

TOMB RAIDER

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STRANGELY ENOUGH, PAGE 1 MISSING FROM HARD COPY

INT. BOARDING SCHOOL - LIBRARY - DAY

LARA CROFT (16), a headstrong, long-haired beauty, is surrounded at a study table by her UNIFORMED CLASSMATES, one of which, DELIA, is the group skeptic.

Chyron: London, 1986

LARA

First of all Delia, my father is much younger than he looks. And second of all, you're completely missing the point.

A LIBRARIAN across the way shushes the girls, forcing Lara to lower her voice to a dramatic whisper:

LARA (CONT'D)

Once my father got inside Ghengis Khan's tomb, he thought he was home free.

BACK TO:

INT. GHENGIS KHAN'S TOMB - DAY

Revealed in Lord Croft's FLASHLIGHT is Khan's decrepit MUMMY. Clutching a crudely-fashioned CEREMONIAL DRUM.

LARA (V.O.)

But as soon as he took the sacred drum from Khan's bony clutches...

Lord Croft admires his prize stolen from the mummy.

LARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He set off the worst trap of all.

Lord Croft reacts to a RUMBLING inside the tomb. The very floor beneath him is buckling from some unseen force. Racing for the arched doorway, Lord Croft stops when he sees:

POV - LORD CROFT

Sections of the antechamber's tile floor are falling away, dropping down into an INFINITE ABYSS now exposed.

BACK TO SCENE

Lord Croft takes a deep breath. Picks out the only route imaginable across the precarious checkerboard floor...and sprints for the entry hole, drum cradled in his arms!

With each step the tile floor breaks away beneath him! Forcing Lord Croft to snatch the drum in his teeth...and leap for the entry hole

with both hands!

LARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then, just as the wall was giving
way...

Lord Croft claws desperately at the crumbling wall. Eyes widening with relief when a WIRE LADDER dangles into view.

LARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My mother came to the rescue again.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

LADY VIVIAN CROFT, a spirited 40-something woman who expertly helms the family chopper. Lady Vivian stares down at the mountainside ENTRY HOLE where Lord Croft is climbing to safety on the wire ladder attached to the helicopter's underbelly.

LARA (V.O.)
There was still one problem. And it
was a big one: the Mongolian Army.

Lady Vivian notices DOZENS OF MONGOL SOLDIERS cresting the mountaintop. Armed to the teeth. Sights on Lord Croft.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

Hanging on with one hand to the wire ladder, Lord Croft uses his spare hand to unload an endless UZI CLIP on the soldiers.

DELIA (V.O.)
I don't buy it for a minute.

INT. BOARDING SCHOOL - LIBRARY -DAY

All eyes are on Delia as she tries to debunk Lara's story.

DELIA
If that drum is so bloody valuable,
why'd your parents send it to you?

All eyes now turn back to Lara as she returns the volley:

LARA
Easy. If you were the Mongolian Army
wouldn't my dorm room be the last
place you'd look?

While Delia mulls that one, Lara spots a black BENTLEY ARNAGE arriving in the parking lot outside. Her eyes suddenly beam.

LARA (CONT'D)
To be continued. I gotta go.

Lara races away without explanation.

INT. LARA'S BOARDING SCHOOL ROOM - DAY

PAN ACROSS a floor-to-ceiling bookcase filled with odd SOUVENIRS from around the world, all lovingly displayed. As a woman's hand removes one of the souvenirs we meet LADY VIVIAN CROFT in her formal, elegant, real-world attire.

LADY VIVIAN

Look at this, Desmond. Every little trinket we've sent back she's got on display like the Crown Jewels.

LORD DESMOND CROFT is a stately business magnate but hardly a tomb raider. Unlike his wife, Lord Croft is far more interested in the OLD TRUNK across the room, overflowing with sports trophies, plus various academic plaques and certificates. He examines a "1st Place" GYMNASTICS TROPHY.

LORD CROFT

Viv, I don't think our little girl's ever come in second.

Lara bolts inside, winded from her run across school.

LARA

I don't believe it...

Lord Croft gives Lara a short, polite embrace.

LARA (CONT'D)

I thought you two were off on pressing business somewhere?

Lady Vivian holds onto her daughter a little longer.

LADY VIVIAN

Lara, you didn't really think we'd miss your 16th birthday?

LARA

(plays dumb)
Oh, is that today?

Both her parents chuckle at Lara's wit.

LADY VIVIAN

We brought another souvenir to add to your very impressive collection.

Lord Croft hands Lara a small, unwrapped BOX. Pulling off the lid, Lara's face scrunches quizzically: a new passport.

LORD CROFT

Someday it'll be filled cover-to-

cover, just like ours.

He looks at Lady Vivian, who nods in agreement.

LADY VIVIAN

Well I think we should break it in,
don't you, Desmond?

LARA

(suspicious but hopeful)
What are you saying, Mother?

LORD CROFT

The provost has assured us you're so
far ahead in your studies that your
professors will actually welcome
your absence for a week. So they
can catch up to you.

LARA

A family trip!? Where're we going?

LORD CROFT

Anywhere in the world.

LADY VIVIAN

It's your choice, Lara.

What a tough decision for Lara, who thoughtfully peruses all the
exotic souvenirs her parents have sent her over the years.

LARA

Everywhere you've been...I've
dreamed of going.

Lara finally settles on the TIBETAN DRUM (from Lara's story), then
turns to her parents and smiles. Decision made.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVER THE HIMALAYAS - DAY

A sleek Gulfstream III -- emblazoned with "CROFT INDUSTRIES" -- soars
through the jagged, pristine white mountaintops.

Chyron: Over the Himalayas

LARA (V.O.)

I want to ski Mount Annapurna. No
one's ever skied there before.

LADY VIVIAN (V.O.)

Lara, do you even know how to ski?

LARA (V.O.)

That's the fun of it -- I'll learn.

INT. CROFT JET - CONTINUOUS

Lara sits on the floor (dressed in an almost tomboyish manner), her back against a small sofa from where Lady Vivian enjoys braiding her daughter's long, lustrous hair. They're more like sisters with their similar mannerisms and matching DIAMOND TENNIS BRACELETS. Lara charmingly rattles off historical facts to impress her parents.

LARA

Bet you didn't know Mount
Annapurna's actually a massif with
two primary peaks. Annapurna 1, the
tallest, wasn't climbed from the
south -- where we're going to ski --
until 1970 by the Chris Bonnington
expedition.

The jet's handsomely appointed interior has the feel of an English sitting room that comfortably accommodates 8-10 passengers. Lord Croft, who has to duck inside the cabin, pours himself a nip of brandy at the wet bar.

LORD CROFT

Anything you don't know, Lara?

LARA

(teasing)

I suppose it's possible, Father.

Lord Croft smirks as he takes a seat across from his women.

LADY VIVIAN

Tell us about that drum I sent you
back from Tibet?

LARA

It's made from a human thigh bone.
And it's part of an exorcism ritual.
That's really all I know.

LADY VIVIAN

I attended the ritual once. Last
time we were here, while your father
was concluding a deal in Nepal.

This gets Lara's attention. And Lord Croft's.

LADY VIVIAN (CONT'D)

It was very moving. The ceremony
divests the dying person of all
their ego and emotions, preparing
them for the next life,

unencumbered.

LORD CROFT

I always miss the good stuff.

Lord Croft swigs the last of his brandy. Lara peers out the window at the enigmatic mountains while confessing:

LARA

You want to know something funny...?
For years now I've told stories at school about my parents being famous tomb raiders -- that's how I explained why you were always away on business.

(turns back to parents)

My friends actually think all those souvenirs you sent me, they're all ancient treasures. Like that drum, I've almost convinced them father stole it from Ghengis Kahn's tomb.

Lord Croft gets a CHUCKLE over that one. But Lady Croft is not amused, seeing beneath her daughter's imagination.

LADY VIVIAN

I know it's not been easy for you, Lara, what with us abroad so often. But from now on, we'll do better than just holiday visits. How does a family trip each month sound?

Lara looks to her father, who concedes his approval.

LARA

I can't wait for next month.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROFT JET - LATER

LIGHTNING strikes in the darkening distance. The Gulfstream jet disappears into a swirling miasma of low, dark clouds.

INT. CROFT JET - CONTINUOUS

The aircraft begins to shudder and sway in the turbulence. Lara looks anxiously to her parents as a SPEAKER in the cabin squawks to life, one of the pilots addressing the Crofts:

PILOT (OVER SPEAKER)

Nothing to worry about, folks. Just some temperamental weather. Strap yourselves in tight and we'll be through this in no time.

Lara glances nervously out her misted window at the storm, jumping as LIGHTNING strikes the wing of the jet! The interior LIGHTS FLICKER. The jet drops sudden altitude...then stabilizes. The Crofts all exhale in momentary relief.

Lord Croft unbuckles his seatbelt and heads for the cockpit.

LADY VIVIAN
Desmond?

LORD CROFT
You girls stay put.

Lady Vivian clutches Lara's hand with her own.

INT. CROFT JET - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The TWO PILOTS, struggling to hold onto the shaking controls, acknowledge Lord Croft as he slips in through the partition.

LORD CROFT
Anything I can do?

PILOT #1
There's a portable radio in the closet. Better get it out.

LORD CROFT
(steps closer)
What's wrong with those dials?

PILOT #2
We've lost primary power, Sir.
(beat)
She's going down.

His jaw slackening, Lord Croft stares out the windscreen...

LORD CROFT
Good God.

POV - LORD CROFT

Through a sudden break in the clouds appear two oncoming mountaintops. An unavoidable obstacle.

EXT. CROFT JET - CONTINUOUS

The aircraft continues its inexorable course right between two craggy peaks...SHEARING OFF THE ENTIRE LEFT WING!

INT. CROFT JET - CONTINUOUS

Chaos ensues as the jet begins a slow barrel roll, emptying overhead bins and closets. Lady Vivian cradles Lara tightly to her bosom, shielding her daughter as best she can before --

-- SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH! The jet SLAMS into the ground with such force the fuselage CRACKS in several places. A piece of the fuselage strikes Lady Vivian in the head!

EXT. CROFT JET - CONTINUOUS

Plowing across the snowy terrain like a runaway train -- OBLITERATING ALL TREES in its path -- the jet finally comes to precarious rest, UPSIDE DOWN, bridging a deep chasm.

INT. CROFT JET - CONTINUOUS

CU - LARA hanging upside down in her seat. Unconscious.

CRAAAAAAAAAAK!!! The already split fuselage breaks further under the strain of its own weight.

This rouses Lara, who struggles to orient herself. Her eyes focus in on her mother crumpled and bleeding. Lara unbuckles her safety belt and falls to the inverted ceiling. Scrambling through the chaotic cabin Lara desperately cradles her mother.

LARA
Mother. Mother please. Please be
okay.

Lady Vivian's eyes flicker with dying life. Lara rambles:

LARA (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. I should've picked
someplace else. We never should've
come here. Never, ever...

Lady Vivian reaches a trembling hand up to Lara's face, gently wiping away the tears streaking down her flushed cheeks.

LADY VIVIAN
Always follow your dreams, dear.
(last breath)
Always...

Lady Vivian expires in her daughter's arms and Lara's sobbing gives way to an emotional torrent of tears until --

-- CRAAAAAAAAAAK!!!

The fuselage breaks further, threatening to snap the jet right in half. Jolted from her misery, Lara peers out the jet window with wide eyes:

POV - LARA

It's a 1000 stomach-turning feet to the bottom of the chasm.

BACK TO SCENE

Lara hears the sounds of a man GROANING somewhere near.

LARA FATHER!?

INT. CROFT JET - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Lara rushes into the upended cockpit where both pilots hang dead in their seats -- the windscreen has been shattered. Lara sees her father's feet, his body covered with a collapsed section of the interior.

LARA
Father can you hear me!?

Lara frantically extricates her father, who is groaning in pain from the COMPOUND FRACTURE of his left leg.

LORD CROFT
Vivian...where's my Vivian?
-- CRAAAAAAAAK!!! The fuselage breaks further, increasing the incline inside the doomed jet.

LARA
Come on, we've got to get you out!

Lara starts helping her father up towards the windscreen. Pushing him through the jagged orifice, Lara watches her father topple safely onto the snowy chasm bank. Lara starts out herself, then smartly realizes:

LARA (CONT'D)
Supplies. We need supplies.

Moving back to the closet, Lara starts gathering essentials (ie: MEDKIT, SKIS, FLARE GUN, etc.) All the while the metal fuselage WHINES under the tremendous strain...portending --

-- CRAAAAAAAAK!!! This break causes Lara to fumble the flare gun. Hanging on, she strains to reach the weapon...

LORD CROFT (O.S.)
LARA GET OUT!!!

Stretching that extra inch, Lara secures the flare gun.

EXT. HIMALAYAS - CONTINUOUS

All the supplies, flung through the windscreen, land in the snow around Lord Croft, who's anxiously watching for...

LARA DIVES THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN as the jet snaps in half! She tucks & rolls safely in the snow, showing off some well-honed gymnastics moves. Together, Lara and Lord Croft watch in stunned silence as the

jet fuselage CRACKS once more and, with her dead mother aboard, plummets into the chasm.

Lara steps right up to the dangerous edge, tragic witness to the jet EXPLODING IN A FIREBALL when it hits rock bottom.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. HIMALAYAS - AS NIGHT SETS IN

TRACK a long path through the snow to Lord Croft bundled up atop a TOBOGGAN/LITTER fashioned from skis. Slowly pulling her father along in the knee deep snow, Lara is battling hypothermia and fatigue as a LIGHT SNOW falls.

LARA
(mutters repeatedly)
We'll be fine... We'll be fine.

Hauling her father up a slight grade, what's left of Lara's strength is put to the test. As she feels herself reaching a breaking point, Lara's "We'll be fine" mantra just gets louder -- she's running on pure will power now. Finally, just as she crests the grade, about to collapse, Lara spots a MONASTERY in the near distance below. Lara almost smiles.

LARA (CONT'D)
We're gonna make it!

Her spirit refueled with hope, Lara gets a second wind. Pulling her father along with hopeful urgency...until an ANIMAL GROWL in the surrounding shadows stops her cold. Arming herself with a FLASHLIGHT, Lara scans the area:

POV - LARA

The flashlight finds a BLOOD TRAIL leading from her father's leg to a pair of SNOW LEOPARDS lurking amongst the trees.

BACK TO SCENE

Lara quickly FIRES A FLARE...which spirals into the trees, only spooking the animals momentarily. As the leopards advance with hungry eyes, Lara starts pulling her father as fast as her legs will carry them to the monastery before...

A 20' PRECIPICE suddenly appears in her path! Nearly rushing blindly off the edge, Lara and Lord Croft survey their options: predators behind them, a dangerous jump ahead.

LARA (CONT'D)
Father...I don't know what to do.

LORD CROFT
Save yourself, Lara. Everything
we've worked for...your mother and
I. You're all we have left now.

Lara eyes the snow leopards moving slowly in for the kill.

LARA

I can't leave you like this!

LORD CROFT

I can't make it, Lara. You can.

(imploring)

You must.

Forced to act fast, Lara dumps all her supplies in a pile at her feet. With focused, unblinking eyes she rapidly examines all her resources before grabbing up two items...

CU - A FLARE is snapped in half. Keeping one eye on the snow leopards, Lara cleverly spreads the flash powder into a semi-circle around her father. And just as the snow leopards lope into swift attack --

-- WHOOOOOSH! Lara ignites the powder with a LIGHTER. The waist-high WALL OF FIRE keeps the leopards at bay. For now.

LORD CROFT (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

Lara kneels beside her father, clutches his hand in hers.

LARA

I'll get help, Father. Before this
fire dies out, I swear to you.

Lord Croft watches as Lara moves away from the precipice, measuring her steps all the way back to the fire wall. Exhaling slowly, Lara gathers herself. Hands fall to her side; a gymnast before her routine. Then, with quick, precision steps...Lara sprints for the edge and leaps!

NEW ANGLE

Lara soars through the air with the grace of an eagle. But she lands hard, somersaulting several times in the snow. Immediately she CRIES OUT in pain, her knee badly injured.

Gritting her teeth, Lara glances back at the dwindling FLARE FIRE protecting her father from the leopards...then starts crawling towards the wooden monastery gates ahead.

INT. MONASTERY - NIGHT

Inside the ancient stone building a spry monk, KARAK (50), breaks his reverent meditation at a small shrine. His wise eyes search the candlelit shadows -- something is amiss. With uncertain purpose Karak moves to the nearest window where he sees: Lara inching through the snow. Ten feet from the monastery gates before finally succumbing to exhaustion.

EXT. HIMALAYAS - MOMENTS LATER

A GROUP OF MONKS, led by Karak, circles around to the precipice from a hidden, sloping ridge. The monks BANG POTS & KETTLES, successfully scaring away the snow leopards.

Karak is the first to arrive at Lord Croft's side. He bends over the motionless man, listens for a heartbeat. After a moment, Karak slowly raises his head. His eyes tell the sad story as the flare fire quietly dies out.

DISSOLVE TO:

PRELAP the sound of drums, trumpets and bells.

EXT. MONASTARY COURTYARD - NEXT DAY

The storm has cleared. A Tibetan funeral ceremony in progress. Lord Croft's body is swathed in a white robe atop an altar.

A handful of monks circle the dead man, performing the exorcism ritual Lady Vivian described earlier.

REVEAL - LARA watching the ceremony from a distance, off by herself. As one of the monks fervently bangs his drum -- a replica of her parents' souvenir -- over her father's head, Lara turns away, unable to endure the tragic irony.

INT. MONASTERY - DAY

With views of both Lara and the ceremony, Karak turns away from the window, faces an older monk at his side, TONPA.

KARAK

I cannot explain it, Tonpa, but I
feel my path is being re-directed.

TONPA

Your dreams.

KARAK

Yes... This girl's spirit is
precious but fragile. She needs
guidance to fulfill her potential.

TONPA

Go with her, Karak. And fulfill your
own potential.

Karak nods respectfully and heads for the courtyard.

EXT. MONASTERY COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Lara limps along the monastery wall as the ceremony continues. She stops, her back to us, and stares down the sheer cliff into the fog-enshrouded valley below. CIRCLING AROUND Lara we reveal her face, her eyes -- nearly catatonic with grief. Melancholy classical MUSIC swells over the fading drums. As we PULL BACK, Lara inexplicably swan dives

forward...

...and splashes into an Olympic-sized indoor pool!

TRANSITION TO:

INT. THE CROFT ESTATE - YEARS LATER

LARA (29), collects DIVING BELLS as part of a training regimen supervised by Karak, now mid-60s.

Chyron: Hampshire, 1998

When Lara finally breaks the surface with the last diving bell, Karak clicks his stopwatch, eyebrows raised, impressed.

KARAK

Two seconds better than last week.
But you're pushing yourself too hard
again.

LARA

Still breathing, aren't I?

Lara gracefully climbs from the pool, showing off a beautifully sculpted physique...frustratingly wrapped in a towel. This is no longer the lonely, precocious girl we met 13 years ago; Lara has grown into a cool, physical young woman hiding a scarred heart that has never fully mended.

Karak follows Lara inside the sparsely decorated grand manor, stopping at a STEREO setup surrounded by small mountains of CDs. Karak switches the somber CLASSICAL MUSIC to HIP HOP.

KARAK

You need a vacation. Change of pace.
I've taken the liberty of providing
a few options...

He catches up to Lara, hands her some CLUB MED BROCHURES.

KARAK (CONT'D)

I've already spoken with Ruth and
Caroline. They're very excited at
the prospect.

LARA

(not in the mood)
I don't need another girl getaway. I
just get so restless between jobs.
You know that, Karak.

Karak steps in front of Lara, indicates her WOUNDED ARM.

KARAK

Lara, you still haven't healed from
your last "job." Which was less than

three months ago.

LARA
(sighs)
Seems like three years.

KARAK
You want to live on the edge, how
about a nice trip to Los Angeles?

Lara smirks, but makes no commitment as she strides away.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARIBBEAN OCEAN - DAY

A SALVAGE BOAT floats atop the choppy waters off the coast of a
distant island.

Chyron: Caribbean Ocean, near Barbados

A gray-haired Scot, DARBY ERICKSON (70), anxiously adjusts the oxygen
tanks on his-Venezuelan diver, ARTURO (35).

DARBY
Remember Arturo, the chest may be
decayed. Go eyes open for the
hardware.

Darby shows a PHOTO of a wooden chest with GOLD ORNAMENTS.

DARBY (CONT'D)
The map tube will be somewhere in
the vicinity, if I've calculated
right.

Arturo nods, pulls on his face mask. Darby pats him on the shoulders,
then watches him roll backwards off the boat.

UNDERWATER

FOLLOW Arturo down 30+ meters through the teeming waters to the
remnants of an ancient SHIPWRECK scattered over the coral floor. As
Arturo skims the rotting wreckage...

A GIANT MORAY EEL lunges from a crevice flashing razor teeth! Arturo
contorts his body to avoid the attack...then continues on until he
spots a GLINT OF GOLD entrenched in the coral. Upon closer inspection
it's one of the GOLD ORNAMENTS.

Arturo uses a PORTABLE JETPULSE to unsettle the ocean floor. As the
silt begins to settle, Arturo finally locates a large, sealed GOLD MAP
TUBE half-submerged in the sand.

INT. SALVAGE BOAT DAY

CU - A MAP is delicately unrolled by rubber-gloved hands.

DARBY (O.S.)
Exquisite. Perfectly preserved.

REVEAL - DARBY & ARTURO huddled inside the tiny cabin, examining a centuries-old Spanish map atop a work table where the empty GOLD MAP TUBE now rests.

The area charted is a crude representation of South and Central America. Darby excitedly follows with one finger a MARKED TRAIL inland from the coast to the Andes Mountains.

DARBY (CONT'D)
There it is... El Dorado.

ARTURO
Very dangerous terrain, Sir.

DARBY
Don't worry, Arturo. This old bloke is smart enough to know his limitations.
(slowly rolls up map)
I know exactly who to call.

EVELYN (PRELAP)
Lara!?

INT. CROFT ESTATE - DAY

Arriving amidst a cacophony of BARKING DOGS is Lara's unmarried maternal Aunt, EVELYN CROFT (60), a grand dame of the London social scene who doesn't bother knocking. Evelyn saunters into the expansive living room, which is filled with state-of-the-art GYMNASTICS & TRAINING EQUIPMENT.

EVELYN
Lara, where are you!?

LARA (O.S.)
Coming, Aunt Ev!

Lara, dressed in workout gear, is in the middle of an exercise on the UNEVEN BARS. Her perfect dismount is a BACKFLIP/HALF-TWIST...landing a foot in front of a startled Evelyn.

EVELYN
Oh good God! Don't do that.

LARA
I assume this isn't a social visit.
You're not wearing your fur.

Evelyn ignores Lara, focusing instead on all the equipment.

EVELYN
I will never get used to this

rubbish.

(melodramatic sigh)

Oh, the parties your mother used to throw in here...black ties, gorgeous gowns...such a travesty.

Heard it all before, Lara heads for the kitchen.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Where are you going, Lara? This isn't a social visit, you know.

INT. CROFT ESTATE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

While Lara makes her favorite EGG SALAD AND PICKLES sandwich, Evelyn nosily inspects every kitchen cabinet and cupboard.

EVELYN

Granted, I am no longer your legal guardian. But I am still the only real family you've got.

Her back to Evelyn, Lara mouths her aunt's words in perfect lip sync along with her. Clearly this is not a new speech.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I said nothing when you returned from Tibet with a strange monk... And I bit my tongue when you turned that living room into a gymnasium. But your continual resistance to take responsibility of the family affairs is becoming unacceptable. There is an absolute mountain of paperwork to be signed -- you know I never wanted this job. It was only out of respect for my dear brother --

Lara finally turns to interrupt her aunt's rant:

LARA

I'm sorry, Aunt Ev. I promise to catch up by your party next week.

EVELYN

Good then. That's a start.

Evelyn helps herself to the other half of Lara's sandwich.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

You seem awfully pallid, child. I hope this is not your regular diet.

FOLLOW Lara as she rolls her eyes, walking away from it all.

EVELYN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I know! How about a nice vacation?
Club Med, perhaps?

INT. CROFT ESTATE - LARA'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Clothes and books everywhere. PHOTOS of her and friends -- male and female -- at various events (Charity Ball, Wimbledon, etc.) Lara sits in the lotus position atop her bed cluttered with Club Med brochures. She's watching "The African Queen" on TV while chatting on the phone with some unseen lover.

LARA

...I'm not giving you the duck
again, Charles. I'm just not in the
mood for clubbing tonight.
(pause; smirks)

Let me remind you, I am a proper
British girl. My ears are not
suitable for such gutterspeak.
(beat; teasing)
Maybe I'll call you tomorrow.

Lara hangs up. Unable to satiate her restless mind, Lara wanders to the bookshelf full of all those souvenirs from her parents' travels. When Lara picks up the TIBETAN EXORCISM DRUM, we see that beneath the tough exterior she has fashioned for herself lies the vulnerability of a teen girl. But her reverie is broken by her BARKING GUARD DOGS outside!

INT. CROFT ESTATE - SECURITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Karak watches one of many MONITORS which display constantly changing images from surveillance cameras around the estate. A London TAXICAB, idling by the front gates, currently has Karak's undivided attention as Lara enters, concerned.

KARAK

We have a visitor.

EXT. CROFT ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

The cab has vanished. Lara and Karak find ARTURO lying on the road

outside the front gate of the estate. Pulling the man's coat open, Lara reveals his nasty ABDOMINAL WOUND.

KARAK
I'll call an ambulance.

As Karak hurries away, Arturo hands Lara a Hi-8 VIDEO.

ARTURO
This...only for...Lara.

INT. CROFT ESTATE - MEDIA ROOM - LATER

As Lara cues up the Hi-8 video in her top-of-the-line screening room, Karak enters with dour news:

KARAK
The paramedics removed the body.

This draws an exhale of remorse from Lara.

KARAK (CONT'D)
I convinced the authorities to wait
until tomorrow for your deposition.

LARA
Hopefully this'll have some answers.

Lara starts the tape which plays out on a projection screen. Static turns to a wide tripod shot of DARBY ERIKSON.

LARA (CONT'D)
Darby...
Clutching the empty, GOLD MAP TUBE, Darby paces a dimly lit bungalow, speaking to the camera nervously.

DARBY (ON TAPE)
Please forgive the melodrama, my
dear, but I'm certain the phone
lines here aren't safe. You've heard
of El Dorado, the lost city of gold?
Well, believe it or not, I actually
found a map to the place. And it
is authentic.

Darby points to the MAP, unfurled atop the nearby desk and illuminated by a SPECIAL INFRARED LAMP.

DARBY (ON TAPE) (CONT'D)
How'd I pull off this miracle, you
ask? Using an 18th century weather
chart I calculated a hurricane off
Barbados about the same time a
spanish galleon -- the San Roque --
turned up missing in 1784.
(deep breath)
That's the good news. Bad news is,

turns out the Aussie bloke who hired me is a second cousin to the Devil himself. I told him I couldn't find the map but he didn't buy it for a minute. And it's only a matter of time before he tracks me down. Which is where you come in, my dear.

Darby steps closer to the camera, desperation in his voice.

DARBY (CONT'D)

Now I know you're a cash up front girl, but if all the legends about El Dorado are true, I'm offering you a 50-50 split on what could be billions in gold. I should think that'll do your charity Foundation right proud.

Arturo, at the far window, reacts to oncoming HEADLIGHTS.

ARTURO

Someone's coming.

Darby acts quickly, returning the map to its gold tube.

DARBY

Lara, I can't do this without you. If you're game, meet me on the 7th in Curacao. I'll be at the El Mar under the name Flannigan.

The sound of MEN APPROACHING cause Darby and Arturo to urgently discuss evacuation plans in hushed tones. LOUD POUNDING on the door brings a warning:

LARSEN (O.S.)

OPEN UP! WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!

REACTION SHOTS: Lara and Karak are on the edge of their seats.

While Darby climbs out a side window, Arturo shoves the heavy DRESSER against the door but --

-- KABLAAAAAMBLAAAMBLAAAMBLAAM!!! The door and dresser splinter in a hail of SHOTGUN BLASTS. Arturo goes spinning to the floor, wounded.

What's left of the dresser and door are pushed aside as SIX AUSSIES hefting 12 GAUGE PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUNS enter the room. Muscular, bald LARSEN, the most malevolent of the Aussies, informs his unseen boss:

LARSEN (CONT'D)

The geezer got away...

A seventh man enters last. This is CHRISTIAN MALVERN (40s), a formidable, lantern-jawed Australian businessman. He calmly strolls through the debris over to the OPEN SIDE WINDOW.

LARSEN (CONT'D)
Left his little troll behind,
though.

Malvern turns his attention on Arturo, who is writhing on the floor in pain; a jagged WOOD SHARD has impaled itself deep in his abdomen. Malvern looms over Arturo, cruelly stepping down on the shard with his boot.

REACTION SHOTS: Karak looks away in disgust; Lara stares on in anger, clutching the TV remote like a weapon.

MALVERN
Tell me where I can find Erikson.

Arturo grits his teeth in agony as Malvern twists the shard.

ARTURO
(hisses defiantly)
El Dorado.

Malvern crouches by Arturo.

MALVERN
Here's why I won't kill you.
Everything I do has a purpose, and
whether you live or die means
absolutely nothing to me.
(stands)
I'm not above suffering, however. In
fact, I'm a big fan of it.

SIRENS are heard approaching in the distance.

LARSEN
Bastard must've called the cops!

With his boot, Malvern pushes the shard all the way into Arturo, who WAILS in pain. As Malvern strides for the door:

MALVERN
Get your men out of here, Larsen.

Larsen is the last one out of the room. He finally spots the Hi-8 camera in the corner and fires his shotgun -- KABLAM! The video cuts to ominous static. Lara stops the tape, stands.

KARAK
May I offer my opinion?

LARA
I already know your opinion, Karak.

INT. CROFT ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Karak insistently follows Lara out into the living room.

KARAK

So many of your jobs become
dangerous along the way. This one, I
must say, looks doomed from the very
start.

Taking an impassioned stand, Lara turns to face Karak.

LARA

Darby Erikson is one of the best
cartographers in the world. If it
weren't for him I never would have
found the Scion or the Dagger of
Xi'an. Now it's my turn to help him.

KARAK

Help him evade the Australian, or
help him find El Dorado?

LARA

Why both, of course.

KARAK

You travel to the ends of the earth.
You risk your life at every turn.
What is it you're looking for, Lara?

LARA

When I find it, I'll let you know.

As Lara heads upstairs, Karak mutters to himself:

KARAK

Hardly the vacation I had in mind.

CUT TO:

POV - UNKNOWN (THROUGH TELESCOPE)

Lara, dressed in a sun dress and combat boots, rides her vintage
Norton motorcycle and passes an engraved stone sign, "CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY." WE HEAR male voices:

VOICE #1 (O.S.)

Oh Christ, I don't think she's
wearing a bra --

VOICE #2

-- Give me that!

VOICE #1

Get lost, you wanker!

PULL BACK to reveal we are:

INT. CAMBRIDGE LABORATORY - NEXT DAY

Three engineering eggheads (STUART, LIAM & WESLEY) grapple over rights to the TELESCOPE, currently controlled by Stuart.

STUART
Knock it off! She's coming in!

All three young men scramble away from the window. While Stuart stashes the telescope, Liam checks his hair in a mirror and Wesley quickly gargles in the sink.

There's a KNOCK at the lab door, then Lara enters smiling...

LARA
How're my Gadget Boys doing?

POV - LARA

Her "Gadget Boys" are now seated quietly at work stations, engineering devices per Lara's faxed DESIGN SKETCHES. They AD LIB "Hellos."

LARA (CONT'D)
Sorry I'm late. Had to give a deposition...

Lara strides over to Stuart, her attention already grabbed by the circular steel PROBE he's still wiring.

LARA (CONT'D)
Just as I imagined it.

Stuart turns one last screw, then picks up a REMOTE CONTROL DEVICE, which when activated...levitates the probe!

STUART
Didn't have time to build it exactly to your specs. But I think you'll like it.

With Stuart controlling the probe's micro airjets, it zips across the lab...almost taking the heads off Liam and Wesley!

STUART (CONT'D)
(mischievous)
Oops. Sorry lads.

Impressed, Lara now eyes the MONITOR on Stuart's work station.

POV - LARA

The image on the monitor is a LIVE SHOT from the remote probe as it flies through the air...finally hovering right behind Lara...then ZOOMING IN for a tight shot on her backside.

LARA (O.S.)
Very clever, Stuart.

BACK TO SCENE

Liam confidently gestures Lara over to his work station.

LIAM
Mine's even better, Lara. Come see.

He shows off a thin, lightweight chrome AIR TANK with nozzle.

LIAM (CONT'D)
80 ccs of emergency oxygen, just
like you wanted. But, when you hit
this little button here...

A SIX FOOT FLAME SHOOTS FROM THE TANK! Nearly incinerating Stuart, who jumps back in shock.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Whoops. Stronger than I thought.

Lara pats Liam playfully on the head.

LARA
Such a little firebug, aren't we?
(beat)
And what about you, Wesley? How did
you get on with my shopping list?

Wesley smiles shyly at his work station where we see a spread of CUSTOM AMMO. He breath-polishes what resembles a thick SILENCER ATTACHMENT, then screws it onto a retro-fitted GUN.

WESLEY
Multi-tasking compression assembly.
Accommodates custom pitons, flares,
harpoons and tranquilizer darts.

Wesley loads one of the tranq darts into the assembly.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
I know how fond you are of animals.

Suddenly spinning like James Bond, Wesley levels his gun on Stuart and Liam who both duck below their work stations.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
(smiles impishly)

Psyche.

LARA
Excellent job. All of you. You
flatter me with your brilliance.

She lays an ENVELOPE stuffed with pound notes on the table.

LARA (CONT'D)
Hope this covers your tuition here
for another semester.

STUART
Beats the hell outta Work Study.

As Lara collects her new gadgets into a leather SADDLEPACK:

LIAM
So Lara, what're you gonna do with
all this stuff?

LARA
Love to stay and chat, guys, but
I've got to catch an early flight
tomorrow.

Having what she wants, Lara starts for the door...but notices the
forlorn faces of her Boys, who can't get enough of her.

LARA (CONT'D)
Alright, tell you what. Soon as I
get back we'll all go out for a
pint. Any place you want. Deal?

The boys all nod enthusiastically. And as soon as Lara exits the lab,
Stuart rushes back to his hiding place and grabs the telescope; within
seconds, the three Gadget Boys are all squabbling again for control.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. CROFT ESTATE - NIGHT

Lara cruises through the open estate gates on her motorcycle. But
halfway up the cobblestone driveway, Lara slows her motorcycle -- all
the lights are out in the grand manor!

Killing the cycle engine, Lara cautiously dismounts.

LARA
Karak!?

The sound of the GATES CLOSING behind her spins Lara around. Sensing
she's about to be trapped, Lara runs for the gates, reaching them just
as they close. Suddenly feeling vulnerable, Lara rushes back for her

cycle to arm herself...only to find her saddlebag of gadgets has disappeared!

A GUNSHOT bursts the front tire of her motorcycle! Lara ducks for cover behind the bike, but a bright FLASHLIGHT exposes her. Instinctively, Lara sprints in the opposite direction, away from the light...

A blistering volley of GUNSHOTS kick up grass and dirt all around Lara, funneling her towards the elaborate HEDGEROWS which border the north side of the estate. Suddenly --

-- A LARGE STATUE tips over near the hedgerow entrance! Lara dives sideways, SOMERSAULTING to safety...or so she thinks --

-- ANOTHER STATUE is nearly upon her from the other side, forcing Lara to BACKFLIP out of the way. She steals a breath, only to see the Statue's face EXPLODE from gunfire! Off she goes like a bullet herself...

INSIDE THE HEDGEROWS

Lara creeps along the gravel pathway, lit only by small FOOTLAMPS. All around her in the labyrinth she can hear FOOTSTEPS of unknown assassins somewhere amidst the 10' hedge walls. Lara creeps quietly, her eyes unblinking while maintaining a nearly imperceptible breathing rhythm --

-- SHTOOOOSH! A long wooden SPEAR juts through the hedgerow nearly impaling her. Lara jumps back...only to have a second spear block her path! Turning to run, Lara reacts in mid-stride to yet another spear in front of her: she dives to the ground...ROLLING HER BODY lengthwise beneath six more jutting SPEARS...until she hits the end of the pathway.

When the next spear jabs from the hedgerow, Lara is ready: she grasps it quickly with both hands -- surprising her unseen attacker -- and yanks the spear from him!

Seeing an ASSASSIN approaching her with flashlight, Lara gets a running start down the connecting pathway...and uses the spear to VAULT HERSELF atop the hedgerow!

ATOP THE BORDER WALL

Leaping from the hedgerow up onto the 15' border wall, Lara -- armed with the wooden spear -- now stands atop the stone border wall surrounding the property's perimeter.

An ASSASSIN (with a FLASHLIGHT) comes at her from one direction atop the border wall...forcing Lara to sprint the other direction. Until another ASSASSIN up ahead on the border wall blocks her path. Trapped again.

As GUNSHOTS ring out Lara examines her options: It's a 15 foot jump down to the ground, where a ROSE GARDEN will make for a very painful landing. With the Assassins closing in fast from both directions what will Lara do?

CUT TO:

INT. CROFT ESTATE - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On one of the monitors we watch Lara snapping off a short end of the spear over her knee, then jumping towards a nearby POWER LINE and snagging it with the spear bit...riding the incline like a zip-line safely down to her backyard!

REVEAL - KARAK watching the proceedings, sipping a cup of tea.

KARAK
Impressive.

Curiously, Karak finishes his tea and leaves the room.

EXT. CROFT ESTATE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Lara tries each of the rear doors. All locked. About to bust one of the windows in with a patio chair, Lara's distracted by a FLASHLIGHT shone in her eyes from inside the house. Then, an ominous WHOOOOSHING sound overhead...

POV - LARA

A LARGE SATELLITE DISH falling from the manor roof! Hurtling right at Lara...

BACK TO SCENE

Lara dives out of the way, then watches incredulously as the satellite dish -- still attached to the roof by its THICK CABLE -- pendulums right at her. Just as Lara drops to her knees, FLASHLIGHTS from both sides of the backyard converge on her...

Unless she can get back up onto the border wall, Lara is seemingly trapped once again. But as the satellite dish swings back at her, Lara gets an idea:

Timing her jump perfectly, Lara hops onto the swinging satellite dish. And as FOUR ASSASSINS close in below her, Lara uses the thick cable to expertly SCALE the side of the three story manor.

ON THE ROOFTOP

Lara relaxes for a moment, catching her breath...then shocked to see still another ASSASSIN emerging from one of the attic windows.

Avoiding the glare of his FLASHLIGHT, Lara runs to the edge of the roof. Decision time. She can either jump for the GUEST QUARTERS roof about 20' below her; or, she can take her chances with the assassin advancing behind her.

Taking a deep breath, Lara measures her steps back from the roof edge. Then, gathering herself gymnast style (as she did so many years ago in the Himalayas), Lara runs full steam for the edge...

...but bails out at the last second! Sliding to a stop on the loose shingles...and slipping off the edge!

As Lara dangles precariously from the rickety rain gutter:

POV - LARA

She peers DOWN at the dangerous drop below, then UP at the masked ASSASSIN staring at her from the roof's edge.

LARA
(defiant)
I don't have the map! And I'll die
before I sell out Darby!

ASSASSIN
How very noble.

The Assassin removes his black face mask...revealing KARAK!

KARAK
Let me give you a hand.

BACK TO SCENE

As the rain gutter starts to give way, Lara quickly grabs onto Karak's hand for help back up onto the rooftop.

LARA
(brushing herself off)
I should've known this was just
another one of your masochistic
tests.

KARAK
High marks, I must say, until you
pulled back from this last jump.

Lara looks away, ashamed.

KARAK (CONT'D)
Your knee is fine, Lara. It's your
memories that still hold you back.

LARA
(defensive)
And what if I'd tried the jump? And
what if I didn't make it?

Karak WHISTLES with two fingers to his lips. Within seconds, all the outdoor FLOOD LIGHTS pop on around the property, revealing: a large AIR MAT between the main house and guest quarters painted roughly to blend in with the grounds.

KARAK

Believe me, every precaution was taken. The gardening staff deserves a round of applause.

Lara stares down in amazement as the six member GARDENING STAFF all wave up at her, dressed in their black assassin jumpsuits. The lights have also exposed the WIRES and PULLEYS secretly rigging Karak's elaborate obstacle course: the two statues are being raised back into place on guidewires; the bullet holes were all just a network of wired SQUIBS.

KARAK (CONT'D)

Hopefully this gave you a preview of what dangers to expect in the Inca tombs you're determined to explore.

LARA

(softening a little...)
Could've done better if you hadn't snatched my saddlebag.

KARAK

Your gadgets are only that: gadgets. When your life is on the line, Lara, you'll have to rely on your mind and body, not some contraption built by a smitten engineering student.

In no mood for lectures, Lara starts for the attic window.

KARAK (CONT'D)

This house has become nothing more than a waystation for you, Lara. I'm hoping someday you will realize your dreams here. Where it's safe.

(beat)

Relatively speaking.

Lara finally turns back to Karak, an admission of his wisdom:

LARA

What would I do without you, Karak?

Karak walks up to her, looks right into her eyes.

KARAK

I shudder to think.

A smile warms Lara's face as she pulls Karak into a tight embrace, bringing a smile to his face as well -- clearly this man lives for

these infrequent moments.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HATO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CURACAO - DAY

A LEAR JET touches down and taxis to a stop on the runway. Lara is in the pilot seat sporting her signature MIRROR SHADES.

INT. EL MAR HOTEL - DAY

Lara enters the modest, nautical themed lobby. Behind the front desk is the quaint Marina. Lara moves to the front desk inquiring about "Mr. Flannigan." Given instructions, Lara heads upstairs...

REVEAL - A BELLBOY overhearing this conversation. Walking across the lobby, he picks up a phone and dials a number he has scribbled down on scrap paper.

BELLBOY

Hello, Mr. Malvern. You asked me to call and, well... Flannigan's got a lady friend.

(beat)

I'll let you know.

INT. EL MAR HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Lara reaches Darby's room and finds a "Do Not Disturb" sign hanging on the doorknob. She knocks gently.

LARA

Darby, it's Lara.

No response. But she can hear the TELEVISION on inside. Lara checks the door and finds it surprisingly unlocked. Checking both ways first, Lara draws a GUN and pushes the door open. No ambush waiting, so she slips inside...

INT. EL MAR HOTEL - DARBY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The lights are out but the TV is on, tuned into a Spanish dubbed episode of "MacGuyver."

Lara flicks the light switch, turning on a DESK LAMP near the bed. The room has been completely ransacked. But that is not what takes Lara's breath away...

REVEAL - DARBY sitting up on his bed, shot at close range. Frightened eyes wide open, staring off into the void.

After a moment to digest this nasty sight, Lara takes a seat on the edge of the bed. She grasps Darby's hand, feeling his body temperature.

LARA
Don't worry, Darby. I'll see this
one through for you.

Lara tenderly closes the man's eyes.

LARA (CONT'D)
Say hello to my parents for me.

Rising, Lara begins poking around the remains of the room. Clothes, books, charts...but nothing that resembles the map of El Dorado. During her search Lara hears a HISSING sound.

Quickly scanning the room, she notices something unsettling:

CU - A PLASTIQUE CKARGE attached to the same electrical socket the lamp is plugged into -- the fuse apparently activated when she turned on the light! A fuse seconds from detonation.

NEW ANGLE

KABOOOOOOOM! As a car blows up on "MacGuyver," Lara sprints past the TV to the balcony overlooking the marina and leaps...

...just as Darby's hotel room EXPLODES!!!

EXT. EL MAR HOTEL - MARINA - CONTINUOUS

Lara just clears some docking and splashes down in the marina. When she bobs back up to the surface behind a boat, a crowd of GAWKERS is already forming outside the hotel. Including the Bell Boy, who watches briefly from a balcony off the main lobby, then disappears back inside.

EXT. MARINA - LATER THAT NIGHT

Standing in a new change of clothes at a payphone on the pier, Lara watches from a distance as local POLICE and FIREMEN sift through the remains of the blown-out hotel room.

POV - LARA

The authorities have so far only recovered CHARRED BONES, being loaded into a CORONER'S TRUCK in plastic bags.

KARAK (PHONE)
Croft Residence.

BACK TO SCENE

Turning away from the ugliness, Lara reacts to Karak's voice on the other end with a relieved sigh.

LARA

Well Karak, I hate to say you told me so but...I didn't want you to worry when you saw the news about the explosion at the El Mar.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CROFT ESTATE - MEDIA ROOM - DAY

Karak is seated in the dark room watching CNN on the big screen TV.

Utilizing PICTURE-IN-PICTURE mode he's also simultaneously watching four other local and international news services via satellite. Karak quickly mutes the TV.

KARAK

(feigns indignation)
I never watch television.

Lara rolls her eyes knowingly.

LARA

Right... Anyway, whoever murdered Darby and took his map probably thinks they killed two birds with one stone. But it's going to take the authorities down here a while to sort out the mess. Which buys me some time to catch up with the bastards.

Lara reacts to the WARNING WHISTLE from a nearby FERRY BOAT.

LARA (CONT'D)

Gotta go. I'm taking a ferry to the mainland. I'll ring you later.

KARAK (PHONE)

May I offer my opinion?

LARA

Go ahead. I'm listening.

But Lara lets the payphone receiver dangle off the hook. Grabbing up her BACKPACK, Lara rushes to catch her ferry.

HOLD ON the receiver as we hear Karak expressing his paternal point of

view.

CUT TO:

A BELL BOEING 609 PROP PLANE descending vertically from the sky like a helicopter. The roar of its twin tilt-rotors kicking up a massive DUST STORM. We are:

EXT. FRANCISCO DE ORELLANA, PERU - DAY

A small village situated in the tropical low jungle of the Amazon Basin and surrounded by a dense forest of cedar, rubber and cinchona trees. Like San Francisco during the gold rush, this is a place of dangerous desperation; the scant populace waiting for the next opportunity to scam a naive explorer in search of the fabled golden city, El Dorado.

Chyron: Francisco de Orellana, Peru

Malvern's well-armed battalion of six Aussies exits the Boeing 609. Last one off is Malvern himself, now dressed for safari. He carries Darby's GOLD MAP TUBE like a weapon.

Malvern surveys the one street town of SUPPLY SHOPS and CANTINAS -- all the locals are staring at his expedition with cautious but hopeful eyes.

MALVERN
(to Larsen)
Buy up all the supplies in town. If
we don't need it, burn it.

Larsen flicks his GOLD LIGHTER with a flourish.

LARSEN
With pleasure.

POV - UNKNOWN

Looking through a dirty window someone watches Larsen light Malvern's cigarette as his goons blanket the town. We hear a RADIO BROADCAST of a San Francisco Giants baseball game.

REVERSE ANGLE

A dilapidated, Spanish-style stucco shanty with a ramshackle porch. Peeling painted letters across the window announce: "JUNGLE GUIDE - Boat or Plane, Good English, Cash Only."

INT. DODGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Meet NATHANIEL DODGE (39), a rugged, world-weary American ex-patriot working out of his cubby hole office on the main street. Kicked back in his chair, feet on the cargo crate he calls a desk, Dodge sharpens a MACHETE while he watches Malvern approaching. When the baseball broadcast gives way to static, Dodge bangs his old HAMM RADIO with the knife.

DODGE
(sotto; re: Malvern)
Here comes a new radio.

The radio reception goes all to hell when Malvern pushes open the rickety screen door and just stands there, amusedly absorbing Dodge's spartan existence.

MALVERN
Well mate, since you're the only
guide who speaks English, I'd say
it's your lucky day.
(beat; extends hand)
Christian Malvern.

Dodge leans forward, shakes Malvern's powerful, weathered hand.

DODGE
Nate Dodge. How lucky we talking?

MALVERN
Locals say the winds up near Lake
Guaranita this time of year could
snap the rotors off my birdie.

DODGE
Wouldn't know. Never been crazy
enough to take one up there.

Malvern pulls out a wad of CASH and tosses it in Dodge's lap.

MALVERN
Ten grand sound crazy enough?

Dodge can't resist holding the money, fanning through the seductive stack of US dollars.

DODGE
Damn... Hate to ask how much you
paid for your map?

MALVERN
(scrutinizing)
And what map might that be?

DODGE
Anybody who comes here with their
own militia, they've definitely got
a map to El Dorado.

Malvern smiles: a deadly sign for him.

MALVERN
(re: gold map tube)
Believe me, Mr. Dodge, this map came

real cheap: cost of a bullet.

DODGE

So that's the going price now, huh?

MALVERN

I can assure you there's one difference between me and every other crackpot who's waltzed into this bunghole town: I don't waste my time on anything less than a sure thing.

Dodge keeps playing with the money, weighing his options.

DODGE

It's tempting, I gotta say. But it's the sure things that always turn out the bloodiest.

Tiring of Dodge's reticence, Malvern checks his watch:

MALVERN

Either take my money or quit fondling it. I don't make offers twice.

Dodge hesitates, then flips the cash back to Malvern.

DODGE

Think I'll quit while I'm still alive.

Malvern coldly eyes Dodge for a moment, then turns to leave.

MALVERN

If you call this living...

DODGE

Close the screen, would you?

(beat)

Keeps the bugs out.

After Malvern ignores him, Dodge lolls his head back, already second guessing himself. Hearing the radio static, he whacks the old Hamm with a pinch more vinegar; this time the reception clears, the game audible again. Dodge smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

A beat up TRANSIT BUS plods along a muddy dirt road which winds through intermittent jungle. A changeable sign across the front of the bus reads: "IQUITOS to FRANCISCO DE ORELLANA"

INT. BUS - DAY

Find Lara sitting in a lotus position at the back of the half-filled bus, working intently on her customized LAPTOP, biting her lip in girlish concentration. She has just finished uploading Darby's Hi-8 video onto her hard drive.

CU - LAPTOP: The digitized video plays with stutter framing.

DARBY (ON TAPE)

Please forgive the melodrama, my dear, but I'm certain the phone lines here aren't safe. You've heard of El Dorado, the lost city of gold? Well, believe it or not, I actually found a map to the place. And it is authentic.

The video camera PANS as Darby indicates the map, unfurled atop the desk and illuminated by a SPECIAL INFRARED LAMP.

BACK TO SCENE

Lara FREEZE FRAMES the video and employs a sophisticated ZOOM & ENHANCE feature which actually brings the distant, blurry map into up-front focus. Lara smiles victoriously.

LARA

Ah-ha.

Lara hears TITTING and looks up to see all the LOCAL KIDS on the bus turned around in the seats. staring at her with fascinated eyes.

EXT. FRANCISCO DE ORELLANA - SHORT WHILE LATER

The stopped bus pulls away...revealing Lara standing in the middle of the one street town, BACKPACK at her feet.

FOLLOW LARA as she throws her bag over one shoulder and walks towards a SMOKE PLUME curiously snaking into the air. Allong the main street are "Cerrado" signs in every shop window.

The town feels strangely deserted, except for the Cantina, where a handful of LOCALS suck on cervezas -- as Lara passes, naturally the conversations stop, all eyes fixed on her.

TEMO (25), a shifty-eyed local, is the first to his feet and makes a beeline for Lara, flashing his cherubim smile.

TEMO

Senorita need guide?

Lara keeps walking, projecting disinterest very well.

LARA

I was told in Iquitos you'd have everything I need to go up river.

TEMO

You two hours late. Everyone here buyed out. But if you hire Temo as guide, I get you supplies.

Lara finally stops, turns around and faces Temo.

LARA

Very persistent, aren't you, Temo.
How much?

Temo sizes Lara up. Very much likes what he sees.

TEMO

For you...? Only five hundred.
American. Temo carry everything.

Temo graciously takes the backpack from Lara.

DODGE (O.S.)

Save you money!

REVEAL - DODGE, beer in hand, leaning against the Cantina door, wearing a knowing smirk.

DODGE (CONT'D)

Probably save your life, too.

TEMO

Don't listen to Dodge. He's only
jealous cause I here first.

Dodge sips his beer, sauntering towards Lara and Temo.

DODGE

As far as scams go around here,
Temo's got a pretty decent one. Once
you get up river he'll sell you to
the banditos for fair market value.
Then trade your lingerie for a one
nighter in Iquitos.

Lara looks at Temo, who shakes his head adamantly.

LARA

How very entrepreneurial.
(to Dodge)
But what's to say you're not part of
the scam as well?

Dodge finally reaches Lara and Temo, enjoying the last swig of his beer before he responds.

DODGE

Because I didn't swipe your
bracelet.

Lara suddenly realizes her DIAMOND TENNIS BRACELET is gone. Temo drops the backpack and takes off...

Acting quickly, Lara scoops up her backpack, takes a couple steps after Temo...then spins and hurls the bag like a discus thrower! Hitting Temo in the legs, tripping him up.

Before Temo can scramble back to his feet, Lara stomps one of her hiking boots down on his back, pinning him under.

LARA

Don't make me search you. I haven't
had my Rabies shot.

Fumbling a hand through his pocket, Temo holds up the bracelet -- Lara kicks his hand, sending the bracelet into the air, where she catches it with ease.

LARA (CONT'D)

Alright Temo, game's over.

Temo picks himself up, dusts himself off. But before he leaves, he curses and spits in the general direction of Dodge, who's gotten a good chuckle out of this incident.

LARA (CONT'D)

So what's your angle, Dodge?

Dodge meanders over to Lara, clearly intrigued by her.

DODGE

Twinge of conscience. It'll pass.

LARA

Is that so?

DODGE

Truth is I've seen a lot of crazy
people come through here. But I've
never seen anybody burn all the
supplies in town just to throw off
followers.

He indicates with a head gesture the SMOLDERING REMNANTS of a bonfire in the dirt clearing near them.

DODGE (CONT'D)

I'm guessing you're chasing his map.

LARA

Got my own copy actually.

DODGE

You seem to handle yourself pretty well, but a lot of people head up into those mountains looking for El Dorado. Most of them never come back.

Undeterred, Lara re-hefts her backpack and walks towards Dodge's "JUNGLE GUIDE..." office right across the main street.

LARA
I take it this is your fine establishment?

She glances back to Dodge.

DODGE
The "Good English" give me away?

Lara opens the screen door, but stops before entering.

LARA
Enough foreplay. What to do you say we get down to business?

DODGE
What makes you think I want the job?

LARA
Where there's a twinge, there's still hope.

Lara disappears inside, leaving Dodge to ponder his next move with an uncertain smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAPO RIVER - DAY

AERIAL VIEW of this slow-moving river which serpentines through the dense Peruvian vegetation. FIND a weathered TRAWLER BOAT chugging along upstream through a light FOG.

EXT. DODGE'S TRAWLER - DAY

Lara, clad in a wind-breaker to keep the mid-morning mist at bay, explores the narrow deck, taking in the row of sun-bleached ALLIGATOR JAWS nailed to the exterior cabin wall.

LARA
Not exactly the Love Boat, is it?

Dodge, steering the trawler from inside his small cabin, takes his eyes off the river ahead for only a moment.

DODGE

Black Caimans. Largest gators in the world. Just one of the many obstacles between you and El Dorado.
(calls out in Spanish)
Watch this bend for silt piles!

DODGE'S BOATMEN (Carlos, Luiz and Paolo) are bent over the front railing, working 20' long poles. Probing the river and shoreline ahead. Carlos gestures to "stay right."

INT. TRAWLER CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Lara wanders into the cramped quarters decorated with strange CURIOS and faded POLAROIDs from Dodge's numerous jungle tours.

LARA
Made this trip a few times, have you?

DODGE
This river may be the safest way into Ecuador, but the Napo is no easy woman. You've got to take her slow, be real gentle. Or she'll grind you up and spit you out.

LARA
Aren't you the romantic.

DODGE
Forget romance. You gotta be a realist down here. The search for El Dorado is a fool's errand. 400 years and millions of dollars have produced nothing but an impressive list of fatalities.

LARA
I've read all the stories. But just because no one's found El Dorado, doesn't mean it's not out there.

DODGE
Let me tell you a story you probably don't know. About ten years ago this National Geographic cover boy came down here with a sure-fire map and six-figure trust fund. Predicted he'd find El Dorado in a week...

LARA
(finishes his story)
...three years later he'd lost his money and his reputation.

This draws a surprised look from Dodge.

LARA (CONT'D)

I remember reading about this poor chap when I was at Cambridge. He looked much different then. Quite dashing, actually. Always wondered what happened to him.

Both of them know exactly who they're talking about. With a begrudging smile, Dodge turns his eyes back to the river.

DODGE

I'll tell you what happened. He wised up. Finally figured out he was better off selling the dream than buying into it.

All three Boatmen start shouting urgently, but only Carlos seems to speak English.

CARLOS

Whirlpool! Whirlpool!

Dodge quickly kills the trawler's motor and warns Lara:

DODGE

Better grab onto something sturdy!

As Lara locks an arm around a cabin support pole, the boat starts to drift sideways, caught in the strong cross-currents responsible for the WHIRLPOOL looming ahead.

LARA

Can I help?

DODGE

Yeah. Don't move.

Lara rolls her eyes as Dodge hurries from the cabin.

EXT. TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS

As the trawler spins helplessly around, held in the relentless spiral of the whirlpool's vortex, Dodge moves to the front of the boat, yelling instructions at his Boatmen.

DODGE

Keep us off the shores!

Following his orders, the boatmen work frantically to push the trawler to safety. But Paolo's POLE is suddenly wrenched from his hands by the vicious undertow...throwing the boatman off-balance and overboard! Carlos and Luiz start shouting.

Dodge rushes to join Carlos and Luiz at the railing, where they all stare into the swirling water until...Paolo resurfaces gasping for

air!

DODGE (CONT'D)

The poles! Give him something to
grab!

Carlos and Luiz extend their long poles towards Paolo, who grabs
feebly for them, too distracted by:

A PAIR OF BLACK CAIMAN ALLIGATORS! Sensing easy prey. But just as the
first gator is about to reach Paolo...

Dodge whips out a serrated BOWIE KNIFE and expertly throws the blade
...skewering the Caiman in the head, killing it instantly!

But Paolo is not out of trouble yet. He loses his grip on Carlos' pole
as the trawler keeps spinning in the whirlpool. And the second gator
is closing in...

DODGE (CONT'D)

Other side!

To compensate for the continual spinning, Dodge leads the two Boatmen
over to the other side of the trawler where:

LARA is already hanging bravely over the edge of the deck, her legs
clamped onto the railing.

LARA

Take my hand!

A floundering Paolo reaches up and grabs onto Lara's hand while Dodge
and the two boatmen help pull them both to safety until...

THE SECOND CAIMAN LUNGES UP FROM THE MURKY WATER -- CRUUUUNCH! Massive
jaws chomp down on Paolo's forearm!

Lara and the three men topple backwards onto the deck as Paolo's awful
SCREAMS gurgle away under water. Sitting on her butt, Lara finally
realizes she is still holding Paolo's SEVERED HAND! Disgusted, she
shakes the limb loose.

Carlos and Luiz move back to the railing, staring despondently down at
the calming waters where the Caiman feeds on Paolo. Dodge angrily
picks up the hand and tosses it into the river.

DODGE

(to gator)

Might as well have the rest of it!

(beat; to Lara)

Add another name to the list.

Off Lara's concerned face, we;

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE GUARANTTA - DAY

At 6,000 feet overlooking the lush valley below is an inactive volcano basin, half-filled with water. A singular WEDGE cut into one section of the rim is testament to some explorer's long ago attempt to drain this mysterious lake.

The water's surface begins to RIPPLE. The portentous sound of JET ENGINES spoils the tranquility as Malvern's Bell-Boeing rises unevenly above the basin rim.

LARSEN (O.S.)

These winds up here are nasty!

INT. BELL-BOEING 609 - DAY

Packed with the seven Aussies and their equipment. As Larsen struggles to keep the plane steady, Malvern, in the passenger seat, stares down transfixed at Lake Guaranita.

MALVERN

Somewhere under that water is a
secret worth billions.

LARSEN

Gonna have to park this birdie down
below, or we're going for a dip in
that water right quick.

Malvern finally acknowledges Larsen with a dismissive "Do what you have to" gesture.

BACK TO:

EXT. NAPO RIVER - DAY

Dodge's trawler chugs to a stop at the mouth of small but steep rapids. From inside the cabin Dodge yells to Boatmen:

DODGE (O.S.)

Drop anchor and rig the ramp!

EXT. TRAWLER - DAY

Sitting in her now-familiar lotus position under a tattered canopy at the back of the trawler, Lara works on her laptop, examining the digitally enhanced image of Darby's map.

CU - LAPTOP: Upon closer inspection of the map we see the words "EL DORADO" marked by a GOLDEN SUN symbol directly over an unnamed body of water. One of the sun's rays extends curiously into the lake where a SECRET DOOR has been drawn.

DODGE (O.S.)

Malvern said he killed for that
map...

Lara finds Dodge sneaking a peek over her shoulder.

DODGE (CONT'D)

I was expecting something more original.

LARA

The man he murdered was a dear friend. Don't insult his memory by suggesting this map is useless.

DODGE

Apologies to your friend, but Lake Guaranita's not hiding anything. You and Malvern are both wasting your time.

LARA

Maybe Malvern, not me. Since this map was made in 1523, magnetic north has moved four degrees, give or take. That puts this lake on the map approximately 90 meters north of Lake Guaranita. That's where I'm going.

DODGE

Clever. One problem, though: there isn't so much as a mud puddle in that direction for 200 miles.

LARA

(re: map)

The lake is gone. A volcanic earthquake in 1814 drained the entire basin. Meaning this underwater door to El Dorado is actually on dry land.

Lara shuts down her laptop, loads it into her backpack.

DODGE

(shakes head, amused)

I've heard a lot of wild theories. That one takes the cake.

Lara will not be daunted.

LARA

Admit it, Dodge. All this talk about El Dorado is getting you excited again. You're thinking, "Maybe this could be the one -- "

DODGE

(interrupts; defensive)
-- The deal was I'd take you up
river. That doesn't mean I have to
watch Malvern and his goons gun you
down. I do tours, not funerals.

LARA
I've had more fun at funerals.

Lara hefts her backpack and strides for the ramp. Dodge follows her,
starting to feel guilty already.

DODGE
Look...I'd only slow you down. Take
Luiz and Carlos with you. They know
the jungle better than me anyway.

LARA
(sarcastic)
Another twinge of conscience?

DODGE
(in Spanish; to Carlos)
Go with the lady. First sign of
trouble, bring her back here.

LARA
(in Spanish; to Carlos)
Ignore him. Come with me only if
you'd like to make some real
money.

Carlos looks at Dodge, then nods to Lara. He and Luiz arm themselves
with MACHETES. They follow Lara down the ramp.

DODGE
(to Lara)
I'll wait here until I hear
gunshots, or until you make it back.
Whichever comes first. Otherwise
it's about a day's walk back to the
village.

Lara looks over her shoulder at Dodge for a parting salvo.

LARA
I can't figure if you're more
worried about my safety...or the
fact that I just might find El
Dorado. And put you out of business.

Not willing to answer that question, Dodge watches Lara confidently
set off into the jungle with Carlos and Luiz.

TIME CUT:

EXT. ECUADOR JUNGLE - DAY

The blazing sun above beats down on the rugged, semi-tropical terrain. Wild birds squawk incessantly throughout the canyon.

PICK UP Lara following along a path cut by the machetes of Carlos and Luiz. Wiping the sweat from her face, Lara removes her wind-breaker, stripping down to a tight halter top; a detail that doesn't go unnoticed by Carlos and Luiz.

Suddenly, the sound of distant UZI FIRE shatters the relative calm of the jungle. Lara and the Boatmen duck in the brush.

LARA

Wait here.

Lara pulls out her DUAL PISTOLS. FOLLOW Lara as she traverses a narrow path through the trees, until she comes upon:

EXT. MALVERN'S BASE CAMP - DAY

A cluster of TENTS form a semi-circle around the Bell-Boeing 609 parked in a small clearing. Two of Malvern's men are laughing it up as they return to the camp with UZIS and a bullet-ridden PECCARY (wild pig) tied to a rope.

IN THE BRUSH

Lara gestures for Carlos and Luiz to join her; they both look considerably more nervous than her as she threads the compression assembly into her pistols and loads them with TRANQ DARTS.

LARA

Not very sporting, hunting with
uzis. Somebody needs a lesson in
nature appreciation.

Lara boldly walks into the camp, surprising the Aussies, who drop the peccary and reach for their guns. But Lara carefully takes two-fisted aim on both Aussies, then fires her pistols simultaneously --

-- SHTUT! SHTUT! The darts pierce each Aussie's neck, crumpling them instantly to the ground. FOLLOW Lara as she waves Carlos and Luiz into the Base Camp.

LARA (CONT'D)

(to Carlos and Luiz)

Look for juice, chocolate. Anything
sweet.

Carlos and Luiz have no idea why, but they obey.

AT THE BELL-BOEING

Lara unlatches the engine hatch. She removes the INTERRUPTER CAM and shoves it into her backpack. Carlos emerges from a nearby tent with a plastic bottle of HONEY.

LARA (CONT'D)

Excellent.

Lara opens the bottle of honey, walks over to the unconscious Aussies and starts dousing them in the sticky, sweet stuff... Carlos and Luiz are utterly confounded.

LARA (CONT'D)

By the time they wake up, they'll be covered in fire ants.

(smirks)

Like to see them shoot their way out of that one.

Carlos translates for Luiz, and they both smile too, envisioning the unpleasant outcome.

EXT. ECUADOR JUNGLE - DAY

Further up the trail, Lara follows Carlos and Luiz, both still hacking away with their machetes. But something catches Lara's eye: clumps of recently dug earth in a pattern.

Lara gets down on her knees and carefully pushes the dirt aside, revealing an AP LAND MINE.

LARA

Stop guys! Now!

Carlos stops, looks back. But Luiz keeps walking, chopping away until ...KABOOM!

EXT. LAKE GUARANITA - CONTINUOUS

The Aussies, completing the set-up of an elaborate DIVING OPERATION on the lake, are alerted by the distant explosion.

MALVERN

One of the mines.

Larsen, applying sunblock, grabs a pair of BINOCULARS.

POV - LARSEN (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

We scan the jungle path near the base camp, settling on the blasted remains of a PECCARY.

LARSEN (O.S.)

Just a peccary.

MALVERN (O.S.)

A what?

BACK TO SCENE

LARSEN

Bloody pig.

But Malvern does not appear entirely convinced.

MALVERN

Have Base Camp check it out.

EXT. ECUADOR JUNGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Lara watches, waits for the GLINT of Larsen's binoculars in the sun to disappear before she steps from the underbrush. Lara stands over the bullet-riddled peccary from Malvern's camp (laid cleverly over the exploded mine.)

LARA

Let's hope that fooled them.

Lara moves to Luiz's dead body where Carlos is already kneeled beside his dead friend in prayer.

LARA (CONT'D)

You were close with him?

Carlos looks up, holding back his emotions.

CARLOS

My cousin.

Lara kneels down beside Carlos, lays a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

LARA

I'm very sorry, Carlos. If you want to go back, I understand. But I must keep going.

CARLOS

(stands, determined)

No. I will go with you. For Luiz.

Lara nods and hands him one of her pistols.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE GUARANITA - LATER THAT DAY

Malvern stands atop the lake rim taking out his impatience on a cigarette. He's staring down at the fully assembled DIVING PLATFORM floating off the near shore.

Larsen, white sun-block smeared on his nose, is seated nearby on a fold-out chair reading an issue of "Cosmopolitan." The headline on the cover: "Show, Don't Tell."

LARSEN
(to Malvern)
Did you know that 63' of women are
multi-orgasmic? It's just not fair.

A diver breaks the surface and confers with a second diver on the platform. The second diver gives Malvern a "thumbs down" signal, prompting Malvern to angrily snuff out his cigarette butt.

MALVERN
Larsen, what the hell kind of people
did you hire? The divers are
incompetent, Base Camp is suddenly
incommunicado, and you're reading a
goddamn magazine!

In a flash of his temper, Malvern kicks the magazine from Larsen's hands. Larsen picks up his walkie-talkie and barks a warning:

LARSEN
(into walkie)
Listen up you dickheads, don't make
me come down there.

EXT. MALVERN'S BASE CAMP - DAY

Larsen's dropping threats finally revive one of the Aussies from his tranquilized slumber... It takes him a moment to realize he's covered from head to toe in FIRE ANTS; he turns his head to see that Aussie #2 is laid out next to him in the same predicament. As the searing bites register with his central nervous system:

AUSSIE #1
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

EXT. LAKE GUARANITA - DAY

Larsen holds the walkie away from his ear as the SCREAMS of both Aussies nearly burst his eardrum.

LARSEN
What the hell...!?

MALVERN
Peccary my ass.

While Larsen keep barking threats into the walkie, Malvern picks up the BINOCULARS and starts scanning the surrounding valley, sweeping from Base Camp northward.

MALVERN (CONT'D)
We've got company.

POV - MALVERN (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

In the adjacent, enclosed basin below, Lara uses a hand-held SCANNING DEVICE while Carlos watches her back, pistol drawn.

MALVERN (CONT'D)
Two of them. Girl's got what looks
like a spectrometer...

BACK TO SCENE

Malvern slowly lowers the binoculars, having an epiphany.

MALVERN (CONT'D)
She's looking for volcanic gasses...
another entrance.
(to Larsen; urgent)
Get two men back to Base Camp. The
other two are coming with me.

EXT. VOLCANIC FISSURE - DAY

Lara's SPECTROMETER registers high levels of sulfuric acid over a narrow fissure.

LARA
Ah-ha.

CUT TO:

COMPLETE DARKNESS. Then...a rustle. A snap -- whoosh! A burst of controlled chemical flame. A FLARE casts light on Lara and Carlos, who proceed cautiously. We are:

INT. VOLCANIC FISSURE - DAY

A few yards into the fissure, the walls become smooth, lined with tell-tale STONE FORMATIONS.

LARA
(re: stonework.)
Incan. Early 16th century. Look how
perfect the seams are...

The gently-sloping path is abruptly closed off with an immense STONE SLAB. Lara scans the area and notices a WALL LEVER.

LARA (CONT'D)
Not much choice, is there?

Carlos shakes his head warily as Lara pulls the lever. Unseen gears grind, portending trouble. But finally, the slab slides out of the way ...revealing a small ANTECHAMBER.

INT. ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Lara cautiously leads Carlos into the non-descript room. As soon as Carlos steps on the center tile...

SLAAAAM! The stone slab shuts behind them. Flare in hand, Lara quickly searches the room. No lever anywhere. But there are NOTCHES carved into the wall...

LARA

This way!

Lara pulls Carlos back against the wall without notches as: the floor slides open beneath them...but only halfway!

LARA (CONT'D)

An airlock. Very ingenious.

CARLOS

Air lock?

LARA

Like a submarine. This cavern used to be at the bottom of a lake. Had to keep the water out.

Lara peers down the vertical shaft below them. With the flare she can see a few more NOTCHED STEPS in the stone wall...but the rest have been destroyed by another FISSURE.

LARA (CONT'D)

Can't climb down...

Lara drops the flare down the shaft to gauge its depth. About 50 yards before -- Fsssst. The flare hits a pool of water and extinguishes.

CARLOS

I don't swim.

LARA

No problem. I always come prepared.

Lara hooks a wire from her BELT WINCH to a PITON, then loads the piton into her compression assembly pistol. Firing the piton into the shaft ceiling, Lara steps off the antechamber's half-floor and dangles beside Carlos.

LARA (CONT'D)

Let me get down a ways, then grab onto the cable yourself.

Carlos nods apprehensively, watching as Lara lowers herself deeper into the shaft, scanning the walls with her FLASHLIGHT. Swallowing his fear, Carlos reaches for and grabs hold of the cable...slowly lowering himself down behind Lara.

Lara's flashlight exposes a series of HIEROGLYPHICS carved onto the shaft. They appear to be a warning of some kind. Showing BLADES that

will cut in half any tomb raiders who venture down the shaft without stepping in one particular notch...which Lara realizes she's already passed.

LARA (CONT'D)

Oh dear.

Suddenly, CROSS-CUTTING BLADES slide from the shaft walls in several places...nearly decapitating Carlos and almost severing Lara's legs! Their cable cut, they both plummet the last 20 yards into the pool below, screaming all the way down.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN - DAY

Lara and Carlos SPLASH down then quickly break up through the surface of a small reservoir. Carlos splashes around, no swimmer. But Lara stands, showing the water only comes to her chest.

LARA

There's a step here.

But as Carlos paddles onto the step, Lara's flashlight reflects off of dozens of BEADY EYES surrounding them.

CARLOS

(with dread)

Rats.

LARA

Aim for the eyes.

The chamber is quickly filled with the ECHOES OF GUNFIRE as Lara and Carlos ascend the underwater steps, shooting rats when they get too close. The steps lead to:

INT. MAUSOLEUM ROOM - DAY

FOLLOW Lara and Carlos as they enter a stunning, vast subterranean cavern housing towering GOLDEN STATUES and TWO GOLD-ADORNED MAUSOLEUMS built squarely in the middle of the chamber, facing one another.

CARLOS

El Dorado?

LARA

Just the tip of the iceberg, if we're lucky.

Lara cracks a couple FLARES and tosses them throughout, illuminating the chamber in an eerie orange glow. Carlos walks with awe towards a HALF-PUMA/HALF-MAN STATUE with EMERALD EYES -- Lara grabs his hand before he touches one of the jewels.

LARA (CONT'D)

Careful, Carlos. We're intruders here. Anything could be a trap.

Lara walks cautiously to the center of the chamber, standing between the two mausoleum entrances.

LARA (CONT'D)
Looks like a royal burial chamber for the last Incan king, Manco.

With her flashlight Lara examines the two different STATUES atop each mausoleum.

LARA (CONT'D)
These statues represent two of the primary gods of the Inca religion. Mama Kilya, the mother moon; and Ilyapa, the thunder god.

Carlos joins Lara, peering nervously down the ominous stairwell leading into one of the mausoleums.

LARA (CONT'D)
I'd wager that Manco's wife is guarded by Kilya, and his firstborn son sleeps under Ilyapa.

CARLOS
Where is Manco?

Lara turns her flashlight on an enormous pair of DOUBLE DOORS at the far back wall. Above the double doors is an immense GOLDEN SUN carved into the stone.

LARA
That sun represents Inti, the sun god. My guess is Manco is buried behind those doors.

CARLOS
(hopeful)
Maybe El Dorado is behind there, too.

LARA
Could be. Certainly, no need to disturb these other tombs...

Carlos follows Lara back towards the massive double doors. But Lara stops him with a warning hand.

LARA (CONT'D)
Better stay back. I have a feeling they haven't rolled out the red carpets for us.

Lara tosses Carlos her backpack, then slowly approaches the doors to Manco's tomb, which appear to be hermetically sealed. Carved into both doors are KEYHOLES.

LARA (CONT'D)
Knife, please.

Carlos pulls a KNIFE from Lara's backpack and flips it to her. Biting her lip in concentration, Lara tries to jimmy one of the keyholes... until the floor beneath her feet starts to pivot! Carlos jumps back in fear.

Maintaining her composure, Lara skids down the now-angled section of floor...turns and STABS HER KNIFE into the floor, holding on with both hands as the floor continues to rotate.

POV - LARA

The sub-chamber is filled with SKELETONS impaled on BLOOD INCRUSTED SPIKES!

BACK TO SCENE

As the floor rotates, Lara dangles inches above the jagged spikes, her grip on the dagger slipping...one hand falling away...but now the floor rotates back to its original position and resets itself. Sparing Lara the fate of many unprepared tomb raiders before her.

LARA (CONT'D)
That was fun.

Jaw dropped, Carlos remembers to breathe again.

LARA (CONT'D)
Looks like we have to pay a visit to
mommy and junior after all. See
about some keys.

INT. TUPAC'S MAUSOLEUM - STAIRS - DAY

Carlos nervously follows Lara down the narrow stairs.

LARA
I've found that traps usually
reflect how the entombed lived...and
died. Manco's son, Prince Tupac
Amaru, was killed by Spanish
Conquistadors. He was beheaded then
burned at the stake.

CARLOS
(gulp)
I'll wait here.
Carlos wisely stops midway down the stairs.

INT. PRINCE'S TOMB - DAY

Stepping down off the final stair, her eyes wide and alert, Lara enters Tupac's tomb with only a FLASHLIGHT. The rectangular room appears harmless: an ornately carved SARCOPHAGUS raised on a stone pedestal. One more step, though, and the stairs behind her suddenly retract into the wall with a resounding THUD!

Carlos is kneeled at the edge of the stairs where there is now a 15' drop down into the tomb.

CARLOS

You okay?

LARA

Fine. Just get a rope ready. That can't be the worst of it.

As Carlos pulls a ROPE from Lara's backpack, Lara notices that BLACK LIQUID is oozing up into the room from a sub-area previously blocked by the stairs. Lara inspects the liquid.

LARA (CONT'D)

Oil... Better hurry with that rope, Carlos!

Lara hops up onto the stone pedestal to keep away from the rising oil, which curiously stops flowing once the room is covered with a one foot layer of the black ooze.

Not sure what to make of this, Lara returns to the task at hand. Using all her strength, Lara pushes the heavy lid of the sarcophagus... inside of which she finds A BEJEWELLED KEY resting on the Prince's mummified chest.

But when Lara takes the key...the sarcophagus starts to lower into the oil!

INSERT SHOT: FLINT STONES on the back of the sarcophagus scrape the wall and SPARK as it lowers.

THE TOMB BURSTS INTO FLAMES! Lara instinctively leaps for the rope Carlos has lowered from the edge of the stairs...just catching it with her fingertips!

Lara scrambles up the rope -- which is burning behind her -- as TWO STONE SLATS slide closed from both sides of the stairwell. The tomb is sealing itself up like a kiln...with Lara in it! Carlos grabs hold of the rope and pulls Lara to safety just the tomb seals itself. Again, Carlos is emotionally spent.

CARLOS

Don't say that was fun.

LARA

Mildly diverting.
(teasing Carlos)

Can't wait to see what mommy's got
in store for us.

INT. MAUSOLEUM ROOM - DAY

Lara and Carlos exit the Prince's tomb and walk 20' straight across to the Queen's tomb entrance.

CARLOS

I hate to ask but...how did the
Queen die?

LARA

You'll want to wait on the stairs.
Trust me.

INT. QUEEN'S TOMB - DAY

This time Lara descends the stairs more carefully while Carlos watches on from midway up. With every step, Lara scans the walls, the floor, the ceiling. When she reaches the bottom of the steps, she half-expects the stairs to retract again...but they don't.

The Queen's SARCOPHAGUS is set in a RECTANGULAR DEPRESSION in the floor against the far wall. Lara is now faced with a long walk across the room, her every step echoing ominously. Sweat starts to bead on her forehead as Lara searches vainly for a sign of the traps to come...

Finally, Lara reaches the depression and gently climbs down next to the sarcophagus. She drops to her knees and inspects every inch of the coffin: no signs of a trap.

So Lara cautiously tests the lid, which is carved in the shape of a beautiful woman --

-- SPIKES SHOOT FROM THE HANDS, EYES, AND MOUTH ON THE LID! The lid itself then springs upright on its lateral hinge, right at Lara...who jumps backwards against the depression wall just enough so that the spikes stop millimeters from her torso and face!

Suddenly, loud GRINDING can be heard behind the main tomb's side walls...which now start closing in above Lara! A quick check of the distance back to the stairs tells Lara she'll never make it before being squashed...or sealed into the rectangular depression with the Queen's mummy!

So Lara MULE-KICKS the sarcophagus lid above the hinge...which cracks and sends the lid smashing back onto its resting place atop the sarcophagus.

Now Lara runs to the back of the sarcophagus and slides the lid forward...until it teeters on the front edge of the sarcophagus, then

tilts to the floor. This leaves one end of the lid pointed at the ceiling (just above the lip of the depression) and the other end of the lid touching the floor.

In a flash -- with the tomb side walls getting closer each second -- Lara grabs the second KEY from the Queen's mummy, then hops over the tilted lid, climbs out of the rectangular depression and makes a run for it across the main tomb floor.

REACTION SHOT: Carlos has his hands over his eyes, watching through his fingers as:

The walls continue to close in tighter. But moments before Lara is crushed...the walls stop! Lara looks back, pleased to see: the raised end of the sarcophagus lid has stopped the walls from closing further. Her plan worked --

-- CRUUUUUUNCH! The lid BUCKLES and CRACKS under the extreme pressure. The walls lurch to life again!

Lara starts running...the path back to the stairs getting ever more narrow...forcing Lara to run side-step now...

CU - THE SARCOPHAGUS LID is about to be pulverized!

Lara senses the end and executes a mid-air TWIST/REVERSE ROUND OFF, sticking her landing three steps below Carlos just as the walls SLAM together. Carlos shakes his head.

CARLOS
You are not human.

LARA
I'll take that as a compliment.

Lara leans over to dust herself off, but finds she can't: the walls have closed on the end of her ponytail.

LARA (CONT'D)
Knife, please.

Carlos flips her the knife again. Then he watches Lara cut herself free, losing an inch or two of hair.

LARA (CONT'D)
Needed a trim anyway.

As they start up the stairs, Carlos walking backwards, rambling nervously to Lara as she ascends with him.

CARLOS
I never seen anything like this. All these traps. And still the King's tomb to go. How can we ever make it to El Dorado?

LARA

As long as we stick together we just
might get out of here alive.

As they reach the top of the steps leading back to the Mausoleum Room.
Carlos stops, gasps.

LARA (CONT'D)

Carlos?

Carlos slumps forward, shot from behind! Lara props up his dead body
for a moment, then ducks as the mausoleum wall ERUPTS under silenced
sniper fire.

Lara grabs back the pistol she lent Carlos and unholsters her own.
After she pulls on her backpack, Lara makes the sign of the cross over
Carlos' body.

LARA (CONT'D)

Rest in peace, my friend.

Then she sprints out of the Queen's tomb...

INT. MAUSOLEUM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dodging a flurry of BULLETS, Lara runs and shoots her guns, then DIVES
and ROLLS behind the Prince's tomb. TWO AUSSIE SNIPERS continue to
shoot in her direction, Lara puts down her guns and takes the AIRTANK/
FLAMETHROWER from her backpack.

CUT TO:

EXT. ECUADOR JUNGLE - DAY

Luiz's CORPSE laying on its back in the brush.

REVEAL - DODGE staring down at his former Boatman with a sad look of
frustration.

DODGE

Why do they never listen to me?

Dodge hears FOOTFALLS in the jungle. Larsen and two other Aussies
approaching. He takes one last look up towards Lake Guaranita and
mutters:

DODGE (CONT'D)

Good luck, Lara. You're gonna need
it.

As Dodge starts jogging back towards the Napo river, we go;

BACK TO:

INT. MAUSOLEUM ROOM - DAY

The AUSSIE SNIPERS walk out of the shadows searching for Lara. Their WALKIE TALKIES squelches to life.

MALVERN (O.S.)
(over walkie)
I heard shots. Talk to me.

AUSSIE #3
I dropped the monkeyman. Now it's
the girl's turn.

AUSSIE #4
We'll let you know when it's safe.

The two snipers hear a HISSING noise and see the flickering light of a controlled flame on one side of the Prince's mausoleum. They approach the light from opposite sides and leap out of hiding simultaneously and FIRE --

-- THE AIRTANK EXPLODES INTO FIERY METAL SHARDS! Taking out both Aussie snipers. A beat. Then Lara drops down from atop the Prince's mausoleum, landing next to the dead men.

CUT TO:

EXT. VOLCANIC FISSURE - CONTINUOUS

WALKIE-TALKIE in hand, Malvern stands over the fissure, peering down into the darkness.

MALVERN
What happened!? Cutler! Garrett!

LARA (O.S.)
(over walkie)
Next time don't send boys to do a
girl's work.

Off Malvern's incredulous face, we go;

BACK TO:

INT. MANCO'S TOMB - DAY

The massive double doors CREAK open revealing Lara, a look of anticipation on her face. We are:

INT. GROTTTO - DAY

Lara walks into an impossibly beautiful GROTTTO with a massive vaulted ceiling, the centerpiece of which is a shallow REFLECTING POOL surrounded by a dozen pillars at least two stories high --

-- WHUUUMP! The double doors have slammed shut behind Lara.

On the far side of the grotto Lara finds an ornate entranceway blocked by solid gold SUN RAYS. But the gaps between rays are not large enough to crawl through. So Lara pulls out her VIDEO PROBE with REMOTE CONTROL DEVICE (and mini view screen). Activating the airjet-powered probe, Lara sends it floating inside the dark burial chamber.

CU - REMOTE MINI-SCREEN: Inscribed on all the walls are PAINTINGS telling of Manco's great deeds. Depictions of wars won, incredible amounts of gold amassed. One painting shows Manco holding a BLACK, VASE-LIKE OBJECT from which gold seems to flow. Another painting finds Manco praying before the black, vase-like object set atop a glowing SHRINE.

Lara navigates the probe over to the centerpiece of Manco's burial chamber: a round, solid gold SARCOPHAGUS. A spiral of HIEROGLYPHICS particularly interests Lara, who starts feeding the images into her laptop database. She mentally translates the message on the sarcophagus...

LARA

You fooled us all, didn't you,
Manco?

Suddenly, the whole grotto RUMBLES. Lara spins around to see: the water in the reflecting pool is splashing over the sides! The grotto is filling up at an astonishing rate.

Lara shoves the probe and laptop into her waterproof backpack. She runs to the center of the grotto, scanning the walls with her FLASHLIGHT for a possible escape route. Nothing.

Lara tries to shimmy up one of the columns, but it's too wide. And she slips back down...into water already neck deep!

LARA (CONT'D)

Could've used that air tank about
now.

As the water level swiftly rises, carrying Lara closer to the ceiling, JAGGED SPIKES extend from the ceiling!

LARA (CONT'D)

Got to be a way out...
(revelation)
Or a way in.

Seconds from death by impaling, Lara takes a deep breath and dives to the center of the reflecting pool...

UNDERWATER

Lara searches for and finds a NARROW INLET through which all the water is flowing into the grotto. Barely able to fit, Lara squeezes inside, FLASHLIGHT illuminating the way...

NEW ANGLE

Lara is swimming right at us, sloping upwards now. Her eyes wide with fear as her lungs begin to shrink. Determination turns to desperation as she abandons the flashlight to stroke with both hands. Faster and faster...into darkness...

EXT. LAKE GUARANITA - DUSK

Gasping for air, Lara bursts up through the surface of the lake, recognizable by the missing WEDGE in one side.

Malvern has abandoned the diving platform and pulled up stakes. As Lara paddles for the shore...

CUT TO:

CU - THE BELL-BOEING ENGINE is missing the interrupter cam (an integral part of the ignition system) that Lara stole.

LARSEN (O.S.)

Bitch wants to strand us out here.

We are:

EXT. MALVERN'S BASE CAMP - NIGHT

Larsen slams down the engine hatch. Malvern shakes his head, way ahead of the game.

MALVERN

You don't disable the ignition to
strand us. You do it because you
need a way back yourself.

No one else seems to follow Malvern's logic, including Aussies #1 and #2, their exposed skin peppered with swollen ANT BITES.

MALVERN (CONT'D)

Clear out the camp. Let's see if our
little rat takes the bait.

EXT. LAKE HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Lara climbs down the moderate incline, stopping beneath a cinchona tree. She squeezes her hair out and re-braids it into a ponytail, then pulls out a pair of CUSTOMIZED NIGHT GOGGLES from her backpack. Scanning the valley below:

POV - LARA (THROUGH GOGGLES)

First point of interest: the Napo river where Dodge dropped her off. The trawler is no longer moored near the rapids. Scanning further up river, Lara spots Dodge's vessel half-way back to Francisco de Orellana.

Lara PANS the goggles to Malvern's base camp, which looks invitingly deserted. Until Lara flicks on the THERMAL-VIEW FILTER...illuminating FIVE BODY-HEAT AURAS, lurking in a near-perfect perimeter around the camp.

BACK TO SCENE

Lara smirks as she removes the goggles.

LARA

Planning a little ambush, are we?

From her backpack, Lara removes a SPREAD PIN. Loading it into her compression assembly pistol, Lara takes aim on a tree directly across from her by 50 meters -- a tree with roots planted right near the Bell-Boeing.

The spread pin shoots silently to the treetop and catches in a branch "V." Lara ties off the wire end to her cinchona tree. Using a HAND TROLLEY, Lara starts the long, precarious journey from tree to tree.

NEW ANGLE

Larsen is once again reading Cosmo, this time tallying his point total on a questionnaire:

LARSEN

(reads analysis)

"Buy him some Viagra, he needs help!?"

(tosses magazine)

Stinking rag.

Twenty feet above him, Lara shimmies along stealthily until:

INSERT SHOT: The spread pin pulls through the branch "V."

Lara drops five feet as the wire goes slack, then taut again! The spread pin re-catches in another "V." Now Lara's dangling by her hands only, clinging to the hand trolley.

Directly below her, Larsen stands, alerted. Fingers on the uzi trigger, Larsen looks every direction but up.

Lara gracefully regains her shimmy position and continues on into the tree unseen.

EXT. MALVERN'S BASE CAMP - NIGHT

Lara descends the tree, placing her ten feet from the Bell-Boeing. Scampering over to the plane, she quietly raises the engine hatch and replaces the INTERRUPTER CAM.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Lara straps herself into her seat and reaches for the ignition. The keys aren't there.

Thinking quickly, she pulls her night goggles back out and starts scanning the base camp.

POV - LARA

Inside one of the tents across the camp, Lara ZOOMS IN on a set of KEYS with a "BB" insignia laying on the MAP TABLE.

LARA (O.S.)

Ah-ha.

BACK TO SCENE

Lara puts away the night goggles and removes the REMOTE PROBE. Picking through her backpack, she finds what she needs: another spread pin. Cramming it into the hemispherical ridge on the probe, Lara improvises a HOOK ATTACHMENT.

EXT. MALVERN'S BASE CAMP - NIGHT

The probe zips across the camp towards the map tent.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Lara watches the MINI VIEW SCREEN as she manipulates the REMOTE CONTROL DEVICE. She maneuvers the probe to hook up the keys...gets them on the spread pin...but drops them onto a metal HALIBURTON CASE -- CHAAAANG!

Malvern and his men all tense up, bring guns to the ready.

MALVERN

(into walkie)

Where'd that noise come from?

AUSSIE #1 (O.S.)

(over walkie)

One of the tents.

MALVERN

(into walkie)
Let's close in. Slowly.

As the Aussies all tighten their perimeter...

Lara bites her lower lip in concentration as she tries to re-hook the keys. Out of the corner of her eyes she can see the Aussies emerging one-by-one from the jungle.

One last try and the keys are hooked on the probe. But as Lara steers the probe back towards the cockpit, a warning light flashes on the remote control: "COMPRESSION LOW."

Outside, the probe falters, the compressed air-jets not moving it as fast now...

Malvern spots the probe -- and the keys -- heading towards the Bell-Boeing. Malvern OPENS FIRE, prompting everyone to unload their clips.

The probe spins around drunkenly, its jet assembly damaged... Lara leans precariously out of the cockpit, briefly exposing herself to Aussie gunfire, and reaches for the probe. She grabs the keys just as the probe falls to the ground!

MALVERN (CONT'D)
STOP HER!

But as they close in -- WHOOOOOSH! Malvern and his men are blasted by JET WASH from the Bell-Boeing 609. All the Aussies but Malvern open fire again...

Lara deliberately throws the plane into a 360° ground spin...sending the Aussies diving for cover...giving her just enough time and space to ascend vertically from the jungle clearing.

FIND Malvern at a CRATE assembling a SURFACE TO AIR MISSILE!

Larsen spots the probe Lara left behind. Picking it up, he speaks to the camera lens.

LARSEN
Listen up you wench...

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Lara peers down at the MINI VIEW SCREEN which is on the seat between her legs. Larsen's ugly mug appears as a static-filled transmission on the remote display.

LARSEN
(on view screen)
We've got a little surprise for you.

Larsen points the probe-cam over at Malvern, who fires the missile!
Lara looks out the window of the plane:

POV - LARA

THE MISSILE swerves through the sky right at her!

BACK TO SCENE

Lara quickly searches the control panel, finally locating THE EJECT LEVER, which she pulls back.

The cockpit canopy BURSTS open and Lara is jettisoned into the night sky, still strapped into her seat!

EXT. SKY ABOVE - THE ECUADOR JUNGLE - NIGHT

As she tumbles away from the plane, the missile connects with the Bell-Boeing...which EXPLODES IN MID-AIR!

A PARACHUTE deploys from the top of Lara's seat...and she floats slowly into the dark jungle below.

EXT. MALVERN'S BASE CAMP - NIGHT

Malvern watches the distant explosion as he tunes in a frequency on his SHORT-WAVE RADIO.

MALVERN
(into radio)
Send in my chopper -- you've got our
coordinates. And bring all the ammo
we've got left.

EXT. SHIPPING VESSEL - NIGHT

A sleek black HUEY CHOPPER takes off from the deck of a large shipping vessel outfitted with WHALING EQUIPMENT (harpoon guns, nets, etc.) On the side of the ship -- and the chopper -- the name "SEAPRO, INC." is accompanied by a WHITE WHALE LOGO.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRANCISCO DE ORELLANA - LATER THAT NIGHT

The small town is ablaze. SMOKE clouds the main street where Larsen and Aussie #3 beat the snot out of a LOCAL while Malvern watches on with mild interest.

LARSEN
You thought you saw her?! Now what
the hell good does that do us?

Larsen kicks the Local a few more times for good measure.

MALVERN
Why don't you jog his memory.

Larsen flicks on his GOLD LIGHTER. Aussie #3 holds a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL under Larsen's lighter, igniting the chemical bomb. Against the Local's pleas, Aussie #3 hurls the cocktail into the Cantina. FLAMES erupt.

REVEAL - DODGE watching this inquisition from a safe distance... wanting to intervene, but powerless to do so. Head down, he crosses the street into his shanty office.

INT. DODGE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pulling his leather coat off a wall hook, Dodge stuffs it into an already packed DUFFEL BAG.

LARA (O.S.)
I found it.

Dodge whirls, BOWIE KNIFE in hand and ready to throw...until he sees Lara stepping from the shadows! Still beautiful but wearing half the jungle on her clothes and in her hair.

DODGE
(distressed)
Are you crazy!? Didn't you see what
Malvern's doing to this town looking
for you --
(realizes)
You found what?

LARA
El Dorado. But it doesn't mean
"Golden City" like everyone thinks.
It means "Golden Man."

DODGE
Look, I don't have time to play word
games with you. I've got to get out
of here...

Dodge grabs up his duffel bag. As he exits:

DODGE (CONT'D)
I take it Carlos and Luiz didn't
make it?

Lara steps in front of Dodge, blocking his path. Their bodies almost touching.

LARA
No. But they did help me get
inside Manco's tomb. He's the Golden
Man, Dodge.

DODGE
So you solved the mystery of El

Dorado. Bully for you. Doesn't mean
squat if you're dead.

(beat)

I'm leaving. You should too.

LARA

Wait. There's something else...the
source of all the Incan gold.

This gets Dodge's attention.

LARA (CONT'D)

There were directions to another
sacred place high in the Andes,
south of here. That's where King
Manco kept "The Black Veil," which
either located gold...or created it.

DODGE

(thinks about it but...)

I told you before, Lara, it's all a
wild goose chase. Forget it.

He moves away from her, checks out the window: Larsen and company are
working over another couple LOCALS.

DODGE (CONT'D)

They're working their way down the
street...

(turns back)

Do you have any idea who Malvern is?
I made a few calls, and you can
forget all that money he's throwing
around. His whaling business is
bankrupt. He's a desperate man,
Lara. He's got nothing to lose.

Lara takes a deep breath to utter uncomfortable words:

LARA

I need you, Dodge. I need your help.

This stops Dodge from exiting the back door.

DODGE

You managed to do in one day what I
wasn't able to do in ten years. What
the hell do you need me for?

LARA

I've got Manco's secret, but
Malvern's got me trapped.

(beat)

I don't want my name on that
impressive list of yours. Just get
me out of town, and up to the
mountains, and I'll give you what

Darby offered me: a 50-50 split.

Mulling it over, Dodge sneaks another peek out the window.

DODGE

What shape was Manco's sarcophagus?

LARA

Round. Like the sun.

Dodge nods, knowing this to be truth. After a long moment:

DODGE

I must be crazy as the rest of you
...50-50.

He extends his hand. They shake, holding onto each other for just a little longer than necessary.

DODGE (CONT'D)

Oh, I almost forgot...

He goes to the curtained-off closet and slides out a small CARGO CRATE.

DODGE (CONT'D)

This came for you today.

CUT TO:

CU - A CRATE

This 4x4 crate, marked "via messenger", is addressed to Lara Croft care of Nathaniel Dodge. Lara uses Dodge's BOWIE KNIFE to pry the lid off of the crate. We are:

INT. TRAWLER CABIN - NIGHT

While Dodge steers the trawler down the Napo without the benefit of the noisy inboard motor, Lara digs through the excelsior-packed crate, finding a neatly packaged (in brown paper and string) CHANGE OF CLOTHES.

DODGE

How convenient.

Lara digs further, finding a small, portable REFRIGERATION BOX (used for organ transportation.) Inside, cloaked in frosty air, Lara finds an EGG AND PICKLE SANDWICH and a CARIBBEAN CRUISE BROCHURE with a note: "Who knows, it might get hijacked. That could be fun. Love, Karak."

DODGE (CONT'D)

You've got to be kidding me...

Lara bites happily into the sandwich.

LARA

Bite?

DODGE

Egg and pickles? Pass.

Lara puts down the sandwich and picks up the clothes.

LARA

Someplace I can change?

DODGE

Yeah. The master suite.

He jerks a thumb at a curtained area in the rear of the cabin. Lara pulls back the curtain, revealing a grungy bunk and a rusty sink.

LARA

How charming.

Dodge waits for Lara to disappear behind the closed curtain...then he grabs up the note.

DODGE

Who's Karak?

LARA (O.S.)

Oh, just the man I live with.

Dodge glances back at the curtain. The single light above the bunk casts an enticing SILHOUETTE of Lara as she disrobes.

DODGE

Sounds serious.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Lara snuggles into a form-fitting Lycra top.

LARA

Quite. Karak's much older. Very wise, very distinguished. Frankly, I'm lucky to have him.

She's smiling, knowing how this must sound.

BACK IN CABIN

DODGE

I'm surprised he let you come down here by yourself. I know I wouldn't.

LARA (O.S.)

And why is that?

DODGE

(after a beat)

I'd hate to miss all the fun.

Lara emerges from behind the curtain, zipping up her very flattering new shorts.

LARA

Good answer.

Dodge gives her new outfit a once-over.

DODGE

I feel overdressed.

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS criss-cross over the trawler. Dodge ducks and pulls Lara down with him.

DODGE (CONT'D)

Must be Malvern.

LARA

Hope you've got a plan B.

DODGE

I prefer to improvise.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAPO RIVER - NIGHT

Malvern and the Aussies stand on top of the sloping Napo banks, FLASHLIGHTS searching the trawler, which drifts silently in circles.

MALVERN

Search it.

The two Aussies make running leaps from the bank onto the front deck of the trawler.

MALVERN (CONT'D)

First one to find the girl gets five minutes alone with her. Then I want every cent she's cost me back in blood.

REAR OF THE TRAWLER

Dodge and Lara float in the water, covertly lowering a crudely-carved CANOE from the back of the boat. He whispers:

DODGE

Turn it over.

Lara is confused for a moment, until she sees: the bottom of the canoe has been painted to resemble a log.

DODGE (CONT'D)

Fools the banditos eyery time.

Lara smiles, impressed.

BACK ON THE TRAWLER

The two Aussies make a mess of the cabin, finding Lara's crate and clothes. Aussie #5 steps outside, reports to Malvern:

AUSSIE #5

They're gone, but they were here.

Unconvinced, Malvern shines his flashlight on the river, prompting the two Aussies to do the same. One of the flashlight beams falls onto the overturned canoe, which looks remarkably like a floating log.

UNDERNEATH THE CANOE

Lara and Dodge wade through the murky water, along with Dodge's floating duffel. Their shallow breathing echoes as the flashlight beams cut through the water all around them.

LARA

(whispers; sarcastic)

Of course the nice thing about this plan is that if they open fire, we'll be dead instantly.

DODGE

(whispers back)

That's if the piranha don't get us first.

ON THE BANKS

The two Aussies jump back to the river bank and rejoin Malvern. Aussie #5 hands the CRATE LID to Malvern, who shines his flashlight on it, illuminating the name "Lara Croft." Malvern hands the lid back.

MALVERN

I want all the dirt on Ms. Croft.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAPO TRIBUTARY - NIGHT

Lara and Dodge canoe up to Dodge's SEAPLANE, which is hidden in the vegetation overhanging the edges of the tributary.

INT. SEAPLANE - NIGHT

Dodge and Lara toss their bags into the back of the four-seater. Dodge fires up the ignition, setting the propellers in fitful motion...until they stop.

LARA

You need me to get out and push?

DODGE
(pointed)
I think best when it's quiet.

He drops his head between Lara's legs, nosing around under the dash.

LARA
Bit forward, aren't we?

Fiddling with wires, Dodge sets the props back into action.

DODGE
Hey, it's our second date, right?

LARA
Date's over. I see flashlights.

Sure enough, oncoming FLASHLIGHT BEAMS streak through the trees. Dodge ignores them, concentrating instead on taxiing the seaplane back onto the Napo.

As the flashlights draw closer and brighter, Dodge points the seaplane up river where the vegetation is less dense. UZI GUNFIRE lights up the night sky as Dodge throttles the seaplane down the watery runway...

DODGE
(to plane)
Come on, honey. Come on.

As the plane finds some lift, Lara is the first to spot their next obstacle.

LARA
Naturally you accounted for this.

DODGE
Naturally.

POV - BOTH LARA & DODGE

The trawler still floats in circles upstream, completely blocking their river runway!

BACK TO SCENE

Amidst gunfire, as a collision appears imminent, Dodge ROLLS THE PLANE SIDEWAYS...just missing the trawler and several shoreline trees. Lara opens her eyes and resumes breathing.

LARA
(slightly shaken)
That brought back memories.

EXT. NAPO RIVER - NIGHT

With uzi fire still blazing around him, Malvern watches the seaplane lights recede into the night sky. He gestures to Larsen and company to suppress their fire -- oddly, all the Aussies have been firing their uzis into the jungle.

MALVERN
(grins)
Worked like a charm.

He activates a REMOTE TRACKING DEVICE which shows a small OSCILLOSCOPE radar display of the seaplane's location.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA-PLANE - NIGHT

On the underside of the seaplane, a RED LIGHT blinks on a small BLACK BOX LOCATOR DEVICE.

INT. SEAPLANE - NIGHT

Oblivious to the tracking device, Lara types on her laptop.

DODGE
The suspense is killing me. Where're
we headed?

CU - LARA'S COMPUTER displays video footage taken inside Manco's tomb. Lara FREEZE FRAMES on the carvings atop the sarcophagus.

LARA (O.S.)
These hieroglyphics imply the Black
Veil is hidden in Machu Picchu.

DODGE (O.S.)
Not a chance. That place has been
picked clean.

Dodge leans over for a look at the laptop imagery.

DODGE (CONT'D)
Look at that sarcophagus. That's my
old trust fund. With interest.

Lara feels the seaplane start to drift and tilt.

LARA
Watch the drool. Eyes on the sky.

Lara isolates a section of hieroglyphics and instructs the computer to "translate." As the new text begins to scroll:

LARA (CONT'D)
We're looking for a city the Incas
called "Bed of Gold." That's where
we'll find the Veil shrine.

Dodge shoots Lara an astonished look.

DODGE

Not bed, cradle. Choquaquirao. Means
"cradle of gold." 50 miles from
Machu Picchu. No more than 20 people
have ever made it up there.

LARA

Wanna make it 22?

Off Dodge's consenting smile, we;

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. APURIMAC RIVER, PERU - DAWN

As the sun rises above the semi-tropical flatlands, Dodge's seaplane appears over the trees, banking over the Apurimac gorge. The aircraft glides down into the narrow chasm, skipping along the fast-moving waters before docking at the lone beachhead on one of the river banks.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Dodge looks at Lara, who is taking a peaceful catnap in the passenger seat. Cutting the engine, Dodge stares at her for a moment, finally glimpsing the young girl beneath the tough exterior. Lara senses him staring and blinks awake.

LARA

(groggy smile)

I was just dreaming that we found
what we're looking for.

DODGE

From your lips to God's ears.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEVADO PANTA - DAY

PAN from the majestic mountaintop of Nevado Panta, obscured in mist, down a near 90° sheer face encumbered by thousands of jagged crags. STOP on Dodge's slack-jawed face.

DODGE

I guess this is a bad time to
mention my fear of heights.

Dodge turns at the sound of TINK-TINK-TINK: it's Lara pounding a piton into the mountain face.

LARA

The real problem's going to be this
metamorphic rock.

She tests the piton, which loosens as the rock crumples.

DODGE

You don't understand. I can't do
this, Lara.

Lara removes some ROPE & CARABINERS from her backpack.

LARA

Of course you can. I used to be
terrified of elevators. My father's
trick was keeping my mind off the
moment.

Dodge pulls a half-empty BOTTLE OF SCOTH from his duffel.

DODGE

Your father was a smart man.

As Dodge takes a swig, Lara fires a spread pin high up onto the
mountain face.

LARA

We'll talk about anything. Except
what we're doing. Just look up and
stay positive.

Lara fastens the rope from above to her belt winch.

LARA (CONT'D)

I'll take lead and secure your guide
line. All you have to do is hold on.

DODGE

I thought we weren't gonna talk
about this?

CUT TO:

FURTHER UP THE MOUNTAIN

Dodge careens into the frame, the gusting winds swinging him at the
end of his rope like a pendulum.

DODGE (CONT'D)

AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

The winds die down for a moment, allowing Dodge to regain a grip on
the rock face. Lara calls down to him:

LARA (O.S.)

Favorite movie!?

DODGE

Anything with Buster Keaton!

Up above him, Lara is in her element. Eagle eyes unblinking as she

carefully searches each crag for the perfect grab or toe hold.

LARA
Want to know mine!?

The wind pushes Dodge drifting again.

DODGE
Not really!

LARA
"Vertigo!"

Lara lowers down to Dodge's side.

LARA (CONT'D)
Only teasing.

This offers no comfort to Dodge, who looks seasick. Lara fastens his carabiner to a new guide line.

LARA (CONT'D)
Relax. I can almost see the top.

The winds bump their bodies together, causing friction.

DODGE
Do you know what the worst part is?
How much you're enjoying this.

LARA
I've tried it scared. Not as much
fun.

As Lara ascends, Dodge is buffeted again by the winds, this time spinning him around several times.

INSERT SHOT: Dodge's anchor pin starts to pull from the stone.

Lara traverses a difficult outcropping by moving hand-over-hand until she finds purchase for her foot. Just as she reaches the edge of a large, overgrown plateau with RUINS...

INSERT SHOT: Dodge's anchor pin pulls from the stone.

Dodge yells as he FREE FALLS down the mountain face!

Lara sees what's coming and tries to brace herself -- PRIIIING!
Dodge's guide line goes taut and starts to pull Lara down with him. Sliding back over the edge, Lara somehow manages to brace herself -- legs spread wide -- catching a rock with each foot.

Dodge jerks to a stop! His guide line belt SNAPPING A BUCKLE and busting open...leaving Dodge dangling by his hands! He now makes the mistake of looking down at the dizzying height.

LARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

HANG ON, DODGE!

Lara frantically re-secures Dodge's guide line around an upper rock. Once done, Lara flips her carabiner onto Dodge's guide wire and begins rappelling down the mountain face.

Covering 20 yards between each touch, Lara almost appears to be flying. Glancing down, she sees Dodge swinging wildly in the wind.

LARA (CONT'D)

Here I come!

Timing her last rappel perfectly, Lara propels herself laterally as well...swinging at Dodge just as his own swing reaches its climax. Like an acrobat, Lara scoops up Dodge in one arm -- he releases the belt and grabs onto her tightly.

Together they swing, spinning in the wind like dancers on a cloud... across the mountain face until Lara catches a crag with her feet and brings their thrill ride to an end.

Their resulting embrace couldn't be any more intimate. Their faces no closer together. This shared near-death moment has left both of them breathless with a nearly post-coital bliss.

LARA (CONT'D)

So was that good for you?

DODGE

Not good enough to try it again.

LARA

(smirks)

Maybe on the way back down.

CUT TO:

EXT. APURIMAC RIVER - DAY

Malvern's BLACK HUEY HELICOPTER sets down next to Dodge's seaplane on the beachhead. Malvern is the first one out this time, an increasing desperation noticeable in his actions.

Malvern rummages around inside the plane cabin but finds nothing of interest. Using the binoculars around his neck, Malvern starts scanning the mountainous countryside...

POV - MALVERN (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

We PAN past a ROPE dangling down the Nevado Panta. WHIP PAN back... then up, up, up.

Just in time to see Lara and Dodge, barely visible through the mist, cresting the plateau ridge onto Choquequirao.

BACK TO SCENE

Malvern lowers the binoculars and strides back to the Huey.

MALVERN

Let's go.

LARSEN

Where?

MALVERN

(points)

All the way to the top.

Larsen's gaze follows Malvern's finger all the way up to the mountain in the mist.

LARSEN

Holy shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHOQUEQUIRAO - AFTERNOON

At 6,000 feet the view from this majestic promontory is breathtaking. Lara stands at the very edge of the plateau staring down the cliff, awash in distant memories.

DODGE (O.S.)

So where's this famous shrine?

Slowly, Lara turns to find Dodge rooting around some overgrown RUINS nestled just below the highest Nevado Panta peak.

DODGE (CONT'D)

'Cause this sure as hell ain't it.

LARA

If I understand the computer translation correctly, it's directly beneath us. We're supposed to use the "Stairway from the Stars."

DODGE

You can't mean those.

Dodge points to a 15 foot high flight of GIANT, CRUMBLING STAIRS... which lead to nothing.

DODGE (CONT'D)

It's below us but the stairs go up?
Must be some Incan practical joke.

With a clarity of vision, Lara walks towards the stairs.

LARA

It's not a joke. It's a secret. You don't see the combination to Fort

Knox posted on the net, do you?

DODGE

I'm sorry, but I thought you had all this figured out. I thought that's why I just went ten rounds with death back there.

LARA

(echoes his line)

I prefer to improvise.

DODGE

Cute. Real cute.

Lara drops to her knees, inspects the area where the stone stairs meet the floor slab. Dodge joins her, still skeptical.

LARA

This stairwell appears to move, so all we need to find is the trigger.

Dodge looks around at the vast ruins.

DODGE

Sure. No problem.

LARA

(ignores him)

What is the preeminent symbol in Incan culture?

DODGE

That would be the sun.

LARA

Very good, Nathaniel. And can you tell me what the most important date on the Incan calendar is?

Dodge rolls his eyes but answers:

DODGE

Inti Rami, the summer solstice. Unfortunately, that's eight months from now.

Lara keeps circling the stairs, her passion and concentration growing with each step, as her mind hones in on the solution.

LARA

The translation said: "On Inti Rami,

the last rays of the sun will walk a
stairway from the stars.

(beat)

I'll wager you my 50% in gold that
the trigger appears at sunset.

DODGE

That gives us less than an hour to
figure out how to replicate the Rami
sun.

Lara removes her MIRROR SHADES from her backpack.

LARA

Easy. All I need are your shades.

CUT TO:

CU - A GLINT OF SUN

Which is captured in one of Lara's mirrored lenses.

LARA (O.S.)

(CONT'D)

According to my calculations...

EXT. CHOQUEQUIRAO - DUSK

FIND Lara seated atop a section of ruins with her LAPTOP in hand,
working on an sophisticated ASTRONOMICAL PROGRAM.

LARA

...we need to compensate for a
declination of the sun by
approximately 13%.

DODGE

(sarcastic)

I was thinking the exact same thing.

Dodge plays with the handful of FOUR MIRRORED LENSES removed from
their shades, watching them sparkle in the sun.

LARA

That means the first one needs to be
about three more feet to your right.

Dodge plants the first "mirror" in a crevasse facing the sun:

DODGE

So I'm curious, Lara, why're you
doing this? What're you looking for?

LARA

I told you. I promised Darby I'd see this through.

(beat; re: mirrors)

The second one gets reversed about ten feet that way.

DODGE

It's an honorable reason. But it's also bullshit.

LARA

Excuse me?

DODGE

This isn't about some map. Or a friend. Or even the Black Veil. This is your life. I can see it in your eyes, everything I used to be. You're a professional -- beyond a professional. You're prepared for everything --

LARA

(interrupts)

-- you can never be prepared for everything.

(beat; re: mirrors)

Third one goes atop that fountain.

DODGE

So why do you do it? I get the sense you don't need the money. Hell, I get the sense you don't need anything. Or anyone. Well, besides this Karak guy.

LARA

I needed you, didn't I?

DODGE

Yeah, but it really killed you to say so, didn't it?

Lara can't meet his gaze, so she returns to her laptop.

LARA

Okay, we don't have much time left. The fourth mirror goes --

DODGE

(interrupts)

-- Forget all this crap for a minute!

Dodge moves closer to Lara, determined to crack her shell.

DODGE (CONT'D)

Look, I agreed to get you up here,
and I've done that. If I quit now,
I've already earned my 50%. If I go
underground with you looking for the
Black Veil, how does that change our
deal?

LARA

If it's about the money, Dodge, you
can have the entire lot. 100%.

Dodge crouches in front of her. Eyes fixed on hers.

DODGE

I'm not talking about money, Lara. I
want to know what happens with us?

For the first time Lara's trademark poise is gone. A beat.

LARA

(hesitates)

I guess this is one of those
situations I'm not prepared for.

Finally, Dodge rises with a resigned sigh.

DODGE

You know what...? Neither am I.
(long pause)
So what about this fourth mirror?

Relieved to be back to business, Lara doesn't miss a beat.

LARA

Reverse it, and ten feet to the
left.

As Dodge places the final mirror:

DODGE

How do we know it's working anyway?

LARA

We'll know. In less than a minute.

Lara and Dodge watch the sun slowly sinking beneath the horizon. As
the last rays of sunshine glint off the first lens it bounces the
light back to the second lens...then reflects it back to the third
lens...and finally the fourth.

AT THE STAIRS

The beam of sunlight appears to "walk" down the stairs as the sun sets
deeper into the horizon. When it reaches the bottom step...nothing
happens.

DODGE

Obviously I'm missing something.

LARA

Obviously.

Lara has circled around the back of the steps where she points out that the beam of sunlight has pierced a SMALL IMPERFECTION in one of the stair's stone seams...sending a thin beam of light all the way across the ruins to an ORNAMENTU STONE protruding from the partial remains of a TEMPLE. And then the beam disappears. The sun has set.

DODGE

(inspects imperfection)

That crack? That's the big secret?

LARA

Haven't you ever noticed there are no imperfections in Incan masonry?

Lara starts jogging over to the collapsed temple, while Dodge stays at the stairs, taking a seat.

LARA (CONT'D)

That crack is there by design.

Lara reaches the ornamental stone, and as Dodge watches from the stairs, Lara gives the stone a once-over, then pushes it with both hands...

THE STAIRS RUMBLE TO LIFE BENEATH DODGE! He jumps from his perch as: a PASSAGE opens at the base of the stairs and the entire stairwell corkscrews down into the ground.

Dodge looks incredulously across the ruins at Lara.

LARA (CONT'D)

Lucky you didn't take my wager.

INT. CHOQUEQUIRAO - FOYER - NIGHT

They descend the Stairway from the Stars, which empties into a beautiful, dome-shaped FOYER encircled with 12 GOLD PLAQUES representing the gods associated with each month of the year. Not a trap in sight.

DODGE

Amazing.

Leading the way with a FLASHLIGHT, Dodge excitedly steps down into the foyer, but Lara grabs him firmly by the arm:

LARA

Not so fast.

Where Dodge's next step would have been, Lara fires her gun at an invisible PRESSURE PAD to trigger a maniacal flurry of action: BLADES shoot from each gold plaque, criss-crossing the room and disappearing back into a different plaque.

DODGE

Thank God I didn't find this place
ten years ago. I wpuld've been
filletted right out of the gate.

LARA

(serious)

And you still might. Somewhere down
here is the Inca's most sacred and
well-guarded shrine. You want to
come with me, I've got to know you
aren't going to get us killed.

DODGE

(interrupts; insulted)

-- Hey, I'm not that rusty. You just
worry about yourself.

LARA

Works for me.

Lara moves past Dodge, wielding her own FLASHLIGHT as she leads them
both across the foyer to a long, dark and narrow STONE PASSAGEWAY with
a DOORWAY at the other end.

LARA (CONT'D)

See these floor tiles? A favorite
Incan trick.

DODGE

Floor collapses. I've seen that.

Lara fires bullets at several floor tiles. Nothing happens.

LARA

No, the Incans were smarter than
that. The first set of traps is a
misdirect. Designed to make you
think every trap can be pre-
sprung.

(hands Dodge flashlight)

Hold this. Keep it ahead of me.

INT. CHOQUEQUIRAO - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Lara walks slowly out onto floor tiles, eyes scanning the dark but
harmless-seeming periphery.

LARA

The unsuspecting tomb raider walks
confidently onto the tiles never
even seeing what hit him...

She gestures for Dodge to shine the flashlight at the ceiling:

LARA (CONT'D)

...because he forgot to look up --

--SLUURSH! A MASSIVE BLADE drops down like a guillotine from the ceiling...forcing Lara to somersault forward, nearly cleaved. But the hits just keep coming --

-- SWUUUSH! SWUUUSH! TWO CIRCULAR BLADES scissor simultaneously from the walls nearly beheading Lara, who dives to the ground and rolls to safety just as --

-- CRUNCH! CRUNCH! CRUNCH! BOULDERS drop like deadly hailstones all around Lara, collapsing the floor tiles and revealing SPIKE BEDS beneath them. Lara sprints across the rapidly checkerboarding floor to the DOOR at the end of the room...but the door is only a painting! Lara reacts as --

-- THWIT-THWIT-THWIT-THWIT! DARTS shoot from the faux door, prompting Lara to instinctively SIDE-FLIP to safety...but only for a moment because --

-- CRAAAACK! THE FLOOR TILES give way beneath her, just as Lara spots an ELEVATED PASSAGEWAY. She leaps for and barely catches the lip of the passage. While Lara hangs there:

Dodge watches in awe as: THE ENTIRE ROOM RESTORES ITSELF in five incredible seconds! Floor tiles hinge back into place, blades disappear back into walls, etc. Not even any boulders.

With a tremendous show of strength, Lara now pulls herself up into a HANCSTAND on the lip, then gracefully executes a WALKOVER into the passageway. Breathing hard, but utterly composed, she turns back and gestures to Dodge.

LARA (CONT'D)

Your turn.

INT. CHOQUEQUIRAO - ELEVATED PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Lara walks slowly through the flat passage, FLASHLIGHT in hand. Behind her we can hear Dodge's EXCLAMATIONS as he makes his way through the last set of traps. Finally, Dodge catches up with Lara, picking a DART from his shoulder.

DODGE

Okay, so maybe I am a little rusty.

Where Dodge is masking his nerves with glibness, Lara's focus only grows more intense as she moves closer to her prize.

LARA

You're still alive. That's all that matters --

(gestures)

-- Stop! Don't move.

Lara can just barely make out the end of the elevated passageway before them: A SMALL PIT.

DODGE

What is it now?

LARA

That pit ahead. Not a good sign.

She turns back, flashlight illuminating the entrance through which they entered; they are at about the midway point of the passageway. Removing a BULLET from her gun, Lara drops the ammo on the floor... where it starts rolling towards the pit. Rolling and rolling, indicating an incline which is not at all evident inside the passageway.

DODGE

How's that possible?

WE HEAR the bullet still rolling away in the dark.

LARA

The walls. They're an optical illusion. Makes us feel like we're on level ground so we don't expect the massive boulder that's going to crush us.

DODGE

(suddenly worried)

And what exactly triggers that?

Before Lara can answer the bullet stops rolling, sounding off with an ominous PING!

LARA

Oh dear.

THE PASSAGEWAY RUMBLES as a MASSIVE BOULDER drops down from the ceiling about 20 yards behind them. As Lara and Dodge sprint towards the pit --

-- TWO HANGING BLADES PENDULUM DOWN IN THEIR PATH swinging out of sync and making passage through them impossible. While Dodge looks back in mounting fear at the oncoming boulder, Lara studies the swinging blades.

LARA (CONT'D)

You take the near, I'll take the far!

DODGE

What!?

Lara LEAPS at the far blade...grabbing hold of the WOODEN STEM from which it pendulums! Clinging safely above the blade she climbs as close to the ceiling as humanly possible.

LARA
Better get the rust out, Dodge!

Dodge takes one quick look back at the onrolling boulder (which fills about 3/4 of the passageway) before he leaps! Clinging onto the near blade's wooden stem just like Lara --

-- SAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!!! The boulder plows through both blades, snapping them off at the wooden stems inches below Lara and Dodge's feet. They both drop safely down to the passageway as the boulder continues rolling into the pit.

LARA (CONT'D)
Having fun yet?

DODGE
(surprises himself)
Yeah. As a matter of fact I am.

INT. CHOQUEQUIRAO - WATER TEMPLE - NIGHT

They climb from the pit up to ledge overlooking a rectangular temple filled with water. The only visible way across the temple -- to the GOLDEN DOORWAY on the other side -- is via 10 VERTICAL PILLARS spaced dauntingly apart. Lara's FLASHLIGHT reveals the WATER IS ROILING with unseen menace.

DODGE
Looks inviting.

Lara cracks a FLARE open and drops it into the water --

-- A GIANT BARRACUDA surfaces to swallow the flare whole!

DODGE (CONT'D)
Barracuda.

LARA
Very hungry barracuda.
(beat)
No margin for error here.

Lara takes a few steps back, runs and LEAPS to the first pillar, pulling herself up on top...

A TALL FLAME ignites from the top center of the pillar! (The other pillars ignite as well creating an eerie, deadly spectacle.)
Instinctively, Lara BACKFLIPS...executing a HALF TWIST in midair as

she lunges back for the ledge --

-- Dodge grabs Lara by the arm as she comes up short! Dangling over the edge by one hand -- feet skimming the water -- Lara notices two problems immediately: 1) Her shorts are ON FIRE!, and; 2) A BARRACUDA jumps from the water for one of her legs, which she daintily bends at the knee to avoid dismemberment.

Lara quickly scales the wall with Dodge's help, who gallantly pats out the flames on her shorts.

LARA (CONT'D)
Lucky for me you were here.

DODGE
Just trving to earn my 50%.

Lara and Dodge both turn and survey the situation.

DODGE (CONT'D)
Hard to improvise the impossible.

LARA
Nothing's impossible. Theoretically.

Dodge watches Lara pace back and forth on the ledge, her mind attacking the problem at hand.

LARA (CONT'D)
If I wasn't out of winch cable we could easily traverse this room.

DODGE
Maybe if we can figure a way to put the fires out...

LARA
Yes, but those jumps can only be made with a running start. After the first pillar you're stuck --

-- Lara snaps her fingers with an idea.

LARA (CONT'D)
Got it!

She shines her flashlight on the base of the first pillar.

LARA (CONT'D)
See the erosion at the water line? Same thing on all the pillars.

DODGE
(follows her)
You can't be thinking...

LARA
-- It's the only way. But it'll
require our combined body weight.

Lara offers Dodge her hand.

LARA (CONT'D)
You still with me, Dodge?

DODGE
For better or worse.

Dodge takes her hand in hers. Together they step to the back of the ledge. Exchange a last glance at one another...then run and TANDEM JUMP for the first pillar!

They both hit and grab onto the edge of the pillar simultaneously.

Their weight has caused the pillar to sway back and forth...back and forth...until --

CRAAAAAAACK! The pillar breaks at the base...sending the pillar falling forward as Lara and Dodge scramble to stay astride it --

-- CRAAAAAAACK! The first pillar strikes the second pillar, breaking it at the base...sending it falling forward into the third pillar. And so on, and so on. Like dominoes all the way to the golden doorway -- a path of pillars has been laid out for them across the dangerous waters, with all the flames extinguished.

LARA
You know, I think we make a pretty
decent team.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Entering through the golden archway, Lara and Dodge discover a stunning SHRINE built in the middle of a massive subterranean cavern, partially collapsed from years of earthquakes.

DODGE
I don't know about you, but my heart
is pounding -- I feel like a kid
again.

LARA
I know exactly how you feel.

Lara starts CRACKING FLARES, tossing them around the cavern where ROCKS and DEBRIS litter the periphery.

INSIDE SHRINE

As they both climb the steps leading up to the center of the shrine, Lara notices one of the outer shrine columns is literally BENT under the weight of collapsed ceiling.

LARA (CONT'D)

Only one stone bends like this...

Dodge is thinking exactly the same thing as he polishes the grimy column with his shirt sleeve.

DODGE

Gold.

With her flashlight, Lara points out how their boots have left subtle IMPRESSIONS in the shrine floor. Dropping down to his knees, Dodge furiously scrubs away the dirt.

DODGE (CONT'D)

It's all gold...

(looks around shrine)

The floors. The walls. The ceilings.

He stands, awe-struck by his incomparable surroundings.

DODGE (CONT'D)

Maybe it's not El Dorado but this...
this is what I always imagined
finding. Something beyond
description...beyond belief.

LARA

I have a feeling it gets better...

Lara moves into the center of the shrine to a GOLDEN STATUE OF INTI (the sun god) holding a crude-cut obsidian BOWL atop an ornate pedestal. (This is the same object depicted in Manco's burial chamber.)

LARA (CONT'D)

Here it is. The Black Veil.

DODGE

Not much to look at. What does it do?

LARA

Every culture has legends about a magical device which turns ordinary metals into gold -- The Crow's Head, The Philosopher's Stone. But the stories are usually cautionary tales about the evils of greed.

DODGE

Time to throw caution to the wind.

With sparkling eyes, Dodge gratifies his long-dormant Prospector's fever. He pulls off a cheap SILVER RING and drops it into the Black Veil.

LARA

Legends say to make it work, you
must clasp the bowl with both hands
and visualize the desired
transformation -- the Veil's magic
is powered by the soul of the user.

Dodge clasps the bowl as instructed, staring down intently at the
silver ring. When nothing happens after 20 seconds, Dodge
embarrassedly hands the bowl to Lara.

DODGE

You try it. I still owe the IRS back
taxes so technically my soul's in
hock.

Clasping the bowl, Lara stares at the ring and the magic begins
instantly: the ring melts to liquid...boiling furiously as a mystical
BLACK SMOKE froths over the cup, veiling the transmutation-process.

REACTION SHOTS: Both Lara and Dodge watch on in wonder as...

The smoke magically dissipates and LIQUID GOLD remains where there
once was silver! As Dodge pours it out:

DODGE (CONT'D)

I don't believe my friggin' eyes.

A jubilant grin consuming his face, Dodge raises his fists in triumph
and shouts to the heavens:

DODGE (CONT'D)

YEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!

Ecstatic, Dodge grabs a surprised Lara in a bear hug, spinning her
around like they just won the lottery.

DODGE (CONT'D)

We're rich, Lara! We're filthy rich!

As Dodge's euphoria dies down they stop spinning. Now Dodge and Lara
find their faces mere inches apart. A beat.

DODGE (CONT'D)

I forgot. You're already rich.

LARA

(sincere)

It's all yours, Dodge. Truly. You
deserve this.

Lara's statement inexplicably chills Dodge, who pulls back.

DODGE

That's sweet. But let's get out of here.

LARA

(bemused)

I don't understand. What's the rush?

MALVERN (O.S.)

My sentiments exactly...

REVEAL - MALVERN and his men (Larsen plus four) surrounding the shrine from all sides. When Lara rapidly draws her pistols the Aussies all pump their 12 gauges. A standoff.

MALVERN (CONT'D)

We've got so much catching up to do.

Malvern moves up the steps towards Lara, fully intrigued by this unconventional woman of beauty, brains and balls.

MALVERN (CONT'D)

First of all, Ms. Croft, much thanks for working out those nasty traps. We couldn't have made it without you.

(beat; cheap shot)

Can't say the same thing about Daddy.

Lara's eyes narrow with spite at the mention of her father. Dodge picks up on Lara's emotions but doesn't understand.

MALVERN (CONT'D)

Some people, like me, earn their fortunes with sweat and blood. Ms. Croft here took a little shortcut. Left her Daddy to die in the Himalayas. Inherited forty million dollars at the age of 16. Gives most of it away to charity these days to appease her guilty conscience --

-- Lara snaps! She runs for Malvern...but Larsen brutally CLOTHESLINES her with his shotgun! Catching Lara under the chin and sending her legs out from under her.

LARSEN

(smiles)

Must've hit a hot spot.

Dodge kneels beside Lara to help her up.

DODGE

Alright Malvern. You've had your laughs. Now leave her alone.

MALVERN

I've got much bigger scores to settle than some British bimbo who thinks she's bloody James Bond.

(beat; to Larsen)

Get the Veil. As Larsen grabs the Veil from the statue, Lara gets back on her feet with Dodge's help.

LARA

Flooding the world's gold market isn't going to solve anything.

MALVERN

(chuckles)

Just like a lousy Brit to think so small.

Larsen delivers the Black Veil to Malvern.

MALVERN (CONT'D)

I didn't hire Erikson to find me gold. That's the least of my interests.

DODGE

You got what you want, Malvern. Why don't you get out of here.

MALVERN

No. I think I'd rather watch you kill the little bitch first.

DODGE

Bullshit. That wasn't part of the deal.

LARA

(realizes)

You sold me out. You led them here.

Dodge, feeling the pressure now, tries to explain to Lara.

DODGE

They were going to kill you back in the village if you didn't tell them what you found in Manco's tomb. I knew you wouldn't talk...

LARA

...unless I thought I could trust you.

DODGE

I just didn't want to see you get hurt.

LARA

And I thought chivalry was dead.

Unexpectedly, Lara ROUNDHOUSE PUNCHES Dodge with such force he drops to one knee.

LARSEN

(mocks Dodge)

Oooh, that's gotta hurt.

LARA

You want me dead, Malvern? Do it yourself.

Malvern smiles at the challenge, considering the notion.

DODGE

No! I'll do it...

(rises; wipes blood from his lip)

Only if you let me live.

Lara stares at him incredulously. Malvern crosses his arms.

MALVERN

Impress me. Do it with your hands.

Dodge nods to Malvern, then turns to face Lara. She glares at him defiantly as he steps right up to her. Hands at his side, Dodge mouths a single word to Lara: "Run." As Lara's surprised eyes acknowledge the improvised plan...

Dodge draws his BOWIE KNIFE from the sheath on his belt and in one fluid motion, does a half turn and FLINGS THE BLADE right at Malvern's heart! But Malvern's reflexes are fast enough to flinch, impaling the blade in his shoulder instead!

BA-BOOOM! Larsen plugs Dodge with a shotgun blast. But Lara is already on the flee --

-- BA-BOOOM! BA-BOOOM! BA-BOOOM! The Aussies unload their 12 gauges into the shadowy periphery as Lara dodges back and forth between the rocks and debris...only intermittently illuminated by the shotgun blasts. And then she's gone.

Malvern grimaces as he extracts the blade from his shoulder. Teeth grit, he moves over to Dodge, who lays on the ground holding his bloody gut.

MALVERN (CONT' D)

I believe this is yours.

Malvern returns the favor and FLINGS the bowie knife into Dodge's shoulder. While Dodge writhes in pain, Malvern stalks down the shrine steps, greeted by Larsen.

LARSEN

The girl's hiding somewhere. Should we keep looking?

MALVERN

Don't bother. Bury them both.

CUT TO:

CU - A GRENADE LAUNCHER ejects a series of grenades. We are:

OUTSIDE SHRINE

Larsen is wielding the big gun. Grinning large as he watches the MULTIPLE BLASTS destabilize the entire underground cavern, setting off the first of many subterranean EARTHQUAKES.

Impressed with the destruction he's wrought, Larsen hurries to join Malvern and the other Aussies waiting at the golden archway...which Larsen blows shut with a final grenade!

FIND Lara emerging from behind a rock. Venturing out when the tremor stops, moving amidst the crumbling cavern...jogging at first and then running when she sees Dodge inside the shrine, pulling the bowie knife from his shoulder.

INSIDE SHRINE

Lara drops to her knees beside Dodge, who is battling death. She inspects his abdominal wound with deep concern.

LARA

We've got to get you out of here.

Back on her feet, Lara doesn't listen to Dodge's speech; her focused eyes scan the periphery searching for escape.

DODGE

Don't worry about me. Just get yourself out of here.

At the edge of the shrine Lara spots a glimmer of hope...

POV - LARA

The BENT GOLD COLUMN she saw earlier now slopes up to a NEW FISSURE in the ceiling. It's a tight squeeze but STARS can be seen above. A way

out.

BACK TO SCENE

Lara rushes back to Dodge and starts to drag him.

DODGE (CONT'D)

Forget it, Lara. I got what I
deserve.

The emotions of watching someone die in her arms is too much for Lara as her long-suppressed emotions rise to the surface.

LARA

You can still make it, Dodge! Don't
you dare give up on me now!

Lara keeps dragging Dodge, just as she dragged her father, out of the shrine. She's reverting back to that defining moment in her life, trying to convince herself:

LARA (CONT'D)

It's gonna be fine...gonna be fine.

ANOTHER TREMOR ROCKS THE CAVERN! Tearing the shrine in half and forming a LARGE FISSURE between Lara, Dodge and the escape column. Dodge grabs onto Lara's arm for emphasis:

DODGE

Listen to me, Lara. I can think of
worse places to die. I mean, the
last thing I'll see is all this
gold.

Sensing his end, Lara's desperate denial begins to crumble like the walls around her. She kneels beside him again.

LARA

Don't leave me, Dodge. Please.

Lara's eyes are welling with tears. Dodge reaches a hand up to her face, tries to wipe away thirteen years of pain.

DODGE

You can beat every trap there is,
Lara. But sometimes you can't beat
death. No matter how good you are.

They kiss. Like they wanted to the first time they met. A passionate confession, a cruel hint at what could have been. A tender goodbye that leaves Lara's lip quivering.

DODGE (CONT'D)

See it through, Lara. For Darby...
and for me.

Lara nods her acceptance of the challenge. Brusquely rubbing out her

tears, Lara summons her inner strength and walks to the edge of the fissure.

POV - LARA

She is staring at a jump much like the one she had to make near the monastery, only further. And this time the lower ground on the other side is much less forgiving than snow.

BACK TO SCENE

Lara looks back at Dodge, some doubt still clouding her face as the walls continue to crumble all around them.

LARA

I don't think I can do this, Dodge!

DODGE

Sure you can.

(beat; the drill)

Favorite movie.

Lara manages a slight smile despite her anguish.

LARA

Anything with Buster Keaton.

DODGE

Good answer.

Dodge watches as Lara moves away from the fissure's edge, measuring her steps back to him. Exhaling slowly, Lara gathers herself. Hands fall to her side; a gymnast before her routine. The cavern begins to SHAKE & RUMBLE with induced seismic activity. But Lara stays focused. And with quick, precision steps...she sprints for the edge and leaps...

...soaring over the chasm...landing on the other side and executing a perfect TUCK & ROLL. A relieved smile alights her face as she spins back for Dodge's approval...

POV - LARA

The entire SHRINE has collapsed. Dodge is gone.

BACK TO SCENE

Lara stares down into the LAVA FILLED abyss for a second, recalling that moment in the Himalayas...but there's no time for regret as another VIOLENT TREMOR strikes...

Lara runs for the BENT GOLD COLUMN and, as the walls literally fall around her, she scrambles up the column to her escape.

EXT. CHOQUEQUIRAO - NIGHT

Lara barely squeezes up through the surface FISSURE just as Malvern's helicopter -- battling the fierce CROSSWINDS -- flees the ruins, heading for the distant Pacific ocean.

Without hesitation Lara sprints for the edge of the plateau and reclaims a carabiner to the guide line she used earlier. Lara disappears over the edge. And the chase is on.

CUT TO:

CU - A MAP showing international shipping lanes. A straight course from Peru to Australia has been highlighted. We are:

INT. DODGE'S SEAPLANE - NIGHT

Lara, now dressed in a scuba suit, has one eye on the sky, another on Dodge's shipping map. In the distance, Lara can just make out the outlines of a shipping vessel all lit up on the ocean. Pulling on her CUSTOMIZED NIGHT GOGGLES:

POV- LARA (THROUGH GOGGLES)

The night-vision filter gives the world a GREEN GLOW. The image ZOOMS to the ship, where we see Malvern's WHALE LOGO and the words "SEAPRO, INC."

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

The seaplane circles around high in the air, then sets down on the rolling waves a mile or so ahead of Malvern's ship. A beat, then Lara dives from the plane into the water.

WE HEAR the shipping vessel approaching in the distance, accompanied by oncoming lights. A HORN blares.

CUT TO:

INT. MALVERN'S SHIP - BRIDGE - NIGHT

An Aussie CAPTAIN points out to Larsen the seaplane directly in the ship's path.

CAPTAIN

I can stop us or ram it, but it's too late to turn at this speed.

LARSEN

Better stop us.

Seconds after the Captain initiates a speed decrease, Larsen's WALKIE-TALKIE squawks to life.

MALVERN (O.S.)

(over walkie)

Why the hell're we stopping?

LARSEN
There's a friggin' seaplane in our
way. Looks like Dodge's.

MALVERN (O.S.)
(over walkie)
Search the ship. No one gets below.
Or we're all dead.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

The hull of Malvern's ship cuts through the black waters. FIND Lara watching as the ship passes slowly by...then she makes a daring grab onto the ship's ANCHOR CHAIN.

EXT. MALVERN'S SHIP - LOWER SURFACE DECK - NIGHT

Lara climbs aboard and creeps around the lower deck past Malvern's HUEY HELICOPTER parked on the heliport. Lara is on full alert with both guns drawn, but curiously there doesn't seem to be anyone topside. So she finds a HATCH providing access to the levels below.

INT. MALVERN'S SHIP - A-LEVEL - NIGHT

Lara quietly searches the corridors for signs of life. Suddenly, she presses her back against the wall...

CLANK-CLANK-CLANK. The sounds of footsteps on the metal floor heading her way. Lara ducks into a side room...

INT. MALVERN'S SHIP - A-LEVEL - BUTCHER ROOM - NIGHT

Lara looks around a room filled with a grisly variety of HOOKS, BLADES AND CHOPPING EQUIPMENT used for Malvern's defunct whaling business. Lara's nose wrinkles, both with disgust and the lingering smell. Lara watches an AUSSIE GUARD pass, then she exits quickly...

INT. MALVERN'S SHIP - A-LEVEL - NIGHT

The Aussie Guard doesn't see Lara creep up behind him.

LARA
Howdy mate.

The Aussie spins to see Lara's guns pointed at him.

AUSSIE GUARD
No, no! Don't shoot!

LARA
Fair enough.

Lara PISTOL-WHIPS the guard, who hits the deck, out cold. Lara quickly searches him...but finds that his holster is curiously empty.

INT. MALVERN'S SHIP - B-LEVEL - NIGHT

Descending a ladder, Lara finds herself deep in the bowels of the ship. As she peers around a corner:

POV - LARA

Two people in HAZ-MAT suits walk down the corridor. They enter a room via a temporary AIR LOCK constructed around a HEAVILY REINFORCED STEEL DOOR.

BACK TO SCENE

Lara hurries to the door. On the wall is a conspicuously new emblem: the universal symbol for radiation. Lara peers into the room through the small door PORTHOLE, but the glass is FROSTED; Lara can see only silhouettes and movement...

Until the dark shape of a haz-mat helmet looms into view! Lara ducks behind the heavy door as it opens...and it swings right into her; Lara lets out an involuntary GRUNT.

The HAZ-MAT AUSSIE spins around, alerted. Lara greets him with guns drawn. The Aussie waves frantically:

HAZ-MAT AUSSIE
(muffled by helmet)
No, no guns! Please!

LARA
Well isn't this a switch.

Lara holsters her guns. The Haz-Mat Aussie visibly relaxes. Which is when Lara delivers a vicious KICK to the groin. After the Aussie doubles over, Lara removes his helmet and drops him where he stands with an UPPERCUT.

INT. MALVERN'S SHIP - B-LEVEL - NIGHT

Lara emerges from a room wearing the Aussie's haz-mat suit. She heads for the REINFORCED DOOR, entering like she belongs. But Lara isn't prepared for the sight that greets her inside.

INT. MALVERN'S SHIP - B-LEVEL - SLAUGHTER ROOM - NIGHT

The room where the ship's catch was gutted, sliced and processed has been converted into a makeshift factory floor. Lara discreetly stashes her GUNS behind a shipping crate.

On one side, two haz-mat-suited TECHS delicately load METAL CONTAINERS with radiation symbols on them into heavily insulated SHIPPING CRATES. Another tech logs the progress into COMPUTERS. Once the crates are secure, they are rolled by dolly into a nearby COLD-STORAGE LOCKER.

Three more techs are queued up in front of a clear, two-foot thick plexi-glass WINDOW. Behind this air-lock divider is Malvern! But it's impossible for Lara to see exactly what he's up to. So she moves in for a closer view...

Lara joins the line, careful to avoid the looks of the other technicians milling about the room. While she waits, Lara peeks over a tech's shoulder at his computer:

CU - COMPUTER SCREEN: Purchase orders, shipping manifests. Malvern is selling something to private buyers around the globe for millions more than the market price of a whale.

Finding herself next in line, Lara sees for the first time: Malvern on the other side of the plexiglass, his arms encased in protective WALL-GLOVES, cupping with both hands the BLACK VEIL on Lara's side of the wall.

The tech in front of her places a piece of SCRAP IRON into the Black Veil, and as Malvern concentrates BLACK SMOKE billows from the obsidian cup. As the smoke dissipates, Malvern pours a GRAY LIQUID into the tech's CONTAINER.

LARA
(eyes wide; sotto)
Plutonium.

Lara finally arrives at the front of the line. Malvern looks pallid and moist, the process clearly draining him. He waits for Lara to drop her scrap iron into the Veil...but she doesn't have any.

MALVERN
What the hell're you doing?

Malvern finally recognizes Lara through her face plate. Lara answers by grabbing the Black Veil from Malvern's gloved hands. As Lara hurries for the reinforced door, Malvern yanks his arms from the gloves and hits and INTERCOM button.

MALVERN (CONT'D)
(over intercom)
Stop her! Get the Veil!

As the techs realize what's going on, Lara reaches the shipping crates where she stashed her guns. Suddenly, all activity ceases.

MALVERN (CONT'D)
(over intercom)
She won't shoot. One stray bullet
and we're all at ground zero.

LARA
Better us than the rest of the
world.

The conviction in Lara's voice gives pause to Malvern.

MALVERN
(over intercom)
Everyone out. Now.

The room empties out quickly through the reinforced door. Larsen joins him behind the plexiglass in the view room.

LARA
What's the point to all this,
Malvern? End of the world? That your
game?

As he speaks, Malvern hits some buttons on a CONTROL PANEL inside the view room -- we can't see exactly what he's doing.

MALVERN
(over intercom)
The world's gonna end sooner than
later, Ms. Croft. Figure I'll go out
on top when it does. But we need you
to put down your gun now.

LARA
Dump all the plutonium overboard and
then we'll talk.

Larsen whispers something to Malvern, who smiles.

MALVERN
(over intercom)
I've got a better idea. Let's talk
about one of the precautionary
measures we've taken here...

Lara looks around, instantly suspicious.

MALVERN (CONT'D)
(over intercom)
In a radiation-filled environment
you must be able to remove all the
air in two minutes.

Lara reacts as her haz-mat suit starts to CINCH to her body! Malvern has initiated the air removal process.

MALVERN (CONT'D)
Ever seen a fish out of water,
flapping around? It's not a pretty

sight. You can see the panic in
their eyes...until they start
popping out their sockets.

Larsen waves at Lara, sucking in his lips to resemble a fish.
Panicking, Lara points a gun at him and fires! But nothing happens.
Lara points both her guns at the plutonium -- CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

MALVERN (CONT'D)
(over intercom)
Did I forget to mention that with no
oxygen your gun can't fire?

Larsen and Malvern share a cruel LAUGH inside the view room.

MALVERN (CONT'D)
G'Day, Ms. Croft.

As Lara's face plate fogs up and her body stiffens, the guns slip from
her hands. Staggering around the room, Lara stumbles inexplicably into
the COLD-STORAGE LOCKER, which she closes behind her.

INT. MALVERN'S SHIP - B-LEVEL - VIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Lara is now out of sight from the view room. Larsen shoots Malvern a
confused look.

LARSEN
What's the hell's she doing now?

MALVERN
British pride. Doesn't want to give
us the pleasure of watching her die.
(then)
Let's, get this ship moving again.
We've got orders to fill.

The two men exit the view room.

INT. MALVERN'S SHIP - B-LEVEL - COLD STORAGE LOCKER - NIGHT

Lara leans against the back wall of the locker, which is filled with
CRATES OF STORED, SHIELDED PLUTONIUM.

Her breathing extremely labored now, Lara slides down the wall into a
sitting position. Her eyes show the understandable panic coursing
through her veins. But then her eyes focus on the Black Veil in her
hands, still filled with plutonium. With the last reserves of strength
she has, Lara closes her eyes and concentrates. BLACK SMOKE starts to
billow from the Veil, sucked into the AIR VENTS overhead.

INT. MALVERN'S SHIP - A-LEVEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Heading back, Malvern and Larsen look at one another incredulously as KLAXONS begin to blare.

LARSEN

A breach? That's impossible.

MALVERN

Get up top. Take everyone with you.
The only way off this ship's up
there.

Larsen hurries up a ladder as Malvern reverses direction, heading back downstairs...

CUT TO:

CU - A HOLE

in the corridor wall leading into the cold storage locker; the edges are frozen and brittle. We are:

INT. MALVERN'S SHIP - B-LEVEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Malvern, now wearing a haz-mat suit, examines the HOLE with a flashlight.

LARA (O.S.)

Liquid nitrogen.

Dodge whirls around to find Lara armed with a SPEAR HOOK.

LARA (CONT'D)

The Veil works with any element.

Malvern turns to run, but Lara snags him on the thigh with the spear hook, then yanks him back -- he lands at her feet, his haz-mat suit torn exposing bleeding flesh.

LARA (CONT'D)

Now you know how those whales felt.

Lara twirls around the spear hook, switching to the wooden handle end, and SMASHES Malvern's face plate!

INT.MALVERN'S SHIP - B-LEVEL - VIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Lara enters the view room, removes her helmet and watches Malvern regain consciousness.

LARA

(over intercom)

Here's an interesting fact: with the amount of radiation presently soaking into your body, the rest of your journey to Australia will be a painful one indeed.

Malvern sits up, slowly comprehending his predicament.

LARA (CONT'D)

First, you'll be overcome with
nausea. Next comes the blood from
every orifice -- very messy. Then
out falls the hair, which in your
case may be more of a blessing. And
finally, if you're still alive, you
go deaf, dumb and blind. Not
necessarily in that order.

(beat)

G'Day.

As Lara leaves, Malvern bangs furiously on the plexiglass. But then he remembers a way out and heads for COLD STORAGE.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALVERN'S SHIP - UPPER SURFACE - CARGO AREA - NIGHT

Stripped back to her scuba outfit, Lara hurries up a ladder and finds herself in the middle of an assortment of CRATES. Various labels indicate that the crates contain weapons and ammunition. Lara opens a crate marked "DANGER: EXPLOSIVES!" Inside are a dozen SMALL METALLIC BOXES marked "Plastique." Emptying one of the boxes, Lara places the BLACK VEIL inside.

EXT. MALVERN'S SHIP - UPPER SURFACE DECK - NIGHT

Larsen sits at one of the ship's TWO HARPOON GUNS. As he barks orders at the MERCENARIES on deck, his walkie speaks:

AUSSIE GUARD (O.S.)

(over walkie; whispers)

I see her. Upper deck, above the
chopper.

Larsen spins in the harpoon chair to see: Lara creeps along the upper deck towards Malvern's Huey. Larsen pivots the harpoon gun, licking his lips in anticipation.

LARSEN

(into walkie; whispers)

Everybody port side. Now.

FOLLOW LARA as she scampers along the shadowy deck, the METALLIC BOX (with the Veil inside) tucked under her arm --

-- TCTCTCTCTCTCTCTC!!! The upper deck erupts in UZI FIRE. Lara dives for cover as bullets ricochet off the deck and walls.

As Larsen carefully lines up a shot with the harpoon gun...

Lara RUNS AND SHOOTs with her single gun until all her bullets are spent. She keeps running for the Huey but --

-- AN AUSSIE GUARD appears in Lara's path with a SHOTGUN!

AUSSIE GUARD
End of the line, Missie.

Just then, Larsen fires the harpoon gun! THE HARPOON flies towards Lara, trailing a thick STEEL CABLE. Lara sees it coming before the Aussie Guard, so she SIDE-FLIPS with a HALF TWIST in the air, reversing her direction!

The harpoon misses Lara by inches...but impales the Aussie Guard and sticks in a crate down on the lower surface deck!

LARSEN
Goddammit!

Larsen abandons the harpoon gun and takes chase on foot as...

Lara grabs up the Aussie's shotgun and cracks it open. With the METALLIC BOX between her feet, Lara uses the V'd shotgun to ZIP DOWN the harpoon's steel cable to the lower surface deck where the Huey is parked!

RACK FOCUS on Malvern emerging from the lower levels.

INT. MALVERN'S HUEY HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Lara hops into the chopper, placing the METALLIC BOX onto the seat next to her. She quickly gets the rotors going and starts to lift from the deck...but not before Larsen jumps from the side of the ship and grabs onto the landing struts!

After Larsen pulls himself up into the back of the chopper...

EXT. MALVERN'S SHIP - UPPER SURFACE DECK - CONTINUOUS

His sweaty face knotted with maniacal fury, Malvern stands at the other harpoon gun, one eye squinted on his target: the rising chopper --

-- KA-SHOOOOOOOOOP! The harpoon arcs through the night sky snaring the landing struts! Malvern smiles a twisted smile as the Huey becomes a fly on a string above him!

MALVERN
Reel her in.

One of the Aussies takes over the harpoon controls from Malvern. Now the hydraulic engines start to pull the chopper down towards the ship!

INT. MALVERN'S HUEY HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Abandoning the now useless controls, Lara reaches for the METALLIC BOX ...but Larsen puts a boot hard down on her hand.

LARSEN

I read somewhere that British girls
like it rough.

Larsen viciously backhands Lara, who stumbles to her knees inside the cabin. Now armed with the metallic box, Larsen stands over Lara, fully enjoying his position of power.

LARSEN (CONT'D)
Tell you what. Beg for your life
like Erikson did and I'll make it a
quickie for you.

Lara's eyes suddenly burn with a rage we haven't seen before. She LEG WHIPS Larsen down to the floor and ELBOWS his windpipe with such force that he releases the metallic box.

EXT. MALVERN'S SHIP - UPPER SURFACE DECK - CONTINUOUS

Malvern and the rest of the Aussie contingent stare up at the circling helicopter...slowly being reeled in closer to the ship by the Aussie controlling the harpoon gun!

INT. MALVERN'S HUEY HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Lara and Larsen continue to slug it out inside the chopper, which lurches on the end of the harpoon line -- Lara goes tumbling against the wall. Larsen takes the opportunity to grab back the metallic box, which he raises above his head to smash in Lara's skull.

LARA
You wanna know how British girls
really like it?

Larsen hesitates for just a second, allowing Lara to KICK him out the open side of the chopper.

LARA (CONT'D)
With us on top.

EXT. MALVERN'S SHIP - LOWER SURFACE DECK - CONTINUOUS

The Huey has been pullea within 30' of the deck, so the fall doesn't immediately kill Larsen, who smashes down into some SHIPPING CRATES.

Malvern and the other Aussies hurry down to the lower deck. With blood trickling from his mouth, Larsen holds up the metallic box. A victorious grin despite the pain.

LARSEN
I...I got the Veil.

INT. MALVERN'S HUEY HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Lara cleverly maneuvers the chopper so that the steel cable wraps around the Aussie at the controls of the harpoon gun...

EXT. MALVERN'S SHIP - LOWER SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

Malvern reaches down and takes the metallic box from Larsen. A faint TICKING can be heard. A worried look crosses Malvern's face as he opens the box to see Lara's ruse:

CU - A BRICK OF PLASTIQUE rigged to blow in five seconds!

INT. MALVERN'S HUEY HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Lara pitches the Huey so she can get a clear view of the harpoon gun, then uses the cable to crush the Aussie at the controls against the harpoon RELEASE LEVER -- Klank!

Finally free and clear, Lara pushes the Huey to its limit, speeding away from the ship as THE NIGHT SKY GOES RED!

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The red flash fades to white, revealing A NUCLEAR MUSHROOM growing up from the water. The Huey Helicopter flies right at the camera, chased by the ENERGY WAVE. But Lara never looks back. And as the helicopter hits escape velocity, we;

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

CU - LONDON HERALD HEADLINE reads: "New Evidence of El Dorado Uncovered!" Captions under PHOTOS of Dodge and Darby attribute the discovery of Manco's Tomb to them. We are:

INT. BENTLEY ARNAGE - DAY

Lara, relaxing in the back seat, finishing the article.

LARA
Bravo, boys.

She kisses two fingers and applies the sentiment to each man's picture.

Karak drives with one eye on Lara in the rear-view mirror.

KARAK
I take it your trip was...
rejuvenating?

LARA
Wonderfully so, Karak.

KARAK

Did you find what you were looking
for?

Lara thinks about this for a moment, then half-smiles.

LARA

Yes.

(pause)

Yes, I think I finally did.

KARAK

You haven't forgotten about your
Aunt's cocktail party?

LARA

(instant dread)

Is that tonight?

KARAK

(wry)

You can run, Lara, but you can't
hide.

CUT TO:

INT. AUNT EV'S FLAT - NIGHT

This impressive West End flat is peopled with ELDERLY MEN in tuxes and AGING WOMEN draped in demure dresses and ostentatious jewelry. Aunt Ev flits about, hosting a cocktail party for the upper crust of British society.

Suddenly, the din of vapid conversation drops a notch. All eyes -- especially male -- fall firmly upon:

LARA crossing the room in black stiletto heels and a sheer, blood-red dress that hides everything...and yet nothing. Oddly, she's carrying a BRIEFCASE.

As Lara confidently makes her way across the room, the sea of party-goers parts magically before her. Aunt Ev spots her and hurries over.

EVELYN

Lara! I'm so glad you could make it.
And look at you -- that vacation did
you a world of good.

LARA

It was a brilliant suggestion, Aunt
Ev. May we speak alone for a moment?

EVELYN

Yes, but only a moment. So many
people to attend to, you know.

INT. AUNT EV'S FLAT - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Lara and Evelyn enter a lushly-decorated sitting room. A warm fire from the hearth illuminates the room. Lara opens her briefcase and pulls out a stack of LEGAL PAPERS.

LARA

I've signed the paperwork, as promised.

EVELYN

How proud your mother would be, to see you filling her shoes so nicely.

LARA

Oh, I almost forgot -- I brought you a little souvenir from my travels...

She hands her aunt THE BLACK VEIL.

EVELYN

(hates it)

You're so...thoughtful.

As Evelyn walks around looking for a spot to place the Veil:

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I just don't know what to do with all these knickknacks you give me.

REVEAL almost every horizontal surface in the room is occupied by the incredible ARTIFACTS Lara has given her.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Scions, daggers... Where in the world do you ever find these things?

LARA

Oh, here and there...

Impatient, Evelyn finally crams the Black Veil in a lower cubby hole, completely out of sight.

LARA (CONT'D)

I would love to stay, but I have another very important engagement.

EVELYN

(ears perk up)

Engagement? Who's the lucky fellow?

LARA

(deadpan; teases her)

Actually, there are three of them.

Off of Evelyn's confounded look, we;

CUT TO:

INT. THE WORLD'S END PUB - NIGHT

Her red dress hiked up, Lara sits on a stool between the Gadget Boys --Stuart, Liam & Wesley. They are all drinking from a pint of dark ale.

STUART

So how was your trip?

LIAM

What happened this time?

WESLEY

You nail any baddies?

LARA

Such imaginations...

Lara enjoys her beer as the TV above the bar broadcasts a NEWS REPORT over images of the blasted remains of Malvern's SHIPPING VESSEL floating in ocean.

NEWSCASTER

...officials are uncertain what initiated the nuclear blast, which fortunately was far enough from all major land masses to pose any threat of fallout...

The Gadget Boys all turn in unison to stare at Lara.

STUART

That was you wasn't it?

LARA

(feigns indignation)

Let me remind you, I am a proper British girl.

The Gadget Boys aren't sure what to believe as Lara finishes her beer in one big, unladylike swig.

LARA (CONT'D)

Most of the time anyway.

Lara's sly smirk elicits smiles from the boys, as we;

FADE OUT: