” Aaron said.

“Thank you,” said Scraggy.

“The Golden Hooped Rod?” said Clare.

“A heavenly staff with many different powers,” Aaron recited. “Most notably, it had the ability to transform itself into hundreds of objects. If it were real, it would be the most priceless treasure of Sun Wu-Kung’s empire.”

“I know what it is,” she snapped. “D’you think I’d launch an expedition to find his bloody city without doing a little research of my own first?”

“Then why’d you ask?”

“I just can’t believe it, is all.”

“Look, the Pai Cho is a great find, but you can’t assume everything in it is gospel truth. It’s quite possible this artifact exists, but its supposed powers are another matter.”

Clare didn’t argue. Instead she asked, “What about the Water Curtain Cave?”

“Sun Wu-Kung’s legendary hideout; an enormous secret cave hidden behind a running waterfall.”

Clare kneaded her eyebrows in exasperation. “I *know* what that is too, Dr. Evans. What I mean is, what do we make of it?” She reached for her coffee and found the cup and saucer still trembling. She peeked under the table and saw Betsy’s foot still rubbing Aaron’s leg. She gave a revolted grumble to both of them, but Betsy continued to sing and Aaron was excitedly ignoring her.

“This proves that the Water Curtain Cave exists in Africa,” he said.

“Brilliant, Sherlock,” said Clare. “I think we established that.”

He still ignored her, but bristled slightly. “Does it mention anything else about Sun Wu-Kung’s African travels?”

Scraggy scanned the scroll. He shrugged. “Not much. Only place called... ‘Twisted Snake Water’.”

“The Zambesi River!” Clare shouted. She smiled sheepishly at the glaring patrons and lowered her voice. “It has a reputation for its deadly water snakes,” she continued.

“But, could ‘twisted snake’ be a reference to a river’s shape, instead?” Aaron wondered, happy to finally be able to contribute something real.

Scraggy shook his head. “Wrong context,” he explained. Clare gave Aaron an “I-told-you-so” look. He made a face. It had been a matter of luck for her, this time.

“It would have been Sun Wu-Kung’s logical path,” she said.

“It will also be our logical path,” Aaron concluded, and they shared a smile. Something else occurred to him, though. “Scraggy, see if there’s any clues in the specific wording of stuff, you know, stuff that might have been lost in translation. Especially with the rhyming, awesome though that was.”

Scraggy gawked. “Aaron, my Chinese not *that* good.”

“Well, at least try, if you could,” said Aaron. Finally, he turned his attention to Betsy. Seeing she was clearly too drunk to pay him any heed, he tried to slap her foot away. But his hand brushed something else. What the –? He groped at his leg. There was something tiny and metal stuck on it. He tried to flick it off, then pull it, but it refused to budge.

Clare stared at Aaron, who appeared from her angle to be playing with Betsy’s foot. Why was it that, just when they were on friendly terms again, he always insisted on ruining it? “Please try to control that monstrous libido of yours!” she snapped.

The mechanical cockroach finally popped free of his trousers and he lifted it above the table. Now, what on earth is this? Something out of a science fiction magazine... Though it was like nothing he’d seen before, he came to the conclusion that it had to be some sort of bug. In any case, it gave him the creeps. And he realized someone knew they were here, and probably what they were up to, and that someone was up to no good. Clare was about to ask him a question, but he motioned her to be silent. He grabbed a napkin and a pencil and wrote out, *We have to get back. Tyki may be in danger.*

He quickly shelled out a stack of bills that looked like it would cover the evening’s fare, and dragged Betsy to her tipsy feet as the rest of them got up. As they hurried out as fast as they nonchalantly could, he contemplated the bug. We don’t want that little doohickey dogging our heels.

At the Nazi secret base, the radio officer had turned up the volume as far as it would go and was straining to hear them. Everyone had suddenly gone silently following some loud swishing and scratching noises, which suggested to him that the bug had been discovered, but he had to keep trying.

Aaron nonchalantly sidled past the trumpet player and dropped the bug into his instrument as he hit a piercing high note. If the device had been two-way, they would have heard the officer screaming as his eardrums throbbed in sudden agony.

Bound and gagged, Tyki walked out of the compound with a pair of German Lugers and one very unnatural limb at his back. It pleased Gutterbuhg to see the fear in his eyes, to see the miserable creature put in its place. The Fatherland was, fortunately, not plagued with Negroes as it was Jews, and it had been able to deal with that problem much sooner. Earlier this year, hundreds of children of mixed African-German descent in the Rhineland had been sterilized, and with any luck those in the rest of Germany were soon to follow.

How could anyone speak of racial equality? Their skin was a curse from God, leveled on them to mark them apart from true humans, that much was obvious. But creatures like the one before him were the worst. Hideously stunted in stature, and unbelievably unearthly and savage. It sickened Gutterbuhg to think that such a wonder as Sun Wu-Kung’s Garden of Eternal Peaches could be in the hands of such nightmarish disasters of evolution.

Suddenly, Klaus tripped over something, and it wasn’t his own shoelace. The startled fawn blinked sleep from its eyes and rose to its feet as it stared at the intruders, but did not try to run. It was completely accustomed to receiving affection and handouts from the zoo visitors, and although this had never happened at night it decided to adapt to the situation. A flash of inspiration hit Gutterbuhg. He latched on to Tyki’s arm with his good hand and shouted “Zugreifen!” to Arnold, who grabbed the baby deer by the neck. “Now,” he continued to Klaus, “break its neck.”

Klaus turned pale as he looked into the fawn’s suddenly scared and confused little eyes. He had never questioned an order before, but he could not bring himself to follow this one. “What for, Wachtmeister?” he pleaded. “It won’t hurt us.” Even Arnold was looking slightly uncomfortable.

“Ach, so,” Gutterbuhg agreed. This was the reaction he had expected, and he would turn it into a teaching moment, to mold his men into more dedicated and unflappable pillars of the Reich. “Das Reh will not hurt us, you are correct. But I see it as a metaphor for the Jews, and gypsies, and all other non-Aryan races or inferior creatures. When they are not actively trying to undermine and subvert the Fatherland’s progress to its destined glory, they provide, like this animal, a treacherous obstacle by their mere existence. One cannot afford to have qualms about dealing with them, and I have often sensed that you do. Bitte, prove me wrong.”

Klaus looked at the trembling fawn again. It would be so simple for a man of his strength to reach out and do the deed, and he feared the retribution if he did not. Why had he ever taken this job? Join the Wehrmacht, they’d said. Get the Damen, they’d said. “Couldn’t I just shoot it?” he pleaded.

Gutterbuhg hesitated. His men’s Lugers were too small to be outfitted with the bulky silencers. Still, they were almost home free, and in a way he sympathized with Klaus’s reluctance. Berlin wasn’t built in a day; there would be future teaching experiences. “Ja, fine. But schnell!”

Klaus leveled his weapon at the fawn’s forehead. He could do this. It would be just like hunting. Maybe the deer hated its life here in the zoo and they would be doing it a favor. Heck, all animals went to heaven didn’t they? That would beat this place by a long shot no matter what it was like. His finger tightened on the trigger.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you.”

They spun around. Several yards away, peeking around the corner of Tyki’s cage with a gun pointed straight at Klaus, was Aaron Evans. Klaus dropped his Luger and raised his hands, trying to hide his relief. Arnold released the fawn, which ran away as fast as its hooves could carry it.

“Then again, maybe I would,” Aaron continued, not moving from his protected spot. “You seem like utter bastards to me.”

Gutterbuhg laughed, a sound that chilled even his men. “It takes one to know one,” he said in perfect English, pointing his right arm at the American.

There was the muffled sound of something splitting the air at high velocity, but at the same moment something grabbed Aaron by the neck and yanked him behind the cage’s corner. He felt something part the hairs of his arm as it whizzed by.

Clare released him. He stared at her in disbelief, then annoyance. “I told you to stay in the car!”

It was her turn to be disbelieving. She opened her mouth, trying to come up with a suitably scathing retort, but Gutterbuhg’s voice boomed out at them. “Ah, Doktors Clarke and Evans!” he said. “Just the people I wanted to see. We found your little pet here and were just on our way to return him to you, for a small price.”

“They have Tyki?” Clare whispered, her eyes widening.

Aaron nodded. “I’m afraid so.” To Gutterbuhg he called, “All right! What do you want?”

“Just a bit of compensation for our troubles. Say, the Pai Cho. Yes, I know it’s an irreplaceable artifact, but surely it’s nothing to the life of this – er, thing?”

Clare bristled. “Whoever this guy is, he needs a kick in the balls.”

“Tell me about it,” Aaron said, half to himself. “So what if Tyki’s a nigger. He’s so cute! I don’t see how –”

“My patience grows short, Doktors! Are these terms agreeable?”

“Yes!” yelled Clare. “I have the Pai Cho right here.” She pulled out the scroll and held it around the corner of the cage. “We’re coming out! Don’t shoot!”

They left their hiding place and headed towards the three intruders. Aaron noticed that the right arm of the man who had been shouting was mechanical and apparently a machine gun. That explained what had happened, but how the devil was it possible? He looked at Tyki. The poor little guy was terrified. Looked like this expedition was over before it had started. Visions of regaining Dean Coventry’s trust and job security began to fade.

Klaus smiled at the fact that their objective had been achieved without bloodshed. Well, except for that night guard, he thought with a twinge of guilt, but that was just a nigger. He brushed the thought from his mind and bent to retrieve his Luger, but it wasn’t there. He frowned and scanned the surrounding ground but it was nowhere to be seen. He hadn’t thrown it, had he?

Gutterbuhg practically licked his thin lips with anticipation. What fools these people were. As soon as the scroll was in his hands he would gun them both down and be rid of all witnesses. Then they would find that other fool who was with them – Scraggy, that was him – and force him to help translate for both the scroll and their little captive. The little girl – Betsy – she could stay and rot in this godforsaken country for all he cared.

Tyki saw Clare and the new man holding out the Pai Cho as they approached and he realized this was all his fault. He had given it to them, and now they were being forced to give it up because of him. He didn’t know who these men were, but he knew they could not be allowed to find his home. Whatever they did there wouldn’t be good. Something had to be done, and right now.

Clare stopped a few feet from the men. “You’ll need our help with this,” she said, but the last-ditch effort sounded pathetic even to her own ears.

“Don’t play games, my dear,” Gutterbuhg snapped, holding his gun arm straight at Tyki’s temple. “We have our own experts ready to tackle the job. They know every bit as much about these subjects as you think you do. Now please, hurry.”

Reluctantly Clare started forward again. Gutterbuhg released his left-handed grip on Tyki and reached out to take the scroll –

And then Tyki’s skull rammed into his solar plexus with all the strength the pygmy could muster. Still bound, he broke off into an awkward run, his impaired hands firing randomly behind his back with Klaus’s Luger which he had subtly picked up with his feet when no one was looking. The Germans dove to the ground, and Clare and Aaron followed suit.

Gutterbuhg was the first to his feet. He fired a half-hearted volley at the pair that sent dirt spraying into their faces, and then raced off after Tyki with his two men close behind. Aaron struggled to get up himself and raised his gun, but the men ran in and out of several rows of cages. “Crud,” he said, starting to run after them.

“The car!” shouted Clare. “We can get them in the car!”

They ran to the zoo entrance, where Scraggy’s Model T waited. Scraggy looked up expectantly. Betsy was in the back seat by herself, starting her song over for the second time; “Like the beat beat beat of the tom-tom, when the jungle shadows fall...”

Clare nearly tore the door from its hinges as she jumped in next to Betsy. Aaron just leaped onto the running board like he’d seen in movies. “Step on it, Scraggy!” he yelled. “We’ve got a pygmy to rescue and some nasty guys to run over!”

The noisy car tore through the compound, leaving a trail of sleepy and annoyed animals in its wake. Scraggy took a shortcut between two cages that scraped a layer of paint from one side of the car. Aaron, on the other side, cursed again. And then they were at the edge of the compound, on the waterfront. Countless rows of long, wooden docks lined the marina, and on one of them they saw their three intruders running to a waiting speedboat with its motor running. And Tyki was in their possession once again.

Gutterbuhg looked up at the noise and headlights of the approaching vehicle. He did not know who it was and assumed the authorities were already on their trail. “Los! Shnell!” he snapped at the driver, a pudgy man named Rudolf. He climbed into the boat and pushed Tyki to the floor of it. The boat shot forward, moving beneath the dock.

Scraggy’s car followed above before Aaron could tell him to stop. The dock was in nearly as bad condition as the car, and he wondered which would shake to pieces first. He saw the speedboat through the wide openings in the dock’s slated boards and tried to fire at it, but they zipped by underneath and his bullets embedded themselves in the wood.

“What are you thinking?” Clare screamed hysterically. “You’ll hit Tyki!” Aaron cursed himself. He hadn’t thought of that. Gutterbuhg, suffering no similar inhibitions, returned fire with his arm, sending bullets straight through the wood and and showering Aaron with splinters. The side mirror in front of him went flying into the water and, inside the car, bullets pierced the floor and whizzed between Betsy and Clare. Clare was too terrified to speak. Betsy convulsed with laughter.

Scraggy instantly began swerving the car to present a more difficult target, nearly taking it over the edge of the narrow dock. But he did not take his foot from the gas, and they were less than twenty feet from the end. Gutterbuhg saw this too and smiled, knowing he was almost free. They would bring the boat back around and make short work of their pursuers.

Aaron’s suitcase bounced around the car and burst open, spilling his rope out the window all over him. As he struggled to disentangle himself without falling, an inspiration hit him. It was the craziest idea he had ever had while sober, so he quickly decided not to think about that or else it would certainly never work. “When I tell you,” he yelled to Scraggy, “hit the brakes!” Scraggy nodded.

The end of the dock came closer – closer – Clare covered her eyes, wondering if both men in their company had suddenly gone mad. Between giggles and hiccups, Betsy sang, “Night and day, you are the one, only you beneath the moon or under the sun...”

Aaron looked down at the blur of the speedboat beneath, and back at the approaching dock edge. He tried to calculate their own speed and that of the boat and work something out from that, but he’d failed physics miserably in high school. Was it completely down to luck, then? He couldn’t believe he was doing this for a black midget he’d met three hours ago. He waited until what seemed like the last possible moment, then he waited some more, then he yelled, “Now, Scraggy!”

Scraggy’s foot pushed the brake pedal to the floor. He nearly broke his face on the dashboard and Betsy and Clare both flew into the back of his seat. But Aaron flew farther and faster. This isn’t working, he realized as the dark sea came up to meet him. What on earth had he been thinking? Then the boat appeared underneath him and he landed on it.

He had no time to wonder why he hadn’t broken his neck before a Luger was being raised to his face. He shoved it aside and punched the jaw of its owner. Arnold’s head cracked off the deck and, as he had already borne the brunt of a human projectile, he was instantly out cold. He lifted his own gun, but then a meaty fist landed in his own face, splitting both lips against his teeth and sending stars into his range of vision. Klaus pulled the American off of his comrade and tried to wrestle away his weapon; Tyki had disposed of the Luger somewhere before they caught up with him.

Gutterbuhg scowled at them. So, Dr. Evans was persistent, but this was a suicidal gesture on his part. Gutterbuhg raised his arm, but they moved too quickly and he could not get a clear shot. Rudolf looked over his shoulder at the combatants, but Gutterbuhg yelled at him to watch where he was going and to bring the boat back around.

The Model T’s front wheels hung over the edge of the dock, and the slightest movement threatened to send it plunging the rest of the way. Slowly, cautiously, its passengers got out. This was rather more difficult for Scraggy, who had to climb over the front seats, but he managed with an agility shocking in one his age. Clare slumped to the dock and tried to catch her breath, knees shaking uncontrollably. Betsy laughed again. “About time we had some fun!” she said, and suddenly vomited into the water.

Scraggy saw the boat making a U-turn in the distance, and Aaron fighting with a big man, both struggling to keep their balance. “Bad spirits have Aaron!” he told the women. “He in trouble! Big trouble!” Before they could protest, he ran back towards the compound.

Aaron had already used the big man’s own momentum against him to gain a momentary advantage, but Klaus had quickly overcome it through sheer strength and superior training. He forced the American to the floor of the boat and grabbed his wrist, bending it sharply. Aaron cried out in pain and kneed him in the gut. Klaus barely felt it, but did release the pressure before Aaron’s wrist broke. Then suddenly he slammed the American’s arm into the side so that his tenderized wrist made direct contact with the edge. Aaron involuntarily released his grip, and his gun went flying into the sea.

A bound Tyki watched helplessly. He wished his friends wouldn’t try to rescue him. He’d already calculated that these men were far too powerful. Now Dr. Evans was going to die, and the rest would soon follow. The same thoughts crossed Gutterbuhg’s mind, but to him they were pleasing. With this impetuous fool out of the way, Dr. Clarke would surely see reason and hand over the Pai Cho before anyone else got hurt.

Klaus raised Aaron by his neck and drew back a fist, preparing to belt him overboard. Gutterbuhg took careful aim. Rudolf turned around once again to see the American get his just deserts. Irritated, Gutterbuhg slapped him over the head. “Dummkopf,” he said, “I told you – Scheiße!”

Rudolf’s head snapped around and he took the boat into a sharp turn, inches from the side of an ocean liner. Klaus stumbled and fell into the sea, still gripping Aaron’s neck.

The frigid water shocked them both. Aaron felt something between his legs shrinking significantly, and the rope, which he had forgotten was wrapped around him, contracted and squeezed all over his limbs and torso. Then he saw Klaus right next to him, in a similar state of shock. Their eyes met. Klaus’ seethed with rage. And then a dawning recognition came into them.

Aaron realized the same thing a second later; they were being sucked into the ocean liner’s propellers.

They both started swimming for all they were worth, but neither got anywhere. Aaron’s muscles started screaming almost immediately and he wondered, briefly, if he preferred this or the experience beneath Baron Seagrove’s castle. Klaus was stronger, but he quickly began to tire as well. Inch by gruesome inch, they were both drawn inexorably closer to the whirling steel blades.

Gutterbuhg watched helplessly from a distance in his idling speedboat. The loss of one man would be worthwhile to have gotten rid of that nuisance, he decided. And besides, once this mission was complete the Wehrmacht, and the whole of the Reich, would never suffer a loss again. He’d never be able to finish teaching Klaus now, but then, maybe he just wasn’t meant to be one of them.

Their drift carried them past a dangling anchor, and they both grabbed it at the same time. The anchor line stretched and went taut, and Aaron could feel that his feet were only about a foot from the propellers. But hey, a foot was something to be thankful for. His muscles sighed with relief but began to scream again almost instantly as they were stretched almost to their breaking point against the suction.

He smiled at Klaus. “Well, pal, looks like we’re going to make it,” he said.

The big man said nothing, but simply pulled a switchblade from his pocket, being jerked back still further as the strength of his grip was reduced by half, and hacked at the fingers of Aaron’s left hand. Aaron screamed as agony

Klaus PULLS a

switchblade from his pocket. He ATTACKS Indy’s CLENCHED FINGERS with

the knife. Indy begins to LOSE HIS GRIP. His body INCHES toward the

propellers. Klaus RAISES the knife, to FINISH OFF Indiana...

But Klaus’ UNTIED SHOELACE dangles beside the propellers. The shoelace

CATCHES a spinning blade. The SHOCKED Nazi is pulled INTO THE

PROPELLERS!

Indiana TURNS AWAY, holding TIGHTLY to the anchor. A BLOOD RED CLOUD

surges through the surrounding water. Indiana CLIMBS the anchor to

safety.

ABOVE WATER

Indiana SURFACES. Taking a GULP of air. Suddenly, the water in front

of him erupts with MACHINE GUN FIRE. Indiana SEES

GOTTERBUHG! He has PARKED the Nazi speedboat only a FEW FEET AWAY.

Gutterbuhg SMILES, pointing his FINGER at the helpless Indiana. A

SITTING DUCK. Gutterbuhg SMILES.

GUTTERBUHG

Goodnight, Doctor Jones.

There is a LOUD GUNSHOT! Gutterbuhg’s mechanical arm is HIT BY A

BULLET! Pieces of SPRING, METAL and SPROCKETS fly from the wound.

Gutterbuhg TURNS. FURIOUS.

DASHIELL, the nightclub owner, is a few feet away. He is driving a

sleek SPEEDBOAT, its side adorned with the AMERICAN FLAG. Dashiell

points a PISTOL at Gutterbuhg, ready to take ANOTHER SHOT...

With a ROAR, The Nazi speedboat DRIVES AWAY! Toward a CLUSTER OF

DOCKS! Indiana CLIMBS into Dashiell’s speedboat.

DASHIELL

Scraggy said you might be needing

some help, sport.

Dashiell HITS the gas. TEARING after the Nazis.

A FRENZIED, HIGH SPEED CHASE BEGINS! Through the DARKNESS. Beneath the

ROWS OF DOCKS. The speedboats face countless OBSTACLES. They SWERVE

around a virtual forest of wooden poles, which FLY BY AT BREAKNECK

SPEED! The men DUCK and DODGE dangling FISH HOOKS and NETS. Many paths

are BLOCKED by the wooden RAFTS and ROWBOATS. (NOTE: Because of the

darkness, these obstacles APPEAR only when they are a FEW FEET AHEAD

of the speedboats. This makes the chase completely SURPRISING and

SCARY, causing a FUNHOUSE effect.)

Throughout the chase, Indiana and the Nazis continue to exchange

GUNFIRE. A frustrated Gutterbuhg CAN’T SHOOT. His mechanical-machine

gun arm rendered USELESS by Dashiell’s bullet. He continues to RADIO

Nazi headquarters for help.

Dashiell CATCHES UP with the Nazis. The two speedboats travel SIDE BY

SIDE. Their edges SCRAPE together. SPARKS fly. The recovered Helmut

AIMS his luger at Indiana... But Indy LEAPS toward the Nazi. The two

FALL. ROLLING. TUMBLING. STRUGGLING for the gun. They fight BETWEEN

the two speedboats. The crack below them slightly OPENING and CLOSING.

Up ahead, an ENORMOUS STONE POLE appears. To AVOID a collision, the

speedboats MUST SEPARATE. Dashiell SCREAMS.

DASHIELL

Indy! Rollout!

Indy FREES himself from Helmut and ROLLS back onto Dashiell’s boat.

Helmut LOOKS UP. He sees the stone pole AHEAD. COMING AT HIM. Helmut

tries to MOVE...TOO LATE. The two boats SEPARATE. Helmut SMACKS into

the pole! CRUSHED!

Dashiell TURNS AWAY from the wheel, looking at Indiana.

DASHIELL

You okay, sport?

Indiana begins to answer...then sees SOMETHING. AHEAD. He SCREAMS.

INDIANA

Dash!...

Dashiell TURNS BACK. The speedboat is HEADED STRAIGHT FOR A SOLID

WOODEN WALL! A sign on the wall reads: FUTTERMAN’S FISHING WAREHOUSE.

The Nazi speedboat has already made a SHARP TURN, AVOIDING the

warehouse. There’s NO TIME for Dashiell to TURN. Indy HITS the deck.

The speedboat ARCHES upward, at an ANGLE... CRASH! The speedboat

BLASTS into the warehouse. Splintered wood SPLATTERS through the air.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Dashiell’s speedboat BURSTS through another wall. The boat SKIDS

across the warehouse floor. SCREECHING TO A STOP! A SHAKEN Dashiell

gets out. Indy RUNS to the window.

INDIANA’S POV

The NAZI SPEEDBOAT shoots out of the docks, ESCAPING across the water.

Indiana grabs his WHIP. He KICKS OPEN the warehouse window. He SNAPS

his wrist. CRACK. The whip SHOOTS forward, ATTACHING ITSELF TO THE

REAR OF THE NAZI SPEEDBOAT! Indy firmly GRIPS his end of the whip. The

whip TIGHTENS. WHOOSH! Indiana is PULLED out of the window.

Gutterbuhg exchanges a VICTORIOUS laugh with Rudolph, the speedboat

driver, thinking they have LOST Indiana. A frightened Tyki LOOKS BACK.

His eyes suddenly fill with HOPE. Gutterbuhg TURNS. His mouth DROPS

OPEN.

Indiana uses his WHIP to WATER SKI BEHIND THE NAZI SPEEDBOAT! A red

faced Gutterbuhg SLAMS his fist on the dashboard. He removes a SHARP

KNIFE. He hurriedly begins to SLICE through Indy’s whip. Trying to

BREAK THE CONNECTION.

Indiana AIMS his pistol at Gutterbuhg. But suddenly, a SHOT WHIZZES by

Indy’s head. Followed by ANOTHER. And ANOTHER. COMING from behind.

Indy TURNS. A SECOND NAZI SPEEDBOAT is in HOT PURSUIT! There are FIVE

NAZIS inside. Armed with PISTOLS and RIFLES. All FIRING SHOTS at

Indiana.

Meanwhile, Gutterbuhg’s knife continues to SLICE through Indy’s whip.

Only a FEW THREADS remain.

Indiana performs some EXPERT WATER SKIING. SWERVING. SPINNING.

JUMPING. All in an attempt to AVOID the flying bullets from behind.

Suddenly, Indy’s whip SNAPS! Indiana FALLS UNDERWATER! Directly IN THE

PATH of the seccnd Nazi speedboat!

Tyki HIDES his eyes. Gutterbuhg LAUGHS. It appears that Indiana has

met a GRISLY DEATH.

The Nazis in the second speedboat are DELIGHTED. SHAKING each other’s

hands. CAMERA PANS TO BELOW the speedboat. We move UNDERWATER. SOUND

TRACK MUSIC SOARS! We see INDIANA. Very much ALIVE. He STRADDLES THE

BOTTOM OF THE SPEEDING BOAT! HOLDING ON with all of his strength!

Indiana CLIMBS toward the side of the speedboat, BATTLING the pressure

of the rushing water.

CAMERA FOLLOWS INDIANA, OUT OF THE WATER, AS HE CLIMBS ABOARD THE

SECOND SPEEDBOAT. The four Nazis are LAUGHING. TALKING. Their backs

turned to the APPROACHING Indiana. Moving like LIGHTNING, Indy GRABS

one of the Nazis and TOSSES HIM OVERBOARD. With a SWIFT PUNCH to the

stomach and jaw, Indy sends another Nazi INTO THE WATER. The other two

Nazis TACKLE Indy. They FALL to the deck. FIGHTING.

Gutterbuhg LOOKS BACK. SHOCKED that Indy is still alive. Gutterbuhg

GROWLS. FRUSTRATED. His eyes suddenly LIGHT. He SPOTS something.

AHEAD.

TWO GARGANTUAN OCEAN LINERS

are MOVING TOWARD EACH OTHER. Coming TOGETHER. There is an OPENING

between the two ships, that continues to get SMALLER, as the ships

move CLOSER.

Gutterbuhg SMILES. An IDEA. He orders Rudolph to DRIVE THROUGH THE

OPENING.

In the second speedboat, the Nazis have OVERCOME Indiana. One Nazi

PINS Indy down. The other removes a THICK METAL CHAIN from his neck. A

RED SWASTIKA dangles from the chain. The Nazi WRAPS the chain around

Indy’s neck. He begins to STRANGLE Indiana.

Gutterbuhg’s speedboat MOVES TOWARD the ocean liners. The opening

between the two ships continues to SHRINK. Getting SMALLER...and

SMALLER...

The second speedboat is DIRECTLY BEHIND Gutterbuhg. The Nazis are

STRANGLING Indiana. The color begins to LEAVE Indy’s face. He GASPS

for air.

The opening between the two Ocean liners continues to get SMALLER...

Less than TEN FEET WIDE. Gutterbuhg’s speedboat is only a FEW FEET

AWAY.

Through his fluttering eyes, Indiana SEES Gutterbuhg’s speedboat

headed for the ocean liners. Indiana is nearly UNCONSCIOUS. The

giggling Nazis TIGHTEN the chain around his neck.

With LESS THAN AN INCH to spare... Gutterbuhg’s speedboat SQUEEZES

between the two Ocean Liners!

The second speedboat is only a FEW FEET from the Ocean Liners. But as

the ships move CLOSER...the opening is nearly CLOSED. The driver CAN’T

TURN AWAY. He’s TOO CLOSE. He emits a SCREAM. The Nazis PAUSE from

strangling Indiana. They TURN.

Indy MOVES FAST. He DIVES overboard. INTO THE WATER.

The speedboat HITS the opening. TOO SMALL. The speedboat is CRUSHED

between the two Ocean Liners. The Nazis let out their FINAL SCREAMS.

Followed by a fiery EXPLOSION! Flaming pieces of the wreckage are

SPLATTERED through the night sky.

GOTTERBUHG turns. His grinning, sadistic face LIT by the explosion.

Tyki’s eyes are filled with FEAR.

SEVERAL FEET AWAY, Indiana Jones SURFACES. ALIVE. He SWIMS to the

nearby shore and CLIMBS out of the water. He RUBS his reddened neck,

catches his breath and LOOKS into the distance. Indy SEES Gutterbuhg’s

speedboat. TOO FAR to catch.

GUTTERBUHG sees the SILHOUETTE of Indy, standing on the distant shore.

Gutterbuhg orders the driver to move FASTER. The engine ROARS.

Gutterbuhg LOOKS back at Indy. The Nazi emits a MANIACAL LAUGH that

pierces the air.

Indiana watches the speedboat ESCAPE into the night. His eyes fill

with RAGE. VENGEANCE. Clare, Scraggy and a VERY DRUNK Betsy JOIN Indy

on the shore. Betsy PUTS her arms around Indiana. She RESTS her head

on his shoulder. She CLOSES her eyes and emits a DRUNKEN SIGH.

BETSY

What a romantic night!

An ANNOYED Indy pushes Betsy away. In a drunken stupor, Betsy moves to

the next person, CLARE. Thinking she’s still with Indiana, Betsy puts

her arms AROUND Clare. A WORRIED Clare is TOO CONCERNED with the

departing Nazi speedboat. Clare TURNS to Inqy.

CLARE

Will they hurt Tyki?

INDIANA

(shaking his head)

They know he’s important to us.

(holds up ancient

scroll)

They’ll use him to bargain for this.

Eyes CLOSED, resting her head on Clare’s shoulder, Betsy SIGHS.

BETSY

Indy, you smell so good! So

masculine!

Clare PUSHES Betsy away. Betsy SPINS and WRAPS HER ARMS around

Scraggy. Clare watches the Nazi Speedboat DISAPPEAR into the night.

CLARE

Will they be following us?

INDIANA

Every step of the way.

Betsy, still thinking she’s SNUGGLING with Indiana, rubs her face

against Scraggy’s bristly beard.

BETSY

Mmmm, Indy. I love it when you don’t

shave. It’s so sexy!

Scraggy PUSHES Betsy away. She SPINS, this time putting her arms

around a hanging FISHERMAN’S NET. Filled with FISH. Meanwhile, Scraggy

LOOKS at Indiana and Clare.

SCRAGGY

Pandoola, God of Purity, say...

"Always stay ten paces ahead of bad

spirit".

INDIANA

Exactly. We can’t let the Nazis get

to the City first. If they do,

they’ll wipe out one of the greatest

archeological finds in History!

Indiana turns and WALKS AWAY. Clare and Scraggy hurriedly FOLLOW.

There’s NO TIME to lose. The drunken Betsy continues to embrace the

net of DEAD FISH. Betsy TURNS. Eyes CLOSED. She SMILES.

BETSY

How ‘bout a little goodnight kiss?

Betsy KISSES the LIPS OF A DEAD FISH! She SMILES. IMPRESSED.

BETSY

Mmmmm, Indy...you really know the

way to a girl’s heart!

Betsy OPENS her eyes. FACE TO FACE with the dead fish. Betsy SCREAMS

and RUNS toward the departing Indiana, Clare and Scraggy!

EXT. ZAMBESI RIVER - THE FOLLOWING DAY

Early MORNING. The sparkling waters of the Zambesi are lined by thick

JUNGLE. Sounds of screeching GIBBONS, exotic BIRDS, chattering

INSECTS, and various other WILDLIFE echo from the jungle. BRIGHT RAYS

of HOT sunlight sprinkle through the leaves of the towering palm

trees.

A 55 foot, tattered, wooden RIVER BOAT, the "ADOBO", travels along the

Zambesi. The boat is filled with various crates and barrels of

SUPPLIES. And there are several men, CREW MEMBERS, all natives of

Mozambique. They are a MOTLEY crew, all armed with SWORDS and DAGGERS.

They are DIRTY. TATTERED. UNKEMPT. The boat pulls a long, WOODEN RAFT

behind it. Scraggy’s MODEL-T is attached to the raft. One of the crew

members, a YOUNG MAN, sits on the raft. He strums a BEATEN GUITAR,

singing a FOLK SONG.

INDIANA stands at the ship’s steering wheel. Forehead COVERED with

sweat. He GUIDES the ship along the twisting waters. CLARE exits from

a cabin, carrying a stenographer’s NOTEBOOK. She looks RADIANT. Her

red hair SHIMMERS in the morning sun. Clare walks up BESIDE Indy. She

CRINKLES her nose.

CLARE

What is that awful aroma?

INDIANA

Scraggy’s takin’ a shower.

Indy points OFF SCREEN. Scraggy, fully clothed, STANDS here. He rubs a

large, FRESH ONION over his FACE, ARMS and LEGS. SQUEEZING the onion

JUICE over his body. Indiana EXPLAINS to a befuddled Clare.

INDIANA

He believes that onions keep bad

spirits from entering his body.

CLARE

(writing in her

notebook)

In all my years of anthropology...

I’ve never run across anyone or

anything quite like Scraggy.

INDIANA

(chuckles)

He’s a rare breed.

(turns, looks at Clare

for the first time)

You’re looking very lovely.

CLARE

You’re looking very lecherous.

INDIANA

(turns away, angry)

Just tryin’ to be friendly.

CLARE

Save it for the schoolgirls.

INDIANA

Look, Clare... Betsy’s just an

anxious archeology student...she

admires my work...

(egotistical shrug)

Who can blame her?...

(back to his point)

But it’s just some kinda’ hero

worship thing...

There was never any romance.

BETSY

(pops in from OFF

SCREEN, kisses Indiana)

I dreamed about our first night

together!

Indy SIGHS. Clare DISGUSTINGLY shakes her head. She continues to

scrawl more into her notebook. Indiana gives her a STARTLED look.

INDIANA

You’re writin’ this down?...

CLARE

(nods)

I’m keeping an accurate record of

our journey.

INDIANA

What’s that got to do with my

personal life?

CLARE

Evidence. I plan on testifying at

your child molestation trial.

Indiana SHAKES his head. STARING into the distance. He SIGHS.

INDIANA

Why do I do this to myself?

Holding her head in PAIN, Betsy turns to Clare.

BETSY

(holds her head in pain,

to Clare)

Hey, lady...you’re s’posed to be a

Doctor...you got any cures for a

hangover?...

CLARE

The best I’ve heard was used by a

New Zealand Tribe...

(pauses, thinking)

One part crushed owl skull...two

parts rhino saliva...one part zebra

dandruff.

Betsy’s face becomes PALE. Indy INTERRUPTS.

INDIANA

No, No... Get a cup of donkey sweat

...two spoons of skunk hair...and

one pint of shredded lizard tongue.

Betsy turns a light shade of GREEN. Scraggy ARGUES.

SCRAGGY

I always use family cure! Two spoons

chopped leeches... Half cup horse

mucous...two quarts crocodile urine!

BETSY

(ready to throw up)

Ex...cuse...me...!

Betsy runs OFF SCREEN. The others exchange a SHRUG. Scraggy LOOKS at

the river ahead.

SCRAGGY

How far we travel, Indy?...

INDIANA

Almost 20 miles.

CLARE

Any sign of the Nazis?

INDIANA

(shakes his head,

confident)

Long as we keep up this pace...

they’ll have trouble tracking us.

CAMERA PANS from the hopeful faces of Indiana, Scraggy and Clare, to

the CABIN behind them. Here, a CREW MEMBER HIDES in the shadows. His

face HIDDEN. He HOLDS a small radio receiver. He WHISPERS into the

receiver. Speaking in perfect GERMAN.

CUT TO:

GUTTERBUBG.

He is seated in NAZI HEADQUARTERS. He repairs his detached, MACHINE

GUN ARM, which sits on the table before him. Behind Gutterbuhg, a

GROUP OF NAZIS listen to the radio transmission of Scraggy’s

treacherous Crew Member, who discloses the LOCATION of the River Boat.

The Nazis CHART out the boat’s exact location on a large, WALL MAP.

LIEUT. MEPHISTO supervises the project. Tyki, BOUND, GAGGED and

BRUISED, watches from a corner. MEPHISTO looks at all the Nazis.

MEPHISTO

(German, English

subtitles)

We must leave. Immediately.

DISSOLVE TO:

NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE.

VARIOUS SHOTS of exotic animals. A creeping PANTHER. A sleeping WHITE

BAT. A tense SCORPION. A family of CROCODILES.

ABOARD SHIP

Indiana, Scraggy, Clare and Betsy are GATHERED on the deck. Seated in

a CIRCLE. They are surrounded by the CREW MEMBERS. Everyone eats their

DINNER from tin cans. The surrounding lanterns cast an EERIE LIGHT on

the area. The young crew member plays a soft, SPOOKY tune on his

guitar. Betsy is RESTLESS. She GLARES at the guitar player.

BETSY

Don’t you know somethin’ else?

Somethin’ upbeat?...

The guitar player IGNORES Betsy, continuing to play. Betsy SIGHS.

UPSET. BORED.

BETSY

It’s so hot... Stuffy... Do we have

to stay on this stupid boat all

night?...

INDIANA

(nods)

We have to keep moving.

BETSY

Can we at least jump in the

water?... Go for a swim?...

CLARE

There’s an old legend about the

Zambesi... In ancient times,

criminals were given their choice of

execution...or swimming across the

Zambesi. Most chose execution.

INDIANA

Clare’s right. We’ll be safer on the

boat.

(annoyed, to Betsy)

Now quit moanin’ and eat your food.

An angry Betsy TOSSES her tin can overboard. She STANDS. FURIOUS with

Indiana.

BETSY

You are so rude! I travel thousands

of miles just to be with you...and

everybody treats me like dirt!

(to Clare)

Nobody even talks to me without

making some condescending remark

they think I’m too stupid to

understand!

(very upset)

So maybe I don’t know a lot about

weird tribal dances... I’m still

pretty good with anthropology and

archeology... Maybe I could even

help you out...if somebody gave me a

chance...clued me in to what it is

we’re doin’ here...

(to Indy)

‘Cause whether you like it or not,

Indiana Jones... I’m part of this

expedition, too!

Clare RAISES an eyebrow. IMPRESSED. Indiana says NOTHING. He can’t

ARGUE. Scraggy INTERJECTS.

SCRAGGY

(motions to crew

members)

My friends also curious about where

we journey to, Indy.

The crew members NOD. STARING at Indiana. Indiana turns to Clare. She

SMILES.

CLARE

Tell us all a bedtime story, Doctor

Jones.

Indiana SIGHS. The crew member’s GUITAR PLAYING COMBINES with the

SOUND TRACK, backing up Indiana’s story with an EERIE TUNE.

INDIANA

Long ago...a place known as the

Flower Fruit Mountain, in the

Chinese province of Ao-Lai...was

struck by lightning. A Stone Monkey,

"Sun Wu-Kung", was born.

SCRAGGY

This monkey?... He could walk?...

Talk?... Like human?...

INDIANA

More than human. He was blessed with

countless heavenly powers... But it

wasn’t enough. Sun Wu-Kung wanted to

learn the secret of Eternal Life...

of Immortality...

(pause)

Equipped with his Golden Hooped Rod

to protect him, Sun Wu Kung

travelled the world for many years

...learning the secret philosophies

and teachings of Eternal Youth.

Eventually, he was granted entrance

to heaven...where the Jade Emperor

gave Sun Wu Kung the title of "Great

Sage of the Heavens"...and permitted

him to oversee the Garden of

Immortal Peaches.

(pause)

After several years, the stone

monkey returned to somewhere on

earth. Here, he ruled an empire...a

Civilization of Monkeys and humans

who had life spans of many hundred

years...

(shrugs)

The exact whereabouts of that Lost

City has been a mystery for hundreds

of years...until Doctor Clarke

discovered the pygmy.

The crew members, Scraggy, Betsy and Clare, listen with FASCINATION.

INDIANA

It’s uncertain just how much of this

legend is based in reality...

Nevertheless, we’re hoping to find

some sign of the Lost Civilization.

BETSY

What about Sun Wu Kung?...

INDIANA

Whatever he was...a stone idol...an

actual monkey...a human being...is

unknown. But he is one of the most

influentual religious figures in

History, and his remains are most

likely somewhere in the Lost City.

Suddenly, they are INTERRUPTED BY A DISTANT SOUND. A LOW, RUMBLING

SOUND. BIZARRE. UNEARTHLY. UNLIKE anything we’ve heard before. Indiana

TURNS to Scraggy.

INDIANA

Sound familiar?

SCRAGGY

(shakes his head)

It is far, far away...many miles...

BETSY

(frightened)

What is it?... Some kinda’ weird

animal?...

CLARE

No animal sounds like that.

SCRAGGY

Could be "Banseebaba".

CLARE

Banseebaba?

SCRAGGY

Banseebaba is giant demon from hell.

He is 50 feet tall. Breathes fire.

Make sound like human never hear

before. He is made up of all evil in

the world!

CLARE

Cheery thought.

The sound suddenly STOPS. Everyone exchanges a FRIGHTENED, TERRIFIED

GLANCE. Indiana STANDS.

INDIANA

Whatever the hell it is... It went

to sleep for the night. Which is

what we should do.

CUT TO:

LATER THAT NIGHT - LONG SHOT - THE BOAT

The boat sails along the RIVER. Beneath the MOONLIGHT. A lone CREW

MEMBER stays awake. At the STEERING WHEEL. Other CREW MEMBERS sleep

along the deck. Scraggy SLEEPS in a hanging cot.

INDIANA

is ASLEEP in his CABIN. Suddenly, the door SLOWLY CREAKS OPEN. A

SHADOW appears on the cabin wall. COMING TOWARD Indiana. The shadow

EXTENDS a hand. The hand GRABS Indy’s blanket. Indy WAKES. He LEAPS

out of bed and TACKLES the mysterious person. Indy FLIPS on the cabin

lamp. The intruder is none other than...BETSY. Indiana PULLS Betsy to

her feet. She gives a flirtatious SMILE.

BETSY

Couldn’t sleep. The heat. I’m in the

mood for passion.

INDIANA

I’m in the mood for isolation.

Indiana LEADS Betsy to the open door. He begins to PUSH her back

outside. Betsy STOPS him.

BETSY

I’m not leaving. Not till I get a

kiss.

INDIANA

Betsy...

BETSY

(serious)

One kiss. Or I’ll scream. I swear.

I’ll wake the whole boat.

Indiana has NO CHOICE. He SIGHS.

INDIANA

OKay. Just one.

(leans toward her,

pauses)

Keep your mouth closed.

They KISS. Betsy WRAPS her arms around Indiana, turning it into a

PASSIONATE KISS.

At that moment, ACROSS THE HALL, Clare exits the bathroom, TOOTHBRUSH

in hand. She SEES the kissing Indiana and Betty. Clare STARES. OPEN

MOUTHED. SHOCKED. Indiana OPENS his eyes. He SEES Clare WATCHING HIM.

An ANGRY Clare MARCHES into her room. She SLAMS the door. WE HEAR

Clare LOCKING the door behind her, and moving a piece of furniture in

front of the door. Indiana PUSHES Betsy away. ANGRY. He quickly CLOSES

his door. Betsy WALKS back to her room. A huge, SATISFIED SMILE covers

her face.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING

SUNRISE. PEACEFUL. CALM. Birds SING. The River Boat has travelled

countless miles, into the heart of the ZAMBESI. A tired CREW MEMBER

mans the boat’s steering wheel. CAMERA PANS DOWN, moving along the

side of the boat. WE STOP AT WATER LEVEL. A HAND SHOOTS OUT OF THE

WATER. GRIPPING a rusted, sharp KNIFE. Followed by ANOTHER HAND. And

ANOTHER. And ANOTHER. Until there are COUNTLESS HANDS, REACHING FOR

THE SIDE OF THE RIVER BOAT. The hands GRAB HOLD of the boat. SEVERAL

DARK FIGURES slowly RISE out of the water. Only the OUTLINES of their

bodies are VISIBLE, backlit by the RISING SUN. The figures CLIMB UP

the side of the boat. Carefully CREEPING. Moving SILENTLY.

Indiana stands on the REAR DECK, shirt WRAPPED around his waist. He is

SHAVING. CLARE sits a few feet away. WRITING in her journal. Indy

GLANCES to her. CURIOUS.

INDIANA

What’s that you’re writing?...

CLARE

"The Erotic Adventures Of Indiana

Jones, Professor Of Perversity".

INDIANA

(back to shaving)

Very funny.

CAMERA PANS TO THE FRONT DECK. STOPPING on the DRIVER. He STARES

ahead. STEERING the ship. SUDDENLY, A FIGURE APPEARS. BEHIND the

driver. The figure GRABS the driver. AROUND THE NECK. Before the

driver can SCREAM...the figure SLICES HIS THROAT.

Scraggy WITNESSES this. Through an OPEN PORTHOLE. His face covered

with SHOCK. FEAR.

INT. LOWER CABIN - KITCHEN

Betsy stands over a large SKILLET. She FRIES pancakes, LIFTING the

first pancake, Betsy places it on a PLATE that rests beside her. Betsy

TURNS to get another pancake. A HAND REACHES FROM OFF SCREEN. The hand

GRABS the pancake from the plate. Betsy TURNS back. She sees the EMPTY

PLATE. She is PUZZLED. CONFUSED. She SHRUGS, placing ANOTHER PANCAKE

on the plate. She TURNS back to the skillet. Again, a hand GRABS the

pancake. Betsy turns and again sees an EMPTY PLATE. She hears

GIGGLING. BEHIND her. She turns and SEES

AN ORIENTAL PIRATE. TALL. MUSCULAR. The Pirate TOWERS above Betsy. He

is dressed in COLORFUL, TATTERED clothes. The pirate LAUGHS. His

bloated mouth DRIBBLES with pancake crumbs. Betsy STEPS BACK.

FRIGHTENED. The Pirate removes a DAGGER from his belt. Eyes filled

with LECHERY, the Pirate moves toward Betsy. She GRABS the skillet.

THROWING HOT OIL in the Pirate’s face. He SCREAMS. Betsy DASHES OUT of

the kitchen.

INDIANA

has nearly finished SHAVING. He tries to CONVINCE Clare of his

innocence. She continues to WRITE. IGNORING him.

INDIANA

You are blowing this Betsy thing all

out of proportion...

Indiana LEANS down. He RINSES his face in a large BUCKET OF WATER. A

DAGGER FLIES INTO FRAME! JUST MISSING Indiana. It STICKS into the

wall. A FEW FEET ABOVE Indy’s head. Clare WITNESSES this. SHOCKED.

UNAWARE of the danger, Indiana RAISES his head out of the bucket. He

still tries to REASON with Clare.

INDIANA

It’s not as if I have this sleazy

reputation...

Clare is trying to INTERRUPT Indy, trying to POINT OUT the dagger. But

before she can say a word, Indiana again LEANS into the water bucket.

ANOTHER DAGGER SHOOTS INTO FRAME! INTO the wall. This time only INCHES

above Indy’s head. Indiana again RAISES his head.

INDIANA

I am a respected...honored...

admired...

Clare LEAPS FORWARD. She pushes Indy OUT OF THE WAY, moments before

another DAGGER FLIES INTO FRAME! STICKING into the wall! Indy and

Clare TURN.

THREE PIRATES stand here. DIRTY. TOOTHLESS. UGLY. SWORDS EXTENDED,

they MOVE toward Indiana and Clare. Indy’s eyes DART to the water

bucket table. His WHIP and PISTOL rest here. OUT OF REACH. Indy and

Clare are TRAPPED. The Pirates move CLOSER...

Suddenly, A LOUD SCREAM. The Pirates LOOK UP. SCRAGGY swings from a

ROPE above. TOWARD the Pirates. Before the Pirates can react, Scraggy

CRASHES into them. They TUMBLE to the deck. Scraggy SHOOTS to his

feet. He tosses a spare SWORD to Indy. Scraggy and Indy begin to

SWORDFIGBT the Pirates.

Clare TURNS. DASHING around the corner. To SAFETY. A SUDDEN STOP. Her

face is buried in the hairy, bare chest of KEZURE, an enormous, bear-

like PIRATE KING. Kezure HASN’T BATHED in years. He is dressed in

SEVERAL LAYERS of tattered, colorful clothing, GOLDEN JEWELRY, and

ANIMAL SKINS. His STRINGY hair is long, tied in a PONYTAIL behind his

head. A thick, long MOUSTACHE wraps around a large mouth, filled with

crooked, GOLDEN TEETH. Clare SHRIEKS. Kezure GRABS her around the

waist. He TOSSES Clare over his shoulder.

The river boat is overcome with a mixture of ORIENTAL and BLACK

Pirates. SOUND TRACK MUSIC SOARS! There is a HEATED BATTLE between the

crew members and the Pirates. Fists FLYING. Swords CLASHING.

Using her Brooklyn street smarts, Betsy FIGHTS like a pro. With a

swift PUNCH and KICK, Betsy DEFEATS one Pirate. She takes his SWORD.

ANOTHER Pirate comes for Betsy. She EDGES him on.

BETSY

C’mon... You ain’t so tough. You

wouldn’t last ten minutes in

Brooklyn.

The Pirate ATTACKS. He and Betsy begin a HEATED SWORDFIGHT.

Indiana and Scraggy CONTINUE TO BATTLE the onslaught of sword slinging

Pirates. Suddenly, Indy is interrupted by Clare’s LOUD SCREAM! He

TURNS.

A PIRATE SHIP

has APPEARED. BESIDE the river boat. The ship is ANCIENT. OMINOUS.

COUNTLESS PIRATES are aboard the ship. Armed with GUNS, BOWS AND

ARROWS and CANNONS.

EXT. RIVER BOAT - TOP DECK

KEZURE, the Pirate King, stands at the edge of the boat. He still

HOLDS the screaming Clare over his shoulder. From the Pirate ship, the

Pirates toss a GRAPNEL ROPE to Kezure. The Pirate King GRABS BOLD of

the rope. Holding TIGHTLY to Clare, Kezure SWINGS from the river boat,

to the Pirate Ship.

INDIANA runs through the FIGHTING crew members and Pirates, in an

effort to SAVE Clare. Suddenly, the SOUND OF CANNON FIRE! The river

boat ROCKS! HIT by a CANNONBALL! Indy KEEPS his balance. SWORD in

hand, he DIVES INTO THE WATER.

Indiana SWIMS across the Zambesi. TOWARD the Pirate ship. The water

surrounding Indy erupts with COUNTLESS SPRAYS OF BULLETS, CANNONBALLS

and FLYING ARROWS.

EXT. RIVER BOAT - TOP DECK

The swordfighting crew members manage to keep the many Pirates AT BAY.

Scraggy EXCHANGES swordplay with a Pirate. The sword is KNOCKED from

Scraggy’s hand. He is DEFENSELESS. The Pirate COMES in for the kill.

He RAISES HIS SWORD...ready to PLUNGE it into Scraggy’s heart... The

Pirate suddenly PAUSES. A HORRIFIED look on his face. The end of a

SWORD SHOOTS OUT OF THE PIRATE’S CHEST! A MOMENT PASSES...the sword

SLIDES BACK INSIDE of the Pirate’s chest. The Pirate FALLS to the

deck. BETSY stands behind him. She holds the BLOODIED SWORD. Scraggy

gives her a THANKFUL NOD.

EXT. PIRATE SHIP

Indiana has MADE IT ACROSS the Zambesi. He CLIMBS UP the side of the

Pirate Ship. The Pirates begin to SHOOT at Indy. Indy is HIT. An

ARROW. In the ARM. He dives to safety in a nearby CANNON COMPARTMENT.

INT. CANNON COMPARTMENT

Indy PULLS the arrow out of his arm. He is suddenly ATTACKED by the

Pirate Gunner. The two begin to STRUGGLE. FIGHT. CAMERA PANS TO the

rear of the cannon, moving to a CLOSE UP of the FUSE. The fuse is LIT.

BURNING.

Meanwhile, Indy and the Pirate fight DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE CANNON’S

OPEN BARREL! Every few seconds, each of their heads MOVES IN FRONT of

the opening. The fuse continues to BURN. Getting LOWER...LOWER...

EXT. PIRATE SHIP - TOP DECK

Clare has been TIED to a mast pole. Kezure STANDS in front of her. As

his men BATTLE around him, Kezure leans forward. The drooling Pirate

King sloppily KISSES Clare. Along her NECK. Clare is NAUSEOUS.

INT. CANNON COMPARTMENT

Indy and the Pirate continue to FIGHT. The cannon fuse SPARKS. BURNING

toward the bottom. The Pirate pushes Indy’s head INSIDE OF THE CANNON

OPENING. The FUSE will BLOW at any second. At the last moment, Indiana

OVERPOWERS the Pirate. Indy LEAPS to the floor. The Pirate FALLS

FORWARD. FACE TO FACE WITH THE CANNON OPENING! BOOM! The cannon FIRES!

Indy’s shirt is SPLATTERED with blood. Indiana RUNS to a wooden

staircase, hurrying up the stairs. To the TOP DECK.

EXT. PIRATE SHIP - TOP DECK

Kezure kisses the bare shoulder of the STRUGGLING, HELPLESS Clare.

Indy EMERGES from the cannon compartment. Upon seeing the Pirate King

ATTACK Clare, Indiana SHOUTS.

INDIANA

You son of a bitch.

Kezure TURNS. He emits a gravelly laugh and scratches his neck,

curiously STUDYING Indiana. Indy EXTENDS his sword. The Pirate King

removes a long, sharp GOLDEN SWORD. They begin to FIGHT. Moving ALONG

the deck. A FAST PACED, HEATED swordfight.

EXT. RIVER BOAT - TOP DECK

A PIRATE has taken over the boat’s WHEEL. He STEERS the river boat OFF

THE REGULAR PATH. It SPEEDS toward the base of a LARGE, THRASHING

WATERFALL. The Pirate ship moves ALONGSIDE of the river boat, also

HEADED for the waterfall. SCRAGGY and BETSY sees the waterfall ahead.

PANIC fills their eyes. They DASH to the steering wheel. Betsy

DISTRACTS the Pirate. They begin to SWORDFIGHT. Scraggy TAKES the

steering wheel. He attaempts to steer the ship AWAY from the

waterfall.

EXT. PIRATE SHIP - TOP DECK

Indiana and the Pirate King have climbed to the top of the SHIP’S

MAST. They battle AMIDST the tangled ropes. SWORDS CLASHING. As the

two men fight, Indy notices that the Pirate ship is HEADED FOR THE

WATERFALL. Indiana has a sudden REALIZATION. He sees Scraggy, trying

to STEER THE RIVER BOAT IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. Indy SCREAMS above

the cannon fire.

INDIANA

(still fighting)

Scraggy!... No!... Keep goin’

straight!... Full steam ahead!...

SCRAGGY

is CONFUSED by Indy’s orders. He SCREAMS back to Indiana.

SCRAGGY

What?... You crazy Indy?... We be

crushed!... We smash into rock

wall!...

INDIANA

still SWORDFIGHTING the Pirate King, SCREAMS to Scraggy.

INDIANA

No!... Trust me!... Full steam

ahead!... Full steam ahead !...

SCRAGGY

BLESSES himself. His face is STRONG. CONFIDENT. He REVS the engine.

FULL SPEED. He TIGHTLY CLUTCHES the wheel. AIMING the river boat

toward the waterfall.

INDIANA AND KEZURE

SWING from sail to sail, continuing their SPECTACULAR swordfight.

CLARE helplessly watches from the deck.

THE RIVER BOAT AND THE PIRATE SHIP

continue to move SIDE BY SIDE. Moving CLOSER...CLOSER...to the

shattering waterfall.

SCRAGGY

continues to rev the RIVER BOAT’S engine. CHANTING various prayers

under his breath. In the background, a FEISTY Betsy continues to

swordfight.

THE RIVER BOAT AND THE PIRATE SHIP

PENETRATE the waterfall. The two boats are met with an exploding

shower of POWERFUL WATER! Crew members and Pirates are TOSSED ABOUT

the deck. Indiana and the Pirate King hold TIGHTLY to the sails, to

AVOID being thrown into the waters below.

EXT. RIVER BOAT

The aged boat TOSSES. TILTS. SPINS. Nearly CAPSIZING. Boards CREAK and

MOAN. Ready to BURST. But Scraggy holds TIGHTLY to the steering wheel.

Keeping the boat AFLOAT.

The powerful water sends Betsy SOMERSAULTING along the deck. She tries

to GRAB HOLD of something...anything...that will PREVENT her from

falling off the boat. Betsy finally CLUTCHES onto something. The ARM

OF A DEAD PIRATE.

THE RIVER BOAT AND THE PIRATE SHIP

are IMMERSED into the waterfall. They DISAPPEAR behind the thrashing

curtain of water.

INT. BEHIND THE WATERFALL

The Pirates’ HIDDEN FORTRESS. An enormous, underground CAVERN.

Hndreds of BURNING TORCHES cast a devilish glow. The grey rocks of the

cavern walls stretch UPWARD. Filled with countless, tiny CAVES.

Various stone artifacts and ancient untensils are SCATTERED throughout

the cavern. There are several other PIRATES here. ARMED. Waiting for

the RETURN of the Pirate Ship.

The River Boat and Pirate Ship ENTER the cave. The rushing waterfall

THRASHES behind them. The BATTERED and BRUISED River Boat comes to a

ROUGH stop. SCREECHING along a far wall. The Pirate Ship sails to a

SMOOTH STOP in the middle of the cavern. Armed with guns, knives and

swords, the Pirates hurriedly SURROUND the intruding River Boat. They

take Betsy, Scraggy and the crew members CAPTIVE.

KEZURE leaps to the Pirate Ship’s deck and quickly UNTIES Clare.

Indiana ATTEMPTS to FOLLOW. He PAUSES. Quickly GRABBING A FEW STICKS

OF DYNAMITE from the Pirate Ship deck. Kezure begins to LEAD Clare off

of the ship. His sword at her THROAT. Indiana CALLS OUT.

INDIANA

Wait...

Kezure STOPS. He TURNS. Indy WALKS toward Kezure, stopping less than

TEN FEET from the Pirate King and Clare. Indy’s eyes BURN through

Kezure.

INDIANA

Free the girl...

(glances to his captive

friends)

...and my friends...

(lights a match, moves

it toward TNT fuses)

...or I blow your hideout here out

of the water!

Kezure LAUGHS. Indiana LIGHTS the dynamite fuses. Kezure STOPS

laughing...WORRIED for a moment... Then, the Pirate King breaks into a

wide, DEFIANT SMILE.

KEZURE

Good. We will all die.

A STANDOFF. Indy DIDN’T EXPECT this. He is suddenly FRIGHTENED.

PUZZLED. Betsy, Scraggy and Clare STARE at Indy. Waiting for his NEXT

MOVE...as the dynamite fuse SLOWLY BURNS. Getting CLOSER...CLOSER...to

the TNT. Kezure seems CALM. Perfectly WILLING TO DIE. Indy gets

ANOTHER IDEA. He BLURTS it out to Kezure.

INDIANA

We can take you to the Lost City of

Sun Wu Kung!

KEZURE

Hah! Better men than you have tried

to find the Lost City... They have

all failed.

(cynical laugh)

You are a fool.

INDIANA

(as the TNT fuse burns

LOWER...LOWER...)

No... You’re the fool. You and your

friends are hiding out in Sun Wu

Kung’s Water Curtain Cave...and you

don’t even know it.

KEZURE

(puzzled, looking

around)

Huh?...

Scraggy and Betsy exchange a SHOCKED glance. Clare is also SURPRISED

by the news. The TNT fuse nears the end...ready to BLOW AT ANY

SECOND... Indiana removes the ANCIENT SCROLL from his pocket. He

EXTENDS the scroll to Kezure.

INDIANA

The Sacred Pai-Cho Scroll.

Kezure GRABS the scroll. Attempting to READ it. Indy INTERRUPTS.

INDIANA

Don’t bother. Only WE can translate

it.

Kezure EXAMINES the scroll. PUZZLED by the writing. Indiana and

Scraggy exchange a HOPEFUL glanpe. Kezure PAUSES. THINKING. He MUMBLES

to himself.

KEZURE

The Lost City... Said to have

streets paved in gold...treasures

far greater than any mortal man

could imagine...

Kezure PUSHES Clare away. TOWARD Indiana. Clare EMBRACES Indy, as he

BLOWS OUT the dynamite fuse. Kezure GROWLS at Indy.

KEZURE

Your pathetic lives will be spared.

For now.

(scratching his neck)

But everything we find in the Lost

City...belongs to ME.

INDIANA

Fat chance, Sinbad. It’s 50-50. Or

you’ve got no deal.

KEZURE

(vicious smile)

It is my way. Or you’ve got no head.

CUT TO:

INT. WATER CURTAIN CAVE - THAT NIGHT

A group of Pirates sit TOGETHER. DRUNK. They SING one of their ancient

songs. The GUITAR strumming crew member accompanies them. Indiana and

Scraggy sit around a BLAZING FIRE with Kezure and several other

Pirates. Indy, wearing his spectacles, TRANSLATES the scrolls with

Scraggy. Indiana is PUZZLED. TROUBLED. He LOOKS at Scraggy.

INDIANA

Read that last proverb again...

SCRAGGY

(reads translation)

"High tide drowns curiosity,

Low tide quenches thirst".

INDIANA

(stands, looking at the

surroundings)

There’s something here...something

that could help us...

Meanwhile, Betsy and Clare work in ANOTHER SECTION of the cave. Clare

is doing some ARCHEOLOGICAL WORK, studying the various artifacts and

utensils. Betsy ASSISTS her. They are surrounded by LEERING, HUNGRY

EYED PIRATES. The drunken Pirates DON’T take their eyes off of the

girls. Betsy NOTICES. She POINTS it out to Clare.

BETSY

Look at ‘em. It’s like they’ve never

seen a woman before.

CLARE

To them... We’re the ultimate women.

BETSY

Kinda’ flattering, isn’t it?...

Being the girl of 200 guy’s dreams?

Clare and Betsy exchange a CHUCKLE.

Meanwhile, Indiana, Scraggy and Kezure WALK through the cavern. Indy

is LOOKING around. CURIOUS, he turns to Kezure.

INDIANA

Is there an area... A place where

the tide changes?...

Kezure leads Indiana and Scraggy into a DARK CORNER of the cavern. A

large, smooth WALL stretches to the ceiling. The wall is filled with

intricate CRACKS. At the base of the wall, water slowly POURS into the

cavern. Kezure POINTS to the water.

KEZURE

In a few hours...the water will be

lower...much lower...

INDIANA

And the remainder of this wall will

be visible?....

Kezure NODS. Indiana’s eyes LIGHT. A REALIZATION. He excitedly TURNS

to Kezure.

INDIANA

We’re gonna need light. A lot of

light. On this wall.

Kezure NODS. Indiana EXCHANGES an anxious, hopeful glance with

Scraggy.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP - A SNORING PIRATE

CAMERA PULLS BACK. All of the Pirates SLEEP. Their slumbering bodies

LIE in various positions, throughout the cave. Indiana and Kezure are

STILL AWAKE. The flickering orange light of the TORCHES illuminates

the wall in front of them. They AWAIT the lowering tide. Scraggy,

Betsy and Clare SLEEP on the ground beside them. Kezure POURS two

glasses of whiskey from a STONE BOTTLE. He gives a GLASS to Indiana.

Kezure TOASTS.

KEZURE

To my good fortune.

Kezure GOBBLES down the whiskey. Indiana RELUCTANTLY drinks. Kezure

pours TWO more glasses. LAUGHING.

KEZURE

You know... We are very much alike,

Doctor jones.

INDIANA

I doubt that.

KEZURE

We both share a remarkable talent

for killing.

INDIANA

I’ve never gotten used to killing,

pal. I do it for survival.

KEZURE

I do it for pleasure.

Indiana DOWNS his whiskey. A LAUGHING Kezure does the same. Indiana

NOTICES something. ON the wall. He JUMPS to his feet. CAMERA PANS TO

THE WALL. The tide is VERY LOW. The entire wall is now VISIBLE. What

were once simple CRACKS, have become the specific LINES OF A MAP. A

group of ARROWS leads to an "X" at the BOTTOM CORNER OF THE MAP. A

FASCINATED Kezure and Indiana STUDY the wall.

INDIANA

(astounded)

This is incredible...this map was

obviously used by Sun Wu Kung’s

disciples...if they were ever

lost...

KEZURE

These drawings...they are of the

surrounding jungle...

INDIANA

(points to "X")

Where is that?...

KEZURE

It is located at the most South

Eastern part of the jungle...near

the mountains... There is a village

there. The Mongooboo Tribe.

INDIANA

You know them?

KEZURE

Very well. I traded with the chief

for many years.

INDIANA

(anxious, excited)

Good. We’ll leave in the morning.

CAMERA PANS FROM Indiana and Kezure, to a DARK CAVE. A FEW FEET away.

Standing inside, is the figure of the MYSTERIOUS CREW MEMBER. The

TRAITOR. His face is HIDDEN in the shadows. Again, he RADIOS back to

Nazis. He WHISPERS in German. CAMERA DOLLIES INTO A CLOSE UP of his

RADIO MICROPHONE. A RED SWASTIKA adorns the microphone.

EXT. JUNGLE PLAINS - THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON

Scraggy’s decrepid MODEL-T TAXI putters across the flat, jungle

terrain. The HOT SUN shines in the background. The car is completely

PACKED with people. Ready to BURST. Scraggy DRIVES. Indiana, Clare and

Betsy are CROWDED in the front seat. Kezure and four Pirates ride in

the REAR COMPARTMENT. Everyone is UNCOMFORTABLE. CRAMPED. SWEATING.

Two of Scraggy’s crew members STRADDLE the sideboard. Three men sit on

the ROOF, including the GUITAR PLAYER, who plays a delightful melody.

Various rusted POTS, PANS and other UTENSILS dangle from the car. This

creates a CHARMING, JINGLING sound.

The taxi passes a HERD OF GIRAFFE. The beautiful animals stare in

BEWILDERMENT at the passing taxi. Suddenly, there is a DISTANT SOUND.

The same LOW, RUMBLING we heard earlier. The giraffes SCATTER. AFRAID

of the unnatural sound.

INT. TAXI

The bizarre SOUND echoes through the taxi. Indy EXCHANGES a puzzled

look with the others.

INDIANA

That sound. Again.

SCRAGGY

(listening)

Still far away...but getting closer.

The sound STOPS. Indiana is BOTHERED. DISTURBED. Kezure LEANS forward.

He points to a CLUSTERED AREA OF JUNGLE. Nearly a MILE in the

distance.

KEZURE

The village is there. Beyond the

thick of jungle.

Scraggy NODS. He DRIVES toward the village. Suddenly, AN ARROW SHOOTS

THROUGH THE WINDOW! JUST MISSING everyone. It SHATTERS the passenger

window.

A TRIBE OF NATIVE WARRIORS appear on the terrain. There are HUNDREDS.

SCREAMING in high pitched squeals. Their bodies ADORNED with red and

white PAINT. The angry warriors RUN TOWARD the taxi. FIRING ARROWS!

On the Taxi roof, the men DIVE for cover. Arrows WHIZ by their heads.

Inside, everyone ROLLS UP the windows. The taxi is attacked with a

SHOWER OF ARROWS. Scraggy FLOORS the gas. The taxi keeps MOVING AHEAD.

SPEEDING toward the jungle. Indiana GLARES at Kezure.

INDIANA

Thought you said they knew you?...

Kezure gives a PUZZLED SHRUG.

The WARRIORS continue to CHASE the Taxi. Getting CLOSER. Firing more

ARROWS. The taxi SPINS to a stop. Directly in front of a LARGE OPENING

that leads into the jungle. Everyone POURS OUT of the Taxi. ARROWS fly

by their heads. They DASH through the opening. Into the JUNGLE. The

Warriors STOP. OUTSIDE of the opening. They DON’T ENTER. TURNING to

each other, they begin to LAUGH. VICTORIOUS.

INT. JUNGLE

An almost PERFECT PATH has been cleared through the thick Jungle.

Indiana and the others RUN through the path. Indy SUDDENLY PAUSES.

MOTIONING for the others to STOP. A PUZZLED LOOK covers his face.

INDIANA

Wait... Listen... They’re not

following us...

One of the Pirates CONTINUES TO MOVE FORWARD. His foot TRIPS A THIN

STRING that stretches across the path. WHOOSH! A BOOBY TRAPPED PALM

TREE SWINGS FORWARD! It SLAMS into the Pirate! Like a giant BASEBALL

BAT! It sends the Pirate FLYING UPWARD. HIGH INTO THE AIR! His body is

THROWN several feet into the jungle.

Indiana exchanges a CAUTIOUS look with the others.

INDIANA

Be careful where you step... We’ve

got to move slowly...very slowly...

Indiana LEADS everyone. They CREEP through the path. Indy PAUSES.

CAMERA PANS TO HIS WAIST. A SECTION OF VINE stretches across the path.

ANOTHER booby trap. Indiana CRAWLS BENEATH THE VINE. He MOTIONS for

the others to follow. One by one, they CAREFULLY CRAWL beneath the

vine. The guitar player is LAST. He begins to CRAWL through. He NEARLY

makes it, when...the top of his guitar HITS THE VINE! The vine SNAPS.

There is a CREAKING SOUND.

A GIANT, METAL TRAP, OVER FOUR FEET HIGH, SHOOTS UP FROM THE GROUND! A

HUMAN TRAP! The GUITAR PLAYER DIVES TO SAFETY! The trap’s SHARP METAL

TEETH SNAP SHUT! The guitar is SNAPPED IN TWO!

Soon, the path ERUPTS with countless ROWS OF TRAPS. They EJECT from

the ground. SNAPPING SHUT. One AFTER the other. Everyone begins to

RUN. The traps SNAP SHUT ONLY A FEW FEET BEHIND THEM! Everyone ROUNDS

A CORNER... They COME UPON...

AN ENORMOUS PIT! Over TEN FEET DEEP! Filled with countless layers of

SCORPIONS! There is NOWHERE TO TURN. NOWHERE TO RUN. The METAL TRAPS

continue to SHUT BEHIND THEM!

Indiana removes his SWORD. He slices at A BAMBOO TREE. The traps

CONTINUE TO SHUT BEHIND HIM. Getting CLOSER. CLOSER. Indiana gives A

FINAL WHACK TO THE TREE. It FALLS. STRETCHING across the pool. Only A

FEW FEET ABOVE the stinging scorpions. Indiana begins to CLIMB ACROSS.

Moving HAND OVER HAND. Everyone hurriedly FOLLOWS. The bamboo tree

CREAKS with their every movement. Their feet DANGLE only INCHES above

the scorpions. The last Pirate GRABS HOLD of the bamboo tree, just as

the FINAL METAL TRAP SHUTS! JUST MISSING HIM!

As the last Pirate makes his way ACROSS the pit, he DROPS a small bag

of GOLD COINS. The coins REST a few feet below. DIRECTLY ON TOP of the

scorpions. The Pirate PAUSES. DECIDING whether to climb to safety or

retrieve the coins. Everyone else has MADE IT across. The GREEDY

Pirate wants his money. With his left hand, he HOLDS TIGHTLY to the

bamboo tree. With the other, he REACHES for the coins. His fingers are

INCHES from the ciins. But he LOSES his grip. He FALLS. INTO THE PIT.

SURROUNDED by hundreds of scorpions. He STRUGGLES to get out.

CLIMBING. SWIMMING. But he only manages to SINK. The Pirate’s SCREAMS

die, as his body is ENGULFED by the stinging scorpions.

Indiana and the others CONTINUE AHEAD. Moving SLOWLY. CAREFULLY.

Someone’s foot STEPS ON A WOODEN TRIGGER. There is another CREAKING

SOUND. Behind everyone, a large BAMBOO DOOR EJECTS FROM THE GROUND. It

leads to an UNDERGROUND CAGE. The door CREAKS OPEN. THREE FEROCIOUS

LIONS LEAP OUT! TEETH BARED. GROWLING. They COME FOR the humans.

Everyone DASHES FORWARD. RUNNING. The lions are in HOT PURSUIT. FAST.

The humans don’t stand a CHANCE. Suddenly, Clare STOPS. She TURNS.

FACING the charging lions. Indiana LOOKS BACK. SCREAMING.

INDIANA

Clare! What are you...?!?

The lions STOP. Inches from Clare. They SURROUND her. Ready to ATTACK.

Indiana WATCHES. PUZZLED. Clare begins to make bizarre PURRING and

COOING SOUNDS. The lions PAUSE. They RECOGNIZE the sounds. Clare

CONTINUES. The lions begin to WARM UP to her. Clare KNEELS. She PETS

the beasts. The lions SNUGGLE up to Clare. LICKING her face. Indiana

and the others COME CLOSER. PUZZLED. Clare EXPLAINS.

CLARE

I imitated the sound of a Lion

Mother calling her babies.

Betsy is IMPRESSED. Indiana SMILES. RELIEVED.

INDIANA

C’mon. Let’s get outta’ --

Indy TURNS...FACE TO FACE with a grotesque SHRUNKEN HEAD! He STEPS

BACK. The shrunken head is worn around the neck of a tall, muscular

TRIBAL CHIEF. Leader of the WARRIORS. Countless NATIVES stand behind

the chief. A look of ANGER...HATE...covers the Chief’s face. Indiana

gives a HOPEFUL glance to Kezure.

INDIANA

Is this the Tribal Chief you told me

about?... Your friend?...

KEZURE

(points to shrunken

head)

No. That is him.

Indiana ROLLS his eyes. The warriors SURROUND everyone. ARROWS aimed.

Ready to KILL. The Warriors lead everyone OUT of the path.

EXT. MONGOOBO VILLAGE

Several GRASS HUTS are scattered throughout this large village.

Indiana and the others are LED into the village. They PASS the

penetrating, unfriendly glares of the villagers. Kezure EXPLAINS to

Indiana.

KEZURE

This is a different tribe. New. They

have taken over the village.

INDIANA

What happened to the other tribe?

Kezure SHRUGS. Indiana TURNS to Scraggy.

INDIANA

You recognize their language?

PAGE 73 MISSING FROM HARD COPY

Suddenly, a VOICE echoes from inside of the oven. The natives LISTEN.

Again, the voice SHOUTS from inside. It’s SCRAGGY. The natives

RECOGNIZE the language. They quickly OPEN the oven door. Scraggy is

SCREAMING in the tribe’s tongue. The grille is PULLED out of the oven.

The natives hurriedly UNTIE the slightly smoked Indiana, Kezure and

Scraggy.

Scraggy SHOOTS to his feet. FURIOUS. He begins to SHOUT at the tribal

CHIEF. The Chief and the villagers are AWESTRUCK by Scraggy’s words.

The nervous Chief ORDERS Clare, Betsy and the others UNTIED. Scraggy

WHISPERS to Indiana.

SCRAGGY

I tell him we divine messengers of

Sun Wu-Kung. If he interfere with

our mission... Jade Emperor come

down from heavens and destroy his

village.

Indy SMILES. Scraggy TURNS and again SHOUTS to the chief. The chief

OBEYS Scraggy’s every word. He LEADS Indy and Scraggy to another area

of the village. Scraggy TRANSLATES for Indiana.

SCRAGGY

I tell him we lose path to city... I

ask if he have something to help us.

The chief leads Indy and Scraggy into a LARGE GRASS HUT.

INT. GRASS HUT

EMPTY, save for an elaborate MARBLE ALTAR. A dull MIRROR rests on the

altar. The small mirror is surrounded by a crude, STONE FRAME. The

chief PICKS up the mirror and GIVES it to Scraggy. The chief EXPLAINS.

Scraggy GIVES the mirror to Indiana.

SCRAGGY

(translating)

He say this will help us. And since

we are divine messengers...we will

know how to use it!

Indiana SMIRKS. He EXAMINES the mirror. Totally CONFUSED by it.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONGOOBOO VILLAGE - DAWN

The village SLEEPS. QUIET. PEACEFUL. Scraggy’s Model-T is PARKED here.

Several of the crew members and Pirates are SLEEPING in and around the

car. KEZURE is sprawled on the car’s roof. SNORING. It is obvious that

they have CAMPED here for the evening.

Suddenly, a SLIGHT TREMOR surges through the village. A soft

VIBRATION. Cooking utensils RATTLE. Grass huts SHAKE.

INT. GRASS HUT

Indiana SLEEPS here. In a HAMMOCK. The vibration WAKES Indy. As he

moves to climb out of the hammock, a FIGURE LEAPS ON TOP OF HIM!

BETSY.

BETSY

Indy. I’m frightened.

INDIANA

I’m claustrophobic.

Indiana attempts to PUSH Betsy out of the hammock. She RESISTS. They

begin to WRESTLE. STRUGGLE. The hammock becomes TANGLED around their

bodies.

Clare WALKS BY the hut. She LOOKS inside. To her, it appears that Indy

and Betsy are in the middle of a PASSIONATE love scene. She emits a

SHOCKED GASP. Indiana SEES Clare. He CALLS OUT.

INDIANA

Clare!... Wait!...

But the startled Clare HURRIES AWAY. Indiana manages to ESCAPE Betsy

and the tangled hammock. He LANDS on the floor. BREATHLESS.

EXT. VILLAGE

The vibrating INTENSIFIES. The ground begins to RUMBLE. The

surrounding trees SHAKE. The villagers POUR out of their huts,

gathering in the middle of town. FRIGHTENED. Indiana and Betsy JOIN

Scraggy, Clare, Kezure and the others. Betsy is PUZZLED by the

tremors.

BETSY

An earthquake?

The Tribal Chief STEPS FORWARD. He says ONE WORD in his language.

Scraggy TRANSLATES for the others.

SCRAGGY

Wildebeest.

CUT TO:

A HERD OF STAMPEDING WILDEBEEST

Hundreds of the RAGING animals plow through the jungle. Moving FAST.

They CRUSH everything in their path.

EXT. MONGOOBOO VILLAGE

The vibrating is LOUDER. HARDER. The villagers PANIC. They RUN AWAY.

SCATTERING into the jungle. Indiana and his party are CLUSTERED

together. Clare EXCLAIMS.

CLARE

We have to get out... Or we’ll be

crushed to death.

INDIANA

Scraggy... How close?

Scraggy puts his EAR to the trembling ground. He LISTENS.

SCRAGGY

Two miles.

Indy dashes to the Model-T SUPPLY RACK. He tosses SHOVELS to each of

the group. He LOOKS around.

INDIANA

Where’s the softest ground?...

Scraggy asks a PASSING VILLAGER. The villager SHOUTS some gibberish

and continues running. Scraggy POINTS OFF SCREEN. Toward a COMMUNAL

GRAVEYARD.

CUT TO:

THE WILDEBEEST.

SNORTING. STOMPING. CARVING a wide path through the thick jungle.

Small animals RUN for their lives. Bunnies DASH ahead of the herd.

Monkeys SWING to other trees. The ANGRY Wildebeest continue ahead.

EXT. VILLAGE

Indiana and the others stand in the LARGE GRAVEYARD. SHOVELS in hand.

They have DUG A LARGE HOLE. Pieces of DECAYED BODIES and SKELETONS

protrude from the surrounding hole. Scraggy STARES at the ghastly

sight. Eyes WIDE. FEARFUL. He begins to BABBLE. HYSTERICAL.

SCRAGGY

Oh, no! Many dead spirits! Bad

spirits... We must stay away...

Indy interrupts by PUSHING SCRAGGY INTO THE OPEN GRAVE. Scraggy falls

into the ARMS OF A SKELETON. He SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

THE HERD OF WILDEBEEST

BURSTING through a section of jungle. They arrive on the VAST JUNGLE

PLAIN. Directly ahead of them, several feet in the distance, is the

MONGOOBOO VILLAGE. The Wildebeest head STRAIGHT for the village.

EXT. VILLAGE

DESERTED. NO SIGN of human life. Everything TREMBLES with the force of

a major earthquake. The wildebeest ARRIVE. DESTROYING the village.

Grass Huts are FLATTENED. The enormous stone oven COLLAPSES. CRUMBLING

to pieces. Scraggy’s Model-T is OVERTURNED.

With nothing left standing, the wildebeest MOVE ON. The village has

been completely DEVASTATED. Surrounded with a heavy CLOUD OF DUST.

CAMERA PANS TO THE GRAVEYARD. Grave markers and tombstones lie BROKEN

and CRUSHED. Countless HOOFPRINTS cover the flat ground. The dust

begins to SETTLE. The graveyard ground suddenly BUCKLES. MOVING. A

HAND shoots out. Indiana CLIMBS OUT of the dirt. He is FOLLOWED by the

others, who also CLIMB OUT from underground. Everyone is UNHURT. SAFE.

PROTECTED by the ground above. A skeleton has ATTACHED itself to

Betsy. REFUSING to let go.

Scraggy, Indy and a few of the men RUN to the overturned Model-T Taxi.

They GRAB hold of the car and TURN it back upright.

Clare LOOKS at the devastated village. Betsy stands beside her,

STRUGGLING TO ESCAPE from the clutches of the skeleton. Clare looks

into the DISTANCE. Watching the DEPARTING Wildebeest. She is TROUBLED.

WORRIED.

CLARE

That’s odd... Wildebeests will not

stampede unless provoked...

Suddenly, the same LOW, RUMBLING SOUND from earlier, ECHOES through

the area. But this time it is LOUD. Nearly DEAFENING. Scraggy LOOKS at

Indy.

SCRAGGY

This time, it is very close, Indy.

Very close!

At that moment, directly behind Scraggy and Indy, the jungle ERUPTS!

The trees SEPARATE. CRASHING to the ground. Making way for some GIANT

BEHEMOTH. Scraggy and the others LEAP IN ONE DIRECTION. Indiana LEAPS

IN ANOTHER.

A GIANT TANK

SHOOTS out of the jungle. A METAL MONSTROSITY. ONE of a kind. The tank

is over TEN TIMES the size of a normal tank. Nearly 100 FEET LONG.

Over 25 FEET HIGH. It is equipped with THREE LEVELS. On the TOP LEVEL,

is the tank’s swivelling GUN BARREL. ENORMOUS. The size of a CANNON.

Two giant, BLAZING RED SWASTIKAS adorn both sides of the tank’s SECOND

LEVEL.

The tank RUNS OVER Scraggy’s Model-T. The car is FLATTENED. A THICK

CLOUD OF DUST erupts from the ground.

INT. TANK

GUTTERBUHG is here. He views the outside action through a PERISCOPE.

TWO NAZI GUNNERS are behind him. WAITING for orders to shoot. TYKI

sits in the background. The confused pygmy is BOUND and GAGGED.

OUTSIDE

Scraggy, Clare, Betsy, Kezure and the others DASH across the plains.

RUNNING AWAY from the pursuing tank. But Indiana is NOT with them.

Scraggy, UNABLE TO SEE through the dust, calls out.

SCRAGGY

Indy?... Indy?...

Indiana is SEVERAL FEET AWAY. On the GROUND. ALONE. LOST in the thick

of DUST. Suddenly, a DARK FIGURE appears. TOWERING over Indiana. The

dust begins to CLEAR. Revealing a protruding WHITE HORN. More dust

CLEARS. We see that the figure is a large, BLACK RHINOCEROS! Indy

LEAPS to his feet. The rhino SNORTS. Indy turns to RUN. The rhino

CHASES him!

Meanwhile, with most of the dust CLEARED, the TANK CHASES INDY’S

FRIENDS ACROSS THE JUNGLE PLAINS.

INT. TANK

Gutterbuhg LOOKS into the periscope. Indy’s friends are in his SIGHTS.

Gutterbuhg SCREAMS to the gunners.

GUTTERBUHG

(German; English

subtitles)

Fire!

OUTSIDE

The tank’s large barrel FIRES A SHOT at the running group. The blast

FLIES OVER THEIR HEADS. JUST MISSING everyone. It BLASTS a row of palm

trees to smithereens.

INDIANA is still running from the rampaging rhino. Indy begins to RUN

IN A CIRCLE. The angry rhino FOLLOWS him. The circle begins to

TIGHTEN... Becoming SMALLER... SMALLER... Until Indy is nearly running

ALONGSIDE of the rhino. At the exact moment, Indy GRABS HOLD of the

rhino. He LEAPS onto the beast. With a bit of careful maneuvering,

Indiana is RIDING THE RHINOCEROS!

Scraggy, Betsy, Clare, Kezure and the others CONTINUE TO RUN. The tank

is right BEHIND THEM. MOVING FAST. In HOT PURSUIT. The tank FIRES

ANOTHER SHOT! It SPLATTERS the ground. BESIDE the group. Again, JUST

MISSING everyone. The group TURNS. RUNNING in ANOTHER DIRECTION. The

tank FOLLOWS.

Indiana continues to ride the WILD, BUCKING rhino. He has NO CONTROL

over the beast. The rhino spots SOMETHING. The TANK. From this angle,

the tank, with its large protruding gun barrel, resembles a GIANT

RHINOCEROS. Seeing this, the rhino turns and RUNS TOWARD the tank.

HEAD ON. Indy holds TIGHTLY.

Scraggy and the others PAUSE. They see the tank BEHIND THEM. They see

the rhino AHEAD of them. The group makes QUICK TURN. To the RIGHT.

They run toward a RAVINE.

The tank is headed STRAIGHT for Indy and the rhino. Both moving at

FULL SPEED.

INT. TANK

Through the periscope, Gutterbuhg SEES Indy and the rhino.

INDIANA

continues to RIDE the uncontrollable rhino. They are within THIRTY

FEET of the oncoming tank.

INT. TANK

Gutterbuhg SCREAMS in German, ordering the Nazi Gunner to "Fire".

EXT. PLAINS

The tank FIRES. The blast is LOW. The ground in front of Indy and the

rhino EXPLODES. A cloud of dust ERUPTS.

INT. TANK

Gutterbuhg LOOKS through the periscope. His view is BLOCKED by dust.

EXT. PLAINS

The tank is UPON Indy and the rhino. The rhino SCREECHES to a stop.

FRIGHTENED by the blast. Indiana LEAPS ONTO THE TANK. GRIPPING the

front section. HOLDING ON for dear life. Moments before he is crushed

beneath the tank’s giant treads, the RHINO TURNS and RUNS OFF.

Scraggy, Betsy, Clare, Kezure and the others, have arrived at the foot

of a tall, several branched TREE. Located at the side of the RAVINE.

Over the ravine’s edge, is a SEVERAL HUNDRED FOOT DROP onto jagged

rocks. Scraggy begins to CLIMB the tree.

SCRAGGY

Safest place from bad spirits...is

in branches of tree.

The others SHRUG. They have NO CHOICE but to FOLLOW Scraggy up into

the branches of the tree.

Indiana CLIMBS along the side of the monstrous tank. He searches for a

PASSAGEWAY inside of the tank.

INT. TANK

The Nazis are UNAWARE of Indy’s presense on the tank. Gutterbuhg

CONTINUES to look through the periscope. The dust begins to CLEAR. He

FOCUSES his sights on Indy’s friends. LOCATED several feet away. They

CLIMB into the TREE. Gutterbuhg SMILES.

EXT. TANK

Indy CANNOT FIND a passageway into the tank. He SEES the GUN BARREL.

OVERHEAD. It SWIVELS. AIMING toward the tree filled with Indy’s

friends. Indy GRABS one of the tank’s LARGE HEADLIGHTS. He PULLS HARD.

SNAPPING OFF the headlight. Indy LEAPS upward. He quickly STUFFS the

headlight inside of the barrel opening.

INT. TANK

The tree of Indy’s friends are in Gutterbuhg’s SIGHTS. A PERFECT SHOT.

Gutterbuhg SCREAMS in German, ordering the Nazi gunners to SHOOT. They

FIRE. But the barrel BACKFIRES! EXPLODING in the face of the two Nazi

gunners. It sends them FLYING against the wall. OUT COLD. The cabin

fills with SMOKE. Only Gutterbuhg and Tyki REMAIN. A FURIOUS

Gutterbuhg PICKS up the radio. He SCREAMS into the microphone.

GUTTERBUHG

(German; English

subtitles)

Send help! We need assistance!

Tyki HELPLESSLY watches in the background. Gutterbuhg LOOKS into the

periscope. He SEES Indiana. ON the tank. Gutterbuhg hits a RED BUTTON.

On the CONTROL PANEL.

EXT. TANK

COUNTLESS ROWS OF MACHINE GUNS eject from secret slots. All AROUND the

tank’s FIRST LEVEL. The machine guns begin to FIRE. RAPIDLY. WILDLY.

Indiana DUCKS and DODGES the guns. He CLIMBS to the SECOND LEVEL. But

the large SWASTIKAS begin to move. OPENING. They are actually HIDDEN

DOORS. SECRET COMPARTMENTS. Several NAZI SOLDIERS exit the

compartments. They COME FOR Indiana. He FIGHTS the onslaught of

soldiers. PUNCHING. WRESTLING.

The tank, without a driver, begins to wildly SPIN. Going in CIRCLES.

From the tree, SCRAGGY sees Indy’s dillemma. He SHOUTS to the others.

SCRAGGY

Indy in trouble! We must help!

Scraggy begins to CLIMB OUT of the tree. A GUN suddenly MOVES INTO

FRAME. POINTED at Scraggy’s head. Scraggy TURNS. One of his CREW

MEMBERS holds the gun.

CREW MEMBER

(German accent)

Don’t move.

(to the others)

All of you. Stay where you are.

Scraggy and the others FREEZE. Clare makes a REALIZATION. She GLARES

at the Crew Member.

CLARE

It was you. You’re the reason the

Nazis found us.

The crew member gives an evil SMILE.

Indiana continues to FIGHT the Nazis, along the SECOND LEVEL of the

frenzied tank. Indy has DEFEATED most of the soldiers. Only TWO NAZIS

remain. They OVERCOME Indy. They push him DOWNWARD. Toward the tank’s

FIRST LEVEL. Toward the rows of FIRING MACHINE GUNS. Indiana STRUGGLES

to break free. But the powerful Nazis push him CLOSER...CLOSER...to

the machine guns.

In the TREE, the crew member keeps his pistol AIMED at Scraggy’s head.

CAMERA PANS UPWARD. Kezure is PERCHED on the top branch. ABOVE

Scraggy. At the right moment, Kezure LEAPS DOWN. ON TOP of the

treacherous crew member. Kezure KNOCKS the gun from the crew member’s

hand. BLAM! The gun GOES OFF. A stray bullet STRIKES the tree trunk.

Kezure PUNCHES the crew member, who LOSES HIS BALANCE and FALLS from

the tree. Going OVER THE EDGE of the ravine. His body DROPS hundreds

of feet. CRASHING to the rocks below.

Kezure SMILES. VICTORIOUS. But the tree suddenly CREAKS. GROANS. A

CRACK has formed around the trunk, where the bullet STRUCK. The tree

begins to TILT. Slowly TEETERING over the ravine’s edge. Everyone

PANICS. Betsy SHOUTS.

BETSY

Nobody move. Or we’ll go over.

Everyone FREEZES. Scared to DEATH. They TIGHTLY GRIP their branches.

The tree SWAYS. SLOWLY.

Indiana still FIGHTS the two Nazis. STRUGGLING to keep his body from

the tank’s deadly machine guns. Indy FLIPS one of the Nazis over his

head. The Nazi falls DIRECTLY IN FRONT of an entire row of machine

guns. His body does a GROTESQUE DANCE OF DEATH. RIDDLED with bullets.

Indiana and the other Nazi exchange PUNCHES. Their bodies TUMBLE over

the rear of the tank. They fall onto a SMALL LEDGE. Above the

enormous, rotating TANK TREADS. Indy and the Nazi battle to push the

other OFF THE LEDGE. Indiana PREVAILS. He pushes the Nazi ON TOP of

the giant treads. The Nazi tries to CLIMB BACK...but his body is

DRAGGED BENEATH THE TANK. CRUSHED.

Indiana turns, seeing Gutterbuhg climb out of a SECRET HATCH. On the

tank’s TOP LEVEL. Gutterbuhg POINTS HIS FINGER at Indy. It rapidly

FIRES BULLETS. Indy DODGES around the side of the tank. Bullets BOUNCE

off the metal beside him.

Meanwhile, Indy’s friends sit BREATHLESSLY on the swaying tree.

Everyone is SILENT. STILL. Kezure suddenly SNEEZES. The tree CREAKS.

It WAVERS over the ravine’s edge. Nearly GOING OVER. But it DOESN’T.

Everyone CATCHES THEIR BREATH. The tree continues to TEETER.

Gutterbuhg PURSUES Indiana. Playing CAT AND MOUSE along the top level

of the tank. Indiana PEERS around a corner. Seeing Gutterbuhg AHEAD.

Indy grabs hold of the large ROTATING GUN BARREL. Indy LIFTS his feet.

He SWINGS FORWAFD. RIDING the gun barrel. He SPINS around the tank’s

side and comes up BEHIND the unsuspecting Gutterbuhg. Indy JUMPS the

Nazi. They begin to FIGHT. Gutterbuhg tries to move his Mechanical arm

INTO POSITION. To SHOOT Indy.

The tank continues to LOSE CONTROL. It no longer SPINS in CIRCLES. It

is headed STRAIGHT TOWARD the tree filled with Indy’s friends.

INT. TANK

Tyki SITS inside. WATCHING through the periscope. HELPLESS.

EXT. PLAINS

Gutterbuhg and Indiana continue to FIGHT. Suddenly, there is a BUZZING

SOUND. An AIRPLANE ENGINE. Indiana LOOKS TO THE SKY. A NAZI BIPLANE

FLIES TOWARD HIM. The biplane DIVES. Moving LOWER. LOWER. Gutterbuhg

ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY. Indy is TRAPPED. A SITTING DUCK. The biplane

SWOOPS DOWN. Trying to HIT Indy. He DIVES onto the tank top. Lying

FLAT. The plane flies DIRECTLY OVER Indy. JUST MISSING him by a FEW

FEET.

Meanwhile, the tank still DRIVES DIRECTLY TOWARD the swaying tree and

ravine. Scraggy, Betsy, Clare, Kezure and the others remain FROZEN.

STILL. WATCHING the tank come for them. They are FRIGHTENED. HELPLESS.

Indy and Gutterbuhg have RESUMED their fighting. STANDING on the

tank’s top. The biplane LOOPS in the air. Coming back for ANOTHER

SHOT. Gutterbuhg LEAPS out of its path. The plane HEADS STRAIGHT for

Indy. He again DIVES to the tank’s top. The biplane SWOOPS DOWN. This

time AIMING LOWER. As it PASSES Indy, its wheels GRAZE his back. Indy

CRIES OUT.

The tank continues to SPEED TOWD the tree of trapped people. Getting

CLOSER...CLOSER...

His back ACHING, Indy struggles to keep Gutterbuhg’s machine gun arm

from shooting him. The biplane does another midair LOOP. It TURNS and

HEADS straight for Indy. This time, the plane WON’T MISS. As the

biplane gets CLOSE... Indy grabs a tight HOLD of Gutterbuhg’s

Mechanical arm. Indy RAISES the arm. AIMING at the biplane. Indy pulls

the arm’s TRIGGER. FIRING a round of shots. The rapid bullets STRIKE

the plane’s belly. The biplane LOSES CONTROL. Its engine COUGHS. DIES.

The biplane SPINS. Flipping into a NOSEDIVE. Leaving a trail of BLACK

SMOKE. The biplane HITS the ground. A FLAMING CRASH! SEVERAL FEET from

the tank.

Indiana OVERPOWERS Gutterbuhg. With TWO HARD PUNCHES, Indy FLOORS the

Nazi. Gutterbuhg lies SPRAWLED on the tank’s top. UNCONSCIOUS. Indy

TURNS. He sees that the speeding tank is going to CRASH into the

treefull of his friends. Indiana LEAPS into the open tank compartment.

INT. TANK

Indiana TAKES the controls. But they are completely ALIEN to him. He

hears a SQUEAL. TYKI. Behind HIM. Tyki motions to a SPECIFIC CONTROL.

Indy GRABS HOLD of it.

EXT. PLAINS

The tank SCREECHES. SPINNING TO A STOP. INCHES from the swaying tree.

Scraggy, Clare, Betsy, Kezure and the others, emit a UNIFIED SIGH OF

RELIEF. But the tree suddenly CRACKS. It TILTS. FALLING OVER THE

RAVINE EDGE! Everyone SCREAMS!

There is the sudden CRACK OF A WHIP! The whip WRAPS ITSELF around the

trunk of the tree. Indiana HOLDS the opposite end. He PULLS with all

of his strength. HOLDING the tree in place. He PREVENTS the tree from

FALLING into the ravine. Indy SHOUTS to his friends. Through GRITTED

TEETH.

INDIANA

Jump!... Jump!...

Everyone begins to LEAP from the tree. To the GROUND. Indy CONTINUES

to hold the tree in place. Muscles BULGING. Sweat POURING. Veins

POPPING. Soon, everyone is back on the GROUND. SAFE. Indy RETRIEVES

his whip. The tree TILTS. FALLING over the ravine edge. The tree

CRASHES to the rocks below. SPLINTERING into a million pieces.

On the top level of the tank, Gutterbuhg STIRS. WAKES. But Indiana is

UPON HIM. Using a rope, Indy TIES UP Gutterbuhg. He removes the AMMO

CARTRIDGE from the Nazi’s mechanical arm. EMPTYING the bullets onto

the ground. Indiana PUSHES Gutterbuhg INSIDE THE TANK.

Tyki CRAWLS out of the tank. He SEES Clare. TEARS of happiness fill

his eyes. He RUNS to Clare. The two exchange a WARM EMBRACE. Tyki SEES

Scraggy. They shake hands and begin an EXCITED CONVERSATION. Like two

OLD FRIENDS.

INT. TANK

Indy grabs the RADIO MICROPHONE. He HOLDS it in front of Gutterbuhg.

INDIANA

Call your mommy.

Gutterbuhg GROWLS. He SPEAKS German into the microphone. The voice of

LIEUT. MEPHISTO answers. Echoing over the SPEAKERS. Indy GRABS the

microphone. INTERRUPTING.

INDIANA

This is Jones. I’ve got your tank.

(pause)

It’s all over, pal. You lose.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP: LIEUT. MEPHISTO

He is ANGRY. UPSET. But he FORCES himself to CALMLY address Indiana.

MEPHISTO

Doctor Jones... You surprise me. For

a supposedly intelligent man...you

jump to childish conclusions.

Remember... You are driving our

tank. We can FOLLOW you anywhere.

(vehement)

You are far from defeating us, my

friend. The battle has only just

begun.

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Mephisto is standing beside a long ROW OF TENTS.

Housing many TROOPS. Several JEEPS are parked in the background. All

mounted with RECOILEST CANNONS. 5 CANVAS TRUCKS are also here. Filled

with more TROOPS, CANNONS and AMMUNITION. The Nazis have assembled an

ENTIRE ARMY!

INDIANA

DROPS the microphone. Suddenly WORRIED. He HURRIES out of the tank.

Gutterbuhg stays BEHIND. LAUGHING.

EXT. PLAINS

Indiana HURRIES to Tyki and the others. Indy shoots an IMPATIENT

glance to Scraggy.

INDIANA

We’ve got to move. Fast.

(points to Tyki)

Ask him if he knows the way to the

City from here.

Scraggy ASKS Tyki. The pygmy ANSWERS, pointing OFF SCREEN. Scraggy

TRANSLATES for Indiana.

SCRAGGY

He do not know exact place... But it

is somewhere over there.

Indy TURNs to the direction where Scraggy points. Several miles away,

we see COUNTLESS ROWS OF MOUNTAINS. Thick layers of CLOUDS surround

the mountains. Indiana SIGHS.

INDIANA

A lotta’ good that does us... It

could take us months...years...to

search everyone of those.

Betsy has an IDEA. She removes the STONE MIRROR from Indiana’s pocket.

BETSY

Maybe he knows what to do with

this...

Betsy GIVES the mirror to Tyki. His eyes WIDEN. In AWE. Tyki

RECOGNIZES the mirror. He excitedly EXPLAINS to Scraggy, who

TRANSLATES for Indiana.

SCRAGGY

It is "Magical Mirror of Sun Wu

Kung"...

INDIANA

But whattayou do with it?

Scraggy ASKS Tyki. The energetic pygmy PLACES the mirror against an

upright stone. Tyki ADJUSTS the mirror, until it FACES the distant

mountains. Tyki emits a high pitched GIGGLE. POINTING to the mirror.

Everyone GATHERS around the mirror. The SOUND TRACK MUSIC SOARS.

The mirror reflects the CLOUDS above the mountains. But above one

SPECIFIC MOUNTAIN, we see the image of a CITY REFLECTED ON THE CLOUDS!

Indiana TURNS away from the mirror, looking at the SPECIFIC MOONTAIN.

But the city is ONLY REFLECTED IN THE MAGICAL MIRROR! Clare SMILES at

Indy, quoting Tyki from earlier.

CLARE

"I come from Land Of City On

Clouds".

Indiana NODS. HOPEFUL. ANXIOUS. He looks back to the magical

REFLECTION.

CUT TO:

THE TANK

travelling a NARROW PATH. Along the side of a STEEP MOUNTAIN. The tank

moves UPWARD. Toward the mountain TOP. The tank JERKS. WOBBLES. It’s

as if the driver were having TROUBLE with the controls.

INT. TANK

Indiana DRIVES. UNFAMILIAR with the controls. The tank is CROWDED with

everyone. Betsy and Clare sit BESIDE Indy. Gutterbuhg is DIRECTLY

BEHIND HIM. Kezure TEACHES a game to Scraggy. Tyki, the Pirates and

the various crew members WATCH. The game appears to be a BIZARRE

VERSION of chess. Only the tokens are DRIED INSECTS and LIZARDS.

Kezure EXPLAINS.

KEZURE

This is called "Taskipi". Only the

bravest play.

Upon hearing this, Scraggy is even MORE EXCITED TO PLAY. The game

BEGINS.

Indiana is becoming extremely FRUSTRATED by the tank controls. Betsy

gives a SERIOUS LOOK to him.

BETSY

I’ve been talking to Dr. Clarke

about our problem.

INDIANA

(struggling with tank)

Problem?... Hey... What’re you two

doin’ talkin’ behind my back?...

CLARE

Betsy needed help. I obliged.

INDIANA

Since when did you become the female

Sigmund Freud?

CLARE

Since I received a Masters Degree in

Psychology.

Indy ROLLS HIS EYES. Meanwhile, Kezure has TAKEN all of Scraggy’s

tokens. He’s obviously WON the game. A carefree Scraggy THROWS up his

hands.

SCRAGGY

We play again?

KEZURE

(pause, serious)

The game is not yet over, my friend.

SCRAGGY

Oh?

KEZURE

You have lost. You must pay.

SCRAGGY

(going through pockets)

I don’t have money...

KEZURE

No. No. money.

(deadly smile)

Rules of the game declare that I may

choose a souvenir.

(removes a knife)

A part of your body. Any part I

wish.

Scraggy GULPS. Kezure PAUSES. RUBBING his jaw. THINKING. Meanwhile,

Betsy EXPLAINS to Indians.

BETSY

Dr. Clarke says that you’re not

really in love with me. You’re just

trying to prove that you can still

attract younger women. You’re

terrified of getting old.

INDIANA

That’s crazy.

BETSY

That’s what I told her. I told her

that you really did love me.

INDIANA

(fumbling)

Well...that’s...ah...well...

BETSY

(worried)

You mean... She was right?...

INDIANA

No... I mean Yes... I mean...

Indy TURNS, seeing Clare GLARING at him. Indy SIGHS. PAUSES. He gives

Betsy a TENDER, HONEST look.

INDIANA

No, Betsy. I don’t love you.

BETSY

(tears fill her eyes)

That’s the first time you ever said

it!

Betsy begins CRYING. Into Clare’s ARMS. Indiana SHAKES his head. Clare

COMFORTS Betsy.

CLARE

There. There. He’s a very disturbed

man.

Indiana SIGHS. He TURNS. FACE to FACE with a GRINNING and NODDING

Gutterbuhg.

Kezure has made his DECISION. Scraggy WAITS. TERRIFIED. Kezure RAISES

his knife. TOWARD Scraggy’s face.

KEZURE

Your eyes. They are a striking deep

blue.

Scraggy COVERS his face. Kezure ATTACKS him. Trying to CUT OUT

Scraggy’s eyes. A FIGHT begins. The crew members VS. the Pirates.

Indiana TURNS, away from the controls. He BREAKS UP the fight.

INDIANA

(angry)

Enough. We’re in this together. If

we start fighting among ourselves...

we’ll never get out alive.

The men CALM DOWN. CATCHING their breath. Kezure PUTS AWAY his knife.

He GLARES at Scraggy.

KEZURE

You owe me, old man.

EXT. MOUNTAIN

The tank, without a driver, begins to SWERVE OFF THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

INT. TANK

Clare NOTICES the tank going over the mountain. She SCREAMS.

CLARE

Doctor Jones!!!

Indy TURNS. LEAPING back to the controls. He hurriedly STEERS the tank

back onto the mountain path. Saving it at the LAST MOMENT. Everyone

CATCHES their breath. Indiana STEPS on the gas, continuing AHEAD.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN - A FEW HOURS LATER

The tank has nearly made it to the TOP of the mountain. Trekking

through a NARROW, ROCKY RAVINE. The tank rolls to a STOP. The top

hatch FLIPS OPEN. Indiana, Scraggy and Tyki POP OUT. Tyki suddenly

points to the MOUNTAIN TOP, which is cloaked in thick LAYERS OF

CLOUDS. Tyki’s eyes fill with JOYOUS TEARS. He begins to SHOUT. His

voice SQUEALS with EXCITEMENT. Scraggy TRANSLATES for Indy.

SCRAGGY

He say that two miles ahead...we

will find his home.

Indiana SMILES. EXCITED by the prospects. TOUCHED by Tyki’s reaction.

Indy looks to the FOOT of the mountain. Several miles BELOW.

THE NAZI FORCES

have ARRIVED! They are still at least TWO HOURS from reaching Indiana

and the others. The massive army MOVES FAST. They begin to DRIVE along

the mountain path. FOLLOWING Indiana. In HOT PURSUIT.

Indy PAUSES. WORRIED. THINKING. He LOOKS at the surrounding ROCKY

WALLS, then to the tank’s enormous GUN BARREL. An IDEA. He HURRIES

back inside of the tank. Scraggy and Tyki FOLLOW. CLOSING the hatch

above them.

INT. TANK

Indy LOOKS at the tank’s control panel. A PUZZLEMENT. He LOOKS at

Gutterbuhg.

INDIANA

How do I work the big gun?

Gutterbuhg SMILES. He REFUSES to answer. Indy has NO TIME for games.

He LOOKS at Kezure.

INDIANA

Want your souvenir?

(grabs Gutterbuhg’s left

arm)

Start with his good arm.

Kezure SMILES and removes his LONG KNIFE. He moves it Gutterbuhg’s

NECK. The snivelling Nazi CRIES OUT.

GUTTERBUHG

W-W-Wait!... Please!...

Indy NODS to Kezure. The Pirate King moves his KNIFE. Gutterbuhg

hurriedly POINTS to two switches on the control panel.

GUTTERBUHG

There. That is what you want.

Indy NODS. He TURNS to the switches.

EXT. RAVINE

CLOSE-UP: The tank’s large gun barrel SWIVELS. Pointing UPWARD. To the

ROCKS above. The gun FIRES A SHOT. It swivels a FEW FEET. Then FIRES

ANOTHER. And ANOTHER. A RUMBLING SOUND echoes through the area.

INT. TANK

Indy HITS the gas.

EXT. RAVINE

The tank SHOOTS forward. SPEEDING ahead. An AVALANCHE BEGINS! JUST

MISSING the tank. Several pounds of ROCKS and DEBRIS fall from above.

The rocks create A THICK WALL. BLOCKING the mountain path.

The tank CONTINUES along the twisting, narrow mountain path. Moving

further and further UPWARD. The tank DISAPPEARS INTO THE THICK CLOUDS

that surround the mountain.

INT. TANK

Indiana LOOKS through the persiscope. His view BLINDED by the clouds.

EXT. MOUNTAIN

The tank is a LARGE, GREY BLUR through the clouds. Several DARK,

BULKING FIGURES APPEAR! They CLIMB along the ravine sides and tops.

The mysterious figures SURROUND the tank. All are holding ENORMOUS

BOULDERS over their heads. AIMED at the tank.

INT. TANK

Indy EASES up on the gas. The tank SLOWS. Suddenly, there is a LOUD

CRASH! The tank is HIT. RATTLING. SHAKING. Everyone is TOSSED. Save

for Indy, who STAYS at the controls. He continues to GUIDE the tank

FORWARD. There is another CRASH. And ANOTHER. And ANOTHER.

EXT. MOUNTAIN

The dark figures SHOWER the tank with heavy boulders. The tank’s gun

barrel SNAPS IN TWO. Headlights SMASH. Its body becomes DENTED.

CRACKED.

INT. TANK

Indiana is TOUGH. PERSISTENT. He continues to move the jolting tank

FORWARD. As the surrounding walls CAVE IN. SHATTER. Everyone PANICS.

SCREAMING.

EXT. MOUNTAIN

The injured, wobbling tank moves OUT OF THE CLOUDS. Arriving around

the corner from the MOUNTAIN TOP. The countless dark figures continue

to FOLLOW the tank. SCURRYING along the ravine sides and tops. The

figures EMERGE from the clouds. For the first time, they are VISIBLE.

And we see that the figures are TALL... HAIRY... MUSCULAR... GORILLAS!

They CONTINUE to assault the tank with boulders.

INT. TANK

Indiana still attempts to move the tank FORWARD. But the engine begins

to COUGH. SPUTTER. And DIES.

EXT. MOUNTAIN

The tank COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP. One of the Gorillas emits a BIGS

PITCHED SHRIEK. COMMUNICATING with the others. The others PAUSE. They

STOP the attack. The Gorillas APPROACH the tank. SLOWLY. CAUTIOUSLY.

The apes REACH OUT. TOUCHING the tank’s wrecked body. A few of the

apes begin to CLIMB onto the tank.

The tank’s top hatch FLIPS OPEN. Indy’s HEAD pops out. TWO HAIRY ARMS

REACH INTO FRAME AND GRAB INDIANA! An enormous Gorilla pulls Indy OUT

OF THE HATCH! The ape TOSSES INDY OFF SCREEN!

Indiana FLIES INTO THE AIR! He LANDS IN THE ARMS of another Gorilla.

The ape TAKES Indy’s WHIP and THROWS him to another Gorilla, who takes

Indy’s HAT. The Gorilla TOSSES Indy to another ape, who tears off

Indy’s LEATHER JACKET. The helpless Indy is THROWN to yet another

Gorilla. The angry ape RAISES Indy over his head. The Gorilla prepares

to THROW INDIANA OFF OF THE MOUNTAIN’S EDGE!

Tyki’s VOICE ERUPTS FROM OFF SCREEN. The Gorilla PAUSES, suspending

Indiana HIGH IN THE AIR. The Gorilla TURNS to Tyki. The pygmy STANDS

on the tank. He SHOUTS AN ORDER to the Gorilla. The ape NODS.

UNDERSTANDING. He KNOWS Tyki. The Gorilla gently PLACES Indy back on

the ground. Indiana ADJUSTS what remains of his clothing. He turns,

seeing A GROUP OF GORILLAS. HUDDLED together. The Gorillas SEPARATE.

They have DRESSED one of the apes in INDIANA’S HAT, LEATHER JACKET AND

WHIP! The ape begins to SNAP THE WHIP, almost as if he were IMITATING

Indy.

Scraggy, Betsy, Clare and the others have CLIMBED OUT of the tank.

Upon seeing the Gorilla DRESSED as Indy, they BURST INTO LAUGHTER. A

very ANGRY Indiana growls at Tyki.

INDIANA

(pointing to Gorilla)

Tell him to take off my stuff!

Through laughter, Scraggy TRANSLATES for Tyki. The pygmy SHOUTS an

order to the Gorilla. The ape REMOVES the hat and leather jacket,

RELUCTANTLY giving them back to a grumbling Indiana.

Tyki continues to SHOOT orders to the other Gorillas. The pygmy

suddenly appears STRONG. AUTHORITATIVE. He obviously has POWER over

the beasts. The Gorillas GATHER together. They MOVE TOWARD the people.

The apes GENTLY take the hands of the various humans. It is a WARM,

ENCHANTING sight, as the friendly Gorillas LEAD the humans forward.

Clare, using her Gorilla MOTIONS and SOUNDS, communicates with the

beasts. The group moves AROUND A TWISTING CORNER OF THE PATH. Toward

the MOUNTAIN TOP.

AROUND THE CORNER

Indiana and the others are met with an AWESOME SIGHT! Indy STOPS. His

mouth DROPS OPEN. Clare is equally ASTOUNDED. Betsy and the others

STARE AHEAD. In total WONDERMENT. Even Gutterbuhg is AMAZED. The SOUND

TRACK MUSIC EXPLODES INTO A THUNDERING CRESCENDO!

THE LOST CITY OF SUN WU-KUNG

LIES AHEAD of the group. A SPECTACULAR SIGHT! A city whose every

building and tower is cast in SOLID GOLD! SPARKLING! GLISTENING! A

HEAVENLY place. The City is protected by a deep MOAT. The fins of

several SHARKS move through the moat waters. A THICK STONE WALL

surrounds the city. A large, golden DRAWBRIDGE is built into the wall.

PASSAGEWAY into the city.

A tremendous TOWER stretches above the city walls. The GUARD, a pygmy

similiar to Tyki, is POSTED in the tower. The guard SPOTS Tyki,

approaching the city walls. The guard’s EYES LIGHT. He SMILES. The

guard CRIES OUT! SHOUTING to everyone inside of the City. He continues

to REPEAT a certain phrase.

Scraggy TRANSLATES the guard’s words for Indiana.

SCRAGGY

He say... "Our Prince has returned

home".

Indiana SMILES. Soon, the beautiful sound of COUNTLESS RINGING BELLS

is heard, welcoming Tyki home. Eyes WATERING, a proud Tyki and the

Gorillas LEAD everyone to the foot of the City Walls. The enormous

drawbridge begins to LOWER. A STUNNING SHAFT OF GOLDEN LIGHT escapes

from the opening. As the drawbridge continues to lower, the shaft of

light becomes WIDER. BRIGHTER. It ILLUMINATES the faces of Indy and

the others. When the drawbridge is completely LOWERED, everyone is LED

INTO THE CITY. Their bodies SILHOUETTED against the warm glowing

light.

INT. CITY

WE ENTER with Indy and the others. The city is BURSTING with the

bright colors of various VEGETABLE and FRUIT GARDENS, and various

other EXOTIC PLANT LIFE. Luscious GREEN GRASS and CRYSTAL CLEAR LAKES

surround many of the homes. The earthen streets are literally PAVED

WITH GOLD. The men and women of the City are members of Tyki’s RACE.

ORIENTAL PYGMIES. There is a PEACEFUL, JOYOUS quality about them. They

RUSH toward Tyki. EMBRACING him. SHOWERING him with kisses. WELCOMING

him home.

Indiana and the others are in AWE of this new world. Gutterbuhg WALKS

with them. CAMERA PANS to his HANDS. He struggles to UNTIE his

bindings.

Kezure SPOTS something. A small, SOLID GOLD GARDEN TOOL. Lying in a

VEGETABLE GARDEN. Kezure’s eyes fill with GREED. He moves to STEAL the

can. Kezure GRABS the tool and begins to HIDE it. BENEATH his cloak. A

LARGE GORILLA’S HAND GRABS Kezure’s arm. TOWERING over the Pirate

king, the Gorilla WAVES his finger at Kezure. A WARNING. NO STEALING.

The nervous Kezure NODS. He PLACES the garden tool back on the ground.

Meanwhile, Indy and the others are led to an elaborate PALACE. They

ascend the several GOLDEN STAIRS, toward the entrance. The palace

doors OPEN. An OLDER MAN steps outside. He is BOHBALA. The City’s

RULER. A few PALACE GUARDS stand beside him. Bohbala RAISES his arms

over the crowd. Pygmies and Gorillas DROP TO THEIR KNEES. In REVERNCE.

Tyki RUNS to Bohbala. They EMBRACE. TEARS OF JOY fill their eyes.

Bohbala WIPES away his tears. He gives a WARM SMILE to Indiana and the

others. He SPEAKS. SOFTLY. In a WISE voice. Scraggy TRANSLATES for the

others.

SCRAGGY

He thank us...for returning his son.

Indiana and the others SMILE. Betsy WHIPSERS to Indy.

BETSY

If the little guy’s pushin’ 200

years?... How old’s his Father?

Indy motions for Betsy to "Shhh". Bohbala continues to SPEAK. Scraggy

TRANSLATES.

SCRAGGY

His name "Bohbala". He is Ruler of

City, faithful servant of his Lord

and Master... Sun Wu-Kung.

(pause, smile)

He welcome us to stay. As long as we

wish.

Indiana exchanges a HOPEFUL glance with Clare. As Bohbala CONTINUES to

speak, CAMERA PANS TO GUTTERBUHG. The Nazi has successfully UNTIED his

bindings. FREE. While the others listen to Bohbala, Gutterbuhg REMOVES

ONE SPARE BULLET FROM HIS MOUTH. He slyly INSERTS the bullet into his

mechanical arm.

Indiana is TOO CONCERNED with Bohbala to notice Gutterbuhg.

INDIANA

(anxious, to Scraggy)

Ask him where we may find the burial

place...or the remains...of Sun Wu-

Kung...

Scraggy TURNS to ask Bohbala. But his question is INTERRUPTED by

Gutterbuhg’s MECHANICAL ARM. It EXTENDS INTO FRAME! Its finger POINTED

AT INDIANA! Everyone STARES. SHOCKED. But the bizarre sight greatly

AMUSES Bohbala. He begins to LAUGH. He REACHES OUT and PUSHES

Gutterbuhg’s finger away. But the machine gun GOES OFF! FIRING!

Bohbala is HIT! In the CHEST. He FALLS. Tyki KNEELS, cradling

Bohbala’s head in his arms. Tyki CALLS his Father’s name. It is

FUTILE. Bohbala is DEAD.

The crowd of villagers STARE. CONFUSED. They are unaccustomed to

VIOLENCE.

Indiana CLUTCHES Gutterbuhg by the throat.

INDIANA

Bastard...

Indiana pulls back his fist to PUNCH the Nazi. But Indy is STOPPED by

the PALACE GUARDS. They move their SWORDS to his throat. Indy is

suddenly PUZZLED. The VILLAGERS FALL TO THEIR KNEES. BOWING to

Gutterbuhg. A distraught Tyki hurriedly EXPLAINS to Scraggy, who

translates for Indy.

SCRAGGY

It is written... If ruler is

defeated by greater power...he who

possess that power...

(points to Gutterbuhg)

...shall become ruler!

Gutterbuhg’s eyes fill with a sadistic THRILL. He RAISES his

MECHANICAL ARM. In a "Heil Hitler" POSE. The entire City IMITATES the

Nazi. RAISING their right arms. CHEERING. HAILING their new leader.

Indiana is HORRIFIED by the scene. Tyki is UPSET. SCREAMING. He knows

that Gutterbuhg is truly EVIL! But NONE of the villagers listen.

Indiana LOOKS to his SHOCKED friends.

INDIANA

This is turning into one helluva

nightmare.

GUTTERBUBG

(hears, smiles at Indy)

One you will never awaken from,

Doctor Jones.

Indy GLARES at Gutterbuhg. Clare and Betsy exchange a FRIGHTENED

glance.

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE - RULER’S CHAMBER

A beautiful, expansive chamber, filled with TAPESTRIES and ARTWORK.

Gutterbuhg sits in an elaborate GOLDEN THRONE. He has donned a

ghoulish NEW OUTFIT. The robes of BOHBALA, the dead ruler. Gutterbuhg

is being ATTENDED upon by several villagers, who bring him countless

PLATES OF FOOD. He is surrounded by SEVERAL WOMEN, who patiently wait

for his orders. Gutterbuhg GOBBLES down the variety of food and wine.

DROOLING. SLOBBERING.

Scraggy KNEELS before the Nazi. Gutterbuhg USES Indiana’s WHIP as a

LEASH. It is TIED around Scraggy’s neck and HELD by the Nazi.

Gutterbuhg PULLS the leash. HARD. Nearly STRANGLING Scraggy. His mouth

FILLED WITH FOOD, Gutterbuhg SCREAMS at Scraggy.

GUTTERBUHG

I want to see Jones!

Scraggy TRANSLATES for the guards.

INT. DUNGEON

DARK. MUSTY. Surrounded with moss covered STONE WALLS. Located BENEATH

the Palace. Indy and the others are LOCKED inside. Everyone is SILENT.

STARING. WAITING. Clare CONSOLES a tearful, despondent Tyki. The

dungeon gate OPENS. The two Guards ENTER. They DRAG Indiana out of the

dungeon. Betsy CALLS OUT to Indy. Trying to FOLLOW. But the guards

SLAM the wooden door in Betsy’s face. She peers through the small

BARRED WINDOW. WORRIED. UPSET.

INT. PALACE

Indiana is LED into the Ruler’s Chamber. Indy SEES Scraggy, tied to a

leash. An angry, VENGEFUL look covers Indy’s face. He TURNS to

Gutterbuhg. The Nazi, still STUFFING his face with food, pulls TIGHTLY

on Scraggy’s leash.

GUTTERBUHG

Your friend makes a wonderful

interpreter.

Indy’s eyes BURN. Gutterbuhg GULPS down a glass of wine. Liquid

SPITTLES from the sides of his mouth. He LOOKS at Indy.

GUTTERBUHG

"The Nazi Party will exist for one

thousand years...and I wish to be

alive for every year!"

(pause)

That is a favorite philosophy of our

feuher.

INDIANA

Your feuher’s philosphies belong on

a bathroom wall.

GUTTERBUHG

(angry, slapping Indy

across the face)

This is a very serious matter,

Doctor Jones. It could save your

life.

(pause)

I understand that somewhere in this

City...there is a Garden of...

Immortal Peaches?...

(Indy doesn’t respond,

Gutterbuhg continues)

I want information about this

Garden... And I would greatly

appreciate it, if you would share

everything you know, with me.

INDIANA

I don’t share anything with Nazis.

Gutterbuhg NODS. He TAKES another bite of food, shooting a GLOWERING

look to Indiana.

GUTTERBUHG

Very well. My friends will be here

soon. They will rest...enjoy the

pleasures of my newfound kingdom...

(kisses a woman, and

pushes her away)

Then we shall exterminate these

worthless people! Destroy their

City! And we will carry away all of

its riches...in pieces.

Gutterbuhg goes back to his FOOD. Scraggy exchanges a WORRIED GLANCE

with Indiana.

CUT TO:

THE NAZI ARMY

TRAVELLING along the narrow mountain path. They are more than HALFWAY

up the mountain. LIEUT. MEPHISTO rides in the FRONT JEEP. He LOOKS to

his driver, who REPORTS to Mephisto.

DRIVER

(German, English

subtitles)

Sir... We shall reach the mountain

top in less than sixty minutes.

Mephisto NODS. ANXIOUS.

CUT TO:

THE LOST CITY - COLISEUM

An enormous STONE ARENA. Located in the CENTER of the City. It

resembles the ROMAN COLISEUM in size and structure. The coliseum’s top

walls are SURROUNDED by countless, large METAL BELLS. The bells are

RINGING. They are the same bells we heard earlier...but they now sound

EERIE... THREATENING. The many seats are FILLED with members of the

village. All GATHERED for a special event.

Gutterbuhg sits in the elaborate RULER’S BOX. It is covered with a

protective, GOLDEN GRATING. The box is located directly above the

earthen PLAYING FIELD. Indy’s WHIP is still tied around Scraggy’s

neck, who kneels at Gutterbuhg’s FEET.

TWO GUARDS lead a shirtless INDIANA JONES onto the playing field. They

bring Indy to a STEEL CAGE, located directly below Gutterbuhg’s box.

Inside of the cage, are TWO ENORMOUS BUFFALO. ANGRY. RESTLESS.

Betsy, Clare, Tyki, Kezure, the remaining Pirates and Crew members,

all helplessly watch from inside of a LARGE METAL CAGE. The cage is

SUSPENDED in the air... DANGLING over a deep pit. It is filled with

COUNTLESS MANEATING TIGERS.

Indy is LED into the cage. BETWEEN the two buffalo. The guards GRABS

HOLD of Indiana. They TIE one of his arms, and one of his legs, to

EACH SIDW of the buffalo. Preparing to DRAW and QUARTER Indiana.

A DELIGHTED Gutterbuhg PEERS DOWN at Indiana.

GUTTERBUHG

Doctor Jones... Those beasts are

anxious to run wild. Free.

(vicious smile)

How long will you be able to ride...

before they TEAR YOU IN TWO?

Indy LOOKS at Scraggy, who is very FRIGHTENED.

GUTTERBUHG

Goodbye, Doctor Jones.

Gutterbuhg TURNS to the guards. Ready to give them the ORDER...to OPEN

THE CAGE and SET THE BUFFALO FREE! Indy suddenly SCREAMS.

INDIANA

Heil Hitler!

Upon hearing the words, Gutterbuhg STANDS. Like a ROBOT. He RAISES his

mechanical arm in a "Heil Hitler" POSE.

GUTTERBUHG

Heil Hitler!

The FINGERS of Gutterbuhg’s mechanical arm get CAUGHT IN THE METAL

GRATING ABOVE HIS HEAD! Gutterbuhg TRIES TO REMOVE his fingers. NO

GOOD. STUCK. Gutterbuhg PULLS. HARD. His mechanical arm is RIPPED FROM

ITS SOCKET! It DANGLES from the grating.

The crowd WATCHES. PUZZLED. SHOCKED.

Scraggy THINKS FAST. He LEAPS to his feet and GRABS the arm. He TEARS

IT OUT of the grating. Scraggy HOLDS the arm above his head. Now it is

HE who possesses the POWER! The crowd CHEERS Scraggy! Their NEW RULER!

Gutterbuhg STEPS BACK. Suddenly FRIGHTENED. Scraggy ORDERS the guards

to FREE Indiana. The guards hurriedly UNTIE Indy from the buffalo.

Gutterbuhg TURNS. RUNNING out of the Coliseum. Scraggy SCREAMS to the

people, motioning for them to FOLLOW Gutterbuhg. Several people LEAP

from their seats. CHASING the Nazi.

EXT. COLISEUM

Gutterbuhg DASHES OUT! A CROWD OF VILLAGERS follow him. In HOT

PURSUIT. Gutterbuhg RUNS toward the city gates. He RUNS through.

ESCAPING the City. The crowd PAUSES. STOPPING. They’ll go NO FURTHER.

They SCREAM and SHOUT at the departing Gutterbuhg, who disappears INTO

THE MOUNTAINS.

INT. COLISEUM

Indiana REJOINS his friends on the playing field. They have been FREED

from the cage. Scraggy gives the WHIP to Indy. Indy is IMPATIENT.

WORRIED. He LOOKS at everyone.

INDIANA

Nazis’ll be be here soon. We gotta

move fast.

Scraggy gives Gutterbuhg’s MECAHNICAL ARM to Tyki. The pygmy NODS. He

UNDERSTANDS. Tyki RAISES THE ARM TOWARD THE PEOPLE. They CHEER Tyki,

their rightful ruler. Tyki, PULLS BACK and THROWS the mechanical arm.

HIGH INTO THE AIR! It SOARS several feet! FLYING OVER the coliseum

walls.

EXT. CITY

The arm flies THROUGH the air... It lands into the MOAT! The arm is

ATTACKED by a horde of hungry sharks. They TEAR it to pieces.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH

The Nazis have arrived at the section of path that is BLOCKED by the

AVALANCHE. Their other VEHICLES and TROOPS have pulled back. A FEW

HUNDRED FEET from the AVALANCHE. SEVERAL STICKS OF DYNAMITE have been

placed beneath the avalanche. The T.N.T. is connected to a LONG FUSE,

that extends along the path. LIEUT. MEPHISTO stands at the fuse’s end.

He STRIKES a match. Preparing to LIGHT THE FUSE. The match flare is

INCHES from the fuse... Mephisto is INTERRUPTED by a FAMILIAR VOICE.

It is GUTTERBUHG. Mephisto BLOWS OUT the match.

A SOAKING WET Sgt. Gutterbuhg SLIDES down the edge of the ravine. He

still wears the COLORFUL, ELABORATE ROBES of Bohbala. Mephisto is

PUZZLED by Gutterbuhg’s BIZARRE APPEARANCE. Gutterbuhg STOPS in front

of Mephisto. Gutterbuhg ATTEMPTS a "Heil, Hitler"... but suddenly

realizes that his mechanical arm is GONE. Gutterbuhg DRIPS WATER all

over Mephisto, who is DISGUSTED by the appearance of his officer. He

SLAPS Gutterbuhg.

MEPHISTO

(German; English

subtitles)

Idiot!... Why are you dressed like

that!... Where is your uniform?...

Before he can answer, Gutterbuhg is SHOVED AWAY by the disgusted

Mephisto, who ATTEMPTS to LIGHT the fuse. But his matches are USELESS.

Soaked with WATER. Furious, Mephisto SLAPS Gutterbuhg, ordering him to

fetch something. The snivelling Gutterbuhg nods and bows, SCURRYING

away. He RUNS into the rear of A CANVAS TRUCK.

INT. TRUCK

Filled with several crates of DYNAMITE and SUPPLIES. Gutterbuhg DASHES

inside. Toward a SILVER, METALLIC BRIEFCASE that rests in the rear of

the truck. Gutterbuhg’s greasy fingers OPEN the briefcase.

Inside, encased in black velvet, are TWO RECTANGULAR COMPARTMENTS. One

of the compartments is EMPTY. The other houses another MECHANICAL ARM.

Gutterbuhg quickly ATTACHES the arm to the stub of his shoulder and

RUNS BACK OUTSIDE.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH

Gutterbuhg REJOINS Mephisto and EXTENDS his new mechanical arm TOWARD

THE FUSE. Gutterbuhg POINTS his finger. He SQUEEZES A LEVER, located

on the palm of the mechanical arm. A BRIGHT, JAGGED LINE OF ELECTRICAL

CURRENT shoots from the arm’s finger! The electricity LIGHTS the fuse.

It BURNS. Moving TOWARD the dynamite. Gutterbuhg and Mephisto HIDE

behind a rock. There is a LOUD EXPLOSION. Rocks and debris FLY THROUGH

THE AIR. The path is CLEARED.

INT. CITY

The SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION echoes through the City. SHAKING the city

walls. The Nazis are CLOSE.

Indiana STANDS in the city square. He has ASSEMBLED everyone for the

battle. Tyki and the pygmies are armed with BOWS and ARROWS, SPEARS

and BLOW PIPES. Kezure and the Pirates hold their SWORDS. Scraggy’s

men carry REVOLVERS and DAGGERS. Clare and Betsy STAND with several

Gorillas. Tyki WHISPERS to Scraggy, who TRANSLATES for Indiana.

SCRAGGY

They want you to give speech.

INDIANA

What?!?...

SCRAGGY

Before battle... General always give

speech to inspire troops.

INDIANA

General?... Who the hell do they

think I am... Custer?...

But ALL EYES are on Indiana. DEPENDING on him. Indy SIGHS. Trying to

THINK of something to say. He MUMBLES to Scraggy.

INDIANA

Geez... The only speeches I remember

are from college...when I played

ball...

Scraggy SHRUGS. Indy CLEARS his throat. He LOOKS at everyone.

FUMBLING.

INDIANA

Men...and, ah...women... I...ah...

We’re about to face one of our

toughest opponents... They’ve got

size...hardware...and well, quite

frankly...we’re the underdogs...

Indy’s eyes LIGHT. A moment of INSPIRATION. The background MUSIC

SLOWLY BEGINS TO RISE. Indy’s voice becomes LOUDER. TOUGHER.

INDIANA

But...well, if it wasn’t for the

little guy...where would this

country be?...

(excited, louder)

I mean...I knew this little guy once

...a scrawny runt, with thick black

glasses and about 300 different

kinds of allergies... But this

little kid had a dream... He wanted

to be on the football team.

(Music rises, so does

Indy’s voice)

Well, all the big guys made his life

miserable...always shoving his head

in the drinking fountain...putting

mustard in his pants...throwing me

...’er, HIM!...throwing HIM in the

shower with all his clothes on...

(louder, heartfelt)

But that little guy didn’t quit. Be

worked hard. Never gave up. And in

two years...he was the Quarterback.

Star of the team. And you know why?...

(Music SOARS, as does

Indy’s voice)

‘Cause that little kid had somethin’

that those big guys never heard

of... He had HEART! And nothin’ can

stop that! Nothin’!

(we hear the Nazis

approaching, Indy

screams)

Now let’s go out there and show ‘em

JUST HOW TOUGH THE LITTLE GUYS ARE!

Everyone breaks into a loud CHEER. Ready to FIGHT. The sound track

music SOARS. Indiana RAISES HIS SWORD. He TURNS and RUNS toward the

DRAWBRIDGE. The people FOLLOW, as Indy LEADS THEM INTO BATTLE!

EXT. CITY

Indiana, armed with a shield, sword and pistol, LEADS his troops

forward. The Nazis are APPROACHING. LIEUT. MEPHISTO rides in the front

jeep, which is mounted with a large RECOILIST MACHINE GUN. The entire

Nazi army is BEHIND HIM. Mephisto’s jeep begins to CROSS the

drawbridge. Moving TOWARD Indiana and the others. The recoilist

machine gunner OPENS FIRE on Indy and the troops.

Bullets BOUNCE from Indy’s shield. Several of the pygmies are HIT.

FALLING to the drawbridge. An angry pygmy THROWS his spear. It HITS

the machine gunner. THROUGH the heart.

The jeep continues to DRIVE FORWARD. HEADED straight for Indiana, who

LEAPS ONTO the jeep’s hood. Indy’s troops SPLIT INTO GROUPS. Dashing

around the speeding jeep to BATTLE the oncoming Nazis.

Indiana CRAWLS along the jeep hood. TOWARD the Nazis. Mephisto

attempts to SHOOT Indy. The bullets ZIP through the windshield.

WHIZZING by Indy’s head. Indiana GRABS Mephisto. He PULLS the Nazi

over the windshield. Indiana and Mephisto TUMBLE along the jeep’s

hood. FIGHTING. STRUGGLING for the gun.

The jeep DIRECTLY BEHIND Mephisto is filled with several CRATES OF

DYNAMITE. GUTTERBUHG, back in uniform, rides here with THREE NAZI

SOLDIERS. As the pygmy troops come forward, Gutterbuhg EXTENDS HIS

MECHANICAL ARM. He ZAPS several of the pygmies. KILLING them with

deadly JOLTS OF ELECTRICITY.

As the jeep PASSES through the City gates, Indiana and Mephisto

continue to BATTLE along the hood.

INT. CITY

Mephisto ATTEMPTS TO SHOOT Indiana. But Indy PUSHES AWAY the Nazi’s

arm. The gun FIRES. HITTING the jeep driver, who SLUMPS over the

wheel. The speeding jeep SPINS OUT OF CONTROL. It FLIPS. Sending

Indiana and Mephisto FLYING through the air. They TUMBLE to the

ground. The jeep CRASHES into a wall.

A SHAKEN Indiana gets to his feet. Mephisto LIES A few feet away. OUT

COLD. Suddenly, a BLAST OF ELECTRICITY BURSTS INTO FRAME! SPARKING the

ground beside Indiana. Indy TURNS and sees GUTTERBUBG! The Nazi’s jeep

has ENTERED the city. Gutterbuhg POINTS his mechanical arm toward

Indy. ANOTHER ELECTRICAL SHOCK ejects from his finger. Indy DIVES. The

shock TEARS A SMOLDERING HOLE through the building behind him. Only

INCHES above Indy.

Meanwhile, the Nazis begin to UNLOAD the dynamite from Gutterbubg’s

jeep. They UNWRAP a long, section of FUSE from a large coil. Placing

the fuse ALONG THE GROUND.

Indiana is RUNNING for his life. Gutterbuhg is DIRECTLY BEHIND him. In

HOT PURSUIT. The Nazi continuously FIRES ELECTRICAL SHOTS at Indiana.

The thin lines of electricity WHIZ by Indy’s HEAD. His ARMS. His LEGS.

JUST MISSING INDY. A CAT AND MOUSE CHASE BEGINS, as Gutterbuhg PURSUES

Indiana throughout the city.

CUT TO:

TYKI AND SEVERAL PYGMIES

They have CLIMBED to the top of the City Walls. From here, they GUARD

and DEFEND their city. Crowds of NAZI TROOPS are on foot. Running

TOWARD the city walls. The pygmies SHOWER the Nazis with ARROWS,

SPEARS and POISINOUS DARTS. The Nazis fight back with MACHINE GUNS and

RIFLES. A HEATED, BLOODY BATTLE.

CUT TO:

SCRAGGY AND THE CREW MEMBERS

They stand at the CITY GATE. PROTECTING the City entrance. They

hurriedly load a large, wooden CATAPULT with a huge BALL OF HAY. A

crew member TORCHES the hay. It BURSTS INTO FLAME. Scraggy CRIES

"Fire!" His men LAUNCH the fireball. It SAILS over the City Walls.

THE FIREBALL

LANDS directly onto a speeding NAZI JEEP. The Nazis and jeep CATCH

FIRE! The vehicle LOSES CONTROL. The flaming jeep CRASHES into the

side of a mountain wall.

CUT TO:

A NAZI TANK

ROLLS toward the city. Its GUN BARREL aimed at the city walls. CAMERA

PANS AWAY, SEVERAL FEET AHEAD OF THE TANK. CAMERA MOVES UPWARD, TO THE

MOUNTAIN TOP, ABOVE the path. CLARE is here. A GROUP OF GORILLAS are

beside her. The apes each have a TIGHT HOLD of individual sections of

HANGING VINE. They stand at the EDGE OF THE RAVINE. Clare LOOKS to the

OPPOSITE RAVINE. BETSY is here. She stands with ANOTHER GROUP OF

GORILLAS, who also securely bold lengths of vine.

On the mountain path, the Nazi tank PASSES DIRECTLY BENEATH Betsy and

Clare. The two women TURN to the Gorillas. Emitting Gorilla GRUNTS,

MOANS and MOTIONS, Betsy and Clare COMMUNICATE with the apes. The

Gorillas LISTEN. NODDING. UNDERSTANDING. When the tank is DIRECTLY

BELOW... Betsy and Clare ORDER the Gorillas to JUMP!

The apes SWING from the mountain. RIDING the vines. TOWARD the tank.

The Gorillas LAND on the tank. They CLIMB aboard. EXPLORING the tank’s

surface.

INT. TANK

FILLED with Nazis. The gunner looks into the PERISCOPE. He is met with

the reflection of a SNARLING GORILLA’S FACE. He SCREAMS and JUMPS

BACK.

There is a sound of RIPPING METAL. Suddenly, the tank’s top HATCH is

TORN OPEN. COUNTLESS GORILLAS pour inside! The apes ATTACK.

OVERPOWERING the Nazis.

EXT. TANK

As the Gorillas climb inside of the tank, Betsy SWINGS across the

passageway to Clare. She EXCHANGES a congratulatory handshake with

Clare. Betsy’s face suddenly goes WHITE. A SHOCKING SIGHT.

A GROUP OF NAZIS have climbed to the mountain top. The soldiers SPOT

Clare and Betsy. They RUN TOWARD the women. Betsy and Clare DASH OFF.

Into the THICK of the jungle. The Nazis FOLLOW. In HOT PURSUIT.

CUT TO:

TWO LARGE CANVAS TRUCKS

BARRELLING along the mountain path. KEZURE, the Pirate King, LEAPS

from the side of the path, between the two trucks. Kezure climbs onto

the REAR BUMPER of the FIRST TRUCK. The DRIVER of the SECOND TRUCK

spots Kezure. He begins to FIRE SHOTS at the Pirate King. As bullets

whiz by him, Kezure hurriedly removes a thick METAL CHAIN from around

his neck. He securely CONNECTS the two truck BUMPERS with the chain.

INT. SECOND TRUCK

Filled with NAZI TROOPS. SEATED. ARMED. Waiting to FIGHT. There is a

sudden RIPPING SOUND. Followed by ANOTHER. And ANOTHER. The NAZIS are

STARTLED to see the BLADES OF COUNTLESS SWORDS. PIERCING the canvas.

Through all SIDES of the truck. SEVERAL PIRATES leap through the

canvas. ATTACKING the Nazis. The Nazis FIGHT BACK with bayonets and

daggers.

INT. FIRST TRUCK - CABIN

Two Pirates BURST into the cabin. They STAB the Nazi driver. The

CACKLING Pirates take control of the steering wheel. They madly STEER

the truck toward the steep EDGE of the mountain path.

THE FIRST TRUCK

PLUMMETS over the eage. The second truck, ATTACHED by the metal chain,

FOLLOWS the first truck. The two canvas trucks FALL into the moat!

SPLASHING into the shark infestea waters!

CUT TO:

INT. CITY

The Nazis have planted an enormous PILE OF DYNAMITE on the palace

stairs. Enough to DESTROY the entire city. The T.N.T. is attached to a

LONG FUSE, that stretches hundreds of feet, over VARIOUS SECTIONS of

the city. The Nazis LIGHT the fuse end. It SPARKS. IGNITES. BURNING

FAST. The Nazis TURN and RUN.

Gutterbuhg continues to CHASE Indiana. BLASTS OF ELECTRICITY SHOOT

from the Nazi’s arm. Indy DUCKS... DODGES... AVOIDING the electrical

jolts. Indy SPINS around a building corner. He spots the BURNING FUSE.

It STRETCHES along the ground, moving up OVER a wooden fence. Indy

DIVES and STOMPS OUT the fuse. But Gutterbuhg, who is directly behind

Indy, RELIGHTS the fuse with a shot of electricity. Before Indy has a

chance to stop the fuse...Gutterbuhg AIMS at Indy. Indy LEAPS OVER the

fence. Gutterbuhg SHOOTS. The fence is SPLINTERED by the powerful

electrical blast.

Indiana runs into a small ALLEYWAY. The burning fuse STRETCHES up

along the alley wall, moving to the ROOFTOP. Indy begins to climb the

ancient golden bricks that PROTRUDE from the wall. TOWARD the roof.

Gutterbuhg APPEARS. He SHOOTS at Indiana, who avoids the blast by

LEAPING onto the roof. Gutterbuhg hurriedly begins to CLIMB the wall.

FOLLOWING Indiana.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Gutterbuhg ARRIVES at the top. He LOOKS around. There is NO SIGN of

Indy. But the fuse RESTS at the roof’s edge. UNLIT. Gutterbuhg

RESTARTS the fuse. At that moment, Indiana LEAPS OUT from inside of

the stone smokestack. He JUMPS the unsuspecting Gutterbuhg. They

TUMBLE and FALL OFF the rooftop edge.

Indiana and Gutterbuhg HIT the ground. They continue to STRUGGLE...

FIGHT...as the fuse BURNS in front of them. It SPEEDS toward the pile

of dynamite. Less than FIFTY FEET AHEAD. Still wrestling with

Gutterbuhg, Indy ROLLS toward the fuse. Indy reaches out and STOPS THE

FUSE with his hand. But Gutterbuhg MOVES FAST. Again, the Nazi

RELIGHTS the fuse.

Indy suddenly LEAPS to his feet. He RUNS OFF SCREEN. Gutterbuhg

FOLLOWS. The fuse continues to BURN. Moving CLOSER...CLOSER...to the

dynamite.

Indiana runs to a CLUSTER OF TREES. He comes to an abrupt stop,

between TWO TREES. Gutterbuhg is UPON HIM. The Nazi PAUSES. Only a FEW

FEET from Indy. Gutterbuhg POINTS his arm at Indy. A CLEAR SHOT.

Gutterbuhg SMILES. Indiana is TRAPPED.

THE FUSE is now only a FEW FEET from the dynamite. It will BLOW at any

second!

Gutterbuhg SHOOTS. Moving like LIGHTNING, Indy LEAPS OUT OF THE WAY,

revealing a LARGE LAKE behind him. It’s TOO LATE for Gutterbubg. The

electrical current HITS THE WATER. The Nazi’s body SURGES with

electricity. Gutterbuhg FRIES. He SHIVERS. SHAKES. FROZEN, as the

powerful electrical current FLOWS through his veins. SMOKE billows

from his body. His mechanical arm suddenly EXPLODES. Gutterbuhg’s

charred body FALLS. FACE DOWN. ELECTROCUTED.

Indiana LEAPS TO HIS FEET. Suddenly remembering... THE FUSE! It is now

INCHES from the T.N.T. Indy can’t get to it IN TIME. He GRABS his

whip. His arm SNAPS FORWARD. The whip CRACKS. It SLICES the remaining

fuse in two. The fuse FIZZLES and GOES OUT. The city is SAVED. Indy

SIGHS. There is a GUNSHOT! A BULLET whizzes by Indy’s head. He TURNS.

MEPHISTO, bruised and bloodied from the jeep accident, stands SEVERAL

FEET AWAY. Mephisto’s LUGER is aimed at Indy. Prepared to take ANOTHER

SHOT. Indy removes his REVOLVER. He FIRES at Mephisto. The Nazi DASHES

into the COLISEUM. Indiana FOLLOWS.

CUT TO:

TYKI

BATTLING the oncoming Nazis with his sword. Tyki fights HARD. FAST. He

manages to DEFEAT many Nazis. But the sword is suddenly KNOCKED from

Tyki’s hand. A TROOP OF NAZIS come toward him. Their eyes MURDEROUS.

Tyki is TRAPPED. HELPLESS.

INT. CITY

Scraggy and his crew members load ANOTHER FIREBALL onto the catapult.

Scraggy cries "FIRE!" The fireball FLIES over the city walls. It lands

DIRECTLY IN FRONT of the Nazi troops who are about to attack Tyki.

Many of the soldiers CATCH FIRE. The others RUN from the flames. Tyki

is UNHURT. He REJOINS his friends in the battle.

CUT TO:

CLARE AND BETSY

BREATHLESS...FRIGHTENED...they continue to RUN through the jungle. The

Nazis are a few feet BEHIND THEM. Moving FAST. Getting CLOSER. The

women turn a corner, scramble through a section of bushes and find

themselves face to face with...ANOTHER TROOP OF NAZIS.

Clare and Betsy STOP. TRAPPED. SURROUNDED by Nazis. The soldiers MOVE

TOWARD the women. The Nazis eyes are LECHEROUS. HUNGRY. Clare WHISPERS

to a TREMBLING Betsy.

CLARE

Do exactly what I do.

Betsy NODS. The Nazis MOVE CLOSER. Clare looks to the SKY. She begins

to make BIZARRE...HIGH PITCHED...NOISES. A CONFUSED Betsy makes the

same noises. The Nazis LOOK at each other and CHUCKLE. The women

CONTINUE to make the sounds.

Suddenly, the exact sound seems to ECHO FROM THE SKY. It becomes

LOUDER... LOUDER... But it belongs to A HUNDRED VOICES. The Nazis

PAUSE. Looking UPWARD. PUZZLED.

There is a SPLATTERING OF BIRDS. They ATTACK from above. The birds’

screeching is IDENTICAL to Clare and Betsy’s calls. The angry birds

ATTACK THE NAZIS. PECKING. SCRATCHING. BITING. Clare and Betsy

CONTINUE to make the sounds, which causes the birds to IGNORE THEM.

The Nazis SCREAM. DROPPING their weapons. FALLING to their knees. Each

soldier is COVERED with birds. They are being TORN TO SHREDS. Clare

and Betsy TURN and RUN. ESCAPING into the jungle. The Nazis’ screaming

ECHOES behind them. As they run, Clare EXPLAINS to Betsy.

CLARE

I made the sound of a baby Swandola

bird, crying for help... The Mother

birds immediately reply to the cries

...angrily protecting their

children, and murdering the baby’s

attackers.

CUT TO:

THE TWO CANVAS TRUCKS

They crookedly FLOAT along the shark infested moat waters. The

battered, bruised trucks now resemble two sinking PIRATE SHIPS. Kezure

and the Pirates BATTLE the Nazis along the truck frames. The pirates

fight in their element... WATER! With fast SWINGING SWORDS, the

Pirates are defeating the Nazis. Several Nazis fall INTO THE WATER and

are immediately ATTACKED by countless SHARKS.

At one point, Kezure FALLS INTO THE WATER. Several SHARKS come for

him. The Pirate King DISAPPEARS beneath the water surface. A few of

his men PAUSE. WORRIED. AFRAID. Suddenly, Kezure LEAPS OUT OF THE

WATER. He holds a LIVE SHARK in his hands. The crazed Kezure TAKES A

BITE from the shark. He TOSSES the fish back into the water. Kezure

CHEWS ana SWALLOWS the raw shark meat. BLOOD spills down his chin.

Kezure resumes his FIGHTING with the Nazis, as the two truck frames

continue to SINK.

CUT TO:

INT. TANK

Several Nazis are SPRAWLED on the tank floor. UNCONSCIOUS. UNDRESSED.

CAMERA PANS UPWARD. The Gorillas have TAKEN CONTROL of the tank. They

have DRESSED THEMSELVES IN NAZI UNIFORMS!

EXT. TANK

As the battle RAGES around them, the Gorilla’s tank makes a sudden

U-TURN. It heads straight for the SECOND NAZI TANK.

INT. SECOND TANK

The Nazis stare through their PERISCOPE. Puzzled by the sight of their

own tank COMING TOWARD THEM.

EXT. TANK

The Gorilla’s tank FIRES A DIRECT SHOT at the other Nazi tank. BLAM!

The Nazis’ tank is BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS.

INT. GORILLA TANK

The Gorillas break into a VICTORIOUS CHEER. JUMPING. SCREAMING.

CUT TO:

INT. COLISEUM

Indiana WALKS across the coliseum floor. REVOLVER in hand. He moves

SLOWLY. CAUTIOUSLY. He is looking for a SIGN of Mephisto. But

everything is SILENT. CALM. DESERTED.

Mephisto SNEAKS along the top wall of the coliseum. HIDING behind the

row of surrounding BELLS. The Nazi UNLATCHES the chain that holds all

of the bells in place. The bells begin to FALL. THUNDERING down the

coliseum stairs.

Indy COVERS his ears. The sound of countless CLANGING BELLS is nearly

deafening. He TURNS. Seeing the enormous bells ROLLING TOWARD HIM!

Indiana begins to RUN. GIANT ROLLING BELLS CHASE HIM FROM ALL

DIRECTIONS! Indy TWISTS...TURNS...LEAPS...in an effort to avoid being

CRUSHED by the heavy bells.

Mephisto WATCHES from above. SMILING.

Indy CONTINUES to run. A giant ROLLING BELL chases him from behind.

The bell GAINS SPEED. Getting CLOSER. CLOSER. A few feet in front of

Indy...is the deadly TIGER PIT. But Indy CAN’T STOP RUNNING, or he’ll

be CRUSHED by the bell. Indiana LEAPS INTO THE PIT! The bell ROLLS

DIRECTLY OVER the pit.

But Indiana is SAFE. There is a FIVE INCH DROP from the ground, to the

pit’s OVERHEAD METAL BARS. Indy LIES on the bars. SAFELY above the

countless TIGERS.

The bells have all COME TO A STOP. They LIE around the coliseum

ground. STILL. Only one bell GENTLY ROCKS. It slowly TEETERS on the

coliseum stairs. It HASN’T yet rolled off.

Indiana begins to CLIMB OUT out of the pit, when suddenly... ANOTHER

GUNSHOT RINGS OUT. Indy is HIT. In the CHEST. He SLIPS. FALLS. Bis

wounded body is SPRAWLED on the bars. TEETERING. Ready to FALL into

the waiting tigers.

Mephisto’s luger is SMOKING. The Nazi WALKS down the coliseum stairs.

He moves TOWARD Indiana. Seeing Mephisto heading for him... Indiana

REMOVES his gun. He AIMS at the Nazi. But Indy’s vision is BLURRED.

His hand TREMBLES. Mephisto’s silhouette nears... But the bullet ZIPS

PAST Mephisto and STRIKES a section of wood below the teetering bell.

This causes the bell to FALL...and slowly ROLL forward.

Mephisto ARRIVES at the edge of the Tiger Pit. He is about to shoot

Indy...then comes upon ANOTHER IDEA. Mephisto LOWERS the luger. He

gives a SWIFT KICK to Indy’s ribs. Indiana FALLS THROUGH the bars. His

arm SHOOTS OUT. With his last bit of strength, Indy’s hand GRABS HOLD

of a bar. CLUTCHING on for dear life. His body DANGLES over the

tigers. They SNAP at his legs. HUNGRY. GROWLING. Mephisto SMILES. He

STEPS on Indy’s fingers. GRINDING them beneath his boot heel. Indy

CRIES OUT... He’s going to FALL...

Mephisto PAUSES. He HEARS something behind him. A CLANGING BELL.

Getting CLOSER. LOUDER. Mephisto TURNS. He sees the GIANT BELL. COMING

at him. Only INCHES AWAY. There is NO TIME to move. The bell ROLLS

OVER MEPHISTO. KNOCKING him INTO THE PIT.

Mephisto FALLS through the bars. INSIDE the pit. INTO the middle of

the hungry tigers. Mephisto SCREAMS. The tigers are UPON HIM. The Nazi

is RIPPED TO SHREDS. Within seconds, his screams are a MEMORY.

A very WEAK Indiana still clutches the bar. He manages to BOOST

himself out of the pit. He takes a FEW STEPS. WOBBLING. BLOOD pours

from the wound in his chest. He STUMBLES. To his KNEES. His eyes ROLL

BACK. He FALLS to the ground. His body is STILL. MOTIONLESS.

CUT TO:

INT. TANK

The Gorillas, still dressed as NAZIS, continue to DRIVE THE TANK

FORWARD.

EXT. TANK

The tank SPEEDS TOWARD THE ROWS OF CHARGING NAZI TROOPS. The Nazis

STOP. SHOCKED to see their own tank coming at them. But the tank

continues to BARREL AHEAD. Many of the Nazis are CRUSHED beneath the

heavy tank treads. Others DROP their weapons and RUN. FRIGHTENED.

INT. TANK

The Gorillas are ECSTATIC. HOWLING. CHEERING.

CUT TO:

KEZURE AND THE PIRATES

They have DEFEATED all of the Nazis. One of the canvas trucks has

completely SUNK. Only a small section of the other truck JUTS OUT of

the water. The Pirates CLING to the fleeting safety of the sinking

truck frame, which is surrounded by several HUNGRY SHARKS. There are

even TOO MANY maneaters for the powerful Kezure to handle. As the

frame continues to SINK...the Pirates’ feet get CLOSER...CLOSER...to

the snapping sharks...

Suddenly, a ROPE DROPS FROM OVERHEAD! Kezure LOOKS UP. SCRAGGY and his

crew members stand on the DRAWBRIDGE. They have DROPPED the line.

Kezure and the Pirates CLIMB upward. To SAFETY.

On the drawbridge, Scraggy ASSISTS Kezure. Scraggy SMILES, repeating

Kezure’s earlier threat.

SCRAGGY

You owe me, old man.

Kezure LAUGHS. He EMBRACES Scraggy. They are joined by TYKI and the

OTHER PYGMIES. A sudden CALM...a sudden SILENCE...overcomes the city.

The battle has ENDED. The Nazis have been DEFEATED. The city is SAVED.

But Tyki is SOLEMN. DISTRESSED. He STARES OFF SCREEN. CAMERA PANS TO

HIS P.O.V. We see the countless BODIES OF PYGMIES. SPRAWLED on the

ground. DEAD. The price you pay for FREEDOM. Suddenly, the silence is

INTERRUPTED. Someone is CRYING. It is BETSY.

Scraggy looks OFF SCREEN, to the direction of the sounds. The color

LEAVES his face.

SCRAGGY’S P.O.V.

A group of pygmies CARRY the limp body of Indiana Jones out of the

coliseum. They GENTLY LOWER Indy’s body to the ground. Clare and Betsy

KNEEL beside Indy. TEARS run down Betsy’s face.

Scraggy suddenly BREAKS AWAY from the crowd. CAMERA DOLLIES WITH HIM

as he runs toward Indy. Scraggy STOPS at Indy’s body. Clare, eyes

FILLED with tears NODS to Scraggy. She can BARELY utter the words...

CLARE

He’s...dead...

TEARS erupt in Scraggy’s eyes. He breaks down CRYING. A startled

KEZURE joins the others. CAMERA PULLS BACK to an extremely LONG SHOT.

The entire village GATHERS around Indiana’s body. Everyone is SOLEMN.

SILENT.

A SLOW DISSOLVE:

CLOSE-UP: INDIANA’S BODY.

It is LYING in state. Resting on a BAMBOO STRETCHER. It is covered

with EXOTIC, COLORFUL FLOWERS. CAMERA PULLS BACK. Indy is being

carried by several, elaborately dressed PYGMIES. At the head of a long

FUNERAL PROCESSION. Betsy, Clare, Scraggy and Kezure MARCH beside

Indy’s body. They also wear the ceremonial FUNERAL FLOWERS. Behind

them, the body of BOHBALA is being carried. And behind the ruler, the

bodies of all DEAD PYGMIES are being carried by the remaining

VILLAGERS and GORILLAS. It is NIGHTIME. All mourners are carrying

FLICKERING CANDLES. At the rear of the procession, a lone pygmy strums

an UNUSUAL STRING INSTRUMENT. This creates a HAUNTING melody.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A LONG SHOT, as we see the procession move

through the city. The hundreds of flickering candles against the dark

night sky create a BEAUTIFUL IMAGE. The procession arrives at a large

STONE WALL. It appears to be a DEAD END. Tyki WALKS to the wall.

He FALLS to his knees and begins to CHANT. Clare, Betsy, Scraggy and

Kezure WATCH. There is a SMALL RUMBLE. A hairline CRACK begins to form

in the mountain. As if it were being DRAWN by an invisible hand, the

crack forms a LARGE DOOR in the wall. The door slowly OPENS. An almost

BLINDING WHlTE LIGHT emanates from inside. Tyki ENTERS. The procession

FOLLOWS.

INT. WALL

The procession ascends a TWISTING STONE STAIRCASE, that spirals

upward, where the light becomes BRIGHTER... BRIGHTER... At the

stairway top, there is ANOTHER DOORWAY. Tyki and the others ENTER.

Indiana’s body is CARRIED through.

THE GARDEN OF IMMORTAL PEACHES!

A breathtakingly beautiful forest of never ending luscious green

trees, filled with succulent, ripe PEACHES. We have never seen COLORS

like this. So MAGICAL...so INTENSE... Bright SUNLIGHT shines from a

vivid blue sky. There is always a RAINBOW here. The procession ENTERS.

Scraggy, Clare, Betsy and Kezure stare in total WONDERMENT. Betsy is

PUZZLED by the bright sunlight.

BETSY

But... It’s... It’s the middle of

the night...

Tyki WHISPERS to Scraggy, who explains to Betsy.

SCRAGGY

Sun always shine in the Garden of

Immortal Peaches.

Clare NODS. Kezure is MESMERIZED by the peach trees. His mouth HANGS

OPEN. He TURNS to Scraggy.

KEZURE

These are the peaches that make one

...forever young?...

Scraggy NODS. Tyki LEADS the procession to a clearing in the garden.

Many freshly dug GRAVES are here. All of the bodies are carried to

SEPARATE GRAVES, including Indiana And Bohbala.

A few feet ahead of the graves, rests the LARGEST PEACH TREE in the

forest. It is much WIDER and TALLER than the others. There is a small,

glass encased TOMB built into the tree. Inside of the tomb, is a TINY

SKELETON. No more than FOUR FEET TALL. The skeleton is adorned with a

LION SKINNED ROBE and golden CROWN. In its hand, the skeleton clutches

the famous GOLDEN HOOPED ROD, a glorious, elaborate STAFF. An ancient

inscription is ETCHED IN STONE over the tomb. Pointing to the

inscription, Clare TURNS to Scraggy.

CLARE

What does it say?...

SCRAGGY

(translating)

"Our Lord... Our Master... Sun...

Wu... Kung"

THE SOUND TRACK MUSIC RISES. It is the tomb of the STONE MONKEY KING.

Clare exchanges an AWE INSPIRED glance with Betsy, then looks to the

still body of Indiana.

CLARE

Damn you, Jones! Why couldn’t you be

here to share this with me!

The pygmies begin to LOWER the dead bodies, including Indiana and

Bohbala, into the ground. Tyki reads from ANCIENT SCRIPTURE. Scraggy

SOBS on the shoulder of Kezure, who continues to stare in ASTONISHMENT

at the peach trees.

Suddenly, there is a RUMBLING SOUND. Followed by a slight, TREMOR. The

trees begin to SWAY, as a HOWLING WIND rushes through them. The tomb

of Sun Wu Kung GLOWS with a BRIGHT LIGHT. The glass surrounding the

tomb suddenly SHATTERS. The skeleton’s head TURNS. Its body RATTLES.

Beginning to MOVE. The skeleton STEPS OUT OF THE TOMB.

Everyone STARES in awe. TERRIFIED.

The skeleton takes a FEW STEPS forward, STOPS, and RAISES its arms.

HIGH in the air. The skeleton OPENS its mouth. Emitting a HIGH PITCHED

...UNEARTHLY...SCREECH! An ectoplasmic GREEN SMOKE seeps from the

skeleton’s fingers, slowly TRAVELING over the heads of the humans. The

ectoplasm separates into several INDIVIDUAL LINES, that touch down

upon EACH OF THE GORILLAS. The ectoplasm ENCIRCLES each the Gorilla’s

bodies. The Gorillas begin to RISE from the ground. HIGH in the air.

The ectoplasm appears to be CARRYING them toward Sun Wu Kung. As the

Gorillas TRAVEL through the air, their bodies begin to SHRINK. Growing

SMALLER. THINNER.

The humans stare into the SKY. Watching the AMAZING, MAGICAL

TRANSFORMATION.

As the Gorillas get CLOSER to Sun Wu Kung, their bodies have shrunken

to TINY, HAIR-LIKE substances. When the Gorillas ARRIVE at the

skeleton, they ATTACH themselves to his body. We see that the shrunken

Gorillas are actually individual HAIRS on the skeleton’s body. As the

countless hairs CONVERGE, the skeleton begins to take SHAPE...FORM...

SUN WU KUNG COMES TO LIFE! He is UNLIKE anyone or anything we have

ever seen. HALF-HUMAN. HALF-HONKEY. His face is covered with WRINKLES.

His wide eyes are COAL BLACK. PROBING. WARM. When he smiles, it is

DEVILISH, but incredibly CHARMING. His movements are PERKY. QUICK. An

extremely ADORABLE little fellow. Instantly LOVABLE. But there is a

STRONG, POWERFUL presense about him. He is indeed, a HEAVENLY FIGURE.

Sun Wu Kung LOOKS over the congregation. Everyone FALLS to their

knees. Clare, Betsy, Scraggy and a RELUCTANT Kezure do the same.

Sun Wu Kung PACES through the clearing. He LOOKS into the many graves.

He is DISTRESSED. TROUBLED. His wrinkled face twists into FURIOUS

expression. He RAISES his golden hooped rod to the sky. He SCREAMS.

His old voice CREAKS and GROANS.

SUN WU KUNG

We cannot bury these men!... This is

a garden of life... Not of death!...

Betsy WHISPERS to Clare.

BETSY

Why’s he speakin’ in English?

CLARE

He is a heavenly being. According to

legend, when a heavenly being

speaks, men of all countries can

understand him. We hear him in

English...the pygmies hear him in

their language.

Betsy NODS. Sun Wu Kung CONTINUES his heartfelt scream into the

heavens.

SUN WU KUNG

Return their souls!... I demand

it!... Return their souls!

A few MOMENTS pass. Then...a thick, white cloud ECLIPSES the sun. A

small hole in the cloud, allows one RAY OF SUNLIGHT to shine through.

The ray shines down upon ONE PARTICULAR PEACH TREE. Sun Wu Kung TURNS

to that peach tree. He raises the GOLDEN HOOPED ROD toward the tree.

He begins to SING an unusual hymn. Suddenly, several peaches magically

FLY from the trees. They congregate ABOVE the golden hooped rod. The

peaches SPIN in midair. With quick movements of the rod, Sun Wu Kung

SENDS several peaches flying OFF SCREEN.

CAMERA FOLLOWS the magical peaches as they SEPARATE and FLY INTO EACH

GRAVE. Toward the BODIES OF THE DEAD PYGMIES. Each body is HIT with an

individual peach. When the peaches MAKE CONTACT with the dead bodies,

there is a small, colorful EXPLOSION. A small FIREWORKS display. The

bodies erupt with a BRIGHT GOLDEN GLOW. A few moments PASS. One of the

bodies STIRS. MOVES. The body SITS UP. Gets to its FEET. ANOTHER BODY

does the same. So does ANOTHER. And ANOTHER. Soon, the various pygmies

CLIMB out of the graves. Their wounds have DISAPPEARED. Their life has

been RESTORED.

Sun Wu Kung flings the remaining TWO PEACHES into the GRAVES of

Indiana and Bohbala. There is a small EXPLOSION...followed by the WARM

GLOW of their bodies. The wound in Indy’s chest VANISHES. His eyes POP

OPEN. To the delight of his friends, Indy STANDS. ALIVE. He is

PUZZLLED by the surrounding grave. Clare, Scraggy and Betsy HELP

Indiana OUT of the grave. They SHOWER him with EMBRACES and KISSES.

But Indy remains CONFUSED. PUZZLED.

INDIANA

What the hell’s goin’ on?

Sun Wu Kung, looking very PLEASED with himself, stands BEHIND Indiana.

Clare SMILES at Indy.

CLARE

I think there is someone you should

meet...

Clare POINTS to behind Indy, who TURNS and sees the smiling SUN WU

KUNG. Indy is at first SHOCKED... His face breaks into a CHILDLIKE

SMILE...filled with DELIGHT. He then manages to UTTER...

INDIANA

You... You’re... Sun Wu Kung?...

Sun Wu Kung STEPS FORWARD. He nods and ANSWERS.

SUN WU KUNG

You are... Indiana Jones?...

INDIANA

(taken aback)

Huh?... You know me?

SUN WU KUNG

(nods)

I have watched you for many, many

years...from the heavens. I was

fascinated by your bravery...your

passion...in searching for me.

INDIANA

Well, I... Thanks I’m very honored.

SUN WU KUNG

The honor is mine, Doctor Jones. You

and your friends have saved my city

from ruin.

(a pause)

I would like to return the favor.

Sun Wu Kung gives Indiana the GOLDEN HOOPED ROD. Indiana takes the

PRICELESS ARTIFACT. He STARES at the beautiful rod. He is very MOVED.

SPEECHLESS. Sun Wu Kung EXPLAINS. RAISES an eyebrow.

SUN WU KUNG

The Golden Hooped Rod will be a

faithful friend. It is capable of

one hundred transformations...and

will always remain by your side.

Indy manages a NOD. Sun Wu Kung SIGHS.

SUN WU KUNG

I will explore the heavens for

another. Surely, my search will be

shorter and less hazardous than

yours!

Indiana SMILES.

Meanwhile, Kezure uses the oppurtunity to SNEAK AWAY. He DISAPPEARS

into a cluster of PEACH TREES. He CLIMBS the smallest tree. The GREEDY

Pirate King begins to PICK several peaches. HIDING them in his

pockets.

Sun Wu Kung LOOKS OVER the healthy, restored community of pygmies. The

Monkey King SMILES.

SUN WU KUNG

With my city alive again...I will be

able to return to the heavens.

(warm smile to Indy and

the others)

Goodbye...my dear friends.

Sun Wu Kung again RAISES his arms. Green ECOTPLASM again emanates from

his fingers. The individual strands of HAIR fly from his body. In a

reversal of what we saw only moments ago, the strands of hair FLY

through the air. They grow LARGER...LARGER...until they resume the

shape of the GORILLAS.

Sun Wu Kung has RETURNED to his skeletal form. He TURNS and WALKS back

to his resting place. The pieces of broken glass RE-ASSEMBLE. SEALING

the tomb.

Kezure, his pockets STUFFED with peaches, hurriedly REJOINS the

others. Tyki EMBRACES Bohbala, glad to have his Father ALIVE. Bohbala,

resuming his position as Ruler, LEADS HIS PEOPLE out of the garden.

Indiana, CLUTCHING his golden hooped prize, EXITS with the others.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY GATES - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

Indiana, Clare, Betsy, Scraggy, Kezure, the Pirates and Crew members,

have GATHERED outside of the city walls for the journey home. They are

saying "Goodbye" to TYKI, BOHBALA And the other PYGMIES.

Clare and Tyki exchange a TEARFUL FAREWELL, communicating in hand

signals. They share a final EMBRACE. Bohbala again THANKS Indiana for

his help. Betsy says "Goodbye" to the many GORILLAS. Betsy

COMMUNICATES in Gorilla hand motions and growls.

Indiana, holding the Golden Hooped Rod, TURNS and moves across the

drawbridge. The others FOLLOW. The entire city of pygmies and Gorillas

CHEER for their departing friends. Indy and the others DISAPPEAR into

the clouds, walking down the MOUNTAIN PATH. The Lost city GLISTENS in

the background. The drawbridge CLOSES...until the next visitor

ARRIVES.

DISSOLVE T0:

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - A FEW HOURS LATER

Early AFTERNOON. The sun is HOT. SCORCHING. Indy and his party REST.

They NAP in a shady section of the path. CAMERA PANS THE SNOOZING

BODIES of everyone, coming to a STOP at Indiana. The Golden Hooped Rod

RESTS beside Indy. A HAND COMES INTO FRAME and GRABS the staff. OTHER

HANDS MOVE INTO FRAME. They STEAL Indy’s WHIP and REVOLVER. They TAKE

all weapons from Scraggy and his crew members.

Indiana is awakened by a SWORD. At his THROAT. Indy REACHES for his

gun and whip...GONE. He LOOKS UP. KEZURE stands over him, holding the

sword in one hand, the GOLDEN ROD in another. Indy TURNS. The other

Pirates hold SWORDS and DAGGERS at the throats of Clare, Betsy,

Scraggy and the crew members. Kezure TWIRLS the golden hooped rod in

front of him. He SMILES at Indiana.

KEZURE

She is a wonderful treasure...

Eh?...

INDIANA

We had a deal.

KEZURE

(moves sword closer to

Indy’s throat)

I have no deals with dead men.

INDIANA

Son of a bitch.

Kezure LAUGHS. He has REMOVED a peach from his pocket. He SHINES the

peach on his cloak, and gives a SHRUG to Indiana.

KEZURE

(shrugs, laughs)

I am an old Pirate, Doctor Jones. Do

you suddenly expect me to treat you

with kindness and fairness?... It is

not my way of life!

Indy is DISGUSTED. Kezure TAKES A LARGE BITE from the peach. As he

chews and swallows, Kezure NODS to his men, motioning toward Indy and

the others.

KEZURE

Kill them...

(takes another bite of

the peach)

But save their hair. I will make a

coat out of it.

The men MOVE to kill Scraggy, Betsy, Clare and the crew members.

Suddenly, Kezure emits a LOUD SCREAM. He GRABS his stomach in pain. He

FALLS to his knees. The HALF EATEN PEACH rolls from his hand. Onto the

GROUND.

Indy and Clare RUSH TOWARD Kezure. Something very STRANGE is happening

to the Pirate King... His hair begins to FALL OUT. His teeth ROT. His

skin SHRIVELS. His body becomes THINNER. SPINDLY. Kezure has begun to

RAPIDLY AGE. He continues to SCREAM. In horrible PAIN.

The Pirates STEP AWAY. FRIGHTENED. The others WATCH IN HORROR.

Kezure’s body CONTORTS. His skin WITHERS... FLAKES... It begins to

PEEL from his bones. His screams FADE... His eyeballs ROLL OUT of

their sockets. Only his skeleton REMAINS. It turns BLACK and CRUMBLES

TO DUST. Only his elaborate clothing REMAINS. The many stolen peaches

ROLL OUT of his cloak, onto the ground.

The remaining Pirates DROP THEIR WEAPONS. They RUN OFF down the

mountain. SCARED to death!

Indiana HOLDS the half eaten peach in his hand. Betsy is PUZZLED.

BETSY

I thought the peaches promised

immortality...eternal youth?...

INDIANA

The garden of immortal peaches

promises life only to those who are

pure in heart.

(pause)

Kezure was evil. His heart was

filled with greed.

Indiana DROPS the peach to the ground. He grabs his WHIP, REVOLVER and

GOLDEN HOOPED ROD. Scraggy and his crew members RETRIEVE their

weapons. Everyone TURNS, CONTINUING down the mountain path. LEAVING

Kezure’s clothes and the several peaches behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOZAMBIQUE - DOCK - A FEW DAYS LATER

Passengers board a large OCEAN LINER, bound for the United States.

INDIANA JONES is here. Bags PACKED. He holds a rectangular wooden

crate, covered with the words "FRAGILE". The Golden Hooped Rod is

obviously STORED inside. Indy is WAITING for someone. He impatiently

CHECKS his wristwach. LOOKING around. He GRUMBLES to himself.

INDIANA

Where’s Betsy?... The boat leaves in

five minutes...

Suddenly, a HORN interrupts. Indy turns to the DIRECTION OF THE SOUND.

It is SCRAGGY. He is wearing DRIVING GOGGLES. He rides a battered,

bruised MOTORCYCLE, attached to a ricketty SIDECAR. The word "TAXI" is

painted on the sidecar’s exterior. Scraggy PULLS UP beside Indiana.

Scraggy JUMPS OFF the motorcycle. Excitedly, he RUNS toward Indy.

SCRAGGY

Oh, Indy! Indy! I want to give you

something for your journey!

Scraggy FUMBLES through his pockets. He removes a small bottle of

PURPLE LIQUID. He HOLDS it out to Indy.

SCRAGGY

Take one drink before bed. It keep

out all bad spirits.

Indy DECLINES. He flashes a FLASK OF WHISKEY from inside of his coat

pocket.

INDIANA

Thanks, Scraggy...

But this’ll keep out all the bad spirits. Scraggy SHRUGS. They are

suddenly INTERRUPTED.

BETSY (O.S.)

Indy!...

Indiana TURNS. BETSY and CLARE walk toward him. Indy LOOKS at Betsy.

PUZZLED.

INDIANA

Where’re your bags?

BETSY

I’m not leaving.

INDIANA

Huh?... But, you... You have to

finish school.

BETSY

I’m staying on as Clare’s assistant.

Indy shoots a JEALOUS GLANCE to Clare, then back to Betsy.

INDIANA

But you’re MY assistant.

BETSY

Not any more. I’m having my credits

transfered.

INDIANA

Why?...

BETSY

Clare is a brilliant teacher.

INDIANA

(jealous)

So am I.

CLARE

Yes, but I don’t offer a course in

seduction.

INDIANA

You stay out of this.

BETSY

Indy... I thought you wanted me out

of your life...

INDIANA

That was before I realized how

gifted...how talented you are... I

mean... I could really use you...

CLARE

Especially aboard ship for three

weeks. It gets terribly lonely.

INDIANA

I warned you...

BETSY

Indy, I’ve learned a lot from you.

But it’s time I started

concentrating on a career in

anthropology...instead of romance.

INDIANA

(sighs, to Betsy)

You’ve certainly developed a mature

attitude.

BETSY

(hugs him)

Thanks to you.

(pauses, looking into

Indy’s eyes)

You know... I always thought of you

as my knight in shining armor...

INDIANA

(flattered)

Really?

BETSY

But now, I’ll think of you as the

Father I never had.

INDIANA

(rolls his eyes)

Terrific.

Clare WALKS up to him. She EXTENDS her hand.

CLARE

Doctor Jones...although your libido

is questionable, your bravery and

intelligence are exceptional.

(a smile)

It has been an honor working with

you.

INDIANA

(taken aback)

Why... Thanks.

Indy LEANS toward Clare, as if he is going to KISS HER. He RAISES an

eyebrow. SPEAKING in his smoothest...most suave...

INDIANA

You know, Clare...there’s

something...

CLARE

Yes...

INDIANA

(moving closer)

...something I’ve been wanting to

do...

CLARE

Yes...

INDIANA

(closer)

...since we first met...

LEANING forward, Indy closes his eyes to KISS Clare. But Clare MOVES

AWAY. BONZO THE GORILLA enters the FRAME. BONZO KISSES Indy on the

lips. Indy OPENS his eyes. He tries to MOVE AWAY. But the Gorilla will

not move, WRAPPING HER ARMS around Indy. The Gorilla WRESTLES Indy to

the ground.

By using Gorilla HAND MOTIONS and GRUNTS, Clare manages to persuade

BONZO to MOVE AWAY from Indiana. Indy WIPES his mouth. Clare, Betsy

and Scraggy are LAUGHING. Betsy EXPLAINS to Clare.

BETSY

Sorry. Guess I left her cage open...

she followed us.

The ocean liner’s horn SOUNDS! It begins to DRIFT away from the dock.

Indiana TURNS and RUNS up the stairs, leading to the boat. The boat is

a FEW FEET from the dock. Indy LEAPS onto the boat. He MAKES IT. JUST

IN TIME.

Indiana pauses... Suddenly UPSET. He realizes that he’s FORGOTTEN the

Golden Hooped Rod! It SITS on the dock. At Scraggy’s FEET. As the

Ocean Liner PULLS AWAY, Indy is about to SCREAM to his friends... But

Clare PICKS UP the crate. She SHRUGS to Indy. The ocean liner pulls

FURTHER...FURTHER...from the dock. Indiana is HELPLESS. He CAN’T GO

BACK.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLARE’S ROOM - THAT EVENING

Clare is SOUND ASLEEP in bed. CAMERA PANS TO a corner of the room. The

wooden crate holding the Golden Hooped Rod RESTS here. Suddenly, the

box’s NAILS begin to TWIST. TURN. As if they were being turned by

INVISIBLE HANDS. They FALL OUT of the box. DROPPING to the floor. ONE

by ONE. The box SLOWLY OPENS. The Golden Hooped Rod SHIKMERS in the

moonlight. Suddenly, the staff begins to MOVE. TWISTING. SHRINKING. It

CHANGES SHAPE...turning into a GOLDEN EAGLE! The bird slowly FLAPS its

wings and FLIES OUT of the open window. INTO the night. Clare

continues to peacefully SLEEP.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The full moon ILLUMINATES the night sky. SHIMMERING across the ocean

waters. Countless BRIGHT STARS sparkle in the night sky. Indy’s OCEAN

LINER sails across the water. The image of an EAGLE appears in the

night sky. SILHOUETTED against the moon.

INT. SHIP CABIN

Indiana Jones is SOUND ASLEEP in his bed. The room’s porthole

mysteriously SWINGS OPEN. The Golden Eagle FLIES inside. The eagle

TRANSFORMS back into the Golden Hooped Rod. The rod LEANS AGAINST the

wall. The moonlight REFLECTS the rod, SHINING into Indiana’s eyes.

Indy WAKES. He SITS UP and sees the Golden Hooped Rod. At first, he is

SHOCKED. He TOUCHES the rod...then comes upon a REALIZATION. The

CREAKY VOICE of Sun Wu Kung FILLS the SOUNDTRACK.

SUN WU KUNG (V.O.)

The Golden Hooped Rod will be a

faithful friend. It is capable of

one hundred transformations...and

will always remain by your side.

Indy STANDS. He turns and LOOKS out of the porthole. A DREAMY...

SATISFIED smile covers Indy’s face, as he stares at the stars ABOVE.

SOUND TRACK MUSIC SOARS. CAMERA PULLS BACK, TO EXTREMELY LONG SHOT of

the ship SAILING across the ocean.

THE END

black waiter in dashiell’s bar

clare is excited to read scroll, not aaron

less intimate thoughts of aaron in beginning

not revealed until second chapter that aaron is fake

booze in boat

meet njagi in zoo