

## "TOMB RAIDER"

FADE IN:

The images of ancient relics and artifacts, temples and tombs float past us ...

PULL BACK:

We are travelling among the pages of a frayed ...

BRITISH PASSPORT

Covered with many obscure and exotic stamps. Visible on its cover: "LARA HENSHINGLY CROFT."

WIPE DISSOLVE:

EXT. MT. OLYMPUS -- TWILIGHT

Fading sunlight filters through hazy smoke, spreading a blood red glow over gruesome mass funeral pyres.

TITLE: MACEDONIA, 632 B.C.

Greek soldiers heave contorted bodies onto the pyres: butchered men and women ... hundreds awaiting cremation.

A TRIO OF HORSEMEN

are bent against a cutting wind. They loom over the scene.

THE KING

removes his helmet to survey the carnage, revealing the long flowing hair and strikingly boyish features of ALEXANDER. He grips a distinctive, ornate ...

SPEAR

tipped in gold.

A BREASTPLATE

on Alexander's armor glows with a supernatural energy. It bears a bizarrely-fluid image of Alexander himself. This mysterious object is the SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

ALEXANDER

Come. Time to feed the dog.

SOPHIUS & GENERAL PRIAM

-- Alexander's aides -- peer fearfully at the strange breastplate, as they follow Alexander back toward a massive:

FORTRESS-TEMPLE

carved into the side of Mt. Olympus.

INT. TEMPLE BATHS -- NIGHT

Sophius and Priam speak discreetly in the privacy of a mineral bath. A YOUNG WOMAN fills their cups with wine.

GENERAL PRIAM

That infernal Shield has twisted Alexander into a demon. Now he is slaughtering his own people.

SOPHIUS

He must die ... tonight.

GENERAL PRIAM

Impossible. As long as he possesses the Shield, he's invulnerable.

SOPHIUS

If we could get his Spear ... only it can break the Shield and take away his power.

GENERAL PRIAM

Between his bodyguards and this infernal hellhole of a temple, he's untouchable.

LIVIA (o.s.)

Not untouchable, sir.

The men are alarmed to realize the woman has been listening. Priam draws his dagger ... but Sophius stops him.

LIVIA

The Shield was a gift from the Gods to Achilles, was it not?

SOPHIUS

Yes, forged by Hades himself. And the Spear as well.

LIVIA

So where Achilles was vulnerable -- so must Alexander be.

Sophius considers her words carefully. Perhaps she's right.

SOPHIUS

You are a consort to Alexander.  
Why would you desire him dead?

LIVIA

Because before I was a consort,  
... I was a wife and a mother.

INT. CAVE TEMPLE -- HALL -- NIGHT

A cross between the Parthenon and Dante's vision of Hell.

MASSIVE STONE HANDS

line the entrance to the cavernous chamber.

RIVERS OF FIRE

circle back forth ... and ripple across the walls.

ENORMOUS FRIEZES OF WARRIOR DEMONS

line the walls ... strangely, they are fluid ... a moving  
tableau of battle and slaughter, like an IMAX in hell.

A CEREMONIAL PIT OF FIRE

dominates the center of the hall. Alexander's PRIESTS  
hold a dazed SLAVE at the edge of the pit, dousing him  
with bloody-red wine from special golden urns.

From inside the pit echoes a beastly YOWLING.

ALEXANDER

lounges on a plush bed nearby, surrounded by women, boys,  
servants and guards. He is naked -- except for the  
protective, supernatural breastplate.

Mounted on the wall behind him is the ornate SPEAR.

ALEXANDER

Cerebrus must be fed!  
Throw him in already!

The Priests chant as they toss the wine-saturated slave into

THE PIT

The terrified man drops into the flames, but to his  
astonishment, he isn't burned. Somehow the "wine" protects  
him from the inferno. But his good luck is shortlived as:

A GUTTERAL ROAR

echoes through the pit of fire. A predatory SNIFFING sound follows, getting louder. Obscured by the flames ...

SOME KIND OF DARK BEAST

leaps onto the slave, engulfing him. The maw of Cerebrus.

ALEXANDER'S BED

Livia approaches with a wash basin. She reaches to untie Alexander's boots.

A BODYGUARD

grabs and frisks her, then plunges his hand into the wash basin and feels around in the soapy water.

BODYGUARD

And what's this?

He pulls out a cake of ...

LIVIA

Soap, sir.

(sniffing him)

You should become better acquainted.

Alexander and his retinue laugh. As Livia begins to massage and lather her master's feet, she discreetly crushes the soft soap cake between her fingers.

FULL SCREEN: A STICK-PIN

is hidden inside the cake of soap. She squeezes a small bulb on the top of the pin: POISON oozes onto the tip.

Suddenly, Livia jams the pin into Alexander's foot. He SCREAMS, writhing in agony ...

THE BREASTPLATE

falls from his shoulders and drops away. As Alexander's bodyguards turn on Livia, she fights for her life until:

A FLIGHT OF ARROWS

cuts down the bodyguards.

GENERAL PRIAM

and a detachment of ARCHERS charge in from the darkness, quickly seizing control of the temple hall.

ALEXANDER

just touches the surface of the fallen Shield, which glows as if responding. As he feels his strength returning --

SOPHIUS

snatches the Shield away from Alexander.

ALEXANDER

Hades ... why have you forsaken me?

He dies. As Sophius holds the Shield aloft, its surface shifts, forming the features of -- Sophius.

SOPHIUS

The Spear! Before the dark one infects me with temptation!

Sophius is engulfed in shocks of electricity that swell his body with superhuman power. His face twists into tyranny.

General Priam hurls the ornate SPEAR. Bull's-eye.

THUNDER & LIGHTNING

belch from the Shield of Achilles as the spear hits it dead-center. It explodes apart into THREE EQUAL PARTS.

The FRIEZES become mere stone panels ... the FLAME-CREATURES howl in anger and fury as they vanish ... the FLAMES sink into the fountain ... dying ... until ...

The steamy TEMPLE has become a lifeless, cold cave.

EXT. CAVE TEMPLE -- LATER -- NIGHT

Sophius wraps the three pieces of the separated Shield into individual packets as ...

THREE HORSEMEN

wait, chargers bristling. Sophius hands each one a part of the Shield, plus a set of written instructions.

SOPHIUS

Each piece hidden and protected as per my written command: One north, one south, one east -- to the ends of the earth.

(a beat)

Never to be whole again!

The horsemen ride away, armed escorts in tow.

PRIAM  
We'll raze this hellhole to the  
ground ... and obliterate all  
traces of Alexander the Terrible.

SOPHIUS  
No. Alexander was a just and  
moral man before he was corrupted.  
History shall record that he died  
here of malaria. He will be redeemed  
... as Alexander the Great.

He surveys the devastated valley filled with pyres.

SOPHIUS  
And this holocaust never  
happened ...

Nearby, Livia watches as Sophius and Priam return to the  
temple. She turns to her now-freed fellow consorts.

LIVIA  
Men may write their history  
... but women make it.

FULL SCREEN: LIVIA'S EYE

DISSOLVE INTO:

Livia's pupil ... into its depthless blackness.

DISSOLVE TO: SCREEN BLACK

A form takes shape in the darkness ...

A CHEMICAL STICK-LIGHT

is snapped and ignites. In its halo, we glimpse ...

A HAND WEARING A FINGERLESS LEATHER GLOVE

This particular hand is connected to a muscular but smoothly  
feminine arm. The stick-light is clipped to ...

AN ATHLETIC TANK-TOP

which contains an exuberant bust. The light gleams off ...

A BRASS BELT-BUCKLE & LEATHER BELT

supporting cuffed Khaki shorts.

COMPACT, WELL-SHAPED LEGS

adjust themselves in a climbing harness.

A NYLON CLIMBING ROPE

is snaked through a titanium "zip-clip."

PARATROOPER BOOTS

push away from a narrow ledge.

A LONG, BRUNETTE BRAID

bounces in a tight, efficient cable as

THE SILHOUETTE OF LARA CROFT

plunges and disappears into a shaft dominated by heavy timbers ... leading down into ...

INT. THOR'S BURIAL PIT -- SAME TIME

The still-glimpsed Lara hits the floor in the dim crypt. She hits a button on the side of her beltpack.

HER RED-LENSED GLASSES

whir to life.

FULL-SCREEN: P.O.V. VIRTUAL REALITY (VR) GLASSES

The darkness is penetrated in hi-res graphics, revealing a pristine Scandinavian grave site. The smart-vision system IDs a rich booty of archeological treasures:

Viking burial shrouds ... carved horns ... bronze weapons ... petroglyph-lined walls ... even a well-preserved mastodon entombed in a wall of ice like a fly in amber.

A CHALICE

catches Lara's attention.

LARA

ignores the more lavish bounty around her and quickly steps to the Chalice. But when she lifts it ...

AN EERIE SIREN ECHOES

through the chamber like the scream of a Banshee.

A BLINDING LIGHT FLOODS THE TOMB

illuminating everything and finally revealing ...

LARA HENSHINGLY CROFT

in all her coiled majesty. She secures the Chalice as ...

IRON DOORS GRIND SHUT

quickly sealing off the tomb.

LARA'S "ZIP-CLIP" PULLEY

rockets her skyward into the darkness above as FOOTSTEPS  
head her way -- fast. She gropes around and finds the ...

NARROW OPENING

she dropped down from. But ...

THE OPENING SLAMS SHUT

before she can get through it. Across the room is an  
air-shaft ... still wide open. Like a monkey ...

LARA SWINGS HAND OVER HAND

from timber beam to timber beam and ...

DIVES THROUGH THE AIR-SHAFT

an instant before it seals shut.

INT. AIR SHAFT -- CONTINUOUS

Lara crawls through the long-neglected passage until ...

CRASH!

She plunges straight down into ...

INT. SNOWY LAIR -- CONTINUOUS

Lara lands hard on ...

A MOUND OF ICE

Momentarily disoriented, she scrambles up to see ...

A POLAR BEAR CUB

eyeing her curiously. A ROAR from behind almost knocks Lara  
off her feet. She turns as ...



## THE MOTHER POLAR BEAR

rears up on its haunches, bares its teeth and ROARS at the intruder. With 660 pounds of teeth and claws running her down, Lara free-climbs the rocky wall to the top of ...

## THE FROZEN DEN

She reaches for the jagged hole in the ceiling as ...

## THE BEAR'S CLAWS

snag her backpack. Tug-of-war -- until Lara wrests herself free and pulls herself back into ...

## INT. AIR-SHAFT -- CONTINUOUS

Lara climbs higher and higher through the dusty, cob-webbed shaft until she spots up ahead ...

## A KALEIDOSCOPE OF COLORED LIGHT

The full-spectrum: Amber, fuschia, turquoise, emerald ... swirling mystically around the rim of a metallic doorway. Could this be the entrance to Valhalla?

## FULL SCREEN: STEEL DOOR

Lara bursts outside -- and indeed she is standing at the edge of Valhalla ... well, kind of.

## PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

## EXT. "ODIN'S PALACE" RESORT & CASINO -- NIGHT

Lara stands on the rooftop of a neon-corrupted rendition of a Nordic fortress. A new Vegas theme casino. Behind her, the flashing marquee beckons ...

## VISIT THOR'S TOMB! SEE THE POLAR BEARS!

Lara clips her harness to an anchored wire and jumps off the edge of the roof.

## LARA GLIDES SILENTLY OVER THE LAS VEGAS STRIP

to the other side of the street -- and disappears into the blackness. Leaving the gamblers and glitz far behind.

## EXT. BRITISH AIRWAYS L10-11 -- NIGHT

The jet lifts off from McCarron International Airport -- streaking away from the insane neon of Sin City.

INT. L10-11 -- NIGHT

Lara settles in her seat. Mission accomplished. She sets up her laptop and starts typing very rapidly. The FLIGHT ATTENDANT hands Lara a sparkling water.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Successful trip?  
(Lara looks up)  
Vegas. Did you win anything?

LARA  
I'm on a business trip ... I've never been much of a gambler.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Workaholic, huh? You and all my ex-husbands.

As Flight Attendant moves on ... a GOOD-LOOKING GUY appears, crouching down next to Lara.

GUY  
Excuse me -- are you using that pillow?

LARA  
It's all yours.

He flashes a winning smile which Lara returns along with the pillow. She watches as he heads across the aisle and ...

GENTLY PUTS THE PILLOW

behind the neck of his dozing WIFE. He spoons in beside her -- as she lightly strokes his hair.

LARA

appraises them for a moment, then goes back to her typing.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT -- CUSTOMS -- DAY

Carrying a dufflebag and her backpack, Lara strides into the NOTHING TO DECLARE lane. Just as she's about to exit ...

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
Please step over here, Miss.  
Open up your belongings.

Lara follows the guy to a table and unzips her bags. He rummages into her luggage, sifting through ...

VEGAS SOUVENIRS

Toy slot machine, dice keychain, gold Liberace statue, Siegfried & Roy White Tiger Beanies, Ethel M. Chocolates etc. Hidden among the trinkets is THE CHALICE.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

You were in the States less than 48 hours. Is that correct?

LARA

I'm a travel writer for Odyssey U.K. Magazine. I was researching an article.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

You work very efficiently.

LARA

I do indeed.

The Officer lifts the Chalice from the bag and studies it.

LARA

An "Odin's Palace Chalice."  
At \$9.99, who could resist?

He flips the relic over and sees a price tag. Finally, he waves her on. Exiting customs, Lara passes ...

THEO ROOKER (35)

Muscular, with short-cropped hair, he might be considered attractive -- if he wasn't eyeing Lara with such murderous intent. He speaks quietly into a cell-phone.

ROOKER

... yes, she's definitely got the chalice ... of course, I'll do it ... as soon as I find someplace ... quiet.

(a beat)

Move the crew to the site in Rabat. I'll be there just as soon as I finish my business with Croft.

He watches Lara enter a stairwell which leads to the subway.

INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND -- DAY

Lara enters the train. Just before the doors close ...

THEO ROOKER

steps inside. Eyes glued on Lara.

LARA

squeezes through the crush of commuters, looking for a seat. A stooped old man with a Danish accent, MR. WINGAARD (75) removes his coat and umbrella from the seat next to him.

MR. WINGAARD

Please. You look more worn-out  
than this old umbrella of mine.

LARA

Thanks. My feet are killing me.

Lara sits down. The train speeds off. Silence descends as the old man keeps his eyes glued to the ground. Then he speaks softly with a grim voice and a heavy heart.

MR. WINGAARD

Just tell me quickly, Ms. Croft.  
This was another wild goose  
chase, wasn't it?

Lara unzips her duffel bag. Wingaard glimpses inside at the chalice -- and the recognition is instantaneous. His eyes well-up with tears of joy.

MR. WINGAARD

After all these years ... to  
see it again ... my parents'  
matrimonial cup ...

LARA

I know, Mr. Wingaard. I'm  
glad I could find it for you.

THEO ROOKER

watches from a safe distance. From his P.O.V. Lara is simply making idle chit-chat with a fellow traveller.

MR. WINGAARD

The Nazis took everything we had.  
Then they took my parents, shot  
them and dumped them in some lime  
pit. Only God knows where they  
drew their last breath ...

As he speaks, a melancholy look crosses Lara's face. A memory of something.

MR. WINGAARD

This cup is a symbol of my family  
... and that makes it worth a  
king's ransom. All that matters  
is that I have it back.

(a beat)

Your reputation is well-deserved.  
And you shall be amply rewarded  
for your talents.

He reaches under the seat, revealing an identical duffel.

LARA

I told you, I don't do it  
for the money. I do it for ...

MR. WINGAARD

I know, Ms. Croft, you do it  
for the sport. Nevertheless ...

He forces the duffel on her. They discreetly make the  
switch as the subway reaches Victoria Station.

LARA

Goodbye, Mr. Wingaard. Best  
of luck to you.

Mr. Wingaard stays put as Lara exits the subway car.

THEO ROOKER

follows Lara, roughly shoving passengers aside as he makes  
his way out of the car.

INT. VICTORIA STATION -- CONTINUOUS

Rooker strides to keep up with Lara. But as he passes the  
subway car doors, he glances over and sees:

MR. WINGAARD

sitting there -- clutching an identical duffel bag.

WHOOSH!

The car doors slam shut and the car speeds away. Having no  
choice, Rooker races after Lara.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON -- DAY

Lara strides out of the subway, the duffel bobbing in her  
hand. She pauses, noticing a

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

across the street. There's a donation table set up outside.

LARA

approaches the NURSE at the desk.

LARA

I'd like to make a donation.

NURSE

Certainly. If you'll just fill out this form for the taxman, I'll make out your receipt ...

LARA

Let me rephrase -- I'd like to make an anonymous donation.

Lara plops the duffel on the desk and walks away. Then ...

THEO ROOKER

arrives. He spots the Nurse opening the duffel -- and roughly grabs the case from her.

NURSE

What are you doing?

ROOKER

Shut the hell up!

He opens the duffel, revealing thousands of Euro-Dollars. Rooker rifles through it, finding nothing, then tosses the bag back at the Nurse, showering her with money.

ROOKER

Shit!

He looks wildly around for Lara -- but she's GONE. Rooker dashes back toward the subway entrance.

EXT. GOLDER'S GREEN -- DAY

Mr. Wingard enters a modest Victorian rowhouse. As the front door swings shut behind him --

A GLOVED HAND

catches the door before it closes.

INT. WINGAARD HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Mr. Wingaard places the chalice on the mantel, right next to a faded wedding photo of his mother and father. He pours himself a brandy as ...

THE DOORKNOB

slowly turns.

WINGAARD

raises his snifter to the chalice and to his parents ...

BLACK BOOTS

step quietly into the room.

WINGAARD

Mama, Papa. L'Chaim ...  
To life ...

He raises the glass to his lips just as ...

A SILVER GARROTE

slices across his throat. Wingaard grabs his neck, gasping for breath. He sinks to his knees and dies without even seeing his killer. In a flash ....

THE CHALICE

is yanked from the mantel. The wedding photo is knocked to the floor, smashing next to Wingaard's dead eyes.

EXT. REGENT STREET OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Lara enters a tall office building, holding the door open for businessmen as they head inside.

INT. "ODYSSEY U.K." MAGAZINE -- DAY

Lara walks in -- her wrinkled, khaki attire a contrast to the button-down employees. As she passes reception:

JUSTINE

Welcome home, Lady Croft.  
Can I get you some tea?

LARA

Coffee, Justine. And please  
don't call me that.

JUSTINE  
Sorry, Lady ... Lara.  
(a beat)  
Rosalind's expecting you.

INT. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF'S OFFICE -- DAY

Lara fidgets as editor ROSALIND HARDING (40) reads her work.

ROSALIND  
I'll never understand how a girl  
who speaks ten languages and reads  
hieroglyphics -- still can't use  
"its" properly. The possessive  
is I-T-S, not I-T-apostrophe-S.

LARA  
Grammar was never my strong  
suit. I used spell-check.

ROSALIND  
Spell-check won't catch errors like  
"H-E-A-R at the Liberace Museum."  
(shakes her head)  
You've done it again.

LARA  
Done what again?

ROSALIND  
Made another over-exposed city  
seem like the most thrilling,  
adventurous place on Earth. Spelling  
aside, our readers will love this.  
(a beat)  
Lara, you're the best free-lance  
writer I've got. Won't you please  
reconsider working here full-time?

LARA  
Thanks, but being tied down to  
one place -- it's not my style.

ROSALIND  
Styles change. Lara, you're  
almost 30. You need to start  
thinking about the future.

LARA  
(realizes)  
Okay, Roz. Who is he this time?

ROSALIND  
His name is Colin.



LARA  
Every guy you set me up with  
is either gay, married, a  
sexist pig, or a total fraud.

ROSALIND  
Not this one.

She turns the venetian blinds revealing ruggedly handsome:

COLIN

in the kitchen. He downs a can of soda, crushes it, and  
tosses it into the recycling bin.

ROSALIND  
They call him "The Crusher."  
He's a professional rugby player  
... and he's taking you to lunch.

LARA  
Do you have any idea how  
jet-lagged I am?

ROSALIND  
You're an insomniac.

LARA  
Well, I can't go looking like this.

ROSALIND  
... Oh, look what I found in  
my closet.  
(grabs hangar)  
A brand new Viviane Westwood  
in your size and color.

Lara sighs and appraises the outfit.

LARA  
I suppose ... if it's just lunch.

ROSALIND  
It's never "just lunch" -- it's  
the game of life. And you need  
to start playing by the rules.  
You're a Lady for God's sake  
-- try and act like one.

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

Lara looks smashing in the new outfit as she and Colin head  
out. Grabbing the door-handle, Lara stops -- then dutifully  
allows Colin to do it for her.

EXT. REGENT STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The pair emerge, stopping in front of a new motorcycle.

LARA  
A Norton Street Fighter.  
I've always wanted to drive  
one of these.

COLIN  
It's a lot of machine  
for a little girl.

Lara doesn't like the insinuation, but rolls with it.

LARA  
I think I can handle it.

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- DAY

Lara drives very slowly through traffic. Colin holds on to her from behind.

COLIN  
Not bad for your first time.  
But someone experienced could  
teach you a few moves ...

Colin begins the lesson by snaking his hands up a few inches -- and pulling himself tight against her.

LARA  
Maybe I can teach you a few.

Lara cranks the throttle. The bike takes off like an F-15. She speeds through ...

LONDON TRAFFIC

like an obstacle course. The now-terrified Colin nearly swallows his tongue, hanging on for dear life.

INT. ODYSSEY U.K. RECEPTION -- DAY

Back in her old clothes, Lara exits the bathroom carrying the new outfit on a hangar. Justine flags her down.

JUSTINE  
Lara! A Lord Powell called  
twice looking for you.  
(hands her a note)  
It sounded important.

Lara reads it, a concerned expression on her face. Rosalind walks up, surprised to see Lara.

ROSALIND  
What happened to lunch?

LARA  
"Crusher's" still looking  
for his breakfast.

INT. BRITISH MUSEUM -- ANCIENT GREECE EXHIBIT -- DAY

The supreme monument of Greek antiquity is on display: the so-called ELGIN MARBLES. 56 blocks of the Parthenon frieze. 15 metopes. 19 pediments figures.

Lara enters and spots gaunt LORD CHARLES POWELL (68) leaning on a sturdy cane, looking at the exhibit.

LARA  
Uncle Charles.

LORD POWELL  
Lara, it's been too long.  
(embracing her)  
I hardly see you at all since  
your parents passed away.

LARA  
My job takes me away so much,  
I'm scarcely in London anymore.

LORD POWELL  
Yes, your nomadic career --  
when there's so much to write  
about here at home.

He looks at the world's most controversial museum exhibit.

LORD POWELL  
The Elgin Marbles for example.  
As astounding as ever.

LARA  
The astounding part is that  
they're still in England.

LORD POWELL  
When I was your age -- I believed  
they were legitimately ours. But  
during my years as ambassador to  
Greece ... I fell in love with  
the country and grew to understand  
why they should be returned.

LARA  
According to my father, you fell  
in love with more than the country.

LORD POWELL  
He told you about Melina? Now there's  
an international incident only to  
be discussed over a liter of Ouzo.  
(a beat)  
Let's go across the street to  
my office. There's something  
we need to discuss ...

EXT. BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE -- DAY

Lara and Lord Powell head into the Georgian building.

INT. LORD POWELL'S OFFICE -- DAY

As they enter, Lara is stunned to see on his desk ...

THE CHALICE

She attempts to cover her surprise.

LORD POWELL  
I see you recognize this  
particular object d'art.

LARA  
I must confess this is a  
little confusing ...

LORD POWELL  
I hope you'll confess to more  
than that, my dear.  
(holds up document)  
Interpol Bulletin. Relic  
vanishes from Vegas casino.  
No leads, no witnesses.

He looks at her very directly. She knows he knows.

LARA  
I had my reasons.

LORD POWELL  
Yes -- noble reasons. Lara, I  
have no intention of calling the  
authorities. I know the relic  
was acquired through illegal  
channels. All you did was return  
it to its rightful owner.

LORD POWELL  
But if you're going to be a  
travel writer by day -- and a  
tomb raider by night -- you  
must be more careful.

LARA  
I appreciate that, Charles.  
But how did the Chalice end  
up here?

LORD POWELL  
Because Erik Wingaard was found  
dead this afternoon. Someone  
slit his throat.

LARA  
(horrified)  
Who would do such a thing?

LORD POWELL  
One of our agents spotted  
this man ...

He dumps a mug-shot of THEO ROOKER in front of Lara.

LORD POWELL  
... trying to flee the country  
with the chalice. He escaped,  
but we recovered his prize.  
(into intercom)  
... Send in Dr. Toulin.

Lara turns to the door as a young man ...

DR. ALEXIS TOULIN (27)

steps inside. Tall, intelligent, pleasant-looking. He goes  
immediately to the chalice and inspects it with authority  
and expertise.

LORD POWELL  
Lady Croft, Dr. Toulin.

ALEXIS  
Please, call me Alexis.

LARA  
If you'll call me Lara.

LORD POWELL  
Alexis works for the Greek Ministry  
of Antiquities. He's an expert in  
tracing stolen relics.

ALEXIS

Our governments want to avoid  
another Elgin Marbles situation.

LARA

What "situation?" Why all this  
fuss over a single chalice?

Alexis holds the Chalice almost reverently.

ALEXIS

Never judge a chalice by its cover.

He SMASHES it. Clay pieces fall away revealing:

THE GOLDEN SHIELD

Or rather, one-third of it. Lara can't believe it.

LARA

It can't be ... a piece of  
the Shield of Achilles?

ALEXIS

So you know the legend?

LARA

The Shield was a gift from the  
Gods which imbued Achilles with  
special powers and invulnerability.  
Alexander the Great supposedly  
acquired it.

(a beat)

At his death, the Shield was  
broken into three pieces and  
scattered to the ends of the  
known world: India, North  
Africa and Scandinavia.

ALEXIS

This was the piece that went north.  
You sure know your mythology.

LARA

My dad was obsessed with  
Macedonian lore.

(a beat)

But I'm still confused.  
What do you want from me?

ALEXIS

Two months ago, Alexander's Tomb  
was discovered on Mount Olympus.  
We tried to keep the find quiet,  
but word somehow leaked out ...

Alexis picks up the photo of Theo Rooker and looks at it with a mixture of pain and anger.

ALEXIS

There are some very bad people who are desperate to get the complete Shield. They're already after the second piece in Morocco.

(a beat)

If they succeed and the Shield is reforged ... it would be disastrous.

LARA

So you believe in its powers?

ALEXIS

I'm talking about national pride. Sadly, my own government has been slow to recognize the urgency. So I turned to Ambassador Powell ...

LORD POWELL

I told Alexis there is no one better than you to find the remaining pieces -- quickly and quietly.

Lara picks up the Shield piece and turns it over in her hands -- studying the mysterious glyphs and runes.

LARA

To my father -- the Shield was the Holy Grail.

(a beat)

If I agree to help, let's get one thing straight: We do it my way. I don't take orders from you or anyone else.

ALEXIS

You're the man -- I mean, the boss.

Alexis offers his hand. Lara nods, but doesn't shake it.

LARA

Call me with the travel arrangements.

EXT. CROFT MANOR -- NIGHT

Lara approaches the looming edifice that is her family home: Croft Manor. She opens the gate and heads into the grounds.

INT. CROFT MANOR -- NIGHT

The entry is imposing with its sweeping staircase and marble floors. Lara enters, rather incongruously, with her backpack, tank top and beat-up boots.

LARA  
Hillary ... I'm home!  
Hillary!

No response. Lara sighs and heads into the North Wing.

INT. LARA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Large, but simple. There's a bed, but there's also a hammock hanging opposite. Lara heads straight into

THE WALK-IN CLOSET

Rows of olive-green tanktops, khaki shorts and dozens of combat boots. Squeezed to the side: a couple of simple Chloe dresses, a jumper and a pair or two of sneakers.

Lara hits a button -- a panel lifts -- revealing:

A WEAPONS ALCOVE

Various guns, surveillance equipment, emergency gear are mounted on the walls. Lara dumps her backpack, then hangs up the zip-clip and other gear she used on the Vegas trip.

Lara peels off her tank top, boots and shorts.

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

Freshened, Lara enters in sweats, her hair still wet. She opens the Sub-zero: turkey, prime rib, Yorkshire pudding.

Finding nothing appealing, Lara shuts the fridge and opens the kitchen cupboard.

INSIDE

are row after row of canned beans. Lara smiles. She grabs a can and pops bread into the toaster.

Shunning the electric can opener, she whips out a Swiss Army knife, opening the can the hard way. She doesn't notice ...

SMOKE

now pouring out of the toaster. Lara dumps the beans into the pot just as ...



THE SMOKE ALARM

blares. As Lara tries to free the burning toast ...

THE BEANS BOIL OVER

Lara fumbles to turn the range off.

HILLARY (o.s.)  
Cooking without a campfire? My,  
we are becoming ambitious.

HILLARY (50)

enters ... a cultured, graceful man with the nose -- and  
sometimes the attitude -- of a former welterweight boxer.  
He quickly takes charge of the cooking.

HILLARY  
I'll take it from here.

LARA  
Hillary. I didn't think you  
were home.

HILLARY  
I didn't think you were home.  
You should have called the instant  
you landed. You know how I worry.

LARA  
I'm sorry, it's been a rough day.  
But it's good to be here.  
(kisses his cheek)  
I'll be in the ballroom.

INT. CROFT MANOR -- BALLROOM -- NIGHT

Converted into a training course: hurdles, crates, dangling  
ropes, pommel horses and parallel bars.

LARA IS IN THE CENTER

pumping out one-armed push-ups. Her warm-up over ...

SHE DRAWS HER TWIN .45s

and blasts pop-up TERRORIST targets with deadly accuracy.

SHE CHARGES THE COURSE

Tumbling, leaping, rolling and climbing in an awesome  
display of physical prowess. As the routine reaches a  
crescendo of perfection ...

Lara coils low and leaps into a twisting ...

INVERTED BACKFLIP

But her graceful flight ends with a resounding ...

THUD!

Lara flubs the landing and falls flat on her ass. She looks up to find Hillary looming over her.

HILLARY

Ah, the inverted backflip. Still as graceful as the blue-footed booby.

(hefts tray)

Dinner is served.

CLOSE ON: A SILVER CLOCHE

Hillary sets it down in front of Lara.

PULL BACK TO:

INT. DINING ROOM -- DAY

Lara sits dwarfed by a table fit for twenty. Hillary removes the cloche -- revealing fresh BEANS ON TOAST.

HILLARY

I gathered a list of potential cases for your review while you're on holiday.

(slides over a file)

You've so expanded your father's network of contacts, perhaps we should centralize with a website.

Lara absently picks through the thick file.

LARA

"Magical dagger lost somewhere in Xiang, China." "Spanish galleon sunk off the coast of Mauritius." Hmmph.

(puts file down)

I already have a mission.

I'm leaving in the morning.

HILLARY

But you just got back. Lara, you need a holiday more than you know.

LARA

I'm sorry, but it can't be helped.

I've got to be in Rabat tomorrow.

HILLARY  
You can't go to Morocco!  
What about the Pasha?

LARA  
Don't worry about him, I plan  
on keeping a very low profile.  
(a beat)  
It'll be quick. You know me,  
I can find any tomb, anywhere.

HILLARY  
Any tomb ... but one.

Lara drops her fork and looks at him squarely.

LARA  
I'm carrying on my father's work.  
He recovered treasures lost to the  
world and returned them to their  
rightful homes. How can you  
criticize me for doing the same?

HILLARY  
Your father did it because he  
believed objects from the past  
ennobled the present and could  
improve the future.  
(a beat)  
That's not why you do it.

LARA  
Okay -- why do I do it?

HILLARY  
Your parents' plane disappeared  
five years ago -- and ever since,  
you've dedicated your life to  
finding things for other people ...  
(a beat)  
Because you can't find them.

That's it. Lara gets up and walks out. Full of regret,  
Hillary hits himself on the head with a spoon.

HILLARY  
Oh ... fuck.

EXT. LORD CROFT'S LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Lara enters, slamming the door behind her. Her eyes roam  
past stuffy oil paintings of Croft ancestors long dead,  
culminating in a Warhol-esque rendering of her own PARENTS.

Using a key, she unlocks a drawer and touches a hidden button. And instant later:

A BOOKSHELF FLIPS AROUND

revealing a high-tech safe. Lara enters a PIN number and opens it ... it's stuffed with maps, notebooks and photos.

LARA

roots around and finds a distinctive, but tattered Journal. She flips through it, finding her father's notes on ...

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES

Then her eyes alight on a ...

CIGAR BOX

buried among the documents. Written on its cover is "Lara's First Dig." Lara peers at it ... remembering ...

MATCH CUT: CIGAR BOX

Clean and new. It's carried carefully by ...

LARA CROFT AT AGE FIVE

Already a determined, long-haired beauty.

PULL BACK TO:

EXT. JORDANIAN DIG -- DAY

Lara walks through WORKERS digging and sifting; bagging and tagging artifacts. She approaches ...

A RUGGED MAN

He is writing in a (now new) Journal. Sensing Lara, he turns and smiles. This is Lara's dad ...

HENSHINGLY "LEE" CROFT

If Sting had been a brilliant, quirky archeologist instead of a brilliant, quirky musician, he would have been this man. Hell, cast him anyway.

LEE

Lara ... what have you got there?

She offers the box. He opens it and smiles.

LEE  
Rachel! Lara's made a  
monumental find!

RACHEL CROFT

catalogues artifacts nearby. Softer than adult-Lara, Rachel wears her long, fine hair in a familiar braid.

RACHEL  
And what rare treasure  
has she brought to light?

Lee picks up the small, round object in the box.

LEE  
The long lost head of Malibu  
Barbie.  
(kisses her)  
You couldn't have made me  
prouder if you had found the  
Shield of Achilles itself.

FULL SCREEN: THE WORN BARBIE DOLL HEAD

MATCH DISSOLVE: ADULT LARA

She holds the old toy as tenderly as she holds onto the memory. Lara puts it back and shuts the box.

INT. CROFT MANOR -- LARA'S BEDROOM -- DAWN

Hillary enters with a breakfast tray. He sees Lord Croft's Journals, papers and maps on the still-made bed. He goes to the window.

HILLARY'S P.O.V.: IN THE DISTANCE

Lara stands in the rain -- in front of a stone structure.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM -- DAY

Lara meditates beside a marble vault. Engraved above:

HENSHINGLY & RACHEL CROFT

Hillary joins her, holding an umbrella over her head. She slips her arm around his. All is forgiven.

Together, they walk away from her parents' vault ... and only now do we see that it is EMPTY.

FULL SCREEN: JOURNAL ENTRY

Meticulous script and precise drawings of an ancient city.

PULL BACK:

INT. AIR MOROCCO 767, FLYING -- NIGHT

Studying her father's maps and documents -- Lara hears childlike laughter and looks up ...

ALEXIS

is seated a few rows ahead. He's mesmerizing a young girl with a "cats-cradle" string trick.

LARA

gathers her papers and squeezes in next to Alexis.

LARA  
I think I know where we  
should start.

ALEXIS  
Great, where?

LARA  
First, with an apology. I was  
somewhat abrupt yesterday. But  
I'm used to working alone.

She offers her hand ... and they shake warmly.

ALEXIS  
You don't have to apologize.  
I spent half my childhood with  
my face buried in a book.

She shows him a sketch in her father's Journal.

LARA  
How familiar are you with  
the "Tomb of the Plagues?"

ALEXIS  
It's what we're looking for.  
Where the second piece of the  
Shield is supposedly buried.

LARA  
According to legend, it's a  
place where the natural order  
has been abandoned. A realm  
of total madness.

ALEXIS  
Sounds like Times Square on  
New Year's Eve.

Lara shrugs. She's not discounting anything.

ALEXIS  
Lara, we're highly educated  
people. You can't believe -- in  
our day and age -- that legend is  
anything more than ancient  
nonsense to scare off looters.

LARA  
Once in Mexico I fell into a Toltec  
cenote -- a sacred well used for  
human sacrifices. To me, it was  
just a big hole filled with dirty  
water. But when I crawled out, a  
strange thing happened: for two days,  
no matter where I went, or how bright  
the sun -- I didn't cast a shadow.

Alexis stares at her -- she is deadly serious.

LARA  
I only believe what I experience  
myself. And when we go down into  
a tomb, we're not in "our day and  
age." We're in theirs.

Lara returns to her seat. Weirded out, Alexis clicks on his  
overhead light and waves his hand -- looking for his shadow.

A FEW ROWS BEHIND LARA

A tough woman with a military haircut watches Lara. This is  
ILSA LARSON (30). On her lap is a Walkman tape-player -- it  
seems. She hits rewind and hears, over her headphones ...

LARA (recorded)  
" ... we're not in our day and  
age. We're in theirs."

TIME-LAPSE: SUNRISE OVER MOROCCO

Darkness chased by the rising sun. Mosques and highrises  
jostle for dominance. The call of the muezzin compete with  
the blaring of car horns.

EXT. BALIMA HOTEL -- RABAT -- DAWN

Lara and Alexis emerge from a taxi in front of the hotel.

INT. HOTEL -- LARA'S ROOM -- DAY

Alexis enters to see Lara stringing a hammock up on the balcony.

ALEXIS  
Do you really sleep in that thing?

LARA  
When I sleep ... which isn't  
very much.

Lara has detached a light-sconce from the wall, revealing the wiring hole behind it.

ALEXIS  
Doing a little electrical work?

LARA  
Give me the Shield.

ALEXIS  
The ... what?

LARA  
You should have left it in  
England. Let me have it --  
or put it in the hotel safe.

Alexis reluctantly produces the first Shield section. She hides it in the hole, then replaces the sconce.

LARA  
Okay. Let's go.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

A cloud of dust hangs over feverish construction. Digging crews use bulldozers to move fresh earth.

PULL BACK:

EXT. DRY DOCK -- DAY

Lara and Alexis watch the activity below through Zeiss binocs.

LARA  
That's no construction site.  
And it's no university dig, either.



ALEXIS  
That's for sure. No archeologist  
in his right mind uses --

KA-BOOM! An muffled explosion rocks the dry dock.

ALEXIS  
-- blasting caps to open a passage.

LARA  
See anything else disturbing?

P.O.V.: HIGH-POWERED BINOCULARS

At the center of the construction site is ...

THEO ROOKER

Agitated, barking orders at his team of DIGGERS.

ALEXIS  
... Rooker.

EXT. ROOKER'S DIG -- SAME TIME

Rooker confabs with a menacing-looking fellow -- STAVROS.

ROOKER  
Are you sure it's Toulin?

STAVROS  
Yes ... he arrived this  
morning -- with the woman.

ROOKER  
They're probably watching us  
right now. Take care of it,  
Stavros. I don't want to  
know how -- just do it.

Rooker scans the area -- shielding the sun from his eyes.

EXT. DRY DOCK -- SAME TIME

Lara and Alexis momentarily duck out of sight.

LARA  
Looks like they've found the  
main entrance to the Tomb.

ALEXIS  
Then we're too late.

LARA  
No, they're too eager. They're  
digging below the water table.

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS:

Indeed, the freshly-made pit fills with filthy water -- to  
the fury of Rooker and his diggers.

LARA  
We'll find another way in.

ALEXIS  
What if there isn't one?

LARA  
There's always another way.

EXT. RIVERFRONT -- DAY

Lara leads Alexis toward a bridge which spans the river.

LARA  
Across the River Bou Regreg was  
the kasbah ... in the center  
of the medina. Beautiful, isn't  
it? Rabat was once called the  
"Pearl of Morocco."

ALEXIS  
It's the most beautiful squalor  
I've ever seen.

Lara pulls a frayed old map out of her father's Journal and  
studies it. Then she looks up, making an "o" with her thumb  
and index finger.

LARA  
Apply a little imagination --  
don't see the world as it is.  
See it as it once was ...

THROUGH THE "O"

The landscape changes ... time melts away ... the  
depressingly urban sprawl vanishes and ...

ANCIENT RABAT

emerges ... a gleaming city of stone and alabaster ...  
roads ... temples ... a thriving marketplace ...

LARA (v.o.)  
According to the maps my father  
collected over the years ... right  
over there is where they built ...  
the Tomb of the Plagues.

AN ENORMOUS CIRCULAR TEMPLE

rises up -- replacing the modern, filthy harbor.

LARA (v.o.)  
Rabat was the end of the line  
for the Greek trade routes.  
A garrison came here in the  
sixth century B.C. and built  
this tomb, specifically to  
house a piece of the Shield.

(a beat)  
The soldiers were supposed  
to die with the secret. But  
the officers always built  
their own escape route.

ALEXIS  
Where would it lead?

LARA  
The one place every disciplined  
soldier would want to go ...

FOLLOW LARA'S VIEW

as it tracks back over the dazzling city of mosques and  
minarets to a formidable ...

MARBLE PALACE

looming over the center of the city.

LARA  
The local brothel -- built on  
the most desirable site in town.

Old Rabat melts away as we return to the present. Erected  
on the ruins of the brothel is a walled COMPOUND.

LARA  
All we have to do is get  
into the basement of that  
building, break through the  
foundation -- and we're in.

FULL SCREEN: BRONZE PLAQUE

It reads: EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PULL BACK:

EXT. EMBASSY -- DAY

Lara and Alexis are across the street from the US Embassy.  
MARINES stand guard.

ALEXIS

The U.S. Embassy? Lara, I  
spent a year in the Greek army.  
We trained with Marines --  
those guys will eat your liver.

LARA

I'm sure you can handle yourself.

ALEXIS

I don't know about that. I may  
not be a great lover -- but I'm  
certainly no fighter.

A CONVOY OF TRUCKS

pulls up the embassy. Workers unload heatlamps, tables,  
boxes of china and glasses ... standard catering gear.

LARA

Someone's having a party.

AT THE ENTRANCE

A frantic American STAFF ASSISTANT exits the compound with a  
handful of gilded envelopes.

LARA

And here come the last  
minute invitees ...

EXT. RABAT STREETS -- DAY

The STAFF ASSISTANT rushes through the streets of awakening  
Rabat. As he rounds a corner ...

LARA

bumps into him as she comes the other way. The envelopes go  
flying all over the sidewalk. He's annoyed -- until he gets  
a good look at Lara.

LARA

Sorry.

STAFFER  
For you, it's no problem.  
You going to be in Rabat  
for a while?

LARA  
I'm afraid I'll be buried  
the entire trip.

She helps him pick up the envelopes, then discreetly tucks one in the back of her belt. Keeping herself facing the Assistant, she helps him on his way.

She opens the envelope. Inside is an engraved invitation.

LARA  
The American ambassador's  
birthday party is tonight.

ALEXIS  
Pretty smooth, Lara.

LARA  
This was the easy part.  
I need you to pick up a  
few things ...

INT. BOUTIQUE -- DAY

Obscured by the dressing booth shutters, Lara pulls her shorts up over her boots and emerges with a white beaded gown. She pays for it in cash.

LARA  
(to clerk)  
Please have it sent to the  
Hotel Balima.  
(a beat)  
Better have these too.

With tremendous disdain, she drops a pair of stiletto heels onto the counter.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Lara emerges from the boutique, allowing ...

THREE WOMEN

in haiks (traditional women's cloaks) to pass ahead of her. Eyes averted, the women nod their thanks and keep going up the street. Scanning around, Lara sees ...

ACROSS THE STREET -- ALEXIS

He's in a heated discussion with ILSA LARSON -- the tough woman eavesdropper from the plane. As Lara approaches, Larson melts into the crowd and disappears.

LARA

Who was that?

ALEXIS

Apparently she was on our flight. First she asked me for directions, then she insisted I go with her. When I refused, she copped an attitude.

LARA

You see her again, let me know.  
(a beat)  
Did you get the lay-out of the Embassy?

ALEXIS

Yeah -- and I'm going to have one hell of a time expensing it.

LARA

And the car?

Alexis gestures to an old Bentley, parked across the street.

ALEXIS

A little fatigued, but it should do the job.

As they cross toward the Bentley ...

THE TRIO OF WOMEN IN HAIKS

suddenly grab Alexis and hustle him into the street. HAIK WOMAN-1 puts a gun to Alexis's gut, silencing him.

LARA

Let go of him!

HAIK-WOMAN-2

pulls a 9mm Glock and starts blasting at Lara. Lara dives and rolls and cartwheels to escape. But when she recovers:

THE HAIK-CLAD WOMEN

drag Alexis into the Old City, leaving chaos behind.

EXT. WALLED "OLD CITY" -- DAY

Lara sprints into the Old City, then pulls up because ...

DOZENS OF WOMEN

in haiks come and go, wandering the bazaar.

LARA

picks her way through a maze of drying wool, tensely aware that any of the passing shrouded WOMEN might kill her.

A GUNSHOT

induces Lara to whirl. But it's only a METALSMITH hammering a copper pot.

MORE "GUNSHOTS"

echo through the quarter as craftsmen go about their work. Their repeated banging sounds disturbingly like gunfire. It's nervewracking as the BANGING builds and builds.

A WOMAN'S SILHOUETTE

appears on a "wall" of wool, hefting the 9mm. Lara leaps back, grabs a copper pot from a craftsman's anvil and --

GONG!

Lara pounds the attacker with the pot until the "woman's" haik falls away, revealing a GRIZZLED MAN in disguise. Lara scoops up the fallen 9mm.

LARA

Where is my friend?

The man babbles in Maghrebi, pleading incomprehension.

LARA

(in Maghrebi Arabic)

I never say this twice: don't make me hurt you.

(cocks pistol)

Perhaps you understand the meaning of "exit wound?"

The man's terrified eyes glance toward ...

A CANVAS-SIDED TRUCK

up ahead jerks to a start and lumbers deeper into the recesses of the Old City.

LARA

watches as it speeds away. Her eyes fall on ...

A DECREPIT MOTORCYCLE

parked beside some CAMELS drinking from a trough.

INT. TRUCK, MOVING -- DAY

Alexis is face-to-face with Rooker's associate Stavros  
... whose eyes burns with fury and cruelty.

STAVROS

I'm giving you one last chance  
to do the right thing, Toulin.  
Hand over your piece of the Shield.

ALEXIS

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

Stavros bitch-slaps Alexis until his face is bloody.

STAVROS

Give me the first piece and  
you live. Lie -- and you die.  
Where is it?

Alexis remains stoic, but is weakening under the beating.  
Suddenly there's a POPPING sound and ...

THE TRUCK

lurches sideways as if it blew a tire. Stavros frantically  
throws open the canvas to see:

STAVROS

What the hell -- ?

LARA CROFT

gallops toward the truck ... on camelback. She hefts the  
smoking 9mm and fires again.

THE TRUCK'S TIRES

are shredded by the shots. The truck fishtails wildly.

THE KIDNAPPERS

are tossed back forth in the rear of the truck as it spins  
out, jumps the sidewalk and smashes through the cyclone  
fence into a ...



EXT. WRECKING YARD -- DAY

The truck turns over in a hideous shriek of metal, taking its place in this graveyard of rusting car carcasses.

LARA

leaps off the camel and pulls Alexis from the wreck ... he's shaken up but otherwise okay.

THE KIDNAPPERS

also crawl from the wreckage ... finding their weapons.

LARA

Come on!

Their exit cut off, Lara and Alexis retreat into the yard as Stavros and his men regroup and pursue.

LARA & ALEXIS

flee up a mountain of worn and discarded tires.

LARA

This is a dead end.

ALEXIS

There's always another way  
-- remember?

She sees what he's looking at: a GIANT TRACTOR TIRE.

STAVROS & HIS MEN

rake the tire-hill with gunfire as they tighten the noose.

STAVROS

They're trapped ...

Suddenly ...

AN AVALANCHE OF TIRES

bounces down toward the gunmen. As they scatter ...

THE GIANT TRACTOR TIRE

rolls down after the first wave. It slams into Stavros, knocking him aside.

WEDGED INSIDE THE TRACTOR TIRE

Lara and Alexis go around and around -- hanging on.

THE GUNMEN

blast away futilely as ...

THE GIANT TIRE ROLLS FASTER AND FASTER

to the bottom of the hill and out the gates of the wrecking yard. It vanishes down the street in a cloud of dust.

STAVROS & HIS MEN

struggle back down the hill -- toppling and tumbling down the unstable pile of tires. Unable to pursue.

INT. LARA'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Wearing a black suit, Alexis enters. He sees on the floor: Lara's combat boots, khaki shorts, tank-top.

ALEXIS

Hey -- you decent?

LARA (o.s.)

I can fake it if I have to.

Alexis's eyes nearly implode when Lara emerges from her dressing room in the tight white beaded dress.

ALEXIS

You look ... different.

LARA

Camouflage. How are you feeling?

ALEXIS

Alive, thanks to you. Doesn't anything scare you?

LARA

Not for a long time. When I was a kid I was chased by a barn bat. I had a few nightmares ... but then I forgot all about it.

ALEXIS

Some things shouldn't be forgotten. You saved my life, so I wanted to express my gratitude.

He produces a small velvet case. Inside is a slender Ankh on a simple chain. He offers to put it on her.

LARA

It's lovely.

ALEXIS  
You know the story of  
Thetis and King Peleus?

LARA  
They were the parents of Achilles.

ALEXIS  
Their courtship was quite unusual  
because Peleus was a mortal and  
Thetis was a goddess -- the most  
remarkable goddess in Olympus.

Alexis takes his time putting the chain around her neck.

ALEXIS  
Peleus married Thetis -- yet she  
wouldn't let him hold her. Whenever  
he tried, she would turn into a bird  
... or a tree ... or even a tigress  
to scare him off.

Lara becomes uneasy ... as if Alexis is speaking about her.  
She tries to pull away but Alexis gently holds her.

ALEXIS  
But Peleus learned the secret: no  
matter what form Thetis took -- fire or  
water, animal or spirit -- he must  
hold on and never let her go.  
(a beat)  
This way, he proved his worthiness  
-- and his love.

They are eye-to-eye -- vulnerable and exposed. Alexis leans  
in gently toward her lips -- but Lara pulls away.

LARA  
Alexis, I like you. But the guys  
who like me, well, they either end  
up dead or in serious therapy.

She starts to take off the silver chain.

ALEXIS  
Keep it.  
(turns to leave, then:)  
Perhaps some things scare  
you, after all.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

As Alexis shuts the door behind him, we see the anger of  
rejection in his eyes -- which he quickly suppresses.

EXT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

Lara and Alexis step into the waiting Bentley. Behind them:

ILSA LARSON

stamps out her Gitane and slips into the hotel lobby.

EXT. EMBASSY -- NIGHT

"Lady" Lara rides in the back as Alexis pulls up to the Embassy gates. Limos and luxury sedans abound.

Embassy Security scrutinize Alexis's invitation as a BOMB SQUAD runs a mirror under the car and checks the trunk. The Marine Guards wave the Bentley through the gates.

INT. BENTLEY, MOVING -- NIGHT

Lara opens a make-up compact. Inside is ...

A SCHEMATIC SKETCH

of the embassy and its grounds.

LARA

Service entrance on the west side, just left of the trash bins. It's eight o'clock. I'll meet you there in 15, okay?

ALEXIS

Don't be late.

EXT. EMBASSY STAIRS -- NIGHT

As Lara mounts the stairs to the entrance of the embassy, Alexis turns the Bentley into the embassy parking lot.

AT THE ENTRANCE

Lara passes an agitated INDIAN DIPLOMAT trying to argue his way in. He isn't getting far.

DIPLOMAT

I was supposed to receive an invitation to this party! Check your list again!

INT. EMBASSY -- NIGHT

Lara floats into the elegant, swanky party, a vision of elegance and raw sexuality. She spots ...

A VELVET ROPE

stretched across a doorway ... a "no-entry" zone. As she heads that way, she missteps on her unfamiliar high-heels when she hears --

MOROCCAN DIPLOMAT  
Good evening, Lady Croft.

Lara turns and finds herself face-to-face with an owlish MOROCCAN DIPLOMAT. He nods solicitously.

MOROCCAN DIPLOMAT  
What an unexpected pleasure.  
Pasha El Zum is most excited  
to see you again.

LARA  
(mortified)  
Tommy's here? How ... inevitable.

MOROCCAN DIPLOMAT  
He awaits your resplendence  
in the ballroom.

LARA  
Sorry, but my resplendence is  
meeting a friend. Perhaps later.

MOROCCAN DIPLOMAT  
Perhaps we should discuss  
your presence here with the  
American ambassador?

LARA  
I suppose I have a minute.

As Lara follows, she glances at her watch.

FULL SCREEN: WATCH FACE

Its hands read 8:10.

PULL BACK:

EXT. BENTLEY -- NIGHT

Alexis checks his watch: 8:10. He carefully pulls down the car's backseat cushions, and pulls out BACKPACKS and coils of mountaineering rope.

INT. EMBASSY BALLROOM -- NIGHT

An orchestra plays waltzing music. The CROWD parts for Lara to reveal grimfaced PASHA THAMI EL ZUM. He weighs 250 pounds ... and is all of 12-years-old.

LARA  
(bows)  
Excellency.

PASHA  
(to Moroccan diplomat)  
Tell the band to play  
something good. Limp  
Bizkit or Snoop.

The Moroccan bows and consults the band. They settle on George Gershwin: "Someone to Watch Over Me."

PASHA  
Dance with me.

LARA  
I'm afraid I'm in a hurry ...

Then something catches her eye. In fact, she's shocked.

THEO ROOKER

is nearby, being dressed down by a stately, elegant MAN.  
Rooker is dressed in his "digging" clothes.

Lara quickly takes Tommy's outstretched arms and wheels him onto the dance-floor -- concealing herself behind him.

PASHA  
You came into my 'hood and dissed me  
like I was some kind of punk-bitch.

LARA  
I was employed by your parents.  
When I recovered their diadem,  
I moved on. And you've been  
watching way too much MTV.

PASHA  
I asked you to be my wife. Did  
that mean nothing to you?

LARA  
Tommy, you're twelve years old.

PASHA  
What does age matter when two  
people are truly in love?

Lara nods toward Rooker and the stately man.

LARA  
Who are those men?

PASHA  
The shrimp is the Greek Ambassador.  
The beef is some kind of American  
contractor. But I think he's a spook.

Rooker stomps toward the foyer, then senses that someone is watching. He glances over, but Lara quickly spins Tommy around, blocking Rooker's view. Rooker pauses, then exits.

TOMMY  
Run away with me. We can be  
married tonight by the oasis  
in Marrakesh.

LARA  
I'm old enough to be your  
mother ... almost.

PASHA  
Kookoo-ka-chu, Mrs. Robinson  
... Ow!

Lara steps down on Tommy's foot, ending the discussion.

EXT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Alexis hears the bark of approaching K-9s. Thinking fast, he rolls inside the trash bin -- gear and all.

DUMPSTER

Alexis peers out, reacting in quiet panic as Marine GUARDS make the rounds, leading K-9 German Shepherds.

MARINE-1  
Lamb, lamb, lamb. That's all  
these people eat. What I  
wouldn't give for a decent  
piece of liver ...

Disturbed, Alexis sinks deeper into the bin. The K-9 goes crazy, barking and diving at the dumpster.

MARINE-1  
Come on, Oliver, dammit.  
You'll eat later.

They pass on and away. Alexis crawls out as ...

THE SERVICE DOOR

unlocks and opens. Lara beckons Alexis inside.

ALEXIS

What have you been doing, dancing?

LARA

As a matter of fact --

(sniffs him)

Did you throw up?

ALEXIS

It would serve you right.

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Lara and Alexis head up the service stairs to the pantry door. Through the door's window, they can see the caterers beyond the pantry, busy in the kitchen. A lot of people.

Lara tries the door -- it's locked. To Alexis's amazement,

SHE REACHES INTO HER BRAID

and pulls out a steel lock-picking device.

LARA

A woman's hair is a deep  
ocean of secrets.

She picks the lock and the door pops open. They quickly hustle through the door to the ...

INT. WINE CELLAR -- NIGHT

Lara and Alexis move stealthily down the stairs into the cavernous cellar lined with wine racks. As Lara checks her compass ... there's commotion from above.

A WINE STEWARD

is stomping down the stairs. Muttering in frustration.

WINE STEWARD

"Certainment, we can serve the  
Sauternes with the Filet Mignon."  
Why not just drink Yoo-Hoo, you  
tin-tongued American dunce ...

The Steward grabs several bottles of dessert wine and hustles back up the stairs. After a moment, Alexis emerges from the darkness behind a wine rack.



ALEXIS

Lara?

LARA (o.s.)

Ahhh. That's better.

He finds her behind an opposing rack as she laces up her boots. She's changed back into Lara gear: shorts, gloves. And most noticable: her twin .45s, snug in their holsters.

ALEXIS

Are those guns necessary?

LARA

After our trip to the junk yard,  
we better play by their rules.

She sparks a FLARE and heads into the long-neglected, dark corners of the wine cellar. As she goes, she runs the flare along the cellar wall. Finally ...

THE FLAME BENDS

as Lara runs it over a section of cracked brick. She puts her boot to the wall and pushes. The brittle bricks give way, revealing ...

A MUSTY SPACE

behind the brick wall, filled with impenetrable cobwebs. Lara puts the flare to the nearest cobweb, igniting it.

THE FLAMES CONSUME THE COBWEBS

creating a spiral of fire that runs downward. As the silky cobwebs burn up, the flames illuminate a ...

STONE STAIRWAY

that descends a long, long way down.

INT. STONE STAIRWAY -- NIGHT

Illuminated by flares, Lara and Alexis arrive at a carved door. Lara feels around, and finds a hidden switch.

THE DOOR GRINDS OPEN

revealing a 10 foot drop to a long, enclosed tunnel.

LARA & ALEXIS

step for it. Almost as an afterthought, Lara stops them.

LARA  
Wait a sec.

A WALL OF STAKES

slams into the floor ahead of them.

ALEXIS  
How did you know?

LARA  
That always happens.  
(inhales)  
Smell that? Sea air.

ALEXIS  
Where is it coming from?

LARA  
Our passage to the Tomb.

INT. TUNNEL -- NIGHT

Lara and Alexis climb down into the stone passage, splashing into a few inches of water. More water trickles in.

At the far end is a small open hatchway in the wall, like a hatch in the wall of a submarine compartment.

LARA  
Don't touch anything that even  
remotely looks like a switch or  
a lever. These places weren't  
designed for built-in obsolescence.  
(re: water)  
Come on, we have to beat the tides.

And she runs down the enclosed tunnel through the hatch.

INT. TUNNEL -- NIGHT

They clamber through the hatch -- into thigh-high water. Another hatch waits for them 50 yards down the passage. They keep going, water rising all the time.

INT. LOWER TUNNEL -- NIGHT

The water rises to their chests.

ALEXIS  
Something's down here.

Lara reaches underwater and comes up with a slithering eel.

LARA

Eels. They must swim up  
from the Sargasso Sea.

Water pours in. Up ahead, Lara can see yet another ...

ROUND HATCHWAY

rapidly submerged by the rising waters.

LARA

We need to make it through  
there. Swim for it.

She dives into the eel-filled water. Alexis gamely follows.

UNDER THE SURFACE

Lara swims powerfully, Alexis right behind.

EELS

swarm Alexis. Shaking them off ...

ALEXIS TRIPS A HIDDEN STONE LEVER

Unseen gears grind ominously.

LARA

watches in horror as the

ROUND HATCH

begins to recede ... the whole wall moves away from them.

ALEXIS

sees it too and starts to panic. He's almost out of breath.

LARA

grabs him ... then puts her mouth to his and blows in air.

ALEXIS

recovers and they swim on. They finally reach the receding  
hatch and force their way through.

INT. SHAFT -- NIGHT

Still submerged, they find themselves looking up at ...

A LINE OF CIRCULAR HOLES

which dot the top of the shaft: a way out?

LARA & ALEXIS

swim hard for the holes. Lungs bursting, fingers grasping.

INT. "THRONE" ROOM -- NIGHT

Gasping, Lara and Alexis poke their heads up out the holes.

ALEXIS  
That's a relief.

LARA  
You don't know how appropriate  
that comment is.

ALEXIS  
Where are we?

LARA  
I'd say it's the throne room.

ALEXIS  
Where the Sultan ruled?

LARA  
No ... the other throne room.

He scans around and realizes they are in ...

AN ANCIENT BATHROOM

They peer out of the simple squatter "toilets" of the past.

EXT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

They emerge from the privy and find themselves in ...

A HALL OF MARBLE COLUMNS

Very much in the classical Greek style.

ALEXIS  
My God ... it's real.

DECOMPOSED SKELETONS

in Greek armor are literally fastened to the columns.

ALEXIS  
The Greek garrison, still  
at their posts ... more than  
two-thousand years later.

LARA  
Whatever they paid those guys,  
it wasn't enough.

ALEXIS  
Guarding the entrance to ...

They peer down a long flight of steps. Oddly, the steps  
narrow toward the bottom, ending at a small square door.  
Above the first step is an ancient inscription.

LARA  
(translating)  
"Step here and enter ...

ALEXIS  
... the Tomb of the Plagues."  
This is it.

LARA  
What does that last symbol  
say? I can't make it out.

Alexis and Lara move onto the first step for a closer look.

LARA  
"Step here and enter the  
Tomb of the Plagues ...  
(wipes grit away)  
... and die?

Lara and Alexis exchange a look as ...

THE "STAIRCASE"

suddenly flattens out into a long slide.

ALEXIS

struggles to keep his feet, reaching out and grabbing

LARA'S HAND

Her only anchor -- is the hand of a long-dead

SKELETON-WARRIOR

For a moment she is able to hold onto Alexis. Then the  
Skeleton-Warrior tears free from his post.

LARA, ALEXIS & THE SKELETON

tumble down the steep chute -- toward that little door which is now grinding open. Just before they tumble through:

LARA HEAVES THE SKELETON

through the little doorway -- it's decimated by a hail of spikey darts and barbed arrows.

LARA & ALEXIS

tumble in after the skeleton and disappear.

CLOSE ON: ALEXIS'S FACE

ALEXIS

Lara, how much can you press?

CLOSE ON: LARA'S FACE

LARA

Bench or military?

PULL BACK:

INT. LEDGE -- NIGHT

Lara is hanging from a ledge by her fingernails. Alexis is clinging to her boots. Staying very still.

ALEXIS

Either or.

LARA

I guess we'll find out.

Veins popping and muscles bulging, she manages to haul them both up onto a narrow ledge.

LARA

What have you got in that pack -- a bowling ball?

ALEXIS

Just the survival stuff you told me to get.

As they catch their breath, they see they are overlooking:

A CYLINDER-SHAPED CHAMBER

Its sand floor is 30 feet below. A BRONZE GATE dominates the cylinder, with smaller gates running along the rim.

TEN PICTOGRAMS ABOVE TEN IRON GATES

Each depicts a plague: fire, boils, rats, bats, locusts, etc. Carved above the perimeter is a Greek inscription.

ALEXIS  
(translating)  
"Man's greatest freedom ...  
is choosing his own death."  
That's sounds ominous.

LARA  
Alexis ... look.

Below, in the center of the floor, is a stone pedestal. On the pedestal is ...

A CLAY CHALICE

Virtually identical to the other chalice.

ALEXIS  
You did it, Lara. I told Powell  
you were the only one who could  
find the Shield. I told him!

LARA  
I thought Charles told you  
about me.

For a moment, an instinct flares in Lara.

ALEXIS  
What difference does it make?  
Either way, here we are. Getting  
to it looks simple enough.

LARA  
That's what scares me.

Lara reaches into her pack and removes pylons, clips, and a hammer. She positions an anchor-bolt onto the stone wall.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE CHAMBER -- NIGHT

Up to their knees in water, Rooker's miserable crew of DIGGERS is carving at the walls with picks and shovels.

Sensing something, Rooker holds up his hand. The ensuing silence is punctuated by a muffled ...

BANG BANG BANG

resonating through the wall of the tomb. Rooker knows.

ROOKER  
God-dammit! Dig!

He grabs a pick and cleaves at the stone wall.

INTERCUT:

Lara and Alexis are weaving a web of climbing rope over the chasm. Lara tightens her climbing harness.

COMMOTION

echoes through the walls. Dust drifts from the ceiling as the sounds of construction throb into the chamber.

LARA  
They're almost in. We  
better hurry.

Lara starts to pulley over to the center of the chamber as the sounds of heavy digging approach.

THE BRONZE (MAIN) GATE

begins to pound in. Then it goes quiet. Lara knows why.

LARA  
Get back from the edge!

BOOM! The bronze gate explodes inward.

LARA

-- hanging from her harness -- is buffeted by the blast.

ALEXIS

teeters but somehow clings to his perch.

AS THE DUST CLEARS

Rooker, Stavros and their men peer in through the gate.

EYE-CONTACT

between Lara and Rooker, Alexis and Stavros. They all turn their desperate eyes toward ...

THE CHALICE

Still sitting unmolested in the center of the room.

ROOKER  
Get it! Go!



Led by Stavros, Rooker's men pour into the cavern.

ALEXIS

digs into his backpack. Unusually calm.

LARA

toggles her zip-clip, hits the floor and rushes to the pedestal. She gets a hand on the chalice just as --

STAVROS

tightens his grip on it.

LARA & STAVROS

stare eye-to-eye. Together, they pull the Chalice off the pedestal. Instantly ...

THE IRON PLAGUE GATES

grind open, revealing darkness behind them. The pedestal sinks beneath the sandy floor. A thick oily mist pumps up from the hole. Before the surprised Diggers can react ...

BULLETS

suddenly rip into the floor all around the tomb raiders.

ROOKER & HIS MEN

freeze in place.

ALEXIS

stands on the ledge above, holding a smoking Uzi. His nice-guy expression, replaced by that of a hardened criminal.

ALEXIS

Enough tug-of-war. Let her  
have it, Stavros.

STAVROS

This belongs to the Greek people.  
Not to a pathetic traitor --

ALEXIS BLASTS STAVROS

Riddled, he drops dead -- leaving Lara holding the chalice. She turns to Alexis, utterly horrified.

LARA

What are you doing?

ALEXIS  
We'll discuss it later, Lara.  
Bring me the chalice.

LARA  
You killed him in cold blood.  
(a beat)  
Who the hell are you?

ALEXIS  
I said, later. Now come on!

LARA  
You'll have to kill me first.

ALEXIS  
I wouldn't dream of it.  
(aims Uzi)  
But I'll kill everyone else in  
here if you don't throw me the  
chalice now.

ROOKER  
Don't do it.

But Lara looks from face-to-face of the Diggers. She sees  
the fear there ... and tosses the chalice to Alexis.

SUDDENLY

A Digger shouts as he is sucked down through the sandy floor  
and vanishes. The tomb raiders see ...

THE FLOOR

is collapsing fast from the center outwards.

ROOKER  
This way!

THE MAIN GATE

is shutting under its own power. Rooker shoulders the gate  
like Atlas -- trying to keep it open. But the men panic --  
and the gate crashes closed. Sealing Rooker out.

THE DIGGERS SCATTER

They run for the nearest doorways: the plague gates.

LARA

runs for the ledge, starts climbing her rope hand-over-hand.  
As she makes it to the top, Alexis grabs her wrist.

ALEXIS  
Okay, so I've got a temper --  
I'm part Greek. But I'm part  
English, too. I can be nice.

Lara defiantly tries to pull away. Alexis holds on.

ALEXIS  
We're not that different. We  
both lie, steal and deceive  
to get what we want.

LARA  
I'm nothing like you.

ALEXIS  
I can't be worse than a plague.

In reply, Lara draws her pistol and FIRES ... tearing out a  
chunk of his hair. Now Alexis really burns.

HE LETS LARA GO

She tumbles back onto ...

THE COLLAPSING FLOOR

Lara hits hard ... momentarily dazed ... as the floor caves  
in all around her. Having no other choice ...

LARA ATTEMPTS AN INVERTED BACKFLIP

and misses the still-open gate. She slams into the ...

THE ADJACENT WALL

Crawling, then rolling, Lara just makes it under the gate as  
it slams down, shutting us out ... and shutting her in.

ABOVE THE GATE

A pictogram of a massive BAT.

EXT. EMBASSY -- NIGHT

Ducking the Marines again, Alexis moves calmly from the  
shadows toward the streetside embassy wall.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Alexis drops over the wall. He's made it -- until ...

MARINE GUARD  
That's far enough.  
Put down the weapon.

Alexis can only comply as a MARINE GUARD moves in to arrest him with pistol poised. But out of the darkness, a ...

SILVER GARROTE

tightens around the Marine's neck. He drops, strangled by

ILSA LARSON

the woman who accosted Alexis in the marketplace.

EYE-CONTACT BETWEEN ALEXIS & LARSON

Then she throws her arms around him and kisses him. He responds -- somewhat coldly.

ALEXIS  
What took you so long?

LARSON  
Me? Where the hell have  
you been?

ALEXIS  
Don't bitch, I had to swim  
through Plato's poop. Did  
you get everything?

She hefts the first Shield piece and Lord Croft's Journal, stolen from the hiding place in Lara's room.

LARSON  
What about you?

Alexis holds the second Shield section triumphantly aloft as they hurry down the street and disappear into night-fog.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SCREEN: HEAVY MIST

Obscuring all.

A STICK-LIGHT

snaps and ignites inside the mist, creating a halo.

LARA

carefully makes her way through the impenetrable mist.

## HER FOOT SLIPS

Steadying herself, Lara drops the stick-light. To her astonishment, it plunges ...

## FAR, FAR DOWN

into the mist beside her. That's a long drop.

## SCREAMS & SHOUTS

echo through the gloom ... pain and terror ... angry animal sounds ... the predatory beating of heavy wings ...

Unlike the confident Lara we saw moving through the dark in Las Vegas, this time Lara is dirty, battered, apprehensive.

## THE MIST CLEARS

Lara gapes at what can only be described as a vision of hell conjured by ...

## HIERONYMUS BOSCH & MAURITS ESCHER

Jagged scaffolds supporting narrow catwalks criss-cross above and below her. Lara hears a scream and ...

## A DIGGER DEFIES GRAVITY

floating in the air above her. She's close enough to see:

## HIS EYES ARE MILKY WHITE

Skin corrupted by rampaging boils. Lara ducks back as:

## THE MAN SUDDENLY SOARS UPWARD

and slams into calcified stakes hanging from the ceiling.

## LARA

scrambles away and into ...

## THE HEART OF THE NIGHTMARE

She watches in mute terror as all around her ...

## THE DIGGERS

are tormented by the plagues of the tomb.

## DIGGER-2

runs -- his head encased in a blossom of flames.

DIGGER-3

staggers toward Lara ... his body aging, skin disintegrating to dust before her eyes. Everywhere Lara looks ...

THE CRAZED MEN

are driven off the catwalks by clouds of locusts and bolts of lightning, pushed inevitably into ...

BRAMBLES OF THORNS

where the men are fatally impaled.

A HAND

spins Lara around.

DIGGER-4

I didn't eat anything. I  
swear, I didn't eat anything!

Lara follows the man's gaze to his own stomach ... it is swelling and swelling until finally it bursts open and ...

DOZENS OF RATS

stream from the belly-hole. As the man screams, his head begins to swell up to double its size. Lara backs away as Digger-4's head splits like a pinata and out comes ...

A SWARM OF BATS

Big, deformed, voracious bats. They descend on Lara.

LARA

pulls her .45s and starts blasting.

BATS

fall from the sky like kamikazes. But more keep coming, shrieking, screaming, attacking. Still firing, Lara runs. But to her astonishment ...

LARA IS RUNNING ON THE WALLS

The rules of physics don't apply as Lara twists and turns, rolls and jumps -- blasting at the pursuing bats.

HER PISTOLS GO DRY

Lara heaves them at the flying vermin and leaps for an adjoining catwalk.

## THE CATWALK BUCKLES

Lara drops into whatever slipstream seized Digger-1 and is flung throughout the chamber like a puppet on a string.

## LARA FLIES

She slams off the walls and through the catwalks, laying waste to the maze even as it lays waste to her.

Battered, barely conscious, Lara soars toward the ...

## STAKE-COVERED CEILING

At the last moment, she hooks her arm around a railing which deflects her course and pitches her headlong through a ...

## STONE VENT

from which is pumping the ubiquitous heavy mist.

## INT. VENT SHAFT -- NIGHT

Lara plunges into moldy vegetation which clogs the shaft.

## INT. MIST ROOM -- NIGHT

Lara drops from the shaft and vanishes under a soft layer of the same thick, moldy vegetation, as if consumed by it.

After a moment, Lara sits up and focuses as she pulls the disgusting fungus from her face and hair.

She sees she is in a dank room coated with thick fungus. And she realizes the

## HEAVY MIST EMANATES FROM THE VEGETATION

which is funnelled up the shaft into the maze.

LARA

Spores ...

She grinds the fungal spores between her fingers.

LARA

Hallucinogenic spores.

## INT. MAZE -- NIGHT

Lara crawls back out the vent ... feeling along the rim she locates

#### A LEVER

and yanks it with all her might. The vent seals, choking off the flowing mist. As the air clears ...

#### THE SWARM OF BATS ATTACK

once again with brutal swiftness. Lara yells to herself -- her brain trying to convince her eyes.

LARA  
They aren't real ... this  
isn't happening!

But Lara is swarmed. She vanishes amid the gnawing bats which tear at her hair, her face, her fingers.

LARA  
Butterflies. Butterflies!

#### THE BATS DISSOLVE ... REPLACED BY BUTTERFLIES.

The butterflies flutter briefly ... then vanish. Lara blinks, clearing her mind. She sees her body is perfectly fine ... not a single bite.

#### THE ESCHER-LIKE MAZE FLATTENS OUT

It loses its gravity defying features and Biblical curses. It's just a multi-level maze built over a deep pit of thorns ... which reveal a deadly harvest ...

#### ALL THE DIGGERS

lay impaled amid the brambles, driven to their doom by their hallucinatory madness. Free of the delusion-inducing mist,

#### LARA

free-climbs through the now-benign "Tomb of the Plagues."

#### INT. EMBASSY -- DAWN

Filthy, battered, exhausted, Lara crawls from the hole in the wine cellar ... and looks into ...

#### AN ARSENAL OF AUTOMATIC WEAPONS

pointed at her nose. Aimed by Marines and Moroccan cops.



INT. JAIL CELL -- DAWN

Filthy, roach infested. Lara paces like a trapped animal, testing the walls and floors -- looking for some way out. She hears the LOCK being turned. A moment later ...

MAJOR THEO ROOKER

steps in. Clean-shaven, dressed in a U.S. Air Force issue NATO uniform, Rooker is backed by two staff SERGEANTS.

LARA

You?

ROOKER

For your edification, Major Theo Rooker. I'm an Air Force-trained NATO operative, helping the Greeks prevent certain artifacts from falling into the wrong hands ...

(a beat)

Your hands, Ms. Croft. Why were you working for Alexis Toulin?

LARA

I was working for the Greek government -- or so I thought.

ROOKER

My team was decimated because you thought wrong.

LARA

You think I'm proud of being duped? Alexis seemed like a harmless scholar.

ROOKER

Your "scholar" is a first-class con artist and black-marketeer. Yes, he has a doctorate and once worked for the Greeks as an antiquities expert. Now he's added murder to his resume.

LARA

So he killed Erik Wingaard?

ROOKER

Toulin or his girlfriend, Ilsa Larson. If they're headed for India -- I need to know exactly where.

LARA  
Those men you were working with  
-- they were good men?

ROOKER  
Yes. Good men. Men with families.

Lara looks away -- upset, furious -- but determined.

LARA  
You have to let me go. You have  
to let me make this right.

ROOKER  
I don't make those decisions.  
In fact, after the hearing on  
last night's debacle, I might  
not be making any decisions.  
(a beat)  
You're being sent back to the  
U.K. under armed escort.

LARA  
You have to believe me -- I had  
nothing to do with this plot.

ROOKER  
Just tell me where he went.

LARA  
Kashmir. He'll be getting his  
supplies and crew in Ladakh.

Rooker nods, grateful for the information. Then he turns to  
his sergeants.

ROOKER  
Take her back to the hotel, get her  
gear, then straight to the airport.

The men grab Lara by the arm -- and muscle her away.

INT. BALIMA HOTEL -- HALLWAY -- DAY

The Sergeants march Lara to her room. They open the door,  
but she blocks them from entering.

LARA  
I can pack by myself, okay?

SERGEANT  
We're not leaving you alone.

LARA  
It's the fifteenth floor --  
what can I do, fly away?  
(a beat)  
I'll be five minutes -- keep  
the room key.

SERGEANT  
I'll keep more than that.

He reaches into her pocket and lifts out her passport.  
Lara grimaces dourly -- her dreams of escape foiled.

SERGEANT  
Five minutes.

INT. LARA'S HOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Lara enters -- everything seems the same: Her computer and  
clothes are still there ... but when she rips away the light  
fixture ... both the Shield and the Journal are gone.

LARA  
Bastard.

Lara sits down on the bed, violated. Then her anger turns  
to action. She picks up the phone and dials.

LARA  
Lara Croft calling for Lord  
Powell. Yes, it's urgent ...

INT. LORD POWELL'S BEDROOM -- DAY

A very distraught Powell is on the phone with Lara.

LORD POWELL  
... that man had all the proper  
documentation, he went through  
all the right channels, he  
passed every security check ...

LARA  
Water under the bridge, Charles.  
But you needed to know in case  
he contacts you again.

LORD POWELL  
I told your father if anything  
happened to him, I'd look after  
you ... and see what I've done.  
This is all my fault ...

Lord Powell starts coughing. He covers the phone and hacks into a linen napkin. He's bringing up blood.

LARA  
Are you all right?

LORD POWELL  
I-I'm fine.  
(a beat)  
Lara, just promise me one thing:  
Don't play hero. Do what the  
Major said -- and take the  
next flight back here.

LARA  
I'm taking the next flight  
all right. But not to London.

LORD POWELL  
Lara, please, I'm begging you.  
Do not go to Kashmir.

LARA  
I'm sorry, Charles. But I've  
made up my mind.

Lara hangs up. She rips open the lining of her boots, revealing a second PASSPORT and CASH. Then she unfastens her HAMMOCK and quickly deconstructs the rope meshing.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

The Sergeant knocks on the door. No answer. Sergeant #2 takes the room key and tries to get in. Deadbolted.

INT. LARA'S ROOM -- DAY

The Sergeants bust the door down and rush in. No sign of Lara. But on the balcony -- the unravelled hammock is now a rope-ladder leading UP.

EXT. ROOFTOPS OF RABAT -- DAY

Lara sprints from building to building as easily as a cat. The skyline of mosques and minarets and desertscape ...

DISSOLVES INTO:

A SKYLINE OF RED-TILE ASIAN ROOFS AND THE HIMALAYAS BEYOND

SUPERIMPOSE: KASHMIR, NORTHERN INDIA

CLOSE ON: A ROTATING 3-D IMAGE OF THE SHIELD

One third depicts the exact markings of the first piece.  
The remaining 2/3 are computer-generated extrapolations.

PULL BACK TO:

INT. HINDU MONASTERY, KASHMIR -- DAY

An ANCIENT MONK (90) watches the 3-D image with enormous awe  
and curiosity. It appears to be magic to him.

NOVICE MONK

The Master is very impressed with  
your 600 megahertz Pentium-IV  
processor and wonders what  
graphics program you use.

Lara addresses the Old Monk in Hindi. Or so she thinks.

LARA

[As I am impressed with your technical  
knowledge. My software is called  
'Abobe-Illustrator.']

The Ancient Monk smiles at Lara for the first time. And  
addresses her in halting English.

ANCIENT MONK

You speak Arabic --  
unfortunately, I do not.

LARA

Sorry, I'm getting my tongues  
tied. I've just spent time  
in a Moroccan prison.

ANCIENT MONK

I cannot say I'm surprised.

LARA

But can you help me? Do these  
symbols mean anything?

ANCIENT MONK

This thing you seek ... you  
believe it to be a gift from the  
heavens. But it is a curse forged  
from a place the Greeks called  
Hades ... and it is a thing of  
great temptation and greater evil.

LARA

Master, my quest is not for  
power, but for knowledge.

ANCIENT MONK

Two sides of the same coin --  
as you may soon find out.  
(studying her)  
You have your father's eyes,  
but your mother's voice.

Lara is fairly stunned.

LARA

I knew my father revered your  
teachings ... that's why I came  
to see you. But I never knew  
you'd met.

ANCIENT MONK

They were here ... many years ago.  
Your father unlocked a profound  
mystery for me ...  
(smiles)  
He explained the rules of cricket.

The Ancient Monk begins to weary. The Novice Monk helps him  
up -- and toward his private chambers.

ANCIENT MONK

The place you seek ... is the  
Temple of the Winds. High up  
on the Ushkur Plateau.

LARA

Master, please. I'd like to know  
more about my parents' visit --

The Ancient Monk raises an arm -- silencing her -- and he  
retires to his room.

NOVICE MONK

It's been a long day. You  
aren't the first to seek His  
incalculable wisdom on this matter.

LARA

Someone else was here?

NOVICE MONK

A young man came this morning ...  
with a woman and many armed men.  
The Master would not help this ruffian  
and it almost cost him his life.  
(a beat)  
But what you displayed in cyberspace  
... he had in his hands. And it  
was made of pure gold.

EXT. ALEXIS'S CAMP -- NIGHT

Guarded by formidable Pakistani mercenaries. Some patrol the perimeter, others lean on their Humvees, smoking. All are armed with AK-47s.

INT. ALEXIS'S TENT -- SAME TIME

Alexis and Larson hover over the partial Shield and Journal.

LARSON

Croft's translation of these symbols is confusing. It gives three different locations to a site called "Temple of the Winds" but there's no indication of any building, much less a temple, up there.

Alexis studies a topographical MAP of the Ushkur Plateau.

ALEXIS

Anything unique about this area?

LARSON

Nothing really -- except in meteorological terms.

(a beat)

Airstreams coming from the Arabian Sea, the Khyber Pass and the Himalayans all collide here. It has bragging rights for "windiest place on earth."

ALEXIS

Then the Temple of the Winds must be where it can't be affected by the weather.

He drives a knife right into the middle of the map.

ALEXIS

Underground. There's got to be a surface landmark. Inform the men, we start at daybreak.

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE ALEXIS'S CAMP -- NIGHT

Clad in all-black, Lara studies the encampment.

THROUGH BINOCULARS

Lara spots Alexis and Larson outside their tent. She puts down the binoculars -- and even though it's night --

LARA

slips on her V.R. shades. Using the built-in night-vision, she easily manuevers the terrain.

MUSIC UP: LIMP BIZKIT COVER OF "SUNGLASSES AT NIGHT"

SLO-MO as Lara strides toward the camp, an iconic figure of cool, fierce, and uniquely feminine determination.

LARA'S SABOTAGE MONTAGE:

LIKE A PHANTOM

Lara punctures the Humvee's tires with a knife. As the tires HISS, mercenary REZA turns her way.

LARA LEAPS

behind the campfire. The COOK doesn't even notice as she swiftly extracts a long, flaming piece of wood.

SHE HEAVES THE STICK

like an Olympic javelin thrower. It lands right in the rump of the nastiest guard MARDAN. Furious, he turns and glares at the Cook. Denials. As Mardan charges ...

LARA DIVE-ROLLS UNDER ANOTHER HUMVEE

She severs a multitude of wires. But as she emerges ...

ILSA LARSON

puts a knife to Lara's throat.

LARA  
I never say this twice:  
Don't make me hurt you.

LARSON  
(laughs)  
Like you could hurt me --

LARA KICKS THE KNIFE UP AND INTO HER OWN HAND

Larson is stupified as CRACK! -- Lara punches her once in the jaw. She slumps to the dirt, unconscious.

LARA  
Fair warning.

Lara quickly darts into ...



THE ARMORY TENT

Lara spies a box of blasting caps. She lights a flare and tosses it into the box. As it starts to smoke ...

LARA JUMPS OUT

And a moment later ...

THE ARMORY EXPLODES IN A FIREBALL!

Mardan and the Cook stop fighting. Everyone pours out of their tents -- including Alexis.

CHAOS

The men scatter as the ammo "cooks off" -- sending wild shrapnel everywhere. As Alexis tries to maintain order ...

LARA

crawls on her belly, right past him, inching toward ...

INT. ALEXIS'S TENT -- CONTINUOUS

Lara creeps inside. She spots the two Shield pieces -- and her father's Journal. But as she scoops the three items into her pack ...

CA-CLICK!

A gun sinks into her temple. Lara catches her breath, turns to see the toughest mercenary ... MARDAN.

LARA

I don't know what Alexis is paying you. But I'm sure we can work something out.

MARDAN

Mardan is not stupid. No talk. No smoke. No last request. I won't even call the boss. I'll just pull the trigger, and collect the bounty on your head. Just like this --

True to his word, Mardan PULLS THE TRIGGER and ...

BOOM!

The gun fires at point-blank range. Only it isn't Lara who sinks to the floor with a piece of lead in her skull. It's Mardan. As her enemy drops, Lara looks up and sees ...

THEO ROOKER

holding a smoking pistol.

ROOKER

I told you to stay out of it.

LARA

I'm not exactly the kind of  
girl who follows orders.

SHOUTS. FOOTSTEPS. Everyone's charging their way.

ROOKER

You can thank me later.

Lara and Rooker dart out of the tent.

EXT. ALEXIS'S CAMP -- NIGHT

Lara stares flabbergasted at Rooker's junker Ford Escort.

ROOKER

It was all they had.

LARA

At least you don't have to  
worry about anyone stealing it.

(a beat)

Come on, I've got a Jeep nearby.

INT. ALEXIS'S TENT -- SAME TIME

Reza checks Mardan's body while the surviving mercenaries  
look on. They aren't too happy.

REZA

Who did this?

Larson stumbles in, nursing her swollen jaw.

LARSON

Take one goddamn guess.

EXT. ALEXIS'S CAMP -- NIGHT

Alexis scans the horizon with binoculars.

SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE HUGE MOON

Lara speeding away in her Jeep, Rooker at her side.

ALEXIS  
Croft and Rooker.  
(to the mercenaries)  
Get them. Triple wages when  
we capture Mardan's killer.

The men dash for the Humvees. The sabotaged vehicles lurch forward, then grind to a halt in the sand.

INT./EXT. LARA'S JEEP, MOVING -- NIGHT

The Jeep bounces out of there, chased by the enraged voice of Alexis -- echoing then receding in the distance.

ALEXIS (o.s.)  
You're as good as dead, Croft!  
You're both dead!

LARA  
Where are the marines?

ROOKER  
They aren't coming. I was  
suspended -- pending yet  
another investigation.

LARA  
Rooker -- you're AWOL.

ROOKER  
Same as you, Lara. I can't  
sit around while some bureaucrat  
decides my future.  
(a beat)  
How are we going to finish  
off Alexis?

LARA  
He's already finished.  
(a beat)  
Open it.

Lara tosses him her backpack. He unzips it and sees:

THE TWO GOLDEN SHIELD PIECES

glinting almost supernaturally. As Rooker fiddles with the two pieces ...

LARA

slows the Jeep to a halt. They're at a fork in the road.

LARA

We can turn right and go home  
with what we've got. Or we  
can turn left, find the last  
piece and maybe clear our names.

(a beat)

You're the closest thing to  
the law around here, Major.  
What's it going to be?

ROOKER

I don't want to leave the third  
piece for Alexis. And after all  
this ... I'm damn curious to see  
this thing whole.

Lara looks at Rooker with something akin to respect.

LARA

Glad to hear it -- because  
we were going left anyway.

She hits the gas and thunders up a rocky trail ...

EXT. JEEP, MOVING UP THE USHKUR PLATEAU -- DAWN

The ROAR OF THE WIND is deafening as the Jeep sweeps onto  
the plateau. Lara and Rooker can barely hear each other.

ROOKER

(shields his eyes)  
I can't see a damn thing!

LARA

Maybe we're not supposed to!

She puts on her sunglasses and brings up the

V.R. VISION

It doesn't help as Lara scans the terrain -- they're driving  
blind through the sandstorm. Rooker swerves through a ...

EASTER ISLAND-TYPE LANDSCAPE

of huge, smooth boulders. The obstacle course is terrifying  
but Lara keeps scanning until:

LARA

Head over there!

In the distance ...

A LONE JAGGED BOULDER

ROOKER

What's so special about  
"over there!?"

LARA

You'll see ... and you'll  
hear, too!

Sure enough, as the Jeep draws near ...

THE WIND, DUST AND NOISE COMPLETELY STOP

LARA

No wind, no erosion. We're in  
the eye of a permanent storm.  
(exits car)  
This has to be the entrance.

They study the jagged, uneroded rock.

LARA

Somewhere on this rock is  
the way inside.

ROOKER

Temple of the Winds. Maybe if  
we fart, a magic door will open.

Lara puts her ear against the boulder and starts tapping.

LARA

Part of it has to be hollow.  
Just listen for an echo ...

She climbs the boulder -- intently listening. Rooker does  
the same from the other side. Soon enough -- as they near  
the summit, they find themselves ...

EAR-TO-EAR

Heads pressed together, Lara and Rooker are on the verge of  
being ... well ... awkwardly intimate. Then ...

LARA

I think we found it ...

AN ETCHING OF FOUR HANDS

All linked in an "Oppenheimer Fund" type grip. Lara bangs  
hard -- now she gets the echo sound.

LARA

Put your hands here and here.

Lara and Rooker grip the rock -- as per the etching.

LARA  
Turn clockwise.  
(nothing happens)  
Counter-clockwise.

Suddenly, that part of the rock ... starts to turn.

ROOKER  
Harder!

THE ROCK SPINS LIKE A WHEEL

The jagged boulder irises open -- revealing STAIRS.

INT. TEMPLE CORRIDOR -- DAY

Lara and Rooker descend the stairwell into a hallway muraled with faded Asian landscapes and Bodhisattvas.

ROOKER  
Be careful. These places are  
always riddled with booby traps.

Rooker mis-steps and falls, coming face-to-face with ...

A COBRA

As he freezes, Lara reaches down and pulls the reptile out of the wall. There's a spike through its body.

LARA  
Relax, it's been dead for years.

Now Rooker sees ...

THE CARCASSES OF SEVERAL COBRAS

All similarly impaled.

LARA

studies the surroundings. She notices ...

DOZENS OF IRON DARTS

are embedded harmlessly in the walls.

FALLEN GRANITE BLOCKS

Scattered through the hall like dominoes.

LARA  
Someone's been here.  
Someone's deliberately set  
off all these traps.

ROOKER  
But Toulin couldn't have --

LARA  
Not Alexis. I meant someone  
clever.

She leads Rooker toward an enormous doorway.

INT. TEMPLE -- MAIN CHAMBER -- DAY

They enter the chamber, which isn't Buddhist -- it's GREEK.  
Marble statues of Zeus, Hera, Apollo and Athena abound.

ROOKER  
It's like stepping through  
another time tunnel ...  
(a beat)  
If someone was here, they  
sure didn't take much.

Rooker picks up a small statue of Demeter.

ROOKER  
A soon-to-be unemployed spook  
could retire on this piece alone.

He puts the idol down. Lara approaches a marble pedestal in  
the chamber center. The column depicts two MALE FIGURES.

ROOKER  
That's Achilles ...

LARA  
... and Alexander.

Lara spots some broken pieces scattered around the column.  
She bends down and studies them: clay Chalice fragments.

LARA  
We're too late. Someone  
beat us to it.

As Lara lets the fragments slip through her fingers, she  
spots a half-buried object. She unearths ...

A TARNISHED OLD SIGNET RING

Lara looks at it in total stupification.

ROOKER  
I don't recognize it -- is it  
a ring of Alexander's?

LARA  
No. It belonged to someone  
else ...

Lara can barely get out the words, even as she lifts the  
ring to her face.

LARA  
... my father.

FULL SCREEN: A CAR EXHAUST PIPE  
spewing smoke from its clogged fuel line.

PULL BACK TO:

INT./EXT. FORD ESCORT, MOVING -- DAY

Alexis, Larson and mercenaries are stuffed inside. Alexis  
fumes more than the car as it struggles to reach the plateau  
in the driving sandstorm.

ALEXIS  
Can't this thing go any faster?

LARSON  
Relax. Let Croft do the grunt  
work. Then all we have to do  
is find her.

ALEXIS  
In this goddamn weather? I  
can't even find my hand!

LARSON  
We'll catch up. In the meantime,  
let's play a road game.  
(rubs jaw)  
Top-Ten ways to torture and kill  
this woman.

EXT. USHKUR PLATEAU -- DAY

Rooker drives. Lara turns the ring over in her fingers.

LARA  
I thought their plane disappeared  
somewhere over Nepal -- that's  
hundreds of miles away.



ROOKER  
But your father could have lost  
the ring years earlier.

LARA  
No. He was wearing it the  
last time I saw them ...

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK -- FIVE YEARS AGO

INT. CROFT MANOR -- LIBRARY -- DAY

Lee Croft slips the SIGNET RING onto his finger as Rachel folds some maps. LARA (early 20's) comes in -- putting a couple of medi-packs into their luggage.

LARA (V.O.)  
Mom was fussing about dad's  
vegetarian diet -- that he'd lost  
so much weight, his clothes and  
even that ring hardly fit anymore.  
(a beat)  
But a Croft had worn that ring  
for centuries and who was he  
to defy convention?

Lara walks arm-in-arm with her parents -- from the library to the front entry hall. Hillary waits with the luggage.

LARA (V.O.)  
She wore a blue denim suit and  
perfume that smelled of star  
jasmine. Dad had on the batik  
necktie I gave him for Christmas.  
He always wore it when he flew.  
(a beat)  
The last thing he ever said  
to me was ...

LEE  
Be home before you know it.

Then they walk out the door, fading into the blinding  
SUNSHINE ... which dissolves into the BLINDING SANDSTORM.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

EXT. JEEP, MOVING -- DAY

Lara and Rooker drive through the abating storm.

LARA  
... I'm probably overthinking  
this. I don't know if they  
even came here by plane ...  
(sees something)  
Stop the car.

He slows to a halt. Lara steps to the edge of the plateau.

LARA'S P.O.V.: THE FERTILE VALLEY BELOW

Far away -- near a small village -- is a weathered, but  
functional landing strip.

EXT. LANDING STRIP -- DAY

A hangar contains a WWII-vintage Dakota C-47 and some  
equally decrepit and rusting airplane parts.

Rooker waits in the Jeep while Lara talks to middle-aged  
NILA, who flips through a pile of dusty old record books.  
Her husband GOPAL looms in the background, making tea.

NILA  
There was a plane. Seven,  
maybe eight years ago. An  
English pilot and a woman.

LARA  
Was it a Saab turboprop?

NILA  
Yes. They came here in May.

LARA  
The rainy season.

Nila rifles through the old flight logs.

NILA  
Exactly. They refueled here,  
200 gallons, and paid in pounds.  
And the name was Croft.  
(glances at her husband)  
Gopal warned them, he warned them.

LARA  
About what?

NILA  
It was a bad monsoon that year.  
We heard from several villagers  
that a plane went down -- down  
into Dalmanar Lake ...

EXT. USHKUR PLATEAU -- JAGGED BOULDER -- SAME TIME

Larson and the mercenaries stand around the boulder -- as Alexis pulls himself out of the temple entrance.

ALEXIS  
She found it. She's got all three pieces.

LARSON  
You say that like you admire the bitch. How do you even know she found the way in?

Alexis dumps the clay Chalice fragments at Larson's feet.

ALEXIS  
Because, dammit, she's Lara Croft! She always finds a way.

Reza rushes up to Alexis.

REZA  
I found their Jeep tracks!

ALEXIS  
Bullshit! That wind would cover tire marks in a millisecond.

REZA  
Not tire tracks, Doctor. Oil. Their Jeep ... it's leaking oil.

Alexis almost smiles. Now we're getting somewhere. Just then his cell-phone RINGS. As he flips it open:

ALEXIS  
It's about bloody time ...

EXT. LAKE DALMANAR -- DAY

Rooker steers an old motorboat out to the middle of the lake as Lara scans the perimeter with binoculars.

ROOKER  
This is going to be tough without sonar.

LARA  
You're the pilot. Where would a normal flight path have taken them?

Rooker gets an eyeline from where the airstrip would be -- tracking it across the lake.

ROOKER

A normal trajectory would take them straight over that crest.

(looking around)

But the Saab's got enough muscle, even in a driving rain, to fly directly from there ... to there ...

And as Rooker finishes the sweeping arc with his hand -- he ends up pointing at ...

A DEEP SHADOW

on the surface near the edge of the lake. Lara rises.

ROOKER

That could be a sunken boat, a rock out-cropping ... anything.

But she's moving on instinct now. Lara swiftly steers the boat to the shadow, and as they cross over it ...

LARA

stares intently into the crystal clear water. And as the sun reemerges from behind a cloud ...

IN THE WATERY DEPTHS

A rippling, ghostly image appears.

A PLANE

Rooker watches Lara -- sees the pain in her eyes.

ROOKER

If you want me to go check it out, I will.

LARA

No.

She strips off her vest, removes her boots -- and dives off the edge of the boat.

EXT. UNDERWATER -- DAY

Lara swims down, deeper, deeper, deeper. And the deeper she goes the more intense the ROAR in her head ...

THE SOUND OF TURBO ENGINES

A plane caught in a monsoon; a plane buffeted by wind-shears; a plane with two frantic occupants within ...

LARA

keeps swimming -- unable to push the imagined sounds away. And then the ROAR STOPS. There is only SILENCE as ...

THE TOMB OF THE PLANE WRECK

is there. Lara hovers in the sun-streaked depths. Then she does the hardest thing she's ever done: She swims forward.

EXT. LAKE -- DOCK -- DAY

Huddled in a blanket, Lara sits silently as Rooker steers back to the old dock. He ties up the boat and helps Lara ashore. She can't even look at him.

LARA

I ... I almost didn't recognize  
them ... but then I saw her hair  
... and his batik ...

Fighting back tears, she turns away from Rooker. A broken woman. A devastated child. Somebody's daughter.

ROOKER

It's okay, Lara. You found  
them. You found them.

He gathers the blanket tighter around her shivering shoulders. And she finally turns back to him.

LARA

That wasn't all I found.

Lara pulls out the FINAL PIECE OF THE SHIELD.

LARA

Not that it matters anymore.

ROOKER

It should. You fulfilled  
your father's dream. He'd  
be proud of you.

VOICE BEHIND THEM  
He'd be very proud indeed.

LORD POWELL

emerges from the trees, leaning on a cane.

LARA  
Charles ... how did you find me?

ALEXIS (O.S.)  
If you know who to call, these  
things are never too difficult.

ALEXIS

emerges, sidling up next to Lord Powell. Alexis is backed  
up by Larson and the mercenaries.

LARA  
No ... it can't be true ...

ALEXIS  
The truth is always complicated,  
Lara. You of all people should  
understand that.

LORD POWELL  
Alexis is my son -- conceived  
during my tenure as ambassador  
to Greece. However illegitimate  
he may technically be -- we  
managed to bond over a common  
goal. Which, thanks to you,  
we've finally achieved.  
(a beat)  
I'm sorry for the deception,  
but given your ethical nature  
-- it was necessary ...

Lara lunges, but the armed mercenaries level their weapons  
at her. Alexis scoops up all three pieces of the Shield.

ALEXIS  
If one Croft doesn't succeed,  
the other apparently will.  
(imitates Powell)  
Good show, Lara. Simply smashing.

Powell looks away as Alexis nods to Larson -- who cold-cocks  
Lara and Rooker into unconsciousness.

DISTORTED LEAVES AND LOOMING TREE TRUNKS  
are directly overhead.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING -- DAY

Lara awakens -- staring at the looming trees above. She finally realizes ...

SHE IS STAKED OUT ON THE GROUND

Her wrists and ankles are handcuffed to stakes. Rooker, still unconscious, is similarly bound nearby.

Lara spots Larson paying off the mercenaries. They drive off in Lara's Jeep. She turns the other way and sees:

LORD POWELL AND ALEXIS

Powell reads the Journal as Alexis fiddles with the three pieces. But they don't lock together like a normal puzzle.

ALEXIS

Something's wrong. They  
don't fit ...

LORD POWELL

I told you -- they can only be  
reforged at the site they were  
separated: Alexander's tomb.

Powell notices that Lara's awake.

LORD POWELL

I wish this could have ended  
differently. But my life's work  
must take a backseat to my life.

LARA

You're a coward, Charles. A  
desperate coward. And if you  
you think that thing's going to  
make you well again -- you're  
also a fool.

LORD POWELL

No more than your father was.  
He believed in the Shield, got  
me hooked on it, in fact. But  
he wanted to put it in a museum  
-- so it could be studied as  
a piece of history.

(a beat)

I knew that with it, Alexander  
conquered the world. And with  
it, the British Empire could be  
restored to its former glory.

LARA

But that's not your goal.

LORD POWELL

Years ago, I convinced myself  
that it was ... but not anymore.  
I'm dying -- my doctors have  
given me less than a year.

(a beat)

But I intend to confound the experts.

Using his cane, he wearily disappears back to the Jeep.

LARA

Why are we staked out like this?

ALEXIS

I wanted to dispatch you in a  
conventional way -- but Ilsa had  
other ideas. Somehow she got the  
crazy idea that I tried to seduce  
you. Of course, I told her you  
mean nothing to me ... but she  
insisted I prove it.

With the muzzle of her rifle, Larson taps at several SMALL  
HOLES which dot the ground in and around Lara and Rooker.

ALEXIS

You're lying directly on top of  
a centipede mound. The arthropods  
indigenous to this area are bigger,  
more aggressive and far more  
venomous than the African variety.

LARA

You're out of your minds. You'll  
never get away with this.

(a beat)

Charles! You can't allow this!

LARSON

Shhh. Centipedes are nocturnal,  
underground carnivores. Unless,  
of course, something disturbs  
their sleep.

Then Larson FIRES several rounds of ammo into the ground --  
all around Lara and Rooker.

LARSON

Let's go.

ALEXIS

Meet you at the Jeep.



Larson glares, then stomps off -- leaving Alexis with Lara.

ALEXIS

Before I go -- I want  
something to remember  
you by ...

Alexis holds a knife against Lara's slender neck. He moistens his lips and presses himself against her. And in one swift, ugly motion, Alexis does the unthinkable:

HE SLICES OFF LARA'S BRAID

Alexis dangles it over Lara like a prize scalp.

ALEXIS

Good bye, Lara Croft. I'm  
sorry to say this time --  
there isn't "another way" out.

Lara SPITS in his face. As Alexis wipes it off, the Jeep HONKS repeatedly. Alexis hurries off.

LARA

can do nothing as the Jeep roars away, leaving her in silence. A silence soon broken up by the ...

OMINOUS HUM OF THOUSANDS OF TINY LEGS

Legs on the march. Lara struggles, but the cuffs are too strong. Wild-eyed -- she stares at the nearest hole as Rooker regains consciousness.

ROOKER

Where the hell are we?  
(sees Lara)  
Hey, at least we're both  
alive. That's a good thing.

LARA

Don't be so sure.

And now we see it ...

AN ENORMOUS CENTIPEDE

emerges from its burrow. Then another and another and another. Some are a foot and a half long.

ROOKER

What the hell are those things?

The pair desperately try to unearth the stakes as ...

A BLACK CENTIPEDE

begins to slither up to Rooker's foot. Then ...

A RED CENTIPEDE

scurries onto Lara's stomach. She gets an idea. Chin to chest, Lara snags the ...

SILVER ANKH CHAIN

with her teeth, gathering up the chain as ...

THE RED CENTIPEDE

burrows under her tank-top.

LARA

gets the ankh between her teeth, then flips it into her hand. She twists her wrist until she angles the ankh into her handcuff. She manuevers it around like a bobby-pin.

ROOKER

Whatever you're doing, hurry!

THE BLACK CENTIPEDE

crawls up Rooker's leg -- and into the cuff of his khakis.

ROOKER

Lara, that thing's heading  
up my shorts!

LARA

I've got my own problems.

THE RED CENTIPEDE'S UGLY HEAD

emerges from her cleavage.

THE POISON MANDIBLES

open wide -- about to deliver a lethal bite directly into her bulging veins. Then ...

LARA FLEXES HER CHEST MUSCLES

Her strong pecs contract and ...

CRUNCH!

The centipede is instantly crushed -- collapsing harmlessly. All those one-armed push-ups just paid off in spades.

ROOKER

stares at Lara in disbelief.

LARA

What -- did you think they  
were just ornaments?

ROOKER

No. But what the hell am  
I gonna do?!

Now it's Lara's turn to be horrified as ...

THE BLACK CENTIPEDE

slithers deep into Rooker's khaki shorts.

ROOKER

Jesus, what do I look like --  
some kind of incubator!?

But Rooker shuts up fast as ...

A BABY CENTIPEDE

crawls down his forehead and into his NOSTRIL.

LARA

It's looking for a warm cave.  
Whatever you do -- don't  
close your mouth!

Lara keeps picking away at the handcuff keyhole until ...

THE LOCK POPS OPEN

Lara frees her arms and quickly goes to work on her feet as:

THE BABY CENTIPEDE

crawls inside Rooker's nose. As the tail dangles out his  
nostril, the front end reemerges from his gaping mouth.

ROOKER

Hrrrrrry ...

Lara uncuffs her feet and leaps up. In a blur ...

LARA PUNCHES ROOKER

in the nose, then kicks him where it counts.

EXT. LAKE DALMANAR -- DAY

Birds take flight as the SCREAM is deafening.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING -- SAME TIME

Lara winces as she extracts one smashed centipede from Rooker's nostril -- and the other from his khakis.

LARA  
Were you bitten?

ROOKER  
(falsetto)  
I have no idea.

Lara helps Rooker to his feet.

LARA  
You can thank me later.

EXT. LAKESHORE DRIVE -- DAY

Lara and Rooker peel off in the Ford Escort.

EXT. REMOTE LANDING STRIP -- DAY

The Ford Escort arrives -- just as ...

POWELL'S GULFSTREAM JET

goes airborne.

ROOKER  
Now what?

Lara's eyes turn toward the only other plane: the beat-up old WWII Dakota sitting in the hangar.

LARA  
Can you fly that thing?

ROOKER  
I think the more salient  
question is: can that  
thing fly?

EXT. AIRFIELD -- DAY

The C-47 lumbers skyward -- very shakily. You can almost see the spit and baling wire holding it together.

INT. C-47, FLYING -- DAY

Rooker is piloting; Lara beside him. The aircraft groans and creaks beneath them.

LARA  
How's she holding up?

ROOKER  
Good old American know-how.  
They don't make them like  
this anymore ...

Rooker throttles up -- the handle comes off in his hand. He quickly tightens it back into place.

EXT. C-47, FLYING -- NIGHT

Darkness overtakes the rattling plane as it heads toward:

EXT. MT. OLYMPUS -- DAWN

Three MEN on horseback are bent against a cutting wind.

ALEXIS, LORD POWELL & LARSON

ascend a hard mountain trail toward a familiar site ...

THE CREST OF MT. OLYMPUS

As rugged and remote as ever, 2000 years later.

LORD POWELL

sags in his saddle, exhausted from the trip.

ALEXIS  
Hold on, dad ... it won't  
be long now.

THEIR HORSES

become agitated: something unseen is spooking them.

LARSON  
Goddamn stupid animals ...

LORD POWELL  
We're in a sacred place ... we  
have to open our minds to the  
impossible --

ROAR! THE C-47 DAKOTA

flies low over their heads, further spooking their horses.

EYE-CONTACT

between Lara and the startled group below. Lara stares at Alexis and Lord Powell with seething eyes.

LORD POWELL  
I told you two not to play  
games with her.

ALEXIS  
It's not our fault the  
woman has the survival  
skills of a cockroach.

INT. DAKOTA, FLYING -- DAY

From this vantage Lara can see the trio heading toward a distant crew of unsuspecting archeologists and soldiers.

LARA  
We've got to warn those people!

Lara tries the radio ... but it's broken.

LARA  
Land this thing.

ROOKER  
Where? There isn't an airstrip  
or even a flat piece of turf for  
miles.

Lara grabs an OLD PARACHUTE from the nearby rack.

ROOKER  
Oh, no. You're not.

LARA  
Oh, yes I am.

ROOKER  
That thing hasn't been opened  
in fifty years!

LARA  
Then it's still good as new.

ROOKER  
Don't do this --

She buckles on the dusty chute-bag. Moths flutter off it.  
Lara unlatches the jump door.

ROOKER  
At least wait until I  
make some altitude!

Too late. Lara leaps out of the plane.

EXT. OPEN SKY -- DAY

Lara tumbles out, then finally pulls her ripcord.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE -- DAY

Alexis sees the chute blossom open. Larson adjusts the  
sights on her AK-47 and opens fire at maximum range.

INTERCUT: LARA

Bullets zip past. She yanks on her shroud lines but the  
old chute doesn't react. She yanks again -- and her ...

PARACHUTE RIPS

along one of its seams, coming apart. Worse, a tracer  
bullet ignites the silk, setting the chute aflame.

ALEXIS, LARSON & LORD POWELL

see Lara's burning chute start to collapse. Alexis exults,  
and leads the trio forward.

LARA

sees her one chance: a tall fir tree. She jerks the  
failing shroud lines and plunges into the ...

FIR TREE BRANCHES

She slams downward, taking a beating from this improvised  
air-brake. She hits the ...

HARD GROUND

and lies still. The tattered chute drags her toward a ...

CLIFF

with a sheer drop to oblivion. Just as the chute drags her  
semi-conscious body over the precipice ...

LARA SNAGS A TREE BRANCH

For one a horrible moment, she hangs over the abyss -- until she unbuckles the harness. The chute floats over the abyss -- then drops like a rock.

Lara collapses back on the edge, then forces herself alert. Fighting off her pain, she is on her feet -- running.

EXT. ALEXANDER'S TOMB -- DAY

Greek soldiers help TWO ARCHEOLOGISTS sort and tag artifacts at the newly-excavated site. Suddenly ...

MACHINE-GUN FIRE

riddles the unsuspecting Greeks. They drop ... dead.

ALEXIS & LARSON

emerge from their firing positions in the rocks.

A WOUNDED ARCHEOLOGIST

feebly crawls away. Larson is about to kill him.

ALEXIS

Not him. We need him.

LORD POWELL

leads the horses down from the trail. The men peer up at

THE TOWERING ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB

Its former greatness only glimpsed beneath the rubble that concealed it from mankind for over 2600 years.

Alexis, Lord Powell and Larson gaze at the awesome sight, clearly moved by this threshold to their dreams.

ALEXIS

Soon, dad ... you'll be better.

Lord Powell can barely muster a smile in reply.

INT. ALEXANDER'S TOMB -- DAY

The men enter the dark, cold tomb .... moving beneath ...



THE GIANT STONE HANDS

that loom above. The men head into the ...

ONCE-GREAT HALL

Faded now, its gleaming SCULPTURED FRIEZES caked with dust.

WOUNDED ARCHEOLOGIST

Please .. don't hurt me ...

ALEXIS

Just tell us where the Spear  
is. You know the one.

The wounded man is verging on delerium, but he manages to  
direct them to ...

RELICS

They've been bagged and tagged, awaiting removal. The men  
quickly search among the various ancient weapons until ...

LORD POWELL

Here ... it's here.

He holds the ornate gold-tipped SPEAR aloft.

INT. FOUNTAIN OF FIRE -- DAY

Cold and still. Just a deep black pit.

ALEXIS

Let's get to it.

Larson supports the wounded Greek archeologist on the edge  
of the dark pit. Alexis orates in ancient Greek as he  
performs a ritual. They are spooked to see ...

ST. ELMO'S FIRE

It crackles through the once-fluid friezes ... as if the  
characters carved within were trying to return to life.

POWELL AND LARSON

react in astonishment. It's working.

ALEXIS

reaches the climax of his recitation and puts a dagger into  
the chest of the unfortunate Archeologist.

LORD POWELL

won't watch as the body is dumped aside. A moment later:

ALEXIS

holds the dead man's still-beating heart aloft, then plunges it into the pit. Instantly ...

UNREAL FLAMES

surge upward from the depths of the fountain.

EXT. TOMB OF ALEXANDER -- DAY

Lara arrives and surveys the slaughter. Fury rising, she strips a dead Greek Soldier of his shotgun and machine-pistol.

INT. TOMB OF ALEXANDER -- DAY

Alexis holds high the three Shield sections.

ALEXIS

Lord Hades! Your power  
shall live again!

He places the three sections of the Shield on the altar beside the infernal fountain. Alexis hefts the Spear and offers it to his father.

ALEXIS

Dad. You wield the Spear.  
(handing it over)  
Come on ... before it's too  
late to save yourself.

Steadying himself with the Spear, Powell looks around the Tomb, contemplating his fate. He doesn't raise the Spear.

ALEXIS

What's wrong?

LORD POWELL

... I'm not sure anymore ...  
if this is right ...

Alexis grabs the Spear away and slams it into the Shield.

THE SHIELD

almost completely re-attaches ... a faint GLOW rising, then fading, from within. Alexis raises the Spear once more, about to deliver the crucial, final thrust when --

A GUNSHOT

knocks the Spear out of Alexis's hands.

LARA

is standing on a pillar above them. Shotgun smoking.

LARA

It's over, boys. I-t-apostrophe-  
s-over.

ALEXIS

inches toward his pistol, which sits on the altar.

LARA

blasts it away from his hand. The pistol cartwheels through the air and vanishes into the fire pit.

LARSON

raises her AK-47 and fires at Lara, driving her off the pillar. Lara retreats into the vast hall filled with crumbled, fallen pillars as Larson gives chase.

ALEXIS

rouses his dazed father, trying to keep him conscious.

ALEXIS

It's working, dad ... We'll  
have it in just a minute ...

Alexis takes the Spear and strikes the Shield with all his might.

THUNDER & LIGHTNING

belch from the blow, consuming Alexis and Lord Powell -- stunning them both into unconsciousness.

ELECTRICITY & MOTION

rolls through the Great Hall. Color returns to the walls; paths of fire criss-cross the floor; the friezes reanimate, depicting scenes of demonic barbarity.

BULLETS CHASE LARA

as Larson pursues. Lara dives for cover beside one of the now-animated friezes ...

HER HAND GOES THROUGH IT

like soft putty. Lara struggles to extract herself as ...

FRIEZE WARRIORS

grasp at her from inside the friezes, trying to pull her in. Lara manages to slip out of their grips. She's free. But:

A SILVER GARROTE

flashes over her head. Lara gets her hand inside the loop just as the noose drops around her neck.

LARSON

yanks the garrote. Even though Larson has the advantage ...

LARA

I've - already said it - once ...  
Don't - make me ...

Larson just tightens the noose. With the last of her strength, Lara slams back, shoving Larson within reach of:

THE FRIEZE WARRIORS

Their stone hands grab Larson. She flails wildly as they drag her into their world.

LARSON'S BODY MORPHS

into two-dimensional "frieze" form, where it is swiftly hacked to pieces by the warriors.

INT. FOUNTAIN OF FIRE -- DAY

Lord Powell regains consciousness. He sees ...

ACHILLES' SHIELD

is whole again. It absolutely throbs with power as it flickers with a human form -- Lord Powell's form. And it draws him forth.

But as Powell crawls to it ... his strength returns. He's moving faster and faster toward it ... until ...

POWELL'S VISAGE ON THE SHIELD

begins to flicker then shift to another visage:

THE IMAGE OF ALEXIS

now appears on the surface of the Shield.

LORD POWELL

keeps crawling. But as he gets his hand on the Shield --

ALEXIS SNATCHES IT AWAY

The young man is engulfed in its warm, invigorating glow.

LORD POWELL

Son ...

ALEXIS

You had your chance. I  
wanted you to have it ...

(a beat)

But now it wants me.

LORD POWELL

No ...

The old man grabs for the Shield but Alexis brutally kicks him out of the way.

LARA

returns to witness a terrible transformation ...

ALEXIS

puts the Shield to his chest ... it envelops him, enfolding his body with charging lighting and tremendous power.

LARA

doesn't hesitate. She opens fire with the submachine gun.

THE SLUGS

just bounce off Alexis ... ricocheting throughout the chamber like fireworks. He's invulnerable.

LARA

quickly ducks among the marble columns and reloads.

LARA

Well, that's not a good sign.

As she scrambles to come up with a strategy ...

A HAND

grabs her. It's Lord Powell ... he's on death's door.

LORD POWELL

... sorry, Lara. At first I  
didn't want to die having  
accomplished nothing. Then ...  
I just didn't want to die ...  
Irony, isn't it?

He manages to roll the Spear out from under him.

LORD POWELL

Remember your classics ...  
after Achilles received his  
gifts from the Gods ... only  
one thing could harm him ...

He manages a feeble smile ... and dies. She puts down her  
guns and grips the Spear tight as ...

AN UNNATURAL ROAR

emanates from inside the flaming pit, as if disturbed. A  
predatory SNIFFING sound ... a bloodhound from hell.

ALEXIS

conjures ...

A DARK SHADOW

It moves up the wall from inside the fire pit. The sniffing  
gets louder -- inhaling every scent in the tomb. And now  
the creature is moving fast ... out of the pit.

LARA

retreats amid the crashed pillars and marble debris.

ALEXIS (o.s.)

Watch out, Lara. Something's  
hungry ... something with a  
killer sense of smell.

A RAINDROP

splashes on Lara's cheek. She looks up to find the source  
of the "rain" and sees ...

CEREBRUS

The guardian dog of Hades -- the dark beast of the fire pit  
-- rises above her.

### ITS THREE HEADS

snap and drool at Lara. But she holds the Spear firmly as the demon-dog moves in.

LARA

Down, boy -- boys ...

### CEREBRUS ATTACKS

snapping its first head at Lara. She swings the Spear and

### LARA CUTS OFF THE HEAD

It drops to the floor. Encouraged, Lara wields the Spear again and again ...

### TWO MORE HEADS

plunk to the floor.

### CEREBRUS

convulses ... then regenerates.

### THREE HEADS FOR EACH ONE LOST!

Now nine heads snap at Lara ... even worse ...

### THE THREE DECAPITATED HEADS

sprout little devil-puppy bodies.

### LARA

feints with the Spear -- then bolts -- disappearing among the columns. Alexis's voice thunders through the halls.

ALEXIS (o.s.)

There's no place to go, Lara!  
You're up against a God now!  
You can't win!

Lara rounds a corner, coming face-to-faces with ...

### NINE-HEADED CEREBRUS

As the Dog moves in for the kill ... Lara backpedals. She can't see that ...

### ALEXIS

is directly behind her. The self-christened God silently steps forward ... not knowing that ...

LARA IS WATCHING HIM

in the reflection in the gold-tip of the Spear. She steels herself for the most important move of her life.

LARA

Once. Just let me land  
it once.

As the Dog pounces, she coils low and ...

LARA LAUNCHES HERSELF INTO AN INVERTED BACKFLIP

The one move she's been unable to do ... now works to fatal perfection. She soars, twisting over Alexis and lands immediately behind him. Before he can react ...

LARA PLUNGES THE SPEAR

deep into his ankle.

LARA

Even Achilles had a heel.

ALEXIS

howls in pain and anger as his tendon is torn away.

LARA

retracts the Spear, aims again, and thrusts it right into --

THE CENTER OF THE SHIELD

The Shield opens up just enough for Lara to twist and drive the tip straight into Alexis's body. In a flash, she retracts the Spear, tearing the Shield off Alexis.

He staggers, staring down at the wound. He looks up in abject horror as ...

CEREBRUS & HER PUPS

fiercely descend on their former master.

LARA RAISES THE SHIELD

to eye-level. The Spear still punctures it, but it remains almost intact. The surface of the Shield trembles ...

FORMING LARA'S OWN IMAGE

Rivulets of electricity charge around Lara, enticing her. She's never felt more energized or powerful in her life.



CEREBRUS & HER BROOD

drop their heads in supplication to Lara. Loyal. For a moment Lara wavers, bowing to temptation ... then ...

LARA

drives the Spear completely through the Shield.

THUNDER & LIGHTNING

again roar through the Great Hall as the Shield finally breaks into three pieces. Harmless once more.

CEREBRUS & PUPS

are sucked back down into the Fountain of Fire.

CHAIN REACTION

The fires dim, the friezes fade, the glimmer dies.

THE GREAT HALL

seems to scream in rage as it dies again. The floors begin to tremble and the walls shake.

LARA

quickly grabs the three pieces of the Shield and flees.

INT. TEMPLE ENTRANCE HALL -- DAY

As Lara darts through the entrance hall ...

THE MASSIVE STONE HANDS

start to topple, smashing down at Lara's heels as if trying to squash a pest at a picnic.

As the Temple implodes behind her, Lara dives through the massive entrance just ahead of a ...

RAIN OF STONE

The entrance is sealed off again.

EXT. TOMB OF ALEXANDER -- DAY

Battered, bruised, and beat to hell, Lara looks up into ...

A CANNON BARREL

aimed at her from a Greek Army tank. Soldiers point their weapons at her. She's completely surrounded.

ROOKER

appears from amid the gathered military forces.

LARA

holds up her hands ... gripping the Shield sections. She smiles ... passes out.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. GREEK MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR -- DAY

Lara and Rooker hang on the fringes of a small but happy ceremony. The Shield sections -- unforged, of course -- are presented to the Greek Minister of Antiquities.

After appraising them, he divides the sections among three briefcases. The cases are handcuffed to the wrists of ...

THREE GREEK ARMY OFFICERS

The three soldiers depart -- each through a different door.

LARA AND ROOKER

are about to depart as well ... but the Greek Minister intercepts them ... and warmly shakes their hands.

GREEK MINISTER

My country and my people are  
forever in your debt.

(a beat)

But next time you visit Greece  
... please just come as tourists.

INT. ATHENS AIRPORT -- DAY

Lara and Rooker wait for their respective planes.

ROOKER

You don't need to hang around.

LARA

My flight doesn't leave for  
another hour. Besides, I  
want to.

An awkward silence descends. Neither one sure what to say.

LARA  
I might be back in the States  
soon. Maybe I can look you up?

ROOKER  
That would be great.  
(a beat)  
But there's something you  
need to know about me ...

LARA  
Don't tell me you're gay.

ROOKER  
Gay? No.

LARA  
Well, I know you're not a  
sexist pig or a total phony ...  
(realizes)  
Oh, of course. You're ...

GIRL (o.s.)  
Daddy!

A little tow-headed GIRL (7) sprints into Rooker's arms,  
followed by a tow-headed WOMAN. Warm hugs and kisses all  
around. Lara watches the reunion with bemusement.

ROOKER  
Lara Croft, I'd like you to  
meet my wife Annie and my  
daughter Jacy. Annie, this is  
the colleague I told you about.

The women exchange a friendly handshake.

LARA  
So nice to finally meet you.  
All Theo did was talk about  
you two ... morning, noon  
and night.

Rooker shoots Lara a grateful smile -- as Jacy pulls a  
tarnished old locket out of her pocket.

JACY  
Daddy, look what I found in  
Grampa's backyard! I bet  
it's worth a bazillion bucks ...

Lara watches as Rooker goes off and rejoins his family --  
now reminded that she must go off and bury hers.

EXT. CROFT MANOR GROUNDS -- DAY

Brilliant sunshine smiles down on the manor to the soulful sounds of a BAG PIPER playing "Amazing Grace."

Hillary, Rosalind and mourners from all classes and walks of life pay their last respects to Lee and Rachel Croft.

LARA

stands alone, listening quietly as the Minister gives his final blessing as the ...

TWIN STONE SARCOPHAGI

are committed to the vault.

LARA

places flowers on the tombs. Despite the sadness of the day, Lara is finally at peace.

AS THE SERVICE ENDS

Mourners make their way out, extending condolences.

ROSALIND

That was a wonderful service,  
Lara. I never knew how special  
and beloved your parents were.

LARA

I don't think they ever knew.  
All that matters is that they're  
home ... at last.

Rosalind nods toward a YOUNG MAN assisting an Old Lady.

ROSALIND

Good God, look how tall Lady  
Carroway's grandson has gotten.

LARA

Give it up, Roz. Your track  
record at romantic brokering is  
even more pathetic than mine.

ROSALIND

I just want you to be happy.  
And whenever you're interested  
in coming back to work --

HILLARY  
The only thing Lady Croft is  
interested in -- is taking a  
nice long vacation.  
(threatening)  
Right?

LARA  
Right. And it's going to be  
a real snore. No writing, no  
adventures, no nothing.

SPLASH!

INT./EXT. STRAITS OF OMAN -- DAY

In SCUBA gear, Lara floats above a benign coral reef. She  
pulls out some food pellets and feeds the grateful fish.  
A simple girl on a simple diving vacation.

Simple until something catches her eye. Circling nearby:

A FUNNEL OF HAMMERHEAD SHARKS

Hundreds of them form a shaft which bottoms out above ...

THE RUINS OF A SUNKEN CITY

Lara thinks about it, but not for long. She descends into  
the funnel, vanishing in a cloud of bubbles ...

FADE OUT:

THE END