

TB

TOMB RAIDER

by

Steven E. de Souza

Lawrence Gordon Productions

February 5, 1999
SECOND DRAFT

SOUTH AMERICA

THE ANDES MOUNTAINS

CENTRAL EUROPE

MACEDONIA
THE TOMB OF KING PHILIP
A BALKAN VILLAGE

ENGLAND

CROFT HALL
THE BRITISH MUSEUM
LARA'S LONDON OFFICE
PARLIAMENT
HEATHROW AIRPORT
ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE

GREECE

A FISHING VILLAGE
THE ISLAND OF EVVOIA
THE AEGEAN SEA

THE FORMER SOVIET UNION

THE CITY OF BAKU
ZABUL'S INN

KAFIRISTAN

RIVER
MOUNTAIN
FOREST
DESERT
THE TOMB OF ALEXANDER

THE LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA

*They say the wealth of volumes it contains
Outnumbers the stars or the grains
Of sand in the desert. The man
Who tried to read them all would lose
His mind and the use of his reckless eyes.
Here the great memory of the centuries
That were, the swords and the heroes,
The concise symbols of algebra,
The knowledge that fathoms the planets
Which govern destiny, the powers
Of herbs and talismanic carvings,
The verse in which love's caress endures,
The science that deciphers the solitary
Labyrinth of God, theology,
Alchemy which seeks to turn clay into gold
And all the symbols of idolatry.*

- Jorge Luis Borges

TB
FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNT CHACHAPOYA - PERU - CRANE SHOT - DAY

CAMERA creeps up increasingly forbidding terrain. Harsh mountain winds whip snow across fields of ice and cragged rocks. Incredibly, several sets of FOOTPRINTS march skyward. Finally TWO QUECHUA INDIANS come into view. At this altitude, even their mountain-bred lungs wheeze as they speak, their dialect SUBTITLED:

FIRST INDIAN

We are mad to be this high this time
of year - this time of day - ! This
Englishwoman will be the death of us!

SECOND INDIAN

This Englishwoman has never failed...
and she pays well.

FIRST INDIAN

What good is money if you don't live
to spend it?

CAMERA SWEEPS past them to towering INCAN COLUMNS. Snow and ice obscure the deepest carvings. Beneath their shadows - A WOMAN. The HOODED PERUVIAN ROBE she wears belted at the waist doesn't disguise that shape, that form, that hair.

She turns. Yup. It's LADY PRISCILLA FENWICK. The mountain snow reflects on her thick eyeglasses. Her breath squeezes through her overbite as she calls back -

LADY PRISCILLA

Carlos, bring the camera - I want to
get a photograph!

Grumbling, the First Indian slogs his way through Lady Priscilla's snowtracks, struggles to get a Polaroid camera out from under his parka. Priscilla poses grandly.

LADY PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Like this, don't you think?

(when he hesitates)

Carlos, stop dawdling. Take a picture
of the first person to ascend the
North face of Mount Chachapoya!

An odd look on his face, the Indian re-directs his camera.

FIRST INDIAN

Uh... I am.

Lady Priscilla turns. Coming over the crest of the peak are HALF A DOZEN MERCENARIES in winter MILITARY CAMOUFLAGE.

LADY PRISCILLA

Heavens. I thought the last thing I'd
see up here would be other people.

TB

MERCENARY LEADER

You got that right.

The SIX MEN reveal Heckler & Koch assault rifles, OPEN FIRE -
REVERSE ANGLE - CLOSE ON LADY PRISCILLA

Her glasses reflect blinding sky as she SCREAMS. WIDEN. She -
and the Indians behind her - realize they're untouched. Then...
a RUMBLE overwhelms the GUNFIRE. Lady Priscilla's party looks up.

WIDER SHOT

The armed men have shot at the cliff overhang above Priscilla's
team. Time seems to stop for a frozen moment. Then the
AVALANCHE begins.

The cammy-clad men step back several paces as a WHITE WAVE OF
SNOW sweeps the explorers into oblivion.

CLOSE ON THE GROUND

Somehow the Polaroid camera has ended up only half buried in the
snow. WHIRR. A picture clicks out... showing the murderers. A
HAND reaches into the shot. TILT UP as the MERCENARY LEADER
BURNS the photograph. CRANE UP. Just over the ridge - a HIGH
ALTITUDE HELICOPTER. All get in. It lifts off.

INT. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - DAY

As one of his men pilots, the mercenary leader hits the speed
dial on a SATELLITE DIGITAL PHONE.

MERCENARY LEADER

This is Mountain High. It's
definitely a White Christmas. Repeat,
definitely a White Christmas.

CUT TO:

INT. A STATELY HOME - ENGLAND - SAME TIME

NIGHT here across the globe. CAMERA so tight on the BACK of a
FIGURE it's impossible to determine if it's a man or a woman.

MERCENARY LEADER

(through SPEAKERPHONE)

Over and out.

The figure hits the speakerphone's "off" button. The hand wears
a WHITE COTTON GLOVE. As the figure rises, we SEE why: A STAMP
COLLECTION under examination.

CAMERA follows that figure to a DESK DRAWER where it takes out a
LEATHER NOTEBOOK and a MONT BLANC PEN. Meanwhile, a TV in a
Georgian cabinet emits the CHIME known 'round the world.

TB

NEWSCASTER

This is the BBC. Progress remains stalled at the Yugoslav peace talks... problems with the International Space Station... and just in, Lady Priscilla Fenwick, amateur explorer and ninth cousin to HRH The Queen, has been killed in a freak avalanche in Peru... making her the fourth member of the Ishkander expedition of ten years ago to die abruptly in the past few weeks.

A PHOTOGRAPH is chromo-keyed behind the newscaster: A somewhat younger Lady Priscilla, three MEN in pongees and khakis, and a gawky TEENAGED GIRL, braces gleaming, in some desert location. All proudly display a LARGE RECTANGULAR STONE CARVING.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

The others were Dr. Harry Hendricks, Baronet Anthony D'ascoyne, Sir Roger Ackroyd... and now -

Those white-gloved hands open that leather notebook... revealing a LIST OF THREE CROSSED OUT NAMES - the same as those just read over the air. Now they "X" out -

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D; O.S.)

...Lady Priscilla Fenwick. Is there a "curse of Ishkander", like that once attributed to King Tut? And if so - who will be next?

CAMERA PUSHES CLOSER to the one remaining name, just as the pen in the white-gloved hand circles it: "LARA CROFT".

CUT TO:

LARA CROFT - IN THE FLESH - UNDERGROUND

Mid-twenties, athlete's body, dark eyes of piercing intelligence. A "heads up" military grade MINI-VIDEO RIG is strapped to her well-toned shoulders. Her MAGLIGHT torch sweeps past LENS as she steps closer to CAMERA, speaks into a THROAT MIKE.

LARA

Forty meters below current grade. The rough hewn masonry definitely Holy Roman Empire. Below that it appears to be Carolingian... and here... Macedonian. The level I want... the level that wants to kill me.

A FLASH of LIGHT suddenly penetrates a SLIT in the cave roof, dramatically illuminating the scene. Lara looks up, counts to six until there's an apparent THUNDERCLAP. Mumbles to herself.

TB

LARA (CONT'D)

A mile and a half away. Considering the circumstances... we'll dispense with the Discovery Channel special.

She pops the DV cassette out of the camera - then hits the quick release BUCKLE of the video gear. It tumbles into the abyss. Lara takes a step - and a cunningly designed and balanced STONE gives way. Lara FALLS through the collapsing stone bridge -

BELOW - UP ANGLE

It's barely a six foot drop. Only her pride is hurt.

LARA

Whew. Lucky.

She pans her FLASHLIGHT around. Twelve GLOWING EYES reflect back.

LARA (CONT'D)

Maybe not so lucky.

HER POV - A PACK OF WOLVES

The lead wolf HOWLS. All run towards her.

RESUME LARA - TRAVELING SHOT

LARA

And I gave to the Sierra club.

She turns, races through the cavern. The wolves howl, leap over the rocks, fighting for the lead - and the choice pickings.

Lara looks back, sees them closing in. She leaps across an ASTONISHINGLY WIDE CHASM, makes it, rolls to her feet. With both hands, she reaches into her backpack - takes out -

CLOSE ANGLE

Two TINS of BEEF.

BACK TO SCENE

She winds up, FLINGS them towards the cavern roof.

Lara Croft does not throw like a girl.

LARA - NEW ANGLE

draws TWIN AUTO PISTOLS from hip holsters, FIRES. The cans are PULVERIZED in mid-air.

TB

THE WOLVES

REACT as a rain of MEAT pours down on them. A moment's pause - and then the entire pack is tearing into each other in a shark-like feeding frenzy.

LARA - ACROSS THE CHASM

She spins her pistols back into their holsters.

LARA

Lunch Plan "B:" Better you than me.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL

Lara SWINGS on a rope towards LENS. WHISH. WHISH. WHISH. A split second after she passes, RAZOR-SHARP AXES swing out, missing her by millimeters. Then

THE LAST BLADE

just grazes Lara's rope. And that's enough. It SNAPS.

LARA - IN MID-AIR

tumbles diagonally, landing roughly on an NARROW ISOLATED LEDGE the size of a surfboard. There seems to be nowhere to go from here. Except -

ACROSS THE CLEFT - NEW ANGLE

Only eight feet away the cavern wall looks too true, too square.

Lara makes her decision. Gathering her feet under her, she does her trademark HANDSPRING across the void to the neighboring ledge. She looks at the CARVING there: A PYRAMID and EYE, bracketed by a stonecutter's LEVEL and CALIPERS. It's like the back of a dollar bill merged with the Masonic symbol.

LARA

(breathlessly)

The Seal of the House of Macedon.

She looks around carefully. Left of the door - the Pyramid, alone. To the right - the Level, also alone. Lara frowns.

LARA (CONT'D)

The Seal, apart? Why?

She looks UP. On the ceiling - the EYE, also alone.

LARA (CONT'D)

The All-Seeing Eye. Looking down.
Looking down, at...

TB
The Seal's elements run along the base in a definite PATTERN.
Lara's eyes follow it.

LARA (CONT'D)
...Pyramid, Level, Calipers...
Pyramid, Level, Cal -
(backing up)
Pyramid not level.

Indeed, one Pyramids is TILTED 45 DEGREES. Lara carefully reaches out - turns it. WITH A RUMBLE, the door OPENS OUTWARDS. Lara grabs on just in time. She FLINGS her torch through the opening, "dismounts" the door like a gymnast into -

INT. CHAMBER

- where she rolls to a bumpy but intact halt. She picks up her torch, rises expectantly to her full 5'8" height.

LARA
The Tomb of King Philip...!

Her face falls. All around is nothing but debris and ruin; huge GAPS in the walls mark where treasures have been ripped free.

LARA (CONT'D)
...and it's been robbed.

Lara sags against a fallen column...and doing so illuminates a PUZZLE-LIKE PROTRUSION on its otherwise smooth doric surface. Torch high again, Lara's expert eye looks for where the column may have stood when it was upright. In a moment, she's found the corresponding niche. Tossing rubble aside with impressive strength, she reaches inside. There's a CLICK... then a SCRAPE.

REVERSE ANGLE

As a stone swings open, a GOLDEN GLOW reflects the torch back onto Lara's face. Lara reaches into the niche, withdraws a GOLDEN MASK. Lara reacts to its weight. The detail is rough, but then again, it has taken a 2,000 year beating.

LARA
If that's you, Phil, you've looked better.

Another FLASH OF LIGHT... and an almost IMMEDIATE THUNDER-like CLAP. RUBBLE falls. An OPENING the size of a manhole appears in the cavern roof high above Lara's head.

LARA (CONT'D)
Less than a mile.

She stashes the Golden Mask in a canvas sack. Shoots a GRAPPLING HOOK into the rock above. Climbs.

TB

LARA (CONT'D)

Going up. Housewares... ladies
lingerie...
(a glance at her prize)
...History.

EXT. PHILIP'S TOMB - DAY

Lara wiggles out of that opening. At the same moment - BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM! An artillery BARRAGE lands nearby.

LARA

Bloody Balkans. I knew I should have
made that left turn at Albuquerque.

CAMERA CRANES UP on a battle-scarred landscape. Lara hugs a
WRECKED BUILDING as another SHELL explodes. She races for
cover - and right into the path of -

FOUR HEAVILY ARMED BANDITS - NEW ANGLE

Immediately they snatch her pistols, surround her.

BANDIT LEADER

Well. A very pretty lady... and maybe
a pretty penny in that bag, eh?
(extending hand)
Give me... Now!

Lara wearily unslings the bag with the heavy golden mask from her
shoulder.

LARA

Oh what's the point. I've been
lugging the damn thing around for
hours and it weighs a ton anyway.
Frankly... it's a ball buster.

There's no need to describe what she does to the nearest Bandit.
Lara takes out the next one with another sweep of the bag,
backhands the one behind her she detected from a twig snap,
karate kicks the fourth - then reacts to -

NEW ANGLE - OVER LARA'S BACK

A previously unseen HUGE BANDIT, grinning. The sun bounces off
his gold tooth - and the huge SWORD he's brandishing.

Lara suddenly opens her blouse! The Bandit's eyes go wide - his
jaw drops along with his guard. WHAM. As both he and his sword
pitch into the earth, Lara retrieves her guns, exits past a
fallen SIGN pointing to Germany, France... and points west.
She's whistling - THE COLONEL BOGEY MARCH.

CUT TO:

TB
EXT. CROFT HALL - ENGLAND - NIGHT

WIDEN from the historic MARKER identifying this Georgian Masterpiece.

LARA'S VOICE
Scotland Yard?

THE SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Two Scotland Yard inspectors sit impatiently with the tea forced on them by Lara's aunt, LADY GWENDOLYN, 65, an Anglo-American legend along the lines of the late Pamela Churchill Harrington.

BRYCE, the younger, rises smoothly as Lara enters. DENTON makes a noisy clatter with cup and saucer as he stumbles to his feet.

LARA (CONT'D)
You needn't have bothered, Gentlemen:
museum security took that artifact
from me at customs.

Bryce produces the PHOTOGRAPH seen on TV. Points to one figure.

BRYCE
It's not about that, Miss Croft. You
know this woman, of course..?

LARA
Lady Priscilla Fenwick.
(pause)
The Late Lady Fenwick.

Gwendolyn looks sadly at an IDENTICAL PHOTOGRAPH on a shelf.

AUNT GWEN
Lady Priscilla was like a mentor to my
niece. Poor woman.

LARA
Mentor? Let's not exaggerate, Aunt
Gwen. Lady Priscilla was the most
insufferable instructor I had at
Gordonstoun. And she gave me a "C".

DENTON
Are you saying you had a motive, Miss?

BRYCE
(with strained patience)
Denton... Miss Croft was on the other
side of the world. Ah... why don't
you check in with headquarters?

DENTON
On it.

He goes out. Bryce gives Lara an apologetic look.

LARA

Aunt Gwen, Inspector Bryce and I will be fine. Thank you.

AUNT GWEN

(eager to eavesdrop)

Are you sure, dear?

LARA

Quite sure.

Gwen leaves. Lara helps herself to some tea, refills Bryce's.

LARA (CONT'D)

Your partner's awfully eager to find a suspect, Inspector - especially since the news reports said Lady Priscilla's death was an accident...?

Lara sits opposite Bryce beneath a portrait of a younger Gwen in polo attire. Silence as the MacLean of Edinburgh grandfather clock ticks away in the hall.

BRYCE

Yes. Like Sir Roger Ackroyd, when his yacht sank off Bermuda. Like Baronet Anthony D'ascoyne, when the horse he rode daily went mad and trampled him. And like Dr. Harry Hendricks, who fell from the Tower of London while restoring a suit of armor.

He looks at her face, still implacable. Taps the face of that teenaged girl in the picture.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Surely you realize you are the last surviving member of this expedition? I mean - you must see the implication?

NEW ANGLE

Lara looks long and hard at him... and then BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER.

LARA

(composing herself)

Please excuse me, Inspector, - I meant no disrespect... But it's just so... preposterous! Whether it's King Tut - or "Emperor Ishkandar"... I'm afraid I don't believe in curses.

Bryce stands, warms himself by the fire. The flames throw his handsome features into stark relief.

BRYCE

Neither does Scotland Yard, Miss Croft. However...

(turning)

...we do believe in murder.

LARA

Murder..? But the news reports -

BRYCE

It's standard Yard practice to withhold key information from the media. The Peruvian Authorities found shell casings at the "avalanche" scene. A Royal Navy diver found a limpet mine on Sir Roger's sunken yacht...

LARA

Don't tell me. The suit of armor Dr. Hendricks was polishing pushed him out of the tower.

BRYCE

(sharply)

The suit of armor he was supposed to be restoring was on the ground floor. We don't know who - or - what lured him to the roof. All we know is he ended up a pile of bone and jelly at the bottom.

LARA

(abashed)

I... I'm sorry. I didn't mean to seem arch.

BRYCE

And I didn't mean to seem rude...

A moment between them. Then Bryce is all business again.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

May I ask, what are your plans for tomorrow?

LARA

I suppose I'll sleep off the jet lag, then there's this museum thing -

BRYCE

What about the next few weeks? Are you planning on leaving the country again?

LARA

I'm always planning on leaving the country...

(getting annoyed)

What's the purpose of all these questions?

BRYCE

We don't know if we're dealing with a terrorist... a madman... or - most likely - a member of some Kafiristan sect opposed to the West. But as the last surviving member of the Ishkandar Expedition, you're also the only remaining target. And, if I may be candid, that also makes you -

LARA

Bait?

BRYCE

Ah, that's a crude way to put it, but -

LARA

Thank you for being candid, Inspector. My turn: I'll be damned if I'll put my life on hold so you can stake me out like a goat to bag your damn tiger.

She marches him to the door. Opens it.

BRYCE

I'm sorry you feel that way, Miss Croft. But we're after a killer. Like it or not - we'll be watching you.

LARA

In that case, let me make it easy: My program's on The Discovery Channel on Thursdays.

She closes the door on him with a THUD, leans against it. Aunt Gwen enters from the adjoining GREENHOUSE, INSECTICIDE SPRAYER in her hand, protective MASK on her face. Gwen removes her mask, tries to act like she wasn't eavesdropping.

AUNT GWEN

The handsome ones are always trouble.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRITISH MUSEUM - NIGHT

KLEIG LIGHTS rake the building. LIMOUSINES discharge guests onto red-carpeted stairs. Then a JAGUAR XKE skids to a halt. Two long legs in Welford hose and Manolo Blahnik heels swing out. WIDEN to reveal Lara, in a stunning gown.

TB

She hands her keys to the valet, looks at the building with dismay. Long BANNERS sway on the portico: "TONIGHT ONLY - THE DEATH MASK OF KING PHILIP."

PAPARAZZI (O.S.)

There she is...! That's Lara Croft...!
Lara, give us a smile - !

First to reach Lara's side isn't a photographer - it's GEOFFREY, the museum curator, a 40-ish relic of swinging London.

GEOFFREY

Lara, there you are. Here - let me
get you past the press.

He takes her arm. It's immediately apparent that contrary to what he's said, he's making sure she passes as close to the reporters as possible. Geoffrey also does his best to get into each FLASH PHOTO himself. Lara points to the banners.

LARA

Geoffrey, what is this? We don't know
that artifact's a death mask for
certain - or even if it was Philip's -

GEOFFREY

(RE: the crowd)

Yes, but they don't know that, do they?
(waving to someone)
Good to see you!

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)

Miss Croft, could you please sign this?

Without breaking stride, Lara signs, moves on. CAMERA HOLDS on PRINCE HARRY, looking at Lara's autograph reverently.

MI5 MAN

Time to go, Your Highness. Final
exams in the morning.

RESUME LARA - TOP OF STEPS

increasingly annoyed as the black-tie crowd presses in on all sides, with her clearly the focus of attention.

LARA

Geoffrey, this is a bloody circus. I
didn't sign on for this dance.

VOICE

Then let me cut in.

CAMERA ADJUSTS. It's Bryce, dashing in black tie. He flashes I.D. to Geoffrey, whisks Lara away.

LARA

What the devil are you doing here?

BRYCE

That was going to be my question. You promised to keep a low profile - not make yourself a target.

LARA

I made no such promise. And I'm in my own element here - perfectly safe. I don't need a bodyguard.

She's jostled from behind, looks angrily around for the culprit.

BRYCE

(taking her arm)

Then consider me a blind date.

INT. BRITISH MUSEUM - PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Actually the nave of a Byzantine church reconstructed here. Lara, crunched between Bryce... and Geoffrey. THE MINISTER OF CULTURE is speaking. Beside him - an ancient but robust DIGNITARY with the mark of the Asian Steppes about his face.

MINISTER OF CULTURE

(in mid-oration)

It is a pleasure tonight to welcome the distinguished Ambassador from the newly independent State of Kafiristan -
(applause)

- and to announce that due to the sudden great interest in the so-called "Curse of Ishkandar", gallery hours will be extended on the week-ends.

Bryce looks askance at Lara, whose innocence in this is plain.

LARA

Good God, Geoffrey. Have you no shame?

GEOFFREY

Face it, Lara. Archaeology used to be the business of History. Now... it's show business.

MINISTER OF CULTURE

(CONT'D)

...and what a pleasure it is to greet you in particular here, beneath these fabulous Gothic windows illustrating so beautifully a scene from Ezekiel 38 and 39.

CAMERA ADJUSTS to feature A MEDIEVAL STAINED GLASS CEILING which illustrates TWO FRIGHTENING CREATURES devouring HUMAN VICTIMS.

MINISTER OF CULTURE (CONT'D)

The giants Gog and Magog rendered in glass, a gift from that great museum benefactor, the first Lord Croft - beginning a legacy that continues to this day with this, the greatest find to date: I give you - the Funeral Mask of King Philip of Macedon!

DRAMATIC LIGHTING CHANGE. A GLASS CASE RISES from below. Inside: The Mask. As the crowd marvels, Lara turns to Geoffrey, angry.

LARA

"Show business" is one thing, Geoffrey. But so is proper procedure. I risked my bloody neck to bring that back, it's irreplaceable. It should be down in the lab right now for analysis - photomeasurement - casting -

GEOFFREY

It will be... right after the sorbet.

MINISTER OF CULTURE

...and now the brave young lady who fetched this treasure from the veritable jaws of death - I give you - the Honorable Miss Lara Croft!

Lara goes to the podium with as much enthusiasm as she can muster.

LARA

Well. I didn't know a Cabinet Minister had the power to donate a citizen to a museum. But if I'm moving in, we'll need to put in some closets.

CAMERA tightens on her. Now we sense the steel ideals inside the kid evening gloves.

LARA (CONT'D)

But in all seriousness... it is a sad commentary that the same landscape where this wonderful treasure was found is still at sword's point after all these centuries not a thousand kilometers from our h'or d'oeures... and our derrieres. The sooner we get off them and stop the killing, the sooner this artifact can be in a museum in the only proper and just setting: Its own homeland.

APPLAUSE. Lara returns to Bryce - and an annoyed Geoffrey.

TB

GEOFFREY

Lovely speech. If this catches on,
you think they'll keep me around to
mind the empty cabinets?

LARA

(smiling for CAMERAS)
You wanted headlines.

Bryce is applauding - heartily. Lara notices.

BRYCE

(quickly stopping)
I was expressing my opinion as a
private citizen. Not officially.

LARA

How lovely... And half-hearted.

Lara's keen ear suddenly notices that the Kafiristan Ambassador
is "aiming" his applause in her direction. His RETINUE follows
suit. Lara is curiously disturbed by this. She quickly turns,
gown rustling, heads down a side corridor.

LARA - IN THE DARKENED MUSEUM - NIGHT

A beautiful woman in silk and pearls, running past Grecian
columns and oil paintings. It could be any time, any century.
And any observer would sense the young woman's emotional distress.

Even a Scotland Yard detective. Bryce catches up to her. His
tone is anything but official.

BRYCE

Miss Croft? That was boorish of me.
What you said was marvelous.
Unofficially - and damn it, officially,
too. I mean... what's England for, if
not fair play?

Lara looks at this handsome throwback with real affection.

LARA

That's very kind of you, really.
But... that's not what upset me.
I just need to be alone for a
moment... please?

He hesitates. Lara points to a SIGN: "ANTIQUITIES - CROFT WING."

LARA (CONT'D)

I do know my way around.

Acquiescing with a gesture, he stands guard like her Squire as
she moves into the darkness.

MUSEUM PARTY - SAME TIME

CAMERA PANS the paparazzi becoming increasingly irksome. A WOMAN reacts indignantly. TILT UP to the STAINED GLASS CEILING. An EXTRA HUMAN SILHOUETTE is on the glass where none existed before.

CUT TO:

CROFT WING - BRYCE

Impatient, he looks into the Croft Wing... then REACTS as Geoffrey appears, escorting the Kafiristan delegates.

GEOFFREY

...You'll see that everything has been kept in perfect -

A bulky Kafiristan AIDE puts up a sumo-sized hand. Geoffrey skids to a halt.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

- perfect condition...

(seeing Bryce)

Uh... good show. Carry on.

INT. MUSEUM - CROFT WING - NIGHT

On exhibit here, A STONE SARCOPHAGUS with the ALL-SEEING EYE on the lid - the artifact from the previously seen photograph. A foreign-accented VOICE quietly reads from the DISPLAY CARDS.

KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR

"...after evading pursuing bandits, the expedition escaped and placed the Sarcophagus of Ishkandar on display here, where it has remained ever since."

Pause. Lara moves into the light, CAMERA following. The earlier speaker is, of course, the Kafiristan Ambassador.

LARA

Except we didn't discover it, we stole it. And we weren't being chased by bandits, but the guards from the temple we had looted.

The Ambassador takes a thin leather portfolio from his bulky aide. Then he and Lara stroll deeper into the exhibit... alone.

KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR

You need not feel too guilty about your role in this affair, Miss Croft. You were practically a child. You believed what the expedition leaders told you.

(more)

TB

KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR (CONT'D)

Furthermore, I have friends in the museum laboratory. They have scanned for DNA in the sarcophagus. None was found. It never held the body of Ishkandar - or as you call him in the West -

LARA

(awed whisper)

Alexander the Great.

MUSEUM PARTY - SAME TIME

Geoffrey returns here, mingles and gladhands. CAMERA TILTS up. There are now FOUR human silhouettes on the stained glass ceiling. As ONE MORE drops soundlessly into place -

RESUME CROFT WING - SAME TIME

LARA

Mr. Ambassador. If this wasn't Alexander's final resting place - what was?

KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR

You are the scholar, Miss Croft. You tell me.

LARA

For centuries, the legend was that his tomb was in the city he founded - Alexandria. But it was never found -
(indicating the sarcophagus)
that's why when this turned up we thought we had -

KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR

- solved a two thousand year old mystery, yes. And speaking of ancient mysteries... what else of Alexander's was supposed to have been in his city... and also disappeared from history?

LARA

I don't...

(getting it)

You mean... the Library?

CAMERA ADJUSTS as he turns to examine a MUSEUM EXHIBIT depicting that Wonder of the Ancient World: The Great Library of Alexandria.

KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR

Yes. The greatest repository of wisdom ever assembled.

LARA

Assembled - and lost; long after
Alexander died - the building burned -

KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR

Yes, the building burned. But what of
its contents? Perhaps they did not
vanish... but, instead... were
deliberately hidden?

LARA

Hidden? How? Where?

KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR

Since the fall of the Soviet Union,
many artifacts have been returned to
our monasteries and shrines...

He opens the portfolio, takes out a ANCIENT PARCHMENT sealed
between thin sheets of plexiglas.

KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR (CONT'D)

Among them this dispatch, written by
Alexander's brother Ptolemy Lagus. In
it, he invites Alexander to voyage to
an obscure island in the Aegean known
as Evvoia - Six months before his
death.

LARA

(enthused - and awed)

Evvoia? But that's where -

Curious, Lara takes it, tilts it into the light, reads.

LARA (CONT'D)

"Brother: Our old tutor has finished
his greatest work. The plans await
only your approval - then all that you
are and all that is known will both be
safe until the end of time..."

She looks over at the display of Alexander's Library.

LARA (CONT'D)

"All that is known... both be safe...?"
(realizing)

Mr. Ambassador, this could be the
first real clue about the Great
Library since it vanished - you find
the Tomb, you find the Library!

KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR

Yes. And that, Miss Croft, is what
frightens me.

TB
THE PARTY - SAME TIME

CAMERA moves to three BULKY "WAITERS". They exchange glances. Casually roll their caterer's tables to new positions. CRANE UP. The catering tables now triangulate the room.

RESUME CROFT WING

LARA

Frightens you? But why?

She indicates the surrounding displays of the Hellenic Age.

LARA (CONT'D)

The little we know of what the Great Library might have contained is full of promise. Hero wrote of sources of energy far ahead of their time... Philo told of wondrous mechanisms that duplicated living creatures. Today we'd call that engineering and robotics - fields that have benefited humanity. Who knows what other mysteries the Ancients solved? We shouldn't be afraid of more knowledge.

KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR

You forget other legends, Miss Croft. For example...

He turns, crosses the gallery.

NEW ANGLE

Lara joins him at a larger - and more ominous DIORAMA.

KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR (CONT'D)

The one about how Syracuse destroyed a Roman fleet a mile off shore - with a terrible weapon still unknown to science?

Lara looks at the MECHANIZED DIORAMA, where a BEAM OF LIGHT from a modeled hillside carves a BLAZING SWATH through enemy ships. Even in miniature, the endlessly repeating carnage is unnerving.

LARA

Yes... who would know better than the Conqueror of the World that knowledge is power? And where better to hide dangerous knowledge than in what was then the furthest corner of his Empire and the known world -

TB

KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR
(finishing the thought)
- my homeland.
(urgently)

Miss Croft, your recent find of his father's funeral mask has aroused even greater interest in the more famous son. This news will soon fall on ears more interested in plunder than in history. Such knowledge must be kept out of the hands of people who might misuse it - already there are reports of a rival expedition!

CUT TO:

RESUME PARTY - THE "WAITERS"

One looks at his watch... then all three "bump" their serving carts forward, knocking startled guests off their feet.

SECURITY GUARDS

Seeing the guests sprawled on the floor, they start forward from their assigned spots - all crossing into the center of the vaulted chamber as they move.

INT. CROFT WING - SAME TIME

KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR
...if Alexander's true Tomb could yet lie within the boundaries of Kafiristan, its discovery could be a new beginning for us - as well as our history.

He continues on, not quite realizing the impact his use of "us" has had on Lara.

KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR (CONT'D)
Miss Croft, we are a poor nation, our meagre funds barely enough for schools and hospitals. I have no money to offer... and no right to ask...

LARA
(smiling)
Mr. Ambassador, you have no need to ask.

INT. PARTY - UP ANGLE ON STAINED GLASS - SAME MOMENT

SIX BLACK-CLAD, HOODED RAIDERS CRASH through Gog, Magog, and 800 years of art. They land directly on the guards; CLUB, TASER and BEAT them into insensitivity. At the same moment - the "waiters" yank SEMI-AUTOMATIC WEAPONS out from under the catering tables, FIRE over the heads of the crowd.

CROFT WING - SAME TIME

Lara turns at the CRASH and GUNSHOTS, races towards them. The Kafiristan party exchange glances, follows.

BRYCE - IN THE CORRIDOR

Gun already out, sneaking forward to reconnoiter. He whirls at the SOUND of RIPPING CLOTH. CAMERA ADJUSTS. Lara, backlit by ancient treasures, has just torn her evening gown from ankle to thigh. And speaking of thighs - on each of hers is a 9mm pistol. She draws both from their Kramer concealment holsters, takes up a ready position opposite the very startled Bryce.

MAIN ROOM - SAME TIME

WIDEN as a RAIDER snatches JEWELRY from the necks of the women, rings and watches from the men. CRASH OF GLASS swings us to a RAIDER who's just knocked in a cabinet of Thracian art. Starts dumping the smaller items into his bag. CLICK OF

STEEL-TIPPED COWBOY BOOTS - TILT UP

SKI-MASK not withstanding, there's no mistaking the voice of authority... as well as the TEXAS DRAWL:

TEXAN (LARSON)

No: Only what can't be traced.

FAVORING LARA AND BRYCE

crouched just out of sight, weighing the situation.

LARA

(whisper)

I can't get a clear shot for the crowd.

BRYCE

(whisper)

Same damn thing here.

Lara points with her chin towards a darkened GALLERY and better attack angle. Bryce nods. Both wait as the COWBOY BOOTS pass close by. Lara takes note of them. TILT UP to the frightened guests.

LARSON

Just a few more minutes of your time,
folks. Just think of this as -

His glove runs across the neck of a striking WOMAN who's trying to hide her DIAMOND CHOKER.

LARSON (CONT'D)

(ripping it free)

...a charitable contribution.

T B
Three of his five men are already RISING on their powered ropelines, sacks of treasure on their backs. Now Larson and the remaining two raiders clip onto their lines.

LARA AND BRYCE

LARA

We'll never have better odds than now.

Already moving, she's decided for both of them. She somersaults into the chamber, both guns BLAZING as she rolls. Hit, one of the men on the lines falls to his death, CRASHING into a display. A SECOND, wounded, STRANGLES in his own rappel line.

Then a "waiter" behind Lara jumps into view, death in white braided livery -

BRYCE - DIVING SIDEWAYS

He FIRES in mid-air -

THE "WAITER"

Hit three times, dead before he hits the dessert table -

LARA - CRANE SHOT

She runs forward, FIRING upwards - return fire from the dangling men all going wild - with the sole exception of -

LARSON - UP ANGLE

carefully aiming a COLT PEACEMAKER. He FIRES two quick SHOTS -

LARA AND BRYCE

Both flinch - then realize the bullets have gone through the HEARTS of the two remaining "waiters"!

LARA

Probably not the payday they expected.

Bryce sees it's clear. He FIRES a few shots skyward to make sure. The security guards overpowered earlier are already grabbing weapons from the dead.

BRYCE

What's the quickest way to the -
(turning)
- roof?

Lara's already crashing through a DOOR in the distance. Bryce races to follow, flashing I.D. to startled GUARDS.

THE MUSEUM ROOFTOP - NIGHT

WIDEN from a STEALTH HELICOPTER as it rises into the sky, vanishes. Lara FIRES a last futile burst, tracers arcing through the night... and falling short.

BRYCE

Save your ammunition. They're out of range.

(holstering his pistol)

At least they didn't get what they wanted: The final fulfilment of the so-called "curse". Your death.

Lara hesitates as she slips her autopistols along her thighs.

LARA

What? Bryce, this was a robbery - all the other deaths were -

BRYCE

Staged accidents. Boat, horse, avalanche. A stray bullet in the brain's just a fresh twist on it.

LARA

Then why rob the museum - and guests?

BRYCE

I imagine even terrorists have expenses. Probably why they ignored the famous bits, only took what's easily fenced - jewelry, silver...

LARA

(as both realize it)

...gold.

They race downstairs.

INT. MUSEUM - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

WIDEN from the case that contained the Mask of Philip. The glass - shattered; the mask - gone. Lara runs in with Bryce.

BRYCE

Damn!

CUT TO:

EXT. BRITISH MUSEUM - NIGHT

A crime scene, now. A POLICE OFFICER approaches Bryce.

POLICE OFFICER

Inspector, we pulled prints from the phoney waiters. Records long as your arm. Signed on with the caterer a month ago with bogus I.D.'s.

BRYCE

Bollocks! If I hadn't shot mine, he'd be talking right now -

LARA

(passing by)

Yes, and I wouldn't be.

BRYCE

(embarrassed)

I didn't mean it that way -

NEW ANGLE - THE KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR

As he gets into his LIMOUSINE, Lara sticks her head in the open door, speaks in Kafiri -

LARA

(subtitled)

The son's resting place, once thought found, revealed to still be lost.

KAFIRISTAN AMBASSADOR

(in the same tongue)

Now, the father's Death Mask, found - and lost - all within a fortnight. This is no coincidence. It must be connected to the lost Library.

BRYCE

(interrupting)

My apologies, Mr. Ambassador, but this is a crime scene. I must insist you speak English.

(to Lara)

What were you saying there?

LARA

I was about to say...

(turning to the Ambassador)

...yes.

The Ambassador clasps his hands together, pleased. Lara returns the gesture. The LIMOUSINE drives away.

BRYCE

And what exactly does "yes" mean?

LARA

Last I checked - the opposite of "no".

The VALET has brought her car. She starts to get in.

BRYCE

Miss Croft, you're still considered a target. Do you mind if I ask where you're going?

LARA

Of course not, Inspector.

(pause)

As long as you don't mind my not answering.

She drives away. Frustrated (and fascinated), Bryce snaps open his cell phone. DRAMATIC ADVENTURE MUSIC, and we -

CUT TO:

LARA - E.C.U.

She wipes sweat from her brow, rubs chalk on her fingertips. CAMERA ADJUSTS and we see she's hanging from a cliff, about to do a difficult horizontal transfer. She grabs - grimaces - slips - and drops to a halt eighteen inches from a HARDWOOD FLOOR.

WIDEN to reveal the loft headquarters of EXTREME PRESS, Lara's home publication house. The place looks like a cross between a hi-tech gym and a computer lab, with STAFFERS busy at both getting out a book and testing equipment for every extreme method of travel known to man, woman, or teenager.

LARA

Cancel the Kornhult quick release. It failed.

TRISH, the business end of the operation, groans.

TRISH

Lara, Kornhult Climbing has a two page ad in the next edition -

LARA

Not anymore.

MONTY, the uber-wonk, looks up from his computer. He wears a throat mike and head's up mini-display built into headgear. Somehow it makes him look more like Jughead than a Borg.

MONTY

Lara, you have bigger problems than advertising space.

(RE: Computer)

The last time anyone tried to accurately map Kafiristan was the British Cartological Expedition of 1881, out of Punjab.

(more)

TB

MONTY (CONT'D)

There were no survivors. Since then, the country's been fought over or invaded by Persians, Russians, Afgans, Pathans, and my personal favorite, the Taliban.

SETH, brutal body, cuddly face, looks up from the MARK IV RESCUE PACK he's inspecting.

SETH

They're probably all drawing lots now to see who kills us first.

LARA

I'll worry about that later.

(to Trish)

Right now just make arrangements to get us to Greece. That's where our trail starts.

SETH

A 2,500 year old trail.

LARA

No, only 2,322 years.

TRISH

(typing)

Oh, for a minute I was worried.

LARA

Which reminds me - I'll be in another time zone. Monty, you're on night shift here.

TRISH

Lucky you, Monty. A week with the woman of your dreams utterly dependent on you.

MONTY

Yeah. Aunt Gwen.

CATHY, the secretary, comes in with a stack of resumes.

CATHY

Lara, the candidates for the expedition are here... forty-two of them.

CAMERA ADJUSTS as a large group of people files in, lines up. Lara faces the new arrivals.

TB

LARA

All of you have read the application form. If you're expecting a vacation - don't count on it. This is a serious archeological expedition that will be facing extreme conditions...

CAMERA explores the ranks. Most look fit and eager with one exception: an ominous COMPACT MAN IN A BOWLER HAT in the back.

LARA (CONT'D; O.S.)

...of every kind. We'll also be traveling places where the traditional welcome involves automatic weapon fire.

Almost imperceptibly, the hatted man edges forward one rank. His hand moves nervously towards his inside pocket, clearly checking the presence of something important.

RESUME LARA

LARA (CONT'D)

Seth here is my right hand man. That means there're only two slots open. Now let's begin.

(picking up a resume)

Ivan Siggurson?

A tall NORDIC man with prematurely white hair steps forward.

LARA (CONT'D)

Kilimanjaro, Logan, K2, Chimborazo, Everest. Impressive. But the fact you haven't climbed for ten months bothers me.

IVAN

(excellent English)

It bothered me, too. I was in the Hospital: The McKinley expedition.

LARA

Six amateurs committing suicide at 20,000 feet? Most people would leave that expedition off their resume.

IVAN

I wasn't in the expedition; I was in the rescue party.

LARA

Of course! The big Swede who went back up three times for survivors - !
(more)

TB

LARA (CONT'D)
(with a smile)
Welcome aboard, Ivan.
(without a smile)
Next!

VARIOUS OTHER CANDIDATES - QUICK CUTS

One by one, they're considered - and eliminated.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTREME PRESS LOFT - LATER - MATCHING SHOT

The majority of the candidates have faded away. CAMERA DESCENDS to Lara, Seth, Trish and Monty, coffee and patience gone. Lara looks up at a BLONDE who could be a Midlands milkmaid, ringlet curls, flowered dress and all. Lara looks skeptically at the girl's resume.

LARA
"Merry Sunshine"?

MERRY
(nervous giggle)
Afraid so. Originally Dutch, they tells me. "Sonnshen." But it sounded too foreign so me folks thought -

Still absorbing the fashion statement, Lara tries to be gentle.

LARA
Uh, Merry, this is an Archaeological Expedition... not a picnic in Pimlico.

MERRY
(cheeks reddening)
I meant no disrespect, Miss Croft, but I came straight from work - I'm sorry I look such a girly girl -

NEIGHBORING CANDIDATE (PIERRE)
(sotto, French accent)
I'm not -

A glare from Lara and he clamps up.

MERRY (CONT'D)
- but if you look at my resume you'll see I'm quite fit, Top Form in all my sports at school...
(losing steam - and confidence)
...and uh, if you look on down further - farther - ! You'll see I've done loads of trekking and shooting...
(more)

TB

TB

LARA

Then give me the numbers of the three hospitals in London closest to here.

PIERRE

(pause)

Do nurses count?

LARA

Pierre? Au revoir.

Insulted to the Gallic core, Pierre storms out.

PIERRE

Lesbian...

The remaining candidate is a good-looking MAORI.

LARA

Martin "Anzac" Allison... I see you were a Naval Diver on the Great Barrier Reef. Do any rescues?

ANZAC

More than I cared to, Miss.

Lara stands, bores in on him like a Marine Drill Sergeant.

LARA

Modest heroes make me nervous. They're too perfect.

ANZAC

No hero, ma'am, just doin' my duty.

LARA

Ah, a patriot to boot. Any decorations?

ANZAC

Just this.

He bares his belly - revealing SCARS like an alligator's skin.

ANZAC (CONT'D)

Fire coral.

He rolls up one sleeve. Long GASH like a drunk's failed suicide.

ANZAC (CONT'D)

Barracuda.

He bends down, rolls up his trouser cuff - revealing a state-of-the-art ARTIFICIAL LEG.

ANZAC (CONT'D)

(standing again)

Shark. And before you ask, I can kick a soccer ball with it... and arse, too.

Lara studies him for a long moment.

LARA

Give your passport to Cathy at the front desk so she can arrange your visa. Be at the Heathrow Charter Terminal tomorrow at 7:30 A.M.

With a grin, he runs off towards the Lobby. Lara drifts along the table, whispers to Trish.

LARA (CONT'D)

Didn't Cathy say there were forty-two candidates?

TRISH

Uh-huh.

LARA

Then who's forty-three?

NEW ANGLE - MAN IN BOWLER HAT - TIGHT

stepping quickly forward, hand shooting inside his coat -

WIDER

Lara leaps through the air in a flying KICK, knocking him into the two-sided bulletin board, which SPINS and hits him again. Lara grabs him on the rebound, judo flips him over her head.

He SLAMS down on the long interview table. The pencils haven't stopped bouncing before Lara has reached across the table and snickered a DIVING KNIFE out of its teflon sheath. She presses it against the little man's throat.

LARA

WHO ARE YOU? WHO SENT YOU?

MAN

(absolutely terrified)

P - public Notary E.C. Wiggins, Miss...

He gets his shaking hand into view - and an OFFICIAL ENVELOPE.

MAN (CONT'D)

I - I've got a legal document to deliver to you..?

Pause. A bit sheepish, Lara backs off. The man slaps the document in her hand, climbs nervously down from the table like it's the North Face of El Capitan and runs for his life.

TB

TRISH

(as Lara opens the envelope)
I think you should have tipped him.

LARA

Tip him, hell: The Foreign Office
just cancelled my passport.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARLIAMENT - DAY

Chauffeured Bentleys and Rollsies parked outside. Lara pulls up
on her NORTON STREETFIGHTER MOTORBIKE.

INT. PARLIAMENT - LORD CROFT'S OFFICE - DAY

As an athletic MAN in his late 40's briskly enters, Lara stands,
hand extended.

LARA

Good day, Lord Philip.

LORD CROFT

Been a long time, Lara. What, five
years since the funeral?

LARA

Five years, four months. But don't
fault your memory. You only buried a
brother.

(sitting again)

I buried a father... and a mother.

Lord Croft sits down behind an Edwardian desk. Lara looks at the
wall decorations. Engravings of the Elgin Marbles - and half a
dozen HUNTING TROPHIES.

LARA (CONT'D)

I see the rain forest arrived intact.

LORD CROFT

Yes. Your staff packed them up quite
professionally... Probably just as
neatly as all those artifacts you keep
sending back to any Wog who claims
ownership -

LARA

You got father's title when he died...
plus yours and grandfather's
menagerie. Don't sweat the small
stuff.

TB

LORD CROFT

Don't think for a moment I envy you inheriting Croft Hall. You're one of England's leading preservationists, you'll keep it better than I could. Besides, my life's here in London -

LARA

Yes. Dating fashion models, so time consuming.

LORD CROFT

Why are you here, Lara?

LARA

I... need a favor.

LORD CROFT

How diabolically clever of you to butter me up ahead of time.

Lord Croft eyes her for a moment. Leaves the bulwark of his desk and sits across from her. Selects, cuts, and lights a cigar.

LORD CROFT (CONT'D)

Well, what is it, then?

LARA

Scotland Yard has pulled my passport.

LORD CROFT

What? I heard they were looking into this silly "Curse" nonsense... but making an Englishwoman a prisoner on her own 'sceptered island? It's a damned disgrace!

LARA

Then you'll help? I have to leave the country immediately on behalf of the Kafiristan government. And a rival expedition may already be ahead of me.

His eyes drift to the world MAP on the wall. Printed the year he was born, a quarter of it is British.

LORD CROFT

Kafiristan? But... the only thing of interest there was Alexander's grave... and you found that years ago -

LARA

No, only an empty sarcophagus. DNA tests confirm it never held a body.

LORD CROFT

Never held a...? Bloody expedition
cost me fifty thousand!

(new thought)

Then... the Tomb of Alexander - it's
still out there somewhere..?

LARA

And if it is - it's never been robbed,
because nothing else associated with
it has ever turned up.

LORD CROFT

Well, then. I'm owed a favor or two.
An hour on the phone, an hour at the
club. You'll have your passport by
end of day, and the family Wing at the
British Museum will score another
splendid coup: The treasures from the
Tomb of Alexander.

Lara stops his hand halfway to the phone.

LARA

This isn't about personal egos. What
we find this time isn't yours to
dispense. I gave my word to the
Kafiristan Ambassador his nation would
get the artifacts.

LORD CROFT

"Your word", to some second-rate -

Lara points to the only item of decoration in common to this room
and her own home - the CROFT FAMILY COAT OF ARMS.

LARA

Yes, "My word is my bond." I thought
the family motto meant something.

(pointedly)

Your brother thought it meant
something.

LORD CROFT

(after a moment)

Five years on display at the British
Museum. Then you can loan it to the
Woolly Bullies for -

LARA

One year, you make a generous donation
to the Kafiristan relief fund, and I
don't tell The Tattler that this
month's fashion model is underage.

(on his look)

She goes to my hairdresser. Dear
little thing talks her head off.

LORD CROFT
Blackmail, is it?

Lord Croft extends his hand, shakes Lara's.

LORD CROFT (CONT'D)
(smiling)
There's hope for you yet.

CUT TO:

INT. LARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lara's packing - all practical and rugged items. Aunt Gwen helps, pretends not to notice that almost everything she selects gets returned to a drawer when she's not looking.

AUNT GWEN
All this fuss over Alexander the Great, dear? Isn't he a little... picked over?

LARA
Not again, Aunt Gwen - don't start -

AUNT GWEN
I'm telling you Lara, Crypto-zoology, that's what gets you in the record books today. And it's a valid and growing field: Prehistoric Coelacanths have just been found off Indonesia. And the Vietnamese barking deer is the largest mammal to be discovered this century. Who knows what other unknown creatures are out there waiting to be found? Do you know that I was with my third husband when he found the legendary albino rhino?

LARA
Your third husband was an albino rhino. I am an archeologist, not a crypto-zoologist. The chimera I'm hunting is the lost Library of Alexandria and the secrets it might contain. I have no intention of going after bloody Bigfoot -

MONTY
(over intercom)
Excuse me, Lara?

AUNT GWEN
(sotto)
There's always big mouth...

Lara crosses to the phone.

TB

READ BY STEVEN D. G. GORDON

SCENE 1: 1/10/99

LARA

Yes, Monty?

MONTY'S VOICE

I've finished merging all the photographs taken at the museum party. Your hunch was right: There is a barely visible inscription on the Mask. Unfortunately I took Spanish in high school, not Greek... hello?

CAMERA reveals Lara and Gwen have already raced out.

INT. CROFT HALL - CARRIAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Monty - bags still unpacked - has turned this giant loft into a Dilbert-like maze with computer gear and monitors operating out of travel cases. Lara and Gwen have joined him to look at a Hockney-like COMPUTER COLLAGE of images of the Mask. Monty "unpeels" the GREEK INSCRIPTION, place it at the bottom of the screen. Lara leans closer, translates on the fly.

LARA

"When the perfect number crosses the golden mean, the Conqueror's resting place shall be seen."

(thinking)

Obviously, the "Conqueror" would be Alexander, but...

AUNT GWEN

(to Monty, RE: headgear)

Are you planning to fly us somewhere?

LARA

(a hunch)

Monty, the Greeks considered "Pi" the perfect number. In their time, computed as 3.14. Lay a radius over the image.

Monty types commands. A RADAR-LIKE LINE sweeps around the face. Lara's still stumped.

AUNT GWEN

Aren't you supposed to cross a "T" or something?

LARA

No, the Golden Mean: The proportions of the Parthenon: 2:3. Monty, try a perpendicular overlay.

Whirr. Now the face has a GRID over it.

TB

AUNT GWEN

I think you've given him a skin condition.

LARA

It isn't skin - and it was never a death mask. That entire "robbery" was a smokescreen. Monty, tilt the image 45 degrees. Now rotate it. This was what they wanted.

Intrigued herself now, Gwen moves closer. Looks at the screen.

AUNT GWEN

Good Lord. It's a terrain map!

Now that it's been said, it's absolutely clear; this is a landscape, not a face - with a "peak" as the "nose" and depressions that could be lakes as the eyes.

LARA

(really excited)

Monty. Assuming the gradations are in Greek cubits, you should be able to cross-index this with your on-line atlas and tell us exactly where in the world this is!

MONTY

(pause)

Uh... I can't do that.

AUNT GWEN

I've been waiting years to hear that.

MONTY

If this grid's marked in cubits, Lara, then the area in question is too small to show on a global map. Then there's this:

The mask pivots, fills the screen. Where the pattern calls for three grids, there is instead a larger area Monty now HIGHLIGHTS.

MONTY (CONT'D)

...none of the scanned photographs revealed any detail in this section.

LARA

Give me half a dozen hard copies.

AUNT GWEN

Dear, why bother making incomplete maps?

TB

JOHN RABIER by Steven E. de Souza

SECOND DRAFT 2/3/99 30

LARA

Because now, it comes down to
fieldwork. And if I do that right -
(gathering the maps)
they won't be useless long.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT TERMINAL - TO ESTABLISH - DAY

P.A. ANNOUNCEMENT

Charter Flight 400 to Athens now
boarding at Gate Six.

INT. HEATHROW TERMINAL - DAY

P.A. ANNOUNCEMENT (CONT'D)

Repeat, Charter Flight 400 to Athens
now boarding at Gate Six.

Lara runs through SHOT with backpack and carry-on, as she talks
on her CELL PHONE.

LARA

- Yes, they met me with the papers at
the ticket counter. I'm indebted to
you... Uncle Philip.

INT. LORD CROFT'S OFFICE - PARLIAMENT - INTERCUT - DAY

LORD CROFT

Don't thank me just yet, Lara. I'm
afraid there's a catch: Damn
Labourites in the Foreign office
forced it down my throat.

Lara looks up - sees Bryce at her gate, dressed for travel. The
TUBULAR CASE over his shoulder is marked "CUSTOMS CLEARED".

LARA

Oh, no.

(back into phone)

I'll handle it. Thanks.

(disconnecting, before Bryce
can even speak)

You don't seriously think you're going
on this Expedition, do you?

BRYCE

(showing documents)

My Army record. As you can see,
S.A.S. parachute training, underwater
demolition, climbing and rappelling -
I won't be any trouble.

LARA

You're already trouble -

As she says this, Lara double takes - for just now passing in the opposite direction is Denton - leading away Ivan and Seth!

LARA (CONT'D)

What in blazes - ? Seth - Ivan - !

ANZAC

(running over)

I tried to stop 'em, Lara, but they wouldn't listen -

BRYCE

(joining them)

We got an anonymous tip. Both of them have criminal records.

Bryce shows her supporting documentation. Lara scans the documents in an instant... only gets angrier.

LARA

"Criminal records?": Joyriding in a car as a teenager? Arrested protesting a nuclear reactor - ?

(crumbling papers)

This is trivia! You can't be serious - !

BRYCE

I'm sorry. But the Yard has zero tolerance for team members who are less than forthcoming:

(gentler)

You must see this is a murder investigation with potentially international repercussions -

LARA

Well, you just murdered my expedition!

BRYCE

Not at all.

(pointing)

I've taken the liberty of having your "B" list brought down to the airport. They've all been checked out. Choose whom you like.

NEW ANGLE

Lara looks at the half-dozen semi-finalists... all look familiar... or do they? Lara double takes one: A buzz-cut BLONDE WOMAN, well muscled arms visible in her sleeveless khaki vest, camouflage cargo pants snug on taut long legs.

LARA

Merry?

TB

MERRY

Present and accounted for, Miss Croft!

She steps forward, salutes and stomps one foot in British Military style. Lara blinks; Merry has gone from Laura Ashley to Susan Powter overnight.

LARA

W..what have you done with yourself?

MERRY

(indicating Bryce)

When the gentleman, there, called to say I still had a chance I thought that... that I'd try harder to be what you seemed to want. Ma'am.

LARA

(amused and touched)

Get over there, Merry.

Merry squeals with delight - then struggles to suppress it as she crosses over, shakes hands with Anzac. Meanwhile, Lara looks at the remaining hopefuls. She sighs, recognizing Pierre.

LARA (CONT'D)

You did have the best whitewater credentials. Pierre... you just got lucky. You others, thank you - again - for your time. I promise you'll be considered first for my next expedition.

She turns to her - now complete - party.

LARA (CONT'D)

And as to this expedition... We're about to begin a long dangerous journey and only one person calls the shots: -Me. Clear?

(on their nods)

All right. From here on, I'm "Lara". Stay high -

All knock fists, repeat the Extreme Sports mantra -

ALL

- dry and never say die.

The team heads into the plane. ENGINE ROAR takes us to -

EXT. AIRLINER IN FLIGHT - DAY

heading east as the sun sets, holding dusk at bay.

TB

WIDEN on LARA as she looks at the map.

SECOND DAY 4/5/99 11

LARA (V.O.)

Philip of Macedon was assassinated in
336 B.C. Within two years, his son
Alexander had avenged his father's
death and united all of Greece.

TILT DOWN to -

EXT. GREEK FISHING VILLAGE - DAWN

Sun on whitewashed buildings. Fishing boats bob at their anchors
as CAMERA finds Lara aboard her 70 foot MOTOR SAILOR. She's got
a MAP spread out on the center console. Around her - the team.

LARA (CONT'D)

He spent the next ten years conquering
the known world - returning to Greece
only once: To visit the one person who
could design a Tomb so cunning it
would remain impregnable forever:
Alexander's old tutor, Aristotle - the
greatest mind of the Age. By then,
Aristotle had retired to an island in
the middle of the Aegean sea -

Lara STABS her finger at a speck on the map.

LARA (CONT'D)

- Evvoia.

(standing)

Cast off!

EXT. GREEK ISLANDS - DAY

Lara's vessel cuts through the wine-dark sea at full speed, SUN
backlighting it dramatically. Lara looks down at her compass and
a GPS readout, reaches for a

KEYCHAIN - HER P.O.V.

A second KEYRING has been linked to her own FAMILY CREST bob.
The added one has a more prosaic RABBIT'S FOOT. WIDEN as Lara
turns off the motor, separates the keychains.

PIERRE

That one's mine, for the equipment
locks. I put them together, maybe the
good luck rubs off, no?

LARA

(tossing it to him)

Tell that to the rabbit.

(turning)

Drop anchor. We're here.

Anzac does this with a splash. The group moves amidships.

TB

MERRY

Here? But... there's no here, here.

CAMERA ADJUSTS. They're a thousand yards from Evvoia's shoreline.

LARA

We're on top of it. The end of Evvoia where Aristotle lived sank in the earthquake of 1904. So no one's been there since the 1901 expedition. Let's hope there's something left to find.

Lara turns to Bryce, checking his air tank...and Anzac, busy with a SUBMERSIBLE "ROVER" on a winch. Lara zips up her SOLA WET SUIT.

LARA (CONT'D)

Let's do it.

Bryce rolls over the gunwale and into the water. Anzac moves closer to Lara, lowers his voice as he helps her into scuba gear.

ANZAC

Lara, this ruin you're snoopin' in's a bloody maze... so narrow you're gonna 'ave to use these mini-tanks instead of the standards. That leaves only ten minutes bottom time. I should be down there with you - I got a hundred dives on that Boy Scout.

LARA

If I don't let Bryce play mother hen, he can pull the plug on the whole expedition.

(sincere)

I'm counting on you for backup.

He bangs fists with Lara, who rolls backwards into the water.

EXT. AEGEAN SEA - UNDERWATER - DAY

Lara and Bryce slowly descend along the anchor line. CHURN of propellers makes them turn. A ROVING SUBMERSIBLE CAMERA "looks" at them, zoom lens turning as it focuses.

ANZAC'S VOICE

Say cheese, everyone. Wave to Uncle Anzac on the telly.

DIVE BOAT - SAME TIME

Pierre carefully monitors pressure, power, time. Anzac and Merry watch the MONITOR showing the signal from the roving camera: A TWO SHOT of Lara and Bryce descending. Their state-of-the-art MIKED DIVING MASKS let them communicate.

TB

LOMB RAIDER by STEVEN D. DE SOUZA SECOND PART 2/3/99 15

LARA (ON MONITOR)
Hello up there. How's the picture?

ANZAC
Pretty damn boring. Can't you get
football on this set?

LARA (ON MONITOR)
(laughing)
The real test will be in the villa.

UNDERWATER - SAME TIME

Lara and Bryce reach bottom and swim towards a SUBMERGED CLASSICAL RUIN - ARISTOTLE'S VILLA. The only visible entrance: A small, half-crumbled window. Lara squeezes through first, then Bryce. Their mini-tanks clang on the millenia-old masonry. The ROVING CAMERA hops around the opening like a frisky puppy.

ANZAC'S VOICE
Oh, please, miss, can I play too?

LARA
(filtered, laughing)
Wouldn't think of forgetting you:
You're the one with the X-ray vision.
Bryce... give us a hand.

Both brace flippered feet against the wall, struggle to haul the clunky rover in behind them. Finally it scrapes inside. Illuminated by the rover, they swim into the villa.

CAMERA PANS BACK to their entrance. Disturbed by their rough passage, an ancient LINTEL CRUMBLES: The "entrance" - small to begin with - *is now half its original size.*

RESUME LARA AND BRYCE - UNDERWATER

swimming through what is, in fact, a maze. Left... right... left.

LARA
(as they swim)
These chambers are bedrooms. We're
looking for what the 1901 expedition
said was Aristotle's Study...

She looks at her clipboard - and a PLASTIC SHEATHED SEPIA PHOTOGRAPH from 1901.

LARA (CONT'D)
...and this seems to be it.

CAMERA ADJUSTS as Bryce looks around at the walls eaten away by time and decay, the crumbled, empty cubbyholes.

BRYCE
I think the books are overdue.

TB

LARA

Anzac, see what you can get on this wall. If there was a fresco, the decorator in me says it'd be there.

Bryce starts snapping away. The FLASHES make stark shadows.

ANZAC - UP ABOVE

ANZAC

(using joystick)

Little to the right... nice wide shot... switching to infrared...

(reacting)

God's holy trousers!

CAMERA ADJUSTS to include the MONITOR. As the infrared filter kicks in, the ghostly SHADOWS of long vanished FRESCOES APPEAR on the walls like hallucinations.

RESUME UNDERWATER

ANZAC'S VOICE (CONT'D)

You're in a bloody picture show, Lara. Art and inscriptions up the yazoo. Bryce, save yer film and yer breath: There's nothing on those walls except plaster and my old girlfriend's phone number. Plus you're ruining my artistic composition.

Bryce FLASHES one last picture. STARK SHADOWS again. But - this time - one SHADOW is SINUOUS and UNDULATING.

BRYCE

(drifting sideways)

Got you.

LARA

(checking dive meter)

Three minutes left. Let's go.

Bryce starts to pack away the camera - and then a TENTACLE wraps around it. By the time Bryce feels the tug - it's too late.

LARA

swimming away, she suddenly realizes she's unaccompanied.

LARA

Bryce, come on. What's the hold up - ?

She turns... REACTS to

THE SCENE

Bryce is looking into the frisbee-sized EYES of a twelve-foot long OCTOPUS which has taken up abode in a narrow alcove. While one tentacle explores the camera and Bryce's trapped wrist, three others have now twined around Bryce's weight belt. A fifth creeps up his neck. When he speaks, his calm is impressive.

BRYCE

Just making a new friend, Lara.

ABOVE - ANZAC, PIERRE AND MERRY

see this on the monitor, react.

PIERRE

Merde.

UNDERWATER - RESUME

LARA

(slowly approaching)

Bryce, whatever you do, don't panic.
They're intelligent and very curious.
Above all, they're not man-eaters.

BRYCE

I knew all that, thank you. And I'm
not worried about being eaten... I'm
worried about bloody drowning!

BRYCE'S POV - FROM INSIDE HIS FACE MASK

A tentacle's SUCTION CUPS tug at the glass - water leaks in...

BACK TO SCENE

ANZAC'S VOICE

Lara, move aside! I'll give it the
scare of its life with the Rover - !

LARA

No! If you frighten it, it'll release
its ink. We won't be able to see our
way out!

AN ALARM pings at her wrist. A moment later - from Bryce's, too.

ON THE DIVE BOAT

Pierre looks up in alarm from the readouts.

PIERRE

They're out of bottom time! They have
to start up, now!

UNDERWATER - SAME TIME

BRYCE

Two minute warning, Lara. Other than a calamari salad, I'm out of ideas.

LARA

(drifting closer)

Bryce. It's got three arms on your weight belt... if you can back away...

BRYCE

Easier said than done.

LARA

They love shiny things. Give it your mask!

BRYCE

And then just how am I supposed to talk - let alone breathe?

LARA

You'll use your spare mouthpiece when you're free!

ANZAC'S VOICE

Lara! You should be halfway back up by now!

LARA

We're working on it! Bryce - do it!

CLOSE ON BRYCE

He takes a deep breath - removes his mask, pushes it towards the octopus. The inquisitive creature takes the bait, giving Bryce eighteen inches of slack, which he uses, backing carefully away.

LARA

Give me your hand... slowly, slowly... that's it... get ready... next, the weight belt. Drop it - now!

Bryce hits the belt's quick release.

THE OCTOPUS' EYES

register an octopus' surprise as -

WIDER

Unweighted, Bryce bounces against the villa ceiling - while the octopus, still hanging onto the weight belt, gets pulled out and down and out of sight!

LARA

Let's move it! Anzac, stay clear or
you'll foul us!

ANZAC'S VOICE

Got it. Go, go, go!

Lara swims past CAMERA. Bryce follows, already pulling his spare mouthpiece from his BCD at the same time he releases all the air in the vest to make up for the absent weights. A moment later the submersible CAMERA chugs past, LIGHTS raking the LENS and propellers churning a wake.

FAVORING LARA - MOVING SHOT

Right turn... left... right again. Through her faceplate we see hope - and then despair.

LARA

Oh, no -

CAMERA PANS to reveal the crumbled "entrance". Even a child couldn't fit through it now.

ON THE DIVE BOAT

They see the same situation on the monitor.

ANZAC

I knew I shoulda gone with her!

UNDERWATER

Bryce and Lara, hacking feverishly at the fallen masonry with their diving knives. Lara's BREAKS. A LOUDER ALARM now from Bryce. This time he's chilled. He looks at

THE SUBMERSIBLE PRESSURE GAUGE

The needle is at the bottom of the red zone: Down to fumes.

BACK TO SCENE

LARA

(inspired)

Anzac! The rover! Use it to smash
our way out!

ON THE DIVE BOAT

ANZAC

Right, got it! Sorry, Aristotle.
Freeway's coming right through the
family home.

UNDERWATER

Lara and Bryce dodge aside as the rover CHARGES forward. CRASH. DAYLIGHT filters in through a tiny crack. CRASH. A little more light CRASH! The remote gets stuck - then - EXPLODES!

LARA AND BRYCE

DUCK as debris and air explode past them - then almost heavenly LIGHT pours down on them. They quickly swim out of the opening. As they beeline for the anchor rope, the already undermined villa COLLAPSES into the sea behind them. Lara looks back at the sound - and then at a CLANG from Bryce: Speechless without the miked mask, he's smacked his knife against his air-tank to get Lara's attention. With his free hand he "slashes" at his throat: The diver's signal for "out of air."

Removing her spare mouthpiece from her BCD vest, Lara swims towards Bryce to share it. They slowly rise up the anchor rope.

ON THE BOAT

Anzac slaps face mask in place, grabs an emergency tank. Jumps feet first into the water, drops like a stone.

UNDERWATER

PING of an alarm just as Lara inhales deeply. Her tank is empty now, too. Bryce and Lara look at each other. There's only one thing left in the manual to do. Lara removes her mask - gives Bryce air - mouth to mouth!

CAMERA ADJUSTS to show Anzac, just descending into SHOT with the now unnecessary rescue tank. He watches

LARA AND BRYCE

break the surface - and a split second later - the clinch. As Anzac sighs and swims up to join them -

ANZAC

(entirely new tone)

I knew I shoulda gone with her...

CUT TO:

EXT. LARA'S DIVE BOAT - NIGHT

SAILS eclipsing the moon. Lara sets the autopilot, goes

BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

where she's showered with CHAMPAGNE from a bottle shaken by Pierre. Everyone applauds.

LARA

Thank you for the sentiment, but let's
save the celebration 'til we've found
the Tomb.

(suddenly wicked)

Then we'll have a corker.

They laugh. Lara slips closer to Pierre. Lowers her voice,
points to the Mark IV's.

LARA (CONT'D)

Those rescue packs inflate via
satellite signal or water - whichever
hits them first. Stow them
properly - unless you want to test one?

As Pierre obeys, grumbling, CAMERA moves to mid-cabin - where a
very seasick Merry brings out the big sister in Lara.

LARA (CONT'D)

(gently)

Feeling better?

MERRY

(as upbeat as she can manage)

I think I saw a piece of birthday cake
go by from when I was twelve.

Lara pats Merry on the shoulder, then moves to the communications
and navigation desk. Bryce and Anzac are huddled there. A
laptop and Hi-8 link up allows them all sorts of tools to use on
the underwater video.

LARA

How'd we do? With the infra-red we
should have turned up plenty they
couldn't see in 1901.

ANZAC

Got enough to keep the professors
arguing for a century.

CLOSER - SCREEN

As he earlier slowly panned the underwater CAMERA, Anzac's finger
now points out various ILLUSTRATIONS previously invisible to the
human eye.

ANZAC

If that bloke with the beard ain't
Aristotle, I'm a koala.

(pointing)

And this fellow - the one with the
golden hair... he's either Alexander
the Great... or Benny Hill after a
month at the gym.

LARA

(laughing)

It's Alexander. See, there's the sword he cut the Gordian knot with. And Aristotle's handing him something -

BRYCE

The plans to his own Tomb? Hell of a send off. He was only 32 years old -

LARA

And he never saw 33. Alexander was very taken by the Egyptians... and also took plenty from them. It wouldn't be strange for him to plan his own tomb while he was still alive.

(pointing to screen)

There, see? Men loading Alexander's ship with treasure for the Tomb... and a lot of it looks like scrolls and manuscripts.

Bryce points to CAGED ANIMALS in the artwork.

BRYCE

What about these big cats? Seems more like a zoo than a library...

LARA

They're not going, they're coming: A special gift from Alexander to Aristotle - and us, too.

ANZAC

How's that?

LARA

(tapping the screen)

White Siberian tigers, boys. Only found in Siberia, the Sigfried and Roy act in Las Vegas -

(turning, triumphant)

- and the Escarpment in Northwestern Kafiristan.

SAVAGE ETHNIC MUSIC takes us to -

EXT. ROAD TO BAKU - DAY

And on that road, two dust-covered, mud-spattered LAND ROVERS, loaded from top to bottom with gear. CAMERA DESCENDS, keeps pace with them. Lara drives the lead vehicle - Bryce and Merry her passengers. Somehow (maybe those riding lessons) Lara's the only one who doesn't seem to bounce as they hit the ruts and potholes.

LARA

Since the Soviets went belly up, Baku has attracted every thief, adventurer and smuggler on the planet. But it's the shortest route to Kafiristan. Keep your heads up and you'll be fine.

CAMERA RISES as they make a sharp turn into the outskirts of the most dangerous BORDER TOWN on either side of the International Dateline: The City of Baku. HUMVEES and MERCEDES fight for space on the narrow roads. Everyone seems to have an AK-47 or Uzi. The eerie CRY of the MUEZZIN echoes from the onion-domed minarets.

EXT./INT. ZABUL'S INN - DAY

Lara waves away a young ARMS VENDOR festooned with pistols, then pushes through the swinging doors like a gunslinger, her posse behind her. The proprietor, ZABUL, opens his arms.

ZABUL

Welcome, welcome to the famous and beautiful Miss Lara Croft. We are honored you have once again chosen Zabul's - the finest establishment between Baku and Kafiristan.

LARA

(aside to Bryce)

It's also the only establishment between here and Kafiristan.

ZABUL

(clapping hands)

I will have the boy take up your bags -

LARA

(signing in)

Don't bother. We're leaving at dawn. Wake up call at five AM.

ZABUL

Of course, Miss Croft. But please, first let me treat you and your companions to dinner in the hope that you will once again rate my establishment so highly in your next guidebook.

LARA

But...I gave you no stars.

ZABUL

Yes. A dream come true.

CUT TO:

INT. CROFT HALL - CARRIAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

WIDEN as Gwen bounces a SHILLING on Monty's bunk. She scowls, turns to him.

AUNT GWEN

Oh-700 hours - breakfast starts. Oh-7:30, breakfast stops. Twelve noon on the gong, luncheon. One - done. Five o'clock, tea - Dinner at eight, dress appropriate.

MONTY

Gee, I didn't bring any suits or ties -

AUNT GWEN

I wasn't inviting you, Monty. I'm informing you of the hours when I require absolute peace and tranquility. If you confine yourself and your paraphernalia to this carriage house I'm sure we'll get along smashingly -

The computer beeps.

MONTY

Saved by the bell. Hello, Lara -

AUNT GWEN

(shoving Monty aside)

It's for me.

Gwen moves closer to Lara's image, intrigued. Lara appears to be in elegant surroundings.

AUNT GWEN (CONT'D)

I must say, dear, you look awfully well after such a long journey. And I had no idea they had such lovely accommodations there. Are you sure you don't need a dress?

LARA - EXT. ZABUL'S DINING PATIO - INTERCUT - DUSK

Lara is using a SATELLITE UPLINK COMPUTER while she eats beans on toast. She "sees" Gwen and Monty in a computer "window". Across the patio two THUGGISH MEN fight over a WOMAN who doesn't look like she's worth the trouble. Lara realizes a TACKY LITHOGRAPH on the wall behind her is misleading Gwen.

LARA

They have a pretty flexible dress code here, Aunt Gwen. Monty, we're in Baku and we're on schedule. We'll cross the Kafiristan border in the morning.

AUNT GWEN

Lara, you are on the Asian highlands.
You know what that means -

LARA

Yes, if I don't get off in another
second you'll be telling me to keep an
eye out for the Abominable Snowman -
or to wear my mittens.

(looking skyward)

I'm going to lose the satellite until
mid-day tomorrow. Goodbye until then.

She disconnects as Bryce and Anzac enter from outside of the
patio, arms full of maps and cameras around their necks.

ANZAC

Got all our charts in sync with
digital photomapping. Just squeezed
off the last one before losing the
light.

BRYCE

Lara, I must admit I thought coming to
this end of the world just because of
a bloody tiger was a shot in the dark.

LARA

It's an even better shot at sunset.

CAMERA ADJUSTS as she takes a CAMERA from Anzac, aims it at the
distant KAFIRISTAN ESCARPMENT, visible from here. Backlit at
this hour, there is no mistaking it: A distant PLATEAU on the
escarpment RESEMBLES A CRUDE FACE.

NEW ANGLE

The dramatic moment ends as both Lara and everyone in the patio
restaurant HEARS a CRASH, then a woman's SCREAM.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Harold! It's not what it looks like!

MAN'S VOICE

No? You're in bed with our Goddamn
river guide!

2ND MAN'S VOICE

I - I was just showing her some CPR,
in case we go under -

SOUNDS of crashing crockery - a few solid PUNCHES - then a THUD.
By now everyone in the cafe from customers to waiters is caught
up in the soap opera above.

EXT. ZABUL'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A JACUZZI HOT TUB sits on a slipshod wooden platform, the plumbing jury-rigged. Pierre and Merry also listening to -

2ND MAN'S VOICE

Uh - does this mean the expedition is canceled?

BIG crash of GLASS.

PATIO - UP ANGLE - ALLENBY KINCAID - NIGHT

Half dressed, he dives over the balcony, lands badly on a table below. He rolls into a seat as a furious ARGUMENT continues O.S. upstairs. Kincaid's obviously pretty drunk... but not drunk enough to forget the face across the table from him.

KINCAID

Well of all the gin joints in the world I could drop in - it's uh... um -

LARA

Lara Croft.

KINCAID

Nah, I like my old name for you.
"Miss Adventure". See, it's a joke -

BRYCE

And so are you.

He claps a hand on Kincaid. Lara halts him with a signal.

LARA

It's all right, I know him.

Kincaid grandly presents a business card to Bryce.

KINCAID

Allenby Kincaid, Raging Rafters, at your service.

BRYCE

We don't need your service.

KINCAID

(taking it back)
Good, 'cause I need the card.

By now the cafe has gone back to its regular business. Lara waves Bryce away. Suspicious, he sits at the far end of the long table with Anzac, alert.

LARA AND KINCAID - CLOSER

Behind them, an arguing AMERICAN COUPLE (obviously the ones we overheard before) are angrily getting into their rental Range Rover with their hastily packed bags. While Zabul pleads fruitlessly for them to stay -

LARA

"Raging Rafters?" What happened to
"River Raiders?"

KINCAID

Chapter Eleven.

LARA

"Aquatic Adventures"?

KINCAID

Foreclosure.

LARA

"Whitewater Willie's?"

KINCAID

(with a shudder)

Customer lost one...

As Zabul returns from the parking lot, Kincaid grabs his arm.

KINCAID (CONT'D)

Innkeeper. Your finest ale!

ZABUL

(pushing him away)

Ale? Jail, is what you should be
getting, Kincaid!

(pointing to distant vehicle)

You are just driving away my best
customer in six months - Honeymoon
suite for three weeks, poof, gone!
Where now do I get such a rich guest?

SOUND OF ENGINES. CAMERA CRANES UP. One by one, THREE LARGE
MILITARY GRADE ALL-TERRAIN VEHICLES pull into the gravel lot.
Loaded with equipment, weapons, and technology, they outdo Lara's
expedition in both quantity and brute force.

CLOSE ON LEAD VEHICLE

A COWBOY BOOT steps onto the gravel. TILT UP. Pistol on his
hip, Stetson on his head, Larson strides towards an increasingly
nervous Zabul. Finally -

LARSON

I need rooms for ten for the night.

ZABUL

THANK YOU, GOD! I mean, yes, of course, sir!

(clapping hands)

I'll tell the boy about your bags -

LARSON

Tell him if he touches one he's dead.

LARA AND BRYCE

BRYCE

Any odds on that being the "rival expedition"?

LARA

His name's Larson. He sells History - to the highest bidder. Meanwhile, he destroys more than he brings back - and what he brings back always has a body count.

CAMERA ADJUSTS as Larson catches sight of Lara. He double takes... looks to his comrades. ALL NINE follow him as they approach Lara's group of... three.

The new arrivals sit down all around Lara's table. TILT DOWN. Everyone has GUNS OUT below the wooden surfaces.

LARSON

(almost pleasant)

Well, if it ain't the world traveler. You sure get around, Miss Croft. Now.. when was the last time we ran into each other?

LARA

(glancing at his boots)

I'd say, Saturday last when you robbed the British Museum.

LARSON

Sorry, doesn't ring a cowbell.

(tone darkening)

No, I was thinking of Honduras - when after six months of my backbreaking work you slipped in and -

KINCAID

Look, this seems to be between the two of you, and I just dropped in to say good-bye.

He's so astonishingly blase he's out of his chair and moving away before anyone knows what to make of him.

LARA

Kincaid.
(concerned)
What happened to you?

KINCAID

That's real funny, "Miss Adventure" -
especially coming from you.

As Kincaid staggers into the night, Larson turns back to Lara.

LARSON

Like I was saying... the Lara Croft I
knew wouldn't sit where she could be
so easily bushwhacked.

LARA

That's why I didn't.

Two LASER AIMING POINTS appear on Larson's forehead. As he
freezes, one RED DOT drops to his heart. The other pans back and
forth across his suddenly equally nervous companions.

PIERRE AND MERRY - IN THE HOT TUB

Their laser-aimed WEAPONS were under TOWELS on the Jacuzzi lip.

RESUME PATIO

Lara, Bryce and Anzac all now show their guns.

LARA

(to Larson, cold)
I think this is where you say
something macho and face-saving and
then beat a hasty retreat?

Larson and his group slowly rise, back towards the Inn.

LARSON

May the best man win.

LARA

She will.

NEW ANGLE - ZABUL'S - NIGHT

Larson crashes into the lobby, barks at Zabul.

LARSON

Wake up call at Five A.M.
(holding up hand)
That's five like in fingers. Get it
wrong and you'll have four.

He heads upstairs, boots thudding. His men follow.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

Lara's heard all this. She turns as Pierre comes over, gun incongruous in his terry-robed arm.

LARA

I want a guard on our gear all night.
Pierre. You have the first shift.

PIERRE

At this hour, that's the only shift - !

LARA

You can sleep on the road tomorrow.

Lara leads the others inside while Pierre grouses. Lara watches Larson's group stomp upstairs. She looks over at Zabul.

LARA (CONT'D)

Make my wake up call Four AM.

ZABUL

Yes.

(nervously looking upstairs)

For me, too.

CUT TO:

INT. LARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

RINGING makes her stir. She fumbles for the ancient alarm clock, has to bang it to get it to light up. 3:15 AM. She groans.

LARA

Can't even get a wake-up call right...
and my last night alone in a real bed.
(snagging a bug)
Relatively speaking.

Suddenly she realizes the ringing isn't coming from the phone. It's an ALARM, coming from the hallway. She turns. RED GLOW outside the window... SMOKE coming under the doorway.

VOICES

...fire? Fire! Fire!

Lara leaps out of her bedroll, instantly secures it. She grabs absolute necessities - touches the doorknob carefully. Not hot.

STEADICAM SHOT - LARA

surprised to find the hall has less smoke than feared - that's because what's here is actually drifting up from the ground floor and the open front door: The fire is outside the Inn.

LARA
(with sudden dread)

Oh, no -

She races outside, CAMERA following. In the gravel parking lot - her worst fear: Larson's ATV's are gone - and her Land Rovers aflame.

Zabul and staff bucket brigade the fire. Bryce finds Lara in the confusion. Meanwhile Anzac and Merry brave the flames to rescue the gear on the roof and tailgates of the vehicles.

BRYCE
We saved some of the gear - maybe even
enough to go on.

Lara turns, furious. Sees Pierre shaking his head to clear it, looking around, confused. She marches over to him, a Fury.

LARA
You were supposed to be standing guard!

PIERRE
They - uh - they surprised me -
knocked me out -

The SLEEPING BAG he's trying to kick out of sight contradicts him.

LARA
You're a slacker - and a liar.

And she PUNCHES him, knocking him to the ground with one blow. Leaving him groaning, she rushes to help haul gear off her vehicles ahead of the advancing flames. Meanwhile, the fire illuminating his rage, Pierre rises to one knee.

PIERRE
English bitch! I'll teach you some
manners -

He whips a THROWING KNIFE from his boot, stands.

LARA - AT THE BURNING VEHICLE

Out of the corner of her eye, she SEES Pierre reflected in one of the door mirrors. She whirls in a gunfighter's crouch.

NEW ANGLE - PIERRE

Just before he releases the blade - he's SHOT in the heart. CAMERA SWINGS to Lara, gun unfired - and Bryce, his gun smoking.

UP ANGLE - PIERRE

He plops forward, dead before he knows he's eating gravel. FOCUS CHANGE to Lara as she turns on Bryce, furious.

LARA

What did you do that for? We needed him alive!

BRYCE

Some people might have said thank you to someone who just saved their life.

LARA

I had it under control! I was going to shoot the knife out of his hand!

BRYCE

Bloody hell you were -

LARA

Want me to prove it?

BRYCE

Why not prove the family motto... by keeping your promise to the Kafiristan Ambassador!

LARA

And since when did you care about that?

Bryce looks at the fire, then at Pierre's body.

BRYCE

Since the body count went up.

Jaw clenched to hide his emotions, he holsters his gun, walks past Lara. WHOOMP as one Rover BLOWS. As everyone else DUCKS, she thinks. FOCUS change as she turns - looks at Baku's alleys -

INT. A SHACK - NIGHT

A BOOT flips a MAN out of his hammock and onto the floor, where he lands between one faded sign reading "AQUATIC ADVENTURES" and another reading "WHITEWATER WILLIE'S".

Kincaid groans, looks at the shadowy figure that's disturbed him.

KINCAID

Not another angry husband?

LARA

(kneeling closer)

Worse: An honest job.

CUT TO:

EXT. A WINDING ROAD - KAFIRISTAN PLAINS

Larson's triad of all-terrain vehicles hums on, Blitzkreiging through the bush.

INT. LEAD VEHICLE

Larson drives. A bad bump makes his Stetson graze the ceiling. He scowls, tucks it on tighter.

LARSON

Anything yet?

CAMERA reveals Larson's passenger: A 50-ish GERMAN TECH (HEINRICH). The German has a head's up display over one eye. A LASER PINLIGHT projects a GREEN GRID over - the Death Mask!

HEINRICH

Nothing! Beyond this spot -

He points to the same spot on the Mask that troubled Lara... the one smooth, flat, featureless spot on the "face".

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

- we are flying blind.

LARSON

Then so are they. And by now...
they're hours behind us.

CUT TO:

THE THREE VEHICLES - ZOOM SHOT

LARA (O.S.)

Our hunch was right: They're making
for the Kafiristan Escarpment, too.
But those dinosaurs they're in can't
handle less than a 30 degree slope....

CAMERA pulls back, back, until we're across an enormous valley. Lara, looking through binoculars.

LARA (CONT'D)

...that limits them to the base of the
cliffs or the top of the ridge. We can
still catch up... maybe even get ahead.

She turns, marches to -

THE RIVER'S EDGE

Where the Zodiac river raft is already inflated and loaded, Bryce in front, Merry and Anzac in the middle, gear stashed between them. Lara taps Bryce on the shoulder.

LARA

Kincaid knows this river better than
any of us. Take the six.

Grumbling, Bryce obeys. As he hands it over, Kincaid's surprised by the weight of Bryce's long black case. Bryce yanks it away.

KINCAID

Pretty hefty, Sherlock. Cricket bat?

BRYCE

Sorry, that's on a need-to-know basis.

KINCAID

As long as you're back there, old bean - how about a jump start?

Bryce glowers, but pushes the craft into the water.

NEW ANGLE

The current is so unexpectedly swift the boat is swept forward in an instant. Bryce gets a dunking before he can climb inside.

KINCAID

Oops, should have warned you about that. Don't worry, we'll all be wet before this is over...

ANZAC

(looking forward)

If we live that long.

CAMERA ADJUSTS. They're approaching incredible rapids with incredible speed. At least three "HYDRAULICS" spew foam, the spaces between them harrowingly narrow. Kincaid shouts.

KINCAID

Head for the big one. There's a pool drop there! The rebound throws to the safest way through the chute. Everyone, paddle forward!

They drive towards the breakers with furious momentum.

THE RAFT - LONG SHOT

Riding the churn like a rodeo contestant on a thoroughly unpredictable horse. Almost immediately it's clear they're sliding towards the wrong set of rocks.

IN THE BOAT

LARA

(to Kincaid)

Cross current!

KINCAID

Right side, reverse paddle! Bryce, you're the pivot point. Dig in - now!

Merry and Anzac paddle like Hawaiians on speed. Bryce uses hands and then a leg thrown over his paddle to keep it on a sharp unwavering angle so it can serve as a rudder.

A WALL OF ROCK

looms up - then just in time the pivoting raft slides left.

MERRY

That was easy!

LARA

This part isn't. Here comes the chute!

And there it is - a speedway of boiling water, funneled and channeled by the mid-river breakers. The raft flies over it like an Acapulco cliff diver.

THE RAFT

Slams down with teeth-jarring force, crew and gear alike straining the security lines.

KINCAID

Everyone, forward paddle! Faster,
damn it! Now left side, reverse!
Bryce, change sides! There's a
haystack here -

They hit it - like a speed bump at 50 miles an hour. The raft heels over.

LARA

Balance, balance!

KINCAID

One Captain, Lara!
(to the others)
Balance! Balance!

All shift weight. Anzac's in mid-move when a rebound jolt flings him out of the boat. Lara reaches back, catches his hand.

LARA

Hang on!

KINCAID

No! Let him go, the drag's already
turning us!

(on her look)
You know I'm right!

One look shows Anzac knows, too.

LARA

Merry! Get ready to catch him!
Bryce, help swing him aft - there the
drag could even help!

NEW ANGLE

Lara releases Anzac. Immediately the raft veers the opposite way. They SCRAPE along a rock wall, their shoulders leaving skin on the rocks. METAL CASES SPARK as they skid on the granite. Several rip free, fall overboard. Anzac catches Merry's hand at the last second. Bryce helps haul Anzac aboard where he coughs up river water.

FRONT OF BOAT

KINCAID

(over his shoulder)

Relax, the worst is over!

LARA

(looking ahead)

You might want to rephrase that.

CAMERA ADJUSTS. AN ENORMOUS TREE has fallen across the narrowest part of the river. It's completely blocking the way, and they're approaching it at fifty miles an hour.

KINCAID

How the hell did that get there?

Lara glances over at -

BASE OF TREE - HER POV

Freshly - and neatly - CHAIN SAWED THROUGH.

BACK TO SCENE

LARA

Larson.

KINCAID

The cowboy?

(at a loss now)

I think he just sent us to the last roundup.

LARA

Maybe not.

Still paddling, she points with her chin at -

A LARGE, FLAT DIAGONAL ROCK - BETWEEN THEM AND THE TREE

river planing over it like God decided to build a water park.

BACK TO SCENE

KINCAID

Oh, no. You can't be serious.

LARA

The bloody tree's sure serious.

KINCAID

Left side, double speed. Right side,
reverse paddle. Faster! Faster!

NEW ANGLE

They're heading for the wide flat rock.

KINCAID

Ship oars -

LARA

NOW!

All yank their oars out of the water - grip the safety lines -

LONG SHOT

The raft hits the rock and the thin skin of water surging over it. Momentum and the hydroplane effect do the rest. The raft rockets skyward - CLEARING the huge tree - except for a BRANCH extending high enough to snag the raft's bottom. EXPLOSION of AIR as one flotation chamber RIPS to shreds.

THE RAFT

The near miss spins the raft like a discus as it drops. It bounces twice on the water like a flat stone across a lake - then SKIDS UP onto the shore, CRASHES into some foliage.

For a long moment, nobody moves. The only sound their breathing... and the rumble of the rapids, now far behind them.

Lara takes a deep breath, stands.

LARA

Okay, campers. Break's over.

CUT TO:

LARSON'S CONVOY - DAY

The paramilitary behemoths rip through nature. Birds and animals race to get out of the way. Larson checks his chronometer, extends his hand out the window to signal a halt.

LARSON

(into radio)

Five minute stop to reconnoiter.

(aside to Heinrich)

And do a body count.

Larson gets out, unslinging binoculars. The rest of his team move off to stretch, smoke or relieve themselves. CAMERA CLOSES on Larson as he scans

THE RIVER - HIS POV

Starting at the tree he felled, then panning along the shore... here and there, flotsam and jetsam from Lara's raft... then, a large PATCH of rubber torn from the flotation cell.

BACK TO SCENE

LARSON

I think the competition has retired.

Then - a distant REFLECTION halfway up the mountain. Heinrich taps Larson, points. Larson pans the binoculars to

CLIFF - LARSON'S P.O.V. - THROUGH BINOCULARS

Lara - now in BOMBER JACKET - leads her party upwards. She bangs in another piton. At this distance, the sound is out of sync.

BACK TO SCENE

Larson lowers the binoculars, steaming.

HEINRICH

Ach, a pity. Too far for a six-shooter, ja?

LARSON

There's better ways than a bullet. Move out!

All pile in. The convoy rumbles away.

CUT TO:

LARA AND HER TEAM - CLIMBING

Lara chalks her hands, starts a difficult horizontal move. She's startled (and impressed) as Bryce appears beside her.

LARA

Nice form. But I thought we were racing Larson, not each other.

BRYCE

I haven't seen Kincaid for five minutes.

Lara, concerned, looks down. Anzac and Merry are moving steadily upwards. But Kincaid's lines just sway slackly in the breeze.

KINCAID - SAME TIME

Hidden from view from above, sitting on a narrow shelf. He shakes out the last cigarette from a pack, lights it. He reaches into his pocket, takes out a fifth of bourbon, starts to open it.

Then he hesitates. He looks over at the equipment cases he's responsible for. Sighing, he pinches out the cigarette, pockets the butt. Stands and swings the gear onto his back. CLIMBS. CAMERA HOLDS on the bourbon... unopened - and abandoned.

RESUME LARA AND BRYCE - ABOVE

Anzac and Merry are now alongside them. All react relieved as Kincaid comes into view.

ANZAC

There he is. Probably just needed to see a man about a horse.

DISSOLVE TO:

TOP OF PLATEAU - DAY

First up, Lara crouches, waits for the others to come over the lip... but in an instant, she's scrambled to her feet again, looking around cautiously. Merry, next up, sees this.

MERRY

What?

LARA

Footprint.

MERRY

(alarmed)

That cowboy who's looking to kill us..?

As Anzac appears, CAMERA CRANES UP to show PUG MARKS.

LARA

No, just something looking to eat us. From the size of the prints, and this altitude... I'd say a 1,200 pound Siberian tiger.

ANZAC

I'm starting to get homesick for sharks.

Kincaid arrives. Bryce immediately grabs the cases from him.

KINCAID

What, no tip?

Bryce ignores this, moves off by himself. Back to CAMERA, he inspects each case.

LARA - A FEW YARDS AWAY

Lara's going over her mysterious map again, still puzzling it out. Bryce comes over to her, a metal case in his hand.

BRYCE

We need to talk... alone.

She looks at him curiously. Seeing the others preoccupied stowing the climbing gear and changing into clothes better suited for overland, she nods. Both drift into a small glade. TIGHTEN as Bryce raps the anodized side of the case.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Reinforced aluminium. Same Military specs used in Desert Storm and on the Space Shuttle.

LARA

When did this expedition become an infomercial? What's your point?

Bryce unlocks the case, removes the cushioning foam. Lara REACTS.

HER POINT OF VIEW - HER LAPTOP COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM

There's a savage DENT on the top of the device. WIDEN as Lara opens it. Inside - the display screen nothing but shards.

LARA

We're cut off from the world. How could this happen?

BRYCE

I'd ask the fellow who brought this up the mountain.

And he looks over at Kincaid, smoking the last bit of that last cigarette. FOCUS CHANGE back to Lara.

LARA

(sotto, to Bryce)

We'll talk about this later.

(to everyone)

Move out.

A DISTANT TIGER'S ROAR takes us to -

CUT TO:

INT. LARSON'S ATV - TRAVELING

We see more of it now: Behind the driver's compartment, there's a GUN TURRET armed by one of Larson's men - and Heinrich, still trying to work at the built-in lab table as they rumble along. He adjusts the GREEN GRID projected on the Face Map, moves closer with a loupe over his eye and an intense LIGHT on a gimbal.

HEINRICH

Ach! Larson, you must see this. My father would turn over in his grave if he knew I quoted Churchill, but he said it best: This is truly a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma.

Larson nods to his "copilot", who takes up the controls. Larson ducks under the gunner, moves to the lab section.

LARSON

You wanna rein in that lingo and palaver so an hombre can comprende?

HEINRICH

I'll...try. This area here that shows "nothing"? It turns out there is in fact "something". Look, yourself.

Larson removes his Stetson, puts his eye to the magnifier.

HIS POV - THE "BLANK SPACE"

barely visible in the intense cross-light - A tiny engraving of -

LARSON'S VOICE

(puzzled)

Another face?

CUT TO:

EXT. KAFIRISTAN FOREST - DAY

Lara, in the lead, setting a grueling pace uphill. Bryce has to work to stay even with her. Then Merry, Anzac - and -

KINCAID

Wasn't our next five minute break supposed to be five hours ago?

LARA

There could be anything from the cure to cancer to something worse than cancer in that Library - and I'm the genius who turned up the only clue to its location. That makes me responsible for how its contents are used - or misused. It's almost dark. Larson can't risk driving those monsters on the ridge at night. On this trail, we've got the edge - and we're going to maintain it.

BRYCE

(sotto)

The edge is no good if you wear it down, Lara.

LARA

All right. Ten minutes.

All happily collapse beside a trickling and shallow creek. Merry squirts water into her mouth from a squeeze bottle.

MERRY

Need a refill here, Lara.

LARA

Get the water purifier. We can refill from this stream.

Anzac crosses to Kincaid, who's using that case for a footstool. Anzac brings it to Lara at the stream. Opens it. The water purifier is bent, twisted, ruined. Bryce looks at Lara.

BRYCE

I think it's time for that little talk.

CUT TO:

KINCAID - VERY TIGHT - DUSK

Looking decidedly unhappy.

LARA'S VOICE

Beef jerky, or turkey?

KINCAID

Beef.

LARA'S VOICE

Banana or chocolate power bars?

KINCAID

Banana. I'm allergic to chocolate.

CAMERA SLOWLY WIDENS. Kincaid is TIED TO A TREE, ten feet above the ground. Below, Lara finishes filling a backpack.

LARA

I'm leaving you a Swiss army knife, a Mark IV raft and ration pack, a compass and a full canteen.

BRYCE

Full? He shouldn't get any. We're on half rations - thanks to his sabotage!

KINCAID

Come up here and say that to my face, dickhead! Damn it Lara, I'm innocent! This is a frame-up!

LARA

No, this is survival.

TIGER'S ROAR in the distance.

KINCAID

Sounds more like murder to me.

LARA

That cat's miles away. You'll have yourself untied long before he gets here.

(to the others)

Let's go.

KINCAID

(as they start to move)

Damn it Lara, how can you do this - you know me - !

LARA

Except you're not the man I knew anymore.

KINCAID

And you're not the woman I knew - the one who had a heart that wasn't just another muscle!

Lara turns, plunges into the bush. The others follow, all but Bryce with mixed feelings. CAMERA slowly pulls back as another ROAR motivates Kincaid to start struggling against the ropes.

CUT TO:

INT. LARSON'S ATV - DUSK

Larson goes into forward gear. The whole vehicle BUMPS. Larson backs up. Another BUMP. Forward again. CAMERA adjusts to show Heinrich, trying to keep his equipment from smashing.

HEINRICH

This isn't a rodeo, Tex! You're going to kill us!

LARSON

Keep your Homburg on, Heinrich. It's not like we're going anywhere.

CAMERA PULLS OUT THE WINDOW, cranes up. All three of Larson's vehicles are using their front blades to PILE UP A WALL OF ROCK.

CUT TO:

EXT. KAFIRISTAN BLUFF - TELEPHOTO LENS - NIGHT

That TIGER, white on white against the full moon - the perfect predator. WIDEN to reveal Lara - also backlit by the moon. A close SOUND makes Lara turn, pistols drawn. But it's only -

BRYCE

My turn at guard duty. Why don't you get some food?

LARA

(holstering weapons)

I could just sit here and smell the jasmine.

BRYCE

All I can smell now is your perfume.

LARA

(soft laugh)

I never wear scent on expedition. I'm afraid that's just good English soap.

BRYCE

On a good English girl...

LARA

Well... not that good...

They look at each other in the moonlight. It's hard to tell who's moving first. But suddenly their lips are together and their silhouettes blend into one against the full moon.

And then Lara, suddenly breaks away, sniffs the air.

LARA (CONT'D)

Diesel.

BRYCE

... What?

LARA

Diesel fumes... they're moving.

BRYCE

But you said traveling at night up there would be suicide.

LARA

Maybe they're up to something else.

Lara's already starting up the hill. Bryce starts to follow - first turning back for that BLACK CASE he's guarded since England.

CUT TO:

LARA AND BRYCE - HIGHER UP THE MOUNTAIN SLOPE - NIGHT

Now close enough to hear the ENGINES and see the GLOW of the work lights... but not to see the actual activity.

BRYCE

Odd. It's like they're going around in circles. Seems pointless unless they want to wear a hole in the mountain.

LARA

(suddenly)

Lady Priscilla. She was murdered - by avalanche!

BRYCE

(looking downslope)

My God. The camp -

Lara's already grabbed her radio, hit the "CALL" button.

LARA'S BASE CAMP - SAME TIME - INTERCUT

Merry, on watch. She yanks her radio from the belt.

MERRY

Croft expedition. Merry speaking.

LARA

Merry! Break camp, now. Grab what you can and head up and East!

MERRY

But - we just made camp -

LARA

There's no time to explain! Move, now! We'll find you later! Over!

Puzzled, Merry turns to Anzac, already rolling up gear.

MERRY

What do you suppose that was about?

ANZAC

I dunno - but I'm getting more homesick for sharks.

EXT. TOP OF RIDGE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

The ATV's have now piled enough boulders to bite into the bottom of the full moon. WIDEN to reveal Lara and Bryce. Seeing her draw her pistols, Bryce stays her hand.

BRYCE

Those ATV's are armored. All you'll do is give them a heads up. Worse, they've got the high ground...

(pause)

Or do they..?

Lara follows his gaze: Just above where the ATV's are laboring, an UPCROPPING of rock looms over the "construction site."

Bryce surveys the landscape mentally... then swings that mysterious case off his back, opens it.

LARA
A T.O.W. missile - ?

BRYCE
(arming it)
Now you need to know.

INT. ONE OF THE ATV'S - SAME TIME

As it backs up for another run, its REAR WHEELS climb up higher than planned... and its HEADLIGHTS tilt downslope. The DRIVER reacts to Lara and Bryce suddenly FULLY ILLUMINATED.

DRIVER
(instantly, into radio)
Larson! Someone's on the slope! Two
o'clock!

LARSON'S VOICE
Take 'em out. Now!

THE SCENE

Immediately, the GUN TURRETS on all three ATV's OPEN FIRE.

ANZAC AND MERRY - EAST OF THIS

loaded with gear, scrambling upwards - they turn and see TRACER BULLETS LIGHT UP the slope like a World War II battlefield.

LARA AND BRYCE - SAME TIME

LARA
Bryce, do it - I'll cover you!

Lara jumps up, FIRES a FUSILLADE with both pistols.

IN LARSON'S ATV - GUN TURRET

the gunner SCREAMS, falls back, dead - shot through the narrow aiming slit at 50 yards! Larson tosses the dead man's body out of the seat, takes aim. Suddenly REACTS as he SEES

BRYCE AND LARA - THROUGH CROSSHAIRS

Lara reloads her pistol - and Bryce aims the T.O.W.!

THE MOUNTAINTOP - NIGHT

Bryce FIRES. The missile arcs past all three ATV's - makes a DIRECT HIT on the upcropping of rock.

IN THE THREE ATV'S

the crews REACT as the ground beneath them ROARS like a thousand express trains. They look through their windshields at the wall of rock prepared so carefully for Lara... except now, it all rushes towards - THEM.

THE SCENE - WIDER

The avalanche of rock slams into the ATV's, flipping them over like toys, smashing steel, glass, flesh. One tumbles over the ridge, hits an outcropping. EXPLODES.

INSIDE LARSON'S ATV

SPARKS rising as it scrapes along the ridge. One door is open, Heinrich hanging desperately onto it with one hand, feet dangling; the other hand reaching up towards Larson - who is reaching back towards the German.

HEINRICH

Just another inch! Almost there -

Heinrich suddenly realizes Larson isn't reaching for him; but for the GOLDEN MASK, on the verge of pitching out the door. Larson snags it just as Heinrich falls SCREAMING. Larson starts to open the side door - a BOULDER slams it closed. As he struggles -

THE WALL OF ROCK

sweeps towards CAMERA, rising, spreading. The remaining two ATV'S are smashed together like walnuts. They EXPLODE.

MERRY AND ANZAC

The boulders that shatter around the ATV's throw schrapnel. Half the mountain heaves. Trees tumble - and so does Merry. At the last conceivable second Anzac catches Merry's wrist. The two of them ride out what can only be called an earthwave rushing past and below them. But

HIGHER ON THE SLOPE - LARA AND BRYCE

are closer to the destruction. The SLAB OF ROCK they originally took cover behind shields them from the FIREBALL that roars over them - but just as they think they've made it, a semi-intact ATV sails into the rock shield - EXPLODES over their heads.

The slab of rock CRACKS like a mine's failing roof. Lara and Bryce DISAPPEAR in a cloud of dust. As the last bits of rubble fall, the SOUNDS of night return. Among them - A TIGER'S ROAR.

DISSOLVE TO:

SOMEWHERE IN THE FOREST - NIGHT

Lara, clothes in tatters, supine, still, battered, gear and one pistol lost. Impossible to tell if she's alive or dead. A TARANTULA decides to find out. Lara stirs at its touch. She looks at it - flicks it away exactly like the bedbug earlier. She has more important things on her mind.

LARA

Bryce! Bryce! Br -

She breaks off, seeing Bryce half-buried, one hand still on his black case. Lara quickly crosses to him, frees him from the rubble. She checks his vitals. Her face shows her relief. She wipes hair and blood from his forehead affectionately.

LARA (CONT'D)

You may be seeing double, Mr. Need-to-Know, but you'll pull through.

She opens the emergency pack on her webb belt, rips open an antiseptic wipe. In another moment she's got a field dressing on his forehead contusion. Only then does she check her radio.

LARA (CONT'D)

Anzac. Merry. Come in.

(pause)

Anzac, Merry. Come in.

STATIC. Then - a TIGER'S roar in the distance. Lara draws a pistol. The shattered shield of rock has formed a natural cave of sorts, and now she starts to draw inside beside Bryce.

LARA (CONT'D)

Move over, darling. It's going to be a long night -

As she tries to move him she grabs his black case. SOUND of something sliding - and then something drops to the ground. It is a military spec black A/V SATELLITE COMMLINK, a SCOTLAND YARD LOGO emblazoned on the aluminum just above the lock.

LARA (CONT'D)

Holding out on me again.

(beat)

Thank God.

Seeing the lock, Lara checks Bryce's pockets. In a moment she's found keys - with a RABBIT'S FOOT on the chain. Remaining pistol drawn, Lara moves into the open. She unlocks and opens the commlink, estimates the location of the GPS satellite by the stars, and raises the satellite antenna. Still holding on to the pistol, she types on the keyboard.

FAVORING THE SCREEN

The international GPS uplink engages, ANIMATION showing Lara's on the satellite. A few more keystrokes - she's on the Web. A second later - the screen shows us a familiar FACE.

MONTY

Lady Gwendolyn's house of pain. Can I help you?

LARA

Monty? Is everything all right?

LARA - MONTY'S P.O.V. - INTERCUT

MONTY

(now alert)

Lara? I should ask you that question. Are you hurt?

LARA

(wiping dust from her brow)

I've been better. And worse.

MONTY

Should I wake your Aunt?

LARA

No reason to alarm her yet.

(looking over at Bryce)

First patch me through to Scotland Yard.

MONTY

You're an autodial away.

LARA - IN KAFIRISTAN

MODEM SOUNDS. A "window" opens and takes up most of the screen.

SCOTLAND YARD OPERATOR

New Scotland Yard, International Ops. Code number, please.

LARA

I don't have a code number and I don't have time for red tape, so just listen. This is Lara Croft, I'm in central Kafiristan with the man you assigned me and -

(remembering)

Just put me through to Inspector ah, Denton, that's it.

SCOTLAND YARD OPERATOR

(happy to be out of this one)

Yes, Miss. One moment.

A SOUND startles Lara. She AIMS her pistol. Click. FOCUS CHANGE to AN ENORMOUS PYTHON, weaving its way down a tree. It's a dozen meters away from Lara and has zero interest in her. As Lara holsters the empty weapon, relieved, the Commlink PICTURE changes.

NEW VOICE

May I help you?

NEW ANGLE

Lara turns, looks at the stranger on the screen.

LARA

I've already said I haven't got time for bureaucratic nonsense, and the satellite's almost out of position! Put me straight through to Inspector Denton.

MAN (REAL DENTON)

You're talking to him...
(checking a paper)
Miss Croft.

CAMERA PUSHES to her.

LARA

What? Then...
(realizing)
Oh no. No. It can't be -

BRYCE'S VOICE

Lara. If you want to live, step away from the monitor. Slowly... slowly -

CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal Bryce, with a SHOTGUN.

LARA

Aunt Gwen was so right.

Lara GRABS the muzzle. Both wrestle for it. The BARREL veers toward the computer.

LARA (CONT'D)

(quickly, shouting)
Launch Plan "B" - !

That's all she has time for before Bryce's finger gets to the trigger. BLAM. 12 gauge HOLE in the computer screen. Bryce holds the shotgun barrel under her chin while he disarms her.

LARA (CONT'D)

You make that Scotland Yard ID with a PC, or a Mac?

BRYCE

You cut me, Lara. I'm the real thing,
bright haired boy in the department.
How else to convince the wise old men
there of my brilliant "terrorist" spin
on the "Curse of Ishkandar"?

Seeing her pistol's empty, he tosses it away.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Speaking of "spin" - what's "Plan B"?

LARA

A special arrangement with the Foreign
Ministry. An armed rescue party out
of Ankara, Turkey.

BRYCE

Nice try. But I can smell a bluff.
(gesturing with gun)

Move.

For a split second his eyes flick downslope. That's enough for
Lara to KICK out at the shotgun barrel. The SHOT goes wild.
Bryce rolls away from the next kick, FIRES blindly twice before
he realizes Lara is gone. He runs downslope in pursuit.

CUT TO:

LARA - MOVING SHOT - SAME TIME

Scrambling and sliding away - diving over boulders, ducking under
trees felled by the landslide - until she collides with Merry and
Anzac, racing upwards. Grabbing a weapon from Anzac, Lara spins
in time to see Bryce slide down the slope and land on his feet
twenty seconds behind her.

LARA

You've had it, Bryce. And this
expedition is over.

BRYCE

With the Great Library almost within
our grasp? I don't think so.

LARA

You're pretty cocky for a man with
three guns at his head.

BRYCE

And you're rather sporting for a woman
with two in her back.

NEW ANGLE

revealing Anzac and Merry doing just that. In Lara's split second of total astonishment, Merry covers Anzac as he retrieves his weapon - throws it to Bryce.

BRYCE

I stacked the jury, Lara: Handpicked a third of the people you interviewed. As luck and statistics would have it, you did choose one of mine. The others-

LARA

- got dragged away at the airport for stealing candy bars. But if Pierre was your man, then why -

BRYCE

The damn hothead was going to kill you, what choice did I have?

LARA

Then - Kincaid! You did the sabotage - to make me abandon the only person I could trust - !

She starts forward furiously. Pauses as THREE WEAPONS cock - then grins savagely.

LARA (CONT'D)

You know what? I think that if you wanted me alive so badly you'd kill your own man, you're bluffing right now. You need me.

WHAM! She's kicked viciously from behind by Anzac, who follows up by pinning and binding her.

NEW ANGLE

Lara, on the dirt as Bryce kneels a careful distance away.

LARA (CONT'D)

Nothing any of you can do will make me help you.

BRYCE

We know that, Lara.

All REACT to a TIGER'S ROAR - quite close.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

That's why we're going to bring in a specialist.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALFWAY ACROSS THE EARTH - ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK

Colorful dresses for the women, straw boaters and blazers for the men: Punting costume - except the regatta about to begin isn't seaborne - it's airborne. CAMERA ADJUSTS to show several Roziere combination helium/hot air BALLOONS being inflated... then PANS to Lord Croft, in flight suit.

LORD CROFT

"Launch Plan B"? Means nothing to me.

WIDEN to reveal the (real) Inspector Denton.

"REAL" DENTON

Nor to us at the Yard. There's a British Cruiser in the Persian Gulf, but even at full steam she won't be close enough to launch a rescue chopper until almost this time tomorrow. Pity we didn't activate the tracer immediately. At least then we'd know who she called first...

LORD CROFT

What? Lara didn't contact you directly from Kafiristan - ?

"REAL" DENTON

No, actually, she was transferred from somewhere near London. But the call ended so quickly, as I said, so -

(on Lord Croft's expression)

There's still hope, Lord Croft. Your niece is a plucky young woman.

LORD CROFT

You've done all you can. Thank you, Inspector.

As Denton leaves, Lord Croft crosses to his balloon team.

LORD CROFT (CONT'D)

Hennessy, Cooke. You'll have to defend the cup without me.

BALLOONIST

Lord Croft, no -

LORD CROFT

Got to pay the helium bill. You don't need me for ballast. Carry on.

Croft moves to his Bentley Mulsanne Turbo, already stripping off his gleaming flying suit.

TB
INT. BENTLEY - DUSK

LORD CROFT

In 24 hours the Library of Alexandria
and all its secrets of weapons and
technology could end up in the hands
of scholars and twits instead of
men... men, born and bred to rule.

CAMERA REVEALS the driver - the phoney Denton.

DENTON

We don't know that for sure, Milord -

LORD CROFT

If Bryce didn't let Lara use his
uplink, how did she get hold of it?
Damn! I knew she was resourceful, but
outwitting four to one odds - !

(worried)

I'm in bloody Parliament. If Bryce or
those mercenaries he hired talked...
you can still swing in this country
for Treason. To Croft Hall. And step
on it.

CRANE UP as the Rolls roars towards the Cotswalds.

CUT TO:

LARA'S TIED WRISTS - NIGHT

WIDEN. She's INSIDE A WOODEN CAGE in the center of a clearing.
Merry and Anzac pour LIQUID around the cage. Anzac moves out of
sight into the forest, still pouring. Lara's eyes narrow.

BRYCE

Just a little chicken blood... you'd
be surprised how hard the wild ones
are to catch, but of course, you'd
know that...

Anzac reappears. Quickly, he and Merry run to a TREE where a
ROPE LADDER is hanging. Lara looks at Bryce, scornful.

LARA

All those people who died - they were
just cannon fodder. Slaughtered to
make a convincing case for a bogus
curse - and your bogus protection.
You even fooled my uncle -
(seeing Bryce's face)
My God. He's in it with you - ?

BRYCE

Lord Croft didn't get where he is by being stupid. He knew he had to have the best to find the Library. The trick was tricking the best into working for him.

LARA

You're out of tricks - the lot of you!

TIGER'S ROAR - the closest yet. Bryce smiles.

BRYCE

Not quite. It's all up to you now, Lara. You either lead us the rest of the way - or you die.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Bryce up the rope ladder to a classic Tiger Hunter's PLATFORM in the tree.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

(pulling up ladder)

So... what will it be? The Lady -
(over ANOTHER ROAR)
- or the tiger?

CLOSE ON LARA

FOLIAGE snaps in the darkness. She strains at her ropes.

ON THE TREE PLATFORM - SAME TIME

Merry, watching disturbingly like a soccer fan; Anzac with H&K rigged with 'scope and bipod; Bryce, edgy but confident.

MERRY

What makes you so sure she's going to crack and really cooperate?

CAMERA TIGHTENS on Bryce as FOREST SOUNDS rise with the moon.

BRYCE

Deep down inside all of us is the oldest fear of our race... the fear of being literally consumed by fang and claw. None of us are immune, we just think we are. And when I see that look in her eyes - of total terror -

ANZAC

(eye locked to scope)

It's goodbye Puss n' Boots.

LARA - IN THE TIGER CAGE

She's straining with all her might to break out, muscles writhing like cables.

She manages to unwind some of the rope on her hands. Though still bound at the wrist, at last she has slack. Dripping sweat, she catches her breath - GASPS as that Siberian tiger leaps into the clearing, 1,200 pounds of carnivore.

HIGH ANGLE - INCLUDING THE HUNTER'S PLATFORM

BRYCE

Steady -

ANZAC

On it, Mate -

MERRY

(eating raisins)

Shut up, you two, you'll scare it away.

WITH LARA

She turns to watch the great cat as it follows the spiral of blood... to... her! She freezes. The tiger comes closer. Lara stays rigid as a statue. The tiger clearly isn't sure what to make of her... or the cage. Like a giant kitten, it tentatively pokes at the latter - and that's when

MERRY

hauls in a COUNTERWEIGHTED LINE constructed from climbing gear. The cage rises just enough to escape the tiger's reach - and startle it.

TIGER - ANZAC'S NIGHTSCOPE POV

In the crosshairs, it ROARS angrily.

MERRY

laughing, she lowers the cage a bit -

INSIDE CAGE - DOWN ANGLE

Lara's knocked wildly about as the tiger connects with a right. A piece of BAMBOO gives way, and Lara's ankle slips through.

Lara leaps up, hangs from the cage roof, just as the tiger's paw swipes at the hole! Bending and twisting like a contortionist, Lara hooks her legs over the highest cage bars she can reach. Now - she's upside down.

BRYCE - CLOSE

BRYCE

What's she doing - ?

THE TIGER & LARA - DOWN ANGLE

Lara tenses as the tiger crouches. Then - it LEAPS! Lara's wrists whirl across each other, a blur.

Lara has CAPTURED the tiger's paw in the rope! With all her might, she strains to keep it there. The tiger ROARS - its claws SPRING OPEN like switchblades - one rakes Lara's cheek. Still, she holds on.

THE TIGER

infuriated now, its REAR PAWS leave the ground as it struggles.

IN THE TREE

Merry YOWLS as the added weight yanks her against the tree trunk.

MERRY

I - can't - hold it!

Bryce whirls to help. The rope sizzles through their grip, smoking! They LET GO!

CAGE - DOWN ANGLE

Lara and tiger still attached, it DROPS like an elevator. Lara releases the rope as they fall, doubles at the waist for the crash impact. She rolls away into the foliage a moment before the furious tiger SMASHES what's left of the cage aside.

ON THE PLATFORM

The anchor line RIPS free and the decking splinters. Merry is thrown out of the tree. Bryce hangs on to the trunk - while Anzac flips head over heels. His rifle bipod SNAGS on what's left of the platform. As Anzac dangles helplessly the rifle goes on FULL AUTO. Every creature for miles REACTS.

LARA - IN THE BUSHES

as the forest goes wild, she cracks a length of bamboo from the ground -

THE CLEARING - SAME TIME

Merry gets to her feet - sees the tiger approaching. She backsteps - and FALLS over a STEEP DROP. The tiger turns, sees Anzac dangling helplessly from the platform.

ANZAC

(as the tiger nears)

Help! Somebody, help - !

LARA - IN THE BRUSH

grins at the pleas for help, even as she jams a SHARP STONE into the end of the bamboo. She yanks a tie from her hair, twists it around stone and shaft. In six seconds, she's made a spear.

IN THE CLEARING

Anzac's cries for help become raw terror as the tiger LEAPS into the air - CHOMPS DOWN on Anzac's leg - and RIPS IT COMPLETELY OFF. Anzac screams bloody murder another second - and then sees the STRAPS dangling from what's left of his trousers.

The tiger reacts with confusion as its teeth rip through fabric - revealing - A FIBERGLASS LEG.

Anzac drops to the ground, starts to crawl away...

IN THE TREE - SAME TIME

Bryce sees Anzac's gun, still tangled in the platform. Bryce grabs it - drops from the tree - just as a SPEAR POINT stabs into the trunk, slashing his cheek. WIDEN. Lara. Bryce tries to aim the rifle. But Lara hangs onto the spear, uses it like a kendo stick, her moves so rapid Bryce can't get the distance to point the muzzle - all he can do is use the stock to fend her off.

LARA

You son-of-a-bitch -

BRYCE

Such talk from a Lady.

Bryce swings the gun around - cracks Lara with the gun butt! She goes down, losing her spear. Bryce aims - she's a sitting duck - then the TIGER leaps between them! Bryce doesn't know who to shoot first. RUSTLE in the bushes makes the tiger turn -

ANZAC - TIGER'S POV

the straps from his missing artificial limb have snagged on thorn bushes. Anzac struggles to get free.

BACK TO SCENE

The tiger turns towards Anzac. Bryce spins, aims at -

LARA

who makes her choice and LEAPS from the cliff, BULLETS chasing her. She grabs branches that break, vines that snap, bark that peels - but the foliage cushions her fall as she lands on a ledge, where she just manages to stop herself from plummeting to her death. She starts to rise - gets a BOOT in the face.

WIDEN. It's Merry. She follows up with another kick, but Lara side-steps it, delivers her own. Merry staggers back, almost goes over the small ledge herself.

Both women become more cautious. Meanwhile up above - GUNSHOTS, crashing, ROARING. Something FALLS close to the women.

LARA

The tiger -

Merry sneaks a glance over her shoulder. Hides her smile.

HER POINT OF VIEW

It's actually one of the team's RIFLES, dangling on a branch.

BACK TO SCENE

MERRY

No worries, dearie. We're the only catfight in town.

They trade blows again. Lara seems to be pushing Merry back... but Merry's actually giving way - deliberately. Suddenly she snatches up the fallen rifle, aims it.

MERRY (CONT'D)

Sorry, luv. Girl power.

WHISTLING sound makes Merry turn. A BASEBALL-SIZED ROCK strikes her in the forehead.

Merry falls into blackness, the rifle FIRING wildly until we hear a sickening THUD. Lara REACTS as Kincaid swings over to her on the rope he was abandoned with earlier.

LARA

Nice shot.

KINCAID

Not really: I was aiming at you.

HUMAN SCREAM from above - then - another BURST OF GUNFIRE. Another TIGER'S ROAR - then the crash of foliage. Then - silence.

LARA

Let's move before we're dessert.

Kincaid starts down the rope - drops to a patch of solid ground. Lara joins him - just as Kincaid walks right into a TREE LIMB. Or rather - just a LIMB. Recognizing the fabric, he yanks it out of the tree, annoyed.

KINCAID

Anzac's prosthetic. The bastard's probably hopping around here somewhere with a gun -

LARA

I don't think so: That's not a prosthetic.

Kincaid quickly drops it, exits with her.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON A MONITOR SCREEN - NIGHT

A very STATIC-FILLED PLAYBACK of Lara, looking directly at CAMERA, a stunned expression on her face.

LARA

...no...no - it can't be...

BRYCE'S VOICE

Lara. If you want to live, step away from the monitor. Slowly... slowly -

Weapon in hand, Bryce enters from behind Lara, thus approaching the SCREEN as well.

LARA

Aunt Gwen was so right.

Lara grabs for the shotgun's muzzle. Her effort pushes Bryce offscreen while the MUZZLE POINTS DIRECTLY AT LENS. Lara looks at CAMERA.

LARA (CONT'D)

Launch Plan "B" - !

The SHOTGUN goes OFF, blasting the IMAGE into STATIC. CAMERA ADJUSTS to show Aunt Gwen in nightgown and anguish.

AUNT GWEN

This looks serious, Monty. You were right to wake me. Have you activated this "Plan B?"

MONTY

No.

AUNT GWEN

You're supposed to be a computer fizz!

MONTY

That's "whiz", and I am. But our database shows no reference to any contingency like that.

AUNT GWEN

She never said anything to me about it, either. Roll back a bit.

LARA (ON VIDEO PLAYBACK)

Aunt Gwen was so right...

AUNT GWEN

"Right" about what..? Monty, what did he say to her, just before she fired her gun?

Monty works a control...

BRYCE (ON VIDEO PLAYBACK)

Lara. If you want to live, step away from the monitor. Slowly... slowly.

MONTY

That's weird. They're acting like the monitor itself is a threat.

AUNT GWEN

Maybe it's not the monitor - but something right on top of it! What's that, there?

She pokes her finger at a BLUR at the top of the screen.

MONTY

I dunno.. maybe some foliage intruding on the scan area. I'll enhance it.

Whirs and beeps and patterns cross the screen. Gwendolyn and Monty REACT.

AUNT GWEN

Heaven help her. She's lost and alone at the top of the world...

FOCUS CHANGE to the screen. A GIANT CLAW seems to hover over Lara.

AUNT GWEN (CONT'D)

...and face to face with the Abominable Snowman!

EXT. KAFIRISTAN CLEARING - DAWN

CLOSE on what's left of the video commlink computer destroyed earlier. Already the jungle is claiming it. CAMERA TIGHTENS on it... and Pierre's RABBIT'S FOOT KEYCHAIN, still dangling in front of the lens.

CUT TO:

EXT. KAFIRISTAN DESERT - DAWN

Lara and Kincaid in an endless arid plain. Lara is twisting together some twigs. Kincaid blocks the already intense sun with his eyes.

KINCAID

If you're making a beach umbrella,
Lara, can you whip up a Mai-Tai to go
with it?

LARA

Shh! I'm shooting Venus with a
sextant.

KINCAID

Why does that makes me horny?

LARA

Everything makes you horny.

(peering at the sun)

Right, then. We keep going North by
West, we should come to that spot on
the map that had nothing on it.

KINCAID

And why is "nothing" worth crossing a
trackless desert for?

LARA

Larson's been on the same course as us
from the beginning. And unlike our
photo assembly of the Mask, he has the
Mask itself. That means the blank spot
was intentional. Whatever was hidden
here over two thousand years ago -
it's got to be in that empty quadrant.

As she leads the way -

CUT TO:

EXT. CROFT HALL - NIGHT

SNIP. WIRES drop from a telephone pole. CAMERA descends with
Denton, pocketing wire-cutters. He crosses to Lord Croft,
already ringing the doorbell.

LORD CROFT

All right, "Inspector" - you're on.
Try and act like the real thing - and
let me do all the talking.

The door opens - Gwendolyn. Lord Croft takes off his hat.

LORD CROFT (CONT'D)

Lady Gwendolyn. Excuse me for
disturbing you at this hour. As you
know, this gentleman is from Scotland
Yard. And they - we - have some
concerns about Lara's safety.

AUNT GWEN

You're not alone. Come in... at once.

As they enter, PAN to a SECURITY CAMERA over the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. KAFIRISTAN FOREST - DAY.

That Siberian tiger limps through a clearing, whimpering, one paw bloody. CAMERA WHIPS to Bryce, body battered, clothing torn, maddened by pain and defeat. He FIRES his RIFLE on FULL AUTO, brass flying past the cheek Lara scarred. O.S. ROAR of pain - the great beast's last labored breaths end as Bryce fires one LAST BURST into its brain.

BRYCE

BASTARD!

He kicks the lifeless corpse for good measure. Looks around. Lost. Hopeless. A rustle in the bushes makes him turn... Suddenly there's A SINGLE ACTION COLT at his throat. WIDEN as Larson slowly advances into the clearing. The only thing Bryce can do is drop his rifle and be shoved along. If anything, Larson's as torn up and enraged as Bryce.

LARSON

My people - my gear - my plans - all gone, thanks to you! Now -
(cocking the pistol)
- you're gonna pay - with your life.

BRYCE

(calmly)
Oh, I think my employer would pay far more than that...

CUT TO:

INT. CROFT HALL SITTING ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Distraught, Lady Gwendolyn sits across from Lord Croft and Denton.

AUNT GWEN

...but I tell you, I haven't had a word from Lara since just before she entered Kafiristan... and... and...
(fighting for control)
...encountered that horrid beast!

LORD CROFT

"Beast - ?"

AUNT GWEN

The Abominable Snowman. That's what cut off her signal!

DENTON
(scoffing)
Abominable Snow - ?

LORD CROFT
(silencing Denton with a
look)
Her "signal?" Then Lara was online
with you when her system went down?

AUNT GWEN
(upset)
Oh, if you're talking about that
dreadful computer nonsense, I leave
all of that to Monty.

LORD CROFT
(alert, glances at Denton)
Monty? The butler, I take it - ?

DENTON
(rising)
Is he working tonight, Ma'am - ?

Suddenly all the LIGHTS in the room FLICKER.

LORD CROFT
What the devil -

DENTON
(sotto)
I might've nicked a wrong line -

Another FLICKER of the lights.

AUNT GWEN
Something's definitely wrong with the
circuits. Odd. Monty usually
regulates things like this perfectly -

She breaks off. She's just noticed -

QUICK CUTS - HER POV

Every electrical device in sight is blinking... "12:00".

LORD CROFT (O.S.)
Lady Gwendolyn? Your butler? Is he
on tonight?

GWENDOLYN - TIGHTENING SHOT

AUNT GWEN
(quickly)
Uh, no. Monty is definitely not
working as usual tonight.
(more)

AUNT GWEN (CONT'D)

Ah - if you'll excuse me for a moment?
I'd just like to put on something
decent.

She quickly exits. Lord Croft instantly picks up the phone. As
he listens - DEAD. He smiles at Denton, sets it down.

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Gwendolyn races up the stairs with surprising agility.

MONTY

Lady Gwendolyn. You understood my
signal.

AUNT GWEN

Of course I understood it, I'm not a
bloody idiot. Now why these silly
games when Lara's across the world and
in deadly danger - ?

MONTY

The danger's not just across the
world. Look.

VIDEO PLAYS on the small screen here - SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE of -

LORD CROFT (ON VIDEO PLAYBACK)

All right, "Inspector" - you're on.
Try and act like the real thing - and
let me do all the talking.

AUNT GWEN

What a curious conversation. Almost
as if that Scotland Yard man is an
imposter -

MONTY

Uh-huh. I'm betting he's also
probably the person who sabotaged all
our communication lines just before he
appeared on this surveillance camera.
Here, look...

He runs a tape from another surveillance camera - a glimpse of
Denton leaving the telephone pole. Gwen boils.

AUNT GWEN

And Lord Philip's involved to boot! He
was beastly to my sister until the day
she died, I'd put nothing past him!
Well, once the police are here, a good
squeezing and he'll talk -

MONTY

Uh, Lady Gwendolyn, the police are not coming.

AUNT GWEN

What? You haven't called them?

MONTY

I just told you - the minute they got here they cut every line - they must have even sabotaged the nearest cell relay - nothing's working.

LORD CROFT'S VOICE

(distant)

Lady Gwendolyn, are you there? We have to discuss Lara's situation!

MONTY

Lady Gwendolyn. Uncle Fester showing up just when Lara's in trouble can't be a coincidence. He's looking for something - maybe even Lara's last transmission.

AUNT GWEN

Then he mustn't get it - I'll delay them - you go into town for help -

LORD CROFT'S VOICE

Lady Gwendolyn -

MONTY

I'll download Lara's transmission to a disk and be gone in a second. Go, go!

She rushes out. He loads a zip drive, quickly types commands.

EXT. CROFT HALL - NIGHT

Gwen passes through the conservatory/green house and just steps into the main house when Lord Croft's sportsman's hand is on her wrist. She gasps.

AUNT GWEN

Philip, you startled me!

LORD CROFT

I thought you went to change.

AUNT GWEN

I intended to, and then I thought that with the electrical problems, my orchids might chill -

LORD CROFT

Yes. We'd better keep what heat there
is locked up in there.

He closes the greenhouse door, escorts her into the kitchen.

LORD CROFT (CONT'D)

(to Denton)

Inspector, why don't you look about,
see if you can fix the circuits?

Lord Croft lights a wooden match, making Gwen jump. He notes
this, then merely lights the stovetop.

LORD CROFT (CONT'D)

The gas seems right enough. Why don't
we have a cup of tea and talk about
the real problem... Lara?

AUNT GWEN

Yes, yes. Of course.

She moves to get things. Lord Croft leans close to Denton as he
moves past.

LORD CROFT

Slip outside and check the
outbuildings. We may have a fourth
for bridge.

Denton nods, exits.

CUT TO:

LARA AND KINCAID - KAFIRISTAN DESERT - DAY

VULTURES circle overhead. Lara licks her dry lips, casts a
longing look at the canteen bouncing on Kincaid's hip.

KINCAID

(noting this)

What's wrong, "Miss Adventure"? Can't
you take it?

LARA

I can take it as well as you - better!

KINCAID

Yeah, sure -

LARA

I also happened to be up all night
fighting tooth and claw for my bloody
life without a drop of nourishment.
Not all of us spent the night in a
nice dry hammock with potable water
and decent rations -

KINCAID

Yes, all so thoughtfully provided by
my lovely hostess and employer when
she abandoned me in the middle of
fucking nowhere!

LARA

I knew that would come up.

Exhausted, they sink into the shadow of a boulder. Kincaid
extends the canteen towards Lara.

LARA (CONT'D)

You first.

(off his look)

I insist.

Kincaid drinks. Drinks. Drinks. Lara scowls, snatches it away.

KINCAID

But my half was on the bottom -

Lara takes a long chug, her graceful neck arched until her eyes
catch his. He grins. Annoyed, she pivots away - drinks again.
That's when a BLINDING BEAM OF SUNLIGHT rebounds from the
canteen, so staggering Kincaid averts his eyes.

Instantly, Lara jumps up. The effect stops.

KINCAID (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?

LARA

Some kind of reflection...

KINCAID

Of what? Three Mile Island?

Lara carefully raises the canteen - catches the LIGHT again.
CAMERA CIRCLES 180 DEGREES to show A NARROW CANYON in the
distance. It is the source of the BLAZING LIGHT - as well as an
EERIE SIREN-LIKE CALL. Kincaid winces in the glare.

KINCAID (CONT'D)

Can't see nothing -

LARA

That's "can't see anything -"

(suddenly)

No, you're right! The place where
nothing shows! Come on!

CUT TO:

INT. NURSERY - CROFT HALL - NIGHT

WIDEN from an ancient Amiga with "Dr. Who" and "Ab Fab" stickers on it. Lord Croft looks at this suspiciously.

LORD CROFT

This is Lara's computer?

AUNT GWEN

Yes, her very first. She's quite attached to it - you know, like a dog..? Ah, I'll get you tea while you work.

Lord Croft sits down at the desk, hits a key. "PITFALL" comes up.

INT. CROFT HALL - CARRIAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Monty watches impatiently as he reads a message: "DOWNLOADING FILE. PLEASE WAIT".

Then a GAROTTE drops around his neck. WIDEN to show Denton tightening it. CRANE UP as Monty flails and kicks but he's pinned as firmly as a butterfly in a display case. He goes limp, falls. Denton notes the computer gear, exits quickly.

CUT TO:

LARA AND KINCAID AGAINST A CANYON WALL - WIDENING SHOT -DAY

BRONZE GREEK WARSHIELDS, the source of the blinding light, are stacked in tier after uncountable tier carved into the cliff. They RATTLE in the endless wind that circles the box canyon, the source of the siren-like cry.

LARA

100,000 men. They followed Alexander from one end of the earth to the other, then left their armor behind to help hide his Tomb. Incredible.

KINCAID

Yeah, incredible. Bronze gets how much a pound again?

Ignoring this, Lara makes her way to a semi-circular WALL. Kincaid joins her - sees words carved in GREEK above their heads.

KINCAID (CONT'D)

You acted like you knew there'd be an inscription here.

LARA

Where else? Even one of your Presidents was famous for saying it. "Read my lips?"

CAMERA CRANES UP AND BACK - revealing Lara and Kincaid are standing on the "chin" of a landscape that though seemingly natural, matches the golden mask perfectly.

TWIN WATERFALLS splash down both sides of the cragged "nose", keeping two small pools (the eyes) constantly level. Kincaid splashes happily under one waterfall. Meanwhile Lara reads aloud:

LARA (CONT'D)

"Of all who would enter the
Conqueror's soul, only Pyrgopolynices
is great enough to go."

Kincaid joins her, shaking off water like a terrier. He's cupped his hands to bring her some. She accepts it. The sun is lower now, the light almost normal. Only the splashing of the fountain and the soft scream of time over the forgotten army maintain the unearthly feeling.

KINCAID

That's a clue to the tomb, right?
Who's this character who's supposed to
be the only one who can get in?

LARA

That's the problem. Pyrgopolynices is
a character - in a Greek play later
reworked by Plautus.

KINCAID

The hero?

LARA

No, an overbearing macho jerk.

KINCAID

I hate those types.
(suddenly)
I got it! What's "Pyro - poly -
nicey" mean in English?

LARA

Loosely translated? "Macho Jerk."

Kincaid realizes she's not kidding.

KINCAID

You're saying you hauled my ass across
half of Asia for this?

(pointing)

A joke name? What's next, "Hail,
Gluteous Maximus"?

Lara sits on a rock... studies the twin ponds more carefully.

LARA

Those pools. They don't overflow.

KINCAID

Good plumbing, I guess...
(realizing what he said)
They're artificial.

LARA

Yes. Hmm. The eyes are the windows to
the soul... Kincaid, how deep would
you say that water is?

KINCAID

I dunno... Twenty inches.

Lara begins to circle the "face", carefully selecting, and
"weighing" the biggest rocks she can gather, still computing:

LARA

Twenty inches is exactly half a Greek
talent. And your Pyrgopolynices -
your average Greek soldier - plus
sword, shield, helmet, buckler...

During this she's been handing the ROCKS one by one to Kincaid.

KINCAID

What's this for?

LARA

A fully-equipped Greek warrior would
be quite "great" - in excess of 220
pounds. Or as we say in England...
(one last rock)
Fourteen stone.

With a CRASH, Kincaid disappears from view! Pleased, Lara checks
the hole. Water's still splashing down a now DEEPER WATERFALL.
Lara ties her hair back, climbs down.

INT. TOMB OF ALEXANDER - ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT

Water continues pouring down, running into a cistern. An
ANTECHAMBER here - broken through by the overweighted Kincaid.

KINCAID

You - you could have killed me!

LARA

First you complain I leave you behind,
now you complain I'm bringing you?

As they press forward we

CUT TO:

INT. CROFT HALL - NURSERY - WIDEN FROM A MONITOR - SAME TIME

Showing - LODGE RUNNER. Lord Croft scowls. One more click - and...CASTLE WOLFENSTEIN.

DENTON (O.S.)

Lord Croft! You'd better get down here.

INT. UPSTAIRS - SAME TIME

Gwendolyn lurks near a doorway. Through the crack, she can just see the two home invaders joining up downstairs.

DENTON

You were right. Bloke outside - with God's own computer system.

Gwen gasps - FOCUS CHANGE as she looks at a FUSE BOX.

LORD CROFT AND DENTON - DOWNSTAIRS

LORD CROFT

That's what will tell us if we're safe - or if we have to flee the country -

Suddenly ALL THE LIGHTS GO OUT. Then - sound of running FOOTSTEPS on stairs.

DENTON'S VOICE

(in the darkness)

The old lady. She's bolting.

LORD CROFT'S VOICE

If she gets to a car, she can get the authorities! You go that way!

CUT TO:

ALEXANDER'S TOMB - AIRSHAFT - DAY

UP ANGLE as Lara, torch in hand, is lowered down an AIR SHAFT by Kincaid, straining above, their common rope around a boulder serving as an anchor. Lara clears away moss and debris with her hand, moves her torch closer. A CARVING comes into relief.

LARA

A Sphinx?

KINCAID

(starting to haul her up)

Ah, then you're too deep. Even I know the Greeks came after the Egyptians-

LARA

No, it's not that Sphinx - It's the Greek version! From the legend of -

Oops. In her excitement, she's cleaned the sphinx carving too aggressively. There's a CLICK, and the image DEPRESSES. A moment later - the SOUND of ANCIENT ENGINEERING at work.

Lara looks around quickly for a handhold, finds one! But meanwhile, the great DOOR slowly sliding open reveals - ANOTHER ROOM with an elaborate mosaic floor. Meanwhile -

A PIECE OF LARA'S ROPE - CLOSE

gets snagged by ENORMOUS GEARS. WIDEN as Lara's dragged towards destruction. She looks up, SHOUTS!

LARA

Kincaid! The rope! Give me some -
(SCREAM from above)
- slack.

Kincaid plummets howling to her side - where he jerks up short, bobs like a pendulum. He looks eagerly past her.

KINCAID

You got it open? We're doing great - !

LARA

Look again. We've got six seconds to live.

NEW ANGLE

They're both being pulled towards the seam of the giant sliding door and mountain innards. Lara tries to remove the improvised rappelling rig around her waist and legs as she's dragged along. Meanwhile, Kincaid, rising to his doom, fumbles at his knots. He suddenly looks DOWN into nothingness.

KINCAID

What am I doing?

With difficulty, he manages to rotate himself to Lara's level -, reaches into his pocket -

LARA - SAME TIME

Both feet propped against the wall, using all her might to avoid being crushed before she can untie the knots. Then Kincaid's HAND enters the shot, holding his ZIPPO LIGHTER.

KINCAID'S VOICE

Mind if I light up?

CAMERA ADJUSTS. Kneeling here, Kincaid BURNS through her rope.

The release of tension sends the rope hissing out of sight while Lara rebounds against the opposite wall with a thud. His own rope already dealt with, Kincaid flips the lighter closed like a Zippo samurai, steps confidently forward.

NEW ANGLE

Lara spins on the floor, kicks his feet out from under him. He slams down beside her.

KINCAID

Excuse me, but I just saved your life.

LARA

I just saved yours: Those tiles aren't just decoration. One wrong step -

She indicates the floor TILES: a DISTINCTIVE PATTERN of three interweaving "paths". It's like a maze without the hedges - or a hint of which is the right route.

KINCAID

I get it, I get it. But you know all that Greco-Roman style stuff, right?

LARA

I believe that's wrestling. Now if I can have a moment's peace to think..?

HER POINT OF VIEW - THE SPHINX ROOM

The nearest section is decorated with a RISING SUN FRIEZE. A bit further on, a SUN AT HIGH NOON. Beyond that - a SETTING SUN.

BACK TO SCENE

KINCAID

Okay, we're in the Sphinx room, you said so yourself. Sphinx. Rhymes with... minx. Or - kinks.

LARA

Do you have a one track mind?

KINCAID

At least it's out of the station. How about some help, here? After all, it is a riddle. Sphinx, kinks, stinks -

Lara grabs him so excitedly he almost falls off the tiny ledge.

LARA

Not just "a" riddle, Kincaid, it's the Mother of all Riddles: The one from the road to Thebes!

KINCAID

Was that with Hope and Crosby - ?

LARA

In Greek legend, Oedipus was on the road to Thebes when the Sphinx confronted him and said Oedipus would be killed and eaten unless he could answer the riddle of the Sphinx: What walks on four legs in the morning -

She gestures towards -

THE SUN CARVINGS - THEIR P.O.V.

PAN to one at NOON - then one at SUNSET.

LARA (CONT'D; O.S.)

...two legs in the afternoon... and three legs at sunset?

BACK TO SCENE

LARA

What do you think?

KINCAID

I think I would have been a Sphinx sandwich.

LARA

The answer is, "Man". Four legs in the morning - you know, a crawling baby - ? Two legs in the afternoon -

KINCAID

Adulthood! And three legs at sunset - ?

LARA

Old age. The original two... plus a cane.

KINCAID

Yeah, yeah, sure.

(confident now)

So we each do one of the four paths there till the sun thingie changes - then the two path -

LARA

You got it.

(deep breath)

Now - let's do it.

NEW ANGLE

Just to make things difficult, the "paths of four" don't start directly. Both explorers have to literally DIVE forward - and both come within an inch of landing with a hand outside of the properly marked path.

KINCAID

Let's take it a little slower, okay?

She nods. They start forward on HANDS AND KNEES. Lara looks up. They're about to cross the "dawn" to "noon" meridian. However... their two adjoining "paths of four" are about to intersect.

LARA

Just a few more feet, and we can stand.

KINCAID

Not if I can't get past you.

LARA

Here. You go first.
(pointing)
Put your hand there.

He does. She reaches past him - he past her. Oops. He touches the wrong tile.

UP ANGLE

WHOOSH. A STEEL BLADE the size of one of Godzilla's teeth CLANGS into deadly place. CAMERA ADJUSTS. The blade has come exactly between them, so close both their trousers have ripped.

KINCAID

I just realized. This is like Twister combined with Russian Roulette.

LARA

Just get your foot past mine. Move it, move it!

He does and both are finally able to stand. CAMERA RISES as they move forward again, more confident of their skill... and then both frown as their "paths of two" come to a halt at the "sunset" meridian.

KINCAID

Uh...Lara? How do people with two legs... walk on three?

Lara thinks - grins... rips fabric from her shorts.

CUT TO:

TB
A PAIR OF LEGS - CLOSE

WIDEN. Actually, a pair of mismatched legs: Lara and Kincaid have tied themselves together, like contestants in a three-legged race. Right now the ties are slack enough so that each can maintain one foot on the last two tiles on the "paths of two".

LARA

Ready?

KINCAID

Of course. I went to sleepaway camp.
One small step for man -

LARA

- one giant leap for womankind.

NEW ANGLE

Their "combined" leg lands heavily on the middle tile of the "path of three". Both freeze, afraid to breathe - but it works. Lara cinches them tighter together. CRANE UP as they cross the room, for once in perfect harmony.

FAR SIDE OF THE ROOM

KINCAID

Well, that wasn't so bad. We've been
through the worst, right?

She just unties them, disappears into a passage.

KINCAID (CONT'D)

Right?

CUT TO:

EXT. CROFT HALL - BY LORD CROFT'S ROLLS - NIGHT

Gun ready, Denton move carefully forward. CRUNCH on gravel make him turn - too late.

A POLO Mallet

whistles through the air - cracks him across the head. He goes sailing over the hood of the Rolls, lands unconscious. WIDEN to reveal Lady Gwendolyn.

AUNT GWEN

She shoots, she scores.

She turns, starts towards the garage - GASPS.

LORD CROFT

(stepping into view)

I'm afraid this game is going into
overtime.

TB
She swings the mallet. He hooks it with his cane, sweeps it into the bushes. Gwen spins, races desperately back towards the house.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEXANDER'S TOMB - DAY

Lara steps into this room, raises her torch. REACTS to -

A GIGANTIC BURIAL CHAMBER

that seems to go on forever. Far in the rear - TWO HULKING SHADOWS that might be great columns. Lara's torch reflects off a GIGANTIC SOLID GOLD SARCOPHAGUS that sits dead center in the great space. The handsome carved face, forever young, implacable - golden hands holding the HILT of a JEWELLED SWORD.

LARA

(breathless)

The Tomb of Alexander. And maybe - the Library, too.

Kincaid takes a step inside. She halts him.

LARA (CONT'D)

Hold it. If Aristotle designed this, we haven't seen the worst yet. It's been way too easy so far.

KINCAID

That was easy - ?

Saying this, he points the way they came - at the same time, his TOE hits a piece of RUBBLE... it SPLASHES into a GUTTER OF OIL.

TILT UP as both he and Lara step backwards, alarmed. The light of the torch shows the ripples spreading to the far wall - where the oil contacts a LAMBERT FLAME. WHOOSH. The entire room is EERILY ILLUMINATED as a pneumatic system flows to LAMPS.

KINCAID (CONT'D)

I turned on the lights. That's all.

LARA

Must be fed by natural gas. This technology's amazing for the period.

RESUME LARA

Ever wary of her steps, she moves carefully forward, rounds a column. REACTS.

LARA

My God. This is the greatest treasure ever found!

CAMERA CRANES UP - up - up.

Lara is looking at AN ENORMOUS WALL OF SCROLLS AND MANUSCRIPTS that frame a MOSAIC MAP OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.

KINCAID (O.S.)

You can say that again.

NEW ANGLE - WIDENING FROM KINCAID

facing the other way - drooling over a wall PILED WITH GOLD, SILVER, and JEWELS. He starts forward. Lara's hand claps him on the shoulder, turns him around.

LARA

I didn't mean this flea market...

(turning him around)

...but this. Look at that map - it shows the new world! And those extra land masses - they have to be -

(moving closer)

- they are - Atlantis and Mu!

Kincaid, Aristotle had it done! He had the Library of Alexandria - and all the hidden knowledge of the Ancient world - moved here for safekeeping!

KINCAID

(looking off)

Uh... they also brought something else.

NEW ANGLE

Revealing two TERRIFYING GIANT STATUES at the end of the room.

LARA

Gog and Magog..? Here..? But -

KINCAID

"Gog and Magog?" Why am I getting a flashback to Sunday School?

Lara approaches the statues for a better look. The torch casts eerie shadows on their hideous faces.

LARA

Gog and Magog are mysterious entities - Powers or giants - who appear in both the Old and New Testaments - and in Greek legend, too. Where they're described as - monsters. Monsters, who were imprisoned for all time... by Alexander the Great.

CAMERA ROTATES as it climbs higher, accentuating the scale of the figures versus the two humans at their feet.

TB

BOMB RAIDER by Steven E. de Souza SECOND DRAFT 2/13/99 100

KINCAID

Funny how their eyes follow you around
the room...

CUT TO:

INT. CROFT HALL - GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Lord Croft creeps between exotic plants.

LORD CROFT

I've had enough games, Lady Gwendolyn.
Video games... and yours. Lara's real
computer is in the carriage house.
And you're going to take me to it.

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - CLOSE ON MONTY - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Unmoving, face grey. Then he COUGHS, stirs. He rubs his
throat... opens his shirt... tosses away the cracked and crushed
headset collar that saved his life! As oxygen and memory return
to his brain he looks at the surveillance screens, showing -

GWEN AND LORD CROFT - SAME TIME

They have just spotted each other. Lord Croft quickens his pace,
extends his cane like a sword - backs her into a corner.

LORD CROFT (CONT'D)

You are out of your league, Gwendolyn.
Playing at a game where the stakes are
all the lost knowledge of mankind.
And with that knowledge - power. I
will not allow you to muck up my
plans, like some spanner in an
aircraft engine -

He breaks off as the words cut through Gwen's memory - and heart.

LADY GWENDOLYN - CAMERA PUSH

AUNT GWEN

...aircraft engine..?

(sudden realization)

Oh my God! You wanted your brother's
title so bad you murdered him - him,
and my sister - ?

LORD CROFT

You don't know what you're saying
Gwendolyn - There's no proof, none at
all. You're just a senile old woman,
babbling deranged fantasies.

With a sudden swift move, he lashes out with the cane and hooks
Gwendolyn's leg. YANKS.

Lady Gwendolyn falls backwards onto the floor. Ankle injured, she crawls away on her back as Lord Croft advances again - his cane now held in both hands, ready for throttling.

LORD CROFT (CONT'D)

Putting you out of your pathetic misery will be a kindness.

He steps close to choke her - and that's when

MONTY - SAME TIME

steps into view, toxic mask in place and insecticide sprayer in hand. WIDEN as Lord Croft turns - too late. Monty's well-aimed STREAM OF CHEMICALS hits him full on. Lord Croft's eyes reel and he falls into Gwen's prize orchids.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEXANDER'S TOMB - DAY

Lara turns at the SOUND of METAL scraping. Kincaid has drawn the JEWEL-ENCRUSTED SWORD from Alexander's hands on the sarcophagus.

LARA

I told you not to touch anything!

KINCAID

Well, not all of us were born with a silver spoon in our mouth, Lara. So forgive me a Bronze Age souvenir.

Then - a SOUND OF METAL AGAINST METAL. Lara and Kincaid turn. CAMERA CRANES UP. GOG, one of the giant statues, has come to - for want of a better word - life. They back away in shock.

KINCAID (CONT'D)

Wha - it - it's alive?

LARA

No. An automaton - a pre-Industrial Age robot. There're records of small ones, toy animals, chess playing machines... but nothing like this. Still. It should be slow - and stupid.

Slow? WHAM. The giant's bronze FISTS SMASH down, cracking the floor, missing them by inches. As Lara and Kincaid dive aside, Gog opens "his" mouth. Shoots out - FIRE.

LARA AND KINCAID

roll to safety in the nick of time, huddle behind a column. Both literally stop breathing as GIANT FEET stomp past... hesitate... return to their previous position. Lara crouches, whispers.

LARA

I was right about stupid. Come on!

Both quickly dart across the tomb - only to encounter -

MAGOG

also now "alive", also closing in. Instead of fire from his jaws, Magog has a Cyclops-like LENS for an "eye", FIRE dancing behind it. Magog steps closer - AIMS - and a HEAT BEAM scorches the stone floor just in front of Lara and Kincaid.

LARA

(awed)

The weapon the Greeks used against the Roman Fleet at Syracuse! Dr. Ioannis Sakkas proved in 1973 it was theoretically possible -

KINCAID

I got a bulletin: It ain't a theory!

They retreat from another BLAST - find FIRE from Gog licking their heels. As the giants approach and the explorers retreat, we

CUT TO:

INT. CROFT HALL - CARRIAGE HOUSE - SAME TIME

WIDEN from AUNT GWEN, hands shaking nervously. An OPEN WINDOW shows where she got the SEVERED WIRE she's trying to mend.

MONTY

(typing commands)

The transmission quality was so poor I never considered an alternative match to Lara's lip movement: Not "Launch Plan 'B'" - but "Lunch Plan 'B'" - or as she put it in her last book:

(reading off screen)

"Lunch Plan 'B'. Yes, it sounds amusing, and that's why you'll never forget to have something tasty close at hand to distract a predator from its first menu choice - namely, you."

AUNT GWEN

...black wire to black... green wire to green...blue to -

MONTY

Lady Gwendolyn, that isn't a bomb, it's a telephone line. Now, please - the blue wire?

CUT TO:

INT. ALEXANDER'S TOMB - DAY

Lara and Kincaid, cornered, nowhere left to run. As Gog's fire-spewing MOUTH OPENS again, Kincaid grabs Lara.

KINCAID

I'll never get another chance like this.

He KISSES her and THROWS HIS BODY ON TOP OF HERS.

INT. CROFT HALL - CARRIAGE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Gwen tenses, twists the last wires. We HEAR a familiar sound.

MONTY

I've got a dial tone! Activating the Mark IV Rescue and Ration pack by satellite... now.

AUNT GWEN

If only the rations distract the Snowman - Lara may still have a chance!

CUT TO:

THE TOMB OF ALEXANDER - SAME TIME

FIRE roars from Gog's mouth - just as KINCAID'S BACKPACK RIPS open and the "Mark IV" Survival raft INFLATES! Gog's FLAME hits the RAFT. RATION TINS fly about like popcorn. As Gog "reacts", startled, Lara and Kincaid roll out from under the burning raft.

KINCAID

What the hell was that?

LARA

Never mind - here he comes again - !

They start in a new direction - Magog blocks them. Gog, still closer, stomps towards them - mouth opening -

LARA (CONT'D)

Kincaid. That fire he shoots - the fuel has to be inside him -

No time to explain. Lara literally RIPS Kincaid's Zippo from his chest pocket, LIGHTS it with one hand and throws it right into Gog's mouth! HOLD as the Automaton REACTS. Then -

FULL SHOT - ALEXANDER'S TOMB

GOG explodes into SMITHEREENS - smashing into Magog as a perk!

CUT TO:

TB
GWEN AND MONTY - SAME TIME

Seeing "RAFT AND RATIONS DEPLOYED" on screen, they celebrate -
INT. ALEXANDER'S TOMB - DAY

The entire place SHUDDERS. Debris begins falling from above.

LARA
The vein of natural gas! This whole
place is going to go up! Kincaid, we
have to save the treasure!

Lara rushes to the scrolls - Kincaid, to the jewels. Lara jams
scroll after scroll into her pack. Kincaid grabs her elbow, the
side pockets of his own tattered pack already loaded with gems.

KINCAID
Enough paperwork. We're out of here!

LARA
Kincaid - that's not the real
treasure -
(pointing to the scrolls)
The Library is!

KINCAID
Why would I give up this - for that?

LARA
For a second chance?

And - she grabs him, kisses him. Kincaid lets the jewels spill
onto the floor even while their lips are still locked.

ANOTHER RUMBLE breaks their clinch. Kincaid stuffs scrolls in
his backpack, hangs on to the sword, follows Lara out of the Tomb.

INT. SPHINX ROOM - DAY

The crumbling of the Tomb has triggered the traps here. Lara and
Kincaid race through the giant BLADES like broken field runners.

INT. ANTECHAMBER - DAY

The water in the cistern boiling as the EARTH splits open. Lara
and Kincaid almost tumble in, manage to leap to the waterfall and
climb against the cascade. Finding the sword is hindering his
progress, Kincaid THROWS it through the hole ahead of him.

ABOVE THE TOMB - THE SWORD

that once hewed the Gordian Knot hits the sand like a javelin.

EXT. ONE WATERFALL "POOL"

Coughing and sputtering, Kincaid comes up, finds Lara gasping for air herself.

WHAM. Larson swings into view, KICKS Kincaid viciously in the head. As Kincaid flops backwards -

UNDERWATER SHOT - KINCAID

just misses going back in the hole. At the same time -

LARA

jumps from the water to a spot on the "nose", turns, prepares to dive on Larson. Then - WHOOSH. The Gordian SWORD swings into SHOT. Lara ducks, rolls, FLIPS to the ground, where she finds herself facing - Bryce. They circle each other. He looks like he knows what he's doing with this archaic weapon.

BRYCE

What's in the knapsack, Lara?

LARA

A few souvenirs for my old Auntie.
Nothing you'd care for.

BRYCE

I don't think so.

He whirls in, attacking again. Lara does her best moves. Unfortunately, Bryce has seen most of them, and the S.A.S. training was for real. And he has a sword. Meanwhile -

KINCAID

has managed to get to his feet. A cagey look in his eye, he stays in the pool, just out of reach. Beckons Larson forward.

KINCAID

You want a piece of me, Hopalong?
Hopalong here. Come on, let's go!

Larson takes the challenge. They circle each other. CLANG as that SWORD sparks in the f.g. as Lara avoids it again.

INT. THE TOMB OF ALEXANDER - SAME TIME

The smoking remains of Gog suddenly MOVE. Another MOVE. Surely, even Aristotle in all his genius couldn't have included an afterlife for something that was never alive in the first place.

He didn't. Magog, though dented and minus one arm, has survived the conflagration. As Magog EXITS SHOT, CAMERA HOLDS as the FLAMES spread from Gog's shattered body towards the vent of gas.

ABOVE THE TOMB - POOL - SAME TIME

Trading blows, Kincaid carefully backpedals. Larson grins.

LARSON

You think I was born yesterday, city boy? I saw where you came up. I ain't falling for it - or in it.

Larson DIVES COMPLETELY OVER the hidden hole, tackles Kincaid, taking them both out of the pool. Meanwhile Lara FALLS INTO SHOT, wrestling Bryce for the sword.

LARA

For a moment, Bryce, I thought you fancied me -

BRYCE

I did. But not as much as money.

PAN to Kincaid and Larson on the ground nearby. They roll over and over. Kincaid comes up on top - drives a right into Larson's face, another one. Larson rolls away and Kincaid's next blow CLANGS against Larson's pack.

KINCAID

Ow!

The GOLDEN MASK spills free. At the same time, Larson gets to his feet, kicks at Kincaid - who catches, twists, and flings away Larson - who does a perfect back gainer into the waterfall hole - and out of sight! Kincaid turns in time to see Bryce raise the sword for Lara's death blow. And then -

DOWN ANGLE - THE "FACE"

MAGOG'S BRONZE FIST crashes up from the earth, closes with a BONE-PULVERIZING CRUNCH around the first thing it grabs - BRYCE.

Still holding one victim, Magog swivels his glowing deadly "eye" towards Lara - and then THE GROUND IMPLODES around the giant Automaton as THE GAS EXPLOSION finally arrives like a Tsunami. Magog SINKS from view, Bryce SCREAMING all the way. Meanwhile ripples of destruction grow, spread -

UP ANGLE - MOUNTAINSIDE OF ARMOR

First the 100,000 shields that have guarded the Tomb FALL - and then the entire side of the CANYON.

RESUME "THE FACE"

Boulders and rocks sail past Lara and Kincaid. Desperate, they reach the only seemingly stable ground - the base of the "nose." With nowhere else to go, they climb it, even as the "face" begins to drop below the earth, too, while FLAMES from below keep RISING. Then - everything STOPS.

LARA AND KINCAID - CLOSER

The dust settles. They find themselves sprawled on their backs on a molehill that used to be a mountain. GLEAM in the sky: A HELICOPTER, its BRITISH INSIGNIA visible as it approaches.

KINCAID

Well, at least we won't have to walk home. Oh - I think this is yours.

As the helicopter drops closer, he hands her the GOLDEN MASK.

LARA

Thanks. I'll see it gets in the right hands.

KINCAID

Lara?

LARA

Yes - Allenby?

KINCAID

Lose my number.

Lara moves closer, rests her hand on her chin.

LARA

I've tried, actually. But...
(smiling)
...you know my memory.

And on that look of promise we

FADE OUT.

THE END