

**INDIANA JONES AND THE UNSURVIVABLE BLAST**

by

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**EXT. JONES' RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - DAY**

Three men stand in the driveway. Two DELIVERY MEN, in their overalls, beside a van. One with a stogie in his mouth, a clipboard in his hand, and an angry look on his face.

The other, just a guy.

The third is INDIANA JONES. He wears a short leather jacket, a flapped holster, and a brimmed felt hat with a weird feather stuck in the band.

He is pissed, and is nose to nose with the stogie-sucking man.

**INDIANA**

I will NOT, accept this...

He points at a large cardboard box on the ground next to him.

**INDIANA**

...whatever it is.

**STOGIE-SUCKER**

Not my problem, pal. I'm paid to deliver it. I've delivered it.

**INDIANA**

Well, I'm not paying for it.

**STOGIE-SUCKER**

Again, not my problem. Are you gonna sign this or not?

He holds out a paper to Indy.

**INDIANA**

I will NOT!

Indy slaps it out of his hand.

Stogie-sucker shrugs and yells to his partner.

**STOGIE-SUCKER**

In the truck, Charlie. We're done here.

Both men climb in the truck, and back out of the driveway.

**SERIES OF SHOTS -- EXT. JONES' RESIDENCE -- CONTINUOUS**

Long shot from the front yard, including a FOR SALE sign.

INDY seethes rage as he watches them go.

**INDIANA (V.O.)**

(mutters)

First I get canned, then this  
bullshi...

INDY looks up as the RUMBLING SOUND of a heavy plane comes into hearing.

A VERY LARGE MILITARY-TYPE PLANE slowly moves high in the sky.

Close up as INDY looks confused.

**INDIANA**

B29? In New Jersey? What the hell?

A very dark spot appears on the bottom of the VERY LARGE MILITARY-TYPE PLANE.

INDY squints. A faint whistling sound comes into hearing.

INDY's eyes bug out.

**INDIANA**

(realizing)

Jeez!

**END SERIES OF SHOTS**

Indy rushes into the...

**INT. JONES' RESIDENCE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

He starts rummaging through the drawers of a work table, muttering wildly.

**INDIANA**

Why? Why? In Jersey? Why?

He finds what he's looking for, a...

**BOX CUTTER**

...runs out into the...

**EXT. JONES' RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

...and starts maniacally cutting at the cardboard box until it falls apart to reveal a...

**DISHWASHER**

As the whistling noise grows ever louder, Indy flings open the door of the dishwasher, yanks out all of the racks, climbs inside, closes the door, glances toward the threatening whistle and says...

**INDIANA**

I've got a bad feeling about this.

...then slams the door shut.

The screen goes fuzzy in a loud BUZZ OF STATIC and...

FADES TO BLACK

**OVER BLACK: "SEVEN DAYS LATER."**

**EXT. COUNTRY ROADSIDE - DAY**

The still-smoking dishwasher rests on its side in the weeds.

A muffled pounding noise comes from inside until the door falls off. Indy, rough and ruffled, falls out.

He gulps in the fresh air until his breathing becomes normal, and he sees...

**A SQUIRREL**

...staring at him from the tall grass.

**INDIANA**

(angrily)

Who invited you, pal? Get outta here.

He flings a piece of gravel at the critter and it runs away.

Indy gets up, brushes himself off, retrieves his hat from inside the dishwasher, places it on his head and turns to strike...

**THE CLASSIC PROFILE**

He looks around to get his bearings.

**INDIANA**

By my counting, it's been close to a week. I'd better get back to town. If there is a town.

He starts walking down the road past the...

**PRINCETON 10 MI. SIGN**

**EXT. PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY - MAIN STREET - DARK**

Indy trudges down the street. Which might be considered vacant, if it weren't for all the bodies strewn about.

The buildings are intact, but all the windows are dark, and the streetlights are out.

**INDIANA**

(mutters)

Neutron bomb. Musta been. Everyone, dead. Buildings okay. Still no power. Heavy EMP.

He turns in circles, looking at the terrible carnage all around.

Bits of trash swirl around his ankles.

He stops circling as the sound of a car engine comes into hearing from somewhere.

**INDIANA**

(suspicious)

But why?

The car engine gets louder, until a...

**LATE MODEL SEDAN**

...comes around the corner a block from where Indy stands, then screeches to a halt about 50 feet away.

The driver's side door opens, and out steps GEORGE MCHALE ("Mac" to his friends), fiftyish, sharp eyes and the easy smile of your favorite bartender.

**INDIANA**

(confused)

Mac? Why are you alive?

**MAC**

(usual bonhomie)

Can't kill me, Jonesy. You know that. I crawled into my trash compactor.

**INDIANA**

(classic eye roll)  
Fitting.

**MAC**

What'd ya say, Jonesy?

**INDIANA**

Never mind.

Indy looks side to side, spreads out his hands and gives Mac the classic arched eyebrows, bugged-eyes look.

**INDIANA**

Any ideas?

**MAC**

None whatsoever, Jonesy, but I do hope you liked the new dishwasher.

Indy's eyes lock on the odorous Brit.

**INDIANA**

Dishwasher? You?

**MAC**

I tried to pick a color that would go with anything.

Indy starts to lean into a quick walk toward his old partner.

**INDIANA**

You son of a bitch!

Mac looks nervous. He wants to believe Indy wouldn't get physical.

Then Indy breaks into a run.

**INDIANA**

I'll kill you, you stupid, traitorous, bastard!

Mac's look of terror says he thinks Indy means it and jumps into the...

**INT. MAC'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

He slams on the accelerator. The car surges forward and then dies.

Indy is getting ever closer, hollering NSFW phrases we can't quite make out.

Mac tries frantically over and over to start the car, only to get more nervous each time his efforts are met with a useless Urr, Urr, Urr sound.

As Indy gets too close for comfort, Mac exits the car to...

**EXT. PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY - MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS**

He holds up his hands and says,

**MAC**

Now, Jonesy, you know what a joker  
I am.

**INDIANA**

It won't be a joke when I put my  
foot up your ass!

Mac decides discretion is the better part of valor, and takes off running as Indy rounds the end of his car.

Mac looks over his shoulder to take one last jab.

**MAC**

I see why the university let you  
go, with that temper!

Indy holds onto his hat and chases Mac into the darkness as we...

FADE TO BLACK

**THE END**