

**ANGELS & DEMONS**

Written by  
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**INT**            **PAPAL APARTMENT**            **DAY**

seal, an  
a satin  
distance,  
a death.

CLOSE ON an ornate ring.            It's intricately carved with a  
image of St. Peter casting a net.            The ring is carried on  
pillow through a darkened, regal apartment.            In the  
BELLS ARE TOLLING -- the slow, solemn tones that announce  
a death.

bend

A dozen men in scarlet cassocks, ROMAN CATHOLIC CARDINALS,  
down to inspect the ring, nodding in affirmation, part of an  
ancient ritual.

silver  
and

A younger man (the CAMERLENGO) in a black cassock takes a  
knife and scratches the ring's seal twice, once horizontally  
once vertically, in the sign of the cross.

raises a  
a

Now the ring is placed on a lead block.            The Camerlengo  
silver mallet and SMASHES it down, shattering the ring into  
thousand tiny pieces.

has  
over the

As the Cardinals confirm to their satisfaction that the ring  
been destroyed, the HUSHED VOICE of a NEWS REPORTER comes  
image.

**REPORTER**

-- the Ring of the Fisherman, which  
bears the official papal seal and by

Vatican law must be destroyed  
immediately following the Pope's  
death.

**IN THE HALLWAY JUST OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT,**

the Cardinals file out in a solemn procession. Behind them,  
the Camerlengo closes and locks the doors to the apartment  
entrance, helped by an AIDE who stretches red silk across the doors in  
the form of an X.

**REPORTER (O.S.)**

The Pope's Chamberlain, or  
"Camerlengo," then seals the papal  
apartments ---

At the juncture point of the doors, the Camerlengo places a  
glob of hot wax, then raises a seal and BURNS it into the wax  
with a hot SIZZLE. TWO SWISS GUARDSMEN, traditionally attired,  
step in front of the doors, their eight-foot swords held in a low  
cross.

**REPORTER (O.S.) (cont'd)**

--- and Swiss Guard will remain posted  
outside the doors for at least nine  
days of mourning, a period known as  
tempe sede vacante, or ---

**2.**

**INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA DAY**

In St. Peter's Basilica, we move in toward an empty chair, a  
chair so magnificent it can only be called a throne.

**REPORTER (O.S.)**

--- "the time of the empty throne."

A ring appears around the empty throne and --

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT            CERN - DETECTOR ROOM            DAY**

except -- a ring as ornate in its way as the Ring of the Fisherman,  
twenty- this one is a mass of technological sophistication.    It's  
It's the five feet across, covered with wires, sensors, gizmos.  
field.    centerpiece of a massive laboratory the size of a football

of            SCIENTISTS and TECHNICIANS read off checklists in a variety  
hive of    languages, none of them English so far.    The place is a  
the           activity and sound; cooling water WHOOSHES through pipes,  
static HUM of high levels of current floats in the air.

the long    VITTORIA VETRA, an intense woman in her mid-thirties with  
floor to    stride of an impatient person, makes her way across the  
She           PHILLIPE, the project manager, a Frenchman around fifty.  
the           follows him as he climbs down a scaffolding that surrounds  
detector wheel and heads toward a console across the room.

**VITTORIA**

(in Italian, subtitled)  
Somebody pulled us off the grid,  
Phillipe.

**PHILLIPE**

(responds in French,  
also subtitled)  
You hit 36kV down there yesterday.  
The whole synchrotron only loads 18.

**VITTORIA**

(switching to French)  
And the LEAR's specked up to 42. It's  
all approved by the Director, you want  
me to call him?

entering    Reluctantly, Phillipe sits down at a console and starts  
commands, shaking his head.

**PHILLIPE**

Waste of power, what're you extracting, still ten to the seventh APs a second? How long to produce a gram at that rate?

**VITTORIA**

About two billion years. At that rate.

He looks at her sideways, didn't like the sound of that.  
He hits a few last keystrokes and a series of flashing lights  
main reconnect what looks like a lower laboratory complex to the  
grid. She nods her thanks and starts to go.

**PHILLIPE**

Vittoria.  
(switching to soft  
**ITALIAN**)  
Please don't blow us all to heaven.

And on the word "heaven," everything goes white and --

**DISSOLVES TO:**

**INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA DAY**

the --- a veil of thin white silk billows down over the face of  
veil over dead pontiff. TWO VATICAN FUNERIAL WORKERS pull a second  
his face, then another over his head and hands.

which is A burled cypress lid slides over the top of the coffin,  
carried out of frame and into ---

**EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE DAY**

MOURNERS, --- St. Peter's Square, packed with THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND  
including kings, queens, presidents, and prime ministers.

**REPORTER (O.S.)**

Following the elegy Mass, the body of the pontiff, borne by the traditional twelve pall bearers will be sealed in

a zinc crypt deep in the Vatican Grottoes along with the bodies of twenty-five other popes.

The PROCESSION OF CARDINALS is a ribbon of red making its way through the kaleidoscope of colors of the assembled religious dignitaries. On the brilliant array of colors ---

**CUT TO:**

**4.**

**INT CERN - DETECTOR ROOM DAY**

--- another array of colors, this one like the best fireworks display you've ever seen. Pulling back, we realize it's on one of the giant monitor screens in the detector room at CERN, all of which are lit up with similar arrays.

Something has happened and there's an enormous amount of excitement in the room. More Scientists and Technicians pour in, take their seats at consoles, CONFER excitedly. A computerized voice speaks English over a loudspeaker:

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Beam on beam collisions are active.

It repeats the message in Italian, German, French, and Chinese.

**INT CERN TUNNEL DAY**

Elevator doors open in a subterranean tunnel and Vittoria steps out. A long tube, about four feet across, runs off into the distance, and as Vittoria heads off in the other direction, we see that the tunnel, and its cylinder, go on forever that way too.

TWO MORE TECHNICIANS hurry down the tunnel and jump into the elevator she just vacated.

Vittoria steps up to a security panel and places her chin in  
a cup. A vertical laser sweeps across her eyeball and we --

**CUT TO:**

**INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA DAY**

--- an ancient carved incense holder that swings back and  
forth at the end of a chain, swung by a PRIEST in St. Peter's  
Basilica. A THOUSAND FAITHFUL are gathered for ---

**REPORTER**

--- the Pope's elegy Mass, led by  
Cardinal Saverio Mortati, Dean of the  
College of Cardinals ---

At the front, CARDINAL MORTATI stands behind a massive  
altar, arms outstretched, praying in Latin for the assembled luminaries.  
As he performs the service, intoning in a dead language --

**INT ANTIMATTER LAB DAY**

--- Vittoria steps through an airlock and emerges in a  
gleaming white underground lab. Everything, everywhere, is white.

5.

There are a dozen columns of polished steel about three feet  
tall, each of which supports a transparent canister the size of a  
tennis ball can. They appear empty.

LEONARDO BENTIVOGLIO, sixtyish, black pants and a short-  
sleeve black shirt, is at work at a command console in the center  
of the room. (They speak to each other in Italian, subtitled.)

**VITTORIA**

Power should be back five by five.

**LEONARDO**

It is, extraction's already started.

He turns around, and we thought his black pants and shirt  
looked familiar -- now we see his Roman collar and realize this  
physicist is also a priest.

LEONARDO (cont'd)  
We're in God's hands now.

While Leonardo and Vittoria work at the console, we move  
slowly across the room toward those strange vertical pillars.

**INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA DAY**

In St. Peter's, we're in a complimentary move, down the  
aisle past the College of Cardinals, one hundred sixty-five aging men  
in brilliant red robes, seated near the altar.

**REPORTER (O.S.)**

The College of Cardinals will lock  
itself in the Sistine Chapel for  
Conclave literally, the word means  
"with key" -- the process by which  
the Church chooses a new leader for  
the world's one billion Catholics.

We move onto the altar, close enough to Mortati to get a  
good look at him. He's in his late seventies, grave, eyes closed in  
religious fervor as he consecrates the communion host.

**INT ANTIMATTER LAB DAY**

In the lab, we're still moving, close to one of the pillars  
and to the transparent tube on top of it. The tube isn't empty,  
as we first thought, there's something suspended in the middle of  
it, a drop, round and white, floating in mid-air.

**INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA DAY**

Mortati reaches the religious climax of the ceremony and  
holds aloft the round white communion host.

close on A THOUSAND VOICES begin singing in St. Peter's, we go in  
the host and dissolve to ---

**INT            ANTIMATTER LAB            DAY**

match --- that otherworldly drop, also round and white, a perfect  
hot for the host, but so different, hovering in the tube like a  
blob of mercury, defying gravity.

Everything abruptly goes black and a title bleeds on screen:

**ANGELS AND DEMONS**

**CUT TO:**

**INT            HARVARD COLLEGE - NATATORIUM DAWN**

like a The bottom of a swimming pool.    A lithe figure SLASHES  
knife through the water, doing laps.

like The swimmer is the only one in the pool, but still pushes  
bleachers he's got someone to beat.    His strokes echo off vacant  
in an oldish college natatorium.

through As he reaches the end of the pool, he sees a murky figure  
the water.    The swimmer stops, pulls off his goggles.

must have ROBERT LANGDON is fiftyish, but looks ten years younger,  
something to do with two hundred laps at dawn every day.

slacks, CLAUDIO VINCENZO is heavier, dressed in a sport jacket and  
looks exhausted.    He speaks with an Italian accent.

**VINCENZO**

Professor Langdon?

**LANGDON**

Swim might help your jet lag.

**VINCENZO**

I beg your pardon?

Langdon gets out and pulls a towel off a nearby bench.

**LANGDON**

**(GESTURING)**

Bags under your eyes, up at five a.m., Italian accent... Do I hear Naples in those Rs?

**7.**

**VINCENZO**

(smiles, shows an ID)  
Claudio Vincenzo, Corpo della  
Gendarmeria Vaticano.

**LANGDON**

Vatican Police? I was expecting  
another letter.

(Vincenzo looks confused)  
My request for access to the Archives?

Vincenzo has no idea what he's talking about.

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

Shouldn't you be in Rome? Busy time  
for you guys.

**VINCENZO**

In fact I was in New York, on  
vacation. I got a call in the  
middle of the night --- find Robert  
Langdon. A matter of great urgency.

**LANGDON**

Urgent Vatican business, involving me?  
I doubt that.

He heads for the locker room. Vincenzo calls after  
him.

**VINCENZO**

They said to show you this.

Langdon turns back. Vincenzo's holding a single sheet of  
paper in his right hand. Langdon, curious, makes his way back to him.  
Takes the paper ---

--- and, it is safe to say, feels the earth give way beneath  
his feet. He looks up, eyes wide, and mutters a single word:

**LANGDON**

lluminati?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT HARVARD CAMPUS DAWN**

As the sun comes up, Langdon and Vincenzo leave the  
natatorium.

**VINCENZO**

Yes, of course, but it couldn't be  
the llluminati as we knew them, they  
disappeared a hundred years ago.

**8.**

**LANGDON**

Did they? Look at the paper.

**VINCENZO**

I've seen it.

**LANGDON**

Look again.

Vincenzo looks at it. The word llluminati is written in  
ornate script. Vincenzo looks back up --- so?

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

Turn it upside down.

Vincenzo does. Incredibly, the word reads exactly the same  
way upside down.

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

It's called an ambigram, the same  
backwards and forwards. That's common

in a symbol, like a Jewish star, or yin-yang, or a swastika, but this is a word. People have searched for the Illuminati ambigrammatic symbol for four centuries, modern symbologists even tried to create it, but nobody could pull it off, not even by computer. Most had concluded it was a myth. I wrote a book about it.

**(REALIZING)**

Which is why you're here, isn't it?

**VINCENZO**

"The Art of the Illuminati," by Robert Langdon.

**CUT TO:**

**INT            LANGDON'S APARTMENT            DAY**

A hand skims along a bookcase and stops at that very title, a heavy academic tome. Langdon pulls it out and drops it on the desk in his apartment with a THUD.

(The apartment is cluttered with esoterica, the home of a man whose taste in furnishings was very fashionable about four hundred years ago. A single man -- no kid stuff, no cats.)

Langdon flips the book open to an illustrated section in the middle, filled with renderings of previous attempts to create the symbol he now holds in his hand.

**9.**

**LANGDON**

Incredible. Either someone just figured out how to make this, or they found it. Recently. Which would mean the Illuminati have returned.

(looks at Vincenzo)

An ancient brotherhood, enemies of the church, surfacing just after the death of a Pope? I'd pull you off vacation too.

**VINCENZO**

It's worse than just that. Four cardinals were kidnapped from their quarters inside the Vatican some time between three and five a.m. this morning. Shortly afterward, the Office of the Swiss Guard received that document, along with the threat that the Cardinals will be publicly executed, one per hour, starting at seven p.m. tonight, in Rome.

**LANGDON**

(mind racing ahead)  
Conclave?

**VINCENZO**

Was to begin today. We have postponed its start for a few hours, a story of illness, there are no suspicions. Yet.

**LANGDON**

What do you want from me?

**VINCENZO**

The perpetrators of this heinous act sent that -- ambigram, you say? -- as a provocation, a taunt. But it may also be their undoing. If you can help us learn their identity, perhaps we can stop them.

**LANGDON**

Why me?

**VINCENZO**

Your expertise. Your erudition. And your involvement with recent Church -- shall we say "mysteries?"

10.

**LANGDON**

I wasn't under the impression that episode had endeared me to the Vatican.

**VINCENZO**

Oh, it didn't. But it made you --  
what is the word?  
(Italian pronunciation)  
Formidable. Formidable. A plane  
is standing by twenty minutes from  
here. Will you come with me?

Langdon doesn't move, just stares at the ambigram, still  
amazed.

VINCENZO (cont'd)  
Professor Langdon, you have spent ten  
years of your academic life searching  
for the very symbol you now hold in  
your hand. And the madman who  
created it, or who knows the secrets  
of its origin-- that person is in Rome.  
(checks his watch)  
How much longer must we pretend you  
have not already decided to come?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT AIRPORT DAY**

A small private plane SCREAMS into the sky.

**EXT ROME DAY**

We soar over Rome, the Eternal City. A helicopter WHOOSHES  
into  
frame below us.

**INT HELICOPTER DAY**

The papal helicopter is plush inside, and nearly silent. A  
very  
pricey piece of equipment. Vincenzo stares out the  
window.

**VINCENZO**

If the Illuminati have returned and  
are in Rome, we will hunt them down  
and kill them.

Langdon, seated across from him, stifles a laugh.

**LANGDON**

Spoken like a Roman Catholic.

Vincenzo looks at him sharply.

LANGDON (cont'd)

The Illuminati didn't become violent anti-Papists until the 17th century. Initially, they were physicists, mathematicians, astronomers. Their name means "the Enlightened Ones." In the 1500s, they started meeting secretly to share their concerns about the church's inaccurate teachings. They were dedicated to the quest for scientific truth. And for that, the church -- to use your words -- hunted them down and killed them. Drove them underground.

Langdon turns and looks out the front window of the helicopter as, up ahead, the marble facade of St. Peter's Basilica blazes like fire in the afternoon sun.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Into a secret society.

**EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE DAY**

Pulling away from the helicopter, we see a coat of arms emblazoned on its side -- two skeleton keys crossing a shield and papal crown. The helicopter SWOOPS over St. Peter's Square, filled with more tourists than usual, due to the impending start of Conclave. We drift toward a structure on the far side of the Square, closer to its huge, ornate windows. As we approach, large swaths of black drop down, draping over the windows, closing off our view.

**INT SISTINE CHAPEL DAY**

Inside, WORKERS continue to drape large bolts of black velvet over the windows, sealing this room off from outside. Pulling back,

we realize it's not just any room ---  
--- it's the Sistine Chapel. As the last window is  
blackened,  
the room is bathed in a profound darkness lit only by  
candles.

ONE HUNDRED SIXTY-ONE MEN in red robes are gathered inside  
the  
Chapel, the College of Cardinals. They talk in a polyglot  
of  
languages, milling about the place, conferring, catching up  
on old  
friendships.

Cardinal Mortati, the Dean of the College who led the Pope's  
elegy  
mass, is the type of man one crosses a room to see, not the  
other  
way around.

## 12.

He chats in Italian with two other Cardinals, until a black-  
cassocked aide (FATHER SIMEON) outside the open doors of the  
Chapel catches his eye. Mortati excuses himself, steps  
through  
the open doorway, and into ---

**INT SALON DAY**

-- the salon just outside the Chapel. Father Simeon is an  
unctuous  
man in his fifties with eyes that are always looking for  
whoever's  
behind you. (They speak in Italian, subtitled.)

**MORTATI**

And?

**FR. SIMEON**

Commandante Rocher assures me the  
Guard is doing everything humanly  
possible to find the prefiriti.

**MORTATI**

A very long way for him to say very  
little.

**FR. SIMEON**

What if you were to begin in their absence?

**MORTATI**

They are the four leading candidates. If they're not present, they're not eligible. There will be no consensus without them, wid are we to vote for?

Father Simeon gives him a look -- perhaps you?

MORTATI (cont'd)

It is as much a sin to offer flattery to accept it.

**FR. SIMEON**

(chastened, but not  
**REALLY**)

The Camerlengo asks how long you can postpone the opening prayer without making another announcement to the public?

**MORTATI**

Two years and three months.  
(Simeon looks confused)  
The conclave of 1316?  
(never mind)

**(MORE)**

**13.**

MORTATI (cont'd)

Tell the Camerlengo the Cardinal Electors will take every minute required to perform their sacred trust. No further announcements are necessary.

**FR. SIMEON**

He's be concerned about the public dimension. People will think-

**MORTATI**

(cutting him off)  
What we tell them to think.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT VATICAN - STREET DAY**

Vincenzo  
OLIVETTI, a

On the ground now and behind Vatican walls, Langdon and  
walk briskly around a corner and are met by ERNESTO  
solidly-built man in his late thirties.

**OLIVETTI**

Professor Langdon, welcome to Vatican  
City. Ernesto Olivetti, Inspector  
Generale of the Vatican Police Force.

He takes Langdon by the arm and gestures down a narrow  
passageway.

OLIVETTI (cont'd)

This way, please, we'll meet in the  
headquarters of the Swiss Guard.

**LANGDON**

I assumed you were Swiss Guard.

**OLIVETTI**

No. The Gendarmerie is responsible  
for everything inside the Vatican  
walls, with the exception of the  
security of His Holiness and the  
Apostolic Palace. That is Swiss  
Guard. The Commandante Generale of  
the Roman Carabinieri has joined us as  
well, in an advisory capacity, and  
the Guardia Nazionale have sent a  
representative.

**LANGDON**

**(CONFUSED)**

So jurisdictionally, this is-

**OLIVETTI**

A God damn nightmare.

**14.**

labeled

They turn a corner and approach a squat stone building  
"Offizia della Guarda Suiza."

tunics

TWO SWISS GUARDSMEN are standing outside the entrance to the  
building. They're somewhat comically dressed in puffy  
vertically striped in brilliant blue and gold, with matching

pantaloon and spats, topped by a black beret.

The  
them  
Langdon can't completely hide a smile. Olivetti notices.  
Guards raise their eight-foot swords, allowing the three of  
to enter the building.

**INT SWISS GUARD OFFICES - CORRIDOR DAY**

with  
both  
The interior of the Swiss Guard offices is ornate and filled  
artwork, like every other Vatican building. As they walk,  
Langdon studies the row of statues of male nudes that lines  
sides of the hallway, all wearing fig leaves.

**LANGDON**

The Great Castration.

**OLIVETTI**

I beg your pardon?

**LANGDON**

1857. Pius IX felt the male form might  
inspire lust, so he got a hammer and  
chisel and unmanned two hundred  
statues. These plaster fig leaves  
were added later.

Olivetti stops abruptly, outside a heavy steel door with a  
security keyguard beside it.

**OLIVETTI**

Are you anti-Catholic, Professor  
Langdon?

**LANGDON**

Me? No, I'm anti-vandalism.

**OLIVETTI**

I urge you to guard your tone in there.  
The Swiss Guard is a calling, not a  
profession, and it encourages a certain  
-- zealotry. Commander Rocher, the  
head of the Guard, is a deeply  
spiritual man, and he was close to the  
late Pope. Understood?

**LANGDON**

**(SINCERE)**

I just hope I can help.

15.

**OLIVETTI**

So do I. You were my idea.

He enters a five-digit number on the keypad and the steel doors slide open.

**INT SWISS GUARD HEADQUARTERS DAY**

The headquarters of the Swiss Guard is in a lushly adorned Renaissance library crammed with sophisticated communications and surveillance equipment. It's crowded, Swiss Guard (in suits and ties, the pantaloons are more for show), uniformed Carabinieri, and Vatican Police crammed around different stations, some working together, others arguing, mostly in Italian.

**OLIVETTI**

Wait here.

He crosses the room to a tall, fair-haired man around sixty, weathered like steel -- maybe "tempered" is the better word.

While they confer, Langdon notices a woman to his left. We recognize Vittoria Vetra, the physicist we saw at CERN. She catches Langdon's eye, forces a grim smile, recognizes they're both strangers here. Olivetti comes back with COMMANDER ROCHER, the tall man, very much in charge. He speaks with a French/Swiss **ACCENT**.

**ROCHER**

(to Vittoria)

Ms. Vetra? I'm Commander Rocher, Commandante Principale of the Swiss Guard. Thank you for coming. And Professor Langdon?

**LANGDON**

That's right. Rocher looks him up and

down, so, you're Langdon.

**ROCHER**

Thank God, the symbologist is here.  
Ms. Vetra, this way, please.

He leads Vittoria across the room, to a surveillance  
monitor.  
Langdon, puzzled by the cold shoulder, looks at Olivetti,  
who  
leans in.

**OLIVETTI**

There's been a development. We  
received another threat from the  
kidnapper.

**16.**

Across the room, they hear Vittoria GASP. Olivetti goes to  
join  
them, nodding to Langdon to follow.

**AT THE MONITOR,**

Langdon and Olivetti join Rocher and Vittoria and stare at  
the  
image on a video monitor -- it's a familiar-looking  
canister, in  
which a metallic drop of liquid shimmers in the middle,  
suspended.  
The acronym CERN is stenciled up its side. On its base  
is an  
LED display, counting down from about six hours.

At the top of the monitor flashes superimposed text -- LIVE  
FEED,  
**CAMERA #86.**

**VITTORIA**

**(CONTINUING)**

-- canister was stolen from our lab  
around midnight last night. The  
intruder killed my research partner,  
Leonardo Bentivoglio, and mutilated  
him in order to bypass security.

They look at her, don't quite see the connection.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

We use retinal scanners.  
(they still don't get it)  
They cut out his eyes.

They cringe.

VITTORIA (cont'd)  
That canister contains an extremely  
combustible substance called  
antimatter. We need to locate it  
immediately or evacuate Vatican City.

**ROCHER**  
I'm quite familiar with incendiaries,  
Ms. Vetra. I haven't heard of  
antimatter.

**VITTORIA**  
It's new, energy research technology.  
It uses a reverse polarity vacuum to  
filter out anti-matter positrons  
generated in particle accelerations in  
the Large Hadron Collider at CERN.

They look at her blankly. She points at the screen,

**17.**

VITTORIA (cont'd)  
The anti-matter is suspended, there,  
in an airtight nanocomposite shell  
with electromagnets at each end. But  
if it were to fall out of suspension  
and come into contact with matter --  
say, the bottom of the canister -- the  
two opposing forces will annihilate  
one another. Violently.

**ROCHER**  
And what might cause it to fall out of  
suspension?

**VITTORIA**  
The battery going dead. Which it  
will.

(looks at the screen)  
In six hours and eleven minutes.

Silence for a moment.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

Where is that camera? Number eighty-six?

**OLIVETTI**

It's wireless. It too was stolen. That could be anywhere inside the Vatican walls.

**VITTORIA**

You've got to find it.

**ROCHER**

We're a bit preoccupied with four missing cardinals at the moment.

**VITTORIA**

You don't understand. An annihilation is a cataclysmic event. It would be a blinding explosion, equivalent to about five megatons. The blast radius alone would be --

Softly, Langdon speaks up from behind her.

**LANGDON**

"Vatican City will be consumed by light."

A few voices fall still. They turn and look at him.

**18.**

**ROCHER**

Those are the exact words the kidnapper used.

**INT ROCHER'S OFFICE DAY**

A few moments later, they're crowded around the communications console at Rocher's desk, where a dimly-lit video recording is playing back on a computer screen. (The office is behind a glass wall to one side of the headquarters.)

The images on the recording are of FOUR OLDER MEN, some in their

sixties, the others in their seventies, filmed in dim light  
behind bars in a dank, dungeon-like space.

A lightly accented VOICE speaks from behind the camera.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

We will destroy your four pillars...  
brand your preferiti and sacrifice  
them on the altars of science... and  
then bring your church down upon you.  
Vatican City will be consumed by  
light.

**LANGDON**

It's an ancient llluminati threat.  
(Rocher pauses the recording)  
The destruction of Vatican City  
through light. The four pillars --  
he probably means the kidnapped  
cardinals. You didn't mention they  
were the preferiti.  
(to Vittoria)  
The favorites to be chosen as the new  
Pope. Play it again.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

We will destroy your four pillars...  
brand your preferiti and sacrifice  
them on the altars of science...

**LANGDON**

Stop it there.

Rocher does

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

"Brand" them, another llluminati  
legend, this one says there are a set  
of five brands, each one an ambigram.  
**(MORE)**

**19.**

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

The first four are the fundamental  
elements of science -- earth, air,  
fire, water. The fifth -- is a  
mystery. Maybe it's this.

He pulls the "llluminati" ambigram from his pocket.

**ROCHER**

He said they'd be killed publicly. In churches.

**LANGDON**

(nods, not surprised)  
Revenge for La Purga.

**ROCHER**

La Purga?

**LANGDON**

Don't you guys read your own history? 1668. The church kidnapped four Illuminati scientists and branded their chests with the symbol of the cross. To "purge their sins." Murdered them and left their bodies in the street as a warning to others to stop questioning church rulings on scientific matters. It was after La Purga that a darker, more violent Illuminati emerged. This sounds like retribution.

(to Rocher)

Is there any more?

Rocher hits play again.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

.... and then bring your church down upon you. Vatican City will be consumed by light...

While listening this time, Langdon notices a darkened video monitor, inlaid at an angle on Rocher's desk. It faces away from the outer office, and instead of an on/off switch, there is an oddly-shaped keyhole.

**VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)**

A shining star at the end of the Path of Illumination.

Langdon looks up sharply.

20.

**LANGDON**

The Path of Illumination?

Rocher stops the video.

LANGDON (cont'd)

I need to get into the Vatican Archives.

Rocher shakes his head, looks at Olivetti harshly, is embarrassed.

**OLIVETTI**

Professor, this is not the appropriate moment to-

**ROCHER**

Your petition has been denied seven times, Mr. Langdon.

**LANGDON**

This has nothing to do with that,

**(FAST)**

The Path of Illumination is an ancient trail through Rome that leads to the Church of the Illumination, a secret place where Illuminati members could meet in safety. If I can find the Segno, the sign that marks the start of the Path, I'm willing to bet the four churches along it are where he intends to murder your cardinals. If we can get to one of them before he does, we can stop it. But to find the start of the path, I need to get into the Archives.

**ROCHER**

Even if I wanted to help you, access is only by written decree of the curator and the Board of Vatican Librarians.

**LANGDON**

Or by papal mandate.

**ROCHER**

Yes. But as you've no doubt heard, the Holy Father is-

**LANGDON**

What about Il Camerlengo? Let me talk to him.

**ROCHER**

The Camerlengo? He's just a priest here, the former Pope's Chamberlain.

**LANGDON**

Doesn't the power of the Holy See rest with him during tempe sede vacante?

They just stare at him. Shit, this guy's good. Langdon checks his watch, getting irritated.

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

Hey, fellas --- you called me.

**CUT TO:**

**INT            PAPAL OFFICES            DAY**

A spectacular view of St. Peter's Square, through the windows of the Papal offices. Moving down, we find a figure dressed in a simple black cassock, his back to us, staring out at the crowd. FATHER SEBASTIAN GUTTIEREZ, the Camerlengo, speaks with a soft Spanish accent.

**CAMERLENGO**

His Holiness once told me that a Pope is a man torn between two worlds... the real world and the divine.

Assembled in the grand office are Langdon, Rocher, Olivetti, and Vittoria. The Camerlengo's back is still turned.

**CAMERLENGO (cont'd)**

He warned that any church that ignored reality would not survive to enjoy the divine.

He turns around. He's younger than we thought, in his mid-

thirties, deep, dark eyes. The kind of priest who often inspires, before the years of dogma catch up with him.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

It seems the real world is upon us tonight.

(to Langdon)

I'm familiar with Illuminati lore, and the legend of the brandings. La Purga is a dark stain on the church's history; I'm not surprised this ghost has come back to haunt us.

**22.**

He sits behind the massive desk, and if he seemed young before, he seems like a child now, overcome by the position he's in. But when he speaks to Rocher, he's in command.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

Commandante, have you begun a search for this explosive device?

**ROCHER**

Of course, but it could be anywhere, and the safety of the cardinals is my primary concern at the moment.

**CAMERLENGO**

The Sistine Chapel is a fortress, as long as the cardinals are in conclave, your security concerns are at a minimum. Devote as much of your resources as possible to a search for-

**ROCHER**

Signore, if you're about to suggest we make a naked-eye search of all of Vatican City, I must-

**CAMERLENGO**

**(SHARPLY)**

Commander. Though I am not His Holiness, when you address me, you are addressing this office. Do you understand?

**ROCHER**

Yes, Padre,

**CAMERLENGO**

Good. Now -- you said the image on screen was illuminated by artificial light. May I suggest methodically cutting the power to various sections of the City. When the image on your screen goes dark, you'll have a more specific idea of the device's location.

Rocher looks at Olivetti -- gotta admit, that's a pretty damn good idea.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

Ms. Vetra. Besides yourself and your research partner, who knew about your antimatter project?

23.

**VITTORIA**

Only the director of CERN. But Leonardo kept detailed journals; if he told anyone else about what we were doing, he would have made a note of it.

**CAMERLENGO**

(PAUSE)

Do you have these journals?

**VITTORIA**

I can have them flown here from Geneva in an hour.

He pauses, thinking, then turns the phone on his desk to face her. While she picks it up to dial, the Camerlengo comes around his desk to speak privately to Langdon.

**CAMERLENGO**

Mr. Langdon. You're correct that I may grant you access to the Archives.

**LANGDON**

Thank you, Padre.

**CAMERLENGO**

I said you're correct that I may, not that I will. Christianity's most sacred codices are in that archive. Given your recent entanglement with the church -- I need to ask you a question first.

Langdon looks at him -- fire away.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

Do you believe in God, sir?

**LANGDON**

**(DELICATELY)**

Father, I simply believe that religions can often-

**CAMERLENGO**

I didn't ask if you believe what man says about God, I asked if you believe in God.

**LANGDON**

I'm an academic. My mind tells me I will never understand God.

**24.**

**CAMERLENGO**

And your heart?

**LANGDON**

Tells me I'm not meant to.

The Camerlengo looks at him -- that's not quite good enough.

LANGDON (cont'd)

I believe that faith is a gift, which I have not been fortunate enough to receive.

good  
in.

The Camerlengo looks at him for a long moment. Pretty damn answer. He puts a hand on Langdon's shoulder and leans

**CAMERLENGO**

Be delicate with our treasures.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT            APOSTOLIC PALACE            DAY**

The back doors of the Apostolic Palace BANG open and Langdon is ushered out (fast) by Olivetti, the head of the Vatican Police.

**OLIVETTI**

The archives are this way.

They turn down a narrow passageway. A VOICE calls from behind them.

**VITTORIA (O.S.)**

Professor Langdon!

Vittoria catches up to them.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

If this path really leads to the Church of Illumination, that may be where they've hidden the antimatter.

**LANGDON**

"A shining star at the end of the Path."    My thoughts exactly.

**OLIVETTI**

(to Vittoria)

If we find this bomb, can you deactivate it?

**25.**

**VITTORIA**

No, but I can change its battery, as long as it has more than five minutes of life.    That would give us another twenty-four hours to get it back to **CERN.**

Olivetti nods to her, come on along. They walk again, holds a hand out to Langdon.

VITTORIA (cont'd)  
Vittoria Vetra. Are you really a  
symbolologist, or was he mocking you?

**LANGDON**

Both. You're a physicist?

**VITTORIA**

**(NODS)**

Bio-entanglement physics.  
Interconnectivity of life systems.

**LANGDON**

Okay.

**VITTORIA**

What are we looking for in the  
archives?

**LANGDON**

A little book written by Galileo.

**VITTORIA**

Galileo was Illuminati?

**LANGDON**

And a devout Catholic. He thought  
science and religion weren't enemies,  
but two different languages telling  
the same story. He wanted like  
minds to be able to find the Church of  
Illumination, but he couldn't exactly  
advertise its location, so he created  
a coded path. An unknown Illuminati  
master sculpted four statues, each a  
tribute to one of the four fundamental  
elements -- earth, air, fire, water --  
and put them out in public, in  
churches throughout Rome. Each  
statue held a clue, pointing to the  
next. And at the end of the trail was  
the Church of Illumination.

**26.**

the  
Vicenzo, leading them, turns up Via Sentinel and starts up  
hill toward the Archives. They follow, quickly.

**OLIVETTI**

What makes you think he's going to murder the cardinals in the churches?

**LANGDON**

The Illuminati called those four churches by a special name -- L'Altare di scienza. The altars of science.

**VITTORIA**

(making the  
**CONNECTION**)

"Sacrifice them on the altars of science," he said.

Langdon stops in his tracks.

**LANGDON**

Oh. Oh, wow.

He's staring up at the impressive facade of the Vatican Archives.

He takes a deep breath, then steps forward to enter. But Vincenzo doesn't follow. Langdon looks at him.

LANGDON (cont'd)

We go in alone?

**OLIVETTI**

Vatican Police aren't allowed access to the archives, only Swiss Guard. Lt. Chartrand will meet you inside. I'll be here when you're done.

Langdon turns back to the Archives with a look of deep contentment

-- he's wanted in here for a long, long time.

And steps through the double doors.

**CUT TO:**

**INT            APOSTOLIC PALACE            DAY**

The Camerlengo walks briskly through the hallways of the Apostolic Palace, deep in thought. He reaches the top of the Royal Staircase, and can hear the RUMBLING of activity in the Sistine Chapel below.

Looking down the stairs, he sees the doorway open, and the

gathering of cardinals inside. As he reaches the base of  
the stairs, Cardinal Mortati, who has been summoned, steps  
outside to meet him, flanked by his aide, Father Simeon.

27.

Vincenzo, leading them, turns up Via Sentinel and starts up  
the hill toward the Archives. They follow, quickly.  
They speak in English, their common language.

**CAMERLENGO**

You've been informed of the new  
situation?

**MORTATI**

**(NODS)**

May God's mercy be upon us.

**CAMERLENGO**

And the other cardinals?

**MORTATI**

Await your word.

The Camerlengo thinks, feels the weight of this decision on  
his young shoulders.

**CAMERLENGO**

May I ask your guidance, Padre?

**MORTATI**

My belief is we should proceed with  
the sealing of conclave.

**CAMERLENGO**

At this hour? That would be highly  
unorthodox.

**MORTATI**

And yet within church law. It's in  
my power, I've been chosen Great  
Elector.

**CAMERLENGO**

The cruelest honor in Christendom.

**MORTATI**

The only ambitions I have are for my church. St. Peter's church, which is under attack at its most vulnerable moment. This is not a coincidence. Is it possible our enemies hope to distract us from our sacred task?

**CAMERLENGO**

The church will not fall in a day. We may be wise to consider evacuation.

28.

**MORTATI**

That is exactly what they want, publicity and panic. We must not give them oxygen for the media fire.

**CAMERLENGO**

What of the safety of the cardinals?

**MORTATI**

Surely there is not an elector present who values his physical being more than the unbroken leadership of the Holy See.

**CAMERLENGO**

And the people in St. Peter's Square?

**MORTATI**

They care as deeply about their church as we do. Their faith will sustain them.

**CAMERLENGO**

But if their faith does not protect them from an explosion?

**MORTATI**

We're all bound for heaven eventually, are we not?

**CAMERLENGO**

Spoken like one who has enjoyed the blessings of a long and full life.

Mortati bristles at the thinly-veiled insult.

**MORTATI**

Signore, do not confuse the power of the office you temporarily hold with your true place here in the Vatican. You were a favorite of His Holiness, but His Holiness is with his Father now.

**CAMERLENGO**

Mea culpa.

anxious Satisfied, Mortati looks back over his shoulder, at the faces in the Chapel. Then turns back to the Camerlengo.

**MORTATI**

Seal the doors.

**29.**

place. With a heavy THUD, the huge doors close and bolts SLAM into RATTLE An ancient key GRINDS in an ornate lock, two heavy chains doors into place, FOUR SWISS GUARD take position in front of the and at that very moment --

**INT VATICAN ARCHIVES DAY**

looks -- two huge, modern glass doors WHOOSH open, revealing what space, like a 23rd century library. It's a massive underground evenly like a darkened airplane hangar, with a dozen glass boxes containing spaced throughout. They're lit up from within, each papers, and row upon row of bookshelves, neatly filled with books, arcana.

Guard LT. CHARTRAND, a twenty-five year old member of the Swiss Langdon (in a suit and earpiece, not the traditional garb), leads and Vittoria toward the glass enclosures.

**CHARTRAND**

(Swiss accent)

The chambers are hermetic vaults, oxygen is kept at lowest possible levels. It's a partial vacuum inside. More than ten minutes in the vault is not recommended without breathing apparatus.

He stops at one particular chamber and gestures to the sign on its door -- "Il Processo Galileano."

CHARTRAND (cont'd)

I'll be just outside the door.

Langdon starts toward the entrance to the vault, but Chartrand puts a hand on his chest, stopping him.

CHARTRAND (cont'd)

Watching you, Mr. Langdon.

Langdon looks at him. He's not popular around here.

**INT GALILEO VAULT DAY**

The electronic revolving door spins and admits Langdon to the interior of the vault. He takes a deep breath, holds it, and lets it out.

Vittoria follows shortly behind him, and she's unprepared -- the lack of oxygen hits her hard, she dizzies.

**30.**

**LANGDON**

Take a moment. If you feel double vision, double over.

**VITTORIA**

(bends over)

Feels like I'm... scuba diving... with the wrong mixture.

**LANGDON**

Plenty of time.

He checks his watch. It's 7:07.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Uh... actually, I take that back.

**CUT TO:**

**INT A DARK SPACE DAY**

In a dark space, a tea bag bobs delicately up and down in a cup of hot water. An elegant man in his forties, dressed in a casual suit, no tie, HUMS softly to himself as he steeps his tea. No idea of his name, but his suit is gray, so how about MR. GRAY.

The tea is on an old wooden table, being heated by a small can of sterno. While Mr. Gray bobs the tea bag, he stares at something to his right.

Money. A lot of it, in a number of different denominations, neatly segmented in a briefcase. And three passports, all of it. different colors (and nationalities), neatly placed on top

Satisfied, Mr. Gray CLICKS the briefcase shut and slides it under the table, tucking it up against the wall. He removes the cup from the heat, still bobbing the tea bag.

He walks, lit by candlelight that throws harsh shadows on strange walls. He heads down a very dark hallway, past a row of stonewalled cells, and within each is the dimly lit figure of the older men we saw on the videotape earlier -- the kidnapped cardinals.

He stops at the last cell, where the man, CARDINAL LAMASSE, looks up at him from the wooden bench he's sitting on.

**MR. GRAY**

You have no idea what you're missing.

**LAMASSE**

Conclave will go on without us. The  
voice of God will not be silenced.

**31.**

**MR. GRAY**

I was referring to my tea. Last  
chance, I'd be happy to make you a  
cup.

**LAMASSE**

May God forgive you for what you've  
done.

**MR. GRAY**

Father, if God has issues they won't  
be with what I've done --  
(seems genuinely saddened)  
-- but with what I'm about to do.

**A MOMENT LATER,**

Mr. Gray's hand takes the burning tin of sterno and tosses  
it into  
a fireplace, where the liquid fire consumes a pile of dry  
kindling. He picks up something else and places it in the  
heart  
of the flames.

A long-handled iron rod.

**CUT TO:**

**INT VATICAN ARCHIVES DAY**

Inside the archive, Vittoria is searching the lower shelves  
while  
Langdon, on a ladder, digs through folio bins higher up.

**LANGDON**

-- confiscated from the Netherlands by  
the Vatican shortly after Galileo's  
death. I've been petitioning to see  
it for almost ten years. Ever since  
I realized what was in it.

**VITTORIA**

What makes you so sure the Segno is there?

**LANGDON**

(while searching)

The number 503. I kept seeing it over and over in Illuminati letters, scribbled in the margins, or sometimes just signed that way, "503." It's a numerical clue, but to what? Five, of course, is the sacred Illuminati number -- the pentagram, Pythagoras, a dozen other examples in science -- but why three?

**(MORE)**

**32.**

LANGDON (cont'd)

It made no sense. And then I thought -- what if it were a Roman numeral?

**VITTORIA**

**(THINKS)**

**D-I-I-I?**

**LANGDON**

D3. Galileo's third text.  
(ticking them off)  
Dialogo. Discorsi.

His eyes light up as he pulls a slender volume out of a folio bin on one of the top shelves.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Diagramma.

**A MOMENT LATER,**

Langdon, now wearing white cotton gloves, sets the tiny manuscript on a viewing stand.

**LANGDON**

Diagramma della Verita. The Diagram of Truth.

**VITTORIA**

I know about Dialogo and Discorsi -- Galileo laid out his theories about the earth revolving around the sun, and the church forced him to recant. But what was this?

**LANGDON**

This is where he got the word out. The truth, not what the Vatican forced him to write. Smuggled out of Rome and printed in Holland on sedge papyrus. That way any scientists caught with a copy could simply drop it in water and the booklet would dissolve.

Carefully, he turns the first page.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Between its delicate nature and the Vatican burnings, it's said this is the only copy that remains.

(turns the second page)

**(MORE)**

**33.**

LANGDON (cont'd)

And if I'm right the Segno should be hidden --

(and the third)

-- on page number --

(and the fourth)

-- five.

He stops. They study the page,

LANGDON (cont'd)

Latin. Can you --- ?

**VITTORIA**

A bit.

She reaches for the book, to pull it towards her, but

Langdon

SLAPS her hand. He holds up his own, glove

**LANGDON**

Finger acids.

She rolls her eyes and leans in, studying the page.

There are

sketches on the page as well.

**VITTORIA**

**(READING)**

Movement of the planets... elliptical  
orbits... heliocentricity...

Langdon's nervous. This doesn't sound right. Vittoria turns  
the page, turns it back.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

I'm sorry, I don't think there's  
anything that could be interpreted  
as a-

**LANGDON**

Do that again.

She turns the page, then turns it back. Noticing  
something in the deep crevice of the margin as the page moves, Langdon  
grabs a magnifying glass on the end of a long pole and swings it  
over.

There, in the print gutter, what looked like a smudge is  
revealed under the magnifier to be --

LANGDON (cont'd)

A line of text. In English.

**(CONT'D)**

**34.**

**VITTORIA**

English? Why English?

**LANGDON**

No one spoke it at the Vatican. It  
was considered polluted. Too free-  
thinking, the language of radicals  
like Shakespeare and Chaucer.

He rotates the book.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Another line.

He keeps rotating the book, finds two more tiny lines  
written at  
the very edges, barely visible to the naked eye.

LANGDON (cont'd)  
"The path of light is laid, the sacred  
test..." I need a pen, we have to  
transcribe this.

**VITTORIA**  
Sorry, Professor. No time.

Before Langdon can do anything to stop her, she RIPS the  
page from  
the text and shoves it in her pocket.

Langdon's jaw drops. He shoots a look over his shoulder  
at Lt.  
Chartrand, but the man's back is turned.

**LANGDON**  
Ah, what the hell.

He SNAPS the magnifying glass off the end of its pole.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT VATICAN ARCHIVES DAY**

The doors SLAM on a Vatican police car and the tires SQUEAL  
as  
Olivetti hits the gas.

**INT CAR DAY**

Olivetti is behind the wheel, Vittoria's in front, Langdon  
leans  
in from the back seat.

**OLIVETTI**  
Twenty minutes till eight, where are  
we headed?

35.

**LANGDON**  
I'll know in a minute, give me the  
paper.

and Vittoria pulls the page from the Diagramma out of her pocket  
and hands it to Langdon. He pulls the magnifier from his coat  
and studies the thin paper, turning it in his hands.

LANGDON (cont'd)

**(READING)**

From Santi's earthly tomb with demon's  
hole...

**OLIVETTI**

Where did you get that paper?!

**LANGDON**

'Cross Rome the mystic elements  
unfold.

**VITTORIA**

We borrowed it.

**LANGDON**

The path of light is laid, the sacred  
test...

**OLIVETTI**

Are you insane?!

**LANGDON**

Let angels guide you on your earthly  
quest.

**OLIVETTI**

You removed a document from the  
Vatican Archives?!

**LANGDON**

Huh? Oh, um -- well, she moved so  
fast...

**VITTORIA**

The first marker sounds like it's at  
Santi's tomb.

**LANGDON**

**(MUSING)**

Sounds like.

**VITTORIA**

But who is Santi?

**LANGDON**

Raphael.

**VITTORIA**

Raphael? The sculptor?

**LANGDON**

Santi was his last name.

**VITTORIA**

So the path starts at Raphael's tomb!

**LANGDON**

(not entirely  
**CONVINCED**)

Yeah.

**OLIVETTI**

Raphael is buried at the Pantheon.

**VITTORIA**

Is the Pantheon even a church?

**OLIVETTI**

(snatching up the  
**RADIO**)

Oldest Catholic church in Rome!

Langdon has fallen silent, but it all makes perfect sense,  
so he says nothing as Olivetti cranks the wheel --

**EXT ROME - STREET DAY**

-- the car fishtails into a 180, and they take off in the  
opposite direction, headed for the Pantheon.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT PANTHEON - SIDE STREET DAY**

The police car pulls to a stop, as quietly as possible,  
across an open plaza from the Pantheon.

Two black Alfa-Romeos with tinted windows glide to a stop  
on either side of them. As Langdon and the others get out,  
Commander Rocher and THREE MORE SWISS GUARD, all in black  
suits, surround them. Rocher goes straight to Langdon, highly  
skeptical.

**ROCHER**

I've just pulled a dozen of my best  
men from Vatican City during conclave  
and left the search for the antimatter  
device in the hands of secondary  
officers. You'd better be right.

**37.**

**LANGDON**

I believe I am.

**ROCHER**

The Pantheon is one of the busiest  
tourist spots in Rome, how could he  
hope to get away with it? It's  
impossible.

**LANGDON**

As impossible as kidnapping four  
cardinals from Vatican City? The  
poem is precise.

Olivetti catches eyes with Langdon, who's still clutching  
the page pulled from the Diagramma. He slips it quietly into his  
jacket pocket.

**ROCHER**

The poem. Unbelievable. I'm  
basing this operation on an American's  
interpretation of a four hundred year  
old poem.

**VITTORIA**

The information we have clearly refers  
to Raphael's tomb, and Raphael's tomb  
is inside that building.

She points to the Pantheon, its edifice shimmering in the  
early

evening light.

**LANGDON**

The Pantheon is your one chance to catch this guy.

**ROCHER**

One? I thought you said four. A pathway, four markers. We'll have four chances to catch him.

**LANGDON**

You would have, a hundred years ago. The Vatican had all the pagan statues in the Pantheon removed and destroyed in the late 1800s. Whatever marker was there to lead us to the next church is gone now. The path is dead. This is your chance.

to a Rocher looks at him for a long moment, then turns abruptly

**UNIFORMED OFFICER.**

**38.**

**ROCHER**

Separate approaches. Cars to Piazza della Rotonda, Via degli Orfani, Piazza Sant'Ignazio, and Sant'Eustachio. No closer than two blocks, no uniforms, three minutes. Understood?

The Officer salutes and they snap into action.

**ROCHER (cont'd)**

And I need a set of eyes inside.

Two BEEFY GUARDSMEN in black suits step forward.

**VITTORIA**

Wait a minute, you'll scare him off.

**ROCHER**

They're not in uniform.

**VITTORIA**

I'm sorry, two weightlifters in matching black suits and earpieces,

they're hardly disguised.

**ROCHER**

There's no time to get undercover men here.

**VITTORIA**

Fine. I'll go.

**ROCHER**

I'm not sending a wom-

Her arched eyebrow stops his sentence in its tracks.

**ROCHER (cont'd)**

-- a civilian into this situation. You have no communications and you can't carry a walkie-talkie, it's too conspicuous.

**VITTORIA**

Tourists have cell phones, don't they?

(pulls out her own and holds it to her ear)

Hi honey, I'm at the Pantheon, you should see this place!

**39.**

Rocher seems to be thinking about it. Langdon looks at her, his protective instincts aroused.

**LANGDON**

You can't send her in there alone.

**ROCHER**

I don't intend to.

**EXT PANTHEON - TWO MINUTES LATER**

CLOSE ON a pair of hands, linked. Vittoria and Langdon, holding hands like lovers, walk slowly toward the entrance to the Pantheon. A COUPLE DOZEN TOURISTS, blissfully unaware, mill about the square while up on the rooftops, SNIPERS have them in view.

Langdon looks around, this wasn't what he had in mind.  
Vittoria glances at him, amused.

**VITTORIA**

You're crushing my hand.

**LANGDON**

I'm sorry.

**VITTORIA**

A nervous newlywed?

**LANGDON**

Ancient newlywed.

**VITTORIA**

Try harder.

He puts an arm around her waist, feels a lump in her back.

**LANGDON**

You really know how to use that gun  
gave you?

**VITTORIA**

I can tag a breaching porpoise from  
forty meters off the bow of a rocking  
ship.

**LANGDON**

Thought you said you were a physicist,

**VITTORIA**

I am. Long story.

**LANGDON**

Make it short.

40.

**VITTORIA**

**(THINKS)**

Can't be done.

What time is it?

Langdon raises his hand and checks his watch.

**LANGDON**

Seven minutes to eight.

**VITTORIA**

(of the watch)  
Was that Mickey Mouse?

**LANGDON**

Long story.

**VITTORIA**

Make it short.

**LANGDON**

**(THINKS)**

Can't be done.

And with that they step through the entrance and into --

**INT PANTHEON DAY**

There are a DOZEN TOURISTS scattered around, and a TOUR GROUP on one side hearing a lecture from a MUSEUM DOCENT.

bright Langdon looks up at the hole in the ceiling through which a shaft of light is shining.

**LANGDON**

The oculus. That could be the "demon's hole" in the poem.

around they Looking around, Vittoria sees several sarcophagi scattered the room, all pointing obliquely in a certain direction. As they move stealthily through the crowd, they speak in low tones:

**VITTORIA**

Why are the tombs at an angle?

**LANGDON**

To face east. Sun worship.

**VITTORIA**

But this is a Christian church.

**LANGDON**

**(SHRUGS)**

New religions often adopt existing holidays to make conversion less shocking. December 25th was the pagan holiday of the Unconquered Sun. Made it a handy choice for Christ's birthday.

**VITTORIA**

You're saying Christianity is repackaged sun worship?

**LANGDON**

Where do you think halos came from? Not just sun worship though, the Catholics borrowed Communion from the Aztecs, canonization from Euphemus, the cruciform from the Egyptians ---

**VITTORIA**

No wonder they don't like you around here.

**LANGDON**

Just trying to keep the conversation lively.

**(POINTS)**

Check the recesses. I'll go left. See you in a hundred eighty degrees.

He starts to the left, she goes to the right, walking in the shadowy recesses behind the pillars at the edges of the room.

Langdon walks slowly, checking out faces. Tourists.

Couples.

Teenagers. More tourists.

Around every column, there are shadows, and in those shadows

--

--- nothing.

He looks at his watch. Five minutes to eight. And then --

--- a SHRIEK from the other side of the room. He whirls, sees

Vittoria backing away from something.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Vittoria!

He races across the room, reaches her at the far side. Her  
face is ashen. She's pointing at something, aghast.

**42.**

**VITTORIA**

Raphael's tomb! But --

Langdon rushes forward to the crypt. There doesn't seem to  
be anything out of the ordinary, except ---

VITTORIA (cont'd)

--- it's the wrong one!

**LANGDON**

What are you talking about?!

He leans down, looks at the plaque on it.

**VITTORIA**

He was moved here, in 1759. A century  
after Diagramma was published!

**LANGDON**

That's not possible, the poem said-

**VITTORIA**

Where was he originally buried?

**LANGDON**

I don't know... Urbino, I think...  
(thinking like crazy)  
Santi's earthly tomb... what else  
could it possibly... Santi 's tomb...

His eyes flit around the room, from one ornate sarcophagus  
to another. And then it hits him:

LANGDON (cont'd)

Damn it! "Santi's tomb" must mean  
one of the chapels he built! He's  
not buried in it, he designed it! Rich  
people commissioned burial chapels in  
churches all over Rome in his day!  
(looks up)

And the "demon's hole," it isn't the oculus, it's an undercroft, a crypt, common sixteenth century term!

At that very moment, the tour group is passing them, and the elderly Docent asks his group the perfunctory wrap-up:

**DOCENT**

Does anyone have any questions?

Langdon busts in on the group.

**43.**

**LANGDON**

Yes! Did Raphael Santi ever design a chapel with an ossuary annex and angel figure commissioned by the Catholic Church?!

The Docent blinks. Wasn't expecting quite so esoteric a question.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Well?!

**DOCENT**

I'm sorry, I... I can only think of one.

Langdon suppresses the urge to grab him by the lapels and shake it out of him.

**LANGDON**

One'll do.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT PANTHEON DAY**

A clock in the square outside the Pantheon says 7:56. Langdon and Vittoria face Rocher, Olivetti, and half a dozen Swiss Guard.

**ROCHER**

Wrong? What do you mean, wrong?!

**LANGDON**

**(FAST)**

The first altar of science is the Chigi Chapel, in the church of Santa Maria del Popolo, about a mile from here! It used to be called Capella della Terra, Chapel of the Earth. Earth, the first element! This is it, I'm certain.

**ROCHER**

You were certain of the Pantheon.

**LANGDON**

Please, we have four minutes!

his Rocher looks at Langdon with contempt, then BARKS orders to men in Italian. They begin to head for their cars.

**VITTORIA**

Back to the Vatican?! You can't!

**44.**

**LANGDON**

Commandante, if you care at all about your church-

**ROCHER**

My church? My church feeds the hungry, comforts the sick and dying. What does your church do, Professor?  
(no answer)  
Ah, that's right, you haven't one.

He turns and walks away, glaring at Olivetti.

**ROCHER (cont'd)**

Take him if you want, but I'm done with him.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT      PIAZZA DEL POPOLO      DAY**

at  
Vatican  
scanning  
Olivetti's car SCREECHES to a halt in the Piazza del Popolo  
sunset. Langdon, Vittoria, Olivetti, and Vincenzo, the  
cop who first came to see Langdon, all climb out, start  
the square.

**LANGDON**

This is the place.

He points to an obelisk in the center of the square.

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

An obelisk, with a pyramid at the top.  
Both Masonic symbols.

**VITTORIA**

The Freemasons? Are Illuminati?

**LANGDON**

The Illuminati were infiltrators.  
There isn't a powerful organization on  
earth they didn't place members in.  
Look at a dollar bill some time. A  
pyramid, an occult symbol representing  
convergence upward, with the eye of  
illumination above it, and beneath it  
the Latin for "New World Order."

45.

**VITTORIA**

The United States government was  
infiltrated by Illuminati?

**LANGDON**

FDR's vice-president was a high-  
ranking Freemason. Convinced him  
the words in Latin actually meant "New  
Deal."

A church bell begins to TOLL.

**OLIVETTI**

Eight o'clock!

church at  
Langdon takes off running, toward and eleventh-century  
the southwest corner of the plaza, covered in scaffolding.

At the front door of the church,  
Langdon hops over the sawhorses blocking the entrance and  
tries the door. Locked. A sign says the place is under  
construction.

At a side door,  
Olivetti races alongside the church, followed by the others.  
He reaches a door with a large, heavy ring, and pulls it  
toward him. But the door won't budge. He pushes, throws his  
shoulder into it. Locked.

**LANGDON**  
**(APPROACHING)**

No, no, it's an annulus!

But Olivetti just races onward, looking for another door,  
followed by Vincenzo. As they disappear around the back of the  
church, Langdon steps up to the large ring, gives it an almighty  
twist --

**INT**                      **SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO**                      **DUSK**

-- and the heavy door CLUNKS open.

The interior of the church is an obstacle course of torn-up  
flooring, brick pallets, mounds of dirt. Silt drifts in  
the dying sunlight that shines through the broken windows and  
walls.

Nothing moves. Dead silence. Langdon and Vittoria walk  
slowly to the middle of the floor, at one end of the chapel.  
There are eight recesses, four on either side of a central  
aisle, all covered with large sheets of plastic, to protect them  
during construction.

46.

**LANGDON**  
**(WHISPERING)**

The chapel is in one of those apses.

The plastic RUSTLES ominously. Anything could be behind any one of them.

Vittoria pulls the gun from her waistband and holds it in front of her. Langdon notices, it makes him uncomfortable.

LANGDON (cont'd)  
You have to give that back.

She looks at him --- what are you, nuts? Something rushes at them from the side, she whirls --

Vincenzo --- and nearly blows Olivetti to kingdom come as he and barrel in through the side door.

Langdon gestures --- everybody quiet. Olivetti points to the left gestures to Langdon and Vittoria to go to the right.

They separate, to either side of the main aisle.

**AT THE FIRST CHAPEL,**

Langdon pulls the plastic aside, eyes scan the chapel. Nothing.

**ON THE OTHER SIDE,**

Olivetti does the same, at another chapel. Nothing.

**AT THE THIRD CHAPEL,**

There's Vittoria pushes the plastic aside, gun in front of her. a sudden movement to her left, she whirls -- --- and a rat scurries away.

**AT THE FOURTH CHAPEL,**

Langdon pushes the plastic aside, steps inside -- -- and GASPS.

Moving behind him, we see a Christian chapel like no other we've

it  
seven  
ever seen. Finished entirely in chestnut marble, overhead  
has a domed cupola with a field of illuminated stars and the  
planets (as known in Galileo's day).

seasons  
Further down the wall, there are tributes to earth's four  
but most incredible of all are the two huge structures that  
dominate the room from either side.

**47.**

Pyramids. Ten feet high.  
Vittoria steps in behind him.

**LANGDON**

Pyramids. In a Catholic church.  
This is it.

as  
oval  
slightly  
Behind them, the plastic rustles, as if drawn by a wind, and  
Langdon turns, he hears, faintly, a DOOR CLOSING far away.  
He turns back, eyes drawn to the floor. There is a large  
medallion there, with a skeleton carved into it. It's  
off center, raised. As if it's been opened recently, and  
hurriedly replaced.

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

The demon's hole.

**IN THE DEMON'S HOLE,**

Faces  
Vincenzo. They  
we're looking up now as the medallion GRINDS to the side.  
peer down at us -- Langdon, Vittoria, Olivetti, and  
recoil from a stench.

**UP TOP,**

Langdon squints, trying to see inside.

**LANGDON**

Anybody got a flashlight?

crypt.  
Vincenzo hands him one. Langdon shines it down into the  
There are shapes, but thirty feet down and hard to make out.  
There's one in particular, in the darkness, seems too short  
to be  
a person, but it's moving slightly.

**OLIVETTI**

Can you tell what it is?

**LANGDON**

Not from up here.

He reaches down, rattles the ladder that leans against the  
wall of  
the crypt. Takes a deep breath, looks at the others.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Those guns. Keep 'em handy?

**48.**

**IN THE DEMON'S HOLE,**

Langdon reaches the bottom, still shining the light at the  
figure  
in the distance. It's brighter here, he can see it's  
flesh-  
colored, but still indistinct. He takes a step toward it  
--

-- and something CRUNCHES under his feet.

He shines the light down. He's standing on a pile of  
human skulls

**OLIVETTI**

(calling down)  
You okay?

**LANGDON**

More or less.

He takes two more steps, closer to the swaying figure on the  
other  
side of the crypt. He can now clearly see a man's naked  
back.

LANGDON (cont'd)

He's here! I think he's -- sitting.  
(moves closer)  
Hello?  
(closer still)  
Are you all right?

source It's a human figure. As Langdon draws close, he sees the  
of the movement --- rats, gnawing at the dead body.

pull They scurry away as Langdon comes around the front, and we  
back to see what he sees.

It's Cardinal Lamasse.

waist He's been buried in the earthen floor of the crypt up to his  
his jaw broken, his mouth crammed full of dirt.

the But that's not the worst of it. Langdon GAGS as he sees  
the blackened word that has been branded into the red flesh of  
Cardinal's chest. It's an ambigram, like we've seen  
before, but this time it says --

**EARTH.**

**CUT TO:**

**INT SISTINE CHAPEL DAY**

of Cardinal Mortati sits regally at the main altar at the front  
votes the Sistine Chapel as the electors, one by one, cast their  
in the traditional manner.

**49.**

him. An AFRICAN CARDINAL at the front of the line kneels before

**AFRICAN CARDINAL  
(SUBTITLED)**

I call as my witness Christ the Lord,  
who will be my judge that my vote is  
given to the one who before God I  
think should be elected.

t  
The African Cardinal stands, holds his ballot over his head,  
lowers the ballot to the altar, where a plate sits atop a  
large  
chalice.

and  
He places the ballot on the plate, then picks up the plate  
uses it to drop the ballot in the chalice. He then  
replaces the  
plate over the chalice, bows to the cross, and heads for his  
seat.

The next cardinal steps up to repeat the process.

**A SHORT TIME LATER, A DISSOLVE,**

the  
and the line is gone. Mortati holds the chalice with all  
votes. He shakes it, chooses one---

**MORTATI**

Eligo in summum pontificem --

-- and reads an unfamiliar name.

and  
He makes a note in a ledger, then raises a threaded needle  
pierces the ballot through the word "Eligo," sliding the  
ballot on  
the thread.

**A SHORT TIME LATER, ANOTHER DISSOLVE,**

and there are a hundred and sixty-one ballots on the thread,  
Mortati looks up from his ledger and speaks to the room.

**MORTATI**

The first ballot has failed.

ends  
He takes the thread carrying all the ballots and ties the  
together to create a ring.

tray  
He lays the ring of ballots on a silver tray. Dusts the  
heavily with a yellowish powder.

**A DOOR OPENS**

and on a small incinerator. The ring of ballots is hurled inside  
bursts immediately into flame.

50.

and we A dark, brackish smoke billows up from the burning ballots,  
follow the smoke up, up, into the chimney --

**EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE DUSK**

iUPke --- and to the roof of the Sistine Chapel, where the black  
puffs out into the early evening sky.

Below, a CROWD OF THOUSANDS GROANS in disappointment as the  
message is sent --- no new pope yet.

attention? But while they are all watching the smoke, we turn our  
to the opposite direction, to the east, across Rome, to  
where ---

**CUT TO:**

**EXT PIAZZA DEL POPOLO DUSK**

to a --- those black Alfa Romeos, four this time, glide silently  
halt outside the church where Langdon just found the corpse.  
Swiss Guard in black suits pour out of the vehicles and hurry into  
the church, trying to attract as little attention as possible.

**INT SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO DUSK**

scene. The inside of the church is being sealed off as a crime  
off Rocher, just arriving, takes charge as the plastic is RIPPED  
the Chigi Chapel.

**ROCHER**

Get that body out of there and search

the rest of the building.

Swiss Guardsmen drop into the demon's hole to remove the body.

ROCHER (cont'd)

(to another Guardsman)

Outside -- a perimeter. Secure but invisible. No lights, no guns, no one knows. Understood?

Langdon, lost in thought, drifts through the small chapel, studying the intricate carvings and other artwork.

**LANGDON**

Earthly symbology... everywhere...

Rocher passes through his field of vision, livid:

**ROCHER**

Why the hell didn't you figure this out in the first place?

**51.**

It was more a rhetorical question, but Langdon answers honestly, still lost in thought, his voice soft.

**LANGDON**

I made a mistake.

He drifts toward a statue, of the highest quality white marble, resting in a niche on the far side, out of the way of the mayhem.

Vittoria joins him.

**VITTORIA**

Is it Raphael?

**LANGDON**

The chapel is. But the sculptures are Bernini.

**(STUNNED)**

The unknown Illuminati master was Bernini.

**VITTORIA**

Didn't he work for the Church?

**LANGDON**

Almost exclusively. It means the  
Illuminati even infiltrated the  
Vatican. They hid in plain sight.

human He steps closer to the statue. It's of two life-size  
figures, intertwined, one a regal, bearded man, the other a  
cherub, floating overhead.

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

Habakkuk and the Angel.

**VITTORIA**

Habakkuk?

**LANGDON**

The prophet who predicted the  
annihilation of the earth. This is  
the first marker.

He steps closer, studying it carefully.

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

"Let angels guide you on your lofty  
quest..."

the His eyes move slowly over the statue, and ours do too, from  
which angel's innocent face, down his arm, and to his right hand,  
is outstretched, one finger extended --

**52.**

-- pointing the way.

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

The Path is alive.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT**

**PIAZZA DEL POPOLO**

**DUSK**

Langdon dashes down the stairs outside the church and into  
the middle of the piazza. It's getting dark now, shadows  
streaking the square.

**LANGDON**

Southwest... it points southwest...

He gets his bearings, looks to the southwest, sees nothing  
but buildings in the way.

He runs back up the church steps, where Vittoria and Rocher  
are just coming outside. Langdon's mind is racing.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Earth-air-fire-water, we're looking  
for a Bernini sculpture having  
something to do with air...

(to Rocher)

And the next church is southwest of  
here.

**ROCHER**

You're sure this time?

**LANGDON**

I need a map. One that shows all  
the churches in Rome.

Rocher just stares at him, studying him.

LANGDON (cont'd)

I could use it now.

Rocher starts down the steps toward his car.

LANGDON (cont'd)

And a compass!

He looks around, sees the rickety scaffolding outside the  
church,  
and ---

**53.**

**A MOMENT LATER,**

--- he climbs into our view, now on the scaffolding.  
He's moving  
upward, fast, toward ---

**EXT            CHURCH ROOF            DUSK**

--- the roof of the old church, also undergoing renovation.  
The  
view of Rome is spectacular from up here, and Langdon rushes  
to  
the western wall, looking intently off in that direction.  
He sees something that makes him suck in his breath, hears a  
voice  
from behind him ---

**VITTORIA        (O.S.)**

Robert!

--- and turns as Vittoria tosses something small and black  
up to  
him.

A compass.        He catches it, holds it steady, and walks  
toward the  
edge of the roof as the compass needle swivels and settles  
on SW.

Langdon looks up, following the line of the needle, up over  
the  
rooftops of Rome, to a massive structure in the distance,  
exactly  
in line with the compass needle.

A huge dome on the horizon blots out the setting sun.

**ST.        PETER'S BASILICA.**

**CUT TO:**

**INT            CAR            NIGHT**

CLOSE ON a map of Rome, unfolded in the back seat of a  
racing car  
and spread out over Langdon and Vittoria's laps.        Langdon  
has a  
pen and is drawing a line on the map, through --

**LANGDON**

The black rectangles with crosses are  
churches, and none of them intersect

the line until it comes to an end,  
right in the middle of St. Peter's  
Square.

Night has fallen, and the four Alfa Romeos are now speeding  
across Rome. No sirens, but lots of speed. Olivetti drives,  
Rocher is in the passenger seat.

**54.**

**ROCHER**

Your theory doesn't hold up,  
Professor. Michelangelo designed  
St. Peter's, not Bernini.

**LANGDON**

The Basilica is Michelangelo, but the  
square is Bernini. The second  
marker must be a statue in the square.

**VITTORIA**

It's ten minutes till nine! Can we  
go any faster?!

**ROCHER**

Not unless we want the full attention  
of the world press.

She looks down, to two television screens mounted into the  
backs of the front seats. Both are tuned to coverage of the  
papal selection process, REPORTERS doing stand-ups from the middle  
of crowded St. Peter's Square.

We move in on one of the images, then into the image, coming  
out -

**CUT TO:**

**EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT**

--- on a television monitor in St. Peter's Square. The  
Reporter, a JAPANESE WOMAN, is giving a stand-up report on the progress  
so

far, gesturing to the chimney over the Sistine Chapel.

The crowd has grown, now four thousand, maybe five.

FLASHBULBS

POP. A few PROTESTERS CHANT.

Romeos

Almost silently, behind them all, half a dozen black Alfa  
race in, too fast, and come to an abrupt halt.

**IN ROCHER'S CAR,**

they all get out, trying to avoid causing a panic.

the

Langdon walks into the square, eyes focused on an object in  
middle.

**LANGDON**

Another obelisk. We're close.

He looks up, at row after row of statues that ring the  
square from  
atop the oval colonnades.

SHARPSHOOTERS scurry among the statuary, setting themselves  
up.

**55.**

In the crowd, Rocher MUTTERS into his radio and to  
undercover  
SWISS GUARD scattered throughout. The crowd is unaware of  
them.

Langdon keeps walking, turning in circles, looking above  
him, to  
the tops of the colonnades that border the square.

**VITTORIA**

There must be a hundred statues up  
there, which one is it?

**LANGDON**

How in God's name would anyone make a  
sculpture about air?

And indeed there are. Langdon looks at his watch.  
Two  
minutes to nine.

And then he freezes. Staring down, not up.

square  
He takes a step back. There is a fresco carved into the  
beneath his feet, or more accurately --

LANGDON (cont'd)

Bas relief!

Vittoria.  
He takes a step back, to look at the carving, as does

LANGDON (cont'd)

The other half of sculpture is bas relief.

(to Vittoria)

Look for more! Something having to do with air!

bit  
the  
They move through the crowd, pushing people aside, causing a  
of a ruckus as they try to uncover the elaborate carvings in  
stone of the square.

MEN,  
through  
(IF WE ARE EAGLE-EYED, at this point we will see TWO ROBED  
one helping the other, who carries a cross, as they pass  
the crowd behind Langdon.)

center  
Remembering something, Langdon rushes forward, toward the  
of the square, uncharacteristically brusque with the crowd,  
shoving his way through now.

stop, and  
He draws close to one carving in particular, slows to a  
stares down at it, eyes wide.

as it  
Its  
It's a carving of an angel's face, cheeks billowing outward  
blows a gust of wind, symbolized by five vertical streaks.  
title is ---

56.

LANGDON (cont'd)

"West Ponente." The West Wind. An  
angel's face and five streaks. Air!

So this is it, but now what? They look around  
frantically,  
scanning the crowd. So does Rocher, so does Olivetti.  
The  
BELLS of St. Peter's start to TOLL the hour.

**NEARBY,**

a LITTLE GIRL dances with a doll. Happily unaware of  
what's  
going on.

**ELSEWHERE,**

some PROTESTERS tangle. Some believe one thing, others  
don't.

Swiss Guard and Vatican Police race in to break it up. But  
there's  
no bloodshed.

**CLOSE TO THAT,**

a ROBED MAN carrying a small wooden cross falls to the  
ground.  
Somebody near him SCREAMS.

**NEARBY,**

the Little Girl is jostled by a HOMELESS MAN, drops her  
doll.

**THE ROBED MAN**

is helped to his feet by the Police. He's fine. He  
wanders  
away, holding his cross high.

And as he passes us, we catch just a glimpse of his face ---  
--and recognize Mr. Gray.

**THE LITTLE GIRL**

bends down, picks up her doll, and sees --

-- IT'S COVERED IN BLOOD.

it She looks down at the ground, sees a trail of blood, follows  
with her eyes to where ---  
-- the Homeless Man, dressed in torn rags, leans against a  
fountain, gasping for breath.

**ACROSS THE CROWD,**

**57.**

and Vittoria and Langdon hear the SCREAMS. They're closest,  
they're at the fountain in just a few seconds.

brand Langdon drops to his knees, turns the Homeless Man over.  
Through the man's torn shirt, he can see a black and red  
burned into his chest.

back: Three letters, ornate script, reading the same front to

**AIR.**

Vittoria grabs his arm, feels for a pulse.

**VITTORIA**

He's still alive!

opening But the dying Cardinal is gasping for breath, his mouth  
and closing like a fish on a dock.

and She bends down, arches his neck, closes her mouth over his,  
blows air into his lungs.

holes in Immediately, a fog of red mist BILLOWS from two puncture  
the man's chest, covering Langdon in blood --- his face, his  
clothes.

**VITTORIA (cont'd)**

His chest! They punctured his lungs!

depth. Langdon recoils in horror, overcome, completely out of his

GUARD           Rocher arrives, as does Olivetti, as do a DOZEN MORE SWISS  
and VATICAN POLICE.     Rocher looks around, defeated and  
enraged,  
as the Cardinal expires and the Crowd panics, fleeing in all  
directions.

He presses his radio to his lips and keys the mic.

**ROCHER**

Clear the square.

**CUT TO:**

**INT           BATHROOM           NIGHT**

the           Blood and water swirl down a drain. Langdon looks up from  
in the       sink, water rushing from his face. He dries himself, looks  
mirror.     He holds up his hands. They're shaking.

and           He's standing in a lavish marble bathroom, now cleaned up  
changed into black pants and a black long-sleeved shirt.  
No           Roman collar, they don't just give you those, but clearly  
the           clothes of a priest.     He steps out of the bathroom and  
into ---

**58.**

**INT           PAPAL OFFICE           NIGHT**

and           -- the papal office, where the Camerlengo, Rocher, Olivetti,  
security     Vittoria are gathered again, as are HALF A DOZEN other  
jurisdictional officers.     It's crowded, busy, little knots of  
arguments and competing theories around the room.

Olivetti.    The Camerlengo, at his desk, is stunned, speaking to  
Langdon edges close enough to hear, but not too close.

**CAMERLENGO**

When did this call come in?

**OLIVETTI**

Three, four minutes ago. The same voice as on the tape. We're analyzing the accent now, Alsatian is our best guess at the moment.

**CAMERLENGO**

And he actually claimed responsibility for the death of His Holiness?

**OLIVETTI**

Not personally, but he said it was the Illuminati. He said they murdered him.

**CAMERLENGO**

That's ridiculous, the Holy Father died of a stroke. Did he say how they claim to have done it?

**OLIVETTI**

The Pope's own medication. A drug known as Heparin?

There is silence for a moment. Rocher looks up. Looks away.

**VITTORIA**

The Pope took Heparin?

**CAMERLENGO**

He had thrombophlebitis. He took an injection once a day. But no one knew that.

**OLIVETTI**

Someone knew.

59.

**ROCHER**

His Holiness had health concerns; he was subject to seizures as well. But he took steps to make sure he was -- watched. For safety. That's all he wished to be made public, and that's all we should discuss.

**VITTORIA**

(ignoring him)

Heparin is lethal in the wrong dosage. An overdose would cause massive internal bleeding and brain hemorrhages. At first it might look like a stroke, but in a few days his body would show signs, we could easily-

Rocher spins on her, livid.

**ROCHER**

Ms. Vetra, in case you're unaware, papal autopsies are prohibited by Vatican Law. We are not about to defile His Holiness's body just because his enemies claim to-

**CAMERLENGO**

Of course we're not. We'll make a public announcement refuting this absurd claim.

Father Simeon, Cardinal Mortati's aide, steps forward.

**FR. SIMEON**

I'm afraid that's out of the question. Cardinal Mortati has insisted this entire matter be kept internal.

**CAMERLENGO**

Cardinal Mortati shouldn't even be aware of this, he's locked in conclave.

**FR. SIMEON**

His final instructions before sealing the doors were very clear -- no outside communications unless absolutely necessary.

**CAMERLENGO**

Cardinal Mortati will remember that he is Dean of the College of Cardinals, not His Holiness himself.

60.

**FR. SIMEON**

As you say. Yet, technically, now that

Conclave has begun, it is his privilege and duty to control public announcements. I've drafted a short release about the incident in the square, but any other statements are specifically prohibited. For that, the Cardinal has asked me to remind you -- we have a chimney.

he is The Camerlengo just stares at him, a power struggle. Which going to lose.

**CAMERLENGO**

As you say.

(turns away)

Commander Rocher, the search for the device?

**ROCHER**

We've turned the power off and on to about twenty percent of Vatican City. Nothing on the video yet.

**CAMERLENGO**

Mr. Langdon, you've been right so far, if belatedly, about the Path. It's now nine fifteen, how quickly can you find the next church?

Langdon refers to a map spread out on the desk.

**LANGDON**

The line of the breath in the carving points due east, directly away from Vatican City, but there are five lines, so there's room for error.

While he talks, an AIDE in a business suit is ushered quietly in the door by a Swiss Guardsman. He's carrying a satchel. Vittoria recognizes him, and he goes to her.

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

There are about twenty churches that intersect it. None of their names invoke "fire," but there must be a Bernini sculpture inside one of them that does. I'm going to need to get back into the Archives to find it.

**CAMERLENGO**

(to Olivetti)  
Escort him.

Langdon looks to Vittoria -- you coming? She looks up from a table, where she's opened the satchel brought in by the Aide. She holds two leather-bound books in her hand.

**VITTORIA**

The journals I asked for. I'd like to stay here and study them. If Leonardo told anyone else about our project, that could be the killer.

**CAMERLENGO**

Fine.

The group starts to break up, half of them headed for the doors. As Langdon rolls up the map on the desk, the Camerlengo notices his black clothes for the first time.

**CAMERLENGO (cont'd)**

Professor, would it surprise you to find those clothes suit you?

Langdon manages a sliver of a smile, starting to like this guy.

**LANGDON**

It would surprise the hell out of me.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT**

St. Peter's has been cleared out, the throng moved to barricades at its edges so that the crime scene can be properly investigated. Flashbulbs POP everywhere.

we

The row of TV REPORTERS is nearly shoulder to shoulder, and  
move along them --- first up is an ITALIAN REPORTER:

**ITALIAN REPORTER  
(SUBTITLED)**

-- a statement just released by the  
Vatican expressing sympathy for the  
family of the mugging victim, a  
tourist from Dusseldorf --

Still moving, we pass a CHINESE REPORTER.

62.

**CHINESE REPORTER  
(SUBTITLED)**

--- who is now confirmed dead.  
Vatican Police have a suspect in  
custody, and after photographing the  
crime scene ---

Still moving, a FRENCH REPORTER.

**FRENCH REPORTER  
(SUBTITLED)**

--- will allow the crowds of faithful  
back into St. Peter's Square, where  
security will be doubled.

Still moving, a BBC REPORTER, in English.

**BBC REPORTER**

Sadly, the Vatican spokesman points  
out, where crowds go --

And finally, an AMERICAN.

**AMERICAN REPORTER**

--- so often follows crime. We're  
trying now to get the name of the  
tourist who was- wait a-

her in

The American Reporter looks confused, somebody's talking to  
her earpiece.

AMERICAN REPORTER (cont'd)  
We're getting word now of -- smoke,  
smoke from the Sistine Chapel chimney,

apparently there's been another vote I  
And almost as one, the row of TV cameras all swing away from  
the  
chimney,  
crime scene in the square and up, to the Sistine Chapel  
where there is indeed a thick cloud --  
--- of black smoke. Still no new pope, and the subject is  
effectively changed.

**CUT TO:**

**INT VATICAN ARCHIVES NIGHT**

Langdon and Lt. Chartrand, the young Swiss Guardsman, walk  
quickly  
down the row of hermetically sealed vaults in the Vatican  
Archives.

Langdon's leading, looking at the names on the outsides of  
each of  
the individual vaults.

**63.**

**CHARTRAND**

What are you looking for this time?

**LANGDON**

Assets.

**CHARTRAND**

I beg your pardon?

**LANGDON**

Artwork is valuable, and corporations  
tend to keep track of their holdings.

**CHARTRAND**

The Catholic Church is not a  
corporation, Signore, it is a beacon,  
a source of inspiration for one  
billion lost and frightened souls.

**LANGDON**

Sure sure, I get that.

vaults -- He stops, pointing up at a sign on the end of one of the  
**BANCO VATICANO.**

LANGDON (cont'd)  
But it's also a bank.

the He takes one last breath of oxygen-rich air, pushes through  
revolving door --

**INT VAULT NIGHT**

place. --- and comes through the other side, eyes scanning the  
A  
moment later, Chartrand follows him through the door.  
Langdon looks at him --- you're coming in too?

**CHARTRAND**  
Cfmmander Olivetti said I was not to  
leave your side this time.

**LANGDON**  
(a mutter)  
Wasn't me, it was her,

searches the MOVING FAST ALONG THE LEATHER-BOUND VOLUMES, Langdon  
place as fast as he can.

**BAM!**

it, A book drops onto a table, pages flip by, Langdon studies  
SLAMS it shut.

**64.**

rifled, BAM! BAM! Two more books, flipped open, compared, pages  
nothing.

**BACK IN THE STACKS,**

his hand finds a five-inch thick ledger marked "Bernini."

**ON A TABLE,**

begins it SMACKS down and opens to the first page. Langdon sits, turning the pages, one by one.

**LOOKING AT THE PAGE,**

clears his vision momentarily blurs. He rubs his eyes, it again.

flutter in He looks up, at a vent over the doorway. Thin ribbons the breeze of the minimal oxygen that's being pumped in.

He goes back to work. Chartrand watches him.

**CUT TO:**

**INT PAPAL OFFICE NIGHT**

barricades Looking out the window of the papal office, we see the removed from the edges of St. Peter's Square. The crowds return.

thinking, Pulling back, we see the Camerlengo looking out at them, troubled. There are still half a dozen Security Officials in the papal office, but the Camerlengo turns and looks at Vittoria, working alone at a desk on the far side of the office.

**AT THE DESK,**

Sensing Vittoria pores over the journals sent from Geneva. something, she looks up. The Camerlengo is standing over her. He speaks quietly.

**CAMERLENGO**

What sort of signs?

**VITTORIA**

I'm sorry?

The Camerlengo looks over his shoulder, to make sure their conversation is private.

**CAMERLENGO**

If the Holy Father were given an overdose of Heparin... what signs would his body bear?

65.

**VITTORIA**

Bleeding of the oral mucosa.  
(off his questioning look)  
His gums. Postmortem, the blood congeals and turns the inside of the mouth black.

**CAMERLENGO**

Even though he died fourteen days ago?

**VITTORIA**

It wouldn't show up until at least a week after his death.

her? He looks around the room once more. Then back to

**CAMERLENGO**

He was... very important to me.

**VITTORIA**

I understand.

He thinks for a long moment, then --

**CAMERLENGO**

Please come.

--- turns and leaves the room. She makes sure no one's looking, then follows him out.

She leaves the journals behind.

**CUT TO:**

**INT VATICAN ARCHIVES NIGHT**

halfway written CLOSE ON the Bernini ledger, which Langdon is now almost through. He turns a page, scans the list of items there, then moves on to the next.

He blinks, his vision blurring again. He looks over at Chartrand, who's suffering even worse, panting for air, hands on his knees.

**LANGDON**

You don't smoke, do you?

**CHARTRAND**

(yes, a lot)  
A little bit.

**LANGDON**

Sit down before you fall down.

**66.**

Chartrand half-stumbles into a chair on the opposite side of the table. Langdon goes back to what he was doing, flipping a page--

--- and then immediately flipping it back.

There is a hand-written notation alongside one of the entries.

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

My Italian's no good, what does this note say? Next to the entry for The Ecstasy of St. Teresa?

Chartrand leans over the ledger, squinting hard, trying to focus.

**CHARTRAND**

"Moved at suggestion of the artist."

**LANGDON**

Moved to another church? At  
Bernini's suggestion?

Chartrand, really suffering for air, can't follow it.

**CHARTRAND**

I don't know.

Langdon flips the page back, to a photograph of the sculpture in

question.

**THE STATUE**

angel is of a woman, seemingly in the throes of ecstasy, while an hovering over her holds a spear aloft.

Langdon raises an eyebrow.

after The word "Seraphim" jumps up from the page, words in quotes it -- "Seraphim, meaning 'the fiery one...'"

**LANGDON**

Fire.

filled with More words pop out at us -- "His great golden spear... fire..."

LANGDON (cont'd)

Fire.

Still more -- "woman inflamed by passion's fire..."

And now a close-up of her enraptured face.

**67.**

**LANGDON**

Fire.

And now three things happen in quick succession:

-- Langdon SLAMS the ledger shut,

vault is -- the ribbons on the air vent fall as the oxygen into the cut off, and

-- one by one, ALL THE LIGHTS IN THE ARCHIVES GO OUT.

Total silence for a moment.

Langdon and Chartrand look at each other in the darkness.

LANGDON (cont'd)

The door -- ?

**CHARTRAND**

Electronic.

**LANGDON**

That's too bad.

**CUT TO:**

**INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA NIGHT**

Vittoria The Camerlengo, flanked by two Swiss Guardsmen, escorts rapidly across the deserted floor of St. Peter's Basilica.

**VITTORIA**

Where are we going?

**CAMERLENGO**

To see my father.

**VITTORIA**

I don't understand.

They circle past a pillar and she sees an orange glow up ahead, seeming to emanate from beneath the floor in the center of the basilica.

**CAMERLENGO**

I was orphaned when I was nine years old. A bombing in Madrid -- Basque separatists protesting the visit of a Catholic archbishop.

As they draw closer, she sees it's the entrance to a sumptuous underground chamber, surrounded by scores of glowing oil lamps.

**68.**

**CAMERLENGO (cont'd)**

The archbishop felt responsible, and he adopted me the following day. I was raised by him, and by the church.

The Camerlengo starts down a winding stairway, rimmed by the lamps,

**ON THE STAIRCASE,**

they descend, lit by the spectral glow of the oil lamps.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

He was the wisest man I ever met, even with my youthful foolishness. He always saw the middle way. I wanted to be ordained, but I also refused to be excused from military service. So he suggested I fly rescue missions, helicopters bringing the wounded to hospital.

He stops at the bottom of the stairs and looks up at her.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

He was a great man.

**VITTORIA**

He died?

**CAMERLENGO**

**(NODS)**

Fourteen days ago.

Vittoria, stunned, realizes who he's talking about.

**CUT TO:**

**INT VATICAN ARCHIVES NIGHT**

Archives, KA-CHUNG! Emergency lights switch on in the Vatican, casting a weird, reddish glow over everything.

But the ribbons at the oxygen panel remain limp.

Below, Langdon pushes, again and again, on the deadened exit button, trying to activate the doors. Nothing doing.

He's weak, weaving, barely on his feet.

hand, Chartrand's already slumped against a wall, his radio in, keying it over and over again, but getting only static.

**LANGDON**

Anything?

Chartrand gestures weakly around the room.

**CHARTRAND**

Walls... lead-lined... no signal.

Langdon blinks, his vision becoming seriously impaired. He holds his eyes closed for a moment, opens them, it's not much better.

Langdon looks at the glass wall on the far side of the vault. Then at the row of bookcases. Gets an idea.

He goes to the last bookcase, which is about six feet from the glass wall. He hoists himself up on the shelf of the bookcase opposite it, wedges himself in.

And pushes with one leg. The giant bookcase teeters, but just barely.

Langdon hoists himself further up, gets both legs up against the bookshelf.

Pushes again -- more movement this time.

Now he puts everything he has into it, straining like hell. The bookcase starts to tip, goes just past the point of no return, starts to fall, gloriously headed straight for the glass wall, which it SLAMS into with enormous power and -- --- stops.

Leaning against the wall. Forget cracks, there's not even a scratch.

Langdon CURSES under his breath, looks around for another idea.

He hears a soft THUD from the other side of the room, sees

Chartrand has slumped over, unconscious.

But his jacket has fallen open, revealing the sidearm he carries in a shoulder holster.

**LANGDON'S HAND**

he's slips the gun out of the holster and hefts it. Safe bet never held one of these before.

pulls He staggers over toward the glass wall, raises the gun, and move. the trigger. Nothing happens. Trigger doesn't even

**70.**

to After a moment of oxygen-poor thinking, he figures out how CLICK off the safety. Tries again.

(Pow.)

brain's The sound of the shot is barely audible to Langdon. His going fast.

but If he was hoping to bring the whole wall down, he failed, and he there's a faint HISSING sound coming from the bullethole, goes to it and takes a deep breath of air from the outside.

He stands back, his brain clearing momentarily.

corners, Seized by an idea, he looks up at the wall, at its four just and at the tiny web of cracks radiating out from the hole he made in the center.

corner, upper He raises the gun again and fires off FOUR SHOTS in quick succession. They're in an odd pattern-- upper left lower right, not quite as high, lower middle-left, and the very right corner.

first Now there are four new holes, each HISSING slightly, and the hole, in the center.

forward to Shaking his head once more to clear it, Langdon steps the glass wall, but instead of barreling against it or throwing a chair, he simply raises one hand, places it flat over the first hole he made, the one in the center of the glass wall --- -- and presses gently.

beneath his Almost immediately, a SHARP SOUND comes from the hole hand and a jagged crack leaps out from the first hole, shooting up to connect with the hole in the upper left corner.

fourth, He presses just a touch harder and a SECOND CRACK starts, shooting down to the lower right. Then a third, and a the glass is cracking like ice in springtime, all four extremities connecting with the central hole, and with a huge GROANING SOUND -

-

-- the entire glass wall falls to pieces at his feet.

Air RUSHES into the vault.

And, wouldn't you know it, the power comes back on in the Archives.

**CUT TO:**

71.

**INT VATICAN GROTTOES NIGHT**

Vittoria, the Camerlengo, and the two Swiss Guard reach the entrance to the Holy Vatican Grottoes just as --

-- their power goes out.

On Two flashlights CLICK on, and the Guardsmen lead the way in.

both sides, hollow niches line the walls. Recessed in the alcoves, as far as the flashlights let them see, the hulking shadows of sarcophagi loom.

Pope,  
On top of each tomb are life-sized marble carvings of each shown in death and wearing full papal vestments, arms folded across their chests.

**CAMERLENGO**

If the Holy Father was murdered, the implications are profound. Vatican security is impenetrable, no one from the outside could have gotten anywhere near him.

**VITTORIA**

Meaning it was someone on the inside.

**CAMERLENGO**

We can trust no one

he's  
realizes what  
for  
He steps up his pace, taking the lead, knows exactly where going. The others fall behind, as everyone slowly realizes what he intends to do. And they're not at all sure they're up for it.

**AT THE LATE POPE'S SARCOPHAGUS,**

in  
Pope.  
the Camerlengo closes the last few feet alone. He kneels down front of the bright marble carving, a likeness of the late He WHISPERS.

**CAMERLENGO**

Father... Holy Father... You told me when I was young that the voice in my heart was that of God. You told me I must follow it no matter what painful places it leads. I hear it now, asking me the impossible. Give me strength. Forgive me. What I do, I do in the name of everything you believe.

**BEHIND HIM,**

and the others watch as he finishes his private prayer, stands,  
turns to them.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)  
Remove the covering.

Nobody moves. Just stares at him.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)  
Did you hear me?

**SWISS GUARDSMAN**  
Signore, by law we are at your  
command. But we are also bound by-

**CAMERLENGO**  
I ask your forgiveness for putting you  
in this position. Vatican laws are  
established to protect the church. But  
it is in that very spirit that I  
command you to break them now.

A moment of silence, and then --

marble -- they step forward. Set their flashlights on the floor.  
and And step to the tomb. Bracing their hands against the  
covering near the head of the tomb, they plant their feet  
push.

It doesn't move.

They push harder.

Vittoria and the Camerlengo join them.

slides, With an almost primal GROWL of stone on stone, the lid  
angle. rotating off the top of the casket and coming to rest at an

crypt. The Camerlengo picks up a flashlight and shines it in the

Vittoria leans forward.

The light creeps up the Pope's body, over his burial vestments, past his folded hands, and finally to his face.

His cheeks have collapsed, the Pope's mouth gapes wide --

-- and his tongue is black as death.

**CUT TO:**

**73.**

**EXT VATICAN ARCHIVES NIGHT**

blood The face of Langdon's Mickey Mouse watch is smeared with from a cut on his hand, but we can still read the time. It's 9:41.

Vatican Police base of Langdon Langdon and Chartrand stagger down the front steps of the Archives, where they're immediately met by three Vatican cars. Olivetti leaps out of one and meets them at the steps, holding his hands up in defense almost before can lay into him.

**LANGDON**

Are you out of your minds?!

**OLIVETTI**

Please. In the car.

**LANGDON**

Someone tried to kill me.

**OLIVETTI**

Do you know where the next church is?

**LANGDON**

Yes.

**OLIVETTI**

Then get in the car!

they Langdon jumps in the back seat of the car with Olivetti, and  
SQUEAL away from the Archives.

**IN THE CAR,**

Rome. they continue as the DRIVER tears through the streets of

**OLIVETTI**

We had no idea that --

**LANGDON**

You heard me ask permission! You  
assigned me an escort! Don't try to  
tell me you didn't know I was in  
there!

**OLIVETTI**

(let me finish)

Of course I knew, but we had no idea  
that portions of our white zones are

**74.**

**OLIVETTI (cont'd)**

cross-wired with that building.  
Commander Rocher was extending the  
search, if he'd known the Archives  
were on that grid, he never would have  
killed the power.

they may Langdon looks at him evenly, sees in Olivetti's eyes that  
be thinking the same thing.

**LANGDON**

Or there is the other possibility.

Olivetti doesn't answer. But he's thinking about it.

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

Infiltration is the Illuminati  
specialty -- why not the head of the  
Swiss Guard?

**OLIVETTI**

**(AGONIZED)**

Perhaps.

**LANGDON**

I want to speak to the Camerlengo.

**OLIVETTI**

Il Camerlengo is unavailable,

**LANGDON**

Unavailable? Why?

**OLIVETTI**

He's found evidence that the Holy Father was indeed murdered. He is seeking guidance.

**LANGDON**

From whom?

Olivetti looks at him -- what are you, an idiot?

**OLIVETTI**

From God.

**LANGDON**

Oh, right.

**OLIVETTI**

Please. Make an effort.

**CUT TO:**

75.

**INT PAPAN OFFICE NIGHT**

Vittoria, escorted by the two Swiss Guardsmen from the grottoes, returns to the papal office.

She goes to the desk where she was sitting earlier, to resume her examination of the journals.

But the desk is bare.

**VITTORIA**

The journals. Where are they?

The Guardsmen look at her blankly.

VITTORIA (cont'd)  
Who took the journals from this desk?!

**INT            APOSTOLIC PALACE - GREAT STAIRCASE            NIGHT**

The Camerlengo, in deep meditation, slowly descends the  
stairs  
that lead to the Sistine Chapel.

At the bottom, Four Swiss Guard (in traditional garb) guard  
the  
locked doors.

The Camerlengo reaches them.        Hesitates.        Looks  
heavenward for  
one last word of encouragement, and then --

**CAMERLENGO**

Unseal the doors.

**INT            SISTINE CHAPEL            NIGHT**

There is an audible GASP from the assembled cardinals as the  
heavy  
locks CLUNK open, the chains RATTLE away, and the main doors  
of  
the Sistine Chapel sweep open.

The Camerlengo walks in, a stark presence in his black  
cassock  
amid the sea of red robes. Cardinal Mortati steps from  
behind the  
altar to meet him.

**MORTATI**

Signore, do you realize that for the  
first time in Vatican history, a  
Camerlengo has just crossed the sacred  
threshold of conclave after sealing  
the doors?

**CUT TO:**

**CAMERLENGO**

There has been a development.

76.

**EXT            ROME - STREET            NIGHT**

trailed Olivetti's Alfa Romeo races through the streets of Rome,  
by three other cars.

**INT            SISTINE CHAPEL            NIGHT**

The Camerlengo has just passed on the shocking news, and the  
whispered word "murder" can be heard in several languages.

Even Mortati is shaken. The Camerlengo speaks to the  
Cardinals.

**CAMERLENGO**

Please... a moment... if I...

He strides quickly up the steps of the altar to address the  
group

-- again, to the shock and surprise of this most  
conservative and  
rule-bound group.

But no one stops him.

**CAMERLENGO (cont'd)**

It is true we are under attack from an  
old enemy. And this time they've  
struck from within, murdering our Holy  
Father and threatening us all with  
destruction at the hands of their new  
god, science. So what are we to do?

**INT            OLIVETTI'S CAR            NIGHT**

reads CLOSE ON the dashboard clock in Olivetti's car, which now  
the 8:57. Langdon looks up from it, staring intently through  
the windshield.

On the horizon, he sees a faint orange glow.

**LANGDON**

Oh no.

**INT            SISTINE CHAPEL            NIGHT**

The Camerlengo continues, and the cardinals are listening.

**CAMERLENGO**

Since the days of Galileo, the church  
has tried to slow the relentless march

of science, sometimes with misguided means, but always with benevolent intention. Still, they call us backward, ignorant.

77.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

But who is more ignorant? The man who cannot define lightning, or the man who does not respect its awesome power?

**INT OLIVETTI'S CAR NIGHT**

Through the windshield of Olivetti's car, we see that orange glow, closer now. It's a building on fire.

**INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT**

The Camerlengo continues, growing passionate.

**CAMERLENGO**

The promises of science have not been kept. We're a fractured and frantic species, moving down of destruction in the name of progress.

**EXT SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA NIGHT**

The police cars come to an abrupt stop in front of the Church of Santa Maria della Vittoria. Flames glow like evil eyes through the stained-glass windows fifty feet above the ground. A small CROWD has gathered, stabbing at their cell phones. A SIREN WAILS in the distance.

**INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT**

Mortati's Aide, Father Simeon, takes advantage of the open Sistine Chapel doors and slips inside. He takes a place just behind Mortati as the Camerlengo goes on.

**CAMERLENGO**

Science and religion are not enemies.  
But there are things that science is  
simply too young to understand. We  
are here to lead, but how?

**EXT            SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA            NIGHT**

front  
With three sharp CRACKS, Olivetti fires into the lock in the  
door of the church.    He KICKS it open --  
-- and flame RIPS out into the night air.

**INT            SISTINE CHAPEL            NIGHT**

The Camerlengo speaks faster now:

**78.**

**CAMERLENGO**

Shall we cloak ourselves in silence  
and secrecy, as in the past?    Or do  
we open the doors, take down the  
blackened curtains, and speak to our  
flock?

**INT            SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA            NIGHT**

way  
church pews  
Olivetti, Langdon, and four other VATICAN POLICE make their  
into the burning church.    There is a massive pile of  
in the center aisle, burning wildly.

**INT            SISTINE CHAPEL            NIGHT**

The Camerlengo's wrapping up:

**CAMERLENGO**

Signores, I ask, no, I pray that you  
break this conclave.    Open the  
doors.

**INT            SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA            NIGHT**

the  
angle,  
In the burning church, two heavy incensor cables run from  
walls of the church and rise above the burning pews at an

wires up strung tightly to a center point. Langdon follows the  
with his eyes --

**INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT**

**CAMERLENGO**

Evacuate St. Peter's Square.

**INT BURNING CHURCH NIGHT**

-- the wires meet at a center point, just above the roaring  
flames, where --

**INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT**

**CAMERLENGO**

Tell the world the truth.

**INT BURNING CHURCH NIGHT**

searing -- the third cardinal, still alive, is suspended over the  
flames.

A word is branded into the center of his bared chest:

**FIRE.**

**79.**

in Vatican Police, led by Olivetti and Vincenzo, race into the  
building and draw their weapons. Olivetti SHOUTS to them

cardinal. Italian, looking for a way to cut down the agonized

heat Langdon races toward the pyre, but is repelled by a wall of  
ten feet away.

following The Cardinal SCREAMS, and Langdon looks to the sides,  
the cables that reach to the walls.

One of the Vatican Cops ducks

**INTO THE LEFT SIDE AISLE,**

forward,  
the  
which is lit only by the wild orange flames. He creeps  
gun in front of him, toward a fire extinguisher mounted on  
wall.

He reaches for it --

his  
-- but a HAND reaches for him from behind, he's pulled off  
feet and --

**IN THE MAIN AISLE,**

darkened  
Olivetti and Vincenzo whirl as TWO GUNSHOTS come from the  
side aisle. They race toward it.

**AT THE BONFIRE,**

Langdon SHOUTS to two more Vatican Cops, pointing upward.

**LANGDON**

The cleat, on the wall! Get  
something to stand on!

where the  
He's pointing at a cleat, maybe ten feet up on the wall,  
right guide wire is attached.

and pull  
height,  
Vatican Cops 2 & 3 drag a half-burned pew out of the fire  
it underneath, leaning it against the wall for greater

Langdon starts to climb it, to uncleat the wire.

**IN THE DARKENED LEFT AISLE**

behind  
Olivetti creeps forward, gun at the ready, Vincenzo close  
him.

bends  
They see a form on the floor in front of them and Olivetti  
down -- it's the first Vatican Policeman.

Dead in a pool of his own blood.

and in Vincenzo, standing behind Olivetti, looks down, horrified,  
that moment of distraction, a figure creeps up behind him --  
-- and twists his head 180 degrees with one smooth motion.  
Olivetti whirls, but his gun comes around a split-second  
slower than he does and in that split-second a shadow falls over  
him, something SLASHES through the air and --

**IN THE MAIN AISLE,**

wall Langdon struggles to climb the pew that's leaned against the  
as Vatican Cop 4 finds a long-handled candle snuffer and  
races toward the edge of the fire with it.

Cardinals Blinking back the intense heat, he manages to hook the  
manacled foot with it, he turns to Langdon--

to -- who, stretched as far as he possibly can, just manages  
not to loose the wire from its cleat, holding tightly to it so as  
let the Cardinal go into free-fall.

But the pew on which he's balanced starts to wobble, then--

-- **BLAM! BLAM!**

were Two gunshots THUD into the chests of Vatican Cops 2 & 3, who  
supporting the pew. They fall, the pew tips --

-- and Langdon, falling --

-- loses his grip on the chain.

pull The Cardinal falls toward the flames. Vatican Cop 4 tries to  
him to safety, but doesn't have enough of WHIRRS through the  
six pulley until it reaches its the Cardinal to an abrupt stop,  
feet lower

-- and directly in the middle of the bonfire.

His SHRIEK of agony echoes through the burning church.  
Langdon SLAMS to the floor just at the edge of the burning  
church  
pews, maybe CRACKING a rib on the hard floor of the church.  
A FIGURE steps out of the shadows, looming over him, Langdon  
looks  
up, expecting a gunshot, but instead --  
-- sees the bleeding figure of Olivetti, staggering toward  
him,  
clutching his slit throat in his last moments of life.

**NEARBY,**

**81.**

Vatican Cop 4 is desperately trying to pull the Cardinal  
from the  
flames, the end of the candle-snuffer is now hooked around  
the  
Cardinal's foot, he pulls him closer, reaches out, can  
almost grab  
his ankle --  
-- until he is SHOT in the back. He falls to the floor,  
drawing and dropping his gun in the process, losing his grip  
on  
the long-handled pole as well.  
On the ground, bleeding, he sees his gun, just a foot away  
from  
his hand.  
He reaches for it.  
And a foot steps on his wrist, BREAKING it.  
Mr. Gray stands over him, implacable.

**FROM A DISTANCE,**

we see Mr. Gray fire two shots into the ground where Cop 4  
is  
lying.  
Then he turns toward us.

**NEARBY,**

Langdon, still on the ground, looks up at the sound of the shots.

Through the burning church pews he can see Mr. Gray, starting toward him.

Langdon crawls, on all fours, through the outskirts of the bonfire, toward a recessed part of the wall ten or fifteen feet away.

Mr. Gray steps up behind him, raises his gun --

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Polizia!

-- and turns. TWO MORE COPS, Roman Carabinieri, have run into the burning church and are making their way down the center aisle, straight toward him.

Mr. Gray raises his left (non-gun holding) hand, displaying a leather billfold with a badge in it.

**MR. GRAY**

(good Italian accent)

Gendarmeria Vaticano!

Recognizing the ID, the two Cops glance away for a second, to search the rest of the church --

**82.**

-- and Mr. Gray BLASTS two shots into each of them.

They drop, dead, but one of them squeezes off a single round before falling.

Mr. Gray looks down, at his right shoulder, where a dark red stain is spreading on his suit. He touches it, more annoyed than anything.

**UNDERNEATH THE BURNING PEWS,**

and  
side  
and  
Langdon has crawled as close as he dares to the raging fire,  
the sleeve of his shirt is ablaze. He rolls out the other  
of the embers, stamping out the flames, gets to his feet,  
takes off running.

TAP two  
Mr. Gray pursues, only slowing his gait slightly to DOUBLE  
shots into the head of a dying Vatican Cop.

**ACROSS THE CHURCH,**

the  
superbly  
Langdon hurls himself over a balustrade and into a chapel on  
far side of the church. Bullets SHATTER the glass of an  
elevated crypt, three feet off the floor. (Inside is a  
detailed wax statue of a saint in death.)

horror at  
Langdon dives under it and crawls backwards, staring in  
Mr. Gray's feet as they approach the chapel from across the  
church.

Langdon's back THUDS into a wall.

Dead end.

KICKS  
But there's an old wooden grating in the wall. He turns,  
it with both feet.

crawlspace  
The grating CRUNCHES into pieces, revealing a narrow

**IN THE CRAWL SPACE,**

Langdon army-crawls through it.

pauses to  
Mr. Gray's face appears in the entry to the crypt. He  
change clips on his handgun --

-- the floor beneath Langdon abruptly runs out --

-- Mr. Gray raises his gun --

wall  
-- and Langdon disappears. The gunshots THUD into cement

where he was, not where he is.

83.

**UNDERGROUND,**

Langdon CRUNCHES to a hard landing on a subterranean stone floor, rolls over, and sees Mr. Gray above him, now pointing down. But there's another crawl space, and Langdon scurries into it.

**IN THE SECOND CRAWL SPACE,**

it's hopelessly dark, an even tighter space than the last one, filled with cobwebs that Langdon blindly claws his way through.

He hits another hole in the floor, falls a second time ---

**INTO THE CATACOMB,**

-- and lands on top of a pile of long-decayed skeletons in the nearly-black bottom of the church's underground warren of hiding places.

He looks up. He's ten feet from the nearest handhold, only a fool would follow him down here

**BACK UP IN THE BURNING CHURCH,**

-- and Mr. Gray is no fool. He steps back over the balustrade and leaves the chapel.

The waxen face of the carving in the sarcophagus melts in the intense heat of the out-of-control fire.

**CUT TO:**

**INT                    SISTINE CHAPEL - SALON                    NIGHT**

waits  
debate.

In the salon outside the Sistine Chapel, the Camerlengo alone. From inside can be heard the sound of VOICES in

goes to  
him.

Finally, the big doors open and Cardinal Mortati emerges,

**MORTATI**

My son... God answers all prayers.

He puts a hand on the Camerlengo's shoulder.

MORTATI (cont'd)

But sometimes the answer is no.

terrible  
mistake.

The Camerlengo closes his eyes -- this is a terrible,

**84.**

**MORTATI**

The College will not break conclave.

**CAMERLENGO**

We can't hide this anymore. The  
burning church --

**MORTATI**

A despicable act of terrorism.  
Father Simeon will make a suitable  
announcement lamenting the loss of  
life. May I suggest you direct  
your energies to helping the Swiss  
Guard confront the possibility of this  
explosive device, and leave church  
leadership --

He gestures to the open doors to the Sistine Chapel, and the  
assembled cardinals within.

MORTATI (cont'd)

-- to its leaders.

and  
walks away.

The Camerlengo looks at him for a long moment, then turns

the Father Simeon, who had been lurking in the open doorway to chapel, now glides up beside him and touches Mortati's arm.

**FR. SIMEON**

Eminence. There is a growing fear that without the four prefiriti, a two-thirds majority for any candidate may be impossible. Unless --

He trails off, gestures vaguely.

**MORTATI**

Speak plainly.

**FR. SIMEON**

It is the recommendation of many that you ask to be removed from your post as Great Elector --

Mortati raises an eyebrow, seeing where this is going.

**FR. SIMEON (cont'd)**

-- thereby making yourself eligible to wear the Ring of the Fisherman.

**85.**

Mortati looks at him for a moment, then looks back, over his shoulder, where a small knot of Cardinals, who have clearly discussed this, are looking at him in confirmation.

**MORTATI**

If it is God's will, may His will be **DONE**

**CUT TO:**

**INT OFFICE OF THE SWISS GUARD NIGHT**

CLOSE ON a handwritten page, half-filled with mathematical computations; the other half with a scratchy handwritten prose.

just as (IF WE'RE EAGLE-EYED, we'll notice the phrase we move past we cut into the scene is "may His will be done," the same phrase we just heard Mortati utter.)

Commandante Rocher is at his desk, Vittoria's leather-bound journals on the desk in front of him. He's studying them carefully, and seems troubled by what he reads.

Through the glass walls of his office, we can see a commotion in the still-chaotic Swiss Guard headquarters. Someone is walking toward us, briskly, a WOMAN'S VOICE complaining loudly in Italian.

Rocher calmly places the journals on top of the screen of the video monitor inlaid in his desk, the one we saw earlier, with a keyhole where a power switch should be.

He pushes a button and the monitor rotates shut, into an inlaid panel in the desk's surface. It closes just after --

**VITTORIA (O.S.)**

Those journals are private property.

-- Vittoria arrives in the doorway, livid.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

I demand that you return them to me.

**ROCHER**

(no attempt at a

**DENIAL)**

They are material evidence in a Vatican investigation.

**VITTORIA**

I am an Italian citizen and I have a right to-

**86.**

**ROCHER**

This isn't Italy. It isn't even Rome. The Vatican is its own country, with its own laws, and when those journals crossed our border they became our property. You will get them back when I have decided they contain nothing of value to this

investigation.

of the She looks at him, then down at the desk, where the outline  
hidden panel is visible in the veneer of the wood.

**VITTORIA**

Do you have something to hide,  
Commandante Rocher?

**ROCHER**

Do you, Doctor Vetra?

He stresses her title, as if it offends

**CUT TO:**

**EXT            SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA            NIGHT**

CROWD The burning church, now mostly extinguished.     But a LARGE  
has gathered, along with a dozen police and fire vehicles.

**INT            SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA            NIGHT**

but As FIREMEN put out the last of the flames (not using water,  
comes Halon gas, which creates no steam), a metallic TAPPING sound  
from somewhere.

-- stop One of the Firemen approaches another, gets his attention  
what you're doing and listen.

They shut down a hose and stop, listening.

now There it is again.     They SHOUT in Italian to the others,  
everybody shuts down their hoses and listens.

The metallic TAPPING echoes in the smoldering church.

one They walk toward it -- it's coming from an oval plate in the  
floor, like a manhole cover, heavy and carved.     We've seen  
of these before, it leads to a Demon's Hole.

there. The TAPPING is louder now, rhythmic.     Somebody's down

Crowbars are produced, the cover of the Demon's Hole is  
pried off  
and shoved aside, revealing --

**87.**

-- Robert Langdon, wedged into the top of the opening,  
holding a  
rock in one hand as he clings precariously to the walls he  
has  
climbed.

Strong hands reach down, haul him to his feet --

**AT THE FRONT OF THE CHURCH,**

-- and those same feet hurry to the front of the smoldering  
church, coming to a stop in front of --

-- Bernini's Ecstasy of St. Teresa.

The statue he came here to find. Now, as the Italian-  
speaking  
police and firemen work around him, Langdon moves, as if in  
his  
own world. He looks to the statue, repeating fragments of  
the  
poem he has by now memorized:

**LANGDON**

Let angels guide you on your lofty  
quest...

Directly over the recumbent saint, against a backdrop of  
gilded  
flame, hovers Bernini's angel. The angel's hand clutches  
a  
pointed spear of fire.

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

Cross Rome the mystic elements  
unfold...

Langdon's eyes follow the direction of the shaft, arcing  
toward  
the right side of the church.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Professor?

A ROMAN POLICEMAN, a member of the Carabinieri, comes up to Langdon, discussing him in Italian with TWO OTHER COPS as he approaches.

**ROMAN COP**

Langdon, is it?

Langdon ignores him, pointing at the wall instead.

**LANGDON**

What direction is that?

**ROMAN COP**

Direction? West, I think. Mr. Langdon, we've confirmed with the Vatican that they invited you into this investigation, but what I-

**88.**

**LANGDON**

Map.

**A MOMENT LATER,**

as if by command, a map CRINKLES out on the floor of the church. It's detailed, a fire department map, and Langdon drops down on all fours, studying it.

**LANGDON**

We're here... Piazza Barberini...

Langdon whips a glance over at the angel, gets bearings, and rotates the map to match.

His finger travels over the map and --

**CLOSE ON THE MAP,**

we watch as his finger crosses church after church after church, tiny black boxes with crosses in them. There must be two dozen.

**LANGDON**

Damn it.

He sits back for a moment.

The Roman Cop bends down next to him. Treats him  
like a crazy person.

**ROMAN COP**

Professor, I need to know what you saw here.

**LANGDON**

Fire and death. Show me where Santa Maria del Popolo is.

(the Cop doesn't

**UNDERSTAND)**

The Church, it was the first altar of science.

The Cop points to a spot at the top center of the map.

LANGDON (cont'd)

And St. Peter's is...

The Cop points to a spot at the bottom center.

Langdon's eyes widen, he grabs the Cop by the lapels -

-- and pulls a pen from the man's pocket.

**89.**

He turns back to the map and draws a straight line, from north to south, connecting the two churches the Cop just pointed to.

LANGDON (cont'd)

And we're over here --

He puts the pen on a point on the eastern side of the map.

LANGDON (cont'd)

-- and west is --

He draws a line straight across the map, to the west, sucking in his breath as he realizes something.

LANGDON (cont'd)

'Cross Rome...

a  
Now he stands, slowly, and as he stands, we rise up, to get  
birds-eye view of the map on the floor.

On which he has drawn a perfect cross.

LANGDON (cont'd)

It's a cross. The poem meant it  
literally. The four altars of  
science form a perfect cross.

call on  
The Cop, who has no clue what he's talking about, gets a  
his radio and turns away to take it.

LANGDON (cont'd)

(muttering to himself)  
Which means the fourth element, water,  
should be right about --

to  
far  
He drops to his knees again, and traces the horizontal line  
where it stops on the western side of the city, exactly as  
from the center line as was the church on the eastern side.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Here.

**ROMAN COP**

(behind him)  
Professor, I am asked to escort you to  
the Vatican immediately. Commander  
Rocher has asked to see you.

**LANGDON**

(ignoring him)  
Water.

90.

stop  
in  
and we  
As Langdon peers down, we see the line on the map comes to a  
in the center of a place called Piazza Navona, and as we go  
closer on the map, an odd-shaped object in the middle of the  
Piazza starts to move, to ripple, right there on the map,  
hear the sound of running water as it slowly dissolves to --

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT                    PIAZZA NAVONA                    NIGHT**

-- Bernini's spectacular Fountain of the Four Rivers in the Piazza Navona.

There is a black van parked beside the fountain, and we drift over toward it. Passing through the passenger window, we go inside to find --

-- Mr. Gray, facing the rear of the van, his jacket off and his shirt open, engaged in battlefield surgery on his injured right shoulder. Using a long-handled tweezers, he digs into his own flesh, gets a hold of the bullet that pierced him, and tosses it onto the metal floor of the van with a TING.

It lands beside a lumpy tarp, and as metal hits metal, the tarp jumps.

There's a human being in there. Mr. Gray speaks to the lump.

**MR. GRAY**

Were it up to me, it would not be this way. It is a sin to kill with pain.

**(SIGHS)**

But I am a sinner.

We pan off him quickly and look out the driver's window, up at a clock tower on the far side of the plaza.

It's sixteen minutes to eleven.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT                    BURNING CHURCH                    NIGHT**

Langdon hurries down the steps of the still-smoldering church,

followed closely by the Roman Cop and TWO OTHER COPS.

**ROMAN COP**

Professor! The Vatican insists that-

91.

**LANGDON**

(turning on him)

The Vatican is about to see its fourth Cardinal murdered tonight.

voice  
He realizes he spoke too loudly, and there is quite a crowd assembled outside the smoking church. Langdon lowers his voice and presses in.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Now you can either do what they tell you and force me to go to the Vatican, where we can all mourn his death together, or you can show them how real cops act and take me to the Piazza Navona, where we might be able to stop it.

rapid  
The Cop looks at him, thinking, confers with another Cop in Italian. Langdon checks his watch.

LANGDON (cont'd)

By all means, talk it over. But in fourteen minutes he'll be dead.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT**

Another  
this  
St. Peter's Square is even more crowded than before. move down the row of international television reporters, but one's about twice as fast as the last one. (Anybody not speaking English is subtitled.)

**SOUTH AFRICAN REPORTER**

-- possibility of terrorism, as the church has now confirmed arson at one of its oldest and holiest churches

Moving on, to an Asian Reporter:

**ASIAN REPORTER**

-- resulting in at least six confirmed deaths --

To a Brazilian:

**BRAZILIAN REPORTER**

-- initial rumors that one of the dead was Cardinal Ebner of Frankfurt --

To an American:

**92.**

**AMERICAN REPORTER**

-- been refuted by the Vatican, which has asked international media not to engage in, quote, "wild speculation"--

And to a French Woman:

**FRENCH REPORTER**

-- as conclave goes on, with no sign of agreement on a new pope yet.

**CUT TO:**

**INT            OFFICE OF THE POPE            NIGHT**

In the papal office, the Camerlengo sits, alone, in front of the fireplace, staring into the flames, thinking.

Behind him, a small knot of Swiss Guard debate their next move in Italian. He speaks softly to them, in Italian, subtitled.

**CAMERLENGO**

At 11:15, if the church is still in peril, give the order to evacuate the cardinals. But with dignity, let them exit into St. Peter's Square, with their heads held high. I don't want the last image of this church to

be frightened old men sneaking out a back door. If Cardinal Mortati protests, escort him bodily. Do you understand?

The Guardsmen are uncomfortable with that idea.

**SWISS GUARDSMAN**

If you think it is the right thing, Signore.

**CAMERLENGO**

I'm certain it's the wrong thing, and I will be removed from my post for it. But I also know we have no choice.

They just look at him. You're the boss.

**CAMERLENGO (cont'd)**

Please clear the room so that I may pray on the matter.

**93.**

They get out. He stares into the flames.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT           PIAZZA NAVONA           NIGHT**

Piazza Navona is lightly peopled on this soft summer night with so much attention directed toward the Vatican.

The hood of a car glides into view, nearly silent, on the far side of the fountain. Langdon and the two Roman Cops step out and survey the area.

Langdon looks to the fountain. Its central core is twenty feet tall, a rugged mountain of marble with caves and grottoes through which water churns. Atop it stands an obelisk that climbs another forty feet.

**LANGDON**

(eyes searching)  
Let angels guide you...

But there's no angel anywhere. He turns to the first  
Roman Cop.

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

Isn't there an angel on this fountain?

**ROMAN COP**

Not anymore.

**LANGDON**

The marker's no good without an angel,  
pointing to the final-

**ROMAN COP**

Blame Mussolini. He wanted it for  
his summer-

But the Cop stops mid-sentence as he notices the black van  
parked on the far side of the fountain.

Silently, the Cops gesture to each other to go opposite ways  
around the fountain, and to Langdon to stay where he is.

Langdon, frustrated but no action hero, watches them as they  
slowly encircle the van.

**AT THE DRIVER'S SIDE,**

the First Cop approaches the Driver's Window, sees Mr. Gray  
sitting implacably behind the wheel. He taps lightly with  
a knuckle, his drawn gun at his side, just out of view.

**94.**

Mr. Gray opens the window.

**MR. GRAY**

Si?

The Roman Cop looks down, ever so briefly, at a small  
spreading bloodstain on Mr. Gray's shirt. When he looks back up --

-- there is a silenced pistol pointing directly at him.

**PHOOM.**

He takes a bullet in the forehead, slumps forward against  
the window, and --

**FROM A DISTANCE,**

we see his body pulled rapidly into the van through the  
driver's window. Whole thing took about three seconds. DINERS  
at an outdoor cafe don't even notice.

**FROM LANGDON'S POINT OF VIEW,**

on the other side of the fountain, the van rocks slightly,  
but he can't see anything out of the ordinary.

He turns, looks to the Second Cop, who is just now  
approaching from the rear of the van.

**WITH THE SECOND COP,**

this one's got his gun in front of him, he's ready for  
anything. We creep around the back of the van with him, and just as he  
comes around to where he can see the driver's side --

-- the barrel of the silencer presses into his forehead.  
A quick exchange in Italian:

**SECOND COP**

Per favore?

**MR. GRAY**

Non posso.

**PHOOM.**

Another bullet, another slumping Cop, and

**FROM LANGDON'S POINT OF VIEW,**

the van rocks again, but he can't see anything more detailed  
than

the that. All he knows is the two cops aren't coming out from  
other side of the van, something is going on --

95.

-- and the bell in the clock tower starts to BONG.

**EVEN UNARMED, LANGDON STARTS TO MOVE FORWARD, JUST AS**  
--

-- the sliding door on the fountain side of the van SLAMS  
open

chains -- revealing the figure of the FOURTH CARDINAL, wrapped in  
iron and with manacled hands and feet. He thrashes against the  
bisepts links, but the chains are too heavy. One of the links  
Mr. his mouth like a horse's bit, stifling his cries for help.  
Gray hovers over him.

Langdon GASPS --

-- and Mr. Gray shoves the bound figure roughly out of the  
van.

The Cardinal rolls, falling into the fountain with an  
enormous SPLASH. His weighted body sinks immediately to the  
bottom.

eyes There is a moment, frozen in time, in which Langdon locks  
clock with Mr. Gray, still hunched in the back of the van as the  
tower continues to BONG, the only sound we can hear.

then Langdon looks at him, then down at the body in the fountain,  
back up at Mr. Gray--

-- who salutes him ---

-- the van door SLAMS shut, and the van tears ass out of  
there.

police  
but  
cardinal  
all.

Langdon looks from its receding taillights to the idling car, its door hanging open, he could jump in and give chase, then his eyes go back to the fountain, where the drowning must not have much time left, and it's really no decision at all.

strides

Langdon covers the distance to the fountain in two quick and leaps in.

**IN THE FOUNTAIN,**

bubbles

the water is waist deep and like ice. Steady streams of rise up from the bottom, churning it.

Langdon reaches the body of the Cardinal, plunges in --

**UNDERWATER,**

man.

-- and struggles to get both arms underneath the drowning

branded

Through the watery haze, we can see the man's bare chest, with the final ambigram:

**WATER.**

96.

he can  
much

Langdon struggles to lift him, but the weight is too much, barely get him a few inches off the bottom of the fountain, less all the way to the surface.

ON THE

Langdon, running out of air, bursts to the surface and --

**SURFACE,**

-- takes a deep breath, then plunges back --

**UNDERWATER,**

-- but he still can't move the Cardinal.

accepting He makes eye contact with the dying man, who seems to be his fate, maybe even welcoming it.

gets him Langdon changes his grip, strains like hell, and actually a few inches higher this time, but nowhere close to the air supply.

the But with the new position, his eyes fall on something behind bubbles cardinal -- a plastic tube, six inches across, streaming into the fountain.

He goes back --

#### **ABOVE THE SURFACE**

rising -- takes another breathy and sees the fountain of bubbles up to the surface just above the tube. Air!

Langdon Several PASSERS-BY notice the commotion in the fountain as dives back under the water.

#### **UNDERWATER,**

mooring, Langdon drags the body of the Cardinal a few feet across the bottom of the fountain and RIPS the tube free from its pulling it to the Cardinal's mouth.

sucks a He clamps it down over the man's lips, and the Cardinal few greedy breaths from it. Enough to keep him alive.

own, then Langdon takes the tube and draws a couple breaths of his this digs his hands back underneath the Cardinal to lift him, but time --

-- SIX MORE HANDS come in from all sides.

and as Several Passers-by have jumped into the fountain to help, they all strain together --

**ON THE SURFACE,**

-- the Cardinal's bound body breaks the surface and he  
GULPS deep  
lungfuls of air.

He is saved. Langdon sags against the side of the  
fountain,  
exhausted and freezing, as the others pull the Cardinal's  
body to  
safety.

In the distance, SIRENS.

Langdon, gathering himself, goes to the Cardinal, speaks in  
rapid  
Spanish, subtitled.

**LANGDON**

Cardinale Guidera?

**CARDINAL GU**

Si...si...

**LANGDON**

The Church of Illumination. It's  
where you were being held, isn't it?

Guidera nods weakly as, around them, it seems like everybody  
arrives at the fountain -- Carabinieri, Swiss Guard, Vatican  
Police, paramedics -- car after car after car.

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

(still to Guidera)

Where is it?!

**CARDINAL GUIDERA**

Castel... Sant'Angelo...

**CUT TO:**

**INT OFFICE OF THE SWISS GUARD**

**NIGHT**

CLOSE ON a row of weapons in a cabinet in the Office of the  
Swiss  
Commander Rocher selects a pistol and slips it into a  
harness.

While his back is turned to the room, Lt. Chartrand, the young Swiss Guardsman who escorted Langdon to the Archives, hurries up behind him.

**CHARTRAND**

Langdon says Cardinal Guidera will be killed in Piazza Navona. He's on his way there with two Carbinieri.

98.

**ROCHER**

Send everyone we can spare.

He closes and locks the cabinet, heads for the door.  
Alone.

**CHARTRAND**

You?

**ROCHER**

Staying here to continue the search for the explosive.

He leaves. Chartrand looks back at the weapons cabinet.  
Sees the space from which the pistol was taken.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT            CASTEL SANT'ANGELO            NIGHT**

We fly over a bridge, flanked by a dozen angel statues standing sentinel on either side, leading directly toward--  
-- the Castel Sant'Angelo, Castle of the Angels, its ancient stone ramparts lit by floodlights. Soaring swiftly up its facade, we close in on a mammoth bronze angel standing atop the citadel.  
It points the way, all right, its sword aimed directly downward, at the castle itself, as if to say you've found it.

**DOWN ON THE GROUND,**

several Police Cars come to a stop in front of the castle at  
the same time.

Langdon climbs out the back of one just as Vittoria gets out  
of a car driven by a SWISS GUARDSMAN.

Langdon grabs her, thrilled to see her.

**LANGDON**

You're all right?

**VITTORIA**

I'm all right, what about you?!

**LANGDON**

Cold and wet but alive.                      Where's  
Rocher?

**VITTORIA**

I don't know. He took the journals,  
he's hiding something.

**99.**

More Cops arrive, and a SECURITY GUARD is pressed into  
service behind them, opening the massive front doors to the Castle,

**LANGDON**

This is it.      The Church of  
Illumination is somewhere in the  
castle.

Cops pour into the courtyard of the castle.                      Langdon  
and Vittoria follow.

**EXT            CASTEL SANT'ANGELO - COURTYARD**

**NIGHT**

They dash around the outer bulwark of the Castle.                      The  
courtyard beneath them looks like a museum of ancient warfare                      --  
catapults,

stacks of marble cannonballs, fearful contraptions.

and  
As the Cops quickly and silently search every nook, Langdon  
Vittoria follow closely.

**LANGDON**

The Vatican used this place for centuries as a hideout, a prison for enemies of the church -- there are passages and catacombs everywhere. It makes sense, the Illuminati infiltrated the Church's own stronghold. Bernini was chief architect here, he left clues everywhere, it's even surrounded by a pentagonal park!

They reach the central core of the castle.

stands  
pointing  
Another angel statue, similar to the one atop the citadel,  
in front of them, its sword held in the same position,  
downward at an angle.

-- and  
Langdon studies it, follows the line of the angel's sword  
sees a gated drive that cuts across the courtyard itself.

LANGDON (cont'd)

There.

**A MOMENT LATER,**

the  
gaping  
he and Vittoria are down in the courtyard, at the mouth of  
gated drive. The gate is open and leads to a tunnel, a  
entry in the central core.

100.

**LANGDON**

A traforo. Commanders on horseback used them to ride directly into a castle from the outside.

they  
He gestures to the nearby Cops, who are already on it, and

all head into the darkened tunnel.

**INT TUNNEL NIGHT**

off Police flashlights switch on and their beams bounce crazily  
the walls of the tunnel.

Footsteps CRUNCH as they all press in, Langdon and Vittoria  
content to let men with guns lead the way.

their It gets darker as they descend, and then, by the echo of  
footfalls, they can tell they've entered --

**A LARGE CHAMBER.**

More lights are switched on, illuminating the space, which  
terminates in three stone walls.

**LANGDON**

It's a dead end.

in the But the Police attention is focused on the black van parked  
center of the room.

everywhere, Roman Police snap into action, flashlight beams bounce  
guns point in every possible window of the van, SHOUTS for  
whoever's inside to get the hell out now, now, now.

The doors are flung open.

The van is empty.

Except for the two dead policemen from the Piazza Navona.

MESSAGES The police frenzy reaches an even higher level, URGENT  
back out passed along on radios, half the Cops turning and heading  
of the tunnel.

**LANGDON (cont'd)**

Where are they going?

Vittoria listens to the orders being given in Italian.

**VITTORIA**

Back to search the outer castle.

**LANGDON**

No... no, it has to be here!

But there's no stopping the Cops, and the only two that remain are posted outside the van, guarding their fallen colleagues.

**VITTORIA**

Robert, it's a dead end.

Langdon walks forward, to the stone wall at the end of the tunnel, and feels his way along it.

It joins smoothly with the wall on the right side.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

Robert...

But he waves her off, this has to be it. He feels all along the wall toward the other corner, and as he looks down at the ground, his eyes widen.

**LANGDON**

Bring a flashlight.

Vittoria borrows a flashlight from one of the two remaining Cops, who now get a CRACKLY MESSAGE on their walkie-talkies and race out of the tunnel, toward the top, leaving Langdon and Vittoria alone in the dead end.

She brings the light to Langdon, who shines its beam down at the floor. There, in the corner, is a granite block.

LANGDON (cont'd)

None of the other blocks are granite.  
And they're all square.

He bends down, looks closer.

LANGDON (cont'd)

This one's a pentagram. It points --

Sure enough, the block is carved in the shape of a pentagram, with the tip pointing into the corner.

LANGDON (cont'd)  
-- at nothing.

shadow  
dark  
But as he shines the light, there's something off about the it casts in the corner of the room. It creates an odd, slit.

back  
it  
Langdon crouches in the corner and slides his hand along the wall of the chamber. When he reaches the point at which should intersect the side wall --

102.

-- his hand disappears.

LANGDON (cont'd)  
The walls overlap.

Half  
half --  
He flattens himself against the back wall, shining the light straight at what should be the intersection of the walls. the flashlight's beam falls on the side wall, and the other

**INT            SECRET PASSAGE            NIGHT**

-- shines through into the secret passage behind the wall.  
Langdon draws in his breath and forces himself through the tiny slit, just wide enough for a determined person to squeeze through.

Vittoria follows.

narrow  
They look ahead, shining the light. They're in an extremely passageway.

They  
They start carefully down it, flashlight in front of them.

whisper.

**LANGDON**

Do you still have the gun?

**VITTORIA**

You told me to give it back.

She pulls the gun from her waistband.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

I ignored you.

**LANGDON**

Ignore me any time you like.

iron  
To their right, they pass half a dozen tiny jail cells, the  
bars on most eroded away. Several of the larger cells are  
intact, and on the floor of one they see black robes and red  
sashes.

and  
two  
They approach an iron doorway in the wall. The door is ajar  
beyond it there is some sort of passage. Langdon squints at  
words above it -- II Passetto.

Vittoria gestures -- that way?

Langdon shakes his head no.

**103.**

LANGDON (cont'd)

**(WHISPERS)**

Leads to the Vatican. Or from it.  
An ancient escape route.

turn  
They round a corner, where the tunnel takes a ninety degree  
to the right. At the corner, Langdon notices another  
pentagrammal block in the floor.

the wall -- He bends, studies the direction it's pointing, feels

LANGDON (cont'd)

Another overlap.

smaller  
seems  
form

-- and finds another overlapping angle, this one even than the last. The wall is actually joined at the floor, to open out at the middle (in roughly the shape of a human turned sideways), and joins again at the top.

**HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH, SLIPS THROUGH THE GAP --**

stairs.

-- and finds himself at the base of a set of steep spiral

is an

Langdon looks up, to the top of the stairs. There  
archway, adorned with a tiny carved angel.

Vittoria slips through the gap, sees the carving too.

**VITTORIA**

An angel.

Langdon, sensing they're close, starts up the stairs.

**CUT TO:**

**INT            APOSTOLIC PALACE - HALLWAY            NIGHT**

radios.

Commander Rocher, eyes dead-set, walks down a hallway in the Apostolic Palace. He passes two Swiss Guardsmen with

**ROCHER**

Get on the radio and put the word out.  
Conclave is to remain sealed.

**SWISS GUARDSMAN**

But the Camerlengo gave the order for  
evacuation at eleven fif-

**ROCHER**

I'm countermanding it.

**SWISS GUARDSMAN**

**BUT-**

**104.**

**ROCHER**

That door stays SHUT! Do you understand?

**SWISS GUARDSMAN**

Yes sir.

Rocher keeps walking.

**CUT TO:**

**INT CHURCH OF ILLUMINATION NIGHT**

Langdon and Vittoria creep into the Church of Illumination,  
and we get our first good look at it.

The embellishments, though faded, are replete with familiar  
Pyramids. symbology. Pentagram tiles. Planet frescoes.

**VITTORIA**

We have thirty minutes left, I can still change the battery if we can find the cannister.

Langdon nods, but he's fascinated by the place.

In the center of the room, there is an open fireplace, its  
embers still smoking. The four Illuminati brands, their faces  
wiped clean, have been placed back in a molded velvet case.

Langdon, fascinated, spots an empty slot in the very center  
of the case, surrounded by the four used brands.

But this one's missing.

Vittoria arrives over his shoulder, having completed a quick search of the place.

**VITTORIA (cont'd)**

It isn't here.

**LANGDON**

There's a fifth brand.

**VITTORIA**

What?

He touches the indentation in the velvet, puzzling it out.

**LANGDON**

Two crossed keys.

105.

**VITTORIA**

The symbol for the Vatican?

**LANGDON**

The papacy.

**(THINKING)**

They're going to kill him. Before they blow up the Vatican they're going to kill and brand the pope himself.

**VITTORIA**

But there is no pope.

**LANGDON**

Technically, there is.

**VITTORIA**

The Camerlengo?! We have to-

**MR. GRAY (O.S.)**

Please place your gun on the floor.

They freeze. Vittoria looks at Langdon, who nods --  
you'd better do it. She does.

**MR. GRAY (cont'd)**

Now turn around.

They turn and face Mr. Gray. He looks quite dapper, and not too much the worse for wear. There is a briefcase on the ground beside him, and he's changed into a fresh shirt.

**MR. GRAY (cont'd)**

Kick it to me.

She does. He picks it up, ejects the clip and the round in the chamber, pockets them, and tosses the gun into the smoldering fire.

**LANGDON**

You could have been long gone by now.

**MR. GRAY**

Some do God's work for love, others for money. Which do you take me for?

As if to answer his own question, he picks up the briefcase from the floor beside him. Then studies Langdon for a moment.

**106.**

**MR. GRAY**

You're not one of them.

**LANGDON**

Neither are you. I was expecting a fanatic.

**MR. GRAY**

When they call me -- and they all call me -- it is so important to them that I know what they ask is the Lord's will. Or Allah's, or Yahweh's. And I suppose they're right. Because if He were not vengeful, I would not exist, would I?

He picks up his briefcase.

MR. GRAY (cont'd)

Be careful. These are men of God.

He turns to go. Langdon can't help himself:

**LANGDON**

Why didn't you kill us when you had the chancer

Vittoria looks at Langdon like he's nuts. Mr. Gray turns back, seems puzzled by the very thought.

**MR. GRAY**

Because no one asked me to.

He leaves.

Langdon and Vittoria pause for a moment, look at each other

--

**LANGDON**

We've got to get to the Vatican.

**CUT TO:**

**INT            PAPAL OFFICES - HALLWAY            NIGHT**

Guard            Rocher reaches the office of the Pope. Two uniformed Swiss  
are stationed outside.

back            Another Swiss Guardsman steps out of the office, reporting  
from within.

**107.**

**SWISS GUARDSMAN**

The Camerlengo says he will grant you  
an audience.

**ROCHER**

I'd like to see him alone.

The Swiss Guards look at each other.

**SWISS GUARDSMAN**

That's impossible, sir.    No one-

**ROCHER**

Have you forgotten who you work for?!

Rocher is truly intimidating when he wants to be.

**SWISS GUARDSMAN**

No,    sir.

allowing            He nods to the other Guards, who raise their swords,  
access.

**CUT TO:**

**INT            SECRET PASSAGE            NIGHT**

Vittoria and Langdon barrel down the stone stairs, into the passage, and through the open doorway to Il Passetto.

**INT            IL PASSETTO            NIGHT**

The passetto is narrow and dark, lit only by streaks of moonlight coming through the vertical slits in the walls.

But up ahead, there's light.            They race for it.

**CUT TO:**

**INT            OFFICE OF THE POPE            NIGHT**

The Camerlengo kneels in prayer in front of the fire. He hears a sound behind him and turns as the door to the papal office opens.

Rocher enters, closes and locks the door behind him.

**CAMERLENGO**

Have you come to make me a martyr?

**CUT TO:**

**108.**

**INT/EXT            IL PASSETTO            NIGHT**

Vittoria and Langdon race up a flight of stairs, and the passetto comes out into the open for a hundred yards or so as it leaves the Castel Sant'Angelo.

Ahead, they see a rope ladder over the side.            They look down.

Directly below them, Mr. Gray is getting into an Alfa Romeo parked discretely at the end of a dead end street, making his escape.

**DOWN ON THE STREET,**

the car door SLAMS.

**IN THE CAR,**

Mr. Gray turns the key.

**UP ON THE PASSETTO,**

Langdon and Vittoria are running toward the Vatican again  
when the EXPLOSION rips through the still night.

They stagger and turn back, in time to see Mr. Gray's car go  
up in an enormous fireball.

**VITTORIA**

Men of God.

Langdon grabs her arm and they take off. The Passetto  
descends again, into --

**INT IL PASSETTO NIGHT**

-- another underground space. The outline of a steel  
gate looms ahead, blocking their way.

But as they draw closer, they find the ancient lock hanging  
open, and the gate swings freely. This tunnel has been used,  
and recently.

**FURTHER AHEAD,**

they plow onward, and now there is a low ROARING sound from  
above them. Langdon pauses, looks up.

**LANGDON**

We're under St. Peter's Square.

They keep on.

**CUT TO:**

**INT            PAPAL OFFICES - HALLWAY            NIGHT**

VOICES        In the hallway outside the Pope's office, there are raised  
from behind the closed door.        Lt. Chartrand approaches  
nervously.

From            He and the Guards look at each other, don't know what to do.  
the other direction, Father Simeon, Cardinal Mortati's Aide,  
strides toward them.

**FR. SIMEON**

I demand to speak to the Camerlengo.

AN ANGRY SHOUT from behind the door draws their attention --  
what            the hell is going on in there?

**CUT TO:**

**INT            IL PASSETTO            NIGHT**

it                Langdon and Vittoria hit another gate, this one heavier, but  
behind            too is unlocked.        The sound of St. Peter's Square fades  
them now.

**UP AHEAD,**

they turn a corner and, without warning --- the tunnel ends.  
with             There is only a thick iron door, and as Langdon searches it  
his flashlight, he finds no handle, no knob, no keyhole, no  
hinges.

**LANGDON**

Senza chiave!        A one-way portal, the  
only access is from the other side!

Vittoria        With a ROAR of anger, he starts to POUND on the door.  
joins in.

**INT            OFFICES OF THE POPE - HALLWAY            NIGHT**

Pope's  
CLOSE ON a watch -- 11:40. Outside the door to the  
office, Lt. Chartrand is desperate.

While Father Simeon attempts to argue with him in Italian,  
Chartrand turns, hearing the POUNDING coming from down the  
hall.

He heads toward it, rounds a corner --

**INT POPE'S PRIVATE LIBRARY NIGHT**

POUNDING -- and steps into the Pope's private library, where the  
is louder.

**110.**

He steps to a heavy door in the wall, looks unused for a  
century,  
sees but it's clearly the source of the sounds. He looks down,  
them. three keyholes in the door, and an ancient key in each of

Chartrand puts his ear to the door, hears VOICES --

**INT IL PASSETTO NIGHT**

the -- and, on the other side, Langdon and Vittoria squint at  
light as the heavy door is hauled open before them.

Chartrand looks at them in amazement -- how'd you get  
here?

**LANGDON**

The Camerlengo is in danger!

**INT PAPAL OFFICES - HALLWAY NIGHT**

Chartrand, Langdon, and Vittoria round the corner and race  
down the hallway toward the Pope's office, just as --

doors. The -- a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM comes from behind the closed  
The Swiss Guard move fast, throwing open the door.

**INT POPE'S OFFICE NIGHT**

a  
Langdon and the others race into the pope's office and find  
truly bizarre scene.

at  
Rocher is near the fireplace, brandishing his sidearm, aimed  
the Camerlengo, who lays on the floor, writhing in agony.

black.  
His cassock is torn open, and his bare chest is seared  
A

large, square brand is on the floor at Rocher's feet.

Two of the Swiss Guard act without hesitation -- they  
open fire.

Two bullets SLAM into Rocher's chest and he crumples.

Camerlengo  
Father Simeon bursts into the room, and as he does the  
rolls over onto one side, points his index finger at Simeon,  
and  
cries out a single word:

**CAMERLENGO**

**ILLUMINATUS!**

**FR. SIMEON**

You bastard!

You sanctimonious-

instinct,  
He rushes at the Camerlengo and Chartrand reacts on  
putting three bullets in Father Simeon's back.

**111.**

He falls to the floor, dead.

Chartrand and the Guards dash to the Camerlengo, who  
clutches his  
chest, convulsing in pain.

Langdon walks toward him, stunned, as the Guards pull the  
Camerlengo's hands away from his wound, revealing the fifth  
brand.

The crossed keys, seared into the flesh of his chest.

Langdon looks at Rocher in utter disbelief. Rocher's still  
alive,

trying to say something, holding out a hand.

Langdon Everyone else in the room is focused on the Camerlengo, so  
bends down, takes the dying man's hand.

Rocher looks up at him, desperation in his eyes, trying to communicate something but too weak to say more than:

**ROCHER**

For safety.

And his eyes close.

Langdon withdraws his hand from Rocher's, and finds the  
dying man has pressed something into his palm.

A key.

Langdon looks at it, and it gives him a thought. He turns,  
looks at the Camerlengo, whose chest is exposed.

The crossed keys are indeed branded there -- but  
they're upside down.

Langdon slips the key in his pocket and approaches the  
Camerlengo as Chartrand gets to his feet, on his radio.

**CHARTRAND**

I need a Medevac to St. Peter's  
Square, right now!

The Camerlengo struggles to a sitting position.

**CAMERLENGO**

Order the evacuation. We only have  
nineteen minutes.

**LANGDON**

**(POINTING)**

The keys. They're upside down.

112.

**VITTORIA**

You think it's a sign?

**LANGDON**

Everything has been a sign, why should  
this be any different?

He looks at Rocher, dead on the floor.                      Back at the  
branded  
keys.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Crossed keys -- the symbol for the  
papacy, upside-down.

**CAMERLENGO**

St. Peter.

**LANGDON**

**(YES)**

The first pope, he was crucified  
upside-down, on Vatican Hill.                      Right  
beneath where we're standing.

**CAMERLENGO**

"Upon this rock I will build my  
church."...

**LANGDON**

Or bring it down upon itself.

He looks back at Rocher, and at Father Simeon, dead on the  
floor.

LANGDON (cont'd)

They were conservatives, the former  
Pope was becoming more and more  
liberal.                      Maybe they loved their  
church so much they were willing to  
destroy it.

**CAMERLENGO**

(thinking, repeats)  
Upon this rock I will build my church.

**LANGDON**

St. Peter's tomb is the very core of  
Christendom.

**CAMERLENGO**

The bomb is in St. Peter's tomb!

**LANGDON**

(almost admiring it)

The ultimate infiltration.

113.

**VITTORIA**

I can still change the battery if we hurry!

**CUT TO:**

**EXT            ST.        PETER'S SQUARE                    NIGHT**

The square is more crowded than ever, and now the helicopter.

Chartrand called SWOOPS in low overhead as Vatican Police frantically try to clear a landing area.

**CUT TO:**

**INT            ST.        PETER'S BASILICA                    NIGHT**

Langdon, Vittoria, the Camerlengo, and two Swiss Guard are hurrying across the deserted floor of St. Peter's Basilica when the lights go out.

**CHARTRAND**

The grid is still cycling -- the power to this section must be down.

They race down the center aisle, to the candlelit balustrade which surrounds the winding staircase into the grottoes.

**CAMERLENGO**

Oil lamps.                    Grab one!

They do, and run down the center stair.

On the staircase,

the ninety-nine burning oil lamps throw exaggerated shadows on stone walls.

**VITTORIA**

What's down here?

**LANGDON**

The Necropolis. City of the dead.

Oh.

The Camerlengo drops to his knees and opens an iron grate in the marble floor.

**CUT TO:**

**114.**

**INT THE NECROPOLIS NIGHT**

Vittoria, Langdon, the Camerlengo, and Chartrand drop down through an open hole and into an underground city of ancient, winding streets. Part museum, part ruin, they run past ancient structures, some hundreds, some thousands of years old.

The rectangular tombs are similar to little houses, complete with doorways, thresholds, windows, and terraces.

**AROUND A CORNER,**

the Camerlengo seems to know exactly where he's going; he leads them down a narrow stone passageway.

**AROUND ANOTHER CORNER,**

they hurry up a small hill. At the top of the grade, there is a stone grotto, toward which the Camerlengo is racing.

He reaches the grotto, searches, but finds nothing.

Langdon and Vittoria come to a stop behind him, breathing hard.

**CAMERLENGO**

It must be here! It must be!

He rips aside some protective tarps, finds that underneath the actual burial site is an underground area, part of a dig in

progress.

He climbs down into it, we see just the top of his head as

--

-- a soft glow seems to emanate from beneath him.

then,  
The Camerlengo's head is wreathed in light for a moment, and  
as he climbs out, we see that he's holding in his hands --  
-- the glowing canister of anti-matter.

**ON THE GROUND NEARBY,**

hand, two  
Vittoria drops to her knees, a tiny silver pellet in one  
wires leading from opposite ends of it.

**VITTORIA**

Set it down flat.

checks  
The Camerlengo does. Langdon bends close. Vittoria  
the timer.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

We still have seven minutes. Good.

**115.**

She leans down, reaching for the canister's baseplate.

She  
As she does, a drop of sweat rolls to the tip of her nose  
freezes.

Wipes the sweat away, thinking about it

VITTORIA (cont'd)

It's hot down here. Isn't it?

**LANGDON**

What's wrong?

**VITTORIA**

Heat decreases battery life. We may  
have less than five minutes.

**CAMERLENGO**

So?

**VITTORIA**

If I pull the power with less than five minutes, the residual charge won't hold suspension. We should leave it and get clear if we can. At least if it goes off down here the damage will be-

**CAMERLENGO**

**NO.**

And with that, he snatches up the canister and takes off running, back the way they came.

**VITTORIA**

Wait!

**LANGDON**

Father, please!

But he's already gone, around a darkened corner.

**EXT            ST.        PETER'S SQUARE                    NIGHT**

In St. Peter's Square, the helicopter that was brought in for the Camerlengo waits, propellers spinning.

The Crowd seems even bigger now, and a REPORTER tells us why:

**REPORTER**

-- in St. Peter's Square where, despite a bomb threat and order of evacuation, the crowd is actually growing in size as we await --

**116.**

**INT            ST.        PETER'S BASILICA                    NIGHT**

The Camerlengo emerges from the spiral staircase, accidentally kicks over one of the oil lamps, spilling its burning oil on the floor of the Basilica.

He ignores it, racing for the front doors.

**INT THE NECROPOLIS NIGHT**

Langdon and Vittoria come around a corner in the Necropolis, having taken slightly longer to find their way.

Langdon spots the circular entry by which they first came in.

**LANGDON**

There it is!

They race toward it and climb up.

**INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA NIGHT**

They hurry across the floor of St. Peter's Basilica and burst out the huge doors that open onto St. Peter's Square, just as --

**EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT**

-- the helicopter lifts off.

The Crowd watches in amazement, and the PILOT stands in the square, talking animatedly to two Swiss Guard, gesturing toward the helicopter. But if he's not flying it...

Langdon looks up at the helicopter as it climbs, straight upward.

**LANGDON**

Oh my God...

**INT HELICOPTER NIGHT**

The Camerlengo is indeed at the controls of the helicopter, piloting it upwards and away from the crowd below. The canister is beside him on the passenger seat.

**EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT**

The crowd falls silent, all eyes turning upward, watching the helicopter recede into the clouds.

**INT            HELICOPTER            NIGHT**

still a            The canister BEEPS on the seat beside the Camerlengo --  
power            few minutes left on its timer, but the urgently flashing red  
light can't be considered a good sign.

The Camerlengo looks at it.

Crosses himself.

against            Raises the crucifix from around his neck and brushes it  
his lips.

**EXT            ST.        PETER'S SQUARE            NIGHT**

watching as            All eyes are upturned, all voices have fallen still,  
clouded            the helicopter's anti-collision lights disappear into the  
night sky.

**EXT            IN THE SKY            NIGHT**

in            High above the square, the helicopter still climbs, rotating  
circles.

**INT            HELICOPTER            NIGHT**

and a            CLOSE ON the canister as the red light flashes even faster,  
shrill BEEPING fills the cockpit.

**EXT            ST.        PETER'S SQUARE            NIGHT**

something in            In the crowd, faces turn, PEOPLE point.            There's  
the sky above them.

up in            Langdon and Vittoria see it too -- a faint white speck, far  
the sky.            This is the explosion?

**EXT            IN THE SKY            NIGHT**

the No, the faint white speck is a billowing parachute -- and

Camerlengo dangles at the end of it.

**ABOVE HIM,**

the helicopter continues to climb, far up into the night.

**INT            HELICOPTER            NIGHT**

and the And in the canister, the BEEPING sound becomes continuous  
light winks out altogether.

**118.**

and The shimmering bead of anti-matter falls out of suspension  
drops, slowly, toward the bottom of the canister, it barely  
touches the surface --

**EXT            IN THE SKY            NIGHT**

white -- and the helicopter explodes in a blinding pinpoint of  
light.

**EXT            ST.    PETER'S SQUARE            NIGHT**

is Up in the sky over St. Peter's Square, the pinpoint of light  
searing tiny at first, then it shoots out to either side in a  
white line, then the white line balloons out on either side,  
expanding into a gigantic ball of hot white light.

And then the sound hits.

we THIS is the explosion, and it is so much more ferocious than  
could have imagined.

outlines The entire image is bleached white, with only the faint  
of people visible within it.

waves, And then concussive force of the blast hits, like heat  
rippling everything in its way.    SCREAMING and panic.

**EXT            IN THE SKY            NIGHT**

wildly,  
him  
The Camerlengo, clinging to the parachute, is buffeted  
spun over and over, tangling him in his cords, which makes  
fall faster.

**EXT            ST.    PETER'S SQUARE            NIGHT**

as  
The second wave of the blast comes, and this one's ten times  
powerful as the first.

the  
of  
Everything standing is flattened -- PEOPLE, camera trucks,  
fountain in the middle of the square collapses in a shower  
marble and water.

**INT            ST.    PETER'S BASILICA            NIGHT**

Peter's,  
statues topple.  
Ceiling tiles fall and SMASH on the floor inside St.

**EXT            IN THE SKY            NIGHT**

over,  
for the  
The Camerlengo falls, unconscious now, tumbling over and  
dropping too fast. He SLAMS off an angled rooftop, headed  
ground.

119.

**EXT            ST.    PETER'S SQUARE            NIGHT**

off a  
building, plummeting toward her.  
In the square, Langdon and Vittoria dodge falling debris.  
Vittoria loses her footing as a chunk of plaster CRUNCHES

in  
the square.  
Langdon pulls her to safety as the plaster PULVERIZES itself

**EXT            IN THE SKY            NIGHT**

The Camerlengo CRUNCHES off the side of another building and drifts downward, fast, toward the crowd in St. Peter's.

SLAMMING  
His unconscious form SMASHES through a dozen people before to the ground at one edge of the square.

**AND IN THE SKY ABOVE,**

light and the blast suddenly turns inward on itself, the heat and sound all seeming to suck back up into a perfect horizontal line, which then collapses in from the sides, until once again it is just a speck of white hot light --  
-- that disappears into the night.

**EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT**

wind. The only sound that remains in the square is a soft night

The wounded pick themselves up off the ground.

to the The crowd, realizing the blast is over, turns its attention body of the Camerlengo, on the far side of the square.

the Langdon and Vittoria try to make their way toward him, but crowd, the crowd surges past them, and we soar over the heads of the see wanting to get there first, wanting to be the first ones to

--- his eyes open. He's alive.

**WIDE ON THE SQUARE AS**

a great CHEER rises up from the crowd.

**CUT TO:**

**INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT**

Chapel, The CHEERS from outside are clearly audible in the Sistine where the doors have been thrown open and they have gotten the

news. Jubilation reigns.

A SWISS GUARDSMAN runs in, finds Cardinal Mortati.

120.

**SWISS GUARDSMAN**

Signore Mortati, he is alive!

The

Camerlengo is alive!

**MORTATI**

Praise God.

But he looks around him -- the Cardinals have split into small groups, they're discussing something with great animation amongst themselves.

Mortati watches, doesn't like what he's seeing.

**CUT TO:**

**INT OFFICE OF THE SWISS GUARD**

**NIGHT**

Langdon and Vittoria, on a bench in the office of the Swiss Guard, are having superficial wounds treated. The buzz in the office is intense, just as excited as in the square and the Sistine Chapel.

Langdon looks over at Vittoria.

**LANGDON**

Are you okay?

She looks back at him, nods. Smiles. He reaches over, interlaces his fingers with hers, and takes her hand.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Thank God.

She smiles, turns his hand, noticing the glass on his wristwatch is broken. He notices, seems distressed.

**VITTORIA**

Do we have time for that story now?

**LANGDON**

Do I have someone to tell it to?

A ROAR  
She smiles and kisses the back of his hand -- yes.  
comes from outside and we see --

**EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT**

SINGING,  
-- the crowd in St. Peter's Square, in rapture. There is  
there's CHANTING of the Camerlengo's name. It's exactly  
midnight.

**121.**

**INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT**

In the Sistine Chapel, Cardinal Mortati is in hushed, urgent  
conversation with a group of seven or eight Cardinals.

**MORTATI**

Signores... you are no doubt aware  
that by Holy Law the man is ineligible  
for election to the papacy. He is  
not a cardinal, he is a priest, a  
chamberlain. And there is the  
matter of his inadequate age. I'm  
sorry, the protocols of conclave are  
not subject to modification. I will  
not call a ballot on this matter.

The African Cardinal who cast his vote earlier speaks up.

**AFRICAN CARDINAL**

But Signore, you would not call the  
ballot. Surely you remember -- you  
gave up your post as Great Elector.

Mortati looks at him. Boxed into a corner.

Outside, the crowd in St. Peter's can be heard, singing  
joyously.

A SECOND CARDINAL steps forward.

**SECOND CARDINAL**

They are singing in St. Peter's Square! What happened here tonight transcends our laws!

**MORTATI**

Does it? Is it God's will that we abandon reason and give ourselves over to frenzy? Discard the rules of the church?

A THIRD CARDINAL now, a peacemaker:

**THIRD CARDINAL**

Perhaps they need not be discarded.

They all look at him.

THIRD CARDINAL (cont'd)

I am thinking now of Romano Pontifici Eligendo, Numero 63.

Most of the Cardinals look puzzled -- but Mortati's face darkens.

**122.**

THIRD CARDINAL (cont'd)

Balloting is not the only method by which a Pope can be elected. There is another, more divine method.

**MORTATI**

"Acclimation by Adoration."

**THIRD CARDINAL**

Si, signore!

The Second Cardinal sparks to this idea.

**SECOND CARDINAL**

Of course!

(answering those around him who look confused)

Election by Adoration occurs when all the cardinals, as if by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, freely and spontaneously, unanimously and aloud, proclaim one individual's name.

**THIRD CARDINAL**

And the law states that Adoration supersedes all other eligibility requirements. The candidate need only be an ordained member of the clergy.

**(DRAMATICALLY)**

**BUT!**

(they listen)

He must be present in the Sistine Chapel at the moment of election.

Many cries now of "Bring the Camerlengo to us!"

Mortati looks deeply troubled.

**CUT TO:**

**INT ROCHER'S OFFICE NIGHT**

Bandaged now, Langdon and Vittoria are ushered into Rocher's office by a Swiss Guardsman.

**SWISS GUARDSMAN**

Please wait here while we arrange your transportation. May I get you anything?

**123.**

They shake their heads, no thanks. Settle into chairs to the side of Rocher's desk.

They look uncomfortable -- it's weird to be in a dead man's office.

Vittoria looks at his desk. Thinks of something.

She gets up and goes to it, running her hand lightly over it.

**LANGDON**

What are you doing?

**VITTORIA**

Leonardo's journals. I want them  
back.

outline She feels in the surface of the desk and finds the square  
tries of the inlaid panel where Rocher hid the journals. She  
down on prying it open, but that doesn't work, she tries pushing  
the front of it --

-- and the panel slowly rotates open. The journals,  
which were laid on top of the television monitor, slide out and onto  
the desk.

Vittoria scoops them up and is about to close the panel  
again when --

**LANGDON**

Wait a minute.

He looks down at the monitor. Thinking.

At its odd, key-shaped on/off switch.

He pulls something from his pocket -- the key Rocher  
gave him, just as he died.

**IN LANGDON'S MIND,**

he sees Rocher's face, looking up at him, dying:

**ROCHER**

For safety.

**BACK IN THE OFFICE,**

Langdon looks at the key, and its odd shape. Looks down  
at the monitor, the same odd shape where its switch should be.

**124.**

**IN LANGDON'S MIND,**

saying they're back in the Pope's office, but Rocher is alive, and words he said earlier:

**ROCHER**

The Holy Father was subject to seizures... but he took steps.

**BACK IN THE OFFICE,**

as he Rocher's voice continues over, but Langdon mouths the words remembers them:

**ROCHER'S VOICE (O.S.)**

**"MADE SURE HE WAS WATCHED."**

**IN LANGDON'S MIND,**

Rocher is back in the office again, finishing his sentence:

**ROCHER**

For safety.

**IN ROCHER'S OFFICE,**

Langdon holds the key up, repeating those last words:

**LANGDON**

For safety.

keyhole He lowers the key to the monitor, extending it toward the

-- and it's a perfect fit. He twists it.

image And with a ZZZZT of power, the monitor winks to life. An comes into focus.

**VITTORIA**

Where's that?

**LANGDON**

That...is the papal office.

There On the monitor, they are indeed looking at an image of the Pope's office. are two dead bodies on the floor, covered with sheets, and VATICAN

POLICE are photographing everything. Must be live.

**IN ROCHER'S OFFICE,**

Langdon's figuring it out.

125.

**LANGDON**

The Pope spent a lot of time in contemplation, alone. If he was worried about seizures, he must have asked Rocher to install a camera without telling anyone. To keep an eye on him. For safety. And maybe --

He reaches down to the screen, toward a touch panel at the bottom.

You don't have to be a symbologist to understand these symbols--  
play, pause, fast forward.

And rewind. Langdon touches it.

**ON THE MONITOR,**

all  
the image ZIPS backwards, rapidly, to the shooting, and the  
still  
the way back to when Rocher and the Camerlengo were alone together. Rocher stands just behind him, the Camerlengo  
kneels before the fireplace.

close  
As the image starts to play forward, in real time, we go in  
on the monitor and come out --

**INT POPE'S OFFICE NIGHT**

-- in the papal office, to watch the scene in person.

**CAMERLENGO**

The scientist kept journals? So?

**ROCHER**

You figure prominently in them.

the  
The Camerlengo turns his eyes back to the flames, stirring  
embers with a poker.

**CAMERLENGO**

Really.

**ROCHER**

Leonardo wasn't just a physicist, he was a Catholic priest. Deeply conflicted about the implications of his work and in need of spiritual guidance. About a month ago, he requested an audience with the Pope. But you'd know that, because you granted the audience, and were present during it.

softly. The Camerlengo twists the poker in the fire. Speaks

126.

**CAMERLENGO**

The fool thought he had duplicated the moment of creation.

**ROCHER**

And the Holy Father urged him to go public. His Holiness thought the discovery might actually prove the existence of a divine power -- begin to bridge the gap between religion and science.

**CAMERLENGO**

Science. The new God. Ignore the weapons and chaos and madness.

different  
The Camerlengo looks up at him, and his expression is  
Violent. than we've ever seen it. Contemptuous. Angry.

**CAMERLENGO (cont'd)**

His work was not religious, it was sacrilegious!

**ROCHER**

But you saw the Pope's position as a

softening of church law. An old man's weakness. Your father's weakness.

**CAMERLENGO**

He raised me to protect the church. Even from within.

**ROCHER**

So you brought an old enemy back from the dead to frighten people.

**CAMERLENGO**

Nothing unites hearts like the presence of evil.

**ROCHER**

It didn't work, Father.

**CAMERLENGO**

It isn't finished.

**ROCHER**

I've informed Father Simeon of what I learned and he'll get word to the Cardinals the moment conclave opens.

The Camerlengo looks at him calmly for a moment --

**127.**

**CAMERLENGO**

I was planning on doing this alone.

-- and then removes the poker from the fire. But it isn't a poker, it's a long-handled brand, with a cross of some kind at the end.

Rocher pulls his gun, holds it at his side.

**ROCHER**

Put that down.

The Camerlengo rips open his cassock with his free hand.

**CAMERLENGO**

But perhaps it's better that you're here.

**ROCHER**

(raising the gun)  
Put it down!

But the Camerlengo RAMS the red-hot brand into the exposed  
flesh  
of his bare chest. His skin SIZZLES and smokes, Rocher  
SHOUTS,  
the Camerlengo SCREAMS in agony, and we know the rest --  
-- the door bursts open, Swiss Guard pour in, Rocher is  
shot,  
Father Simeon races toward the Camerlengo --

**FR. SIMEON**

You bastard! You sanctimonious-

-- and the Camerlengo rolls over, pointing one long finger  
at  
Father Simeon and CRYING OUT:

**CAMERLENGO**

**ILLUMINATUS!**

As we saw before, Lt. Chartrand FIRES THREE TIMES, killing  
Father  
Simeon in his tracks, we pull back, the image turns to --

**INT ROCHER'S OFFICE NIGHT**

-- video again, and as we complete the move out from the  
monitor,  
we see it isn't Langdon and Vittoria watching the image this  
time --

--- but Cardinal Mortati, flanked by two other red-robed  
Cardinals  
and a half-dozen Swiss Guardsman.

Langdon and Vittoria stand to one side as Mortati turns and  
looks  
at them. Suddenly, he seems very, very old.

**CUT TO:**

128.

**INT GRAND STAIRCASE NIGHT**

the  
The Camerlengo, escorted by two Swiss Guardsman, descends  
Royal Staircase that leads to the Sistine Chapel.  
even  
Though he is injured and limping, he radiates confidence,  
benevolence, a man certain this is the greatest day of his  
life.  
He approaches the chapel doors, speaks to the Swiss Guard  
posted there as he approaches.

**CAMERLENGO**

I have been summoned by the College of  
Cardinals.

doors  
Oh, they know all about it. They lift their swords, the  
sweep open, the Camerlengo strides boldly across the  
threshold --

**INT            SISTINE CHAPEL            NIGHT**

frozen  
-- and stops, right there, the look of imminent ascendancy  
on his face.

not  
The Cardinals are looking at him, all right, but not in joy,  
faces are  
in wonder, not for leadership. One hundred sixty-one  
turned toward his, with an expression of ---  
-- utter condemnation.

to  
He stands there for a moment, searching their faces, trying  
figure out what could possibly have happened.

But it doesn't matter.

They know. And he knows they know.

He takes two steps backwards, almost involuntarily.

Starts to teeter, balances himself in the doorway.

Then straightens himself, smooths his cassock.

And turns and walks away, back up the staircase.

Two Swiss Guard move to go after him, quickly, but Cardinal Mortati gestures to them.

**MORTATI**

Gently. But within our walls.

The Swiss Guard follow the Camerlengo up the staircase.

**CUT TO:**

**129.**

**INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA NIGHT**

The Camerlengo comes out of a doorway and into St. Peter's Basilica. He heads for the main doors --

-- just as HALF A DOZEN SWISS GUARD step in from outside, blocking his way. Some MURMUR softly into their radios.

He stops, turns around to come back the way he came ---

-- but TWO SWISS GUARD appear in that doorway, also with radios.

He turns again, no way to go but toward the front of the Basilica.

He sees the candlelit balustrade near the front, the one that leads to the grottoes and the Necropolis. He picks up his pace.

The Swiss Guard follow, at a slight distance.

The Camerlengo reaches the spiral staircase and stops, looking down, seeing the oil lamp he kicked over earlier.

He thinks. He picks up a fresh lamp, holds it to his face --

-- and blows out its flame with a soft PUFF.

**ACROSS THE BASILICA,**

we're with the Swiss Guard as they walk slowly toward him.

short  
But they hear a CRY from ahead, he's gone down the stairs a  
distance, and they can hear the sound of liquid SLOSHING.  
They break into a run as they realize what he's about to do,  
to see they're twenty feet away, then ten, then just close enough  
the Camerlengo as he --  
-- SMASHES a burning oil lamp at his feet. The flames  
leap onto his oil-soaked clothes and --  
-- HE IGNITES IN A PILLAR OF WHITE FLAME.

**CUT TO:**

**INT            SISTINE CHAPEL            NIGHT**

pierced  
CLOSE ON a bundle of one hundred sixty-one slips of paper,  
by a needle and strung together.  
They're tossed into the fireplace in the Sistine Chapel,  
where they too burst into flame.  
We rise up again, ahead of the smoke this time, all the way  
up to --

**130.**

**EXT            ST.            PETER'S SQUARE            DAWN**

is  
-- the chimney above St. Peter's Square, where the throng  
still gathered, waiting for some word as the sun rises on  
the horizon. And this time, the smoke that billows from the  
chimney --  
-- is white.  
There is a new pope. The crowd ROARS its approval, BELLS  
begin to toll --

**INT            PAPAL APARTMENT            DAY**

-- the red silk sash covering the doors to the papal  
apartment is  
SLICED apart --

-- the wax seal BREAKS as the doors are flung open, and we  
--

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE DAY**

-- St. Peter's Square, later the same day. The Crowd, if  
you can believe it, is even bigger.

A STRING OF REPORTERS fills us in for the last time (non-  
English speakers subtitled).

**BBC REPORTER**

Church sources now confirm that  
Camerlengo Father Sebastian Guttierrez  
has died of internal injuries  
sustained in his heroic fall --

**A BRAZILIAN REPORTER:**

**BRAZILIAN REPORTER**

-- which has spurred calls for his  
immediate canonization and sainthood.  
The Vatican also announced the death  
of three of its cardinals in the fire  
at Santa Maria Delia Vittoria --

An AMERICAN REPORTER:

**AMERICAN REPORTER**

-- but all eyes here are on the papal  
balcony as we await the appearance of  
the new Holy Father, who, despite  
terrorist attempts at disruption --

We move off the Reporter and up, toward the papal balcony,  
its doors hanging open, curtains billowing.

**131.**

AMERICAN REPORTER (cont'd)

-- seems to have been selected in one of the swiftest and smoothest conclaves in modern church history.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT            PAPAL APARTMENT DAY**

Inside the papal apartments, Robert Langdon sits stiffly on a straight-backed chair in a hallway.      Couldn't look more uncomfortable if he tried.

A Swiss Guardsman stands on either side of him.

The door to his right suddenly opens, another Guardsman nods to him, and Langdon gets to his feet, straightening his jacket.

**INT            OFFICE OF THE POPE DAY**

Langdon is shown into the office, where a robed figure is being dressed by two VATICAN ATTENDANTS -- the clothes he dons are unmistakably papal vestments.      The figure, his back to us, gestures to a nearby table.

One of the Swiss Guardsmen goes to the table and picks up an envelope, hands it to Langdon.

**SWISS GUARDSMAN**

A token of thanks from His Holiness.

Langdon, puzzled, opens the envelope and lets the contents fall into his hand.

It's a thin volume, but a familiar one -- the only surviving copy of Galileo's Diagramma.      Langdon nearly GASPS.

The figure in the papal robes turn around.      It is, of course, Cardinal Mortati.

**MORTATI**

This should help you complete your scholarly work, Professor.

Langdon is too stunned to speak,

MORTATI (cont'd)  
I ask only that in your last will and testament you ensure it finds its way home.

**LANGDON**  
I -- yes, I -- of course.

132.

Mortati takes a few steps forward, studying Langdon,

**MORTATI**  
When you write of us -- and you will write of us -- may I ask one thing?

Langdon looks at him questioningly.

**MORTATI** (cont'd)  
Do so gently?

**LANGDON**  
I'll try.

**MORTATI**  
Religion is flawed, Mr. Langdon, but only because man is flawed. Including this one.

He touches his chest lightly.

He The Aides now pick up the miter, the spade-shaped papal hat. stands still while they place it on his head, completing his attire.

**LANGDON**  
I hear you've chosen the name Luke. There have been Marks and Johns, but never a Luke.

**MORTATI**  
It's said he was a doctor.

**LANGDON**  
Is that a message? Science and faith all in one?

**MORTATI**  
The world is in need of both.

Science can heal, or science can kill.  
It depends on the soul of the man  
using the science.

Langdon looks at him. Likes the sound of that.

**LANGDON**

You'll lead wisely.

**MORTATI**

I'm an old man. I'll lead briefly,

Mortati comes closer to Langdon, raises his right hand, and  
makes a gentle sign of the cross over him, murmuring softly.

**133.**

**MORTATI (cont'd)**

Thanks be to God, for sending someone  
to protect His church.

**LANGDON**

I -- don't believe He sent me,  
Father.

**MORTATI**

Oh, my son...

He smiles.

**MORTATI (cont'd)**

Of course He did.

He turns, and his Aides part the billowing silk curtains  
that lead to the papal balcony.

We move forward with him as he steps out over St. Peter's  
Square and a great ROAR rises up from below.

Cardinal Mortati, Pope Luke I, holds his arms out to his  
sides, an embrace to take in the world --

-- and behind him, hidden in the shadows of the papal  
apartment, just behind the billowing curtains, Robert Langdon folds his  
hand

in front of him --

-- and bows his head.

**THE END**