

UNCHARTED

DRAKE'S FORTUNE

By
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Based on the video game
"Uncharted: Drake's Fortune"
by Naughty Dog

Atlas Entertainment
Ari Arad Productions

COLUMBIA PICTURES

SUPER THE TITLE:

BRITISH FLAGSHIP *THE DEFIANCE*
3000 MILES WEST OF CHILE - SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN
MARCH 13TH, 1597

EXT. THE DEFIANCE - BRIDGE - DAY

A grey fog so thick we can only see the forward half of the ship. From over the gunwale, a pair of CREW HANDS drop a canvas wrapped DEAD BODY into the sea.

The CREW shares conspiratorial glances, haggard from malnourishment and months at sea. They arm themselves.

CUT TO:

THE MAP

An intricate hand drawn sea map held down by cannonballs. In fact, beyond intricate. It is incomprehensible. Lines, dots and arrows go to and fro without so much as a word written on it. We pull back to reveal

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

Standing over the map is SIR FRANCIS DRAKE (53). Hardly the stiff-necked aristocrat, he is as rough as his crew, with the bedroom eyes of a rogue.

SEA HAND 1 (O.S.)

Captain Drake? Crew would have a word.

Sir Francis turns to see the angry crew standing at his door. He picks up his pipe and a match, unconcerned.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Would you? Just one?

SEA HAND 2

Fourteen ships lost. Quarter rations for months, and the stores as bare as Adam.

SEA HAND 1

And even the navigator has no idea where we lie.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

The Queen herself has given us this mission, and I've sworn an oath to its secrecy.

SEA HAND 2

Stuff the Queen! And stuff your oath Sir!
You lead us to death as sure as the
sirens do.

Sir Francis stays calm. Amused even.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

And I take it, you propose an alternate
course of action?

SEA HAND 1

We propose to turn this ship around.

Sir Francis strikes a match, supremely calm. He lights
his pipe and takes a long drag.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Over my rotting corpse.

SEA HAND 2

As you decide, Captain.

Up come the swords and knives. Sir Francis delivers a
vicious KICK to one of the barrels that forms a leg for
his map table.

BLACK POWDER POURS OUT of the hole he created. The crew
realizes it is a KEG OF GUNPOWDER! As are the other three
legs of the table. Everyone freezes.

Sir Francis holds the lit match over the spilling powder.
Sir Francis still grins as he addresses his terrified
men, himself as calm as a cucumber.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Now you listen to me you faithless dogs.
We will not turn. We will not tarry. We
are the finest crew ever to sail God's
blue. We will go onward, or we will go to
hell. But I'll bargain with the devil
himself before I turn tail from such
treasure as we're after.

Suddenly, something lands on the window ledge behind Sir
Francis. A BIRD. Everyone seems shocked, except Drake.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE (CONT'D)

Land ho, lads. Man the guns.

INT. DEFIANCE - GUN DECK - DAY

Below deck, the cannon doors are yanked open, gun crews shouldering their cannons into firing position. Peering out, hoping for some sign of good fortune.

EXT. ISLA OCCULTA - SPANISH PORT CITY - DAY

The Defiance emerges from the thick fog into a wide lagoon, surrounding a partially sunken Spanish port city. Huge cracks splinter the fort's foundations, and black powder marks abound.

Though the crew waits tensely for an alarm. None comes. No one and nothing moves, save an oddly swirling GREEN MIST that eddies about the fort.

SCOUT (O.S.)

Ship ho!!!

Up ahead, a HALF SUNKEN GALLEON crests like shattered mountain from the surface of the lagoon.

INT/EXT. HALF-SUNKEN GALLEON - DAY

Prow down, only her poop deck and mizzenmast rise above the water. Sir Francis and his FIRST MATE stand on the ruined ship's deck, carefully examining her wreckage.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Any clues to who sunk her? I'd like to know who beat me to the task.

One of the Sea Hands joins them from the hold below.

SEA HAND

The cannon holes I found shatter out, cap'n. They sunk her themselves.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

What?

SAILOR (O.S.)

Found the captain!

SPANISH EPAULET

Covered with blood and gore, it's about the only recognizable thing on the shredded body of the SPANISH CAPTAIN.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE
 Not a captain. An Admiral. That's
 Alvarado. What's left of him.

FIRST MATE
 Did -- did something eat his face?

Suddenly, A FIGURE whisks past the window outside. All
 the men draw their muskets.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE
 Something that's still here.

SUBMERGED HOLD

Sir Francis and his men creep through the knee high
 water, guns drawn. The cavernous space is pockmarked with
 blood stains and powder blasts of a battle.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE
 (in Spanish, subtitled)
*Surrender yourself, friend. We are not
 after you. Just your queen's gold.*

Suddenly, a DARK FORM leaps out, ripping through the Sea
 Hand. There's a flurry of tearing sounds as Drake and his
 men turn to shoot.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE (CONT'D)
 May the Lord have mercy upon our souls.

BLAM. We hear the sound of GUNFIRE as we PULL UP from the
 half-sunken galleon to reveal the entire lagoon -- and an
 ENTIRE FLEET OF SPANISH SHIPS sunk beneath its surface.

CUT TO:

AERIAL SHOT - FAVELA VIDIGAL - DAY

We soar over a dense Brazilian slum, perched vertically
 on the side of a cliff overlooking a pristine beach
 dotted with five star hotels.

SUPER THE TITLE:

**RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL
 FAVELA VIDIGAL
 TODAY**

The aerial shot comes to rest on a battered, dilapidated
 wooden structure hanging out over the cliff precariously.
 We move through an open window and into --

INT. BAR CONRADO - DAY

Lazy ceiling fans barely stir the air. Rough PATRONS populate the run-down bar, playing dominos, running women, or simply nursing their drinks.

With his back to the window we came in, we find NATHAN DRAKE (30s). Grungy T-shirt, jeans, he's the only gringo in the place but nobody takes him for an easy mark. He's got the supreme confidence of a man who's figured all the angles, and the eyes of a guy who's seen it all.

Sitting down at the other side of the table is ATOQ NAVARRO (30s). Of Mestizo Indian descent, he sports a knife scar on his left cheek and a scowl to match it on the right. Two of Navarro's MESTIZO THUGS (20s), huge guys with stone monuments for faces, stand flanking him.

NAVARRO

Remind me to pick the place next time.

NATE

It's a hidden gem. You gotta try Paulo's Moqueca. He does something with the plantains -- it's unbelievable.

NAVARRO

I'm not hungry. You brought the cash?

NATE

That depends. You brought the map?

Another of Navarro's THUGS steps into the bar, making a beeline for Navarro. He whispers in his ear.

THUG

(in a local dialect)

It's not in his room or on the boat. He must have it with him.

From the thug's jacket, Navarro pulls a map case. He gingerly unfurls the map on the crude wooden table.

It is a sailing map, hand drawn, antique. WE RECOGNIZE IT AS SIMILAR TO SIR FRANCIS' STRANGELY MARKED MAP. Nate pours over the map, his eyes filled with excitement.

NAVARRO

I was surprised when I found out you were looking for this one. Hardly a remarkable item. No attribution. No location. Not even a date on it. May I ask what you think it is?

NATE

Ask away.

Navarro smiles. Nate's not about to let on what he knows. Nate leans down closer to the map, inspecting closely.

And when he does, a narrow rawhide cord around his neck spills out from under his shirt. And on that cord, an old SILVER RING.

Navarro's eyes go right to it, mesmerized.

NATE (CONT'D)

It's genuine. I was expecting you to try and sell me a fake.

He reaches around his waist, pulling out a transparent money belt, ringed with stacks of hundred dollar bills.

Navarro raises a finger. His thugs draw their pistols.

NAVARRO

Never, old friend.

Nate straightens up, cash in hand, only to be staring down the barrel of three guns.

NATE

Problem, old friend?

NAVARRO

More like a wrinkle. Instead of getting the map, why don't you give me the key?

NATE

Key? What key?

NAVARRO

The ring around your neck. The one that can interpret the map.

Nate smiles.

NATE

Atoq, you shifty bastard. You know more than you're letting on?

NAVARRO

Maybe a little, Nathan. Turns out we may be looking for the same thing is all. And despite how you amuse me, my employer likes to keep his overhead low.

His men cock their pistols.

NATE

You should know, I'm not just going to walk away from this one. I spent half my life trying to find this.

NAVARRO

Is that so? Strange. Because this is more than just business for me as well.

Nate SNAPS his fingers. GUNS COCKING. Navarro sees eight of the TOUGHS around the bar leveling guns at them.

NATE

You know the great thing about favelas? Labor costs. Can't get a better deal on gunmen in this day and age.

NAVARRO

How much did you pay them?

NATE

About fifty, US.

NAVARRO

That was always your problem, Nate. You never had enough money to do it right. That's why I offered them a hundred.

Nate's smile drops. He realizes all the guns are pointed at him. He singles out the bartender, PAULO.

NATE

Really Paulo? You too?

PAULO

Sorry Senor Nate, but with the recession...

NATE

Unbelievable.

Suddenly Nate slips and falls, or so it seems. Actually he drops down on his back, hands positioned behind his head so he can --

KICK the underside of the table up and into Navarro's face, splintering it. The two halves of the table continue upward and hit the pistols of Navarro's men, deflecting them as they fire.

Their shots narrowly miss a rolling Nate. But their bullets rip apart the dropped money belt, revealing it's mostly filled with just FOLDED PAPER.

Meanwhile, the MAP, which was on the table that was kicked into the air, gets caught on the rotating blade of one of the lazy ceiling fans.

The thugs shift aim as Nate rolls under corner of the bar and out of view. He pulls out his two silver plated nine millimeter pistols from behind his back. The thugs spread out, looking for an angle where they can see him.

Nate pops up and unleashes three quick shots, dropping back down behind cover before anyone can shoot back.

THE REST OF THE BAR

Navarro looks around at his men, trying to see if any are hit. All are still standing. Navarro smiles.

NAVARRO

Want me to show you how to use those?

Then all three of his thugs sway and drop dead.

NATE

I'm good, thanks.

Navarro WHISTLES. Into the bar come SIX MORE THUGS, these ones armed with submachine guns. Navarro points out Nate's location at the far end of the bar.

Paulo sees the submachine guns aimed his way.

PAULO

NO!!!

He hits the floor, just as AUTOMATIC FIRE carves up the far end of the bar and the wall behind it.

Nate stares through the swiss cheese holes in the bar, his eyes connecting with Paulo, similarly prone.

NATE

Can we agree you made a mistake, Paulo?

Paulo doesn't respond, terrified. And then Nate sees the reason why. PAULO'S WIFE is huddled over a tortilla press on the floor just on the other side of the bar from Nate. The automatic fire missed her head by inches.

The thugs adjust aim to fire again at Nate. Paulo's eyes voice a silent plea.

NATE (CONT'D)

Wait! Wait!

Nate dives AWAY from cover! He crosses the nearly empty bar floor, AUTOMATIC FIRE chewing at his heels, almost catching up --

When Drake throws his legs ahead of his body in a drop kick, knocking over the lone standing table in the room, giving him mere inches of cover as the bullets catch up with him. They eat up the table, and one gets through and catches Nate in the arm.

He winces in pain. Navarro smiles, holding the money belt filled with blank paper.

NAVARRO

Just another gringo coming to rip off the natives, eh Nate? I suppose that's what I'm to expect from a street rat like you.

Nate searches for some means of escape. Behind him, the rear wall is swiss cheese. He FIRES two more bullets and a large chunk of the wall falls away.

A gust of wind blows through the large hole. It LIFTS THE MAP off the blade of the fan, pulling it to the opening. It wasn't what Nate had planned on.

NATE

No!

Navarro sees what Nate saw.

NAVARRO

Hijo de puta.

Nate jumps out from behind the table, racing for the map. Navarro and his men shift aim. The map flutters out the hole, but Nate DIVES out the hole after it, into mid-air.

For a beat, Navarro and the thugs listen for a bloodcurdling scream or some loud collision. None come. They race to the window. Nothing but a hundred foot drop to the beach. No sign of Nate.

CREAK. A board beneath Navarro shifts. WE HURTLE

UNDER THE BAR

With the map in his teeth, Nate hangs on for dear life to a lone support beam jutting out of the steep hillside.

BACK IN THE BAR

Navarro looks down at the cracks between the wooden floor slats. He catches a glimpse of shadow moving down there.

NAVARRO (CONT'D)

He's below!

The thugs shift their aim and unleash a fusillade of lead, chewing up the floor.

UNDER THE BAR

Gun in one hand, wooden beam in the other, and map still in his teeth, Nate can only watch as the bullets chew up the support beam he's holding. The bullets rain down.

The support beam cracks and splinters.

NATE

(map in his teeth)

This ish gonna hurt.

The beam snaps and the entire structure starts to lean, MOANING as it teeters toward oblivion.

BACK IN THE BAR

The floor of half the bar curves downward. Navarro dives onto the structurally sound part of the bar, but two of Navarro's thugs aren't so lucky.

CRACK! Half of the bar rips apart from the other half and dangles over the cliff face.

UNDER THE BAR

Nate lets go of the beam. He freefalls. Twenty feet below he slams into a tin roof.

INT. TIN SHACK - CONTINUOUS

SLAM! Nate hits the bamboo floor hard, shards of the tin roof everywhere.

Just then Nate looks up, his eyes going wide in fear. He dives three feet to his left --

AS HALF THE BAR COMES CRASHING DOWN ON TOP OF HIM. NATE PULLS HIS ARMS AND LEGS INTO HIS BODY, MAKING HIS PROFILE AS SMALL AS POSSIBLE, AND HE PASSES HARMLESSLY THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW OF THE FALLING BAR!

INT/EXT. DESTROYED BAR SECTION - CONTINUOUS

Now inside the remains of the bar he comes face to face with the two thugs, who slowly rise. CREAK. CRACK.

NATE

Oh no.

The hillside gives way and the destroyed bar continues sliding down the hill, plowing through every obstacle in its way. All three men try to balance on the undulating floor like they're on an immense surfboard.

The thugs train their weapons on Nate. Nate's guns are in their holsters. He takes a deep breath.

THUG

Adios, imbecile.

SUDDENLY A TELEPHONE POLE shoots through wall behind Nate, flying at the thugs, causing them to duck. When they come back up all they see is Nate, holding a rung of the pole, using its momentum to carry him into them.

Nate kicks one thug in the face and tackles the second.

The remains of the bar drop another twenty feet, landing on a steep, grassy slope where it picks up speed.

Nate's slammed hard against the floor. The thug above him swings his gun around. Nate pushes off a wall, launching himself at a thug just as he FIRES. The bullet misses Nate by inches. Nate swings his feet ahead and they land in the thug's chest --

Catapulting him out the open window of the bar.

EXT. THE BAR ABOVE - CONTINUOUS

At the edge of the broken bar, Navarro sees one of his guys fly out of the bar, and get crushed by it.

It slides toward the bottom of the cliff, where a PHOTO SHOOT is taking place at a resort pool.

Navarro gets on his phone.

NAVARRO

(subtitled Paez)

He's headed for the resort.

EXT. RESORT POOL - DAY

VIDEO POV

A beautiful lagoon pool complete with a waterfall. BIKINI MODELS pose around the foliage.

And in front of the cameras, a polished SUV and ELENA FISHER (late 20s). Elena is a beautiful woman, a tan blonde in a white bikini. She's enough of a pro to not let on she hates this current assignment.

ELENA

This is Elena Fisher, for Adventure TV. Today, we'll be diving off the coast of Brazil with some of the world's top swimwear models, sponsored by the all new 2010 Cadillac Escalade!

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

And -- CUT!

Elena's smile drops. She walks over to the video village and watches the playback with the DIRECTOR and PRODUCERS.

ELENA

Come on guys. There's a C-stand in the background, and a flare off the fender.

The DIRECTOR sighs audibly and heads over to the crew.

DIRECTOR

Guys, there's a C-Stand in the shot!

Elena grabs her IPHONE and heads to the craft service table. KARL (40s), her agent and friend, joins her.

ELENA

Remind me how this is part of the plan?

KARL

This increases your on-camera experience. And it ups your visibility.

ELENA

So does porn.

KARL

I can set that audition.

ELENA

You're an awful agent. You know that, don't you?

KARL

Just hang in there, kid. Everyone's got to pay their dues.

ELENA

Really? What dues did Wolf Blitzer pay?

KARL

He hosted Supermarket Sweep for its first two seasons.

Elena's eyes narrow, not believing it for a second.

KARL (CONT'D)

Wolfie did the indie journalist route. Broke some story on human rights violations and that was his calling card.

ELENA

What a whore.

SMASH! The pulverized remains of the bar tumbles into the pool. The models scream.

Nate bursts out of the water, causing the models to SCREAM again. He puts his guns away, fixes his hair, and walks right for Elena.

NATE

Afternoon.

A thug erupts out of the foliage, FIRING. A bullet whizzes inches from Elena's face. Nate launches himself in a flying tackle, and breaks the thug's arm badly. The gun drops to the deck. Nate head butts him unconscious.

Suddenly, more THUGS rush out of the foliage. Nate grabs the phone out of Elena's hand.

NATE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Emergency.

Nate jumps in the polished Cadillac Escalade, and disappears as his head ducks beneath the dash.

ELENA

It doesn't have keys!

The Escalade starts up. Nate hot-wired it in six seconds. He revs the engine, and the Escalade peels out. Navarro's thugs give chase, leaving everyone else shell shocked. Elena stares after him, less shocked than the others, and more intrigued.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Nate pulls up in the Escalade, leaving it running. He gets out, racing down the dock. His ear is to the phone.

NATE

Sully! It's me. I got the Drake map. I'm headed to the trawler. Take the plane and I'll text you the coordinates.

Nate races for the DIVE TRAWLER anchored at the far end -- WHEN IT SUDDENLY EXPLODES. The blast wave knocks Nate clear off the dock and into the water.

CUT TO:

INT. DRYDOCK - NIGHT

MALCOM (20s), Jamaican, uses a dirty rag to wipe engine oil off his hands as he opens a supply closet.

Inside, looking like a drowned rat, is Nate.

MALCOM

No.

NATE

I'm in a real tight spot here.

Nate steps out of the closet, bringing with him a duffel bag he kept stashed there.

MALCOM

That wouldn't be why there are big guys with guns prowling around my shop, would it?

NATE

I need a boat.

MALCOM

I just fixed ya boat.

Nate WINCES as he removes a piece of shrapnel from his shoulder. He pulls gauze from his duffel for the wound.

NATE

And now it's at the bottom of the bay. I thought you guarantee your work.

MALCOM

I guarantee, if my clients pay.

NATE

I told you, I'm gonna get you the money. But, see, that's where I need your help. I need a boat. A dive trawler.

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

If I don't get out of here before those guys find me, I can't get you your money, see?

MALCOM

No, I don't see. Nat'an you a liar and a cheat and I'll have nothing more ta do wicha. Have you noticed all the bad 'tings happenin' in your life lately? You're cursed, Nat'an. Judged by the good Lord himself. He tellin' you to change your ways. But you ain't gonna change.

NATE

I'll take a dingy with a winch.

MALCOM

Won't help. Can't help. There's only one dive trawler in the bay and that lady with the film crew's got it rented out for the rest of the week.

Nate smiles, gears turning. He closes the first aid kit.

NATE

Really?

EXT. RESORT - RESTAURANT BALCONY - NIGHT

An elegant restaurant balcony, candlelit tables, the moon's reflection glistening in an undulating ocean.

Elena sits at a table in the far corner of the balcony, looking at the screen of her brand new iPhone.

Suddenly, Nate appears. He's wearing a sport jacket. He even shaved. Cleans up pretty good when he needs to. He sits down across from her, and slides her phone to her. Now she has two.

NATE

Thanks for loaning me your phone. Oh, your car's down by the dock.

ELENA

Not anymore. The police said someone left it unlocked. With the engine running. It's probably entering Paraguay by now.

NATE

Suriname. The big auto theft ring operates out of Suriname.

ELENA

And you're a man who knows such things?

NATE

I'm a man who knows such things.

The WAITER appears with two drinks. He sets a drink in front of Elena, and a beer in front of Nate. Elena's surprised but tries to hide it. She takes a sip.

ELENA

Mojito. You know what I drink?

NATE

Do I?

ELENA

All right. You've made your approach. You've bought me a drink. Now would be when you tell me a story. Ooh. I know. Tell the one where the men with machine guns try and murder you.

NATE

Sorry. Most of that is confidential.

ELENA

Of course, I'll just be too intrigued and have to pursue you for the information. And oh so slowly, I'll pry it out of you, despite great reluctance. Because for some reason, maybe it's the moon, maybe the drinks, but tonight you find me irresistible.

Nate extends a hand across the table. Elena takes it.

NATE

Nate. Mysterious stranger.

ELENA

Elena. Intrigued reporter. Can I ask you a question?

NATE

I was hoping you would.

She leans in. Nate leans in as well. She motions with a finger, beckoning him closer. She whispers in his ear.

ELENA

What do you want with my boat?

Nate's smile and assurance crack. He's shocked and it takes him a moment too long to try and hide it.

NATE

Your -- your boat?

ELENA

I mean -- a dive trawler blew up right near where you left the Escalade, and those men with machine guns were crawling all over the docks. Did I make an incorrect assumption that you might be looking for a replacement boat?

Just the hint of a smile. She's playing him.

NATE

Oh. You're good. You're very good.

ELENA

Thank you. I am aware. So, we've established I've got a boat. What is it you're prepared to pony up for barter?

(Nate flashes his smile)

And please realize that your charm and the pleasure of your company, while very nice I'm sure, are not what I'm in the market for.

Nate furrows his brow. This isn't going the way he planned, but he's quick enough on his feet.

NATE

You seem like the kind of woman who doesn't go to the bathroom without a plan. I'm guessing this conversation would've ended before your mojito arrived if you didn't know exactly what you want from me.

Elena nods. He's got her there.

ELENA

Everybody wants something from everybody right? I'm a reporter. You're a guy being chased by men with machine guns. What do you think I want?

Nate smiles broadly. A deal is struck.

LATER

Several dishes lie partially touched. A wine bottle 3/4 empty. Elena and Nate both lean in, close to the lone candle illuminating them.

NATE

At 16 he made his first transatlantic voyage. By 20 he had robbed the fabled Silver Train. And by 26 he had raided half of the strongholds of the Spanish Main. Sir Francis Drake was England's greatest mariner, and probably the best treasure hunter the world has ever known. And then, right at the height of his fame and power -- he dies. Suddenly. He's quickly buried at sea, in a hidden location, off the coast of Panama. Why? Why not the noble funeral back in England he earned? And what about his fortune, only a fraction of which has ever been accounted for? Finding his coffin is the key to one of the great historical mysteries. And I know where it is.

Nate unfurls the map, laying it out between them.

ELENA

Is it a map? There are no words on it --

NATE

Exactly. No windrose showing which way is north. No location names. No legend and no key. Drake encrypted his maps, so they were useless to anyone but himself.

ELENA

So then how do you read it?

Nate pulls the rawhide cord from around his neck and shows Elena the silver ring.

NATE

The Drake Ring. This is what started me down this road. Drake once called it the "key" to the adventure of his life.

Nate shows Elena the inside of the ring. Markings. Words.

ELENA

Sic parvis magna?

NATE

Greatness comes from small beginnings.
The Drake family motto. But that's not
the most interesting marking.

Elena notices one other mark. The symbol of an EYE.

Nate rolls the ring along the map until it finds -- THE
SAME SYMBOL. The EYE.

He stands the ring up so the eye inside the ring lines up
exactly over the one on the map.

ELENA

I don't understand --

Nate puts his finger to his lips.

NATE

Just watch. Words do not do this justice.

Nate takes the candle on the table and moves it to the
edge of the map, where sure enough a tiny CANDLE SYMBOL
is.

Nate places the candle atop its symbol --

AND AS THE CANDLE LIGHT SHINES THROUGH THE HOOP OF THE
RING, THE MAP CHANGES!

The grooves forming the words inside the ring reflect
lines of light, criss-crossing along the map. Two of
these lines of light cross a series of curved lines --
AND MAKING THEM NOW READABLE AS WORDS. Suddenly, one
coastline reads PLAYA ARANJA, and an island in the middle
of the map reads ISLA POPA.

And the final two lines of light -- they cross each other
in the middle of the sea FORMING AN X.

Elena shivers with excitement. She puts her hand on
Nate's accidentally. They look in each other's eyes. The
moment is electric. And then she pulls away.

ELENA

So what now? How exactly does treasure
hunting work? Is it legal to pull up
three hundred year old coffins? Shouldn't
you be telling some museum or maybe the
English government?

NATE

Those thieves? I do my best to steer
clear of them.

ELENA

And the big guys with the guns? They thieves too? What makes you the good guy in all this? Why should I trust you?

Nate's losing her and he knows it. He takes Elena's notepad and starts writing on it.

NATE

There are no good guys or bad guys. There are only lines and the men who cross them.

He slides the notepad over to her.

ELENA

What is this?

NATE

A contract. Granting you total and exclusive access to the greatest treasure hunt in modern times.

Then Elena notices the signature.

ELENA

Nathan Drake?

Nate flashes that million dollar smile and winks.

NATE

Why do you think he's been an obsession of mine? Come on. Let's go dig up grampa.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTERN CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY

A DIVE TRAWLER in a perfect blue sea. Reggaeton music blasts.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Elena navigates the narrow hallway. The music's louder.

ELENA

Nate? Nate?!

INT. NATE'S CABIN - DAY

Elena enters the seemingly empty cabin.

She hears really energetic if off-key singing to *Gasolina*. Elena turns to see Nate through the transparent door of the shower, lathering his hair and belting out the Spanish rap. At least his Spanish is perfect.

She quickly turns away. She backs slowly out the door --

And freezes. Temptation sets in. She takes a second look at his tanned body. An all over tan tells us more about Nathan Drake.

Then she notices his DUFFEL BAG, the only personal possession in the room. She can't resist. She opens it.

She pulls out ammo boxes -- a counterfeit plate -- a bundle of dress clothes (in fact the ones he wore the other night) -- a switchblade -- four different passports -- a grenade -- a lock pick set -- and a stuffed folder labeled DRAKE.

Elena flips through the folder. Handwritten notes, aged manuscripts, genealogical trees -- but then something catches Elena's eye in the duffel.

She pulls out a shoebox. A shoebox packed with

PHOTOS

A young Nate with a distinguished woman who must be his MOM. A teenage Nate with an older man (who we will learn is SULLY) holding up a barnacle-encrusted CROSS.

NATE (O.S.)

I was wondering how far you wanted to take the concept of "total access."

Elena spins around, spotting a wet Nate holding a towel around his waist. He reaches back into the shower, shutting it off.

ELENA

I was just, uh -- snooping. Sorry. Professional hazard.

Nate grabs his jeans and drops the towel. Embarrassed, Elena spins around to avoid looking.

ELENA (CONT'D)

In my defense, I'm out here, in the middle of the sea, alone, with a guy I hardly know.

Nate realizes she has a point. Elena hands him the photos.

NATE

You're right. Ask whatever you want.

ELENA

The older woman. Your mother?

(Nate grunts a yeah)

She's very beautiful. And the man. He's your dad?

Nate LAUGHS a bellowing laugh.

NATE

Sully is a lot of things, but a father?

ELENA

So you don't have a picture of your dad?

NATE

Had one. Lost it.

Elena decides not to press the issue.

ELENA

Okay. Where are you from? Where's home?

NATE

You just rifled through it.

ELENA

Look, you obviously don't want to answer anything --

NATE

No. There's just nothing to say. [You know people who are their jobs? That's me. I run a historical Lost and Found. King so-and-so lost some jewel-encrusted crap? That means today I'm researching in a library archive, tomorrow I'm in Borneo digging it up.

ELENA

And this jewel-encrusted crap? You put it in a museum?

NATE

I find smaller collections pay better. Private ones.

ELENA

So it's all about the money.

NATE

For every ten things I search for, I'm lucky if I find one. So yeah, I make damn sure that one pays off.

ELENA

Then today might be payday. That magnetometer thing? It's pinging.

A smile crosses Nate's lips.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIVE TRAWLER - DAY

Off the stern a CRANE dangles cables --

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

We follow the cables down to the sea floor, through a sargasso sea of kelp beds until we find --

Nate and Elena, wearing wetsuits and scuba equipment. Nate is pulling the crane's cables toward --

THE IRON CASKET OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Nate carefully connects the cable hooks with the stays, creating a cradle for bringing the casket up.

EXT. DIVE TRAWLER - DAY

The crane motor chugs away as it lowers its catch to the deck. Elena's got her video camera out as Nate runs his hand over the ancient casket.

ELENA

(narrating)

What you are seeing is the end of one of the greatest mysteries in the history of exploration. This is the coffin of Sir Francis Drake, pirate, explorer, and adventurer, lost for centuries. Now found by his descendant, Nathan Drake.

Drake jams the crowbar in a seam and forces the top of the casket off. Dusty air escapes out of the airtight chamber. Nate coughs as he breathes in a lungful.

He steps toward the casket. So does Elena. Breathless anticipation. Elena comes around behind him, squinting as she peers into the casket, expecting rotten remains.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Oh my god. That's -- that's -- empty.

CASKET

Sure enough, there's no body inside. But there is something inside, wrapped in oilskin.

NATE

I knew it! I KNEW it! You sly old bastard! You tricked everyone but you didn't trick me!

He unwraps it carefully.

ELENA

What are you so happy about? There's no body here!

NATE

Check your contract. The deal was finding the coffin. Never promised you a body.

Elena's initial shock over Nathan's blase attitude dissipates with the realization -- she's been screwed.

ELENA

You knew he wasn't in there, didn't you? You were after -- what is that anyway?

Beneath the oilskin, Nate finds a small leather-bound journal, a COAT OF ARMS on its cover. His eyes brighten.

NATE

The answer. To what happened to Sir Francis, and the fifteen ships under his command.

Elena looks off into the distance, brow furrowed.

ELENA

Boats.

NATE

No ships. There's a difference.

Elena stares over Nate's shoulder.

ELENA

No. Boats.

NATE

Ships are mostly big. Boats are mostly small. A ship can hold a boat, but a boat can never hold a ship.

Elena grabs Nate and turns him to see what she sees. Sure enough, five SPEEDBOATS close in on the dive trawler.

ELENA

Like I said. Boats. Who are they?

NATE

Damn. Pirates.

ELENA

Very funny. Let me know when the ninjas show up.

Nate ignores her and goes for one of his equipment boxes. He flips it open, revealing two chrome plated .45s. He stuffs extra magazines in his pockets.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Whoah. Wait. You're serious?

AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE erupts from the speedboats simultaneously. Elena SCREAMS as Nate pushes her head down behind the crane just as bullets ring off it.

ELENA (CONT'D)

They're shooting at us!!

NATE

Relax. In my business we call that negotiating. Just keep your head down. I can talk our way out of this.

And then the gunfire stops. The speedboats form a circle around the trawler.

EDDY (O.S.)

Tai kamu! Nate?! That you, buddy!

Nate's face drops.

NATE

Oh no.

Nate pops his head up and gets a good look at his opponents. Five speedboats, each manned by three INDONESIAN PIRATES. And their leader is EDDY RAJA. Eddy's diminutive and mouthy with crazy eyes and a crazier mind.

NATE (CONT'D)

Eddy Raja! How the hell are you?!

EDDY

Me? I'm good. Right now? Top of the world!

NATE

You're not still upset about that little thing back in Jakarta?

EDDY

What thing? Sleeping with my sister?

NATE

No. The other thing.

(to Elena)

It's not what it sounds like.

Elena just shoots him a look and turns her camera on him.

EDDY

Cheating me in that poker game?

NATE

No. The other thing.

EDDY

Oh, you must mean stealing the Jade Empress and screwing me out of my cut!

NATE

That would be it. You still mad about that? We both know I just beat you to the punch --

EDDY

You did break rule number one.

ELENA

(whispering)

What's rule number one?

EDDY AND NATE

(simultaneous)

Don't mess with Eddy Raja.

NATE

What can I do to make it up to you, buddy?

EDDY

Maybe you just stick your head out a little bit more.

NATE
Anything else?

EDDY
Nothing comes to mind.

Suddenly, Nate pops up and FIRES his pistols at the pirate boat sneaking up behind him. He doesn't have the stance of a marksman. In fact, his technique is beyond sloppy. But the results --

Six bullets. Three pirates go down. Double tap. Center mass. Eddy and the other pirates on his boat open fire with AK-47s, peppering the crane gantry with lead.

EDDY (CONT'D)
Move it! Move it! Circles. Don't give him an easy shot.

The speedboats power up. They circle the trawler at about a twenty foot distance. Too far for Nate to get to them. Too close for them to miss.

Bullets ring and ricochet off the crane as Nate and Elena huddle in their tiny sliver of protection.

Near the wheelhouse, the bullets sever an electrical line and it dances and sparks.

ELENA
What did you get me into?

NATE
You wanted a real story. Good guys. Bad guys. Adventure.

ELENA
So where are the good guys?

NATE
Funny.

Then Nate notices the crane control panel not far off.

NATE (CONT'D)
See the red lever on the control panel over there? When I yell "now," push it to the right. Can you do that?

Elena nods, scared. Nate sticks his pistols out of the crane gantry and fires off shots in all directions. And then he runs for the stern of the boat.

NATE (CONT'D)

Now!

Elena heads to the control panel, and the ground around her gets peppered with GUNFIRE. She dives back to cover, hyperventilating, leaving Nate exposed, waiting for her.

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

Now?!?!

Elena steels herself, then runs from cover, reaching the control panel. She pushes the red lever. The crane springs to life rotating quickly. The loose cables on the end of the crane swing wide.

Nate grabs one of the cables as it passes, and it catapults him out over the sea. He times it perfectly, letting go and landing right on --

PIRATE SPEEDBOAT

His momentum threatens to carry him right off the back, until he clotheslines the two pirates at the stern, knocking them into the water.

Behind him, the pirate driving the boat spins, AK at the ready -- BLAM! He falls to his knees, surprised. Nate fired his gun around his back, without even looking.

He drops his pistol in favor of the AK-47. He strafes the pirate boat behind him. Like dominos they all go down.

But GUNFIRE erupts from up ahead as well. He spins to see the pirates on the boat in front of him. And they have him dead to rights when --

SLAM! The swinging cables of the crane lash out and knock them into each other. Nate looks over at Elena, still working the controls.

NATE (CONT'D)

Not bad. Not half bad.

On the trawler, the sparking wire reaches a gas canister. It blows up and a fire quickly engulfs the wheelhouse.

Eddy calls to the other two circling boats.

EDDY

I really hate that guy. The boat! He's on our boat!

Everyone shifts aim to the speedboat Nate is on. Nate dives for the wheel, slamming down the throttle. The boat careens forward throwing a powerful wake.

Eddy pushes his driver aside, powering up his throttle as well. And the chase is on.

Suddenly, Eddy ducks just in time to narrowly miss the swinging cables from the crane.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Where does he find these women?

He ducks again as Elena swings the cables back at him. One of his PIRATES takes a cable to the face and is knocked into the sea.

Eddy FIRES at Elena, causing her to duck. PING, PING! The gunfire puts holes in the steel drum next to her. FUEL is written on its side.

ELENA

Nate?! Nate!!!!

Nate ducks to avoid incoming gunfire. He pulls hard on the wheel, slaloming to dodge the heaviest fire.

NATE

I'm kinda busy!

But then Nate sees the fire spreading.

NATE (CONT'D)

Fantastic.

Gunfire stops his conversation dead. He looks ahead and spots two of the other boats heading dead on for him.

Nate swerves around the first boat, punching the throttle, and turning back toward the second boat. His speedboat LEAPS THE WAKE of the first boat, catching air and careening over the second boat, KNOCKING ALL THE PIRATES INTO THE SEA.

The gas advances toward the wheelhouse fire. Elena grabs wetsuits and tries to form a dam. For a moment it works.

Until another barrage of gunfire punctures more drums. The rivulet becomes a river. The gas races for the fire.

ELENA

Nate!!!

Nate glances over and sees the disaster brewing. He spins the wheel, turning his boat to face the trawler.

NATE

I'm coming!

Another pirate speedboat closes. Nate fires the AK. CLICK. Empty. The pirates smile. They got him now.

He reaches behind his back, drawing one of his pistols. Cool as a cucumber, he plugs the driver. The boat spins out of control and Nate shoots the disoriented gunmen.

Nate guns the engine racing right for the trawler.

The gas reaches the flames. Elena's trapped, surrounded by oil drums. She spins to see Nate, suddenly very close.

Nate lets out a primal YELL, tensing his body. The speedboat slams into the side of the trawler just as Nate leaps into the air.

His momentum carries him clear over the deck. He reaches out with his arm, grabbing Elena by her shirt --

And pulling her with him overboard.

Just as the flames reach the other drums. The trawler explodes, raining debris in every direction.

EXT. OPEN SEA - CONTINUOUS

Debris rains down on the sea. No sign of Nate or Elena --

ELENA'S VIDEOCAMERA breaks the surface first. A moment later Nate and Elena surface. Elena coughs out a healthy dose of seawater. She spins around to see the trawler, a burned out hulk already.

ELENA

I suppose a thank you might be in order.

NATE

That was nice work with that crane.

ELENA

Thanks. I just pretended it was an immunity challenge.

Nate gives her a questioning look.

ELENA (CONT'D)

That's how I got my start on camera.
Survivor. Season Four runner up.

NATE

What's Survivor?

Around the wreck comes Eddy's speedboat. Eddy backs the boat toward Nate and Elena, the engine's propellers cutting through the water like scythes.

EDDY

Me, do'i. I'm the survivor here. All around the world people will cheer the day Eddy Raja cut Nathan Drake to shreds.

Nate and Elena can only watch the blades grow closer. But then Eddy stops, putting the boat into neutral.

EDDY (CONT'D)

But my joy will have to wait, bego. I got biz to talk. See you got something I'm getting paid to take. You just better hope it didn't go down with the ship.

NATE

What are you looking for?

EDDY

Same thing Navarro wanted.

NATE

You're working with Navarro now?

EDDY

What you're into, brah? It's attracted bigger fish. So do you give me what I want, or do I turn the girl into sashimi?

Nate looks at Elena. Elena looks at Nate. She can't believe it's taking him a moment to decide.

ELENA

You gotta be kidding me.

NATE

There is option three.

EDDY

No there ain't.

NATE

Sure there is. Option three is you get your head taken off by a seaplane.

Eddy cracks up again, laughing his head off --

Until he catches something out of the corner of his eye. He spins to see A SEAPLANE gliding in for a landing -- coming right for him. Eddy SCREAMS.

BOOM! The seaplane smashes down right on top of Eddy's boat, breaking it apart. Only then do its engines come on as it turns around and comes for Nate and Elena.

ELENA

What the hell was that?

NATE

That? That was Sully. To a T.

The seaplane pulls up next to them and a moment later the hatch on the side opens, revealing VICTOR "SULLY" SULLIVAN (late 50s), chomping on a cigar.

SULLY

I can't leave you alone for a minute. Who was the little guy with the big gun?

NATE

Eddy.

SULLY

Raja? Really? Shoulda told me. I'd a made a point to splatter him on my windshield. Oh, but where are my manners?

He extends a hand to Elena, helping her onto the plane.

SULLY (CONT'D)

Victor Sullivan, at your service. But my friends and lovers call me Sully.

INT. SEAPLANE - DAY

Elena smiles and slowly pulls her hand back from his.

ELENA

Somebody's been ODing on their Viagra.

Elena takes off her wet-suit. She doesn't seem to notice that her white t-shirt underneath is soaking wet.

Nate and Sully can't help but stare. Finally she notices, pulling her shirt away from her body, pissed.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Gentlemen wouldn't look.

SULLY

Honey, a dead man would look.

ELENA

Keep talking like that and we'll test that theory.

Nate just smiles as he heads with Sully up to the
COCKPIT

Sully keeps his voice low. Behind him, Elena tries to dry out her videocamera.

SULLY

Well? What'd ya got for me?

NATE

The lost journal of Sir Francis Drake.

Nate pulls it out of his wetsuit.

SULLY

And the old boy?

NATE

Just like I thought. He faked his death.

SULLY

How much does the girl know?

Nate turns to see Elena standing right behind them, filming them as they speak.

NATE

I'd say she keeps herself pretty well informed.

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

The red and white seaplane takes off, flying over the smoldering wreckage and into a pristine blue sky.

Down among the flotsam, something stirs. A hand appears on a floating drum. Eddy surfaces.

EDDY

You broke rule number one, Bego. I'm coming for you.

EXT. COLUMBIAN FISHING VILLAGE - DUSK

We approach a lonely dock at a lonelier fishing village. A single ship is moored there.

INT. MAIN CABIN - DUSK

JOURNAL POV

All three stare down into camera, in various states of excitement.

ELENA

Well? What are you waiting for?

NATE

Give me a sec, okay? This is a huge moment.

SULLY

Give it to me. I'll do it.

(to Elena)

He always gets like a kid on Christmas morning --

NATE

I got it. I just -- wanted to give this moment a little bit of reverence is all.

Nate opens the journal. They squint down at it, having trouble.

ELENA

Well, we know one thing about Drake. He had horrible penmanship.

NATE

"January, 1597. The Queen had grown impatient, as that snake Alvarado continued to slip through my grasp to find retreat on Isla Oculta. Until he made one mistake. He sent a copy of his map to Spain. And on the 24th of December, we rammed a fast cutter and found the copy onboard. Our goal is verified. What we race for is nothing less than the greatest treasure of the New World. And nothing more than the making -- or undoing -- of an empire."

Nate turns the page. He and Sully rear back at once. As though they'd seen a ghost.

SULLY

Well slap me on my ass and call me Rosy.

REVERSE ANGLE - THE MAP

A map of rivers, jungles, and coastline, and at its center, a small gold mark, labeled OMAGUA.

SULLY (CONT'D)

Hot-damn! I knew you were onto something, but Omagua?!

NATE

You knew I was onto something? You said playing solitaire was more productive than hunting down Sir Francis.

SULLY

That was for your own good -- and how the hell was I supposed to know it would lead to Omagua?

ELENA

What exactly is Omagua?

Nate and Sully smile at each other.

SULLY

It's the Lost-Goddamn-City of Gold.

ELENA

Wait, are you talking about El Dorado?

NATE

El Dorado, Cibola, Manoa, Omagua -- they're all just different names for the same myth.

SULLY

The conquistadors, gold hungry bastards that they were, were like kids in a candy store when they hit the Americas. See, all these tribes revered gold. They prayed over it, chanted to it, sacrificed for it. Hell, tribal chiefs painted themselves with it. So the Spanish started taking their gold --

NATE

-- and butchering the tribes. But the legendary Omagua? Nobody ever found it.

ELENA

A city of gold? You actually believe in something that ridiculous?

NATE

I don't need to. Sir Francis did.

Sully give Nate a wry smile.

NATE (CONT'D)

Whatever Omagua is, if Sir Francis called it the treasure of a lifetime, it's gotta be the biggest cache of gold in history.

Silence. Awe.

ELENA

I need to sit down.

SULLY

I need a drink.

NATE

We need the Vienna Boys Choir singing the Hallelujah Chorus -- but we'll have to do with whatever the dockmaster's selling.

Nate heads out of the cabin, until Sully grabs his arm.

SULLY

I wouldn't. We're in Colombia.

Nate backs away from the dock.

ELENA

So? What does that mean?

NATE

Nothing. Nothing, just a misunderstanding with a Colombian Colonel.

ELENA

Have you met anyone who hasn't wanted to kill you?

NATE

Let's just say I don't leave people indifferent.

ELENA

No. I don't suppose you do.

A smile creeps on both their faces. Sully notices the attraction. Embarrassed, Elena lets out a small laugh.

ELENA (CONT'D)
I'll go get the drinks.

EXT. DOCKMASTER'S SHED - DUSK

Elena holds a bottle of tequila in one hand, her other on her cell phone.

ELENA
Karl. Karl. Karl! Stop with the boat already. Let them fire me. It's just a crappy cable show. I've got a story that'll put us on primetime.

MAIN CABIN - INTERCUT

One hand. Two glasses of Scotch. Sully puts one in front of Nate. Still staring at the journal, Nate takes a swig, surprised by what he's drinking.

NATE
Scotch? Sully, we only drink Scotch when -
A dawning realization. Sully nods grimly.

SULLY
A shot to steady the surgeon's hand.

NATE
No. Not gonna happen.

SULLY
Gotta be done. You know it. I know it.

NATE
She and I have a deal.

SULLY
(dripping with sarcasm)
Oh! Oh, why didn't you tell me! A deal!
Wow! Well, that sure changes things.

NATE
Don't. Not this time.

SULLY		NATE
You sweet on her?	No.	

SULLY		NATE
You bed her?	No.	

SULLY

Then what is the problem, Nate?

NATE

She's -- different. You should've seen her fighting Eddy. The girl's got skills. I really don't think she's a liability.

SULLY

Not a liability? A reporter. Tagging along on the most secret antiquities expedition in human history. Wake up, Nate. This is not your little family tree scrapbook project anymore. We've busted our humps on antique letter openers and pinkie rings for too long. This is Omagua. Pizarro, Raleigh, Orellana, Drake -- the greatest explorers in history spent their lives trying to get as close as we are now.

Sully refreshes Nate's glass.

NATE

She deserves better.

SULLY

She does. She deserves our absence from her life.

NATE

This one's different.

SULLY

So was that broad in Jakarta. And that sweet little thing in Lagos. And I'm not even going to mention Chloe.

(Nate rolls his eyes)

I'm just saying we both have a soft spot, buddy, but we both know the truth too.

NATE

Enlighten me.

SULLY

Love fades, but gold shines on.

NATE

Are we the bad guys, Sully?

SULLY

There are no bad guys, Nate. "No man is his own villain."

Nate downs one more drink.

NATE

I am today.

DOCK - INTERCUT

Elena waves to Nate, deep in her conversation. She doesn't notice Nate throwing off the bow line attaching boat to dock.

ELENA

No, I don't trust him. Which is why we've got to move fast. You gotta find me a fact-checker. A good one --

Elena's turned the wrong way as Sully guns the engine.

Elena spins in time to see the boat speeding away. She races down the dock, eyes locked on Nate's sad face, his eyes offering an apology.

ELENA (CONT'D)

You son of a bitch! You better run!
(into the phone)

Karl? Small wrinkle.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN CABIN - LATE NIGHT

Sitting at the map table, Nate pours over the Drake journal by lantern light.

SULLY (O.S.)

You know it's not in there, don't you?

Sully comes walking in from the helm.

NATE

What?

SULLY

What you're looking for. It can't be.

NATE

I'm reading Drake's intel on Omagua. I haven't thought about -- that other thing -- in years.

SULLY
 (not convinced)
 Uh-huh.

NATE
 Listen to this: "I stand convinced that there is more to Omagua than its gold. A darker secret. A secret that may tell us how an empire of two million could be wiped from the map in the blink of an eye." Is he talking about the Incas?

SULLY
 I don't care if he's talking about the rapture. We got a problem.

Sully turns the journal to the map labeled Omagua.

SULLY (CONT'D)
 I've triple checked every map on this half of the globe. There is no spot on this green earth that matches that map.

NATE
 Bring me the Scotch.

SULLY
 I sympathize, but maybe we should try and figure it out before we get plastered --

Nate ignores Sully and fetches the bottle himself. He bends the journal back on itself so only the map page rests on the table.

And then he pours the Scotch out over the map. THE RIVERS DISAPPEAR AND OTHER LINES AND WORDS MATERIALIZE LIKE MAGIC, CREATING A WHOLE NEW MAP!

SULLY (CONT'D)
 I don't believe it.

NATE
 He called the technique a "rum map" but I figured any alcohol will do.
 (checking the map)
 Let's crank the engine up. Looks like we're going to Peru.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTING CAGE - NIGHT

ECU side angle of a red square on a white background. BLAM! A fastball slams into the center of it, its force knocking the target back a foot before the chain link fence it is attached to sways back.

WE PULL BACK to reveal Eddy Raja and one of his pirates up against the same fence, their mouths gagged. Two MERCENARIES pin their arms on the other side of the fence. They squint, staring into the harsh spotlights, unable to see where the pitches are coming from.

ROMAN (O.S.)

In this part of the world there are only a few things of great value. Drugs, of course. Oil, if you can find any. Antiquities. And human talent.

FOOMP! Another fastball pounds the target between them.

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

A boy from a village nearby was graced with just such a talent. He could throw a baseball at ninety five miles an hour. A ninety five mile an hour fastball travels from the mound to the catcher's glove in less than four tenths of a second. It can cause as much soft tissue trauma as a .38 caliber bullet.

FOOMP! The fastball catches Eddy dead in the chest. Eddy SCREAMS into his gag, his eyes wide in shock and pain.

FOOMP! Another fastball catches the other pirate in the solar plexus. He SCREAMS as well, gasping for air.

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

He once earned a multi-million dollar contract I negotiated on his behalf. And yet, his value to me is fading. He is what we in the banking world call a depreciating asset. The ravages of time against the brilliance of talent. Time will always win in the end.

FOOMP! This time the baseball smashes into the fence just inches from Eddy's head. He stares terrified into the bright spotlights, thinking he's about to die.

The spotlights go out, revealing a MOUNTAINTOP LUXURY VILLA complete with infinity pool, tennis courts, etc.

As Eddy's eyes adjust, GABRIEL ROMAN steps out of the darkness. In a very expensive Italian suit, he's a man of bearing and sophistication, with the eyes of a shark. Next to him stands Atoq Navarro, looking uncomfortable himself. Behind him stands a row of HEAVILY ARMED, MULTINATIONAL MERCENARIES.

And atop the pitcher's mound, a COLOMBIAN PHENOM PITCHER. His eyes steely and focused, but he is sweating. He holds another ball in his hand, twirling it, ready to throw.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

When an asset depreciates enough it can sometimes cost more than it is worth. It is then called a toxic asset. An asset in need of liquidation. What kind of asset are you, Eddy?

He nods to his mercs and they remove Eddy's gag, but they keep his arms trapped.

EDDY

I'm good! Strong! Give me another chance, Mr. Roman, and I'll prove it to you!

ROMAN

Haven't we seen enough proof already? Fifteen of you went after the Drake diary, and one man beat you.

EDDY

Drake ain't no average man, and the girl was there too! Mr. Roman, we done a lot of business together! How many ships I steal for you? I been with you longer than Navarro!

Roman nods to the pitcher. He hurls another fastball that catches Eddy in the chest. SNAP! We can hear ribs break. Eddy coughs, blood spilling from his mouth.

ROMAN

Loyalty is only valuable when paired with competence. Atoq may be a recent hire, but his archaeological knowledge is very much in need.

Roman reaches down into a lone crate in front of Navarro. From it he pulls out a VASE.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Mr. Navarro, what can you tell me about this item?

NAVARRO

It's a Sumerian bathing vessel.

ROMAN

Very good. Now, what is it worth? I'll even give you a hint: in 2002, it was priceless.

Navarro doesn't immediately answer. Roman spins around, a bat in his hand. With a vicious swing he shatters the vase into a thousand pieces.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

It's worthless! Because in 2003, looters raided the Iraqi National Museum, removing a hundred thousand antiquities. And over the last seven years, these items have been flooding the market, turning priceless collections into curio shops. My priceless collections.

Roman swings the bat angrily through the air. Coming within inches of Navarro's head.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

I am a banker, gentlemen. A banker for dangerous people who cannot use any normal bank. These items are my capital. And my capital is draining. But Omagua can change that.

Roman nods to the pitcher.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Failure in this task, will incur the heaviest of penalties.

The pitcher hesitates for just a moment, then grits his teeth and hurls a fastball at the batter's box. The pitch goes wide and slams into the temple of one of Roman's Mercs. The Merc drops like a stone. Eyes open. Dead.

Roman pulls out a pistol AND SHOOTS THE PITCHER DEAD. He shoots Navarro a dark glance, showing his displeasure.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

He's gotten a little wild.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT - DAY

Sully and Nate look out from the deck of their boat.
Sully is crestfallen.

SULLY

I don't suppose it's possible there's
another map under the rum map?

NATE

No such luck. Omagua's right over there.

REVERSE ANGLE

We see what they're gaping at -- the huge and
cosmopolitan city of Lima, Peru.

SULLY

Somehow I thought it would be shinier.

NATE

It might still be there, buried under the
city somewhere.

SULLY

Great. So you're saying the greatest
treasure known to man is buried under a
Starbucks somewhere.

NATE

Oh, It's worse than that. We're gonna
have to break into Frank's museum. Again.

EXT. MUSEO NACIONAL DE ARQUEOLOGIA E HISTORIA - NIGHT

An imposing neo-classical edifice. Nate and Sully sneak
around the back, finding a rear fire door.

Nate rummages through his backpack, while Sully looks up
at the tiny TRANSOM window over the door, cracked a hair.

SULLY

What's the plan? Lose a hundred and fifty
pounds and slip in the window?

NATE

I was thinking we pull a Bloodhound Gang.

Sully's confused for a moment as Nate pulls out a Zippo
lighter and a heavy-duty tape measure. Then he gets it.

SULLY

Right. We don't need no water --

INT. MUSEUM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Through the transom window snakes the tape measure, with the lit zippo at its end. It moves forward five feet until it reaches a fire SPRINKLER.

Pop. A FIRE ALARM BLARES as the sprinklers erupt.

EXT. MUSEO NACIONAL DE ARQUEOLOGIA E HISTORIA - NIGHT

CLICK. The fire door unlocks and pops open a crack. Sully holds it open as Nate drops from the transom.

INT. MUSEUM - HISTORICAL ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Ancient tomes line the walls of the museum's archival book collection. Nate, flashlight in hand, scans through titles in the "GUBERNATIVA". Sully returns.

SULLY

The bomberos have packed up their hoses and left. Time to grab some papers and let's call it a night.

NATE

It has to be correspondence from 1597, or it's useless. Maybe if you could read a lick of Spanish you'd give me a hand.

FRANK (O.S.)

Maybe I can help?

Nate and Sully turn to see a tall redheaded mature woman in a spotless white business suit. Meet FRANCESCA TORRES, or more commonly, FRANK. She's flanked by two HUGE GUYS.

NATE

Frank! How long's it been?

The last thing Nate sees is a massive FIST.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

NATE'S POV: Nate's vision clears to find his head immobilized by a wooden board. Frank stares down at Nate, upside down.

FRANK

I can't believe you came back, concha.

NATE

I told you I would. What's the problem?

SULLY (O.S.)

Turns out, Frank's a little upset.

Nate turns and sees Sully on his knees, guns to his head.

NATE

No kidding? Why, Frank? Why?

FRANK

I do so love a man with a sense of humor. It's a pity you had to cheat me. That Huari pottery you sold the museum was nothing but a forgery.

NATE

So? I told you the first time I walked in here, half your collection are fakes.

FRANK

But then you went and sold the real vase to a private collector, and it seems you neglected to forward me my cut, pendejo.

Frank backs away and Nate can see what his head is trapped under. It is an antique GUILLOTINE!

FRANK (CONT'D)

How about I take my cut now?

She fingers the rope that releases the guillotine blade.

NATE

You wouldn't. Frank --

FRANK

Oh, you may be a pretty boy, Nate, but I absolutely would. In fact, the only thing stopping me is curiosity. Why would you willingly come back here? It's gotta be something big.

NATE

It's just a little research project.

Frank tugs on the rope. Nate sees the latch above move.

NATE (CONT'D)

Big! Big research project! It's my -- our -- way to pay you back. Your cut on the old job would've been -- ten thousand?

One of the huge guys beside Sully chimes in.

HUGE GUY

Seventy eight thousand five hundred and six dollars. Counting interest.

NATE

You might have a problem with your math.

FRANK

Better a math problem than a physics problem. Gravity is not your friend.

She tugs on the rope again. Again, the latch moves ever closer to releasing the blade.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You're lying on the Bloody Maria. In her day she killed more men than cancer.

Another tug. The blade just barely catches the latch.

NATE

Fine! Seventy eight grand. No problem.

FRANK

What is it that is worth so much?

NATE

Kill me and you'll never find out.

Frank smiles, and calls the bluff. She yanks hard on the rope. THE GUILLOTINE BLADE FALLS RIGHT FOR NATE'S NECK.

NATE (CONT'D)

Omagua!!!

SCHING!!! The blade passes harmlessly through Nate's neck, leaving him untouched.

Frank and her men LAUGH uproariously. Nate is shaking as Frank unlocks the wooden stock around his neck. He bolts upright, checking his neck to be sure it is in one piece.

FRANK

You like? We've got a History of Magic exhibition next week, you should come by.

(to someone off-screen)

Omagua. It's really true. I'm sorry I didn't believe you.

ELENA (O.S.)

No problem. If I had to deal with people like him, I'd cultivate a healthy distrust myself.

Nate and Sully turn to see Elena enter the room.

NATE

No.

She smiles -- and then punches Nate square in the face.

ELENA

We had a deal you son of a bitch! You used me!

NATE

I borrowed you.

ELENA

I trusted you!

NATE

Trusted me? You don't even know me.

FRANK

Tsk-tsk. The problem, darling, is not that we don't know you. It's that we do, and yet we look in those blue eyes and want to believe in you anyway.

(to Elena)

He's quite addictive, isn't he? I would've tracked him down too, if I could.

SULLY

How the hell did you find us anyway?

Elena pulls her new cellphone from her pocket. She presses dial. A ringtone of Lady Gaga's Poker Face echoes. Nate looks around, then realizes the sound is coming from his jacket. He pulls out ELENA'S IPHONE.

NATE

You gotta be kidding me.

ELENA

Finding two-timing scumbags? There's an app for that.

FRANK

Now that our happy reunion has occurred, let us begin returning my hundred and fifty six thousand dollars.

NATE

Your what?

SULLY

(sullen)

Seventy eight for the last deal. Seventy eight for this one.

NATE

Right. That math's a killer.

INT. MUSEUM - HISTORICAL ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Frank unlocks a caged room of ancient documents and leads Nate, Sully, and Elena inside.

FRANK

Everything I've collected about Omagua is in this room. But there's not a lot to see. The Incas were too scared of Omagua to speak about his temple.

NATE

Him? I thought Omagua was a place.

FRANK

Oh no. Omagua was their God of Death.

Frank opens an ancient illuminated text, revealing a drawing of Omagua; a terrifying looking demon/god with blood red eyes and tusk-like fangs.

FRANK (CONT'D)

They feared him above all other gods, which is why they filled his temple with gold offerings. They protected its location out of absolute terror. No one dared to even lay eyes on Omagua's gold. Do you know the story of Atahualpa?

ELENA

The last king of the Incas.

Everyone looks at Elena, surprised.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Hello? Reporter. Remember?

Frank turns the page to a drawing of a native king imprisoned.

FRANK

The story is called the Ransom Room. The conquistador Pizarro captured Atahualpa, but he gave the king one chance to live. If he could fill his jail cell with gold, Pizarro would release him. It was a trick. Pizarro knew he had raided nearly all the Incan treasures. Atahualpa could never amass enough gold.

NATE

Unless he knew where Omagua was --

FRANK

The monk who drew these claimed Atahualpa ordered his brother to fetch a forbidden stash of gold. The gold of Omagua, gold now cursed by the God of Death himself.

She turns the page. At the top, a Spanish conquistador strangles Atahualpa. Beneath, scenes of mayhem and death. The death of the Incas.

FRANK (CONT'D)

No one knows what happened after that. We know the gold Atahualpa promised never reached his cell. We know that a nation of millions suddenly died and disappeared without a trace.

Frank turns another page. Wild eyed, bloody Incas frenzy and kill each other.

SULLY

Yeah, yeah. "And some nights you can still hear the cries of Atahualpa --"

FRANK

That's what I like about you, Sully. Your greed makes you impervious to fear.

And with that, Frank leaves them to it. They spread out, gathering papers and piling them on the table in the center of the room.

LATER

ECU: WE MOVE OVER a landscape of ancient books and papers. Maps. Ledgers. Deeds. Letters. Ancient cursive writing. Spanish language. All laid out over the floor.

We move up over Sully, dead asleep, drooling on a stack of papers. We find Elena, similarly asleep in a corner.

And we end on Nate, red-eyed and frustrated, flipping through assorted letters. His eyes fall upon Elena, her head tilted uncomfortably against her shoulder.

Nate takes off his jacket and places it between her head and shoulder, careful not to wake her up. Nate stares at her face, peaceful in slumber.

Then Nate turns back to the letters. Elena's eyes open, watching him. Then Nate catches something. He bolts upright. He stares closely at the paper in his hands.

ELENA

Something?

NATE

It's a letter from the governor to Juan Guerrero, a wealthy landowner, basically responding to a domestic complaint. Guerrero was protesting a sea captain and his men digging all hours of the day and night.

ELENA

That's it? That's all?

NATE

The governor apologizes for the admiral's behavior. Admiral. Not captain. In 1597 there were maybe twenty admirals in the Spanish fleet. But in Peru?

ELENA

That's got to be the one Drake was chasing. Alvarado. Where was he digging?

NATE

It doesn't say. All it says is the governor promises him the land in question will -- "never again be disturbed. It will become the quietest district in the city." A church maybe?

ELENA

I lived next to a church growing up. Those bells are anything but quiet. No. It would have to be someplace people rarely go. No roads, buildings, people. Someplace as quiet --

Nate and Elena get it at the same time.

NATE AND ELENA

-- as the grave!

They both grin from ear to ear. Sully wakes to see them staring at each other excitedly. He pulls his hat down over his eyes and tries to go back to sleep.

EXT. MATIAS MAESTRO GENERAL CEMETERY - DUSK

Soaring overhead, we see the sprawling cemetery has countless mausoleums of every shape and size.

We move down on a couple, taking a stroll through the gorgeous, gothic cemetery. It turns out to be Elena and Sully. Two POLICE OFFICERS approach. Sully grabs her hand and nuzzles her neck. Elena tries to pull away, but Sully's got too good a grip.

ELENA

Let go of me if you value your hand.

SULLY

Sorry sweetheart, but we've got to sell the grieving couple angle. We don't want to draw attention.

ELENA

You and me? Couple? Who would buy that?

SULLY

(sarcastic)

Yeah. Older man, younger woman in South America. We're really gonna stick out like a sore thumb.

ELENA

You're disgusting. You know, every now and then I see a glimmer of humanity out of Nate -- and then he starts acting like you again.

SULLY

You're damn right. That's why he's still alive. You think you're the first girl who saw Nate as her personal fixer upper?

ELENA

Wait a minute. All I care about is my story. That's it.

SULLY

Horseshit. You listen for a change. Nate is like a son to me. So you stop messing with his head, and you stop it now, or you're gonna kill him.

Sully looks around, makes sure Nate isn't near.

SULLY (CONT'D)

We were in the middle of a Sri Lankan civil war, the Tamil Tigers bombing the hell out of Jafna. We're racing to the port in a stolen tuk tuk, carrying these eight Hindu idols sporting more bling than Liberace, when we clip a dog. A damn mangy street dog, already half dead. The mortars are dropping everywhere. Government troops are closing off streets. I tell Nate we gotta go. But the son of a bitch won't. Not until he gets the damn dog to a hospital.

ELENA

And that's a bad thing?

SULLY

They found the idols, they arrested him, and then they shot the dog. And he spent eight months in a Sri Lankan prison before I managed to bribe him out. Do you have any idea what it's like in a Sri Lankan prison?

ELENA

But he did the right thing --

SULLY

This is why you gotta shut up. In your world you got mommy and daddy. You got money, education, you got a safety net. You can do the right thing and make yourself feel as good as you want. But for guys like Nate and me? Most times the right thing gets you killed.

The police officers disappear far down the walk.

SULLY (CONT'D)

(into radio mike)

Ok. The local Guarda are clear. Let's get this party started.

Sully pulls out a remote control and thumbs the switch. A FIREWORKS SHOW GOES OFF on the far side of the cemetery.

NATE

Lays wreath of flowers against the wall of a black marble TOMB and ducks around the corner.

BOOM! The wreath explodes knocking a stone slab aside. The noise was well covered by the fireworks.

Nate looks around and then slips in. A moment later Sully and Elena stroll by, and slip in as well.

INT. CRYPT - NIGHT

The walls are lined with coffins in this family crypt, sealed into the thick marble walls. In the center of the room, on a raised dais, is the stone coffin of the patriarch of the family.

ELENA

Before we go -- violating remains -- are we sure this is the place?

Nate points at the arch of the entrance. Elena can clearly read the word "GUERRERO" accompanied by the family crest.

NATE

Remember the landowner who wrote the complaint? The governor promised him the best family tomb in the place.

SULLY

I got something here. There's some kind of bar mechanism under the stones.

Sully kneels down, examining the loose cobblestone floor. Nate checks the other side.

NATE

It's here too.

ELENA

What does it mean?

NATE

The floor was built to move somehow. We just have to find the release.

All eyes turn to the coffin in the center. Nate moves over to the heavy lid.

ELENA

Wait -- is it safe? I mean, couldn't the Spaniards have built a trap or something to keep people out?

Sully and Nate exchange a glance and LAUGH.

SULLY

Adorable.

NATE

That's mostly a movie thing, Elena.

Nate crouches down and pushes the stone lid off the coffin. The lid is attached to a chain mechanism that spins --

AND SUDDENLY THE ENTIRE FLOOR OF THE CHAMBER COLLAPSES! The coffin, the stone floor, and Nate, Sully, and Elena fall as though they've cracked through thin ice, tumbling into the darkness.

Nate lashes out a hand and grabs Elena's wrist. Sully grabs a handhold on the side of what has now become a pit -- but he misses grabbing Nate's outstretched hand.

Nate grabs a handhold, but with Elena in his other hand, he doesn't have the strength to hold. They tumble again. Again he tries a hold. This time the rock crumbles in his grasp.

They fall again. One last time he digs his hand into a handhold, and this time -- it holds. Just then, Elena SCREAMS!

Nate turns to look at her and discovers that Elena dangles less than three feet above A FOREST OF RAZOR SHARP WOODEN SPIKES. If they fell just one second more they'd be dead.

ELENA

A movie thing!?! A movie thing!!!

NATE

I did say "mostly."

Nate swings her over to the edge of the pit, where no spikes stand, and drops her. She lands at the foot of the pit. At the mouth of a passageway she finds a bin filled with torches. Nate joins her.

Up above, Sully still struggles.

SULLY

What do I gotta do to get some help around here? Take a bullet?

(calling down)

Don't worry about me. I'm just peachy.

Sully carefully climbs down the pit wall.

NATE
Grumpiest expedition in history.

INT. THE CHAMBER OF OMAGUA - NIGHT

Carrying torches, the three look in awe at the sight before them. They are in a massive, arched subterranean temple. Each wall is carved with more of the bas relief sculptures of demons. Each carving seems to be more disturbing than the last.

SULLY
What do they say?

NATE
You got me.

SULLY
What do you mean, "you got me."

NATE
Did I spend years studying Meso-American archaeology? No. I know the money empires. Incan, Mayan, Aztec, and this writing is older than all them. Beyond that I would've needed to go to college.

ELENA
Well why didn't you?

NATE
Because some old fart told me it was a waste of time.

SULLY
That's always been your problem: you listen to me too much.

ELENA
If you two ladies are done, I think I found something over here.

Elena shines her light on what she found. STONE DOORS, THIRTY FEET HIGH. The doors are covered in ornate carvings. The carvings depicts a MASSIVE GOLDEN GOD, propped up atop a dais, worshipers laying at its feet.

NATE
Look at that dais. Omagua's a statue.

SULLY
One lousy statue? We went through all of this for --

NATE

Sully, look at the scale.

Sure enough, the size of the golden god compared to the worshipers is truly awesome.

SULLY

That thing's gotta be --

NATE

Eighty tons. Minimum.

Sully points out a FIGURE, clothed in finery, standing before the others at the base of the great statue.

SULLY

That must be the high priest. He's only one not bowing to Omagua.

NATE

They're not bowing. They're dying.

Sure enough, the drawings seem to show a progression of death. A hundred dead figures lying beneath Omagua.

ELENA

Creepy. Why would someone go to all this trouble if there wasn't something to this curse story?

SULLY

You don't get it. Curses. Warnings. They're the best friends we ever had. They keep buried treasure buried. Ain't no curse that isn't a blessing to us.

Sully grabs a seam of the door. Nate and Sully pull with all their might. Slowly, the huge doors open. Elena extends her torch-- they look inside, excitement in their eyes --

THE CHAMBER IS EMPTY! Their grins fall. Disappointment. Disillusion. Sully kicks a rock at his feet.

SULLY (CONT'D)

Damnit!!!

But as the rock skitters away, it CLANGS against something metal. Nate turns his attention that way and discovers -- a rusting Spanish HELMET.

NATE

Conquistadors.

SULLY

I suppose it's too much to hope they left a note saying where they took the thing?

Nate spots something nearby. It's an ANCHOR.

NATE

Actually, they may have done better than that.

Nate lifts his torch higher, revealing the anchor is still connected to its chain, which LEADS UP TO A SPANISH GALLEON lodged a hundred feet up in the wall.

SULLY

Now that's something you don't see every day. What do you make of it?

NATE

I don't know. See that standing water -- I think this used to be a cave system, probably led right out to the sea.

ELENA

And a cave-in stranded the ship here?

Nate notices the ship's name, *El Marquez*.

NATE

The Marquez. Where do I know that name?
(realization dawns)
We've got to find the captain's quarters.

Nate climbs up the anchor chain as fast as he can.

INT. SPANISH GALLEON - GUN DECK- NIGHT

Nate pulls himself into the ship. Elena arrives right behind him, leaping to the deck, which CREAKS under their collective weight.

NATE

You do know the entire ship could collapse any second? I should be checking this out alone.

Elena pulls out her trusty camcorder from her backpack.

ELENA

We have a deal. Anything and everything.
So get a move on.

Nate gets to his feet, pulling out his torch and re-lighting it. Once aflame, they look around what was a gun deck. The cannons are up against the port wall along with stacks of waterproof kegs.

NATE

My guess is those waterproof kegs are filled with gunpowder. So let's keep a healthy distance, okay?

ELENA

You're the boss.

NATE

That's right.

Nate turns and heads for the stairs leading up to the quarterdeck when his foot crashes right through a rotten board. He plummets into the hold below.

INT. THE HOLD - NIGHT

SMACK. Nate lands on a pile of something hard in the darkness, the torch lying several feet away. Elena stares down through the hole, filming it all.

NATE

Really? You gotta film this?

ELENA

Nate, you might not want to look down.

Nate grabs the torch and looks. He's lying on a huge pile of human bones. He leaps away.

NATE

Jesus!

Suddenly, Nate hears another strange noise. Something moves beneath the bones.

ELENA

What's going on down there?!

Nate pulls out his gun as a SOMETHING rises from underneath the bones.

NATE

A rat?

HUGE RAT

This is no ordinary rat. It's the size of a pit bull, with massive razor-sharp teeth and blood red eyes.

The rat leaps for Nate, but he FIRES first, riddling the creature with bullets. It falls dead - when suddenly the bones shift and shudder. The hold is SWARMING WITH MORE RATS, some of them with visible bones beneath decayed flesh. They come for Nate.

NATE (CONT'D)

Get a rope down here! Now!!!

INTERCUT NATE/ELENA

Elena searches for a coil of rope.

Nate shoves over one crate and then another, trying to get higher ground as the rats come streaming out of the bones. They're frenzied, attacking each other in order to get to the fresh meat. He FIRES DOWN at them.

Elena finds a section of rope and tries tying it off to a rope cleat nearby. The cleat just tears right out of the rotted floor.

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

Elena?!

Elena spots a nearby mast and rushes toward it.

ELENA

Any second now!!

But Nate doesn't have time to spare. The swarming rats force him to the highest corner of the top crate, even as they CHEW APART the lower one with their powerful jaws.

The lower crate is practically toothpicks, and Nate's perch wildly sways above the frenzy of fur and teeth.

But just as Nate's about to fall, a ROPE drops down right in front of him. Nate grabs hold, swinging as the rats LEAP UP toward him, nipping at his heels.

Nate starts climbing the rope -- but so do the rats. It's a race to the top, one Nate barely manages to win. He pulls himself up and SHOOTS the rope, causing the rats to plunge back down into the darkness.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Curse. No curse. There is something very, very wrong here.

Nate can only shudder and climb to the quarterdeck.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Elena and Nate enter the room, untouched in four hundred years. At the Captain's desk, Nate discovers the mother lode - maps and charts. Elena films over his shoulder as he examines them.

ELENA

What are we looking for?

NATE

Do you remember when I read you that section from Sir Francis' diary? When he began searching for the map to Omagua, the one ship he could never capture was the Marquez. That's because its captain, Alvarado had a hidden base he always escaped to, an island called --

ELENA

Isla Oculta.

Nate stops flipping through the maps, his finger stopping on a single point in the middle of the southern Pacific ocean. ISLA OCULTA.

NATE

I'll bet once Alvarado knew Drake was on his tail, that's where they took Omagua.

Elena grins behind her camera. Nate's radio CRACKLES.

SULLY (O.S.)

What's going on up there?

NATE

(on radio)

We found it, Sully. Omagua was taken to an island called Isla Oculta, and we've got a map to find it. We're home free.

SULLY (O.S.)

Not exactly. You'd better step outside.

INT. GUN DECK - NIGHT

Nate and Elena look down into the cavern below.

NATE'S POV

Sully's on his knees, hands on his head. Navarro stands over him, gun to Sully's head. Surrounding him are nearly a dozen Mestizo thugs.

NATE

Shit.

Navarro has the radio in his free hand.

NAVARRO

(through the radio)

Uh-oh, Nate. Looks like the natives are restless. You better come on out before somebody gets hurt.

Nate looks around, looking for something, anything that will give him an edge.

NAVARRO (CONT'D)

(through the radio)

You know this is my peoples' temple, don't you, Nate? You know how much it would pain me to spill Sully's blood in here. Should I count to five?

ELENA

Nate?!

Finally, Nate's gaze falls on the far side of the gun deck he sees sealed barrels, then back at his torch.

INT. THE CHAMBER OF OMAGUA - NIGHT

Nate and Elena drop down from the anchor chain and are immediately surrounded by Navarro's thugs.

NAVARRO

Search him. He should have a map on him showing the way to Isla Oculta.

The thugs pat down Nate, retrieving the map and his guns. The thug hands the map over to Navarro.

ROMAN (O.S.)

I'll take that.

From out of the darkness walks Gabriel Roman, wearing another fine Italian suit and a grin as big as Omagua.

NATE

Oh shit.

ROMAN

Hello, Nathan.

ELENA

Another one of your "friends?"

Roman give Elena a hint of a bow.

ROMAN

Gabriel Roman, a distinct pleasure.

NATE

Roman doesn't have friends. Just clients whose money he launders with black market antiquities. Great guys like terrorists and drug dealers.

FRANK (O.S.)

And the odd museum curator.

Frank comes up behind Roman, smiling.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Don't look so sad, dear boy. One day all of our bad deeds will catch up with us. It's just that today is your day.

ROMAN

I don't envy you your friends, Nate. Frank was all too eager to tell me exactly where to find you. And she's not the only one to be had for a price. Isn't that right, Sully?

The thugs suddenly release Sully, who avoids Nate's eye.

NATE

Sully? What did you do?

SULLY

It's complicated, kid.

ELENA

You bastard!

Sully doesn't respond to Elena, instead turning to Roman.

SULLY

(to Roman)

What about our deal?

ROMAN

When I have Omagua you get your reward. But as for Mr. Drake, I have another deal with Atoq that requires payment in full.

Navarro smiles and advances to point blank range.

NAVARRO

Looks like you robbed the wrong grave today, hombre. This is my heritage. If anybody's gonna steal it, you shoulda known it's gonna be me.

SULLY

Wait! This isn't part of the deal!

ROMAN

Funny thing about your deal, Sully. I don't think Drake's name ever came up in negotiations.

Roman nods to Navarro. Sully bolts up off his knees. Navarro turns and FIRES! Catches Sully right in the heart. BOOM! Sully goes down and stays down.

NATE

NO!!!

Elena is stunned. Terrified. Roman just finds it funny.

ROMAN

What an odd time to turn heroic. Well, in for a penny, in for a pound. Atoq --

Suddenly, Roman spots a FLASH of light up in the galleon.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

What is that?

GUN DECK - INTERCUT

Nate left his torch within a couple feet of the sealed barrels, one of which he cracked open, spilling gunpowder which the torch's spreading flames has only just lit.

Nate tackles Elena to the ground. A second later AN INFERNO OF AN EXPLOSION ROCKS THE TEMPLE AREA.

The entire galleon is reduced to splinters as every powder keg goes off, raining fiery debris everywhere.

CUT TO:

NAVARRO'S POV

Ears ringing. A blinding field of white that slowly fades as our eyes adjust to darkness. Several Mestizo thugs are on fire, rolling around, trying to put themselves out.

Frank is unconscious. Roman is shaken and dazed. Sully's still dead. But Nate and Elena? They're gone. Navarro looks around, staring at a huge, dying rat in front of him. He smiles secretly to himself, then helps Roman up.

NAVARRO

I'll carve him into pieces --

A furious Roman shoves off Navarro's helping hand.

ROMAN

Enough. Amateur hour is over.

(into his radio)

Drake got away. See to it.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Six heavily armed MERCS stand at the entrance to the mausoleum, in front of several black racing MOTORCYCLES. They make Navarro's thugs look like marshmallows. Their leader pulls out his radio.

MERC LEADER

No problem.

The merc reaches for his gun, only to find it missing from his holster. He turns to see Nate, smiling beside him. SMACK! He gets a gun butt to the head.

The other mercs make the wrong choice and draw. Nate FIRES at point blank range, taking down four of them, just before they can shoot him --

But the fifth is behind him and has him dead to rights. BLAM! The fifth merc looks surprised as he falls to the ground, dead.

Behind him stands Elena, smoking gun in her hand. She looks surprised herself.

NATE

You okay?

ELENA

I don't know. I don't think so.

GUNSHOTS RING OUT. Nate looks both ways down the narrow alleys of the cemetery. More mercs race their way.

NATE

Let's go.

Nate hops on one of the racing bikes and guns the engine. He spins the bike around, doing donuts, throwing up a cloud of dirt in every direction.

When the dust clears, the mercs have reached each other, but Nate and Elena are gone. One of the mercs catches a glimpse of them down a narrow alley.

MERC

Norte! Norte!

EXT. MOTORCYCLE CHASE - NIGHT

The mercs come out of the woodwork as Nate races down narrow alleys. Nate ducks the bike behind a colonnade of statues as a group opens fire. Bullets chew up the statues as Nate and Elena fly past.

More mercs race to the far end of the colonnade, only to get smacked in the face by an airborne bike.

But Nate flies right for a stone crypt wall. Nate hits the brakes, popping the bike up on its front wheel. Its back wheel spins and lands on the side of a mausoleum, and Nate's racing off in another direction.

That's when the OTHER BIKE appears. The merc driving it has black motorcycle leathers on, and his submachine gun strapped to the handle bars.

AUTOFIRE erupts, chewing up the ground around Nate and Elena. Nate looks left and right. Nowhere to escape. And up ahead: steps leading up to an ornate gothic tomb.

NATE

Grab me!

ELENA

What?!

NATE

Grab me tighter than you've ever grabbed anything!

Elena squeezes him so hard she surprises him, almost knocking the wind out of him. He guns the engine, speeding up, heading right for the gothic tomb.

More AUTOFIRE. A few shots hit the rear fender. Nate's bike hits the steps. At this speed the steps become a ramp. The bike gets massive air --

AND LANDS ATOP THE TOMB! The other cyclist skids to a halt, not crazy enough to follow.

ELENA

I can't believe it. Now what?

NATE

Now what?

Nate didn't think that far. The cyclist unstraps his machine gun. Elena looks at the angel statue next to her. She kicks it and it falls over, taking out the cyclist.

But still mercs close in on the right and the left.

NATE GUNS THE ENGINE. He leaps his bike off one tomb roof and onto another, picking up speed on an angled roof, then leaping onto the side of a dome. He stays above the narrow alleys of the cemetery as the mercs chase below.

ELENA

Nate!

Nate looks ahead. They're at the edge of the cemetery. A tall stone wall looms. Nate looks for any way to go.

And he sees the ARCH. A tall archway that holds the entrance gate to the north end of the cemetery. He picks up speed and jumps for it.

The bike lands at a 45 degree angle, rear wheel spinning on the smooth marble arch. Is it going to fall?

It picks up traction and climbs the arch. At its apex:

Nate spots two black Range Rovers on the street just outside. A whole other team of mercs aim their weapons right at him.

No time to think. Nate picks up more speed. They open fire, chewing up the arch, their gunfire just trailing the bike, but gaining.

Nate flips the steering right, the bike sails off the arch just as the gunfire catches up with it.

The bike lands atop the Range Rovers. It skips over one, denting the roof, slides down the windshield of the second, and lands on the street.

The mercs run around to the other side of the Range Rovers but by the time they get there, Nate and Elena are already around the next corner. They're gone.

INT. BOAT - NIGHT

Nate packs up the boat, stowing away essentials. Elena sits at the table, a half drunken bottle of Scotch before her, most of which the two of them clearly drank.

Nate downs a shot of Scotch, then pours himself another.

NATE

To Sully, my brother from another mother.

He downs the shot and pours one for Elena.

ELENA

I can't drink to that. He betrayed you.

NATE

Nah. You just gotta know Sully is all. He just -- miscalculated the angle.

Elena can't believe what she's hearing.

ELENA

Miscalculated the angle? Why am I surprised? You've probably spent most of your life rationalizing his lies.

NATE

So with your friends you don't take the bad with the good?

ELENA

Seems like with Sully you just took the bad with the bad.

Nate pours himself another shot and downs it.

NATE

You don't know what you're talking about.

ELENA

Well maybe that's because I don't know anything about you. I've had a glimpse in a duffel bag and that's about it.

Nate slams down the shot glass.

NATE

What do you want to hear? My sob story? Fine. My mother had delusions, grand scale delusions. My father was a world class con artist. It didn't leave a lot of room for honesty at the dinner table.

Nate reaches under the table, pulling out a CROSS, hidden beneath. For the observant, it's the same cross from the picture of teenage Nate with Sully.

NATE (CONT'D)

And your "bad guy?" Sully? I didn't know which way was up and he set me straight. He was the only guy who ever gave a shit about me.

ELENA

I'm sorry. I never knew Sully like you did. But I know his philosophy was wrong. You know why I believe in good guys, Nate? Because I see people make hard choices every day.

NATE

There you go again --

ELENA

You're making those same hard choices, Nate. That's why you risked your life to save mine. That's why you're not going to let Roman win.

That one stops Nate, at least for a moment.

NATE

Look at us. We got nothing. Roman's got resources. He's got the manpower. And he's got the only damn map.

ELENA

Bullshit.

NATE

You're drunk.

ELENA

I am. But it's still bullshit.

Elena spins around her camera and flips open the viewscreen. She turns it to Nate.

VIEWSCREEN

The camera follows Nate as he flips through the maps on the Spanish galleon.

NATE

(onscreen)

Do you remember when I read you that section from Sir Francis' diary?

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

When he began searching for the map to Omagua, the one ship he could never capture was the Marquez. That's because its captain, Alvarado had a hidden base he always escaped to, an island called --

ELENA (O.S.)

(onscreen)

Isla Oculta.

NATE

Nate's eyes widen. He can't believe what he's seeing.

NATE

Holy shit.

VIEWSCREEN

There it is. In sharp HD. A perfect video copy of the precious map to Isla Oculta.

NATE AND ELENA

Their eyes meet, a moment of electricity passes between them. They move in for their first kiss. They're totally into it, caught up in the moment and each other --

And just as suddenly, Nate breaks it off.

NATE (CONT'D)

I have to say something.

ELENA

All you can do is ruin this moment.

Nate moves in for the kiss a second time. Elena closes her eyes. But again, at the last second, Nate pulls back.

NATE

Sully's plane! It's the only chance we have to beat Roman to Isla Oculta.

Elena opens her eyes. Nate's already lost in thought. She sighs, and goes with it.

ELENA

You sure you can fly?

NATE

I was a Naval Aviator. I was born flying.

ELENA

I meant aren't you too drunk --

Elena drunkenly trips stepping onto the dock, smacking her head as she does so.

CUT TO:

INT. SEA PLANE - DAY

Elena stirs awake in the passenger seat, staring out at the endless blue ocean peeking out beneath a blanket of clouds. She wipes the sleep from her eyes, stretching.

ELENA

Wow. How long was I out for?

Just then, a massive jolt of TURBULENCE throws the plane down, engine surging. Only the seat belts keep Nate and Elena in their seat.

It scares Elena, who braces herself on the door frame. Then she notices Nate sweating, eyes darting to and fro.

NATE

Huh?

Elena looks around. Blue POST-IT NOTES are affixed everywhere. The one attached to the wheel says "YOKE." On the airspeed indicator: "TOO FAST" and "TOO SLOW." On the attitude indicator: "KEEP THE BLUE PART UP."

Then she spots what Nate's reading. A FLIGHT MANUAL.

ELENA

Oh my God! You don't know how to fly a plane?!

Nate quickly closes the manual. Elena's worried now.

NATE

Of course I do. Anyone can fly a plane.

ELENA

Are you insane?! No they can't! There are some jobs you can bluff your way through, but pilot isn't one of them! Wait -- you told me you were a Naval Aviator!

NATE

Mostly true.

ELENA

How?! How is that mostly true?

NATE

We're flying over the ocean aren't we?

Another blast of turbulence sending the plane nose up. A LOUD ALARM SOUNDS, A RED LIGHT ON THE INSTRUMENT PANEL.

ELENA

What is that?

NATE

I'm working on it.

He flicks the red light with his finger. No change. Another ALARM. Another RED LIGHT. Nate opens the manual again, flipping through its pages.

ELENA

Great. I'm going to die because Captain Ego thinks he can fly a plane halfway across the Pacific.

NATE

Not helping.

ELENA

It's my own fault. I knew you were reckless, and irresponsible, and let's not leave out dangerous.

The ALARMS keep blaring as the two argue back and forth.

NATE

Watch it. I seem to recall blood on your hands too, killer.

ELENA

I seem to recall shooting that guy in order to save your ass.

NATE

As if I haven't been saving yours every damn moment since we've met!

ELENA

As if I need your help!

NATE

Well you do right now, because you don't know how to fly a plane!

ELENA

Neither do you!!!

Nate opens his mouth to respond, but nothing comes. Frustrated he bangs his fist on the instrument panel and suddenly the alarms go SILENT. Nate gives Elena a smirk and turns away from her.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Very mature. What are we trying now, the silent treatment?

But we can see Nate's face, and he's not angry anymore. In fact, his eyes are wide with excitement.

NATE

We're here.

Through a break in the cloud cover they spot a small island down below.

ISLA OCULTA

A small but mountainous volcanic island, covered in dense green jungles.

NATE (CONT'D)

Hello, Isla Oculta.

Suddenly the plane is rocked by an EXPLOSION.

NATE (CONT'D)

Shit!

Nate looks at his starboard wing, just as half of it shears off. The starboard engine dies out, aflame.

ELENA

Where the hell did that come from?!

EXT. FREIGHTER - DAY

Roman stands on the deck of a large freighter just off the island's coast. Next to him is the MERC LEADER, lowering a smoking ROCKET LAUNCHER. They watch the burning plane fall from the sky.

MERC LEADER

He's toast.

ROMAN

Any other man and I'd agree.

INT. SEA PLANE - DAY

Nate fights the stick trying to right the plane. Elena trains her camera on the burning engine.

ELENA

Just as we have reached the mysterious Isla Oculta, in search of Omagua, we have taken on hostile fire. A missile has destroyed one of our two engines and threatens to --

NATE

Will you please shut up!!!

He can't level the plane. It's diving fast. All he can do is pull it out of its spin.

NATE (CONT'D)

Time to bail!

Nate reaches under Elena's seat and pulls out a parachute. As she struggles to put the pack on, he checks under his seat for his own parachute.

BUT THERE'S NOTHING THERE. NO PARACHUTE.

NATE (CONT'D)

Oh boy.

Nate ties off the yoke, then helps Elena finish buckling her pack. He then pulls her toward the rear cargo door.

NATE (CONT'D)

Go!

Nate opens the cargo door, the world racing past outside.

ELENA

Wait! What about you? Where's your chute?

NATE

Do you trust me?!

Elena thinks about it a sec.

ELENA

No. Not really.

NATE

Good. That makes this easier.

Nate grabs her chute release handle and pulls on it. Her chute unfurls out the open door.

ELENA

You son of a --

And as her parachute fills she's yanked out of the plane. Nate looks behind the plane and sees her safely descending toward the island.

Nate gets back behind the controls.

EXT. FREIGHTER - DAY

Roman sees the parachute descending to the island. He sees the plane trying to right itself.

ROMAN

Radio Raja. The chute is coming his way.

MERC LEADER

I can handle it --

ROMAN

No. You track the plane. Don't report back until you have proof the son of a bitch is dead.

INT/EXT. PLANE - DAY

The seaplane quickly loses altitude, dropping down toward the island's jungle floor. Nate pulls back hard on the stick, fighting to keep the burning plane aloft.

NATE

Come on! Come on you piece of junk!

At the last possible moment, the plane banks up and away, its pontoons brushing the top level of jungle canopy. Nate breathes a sigh of relief.

NATE (CONT'D)

That was close.

When suddenly, a rock cliff of the volcano comes into view. Nate's banked the plane right for it.

NATE (CONT'D)

No. No!

Nate pulls on the yoke with all his strength.

The plane begins to bank away from the mountain. SLAM! A rock outcropping smashes right into the burning engine knocking it clear off the wing. The plane sails on.

NATE (CONT'D)

Ha! Ha! And she thought I couldn't fly a plane!

Nate sniffs the air. Something pungent. He looks back and sees that the burning engine has lodged itself in the tail of the plane. The flames advance toward the cockpit.

NATE (CONT'D)

Come on! What do I gotta do for one lousy break!

He turns back to the windshield only to see the jungle canopy rising to meet him. CRASH. BLACKOUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE CANOPY - DAY

Nate wakes to find his body is crumpled into a ball, shoved up against the cracked windshield of the plane and staring at the fifty foot drop to the jungle floor.

NATE

Ha! I knew I could land it.

Sniff. Sniff. He looks back above him. The burning engine is still perched at the tail, teetering like the sword of Damocles. It shifts, slipping toward him.

NATE (CONT'D)

Easy big fella.

Nate reaches for the seatbelt strap on the pilot's chair tantalizingly just beyond his reach --

When suddenly windshield gives way and SHATTERS COMPLETELY. Nate falls ass first into thin air.

Nate flails as he drops, completely helpless. Just ten feet from his doom, his body impacts a tangle of vines that absorb his fall. They stretch, a few break, but enough hold to suspend him just ten feet up.

NATE (CONT'D)

Whew!

Just then the entire plane above shifts. The burning engine smashes through the rest of the windshield, a deadly fireball headed right for him.

In a single motion, Nate unsheathes his knife and slices blindly at the vines around him.

He cuts all but the one around his leg and swings out of the way just before the fiery engine flies past him.

Swinging upside down, held by the vine around his leg, Nate LAUGHS, happy to be alive.

Then his head hits the tree. He HOWLS in pain, staring up at the heavens.

NATE (CONT'D)

Really?! Two concussions in two minutes?
You're telling me I really deserve that?

The vine holding his leg gives way and he falls, head first, to the ground. SMACK!

Nate sits up, dazed. Head spinning, he looks at the sky.

NATE (CONT'D)

Message received. Thanks.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Nate slogs his way through the thick jungle, the CACOPHONY of the jungle creatures assailing his pounding head. Nate stops, glaring up at a CAWING flock of birds.

NATE

Would it kill you guys to shut up for
just one minute?

As if on command, the jungle suddenly goes QUIET. Nate freezes, then quickly ducks down beneath a massive, rotting tree trunk.

Then we see why the birds quieted. Silently working their way toward Nate's position are FOUR MERCS, heavily armed, each with a radio earplug.

Nate pushes himself deeper into shadows as they pass either side of him. As they move on, Nate slides around to the opposite side of the trunk. He looks to be clear -- and then the lead merc STOPS.

The lead merc raises a fist, and they all FREEZE.

LEAD MERC

(whispering, into radio)
Six o'clock. Behind the tree.

The mercs turn, eyes on an area the lead merc identified.

NATE

Hidden but blind to the mercs' movements, Nate hears them move back his way. He sweats it out, holding his breath.

MERCS

Using hand signals, they form a pincer around their target's position. The lead merc steps ahead.

LEAD MERC (CONT'D)
 (whispering, into radio)
 I'm gonna flush him out.

LEAD MERC

The lead merc creeps around the tree, his finger poised on his machine gun's trigger. As he rounds the tree, he can see a glimpse of his target, crouched in the heavy shadows behind the tree. The lead merc grins.

But when he finally rounds the tree, his eyes go WIDE.

LEAD MERC (CONT'D)
 What the --

His target suddenly LEAPS OUT from behind the tree, and whatever this thing is, IT ISN'T NATE.

CREATURE

Moving blindingly fast, we only catch GLIMPSES of humanoid form moving on all fours; grayish skin, talon-like nails and blood red eyes as the creature RIPS INTO the unsuspecting lead merc.

The lead merc SCREAMS in pain as his chest is slashed open. He gets off one wild salvo of machine gun fire until his throat is RIPPED OUT by gnashing teeth.

The other mercs immediately open fire, but confusion reigns as the creature darts in and out of the shadows, eviscerating the mercs one by one. In staccato flashes we see mortal wounds being inflicted, terrified YELLS, and the unearthly GROWL of the inhuman slayer.

NATE

Still blind to the unfolding events, nonetheless Nate gets an earful of the one-sided massacre. Just when Nate is tempted to look, a DECAPITATED MERC HEAD lands right beside him. Nate's terrified. He BOLTS the other way.

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

Nate runs full out, stumbling over vines, daring to look over his shoulder only to see the jungle rustling behind him. Whatever it is, it's giving chase. The sound of pursuit closes in on him --

When suddenly he bursts out into bright sunlight -- the jungle simply ends at a steep sea cliff. Nate tries to stop, but his momentum takes him over the edge. He falls into open air, just managing to grab hold of a root in the cliff wall, preventing him from plummeting hundred of feet to the rocky coast below.

Nate's frozen, panting, listening for any pursuit. He hears nothing. He pulls himself up so just one eye peers over the top of the cliff. Nothing is there.

NATE

Jesus. What the hell was that?

He climbs back up and notices something in the distance.

PORT CITY

Just to the North: the same stone and mortar port city Sir Francis saw four hundred years ago, made all the more ominous by the heavy forest overgrowth that's entirely enveloped it, keeping it camouflaged over the centuries.

But Nate's attention is quickly drawn to the harbor. The prow of a half-submerged ancient wooden ship lies wrecked on the rocky shore.

Nate pulls out his binoculars, zeroing in on the prow.

POV - BINOCULARS

Though heavily peeled, the ship's name is still legible upon the prow. THE DEFIANCE.

NATE (CONT'D)

The Defiance. Son of a bitch made it here. Good for you Sir Francis.

Then Nate gets a FLASH of red in his eyeline. He spots Elena's PARACHUTE hanging from one of the port's towers. But no Elena at the end of the harness.

NATE (CONT'D)

Aw crap.

And then Nate carefully examines the area, spotting a pair of Pirates, trying to be camouflaged, watching the parachute closely. A trap.

NATE (CONT'D)

No. Not Eddy.

INT. SPANISH PORT CITY - TOWER - DAY

Eddy looks at us, an intent look on his face.

EDDY

Your boy broke rule number one.

Eddy glares at Elena, who is being held hostage in the high tower room.

ELENA

Yeah? Well unless he also broke the law of gravity, I'd say you're even. You saw the plane go down, didn't you?

EDDY

You don't know the Drake, jutek. The man's survived more falls than Satan. He's out there. Lucky bego probably's looking at Omagua right now.

ELENA

Om-what?

EDDY

Tsk-tsk, jutek. Why you gotta play games with poor Eddy Raja?

Eddy pulls out Elena's videocamera and presses play. We hear Elena's voice from the earlier recording.

ELENA (O.S.)

Just as we have reached the mysterious Isla Oculta, in search of Omagua, we have taken on hostile fire --

Eddy stops the tape. Elena gives her best wry smile.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Can't blame a girl for trying, can you?

EDDY

Maybe not. But I lost something when that fat fuck Sully landed a plane on my head.

ELENA

What did you lose?

Eddy calls over two of his most lethal-looking PIRATES, one of whom hold a giant BOWIE KNIFE.

EDDY

My fucking sense of humor. Now you tell me something to get me that statue and off this sialan island, or you're gonna start losing fingers.

EXT. SPANISH PORT CITY - SEA WALL - DAY

The three hundred foot high wall rises from the rocky coast to the base of the fort's battlements. The crumbling wall is covered with calcified salt and moss.

And halfway between top and bottom, hanging by his fingernails, is NATHAN DRAKE.

NATE

What the hell am I doing here? Why am I not staring at a twelve ton gold statue right now?

Nate manages to pull himself up to a higher perch. He looks up, a long way to go -- and the bricks ahead have been smoothed flat by the sea. No handholds.

Nate spots the thinnest of balconies to his right, providing an uneven ladder toward the top of the wall.

Nate takes a breath and LEAPS sideways, along the wall. He manages to just reach the lowest balcony, but he slips right off, just managing to catch himself with one hand.

Lungs bursting, he looks up -- and the two hundred more feet of wall he has to climb.

INT. SPANISH PORT CITY - TOWER - DAY

Two of the Pirates hold Elena and her arm down while Eddy is positioning a knife to cut off her index finger.

ELENA

Wait a minute! You can't do this! I'm just a reporter! I need that finger!

Eddy brings the knife down toward Elena's finger.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Stop! I -- I know what's really going on
the island!!!

The Pirates suddenly freeze, looking at each other.

PIRATE 1

La Maldida?

Elena puts together what he's talking about.

ELENA

The curse! It follows Omagua everywhere
it goes.

The pirates all turn to each other, whispering. But
Eddy's not buying it.

EDDY

You don't know nothing, jutek. Just the
spanish word for curse.

ELENA

Really. I was inside the temple of
Omagua. Were you?

Elena sees the fear in the Pirates' eyes, and her chance
at retaining all her appendages.

EDDY

Maybe you tell Eddy Raja what you saw.
Maybe you still count to ten.

ELENA

A Spanish admiral, Alvarado, took the
statue of Omagua here. The Incas believed
it would kill anyone who touched it.

Eddy begins to believe her.

EDDY

We found a journal. A captain's log, from
the Spanish. Scariest shit you ever
heard.

NAVARRO (O.S.)

Go ahead, Eddy. Why not tell the reporter
everything she wants to know.

Into the room walks Navarro, eyes glaring at Eddy. The
pirates all step away in fear.

NAVARRO (CONT'D)

Alvarado said Omagua was cursed by demons, that it possessed his men. They started killing each other. Eating each other. So instead of bringing Omagua back to Spain, Alvarado sunk his own fleet to stop the curse from spreading.

ELENA

Really? Then where is the statue?

Navarro just laughs and grabs the bowie knife from the pirate holding it. He strides toward Elena, who backs away, grabbing her camera from the table.

NAVARRO

I don't think so. Where is Drake? Are you protecting him? Is that it?

ELENA

Protecting? He blew up my boat, left me stranded, and pushed me out of a plane!

Navarro gets closer to Elena, his fingers tracing the sharp edge of the bowie knife.

NAVARRO

But still, here you are, trying to work these idiotas for information. I'll say this for Drake, he slings the finest line of bullshit the world has ever seen. What he tell you? He give you the poor orphan boy story? Or did he sell you the long lost descendant of Sir Francis line?

Elena doesn't respond. Navarro closes the space between them, his chest pushing Elena toward a window behind her. She looks out, hoping for somewhere to escape to, but nothing's out there but a three hundred foot drop.

NAVARRO (CONT'D)

Just so as you know, his real name not Drake. It's Cruz. Personally, I like Cruz better, but it don't quite sell to reporters as well, does it?

This one stings.

NAVARRO (CONT'D)

I'm wasting my time anyway. Nathan probably ditched you just to slow me down. Then again, I could use a little diversion right now.

Navarro uses the bowie blade to start cutting a rip in Elena shirt, right between her breasts. Elena has nowhere to go, her back against the window.

Then Elena hears the SKITTER of rocks just below her -- and SEES NATE HANGING JUST BELOW THE WINDOW.

Nate reaches in, GRABS ELENA, and pulls her out.

WALL

Nate holds Elena by the back of her shirt, her body creating a powerful swing of momentum that pulls him clear off the wall, throwing them both sideways.

At the last second, Nate lets go and Elena flies out of his grasp, landing on a balcony, one floor below.

BALCONY

Elena rolls to a stop, her camera slipping from her grasp and teetering over the other end of the balcony.

ELENA

No!

She rushes over to it, but before she gets there --

NATE

A little help?!

She turns. Nate's barely got a hold of the other edge. Stone crumbles in his hands. Elena looks at the camera -- at Nate. She rushes over and grabs the camera.

NATE (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me!?!?

Nate slips further. Just as he loses his handhold Elena grabs him by the wrist and pulls him up.

NATE (CONT'D)

You and I are gonna have a long talk about priorities.

ELENA

I risked my life for this story, why would you think I wouldn't risk yours?

SHOTS RING OUT. Navarro sticks his head out the window above and unloads at them. They tumble inside.

WINDOW

Navarro fumes as Eddy comes up behind him.

EDDY

Damn, bangstat. Looks like you let them get away. I gotta call this one in to our banker friend.

One of the pirates pulls out a SAT PHONE. Navarro SHOOTS HIM IN THE HEAD. He grabs Eddy, pinning him to the wall.

NAVARRO

You're afraid of the wrong things, Eddy. You're afraid of Roman, and you're afraid of the curse, when your biggest threat on this island is me. When we find the statue, you're all gonna beg to be on my good side. Roman most of all. So do yourself the biggest favor of your life: find Drake and kill him!

EXT. FLOODED CITY - DAY

The upper levels of the buildings rise above the waterline, but street level is completely submerged, creating canals. Heavy vegetation has crept in everywhere, trees sprouting from the ancient foundations.

Nate and Elena run away from the tower, deeper into the flooded city. Hearing Eddy and his pirates YELLING behind them, Nate pulls Elena down for cover behind a low wall.

ELENA

You came back for me.

NATE

You don't have to look so surprised.

ELENA

I do. I really do.

Elena follows Nate as he runs to the street canal. In the canal sits a red WAVE RUNNER. Nate also spots Eddy and his men, heading their direction.

NATE

Ready? We've got to run for it.

Nate reaches the wave runner and turns the engine over. Elena gets on back, the pirates' gunfire riddling the water with bullets just as the wave runner takes off.

WAVE RUNNER

Nate speeds through the canal at full throttle. He looks behind him, spotting no pursuit.

NATE (CONT'D)

I think we're clear.

Suddenly, a SPEEDBOAT rounds the corner, coming up behind them. Eddy and three of his PIRATES are onboard, all armed with automatic weapons.

NATE (CONT'D)

Hang on!

Nate turns for cover, weaving the wave runner in and out of sunken archways and tree trunks rising from beneath the water. Bullets WHIZ all around them. Then, up ahead, the flooded street abruptly ends at a high wall.

ELENA

You have the worst luck of anyone I've ever met.

NATE

Tell me about it.

Nate instinctively turns right, only to find them streaking head on toward the oncoming speed boat.

ELENA

Uh, Nate?

NATE

I know what I'm doing.

Nate quickly banks to the left, using a fallen arch as a ramp to jump over a low wall to the next canal over.

But the speedboat makes a quick pair of turns, getting on a parallel path to the wave runner. The Pirates open fire, decimating the structures between the two crafts.

Nate speeds up the wave runner, heading toward an overpass up ahead. Just then, a pair of PIRATES run out atop the overpass, opening FIRE.

NATE (CONT'D)

Duck!!

Nate reaches for the pistol he's got tucked into his pants, only to have Elena reach around and grab it first.

ELENA

You drive bad enough without multitasking.

Elena opens FIRE back at the Pirates, taking down one of them with a shoulder hit. But then the other Pirate rises up again, holding a ROCKET LAUNCHER.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Nate?

NATE

Hold on!!

The Pirate FIRES, the missile streaking toward them. Nate slams the wave runner in reverse, jerking it to a halt.

The missile submerges in front of them, but then EXPLODES UNDERWATER. As the water mushrooms up, Nate hits the gas again and they SOAR UPWARDS, over the overpass.

The bottom of the wave runner CLIPS the stunned Pirate, sending him tumbling.

The wave runner smashes back into the water on the other side and Nate throttles them forward again. Elena notices a wry grin on his face.

ELENA

You were not trying to do that.

NATE

You got a better explanation?

They round a corner and find themselves facing a massive building, its raised dome rising high above the city.

Elena spins as the speedboat rounds a nearby corner, Eddy and the Pirates YELLING as they spot Nate and Elena. The boat speeds toward them.

ELENA

What now?

Nate looks around, but they've got nowhere to go. He thinks quickly, looking down at the battered wave runner.

NATE

Hell burner.

Nate takes off his belt and starts wrapping it around the wave runner's throttle.

ELENA

What?

NATE

Get off!

Nate doesn't wait for Elena, instead PUSHING her off the wave runner, into the water. He then spins the wave runner toward the oncoming speedboat.

The Pirates FIRE away but Nate keeps down long enough to tie off the controls and send the pilotless wave runner in the speedboat's direction.

The wave runner and speedboat quickly bear down on each other. The Pirates notice Nate isn't on the wave runner too late -- and before they can turn -- BOOM.

Wave runner and speedboat collide, gas tanks ERUPTING. Men and debris go flying.

FLOATING DEBRIS

The remains of the speed boat SMOKE upon the water. Suddenly, a hand RISES up out of the water, followed by Eddy's wild-eyed face. He lives on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CUSTOM HOUSE - DOMED ROOFTOP - DUSK

Nate takes off his shirt, wringing it dry. He notices Elena quickly eyeing his naked torso with a grin.

NATE

A lady wouldn't look.

ELENA

A dead girl would look.

From this vantage point, Nate and Elena can make out not only the entire city, but the lagoon below.

ELENA (CONT'D)

So hell burner is some kamikaze thing?

NATE

Drake used old ships as floating bombs against the Spanish Armada. I just updated the technique.

Elena's eyes narrow.

ELENA

And you'd be the one to know, wouldn't you? It's really such a great story, the whole thing about you following in the footsteps of your famous ancestor.

NATE

I guess so.

ELENA

What's to guess? Believe me, if you take away the whole Drake connection this whole news angle becomes a lot less sexy, much less romantic.

(beat)

But that's not a problem for us. After all, we got us a real live Drake, right?

NATE

Sure. Let's get moving. Omagua's waiting.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Nate leads the way, nerves jangling as he works through the jungle. There's a SNAP of a twig nearby and Nate SPINS, unloading a half dozen shots in that direction.

ELENA

What is it?!

Nate looks. Nothing there. He just shakes his head.

ELENA (CONT'D)

People trying to kill you, and you're cool as a cucumber. But one little sound out here and you're ready to jump out of your skin. What gives?

NATE

It's nothing. Too much coffee, maybe.

Nate turns and comes face to face with the TORSO OF A DEAD PIRATE, impaled on a tree limb. Elena instinctively SCREAMS, and Nate quickly pulls her away.

ELENA

What the hell was that?!

NATE

It's one of Eddy's men. At least this one's got a head.

ELENA

Wait. What do you mean "this one?" You know something, don't you!?

NATE

I know a machine gun will come in handy.

He takes a MACHINE GUN and ammo off the dead pirate.

ELENA

Eddy's men believed something killed the Spanish hundreds of years ago. Something that's still out there. They called it La Maldida -- the Curse. Could it be real?

Nate is scanning the tree line, gun at the ready.

NATE

Of course not. Keep moving. I want to be out of this jungle ten minutes ago.

EXT. MONASTERY - DAY

The creek ends at an overgrown Spanish monastery, vines crawling in and around the archways that line the entrance. A handful of the MERCS stand guard.

Nate and Elena gaze at the monastery from just out of sight. Nate watches as Navarro walks out from the monastery and YELLS something at the mercs.

ELENA

He doesn't look happy.

Two of the mercs head for a villa beside the monastery.

NATE

They haven't found Omagua yet. Not only am I going to beat them to it, but I'm going to make that asshole pay for Sully.

Elena spots movement by the villa, as the merc come out with a MAN walking between them. A man she recognizes.

ELENA

I think you might want to reconsider.

Nate doesn't understand until the man steps into the light. IT'S SULLY -- bandaged but very much alive.

Sully is brought over to a table where a series of maps are laid out. He and Navarro discuss the maps.

ELENA (CONT'D)

He's alive.

NATE

Good. Because I'm gonna kill him.

INT. MONASTERY CLOISTERS - DAY

A cavernous room lit by torches on wall sconces. In the center of the space, Sully stands over a jury rigged table: two sawhorses and a slab of plywood. He's got dozens of maps laid out on them.

There are also three MERCS here. One next to Sully, and the other two in the opposite corners of the room. The door opens. Nate walks in, calm as an Indian cow.

NATE

Hello Sully.

SULLY

Nate!? Holy Christmas!

The mercs immediately draw their weapons, but Nate is quicker. BLAM. BLAM. Nate plugs the two in each corner.

By the time he shifts aim, the last guy has his gun out -- and it's to Sully's temple.

MERC 1

Drop the guns.

NATE

Why would I do that?

MERC 1

I got a gun on your friend.

NATE

Oh, that's why you did that. I couldn't figure it out. Slight correction. You've got a gun pointed at the man who sold me out to your boss.

The merc looks at Sully who can only shrug.

SULLY

I can explain.

NATE

You always can, you son of a bitch.

SULLY

I had to --

NATE

We were friends. I woulda done anything for you. And you stabbed me in the back.

SULLY

Come on, buddy. Don't get dramatic. No harm no foul.

NATE

That's it. If you're not gonna shoot him, I will!

The merc's spooked. He pushes Sully away, shifting his aim at Nate. Nate fires first and the merc goes down.

SULLY

That was good, kid. Getting him to let go of me, thinking you wanted me dead. You've got a future as an actor.

Nate just walks over and pulls Sully's shirt aside, revealing a bandage over his right shoulder.

SULLY (CONT'D)

Think I staged getting shot, kid? Now that really hurts. It's just -- things are complicated.

ELENA (O.S.)

How complicated can it be? Is your cut on a sliding scale?

Sully turns to see Elena entering. He stares at Nate.

SULLY

You brought the broad?

NATE

The broad had a good question. What did it take to sell your best friend out?

Sully hangs his head. He doesn't want to say.

SULLY

Cecilia.

NATE

Who?

(Sully mumbles something)

What?

SULLY

My wife! And Roman's got her.

Elena looks surprised, but Nate is apoplectic.

NATE

Your wife? You're -- you're married?!
What -- how --

SULLY

What happens in Thailand stays in
Thailand.

NATE

After all the shit you gave me --

SULLY

Why do you think I did that? Because
women are a liability. And a guy like
Roman knows how to take advantage of
that. Look at me. Here I am, willing to
throw away a friendship, and a fortune,
all for a girl. Good thing I raised you
better.

NATE

So Roman gets Omagua --

SULLY

And I get Cecilia. I know, not my best
deal. If I knew Navarro was planning to
kill you -- I hope taking the bullet
proves that was never part of the deal.

Elena folds her arms, not sure whether to believe him or
not. Nate is even less sure.

SULLY (CONT'D)

We can still win this thing, Nate. We
find Omagua, and we'd be the one holding
the cards. It'd be nice to see that once,
before I sailed off into the sunset.

Nate sighs, realizing what he has to do.

NATE

Okay. What have you got so far?

Elena's eyes roll. When Nate ignores her, she shakes her
head and walks away. Sully pulls out several of the old,
hand drawn maps.

SULLY

Tunnels. Catacombs. See. Miles and miles
of them. Roman has everyone searching,
but nobody's found the tunnel that leads
to the statue. Or if they did, they
didn't live long enough to tell.

(MORE)

SULLY (CONT'D)

You should know, Roman's already lost enough men to field a football team. For a while I thought you were maybe to blame.

NATE

Wasn't me.

SULLY

Yeah, I figured. Something's out there. I ain't saying boogeymen, but something.

Nate looks for Elena, who is muttering to herself and filming the nooks and crannies of the cloisters.

NATE

I know what you mean. I saw something. Enough to want to wrap this up fast.

SULLY

(motioning to Elena)

It'd go faster without the dead weight.

NATE

You go before she goes, Sully.

SULLY

So it's like that, huh? Well, beggars can't be choosers.

Nate looks at the map, then around the monastery a moment, then back at the map.

NATE

So you're saying they've searched in every direction.

SULLY

Yup. They've practically turned this whole island upside down looking for it.

A realization hits Nate. He stabs his finger down in the middle of the map table.

NATE

An entrance to the catacombs is here.

Sully squints at that section of map.

SULLY

Nate, that's a palm tree.

NATE

No. Not there.

Nate KICKS over the map table. His finger points at the elaborate stone carving on the floor under it.

NATE (CONT'D)

Here.

Elena hears the noise and returns. Sully cocks his head, taking in a WINDROSE on the floor, with compass points in the four main directions.

NATE (CONT'D)

I noticed it the second I walked in. It bothered me and I didn't know why. The compass is pointing wrong. Upside down.

He finds a seam in the stones and ROTATES THE COMPASS until it points the right way. BOOM. Something shifts and suddenly the stones around the compass lower into the ground at varying heights -- forming a STAIRWELL.

SULLY

See that's what we call teamwork, blondie.

ELENA

My real hair color is black, Sully. Like your soul?

SULLY

Dirty blonde suits you better, sweetie.

INT. CATACOMBS - DAY

A stone subterranean tunnel extends in both directions. Nate's flashlight illuminates the damp walls as he looks for identifying marks.

SULLY

Say, how'd you get here anyway?

NATE

Boat.

Elena looks at Nate strangely.

ELENA

Plane. Why do you have to lie about everything?

SULLY

Plane? My plane? My baby? Where is she?

Nate shoots Elena a dark look.

NATE

Jungle. She had a bit of a hard landing.

SULLY

How hard?

NATE

Granite?

Suddenly there's the SOUND OF GUNFIRE. Nate looks up ahead as the sound of RUNNING draws near. Something in the darkness, moving toward them.

Nate points his gun, ready to pull the trigger when --

One of Eddy's PIRATES steps into a shaft of light. Elena recognizes him as one of the men assigned to her earlier.

PIRATE

This guy doesn't look right. He's sweating profusely, eyes bugging out. He spins, turning his gun on Nate.

NATE (CONT'D)

Don't.

But the Pirate drops his gun and GRABS HOLD of Nate.

PIRATE

Thank god. Help me, please. Get me out of this place.

The Pirate's knees buckle and Nate helps him to the floor. The Pirate's back is covered in blood from several gashing wounds.

NATE

What happened?

PIRATE

Don't know. One minute I tracking you through the jungle, then I wake up down here, next to the big gold statue.

SULLY

Omagua?! You're talking about Omagua? Where is it? Show us.

PIRATE

No. We must run. They down there.

NATE

They? Who are you talking about?

PIRATE

Them who brought me here.

The Pirate spasms in pain. His face moves into the flashlights beam, revealing a GREENISH HUE to his pupils.

ELENA

Nate -- look at his eyes.

SULLY

They're real pretty, who cares? He can lead us to where the statue is.

The Pirate's entire body tenses, then falls slack. Dead.

NATE

Not anymore.

Elena pulls Nate away.

ELENA

This is bad, Nate. Everyone on this island is looking for Omagua and all that guy wanted to do was run from it.

Behind them corpse of the Pirate BEGINS TO MOVE.

SULLY

That's good news in my book. One less sailor looking to dance with our date.

Sully turns, coming face to face with the once DEAD PIRATE.

The Pirate's eyes have become crimson red and vacant of life, teeth gnashing in his bloody mouth. He grabs for Sully, who gets pushed aside by Nate. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM.

Nate puts three shots into the Pirate's chest, but he keeps coming. It isn't until Nate unloads his entire clip that he finally goes down.

Suddenly, they hear another noise, seemingly from every direction. It sounds almost like SCRATCHING.

SULLY (CONT'D)

What the hell is that sound?

NATE

Let's move and hope we never find out.

INT. DARK CHAMBER - DAY

A large circular chamber with high, smooth walls surrounding it. The floor is covered with a heavy wooden grating that is pockmarked with holes.

NATE

It's a cistern. Great. A dead end.

ELENA

Maybe not. I think there's another level up there.

Elena points to a ladder affixed to one of the walls, just about fifteen feet off the ground.

NATE

Get on my shoulders.

Elena climbs up Nate's back, clambering up the ladder.

ELENA

Looks like there's an old hoist up here, I'll try to lower it down for you.

As Elena disappears into the darkness, Nate and Sully wait for her down below.

EDDY (O.S.)

Girl's got skills, Nate. Honestly, where you find them?

Eddy comes out of the darkness, machine gun raised.

EDDY (CONT'D)

You can run, but you can't hide from old Eddy Raja. Now put down them guns, begos.

Nate and Sully slowly drop their weapons.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Thank ya for finding the way into this place, Nate. You make Eddy look good.

NATE

Eddy, we may have bigger problems.

EDDY

No shit. But I can fix one problem right now. Once I shoot you.

Suddenly, there's the SCRATCHING sound again. From just outside the light of the flashlights, dark shadows move.

EDDY (CONT'D)

What is that?

Crawling out of the grating comes a grotesque form.

THE CURSED

WHATEVER THIS THING IS, IT ISN'T HUMAN! Its skin is grey and taut, the tatters of ancient clothing hanging like a shroud over pure muscle and bone. Its eyes are blood red.

Eddy YELLS and unloads with his machine gun, ripping through the creature. It goes down. Eddy raises his machine gun in victory.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Ha! Whatever it was, it dead now.

NATE

I don't think it understood you, Eddy.

On cue, the creature rises again. Eddy FIRES again and it goes down. But just then SIX more coming up through holes in the grating and Nate notices one wears a familiar helmet. A Conquistador helmet.

SULLY

What the hell are they?!

NATE

I think they're -- I think they're what's left of the Conquistadors.

SULLY

What? That would make these guys over four hundred years old.

NATE

And they look it.

ELENA (O.S.)

Hey!!! What are you shooting at?

Nate sees Elena pulling the hoist down toward them.

NATE

You don't want to know! Hurry up, Elena!!

As the Cursed begin to close in, the men close ranks.

NATE (CONT'D)

Mind if we take back our guns, Eddy?

EDDY

Be my guest.

Nate gives Sully the machine gun and takes back his revolver. The Cursed attack. Nate, Sully and Eddy open fire back to back, repelling the creatures as they close.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Nate, if we don't make it out of here, I just want you to know one thing.

(beat)

I hate your guts.

The three men open fire, catching glimpses of the CURSED in the flare of their muzzle flashes. For every one they shoot, TWO more pop up through the holes in the floor.

One of the Cursed gets within striking distance of Nate, SLASHING him across the chest before he can put it down with a gunshot to the chest.

With Nate momentarily taken out of the picture, one of the Cursed manages to grab Eddy, who drops his machine gun. The creature tries to pull him through the hole in the floor's grating.

NATE

Hold on, Eddy!

Nate rushes over and SHOOTS the Cursed holding Eddy in the forehead, but even in death it doesn't release its grasp. Eddy falls into the hole, but Nate grabs hold of him at the last second. He pulls Eddy up to safety.

EDDY

Why you save Eddy Raja?

NATE

You're right. Probably a mistake.

SULLY (O.S.)

Nate!!

Nate and Eddy turn around to see Elena has lowered the hoist low enough for Sully to reach up and grab hold of the small platform.

But at the same time, a new host of Cursed close in. Nate and Eddy retreat back toward the hoist FIRING.

Nate helps Sully reach up and get onboard the platform. Sully then helps Nate onboard, but the ancient hoist CREAKS under the weight.

SULLY (CONT'D)

Nate. This thing can't hold much more.

NATE

It'll have to.

Nate reaches down his hand for Eddy, who is still FIRING AWAY at the oncoming Cursed. Elena pulls on the hoist, lifting them away from the cistern floor.

NATE (CONT'D)

Take my hand, Eddy! Come on!

Eddy reaches up and Nate grabs hold of his hand. With Eddy still hanging, they quickly rise.

EDDY

Those fuckers didn't know who you messin' with. They messin' with Eddy Raja!

Suddenly, from out of the darkness below, a pair of Cursed leap up, grabbing hold of Eddy's legs. Nate tries to keep hold of Eddy -- but he's slipping.

NATE

(to Elena)

Elena, hurry up!!

Elena struggles with all her might to keep the taut rope from slipping from her hands.

ELENA

Doing the best I can!!

Eddy looks at Nate as his arm slips from Nate's grasp.

EDDY

I still don't like you, bego.

Eddy slips from Nate's hands, plunging into darkness.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

The platform hanging behind them, Nate and the others rush off toward a nearby tunnel even as the Cursed come climbing up the cistern walls.

INT. CAVE - DAY

The tunnel ends at a precipice. Thirty feet below, a raging RIVER rushes through the cave, appearing and disappearing in holes on opposite walls.

SULLY

A goddamn dead end.

From behind them, they hear the same SCRATCHING sounds as the Cursed begin to catch up with them.

NATE

We don't have time for a dead end.

Fifteen feet away is the crumbling remains of a bridge to the other side of the cave, where another tunnel awaits.

Nate takes off on a full run. He kicks it into high gear, leaping -- no, throwing his body into the air, legs and arms pumping, fighting for each and every extra inch.

SMACK! He lands and shoulder rolls, skidding to a stop. He turns back around, his chest burning with pain.

NATE (CONT'D)

Elena! Sully! Jump!

But before they can jump, the Cursed arrive, smashing into Sully and Elena. All tumble into the raging water.

NATE (CONT'D)

Aw hell --

NATE DIVES IN AFTER ELENA AND SULLY.

INT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Nate rockets into the water only to see the Cursed attacking Sully and Elena. He grabs the one attacking Elena by the head, and twists it violently. CRACK! It goes limp, and lets go of her.

But the current pulls them toward the dark tunnel, leading who knows where. Nate grabs a rock on the edge of the tunnel with one hand, and Elena with the other.

He struggles to keep them from disappearing into the blackness -- but he can only watch as the other Cursed cuts into Sully with its razor sharp claws. Sully tries to swim away, but the thing's too fast. It wraps him up in its legs, moving in to finish him.

Nate makes a tough call. HE LETS GO OF ELENA! In one motion he draws his gun and FIRES!

The bullet rockets through the water, piercing the brain pan of the Cursed and it goes limp, releasing Sully. Sully slams into Nate. They all disappear into darkness.

NATE'S POV

We hear sounds of BUBBLES, RUSHING WATER, MUTED SCREAMS, but we see nothing but blackness --

Until just a sliver of dull light flashes before us. COUGHING. GASPING BREATHS.

INT. SMALL CAVE - DAY

A small, narrow cave. Nate pulls himself out of the raging river on his knees, climbing over sharp rocks.

Why? Because in his left hand is Sully. In his right, Elena. He hauls them up onto this sliver of dry land, and Sully immediately coughs up a gallon of river water.

Elena doesn't move. Nate immediately begins chest compressions. Then puts his mouth over hers and blows.

COUGHING, Elena spits up water and revives. She looks in Nate's eyes, hovering above her.

ELENA

You came for me.

NATE

You keep being surprised by that.

ELENA

Not anymore.

She reaches a hand up and pulls Nate down to her, planting a kiss on his lips. Sully GROANS.

SULLY

I'm wet, I'm sliced up, I'm halfway to dead, so don't make me feel like a high school chaperone to boot.

Nate helps Elena up, then pulls out a propane lighter, illuminating the dark cave. Then Nate notices something in the shadows by the wall.

A SKELETON

Propped up against the wall, the figure is still dressed in the tatters of clothing. In its lap sits a small leather journal.

NATE

No way.

Nate pulls out the Drake journal. Compares it. The skeleton has the same journal, with the Drake crest pressed into its leather cover.

ELENA

Is it --

NATE

It's Drake.

Nate lifts the journal from the skeleton's hands.

NATE (CONT'D)

And this is the real last journal.

He wipes off four hundred years of dust, and opens it to where the ribbon bookmark lies.

NATE (CONT'D)

My end is near. The devils hunt for me in the darkness. I will chose my own fate, rather than lose my soul to Omagua. The Spaniards have unleashed hell, and become as demons. My men are all dead, leaving the task to me alone. No ship will depart this island. A thing of such great evil must never leave these shores. In my final hour, I only hope I have found redemption for life misspent.

Nate turns the journal to its final, half-written page.

NATE (CONT'D)

To the man who finds this last testament: I charge you with the mission I could not fulfill. Destroy Omagua. Bury its curse forever. And should you recover my map case, deliver it to my most faithful Cross. The only true treasure of my life is in Cross's care. There is nothing more for me --

SULLY

Nothing more what?

NATE

That's it. That's all it says. I think he died writing it.

ELENA

So what now?

Nate doesn't answer, his mind reeling.

SULLY

That doesn't change a thing. What he wrote in there? High octane bullshit. He probably had dengue fever.

ELENA

Don't. Don't you try and poison Nate with your easy cynicism. This changes things.

SULLY

Here we go --

ELENA

Nate, it's like when you saved that dog. You made the right choice. And when you dove in to save me --

NATE

Dog? What dog?

ELENA

In Sri Lanka.

Nate looks puzzled. Sully knows what's coming.

NATE

I've never been to Sri Lanka.

Now Elena's puzzled, until she turns on Sully.

ELENA

You slimy bastard. Is there anything about you two that isn't a lie?

NATE

Wait a minute --

She points at the skeleton of Sir Francis.

ELENA

Are you even related to him?

SULLY

Not this again --

ELENA

No. We deal with this now. I want to know if I'm wasting my time even trying to locate his conscience.

(to Nate)

Please be honest with me, just this once. Are you related to Sir Francis, or not?

NATE

I couldn't. It was all she had.

Nate takes the ring and puts it around Drake's skeletal finger. Just then, a BIRD flies down into the cave, SQUAWKING at our characters.

NATE (CONT'D)

However that bird got in here, that's our way out.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

A set of rocks, split apart by a thin subterranean chasm. Sully is the last to pull himself out of the chasm, only to discover the wreck of his plane lying nearby.

SULLY

No. No, no, no! How could you?

Nate stands nearby, Drake's journal open, revealing a intricately drawn map.

NATE

I'll make it up to you. Turns out we were practically standing right on top of it all along. Omagua's not in the catacombs. It's hidden beneath the custom house.

EXT. CUSTOM HOUSE - DAY

The inside of the domed structure beams with light from holes in the ceiling. In the center of the room, a thick stone tablet covers a section of the floor.

NATE

Help me out.

Sully and Nate pull aside the tablet. There's a GROANING sound and a dais suddenly rises, pushing aside six hundred years of dirt and dust. And beneath the dais lies

OMAGUA

It's even more amazing in person. Nearly thirty feet high, and made of pure shining gold, adorned with the strange and terrifying faces of gods long forgotten.

ELENA

Oh my god. It's huge.

SULLY

If I had a dime for every time --

Elena shoots him a look that could kill.

NATE

How the hell do we get this out of here?

NAVARRO (O.S.)

Let us handle that.

They turn to see Navarro smiling alongside at least a dozen of his Mestizo thugs. They're surrounded.

NAVARRO (CONT'D)

Congratulations Nate. You found Omagua.
For me.

CUT TO:

INT. CUSTOM HOUSE - LATER

All three of them are on their knees, hands behind their heads, with three rifles trained on each of them. Navarro crouches down so he can look Nate in the eye.

NAVARRO

You truly are a dog with a bone my friend. I can't imagine being you. Getting this far and failing, just ten feet from success.

NATE

You're the dog, Atoq. You just fetched this for your master. You're just in it for a few table scraps.

Rage flares behind Navarro's eyes, but he quells it.

NAVARRO

You still think this is all about Roman, don't you? You still think this is about gold. You and Roman are the same. Conquistadors in different clothes. Gringos searching for something they can't begin to understand.

NATE

And I take it you're the native who is going to enlighten us?

NAVARRO

That's why you're still alive, hombre. So you can see my endgame.

Roman enters with his mercs, a huge smile on his face.

ROMAN

It's bigger than even I imagined.

NAVARRO

Must be big. It was built to bury a god.

Roman notices the captives on their knees.

ROMAN

What are they doing alive?

SULLY

Hey, wait a minute. We had a deal, Roman.

ROMAN

I don't see you handing me Omagua, Sully. Looks like you've run out of angles.

(to Navarro)

Call in the helicopter. I want this netted and on the freighter now.

NAVARRO

Really?

Roman stops. Turns to Navarro.

ROMAN

Why? Would you recommend another course of action?

NAVARRO

Like I said, it was built to house a god. I thought you'd want to be the first to have a look inside.

ROMAN

Inside?

Meanwhile, Nate, Sully and Elena whisper to each other.

ELENA

What's going on?

NATE

Nothing good.

SULLY

You're telling me. He welched on our deal. You just can't trust anybody anymore.

NATE

For a man who's losing the love of his life, you don't seem too broken up.

SULLY

What -- oh, yeah. Sonia.

NATE

Cecilia. Oh no.

ELENA

Of course.

NATE

You lied to me?! About that!? Sully, you son of a bitch! Why? Why'd you sell me out?!

SULLY

Because you were never supposed to find anything! That's why!

NATE

What?

SULLY

How many years have you been searching for Drake? And what did you have to show for it? Two things: jack and squat. So when Roman calls me and offers to pay off all my markers, and all I gotta do is give him your Drake leads, I thought it was the easiest money I, I mean we, were ever gonna see. I thought I was scamming him! How the hell was I supposed to know you'd actually find the thing?!

NATE

You bet on me to fail?

SULLY

I played the odds, kid. Maybe if I played the odds a little more I wouldn't have owed guys like Roman. Figures the one time I bet against you the long shot pays.

ELENA

You are an unbelievable asshole, Sully.

SULLY

I am aware.

Roman draws closer to the statue.

ROMAN

What's inside?

NAVARRO

My people say that what was inside Omagua would make the statue itself seem as worthless as sand.

Roman walks up to the massive statue, dwarfed by its size. Reaching around, he finds a seam in its side. He pulls at it, the ancient hinges GROANING as the thirty foot high lid swings open. Inside --

MUMMIFIED CORPSE

A terrifying vision; skin pulled taught around its skeletal features, hands clawing in agony, mouth still pulled wide in an ancient scream.

Navarro smiles knowingly, catching Nate's eye.

NAVARRO (CONT'D)

Now for the fun part.

As Roman leans in for a closer look, a soft wind blows over the exposed mummy. The wind stirs up a GREENISH DUST from the rotting form, which Roman inadvertently inhales. He immediately begins to violently cough.

Roman slams the lid shut as he falls to his knees.

ROMAN

Navarro --

His back to the others, Roman SCREAMS in anguish as his skin bubbles like a cauldron, his muscles constricting so powerfully that his bones splinter and crack.

When he finally turns around, his eyes have turned blood red, his features pulled tight in animalistic rage. He is the CURSED.

Roman lets out a piercing SHRIEK and charges toward Navarro. Navarro waits until he's practically on top of him, then simply FIRES a bullet into Roman's head.

NAVARRO

Adios, hefe.

Roman falls, dead. The shocked MERCS are quickly GUNNED DOWN by Navarro's thugs.

NAVARRO (CONT'D)

(to the thugs)

Get the netting around the statue now!

The thugs quickly move into action, covering their mouths with their shirts, as Navarro turns back toward Nate.

NATE

Omagua isn't the statue of gold, it's what's inside it. That corpse, it's the high priest, isn't it?

NAVARRO

(grinning)

You and Roman were chasing trinkets. Glittery metal and beads. I was reclaiming history. Finishing the job Atahualpa started. He wasn't just going to pay a ransom, you know. He was going to show the conquistadors the anger of the gods themselves. He was going to lay this curse upon them. But his men never made it back to him. They changed, the curse spread, and his own people perished.

NATE

You're going to use the curse.

NAVARRO

Do you have any idea of what the fear of this is worth, in the hands of a man unafraid to use it? My people lost four hundred years ago. Today, they're gonna win.

NATE

Either that or you're batshit insane and about to die.

Navarro just laughs in Nate's face. He levels his revolver at Nate's head. But suddenly, a loud sound resounds off the domed walls. SCRATCHING.

THE CURSED

Crawling out through every nook and cranny comes a horde of the undead creatures. They immediately leap on the Mestizo thugs, who FIRE BACK desperately. A battle rages.

Navarro is forced to turn his attention from Nate to Omagua, which is only partially bound in the netting.

 NAVARRO
 (to the thugs)
 Finish loading the statue!! Hurry!!

Navarro opens fire on the Cursed that charge the statue. The Mestizo thugs watching Nate, Sully and Elena are also distracted. Nate and Sully take advantage, spinning and knocking them out with a pair of punches. They take the thugs' weapons.

The rest of the mercs don't even notice, too busy mowing down the hordes of advancing cursed.

 SULLY
 Come on! Eddy's boat is close!

Nate's eyes are glued to Omagua even as more Cursed stream in, beginning to overwhelm the outnumbered Mestizo thugs. Elena grabs Nate's arm.

 ELENA
 They're dead. Let's not be them.

Nate gives Omagua one last look and they rush out, taking out a pair of Mestizo thugs on the way.

EXT. FLOODED STREET - DAY

Nestled between two buildings, the motorboat has been camouflaged by vegetation. Sully is the first to arrive, pulling the vines aside. Not only does he find the motorboat ready to go, but he also finds CRATES filled with various gold and jewel encrusted SPANISH RELICS.

 SULLY
 Bless that slimy Indonesian bastard.
 Looks like we're gonna do just fine from
 our wild goose chase.

Nate and Elena get on board. Nate fires up the engine, which ROARS to life. The boat heads out to sea.

Just then, there's the sound of WHIRRING and Nate spots the helicopter arriving at the custom house.

 NATE
 No.

A moment later, the helicopter begins to rise, LIFTING THE BOUND OMAGUA out of the domed structure. Nate can see Navarro in the cockpit, next to the pilot.

Nate pilots the boat closer to the canal wall.

SULLY

What are you doing?

NATE

Sully, take the wheel.

SULLY

Don't even think about it. We're rich enough with this haul.

NATE

It's not about the money, Sully.

Nate's hand absently goes down to his chest, where Drake's ring once hung -- but there's nothing there now.

NATE (CONT'D)

If Navarro makes it to the freighter, that curse gets out. I'm not going to let that happen.

Nate jumps off the boat and takes off toward the custom house. Sully grimaces at Elena.

SULLY

Nice work, blondie. Your big ideas probably just killed my best friend.

Sully pushes the throttle to full, knocking Elena back.

NATE

Runs full bore, tracking the helicopter as it banks over the flooded city, statue hanging underneath. The helicopter stays low, unable to get much altitude with the massive weight beneath it.

Nate spots a JEEP at the edge of the city. He jumps into it. The keys are in it. He starts it and races off after the helicopter.

JEEP

Swerves in and out of trees as it races along the coastline. Nate actually gains on the helicopter.

And that's when the Cursed come for him. Hundreds of them, they pour out of the dark treeline ahead, racing impossibly fast, heading right for Nate.

Nate keeps one hand on the wheel, while the other grabs the SUBMACHINE GUN on the passenger seat and picks off the cursed as they try to jump on the jeep.

A few land on the back. Nate ducks and hits the BRAKES. They fly over the windshield. Nate presses the gas again and runs them over.

Ahead, the helicopter is slowly gaining altitude as it approaches a hill. Nate guns the engine, racing up the hill after it.

Two Cursed jump on the back of the jeep. Nate turns to fire at them --

CLICK. Empty. He ducks as they swipe at him. And then he sees that what's ahead is not a hill at all.

IT'S A CLIFF! Nothing ahead but a two hundred foot drop to the rocky shore. Nate jams the empty machine gun against the accelerator. The jeep races for the cliff, and the helicopter that is now tantalizingly close.

The cursed attack. They knock Nate through the windshield and onto the hood. Nate kicks one in the face.

He turns. The cliff is right here. He crouches.

AND JUST AS THE JEEP SHOOTS OFF THE CLIFF, NATE LEAPS, as high and as far as he can, arms windmilling, searching for something to grab.

SLAM

Nate jams one hand inside the netting at the bottom of Omagua and holds on for dear life.

INT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

Navarro hears Nate crash into the statue. He looks down and spots Nate near the base of Omagua.

NAVARRO

Dog with a bone.

Leaning out the door, keeping hold with one hand, Navarro opens fire with his revolver. Nate just manages to swing, hand over hand, to the under side of the statue.

NAVARRO (CONT'D)

Damn it!

Navarro starts climbing down the wire toward Nate.

NATE

Reaching the other side of the statue, Nate spots a dead merc, trapped in the netting twenty feet above him. A holstered revolver is still strapped to the merc's leg.

Nate starts climbing upwards. Rung by rung, he finally reaches the holster and pulls out the revolver. BLAM.

Nate takes a shot in his other shoulder, as up above, Navarro has climbed up and around to this side. Nate nearly lets go, and he's forced to drop the revolver to use that arm to stay atop the statue.

Luckily, Navarro's shooting angle is now blocked by the dead merc's body.

NAVARRO (CONT'D)

You should have just let me go, Nate.
This hero stuff just doesn't suit you.

NATE

No kidding.

Just then, Nate spots a BOWIE KNIFE attached to the merc's body armor. He grabs it, and looping his legs into the netting, starts CUTTING away at the netting below.

NAVARRO

The entire statue SHIFTS DOWNWARDS as the netting below weakens. Navarro quickly realizes what Nate is doing.

NAVARRO

No!

Navarro holsters his gun and start climbing downwards.

NATE

Cuts furiously away at the netting, until Navarro reaches him, KICKING at Nate's legs, trying to knock him loose. Nate pulls himself up and the two fight hand to hand.

Two men pound away at each other from close quarters, each trying to keep hold of netting as the midnight blue of the deep sea speeds by below them.

With his bad shoulder, Nate is getting the worst of it. He finally starts climbing up and away from Navarro.

NAVARRO (CONT'D)

Running away, Nate?!

Navarro clambers after him. Nate reaches the top of the netting, where the rope binds Omagua to the helicopter's lifting hook.

Nate smiles down at Navarro, whose hand has gotten stuck in the netting.

NATE

You want Omagua so bad, Atoq? You can have it!

Nate starts cutting the rope.

NAVARRO

Stop!! That water is two thousand feet deep. If you cut that rope, you won't be able to get the statue back. No one will.

NATE

That's the idea. Adios, Atoq.

Nate finishes cutting the rope and the giant statue falls to the water, Navarro still clinging to it.

OCEAN

The gargantuan statue crashes into the ocean, drifting down with Navarro stuck to its side like Ahab to Moby Dick, disappearing into the blackness of the deep.

NATE

Clinging to the helicopter's hook, he hears YELLING. He looks up to see the helicopter PILOT pointing at him, motioning to a pair of Mestizo thugs atop the freighter.

PILOT

Shoot him!!!

The helicopter dives to give the thugs an easier shot.

FREIGHTER

One of the Mestizo thugs pulls out a rifle and takes aim. He's got Nate square in his sights when a rifle butt CRACKS him from behind.

Elena grins from the delivering end of the rifle. Behind her, we can see Eddy's boat bobbing beside the freighter.

ELENA

You got this, Sully?

Sully steps up, carrying the surface to air launcher used against his plane earlier.

SULLY

This is for shooting down my baby.

Sully LAUNCHES THE ROCKET, which streams out toward the helicopter, EXPLODING IT INTO A MILLIONS PIECES.

NATE

Leaps off the hook just as the helicopter above him EXPLODES. He tucks his arms in and knifes down into the ocean water, the flaming remains of the helicopter splashing down nearby.

Elena looks concerned. Sully just shrugs.

SULLY (CONT'D)

What? Too much?

COUGHING. They turn and see Nate bobbing among the wreckage. Smiles all around.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREIGHTER - DECK - LATER

Sully's laid out their treasure haul from Eddy's boat. Not a bad assortment of trinkets. No mother lode, but not bad at all.

Sully's already polishing a gold urn, examining it to determine its value.

In the distance, the island is slowly disappearing behind the ship. Nate bandages himself. Elena reviews footage on her videocamera's screen: Nate jumping off the boat.

NATE (O.S.)

If Navarro makes it to the freighter,
that curse gets out. I'm not going to let
that happen.

She stops the playback. Frowns. Nate notices.

NATE (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

Elena looks down at her precious camera -- THEN FLINGS IT OVER THE SIDE OF THE FREIGHTER.

NATE (CONT'D)
Why'd you do that?!

ELENA
I tell my story and how long before every wreck diver in the world is swarming around here? But you are gonna make it up to me, Nate. We're gonna tell a new story. Personal redemption. Boy who grew up believing he was a Drake, ends up fulfilling Drake's dying wish, minus the mention of Omagua of course.

NATE
No one will buy it.

ELENA
They'll buy it because I'm selling it. And because it's true. I hate to tell you this, Nate -- but I think you just became one of the good guys.

Nate smiles.

NATE
Whatever. I can't stop you from writing this any way you choose.

ELENA
That's right. And if I'm going to make this a character piece, I'm going to need to know my subject inside and out.

NATE
In depth?

ELENA
Extremely. Up close and personal.

Sully reaches into one of the crates, pulling out a

MAP BOX

A long rectangular wooden box, a familiar seal upon it's cover, one we recognize from the journal. The seal of SIR FRANCIS.

SULLY

Nate? Come take a look at this.

Nate tears himself away from Elena for a moment.

NATE

I don't believe it.

Nate looks for a way to open it, but he only finds one ring-shaped indentation. It has the symbol of a flame.

NATE (CONT'D)

Damnit. Looks like it needs the Drake Ring.

ELENA

Why is that a problem?

NATE

Why? Because the damn ring is --

He turns and sees Elena dangling something on a rawhide string. The Drake ring.

NATE (CONT'D)

You took it back from Sir Francis?

ELENA

I had a feeling you might earn it.

Nate takes the ring and fits it into the slot. Section by section, the intricate puzzle box slides and shifts until it opens.

Only there is no map inside. All that is inside is an ornate, bejeweled BABY RATTLE.

Nate pulls it out, staring at it, confused.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Oh my God. Nate. The inscription on the box cover!

WE MOVE IN ON a gold plate on the inside cover of the box. The inscription reads:

**For Isabella Cruz
The guide to my stars**

SULLY

Who is Isabella Cruz?

ELENA

Cruz? Cruz? Wait --

Nate is shell shocked.

SULLY

Now let's not go down that road again.

Nate snaps out of it.

NATE

Coincidence. Gotta be.

ELENA

You sure?

As Nate wrestles with the answer, Elena grabs him by the shirt.

ELENA (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter. You're still my story -
- and you've got an exclusive to deliver.

With that, Nate swoops Elena up and carries her off toward the staterooms, the setting sun descending in the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.