

LARA CROFT: GENESIS

"Pauper Syndrome"

by
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Based on the 'Tomb Raider' video game series, (c) Eidos
Software.

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CLOUDY SKY - NIGHT. 1

A STORM rages on in the sky as we focus on a small jet trying to make it through the raging weather, tendrils of wind and rain tossing it about like a rag doll.

The jet moves closer and we ZOOM IN: on LARA CROFT, a beautiful young woman in her early twenties, staring blankly out through the window.

2 INT. SMALL JET - NIGHT. 2

Lara sighs and looks away from the darkness of her window. She flips through a magazine, disinterested, and after a few beats tosses it aside.

A member of the cabin crew, EVANS, carrying a tray of champagne in beautiful crystalline goblets, makes his way shakily down the aisle. He offers Lara a glass.

LARA
(takes one)
Thank you, Evans.

EVANS
You're welcome, Miss Croft.

Lara sips the champagne and sighs.

LARA (V.O.)
I always knew there was more to life than what I was already experiencing. Growing up as a wealthy British girl, never having a care in the world, may not sound like that bad a way to spend one's days, but truth be told it was already getting frightfully boring.

Lara unbuckles her seat belt and stands, shakily, due to the turbulence. She stretches and walks down the aisle, holding onto the occasional seat for balance.

LARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I never asked to have money, but of course in having it I was always perceived to be a spoilt little brat. Unfortunately, it took a disaster for me to realize what else was really out there, beyond the prep schools and proper etiquette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lara is heading back to her seat when BAM! A powerful jolt rocks the plane, sending her flying into a nearby seat. Warning lights begin to flicker within the cabin, and oxygen masks fall from above the seats.

3 EXT. SMALL JET - NIGHT. 3

FIRE! The right wing is engulfed in flames, and as the plane begins to veer downward, we quickly ZOOM into one of the windows and find ourselves back in:

4 INT. SMALL JET - CONTINUOUS. 4

Lara, wide eyed, grabs for an oxygen mask, inhaling desperately while quickly buckling her seat belt.

As the plane goes into a dive roll, we overhear a man's voice screaming for help.

We SLOWLY ZOOM INTO: Lara's terrified eyes, through the irises and into utter blackness.

FADE IN:

5 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY. 5

We slowly move in between the trees, the wet dense green of the jungle creating an exotic paradise, which is suddenly destroyed by the plumes of smoke coming off of the wreckage of the small jet.

ANGLE: on Lara, unconscious, bruised and bloody, lying a few feet away from the torn shell of the jet, which is still in flames in some places.

Lara's eyes slowly flutter open, and she winces as she tries to sit up.

CAW. CAW. Lara looks up to see several colorful parrots flutter in the branches of the trees above. She shakily stands and looks around.

LARA

Hello?

Dead silence, except for the sounds of the jungle around her. Lara whimpers for a moment, but clenches her fists, bringing her emotions back in check and taking in a deep breath to calm herself.

She moves towards the wreckage of the jet, it's smoking body completely torn in two as she climbs inside, reappearing a moment later with her small backpack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lara moves towards the back of the plane, and stops when she sees a pair of legs sticking out from a smashed window, twisted into a very unnatural position. She winces and turns away.

ANGLE: on Lara as she opens her backpack and pulls out her cell phone, which gives her a no signal error.

LARA (CONT'D)

Blast!

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

I found myself in an unknown world.
No telly. No provisions. For once I
was on my own, and was forced to
take action.

Lara looks round at the jungle around her for a beat, before we cut to:

6 EXT. JUNGLE - LATER.

6

Lara begins to pull out emergency blankets and whatever other supplies she can find. She has bandaged her wounds, and begins to put together a makeshift camp.

LARA (V.O.)

For never having to do manual labor
for a day in my bloody life, I must
say I was pretty good at it.

Dissolve from Lara making herself a place to sleep, to:

7 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT.

7

FIRE! Lara creates a campfire with flint stones. She laughs at her triumph, and whoops into the night.

LARA (V.O.)

I won't say it was easy. In fact,
I'd go so far as to say it was
hell, but I managed to get by.

THUNDER roars and lightning lights up the sky. It begins to pour down with thick rain, dosing the puny flame Lara had worked so hard to create.

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

I also soon learned that Mother
Nature has a sick sense of humor.

Lara squints up at the sky as the rain quickly drenches her, before we dissolve through to:

8 EXT. JUNGLE - CAVE - DAY.

8

Lara holds onto a makeshift spear, peering into the darkness of the cave, when with a ROAR, a silverback gorilla LAUNCHES out from the darkness. It SNARLS at her, beating its chest. Lara quickly back flips and SCREAMS back at it, jabbing her spear at its angry face.

LARA (V.O.)

I found the will to survive, and
for seven days I fought against all
the odds.

The gorilla takes a swipe at her, and Lara dodges it, fighting back with the spear as we SMASH CUT to:

9 EXT. WATERFALL - DAY.

9

Lara stands on a rock at the top of a raging waterfall, which falls into a lagoon below. She looks out over the immense never ending jungle and closes her eyes, smiling.

LARA (V.O.)

I felt reborn, with a new sense of
purpose. This freedom was something
I wanted to never go away. I was
ready to take the plunge.

Lara SHOUTS with joy and jumps off into the water fall, performing a perfect swan dive.

We QUICKLY ZOOM OUT: watching Lara fall for a few hundred feet, and splash into the lagoon below.

10 EXT. CLIFF - DAY

10

A rescue helicopter slowly descends towards us as Lara looks up, the wind from the chopper blowing her hair back in waves. As happy as she should be, there is a sadness in her eyes.

11 INT. RESCUE CHOPPER - NEXT.

11

Lara sits, staring blankly. She is unaware of being tended to by the emergency staff.

LARA (V.O.)

Those seven days changed me. They
gave me a new direction. I hungered
for adventure, and longed to feel
that freedom again. I, Lara Croft,
was ready to live!

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

12 INT. LARA'S FLAT - DAY

12

Lara sits on her futon, the sour look on her face telling us what kind of a mood she's in. Her parents, NORA CROFT, a prim and proper woman in her late forties, and VICTOR CROFT, a gruff businessman type in his late fifties, sit across from her. Nora shakes her head with disdain.

NORA

I just don't understand this.

Nora rubs her hands together nervously and looks to her husband for support. Victor looks at neither Lara nor Nora, but stares out the window in thought. Lara rolls her eyes and slouches back into her futon.

NORA (CONT'D)

We raised you with the best in life, the finest education money can buy, and you want to throw that all away so you can run with bloody savages in the jungle?

LARA

(infuriated)

It is not like that at all!

VICTOR

Don't you take that tone with your mother, young lady! For five generations, the Croft family has attended Oxford for Law. You dare defy that tradition?

LARA

(smirks)

Not at all. What I'm trying to do is give the Croft name some more excitement!

Victor and Nora stare at their daughter, completely in shock. Victor turns to his wife.

VICTOR

What kind of daughter have you given me, Nora?

NORA

(weary)

Oh, don't be an arse, Victor, it was you, who had her fly in that jet in the first place! With an inexperienced pilot to boot!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lara stares at her arguing parents, bemused.

VICTOR

It was you who wanted to vacation
in Africa, so it's your fault the
plane went down in a jungle!

A beat.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

And I fired that pilot anyway!

LARA

As amusing as this is, could you
two stop for a moment?

Victor and Nora stare at Lara silently.

LARA (CONT'D)

Now listen, BOTH of you. I am
switching my studies to
Archaeology, and that is final.
This is my life. I do not want to
grow up to be some stuffy lawyer
trapped in an office.

Victor stands, confronting his daughter, who refuses to
budge.

VICTOR

It may be your life, but it is
still my funding. If you make this
decision, Lara, you will do it on
your own. I refuse to back
something which could tarnish the
Croft name.

Lara looks at him with disbelief, she falls back onto her
futon, deep in thought.

Victor stares at Lara.

Lara stares back her father firmly.

LARA

Fine.

VICTOR

So be it.
(shakily)
You are not my daughter.

Victor turns to Nora, who sits with tears in her eyes. She
slowly gets up, and Victor grabs her hand and drags her out
of the flat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lara sits staring into space, angry and alone.

13

EXT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY.

13

Lara sits at a table amongst the labyrinth of books with SHARON VONTAIN, a gorgeous blonde around the same age as Lara, and HAYDEN WHITE, a stereotypical computer nerd with short dark hair and glasses.

SHARON

They did what!?!

Sharon stares at Lara in disbelief.

LARA

It's true. The arses cut me out completely.

Lara plunks her head onto the table, and groans.

LARA (CONT'D)

God, Sharon... I don't know what the hell I'm going to do.

HAYDEN

We will figure out something Lara. I mean, there are plenty of options.

LARA

(sarcastic)

Yes, Hayden, because the school board really cares about my family problems!

The trio sits in silence, all deep in thought.

A beat.

Sharon perks up excitedly.

SHARON

Why not talk to Professor Von Croy? I mean, he's the Head of the Archaeology Department, and plus, he's been your friend since you started here. Maybe he can help?

Lara bites her lip thoughtfully.

LARA

Yes... He might know of something. I just hate to take advantage of him, he's always been really good to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

It's his job to help his students,
Lara. There is no 'taking
advantage.'

HAYDEN

And if that doesn't work out, I
know they're hiring at 'Madame
Cheri's Daughters of Sin.'

Sharon laughs as Lara slaps Hayden.

14

INT. VON CROY'S OFFICE - LATER.

14

An antique grandfather clock CHIMES in the corner of the
office as we PAN ACROSS the room, which is full of old maps
posted on the walls, artefacts in the corners, and other
miscellaneous items.

Lara sits in a leather chair, tapping her fingers on the oak
desk. She JUMPS as the door swings open and PROFESSOR VON
CROY, a tall man in his late fifties who is just beginning to
gray, enters the room.

VON CROY

Ah, Lara. I had a feeling you might
stop by.

LARA

So you know why I'm here, then?

Von Croy smiles and sits behind his desk, shuffling papers
and such. He looks at her and winks.

VON CROY

We professors try to know as much
as we can about our star pupils,
both academically and otherwise.
It's our nature.

Lara smiles, and looks over at a picture of her and Von Croy
in front of some pyramids.

LARA

(sighs)

I don't know what I'm going to do.

VON CROY

Well, we shall have to see what to
do about that, now, shan't we?

Lara eyes Von Croy, and leans into the desk.

LARA

What do you have up your sleeve?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Von Croy chuckles and stands.

VON CROY

Well, I have some work which might be of interest to you. I work for a private organization which deals in artefact and relic handling, mostly for museums and such. They are looking to hire a few freelance agents to collect items for them.

LARA

(chuckles)

You're wanting me to retrieve 'artefacts and relics' then? I was thinking more along the lines of being an intern in the department, but you want me to go off and be some kind of explorer?

VON CROY

You survived for seven days in the remotest area of the Congo jungle. I think you're capable of the missions my organization can provide. I wouldn't have suggested it if I didn't think you could do it, Lara!

Lara's face quickly becomes quite serious. She stands, her mind going over everything in your head.

LARA

So you really think I can handle this?

VON CROY

I know you can handle it. I can provide you with some initial training, and I would suggest looking into your friends' resources. Am I not mistaken that Hayden is quite the computer expert, and Sharon a kick boxing instructor?

Lara smiles at Von Croy fondly, and reaches across to give him a warm hug.

LARA

Thank you, professor. You have no idea how much this means to me.

VON CROY

(smiles back)

Oh, I think I do, somehow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lara releases him, beaming happily, as we cut to:

15

INT. ILLUMINATI HQ OFFICE - NIGHT.

15

We SLOW PAN: across an ornately painted ceiling: a mural of all the Greek Gods. We move down from the ceiling, looking down on Von Croy standing before SAUNDRA MING, an Asian aristocrat in her mid-forties, and the head of the Illumanti Council.

Next to Von Croy stands PROFESSOR SASHA NYTE, a dark and seductive woman in her thirties, who has no issue with showing of as much cleavage as possible.

Saundra stands up from behind her desk, a serious expression on her face - this bitch ain't playing around.

SAUNDRA
(thick British/Asian
accent)

I do not like being played for a fool, Von Croy! As head of this council, it is I who makes the decisions on who we let in as agents!

VON CROY
I understand, Mistress Ming, but Lara has talent. She will have no idea of our true intentions, or of who she is working for. She will retrieve the artefacts and then bring them to me, and that's as far as her interaction will go.

Saundra glares at Von Croy.

SAUNDRA
Make sure she doesn't know anything. The Illuminati cannot afford any complications on the behalf of a college student! Must I remind you of our purpose?

Von Croy shakes his head silently, and Sasha smirks to herself. Saundra begins pacing around her office.

SAUNDRA (CONT'D)
The Illuminati. The Council of Power. Established in the 1890's by aristocrat Donald Burgen.

Von Croy rolls his eyes, as if he already knows the story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAUNDRA (CONT'D)

He believed that the world should be run by one major power. With this power, global unity and order could be brought to the corrupt societies of all major countries. With the help of his friends, he formed the Illuminati, inducting new members he felt could be assets to obtaining his vision.

Saundra stops in front of Von Croy, inches away from his face.

SAUNDRA (CONT'D)

To this day, we strive to keep his vision alive. Do you understand, Von Croy?

Von Croy nods, as Saundra gives a slight smile, and a nod. Saundra quickly re-directs her attention to Sasha Nyte, showing much more fondness for the woman than Von Croy.

SAUNDRA (CONT'D)

Now, Miss Nyte, I understand you too have a proposal of the same nature.

Sasha gives a nasty sidelong glance to Von Croy, then smiles at Saundra.

SASHA

Yes, I do. I, too, have two very capable students who can freelance for us. They are skilled under my training, and will stop at nothing to help our cause. Well, at least help the front I came up with to tell them. I am quite sure Vincent and Joanna will make themselves useful assets.

Saundra sits at her desk, and rubs her temples, deep in thought. The silence seems to drag out forever. She suddenly stands and stares both professors down.

SAUNDRA

I grant permission to the both of you. But I'm going to throw in a slight hitch. As you know, I do nothing without getting something to benefit me in return.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAUNDRA (CONT'D)

Whoever's agents retrieve the most artefacts, without problems, and presents them to me in a timely manner first, will be promoted into the higher ranks of the council. This will assure me that decent progress and results will be made.

Von Croy gives Sasha a look which could kill ten times over, then quickly turns to Sandra giving a compliant smile, and quick nod.

16

INT. CLUB ENVY - LATER SAME NIGHT.

16

Welcome to the hottest spot in Oxfordshire. Flashing neon lights bathe the darkness of the night club in a radiant glow, as the pulsating music and lights create an almost hypnotizing environments.

We find Lara in the middle of the crowd, completely decked out for the evening, her hair flowing down in locks of mild curls, wearing a tight red leather halter top and snug black leather pants. She sips on her gin and tonic through a straw, gazing disinterestedly at the crowd.

SHARON (O.C)

Having fun?

Lara turns to see Sharon, living the club life, in an outfit made completely out of snakeskin.

LARA

(wry)

Where did you find an anaconda around here?

Sharon pokes her tongue out at her.

SHARON

Oh, shut it!

Sharon flashes a teasing smile.

SHARON (CONT'D)

You'd think you would be in at least a decent mood, thanks to your new job.

LARA

I am, I just don't know why we had to come here to "celebrate" it.

SHARON

Because the coffee shop is drab, and this is fab! You never go out any more, Lara!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A drunk guy BUMPS into Lara, spilling his beer down her chest. She pushes him off her and begins to dab herself with a napkin.

LARA
(gritting her teeth)
And this is why, Sharon!

Sharon backs away cautiously from Lara and right into Hayden, who spills his martini down his shirt.

SHARON
Oh, hell!
(smiles innocently)
Sorry...

HAYDEN
It's fine. Maybe it's a sign for me
not to drink.

The group laughs and sits around a table. Sharon looks around, then suddenly grabs Lara, wide-eyed.

SHARON
Don't look now, but... here comes
trouble.

Lara turns to see: VINCENT PORTER, a sexy college man, and JOANNA DARKEN, a 19 year old fiery brunette and the prime definition of a slut, making their way down the staircase from the entrance of the club.

LARA
(groans)
Oh, bloody hell...

Joanna alerts Vincent of Lara's presence, and he smiles wickedly, strutting towards her. Lara eyes him carefully as he steps over to the group's table.

VINCENT
Well, well, well. Fancy seeing you
here, Lara. Doesn't Daddy
disapprove of late night outings?

LARA
Buzz off, Vincent, and take your
cheap two bit whore with you.

Joanna scoffs at the remark.

JOANNA
Sweetie, my top alone cost more
than your whole entire outfit put
together. So don't you go-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vincent puts his arm on Joanna's shoulder, restraining her.

VINCENT

Joanna! Enough.

(directs his attention
back to Lara)

I just wanted to congratulate you on your recently acquired job. It seems the three of us now work for the same employer.

Lara glances at Sharon and Hayden, puzzled.

JOANNA

Oh, don't tell me Von Croy didn't tell you that the elite at Cambridge University were involved as well?

LARA

(darkly)

He must have forgotten to mention it.

JOANNA

Or, he felt someone as unqualified as you could handle knowing we were your competition. I've heard, Lara, that you tend to, how do you put it? Buckle in tough situations.

SHARON

The only thing "buckling" are your bowling ball knees, which are obviously too large for your stork legs.

Joanna gets up in Sharon's face, but Sharon refuses to back down. Vincent pulls Joanna back and motions for her to stand by the door. Joanna smiles icily at Lara, sucking on her middle finger seductively as she saunters away.

VINCENT

Well, anyways, good luck. May the best man win.

Joanna and Vincent link arms and disappear into the crowd of people. Lara flicks him off as he leaves.

HAYDEN

What a dolt.

SHARON

You said it. God, every time that slut comes near me I feel the need to shower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARA

He made a good point though. It is strange that Von Croy didn't mention other agents.

SHARON

Maybe he didn't want to discourage you, seeing as it's Vincent Porter?

Lara shrugs the thought away, but as Hayden and Sharon get back to their conversation, we push in on Lara to register the serious and thoughtful expression on her face, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

17 INT. VON CROY'S CLASSROOM - DAY. 17

Students sit at their desks in the lecture hall as Von Croy drones on in the background, discussing "Pandora's Box." Most of the students are dozing or chatting to one another, but Lara sits taking notes, absorbing every word of information.

Her concentration is broken by the sound of the bell, and the students bolt from their desks and begin filing out of the room.

CLOSE UP ON: Von Croy making his way through the mess of students towards Lara.

VON CROY

Lara! Happy I caught you. May I see you in my office?

Lara gives a quick nod, shoving her books into her pack and following Von Croy into:

18 INT. VON CROY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS. 18

Von Croy motions for Lara to sit as he pulls a file folder from his drawer and plops it down in front of her.

VON CROY

Your first assignment.

LARA

(surprised)

Already?

VON CROY

Well, you do have bills to pay, don't you?

Lara flips open the folder, scanning through the papers within.

VON CROY (CONT'D)

I need you to fly to Scotland.

LARA

Scotland?

VON CROY

Yes. Scotland. To a small village in the moors, called Oakvale. It is believed a mirror which holds the power to reveal ones true self is stored there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lara raises an eyebrow.

LARA

A magic mirror? What do you take me for, a stupid git?!

Von Croy SNAPS the file shut and grabs it up, his face extremely intimidating.

VON CROY

There are things you will soon learn, Lara... and not poke fun at. Now if you aren't going to let me fi-

Lara grabs the file back.

LARA

No, continue.

VON CROY

The mirror is called the "Dalilah," named after a Scottish noble's one true love. Supposedly, on the eve they were to wed, the noble was so grieved by the thought that his true love would leave him that he had a mirror enchanted by a mystic, so it would reveal the true nature of whoever looked upon it.

LARA

So was she faithful?

VON CROY

It is said when she looked into the mirror, she was so terrified by what she saw, that she never spoke again. And thus it has been a tradition for the men in Oakvale to give their bride-to-be this mirror on their wedding day to see if she has been faithful.

LARA

Do they still practice this to this day?

VON CROY

Not any more. The town became terrified of the mirror's power when they saw what it did to the women who looked upon it. The mirror is supposedly held within a shrine somewhere within the village.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARA

Sounds easy enough.

VON CROY

Your plane leaves tomorrow morning. I've had all your professors notified of your new partnership with myself, and my organization. Your classes are covered until you return.

Lara stands, slipping the file into her pack, and turns to go, when Von Croy GRABS her arm, staring into her eyes with much intensity.

VON CROY (CONT'D)

I want to stress the importance of your success, Lara... don't let me down.

Lara looks at Von Croy bewildered.

LARA

I won't.

Lara turns to go, and we CLOSE IN: on Lara's face. She looks somewhat perturbed by the seriousness of Von Croy, as we JUMP CUT to:

19

INT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY GYM - DAY.

19

BAM! BAM! BAM! Fists punch into a red punching bag. WHACK! A foot makes contact with the bag.

We PULL BACK: to find Lara drenched in sweat, beating the shit out of this poor bag, as SHARON watches with a lollipop in her mouth. Hayden sits on a mat in the corner, typing on his laptop furiously.

SHARON

Better. But your form is lacking, and you need to be in more control of your movement.

Lara PUNCHES the bag one final time, then throws a towel over her shoulder and sips from her water bottle.

LARA

I've never seen him so serious. It was like something else was riding on my success of this mission.

SHARON

He probably just wants to make sure you don't screw up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON (CONT'D)

I mean, he did take a chance giving you such a heavy responsibility.

Lara sighs, and smiles.

LARA

You're probably right.

SHARON

'Probably'?

Lara cracks a big smile, playfully punching Sharon.

LARA

You are right.

(directs attention to
Hayden)

So, Hayd, got anything?

Hayden snaps to attention, and brings his laptop over to Lara, who looks on as he points certain things out.

HAYDEN

Your mission is pretty low key, so its not like you need anything more than basic equipment. You know, flashlight, backpack, um...

SHARON

I think she gets it, Hayden.

Hayden shrugs and closes his laptop, then pulls some papers out of his book bag.

HAYDEN

Here. This all the information I could find on Oakvale, along with historical sites and their significance, explained in plenty of detail.

Hayden smiles, extremely proud. Sharon rolls her eyes, and Lara scans over the material.

LARA

Good work. This looks to be some easy tuition money.

HAYDEN

Yep, just go in, get the mirror and get out. How hard could it be?

Lara glances up at him, hoping that his remark hasn't just jinxed the entire mission, before we cut to:

20 EXT. AIR STRIP - DAWN.

20

The sounds of planes taking off and landing is almost deafening. Lara and Von Croy stand next to a small jet which seems all too familiar.

LARA

You're not coming with me?

VON CROY

Did you really expect me to?

LARA

Not really, just thought company would be nice, seeing as this my first mission and all.

VON CROY

This is more of a test to see if you can handle what the job requires of you.

Lara eyes Von Croy nervously, but he smiles a fatherly smile which seems to calm her. The plane begins to roar to life, and Lara looks at it, untrusting.

VON CROY (CONT'D)

It's safe, I promise you. The pilot is experienced as well.

LARA

You know me too well.

Lara smirks and boards the plane. Von Croy watches as the plane begins to pull onto the runway.

VON CROY

(softly)

May God protect you...

Von Croy watches the plane taxi away, as we cut to:

21 EXT. SMALL SCOTTISH LANDING STRIP - DAY.

21

Lara steps out of the jet and shields her eyes from the piercing sun. She looks around the strip, but no one is there. Leaning back into the plane, she taps the pilot on the shoulder.

LARA

Excuse me, they said a car would be waiting?

PILOT

Miss, I know nothing about any car. I'm just the pilot, I fly and drop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARA

Well, you can't very well leave me here in the middle of nowhere!

PILOT

I was paid to fly you here, and that's all I'm going to do. Now, if you could please step off the plane, I'm on a tight schedule.

Lara scowls and hops onto the runway.

LARA

(muttering)

Thanks for bloody nothing...

Lara reaches into her backpack and pulls out a bulky satellite phone. She dials and waits... and waits.

LARA (CONT'D)

(grumpily)

Piece of rubbish! What good is a satellite phone if there aren't any satellites for it to bounce off?

Lara tosses the phone back in her bag and pulls out a CRUNCH BAR, and takes a big bite. She smiles, closes her eyes and lets out a moan of pure bliss, which is interrupted by the sound of a plane engine.

Lara turns to see the plane head down the runway, and then make a lift off.

ANOTHER SOUND takes her attention away from the plane. Lara turns, blinded by the sun, but sees the outline of a wagon drawn by a horse creaking its way toward her. An OLD MAN, probably in his late seventies, and obviously a farmer of some sort, waves to her, stopping the wagon in front of her.

FARMER

(thick Scottish accent)

Ye' Miss Croft?

LARA

(cautious)

Yes...

FARMER

Sorry I be 'eh bit late. I'll be ye' driver to Oakvale.

Lara raises a questioning eyebrow as she looks over the horse and cart.

LARA

You've got to be kidding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARMER

No kiddin' lassy. Now get yer stuff
in the back, and hop on.

Lara, pouting, walks back to the back of the wagon, which is full of hay, and few chickens. Disgusted, she hops on and crosses her arms, and the wagon slowly starts moving.

EXT. SASHA'S BEDROOM - SAME DAY

SASHA, likes naked on a ornate bed, the outline of her body quite defined under the bronze satin sheets. She smiles and moans in pleasure.

VINCENT (O.S.)

So, I take it I performed well?

WE PAN FROM SASHA TO: Vincent, dripping wet, with only a small white towel covering his lower extremities. He SMIRKS at Sasha who sits up on the bed, wrapping the sheet around herself.

She saunters over to Vincent giving him a soft kiss on the lips.

SASHA

(whispers)

Perfect scores across the board. As usual.

Sasha smiles seductively and heads into the bathroom as Vincent begins to clothe himself.

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

If only you could perform in the class room with such perfection.

Vincent rolls his eyes as he pulls on his jeans, and begins to button up a black shirt.

VINCENT

So, you said on the telly you wanted to discuss my first assignment?

Sasha re-appears from the bathroom in a sultry cream laced night gown, which barely comes past her thighs.

SASHA

Yes. You are going to Scotland.

Sasha rummages through a briefcase on her desk and pulls out a file, which she hands to Vincent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA (CONT'D)
 You leave in two hours. I have
 already briefed Joanna.

Vincent flips through the file's contents.

VINCENT
 And what about Lara Croft? She
 could prove to be a problem.

Sasha sits on the bed seductively, motioning for Vincent to come. Vincent smiles, and kneels in between her legs, looking up at her intensely.

SASHA
 I have already handled Ms. Croft. I
 took the liberty of cancelling her
 escort to Oakvale, so she should
 find herself in a quite, shall I
 say 'awkward' position.

Sasha and Vincent begin to laugh, as Vincent begins to kiss her passionately. The fall back onto the bed as we CUT TO:

22

EXT. SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY.

22

Lara rides on the back of another wagon, driven by another old farmer. The back of the wagon is filled with grain, which she uncomfortably sits upon, squinting as the sun shines in her eyes.

LARA
 (to farmer)
 So how far is Oakvale?

The farmer grunts, chewing on a piece of long grass. Lara nods sarcastically in agreement to his grunt.

The silence, besides the sounds of the creaking wagon, and horse, is driving Lara completely mad.

LARA (CONT'D)
 Not many people go this way, I
 imagine?

The farmer continues to stare forward, not responding.

LARA (CONT'D)
 You know I've always found Scotland
 so pretty, don't you?

The farmer brings in the reins, causing the wagon to stop with a sudden jolt. Again an uncomfortable silence.

LARA (CONT'D)
 Um... I don't see Oakvale.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The farmer turns, squinting at Lara with a smug look.

FARMER

As far as I go, lassy. Plus, ye dun
stop yer yappin! Drive me 'orse and
I crazy!

Lara goes to retort, but rolls her eyes and jumps off the wagon.

LARA

So where do I go?

FARMER

Cut across this 'ere field about a
mile or so.

LARA

Oh, that's not so terrible.

FARMER

Then head north, cut across the
creek, and go through the forest
for another three miles.

Lara looks at the farmer as if he is completely insane, but the farmer nods, waves, whistles at his horse and heads off.

Lara peers at the sun, then checks her watch. She sighs, and hops over the rickety wooden fence lining the road, and heads out across the field.

23 EXT. GRASSY FIELD - TWILIGHT.

23

Lara, exhausted, walks with lead feet through the tall grass. Sweat is pouring down her face as she raises a bandana to wipe her forehead. She checks her bag, but all she finds is an empty candy bar wrapper.

LARA

Blast! Things could not get any
worse.

A wind slowly begins to pick up, and a light drizzle of rain begins to fall from the partly clouded sky.

LARA (CONT'D)

Of course... I speak too soon.

Lara continues to trod through the field and up a hill, before finally sighing with relief - the town of Oakvale can be seen in the distance. Letting out a whoop of joy, Lara starts toward the town at a brisk pace.

24 EXT. OAKVALE TOWN SQUARE - NEXT.

24

Lara shivers in the light rain as she walks into the town square. The town is like out of an old storybook - small, two storey buildings are scrunched together along the street with thatched roofs, old rickety shutters, and doors which shouldn't even be able to keep to their hinges.

A few dirty townspeople hurry along the cobblestone streets. Some of the people stare at her coldly and run into their homes, slamming their doors.

Lara continues down the street, towards some ruckus from one of the buildings on the corner. As she nears the building, she notices the sign hanging above the door reading: MIRROR'S HAND PUB.

LARA

Guess this is the best place to start.

Lara pushes open the door, entering into:

25 INT. MIRRORS HAND PUB - CONTINUOUS.

25

Complete ruckus and madness. Dirty townspeople, men, women and obvious prostitutes laugh and scream, drinking their ale and shots of whiskey. A small elderly man beats out a tune on a dilapidated piano in severe need of tuning, as a fat woman screams from behind the bar at the drunkards as they break her various glasses.

LARA

(shouting over the ruckus)
Excuse me!

Her voice is completely drowned out by the noise of the pub. Lara tries screaming a few more times, and finally SLAMS the wooden door behind her, bringing TOTAL SILENCE.

The patrons of the bar all stare at her with questioning eyes. Lara smiles timidly and waves.

LARA (CONT'D)

Hello.

Still silence. The patrons look at her as if she were from another planet. Lara clears her throat nervously.

LARA (CONT'D)

Well, er, I was wondering if anyone may know the whereabouts of a mirror? I believe it's called...

Lara searches through a file from her backpack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARA (CONT'D)
The "Dalilah."

The patrons of the bar come alive, whispering among themselves, some showing a great fear. The plump woman from behind the bar moves toward Lara cautiously.

BARTENDER
You seek the Dalilah?

LARA
Yes.

BARTENDER
You must leave... now!

LARA
Why? What is the problem? I'm just looking for a mirror!

Wide eyed, the plump bartender moves closer to Lara.

BARTENDER
That mirror is a curse. It brings insanity to anyone who looks upon it. Mark my words, and leave it be.

LARA
I can't. I have to find it.

BARTENDER
Not with our help.

The patrons of the bar agree with her.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
We have come to respect that which is cursed, and you should to. Madness is the only thing you will find if you continue!

ZOOM IN ON: Lara, eyes wide with fear, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

26 EXT. SCOTTISH MOORS - NIGHT. 26

Time seems to move at super speed as shadows quickly fall and the sun disappears, followed by the moon rising and the PIERCING CRY of a wolf echoing over the fields. A mist rolls over the gloomy moors, while the moon bathes the night in an ethereal glow.

27 EXT. MIRRORS HAND PUB - NIGHT. 27

Lara sits on the steps outside the pub, completely frustrated. The commotion within the pub has picked up again, it seems, and the drunkards have started in on an off-key "Roll Out The Barrel" production number.

ANGLE: on Lara fingering an old withered pack of cigarettes.

She moves the package in between her hands in deep contemplation, and then throws them back into her backpack.

LARA
(muttering)
Not worth it.

Lara SIGHS and looks up and down the street. Her attention is diverted to an old dilapidated church on a hill near the outskirts of town. The FAINT SOUND OF MUSIC can be heard, which creates an unsettling atmosphere.

Lara stands, brushing off her jeans, and begins to head towards the church.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - OXFORDSHIRE - SAME DAY

SHARON and HAYDEN sit at a small table, in the back of the slightly busy coffee house. Sharon flips through a magazine, while Hayden types rapidly on his laptop.

SHARON
Are you permanently attached to
that thing or what?

Hayden grunts in response, and continues to type, his eyes glued to the screen. Sharon rolls her eyes and tries to focus on her magazine. She waits a beat, then taps him on the shoulder.

SHARON (CONT'D)
So what's so interesting?

Hayden continues to type furiously, ignoring Sharon, who is beginning to get quite annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sharon waits for a response, and then finally slaps the top of his computer down, breaking his concentration.

HAYDEN

Hey!?

SHARON

I asked YOU to coffee, not your computer.

Hayden skulks and sips his latte.

HAYDEN

Sorry.

SHARON

Forgiven. So how do you think Lara's doing?

HAYDEN

She probably has the bloody mirror by now, and is on her way home.

SHARON

I don't know. This seemed pretty big, even for Lara.

HAYDEN

I'm sure she's fine. Lara can handle it. She's tougher than she looks, and I think we both know she already looks pretty tough!

Sharon smiles and they sip their coffees, as we JUMP CUT TO:

28

EXT. HILLSIDE - SAME.

28

Lara huffs and puffs as she works her way up the hill.

LARA

Damn you, Lara, and your second helpings every time...

The MUSIC becomes distinguished as she closes in on the church, sounding like a full choir. Lara stops and listens, slightly perplexed.

LARA (CONT'D)

Something tells me this isn't the kind of town to hold choir practice.

Lara starts on her way again, into:

29 EXT. OLD CHURCH - CONTINUOUS. 29

Lara finally makes it to the front door of the church, which upon closer examination seems to be falling apart. The old wood, saturated from too much water intake, seems to be melting away, and what is left of the white paint barely holds to the wood.

The CHOIR is at full speed now, seeing an unknown song, and in what seems to be FRENCH. Lara slowly pushed open the door and heads into:

30 INT. OLD CHURCH - CONTINUOUS. 30

SILENCE. No music. No choir. The entire church is empty. Lara, slightly weirded out, slowly makes her way up the center aisle.

We PAN around the interior, which is also showing major signs of decay. The pews are broken, most of which have collapsed upon themselves. Dust covers almost all surfaces, and only a few candles light the dim worship hall.

Lara makes her way to the back of the room, where a single podium stands with a painting of JESUS CHRIST on the cross hanging on the wall behind it.

LARA

Hello?

Her voice is met with silence.

LARA (CONT'D)

HELLO!

Lara notices a small door to the side of the hall. She slowly walks towards it, and notices a beam of light shining through the crack of the door. She pushes it open and enters:

31 INT. CHURCH - STUDY - CONTINUOUS. 31

An old study. BOOKS and SCROLLS line the dusty bookshelves. The light source comes from an oil lamp sitting on a small oak desk. NO ONE IS TO BE SEEN.

DELORES (O.C.)

What are you doing here?

Lara whirls around quickly to find, DELORES VAN HERBERT, a think lanky woman in her fifties, standing at the doorway. She stares at Lara with much intensity.

LARA

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to intrude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELORES
(suspicious)
You're not from around here, are you?

LARA
No, I'm not.

DELORES
Well, in case you couldn't tell already, the church is closed.

LARA
I didn't come here for church.

DELORES
No one comes to Oakvale for anything.

Lara rolls her eyes at the questioning. Delores takes a few steps towards her.

DELORES (CONT'D)
What can I help you with?

LARA
I'm looking for a mirror.

Delores squints her eyes, becoming even more piercing and intense.

DELORES
Mirror?

LARA
Yes, the Dalilah.

Delores's eyes go wide. Lara looks at her questioningly, as Delores seems to space out for a minute.

LARA (CONT'D)
Ma'am?

DELORES
It's Delores. Delores Van Herbert.
What is it you want with that cursed mirror?

Lara sighs, slightly annoyed.

LARA
What is everyone's problem with this damn thing? It's just a mirror!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELORES

It is far from 'just a mirror'! It shows you your true self, the darkness you hide from the world, things the human mind can't even comprehend!

LARA

Not everyone is evil.

DELORES

There is some evil inside everyone!

LARA

Why are you making this into such a big deal?

DELORES

That mirror killed my daughter!

SILENCE. Delores, stares at Lara, enraged and shaking uncontrollably as tears form in her eyes. Lara looks at the floor, embarrassed.

LARA

I'm sorry.

Delores takes in a deep breath, calming herself down.

DELORES

That mirror... it brings nothing but pain to others.

Lara purses her lips in contemplation.

LARA

I have to find it. I'm sorry, but this isn't some scavenger hunt. I am working for a museum, and I need to find this thing.

DELORES

(abruptly)
Brunwilder Cemetery.

LARA

What?

DELORES

It is kept in a crypt within the Brunwilder Cemetery, about half a mile north of here. I don't know exactly where. When some of the townspeople began to lose their sanity from it, the town council hid it somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lara gives a quick smile and begins to head towards the door. Delores grabs her by the arm and pulls her close.

DELORES (CONT'D)
If you know what's best for you,
I'd suggest not looking into it...

Lara nods gravely, and then runs out the door, before we cut away from her and into:

32 INT. ILLUMINATI HQ OFFICE - DAY.

32

Sasha Nyte stands in front of Saundra Ming, who browsing over several documents scattered over her desk.

SASHA
My team is in place. They landed a mile from the perimeter five minutes ago.

SAUNDRA
Good. So everything is going according to plan?

SASHA
Yes. They should secure the mirror, and have eliminated any sources within the hour.

SAUNDRA
Unless Von Croy's protege has already secured it for herself?

SASHA
Not possible. Our intel was much more detailed than Von Croy's. Plus, I threw in a small hitch of my own.

Saundra stops typing, and looks up at Sasha from over her glasses.

SAUNDRA
Meddling in the enemies affairs? Don't be sloppy Sasha, I know you are above such petty endeavors.

SASHA
I am. But when it comes to making sure Von Croy fails, such 'petty endeavors' are necessary.

Saundra sighs, and stands. She walks over to a small oak table, and pours herself a glass of brandy, downing the glass in one mouthful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAUNDRA

As important as bringing Von Croy to his knees is to you, do not act hastily. He is an important asset to the Illuminati as of now. Using him and Ms. Croft could be to our advantage sometime in the future.

Sasha nods, a dark smile slowly forming across her lips.

33 EXT. BRUNWILDER CEMETERY-LATER NIGHT 33

Lara walks among the misty tombstones and monuments, all withered with age from the many years of neglect. Her flashlight illuminates the mist in a haunting glow as she shines the flashlight upon the many massive monuments within the cemetery. Lara sighs in frustration.

LARA

Needle in a haystack...

Lara continues to move through the crypts, some extravagant, some not so much, until she stops in front of one beautifully ornate crypt. Lara shines her flashlight, revealing the name VAN BUREN across the crypt.

The stone door is slightly ajar. Puzzled, Lara slowly pushes the door inward and steps into:

34 INT. VAN BUREN CRYPT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS. 34

A COBWEB. Actually, many cobwebs, which line the interior of the crypt.

LARA

Bloody hell!

Lara spits and coughs, pulling cobwebs out of her mouth and off her clothes.

ANGLE: on Lara staring at something on the ground. We PAN around to the floor, which reveals two sets of footprints in the thick dust.

Puzzled, Lara follows the footprints, which lead to a flight of stairs which descend into inky darkness, and to the heart of the crypt.

SLOWLY, Lara starts her descent. The SILENCE is deafening as she disappears into the blackness.

35 INT. VAN BUREN CRYPT MAIN CHAMBER - NEXT. 35

Lara reaches the end of the stairs, and into an expansive chamber lined with ornate crates, statues, and other belongings of the deceased.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lara begins to search through various crates, and behind multiple objects, but NOTHING. Shining her flashlight around, she rediscovers the footprints on the floor. Lara follows them once more to towards the center of the crypt, where there is a pedestal, carved from marble, and trimmed in gold.

A message is inscribed at the pedestal's base: HERE LIES THE PORTAL TO ONE'S TRUE SELF. Puzzled again, Lara searches every inch of the pedestal, but NOTHING.

LARA

Where is the blasted thing?

Lara purses her lips, deep in thought. Suddenly a look of horror comes over her face, as we ZOOM INTO: her terrified face.

LARA (CONT'D)

(in a whisper)

Vincent.

She screws her face up in anger - she's too late.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

36 EXT. MISTY FIELDS - MOMENTS LATER. 36

DAWN is about to break.

Lara runs through the wet fields with determination. She TRIPS, falling into a picket fence, but quickly recovers, hopping over the fence and into a small creek.

Lara rushes through the knee deep water, falling a couple of times, but finally makes it to the bank and up a hill.

LARA IS PISSED. She grits her teeth and climbs up the bank, revealing the church in the distance.

37 INT. OLD CHURCH - DAY. 37

Lara bursts through the church doors and runs up the center aisle.

LARA
Delores!

SILENCE.

LARA (CONT'D)
DELORES!

A muffled cry, and a loud THUD are heard from the study. Lara runs towards the study and flings open the door.

38 INT. CHURCH STUDY - NEXT. 38

Lara bursts into the study and takes in a deep breath. Horrified, she puts her hand to her mouth, muffling a scream.

ANGLE: on DELORES, who is sprawled out on the floor clutching a Bible to her chest. Her eyes are WIDE and LIFELESS. A pool of blood surrounds the dead woman, the source a clean swipe to her throat.

Lara collects herself, wiping a few tears from her eyes, and kneels beside Delores. She shakily extends her hand out and clothes the woman's eyes.

SNICKER.

Lara looks up to find VINCENT and JOANNA standing in the doorway. They look down on her, wicked smirks forming across their lips.

JOANNA
So close. But too late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT

I must applaud you, though, for your quick thinking, Lara. I never thought you would catch up to us.

Lara stands, her eyes fierce, and her face showing utter disgust.

LARA

Why? She did nothing to anyone!

JOANNA

I love how you automatically assume we killed her.

Joanna smiles as she raises a still bloody pocket knife to her lips, and slowly licks the blood from the blade.

VINCENT

Von Croy may like to play it safe and by the books, but we find the edgier side of the job to be much more appealing.

Lara looks at Vincent in disbelief.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Sources have to be eliminated, Lara, it's part of the job.

LARA

I didn't sign up to be a murderer!

VICTOR

'Murder'? She attacked us, Lara.

JOANNA

Sometimes self-defense can end kind of, well, you know... messily.

Lara crosses her arms, and smirks.

LARA

Well, I assume it doesn't matter much anyway, seeing as you already have the mirror.

Joanna smiles and pulls an ornate silver mirror from out of a briefcase, TAUNTING Lara with it.

VINCENT

It's nothing personal. Just business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARA
(bitter)
I'm sure.

Joanna looks into the mirror and begins to fix her hair.

JOANNA
I don't see what all the fuss is
about anyway. It's just a bloody
mirror.

The mirror begins to GLOW. Joanna stops fixing her hair,
looking into the mirror blankly.

The blood drains from her face and she begins to shake in
terror, before starting to SCREAM hysterically.

Vincent rushes over to her, trying to pry the mirror from her
clenched hand, only to be shoved into a wall by the
hysterical Joanna.

Joanna, still unable to stop looking into the mirror,
thrashes her arms violently, SLAMMING the mirror into a
bookcase and finally shattering the glass.

The GLOW STOPS, and, broken from her trance, Joanna slumps to
the floor sobbing.

Seizing the moment, Lara rushes over to the broken mirror and
grabs it as Vincent tries to drag Joanna from the room. he
looks up as Lara grabs the mirror, scowling as he throws
Joanna over one shoulder.

VINCENT
This is just the beginning, Lara!

Vincent runs with Joanna from the study. Lara quickly
follows.

39 EXT. OLD CHURCH - NEXT. 39

Lara runs out of the church and spots Vincent and Joanna
boarding a helicopter in the distance. Her hair whips around
chaotically from the wind produced from the helicopter, as it
slowly begins to take off.

40 INT. HELICOPTER - MORNING. 40

Vincent holds a blubbering Joanna, and stares down at Lara.
Disgusted, he looks away as we ZOOM INTO: eyes filled with
hatred.

41 EXT. OLD CHURCH - MORNING. 41

The helicopter disappears into the horizon, leaving Lara alone with just the rising sun and the sounds of nature waking for the day.

Lara glances down into the shattered face of the mirror, her reflection broken and projected back at her in the multiple shards.

We DISSOLVE from the image through to:

42 INT. VON CROY'S OFFICE - DAY. 42

Lara sits nervously in a chair in front of Von Croy's desk. The TICK TOCK of the grandfather clock is the only noise which pierces the uncomfortable silence, as Von Croy studies the broken mirror.

Von Croy finally breaks his concentration, and looks down at Lara over his spectacles.

VON CROY

Well... not a complete success, but a success nonetheless. Retrieving the artefact alone is reason enough to receive payment, if that's what your worried about.

Lara lets out the breath she has been holding and smiles. Von Croy returns with a smile himself, and hands her an envelope.

LARA

Thank you.

Lara opens up the envelope and pulls out a check. Her eyes go wide.

LARA (CONT'D)

Goodness!

VON CROY

You earned it.

Lara puts the check back in the envelope, her expression becoming grave.

LARA

Professor. Why were Vincent and Joanna at Oakvale?

Von Croy clears his throat nervously.

VON CROY

Don't concern yourself with those two. It is trivial.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARA

They could have gotten the artefact for themselves, and they killed that poor woman! And I still don't understand why Delores's death wasn't reported to the authorities.

VON CROY

Lara. Everything is under control. You focus on your tasks, and let me handle the rest.

Lara ponders his words, still troubled.

VON CROY (CONT'D)

Trust me. Everything will be fine, but I suggest you keep any incidences such as this one between you and I.

Lara nods, not fully convinced but sensing she won't get Von Croy to budge from his statement.

VON CROY (CONT'D)

Now go! Celebrate! I'm sure your friends are wanting to hear about your mission. So go unwind!

A smile slowly forms across Lara's face as we JUMP CUT to:

43

INT. CLUB ENVY - NIGHT.

43

Lara, Sharon, and Hayden all clink their martini glasses together in celebration.

SHARON

A toast to Lara, and her first successful mission!

Lara downs her martini and grabs another one of a tray from a nearby waiter. She is slightly tipsy.

LARA

(slurred)

Semi-successful.

SHARON

(rolls her eyes)

It was successful, and don't interrupt me when I'm toasting to your victory!

Hayden waves the check in the air.

HAYDEN

And to this!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON
(scolds)
Hayden! Don't wave that around!

Sharon grabs the check from Hayden and puts it in Lara's purse.

HAYDEN
Well, it's one of the best parts of
the whole business!

Sharon TUTS at him and turns to Lara, who is staring off into space, disturbed.

SHARON
Lara?

Lara is still in a zone.

SHARON (CONT'D)
LARA!

Lara snaps out of it and looks at her friends, who stare at her in disbelief.

HAYDEN
Please tell me you're at least
enjoying yourself a little.

LARA
No, I am. It's just... something is
bothering me.

SHARON
Vincent and Joanna?

LARA
Yes.

SHARON
What exactly happened?

Lara looks at Sharon awkwardly, and at a loss for words, when Hayden grabs both girls by the hand.

HAYDEN
Ladies, enough business talk! Let's
dance!

Lara sighs in relief and smiles, as all three make their way out onto the crowded dance floor. We cut from them to:

44 INT. CLUB ENVY BALCONY - SAME.

44

Vincent watches Lara and her friends dancing from the club's balcony with a look of simmering anger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He downs a shot of vodka and slams the small glass onto the bar. Joanna slowly slinks up behind him and wraps her arms around his neck.

JOANNA

(sly)

It seems someone has taken an liking to Miss Croft.

VINCENT

Be quiet, Joanna. You don't have any idea what you're talking about.

JOANNA

(mischievous)

You know I love it when you get defensive.

VINCENT

Lara is nothing but a pawn, Jo.

JOANNA

In what?

VINCENT

A game which is just about to get a lot more interesting.

Vincent smiles wickedly at Joanna, who responds by shoving her tongue into his mouth.

45 INT. ILLUMINATI HQ OFFICE - LATER SAME NIGHT.

45

Saundra Ming sits at her desk reading over documents. She sighs, rubbing her temples.

BAM! Von Croy slams open the office doors and marches right up to Saundra's desk.

SAUNDRA

Well, this is a surprise.

Saundra smiles, calm and collected, at the fuming Von Croy.

VON CROY

Why did you let Sasha and her students try to jeopardize my student's mission?

SAUNDRA

I didn't allow them to do anything. Remember, it was a first come, first serve basis. The artefact would have been retrieved either way, so no harm is done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON CROY

'No harm'? You had an innocent woman murdered!

SAUNDRA

She was a necessary expenditure.

VON CROY

Don't you feel it is a little early to expose Lara to death? She has just started in this line of work, her trust isn't founded yet!

SAUNDRA

Death happens. I don't care about emotional repercussions, I care that this council progresses closer to world domination and global unity!

Von Croy's hardened expression softens a bit, but the worry is still apparent.

SAUNDRA (CONT'D)

And don't worry about Professor Nyte. I am using her students only to further the Illuminati's cause. She poses no threat.

Von Croy eyes Sandra suspiciously but nods in agreement.

SAUNDRA (CONT'D)

I have a feeling our little Lara has a bigger part to play in the future..

We SLOWLY ZOOM IN on Sandra, smiling wickedly, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW