FADE IN:

EXT. THE SOMME - RIDGE ABOVE THE BRITISH LINES - DAWN

SUPER: "France. July 1, 1916." The guns have fired for seven days. The sound never stops.

HEINRICH REINHARDT (34), a financier in a tailored coat and new oiled boots, watches through field glasses. A grim COLONEL stands beside him.

Whistles shriek. THROUGH THE GLASSES: British infantry WALK across no man's land. Machine guns open up. Men fall in rows.

HEINRICH
They were told to walk.

COLONEL
They were told the wire was cut.

Then all sound DRAINS from the world. Heinrich's breath fogs in the July air. Frost creeps across his lenses. His eyes unfocus.

HEINRICH (V.O.)
It was not a voice. It was a knowing. Which governments would fall. Which fortunes would rise.

He opens a leather notebook and writes. Fast. Precise. The Colonel stares. Pages turn. Six. Eleven.

Sound CRASHES back. Heinrich caps his pen.

HEINRICH
Thank you, Colonel. I have what I came for.

He walks away. Below, fog rolls over the dead. In it, something vast and patient watches.

ABADDON (V.O.)
(a whisper from everywhere)
He never asked where it came from. They never do.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LANEHART MANOR - LIBRARY - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

One lamp. EUGENE LANEHART (19) reads the same page for the thirty-ninth time. Three floors below, the Iron Key waits.