

UNCHARTED:  
The Well of Oshun  
Issue 1  
by  
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"You must find kingdoms big enough  
for your ambitions."

- King Phillip II, to his son  
Alexander

A marble disc is in mid-spin. On the visible side, a faded map carved into it engulfs an ornate fountain with blue lines stretching outward. Greek letters arc above and below it.

EXT. AUSTRIA - DAY

An elegant fountain sits in the middle of a courtyard. The statue of a woman stands at the fixture's peak, the jar in her hand pouring water into the pool beneath her.

BOOM! Gunfire blows the statue to smithereens.

NATHAN DRAKE (26) tumbles into the fountain, splashing down into cover as gunfire blows hunks out of the stone.

NATE  
Ah, crap!

Nate takes cover in the fountain's pool. The ring at the end of his necklace dangles out over his beige Henley shirt. He is cradling a huge, bedazzled red sapphire in his left arm while he brandishes a pistol from his holster with his right.

NATE  
Come on, fellas! It's just a  
priceless giant sapphire. I'm sure  
you can find your own!

SPLASH! A grenade drops into the pool next to him.

NATE  
Oh...

BOOM! Nate LEAPS from the pool, a huge explosion behind him.

NATE  
YEAH!

Nate BLINDFIRES behind him as he runs to the columns of a nearby building. Gunfire whizzes by him.

Nate SLINKS into cover behind a column, holstering his pistol. He holds a radio to his face.

NATE  
Drina, do you read me? I have the  
Sacred Heart! Baron's Wermacht is  
(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)  
all over me. Get to the plane,  
I'll meet you there!

A MERC springs to Nate's side and holds him at gunpoint. The man is dressed in green militia fatigues.

MERC  
Hands up, diebin.

NATE  
Oh, hi... I think this is for you.

Nate THROWS the radio, hitting Merc in the face.

MERC  
Oof!

Nate SHOULDER CHECKS the merc as he runs back into the open. Two RIFLEMEN fire at him from nearby balconies.

Nate FIRES at one and HITS. His clip is empty. Nate TOSSES the sapphire into the air and reloads. He FIRES, hitting the other Rifleman. Mid-pose, he catches the sapphire behind him.

NATE  
Ha-ha!

Nate is running to the edge of town.

NATE  
Okay, just over this hill and  
we're home fr-

CL-CLICK! A gun cocks behind Nate.

BARON (O.S.)  
Nathan Drake.

He turns to see BARON VON TRACHE (55) holding him up. He is dressed very ostentatiously, if a bit outdated.

BARON  
You've stolen my heart.

NATE  
Well, I do have a reputation to uphold. Might be my first time stealing one that's already been stolen, though. Come on, von Trache, do you really want an attic full of trinkets from a Nazi hoarder? Full offense to your grandfather, by the way. It belongs in a... a church, I guess.

BARON

Where it BELONGS is with its proper inheritor. Destiny manifests through the will of the great. Were those gypsies strong enough to keep it, it would not have so easily been taken. My grandfather earned it from those he bested, just as I will earn it back from yo-

THUNK! Baron drops, revealing DRINA LOVERIDGE (25) standing behind him. The Romani woman is holding a huge rock.

DRINA

If he wanted a rock, he could have asked.

NATE

Rock-solid timing.

DRINA

Nice.

More MERCs charge out from the town. Nate hands the Sacred Heart to Drina as they start running.

NATE

I think that's our cue.

Nate and Drina close in on Sully's seaplane as they outrun gunfire. They RUSH aboard, Nate jumping into the pilot's seat as Drina PULLS the side hatch shut.

NATE

Strap in, this is gonna be dicey!

Gunfire RIDDLES the propeller on Nate's side of the plane.

DRINA

That doesn't look good!

NATE

Come on, old girl...

The plane barely gets into the air, a trail of smoke plumes from the shot-up propeller. The alps tower in the distance.

Drina sits in the passenger seat, cradling the sapphire.

DRINA

Your partner isn't going to be too pleased about his plane.

NATE

Add it to his list of grievances.  
It's nothing the payment we've  
agreed upon won't cover, anyway.  
So, Drina Loveridge: Savior of the  
Sacred Heart. What's next for you?

DRINA

I will return the Heart to my  
father's ministry. Maybe then he  
and my grandfather can find peace.  
Then, we begin to rebuild. From  
there? We will find out.

NATE

Well, you uh... free this Friday?

DRINA

Ha. I think I've had my fill of  
adventure for now.

NATE

Would you say this one was as good  
for you as it was for me?

DRINA

Oh, yes...

Drina suddenly looks like a horrifying clown.

DRINA

It was a HELL of a time!

NATE

WHAT THE FU-

INT. CUTTER'S FLAT - DAY

Nate SCREAMS as he SPRINGS up on a couch. He holds his head.

NATE

Ah, crrrap.

CUTTER

Well, good morning to you too  
sunshine.

CHARLIE CUTTER (33) reads a newspaper with a cup of coffee by  
his window. He is wearing tiny little glasses. It's the same  
flat from Uncharted 3. A pile of books stack on the  
nightstand beside the couch.

CUTTER

Could you not soak my couch in sweat? I think you've put the poor thing through enough. Coffee's on the table.

NATE

Ugh, thanks.

Nate holds a mug with an ECO Aviation logo on it. Four propellers "spin" in the middle of the brand. They are green, blue, red, and yellow. It's a Jak & Dexter reference.

CUTTER

Was it the clown again?

NATE

It was the clown again.

CUTTER

Brutal. It's been three months, mate, you gotta get over her.

NATE

Thanks, I'll get right on that.

CUTTER

So you got scammed and ghosted by beautiful Romani woman after risking your life to steal a ruby. That's a valuable life lesson to only take work when the payment is upfront.

NATE

You might've missed your calling as a therapist, Charlie.

CUTTER

Just some tough love, mate. If you wanted to keep getting pampered, you should've stuck with Sully.

Nate sinks back into the couch, crossing his arms.

CUTTER

Still nothing from the old geezer?

NATE

Nope.

CUTTER

Oh, he'll come around. You two've made it through worse scraps.

NATE

I dunno. This feels like a pretty big one.

CUTTER

You'll have bigger. You're 26, Nate. You've got a long life of screw-ups ahead of you.

Nate stands up with his mug.

NATE

You have anything besides tough love for me this morning, Charlie?

CUTTER

How about some work I was nice enough to scrounge up for us? Well, scrounge up for myself. Luckily for the vagrant I've been generous enough to house, this is a two man job.

Cutter holds a folder out to Nate.

NATE

Is this pay upfront?

CUTTER

Door's that way, you cocky bastard.

NATE

Heh. What's the gig?

CUTTER

Oh, just another private collector mucking about with their mountain of disposable income.

NATE

Tale as old as time.

Nate is holding the folder open. The top paper shows a photo of a statuette. It depicts Alexander the Great standing over fallen lion, his right leg bent over it with his right hand clasped around a long spear driven into his lion's neck. The lion has a scar over one eye.

CUTTER

The lift in question: Greco-Roman statuette, in effigy to one Alexander the Great. A bit gauche for my taste.

NATE

One man's trash. Who's the buyer?

CUTTER

One of yours. Familiar with an Eric Matthews?

NATE

That blood diamond trust fund baby who bought up all those pharmaceutical companies? Jeez, not exactly a Robin Hood situation, is it?

CUTTER

Doubt I need to remind you how little those types pay.

NATE

And where exactly will we be lifting this from? I don't suppose it'll be as simple as swiping it off a dusty shelf and slinking out the window.

Cutter leans over the folder in front of Nate, spreading the pages. One shows a photo of a compound built into a small island, the other shows overhead blueprints.

CUTTER

Hence, the two man job. Tabernacle. An offshore storage facility for those who can afford to be less hampered by pesky laws.

NATE

I've heard of it. Namely the body count of would-be thieves it's racked up over the years.

CUTTER

Very ominous, yes, but we have something those poor sods didn't: An invitation.

Cutter poses with one arm out like a chauffeur.

CUTTER

Oh-eight hundred tomorrow morning, yours truly will be chauffeuring a pair of bourgeoisie bollocks to said fine establishment via helicopter.



NATE

Sounds lovely, if you're allowed to bring a guest. How exactly am I getting there? Not like I can hide in the luggage compartment.

Charlie pats Nate on the shoulder.

CUTTER

Yes, that part needs some working out. Which reminds me, you look like you could use some exercise. Fancy a swim?

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Early morning light blankets the tarmac. Workers walk along the open hangars. Cutter stands beside a helicopter with a "Hennig's Helos" logo on the side.

CUTTER

Close to lift-off. How we doing in there?

Cutter holds a finger to his earpiece.

NATE (O.S.)

A little cramped. Any longer and I would've have to use up some of this oxygen already.

CUTTER

Don't worry, you'll be getting plenty of fresh air soon enough.

MARLOWE (O.S.)

Mister Cutter, I presume?

Cutter turns to see MARLOWE and TALBOT from Uncharted 3.

MARLOWE

My apologies, we seem to be early.

CUTTER

There are far worse thieves of time than punctuality, ma'am. Please, right this way.

A WORKER, wearing a vest and orange helmet, stands a few yards in front of a crate. The lid opens, revealing a pair of eyes peeking out of the darkness within.

The helicopter's blades spin as it inches off the ground.

CHARLIE  
Aaaand we're off.

Nate LEAPS out of the crate. He is wearing a wetsuit with an oxygen tank strapped to his back. A mask, flippers, and climbing hook dangle on his side.

NATE  
I read ya!

Nate LEAPS at the copter's landing skids. Hanging on by one arm and both legs, he LATCHES a carabiner to the skid.

NATE  
Phew! All right, Charlie, steady  
as she goes.

EXT. SEA - DAY

30 Minutes Later

Tabernacle Island is in view of the helicopter.

CUTTER  
Sit tight. Looks like we're about  
to hit some turbulence.

Nate, mask and flippers on, unlatches his carabiner.

NATE  
Roger. See you on the other side.

Nate drops from the helicopter and SPLASHES into the sea.

EXT. TABERNACLE LANDING PAD - DAY

The helicopter lowers onto the landing pad built onto the cliff. The entrance to the storage facility is carved into the mountain just a few yards away.

Holding the passenger door open, Cutter looks over his shoulder at the GUARDS, armed and fully-covered in armor.

CUTTER  
Bloody gestapo.

Talbot helps Marlowe out of the vehicle as a Guard arrives.

MARLOWE  
Bless you, dear. We needn't be  
long.

GREETING GUARD  
Welcome back, Ms. Marlowe.

EXT. SHORE - DAY

Nate takes his mask off as he clambers onto the rocky shore beneath the cliff to the side of the landing pad.

NATE  
All right, Charlie, I made it.  
Fashionably right on time!

CUTTER (O.S.)  
Good, now get climbing. No time to sight-see. Once you're inside, keep a low profile and don't attract any attention.

NATE  
Who, me? Please, I have that blueprint down. Gonna slide right in, give'em the slip, and leave the current custodian of unit eleven-nineteen high and dr-

Nate's wetsuit is unzipped and dangling at his waist. He holds his arms out to his sides while the charcoal business suit beneath it is dripping wet.

NATE  
Oh, crap.

Nate is scaling the side of the cliff, still dripping. He wears a messenger bag on his back. There's a Sly patch on it.

NATE  
Hey Charlie, when was the last time you used that wetsuit?

CUTTER (O.S.)  
Too snug? Have you put on weight?

NATE  
\*sigh\* Guess I'm just gonna have to improvise.

CUTTER (O.S.)  
Go wisely and slowly.

Nate reaches for a window. The frame is yellow.

NATE  
What?

CUTTER (O.S.)  
I am begging you to read a play,  
mate.

INT. TABERNACLE HALL - DAY

Two GUARDS walk side-by-side down the sleek, sharp hall.

GUARD 1  
Have you seen the new T-15's?

GUARD 2  
What is that, a plane?

They cross an intersection which Nate pokes his head out from. Nate crosses into the adjacent door, his steps SPLISH.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nate takes cover behind an orange locker.

NATE  
Okay, I'm in. About to make my to  
the unit.

CUTTER (O.S.)  
Lovely. Remember, our buyer may  
have been able to bribe the head  
of security to kill the cameras  
but you still have the guards to  
contend with.

Nate opens a locker that a Guard uniform is hanging in.

NATE  
You know, that might not be a  
problem anymore.

INT. TABERNACLE EAST HALL - DAY

Nate, disguised as a guard, pulls at his new pants while he approaches a unit numbered 1119.

NATE  
At the door. What was that code  
again?

CUTTER (O.S.)  
You're funny.

NATE  
Haha, ah, I know.

Nate is kneeling at the door as he picks the lock.

NATE  
This should juuust take a minute...  
Agh, or two. Where's Flynn when  
you need'em?

CURIOUS GUARD (O.S.)  
Oi, did you see the mess outside  
the locker room?

ANGRY GUARD (O.S.)  
See it? Damn near busted my ass on  
it!

Nate's head turns to the corner the voices echo from.

NATE  
Damnit...

CUTTER (O.S.)  
What is it?

NATE  
We might have some trouble.

CUTTER (O.S.)  
Ah, bollocks.

The Guards cover the door in the frame as they walk by.

CURIOUS GUARD  
Maybe it was that bald fella  
mucking with the sinks again.

ANGRY GUARD  
Strange bird, that one.

They pass, Nate is gone. The door CLINKS shut.

INT. STORAGE LOCKER - DAY

Nate leans back on the door as he removes his helmet.

The cramped space is cluttered with treasures and trinkets. Tapestries and tarps cover spaces of the walls between shelves stacked with objects. A headpiece to the Staff of Ra, little treasures from the games, and a Precursor Orb are visible. A tag affixed to a shelf reads "D. Pinkerton."

NATE

Close call. Jesus, look at all this stuff.

CUTTER (O.S.)

I'm guessing it's an eclectic menagerie?

NATE

That's a word for it.

Nate holds a Nigerian Nok terracotta sculpture.

NATE

All these priceless artifacts, probably sold at private auctions just to collect dust in some rich asshole's closet.

CUTTER (O.S.)

Yes, much better to steal one from here so it can collect dust in another. Get on with it, Nate. We can grapple with the morality of our situation later, yeah?

NATE

\*sigh\* Fair enough.

Nate scans the area and finds the statuette.

NATE

Ah. There you are, Alex. Long way from home. Charlie, I got it.

CUTTER (O.S.)

Excellent, now bag it and get into position. I'm not sure how much time we have left.

Nate gazes at the statue in his hand.

NATE

On it. I'll be right... wait.

CUTTER (O.S.)

Oh, for- What now?

Nate peers closer at the base.

NATE

Huh...

CUTTER (O.S.)  
Nate? Oh, bollocks, you're doing  
that thing again aren't you?

Zooming in, the disc-shaped base appears to be divided in half by a faint seam. Strongly-faded etches along the seam form mismatching tops and bottoms of Greek letters.

Nate looks to his side, takes a small ritual knife off of a shelf, and files at the seam.

EXT. TABERNACLE LANDING PAD - DAY

Charlie leans on the helicopter with a finger to his ear.

CUTTER  
Mate, you're gonna give me an  
ulcer if you don't say something.

NATE (O.S.)  
Hold on, there's something here.

CUTTER  
Unless you want to take up  
permanent residence among your  
little trinkets, I suggest you get  
moving.

INT. STORAGE LOCKER - DAY

The statuette's base TICKS as Nate twists the bottom half. He squints at the incomplete letters as he tries to match them.

Letters nearly align.

NATE  
"The Gift"... "of the Candace..."

CLINK! The letters LOCK into place and the spear in the lion's neck JOSTLES in its place.

NATE  
Ha-ha!

Nate grabs the top of the spear in his index finger and thumb. He PULLS it upward. The length of the spear that was in the lion's neck is painted a faded blue.

The bottom half the base DROPS into Nate's hand. He inspects it: The face is slightly more pristine than the rest of the statuette, having been sealed for so long. The image of a fountain/spring is carved into the center of the disc. Around

it are carvings and shapes that resemble a map with five distinct, blue lines curving and swaying inward to the icon from different, nonuniform directions. More Greek letters arc above and below the image.

NATE

Well, what do we have here?

CUTTER (O.S.)

Time's up, Nate. You need to move.

Nate puts the statuette into his bag while holding the disc.

NATE

Right. Okay, on my way.

INT. TABERNACLE HALL - DAY

Nate walks down the same hall he sneaked through earlier.

NATE

I'm coming up on the window. I'll shimmy around to the landing pad and hook on like we planned.

CUTTER (O.S.)

Brilliant. I have to admit, this has mostly gone off without a-

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

And WHAT is your excuse?!

NATE

Oh crap.

CUTTER

Bugger me.

A SECURITY CAPTAIN is yelling at an out-of-uniform GUARD in the middle of the hallway beside a wet floor sign. Three other Guards stand around, watching.

CAPTAIN

This is a violation. Misplacing your uniform is a fireable offense, Johnson!

ROBBED GUARD

Please, sir, I need this job!

Nate takes cover behind a corner.



NATE  
Change of plans. I might need you  
to buy me some time.

EXT. TABERNACLE LANDING PAD - DAY

Talbot is helping Marlowe back into the helicopter.

CUTTER  
Right. Uh...

Cutter approaches a Guard.

CUTTER  
'Scuse me. You mind if I use the  
loo?

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Cutter storms into the bathroom. He stands at a urinal.

CUTTER  
Nate, you may be the first person  
to literally piss someone off.

CL-CLUNK. A "Guard" walks into the bathroom.

NATE  
Oi, you ain't s'posed to be back  
'ere.

CUTTER  
Oh, I, uh- So sorry, mate-

NATE  
Drop those knickers, big boy.

CUTTER  
You wha- Oh.

Nate pulls his helmet up, revealing his laughing face.

CUTTER  
You are a right asshole, you know  
that? What are you wearing?

Nate leads Cutter to the door.

NATE  
Goon suit. Convincing, huh?

CUTTER

Eh. Thought you were a little short for a stormtrooper.

NATE

Cute. Let's get moving.

EXT. TABERNACLE LANDING PAD - DAY

Charlie and Nate walk out to the Guard on the platform.

CHARLIE

Sorry 'bout that. Like a labyrinth in there. Needed some help to find my way back out.

Charlie walks to the copter as Nate accosts the guard.

NATE

I got it from here. Why don't you take an early lunch?

The guard stares at Nate.

QUIET QUITTING GUARD

Whatever, man.

The guard leaves as Charlie fires up the copter.

CUTTER

All right, let's get outta here.

NATE

Right behind ya.

Nate looks around as the helicopter lifts off. He SPRINTS for the edge of the platform. Nate LEAPS off. He clambers onto the skid and hooks his carabiner onto it.

The helicopter soars away.

CUTTER

How are we doing back there?

NATE

Oh, on cloud nine.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Nate and Cutter stand on the tarmac. Cutter holds the messenger bag as Nate stretches his back.

NATE

Agh. Gonna be feeling that for a while.

CUTTER

Better plummeting into a truck bed full of luggage than the pavement.

NATE

Felt like I dropped onto a bag of gravel. How much longer are we gonna wait around for this guy?

A gaudy as hell AEGIS-branded private get approaches.

CUTTER

As long as it takes to land that monstrosity.

Two huge BODYGUARDS stomp down the ramp of the private jet, where Nate and Cutter are waiting.

ERIC MATTHEWS (30) steps out of the jet. His gaudy clothes and jewelry can't hide his receding hairline.

MATTHEWS

My miracles workers!

He approaches Cutter.

MATTHEWS

Just another walk in the park, right?

CUTTER

And such a beautiful day for one. Here he is.

Matthews pulls the statuette out of the bag as a Bodyguard hands Nate a duffle bag.

MATTHEWS

Ah, look at him.

Nate opens the bag to see a mound of British pounds. Matthews holds the statuette up in awe.

MATTHEWS

Exquisite. Those Greeks really knew their marble.

NATE

It's Roman, actually. Rougher edges, more natural physique. Also  
(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)  
not marble. That's more like an  
ancient cement.

Cutter stares daggers at Nate while Matthews looks to him.

MATTHEWS  
Huh. Well read, are we?

NATE  
I dabble.

MATTHEWS  
Well, thank you for the lesson,  
professor. All the more  
impressive, if you think about it.  
Lemons to lemonade and all that. I  
can sympathize. It's difficult to  
reach the summit of high ambition.

Nate looks smug while Cutter steps in front of him.

NATE  
Yeah. Totally.

CUTTER  
We'd hate to take up any more of  
your time. A pleasure doing  
business with you, Mr. Matthews.

Matthews shakes Cutters hand while looking at Nate.

MATTHEWS  
Right, I should be getting back.  
Lots to do. The pleasure was all  
mine, Mr. Cutter. And?

NATE  
Drake.

MATTHEWS  
Drake. Strong name.

Cutter grimaces at Nate as they walk away.

CUTTER  
Give it a rest, will ya?

NATE  
Come on, what could this guy-

MATTHEWS  
Hold on.

Matthews displays the statuette to them.

MATTHEWS

This isn't... missing anything, is it?

CUTTER

Wha... No. No, that's all of it.

MATTHEWS

Hm. Okay. Thank you, again.

Matthews stares into the statuette as Nate and Cutter walk away. He grabs the spear with his fingers. He PUSHES it down.

INT. CUTTER'S FLAT - DAY

Nate PLOPS down onto the couch with the duffle bag.

NATE

Phew! Man, where do we find these guys?

Cutter looms over him.

CUTTER

Show it to me.

NATE

Whoa, buddy, if that's how you've wanted me to pay for my stay-

CUTTER

Don't be a smartass. Show me.

Nate holds the disc up to him.

CUTTER

Did you sodding break it?

NATE

Technically, I unscrewed it.

CUTTER

What is it?

NATE

You're not gonna believe this, but I think it's a map.

CUTTER

A little small.

NATE

Here, check this out.

He points closer at the disc.

NATE

You see these shapes? Looks like geography. And these blue lines?

CUTTER

Rivers. Flowing where?

NATE

I'm not sure, but look at this.

He points at the letters.

NATE

"The Water of Life Flows Freely  
Through the Son of Amun's  
Kingdom."

Nate leans forward as Cutter crosses his arms.

CUTTER

Amun-Re? The Egyptian sun god who  
an oracle named Alexander the heir  
of, yes?

NATE

An oracle in Siwa.

CUTTER

I guess colonization gets a pass  
when you have divine permission.  
It'd be a stretch to consider that  
his kingdom. Hell, even the  
Alexandria in Egypt was only one  
of, what, ten of the same name?

NATE

No points for originality. There  
was something else. When the base  
was aligned, it formed a message.  
It read "The Gift of the Candace."

CUTTER

Candice. Candice who?

NATE

Not Candice 'who,' Candace 'what.'

Cutter sits across from Nate, pulling the bag closer.

NATE

The Kushites of Nubia were led by  
warrior queens called Kandakes.

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

The Anglo-saxon word became  
"Candace." They were the only  
force to stop Alexander in his  
tracks while he conquered every  
other part of the map he stepped  
foot on.

Cutter stacks money from the bag onto the table.

CUTTER

All right, so how do all these fun  
facts coalesce?

NATE

Well, if you have a tin foil hat  
now's the time to put it on. There  
have been dozens of studies about  
the healing properties of water in  
parts of Ethiopia. Couple that  
with theories of where life on  
earth originated, the symbol on  
this disc..

Cutter looks up.

CUTTER

You're not saying...

NATE

We know Alexander the Great chased  
former-Persian-King Darius into  
Africa around 330 BC. That chase  
led him face-to-face with a Kush  
army hell-bent on keeping him out.  
What if they were protecting  
something. Something notable  
enough for Augustus-Era Romans to  
make a sculpted map to?

Nate leans forward.

NATE

What if Alexander the Great found  
the Fountain of Youth?

Cutter stands up, flailing his arms as Nate shrugs.

CUTTER

That's mental.

NATE

Just at theory. Mythical  
properties of not, it'd make a  
hell of a find.

CUTTER

Even still, that doesn't seem like the type of thing those Candaces would offer up as a "gift."

NATE

Yeah, well, our Greco-Roman buddies were pretty fond of taking things and calling it tribute.

CUTTER

Unfortunate, but true.

Nate looks at the disc.

NATE

So, what do you say? Want to follow the trail of the Great Alexander to fortune and glory?

SLAM! The duffle bag whacks Nate in the chest. Cutter stands at the door.

CUTTER

That's your cut. Plenty to get you on your feet and out of my hair. What's left of it, anyway.

NATE

Come on, Charlie. Look, we have another job lined up!

CUTTER

No, \*I\* have another job lined up. Actual work with those yuppies I flew today. \*You\* have another wild goose chase. I brought this gig to you today and you almost blew it for the both of us because of your incessant need to be the smartest ass in every room.

Nate stands outside Cutter's door as he peers out.

CUTTER

Just more tough love, mate. You need some. Make that call you've been putting off.

SLAM! The door shuts in front of Nate. His head droops.

NATE

Shit.



EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

The sun is setting over the damp London street. Nate is inside a red call box.

INT. CALL BOX - CONTINUOUS

Nate looks at the disc in his hand as his other fingers linger over the telephone.

NATE  
Here goes nothing.

He holds the phone to his ear as it RINGS.

His posture changes as a muffled sound comes out.

NATE  
Hey uh, it's Nate. We should talk.

SULLY (O.S.)  
Well...

A panel of VICTOR SULLIVAN (51) munching on a cigar.

SULLY  
It's about goddamn time.

INT. MATTHEWS' MANCAVE - NIGHT

Security footage shows Nate removing the disc from the statuette. He pockets the disc.

Matthews peers into the screen. He squints at Nate.

MATTHEWS  
How about that?

On another monitor, a red screenshot of Nate from the footage is branded "TARGET CONFIRMED."

MATTHEWS  
Okay, "Nathan Drake." You have my attention.

Matthews leans back in his chair. He squeezes a stress ball with an arm that is hooked up to an IV. The wall behind him is plastered with maps and portraits of Augustus Caesar, Alexander the Great, and the one-eyed Kushite Queen Amanirenas. Colored threads connect the pages. Augustus' head is circled. The patch of a symbol depicting a bundle of golden arrows is pinned beside Amanirenas.