

Satipo watches, wide-eyed and mystified.

██████ reaches the alter. The tiny idol looks both fierce and beautiful. It rests on a pedestal of polished stone. ██████ looks the whole set-up over very carefully. From his jacket he takes a small, canvas drawstring bag. He begins filling it with dirt from around the base of the alter. When he has created a weight that he thinks approximates the weight of the idol, he bounces it a couple times in his palm concentrating. It's clear he wants to replace the idol with the bag as smoothly as possible. His hand seems ready to do that once, when he stops, takes a breath and loosens his shoulder muscles. Now he sets himself again. And makes the switch! The idol is now in his hand, the bag on the pedestal. For a long moment it sits there, then the polished stone beneath the bag drops five inches. This sets off an AURAL CHAIN REACTION of steadily increasing volume as some huge mysterious mechanism rumbles into action deep in the temple.

BUTCHER

--smiles back at Eldridge--

*MACRO: thumb on send button of the cell phone.*

THOMPSON

--running full out now--

**BOOM** ---

- Fireball blasts out from the bomb

-- flattening Thompson

-- Blood splatters the inside of his helmet.

-- thick cloud of particulate matter roils out in slow motion

-- hitting Eldridge and Sanborn -- turning them black.

*With the roiling cloud we begin to float up and out over the entire city of Baghdad:*

*--we see intersections jammed with traffic; American Humvees and tanks idle next to red-and-white taxis, beat-up Opals, the military and civilian mixed up in one snarling line, all competing for space, advantage...*

*--we continue to rise until we take in the entire massive metropolis. Mosques and office towers ascend from a maze of dusty streets teeming with life despite two decades of war...*

*The roiling black cloud thins in a light breeze and we hard cut to:*

BLACK

He wears rider jeans, cowboy boots, a plaid western shirt and a worn beige Army jacket with a patch reading, "King Kong Company 1968-70".

He has the smell of sex about him: Sick sex, repressed sex, lonely sex, but sex nonetheless. He is a raw male force, driving forward; toward what, one cannot tell. Then one looks closer and sees the evitable. The clock sprig cannot be wound continually tighter. As the earth moves toward the sun, ██████████ moves toward violence.

INT. CALTHORPE HOTEL - CLOSE ON A PORTRAIT - NIGHT

of a modern ENGLISH LORD. The brass placard reads:  
"Lord Rupert Calthorpe-Cavendish-Gore."

REVEAL we're in the lobby of an ostentatious hotel. It's deserted except for TWO CLERKS at the front desk. It is the middle of the night and RAINING HEAVILY outside.

ANGLE ON HOTEL ENTRANCE

The revolving doors start to swing as TWO CHILDREN (NICK 8, ASTRID 8) and [REDACTED] ELEANOR and FELICITY YOUNG (30s) enter. They're DRIPPING WET, dragging their soaked luggage behind them.

Nick SLIDES his feet around the polished floor, leaving a MUDDY CIRCLE in his wake. The clerks look horrified. Eleanor makes her way to the front desk, while complaining to Felicity about having to walk in the bad weather.