

INFERNO

screenplay by
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based on the novel by
Dan Brown

September 20, 2013

EXT SIXTH AVENUE DAY

Humanity teems on Sixth Avenue at rush hour. It's one of those long lens shots, the kind that makes you're glad you're not crammed onto that same sidewalk with the sweaty hordes.

A Town Car pulls over in the bumper-to-bumper traffic and an elegant woman in her mid-forties gets out, carrying a leather satchel. DR. ELIZABETH SINSKEY is late.

The DRIVER lowers the window, wait, I can get you there.

DR. SINSKEY
Too crowded! I'll do better on foot.

She hurries away into the thick of the crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT 68TH AND PARK AVENUE DAY

It's much quieter at 68th and Park. Dr. Sinskey stands at the door of a three story neoclassical building on the corner. It's a magnificent place, the type that would have been home to an oil baron in the early 1900s.

Sinskey waits, one hand on the ornate handle of the large doors, looking up into a video camera. She forces a smile for whoever's watching.

*COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS
New York City
two years ago*

The door BUZZES and Dr. Sinskey pulls it open.

INT COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS - LOBBY DAY

Dr. Sinskey approaches a RECEPTIONIST at a desk in the lobby.

DR. SINSKEY
Dr. Elizabeth Sinskey of the World Health Organization. I have an appointment with Dr. Bertram Zobrist.

INT C.F.R. - CONFERENCE ROOM DAY

Dr. Sinskey is ushered into a conference room. The wooden blinds are drawn, just a few slanted rays of light piercing the air of the grand, panelled room.

A large video screen sits at the end of a mahogany conference table, and a tall silhouetted figure stands in front of it.

CONTINUED:

Dr. Sinskey blinks, her eyes adjusting. The figure speaks -- BERTRAM ZOBRIST has a precise but undefinable accent. Alsatian, maybe?

ZOBRIST

Dr. Sinskey. I was at your presentation this morning at the U.N. Very impressive.

DR. SINSKEY

Thank you, Doctor.

She takes off her coat, puts it over a chair, and has a seat at the conference table.

DR. SINSKEY (cont'd)

To what do I owe the pleasure of meeting you?

He hits a button on a laptop and an image pops up on the screen -- a painting depicting a vast sea of humanity, throngs of sickly people climbing over one another in a dense tangle of bodies.

DR. SINSKEY (cont'd)

Yes, I was just on Sixth Avenue.

ZOBRIST

(ignoring her joke)

Dore's grim interpretation of Dante's vision of hell. I hope it looks comfortable to you. Because that's where we're headed.

DR. SINSKEY

I'm sorry, may I ask what this is about?

ZOBRIST

There is only one global health issue, Doctor. Overpopulation. Every other ill that ails the planet is a symptom of that disease. And your organization has become part of the problem.

DR. SINSKEY

Dr. Zobrist, I agreed to meet you out of deference to your reputation and your accomplishments in germ-line manipulation. I did not agree to be lectured.

CONTINUED:

ZOBRIST

Actually, I was hoping for enlightenment.

He picks up a sheet of paper from the table and tears it in half. He puts the two pieces on top of each other and tears them again. He places the stack of four smaller pieces back on the table.

ZOBRIST (cont'd)

The original sheet of paper was one tenth of a millimeter thick. After two tears, it's four tenths of a millimeter. If I were to repeat the process -- say, fifty times -- do you know how tall the stack would be?

DR. SINSKEY

One-tenth of a millimeter times two to the fiftieth power. It's called geometric progression. And I'm calling it a day.

She puts her phone in her bag, closes it, and starts to stand.

ZOBRIST

To the sun. After only fifty doublings, the stack of paper would reach to the sun.

In spite of her irritation with him, that slows her down.

He hits another button and the image changes to a graph. A straight line moves across the bottom of the frame, nearly all the way from left to right. But just before it reaches the right side, the line turns sharply upward, in a nearly straight line.

ZOBRIST (cont'd)

It took the earth's population a hundred thousand years to reach a billion people. Then just a hundred years to reach two billion. And only fifty years to double again, to four billion people, in 1970. We're nearly at eight billion now. If you and I live another forty years, we will see the world's population quadruple in our lifetime. Thirty-two billion people. By any biological gauge, our species has exceeded sustainable numbers.

CONTINUED:

DR. SINSKEY

The W.H.O. takes overpopulation quite seriously. We spend tens of millions on condom distribution every-

ZOBRIST

You're swinging a fly swatter at an incoming asteroid.

DR. SINSKEY

What exactly is it you would like us to do, Doctor?

ZOBRIST

I want the W.H.O. to take bold action in the face of imminent human extinction. Or I will take such action myself.

She looks at him. He can't be saying what she thinks he's saying.

DR. SINSKEY

You should choose your words more carefully. Some might interpret that as a terrorist threat.

ZOBRIST

The darkest places in hell are reserved for those who maintain their neutrality in times of moral crisis.

DR. SINSKEY

I see. And what is your vision of a sustainable future? What is the ideal population of the earth?

ZOBRIST

Humankind's best chance of long-term survival occurs with a global population of around four billion.

DR. SINSKEY

It's a little late for that.

He takes a step forward, and now he's fully lit from above.

ZOBRIST

Is it?

CUT TO:

INT DREAM SPACE NIGHT

In the dark of a dream, surreal images swim before us. We're moving across a post-apocalyptic landscape, under fiery skies.

Writhing pairs of legs protrude upside down from the earth, poor souls who've been buried headfirst to the waist. On each of the pale thighs, the letter "R," smeared in mud. At least, we hope it's mud. The CRIES OF HUMAN SUFFERING can be heard all around, echoing in our ears.

We keep moving, toward the bank of a river up ahead, its churning waters running red with blood.

A VEILED WOMAN stands on the far side of the river, her arms outstretched, beckoning to us.

We move closer to her, across the surface of the river, closer and closer still, and we can hear her, barely, as she tells us something important.

VEILED WOMAN

Seek... and find.

Hands rise up into frame, our hands, but as they touch the veil to raise it the image of the woman starts to glow, white hot, the veil catches on fire --

VEILED WOMAN (cont'd)

Seek and find!

-- and she EXPLODES in a burst of white light. Out of the blinding, burning light, a single word swims out, a title, filling nearly the entire screen:

INFERNO

CUT TO:

INT HOSPITAL ROOM NIGHT

ROBERT LANGDON's eyes open.

He stares up at ceiling tiles. And fluorescent light, shining through translucent panels. He speaks, his voice a CROAK.

LANGDON

Please don't go.

He blinks. Wait, what?

He's disoriented, doesn't know why he just said that.

CONTINUED:

He tries to move, feels a sharp pain in his right arm. He turns his head and sees an IV tugging at the skin of his forearm.

His eyes widen, his pulse quickens, and the soft BEEPING sounds we've been hearing in the background keep pace, getting faster.

He struggles to sit up, can only manage to move a little bit up on the pillow. He's in a hospital room. He's alone, it's night. He winces, reaches up with his free hand and touches the back of his head.

He rubs a small matted area there, where a dozen stitches are sewn into his scalp. He pulls his hand back and looks at his fingertips. They have flecks of dried blood on them.

He's confused and frightened.

A MAN IN SCRUBS hurries into the room. Fiftyish, bearded. He goes straight to the monitors and checks them.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Did I have an accident?

The Man looks at him and smiles. He holds up a finger, hang on a second, and hurries out of the room.

Langdon looks around. On a table nearby, he sees his clothes in a plastic bag. They're covered in blood. His jacket is over the back of the chair.

He looks to the window. It's dark out, so he sees only his own reflection, pale and weary, attached to tubes and wires, surrounded by medical equipment.

VOICES approach in the hall and the Man in Scrubs reappears, accompanied by a woman. DR. SIENNA BROOKS is in her early thirties, blue scrubs and blond hair held back in a ponytail. She goes to Langdon and speaks in lightly accented English.

SIENNA

I'm Dr. Sienna Brooks. Dr. Marconi doesn't speak much English, and he asked me to talk with you.

She shines a penlight in his eyes.

SIENNA (cont'd)

Do you know what day of the week it is, Mr. Langdon?

Langdon thinks, hard. Too hard, for such a simple question.

CONTINUED:

LANGDON

Saturday?

SIENNA

Close. What's the last thing you remember?

LANGDON

Walking across campus. A lecture series.

He rubs his head in pain, the spot behind his right ear.

LANGDON (cont'd)

I'm sorry, I -- don't know what's going on. Did I fall?

SIENNA

We'll get to that. Is there someone we should call for you?

LANGDON

No. Nobody.

He glances at his left wrist, as if to check the time, but his arm is bare. He rubs it, confused. He looks back up at Sienna.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Was I with -- a woman?

SIENNA

No. You were discovered alone on the street three hours ago with a head wound. When you were brought to our emergency room, you were mumbling something over and over.

She glances at the Man in Scrubs, who holds up a digital recorder and presses a button. A recording begins to play, and Langdon's groggy voice is recognizable:

LANGDON (O.S.)

Ve... sorry. Ve... sorry.

SIENNA

Do you have any idea why you'd be saying this? Are you sorry about something?

LANGDON

Did I cause a car accident? Did I hurt someone?

CONTINUED:

He struggles, sits up halfway. His heart monitor races, the PINGING sound grows rapid and fills the room.

LANGDON (cont'd)

My thoughts are -- can't hold on to them.

Sienna nods to the Man in Scrubs, who shuts off the recorder. She puts a hand on Langdon's shoulder, to calm him.

SIENNA

Anxiety is common with brain injuries. You need to keep your pulse rate down. No movement, no excitement. I've given you a sedative, just lie still and rest. Your memory will come back slowly.

She nods again to the Man in Scrubs, who leaves the room.

SIENNA (cont'd)

If you need anything, press the button on your bedside.

She turns out the light and leaves, leaving Langdon alone again.

He lies there for a minute, his respiration returning to normal. Nearly calm, he turns and looks to the window again.

With the lights out in the room, his own reflection has disappeared, replaced by an illuminated skyline in the distance.

Amid a contour of spires and domes, a single regal facade dominates the view. The building is an imposing stone fortress with a notched parapet and a three hundred foot tower that swells at the top, bulging into a massive battlement.

Langdon sits bolt upright in bed, his monitors go crazy again, and he cries out in a strong, solid voice:

LANGDON

I'm in FLORENCE?!

CUT TO:

EXT HOSPITAL BUILDING NIGHT

In the shadow of the building Langdon saw out his window, on the Via Torregalli, a BMW motorcycle glides to a halt across the street.

VAYENTHA, a powerfully built woman in her mid-twenties, climbs off the bike.

CONTINUED:

She has a close-cropped haircut, parts of it dyed, and wears leathers. The bottom edge of a tatt sleeve crawls down her arm and out over the back of her right hand.

Vayentha waits for a sedan to pass on the rain-slicked street and looks both ways. Convinced she's alone, she opens a compartment on the side of the bike and pulls something out.

It's a 9 mm handgun. She screws a thin tube onto the end of it, tucks it into her belt, pulls her jacket around it, and heads into the building.

CUT TO:

INT HOSPITAL ROOM NIGHT

In Langdon's hospital room, the monitors are PINGING like mad. Sienna races into the room, flicks on the lights, and finds Langdon sitting straight up on the bed, jamming his finger into the call button over and over again.

SIENNA

Are you okay?

LANGDON

What am I doing in Italy?!

SIENNA

Good. You're remembering.

LANGDON

No, I recognize the Palazzo Vecchio.

SIENNA

Mr. Langdon, there's no need to worry. You're suffering from mild retrograde amnesia, but Dr. Marconi confirmed that your brain function suffered no permanent damage.

The Man in Scrubs rushes in as well, having heard the call button. He checks the monitors, turns the sound off on one or two of them, and he and Sienna confer in rapid Italian.

Langdon rubs his head.

LANGDON

What day is it?

SIENNA

Monday, March 18th. Early morning.

CONTINUED:

LANGDON

Monday. I've lost forty-eight hours.

He winces and reaches up to his head, feels the wound there again.

LANGDON (cont'd)

What kind of accident was I in?

From the wall, the intercom system CRACKLES and a VOICE speaks in rapid Italian. Dr. Marconi goes to it and replies, then exchanges more words in Italian with Sienna.

Sienna looks at Langdon, concerned.

SIENNA

That was the front desk. Someone is here to see you.

LANGDON

Thank God. Who is it?

SIENNA

I don't know. But this is the ICU, we don't allow visitors at five in the morning.

LANGDON

I want to see whoever it is. They must know what's going on.

Sienna speaks in rapid Italian to Dr. Marconi, who nods and goes to the doorway.

SIENNA

Before you see anyone, you have a right to hear all the facts of your case. Until now, I haven't wanted to upset you.

LANGDON

Too late. What happened?

SIENNA

Your head wound was not caused by an accident. It was caused by a gunshot.

He looks at her in disbelief.

SIENNA (cont'd)

A bullet grazed the top of your skull and most likely gave you a concussion.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SIENNA (cont'd)

An inch lower and you would not have survived. It took twelve stitches to close the wound.

LANGDON

Someone *shot* me?

From the hallway, they hear VOICES rising in argument. Whoever is here to see Langdon is not interested in waiting.

Langdon leans, to look out into the hallway. At the far end, he sees a door burst open, and Vayentha, the woman from the motorcycle, steps out of the stairwell.

She turns and strides down the hallway, toward Langdon's room.

Dr. Marconi takes a step forward in the doorway, holding up a hand and BARKING at her to stop, in Italian.

Without breaking stride, Vayentha opens her jacket, pulls the handgun from her belt --

-- AND SHOOTS MARCONI IN THE CHEST.

There is a staccato HISS as the shot rips from the barrel of the gun, Dr. Marconi staggers backward into the room, BANGS off the door frame, and falls to the floor, clutching his chest.

Blood flows between his fingers.

Langdon looks up in horror as Vayentha keeps moving, toward the door of the room, now just ten feet away --

-- she raises the gun --

-- five feet away --

-- she points it at Langdon's head --

-- he flinches, *mother of mercy, is this the end of Robert?* --

-- BANG!

It wasn't a gunshot, it was the hospital room door SLAMMING shut.

Sienna, who was behind it, flips the deadbolt lock, Langdon watches in frozen horror as she drops to the ground, distraught, calling out in Italian to Dr. Marconi, but he is gone, dead from a bullet wound to the chest, and now there's a POUNDING on the hospital door, and it's just a few moments before Vayentha figures a way to come through and into the room.

CONTINUED:

Sienna and Langdon start moving at the same time.

Sienna jumps to her feet as Langdon swings his legs out of the hospital bed, he doesn't know where he's going, but he's going *someplace*, this is a very, very bad hospital, and as he gets to his feet he GROANS in pain.

He looks down, sees that he's torn the IV out of his vein and the broken needle is dangling there, blood now flowing down his forearm.

In the hallway, two more bullets SLAM into the locked door, SPLINTERING the wood. They only have seconds.

Sienna throws open the door to the bathroom --

SIENNA

This way!

-- and Langdon drags himself across the room, staggering from the effect of the drugs, headed for the bathroom. Sienna grabs Langdon's jacket off the back of the chair, she races into the bathroom just behind him --

INT HOSPITAL - BATHROOM NIGHT

-- and she SLAMS and locks that door too. Langdon's eyes fix on the door lock for a moment, something about it bothers him, but from the other room they can hear a LOUD SMASH as the door to the hospital room gives way and Vayentha closes in on them.

Sienna grabs a pair of scrub pants from a shelf in the bathroom and throws them to Langdon.

SIENNA

Put these on! Move!

Langdon fights his way into the scrub pants as Sienna goes to another door on the opposite side of the bathroom.

INT RECOVERY ROOM NIGHT

The door to a recovery room BANGS open and Sienna leads Langdon out of the bathroom, fast, supporting him by one arm as he staggers through the room and into the hospital hallway.

INT STAIRCASE NIGHT

In the hospital staircase, Langdon clings to the rail, half-running, half-falling down the stairs as fast as his bare feet and diminished state will allow.

CONTINUED:

His blood-soaked hand drags an angry red smear down the railing as he goes.

Sienna, ahead of him, throws open a door to the street at the bottom of the stairs. Langdon staggers toward it and we go

INTO LANGDON'S POINT OF VIEW,

where the corners of the image are blurry and fading, as the head wound, the sedatives, and the sudden movement take their toll.

Our point of view bobs toward the light coming from the street --

EXT HOSPITAL NIGHT

-- and out into the street, blackness now coming in flashes. We move down the street, then it's black, then we see Sienna's face as she holds us up, encouraging us to run faster, then black, then we see a cab at the corner up ahead, then black, we look back over our shoulder and see Vayentha coming out of the hospital, twenty yards behind us --

-- black --

-- the back door of the cab flies open and we fall, half onto the seat and half onto the floor of the cab, the door SLAMS behind us, and SHOUTING between Sienna and the Cabbie in Italian.

ON THE STREET,

and out of Langdon's point of view, we see the side view mirror of the car EXPLODE in a shower of glass and metal.

The CABBIE shouts in anger and surprise, but he punches the gas and the car SQUEALS away from the corner, leaving Vayentha behind.

INT CAB NIGHT

In the back of the cab, Langdon is on the floor, heavy-lidded, fighting for consciousness.

He looks down at his arm, sees Sienna's fingers probing the broken needle in his forearm, getting a grip on it.

SIENNA

This will hurt.

She YANKS the broken IV out of his arm. Langdon passes out.

CUT TO:

EXT DREAM SPACE NIGHT

We're in Langdon's vision again. The sky is on fire, the river full of blood, and the Veiled Woman is on the far side, her arms outstretched to us.

We move closer to the Woman, reach out to her veil. This time we get our hands on the veil and lift it, to reveal her face.

And we know that face. It's Dr. Elizabeth Sinskey, the woman we saw in the opening.

But now we hear a deep ROAR from above. We look up and see, in the fiery skies, a colossal mask, with a long, beaklike nose and two glowing green eyes, which burn down at us.

We look down, afraid of the mask, we look back to Dr. Sinskey's face, she speaks again, with great urgency --

DR. SINSKEY

Seek and find!

-- and then, as before, she glows white hot and EXPLODES in a shower of blinding light and --

CUT TO:

INT SIENNA'S APARTMENT NIGHT

-- Langdon's eyes open again. He blinks. He looks down. He sees his jacket, the one Sienna took from the hospital room, has been tied around his bloody arm like a bandage. The rest of the jacket dangles over the edge of the chair he's sitting in.

He lifts his head. He's in the living room of a modest apartment. Sienna sits opposite him. Langdon finds his voice.

LANGDON

Still in Florence?

SIENNA

(nods)

My apartment.

Langdon shrugs, willing to go along.

LANGDON

Okay.

He looks around, orienting himself. Looks back at Sienna.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Thank you. You saved my life.

CONTINUED:

SIENNA

That *is* my job.

He smiles, slightly.

SIENNA (cont'd)

You were talking in your sleep.

LANGDON

What did I say?

SIENNA

Something about a plague mask.

LANGDON

(recalls it)

The kind medieval doctors wore during the Black Death. I'm having visions.

SIENNA

Normal part of recovery from head trauma. What are you seeing?

LANGDON

Hell.

SIENNA

How unpleasant.

LANGDON

Pretty lady there. Feels like I know her. That I left her -- behind somewhere.

SIENNA

Were you traveling with her?

LANGDON

No.

He looks around her apartment as Sienna picks up a pill bottle and shakes a half a dozen small white tablets out in her hand.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Dr. Brooks --

SIENNA

Sienna.

LANGDON

May I use your phone? I'd like to call the police. Or the U.S. Consulate. Both, actually.

CONTINUED:

She holds the tablets and a glass of water out to Langdon.

SIENNA

Take these first.

LANGDON

What are they?

SIENNA

Caffeine. You'll want to be more awake before you talk to anyone.

He thinks for a moment, decides to trust her. He takes the pills.

He checks the time, but again, his wrist is empty.

LANGDON

My watch. Was I wearing it when I got to the hospital?

SIENNA

I don't remember a watch.

LANGDON

It's very important to me.

SIENNA

I'm sorry.

(she gets up)

I'll be back in a few minutes. We'll figure out how to get you help.

LANGDON

Where are you going?

SIENNA

To find you some clothes. I have a neighbor who's about your size. He's away, and I'm feeding his cat.

LANGDON

I want to call the police.

SIENNA

Feel free. But I suggest you think very hard about why someone would want to kill you first. And why you were saying you're sorry. They're the first questions the police will ask. Your situation may be more complicated than you think, and Italian courts are not always friendly to foreigners.

CONTINUED:

Langdon nods. She has made sense to him, but she has certainly not comforted him.

He hears the front door of the apartment open, then close softly behind her as she leaves.

He looks around the room. At a desk on the far side, he sees an open laptop computer.

MOMENTS LATER,

Langdon is seated at the desk, typing into Google. He enters his own name, hits return.

A string of hits come up -- lectures, books by, Vatican statements regarding -- but nothing indicating anything that's happened recently. He frowns.

ON THE SCREEN,

he opens an e mail sign-in page and enters his screen name and password.

He studies the list of e mail as it comes up -- the subject headers are "quick question, Professor," "hey check out this video," "you have a Linked-In request from," all the usual junk from a busy but fairly uneventful life.

AT THE DESK,

Langdon closes the computer, frustrated. He rubs his head, thinking.

INT SIENNA'S BATHROOM DAY

Langdon comes into the small bathroom in Sienna's apartment. He runs the water in the sink. He looks out the window, to his left, where the sun is just rising over Florence.

It's gorgeous, but what the hell am I doing here? He splashes water on his face.

In the other room, he hears the door of the apartment CLOSE. Sienna's voice calls out to him.

SIENNA (O.S.)

I'll leave the clothes on the doorknob.

LANGDON

Thank you.

He plunges his face into the water in the sink.

INT SIENNA'S BEDROOM DAY

In Sienna's bedroom, a pair of jeans and a blouse are tossed on the bed. Sienna, still in her scrubs, goes to her dresser.

A mirror hangs over it. She, too, regards her reflection. She reaches up to her hair, adjusts it delicately --

-- and then removes it.

The blonde hair is a wig, and beneath it, Sienna is bald. She's still striking, perhaps even more so, than she was with hair.

She holds the wig carefully and picks up a hair pick. Strand by strand, she moves each bit of hair back into place, taking special care with the pony tail.

INT SIENNA'S BATHROOM DAY

Langdon is nearly finished washing up, he's now moving on to his bloody arm. He carefully unties the sleeve of his jacket, which had been used as a bandage, and reveals the wound. Not quite as bad as he'd feared.

He bunches up the bloody jacket and is about to toss it in the tub, when he freezes.

He moves his hands on the jacket, feeling something. That's odd.

He lifts the jacket, shakes it out. He feels it again, systematically, smoothing it out as he goes. He gets up near the neckline, just between the shoulder blades --

-- and he feels something hard. Inside the lining of the jacket.

ON THE FLOOR,

Langdon spreads the jacket out flat and slides his hand up the inside of the back lining. He hits the hard shape again.

He slides his hand up, feeling along the collar --

-- and an interior pocket comes open, the fabric parting between his fingers.

Judging by the look on Langdon's face, it is safe to say he's never seen this secret pocket *in his own coat* before in his life.

He reaches down into it. His fingers close around the hard object within and pull it out.

It's a polished metal cylinder, about six inches long and rounded at both ends, like a miniature torpedo.

CONTINUED:

Mystified, Langdon turns the cylinder over in his hands. As he rotates it, a symbol comes into view, a simple trilateral icon. You don't have to be a symbologist to know a biohazard symbol when you see one.

Langdon's eyes widen. Sienna's voice comes over:

SIENNA (O.S.)

It's a biotube.

CUT TO:

INT SIENNA'S KITCHEN DAY

The tube now sits in the middle of Sienna's kitchen table. Sienna, dressed in the jeans and blouse she picked out earlier, sits across from Langdon, who wears her neighbor's pants, shirt, and jacket, which fit pretty well.

They are both staring at the cylindrical object.

SIENNA

Used to transport dangerous substances. What are you doing with it?

LANGDON

I'm tired of saying I don't know. But I don't. What could be in it?

SIENNA

A chemical agent. A virus. Anything. The first Ebola samples came back from Africa in one of those.

She picks it up and studies it.

SIENNA (cont'd)

High end unit. Lead-lined titanium. I'm guessing government issue.

She points to a postage stamp sized black pad flanking the biohazard symbol.

SIENNA (cont'd)

Thumbprint recognition. Security in case it's lost or stolen. Tubes like this can only be opened by a specified individual.

She looks at him. He sees what she's thinking.

CONTINUED:

LANGDON

You're out of your mind.

SIENNA

Try it.

LANGDON

I have never owned a tube like that
in my life.

SIENNA

One way to find out.

Almost rashly, Langdon reaches out, presses his thumb on the black
pad --

LANGDON

There is no way this is-

-- and the tube HISSES and the top CLICKS open a half an inch.

Langdon yanks his hand back, startled, and then just as quickly
reaches out and CLICKS the tube shut again, dropping it back in
the middle of the kitchen table as if it were on fire.

LANGDON (cont'd)

I'm calling the Consulate now.

SIENNA

I think that's a mistake.

LANGDON

I disagree.

SIENNA

You don't know what's going on, and
we don't know who to trust. The
tube is government issue, that could
mean any number of things.

LANGDON

You're suggesting I'm on the run
from my own government?

SIENNA

Someone shot you in the head, I think
that warrants a certain degree of
suspicion, don't you?

He stands, not willing to discuss it further. He's a little
unsteady on his feet.

CONTINUED:

SIENNA (cont'd)

Please, sit down, before you fall
down. I'll get you the number.

IN HER LIVING ROOM A FEW MINUTES LATER,

Langdon is on the couch, Sienna's living room phone cradled to
his ear. He appears to be on hold.

On the other end of the phone, a DEEP VOICE picks up.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Langdon?

LANGDON

Yes! Speaking.

VOICE (O.S.)

Thank heavens you're alive, Professor.
We've been looking for you.

Langdon hesitates. He looks up at Sienna.

LANGDON

You have?

VOICE (O.S.)

Are you still in possession?

Langdon doesn't answer. He puts a hand on the phone, WHISPERS to
Sienna.

LANGDON

They already know.

SIENNA

I understand you're American and you
inherently trust people, but take my
word for it, not all of them deserve
it. Please think about this.

Langdon rubs his forehead, thinking.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Langdon?

LANGDON

I'm still here.

VOICE (O.S.)

Do you have the tube?

CONTINUED:

LANGDON

(pause)

Yes.

VOICE (O.S.)

Where are you located?

The Voice is smooth and calm, but it's a forced calm, and the overall affect is unsettling. Langdon is torn.

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

Professor, we can't help you if we can't find you.

Langdon gets an idea. He stands and looks out the window, at the building across the street. It's a small hotel, its address visible on the front.

LANGDON

A small hotel. The Pensione la Fierentina. Room 39.

VOICE (O.S.)

Don't move. Stay in your room. We're sending someone now.

CUT TO:

EXT FLORENCE - STREET DAY

As the sun rises over Florence, a black, unmarked van cruises through the wet streets. The van seems unremarkable, but as it passes under us we get a look at the sophisticated battery of microwave communication dishes and receivers on its rooftop.

INT VAN DAY

The rooftop was nothing compared to the interior. A combination of a mobile laboratory and communications hub, the van is staffed with FOUR or FIVE MEN AND WOMEN in black uniforms, a green "S.R.S." logo emblazoned on the shirt pocket of each one.

The acronym is spelled out over a bank of monitors along one wall of the moving vehicle -- "Surveillance and Response Support" -- and it's just vague enough to be seriously creepy.

A TECHNICIAN looks up from a monitor, leans back in his chair, holding a pair of headphones to one ear.

TECHNICIAN

Sir!

CONTINUED:

AGENT CHRISTOPH BRUDER turns from a monitor on the other side of the van. He's steely-eyed, emotionless, unambiguously in charge.

TECHNICIAN (cont'd)
Professor Langdon just accessed his
e mail account from an unmasked IP
address here in Florence.

BRUDER
You have a street number?

The Technician holds up one finger, hang on, coming through now.

BRUDER (cont'd)
Do you have a street-

TECHNICIAN
126 Via Dolorosa, apartment 3C.

Bruder turns, to the DRIVER.

BRUDER
Move it.

TECHNICIAN
Tracing a phone registered to that
address, we see he also called the
United States Consulate, six minutes
ago.

BRUDER
(to the Driver)
Get there first. Don't let him get
away again.

DRIVER
Twelve minutes.

He cranks the wheel, hard.

EXT STREET DAY

The van pulls a sharp U-turn in the middle of the street and heads back, in the opposite direction.

Unfortunately, a POLICE CAR parked in an alleyway sees the move and doesn't like it. The COPS inside pull out, pursuing the van.

INT VAN DAY

Agent Bruder, looking out the tinted back window, frowns. He turns to TWO PARAMILITARY TYPES on the other side of the van.

CONTINUED:

BRUDER

How many follow cars do we have?

PARAMILITARY 1

Two.

Behind them, the police car turns on its SIREN.

BRUDER

Burn one. Keep local police out of this.

PARAMILITARY 1

Roger that.

He raises a radio to his lips and gives an order.

EXT STREET

On the street, there are two black sedans behind the police car. One of them accelerates, pulls even with the police car, then passes it --

-- and swerves in front. Cut off, the police car SMASHES into the side of the sedan.

The COPS get out, SHOUTING in anger, and the DRIVER of the sedan feigns ignorance, I don't speak Italian!, I'm a tourist!, I'm so sorry!, etc.

At the end of the street, the S.R.S. van turns, disappearing around a corner.

CUT TO:

EXT SIENNA'S APARTMENT - STREET DAY

Seen from outside, Sienna and Langdon watch the street below from a second floor window in her apartment.

INT SIENNA'S APARTMENT DAY

Inside, Langdon looks up sharply, seeing something down the street.

LANGDON

There.

She follows his gaze and sees a black BMW motorcycle glide down the block. It pulls to a stop in front of the hotel Langdon saw across the street, and the driver gets off.

It's Vayentha, the woman who tried to kill them at the hospital. She stands in the street, consults an object in her hand, looks

CONTINUED:

at the buildings on each side, and then moves into the hotel, her hand going to the gun tucked in the front of her belt.

Langdon and Sienna watch in disbelief.

SIENNA

Robert -- the United States government
just sent someone to kill you.

LANGDON

I guess we'd better find out why.

A FEW MINUTES LATER,

Langdon presses his thumb on the black pad at the center of the biotube.

It HISSES and twists open. Gripping both ends, he twists it in opposite directions, the canister PINGS, and he unscrews the tube the rest of the way.

He pulls the two halves apart, and a black foam rubber object falls onto Sienna's kitchen table. Langdon unwraps it --

-- revealing a carved cylindrical object, about the size of a roll of Life Savers.

LANGDON

A cylinder seal.

He turns the tube over in his hands.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Ivory?

SIENNA

No. It's bone.

The tube is ornately carved with the image of a three-headed, horned Satan who is in the process of eating three different men at once, one man in each of his three mouths.

LANGDON

The three-headed, man-eating Satan.
Common image from the Middle Ages.
It's associated with the Black Plague.
The three gnashing mouths were
symbolic of how efficiently the plague
ate through the population.

Langdon studies the tube more carefully. Seven letters are carved beneath the devil. Sienna reads them aloud, pronouncing them as a word.

CONTINUED:

SIENNA

"Saligia?"

LANGDON

A Latin mnemonic invented by the Vatican to remind Christians of the seven deadly sins. *Superbia, avaritia, luxuria, invidia, gula, ira, and acedia.*

SIENNA

Pride, greed, lust, envy, gluttony, wrath, and sloth.

LANGDON

You know Latin.

SIENNA

I grew up Catholic. I know sin.

She is far too attractive for that remark to be fair. Langdon glances at her, then back at the tube.

LANGDON

According to medieval religious teachings, the collective sins of mankind were the reason God punished us with the Black Death. More plague references. Explains my visions. Sort of.

He turns the tube upside down, and there is a soft CLICKING from inside it.

Curious, he turns it the other way, listening carefully. The CLICKING again.

SIENNA

Robert, look!

He turns it back, to look at the end that was facing her.

There is a soft white glow coming from that end of the tube.

Langdon stares at it, and the glow fades.

They look at each other. He shakes it gently once more. It CLICKS again, and the glow returns, then fades.

He tips it once again, and points the glass end of the tube at the palm of his hand. A faint reddish light appears, projected onto his skin.

CONTINUED:

SIENNA (cont'd)

A test tube? With an agitator ball?

LANGDON

Nope.

Without warning, Langdon starts to shake the tube violently. The object inside rattles back and forth, CLICKING faster and faster.

SIENNA

What are you doing?!

Langdon goes to the kitchen light switch and flicks it off, plunging the room into half-light.

LANGDON

It's a Faraday pointer.

He pulls the blind in the kitchen, the room goes dark, and he puts the pointer on the kitchen table, aiming it at a blank space on the wall.

On Sienna's kitchen wall there appears a vivid, high-definition photograph that emanates from the tube as if from a slide projector.

The scene projected from the pointer is a grim oil painting of human suffering, thousands of souls undergoing wretched tortures in various levels of hell.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Now *that* explains my visions.

Sienna covers her mouth in horror and they both take a step toward it, to examine it more closely.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Botticelli's "Map of Hell." Painted as an illustration of Dante's *Inferno*.

SIENNA

La Mappa dell'Inferno.

The pit of hell is divided into descending terraces of increasing misery, each level populated by tormented sinners of every kind.

LANGDON

Dante defined our modern visions of hell. And there's no map of his hellscape more complete and accurate than Botticelli's.

CONTINUED:

He walks closer to it, right up to the wall, studying one particular area of it. But the image starts to fade as he looks.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Shake it again.

Sienna goes to it, shakes the pointer violently, and the image returns.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Move it back.

She slides it back on the table, which makes the image on the wall larger. Langdon steps up to one certain area, near the bottom of the funnel-shaped hell.

Langdon squints at it. Here he sees images of legs, upside down, their owners' bodies buried headfirst.

AN IMAGE FLASHES IN HIS MIND,

of the dream he had earlier, on the banks of the river of blood, the legs twisting in agony. And the letter "R" written on the thigh of one of them.

BACK IN SIENNA'S KITCHEN,

Langdon blinks, studies the projected image.

LANGDON

That's odd.

(he points)

This area. The *Malebolge*. Dante's eighth level, the word means "evil ditches." There are ten of them.

He moves along the wall, studying the other legs in the painting. They all have letters on them, different ones, all on the thighs.

LANGDON (cont'd)

These letters aren't on the original.
The painting has been modified.

Sienna reads them aloud.

SIENNA

C-A-T-R-O-V-A-C-E-R.

LANGDON

"Catrovacer?" Is that Italian?

SIENNA

No. Not Latin either.

CONTINUED:

He turns back to the wall image, moving closer still, and as he stares at it, he sees an image of the original painting, flashing in his mind like a memory.

LANGDON

Why would someone alter the image?

He looks closer still.

LANGDON (cont'd)

There's something else written here.
It's English.

He moves closer to it, squints. Feels instinctively in his shirt pocket for his reading glasses, but of course they're not there.

LANGDON (cont'd)

"The truth can be glimpsed only
through the eyes of death. Zobrist."

Sienna's eyes widen.

SIENNA

Bertram Zobrist?

LANGDON

Who's that?

SIENNA

He's famous, in medical circles.
Infamous, actually.

LANGDON

Why?

SIENNA

Zobrist was the world's foremost bioengineer when he wrote an essay that declared the human race was on the brink of extinction, and unless we had a catastrophic event that precipitously decreased global population growth, our species would not survive. He said his advances in genetic engineering would be far more helpful to mankind if they were used not to cure disease, but rather to create it.

LANGDON

He advocated the creation of a plague?

CONTINUED:

SIENNA

Rumor is he went further than that.
They say he actually designed such a
plague, two years ago, one that would
kill off half the world's population.

Langdon, horrified, turns back to the wall and runs a hand over
it, as if absorbing the map with his fingertips.

LANGDON

And now he's re-created a map of
hell. Put abundant references to
plague and death in it. As a kind
of puzzle.

SIENNA

To lead to what? The plague itself?
What kind of lunatic would do that?

LANGDON

(a mutter)
It happens.

He's at the wall, just inches from it, studying the painting
closely.

LANGDON (cont'd)

But why in God's name do I have it?

From the street outside, Sienna hears the sound of car tires
SQUEALING. She goes to the window.

At the wall, Langdon is just inches from the painting, his mind
racing.

LANGDON (cont'd)

The levels. They're out of order.

Running his hand over the image, he mutters to himself, fast,
almost impossible to understand, he's going so quickly.

LANGDON (cont'd)

-- seducers whipped by demons,
flatterers adrift in human excrement,
that's wrong, clerical profiteers,
no -- thieves bitten by snakes, that
goes up here, counselors consumed by
fire, sowers of discord down there --

At the window, Sienna parts the drape, carefully, and peers out
into the street.

OUTSIDE,

CONTINUED:

she sees the black S.R.S. van and its follow sedan as they pull up in front of the building. Armed MEN IN UNIFORM climb out and Agent Bruder meets them, giving orders.

They spread out, heading for Sienna's building.

IN THE KITCHEN,

Sienna turns back to Langdon, urgently.

SIENNA

Robert.

LANGDON

(still staring at the wall)
It's an anagram. "Catrovacer."

SIENNA

We have to go.

LANGDON

Straighten out the levels!

SIENNA

We really have to go.

She grabs the pointer off the table and shoves it in her pocket. The sudden disappearance of the image brings Langdon around and he turns toward her, excited.

LANGDON

I know why I'm in Florence.

SIENNA

Tell me on the way.

CUT TO:

EXT SIENNA'S BUILDING DAY

Vayentha is just coming out of the hotel across the street, but she freezes in the doorway, seeing the S.R.S. van and its troops, who are now entering the front of Sienna's building.

She hesitates, leaning back in the doorway, to avoid being seen.

VAYENTHA

Damn.

AT THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING,

Agent Bruder directs his men silently, with gestures. Two of them move to the right, to a side entrance, and the other two follow him, toward the main entrance.

Bruder closes a fist and, with military precision, the men move into Sienna's building.

We stay in the street, and can hear see them through stairwell windows as they move quickly up to the second floor --

-- we hear a SHOUT and a sharp CRACK of breaking wood as they kick in the door of Sienna's apartment --

-- we see them, through the window of Sienna's apartment as they search the place, weapons drawn, voices raised --

-- and then we hear a ROAR down below and the camera whips down, back to street level --

-- and to the entrance of the building's garage, where a three-wheeled motorcycle GUNS IT up the ramp, tires SQUEALING as it turns sharply into the street.

Sienna drives, Langdon on the seat behind her, holding on tight as she races away from the building.

One of the S.R.S. troops comes racing out the front door of the building, levels his rifle, and FIRES a shot at the trike as it races away.

ON BOARD THE TRIKE,

the shot SMASHES the taillight, at the top of the seat just inches below the base of Langdon's spine.

LANGDON

Jesus!

Sienna punches the gas and the trike ROARS away. She SHOUTS back over her shoulder as they race down the street.

SIENNA

Where are we going?!

LANGDON

The Palazzo Vecchio!

She nods, she knows the place, and she hits the gas as they round a corner, hard.

AROUND A CORNER,

they almost hit a WOMAN who's hurrying across the street just ahead of them, and it forces Sienna to hit the brakes and swerve.

The woman in the crosswalk freezes, staring at them, and Langdon stares back at her, his eyes going wide --

-- BECAUSE IT'S THE WOMAN FROM HIS VISIONS.

IN A VISION,

Langdon sees a fleeting glimpse of Dr. Sinskey's face again, by the river of blood, it EXPLODES INTO WHITE LIGHT,

BACK ON THE BIKE,

and Sienna hits the gas again, racing away into the narrow, snaking streets as Langdon looks back, over his shoulder, at the shrinking image of the woman from his dreams.

LANGDON

That was her.

SIENNA

Who?

He puts a hand to his head, in pain again. If only he knew.

CUT TO:

EXT SIENNA'S APARTMENT DAY

We watch from a distance as Bruder and the other S.R.S. agents come out of Sienna's building and head back for the van, aware now that they've lost Langdon.

But they've picked up another presence -- LOCAL POLICE scream around both ends of the block and SQUEAL to a halt, cutting off the van. Bruder holds his hands up, pulls out credentials, heads for the CARBINIERI to explain.

Pulling back, we find Vayentha in the foreground, at the mouth of an alley, astride her motorcycle.

She pulls a cell phone from her pocket, takes a breath, and pushes an autodial number. On the other end it rings once, then a VOICE answers.

VOICE (O.S.)

Authentication?

CONTINUED:

VAYENTHA

Peregrine.

VOICE (O.S.)

Go ahead, Peregrine.

VAYENTHA

I need to speak to Mother.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hold on.

There is a series of odd CLICKS and PINGS --

CUT TO:

EXT OPEN SEA DAY

-- and suddenly we're flying over an emerald sea, closing in on an odd-looking gray ship at sail on the choppy waters. For the record, it's a HIBIKI class ocean surveillance ship, with a tall, densely-packed communications tower at the front, a helipad at the rear, and a twin-hulled open center keel.

The CLICKS and PINGS continue over the wide shot as we circle down toward the ship, and a row of opaque glass windows twenty feet above the water line --

INT CRG SHIP - COMM CENTER DAY

-- and into the ship, and the hub of its communications center. To describe the place as high-tech does a disservice to it. Most of its tech looks like it hasn't even been invented yet.

We settle on one of the cubicles in the comm center, where a TECHNICIAN in a headset speaks with the voice from Vayentha's phone call.

TECHNICIAN

(British accent)

Mother isn't going to like that.

Try to reacquire and make contact in sixty minutes.

He hits a switch, disconnecting the call, and gets up, hurrying down the row of cubicles to a metal staircase at the far end. He bounds up it.

INT SHIP'S CORRIDOR DAY

The Technician makes his way down a narrow ship's corridor with a name painted in large letters -- CONTROL RISKS GROUP, LLC.

CONTINUED:

He reaches a door at the far end, KNOCKS once.

TECHNICIAN

Mr. Sims?

A VOICE calls from inside and the Technician opens the doors.

INT HARRY SIMS' OFFICE DAY

The Technician steps into the cabin and closes the door.

TECHNICIAN

There's been a deviation.

HARRY SIMS looks up from behind a desk. Sims is around fifty, trim, and dressed in a neatly pressed suit and tie. He speaks with a British accent that suggests Mayfair and all the right schools.

SIMS

I'm sorry to hear that. What operation?

TECHNICIAN

Florence.

Sims winces. The worst possible answer. He takes off his glasses and drops them on the desk.

TECHNICIAN (cont'd)

One of our players seems to have gone off script.

SIMS

That's unprofessional. Contract or free lance?

TECHNICIAN

Free lance.

SIMS

Shouldn't have trusted her. My fault.
(thinks)

All right, let's sweep this clean. Remove Mr. Langdon. Use local people, body not found. Better yet, mugging gone awry. A blade, I think. Wallet remains, cash gone. Let's have a quick identification and move on. Terribly sorry, don't see any other way.

CONTINUED:

He puts his glasses back on, to go back to work. But the Technician hasn't moved. Sims looks up at him -- what?

TECHNICIAN

Professor Langdon is -- out of frame.

SIMS

And in possession of the tube?

TECHNICIAN

Yes.

Harry Sims sighs and looks out the window of the cabin.

SIMS

I was so looking forward to closing this account. What in God's name has this client gotten us into?

The Technician looks as if he's about to answer, but Sims holds up a hand to stop him.

SIMS (cont'd)

Rhetorical.

He thinks for a moment.

SIMS (cont'd)

When are we scheduled to release the client's video?

TECHNICIAN

Twenty-four hours.
(checks his watch)
Twenty-three.

SIMS

I want to look at it.

The Technician hesitates.

TECHNICIAN

That would be a violation of our protocols.

SIMS

Mr. Arbogast, chief among the attributes that make us so very good at our job is that, as far as the world is concerned, we don't exist.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SIMS (cont'd)

If this video implicates or even mentions us in any way, I want to stop its release. For the benefit of all our clients.

ARBOGAST

You asked me to avoid abnormalities in procedure, that's all.

SIMS

What about Bertram Zobrist has ever remotely resembled normal?
(holds up a hand again)
Also rhetorical. Bring me the video.

CUT TO:

EXT FLORENCE - STREET DAY

Sienna maneuvers the trike through the S-shaped curves of the Viale Niccolo Machiavelli. Lushly wooded landscapes pass on both sides as she and Langdon approach the city's upscale west bank. They pass a chapel clock that CHIMES eight a.m.

But Sienna hits the brakes and the trike skids to a stop.

LANGDON

What's the matter?

She points, three hundred yards up ahead, to the Porta Romana, the ancient stone gateway that is the entrance to Old Florence.

The gateway has massive wooden doors, propped open to let traffic pass through. But the passageway is blocked by a police barricade, and a long line of cars waits as each one is checked.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Is that for us?

SIENNA

Do you really want to find out?

Behind them, they hear SIRENS. They look back, and we whip over in that direction to take a look ourselves. More police cars are approaching from the direction they came. When we whip back to the trike --

-- it's empty. Langdon and Sienna are moving away, quickly, headed for a stone wall in the distance.

EXT BOBOLI GARDENS DAY

Langdon and Sienna drop to the ground on the spongy earth on the other side of the wall. SIRENS are still audible from this side, but they're out of sight of the roadblock, inside a lush garden expanse that must cover dozens of acres.

SIENNA

I don't know what you did, but you
pissed a lot of people off.

They lean against the wall, taking a moment to catch their breath.

LANGDON

Why are you helping me? Really.

SIENNA

Because you are lost. And rather
alone. I know the feeling.

LANGDON

That seems hard to believe.

SIENNA

Why should it be?

LANGDON

(matter-of-fact, not a
come on)

You're beautiful. Beauty attracts a
lot of attention.

SIENNA

Not always the right kind.

On the other side of the wall, MORE SIRENS. Langdon looks at Sienna.

LANGDON

Thank you. For everything. But
whatever I'm in the middle of,
whatever I've done that I'm sorry
for -- it's not your problem. Just
leave me here, I'll be all right.

SIENNA

I can't do that. I'm a physician, I
took an oath.

LANGDON

To aid a fugitive?

CONTINUED:

SIENNA

To cure the sick. If Zobrist's plague is at the end of this trail, we need to get to it first.

LANGDON

Who are the people chasing us?

SIENNA

Governments? People who would weaponize the plague. And Zobrist had acolytes, fanatics even more committed to the cause than he is.

LANGDON

Releasing a plague is hardly a cause.

SIENNA

Robert, the cause is saving the world.

LANGDON

By killing half of it? He's insane.

SIENNA

I don't know, I've studied a fair amount of biology. Species frequently go extinct from overpopulating their environment. But when catastrophic events occur, they permit new growth. Remember what the Black Plague produced?

LANGDON

Misery and death.

SIENNA

And a leaner population that gave birth to the Renaissance.

LANGDON

That's a bit dark for my taste.

SIENNA

In his essay, Zobrist asked a famous hypothetical -- if you could throw a switch and randomly kill half the population of the earth, would you do it?

LANGDON

Of course not.

CONTINUED:

SIENNA

But if you were told that if you *didn't* throw that switch, the human race would be extinct in the next hundred years... would you do it then?

LANGDON

If I could, Sienna, I would *prevent* the death of half the species. Any other action is inhumane.

She looks at him and smiles.

SIENNA

Then perhaps we should keep moving.

From the other side of the wall, they hear SHOUTS as police find the abandoned trike.

He takes her by the arm and leads her off, into the gardens.

INT HOLLOW DAY

A pathway curls into an enclosed hollow with faux-bois benches and a small fountain. Langdon and Sienna look around, make sure they're alone.

LANGDON

Give me the pointer.

She does. He shakes it up, generating light again, and shines it on the bench in front of them.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Zobrist not only added letters, but he changed the order of the sins. "Catrovacer" isn't a word, it doesn't make sense. But put in the proper order, the letters form two words. "Cerca trova."

SIENNA

"Seek and find?"

LANGDON

It's what she kept saying. The woman in my vision.

SIENNA

Then it was already in your subconscious.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SIENNA (cont'd)

You must have deciphered this before you arrived at the hospital, you've seen this image already.

LANGDON

Your hospital is across the street from the Palazzo Vecchio. In the Palazzo's Hall of Five Hundred, there's a famous mural, Giorgio Vasari's *Battaglia di Marciano*. Near the top of the mural is a coded message, it's one of the art world's most famous mysteries.

SIENNA

What is the message?

LANGDON

"Cerca trova."

He looks down, at the Faraday pointer in his hand. A change has come over his face.

LANGDON (cont'd)

At the hospital. When I said I was sorry.

SIENNA

"Very sorry." Over and over.

LANGDON

I assumed I'd done something terrible. But that's not what I meant. I was saying the artist's name -- Vasari. Not "very sorry." Vasari.

His relief is intense.

LANGDON (cont'd)

It means I might not have done anything wrong. Maybe it's better if I stop running.

SIENNA

Every time you stop running someone shoots at you.

He looks at her.

LANGDON

Fair point.

CONTINUED:

They hear a BUZZING sound from overhead and both look up, to where a shadowy shape WHIZZES in and out of the canopy of leaves that covers the gardens.

No time to stick around and see what *that* thing is selling. Langdon leads Sienna off, across the gardens.

FROM OVERHEAD,

we see their images, racing across the gardens, as through a long lens.

The image jumps once, closer, twice, closer still --

EXT BOBOLI GARDENS - MAIN GATE DAY

-- and a third time, until it FREEZE-FRAMES, a grainy, overhead image of Langdon and Sienna, seen from the drone aircraft that just took their picture.

The image is on a datapad held by one of Bruder's agents, who have established a command base at the main entrance to the Boboli Gardens.

They're now assisted by local POLICE, dozens of them, and the whole area resembles a crime scene.

BRUDER

That's them.

He turns to a LOCAL POLICEMAN, who's spread a map of the gardens out on the trunk of a car next to him.

BRUDER (cont'd)

The garden is walled?

POLICEMAN

On all sides.

(gesturing)

The only exits are through the Palazzo Pitti, on the north end, and the visitor gates on the east and west sides.

BRUDER

No other way out?

POLICEMAN

None that I know of.

BRUDER

A non-traditional exit? A hidden passage?

CONTINUED:

POLICEMAN

(thinks)

I suppose if you count the Vasari gate. But no one knows about that, it's ancient.

Bruder exchanges a look with another Agent. If anybody knows, it's Langdon.

BRUDER

Take me there.
(to the Agent)
Redirect the drone.

Weapons are RACKED, forces deployed into the gardens.

But in the street behind Bruder, the REV of a motorcycle draws our attention. As Bruder moves out, into the gardens, the motorcycle glides past.

Vayentha GUNS the bike's engine, headed around to the other side of the gardens.

CUT TO:

INT HARRY SIMS' OFFICE DAY

CLOSE ON a screen, where an amorphous, shadowy image is displayed. We hear the sound of WATER LAPPING, and make out the shape of what appears to be an underground canyon, its floor like the surface of a lake. The water is illuminated, lit from within.

The camera tilts down, to the surface of the water, and then it moves *underwater*, to where an undulating sphere of thin plastic wobbles like an oversize soap bubble, filled with some kind of gelatinous, yellow-brown liquid. It's tethered to the underwater floor by a short filament.

Still moving down, we see a plaque, visible on the floor of the lit underwater space. On the plaque are these words --

*IN THIS PLACE, ON THIS DATE
THE WORLD WAS CHANGED FOREVER*

Beneath the words, a date is written, but we can't quite make it out.

IN HARRY SIMS' OFFICE,

Sims is watching the video on a big TV mounted in an alcove on his wall. Arbogast is watching with him.

CONTINUED:

ARBOGAST

That date is tomorrow.

SIMS

Thank you, that was not lost on me.

BACK ON THE SCREEN,

the image cuts abruptly, still in the cavernous underground place, but now to an image of a MAN, standing at the edge of the water. The man stares at the camera --

-- and he's wearing a plague mask.

MAN IN MASK

There comes a moment in history when ignorance is no longer a forgivable offense. Dante's hell is not fiction, it is prophecy.

IN THE OFFICE,

Sims raises an eyebrow.

SIMS

Oh my.

From the screen, the voice of the Man in the Mask continues.

MAN IN MASK (O.S.)

Mankind, if unchecked, functions like a cancer.

SIMS

Oh my.

ON SCREEN,

the Man takes off the mask, revealing Bertram Zobrist, whom we first saw in the opening with Dr. Sinskey.

ZOBRIST

To do nothing is to welcome Dante's hell, cramped and starving, weltering in sin. And so I have taken action. Inferno sleeps beneath me, preparing to spring from its watery womb... under the watchful eye of the chthonic monster and all her furies.

IN THE OFFICE,

Harry Sims frowns.

CONTINUED:

SIMS
"Chthonic?" Is that a word?

ON SCREEN,

Zobrist continues.

ZOBRIST
Mathematics, as relentless as the law of gravity, is nonnegotiable. The same exponential blossoming of life that has nearly killed mankind shall also be our deliverance. The beauty of a living organism -- be it good or evil -- is that it will follow the law of God with singular vision. And so I shall fight fire with fire, I will-

The image freezes, paused.

IN THE OFFICE,

Harry Sims sets down the remote control.

TECHNICIAN
There's more.

SIMS
Oh, I believe I've got the gist.

Sims stands, removes his jacket, and hangs it over the back of his chair.

SIMS (cont'd)
It appears our organization has spent the last several years in the employ of a madman who now intends to commit mass murder using a deadly plague of his own creation.

He sits again, unbuttoning the cuff of his left shirt sleeve.

SIMS (cont'd)
We'll sort out who recommended him to our fine firm later.

He opens the top right drawer of his desk. Inside, there is a leather sheath with a small, carved metal handle at the top. He takes it out.

CONTINUED:

SIMS (cont'd)

In the meantime, let's do our level best not to fuck things up any worse than we already have, shall we?

There are two straps coming off the sheath, and Sims wraps them around his left forearm, securing them with Velcro.

SIMS (cont'd)

Where is Professor Langdon now?

The Technician checks his datapad.

TECHNICIAN

With Dr. Brooks, on the northeast end of the Boboli Gardens. The authorities have them surrounded.

SIMS

Fuel the helicopter.

With the sheath firmly affixed to his forearm, he grasps the carved metal handle, which now hangs near his wrist. He gives it a tug, pulls out a gleaming eight inch stiletto --

SIMS (cont'd)

I'm going to Florence myself.

-- and shoves it back in with the SCRAPE of metal on leather.

CUT TO:

EXT BOBOLI GARDENS DAY

Langdon leads Sienna through the gardens.

SIENNA

Where are we going?!

LANGDON

Almost there.

Langdon leads them to the left of a maze garden, staying under the shadows of overhanging trees. They can hear the BUZZ of the drone, somewhere nearby.

Langdon leads her past a sealed metal gate, through a sculpture garden, and down a set of stairs that weren't visible from a distance.

ON THE STAIRS,

Sienna looks ahead, but all she sees is gloom up ahead -- Langdon is leading them directly into the mouth of a cavern, a deep grotto carved out of the rear wall.

SIENNA

It's a dead end.

INT BUONTALENTI GROTTO DAY

Langdon presses on, unfazed, into the grotto. Its walls are uneven, seeming to writhe with carved figures. They're grisly, half-buried humanoids extruding from the walls as if being consumed by the stone.

Langdon cuts sharply to the left, toward a small gray door to the left of the cavern. Weathered and wooden, it looks like a storage closet or a room for landscaping supplies.

Langdon rushes to the door, but it has no handle. Only a brass keyhole.

LANGDON

Damn it! This leads to the Vasari Corridor, I'd hoped-

Suddenly, the PIERCING WHINE of the drone echoes off the cavern walls around them.

Langdon pulls Sienna deeper into the grotto, taking cover behind a large central fountain.

They peer over its edge and see the drone as it swoops down into the walled cul-de-sac, stopping at the mouth of the cavern, hovering ten feet off the ground.

Langdon and Sienna look at each other. Trapped.

They look back as the drone settles, finally landing in the entryway to the grotto.

Behind it, they now hear the THUNDER of boots on the steps, the same ones they just ran down.

The Italian Policeman who spoke to Bruder earlier is in the lead with Bruder, TWO S.R.S. TROOPS just behind them.

The Policeman leads Bruder to the same doorway Langdon checked and POUNDS on it furiously.

Langdon and Sienna stay hidden, barely daring to breathe, as the door is unlocked from within.

CONTINUED:

A GUARD opens the door and speaks to the Policeman, who questions him in Italian. The Guard answers, shaking his head no.

Bruder asks another question or two, and then, satisfied, he leads the others out of the grotto again.

The little door SLAMS and locks.

Langdon watches them go. The *second* they're gone --

LANGDON (cont'd)

We have exactly one shot at this.

-- he darts out from behind the fountain, leading Sienna by the hand.

INT GUARD'S OFFICE DAY

With a KA-CHUNK the Guard who just spoke to Bruder locks a second gate behind him and goes back to the little table at which he is watching a soccer match on a tiny TV. He *just* has his butt back on his chair --

-- when there's ANOTHER FURIOUS KNOCKING at the back gate.

The Guard gestures to the TV, CURSES in Italian, gets back up, goes to the first gate, and unlocks it. Still CURSING, he goes to the back door, where the POUNDING gets even more furious. He opens that door --

-- and Sienna Brooks stands in front of him, flashing her most dazzling smile.

SIENNA

Ciao!

She holds out a folded piece of paper and, without thinking, the Guard reaches out to accept it.

As he extends his hand, Sienna grabs hold of his wrist and plunges a thumb into the bony carpal area just beneath his palm.

The Guard's mouth drops open, he's in intense pain but no sound comes out.

Sienna moves in quickly, backing the Guard up with her grip on his wrist, and Langdon follows closely behind her, closing and locking the door again.

The Guard staggers, trying to pull his arm free, but his legs go out and he slumps to his knees.

From the TV, a SHOUTED VOICE:

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

GOOOAAALLLLL!

The Guard turns to look, I mean, a goal is a goal, and Sienna slides her left hand up his neck, finding a spot just at the base of his spine, she pinches there --

-- and the Guard's body sags, unconscious.

Sienna eases him to the ground. She looks up at Langdon.

SIENNA

Dim mak.

(he looks confused)

Chinese pressure points. Been around for millennia.

LANGDON

Who are you?

SIENNA

I read a lot of medical texts.

She pulls a set of keys off the Guard's belt, tosses them to Langdon, and he goes to a locked door across the room. He unlocks it, revealing a staircase, headed up.

LANGDON

This way.

She steps through --

INT STAIRWAY DAY

-- and he closes it behind them, locking it from this side.

LANGDON

The Vasari Corridor. Locked on both ends, and it leads right over the Ponte Vecchio. Comes out at the Palazzo.

They hurry up the stairs.

INT/EXT VASARI CORRIDOR DAY

The stairs put out in an open, arched corridor that runs along the river. But just as Sienna takes the first step out into the open, Langdon hears the BUZZ of the drone again.

He reaches out, grabs her arm, and pulls her back, hard. She ends up pressed up against him.

CONTINUED:

The DRONE appears, looking malevolent as it trains its optics on the exposed corridor and starts a long, slow sweep down the length of it.

Sienna looks up at Langdon, who still holds her close.

SIENNA

Thank you.

He nods. They watch the drone as it moves slowly down the length of the Vasari Corridor.

LANGDON

We're stuck here till it finishes its sweep.

She nods. They wait. He releases her and she takes a small step back, but they're still closer than one would normally be, hidden here in a tiny alcove.

Langdon checks his left wrist, for the time, but rubs it, realizing again his watch isn't there.

SIENNA

You can't get used to that. Who gave it to you?

He looks at her. She's holding his eyes, very direct. So he tells her.

LANGDON

My parents. Last thing they gave me before they died.

SIENNA

Then you really have no one? No wife?

Langdon winces as

AN IMAGE

flashes through his mind -- the Veiled Woman, Dr. Sinskey, looking up at him on a street somewhere, but it barely registers and

BACK IN REALITY,

he blinks it away and answers Sienna's question.

LANGDON

No. You?

CONTINUED:

SIENNA

There was a man. But he was a disappointment.

LANGDON

Yeah, you can't look too close at most of us.

SIENNA

Easier to be alone. Not happier, maybe, but simpler.

LANGDON

Perfect night for me is all alone at home with a good book and a glass of Scotch.

The drone finishes its sweep to the end and banks around, coming back at them, BUZZING louder than ever. They stay back, pressed against the wall.

SIENNA

How old were you?

He looks at her. He knows what she means, just doesn't talk about it much. But there's something about her.

LANGDON

Nine.

SIENNA

I was six.

They look at each other, as only two people who share that history could. No "I'm sorrrys," just a look of understanding.

SIENNA (cont'd)

They didn't quite know what to do with me where I grew up. My brain. It grew differently from most kids', and it caused some -- health problems. I spent a lot of time trying to figure out what was wrong with me, and in the process I learned about neuroscience.

She looks at him, just as his eyes dart back down to hers. He had inadvertently thrown a glance up to her hair.

SIENNA (cont'd)

And yes, my baldness is related to my illness.

CONTINUED:

LANGDON

I'm sorry.

SIENNA

Can't blame you for being observant.

The drone FLASHES past the archway just beside them, and is gone, headed back the way it came.

Now free to move, they start to walk, down the corridor, along the river.

LANGDON

Is that why you became a doctor?
Your illness?

SIENNA

I saw a lot of sick kids, and I wanted to help. I had this idea, to design and build E.R.s in densely populated parts of the world. I spent three years in Africa, two in Manila. Have you been there?

LANGDON

(shakes his head no)
I'm not so good in crowds.

SIENNA

There are just -- too many to help. I gave up and came home. People always told me "you can't save the world." I started to believe them.

LANGDON

"You can't save the world."

He thinks about it for a moment, then looks at her.

LANGDON (cont'd)

I never realized what an awful thing that is to say to someone.

She smiles. He understands.

They reach another staircase and climb it, into the part of the corridor that goes directly over the river.

CUT TO:

EXT PONTE VECCHIO DAY

Langdon and Sienna race across the Vasari Corridor.

CONTINUED:

Moving down quickly to the level below them, we see a bow-shaped balcony on the bridge, the kind of place all the tourists go to take pictures with the river or city in the background.

Vayentha stands in the middle of it, turning amidst the crowd. She looks up and sees the Vasari Corridor, overhead. She knows.

She takes off at a run, headed across the river and into Old Florence.

CUT TO:

EXT BOBOLI GARDENS - MAIN ENTRANCE DAY

Bruder and his men emerge from the Boboli Gardens and meet at the van, now surrounded by police cars. But this time, someone else is waiting for them -- Dr. Elizabeth Sinskey.

Bruder shakes his head as he approaches her.

BRUDER

I'm sorry. He's an extremely resourceful man.

DR. SINSKEY

Which is why I brought him into this situation.

BRUDER

At some point, extreme measures may need to be applied.

DR. SINSKEY

I'll decide when we reach that point.

BRUDER

The object he's carrying-

DR. SINSKEY

-is *mine*. Zobrist delivered it to me. That object is my responsibility, as is the Professor's life.

BRUDER

His behavior is not of someone who can be trusted.

DR. SINSKEY

There's no point in speculation, let's just find him.

Bruder is frustrated. He tries a new tack.

CONTINUED:

BRUDER

How far did he get the night before
he disappeared?

DR. SINSKEY

To the Hall of Five Hundred.

BRUDER

Then may I suggest we stop chasing
him and start anticipating him.

He starts for the vehicles, but Sinskey takes him by the arm and
stops him.

DR. SINSKEY

His life is important to me. Do you
understand?

BRUDER

Not really, no.

He gets into the van. So does she.

CUT TO:

EXT PALAZZO VECCHIO DAY

The sprawling Palazzo Vecchio, its bell tower blossoming over the
old city.

INT HALL OF FIVE HUNDRED DAY

The Hall of Five Hundred was at one time the largest room in the
world. Well, it was. Its ceiling soars high over the crimson
stone parquet floor, a twelve thousand square foot expanse. High
transoms on all four sides of the room let natural light flow
over the masterpieces within -- huge tapestries, and the six
massive statues that make up the *Labors of Hercules*.

We're looking at one of the tapestries now -- fifty-five feet
long and almost three stories tall, *Battle of Marciano* depicts a
grotesque battle scene, a violent panorama of horses, soldiers
and spears colliding on a hillside.

Langdon and Sienna stand in front of it. Langdon points to a
spot near the top.

LANGDON

There. The top middle, just below
the two farmhouses on the hillside,
there's a tiny green flag --

She squints, looking more closely. Her face brightens.

CONTINUED:

SIENNA

"Cerca trova!" Seek and find!

LANGDON

(getting irritated)

Well, we sought it and found it, now what?

SIENNA

What else did the drawing say? The words that were added?

LANGDON

"The truth can be glimpsed only through the eyes of death."

SIENNA

The eyes of death...

Langdon's gaze flits around the tapestry rapidly, alighting on one suffering, dying face after another.

LANGDON

Death. Everywhere. Whose eyes?

He closes his own eyes and rubs them, exhaustion catching up with him.

He looks up at the mural again, thinking hard, and the faces from the tapestry flick by fast, too fast, jump cuts, one after the other, horrific images tumbling through his brain --

LANGDON (cont'd)

-- my head. Killing me, I-

IN LANGDON'S MIND,

suddenly, there are other images mixing in with the faces, images not from the mural, but from his visions and memory, the upside-down legs, the plague mask, the lock on the door in his hospital room as Sienna SLAMS it into place --

-- and the VEILED WOMAN'S FACE, close to his, her gaze turned up to meet his eyes in an almost intimate way, her hand on the side of his cheek, her voice a whisper --

DR. SINSKEY

Maybe there are some mysteries we're not meant to solve.

IN THE HALL,

CONTINUED:

Langdon breaks out of it and turns away from the mural, putting a hand over his eyes. Eyestrain, or emotion?

SIENNA

Are you all right?

He nods, but doesn't look at her. There's no question, it's emotion.

Robert Langdon is overcome.

LANGDON

In your hospital. When I woke up from the dream. I came out of it with this feeling of -- loss. Worse. Desolation. Something was going away. And I'd never get it back.

He turns and looks at Sienna, plaintive.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Those two days I lost. What happened to me?

VOICE (O.S.)

Professor?!

They turn.

MARTA

It *is* you! Back so soon?

A PREGNANT, SMILING MUSEUM GUARD walks toward them, her arms outstretched in welcome.

LANGDON

(low, to Sienna)

I've never seen that woman before in my life.

MARTA reaches them as quickly as her condition will allow.

MARTA

I almost didn't recognize you in that fashionable suit! You've been shopping.

Langdon and Sienna both just stare for a moment. Langdon is the first to speak.

LANGDON

Uh huh!

CONTINUED:

He's not a great actor, but he's doing his best.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Yes. Yes. I'm sorry, this is Sienna.
My -- niece.

Marta takes a look at Sienna, then looks back at Langdon with a knowing smile.

MARTA

You're in Italy, Professor, you don't
have to say "niece," for God's sake.

She takes Sienna's hand.

MARTA (cont'd)

Marta Alvarez. Pleasure to meet
you.

(back to Langdon)

Is il Duomino with you again?

Langdon raises an eyebrow, he recognizes the name.

LANGDON

Il Duomino? No, he couldn't make it
today. I'm sorry to trouble you,
Marta, but I guess you can imagine
why I'm here. Again.

MARTA

Really? Of all the treasures in the
Palazzo?

(to Sienna)

He and il Duomino spent almost an
hour up there with it last night.
So morbid.

LANGDON

It's -- cool.

MARTA

All right, come on. I'm headed up
that way.

She starts across the hall. They fall into stride with her,
walking quickly.

MARTA (cont'd)

Not so fast, please. I'm about to
burst.

She puts a hand on her ample belly.

CONTINUED:

MARTA (cont'd)

(to Sienna)

Such a romantic date he takes you
on. To see a death mask.

Langdon looks sharply at Sienna. Sienna turns to Marta.

SIENNA

A death mask?

MARTA

They were common practice in the
1500s. It's essentially just a
plaster cast of someone's face, made
a few moments after that person dies.

LANGDON

"Through the eyes of death."

SIENNA

And whose face was used for this
particular mask?

MARTA

The poet. Dante.

CUT TO:

INT PALAZZO - STAIRCASE DAY

Marta, breathing heavily, leads them up a staircase to a landing
above the Hall of Five Hundred.

MARTA

It is a romantic story, I suppose.
Dante loved Florence as much as anyone
could ever love a city. He was
prominent and powerful, but the
political winds changed and he was
exiled -- thrown outside the city
walls and told he could never come
back.

She leads them down a hallway, arrives at a closed door, and RAPS
three times.

Keys RATTLE in the door and it's opened by an OLDER MUSEUM GUARD.
He sees Langdon and smiles, delighted to see him.

GUARD

Signore! Welcome back!

CONTINUED:

LANGDON
(getting used to it)
Thanks. Great to be back.

He gestures, come in.

INT PALAZZO GALLERY DAY

Marta leads them into a gallery, empty at this early hour. She continues the story.

MARTA
Some people say Dante's exile was the reason his death mask looks so sad. But the romantics believe it's because of his great love for Beatrice.

She leads them around a corner and through another gallery.

MARTA (cont'd)
Dante fell for her when he was young, but they had only a few stolen moments together before life tore them apart and Beatrice married another man. Dante was forced to live without the woman or the city he loved.

Up ahead is a small alcove.

MARTA (cont'd)
And so, when he died, as a final gesture of kindness, his mask -- was brought home to Florence.

She reaches the entry to the alcove and gestures -- here we are.

MARTA (cont'd)
It's in the display case on the wall to your left. We ask that you stay behind the stanchions.

LANGDON
Thank you.

He and Sienna walk to the left and stop in front of the single display case there, lit by a light from above.

They stare, stunned.

LANGDON (cont'd)
Marta --

CONTINUED:

The Guard turns from the doorway. She walks over to them, and follows their gaze to the display case.

She looks at it for a brief, uncomprehending moment --

-- and then turns and runs from the gallery, pulling a whistle that hangs from a chain around her neck and blowing hard, its piercing SHRIEKS echoing off the walls of the gallery.

Finally, we get a look at the display case.

It's empty.

CUT TO:

INT MUSEUM - SECURITY WING DAY

A card SWIPES through a card-reader, a door lock BUZZES, and we shove through.

Moving fast, we reach a second door, swipe a card there too, another door BUZZES, and we go through.

We're backstage at the museum, in the security wing, being led by a SOMBER MAN in a gray suit, who's doing all the swiping and shoving. Marta is beside him, they speak in urgent Italian, and Langdon and Sienna are just behind.

TWO MORE GUARDS, these in uniforms, are behind them.

INT VIDEO ROOM DAY

In the main surveillance room of the museum, the group now stands before an array of video screens off to one side. The main screen shows a surveillance image of the gallery they were just in, and it's scrubbing through the tape at high speed.

MUSEUM VISITORS come and go in a blur, pausing in front of the mask's display case to admire it, then moving on. The timestamp on the video races forward, to the end of the day.

There is a lot of muttered Italian, and sharp disagreements among the Security Personnel, but nobody bothers translating, the situation is too serious.

Langdon and Sienna watch the screen closely as the late afternoon sun moves across the floor of the gallery, quickly. Then all at once the museum visitors disappear and the lighting shifts to near-darkened night lighting.

The VIDEO TECHNICIAN steps up the speed, the timestamp clock starts to really zip by now, it gets all the way up to 10 p.m., and on the screen, the lights in the gallery suddenly flick back on.

CONTINUED:

The Security Director gives an order in Italian and the Technician slows the tape down to real time. They watch for a moment --

-- and see Robert Langdon and a heavy man in his sixties walk into the frame. Marta is leading them across the gallery, to the Dante mask.

MARTA

There. That's us.

SECURITY DIRECTOR

Let it play from here.

LANGDON

(to Sienna)

That's Ignazio Busoni. Director of the Museo dell'Opera dell Duomo. I've known him for years, he's a Dante scholar.

SIENNA

You called him?

LANGDON

I must have.

They all watch the screen intently as Langdon and Ignazio move around the display case, studying the mask carefully.

ON SCREEN,

Langdon steps over the stanchions and gets close to the glass case. Marta (the on-screen version of her) steps forward and admonishes him to step back.

IN THE ROOM,

Marta looks at Langdon.

MARTA

Sorry I was so strict. The mask's owner insists on the stanchions to keep people back. He won't even permit staff to open the case without him present.

LANGDON

The owner? The mask doesn't belong to the museum?

MARTA

No.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MARTA (cont'd)

A private collector bought it from us, and allows us to display it in perpetuity. It's a common practice, a way of raising funds.

LANGDON

Who is the collector?

MARTA

Bertram Zobrist.

Sienna and Langdon both react. Marta notices.

MARTA (cont'd)

You've heard of him? The Swiss billionaire?

SIENNA

Yes, I've -- heard of him.

Marta notices something on screen.

MARTA

Ah, there. That's when I got the call.

ON SCREEN,

Marta excuses herself. Now Langdon and Ignazio step freely over the stanchions and study the mask more closely.

IN THE ROOM,

there is much disapproval and TSKING. Langdon glances away, embarrassed at his video-self --

-- and he stops, noticing something the others haven't.

On a cork board above a Technician's empty desk, there is a white envelope, pinned there with a tack. Nothing so strange about that, nothing that would ordinarily catch a person's eye.

But there's a name on the front of the envelope, in block letters. Just a first name.

ROBERT

Langdon looks around the room. Nobody is looking at the real him, they're all too intent on the video-him.

He slides a few feet to his right, pulls the tack out of the board, and takes the envelope down.

CONTINUED:

He opens it, quietly, while the others study the screen.

Inside is a plain white sheet of paper, on which four lines have been written by hand. Langdon's eyes skim down to the bottom of the page, to where a name has been signed in a flowery hand:

IGNAZIO

ON SCREEN,

video-Langdon and Ignazio are huddled in urgent debate near the case. They turn and look, to see if Marta is coming back.

IN THE ROOM,

Langdon's eyes scan the note quickly. He reads the first two lines:

*I assume they will detain you and bring you here.
For obvious reasons, I must disappear for a little while.
What you seek is safely hidden.*

Langdon looks back up, to see if anybody's watching him, and to check the video screen.

ON SCREEN,

he watches himself reach into the pocket of his jacket and pull something out.

IN THE ROOM,

he looks back down at the note, quickly, and finishes reading:

*The gates are open to you, but you must hurry.
Paradise Twenty-five.*

And then the flowery signature -- IGNAZIO.

Langdon furrows his brow, but before he can puzzle out the clue, he hears a GASP in the room and looks up again.

ON SCREEN,

he sees what he has pulled from his pocket -- it's a pair of surgical gloves.

The live-Langdon watches in shock as the video-Langdon pulls on the gloves, nods to his friend Ignazio to open the back of the case, which he does --

-- AND LANGDON HIMSELF REMOVES THE DEATH MASK.

CONTINUED:

IN THE ROOM,

there are GASPS of shock, expressions of horror at what's transpiring on screen.

Real-Langdon shoves Ignazio's note in his pocket before anyone can see it, and he watches the screen, as amazed as the others.

ON SCREEN,

he sees himself lift the mask carefully, holding it up to the light, in front of his own face. For a moment, his eyes are visible through the mask.

IN THE ROOM,

Marta stammers in disbelief.

MARTA (cont'd)

Professor, I -- I don't know what to say! I am appalled!

LANGDON

Through the eyes of death...

SIENNA

You're looking for something on the back.

ON SCREEN,

Langdon and Ignazio look up suddenly, as if they hear someone coming. Langdon pulls out a large Ziploc bag, drops the mask in it, and they hurry off, completing the theft.

IN THE ROOM,

everyone is staring at Langdon in shock, Sienna included.

LANGDON

I can explain.

The Security Director turns, pulling a handgun from a shoulder inside his suitcoat.

SECURITY DIRECTOR

Yes, I think that would be a good idea. The police will-

But before we can find out what the police will do, a DEAFENING SERIES OF ALARMS goes off in the security office.

All eyes turn back to the screens.

CONTINUED:

TECHNICIAN

Armed intruders! From three separate entrances!

The doors on either side of the security office BANG open as MORE PERSONNEL pour into the control room, the Security Director turns and looks back at the computer screens.

ON THE LIVE SCREENS,

he sees Agent Bruder and his men, armed with submachine guns, racing through the entrances to the museum, their weapons setting off every alarm and metal detector in the place.

IN THE ROOM,

The Security Director shouts out orders in Italian and everybody snaps into action, the Director holsters his weapon and switches to English as he turns back to Langdon --

SECURITY DIRECTOR

You will wait here for the police until-

-- but Langdon and Sienna are gone.

The Director looks up, to the side exits, their doors left open by the influx of personnel.

He SWEARS in Italian.

CUT TO:

INT MUSEUM - GALLERY DAY

Langdon and Sienna walk as quickly as they can across a gallery in the museum. They move fast, but not so fast as to draw immediate attention. The SHOUTS of Bruder's Agents, the THUNDERING of footsteps, and the SHRIEK of museum alarms echo off the walls all around them.

Sienna holds the note that Ignazio left for Langdon in her hand and has just finished reading it.

SIENNA

"Paradise Twenty-five," what does he mean by that?

LANGDON

It must be a reference to Dante's Divine Comedy. "*Paradise, Canto XXV.*" He says it'll tell us where he hid the mask.

CONTINUED:

SIENNA

Canto XXV -- what does it say?

LANGDON

It's fourteen thousand lines of archaic Italian, I don't happen to remember that part.

SIENNA

Just asking.

LANGDON

I need to find a copy of the book.

She looks at him and smiles.

SIENNA

You're quaint.

Up ahead, a TOURIST is just finishing a phone call. She drops her Sony Xperia Lite 4G smartphone in her purse, which hangs loosely over her shoulder.

Sienna steers toward the Tourist and as they hurry past her she dips a hand into the woman's purse, lifts the phone --

-- and tosses it to Langdon, who catches it.

SIENNA (cont'd)

Google it.

LANGDON

You can't -- that isn't --

She grabs him by the arm and makes sure he keeps moving. An ANNOUNCEMENT comes on the P.A. system in Italian, and most of the TOURISTS groan in irritation.

LANGDON (cont'd)

What'd it say?

SIENNA

The museum is being closed for a security emergency. Everyone is to go to the nearest exit.

LANGDON

Then we go this way. Through Armenia.

They've reached an intersection of hallways, and he leads her off, sharply to the right.

CONTINUED:

SIENNA

Armenia?

LANGDON

Trust me.

AT A MUSEUM EXIT,

the doors SLAM shut and are immediately manned by SECURITY GUARDS.

AT ANOTHER EXIT,

same story -- the doors SLAM, Tourists COMPLAIN, POLICEMEN block the way out.

EXT PALAZZO VECCHIO DAY

At the exterior main entrance to the Palazzo, MORE POLICE race up the stairs, streaming through the main entrance.

Vayentha, following them, zips up her coat and blends in with the crowd.

She enters the Palazzo.

INT MAIN ENTRY DAY

There is chaos in the main entry. TOURISTS are being bottlenecked and detained at the doors, Bruder's Agents are checking them one by one, and Bruder stands at the center of all of it, giving orders in both Italian and English.

A MUSEUM GUARD reports to Bruder.

GUARD

All the main exits are closed, as are subsidiary exits. Bathrooms are being searched and locked, and the cloakrooms have been cut off.

BRUDER

What about hidden exits? Concealed passageways?

GUARD

It's a seven hundred year old Palazzo, Signore, there are a number of them. A *Palazzo Invisibile*.

BRUDER

Show me. All of them.

CONTINUED:

Behind him, Vayentha manages to slip past. She moves deeper into the museum.

INT HALL OF GEOGRAPHICAL MAPS DAY

A six-foot tall globe, the *Mappa Mundi*, stands in the center of the Hall of Geographical Maps. Fifty-three large scale maps, hand-painted on leather, hang from the walls, depicting the world as it was known in the 1550s.

Langdon and Sienna burst into the room and go to the walls.

LANGDON
Find Armenia. It's in here somewhere,
I've been through it.

They split up, going to opposite walls.

SIENNA
Here! Armenia!

He hurries across the room, to where she stands before a map of Armenia in a massive wooden frame.

Langdon grabs the edge of the frame and heaves it toward him. The entire map swings into the room, along with a large section of the wall and wainscoting, revealing a hidden passageway.

SIENNA (cont'd)
(impressed)
Professor! How worldly.

She hurries through the opening, into the dim space beyond.

INT BEHIND THE MAP DAY

Langdon follows her through and pulls the wall closed behind them. They're in a pale stone hallway lit only by faint natural light that filters through a series of leaded windows.

The passageway descends fifty yards or so to a wooden door. Sienna starts for it --

LANGDON
Not that way.

-- and he turns instead to his left, where a narrow ascending staircase is blocked by a chain and a sign that says "USCITA VIETATA."

SIENNA
It says no exit.

CONTINUED:

LANGDON

I'm not the only one who knows about that map.

He climbs over the chain and hurries up the stairs. She follows.

INT SECRET STAIRCASE DAY

Langdon races up the staircase, Sienna just behind him. A door at the top is marked "*Sala die Modelli di Architettura.*"

He pushes it open.

INT ARCHITECTURE MODELS ROOM DAY

The room is a tiny space, one small window, only one entrance, and filled with wooden models of architectural designs for the interior of the palazzo.

SIENNA

How do we get out of here?

LANGDON

We don't. We wait.

INT MUSEUM - CORRIDOR DAY

The Museum Guard who spoke to Bruder earlier leads him and his troops, at a run, through the museum. They round a corner --

INT HALL OF GEOGRAPHICAL MAPS DAY

-- into the hall of maps. They go to Armenia, the Guard swings it open, and Bruder leads his men inside.

BEHIND THE MAP,

Bruder sees the staircase leading to the door at the bottom and races down it.

He throws it open --

EXT PALAZZO TERRACE WALKWAY DAY

-- and winces from the blinding light of the outside. He looks out, across the rooftops.

Ahead of him is the high, vaulted roof of the Hall of Five Hundred. Impossible to traverse.

To the left and right are a narrow walkway. He orders two Agents to the left, two others to the right, and they creep carefully along it, searching.

INT ARCHITECTURAL MODELS ROOM DAY

CLOSE ON a cell phone screen, which displays half a dozen lines of scrolling text.

Langdon and Sienna are in the architectural models rooms, and he's reading lines of Dante off the stolen cell phone.

He's reading fast, MURMURING to himself.

LANGDON

*If it should happen, if this sacred
poem -- this work so shared by heaven
and by earth that it has made me
lean through these long years --*

Sienna is at the door, listening to the sounds of Bruder's agents outside. She speaks in a WHISPER.

SIENNA

They're downstairs!

Langdon keeps reading, concentrating. Sienna hears a SOUND and turns, looks to the window --

LANGDON

*By then with other voice, with other
fleece...*

The SOUND outside gets louder, Sienna moves quickly across the room, grabs hold of Langdon and pulls him down, hard, into a sitting position on the floor --

-- just as the SHADOW OF A GUNMAN moves out onto the thin ledge outside the window.

LANGDON (cont'd)

(still reading)

*I shall return as poet and put on,
at my baptismal font, the laurel
crown...*

The Gunman stops outside, his silhouette visible through the window. Did he hear them?

SIENNA

Keep your voice down!

But Langdon only has eyes for the phone, and the lines of text. He repeats, in a whisper:

LANGDON

... at my baptismal font...

CONTINUED:

The Gunman moves on. Sienna breathes a sigh of relief and looks at Langdon.

SIENNA

Your powers of concentration are impressive.

LANGDON

Il Duomo. The Cathedral where Dante was baptized.

He stands. So does Sienna.

LANGDON (cont'd)

And where Ignazio works. That's where he hid the mask.

SIENNA

How do we get out of here?

INT HALL OF GEOGRAPHICAL MAPS DAY

Bruder and his Agents come back up the stairs and stop at the open map door. Bruder points down the stairs.

BRUDER

Two agents at exterior door, and two more here. Keep the door open.

Two Agents step up to the open map door and take position on either side of it.

BRUDER (cont'd)

Let's go. Where next?

He nods to the remaining Agents and the Museum Guard, and they take off.

INT ARCHITECTURAL MODELS ROOM DAY

CLOSE ON an overhead shot of the Palazzo itself, but it's tiny, and cutaway, an architect's model of the place.

Langdon is pointing to a narrow passageway on one side of the place.

LANGDON

(quietly)

It's called the Duke of Athens Stairway, and it descends to a tiny escape hatch on a side street.

CONTINUED:

SIENNA

It's on the complete opposite side
of the palace! We'll never get there.

Langdon crosses the exhibit room, to what looks like a large cupboard in the wall, one yard square, about three feet off the floor.

He grabs a handle and heaves open the door, revealing a cavernous void beyond.

LANGDON

I didn't say it would be comfortable.

Langdon grabs a flashlight off the wall, hoists himself through the opening, and disappears into the rabbit hole. Sienna smiles and races across the room, into the cupboard.

INT LA SOFFITA - ATTIC SPACE DAY

A flashlight CLICKS on and pierces the darkness. Langdon stands in a cloud of musty, ancient air, centuries of plaster dust swirling gently around him.

Spreading out before him is a seemingly endless tunnel, an attic space crisscrossed by a wooden web of posts and beams that make up the invisible skeleton of the vaulted ceiling of the roof of the Hall of the Five Hundred.

Sienna steadies herself on the beam beside him. He swings the flashlight down and over, showing her the pathway across -- it's a series of narrow catwalks, planks laid down haphazardly across the space.

LANGDON

(whispering)

We're directly above the Hall of the
Five Hundred. The stairway is on
the other side.

She nods. He starts across, shining the light at the beams beneath them.

LANGDON (cont'd)

You're not afraid of heights, are
you?

She looks up at him. She is.

SIENNA

Does it matter?

CONTINUED:

LANGDON

Guess not.

They start across.

INT HALL OF THE FIVE HUNDRED DAY

We're looking up at the spectacular ceiling of the Hall of the Five Hundred, where Vasari canvases make up its fluttering surface.

Tilting down fast, we see Vayentha, who has come down the stairs, still searching the place.

INT ATTIC SPACE DAY

Up in the attic space, Langdon and Sienna make their way carefully across the boards. Langdon moves quickly, but Sienna, slowed by her fear of heights, places her feet more slowly.

LANGDON

It's okay -- one after the other.
You're fine.

She looks up at him, smiles at his reassurance --

-- and puts a foot wrong. She stumbles, her foot sliding off the edge of the plank, she trips --

-- Langdon drops the flashlight, reaching out to grab her --

-- she falls --

-- and he manages to hold on, dropping himself flat on the board. He's holding on to her by one hand, and she dangles there, over the empty space.

But the flashlight rolls down the plank, its beam of light shining crazily in the darkened space, it drops, CLATTERS on to a plank below it, drops again --

-- and THUDS into the back of one of the canvases, still rolling.

The piece of planking that Sienna was standing on tips off its edge, falling hard onto the planks below it, CRASHING.

IN THE HALL OF THE FIVE HUNDRED,

Vayentha hears the CLATTER from above and looks up sharply. She sees a slight bow in one of the canvases, the weight of the flashlight pressing it down as it rolls.

The flashlight's beam casts a glow through the canvas.

CONTINUED:

Vayentha's eyes widen. Someone is up there. She turns and races up the nearest staircase.

IN THE ATTIC SPACE,

Langdon is straining, holding onto Sienna with one hand. Her fingers slip through his and she falls again --

-- and lands on a platform ten feet below with a THUD.

Langdon stands. He can still see, but only by the dim light coming through the canvases from below. He points to Sienna, who is below him.

LANGDON

There! Make your way along the ledge and meet me on the other side.

Sienna looks. There is a catwalk that leads to a narrow ledge that runs around the edge of the room. She takes off for it.

ABOVE HER,

Langdon starts to make his way across the rest of the catwalks, moving as fast as he can in the darkness.

INT HALL OF THE FIVE HUNDRED DAY

Now Agent Bruder and his men converge in the center of the Hall of the Five Hundred.

BRUDER

Is the museum clear of tourists?

AGENT

Yes, sir.

BRUDER

I want six men stationed here. Safeties off. Fingers outside the housing. Understood?

AGENT

Yes, sir.

Bruder looks around the room. The one direction he does not look is up.

INT ATTIC SPACE DAY

Up in the attic, Sienna moves as quickly as she can, around the edge of the room. The ledge on which she's making her way is narrower than the planks, and she tries not to look down.

CONTINUED:

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ATTIC,

Langdon is nearly all the way across when a BRILLIANT LIGHT from the end of the catwalk flicks on, shining in his face.

He stops, wincing. He shields his eyes.

A woman's VOICE comes from behind the light.

VAYENTHA

If you want to live, you will do exactly as I say.

She moves the light slightly out of Langdon's eyes, and he sees Vayentha standing at the end of the catwalk, just in front of the exit door.

She's holding her gun at her side.

LANGDON

So you can kill me too?

VAYENTHA

I can help you. Everything has changed.

LANGDON

Not that much.

VAYENTHA

This is the last time I'll ask.

She raises her gun, pointing it at his chest from just ten feet away. Langdon winces in anticipation of the shot, but there is a blur of motion from the side --

-- and SIENNA, who's made it all the way around the room, leaps through the air and tackles Vayentha.

The gun goes off, its SHOT flying wild.

INT HALL OF THE FIVE HUNDRED DAY

Bruder and the others hear the gunshot and look up at the ceiling.

INT ATTIC SPACE DAY

Vayentha CRUNCHES into a low railing built around the work platform on which she stood.

The railing BREAKS, Sienna lets go of her and stops her own momentum, but Vayentha, driven backwards, has no such option.

CONTINUED:

She CRASHES through the broken railing, falls twenty feet, onto the backside of one of the Vasari canvases. She's suspended there for a second, as the canvas bows, she claws frantically for the sides, seeing what is about to happen --

-- and with a tremendous RIP that seems to take forever, the canvas gives way.

INT HALL OF THE FIVE HUNDRED DAY

Vayentha falls for three very long seconds, on her back, arms flailing, dropping straight down through the cavernous Hall of the Five Hundred until --

-- she SMACKS into the floor at Bruder's feet, her skull CRACKING open on the unforgiving floor.

INT ATTIC SPACE DAY

Up in the attic space, Sienna stares down through the torn canvas, horrified. She can see Vayentha, far below, a pool of blood spreading out from her fractured skull.

Sienna puts a hand to her mouth in horror.

SIENNA

I didn't mean to --

LANGDON

She was about to kill me.

From below, they hear SHOUTS and see the heads of AGENTS start to turn, to look up at them.

INT DUKE OF ATHENS STAIRWAY DAY

Seen from overhead, Langdon and Sienna race down a rarely-used stone staircase with narrow switchback stairs.

They reach a tiny stone chamber at the bottom of the stairs.

EXT PALAZZO VECCHIO DAY

On the back side of the Palazzo Vecchio, there is a four foot high door, the kind of door you wouldn't even notice unless it opened suddenly right in front of you.

Like now. The door SCRAPES open and Langdon and Sienna step through it, straightening and blinking their eyes at the sudden daylight.

They start off, into the crowd, blending in as best they can with the other tourists.

CONTINUED:

BUT BEHIND THEM,

a TALL MAN IN SILHOUETTE sits at a cafe table. Over his shoulder, we watch his head turn, following Langdon and Sienna as they move into the crowd.

The Tall Man stands, drops a few bills on the table, and starts down the street, staying a safe distance behind them.

CUT TO:

INT HALL OF THE FIVE HUNDRED DAY

Vayentha's dead eyes stare up at the ceiling of the Hall of the Five Hundred, which is now teeming with LOCAL POLICE and other OFFICIALS.

Dr. Sinskey stares down at the dead woman. Bruder is beside her.

DR. SINSKEY

If we don't find him, we are going to be looking at a great many more dead bodies.

BRUDER

How long can he elude us?

DR. SINSKEY

Forever, it seems.

CUT TO:

EXT AIRPORT - FLORENCE DAY

A corporate jet STREAKS out of the sky and lands on a private runway at the edge of the tarmac of Peretola Airport in Florence.

MINUTES LATER,

two black sedans ZIP up to the door of the plane as it is lowered and Harry Sims glides down the steps, shooting his cuffs. As before, he looks impeccable.

A LOCAL C.R.G. AGENT meets him at the base of the steps and falls into stride with Sims, who never stops moving as he heads for the rear car.

LOCAL AGENT

Good afternoon, Mr. Sims, I trust you had a-

CONTINUED:

SIMS

(no time for chit chat)
Yes no lovely. Have you made contact
with the good doctor?

LOCAL AGENT

Yes. She is willing to meet.

SIMS

Does she understand who we are?

LOCAL AGENT

I've sketched an outline.

SIMS

Good. I'll fill in the colors.

He slides into the back of the car --

SIMS (cont'd)

It's time we joined forces.

-- and SLAMS the door. The cars ZIP off across the tarmac.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET - FLORENCE DAY

Sienna and Langdon hurry down a narrow passageway known as Via dello Studio. As they near the end of the chasmlike alleyway, they hear the THRUM of activity up ahead, and the cavern on either side of them gives way, spilling them out into an enormous plaza.

EXT PIAZZA DEL DUOMO DAY

The Piazza del Duomo is the ancient religious center of Florence. It bustles with tour buses and throngs of VISITORS crowding around Florence's famed Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, better known as il Duomo.

LANGDON

Il Duomo. My friend Ignazio is the director of the cathedral and all its museums. He wanted us to come here.

Sienna heads toward the cathedral, but he takes her arm and steers her gently to the side.

LANGDON (cont'd)

This way. The Baptistry of San Giovanni.

CONTINUED:

They go to a building at the right side of the plaza.

LANGDON (cont'd)
 Michelangelo famously called its
 gilded bronze doors --

They join a CROWD OF TOURISTS that mills about outside the baptistry, admiring its fifteen foot tall doors, each inlaid with an intricate and breathtaking Biblical scene.

LANGDON (cont'd)
 -- the Gates of Paradise. They were
 commissioned as a votive offering to
 God.

He looks at her.

LANGDON (cont'd)
 A show of gratitude that Florence
 had survived the Black Plague.

CUT TO:

INT BAPTISTRY OF SAN GIOVANNI DAY

Langdon and Sienna walk into the empty baptistry, a stunning, high-ceilinged place naturally lit by light that pierces the dark space through a central oculus.

Langdon gazes up, to a magnificent mosaic that hangs over the altar, a twenty-seven foot Jesus Christ seated in judgment over the saved and the damned.

On His left hand, the sinful are stoned, roasted on spikes, eaten by all manner of creatures. Satan oversees the torture, a horned devil that is in the process of consuming a human being headfirst, the victim's legs dangling from his mouth.

Langdon blinks, and has a

FLASH OF MEMORY

in which he sees the upside-down legs twisting in agony at the edge of the river of blood, and then he's

BACK IN REALITY,

where he steers Sienna toward a raised platform, behind a decorative gate, to a tall hexagonal plinth of carved marble. Atop its base is a polished wooden top.

Langdon climbs the steps and stops in front of it.

CONTINUED:

SIENNA

A baptismal font?

Langdon nods. He reaches out, removes the cover --

-- and reveals the death mask of Dante, staring up at them out of the shadows.

He lifts it gently, holding it as delicately as possible by the ears, and turns it around, as if to look through its eyes.

There, faintly carved in the top inside part of the mask, are seven letters:

PPPPPPP

Sienna looks at him, puzzled.

SIENNA (cont'd)

That's it?

LANGDON

That's enough. Seven, for the seven deadlies, P, for *peccatum*, Latin for sin. According to Dante, the angel who guards purgatory uses the tip of his sword to carve the letter P into the forehead of the sinners who climb Mount Purgatory.

SIENNA

That's fascinating, but how is it helpful?

Langdon furrows his brow, noticing something. He holds the mask close to his face and SNIFFS it.

LANGDON

Wet dog!

Whatever that means, it's significant to him.

NEARBY,

Langdon opens a cabinet, rummages around, finds baptismal towels, and pulls one out.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Acrylic gesso smells like wet dog.

SIENNA

I see.

(but she doesn't)

CONTINUED:

LANGDON

It's also water soluble.

BACK AT THE FONT,

Langdon shoves aside the hexagonal cover of the font, exposing the baptismal water below. He dips the towel in the water, starts carefully wiping the back of the mask.

The whitish surface of the mask wipes away neatly, revealing writing underneath. It's ornate, curving, written in a careful spiral pattern.

Langdon starts to read as he wipes.

LANGDON (cont'd)

"O, you possessed of sturdy intellect... observe the teachings hidden here... beneath the veil of verses so obscure..."

SIENNA

That's Dante.

LANGDON

Very good. Zobrist is challenging us, with Dante's own words.

He keeps wiping, keeps reading. As the full spiral pattern emerges, he reads more.

LANGDON (cont'd)

"Seek the treacherous Doge of Venice, who severed the heads from horses..."

SIENNA

Venice!

LANGDON

"Kneel within the gilded museum of holy wisdom, and place thine ear to the ground, listening for the sounds of trickling water."

He looks up --

LANGDON (cont'd)

Venice is where Dante became infected with the disease that killed him.

-- and back down.

CONTINUED:

LANGDON (cont'd)

*"Follow deep into the sunken palace,
for here, in the darkness, the
chthonic monster waits -- "*

SIENNA

The plague itself. Underwater.

LANGDON

*"Submerged in the blood-red waters
of the lagoon that reflects no stars."*

SIENNA

The blood-red waters. Like in your
vision.

LANGDON

How long is the train ride to Venice?

SIENNA

Two hours.

He starts out. She stops him.

SIENNA (cont'd)

Do you still have the phone I took?

He digs in his pocket and hands it over, thinking she intends to
dump it. But instead she starts looking up a number.

LANGDON

Who are you calling?

SIENNA

Alitalia. To buy us two plane tickets
to Geneva.

LANGDON

You heard me say Venice, right?

SIENNA

(smiles)

Yes, I did.

CUT TO:

INT FLORENCE AIRPORT DAY

Agent Bruder, Dr. Sinskey, and several S.R.S. agents hurry through
the terminal at the Venice airport. The Agents have weapons drawn,
and are flanked by LOCAL POLICE, who SHOUT at everyone to get the
hell out of the way. They're causing a mini-panic.

CONTINUED:

They reach a gate, where a terrified GATE AGENT throws her hands in the air.

DR. SINSKEY

This is the flight to Geneva?!

GATE AGENT

Si. But we just closed the doors.

BRUDER

Bring the plane back to the gate at once.

A VOICE speaks up from behind him -- a very calm, British voice.

VOICE (O.S.)

That would be a waste of time.

Bruder and Sinskey turn. Harry Sims stands just behind them, as if he's been waiting here for them all along.

SIMS

And we have very little of that.

CUT TO:

INT AIRPORT - SECURITY ROOM DAY

Sims, Bruder, and Sinskey sit at a table in an interrogation room at the airport, the kind of sterile place they take you if your documents have been flagged.

Sinskey is livid.

SINSKEY

You're telling me that for two years, you and your organization have been working to thwart me, at Bertram Zobrist's request?

SIMS

That is correct.

SINSKEY

To shield him and his research from the World Health Organization?

SIMS

Regrettably, yes.

CONTINUED:

SINSKEY

And that all of my attempts to prevent him from committing mass murder on a scale unprecedented in global history, have been unsuccessful -- because of you.

SIMS

An incisive sum-up.

He checks his watch.

SINSKEY

And now you have the temerity to ask that I simply *decide to trust you?*

SIMS

Terribly sorry, don't see any other way.

SINSKEY

Why didn't you come to me sooner?

SIMS

I clung to a hope that it could all be kept quiet. I wasn't aware what was at stake until I saw the video.

Bruder leans forward, to Sims.

BRUDER

Can you think of a single reason why I shouldn't leave you face down in a ditch somewhere?

SIMS

It would curtail my *joie de vie?*

SINSKEY

Who exactly does your group work for?

SIMS

We are stateless, if that's what you mean. We work for our clients. Doctor, we live in a complicated world, filled with shifting alliances. Why don't we behave in our mutual best interests?

SINSKEY

Why should I? Why do I even need you?

CONTINUED:

SIMS

Because I'm the one who planted a tracking device on Professor Langdon.

He leans forward.

SIMS (cont'd)

Now shall we find him together?

CUT TO:

EXT ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE DAY

A train ZIPS across the Italian countryside.

INT TRAIN DAY

CLOSE ON Robert Langdon's hand as he rubs the space behind his right ear, just at the base of his skull. This close in, we can see a tiny, flesh-colored square there, just barely visible due to its reflective metal surface. So *that's* why his ear hurt.

Langdon and Sienna are on board the train, sitting across from one another.

SIENNA

"The treacherous doge," who can that be?

LANGDON

The doges were the kings of Venice, they were all treacherous.

SIENNA

This one cut the heads off horses. Is there a famous story about that?

LANGDON

I don't know.

SIENNA

And the "gilded museum," what does that refer to?

LANGDON

St. Mark's maybe -- the Horses of Constantinople -- bronze statues -- I don't know.

SIENNA

Were their heads cut off?

CONTINUED:

LANGDON

I don't know.

It's the first time we've ever heard him snap.

SIENNA

Sorry. I was starting to get the impression you knew everything, Professor.

He rubs his head, the strain and fatigue really getting to him.

LANGDON

No. Not nearly. No.
(to himself)

"Some mysteries we weren't meant to solve."

He turns, looks across the aisle of the train, at an ITALIAN WOMAN in her forties.

A MEMORY FLASH,

and he sees a fleeting image of Dr. Sinskey, the woman by the river of blood, and she's reaching out to him, very close now, reaching to him --

BACK IN REALITY,

-- and then he blinks, and the image is gone. He puts his hand over his eyes.

SIENNA

Are you in pain?

LANGDON

I'm fine.

SIENNA

I don't believe you.

LANGDON

Something was. And isn't anymore.

He stops, he won't say more. She looks at him.

SIENNA

When my relationship ended, it was sudden. He'd been everything to me. My teacher, my lover. But he turned out to have feet of clay.

He rubs his head again, in serious need of sleep.

CONTINUED:

LANGDON

Every man is a myth. Every woman a dream.

SIENNA

What is that?

LANGDON

A song. I can't remember. None of us live up to what others want us to be.

SIENNA

I'm sorry, that isn't good enough for me.

LANGDON

Then you'd better get used to disappointment.

Now it's her turn to shut off. She looks out the window. Langdon does too.

SIX ROWS BEHIND THEM,

we see a familiar hat, and a familiar silhouette. The Tall Man is still with them, following at a discreet distance.

He tips his hat down, over his face, and leans back in his seat.

CUT TO:

EXT VENICE - ST. MARK'S SQUARE DAY

A winged lion sits atop a column, his paw resting proudly on a book. Moving down, we see THRONGS OF TOURISTS mobbing St. Mark's Square in Venice, the waters of the Grand Canal visible behind it.

We come all the way down, to find Langdon and Sienna standing between the columns, staring at the sea of humanity, both thinking the same thing.

SIENNA

Twenty million people a year. From every corner of the globe.

LANGDON

If you wanted to start a plague --

SIENNA

-- this is where I'd do it.

CONTINUED:

LANGDON

You know, the word "quarantine" comes from the Italian *quaranta*, forty. During the Plague, Venice enforced a decree that said all ships had to anchor in the harbor for forty days before entering the city.

She looks at him, and can't help but smile.

SIENNA

Nice to see you back, Professor. The horses?

LANGDON

Right there.

He points across the square, and we follow his indication to --

EXT ST. MARK'S BASILICA DAY

-- the top of the basilica where, just below its ornate, crested peak, four mammoth copper stallions glint in the afternoon sun.

Langdon and Sienna rush out onto the terrace atop the Basilica and stand beneath the massive statues, looking up at them.

SIENNA

We're on top of the basilica, how could we possibly hear water rushing underneath these horses?

LANGDON

These are replicas, the real ones are kept in a museum for preservation.

He looks around, sees a MUSEUM GUIDE speaking to a small group in Italian. Langdon turns to Sienna, who's already moving forward.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Ask him -- have the heads been cut off these horses? Is there history behind it?

She does, and the Guide replies.

SIENNA

He says there is such a story, but they don't like to speak of it.

LANGDON

Ask harder.

CONTINUED:

Sienna does. The Guide replies. Sienna translates while he talks.

SIENNA

According to the tale, the horses were looted from Constantinople during the Crusades. But they were too large to be loaded on board the ships, so their heads were removed and reattached.

LANGDON

By whom?

She asks again. The Guide replies.

SIENNA

By Venice's most clever and deceitful doge. The doge who tricked everyone into the Crusades, the one who took state money to sail to Egypt, but redirected his troops and sacked Constantinople instead. A blind man, ninety years old.

Langdon's face pales. The Guide continues talking, and Sienna continues translating, but Langdon already knows where this is going.

SIENNA (cont'd)

The doge who lived forever. Enrico --

LANGDON

(finishing with her)

-- Dandolo.

Langdon staggers to the railing and grips it tightly. Sienna thanks the Guide and goes to him.

SIENNA

What is it?

LANGDON

Enrico Dandolo. "The gilded museum of holy wisdom." I made a mistake.

SIENNA

Are we in the wrong basilica?

He turns and looks at her.

LANGDON

We're in the wrong country.

CONTINUED:

Before she can react, a SHOUT draws their attention from below. They peer over the railing.

DOWN BELOW,

an imposing group of BLACK-CLAD SOLDIERS has just entered the church and is fanning out across the narthex, blocking all the exits.

UP ABOVE,

SIENNA

How did they find us?!

LANGDON

Doesn't matter. Let's go.

He turns and they run along the length of the balcony, into the setting sun, which has sunk low over the western end of St. Mark's Square.

They rush along the front of the basilica and he leads her to the left, following the balcony around the southwest corner toward a heavy door of wrought iron and glass. They push through it.

INT ST. MARK'S BASILICA DAY

They hurry back inside the basilica. They skirt the perimeter of the vast open space of the central nave. From nearby, they can hear the SHOUTS of Soldiers.

Langdon spots a fire alarm on the wall, figures what the hell, yanks down hard on it --

-- and it SHATTERS in his hand. Broken glass and plastic, but no alarms.

LANGDON

It doesn't work?

SIENNA

You are such an American.

Behind them, Soldiers enter the main room of the basilica. Langdon and Sienna take off again, into an enclosed spiral stairway.

INT STAIRWELL DAY

They race down the steps of the stairwell and pause there, two floors down.

Langdon turns and looks up. He gets a glimpse of SOLDIERS' BOOTS on the main floor of the basilica.

CONTINUED:

Sienna looks down. More flights of spiral stairs, leading to darkness.

LANGDON

(whispering)

Bad idea. Subterranean crypt with no exit.

FOOTSTEPS start down the stairs above them.

SIENNA

No choice.

She starts down again. She's right, so he follows.

At the bottom of the stairs, they pass a sign that says "*CRIPTA DI SAN MARCO*," and continue on.

INT SUBTERRANEAN SPACE DAY

They push through another door and come into a subterranean space -- not abandoned, it's a working chapel with an altar and folding chairs set up in front of it. But the place is dark, its low stone ceilings supported by ancient pillars and brick-vaulted archways.

SIENNA

I see natural light.

She points to several small, arched transoms, high on the wall.

LANGDON

Light wells!

He races to the nearest one. The light well from the plaza opens into a deep shaft that drops down from St. Mark's Square, above.

The window glass is reinforced with interlocking iron circles, and is at shoulder height.

Langdon goes to it, turns a latch, and opens the window. He peers up into it -- the square is ten feet above him, at the top of the shaft.

He turns. He has an idea.

EXT ST. MARK'S SQUARE DAY

CLOSE ON a Venetian plague doctor's mask, the kind Langdon saw in his vision. Pulling back, we see it's one of many masks being sold by a GYPSY WOMAN, her stand in the shadow of the great basilica in St. Mark's Square.

CONTINUED:

She hears a SOUND near her feet and turns. The sound is coming from the bottom of the window well behind her, at the base of the wall of the chapel.

She bends over, staring down through the grate and into the ten foot well.

AT THE BASE OF THE WELL,

she sees a chair shoved into view, and then a MAN, climbing on top of it.

Robert Langdon. He looks up at the Gypsy Woman and puts a finger to his lips -- Shhhhhhhh.

Then he turns and gestures and Sienna climbs onto the chair, and onto his hands, which he holds together, to give her a boost.

INSIDE THE WELL,

with Langdon's boost, Sienna can just get her hands on the security latch on the underside of the grate. She FLICKS the latch and pushes on the grate.

IN THE SQUARE,

the gate rises an inch or two, but Sienna can't get it all the way open.

SIENNA

Puo darci una mano?!

The Gypsy Woman looks at her. Then looks around. Then looks back to Sienna.

GYPSY WOMAN

Cento euro.

Sienna CURSES, digs in her pocket, and comes up with a bill. She hands it to the Gypsy Woman, through the bars of the grate.

INT SUBTERRANEAN SPACE DAY

At the base of the stairs in the crypt, SOLDIERS come racing down, led by Agent Bruder. He sees Langdon across the room, standing on the chair in the window well.

BRUDER

There! Go!

EXT ST. MARK'S SQUARE DAY

With a loud CLANG, the Gypsy Woman tosses aside the grate and pulls Sienna up through the opening.

Sienna turns back, drops to her stomach, and reaches down for Langdon, to help him up.

He gets hold of her hand and she pulls, uses all her strength, she gets him a good foot or two off the chair.

IN THE WELL,

Langdon's feet scrabble against the stone wall of the window well, he finds some small bit of purchase and gets even higher.

Behind him, the Soldiers race across the room, now just a few seconds from him.

IN THE SQUARE,

Langdon's very close, if she just helps him get a few inches higher, he'll get his hands over the edge and can pull himself out.

But she is weakening, and lowers him.

SIENNA

I can't do it.

LANGDON

You can! Pull!

SIENNA

I'm sorry.

He drops down a bit more. She tries again, but to no avail.

SIENNA (cont'd)

Where do I go, Robert? Where is the doge buried?

Beneath Langdon, Soldiers appear and SHOUT up at him. He looks at them, then back up at Sienna.

LANGDON

Istanbul.

ROUGH HANDS grab hold of his legs and start pulling him back down. His fingers slip out of Sienna's, but not before he tells her one last piece of information.

CONTINUED:

LANGDON (cont'd)

The Hagia Sophia.

Sienna immediately lets go of his hand, she wrenches it away, in fact, and Langdon's eyes widen, he has a sudden memory flash, two of them, in fact --

IN THE BOBOLI GARDENS,

Sienna looks right at Langdon:

SIENNA

Robert, the cause is saving the world.

AND IN THE TRAIN COMPARTMENT,

she sits in the seat across from him:

SIENNA

He turned out to have feet of clay.

AND BACK IN REALITY,

Langdon's eyes widen, he's just figured something out --

LANGDON

Oh, no.

-- and Sienna takes off, disappearing into the crowd in the square.

INT SUBTERRANEAN CRYPT DAY

Langdon is dragged back down, into the crypt, turned around to face Agent Bruder --

-- and a needle is plunged into his neck. The last thing he sees is Agent Bruder's face, darkness closing in all around as everything goes black.

CUT TO:

EXT VENICE AIRPORT DAY

At the airport in Venice, we're close on Sienna Brooks' bobbing blonde pony tail as she walks briskly to a departure gate. An ANNOUNCEMENT in several languages announces boarding for the flight, and when it gets to English:

ANNOUNCEMENT

-- final boarding for Alitalia flight
126 for Istanbul -- all passengers
should be on board at this time.

CONTINUED:

Sienna reaches the gate, starts to hold out her boarding pass as she draws near the GATE AGENT, but a VOICE calls from behind her.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello, Sienna.

She turns. It's the Tall Man, the one who has been following Sienna and Langdon all this time. Sienna is stunned to see him. Coming around behind her, we finally get a good look at the face --

-- OF BERTRAM ZOBRIST.

SIENNA

(composing herself)

Hello, Bertram.

ZOBRIST

You have something of mine. I would like it back.

SIENNA

I'm going to finish what we set out to do.

He makes a minute movement of his right arm, revealing just the tip of a barrel of a handgun, pointed at her.

ZOBRIST

That way.

He gestures, to a passageway nearby.

She looks at the gun, then up at him. She complies, moving around a corner and into a little-used hallway.

IN THE HALLWAY,

they are alone, for the moment.

SIENNA

You fell from the pure faith. I didn't.

ZOBRIST

Killing half the earth's population is not the way to help it. Stay out of my plans.

SIENNA

I'm tired of people telling me I can't save the world.

CONTINUED:

ZOBRIST

What you're carrying is dangerous
and uncontrollable. I want it back.
Now.

She looks at him. He is determined, and he's armed.

SIENNA

I loved you very much.

She reaches into her jacket pocket and pulls out an object that
looks like a small inhaler.

He frowns. That isn't the object he was looking for.

ZOBRIST

What do you think *that* is going to
do?

She raises it to her lips --

SIENNA

I think it's going to kill you.

-- and BLOWS.

Zobrist blinks. A fine mist has gone into his eyes.

His eyes redden, he GASPS, he drops to a knee and his throat swells
so he can't speak.

SIENNA (cont'd)

Help!

She steps out, into the main area of the terminal.

SIENNA (cont'd)

This man is having a seizure!
Someone, please help!

Zobrist collapses to the floor, PEOPLE stream over to him, and
Sienna slips away, into the crowd, headed for her flight.

CUT TO:

INT VENETIAN APARTMENT DAY

Seen at an odd angle, early evening light slants through the window
blinds of a sparsely furnished apartment. We're in a POV shot.
We blink.

Langdon has just awakened, on a couch that is much too short for
him. He blinks again.

CONTINUED:

Elizabeth Sinskey leans over him and speaks softly.

DR. SINSKEY
Professor Langdon?

Langdon recognizes her as the Woman from his vision, and all at once, the entire world seems to drop away from around Langdon's face, the couch disappears, the floor, everything just vanishes --

LANGDON
I remember.

-- but Langdon's face remains as his entire background is replaced, bit by bit, a memory returning.

There's a tree behind him, then a building, the light changes on his face and now his face changes too, it's clean-shaven, his hair all in place --

EXT HARVARD QUAD DAY

-- and he's dressed in his familiar Harris Tweed jacket, carrying books and papers, looking directly at someone as STUDENTS and TEACHERS cross in the background behind him.

LANGDON
Yes?

He's looking at is Dr. Sinskey, standing on the Harvard Quad.

DR. SINSKEY
I'm Dr. Elizabeth Sinskey, from the
World Health Organization.

Agent Bruder is standing just behind her. The image jumps, flickers, and suddenly we're in --

INT LANGDON'S APARTMENT DAY

-- Langdon's apartment, where he's standing in front of a blank wall, where the Faraday pointer is showing the image of *La Mappa dell'Inferno* that he saw earlier.

Langdon stands close to it, studying it, fascinated. Seeing it of the first time. Dr. Sinskey is just behind him.

LANGDON
Why would he send you this?

SINSKEY
He wants me to see his ground zero.
To bear witness to what he's done.

CONTINUED:

Langdon turns from the map, having figured out the first clue.

LANGDON

We need to go to Florence.

The image jumps again --

EXT SKY DAY

-- a private jet STREAKS through the night sky --

INT JET NIGHT

-- and in the cabin of the jet, Sinskey and Langdon sit close in two seats at the back of the plane, comparing notes over a large printout of the *Mappa dell'Inferno*.

They are huddled deep in conversation, their heads close. Their connection is direct and intense.

Agent Bruder, a few seats away, watches them. Noticing the connection. Another image jump and we --

EXT FLORENCE - LIBRARY NIGHT

-- WHIP OVER from the bell tower of the Piazza Vecchia, lit up at night, to a table in a darkened library.

Langdon and Dr. Sinskey are bent over a text of Dante's *Inferno*, searching for more clues. Langdon is going on, in a voice we can't hear, spilling information as fast as he can.

Sinskey looks up, interested in the man more than the message for a moment, he glances up too, catches her eye, and they both look back down. But it was a moment of contact. The image jumps --

EXT STREET - FLORENCE NIGHT

-- and they are hurrying through the streets, hands locked together.

Suddenly TWO CARS SCREECH to a halt in front of them, cutting them off. Agent Bruder steps up, trying to pull a weapon, but ARMED MEN SHOUT IN ITALIAN, backing him off.

Two of the Armed Men grab Langdon and drag him toward one of the cars. Dr. Sinskey holds on for a moment --

-- but their hands are pulled apart. Langdon looks back, over his shoulder, he sees Dr. Sinskey, CALLING OUT to him --

DR. SINSKEY

ROBERT!

CONTINUED:

-- but he's shoved in the back of the car.

INT CAR NIGHT

Langdon cranes around, looks out the back window, and sees Dr. Sinskey disappear into the distance.

And in a swift, sudden cut --

INT VENICE APARTMENT DAY

-- we go back to Langdon's face, in the present, in the apartment in Venice. It's quiet again. His memory mostly restored, he sits up, looking directly at Dr. Sinskey. She returns his gaze, sympathy and softness in her eyes. Langdon looks around the room. He sees Agent Bruder, and then Harry Sims.

LANGDON

(to Sims)
Who are you?

SIMS

A facilitator.

Sims steps forward, reaches behind Langdon's right ear, and with a little TEARING sound, he pulls off the flesh-colored tracking chip.

Langdon looks at it, surprised, then up at Sims.

LANGDON

I never had amnesia, did I? Not truly.

SIMS

No. Your chemically induced memory loss was a desperation move by me and my organization.

LANGDON

And Sienna Brooks isn't an E.R. doctor. She was Bertram Zobrist's lover and his student.

Sims looks at the others, then back at Langdon.

SIMS

Highest marks, Professor.

LANGDON

Your turn.

CONTINUED:

SIMS

For two years, my organization has prevented Dr. Sinskey from locating our client, Dr. Zobrist, or interfering with his research in any way. Needless to say, we were unaware of the true nature of his work. Until today.

LANGDON

What about Sienna? She was working for you?

SIMS

Dr. Brooks approached us some time ago. She told us of a rift between her and Zobrist, that he broke off from her when she expressed serious concerns about his intentions. She didn't mention a plague, but she told us enough to alarm us. We agreed to work with her to find Zobrist, but had no success. Then Dr. Sinskey brought you in.

Dr. Sinskey chimes in.

SINSKEY

Robert, you and I were close to solving the puzzle Zobrist had left, and finding the location of his plague before it was released. But then --

She gestures to Sims.

SIMS

Our agents kidnapped you and used benzodiazapenes to clear your memory so we could create a fresh scenario whereby you would be invested in the idea of helping us. A small incision was made to give you the impression of a head wound. I'm told the scar will be unremarkable.

Langdon is aghast, but Sims' utterly unapologetic manner is disarming.

LANGDON

There are no door locks in hospital rooms. It's been bothering me.

CONTINUED:

SIMS

As it should. The room was a fake.

LANGDON

What about the woman who shot Dr. Marconi?

SIMS

The gun fired blanks, the doctor was an agent wearing a blood packet. Crude technique, but effective enough under the circumstances.

LANGDON

Until Sienna changed your game.

SIMS

Quite.

LANGDON

She doesn't want to stop Zobrist. She is the dangerous zealot, she's the one even more fanatical than he is. She wants to make sure his plague is released.

Dr. Sinskey sits next to him, her tone urgent.

DR. SINSKEY

Then you must tell us at once, Professor. Where are we going?

CUT TO:

INT PLANE DAY

On board a commercial flight, Sienna makes her way down the aisle to the bathroom at the front of the cabin.

She steps inside --

INT PLANE - BATHROOM DAY

-- and locks the door.

She turns toward the mirror and removes her wig, as she did when we saw her take it off the first time.

Again, she is careful with it, particularly when handling the pony tail. But this time we see why.

She turns the wig over and undoes a small flap underneath the scalp, just above where the pony tail starts.

CONTINUED:

There is a compartment there. She slides her slender fingers into the hollow space, gets a hold of something, and pulls it out.

It's a six inch tube, translucent, with a malevolent-looking phosphorescent green substance inside.

Sienna admires it. She looks up, into the mirror over the sink.

Her eyes blaze.

CUT TO:

EXT ISTANBUL NIGHT

Night has fallen on the ancient Byzantine capital of Istanbul.

Along the banks of the Sea of Marmara, floodlights illuminate a skyline of glistening mosques and slender minarets.

EXT ATATURK AIRPORT NIGHT

A corporate jet taxis to a stop at a corner of the airfield.

The door opens and Langdon, Dr. Sinskey, Harry Sims, and Agent Bruder get off, trailed by several S.R.S. agents.

They move quickly to several waiting cars.

INT SEDAN NIGHT

Langdon and Dr. Sinskey get into the back seat of one of the cars, the door SLAMS, and they are moving immediately.

Sinskey has an iPad open on her lap, and is reading from it.

LANGDON

Do you have any idea what it is, exactly? I know we're dealing with a pathogen, but --

SINSKEY

Harry Sims' footage suggests it's biological rather than chemical. Whether it's waterborne or airborne, we're not sure. Either is possible.

LANGDON

And the underwater bag that's containing it?

CONTINUED:

SINSKEY

A substance called Solublon. Designed to dissolve in water over a period of time and release the contents.

LANGDON

How much time?

SINSKEY

Less than we'd like, I'm sure.

(reading from the iPad)

It says here the Hagia Sophia's lower levels are flooded. That could be it.

He nods, looks out the window. He thinks a moment, then looks back at her.

LANGDON

The time that I lost. The forty-eight hours I was with you.

SINSKEY

We'll go first to Dandolo's tomb.

LANGDON

I have a feeling I've lost something I would have preferred to remember.

She keeps her eyes on the iPad.

SINSKEY

With luck, the sound of water should lead us from there.

LANGDON

Did you hear what I-

SINSKEY

I heard.

Finally, she looks up at him and takes off her glasses.

LANGDON

Am I right?

SINSKEY

You are. But I'm afraid now that moment is gone, and this one is upon us.

She puts her glasses back on, and goes back to her research on the iPad.

CONTINUED:

SINSKEY (cont'd)

You are like no one I've ever met,
Robert.

And that, apparently, is all that will be said on the matter.

CUT TO:

EXT HAGIA SOPHIA NIGHT

The cars pull to a stop in front of the Hagia Sophia, not so much a building as a mountain. The colossal silhouette appears to be a city unto itself -- its massive central dome stands atop a number of smaller domes, and four towering minarets rise from the corners of the building.

The sedans SCREECH to a stop in front of the building. Langdon and Dr. Sinskey get out of the first car, Harry Sims and Agent Bruder get out of the next.

BRUDER

Good God... we're going to be
searching *that*?

There are several more cars arriving too -- two more S.R.S. vans from the W.H.O., and a number of Turkish police cars. Word is spreading, and panic is on the rise.

They march toward the building, which only seems to get bigger as they approach.

Dr. Sinskey talks to Langdon as they walk, never taking her eyes off the building.

DR. SINSKEY

Istanbul is where east meets west.
During the Black Death, they had
another name for it. "The hub of
the plague."

They walk faster. Up ahead, an anxious-looking MAN IN WHITE waits for them. He strides forward, to greet them, holding out his hand in great excitement.

MIRSAT

Professor Langdon, my name is Mirsat,
I am the curator here. It is an
honor to meet you.

LANGDON

The honor is mine, Mirsat.

They don't stop walking, so Mirsat falls into stride with them.

CONTINUED:

DR. SINSKEY

We appreciate your willingness to take us inside after hours. I can assure you it's of the utmost importance.

MIRSAT

It is not a problem, for such honored guests.

INT HAGIA SOPHIA DAY

We're moving, fast, toward a giant, bronze-plated portal -- the Imperial Doorway. Mirsat is talking excitedly as he leads them toward the doors.

MIRSAT

In Byzantine times, the Imperial Doorway was reserved for the sole use of the emperor. Tourists aren't usually allowed through it, but in honor of our special guests --

He gestures and TWO GUARDS begin to haul open the enormous doors.

MIRSAT (cont'd)

Allow me to present --

The door opens and they step inside --

-- A COLOSSAL SANCTUARY.

MIRSAT

-- *the eighth wonder of the world.*

The room is so vast it dwarfs any cathedral we have ever seen before. Its golden dome towers 150 feet over the floor, and forty ribs radiate outward from its central point, to a circular arcade of forty arched windows.

Agent Bruder is staggered.

BRUDER

Jesus.

MIRSAT

Yes, and Allah and Muhammad too.

He gestures to the main altar, where a towering mosaic of Jesus is flanked by two massive discs bearing the Arabic names of Muhammad and Allah in ornate calligraphy.

CONTINUED:

MIRSAT (cont'd)

May I ask, is there anywhere in particular you wish to begin your tour?

LANGDON

We want to see the tomb of Enrico Dandolo.

MIRSAT

Dandolo? But his tomb is so very plain.

DR. SINSKEY

It is an emergency that involves the World Health Organization.

Mirsat stops and looks at her.

MIRSAT

But he's already dead.

LANGDON

Mirsat? Please?

Mirsat gestures and leads on.

INT HAGIA SOPHIA - DANDOLO'S TOMB NIGHT

An inscription, carved in stone:

HENRICUS DANDOLO

Two palms place themselves flat on the stone, and Langdon's face lowers slowly into frame. He MURMURS to himself.

LANGDON

"Kneel within the gilded museum of holy wisdom and place thine ear to the ground -- "

He turns his head to the right and gently places his left ear to the tomb, the stone cold on his flesh.

LANGDON (cont'd)

"Listening for the sounds of trickling water -- follow deep into the sunken palace."

He listens.

CONTINUED:

LANGDON (cont'd)

I can hear water flowing somewhere
under the stone. Where does it go?

Mirsat looks at Langdon like he's crazy.

MIRSAT

It's just drainage. It goes to the
city cistern.

Harry Sims speaks up.

SIMS

We're looking for a large, underground
space, perhaps with columns,
artificially lit from within.

MIRSAT

Yes, that's it. The ancient cistern.
Quite impressive actually, it was
built in the sixth century, it's
called Yerebatan Sarayi.

Langdon stiffens, he knows enough Turkish to know those words.

LANGDON

"The sunken palace."

BRUDER

Take us there.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET - ISTANBUL NIGHT

Mirsat leads Langdon and the others through a narrow street behind
the Hagia Sophia. Bruder is on his cell phone, talking fast.

BRUDER

I'm going to need schematics of all
conduits in and out of the cistern.
Run full isolation and containment
protocols. We'll need physical and
chemical barriers along with vacuum --

They round a corner --

EXT CISTERN - ISTANBUL NIGHT

-- and come to a squat, red-and-white brick building that has a
single door open, revealing what looks to be a stairwell. A crowd
of WELL-DRESSED PEOPLE wait in line while a DOORMAN controls the
flow of guests who are descending the stairs.

CONTINUED:

Mirsat leads Langdon and the others to the entrance at a run.

BRUDER

This is it? The city's water supply?

MIRSAT

No, not anymore. It's ancient.
We've modernized.

LANGDON

But there is water down there?

MIRSAT

Yes. It just sits there, and
eventually it filters down into the
earth.

Dr. Sinskey sees the well-dressed crowd, doesn't understand.

SINSKEY

What are these people doing here?

MIRSAT

It's a tourist attraction.

LANGDON

(with horror)

A tourist attraction?

MIRSAT

I believe a concert series this week.
The acoustics are excellent. Rather
stuffy and humid down there, but
still draws quite a crowd.

Sinskey and Bruder look at each other.

DR. SINSKEY

He created a bioaerosol.

LANGDON

Meaning?

BRUDER

It can go airborne.

DR. SINSKEY

If it's airborne, it's viral.

Harry Sims has stopped next to a placard advertising the concert series.

CONTINUED:

SIMS

We've found the right place.

They turn and look, and we move in fast on the poster. Tonight's concert:

Franz Liszt
THE DANTE SYMPHONY

CUT TO:

INT CITY CISTERN NIGHT

Langdon and the others race down the stairs and into the cistern's lower depths, bumping against the crowd of CONCERT-GOERS who are already streaming in ahead of them.

LANGDON

Should we be wearing masks?

DR. SINSKEY

If it's airborne, the whole city may already be infected. Us included.

BRUDER

And if it isn't, we can stop it.

They reach a series of catwalks at the bottom that crisscross and press on, arriving in the subterranean cavern itself. The CONCERT is an ongoing event, and the whole place resonates with the wail of VOICES, the pinch of STRINGS, and the deep roll of a TIMPANI, which thunders through the grotto.

Langdon looks out over the glassy sheet of dark, smooth water that makes up the floor of the place.

Rising out of the water in seemingly endless rows are hundreds of thick Doric columns, each climbing thirty feet to support the cavern's vaulted ceiling. They're lit from below by a series of individual red spotlights.

LANGDON

"Blood-red waters... The lagoon that reflects no stars."

He looks to the left. The concert itself is taking place against a back wall of the cavern, HUNDREDS OF SPECTATORS seated on an expanse of platforms.

BRUDER

Lights!

CONTINUED:

TWO AGENTS step up with a half dozen bright halogen lights, they are passed out to the group and switched on.

BRUDER (cont'd)

Spread out! The light will reflect off the bag in the water if you see it!

They start moving to the right, at a jog, each shining their lights in the clear waters, searching.

The catwalks fork off in several directions, and soon they have divided up, some space between them, but still in shouting distance.

UP AHEAD,

Langdon is studying the walls, searching for some kind of clue that will guide him in the cavernous space.

His light falls across a sign on one of the walls and he stops in his tracks, looking at it. It has an arrow, pointing to the right, and a single word on it -- *MEDUSA*.

LANGDON

Here! This way!

Bruder and the others come at a run.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Medusa.

DR. SINSKEY

The Greek spirit? Why?

LANGDON

She was from a specific category of Greek spirits. Chthonic monsters.

That's enough for Sinskey. They all take off at a run in that direction. Harry Sims is impressed.

SIMS

So it is a word, then.

And he follows them.

INT CISTERN - MEDUSA STATUE NIGHT

Up ahead, a carved marble block rises out of the water -- the head of Medusa, her hair writhing with snakes.

CONTINUED:

Langdon and the others arrive, breathless. Langdon squints through the reddish haze that surrounds Medusa's serpent-infested hair. Half of her is submerged, but her eyes are revealed, staring out across the waters of the lagoon.

DR. SINSKEY

This is it?!

LANGDON

I think so.

Harry Sims arrives, pointing down at the water.

SIMS

It's this area, definitely! The color, the columns, it's all just as in the video!

Agent Bruder slides beneath the railing and drops into the chest-deep water.

The other TWO AGENTS with him do the same and they fan out, their lights piercing the water as they search for the sunken bag.

Dr. Sinskey turns to Langdon and Sims.

DR. SINSKEY

You two spread out! Use the lights!

The catwalks go off in the three different directions, surrounding the Medusa and moving on beyond her, so each of them goes their own way.

WITH LANGDON,

he moves around the catwalk, to the back side of the Medusa statue. It's darker on this side, much darker, and he is alone now, moving further away from the others.

Langdon creeps along, the distant strains of the CONCERT playing a foreboding tune.

Langdon walks carefully, shining the light this way and that in the water, searching, his light bouncing crazily off the floor of the cistern --

-- and then off the walls --

-- past a figure in an alcove --

-- and then back off the surface of the water.

Langdon freezes. He saw something, and so did we.

CONTINUED:

He moves his light up off the water, slowly, shining it back on the alcove.

There is a figure there, shrouded in dark shadows. It's a person, huddled in a black burka, head bowed.

But as the figure feels the light on it, the head starts to rise, and now two eyes materialize, staring out through the narrow slit of the burka's face covering, locking intently on Langdon.

Two hands reach up and push back the hood.

It's Sienna.

SIENNA

You're too late, Robert.

LANGDON

I don't think I am. What is in the bag in the water?

She takes a step forward, onto the catwalk that divides them.

SIENNA

It's a viral vector. It will modify the DNA of one in every three people it infects.

LANGDON

Modify it to do what?

SIENNA

It's a sterility plague, Robert. It will render one-third of the planet infertile.

LANGDON

That's monstrous.

SIENNA

It's cowardly. But when combined with this --

She raises one hand, revealing something she holds in her right hand -- it's the six inch tube we saw on the airplane, the one filled with the green phosphorescent liquid.

SIENNA (cont'd)

-- it's the solution.

She holds it out, over the water.

CONTINUED:

LANGDON

Sienna...

SIENNA

Answer the hypothetical question, Robert. Would you kill half the world in order to save it?

LANGDON

You're a physician. You've dedicated your entire life to saving lives.

SIENNA

And I'll go down in history as the woman who saved the entire race.

LANGDON

This isn't heroic. It's playing God.

She takes another step forward, her anger and intensity building, fanaticism in her eyes.

SIENNA

In desperate times, there is no greater sin than inaction. The darkest places in hell have been reserved for those who maintain their neutrality in-

She suddenly GASPS, and we can't imagine why, until we move around her, into profile, and see that --

-- *Harry Sims stands behind her*, his right hand up at the base of her skull.

He pulls his hand back, revealing the rapier-thin stiletto with which he has just stabbed her, its blade shining red with blood in the flickering light.

Sienna drops to the floorboards, dead.

Sims is now directly facing Langdon, from just a few feet away, as he wipes the blade off on a handkerchief --

SIMS

Terribly sorry. Didn't see any other way.

-- and slides it back into his wrist sheath with a satisfying leathery SCRAPE.

ON THE CATWALK,

CONTINUED:

Sienna's dead hand opens, releasing her grip on the vile vial. The tube rolls down the catwalk, headed for the water, it just tips over the edge --

-- and Langdon catches it.

He looks up at Sims.

SIMS (cont'd)

Well done, you.

INT CISTERN - WITH BRUDER NIGHT

Nearby, in the cistern, Agent Bruder is still up to his chest in the harshly lit red waters.

He's stopped, staring at something at his feet, his light trained on it.

BRUDER

God in heaven...

We follow his line of vision down, to the surface of the water where his light plays, and we keep moving, into the water --

UNDER THE WATER,

and on down, to where we can see the plaque on the floor of the cistern, the same plaque we saw in Zobrist's video, back in Harry Sims' office.

The tether line rises up from the plaque, and at the end of the tether, where the Solublon bag once floated --

-- *there are only shreds.*

The shreds move as a hand closes around them, raises them up out of the water.

BACK ABOVE THE SURFACE,

Agent Bruder holds them up to the light, staring at them, aghast.

He raises a cell phone to his ear.

BRUDER (cont'd)

Containment has failed.

A VOICE comes back at him over the line.

VOICE (O.S.)

Say again?

CONTINUED:

BRUDER

The virus has been released.

CUT TO:

EXT CISTERN NIGHT

A short time later, and the street outside the city cistern is now jammed with every kind of official vehicle and OFFICER we can imagine. There are LOCAL POLICE, INTERPOL, the W.H.O., teams of emergency responders in hazmat suits -- it's a mess.

The Concert-Goers are being evacuated as quickly as possible, and there is much confusion and concern.

Nearby, Harry Sims stands with Langdon, Dr. Sinskey, and Agent Bruder. Dr. Sinskey is talking with a LOCAL OFFICIAL through a TRANSLATOR. Bruder is on his cell phone, arguing for something.

LANGDON

When did the bag rupture?

BRUDER

(into phone)

Yes! Get him back! I'll hold.

(covering the phone)

A while ago. Five days, maybe six.

Dr. Sinskey turns to the others, from the official she's been speaking with.

DR. SINSKEY

He says the concert series has been going on for a week. Tens of thousands of people have been through here, from all over the world.

She and Langdon look around at the dispersing crowd.

LANGDON

Istanbul. The hub of the plague.

SIMS

So the date Zobrist put on the plaque -- today's date --

DR. SINSKEY

Wasn't the day he meant to release it. It was the global saturation date. A mathematical projection of the date after which his virus will have propagated across the world and infected every individual.

CONTINUED:

SIMS

We can't possibly know for sure that-

Bruder finishes his phone call, hangs up and turns to the others.

BRUDER

That was a friend of mine who's a top virologist at the CDC in Atlanta. He's just confirmed the presence of an extremely contagious and never-before-seen pathogen.

DR. SINSKEY

How did you get him a sample so fast?

BRUDER

He tested his own blood, Elizabeth. It's global.

No one has a response to that. They watch as two E.C.D.C. WORKERS in hazmat suits come out of the cistern, carrying Sienna's phosphorescent green tube in a pair of tongs between them.

It is placed in a foam-lined crate marked with every imaginable biohazard symbol, and sealed and locked.

Dr. Sinskey looks back at Langdon.

DR. SINSKEY

It appears we have saved the world from a deadly plague. But what kind of world is it now?

CUT TO:

EXT AIRFIELD DAWN

As the sun rises over Istanbul, Sims, Bruder, Sinskey, and Langdon walk toward a pair of private jets, their engines just warming up in the distance.

LANGDON

Where will you go?

DR. SINSKEY

Back to Geneva. If Zobrist's mutation indeed works, then we have to get started on a cure immediately.

LANGDON

How will you do that?

CONTINUED:

DR. SINSKEY

Generate another gene-mutating virus,
if possible. We will get the world's
best minds to work and correct this.

Harry Sims stops.

SIMS

I wonder.

The others stop too, looking at him. He doesn't want to continue.

SIMS (cont'd)

You'll think me appalling.

BRUDER

I already think it. Go on.

SIMS

If this *is* all true, it means one-
third of the world can never
reproduce. It also means the earth's
nightmarish population problem has
been solved. Even if we can put
things back the way they were --
(the tiniest shrug)
Should we?

They just stare at him for a moment. Only Langdon manages a
response.

LANGDON

You are selling humanity short, sir.
We figure out our problems, we solve
the puzzles life presents us with,
and we do it with the greatness of
our collective mind. We always have.
Any other way -- is inhumane.

Sims smiles and manages a tiny little bow of his head, unfailingly
polite.

SIMS

As I say. Appalling.

With a little wave, he turns and heads off toward his jet, alone.

Agent Bruder looks at Langdon and Dr. Sinskey.

BRUDER

(to Langdon)

It was an honor, Professor.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BRUDER (cont'd)
(to Sinskey)
Doctor?

He turns toward the plane, clearly waiting for her. The turbines start to spin louder.

Langdon and Dr. Sinskey look at each other.

LANGDON
You'll be in Geneva, then.

DR. SINSKEY
Yes. And you'll return to Cambridge?

He nods. She reaches out a hand, to shake. He takes it.

They hold on for a moment, looking into each others' eyes, and then she takes a step back from him, slowly pulling her fingers from his.

They maintain contact as long as they possibly can --

-- and then they part. She walks to the plane, head down, hands deep in the pockets of her overcoat.

Langdon watches her go.

CUT TO:

INT MUSEUM DAY

CLOSE ON the death mask of Dante. Once again, it resides in its glass case in the Palazzo Vecchio. It's early, there aren't many people in the museum yet.

NEARBY,

Robert Langdon approaches a MUSEUM GUARD.

LANGDON
'Scusati, do you speak English?

GUARD
Yes?

LANGDON
Have you seen Marta, the guard who's usually in this gallery?

GUARD
Marta isn't here just now. She's had her baby.

CONTINUED:

LANGDON

Her baby? That's wonderful news.
I'm very happy for her.

Langdon turns to go, then turns back with a thought.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Oh, and you might also tell someone
the lights over the Dante mask need
to be turned on. You can barely see
it.

GUARD

I'm sorry, sir, the Dante mask is no
longer here. It was stolen.

LANGDON

Really? I was just looking at it.

He turns and walks away, leaving it at that. Behind him, the
Guard looks puzzled.

Staying with Langdon, we see the Guard run over to the glass case
in the background. He sees the mask and starts SHOUTING to anyone
who will listen, BLOWING his whistle, making a happy ruckus.

Robert Langdon smiles.

CUT TO:

INT LANGDON'S APARTMENT NIGHT

A cardboard box has a return address in Geneva. A scissors comes
into frame and slices open the flaps.

Langdon is back in his apartment in Cambridge, seated in his
favorite chair. There is a glass of scotch on the table beside
him, and an open book on the table beside it.

The box is on the ottoman in front of him. Inside, there's a
handwritten letter on top of some clothing.

Langdon unfolds the letter. Dr. Sinskey's VOICE comes over as he
reads it.

DR. SINSKEY (V.O.)

*Dear Robert... it appears our moment
together will remain just that.
Only a moment, a stolen one, before
life tore us apart, like Dante and
Beatrice.*

CONTINUED:

Langdon sets aside the letter and starts going through the contents of the box.

His jacket, the Harris Tweed that he loved so much, is there, as are his pants and shoes. He smiles. How thoughtful. Dr. Sinskey's voice continues:

DR. SINSKEY (V.O.) (cont'd)
*I had long ago accustomed myself to
walking alone through this life.*

But there is one more thing in the box. At the bottom, wrapped in bubble wrap, is Langdon's Mickey Mouse watch.

Langdon is delighted to see it again. He sets aside the box, holding onto the watch.

DR. SINSKEY (V.O.) (cont'd)
*And in this overcrowded world, perhaps
it is not such a bad thing to be
alone.*

Langdon straps the watch to his wrist.

DR. SINSKEY (V.O.) (cont'd)
*I only wish you remembered our brief
time together as well as I do. But
life must have its mysteries.*

He picks up the letter, tucks it inside the book he was reading --

DR. SINSKEY (V.O.) (cont'd)
Even for you, Professor Langdon.

-- and closes it.

He'll try not to think of her again. But he will fail.

FADE OUT.