

ANGELS & DEMONS

Screenplay based on the novel by Dan Brown
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INT DARK LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Leonardo Vetra lays pinned to the floor, smelling his burning flesh. He stares up in terror at the dark figure looming over him.

LEONARDO VETRA

What do you want?

HASSASSIN

The password.

LEONARDO VETRA

But . . . I don't-

The intruder presses down again, grinding the white hot brand deeper into Vetra's chest. There is the hiss of broiling flesh. Vetra cries out in agony.

LEONARDO VETRA (CONT'D)

There is no password!

Leonardo Vetra drifts toward unconsciousness.

HASSASSIN

I was afraid of that.

The figure produces a knife blade and brings it up to Vetra's face.

LEONARDO VETRA

For the love of God!

INT COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - DAY

History professor ROBERT LANGDON, 43, handsome and a Tom Hanks look-alike, is standing in front of his Symbology 212 class.

STUDENT

Why would Christians want their tombs to face the rising sun? We're talking about Christianity . . . not sun worship!

Langdon smiles, pacing before the blackboard.

LANGDON
(shouting)
Mr. Hitzrot!

A young man dozing in back sits up with a start.

HITZROT
Yes?

Langdon points to a Renaissance art poster on the wall.

LANGDON
Who is the man kneeling before God?

HITZROT
Um . . . some saint?

LANGDON
Brilliant. And how do you know he's
a saint?

HITZROT
He's got a halo?

LANGDON
Excellent, and does that golden halo
remind you of anything?

Hitzrot breaks into a smile.

HITZROT
Yeah! Those Egyptian things we
studied last term. Sun disks!

LANGDON
Thank you, Hitzrot. You may go back
to sleep.

Langdon turns back to the class.

LANGDON (CONT'D)
Halos, like much of Christian
symbology, were borrowed from the
ancient Egyptian religion of sun
worship. Christianity is filled with
examples of sun worship.

GIRL

I go to church all the time, and I don't see much sun worshiping going on!

LANGDON

Really? What do you celebrate on December twenty-fifth?

GIRL

Christmas. The birth of Jesus Christ.

LANGDON

According to the Bible, Christ was born in March, so what are we doing celebrating in late December?

Silence. Langdon smiles.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

December twenty-fifth, my friends, is the ancient pagan holiday of sol-invictus coinciding with the winter solstice. It's that wonderful time of year when the sun returns, and the days start getting longer.

Langdon takes another bite of apple.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

Conquering religions often adopt existing holidays to make conversion less shocking. It's called transmutation. It helps people acclimatize to the new faith. Worshipers keep the same holy dates, pray in the same sacred locations, use a similar symbology . . . and they simply substitute a different god.

Now the girl in front is furious.

GIRL

Are you implying that Christianity is just some kind of repackaged sun worship?

LANGDON

Not at all. Christianity doesn't borrow only from sun worship. Holy Communion was borrowed from the Aztecs. Even the concept of Christ dying for our sins is arguably not exclusively Christian; the self-sacrifice of a young man to absolve the sins of his people appears in the earliest tradition of the Quetzalcoatl.

The girl glares.

GIRL

So, is anything in Christianity original?

LANGDON

Very little in any organized faith is truly original. Religions are not born from scratch. They grow from one another. Modern religion is a collage . . . an assimilated historical record of man's quest to understand the divine.

HITZROT

Christian art never portrays God as the hawk sun god, or as an Aztec, or as anything weird. It always shows God as an old man with a white beard. So our image of God is original, right?

Langdon smiles.

LANGDON

When the early Christian converts abandoned their pagan gods they asked the church what their new Christian God looked like. The church chose the most feared, powerful . . . and familiar face in all of recorded history.

Hitzrot looks skeptical.

HITZROT

An old man with a white, flowing
beard?

Langdon points to a hierarchy of ancient gods on the wall. At the top sits an old man with a white, flowing beard. The camera closes in on Zeus.

LANGDON

Does Zeus look familiar?

INT LANGDON'S BEDROOM - EARLY

A figure lies in bed. The phone beside his bed rings. Dazed, Langdon picks up the receiver.

LANGDON

Hello?

A raspy voice greets Langdon.

KOHLER (O.S.)

I'm looking for Robert Langdon.

Langdon sits up in his empty bed.

LANGDON

This . . . is Langdon.

He squints at his digital clock. It is 5:18 A.M.

KOHLER (O.S.)

I must see you immediately.

LANGDON

Who is this?

KOHLER (O.S.)

My name is Maximilian Kohler. I'm a
discrete particle physicist.

LANGDON

I'm not sure what particles have to
be discrete about. Are you sure
you've got the right Langdon?

KOHLER (O.S.)

You're a professor of religious iconology at Harvard University. You've written three books on symbology and-

Langdon looks at the clock.

LANGDON

Do you know what time it is?

KOHLER (O.S.)

I apologize. I have something you need to see. I can't discuss it on the phone.

Langdon's eyes roll back.

LANGDON

How did you get my number?

KOHLER (O.S.)

On the Worldwide Web. The site for your book. I need to see you. I'll pay you well.

LANGDON

I'm not going anywhere! It's five o'clock in the morning!

Langdon hangs up and collapses back in bed. He closes his eyes and tries to fall back asleep. He sits up.

INT LANGDON'S HALLWAY - LATER

Langdon opens the door and exits the bathroom. He notices an incoming fax in his study. Langdon walks into the study and retrieves the paper.

ON FAX

The image on the page is a human corpse. The body has been stripped naked, and its head has been twisted, facing completely backward. On the victim's chest was a terrible burn. The man had been branded with an anagram of the word Illuminati.

LANGDON
Illuminati. It can't be . . .

Langdon rotates the fax 180 degrees. He looks at the word upside down. Langdon's eyes are drawn to the blinking red light on his fax machine. He picks up the receiver.

KOHLER (O.S.)
Do I have your attention now?

LANGDON
Yes, sir, you damn well do.

KOHLER (O.S.)
I tried to tell you before. I'm a physicist. I run a research facility. We've had a murder. You saw the body.

LANGDON
How did you find me?

Langdon can barely focus. His mind is racing from the image on the fax.

KOHLER
I have people here at the lab very adept at extracting user information from the Web.

LANGDON
Sounds like your lab knows a lot about the Web.

KOHLER
We should, we invented it. Mr. Langdon, I must see you. This is not a matter we can discuss on the phone. My lab is only an hour's flight from Boston.

Langdon stands in the dim light of his study and analyzes the fax in his hand.

KOHLER (CONT'D)
I've taken the liberty of sending a plane for you. It will be in Boston

in twenty minutes. Please forgive my presumption. I need you here.

Langdon looks again at the fax.

LANGDON

You win. Tell me where to meet the plane.

INT DARK CHAMBER - DAY

A dark stone chamber. An unseen man is seated in the shadows talking to the HASSASSIN, a powerful man of Arabic descent.

JANUS

Benvenuto, were you successful?

HASSASSIN

Si. Perfectamente.

JANUS

And there will be no doubt who is responsible?

THE HASSASSIN

None.

JANUS

Superb. Do you have what I asked for?

The Hassassin produces a heavy electronic device and sets it on the table. It an antimatter canister.

JANUS (CONT'D)

You have done well.

THE HASSASSIN

Serving the brotherhood is an honor.

JANUS

Phase two begins shortly. Get some rest. Tonight we change the world.

The Hassassin nods solemnly.

JANUS

You doubted me and the brotherhood
when you were first contacted.

THE HASSASSIN

I was taught that the brothers had
faded to dust.

JANUS

A devious ploy. The most dangerous
enemy is that which no one fears.

THE HASSASSIN

But they live.

JANUS

Deeper underground than ever before.
Our roots infiltrate everything you
see . . . even the sacred fortress of
our most sworn enemy.

THE HASSASSIN

And the device?

The electronic device's electronic timer displays 22:28:23 and
counting backward.

JANUS

I will use all the brotherhood's
power to ensure the placement.

EXT AIRPORT HANGER - MORNING

Langdon's Saab 900S pulls into a hanger parking lot. He parks
and exits the vehicle and is greeted by a man in a blue flight
suit who emerges from behind the building.

PILOT

Mr. Langdon?

LANGDON

That's me.

PILOT

Perfect timing, I've just landed.
Follow me, please.

The man leads Langdon around the corner onto the runway. Langdon stops dead in his tracks and gapes at the aircraft parked on the tarmac. The enormous aircraft looks like the space shuttle except that the top has been shaved off.

LANGDON

We're riding in that?

The pilot grins.

PILOT

Like it?

Langdon stares a moment.

LANGDON

Like it? What the hell is it?

PILOT

This one's a prototype of the Boeing X-33. Runs on slush hydrogen. You can kiss conventional jets good-bye.

Langdon looks up warily at the craft.

LANGDON

I think I'd prefer a conventional jet.

The pilot motions up the gangplank.

PILOT

This way, please, Mr. Langdon. Watch your step.

INT PLANE - MOMENTS LATER

Langdon is seated inside the empty cabin as the engines roar to life beneath him, sending a deep shudder through the hull. A phone on the wall beside him beeps twice. Langdon lifts the receiver.

LANGDON

Hello?

PILOT (O.S.)

Comfortable, Mr. Langdon?

Langdon looks around at the windowless interior.

LANGDON
Not at all.

PILOT (O.S.)
Just relax. We'll be there in an hour.

LANGDON
And where exactly is there?

PILOT (O.S.)
Geneva. The lab's in Geneva.

A small, relieved smile crosses Langdon's face.

LANGDON
Upstate New York. I've actually got
family near Seneca Lake. I wasn't
aware Geneva had a physics lab.

The pilot laughs.

PILOT (O.S.)
Not Geneva, New York, Mr. Langdon.
Geneva, Switzerland.

The word takes a long moment to register.

LANGDON
Switzerland? I thought you said the
lab was only an hour away?

PILOT (O.S.)
It is, Mr. Langdon. This plane goes
Mach fifteen.

EXT AIRPORT - DAY

A slightly air-sick Langdon steps down the gangplank onto the
runway. The pilot greets him.

PILOT
Welcome to Switzerland. You just
crossed six time zones. It's a little
past 1:00 P.M. local time

Langdon checks his watch. It reads 7:07 A.M.

INT PEUGEOT - DAY

Langdon watches as the pilot pushes the speedometer up around 170 kilometers an hour-over 100 miles per hour.

PILOT
Your first time at the lab?

LANGDON
Yes.

PILOT
We're like a small city. Not just labs.
We've got supermarkets, a hospital,
even a cinema.

Langdon nods blankly and looks out at the sprawling expanse of buildings rising before them.

PILOT (CONT'D)
In fact, we possess the largest
machine on earth.

LANGDON
Really?

Langdon scans the countryside.

PILOT
You won't see it out there, sir. It's
buried six stories below the earth.

Langdon can see the facility's main entrance in the distance; a rectangular, ultramodern structure of glass and steel.

LANGDON
Is that a church?

The pilot laughs.

PILOT

Hell, no. A church is the one thing
we don't have. Physics is the
religion around here.

The car stops in front of the glass building. The sign on the
building says CERN - Conseil Européen pour la Recherche
Nucléaire

EXT CERN MAIN ENTERENCE - DAY

The driver exits the vehicle and opens Langdon's door. Langdon
steps from the vehicle. A man, MAX KOHLER, 63, in a wheelchair
exits the building. Max accelerates toward Langdon and offers
a hand. Langdon takes his hand and shakes.

KOHLER

Mr. Langdon? We spoke on the phone.
My name is Maximilian Kohler,
director general of CERN. Please,
come with me.

Langdon follows as Kohler turns his wheelchair and starts back
toward the main entrance. Kohler's wheelchair is equipped with
a bank of electronics including a multiline phone, a paging
system, computer screen, and a small, detachable video camera.

EXT CERN MAIN BUILDING - DAY

Langdon follows past countless hallways branching off the main
atrium. Every hallway is alive with activity.

LANGDON

I'm embarrassed to admit that I've
never heard of CERN.

KOHLER

Not surprising. Most Americans do not
see Europe as the world leader in
scientific research. They see us as
nothing but a quaint shopping
district-an odd perception if you
consider the nationalities of men
like Einstein, Galileo, and Newton.

Langdon, unsure how to respond, pulls Kohler's fax from his coat
pocket.

LANGDON

This man in the photograph, can you-

KOHLER

Please. Not here. I am taking you to him now.

Langdon slows to read the engraved bronze as they pass.

ARS ELECTRONICA AWARD For Cultural Innovation in the Digital Age Awarded to Tim Berners Lee and CERN for the invention of the WORLDWIDE WEB

KOHLER (CONT'D)

The Web began here as a network of in-house computer sites. It enabled scientists from different departments to share daily findings with one another. Of course, the entire world is under the impression the Web is U.S. technology

LANGDON

Why not set the record straight?

KOHLER (DISINTERESTED)

A petty misconception over a petty technology. CERN is far greater than a global connection of computers. Our scientists produce miracles almost daily.

LANGDON

Miracles?

KOHLER

You sound skeptical; I thought you were a religious symbologist. Do you not believe in miracles?

LANGDON

Let's say that I'm undecided on miracles.

KOHLER

Perhaps miracle is the wrong word. I was simply trying to speak your language.

LANGDON

I study religious symbology, Mr. Kohler, I'm an academic, not a priest.

KOHLER

Of course. How simple of me. One does not need to have cancer to analyze its symptoms.

EXT CERN REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

Kohler and Langdon emerge from the rear of CERN's main complex. Scholarly looking individuals hustle and out of buildings.

KOHLER

We have over three thousand physicists here. Our physicists represent over five hundred universities and sixty nationalities.

LANGDON

How do they all communicate?

KOHLER

English, of course. The universal language of science.

LANGDON

I thought math was the universal language of science.

Kohler ignores the statement or question.

KOHLER

The men and women of CERN are here to find answers to the same questions man has been asking since the beginning of time. Where did we come from? What are we made of?

LANGDON

And these answers are in a physics lab?

KOHLER

You sound surprised.

LANGDON

I am. The questions seem spiritual.

KOHLER

Mr. Langdon, all questions were once spiritual. Since the beginning of time, spirituality and religion have been called on to fill in the gaps that science did not understand.

Langdon and Kohler reach a large, well-kept dormitory.

INT BUILDING C - DAY

Langdon follows Kohler down a corridor.

KOHLER

He missed a meeting with me this morning and did not answer his page. I came here and found him dead in his living room.

Kohler leads the way to the far end of the hallway. There is a single door. The name plate reads: Leonardo Vetra

KOHLER (CONT'D)

Leonardo Vetra was one of the most brilliant scientists of our time. His death is a profound loss for science.

Langdon looks around.

LANGDON

Where is everyone? The police?

KOHLER

Police?

Kohler reaches in his pocket and begins sifting through a large key ring.

LANGDON

Police. You sent me a fax of a homicide. You must have called the police.

Kohler pauses, his key halfway into the lock.

KOHLER

The situation is complex, Mr. Langdon.

LANGDON

No one else knows about this?

KOHLER

Leonardo's adopted daughter. She is also a physicist here at CERN. She and her father share a lab. Ms. Vetra has been away this week doing field research. I have notified her of her father's death, and she is returning as we speak.

LANGDON

Mr. Kohler, a man has been murd-

KOHLER

A formal investigation will take place. However, it will most certainly involve a search of Vetra's lab, a space he and his daughter hold most private. Therefore, it will wait until Ms. Vetra has arrived. I feel I owe her at least that modicum of discretion.

Kohler turns the key and the door swings open.

INT VETRA LIVING ROOM - DAY

The late Leonardo Vetra lay on his back stripped naked. His neck bones are jutting out where they have been broken, and his head is twisted completely backward. His face pressed against the floor. The brand can be seen.

LANGDON

How much about the wound do you already know?

KOHLER

Only what I had time to read on your website. It is the name of some sort of ancient brotherhood.

LANGDON

Had you heard the name before?

KOHLER

Not until I saw it on Mr. Vetra.

LANGDON

And you found me?

KOHLER

As a scientist I have come to learn that information is only as valuable as its source. Your credentials seemed authentic.

Langdon's eyes are still riveted on the body.

LANGDON

There has always been a deep rift between science and religion. Outspoken scientists like Copernicus...

KOHLER

...were murdered by the church for revealing scientific truths. Religion has always persecuted science.

LANGDON

In the 1500s, a group of men in Rome fought back against the church. Some of Italy's most enlightened men-physicists, mathematicians, astronomers-began meeting secretly to share their concerns about the church's inaccurate teachings. They feared that the church's monopoly on

'truth' threatened academic enlightenment around the world. They founded the world's first scientific think tank, calling themselves 'the enlightened ones.'

KOHLER

The Illuminati.

LANGDON

They were hunted ruthlessly by the Catholic Church. They stayed safe through rites of secrecy. Word spread through the academic underground, and the Illuminati brotherhood grew to include academics from all over Europe. The scientists met regularly in Rome at the Church of Illumination.

Kohler coughs and shifts in his chair.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

Many of the Illuminati wanted to combat the church's tyranny with acts of violence, but their most revered member persuaded them against it. He was a pacifist, as well as one of history's most famous scientists, Galileo Galilei.

KOHLER

Galileo an Illuminatus as well as a devout Catholic?

LANGDON

He tried to soften the church's position on science by saying that science did not undermine the existence of God, but rather reinforced it.

Kohler simply sits in his wheelchair and stares.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

Unfortunately the unification of science and religion was not what the church wanted.

KOHLER

So the church tried Galileo as a heretic, found him guilty, and put him under permanent house arrest. I am quite aware of scientific history, Mr. Langdon. But this was all centuries ago. What does it have to do with Leonardo Vetra?

LANGDON

Galileo's arrest threw the Illuminati into upheaval. The church discovered the identities of four members, who they captured and interrogated. But the four scientists revealed nothing . . . even under torture.

KOHLER

Torture?

Langdon nods.

LANGDON

They were branded alive. On the chest. With the symbol of a cross.

Kohler's eyes widen, and he shoots an uneasy glance at Vetra's body.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

Their dead bodies were dropped in the streets of Rome as a warning to others thinking of joining the Illuminati. The remaining Illuminati fled Italy.

Langdon pauses to make his point. He looks directly into Kohler's dead eyes.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

The Illuminati went deep underground and their power grew to the point where the church considered them the single most dangerous anti-Christian force on earth. The Vatican denounced the brotherhood as Shaitan.

KOHLER

Shaitan?

LANGDON

It's Islamic. It means 'adversary' . . . God's adversary. The church chose Islam for the name because it was a language they considered dirty. Shaitan is the root of an English word . . .Satan.

An uneasiness crosses Kohler's face.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

Mr. Kohler, I do not know how or why, but you are looking at the long-lost symbol of the world's oldest and most powerful satanic cult.

EXT EUROPEON CITY - DAY

The Hassassin strides down the alley. He arrives at a nondescript door and rings the bell. A view slit in the door opens, and two brown eyes studies him appraisingly. The door swings open.

INT EUROPEON BROTHEL - DAY

A well-dressed woman ushers the Hassassin into an impeccably furnished sitting room where the lights are low. The air is laced with expensive perfume and musk.

MADAM

Welcome.

She hands him a book of photographs.

MADAM (CONT'D)

Ring me when you have made your choice.

The Hassassin smiles as the Madam leaves the room. He opens the album and examines the photos. He presses a button on the table beside him. A minute later the woman who greeted him reappears. He indicates his selection. She smiles.

MADAM (CONT'D)

Follow me.

The Hassassin follows her down the hallway and smiles to himself. She pushes a door open. A woman, nude, lying on her back, her arms tied to the bedposts with thick velvet cords. He crosses the room and runs a dark finger across her ivory abdomen.

INT VETRA LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kohler and Langdon are still in the Vetra living room.

KOHLER

This is the symbol of a satanic cult?

LANGDON

The Illuminati were satanic. Not the way most people pictured satanic cults as devil-worshiping fiends. Satanists historically were educated men who stood as adversaries to the church.

Kohler looks unsettled.

KOHLER

So this symbol means the Illuminati brotherhood is resurfacing?

LANGDON

After they fled Rome, they traveled across Europe looking for a safe place. They were taken in by another secret society . . . a brotherhood of wealthy Bavarian stone craftsmen called the Freemasons.

Kohler looks startled.

KOHLER

The Masons? The Masons are not satanic.

LANGDON

In the 1700s, the Masons unknowingly became a front for the Illuminati. They quietly reestablished their scientific brotherhood deep within the Masons. The Illuminati used the worldwide connection of Masonic lodges to spread their influence.

Langdon draws a breath before racing on.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

They feared that if religion continued to promote myth as fact, scientific progress would halt, and

LANGDON (CONT'D)

mankind would be doomed to an ignorant future of senseless holy wars.

KOHLER

Much like we see today. Mr. Langdon, please sit down.

Langdon sits.

KOHLER (CONT'D)

I am not sure I understand everything you have just told me, but I do understand this. Leonardo Vetra was one of CERN's greatest assets. He was also a friend. I need you to help me locate the Illuminati.

LANGDON

I don't think this brand was put here by the Illuminati. There has been no evidence of their existence for over half a century, and most scholars agree the Illuminati have been gone for many years.

The words hit silence.

KOHLER

How the hell can you tell me this group is extinct when their name is seared into this man?

LANGDON

The Illuminati had a strict code of morality regarding who they saw as enemies. They held men of science in the highest regard. There is no way they would have murdered a fellow scientist like Leonardo Vetra.

Kohler's eyes turn to ice.

KOHLER

Perhaps I failed to mention that Leonardo Vetra was anything but an ordinary scientist.

LANGDON

Mr. Kohler, I'm sure Leonardo Vetra was brilliant in many ways, but the fact remains-

Kohler spins in his wheelchair and accelerates out of the living room. Langdon groans and follows. Kohler is waiting for him in a room at the end of the hallway.

INT VETRA STUDY - DAY

Langdon joins Kohler in the study and looks around the room.

KOHLER

This is Leonardo's study. Perhaps when you see it you'll understand things differently.

INT SECURITY ROOM - DAY

A guard sits before a bank of video monitors. He watches live feeds from hundreds of wireless video cameras in the complex. The images show: hallway, office, industrial-size kitchen. Suddenly an image before him registers alarm. His hand shoots

out and hits a button on the control panel. The picture before him freezes. It's the antimatter canister.

INT VETRA STUDY - DAY

Langdon stares in bewilderment at the study before him.

LANGDON

What is this place?

On the far wall, dominating the decor is an enormous wooden crucifix, which Langdon placed as fourteenth-century Spanish. Above the cruciform, suspended from the ceiling, is a metallic mobile of the orbiting planets. A leather-bound Bible sits on Vetra's desk beside a plastic Bohr model of an atom and a miniature replica of Michelangelo's Moses.

KOHLER

Leonardo was a Catholic priest.

Langdon turns.

LANGDON

A priest? I thought you said he was a physicist.

KOHLER

He was both. Men of science and religion are not unprecedented in history. Leonardo was one of them. He considered physics 'God's natural law.' Through science he hoped to prove God's existence to the doubting masses. He considered himself a theo-physicist.

LANGDON

Theo-physicist? Spirituality and physics?

KOHLER

He was starting to fuse science and religion . . . showing that they complement each other in most unanticipated ways.

A beeping sound cuts the air. Kohler reaches down into the array

of electronics on his wheelchair. He slips a beeper out of its holder and reads the incoming message.

KOHLER

That is Leonardo's daughter. Ms. Vetra is arriving at the helipad right now. We will meet her there. I think it best she not come up here and see her father this way.

They start to leave the apartment.

KOHLER

I will ask Ms. Vetra to explain the project she and her father have been working on . . . perhaps shedding light on why he was murdered.

LANGDON

You think Vetra's work is why he was killed?

KOHLER

Quite possibly. Leonardo told me he was working on something groundbreaking. He had a private lab and demanded seclusion, which I gladly afforded him on account of his brilliance. There is, however, one more thing you need to know before we leave this flat. An item was stolen from Vetra by his murderer.

The director propels his wheelchair back into the living room. Kohler maneuvers to within inches of Vetra's body and stops. He ushers Langdon to join him.

KOHLER

Look at his face.

Langdon kneels down. Kohler reaches down and twists Vetra's head. Cracking loudly, the corpse's face rotates into view.

LANGDON

Sweet Jesus!

Vetra's face is covered in blood. A single hazel eye stares back.

The other socket is empty.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

They stole his eye?

EXT BUILDING C - DAY

Langdon follows Kohler out of Building C, veering up a steep path.

KOHLER

This way, please. Ms. Vetra will be arriving any moment.

The electric wheelchair seemed to accelerate effortlessly. Langdon hurried to keep up.

KOHLER

Do you still doubt the Illuminati's involvement?

Langdon has no idea what to think anymore.

LANGDON

The Illuminati have always been more deliberate.

KOHLER

Surgically removing someone's eyeball is not deliberate?

LANGDON

It sends no clear message.

Kohler's wheelchair stopped short at the top of the hill. He turns.

KOHLER

Mr. Langdon, believe me, that missing eye does indeed serve a higher purpose . . . a much higher purpose.

EXT HELIPAD - DAY

Vittoria Vetra, 33, emerges from the fuselage. She is Italian, tall with chestnut skin and long black hair. Scuba gear is being

unloaded.

KOHLER (CONT'D)

She was doing biological research in
the Balearic Sea

LANGDON

I thought you said she was a
physicist!

KOHLER

She is. Shes a Bio Entanglement
Physicist. She studies the
interconnectivity of life systems.

Vittoria approaches the men. She has been crying.

KOHLER (CONT'D)

Vittoria, My deepest condolences.
It's a terrible loss for science . . .
for all of us here at CERN.

Vittoria nods gratefully.

KOHLER (CONT'D)

Vittoria, My deepest condolences.
It's a terrible loss for science . . .
for all of us here at CERN.

VITTORIA

Do you know who is responsible yet?

KOHLER

We're still working on it.

VITTORIA

My name is Vittoria Vetra. You're
from Interpol, I assume?

She turns to Langdon, holding out a hand. Langdon takes her hand.

LANGDON

Robert Langdon.

KOHLER

Mr. Langdon is not with the authorities. He is a specialist from the U.S. He's here to help us locate who is responsible for this situation.

VITTORIA
And the police?

Kohler exhales but said nothing.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)
Where is his body?

KOHLER
Being attended to.

VITTORIA
I want to see him.

KOHLER
Vittoria, your father was brutally murdered. You would be better to remember him as he was.

VITTORIA
Who has been informed?

KOHLER (CONT'D)
Vittoria, as soon as I report your father's murder, there will be an investigation of CERN, including a thorough examination of his lab. Before we report anything to the authorities I need to know what you two were working on. I need you to take us to your lab.

VITTORIA
The lab is irrelevant. Nobody knew what my father and I were doing. The experiment could not possibly have anything to do with my father's murder.

KOHLER

Evidence suggests otherwise.

VITTORIA
What evidence?

KOHLER
You'll just have to trust me.

INT HALLWAY - DAY

The door of the elevator opens. Vittoria and Kohler step inside. Langdon hesitates outside the open doors.

KOHLER
Is something wrong?

LANGDON
Not at all.

Langdon steps into the open elevator.

KOHLER
Dr. Vetra's lab is subterranean. Six stories.

LANGDON
Great.

Langdon is relieved when the elevator stops. But when the doors slide open, his relief evaporates.

INT HALL ACCELERATOR LEVEL - DAY

The passageway stretches out indefinitely in both directions, left and right. Brightly lit where they stand, the corridor turns pitch black farther down. Vittoria remains silent as she exits the elevator and strides off without hesitation into the darkness. Langdon and Kohler follow her. The lights extinguish automatically behind them.

LANGDON
This particle accelerator. It's down this tunnel someplace?

Kohler motioned to his left where a polished, chrome tube runs along the tunnel's inner wall.

KOHLER

That's it there.

Langdon eyed the tube, confused.

LANGDON

That's the accelerator?

It is perfectly straight, about three feet in diameter, and extended horizontally the visible length of the tunnel before disappearing into the darkness.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

I thought particle accelerators were circular.

KOHLER

This accelerator is a circle. It appears straight, but that is an optical illusion. The LHC is the largest machine in the world. It is over eight kilometers in diameter . . . and twenty-seven kilometers long.

Langdon looks into the darkened tunnel before him.

LANGDON

This tunnel is twenty-seven kilometers long? That's . . . that's over sixteen miles!

KOHLER

Bored in a perfect circle. It extends all the way into France before curving back here to this spot. Fully accelerated particles will circle the tube more than ten thousand times in a single second before they collide.

LANGDON

You're telling me that CERN dug out millions of tons of earth just to smash tiny particles?

Kohler shrugged.

KOHLER

Sometimes to find truth, one must
move mountains.

INT SECURITY ROOM - DAY

A technician monitors the security video screens. A guard's voice is heard over the walkie-talkie.

GUARD

Okay, I'm in the hallway.

TECHNICIAN

You're looking for camera #86. It's
supposed to be at the far end.

There is a long silence on the radio. Finally his radio clicked.

GUARD

The camera isn't here I can see where
it was mounted, though. Somebody must
have removed it.

The technician exhales heavily.

TECHNICIAN

Thanks. Hold on a second.

The technician looks to the bank of video screen in front of
him. The antimatter canister. He dials his superior.

EXT ORPHANAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK

An eight-year-old Vittoria, lays in the rain outside of
Orfanotrofio di Siena, a Catholic orphanage near Florence. She
stares up at the raindrops . . . feeling them hit her body.

ON THE NUN IN THE DOORWAY

NUN

Vittoria!

The nun calls again. Vittoria ignores her call.

NUN (CONT'D)

Vittoria!

A priest appears next to the nun. He whispers to the nun who then leaves. The priest walks over to join Vittoria and lays down beside her, soaking his robes in a puddle.

LEONARDO

They say you ask a lot of questions.

VITTORIA

Are questions bad?

He laughs.

LEONARDO

I'd say they were right.

VITTORIA

What are you doing out here?

LEONARDO

Same thing you're doing . . .
wondering why raindrops fall.

VITTORIA

I'm not wondering why they fall! I
already know!

LEONARDO

You do?

VITTORIA

Sister Francisca says raindrops are
angels' tears coming down to wash
away our sins.

LEONARDO

So that explains it.

VITTORIA

No it doesn't! Raindrops fall because
everything falls! Everything falls!
Not just rain!

LEONARDO

You know, young lady, you're right.
Everything does fall. It must be
gravity.

VITTORIA
It must be what?

LEONARDO
You haven't heard of gravity?

VITTORIA
No.

The priest shrugs sadly.

LEONARDO
Too bad. Gravity answers a lot of questions.

VITTORIA
What's gravity? Tell me!

LEONARDO
What do you say I tell you over dinner?

INT STUDY - DAY

Leonardo Vetra and Vittoria reading a book.

EXT ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

Leonardo Vetra and Vittoria looking at the stars.

INT ORPHANAGE - DAY

Leonardo Vetra and the head of the orphanage are seated in the in the main living room. Vittoria enters the room.

LEONARDO
I'm moving to Switzerland. I have a grant to study physics at the University of Geneva.

VITTORIA
Physics? I thought you loved God?

LEONARDO
I do, very much. Which is why I want to study his divine rules. The laws

of physics are the canvas God laid down on which to paint his masterpiece.

Vittoria is devastated.

LEONARDO (CONT'D)

I may need an assistant. Would you like me to adopt you?

VITTORIA

Oh yes! Yes!

Vittoria hugs him for five minutes, crying tears of joy.

INT HALL ACCELERATOR LEVEL - DAY

They continue toward the lab.

KOHLER

Vittoria, I should mention that I came down here this morning looking for your father. And imagine my surprise when I discovered he had replaced CERN's standard keypad security with something else.

Kohler motions to an intricate electronic device mounted beside the door.

VITTORIA

I apologize. You know how he was about privacy. He didn't want anyone but the two of us to have access.

KOHLER

Fine. Open the door.

Vittoria steps up to the device and carefully aligns her right eye with a protruding lens that looks like a telescope. A shaft of light oscillates back and forth, scanning her eyeball like a copy machine.

VITTORIA

It's a retina scan. Authorized for two retina patterns only. Mine and my father's.

Langdon looks beneath the scanner on the white tile floor and sees faint droplets of dried blood. The steel door slides open and the three of them walk through.

INT BROTHEL BEDROOM - DAY

The woman's hands are tied, her wrists now purple and swollen. The Hassassin lay beside her admiring his naked prize.

INT VETRA'S LAB - DAY

Vetra's lab is filled computers and specialized electronic equipment. In the center of the room a series of short pillars rise from the floor. The pillars are about three feet tall, and each support a thick, transparent canister about the size of a tennis ball can.

KOHLER

Has anything been stolen?

VITTORIA

Stolen? How? The retina scan only allows entry to us.

KOHLER

Just look around.

Vittoria surveys the room for a few moments. She shrugs.

VITTORIA

Everything looks as my father always leaves it.

Kohler moves his wheelchair toward the center of the room, surveying the mysterious cluster of seemingly empty canisters.

VITTORIA

My father hoped to prove that science and religion are two totally compatible fields, two different approaches to finding the same truth. And recently he found a way to do that.

Kohler says nothing.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)

He devised an experiment that he hoped would settle one of the bitterest conflicts in the history of science and religion.

Langdon wondered which conflict she could mean.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)

Creationism. The battle over how the universe came to be. The Bible states that God created the universe. God said, 'Let there be light,' and everything we see appeared out of a vast emptiness. Unfortunately, one of the fundamental laws of physics states that matter cannot be created out of nothing.

LANGDON

The idea that God allegedly created "something from nothing" was totally contrary to accepted laws of modern physics and so scientists claim the book of Genesis was scientifically impossible. My father had always believed in God's involvement in the Big Bang.

She simply points to a message on the wall.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION ARE NOT AT ODDS.

SCIENCE IS SIMPLY TOO YOUNG TO UNDERSTAND.

VITTORIA

He designed an experiment to prove Genesis was possible.

LANGDON

He proved Genesis? Matter from nothing?

VITTORIA

My father created a universe . . . from nothing at all.

KOHLER

How?

VITTORIA

He recreated the Big Bang.

VITTORIA

It was done on a much smaller scale.

LANGDON

Matter out of nothing?

VITTORIA

He proved not only that matter can be created from nothing, but that the Big Bang and Genesis can be explained simply by accepting the presence of an enormous source of energy.

When Kohler finally speaks, his voice is somber.

KOHLER

Vittoria, you have me at a loss. It sounds like you're telling me your father created matter . . . out of nothing?

Vittoria motions to the canisters.

VITTORIA

There is the proof. In those canisters are specimens of the matter he created.

Kohler coughed and moved toward the canisters.

VITTORIA

These particles are unique. They are a type of matter that does not exist anywhere on earth.

KOHLER

There is only one type of matter, and it-

Kohler stops short.

VITTORIA

You've lectured on it yourself,
director. The universe contains two
kinds of matter.

Vittoria turns to Langdon.

VITTORIA

Mr. Langdon, what does the Bible say
about the Creation? What did God
create?

Langdon felt awkward, not sure what this has to do with anything.

LANGDON

Um, God created . . . light and dark,
heaven and hell-

VITTORIA

Exactly. He created everything in
opposites. Symmetry. Perfect balance

She turns back to Kohler.

VITTORIA

Director, science claims the same
thing as religion, that the Big Bang
created everything in the universe
with an opposite.

KOHLER

Including matter itself.

VITTORIA

And when my father ran his experiment,
sure enough, two kinds of matter
appeared.

Kohler is angry.

KOHLER

The substance you speak of only
exists elsewhere in the universe.

VITTORIA

Exactly, which is proof that the particles in these canisters had to be created.

Kohler looks carefully at the canisters.

VITTORIA (CON'T)

Director, you are looking at the world's first specimens of antimatter.

INT DARK TUNNEL - DAY

The Hassassin walks in the dark tunnel, a torch in his hand. He reaches an iron door. He waits in the darkness and checks his watch. There is a loud clank of heavy keys on the other side of the door. The Hassassin waits patiently as he had been told then pushes the door open.

INT VETRA'S LAB - DAY

Langdon, Kohler and Vittoria are stand near the canisters.

VITTORIA

Two kinds of matter were created in the Big Bang. One matter is the kind we see here on earth, making up rocks, trees, people. The other is its inverse-identical to matter in all respects except that the charges of its particles are reversed.

KOHLER

But there are enormous technological barriers to actually storing antimatter.

VITTORIA

My father built a reverse polarity vacuum to pull the antimatter positrons out of the accelerator before they could decay.

He looks up at Vittoria in clear astonishment.

KOHLER

These canisters are made of matter. Antimatter cannot be stored inside canisters made out of matter. The antimatter would instantly react with-

VITTORIA

The canisters are called 'antimatter traps' because they literally trap the antimatter in the center of the canister, suspending it at a safe distance from the sides and bottom between two intersecting magnetic fields.

KOHLER

How much do have you collected?

VITTORIA

A liquid plasma containing millions of positrons.

KOHLER

Millions? But a few particles is all anyone has ever detected . . . anywhere.

Kohler returns his gaze to the canister on the pedestal.

VITTORIA

Antimatter is highly unstable and is the mirror image of matter, so the two instantly cancel each other out if

VITTORIA (CON'T)

they come in contact. Keeping antimatter isolated from matter is a challenge, of course, because everything on earth is made of matter. The samples have to be stored without ever touching anything at all-even air.

Langdon is amazed.

KOHLER

These antimatter traps? They are your father's design?

VITTORIA

Actually they are mine. Each canister has two electromagnets, one at each end. The opposing magnetic fields intersect in the center of the canister and hold the antimatter there, suspended in a vacuum.

Langdon looks at the canister. Antimatter floating in a vacuum, not touching anything at all.

KOHLER

Where's the power source for the magnets?

VITTORIA

In the pillar beneath the trap. The canisters are screwed into a docking port that continuously recharges them so the magnets never fail.

KOHLER

And if the field fails?

VITTORIA

The antimatter falls out of suspension, hits the bottom of the trap, and we see an annihilation.

LANGDON

Annihilation?

VITTORIA

Yes. If antimatter and matter make contact, both are destroyed instantly. Here, let me demonstrate

She reaches for the canister and started to unscrew it from its charging podium.

KOHLER

Vittoria! Is that wise?

VITTORIA

Director it's perfectly safe. Every trap has a failsafe-a back-up battery in case it is removed from its recharger.

Kohler looks uncertain the settles back into his chair.

VITTORIA

The batteries activate automatically when the trap is moved from the recharger. They work for twenty-four hours. Antimatter has some astonishing characteristics, Mr. Langdon, which makes it quite dangerous. A ten milligram sample - the volume of a grain of sand - is hypothesized to hold as much energy as about two hundred metric tons of conventional rocket fuel. It's the energy source of tomorrow. A thousand times more powerful than nuclear energy. One hundred percent efficient. No byproducts. No radiation. No pollution. A few grams could power a major city for a week.

She reaches for the canister again removes it from the docking platform.

VITTORIA

These samples are minuscule fractions of a gram-millionths. Relatively harmless.

As the trap comes free, a small LED display is activated near the base of the trap. The red digits blinked, counting down from twenty-four hours. Vittoria leads Langdon and Kohler to the far end of the room. She pulls a curtain aside to reveal a window, beyond which is a large room. The walls, floors, and ceiling are entirely plated in steel.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)

It's an annihilation tank.

LANGDON

You actually observe annihilations?

VITTORIA

My father was fascinated with the physics of the Big Bang—large amounts of energy from minuscule kernels of matter.

Vittoria pulls open a steel drawer beneath the window. She placed the trap inside the drawer and closed it. Then she pulls a lever beside the drawer. The trap appears on the other side of the glass, rolling across the metal floor until it comes to a stop near the center of the room.

VITTORIA

You're about to witness your first antimatter-matter annihilation.

The antimatter trap sits alone on the floor of the enormous tank.

VITTORIA

This chamber contains magnets beneath the floor that can override the trap, pulling the antimatter out of suspension. And when the matter and antimatter touch . . .

LANGDON

Annihilation?

VITTORIA

One more thing. Antimatter releases pure energy. A one hundred percent conversion of mass to photons. So don't look directly at the sample. Shield your eyes.

Vittoria presses the button. A brilliant point of light shone in the canister and then exploded outward in a shock wave of light that radiated in all directions, erupting against the window before him with thunderous force. The light burns bright for a moment, searing, and then, after an instant, it rushes back inward, absorbing in on itself, and collapsing into a tiny speck that disappeared to nothing. Langdon squints into the smoldering chamber. The canister on the floor has entirely disappeared.

LANGDON

G . . . God.

VITTORIA

That's precisely what my father said.

Kohler is staring into the annihilation chamber with a look of utter amazement at the spectacle he has just seen. Langdon is beside him, looking even more dazed.

KOHLER

Why did you wait so long, Vittoria?
You and your father should have told
me about this discovery immediately.

VITTORIA

Director, I want to see my father.

Kohler turns slowly, apparently not hearing her.

KOHLER

Do you know what this technology
implies?

VITTORIA

Yes. Revenue for CERN. A lot of it.
Now I want -

KOHLER

Is that why you kept it secret?
Because you feared the board and I
would vote to license it out?

VITTORIA

My father wanted time to present
antimatter in the appropriate light.
For science and religion.

KOHLER

And you?

VITTORIA

The environment. Limitless energy.
Antimatter technology could save the
planet.

LANGDON

Or destroy it.

Kohler appears worried.

KOHLER

Who else knew about this?

VITTORIA

No one. I told you that.

KOHLER

Then why do you think your father was killed?

VITTORIA

I have no idea. We swore to each other to keep it between us for another few months, until we were ready.

KOHLER

And you're certain your father kept his vow of silence?

Vittoria is getting mad

VITTORIA

My father has kept tougher vows than that!

Kohler exhaled. He paused, as though choosing his next words carefully.

KOHLER

Suppose someone did find out. And suppose someone gained access to this lab. What do you imagine they would be after? Did your father have notes down here? Documentation of his processes?

VITTORIA

Director, you keep talking about a break-in, but you saw the retina scan. My father has been vigilant about secrecy and security.

KOHLER

Please, what would be missing?

Vittoria scans the lab.

VITTORIA

Nobody came in here. Everything up here looks fine.

KOHLER

Up here? You're using the lower lab too?

INT LOWER LEVEL - DAY

The elevator opens, and Vittoria leads the way down the corridor to a huge steel door. She approaches the retina scan device and aligns her eye with the lens then pulls back. The lens is spattered with blood. Confused she turns to the two men. Both Kohler and Langdon are white, their eyes fixed on the floor at her feet. Vittoria followed their line of sight down.

LANGDON

No!

Vittoria sees the eyeball on the floor.

INT SECURITY ROOM - DAY

The security technician studies the bank of security monitors as his commander leans over his shoulder as they try to make sense of the antimatter canister.

COMMANDER

Can you lighten the contrast?

The technician turns a knob and the image lightens. The commander leans forward, squinting closer at something on the base of the container. Ever so faintly, printed next to the LED is an acronym. C-E-R-N.

INT LOWER LEVEL LAB - DAY

The three walk into the lower lab. The recharging podium is empty. The canister is gone. Vittoria can barely force the words out.

VITTORIA

My God. Its gone.

LANGDON

How large a specimen did you and your father create?

VITTORIA

A full quarter of a gram.

The blood drains from Kohler's face.

KOHLER

A quarter of a gram? That converts to . . . almost five kilotons.

LANGDON

About 1,000 metric tons of TNT

KOHLER

That much antimatter can literally liquidate everything in a half-mile radius!

Vittoria's expression is one of grief and panic.

KOHLER (CONT'D)

(Softly to Langdon)

Mr. Langdon? You're the specialist. I want to know what these Illuminati bastards intend to do with this antimatter.

Langdon tried to focus.

VITTORIA

We need to call Interpol. We need to call the proper authorities. Immediately.

Kohler shakes his head.

KOHLER

Absolutely not.

LANGDON

No? What do you mean?

KOHLER

I am in a very difficult position here.

VITTORIA

Director, we need help. We need to find that trap and get it back here before someone gets hurt. We have a responsibility!

KOHLER

We have a responsibility to think. This situation could have very, very serious repercussions for CERN.

VITTORIA

You're worried about CERN's reputation? Do you know what that canister could do to an urban area? It has a blast radius of a half mile! Nine city blocks!

KOHLER

Perhaps you and your father should have considered that before you created the specimen.

VITTORIA

But . . . we took every precaution.

KOHLER

Apparently, it was not enough.

INT LOWER LEVEL HALL - DAY

Langdon, Kohler and Vittoria are outside of the lower elevator.

KOHLER

Vittoria, we need to talk. Think of your father. What would he do?

VITTORIA

Nothing. He is dead.

KOHLER

Vittoria, I haven't been totally honest with you.

VITTORIA
Please start then.

KOHLER
I was just trying to protect you. Just tell me what you want. We need to work together here.

VITTORIA
I want to find the antimatter. And I want to know who killed my father.

Kohler sighed.

KOHLER
Vittoria, we already know who killed your father. I'm sorry.

Now Vittoria turns.

VITTORIA
You know who killed my father?

KOHLER
We have a very good idea, yes. The killer left somewhat of a calling card. That's the reason I called Mr. Langdon. The group claiming responsibility is his specialty.

VITTORIA
Mr. Langdon, I want to know who killed my father. And I want to know if your agency can find the antimatter.

Langdon looks flustered.

LANGDON
My agency?

VITTORIA
You're with U.S. Intelligence, I assume.

LANGDON

Actually . . . no.

Kohler intervenes.

KOHLER

Mr. Langdon is a professor of art history at Harvard University.

Vittoria recoils.

VITTORIA

You're an art teacher?

KOHLER

He is a specialist in cult symbology. Vittoria, we believe your father was killed by a satanic cult.

VITTORIA

A satanic cult?

LANGDON

The group claiming responsibility calls themselves the Illuminati.

He reaches for something in his pocket and produces the piece of fax paper. He hands it to her. Vittoria sways in horror as her eyes hit the image.

KOHLER

They branded his chest.

INT - KOHLERS OFFICE - DAY

Kohlars's secretary, SYLVIE, sits at her desk outside his office. Her phone rings.

SYLVIE

Mr. Kohlars's office.

(pause)

Oh, hi Grace. He's not available.

SYLVIE (CON'T)

(pause)

You're kidding, right?

(pause)
I'll locate the director right away.

Sylvie dials Kohler's beeper. No response. Unsure of what to do, she picks up the microphone next to her and switches it on.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)
Maximilian Kohler. Kindly call your
office immediately.

INT HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator doors opens into the main atrium. Every electronic device on Kohler's wheelchair started beeping and buzzing simultaneously.

SYLVIE (O.S.)
Maximilian Kohler. Kindly call your
office immediately.

The sound of his name on the PA seemed to startle Kohler. Kohler takes his cell phone from the armrest. He dials an extension.

KOHLER
This is . . . Director Kohler.
(pause)
Yes? I was subterranean, out of
range.
(pause)
Who?
(pause)
Yes, patch it through.
(pause)
Hello? This is Maximilian Kohler. I
am the director of CERN. With whom am
I speaking?

He listens, his eyes widening.

KOHLER (CONT'D)
It would be unwise to speak of this
by phone. I will be there immediately.
Meet me . . . at Leonardo da Vinci
Airport. Forty minutes.

He descended into a fit of coughing and barely managed to choke out the words.

KOHLER

Locate the canister immediately . . .
I am coming.

Then he clicks off his phone. Vittoria runs to Kohler's side, but Kohler can no longer speak. Langdon watches as Vittoria pulls out her cell phone and punches a few numbers.

VITTORIA

We need an ambulance.

Kohler, still gasping for air, looks up at Vittoria and Langdon.

KOHLER

Rome.

LANGDON

The antimatter is in Rome? Who
called?

Kohler's face is twisted, his eyes watering.

KOHLER

The Swiss . . .

He chokes on the words, and reaches up and grabs Langdon's arm.

KOHLER

Go . . . Go . . . call me . . .

The paramedics arrived and go to work on Kohler. Vittoria turns to Langdon.

VITTORIA

Rome? But . . . what was that about
the Swiss?

LANGDON

The Swiss Guard. The sworn sentinels
of Vatican City.

INT X-33 PLANE - DAY

A tense Langdon and Vittoria are seated in the passenger seats.

VITTORIA

Do you believe in God, Mr. Langdon?

LANGDON

Couldn't we have started with where
are you from, come here often?

Vittoria smiles at him

LANGDON

I want to believe.

VITTORIA

So why don't you?

Langdon smiles back

LANGDON

Well, it's not that easy. Having
faith requires leaps of faith,
acceptance of miracles, codes of
conduct. They claim that if I don't
live by a specific code I will go to
hell. I can't imagine a God who would
rule that way.

VITTORIA

Mr. Langdon, I did not ask if you
believe what man says about God. I
asked if you believed in God. When you
lie out under the stars, do you sense
the divine? Do you feel in your gut
that you are staring up at the work
of God's hand?

Langdon takes a long moment to consider it.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)

Certainly you must debate issues of
faith with your classes.

LANGDON

Endlessly. May I ask you a question,
Ms. Vetra?

VITTORIA

Vittoria.

LANGDON

As a scientist and the daughter of a Catholic priest, what do you think of religion?

VITTORIA

Religion is like language or dress. We gravitate toward the practices with which we were raised. In the end, though, we are all proclaiming the same thing. That life has meaning. That we are grateful for the power that created us.

LANGDON

So you're saying that whether you are a Christian or a Muslim simply depends on where you were born?

VITTORIA

Isn't it obvious? Look at the diffusion of religion around the globe.

LANGDON

So faith is random?

VITTORIA

Hardly. Faith is universal. Some of us pray to Jesus, some of us go to Mecca, some of us study subatomic particles. In the end we are all just searching for truth, that which is greater than ourselves.

LANGDON

And God? Do you believe in God?

VITTORIA

Science tells me God must exist. My mind tells me I will never understand God. And my heart tells me I am not meant to.

Langdon pauses to absorb that thought.

LANGDON

So you believe God is fact, but we will never understand Him.

She smiles at him.

VITTORIA

Mr. Langdon, let me ask you another question.

LANGDON

Robert.

VITTORIA

If you don't mind my asking, Robert, how did you get involved with the Illuminati?

LANGDON

Money as in currency.

He reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out a one-dollar bill.

LANGDON

I became fascinated with the cult when I first learned that U.S. currency is covered with Illuminati symbology.

Langdon hands her the bill.

LANGDON

Look at the back. See the Great Seal on the left?

Vittoria turns the one-dollar bill over.

VITTORIA

You mean the pyramid?

LANGDON

Do you know what pyramids have to do with U.S. history?

Vittoria shrugs.

LANGDON

Exactly. Absolutely nothing.

VITTORIA

So why is it the central symbol of your Great Seal?

LANGDON

An eerie bit of history. The pyramid is an occult symbol representing a convergence upward, toward the ultimate source of Illumination. See what's above it?

VITTORIA

An eye inside a triangle.

LANGDON

It's called the trinacria. Have you ever seen that eye in a triangle anywhere else?

VITTORIA

I have, but I'm not sure . . .

LANGDON

It's emblazoned on Masonic lodges around the world.

VITTORIA

The symbol is Masonic?

LANGDON

It's Illuminati. The eye signifies the Illuminati's ability to infiltrate and watch all things. The shining triangle represents enlightenment.

VITTORIA

So you're saying the U.S. Great Seal is a call for enlightened, all-seeing change?

LANGDON

Some would call it a New World Order.

EXT AIRPORT HANGER - DAY

Langdon and Vittoria wait outside of a private hanger. A helicopter slows overhead, and drops toward the runway in front of them. The craft is white and carries a coat of arms emblazoned on the side—two skeleton keys crossing a shield and papal crown.

VITTORIA

I think our ride's here.

The pilot jumps from the cockpit and strides toward them across the tarmac.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)

That's our pilot?

The pilot is dressed in a traditional Swiss Guard uniform.

LANGDON

Swiss Guard uniforms. Designed by Michelangelo himself. I admit, not one of Michelangelo's better efforts.

PILOT

You are from CERN?

LANGDON

Yes, sir.

PILOT

This way please.

Langdon and Vittoria approach and board the chopper.

PILOT (CONT'D)

Buckle up, please

Langdon reached for his seat belt and strapped himself in. The craft shot up and banked sharply north toward Rome.

PILOT (CONT'D)

Straight ahead.

Langdon and Vittoria look out and sees it: St. Peter's Basilica.

LANGDON

There is something Michelangelo got right.

Langdon looks out at the towering stone bastions ahead.

VITTORIA

Look over there.

She points to a parking lot crowded with a dozen or so news trailer trucks. Huge satellite dishes point skyward from the roof of every truck.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)

Why is the press here? What's going on?

LANGDON

The Cardinals are gathered to elect a new Pope. Every cardinal on the planet is here today. The entire power structure of the Roman Catholic Church is sitting on a time bomb.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL - DAY

CARDINAL MORTATI, 79, looks around the room that is filled with the voices of cardinals from nations around the globe. Cardinal Wolsey from England joins Cardinal Mortati. He leans close.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

It seems that we are missing Cardinal Lamassé, Cardinal Guidera, Cardinal Ebner and Cardinal Baggia.

Cardinal Mortati smiles.

CARDINAL MORTATI

They could not have gone far. The guards are looking for them at this moment.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

These four should be on time.

EXT VATICAN HELIPAD - DAY

Langdon and Vittoria exit the helicopter and climb into a waiting golf cart driven by a Swiss guard.

INT GOLT CART - MOMENTS LATER

Directly ahead is the rear of St. Peter's Basilica.

VITTORIA

Where is everyone?

The guard checks his watch.

GUARD

The cardinals are convened in the Sistine Chapel. Conclave begins in a little under an hour.

LANGDON

What about everyone else?

GUARD

All staff and residents are banned from the city for secrecy and security until the conclave concludes.

LANGDON

And when does it conclude?

The guard shrugs.

GUARD

Only God knows.

EXT SWISS GUARD OFFICE - DAY

Langdon and Vittoria walk up the steps of the Swiss Guard office. Guards on either side of the entrance open the doors.

INT SWISS GUARD OFFICE - DAY

Langdon and Vittoria and enter the office. The room is a full of computers, faxes, electronic maps of the Vatican complex, and televisions tuned to CNN. Guards in colorful pantaloons type on computers and listen intently in headphones. The guards speak in the background about a search that is in progress.

GUARD

Wait here, please. Commander
Olivetti will be with you in a moment.

The guard leaves as an exceptionally tall, wiry man in a dark blue military uniform approaches them.

OLIVETTI
Good afternoon, I am Commander
Olivetti-Comandante Principale of
the Swiss Guard.

He motions for them to follow and leads them to a door in the side wall of the chamber. He opens and holds the door for them.

INT SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Langdon and Vittoria walk into a dark control room where a wall of video monitors are cycling through a series of images of the complex. A young guard sits watching the images intently.

OLIVETTI
Fuori.

The guard leaves. Olivetti walks over to one of the screens and turns toward his guests.

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)
This image is from a remote camera
hidden somewhere inside Vatican City.
I'd like an explanation.

Langdon and Vittoria look at the screen. The image is of the antimatter canister. The blinking of the LED digital clock is counting downward from 5:53:34. Langdon checks his watch.

LANGDON
Midnight.

OLIVETTI
Does this object belong to your
facility?

Vittoria nods.

VITTORIA

Yes. It was stolen from us. It contains an extremely combustible substance called antimatter.

Olivetti looks unmoved.

OLIVETTI

I am quite familiar with incendiaries, Ms. Vetra. I have not heard of antimatter.

VITTORIA

It's new technology. We need to locate it immediately or evacuate Vatican City.

Olivetti closes his eyes slowly and reopens them.

OLIVETTI

Evacuate? Are you aware what is going on here this night?

VITTORIA

Yes, sir. And the lives of your cardinals are in danger. We have about six hours. Have you made any headway locating the canister?

Olivetti shakes his head.

OLIVETTI

We are exceptionally busy, and I do not have the luxury of dedicating manpower to a situation until I get some facts.

VITTORIA

There is only one relevant fact at this moment, sir, that being that in six hours that device is going to vaporize this entire complex.

OLIVETTI

Despite the archaic appearance of Vatican City, every single entrance, both public and private, is equipped with the most advanced sensing

equipment known to man. If someone tried to enter with any sort of incendiary device it would be detected instantly.

VITTORIA

Unfortunately, antimatter is non-radioactive, its chemical signature is that of pure hydrogen, and the canister is plastic. None of those devices would have detected it.

Olivetti's patience is starting to wane.

OLIVETTI

But the device has an energy source. Even the smallest trace of nickel-cadmium would register as-

VITTORIA

The batteries are also plastic.

OLIVETTI

Signorina, I am well aware that there is no substance on earth powerful enough to do what you are describing unless you are talking about a nuclear warhead with a fuel core the size of a baseball.

OLIVETTI

Excuse me for being rude, but if this is indeed a crisis, why am I dealing with you and not your director?

Langdon intervenes.

LANGDON

Commander Olivetti, my name is Robert Langdon. I'm a professor of religious studies in the U.S. and unaffiliated with CERN. I have seen an antimatter demonstration and will vouch for Ms. Vetra's claim that it is exceptionally dangerous. We have reason to believe it was placed inside your complex by an

antireligious cult hoping to disrupt your conclave.

OLIVETTI

I have a woman telling me that a droplet of liquid is going to blow up Vatican City, and I have an American professor telling me we are being targeted by some antireligious cult. What exactly is it you expect me to do?

VITTORIA

Find the canister. Right away.

OLIVETTI

Impossible. That device could be anywhere. Vatican City is enormous. It could take days.

VITTORIA

We don't have days. We have six hours.

OLIVETTI

Six hours until what, Ms. Vetra? Until these numbers count down? Until Vatican City disappears? I do not like mechanical contraptions appearing mysteriously inside my walls. I am concerned. It is my job to be concerned. But what you have told me here is unacceptable.

Langdon speaks before he can stop himself.

LANGDON

Have you heard of the Illuminati?

OLIVETTI

I am a sworn defendant of the Catholic Church. Of course I have heard of the Illuminati. They have been dead for decades.

Langdon reaches into his pocket and pulls out the fax image of Leonardo Vetra's branded body. He hands it to Olivetti.

LANGDON

I am an Illuminati scholar. I also have a difficult time accepting the fact that the Illuminati are still active, but this brand combined with the fact that the Illuminati have a well-known covenant against Vatican City has changed my mind.

Olivetti hands the fax back to Langdon.

OLIVETTI

A computer-generated hoax.

Langdon stares, incredulous.

LANGDON

Hoax? Look at the symmetry!

OLIVETTI

CERN scientists have been criticizing Vatican policies for decades. What scenario seems more likely to you that an ancient satanic cult has resurfaced with an advanced weapon of mass destruction, or that some prankster at CERN is trying to disrupt a sacred Vatican event?

LANGDON

That photo is of my father. Murdered. You think this is my idea of a joke?

LANGDON

At least postpone the event.

OLIVETTI

Postpone? The conclaves have survived earthquakes, famines, and even the plague. It is not about to be canceled on account of a possibly murdered scientist and a droplet of God knows what.

VITTORIA

Take me to the person in charge.

OLIVETTI

You are speaking to him.

VITTORIA

No. Someone in the clergy.

The veins on Olivetti's brow begin to show.

OLIVETTI

The clergy has gone. With the exception of the Swiss Guard, the only persons present in Vatican City are the College of Cardinals. And they are inside the Sistine Chapel.

LANGDON

How about the chamberlain?

VITTORIA

Who?

LANGDON

The late Pope's chamberlain. Between Popes, the Vatican power is shifted temporarily to the late Pope's personal assistant who oversees conclave until the cardinals chose the new Holy Father.

OLIVETTI

The camerlegno is only a priest here. He is the late Pope's hand servant.

LANGDON

But he is here. And you answer to him.

Olivetti crosses his arms.

OLIVETTI

Mr. Langdon, it is true that Vatican rule dictates the camerlegno assume chief executive office during conclave, but it is only because his lack of eligibility for the papacy ensures an unbiased election. For all intents and purposes, I am in charge here.

VITTORIA

Take us to him

OLIVETTI

Impossible. Conclave begins in forty minutes. The camerlegno is in the Office of the Pope preparing. I have no intention of disturbing him.

Vittoria opens her mouth to respond but is interrupted by a knocking at the door. Olivetti opens it. A guard whispers to Olivetti and points to his watch. Olivetti checks his own watch and nods. He turns back to Langdon and Vittoria.

OLIVETTI

Follow me.

He leads them out of the monitoring room across the security center to a small clear cubicle against the rear wall.

INT OLIVETTIS OFFICE - DAY

They enter the Olivettis office.

OLIVETTI

My office. I will be back in ten minutes. I suggest you use the time to decide how you would like to proceed.

VITTORIA

You can't just leave! That canister is -

Olivetti seethes.

OLIVETTI

I do not have time for this. Perhaps I should detain you until after the conclave when I do have time.

He slams the door, rattling the heavy glass. In one fluid motion he produces a key, inserts it, and twists. A heavy deadbolt slides into place.

VITTORIA

Idiòta! You can't keep us in here!

Through the glass, Langdon can see Olivetti say something to the guard. The sentinel nods. Langdon sits at Olivetti's desk and picks up the phone.

VITTORIA
What are you doing?

LANGDON
I'm making a phone call to the
camerlegno.

Langdon picks up the phone and presses the top button.

VITTORIA
Speed dial. What else would take
primary importance for a Swiss Guard
commander?

The guard outside the door starts rapping on the glass with the butt of his gun. He motions for her to set down the phone. Langdon moves away from the door and turns back to Vittoria.

VITTORIA
He does not look very amused.

LANGDON
I was wrong. It's the weekly menu for
the Vatican commissary.

The guard outside is now glaring angrily through the glass while he talks on his walkie-talkie. Langdon presses another button.

INT SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

The door of the Swiss Guards' security center opens. The guards part as Commander Olivetti enters the room. Turning the corner, Olivetti sees Langdon talking on the his telephone.

INT OLIVETTIS OFFICE - DAY

Olivetti strides to the door and rams the key into the lock. He pulls open the door.

OLIVETTI
What are you doing?

Langdon ignores him.

LANGDON

Yes, and I must warn -

Olivetti rips the receiver from his hand, and raises it to his ear.

OLIVETTI

Who the hell is this?

Olivetti's posture slumps.

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)

Yes, camerlegno . . . Yes, sir. I will bring them up immediately.

INT PAPAL OFFICE ENTRANCE - EVENING

Vittoria and Langdon follow Commander Olivetti down a wide, hallway. They stop at a large door. Olivetti knocks loudly on the door. A voice comes from behind the door.

CAMERLEGNO(O.S.)

Avanti

INT PAPAL OFFICE - EVENING

Olivetti, Langdon and Vittoria enter the Office of the Pope. At the far end of the hall, a tired CAMERLEGNO CARLO VENTRESCA, 38, sits writing furiously. He is trim, handsome and dressed in a simple black cassock. The camerlegno sets down his pen and waves them over.

OLIVETTI

Signore. No ho potuto -

The camerlegno cuts him off. He studies his two visitors.

CAMERLEGNO

I am Carlo Ventresca the late Pope's camerlegno.

His voice is unpretentious and kind.

VITTORIA

Vittoria Vetra. Thank you for seeing us.

She offers her hand which he takes and shakes.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)

This is Robert Langdon. A religious historian from Harvard University.

LANGDON

(extending his hand)
Padre.

CAMERLEGNO

His Holiness's office does not make me holy. I am merely a priest - a chamberlain serving in a time of need.
Please, everyone sit.

Langdon and Vittoria sit. Olivetti prefers to stand. The camerlegno seats himself at the desk.

OLIVETTI

Signore, the call is my fault. I -

The camerlegno cuts him off.

CAMERLEGNO

When anyone calls to warn me of some sort of major security threat of which I have not been informed, that concerns me.

Olivetti stands rigid.

OLIVETTI

Signore, you should not concern yourself with matters of security. You have other responsibilities.

CAMERLEGNO

I am aware. I have a responsibility for the safety and well-being of everyone at this conclave.

OLIVETTI

I have the situation under control.

CAMERLEGNO

Apparently that is not the case.

Langdon takes out the fax and hands it to the camerlegno.

LANGDON

Father, please.

The camerlegno takes the fax. He looks at the image of the murdered Leonardo Vetra and draws a startled breath.

CAMERLEGNO

What is this?

Vittoria's voice waves.

VITTORIA

My father. He was a priest and a man
of science. Murdered last night.

The camerlegno's face softens instantly

CAMERLEGNO

My dear child, I'm so sorry.

He crosses himself and looks again at the fax.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

Who would . . . and this burn on his . .

The camerlegno pauses, squinting closer at the image.

LANGDON

It says Illuminati. You are familiar
with the name.

An odd look comes across the camerlegno's face.

CAMERLEGNO

I have heard the name, but . . .

LANGDON

I have reason to believe the
Illuminati murdered Leonardo Vetra.

OLIVETTI

This is clearly some sort of
elaborate hoax.

The camerlegno seems to ponder Olivetti's words and then turns to Langdon.

CAMERLEGNO

Mr. Langdon, I am familiar with the Illuminati lore . . . and the legend of the branding. And yet I must warn you, I am a man of the present tense. Christianity has enough real enemies without resurrecting ghosts.

LANGDON

The symbol is authentic.

He reaches over and rotates the fax for the camerlegno. The camerlegno folds his hands and says nothing for a long time.

CAMERLEGNO

The Illuminati are dead. Long ago. That is historical fact.

LANGDON

Yesterday, I would have agreed with you. I believe the Illuminati have resurfaced to make good on an ancient pact. The destruction of Vatican City.

NT SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Langdon, Vittoria, the camerlegno and Olivetti stare at the LED digital clock is counting downward from 5:26:15.

OLIVETTI

This is the image from a remote camera hidden somewhere inside Vatican City.

CAMERLEGNO

Why haven't you recovered it?

OLIVETTI

Very difficult, signore.

CAMERLEGNO

And I assume that you are now looking for this missing camera with all available resources?

Olivetti shakes his head.

OLIVETTI

Locating that camera could take hundreds of man hours. We have a number of other security concerns at the moment, and with all due respect to Ms. Vetra, this droplet she talks about is very small. It could not possibly be as explosive as she claims.

VITTORIA

That droplet is enough to level Vatican City! Did you even listen to a word I told you?

OLIVETTI

Ma'am, my experience with explosives is extensive.

VITTORIA

Your experience is obsolete. I personally designed the antimatter trap that is keeping that sample from annihilating right now.

Olivetti turns to the camerlegno.

OLIVETTI

Signore, your time is being wasted by pranksters. The Illuminati? A droplet that will destroy us all?

The camerlegno thinks for a moment.

CAMERLEGNO

Dangerous or not, Illuminati or no Illuminati, whatever this thing is, it most certainly should not be inside Vatican City . . . no less on the eve of the conclave. I want it

found and removed. Organize a search immediately.

OLIVETTI

Signore, even if we used all the guards to search the complex, it could take days to find.

CAMERLEGNO

Commander. May I remind you that when you address me, you are addressing this office. I realize you do not take my position seriously - nonetheless, by law, I am in charge. I do not understand why you are hesitant to look for this device. If I did not know better it would appear that you are causing this conclave intentional danger.

They are interrupted by an excited guard in the room.

GUARD

Comandante?

Olivetti turns to the guard.

GUARD (CONT'D)

We have received a bomb threat.

Olivetti can not have looked less interested.

OLIVETTI

So handle it! Run the usual trace, and write it up.

GUARD

We did, sir, but the caller mentioned the substance you just asked me to research. Antimatter.

Everyone in the room exchange stunned looks.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Sir, the caller is still on the line. He refuses to hang up until he speaks to the camerlegno.

The camerlegno rushes to the phone and presses his finger down on the speaker-phone button.

CAMERLEGNO

Who in the name of God do you think you are?

An Arabic voice speaks.

VOICE

I am a messenger of an ancient brotherhood. A brotherhood you have wronged for centuries. I am a messenger of the Illuminati.

The voice on the speaker phone is laced with arrogance. Everyone in the room listens.

CAMERLEGNO

What do you want?

VOICE

I represent men of science. Men who, like yourselves, are searching for the answers. Answers to man's destiny, his purpose, his creator.

CAMERLEGNO

Whoever you are, I -

VOICE

For two millennia your church has dominated the quest for truth. You have crushed your opposition with lies and prophecies of doom. You have manipulated the truth to serve your needs, murdering those whose discoveries did not serve your politics. Are you surprised you are the target of enlightened men from around the globe?

CAMERLEGNO

Enlightened men do not resort to blackmail to further their causes.

VOICE

This is not blackmail. We have no demands. The destruction of the Vatican is nonnegotiable. We have waited four hundred years for this day. At midnight, your city will be destroyed. There is nothing you can do.

Olivetti storms toward the speaker phone.

OLIVETTI

Access to this city is impossible! You could not possibly have planted explosives in here!

VOICE

Surely you are aware that for centuries the Illuminati have infiltrated elitist organizations across the globe. Do you really believe the Vatican is immune?

OLIVETTI

Your influence cannot possibly extend so far.

VOICE

Ask yourself how else the canister could have entered your city. Or how four of your most precious assets could have disappeared this afternoon?

OLIVETTI

Our assets?

VOICE

You haven't missed them by now? Shall I read their names?

CAMERLEGNO

What's going on?

VOICE

Your officer has not yet informed you? How sinful. No surprise. I

imagine the disgrace of telling you the truth . . . that four cardinals he had sworn to protect seem to have disappeared . . .

Olivetti erupts.

OLIVETTI

Where did you get this information?

VOICE

Camerlegno ask your commander if all your cardinals are present in the Sistine Chapel.

The camerlegno turns to Olivetti.

OLIVETTI

Signore, we are still searching, but I'm sure they just lost track of time and are still out enjoying the grounds.

CAMERLEGNO

Enjoying the grounds? They were due in the chapel over an hour ago! Where are they?

The calm departs from the camerlegno's voice.

VOICE

Our inventory, you will find quite convincing. There is Cardinal Lamassé from Paris, Cardinal Guidera from Barcelona, Cardinal Ebner from Frankfurt. And from Italy Cardinal Baggia.

The camerlegno collapses in his chair.

CAMERLEGNO

The four most likely successor as Supreme Pontiff . . . how is it possible? What do you intend with these men of God?

VOICE

What do you think I intend? I am a descendant of the Hassassin. My ancestors, bless them, were betrayed then hunted down like animals by your Church.

CAMERLEGNO

Let the cardinals go. Isn't threatening to destroy the City of God enough?

VOICE

Forget your four cardinals. They are lost to you. Be assured their deaths will be remembered though . . . by millions. Every martyr's dream. I will make them media luminaries. One by one. By midnight the Illuminati will have everyone's attention. Why change the world if the world is not watching? Public killings have an intoxicating horror about them, don't they? You proved that long ago . . . the inquisition, the torture of the Kevenings Templar, the Crusades. And of course, la purga.

The camerlegno is silent.

VOICE

Do you not recall la purga? Of course not, you are a child. Priests are poor historians, anyway. Perhaps because their history shames them?

LANGDON

La purga. Sixteen sixty-eight. The church branded four Illuminati scientists with the symbol of the cross. To purge their sins.

VOICE

Who is speaking? Who else is there?

LANGDON

My name is not important. I am an academic who has studied the history of your brotherhood.

VOICE

Superb. I am pleased there are still those alive who remember the crimes against us.

LANGDON

Most of us think you are dead.

VOICE

A misconception the brotherhood has worked hard to promote. What else do you know of la purga?

LANGDON

After the brandings, the scientists were murdered, and their bodies were dropped in public locations around Rome as a warning to other scientists not to join the Illuminati.

VOICE

Consider it symbolic retribution for our slain brothers. Your four cardinals will die, one every hour starting at eight. By midnight the whole world will be enthralled.

LANGDON

Are you saying that you are going to brand and kill these men in public?

VOICE

That depends what you consider public. I realize not many people go to church anymore.

LANGDON

You're going to kill them in churches?

VOICE

Consider it a gesture of kindness.
Enabling God to command their souls
to heaven more expeditiously. Of
course the press will enjoy it too.

OLIVETTI

You cannot kill a man in a church and
expect to get away with it.

VOICE

We move among your Swiss Guard like
ghosts, remove four of your cardinals
from within your walls, plant a
deadly explosive at the heart of your
most sacred shrine.

OLIVETTI

And if we stake guards in every
church?

The caller laughs.

VOICE

Have you not counted lately? There
are over four hundred Catholic
churches in Rome.

Olivetti's face remains hard.

VOICE

In ninety minutes it begins. One each
hour. Now I must go.

LANGDON

Wait! Tell me about the brands you
intend to use on these men.

The killer sounds amused.

VOICE

I suspect you know what the brands
will be already. Or perhaps you are
a skeptic? You will see them soon
enough. Proof the ancient legends are
true.

CAMERLEGNO

You are misguided. A church is more than mortar and stone. You cannot simply erase two thousand years of faith . . . any faith. You cannot crush faith simply by removing its earthly manifestations. The Catholic Church will continue with or without Vatican City.

VOICE

A noble lie. Tell me, why is Vatican City a walled citadel?

The camerlegno looks sincerely sad.

CAMERLEGNO

Men of God live in a dangerous world.

VOICE

The Vatican is a fortress because the Catholic Church holds half of its equity inside its walls-rare paintings, sculpture, jewels, priceless books . . . then there is the gold bullion and the real estate deeds inside the Vatican Bank vaults. Inside estimates put the raw value of Vatican City at 48.5 billion dollars. Tomorrow it will be ash. You will be bankrupt. Not even men of cloth can work for nothing

CAMERLEGNO

Faith, not money, is the backbone of this church.

VOICE

More lies. Church attendance is at an all-time low-down forty-six percent in the last decade. Donations are half what they were only seven years ago. Fewer and fewer men are entering the seminary. Although you will not admit it, your church is dying. Consider this a chance to go out with a bang.

CAMERLEGNO

I preferiti. Spare them. They are old.
They -

VOICE

They are virgin sacrifices. Tell me,
do you think they are really virgins?
Will the little lambs squeal when
they die? Sacrifici vergini nell'
altare di scienza.

CAMERLEGNO

They are men of faith. They do not
fear death.

VOICE

Leonardo Vetra was a man of faith, and
yet I saw fear in his eyes last
evening. A fear I removed.

Vittoria, who has been silent, suddenly speaks with hatred.

VITTORIA

He was my father!

VOICE

Your father? Vetra has a daughter?
You should know your father whimpered
like a child at the end. Pitiful
really. A pathetic man.

Vittoria reels as if knocked backward by the words.

VITTORIA

I swear on my life, before this night
is over, I will find you. And when I
do . . .

The caller laughs coarsely.

VOICE

A woman of spirit. I am aroused.
Perhaps before this night is over, I
will find you. And when I do . .

Then he is gone.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL - EVENING

Cardinal Mortati is sweating in his black robe. Whispers of confusion have turned to outspoken anxiety.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

You know where they are, don't you?

Cardinal Mortati turns.

CARDINAL MORTATI

Perhaps they are still with the camerlegno.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

At this hour? That would be highly unorthodox!

Mortati tries not to show too much concern.

CARDINAL MORTATI

Perhaps the camerlegno lost track of time?

CARDINAL WOLSEY

They're late! What shall we do?

CARDINAL MORTATI

What can we do? We wait. And have faith.

INT PAPEL OFFICE - EVENING

Langdon looks down at the bustle of media trailers in St. Peter's Square. The camerlegno stands at his desk, staring blankly at the phone. Olivetti is the first to break the silence.

OLIVETTI

Carlo, I have sworn my life to protect this office. Tonight I am dishonored.

The camerlegno shakes his head.

CAMERLEGNO

You and I serve God in different capacities, but service always brings honor.

OLIVETTI

These events . . . I can't imagine
how . . . this situation . . .

CAMERLEGNO

You realize we have only one possible
course of action. I have a
responsibility for the safety of the
College of Cardinals. Your men will
oversee the immediate evacuation.
The sanctity of human life weighs
above all. Those men are the
foundation of this church.

OLIVETTI

You suggest we cancel conclave right
now?

CAMERLEGNO

Do I have a choice?

OLIVETTI

What about your charge to bring a new
Pope?

The chamberlain sighs and turns to the window, his eyes drifting
out onto the sprawl of Rome below.

CAMERLEGNO

His Holiness once told me that a Pope
is a man torn between two worlds . . .
the real world and the divine. He
warned that any church that ignored
reality would not survive to enjoy
the divine. The real world is upon us
tonight.

The camerlegno does not seem to hear. His gaze is distant on
the window. The camerlegno turns.

OLIVETTI

The evacuation of the College of
Cardinals from the Sistine Chapel is
the worst possible thing you could do
right now.

CAMERLEGNO

What do you suggest?

OLIVETTI

Say nothing to the cardinals. Seal conclave. It will buy us time to try other options.

CAMERLEGNO

Postponing the ceremony before it starts is grounds alone for an inquiry, but after the doors are sealed nothing intervenes. Conclave procedure obligates -

OLIVETTI

Marching one hundred sixty-five cardinals unprepared and unprotected into Rome would be reckless. It would cause confusion and panic in some very old men, and frankly, one fatal stroke this month is enough.

VITTORIA

Stroke?

CAMERLEGNO

His holiness suffered a stroke while sleeping.

OLIVETTI

We can always discuss emergency evacuation later if it comes to that.

VITTORIA

Nobody has ever created this much antimatter. The blast radius, I can only estimate. Some of surrounding Rome may be in danger.

She glances out the window at the crowd in St. Peter's Square.

OLIVETTI

The protection of this sanctuary has been my sole charge for over two decades. I have no intention of allowing this weapon to detonate.

CAMERLEGNO

You think you can find it?

OLIVETTI

There is a possibility, if we kill power to Vatican City, that we can eliminate the background RF and create a clean enough environment to get a reading on that canister's magnetic field.

LANGDON

You want to black out Vatican City?

OLIVETTI

Possibly. I don't yet know if it's possible, but it is an option.

LANGDON

The cardinals would certainly wonder what happened.

OLIVETTI

Conclaves are held by candlelight. The cardinals would never know. After conclave is sealed, I could pull all except a few of my perimeter guards and begin a search. A hundred men could cover a lot of ground in five hours.

VITTORIA

Four hours. I need to fly the canister back. Detonation is unavoidable without recharging the batteries.

OLIVETTI

There's no way to recharge here?

VITTORIA

The interface is complex. I'd have brought it if I could.

CAMERLEGNO

The college will ask about the preferiti, especially about Baggia, where they are.

OLIVETTI

Then you will have to think of something, signore. Tell them you served the four cardinals something at tea that disagreed with them.

CAMERLEGNO

Stand on the altar of the Sistine Chapel and lie to the College of Cardinals?

OLIVETTI

For their own safety. A white lie. Your job will be to keep the peace. Now if you will excuse me, I need to get started.

CAMERLEGNO

Comandante, we cannot simply turn our backs on missing cardinals.

OLIVETTI

Baggia and the others are currently outside our sphere of influence. We must let them go . . . for the good of the whole.

CAMERLEGNO

Abandon them?

OLIVETTI

If there were any way, signore . . . any way in heaven to locate those four cardinals, I would lay down my life to do it.

VITTORIA

But if we caught the killer, couldn't you make him talk?

OLIVETTI

Ms. Vetra., I'm sorry, I empathize with your personal incentive to catch this man.

VITTORIA

It's not only personal. The killer knows where the antimatter is . . . and the missing cardinals. If we could somehow find him . . .

LANGDON

How about the Roman Police? They could help.

OLIVETTI

We'd get a half-hearted effort of a few men in exchange for their selling our crisis to the global media. Exactly what our enemies want. We'll have to deal with the media soon enough as it is.

CAMERLEGNO

Commander, we cannot in good conscience do nothing about the missing cardinals.

OLIVETTI

The prayer of St. Francis, signore. Do you recall it?

The young priest speaks the single line with pain in his voice.

CAMERLEGNO

God, grant me strength to accept those things I cannot change.

OLIVETTI

This is one of those things.

INT BBC LONDON - EVENING

The phone rang at the desk of a junior content editor. She put out her cigarette and pressed the speaker button.

EDITOR

BBC, London.

HASSASSIN (O.S)

I have a breaking story your network
might be interested in.

The young editor takes out a pen and a standard Lead Sheet.

EDITOR

Regarding?

HASSASSIN (O.S)

The papal election. Do you have a TV
reporter in Rome covering the
election?

EDITOR

I believe so.

HASSASSIN (O.S)

I need to speak to him directly.

EDITOR

I'm sorry, but I cannot give you that
number without some idea -

HASSASSIN (O.S)

There is a threat to the conclave.
That is all I can tell you.

EDITOR

Your name?

HASSASSIN (O.S)

My name is immaterial.

EDITOR

And you have proof of this claim?

HASSASSIN (O.S)

I do.

EDITOR

I would be happy to take the
information, but it is not our policy

to give out our reporters' numbers
unless -

HASSASSIN (O.S)

I understand. I will call another
network. Thank you for your time.
Good-b-

EDITOR

Just a moment. Can you hold?

She types on the keyboard.

EDITOR (CONT'D)

Have a pen and paper?

INT PAPAL OFFICE - EVENING

Vittoria, Langdon and the camerlegno are in the Pope's office.

VITTORIA

It won't work. Even if a Swiss Guard
team can filter electronic
interference, they will have to be
practically on top of the canister
before they detect any signal.

The camerlegno looks drained.

CAMERLEGNO

What are you proposing, Ms. Vetra?

VITTORIA

Complete evacuation, Signore. The
man who killed my father is out there
somewhere. Every cell in this body
wants to run from here and hunt him
down. But I am standing in your office
because I have a responsibility.
Lives are in danger, signore.

The camerlegno does not answer. Langdon bolts to his feet.

LANGDON

I missed it. It was right in front of
me.

VITTORIA

Missed what?

Langdon turns to the priest.

LANGDON

Father, for three years I have petitioned this office for access to the Vatican Archives. I have been denied seven times.

CAMERLEGNO

Mr. Langdon, I am sorry, but this hardly seems the moment to raise such complaints.

LANGDON

I need access immediately. The four missing cardinals. I may be able to figure out where they're going to be killed.

Vittoria stared, looking certain she has misunderstood.

CAMERLEGNO

Mr. Langdon, you believe this information is in our archives?

LANGDON

I can't promise I can locate it in time, but if you let me in, I'll try.

VITTORIA

Father, if there's a chance . . . any at all of finding where these killings are going to happen, we could stake out the locations and -

CAMERLEGNO

But the archives? How could they possibly contain any clue?

LANGDON

Explaining it will take longer than you've got. But if I'm right, we can use the information to catch the Hassassin.

CAMERLEGNO

Christianity's most sacred codices are in that archive. Treasures I myself am not privileged enough to see. Access is permitted only by written decree of the curator and the Board of Vatican Librarians.

LANGDON

Or by papal mandate. It says so in every rejection letter your curator ever sent me.

The camerlegno nods.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

If I'm not mistaken, a papal mandate comes from this office. As far as I can tell, tonight you hold the trust of his station.

The camerlegno pulls out a pocket watch and looks at it.

CAMERLEGNO

Mr. Langdon, I am prepared to give my life tonight, quite literally, to save this church. This document, do you truly believe it is here? And that it can help us locate these four churches?

LANGDON

Possibly. I will do my best.

Bells of St. Peter's begin to toll.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

I must go. I will have a Swiss Guard meet you at the archives. I am giving you my trust, Mr. Langdon. Go now.

Langdon is speechless. Reaching over, he squeezed Langdon's shoulder with surprising strength.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

I want you to find what you are looking for. And find it quickly.

EXT VATICAN ARCHIVES - EVENING

Langdon and Vittoria walk up the path toward the Vatican Archives.

VITTORIA

My father had mentioned this place.
The Holy Grail for biblical scholars.

LANGDON

This building may contain Leonardo da Vinci's missing diaries and possibly unpublished books of the Holy Bible.

VITTORIA

You going to tell me what we're looking for?

LANGDON

A book written by Galileo. It is supposed to contain something called il segno.

VITTORIA

The sign?

LANGDON

Sign, clue, signal . . . depends on your translation.

VITTORIA

Sign to what?

LANGDON

A secret location. Galileo's Illuminati needed to protect themselves from the Vatican, so they founded an ultrasecret Illuminati meeting place here in Rome. They called it The Church of Illumination.

VITTORIA

Pretty bold calling a satanic lair a church.

LANGDON

Galileo's Illuminati were not the least bit satanic. They were scientists who revered enlightenment. Their meeting place was where they could safely congregate and discuss topics forbidden by the Vatican. We know it existed, but nobody has ever been able to locate it.

VITTORIA

Sounds like the Illuminati know how to keep a secret.

LANGDON

Absolutely. They never revealed the location of their hideaway to anyone outside the brotherhood. This secrecy protected them, but it also posed a problem when it came to recruiting new members.

VITTORIA

They couldn't grow if they couldn't advertise.

LANGDON

Exactly. Word of Galileo's brotherhood started to spread in the 1630s, and scientists from around the world made secret pilgrimages to Rome hoping to join the Illuminati for a chance to hear the master's ideas. The scientists who arrived in Rome never knew where to go for the meetings or who to talk to. The Illuminati wanted new blood, but they couldn't afford to risk their secrecy.

Vittoria frowned.

VITTORIA

So what did they do?

LANGDON

They were scientists. They examined the problem and found a solution. A

brilliant one. The Illuminati created a kind of ingenious map directing scientists to their sanctuary.

Vittoria looks suddenly skeptical and slowed.

VITTORIA

A map? Sounds careless. If a copy fell into the wrong hands . . .

LANGDON

It couldn't. No copies existed anywhere. It was not the kind of map that fit on paper. It was enormous. A blazed trail of sorts across Rome.

VITTORIA

Arrows painted on sidewalks?

LANGDON

Much more subtle. The map consisted of hidden symbolic markers placed in public locations around the city. One marker led to the next . . . and the next . . . eventually leading to the Illuminati.

VITTORIA

A treasure hunt.

LANGDON

The Illuminati called their string of markers 'The Path of Illumination,' and anyone who wanted to join the brotherhood had to follow it all the way to the end.

VITTORIA

But if the Vatican wanted to find the Illuminati couldn't they simply follow the markers?

LANGDON

The path was hidden. The Illuminati intended it as a kind of initiation,

a screening process so only the brightest scientists arrived at their door.

VITTORIA

If these markers were in public places, couldn't members of the Vatican who would have figured it out.

LANGDON

If they had known about the markers. But they didn't. And they never noticed them because the Illuminati designed them in such a way that clerics would never suspect what they were. They called on an Illuminati artist-the same anonymous prodigy who had created their ambigrammatic symbol 'Illuminati'-and they commissioned him to carve four sculptures.

VITTORIA

Illuminati sculptures?

LANGDON

Yes, sculptures with two strict guidelines. First, the sculptures had to look like the rest of the artwork in Rome . . . artwork that the Vatican would never suspect belonged to the Illuminati.

VITTORIA

Religious art.

Langdon nods talking faster now.

LANGDON

And the second guideline was that the four sculptures had to have very specific themes. Each piece needed to be a subtle tribute to one of the four elements of science.

VITTORIA

Four elements? There are over a hundred.

LANGDON

In the 1600s it was believed the entire universe was made up of only four substances: Earth, Air, Fire, and Water.

VITTORIA

So this Illuminati artist created four pieces of art that looked religious, but were actually tributes to Earth, Air, Fire, and Water?

LANGDON

Exactly. The pieces blended into the sea of religious artwork all over Rome. If an Illuminati candidate could find the first church and the marker for Earth, he could follow it to Air . . . and then to Fire . . . and then to Water . . . and finally to the Church of Illumination.

VITTORIA

And this has something to do with catching the Illuminati assassin?

LANGDON

The Illuminati called these the Altars of Science.

VITTORIA

He warned that the cardinals would be sacrifices on the altars of science!

LANGDON

Four cardinals. Four churches. The four altars of science.

She looks stunned.

VITTORIA

You're saying the four churches where the cardinals will be sacrificed are the same four churches that mark the ancient Path of Illumination?

LANGDON

I believe so, yes.

VITTORIA

But why would the killer have given us that clue?

LANGDON

Why not? Very few historians know about these sculptures. Even fewer believe they exist. And their locations have remained secret for four hundred years. No doubt the Illuminati trusted the secret for another five hours. Besides, the Illuminati don't need their Path of Illumination anymore. Their secret lair is probably long gone anyway. They live in the modern world. They meet in bank boardrooms, eating clubs, private golf courses. Tonight they want to make their secrets public. This is their moment. Their grand unveiling.

They turn up the brick pathway before the archive building.

INT VATICAN HALLWAY - EVENING

Camerlegno Carlo Ventresca walks slowly. As he nears the Sistine Chapel the uneasy chatter of cardinals becomes audible.

INT CHURCH - DAY -FLASHBACK

SUPERTITLE - Palermo - 1975

NOTE: All dialogue here is in Italian and subtitled.

Carlo's mother, MARIA is in church with 6-year-old Carlo. They are kneeling, praying.

MARIA

Hail Mary, Mother of God . . . pray
for us sinners . . . now and at the
hour of our death.

Carlo looks at his mother listening to the murmur of her voice
as she counted the rosary.

EXT STREET - DAY

NOTE: All dialogue here is in Italian and subtitled.

Carlo and his mother are walking down the street.

CARLO

Why do we come to Mass every single
day?

MARIA

Because I promised God I would. And
a promise to God is the most important
promise of all. Never break a promise
to God.

They walk a bit further.

CARLO

Where is my father?

MARIA

God is your father, now. You are a
child of the church.

Carlo smiles.

MARIA

Whenever you feel frightened
remember that God is your father now.
He will watch over you and protect you
forever. God has big plans for you,
Carlo.

That instant, a huge explosion fills the screen, people
screaming, flames engulfing Carlo, stones and blood raining
from the sky.

And then black.

INT HOSPITAL - PALERMO - DAY

NOTE: All dialogue here is in Italian and subtitled.

Bright white. Carlo wakes up. Everything around him is white. He is in the Intensive Care Unit in Santa Clara Hospital outside of Palermo. A bishop walks in and sees he is awake. A newspaper shows a picture of him with the headline Miracle of St. Francis.

CARLO

Why do they call me the Miracle of St.
Francis?

BISHOP

Because you went to look at a tapestry
about the story of St. Francis before
the bomb exploded. God wanted to
protect you.

CARLO

Where will I live?

The bishop touches his head.

BISHOP

With me, son.

INT CHURCH - MORNING

Carlo is an altar boy at mass the bishop is presiding over.

INT CARLOS ROOM - EVENING

NOTE: All dialogue here is in Italian and subtitled.

An older Carlo is in his room studying. The bishop enters the room. Carlo turns to him.

CARLO

Good night Father.

The bishop touches his head.

BISHOP

A big week for you. Sixteen years old.
Have you thought about what you are
going to do?

CARLO

I have. I will enter seminary, but after my military obligation. I need to understand evil.

BISHOP

I dont understand. We teach love, forgiveness, not killing and bombing.

CARLO

I feel by understanding evil I can better serve God.

The bishop walks toward the door.

BISHOP

Be careful, my son. And remember the church awaits you when you return.

EXT MILITARY TRAINING - DAY

A montage of Carlos military service

- running
- firing a gun
- hand to hand combat
- flying a helicopter
- parachute jump, the silence . . . the floating
- Carlo walking to the seminary.

INT VATICAN HALLWAY - EVENING

Camerlegno Carlo Ventresca walks down the Royal Staircase, up to the bronze door of the Sistine Chapel, protected by four Swiss Guards. The guards unbolted the door and pulled it open.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL - EVENING

As Camerlegno Carlo Ventresca enters, every head turns to him. The camerlegno crosses himself and steps over the threshold.

EXT VATICAN - EVENING

News vans are parked everywhere.

INT BBC VAN - EVENING

GUNTHER GLICK, 44 and unkept, sits sweating in the BBC network van parked near St. Peter's Square.

GLICK

Now I get Pope-Watch. Shouldn't be much of a surprise, I haven't accomplished anything in my life as of yet. Why should I start now?

CHINITA (O.S.)

So give up.

Glick jumps. He turns to the back seat, where his camerawoman, CHINITA MACRI, African American, a little heavy, and smart as hell, sits silently polishing her glasses.

CHINITA

What's the problem, Gunth?

GLICK

What are we doing here?

She keeps polishing.

CHINITA

Witnessing an exciting event.

GLICK

Old men locked in the dark is an event?

CHINITA

You do know you're going to hell, don't you?

GLICK

Already there. I just feel like I want to leave my mark.

CHINITA

You wrote for the British Tattler.

GLICK

Yeah, but nothing with any resonance.

CHINITA

Oh, come on, I heard you did a groundbreaking article on the queen's secret sex life with aliens.

The van's cell phone rings. Glick opens the cell phone.

GLICK

Gunther Glick, BBC, Live in Vatican City.

The same Arabic voice.

HASSASSIN (O.S.)

Listen carefully. I am about to change your life.

INT VATICAN ARCHIVES - EVENING

He starts down the first aisle, examining the indicator tabs of each vault.

LANGDON

The challenge the Illuminati had was that after they placed the markers, they needed some way to tell the scientific community the path existed.

Langdon proceeds down an isle.

LANGDON

About fifteen years ago we uncovered a series of Illuminati letters filled with references to the segno.

VITTORIA

The sign. The announcement about the path and where it began.

LANGDON

It is accepted theory now that the clue exists and that Galileo mass distributed it to the scientific community without the Vatican ever knowing.

VITTORIA

How?

LANGDON

We're not sure, probably printed publications. He published lots of books and newsletters over the years.

VITTORIA

Nobody has ever actually found it?

LANGDON

No. Wherever allusions to the sign appear it is referred to by a number 5-0-3.

VITTORIA

Something tells me you recently figured it out, and that's why we're here.

LANGDON

Very good. Are you familiar with a book by Galileo called Diàlogo?

VITTORIA

Of course. Famous among scientists as the ultimate scientific sellout.

LANGDON

I wouldn't really call it a sellout. He was forced to include the Churches ideas with his own even though he knew they were wrong. The Vatican still placed him under house arrest. While he was under house arrest, he secretly wrote a manuscript that some scholars confuse with Diàlogo. That book is called Discorsi.

Vittoria nods.

VITTORIA

I've heard of it. Discourses on the Tides.

LANGDON

He may have also written another obscure booklet called the Diagram of Truth.

VITTORIA

Never heard of it.

LANGDON

Diagramma was smuggled out of Rome by a friend and quietly published in Holland. The booklet became wildly popular in the European scientific underground. The Vatican found out and went on a book-burning campaign.

Vittoria now looks intrigued.

VITTORIA

And you think Diagramma contained the clue?

LANGDON

Diagramma is how Galileo got the word out. Archivists believe that only one copy of Diagramma survived beyond the eighteenth century.

VITTORIA

And it's here?

LANGDON

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

Vittoria moves across the aisle and begins scanning the adjacent bay of vaults.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

Look for reference tabs that have anything to do with Galileo, science, scientists. You'll know it when you see it.

VITTORIA

You still haven't told me how you figured out Diagramma contained the clue. It had something to do with the number you kept seeing in Illuminati letters? 503?

LANGDON

Yes. It took some time, but I finally figured out that 503 is a simple code. It clearly points to Diagramma. The number 503 in Roman numerals is DIII.

Vittoria looks over.

VITTORIA

So what is the meaning of DIII?

LANGDON

DI and DII and DIII are very old abbreviations. They were used by ancient scientists to distinguish between the three Galilean documents most commonly confused.

VITTORIA

Which are?

LANGDON

Diàlogo . . . Discorsi . . . Diagramma. D-one. D-two. D-three. All scientific. All controversial. 503 is DIII. Diagramma. The third of his books.

Vittoria looks troubled.

VITTORIA

Why didn't the Vatican see it when they repossessed all the copies?

LANGDON

Galileo hid it well. According to historic record, the segno was revealed in a mode the Illuminati called lingua pura.

VITTORIA

The pure language? Mathematics?

LANGDON

That's my guess.

Vittoria sounded only slightly more hopeful.

VITTORIA

Do you actually think we can find the Diagramma, locate a sign, deciphering some mathematical code, and following an ancient trail of art that only the most brilliant scientists in history have ever been able to follow . . . all in the next four hours?

Langdon shrugged.

LANGDON

I'm open to other suggestions.

Langdon stands outside a vault and reads the labels on the stacks. He turns to Vittoria, who is checking the contents of a nearby vault.

LANGDON

I found the right theme, but Galileo's missing.

She motions to the next vault.

VITTORIA

He's over here. But I hope you brought your reading glasses, because this entire vault is his.

Langdon marveled, peering through the glass at the dark outlines of the stacks.

LANGDON

The Galileo Affair. The longest and most expensive legal proceeding in Vatican history. Fourteen years and six hundred million lire. It's all here.

He looks at his watch.

LANGDON

It's just past seven . We have almost an hour.

EXT VATICAN - EVENING

Gunther Glick stares at the cell phone in his hand for ten seconds before he finally hangs up. Chinita studies him from the back of the van.

CHINITA

What happened? Who was that?

Glick turns.

GLICK

I just got a tip. Something's going on inside the Vatican.

CHINITA

It's called conclave. Helluva tip.

GLICK

No, something else. Something big. What if I told you four cardinals have been kidnapped and are going to be murdered at different churches tonight.

CHINITA

I'd say you're being hazed by someone at the office with a sick sense of humor.

GLICK

What if I told you we were going to be given the exact location of the first murder?

CHINITA

I'd want to know who the hell you just talked to.

GLICK

He didn't say.

CHINITA

Perhaps because he's full of shit?

GLICK

I don't think so. He said he will call just before eight and tell me where the first killing will be. He told me something else too

CHINITA

What? That Elvis Presley was just elected Pope?

GLICK

Dial into the BBC database, will you? I want to see what other stories we've run on these guys

CHINITA

What guys?

GLICK

The Illuminati.

INT VATICAN ARCHIVES - EVENING

Langdon and Vittoria continue to search. Vittoria finds something.

VITTORIA

Diagramma della Verità!

Langdon walks over to her. He looks at the bin. It reads

DIAGRAMMA DELLA VERITA - GALILEO GALILEI, 1639

They lift the bin out and Langdon unsnaps the latch and lifted the lid. Inside, flat on the floor of the bin is a black pouch. Langdon lifts it out of the bin.

VITTORIA

I expected a treasure chest. Looks more like a pillowcase.

Langdon walks to the center of the vault to the glass-topped archival exam table. Langdon found the felt-pad tongs and gently begins examining the documents.

LANGDON

No math here.

Langdon turns to the next page.

VITTORIA

He's talking about retrograde motions and elliptical orbits or something.

Vittoria said, translating the title. Langdon flips the pages.

LANGDON

Nothing here. No math. A few dates, a few standard figures, but nothing that looks like it could be a clue.

Langdon flip over the last page and sighs.

VITTORIA

Short book.

Langdon nods.

LANGDON

There's got to be something. The segno is here somewhere. I know it!

VITTORIA

Maybe the clue isn't mathematical?

Langdon turns and stares at her.

LANGDON

Lingua pura refers to something other than Italian. Math seems logical.

LANGDON

The numbers may be written longhand. The math may be in words rather than equations

Langdon flips the stack back over to the beginning and divides the stack puts half in front of Vittoria.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

I know enough Italian to spot numbers. It's in here somewhere. I'm sure.

They start searching the small pages.

INT TUNNEL - EVENING

A dark figure walks in an underground tunnel lit only by torches. Up ahead the frightened voices of grown men called out in vain. Rounding the corner, four old terrified men are sealed behind rusted iron bars in a stone cubicle. The men speak to the Hassassin.

CARDINAL LAMASSÉ

What do you want with us?

CARDINAL GUIDERA

Let us go!

CARDINAL EBNER

Are you aware who we are?

HASSASSIN

Silence!

The fourth prisoner, an Italian, sits quiet. The Hassassin checks his watch and then returns his gaze to the prisoners.

HASSASSIN (CONT'D)

Now then. Who will be first?

The Hassassin smiles at the men.

INT VATICAN ARCHIVES - EVENING

Langdon and Vittoria continue to search the documents.

LANGDON

Any luck?

VITTORIA

Nothing that looks purely
mathematical. I'm skimming . . . but
none of this reads like a clue.

Vittoria reaches the end of her stack before Langdon and she
flips the pages back over. She hunkers down for another
inspection. She is squinting at something on one of her pages.

VITTORIA

Did you have any footnotes on your
pages?

LANGDON

Not that I noticed. Why?

VITTORIA

This page has a footnote. It's
obscured in a crease.

LANGDON

Is the footnote mathematical?

VITTORIA

Text. One line. Very small printing.

LANGDON

It's supposed to be math. *Lingua
pura.*

VITTORIA

I think you'll want to hear this. It
says "The path of light is laid, the
sacred test."

LANGDON

Path of light? Are you sure of the
translation?

VITTORIA

Actually . . . It's not technically a translation. The line is written in English.

LANGDON

Nobody spoke English in Italy, not even . . . the clergy. They dealt in Italian, Latin, German, even Spanish and French. They considered English a polluted, free-thinkers language for profane men like Chaucer and Shakespeare.

VITTORIA

So you're saying maybe Galileo considered English *la lingua pura* because it was the one language the Vatican did not control?

LANGDON

Yes. Or maybe by putting the clue in English, Galileo was subtly restricting the readership away from the Vatican.

VITTORIA

But it's not even a clue. The path of light is laid, the sacred test? What the hell does that mean?

LANGDON

Path of light?

Vittoria searches the page again and looks up.

VITTORIA

It's not the only line. There's a different line on every margin. Top, bottom, left, and right. I think it's a poem.

LANGDON

Four lines? Let me see!

She reads by turning the page in quarter turns.

VITTORIA

I didn't see the lines before because they're on the edges. Galileo didn't even write this. The poem is signed John Milton.

Langdon takes the document, twisting it to read the poem. Langdon smiles at her.

EXT VATICAN ARCHIVES - EVENING

Langdon and Vittoria walk in the courtyard outside the Secret Archives.

LANGDON

I'm troubled. We have just stolen a priceless relic from the world's most private vault.

VITTORIA

You think you can decipher this thing in time?

Langdon takes the document carefully in his hands and slips it into one of the breast pockets of his tweed jacket.

LANGDON

I already have.

Vittoria stops.

VITTORIA

You what?

Langdon keeps moving while Vittoria hustles to catch up to him.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)

You read it once! I thought it was supposed to be hard?

LANGDON

I deciphered it. I know where the first killing is going to happen. We need to warn Olivetti.

VITTORIA

How could you already know?

LANGDON

From Santi's earthly tomb with
demon's hole, Cross Rome the mystic
elements unfold, The path of light is
laid, the sacred test, Let angels
guide you on your lofty quest. The
Path of Illumination starts at
Santi's tomb.

VITTORIA

So who is Santi? And where's his tomb?

LANGDON

He was one of the first artists known
by one name. Santi is the last name
of the great Renaissance master,
Raphael.

Vittoria looks surprised.

LANGDON (CON'T)

It makes perfect sense. The
Illuminati considered great artists
and sculptors as honorary brothers in
enlightenment. The Illuminati could
have chosen Raphael's tomb as a kind
of tribute.

VITTORIA

So where is he buried?

LANGDON

Believe it or not, Raphael's buried
in the Pantheon.

Vittoria looks skeptical.

VITTORIA

The Pantheon? Is the Pantheon even a
church?

LANGDON

Oldest Catholic church in Rome.

VITTORIA

Do you really think the first
cardinal could be killed at the

Pantheon? That's one of the busiest tourist spots in Rome.

LANGDON

They want the whole world watching. Killing a cardinal at the Pantheon would certainly open some eyes.

VITTORIA

But how does he expect to kill someone at the Pantheon and get away unnoticed? It would be impossible.

LANGDON

As impossible as kidnapping four cardinals from Vatican City? I think the poem is right.

VITTORIA

And you're certain Raphael is buried inside the Pantheon?

LANGDON

I've seen his tomb many times.

VITTORIA

What time is it?

LANGDON

Seven-thirty.

VITTORIA

Is the Pantheon far?

LANGDON

A mile maybe. We've got time.

VITTORIA

The poem said Santi's earthly tomb. Does that mean anything to you?

LANGDON

The Pantheon got its name from the original religion practiced there, Pantheism, the worship of all gods.

VITTORIA

And demon's hole? From Santi's
earthly tomb with demon's hole?

LANGDON

That one I'm not sure of. Maybe
demon's hole refers to the opening in
the Pantheon's roof.

VITTORIA

But it's a church. Why would they call
the opening a demon's hole?

LANGDON

I'm a little curious about that too.

VITTORIA

Why would the Illuminati use the name
Santi if he was really known as
Raphael?

They enter a smaller courtyard.

LANGDON

You ask a lot of questions.

VITTORIA

My dad used to say that.

LANGDON

Maybe using 'Santi' was to make the
clue more obscure, so only very
enlightened men would recognize the
reference to Raphael.

As they neared the security office, Olivetti marches toward
Langdon.

OLIVETTI

Our most secret archives? I demand an
explanation!

LANGDON

We have good news.

OLIVETTI

It better be damn good.

EXT ROME STREET - EVENING

Four unmarked police cars carry Swiss Guard. Sitting in the passenger seat of the lead car, Olivetti turns backward toward Langdon and Vittoria. His eyes are filled with rage.

OLIVETTI

You assured me a sound explanation,
and this is what I get?

LANGDON

I understand your -

OLIVETTI

No, you don't understand!

Olivetti never raises his voice, but raises his intensity.

OLIVETTI

I have just removed a dozen of my best men from Vatican City on the eve of conclave to stake out the Pantheon based on the testimony of some American I have never met who has just interpreted four-hundred-year-old poem?

LANGDON

All I know is that the information we found refers to Raphael's tomb, and Raphael's tomb is inside the Pantheon.

OLIVETTI

How can a killer accomplish an assassination in such a crowded place and escape unseen?

LANGDON

I don't know, but they seem highly resourceful. They've broken into both CERN and Vatican City. It's only by luck that we know where the first

killing will happen. The Pantheon may be your one chance to catch this guy.

OLIVETTI

One chance? I thought you said there was some sort of pathway. If the Pantheon is the right spot, we can follow the pathway to the other markers. We will have four chances to catch this guy.

LANGDON

I had hoped so. And we would have a century ago. The Vatican had all the Pantheon statues removed and destroyed in the late 1800s.

Vittoria is shocked.

VITTORIA

Why?

LANGDON

The statues were pagan Olympian Gods. Unfortunately, that means the first marker is gone . . . and with it -

VITTORIA

Any hope of finding the Path of Illumination and additional markers?

LANGDON

We have one shot. After that, the path disappears.

Olivetti stares at them both a long moment and then turns.

OLIVETTI

Mr. Langdon, this had better not blow up in our faces.

Langdon smiles uneasily.

INT HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

Max Kohler is in a private hospital room, his wheelchair beside the bed. He drags his body onto his wheelchair. He wheels himself

to the door and slips out.

EXT ROME STREET - EVENING

In the police vehicle, Olivetti gives orders to his team speaking into his walkie-talkie.

OLIVETTI

Seven-forty-six and thirty . . . mark.
Deployment will be an eight-point hem.
Full perimeter with a bias on the
entry. Target may know you visually,
so you will be pas-visible. Nonmortal
force only. We'll need someone to
spot the roof. Target is primary.
Asset secondary.

Vittoria looks stunned, almost angry.

LANGDON

Commander, isn't anyone going
inside?

Olivetti turns.

OLIVETTI

Inside?

LANGDON

Inside the Pantheon! Where this is
supposed to happen?

OLIVETTI

If my ranks have been infiltrated, my
men may be known by sight. Your
colleague has just finished warning
me that this will be our sole chance
to catch the target. I have no
intention of scaring anyone off by
marching my men inside.

LANGDON

But what if the killer is already
inside the Pantheon?

OLIVETTI

The target was specific. Eight o'clock. We have fifteen minutes.

LANGDON

He said he would kill the cardinal at eight o'clock. But he may already have gotten the victim inside somehow. What if your men see the target come out but don't know who he is? Someone needs to make sure the inside is clean.

OLIVETTI

Too risky at this point.

VITTORIA

Not if the person going in was unrecognizable.

OLIVETTI

Disguising operatives is time consuming.

VITTORIA

I meant me.

Langdon turns and stared at her.

OLIVETTI

Absolutely not.

Olivetti shakes his head.

VITTORIA

He killed my father.

OLIVETTI

Exactly, so he may know who you are.

VITTORIA

I can walk in like a tourist. If I see anything suspicious, I can walk in and signal your men to move in.

OLIVETTI

I'm sorry, I cannot allow that.

Vittoria apparently has endured enough.

VITTORIA
That's it. I'm going.

She opens her door and gets out.

EXT ROMAN STREET - EVENING

Olivetti drops his walkie-talkie and jumps out of the car, circling in front of Vittoria. Langdon gets out. Olivetti blocks Vittoria's way.

OLIVETTI
Ms. Vetra, your instincts are good,
but I cannot let a civilian
interfere.

VITTORIA
Let me help.

OLIVETTI
Too dangerous. We would have no lines
of communication with you

Vittoria reaches in her shirt pocket and produces her cell phone.

VITTORIA
Plenty of tourists carry phones.

Olivetti thinks for a moment.

OLIVETTI
Let me see your phone.

Vittoria hands him her phone and he enters his number in her phone.

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)
Now call the number.

Vittoria presses the auto dial. The phone on Olivetti's belt rings. Vittoria closes her phone.

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)

Go into the building, Ms. Vetra, look around, exit the building, then call and tell me what you see.

VITTORIA

Thank you, sir.

LANGDON

Wait a minute. You're sending her in there alone.

VITTORIA

Robert, I'll be fine.

LANGDON

It's dangerous.

The Swiss Guard driver whispers to Olivetti. Olivetti nods.

OLIVETTI

He's right. Even my best men don't work alone. My lieutenant has just pointed out that the masquerade will be more convincing with both of you anyway.

LANGDON

Both of us?

OLIVETTI

Both of you entering together will look like a couple on holiday.

Olivetti points down the street.

OLIVETTI

First street you hit will be Via degli Orfani. Go left. Two-minute walk, tops. I'll be here, directing my men and waiting for your call. I'd like you to have protection.

He pulls out his pistol.

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)

Do either of you know how to use a gun?

VITTORIA

I'm well-versed in the use of a handgun.

Olivetti handed the gun to her.

OLIVETTI

Good. You'll have to conceal it.

Vittoria glances down at her shorts. Then she looks at Langdon. She opens his jacket, and inserts the weapon into one of his breast pockets.

VITTORIA

We look harmless. We're leaving.

She takes Langdon's arm and they head down the street.

INT SWISS GUARD STAGING ROOM - EVENING

Captain ELIAS ROCHER, second-in-command of the Swiss Guard, is addressing the assembled task force. He is a large, barrel-chested man with an ever-present red beret. Rocher's men stand at sharp attention. Young LIEUTENANT CHARTRAND asks a question.

CHARTRAND

Captain Rocher, with all due respect you're talking about futuristic weapons, ancient cults, kidnapped cardinals? Is this some sort of elaborate exercise?

ROCHER

Absolutely not, Lieutenant Chartrand. We will be killing power in selected areas, to eradicate extraneous magnetic interference. We will move in teams of four. We will wear infrared goggles for vision. Reconnaissance will be done with traditional bug sweepers. Any questions?

CHARTRAND

What if we don't find it in time?

Rocher dismisses the group with a somber salute.

ROCHER
Godspeed, men.

EXT ROME STREET - EVENING

Two blocks from the Pantheon, Langdon and Vittoria approach on foot past a line of taxis. He looks at Vittoria. She is focused straight ahead as they near the building.

LANGDON
Looks pretty quiet.

VITTORIA
What time is it?

Langdon checks his watch.

LANGDON
Seven-fifty. Ten minutes until show time.

Langdon exhales heavily as they move toward the entrance.

INT PANTHEON - EVENING

Langdon and Vittoria enter the Pantheon. Above them is a circular hole in the roof glows from the evening sun.

VITTORIA
Pretty quiet.

Langdon nods.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)
Where's Raphael's tomb?

He motions to an ornate funerary across the dome and to the left.

LANGDON
I think that's Raphael's over there.

Vittoria scans the rest of the room.

LANGDON

We better check the recesses in the wall.

VITTORIA

I'll take the left, you go right.

Langdon moves toward the first recess, he passes the tomb of one of Italy's Catholic kings. A guide surprises him.

GUIDE

Good evening.

Langdon jumps. He turns to face an elderly guide.

GUIDE

Hello, I am the cicerone here. It is my job to make your visit to Rome more interesting. Perhaps I can give you some history on this fascinating building.

Langdon smiles politely.

LANGDON

Kind of you, but I'm actually an art historian myself, and-

GUIDE

Superb! Then you will no doubt find this delightful!

LANGDON

I think I'd prefer to-

GUIDE

The Pantheon was built by Marcus Agrippa in 27 B.C.

LANGDON

...and rebuilt by Hadrian in 119 A.D.

GUIDE

It was the world's largest free-standing dome until 1960 when it was eclipsed by the Superdome in New Orleans!

Langdon groans as the man continues.

GUIDE (CONT'D)

And a fifth-century theologian once called the Pantheon the House of the Devil, warning that the hole in the roof was an entrance for demons!

Langdon blocks him out and continues to scan the building.

ON VITTORIA

Vittoria approaches the tomb of Raphael Santi and studies the grave.

ON LANGDON

Langdon continues his search Vittoria rushes up to him.

VITTORIA

Robert! Robert! Galileo's Diagramma.
I need to see it.

He reaches in his pocket and carefully extracts the Diagramma.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)

When did Galileo publish . . .

He scans the document.

VITTORIA

We're in trouble, Robert. The dates don't match.

LANGDON

What dates don't match?

VITTORIA

Raphael's tomb. He wasn't buried here until 1759. A century after Diagramma was published.

Langdon stares at her, trying to make sense of the words.

LANGDON

Raphael died in 1520, long before Diagramma.

VITTORIA

Yes, but he wasn't buried here until much later.

LANGDON

What are you talking about?

VITTORIA

I just read it. Raphael's body was relocated to the Pantheon in 1758. It was part of some historic tribute to eminent Italians.

LANGDON

When that poem was written Raphael's tomb was somewhere else.

Vittoria runs over and grabs the guide.

VITTORIA

Signore, excuse us. Where was Raphael's body in the 1600s?

GUIDE

Urbino, I believe. His birthplace.

LANGDON

The Illuminati altars of science were here in Rome. I'm certain of it!

GUIDE

Illuminati? Who are you people?

VITTORIA

We're looking for something called Santi's earthly tomb. Can you tell us what that might be?

The guide is confused.

GUIDE

This was Raphael's only tomb in Rome.

VITTORIA

Was there another artist called Santi?

The guide shrugs.

GUIDE

Not that I know of.

LANGDON

How about anyone famous at all? Maybe a scientist or a poet or an astronomer named Santi?

GUIDE

No, ma'am. The only Santi I've ever heard of is Raphael the architect.

VITTORIA

Architect? I thought he was a painter!

LANGDON

He was both. They all were. Michelangelo, da Vinci, Raphael.

Langdon suddenly puts it together.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

We shouldn't be looking for Santi's tomb; we need to look for one he designed.

VITTORIA

What are you talking about?

LANGDON

I misunderstood the clue. It's not Raphael's burial site we're looking for, it's a tomb Raphael designed for someone else.

Vittoria turns to the guide.

VITTORIA

I need a tomb designed by Raphael. A tomb that can be considered earthly.

GUIDE

A tomb of Raphael's? I don't know. He designed so many. And you probably

GUIDE (CON'T)

would mean a chapel by Raphael, not a tomb. Architects always designed the chapels in conjunction with the tomb.

Langdon realized the man is right.

VITTORIA

Are any of Raphael's tombs or chapels considered earthly?

The guide shrugs.

GUIDE

I'm sorry. I don't know what you mean. Earthly really doesn't describe anything I know of.

Vittoria holds his arm and reads from the top line.

VITTORIA

From Santi's earthly tomb with demon's hole. Does that mean anything to you?

He thinks for a moment.

GUIDE

I'm afraid nothing comes mind.

Langdon looks up suddenly.

LANGDON

Do any of Raphael's chapels have an oculus in them?

The guide shakes his head.

GUIDE

To my knowledge the Pantheon is unique. But . . .

LANGDON

But what!

GUIDE

Demon's hole . . . that is . . . buco diàvolo?

VITTORIA

Literally, yes.

The guide smiles faintly.

GUIDE

Now there's a term I have not heard in a while. If I'm not mistaken, a buco diàvolo refers to an undercroft.

LANGDON

An undercroft? As in a crypt?

GUIDE

Yes, but a specific kind of crypt. I believe a demon's hole is an ancient term for a massive burial cavity located in a chapel . . . underneath another tomb.

LANGDON

Did Raphael design any tombs that had one of these demon's holes?

The guide smiles.

GUIDE

I do. The only one I know of.

VITTORIA

Where?

GUIDE

It's called the Chigi Chapel. Tomb of Agostino Chigi and his brother, wealthy patrons of the arts and sciences.

LANGDON

Sciences? Where is it?

The guide ignores the question enthusiastic again to be of service.

GUIDE

As for whether or not the tomb is earthly, I don't know, but certainly it is . . . shall we say differente.

LANGDON

Different in what way?

GUIDE

Raphael was only the architect. Some other sculptor did the interior adornments. I can't remember who. Whoever did the interior monuments lacked taste, Dio mio! Atrocitàs! Who would want to be buried beneath pirámides?

Langdon can scarcely believe his ears.

LANGDON

Pyramids? The chapel contains pyramids?

GUIDE

I know. Terrible, isn't it?

Vittoria grabs the guide's arm.

VITTORIA

Signore, where is this Chigi Chapel?

GUIDE

About a mile north. In the church of Santa Maria del Popolo.

VITTORIA

Thank you. Let's -

GUIDE

I just thought of something. The Chigi Chapel was not always known as

the Chigi. It used to be called
Capella della Terra.

LANGDON
Chapel of the Land?

Vittoria heads for the door.

VITTORIA
No. Chapel of the Earth

EXT ROME STREET - EVENING

Vittoria whips out her cell phone they leave the Pantheon.

VITTORIA
Commander Olivetti. This is the wrong
place. The first altar of science is
at the Chigi Chapel!

Vittoria grabs Langdon's hand and pulls him toward a taxi
waiting by the curb. They enter the taxi.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)
Santa Maria del Popolo.. Presto!

The driver hits the accelerator.

INT BBC VAN - EVENING

Glick is on the computer. Chinita stands behind him staring in
confusion.

CHINITA
What do these Illuminati guys have
against Christianity?

GLICK
Not just Christianity. Religion in
general. Although from the phone call
we just got, it appears they do have
a special spot in their hearts for the
Vatican.

CHINITA

Oh, come on. You don't really think that guy who called is who he claims to be, do you?

Glick smiles.

GLICK

A messenger of the Illuminati?
Preparing to kill four cardinals? I
sure hope so.

EXT ROMAN STREET - EVENING

Langdon and Vittoria's taxi skids to a stop on the south side of the Piazza del Popolo. They exit the taxi. As they walk, Langdon looks at the building.

LANGDON

We're in the right place. Have a look
at that.

Langdon points to a high stone archway at the far end of the piazza.

ON ARCHWAY

Dead center of the archway's highest point is a symbolic engraving. A shining star over a triangular pile of stones

LANGDO

Look familiar?

VITTORIA

Like . . . the Great Seal of the United
States?

LANGDON

Exactly. The Masonic symbol on the
one-dollar bill.

Vittoria takes a deep breath and scans the piazza. She points to a stone building surrounded by scaffolding. They walk to the entrance. The church's front stairs are blocked with scaffolding, construction equipment. Vittoria slips without between the sawhorses and heads up the staircase.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

Vittoria if he's still in there . .

Vittoria does not respond and walks up the stairs to the church's wooden door. Langdon hurries up the stairs behind her. Vittoria grabs the door handle and pulls. The door does not budge.

VITTORIA

There must be another entrance.

LANGDON

Probably but Olivetti will be here in a minute. It's too dangerous to go in.

VITTORIA

If there's another way in, there's another way out. If this guy disappears, we're fungito.

EXT ALLEY - EVENING

Langdon and Vittoria walk down a dim alley. A bell begins ringing eight o'clock. They reach the rear of the church and find a passageway cutting directly into the foundation of the church. Vittoria kneels and peers into the tunnel.

VITTORIA

Let's check the door. See if it's open.

Langdon opens his mouth to object, but Vittoria takes his hand and pulls him into the opening.

LANGDON

Wait.

She turns impatiently toward him.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

I'll go first.

Langdon moves past her into the dark. He inches slowly into the darkness, keeping one hand on the wall. They reach a heavy wooden door ajar . . . its hinges splintered by a wrecking bar still lodged in the wood. They stand a moment in silence. Vittoria's hands move to Langdon's chest, sliding beneath his jacket.

VITTORIA

Relax, professor, I'm just getting
the gun.

INT SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO - EVENING

The interior of Santa Maria del Popolo is dim. The main sanctuary is an obstacle course of torn-up flooring, brick pallets, mounds of dirt, wheelbarrows, and even a rusty backhoe. Mammoth columns rise through the floor. Nothing moves. Dead silence. Vittoria holds the gun out in front of her with both hands.

VITTORIA

Where is this Chigi Chapel?

Langdon looks around the church, seeing the four recesses on each side wall. There are eight chapels, each opening is covered with huge sheets of clear polyurethane to keep dust off the tombs inside the alcoves.

LANGDON

It can be any of those draped recesses.
No way to know which is the Chigi
without looking inside every one. Can
be a good reason to wait for Oliv-

VITTORIA

Which is the secondary left apse?

LANGDON

Secondary left apse?

Vittoria points at the wall behind him. A decorative tile is embedded in the stone. It is engraved with the same symbol they had seen outside—a pyramid beneath a shining star. The plaque beside it reads:

COAT OF ARMS OF ALEXANDER CHIGI WHOSE TOMB IS LOCATED IN THE
SECONDARY LEFT APSE OF THIS CATHEDRAL

He nods to Vittoria.

LANGDON

Nice work, Nancy Drew.

VITTORIA

Who?

A piece of metal clatters to the floor only yards away. The clang echoes through the entire church. Langdon pulls Vittoria behind a pillar as she whips the gun toward the sound and holds it there. They wait. Again there is the sound. The sound moves closer, an intermittent scuffling, like a man with a limp. Suddenly around the base of the pillar, an object comes into view. It's an enormous rat dragging a half-eaten sandwich in paper.

LANGDON

Son of a...

Vittoria lowers the gun. Langdon peers around the side of the column to see a workman's lunchbox on the floor.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

If this guy's here, he sure as hell heard that. You sure you don't want to wait for Olivetti?

Langdon faces the main altar. Then he points with his thumb backward over his shoulder. They both turn and look where he's pointing.

VITTORIA

I'll go first. I have the gun.

They walk slowly down the east side of the basilica, passing the shrouded alcoves. Langdon picks up a flashlight sitting on a table and turns it on. The batteries are almost dead. Vittoria slows just before third alcove. She motions with her head to the block beside the apse. Carved in the granite block are two words: CAPELLA CHIGI

Langdon nods. They move to the corner of the opening, positioning themselves behind a wide pillar. She signals for Langdon to pull back the shroud. Langdon reaches over her shoulder and begins to pull the plastic aside. After a moment, moving in slow motion, Vittoria leans forward and peers through the narrow slit. Langdon looks over her shoulder.

She lowers the gun. The dome showed a field of illuminated stars and the seven astronomical planets. On the wall are tributes to the Earth's seasons. On either side of the chapel are two ten-foot-high marble pyramids.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)

I don't see a cardinal or an assassin.

LANGDON

(to himself)

What are pyramids doing inside a
Christian chapel?

VITTORIA

Robert! Look!

Langdon turns around, his eyes drop to where she's pointing. He sees the image of a skeleton on a marble mosaic depicting "death in flight." The skeleton is carrying a tablet portraying the same pyramid and stars they had seen outside. The mosaic is mounted on a circular tablet and is sitting next to the dark hole it once covered.

LANGDON

Demon's hole.

VITTORIA

You think anybody's down there?

Langdon shines the dying flashlight down the hole.

LANGDON

I can't see anything.

VITTORIA

Hello.

There is no echo off the mossy interior. Only silence.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)

I'm going down.

Vittoria heads for the rickety ladder in the hall. Langdon catches her arm.

LANGDON

No. It's dangerous. I'll go.

He moves toward the hole.

INT BBC VAN - EVENING

The BBC van idles at a corner on a Roman street. Glick is checking his map of Rome, apparently lost.

GLICK

He said Piazza del Popolo. There's a church there. And inside is proof. That's what we're looking for.

CHINITA

Proof that a cardinal has been murdered?

GLICK

That's what he said.

He continues looking at the map.

CHINITA

Shouldn't we be back at St. Peter's? Conclave started an hour ago. What if the cardinals come to a decision while we're gone?

GLICK

I think we go to the right, here.

He tilts the map and studies it again.

GLICK (CONT'D)

Yes, if I take a right . . . and then an immediate left.

He began to pull out onto the narrow street before them.

CHINITA

Look out!

Glick slams on the brakes and avoids entering the intersection just as a line of four Alpha Romeos appeared out of nowhere and speed past them. He hits the accelerator and peels out after the cars.

CHINITA (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

Glick accelerates down the street and hung a left after the Alpha Romeos.

GLICK

Something tells me you and I are not
the only ones going to church right
now.

INT SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO - EVENING

Langdon drops rung by rung down the creaking ladder deeper and deeper beneath the floor of the Chigi Chapel. Langdon reaches the bottom and takes the dimming flashlight out of his pocket and looks around the dark chamber. Langdon aims the flashlight toward a hazy image. He moves closer. A white, fleshy outline. A body facing the other direction. Motionless. Silent. Advancing through the murkiness of the crypt, Langdon tries to make sense of what he's looking at. The man has his back to Langdon, and Langdon cannot see his face, but he seems seem to be standing.

LANGDON

Hello?

As he nears the body nearer, we realize the man is very short. Too short.

VITTORIA (O.S.)

What's happening?

Langdon does not answer. He is now close enough to see it all. Emerging from the earthen floor is an old man buried up to his waist in the earth. Naked, his hands are tied behind his back with a red cardinal's sash. He is propped limply upward, spine arched backward. The man's head lay backward.

VITTORIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Is he dead?

Langdon moves toward the body. The eyes bulged outward, blue and bloodshot. Langdon leans down to listen for breath.

LANGDON

He's dead all right. I just saw the
cause of death.

The man's mouth has been jammed open and packed solid with dirt.

LANGDON

Somebody stuffed a fistful of dirt
down his throat. He suffocated.

VITTORIA (O.S.)
Dirt? As in . . . earth?

LANGDON
(to himself)
Earth. The first element.

Langdon looks at the marking on the cardinal's chest. It is charred and oozing. The flesh is seared black. It says EARTH .

INT SISTINE CHAPEL - EVENING

Camerlegno Carlo Ventresca enters the chapel. He walks to the front altar and speaks to the cardinals.

CAMERLEGNO
You are well aware that our four
preferiti are not present in conclave
at this moment. I ask, in the name of
his late Holiness, that you proceed
as you must with faith and purpose.
May you have only God before your
eyes.

CARDINAL 5
But where are they?

CARDINAL 6
When will they return? Are they okay?

CAMERLEGNO
That I cannot honestly say.

CARDINAL 3
Will they return?

A long pause.

CAMERLEGNO
Have faith.

Then the camerlegno walks out of the room.

INT SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO - EVENING

Langdon lays on his back trying to catch his breath. He looks at Olivetti who towers above him. Olivetti screams at Vittoria.

OLIVETTI

Why the hell didn't you figure that out in the first place!

Vittoria ignores him and kneels by Langdon's side. Olivetti moves off, barking orders into his walkie-talkie.

VITTORIA

You okay?

LANGDON

Im fine. The cardinals not. I was wrong.

VITTORIA

We still have time. We've got forty minutes. Get your head together and help me find the next marker.

LANGDON

I told you, Vittoria, the sculptures are gone. The Path of Illumination is -

He thinks a moment and smiles.

LANGDON

This is the first altar of science!
Not the Pantheon!

Vittoria smiles softly. Langdon stands against the wall and looks up at the enormous pyramid sculptures.

LANGDON

We need to find a sculpture.

Vittoria moved closer

VITTORIA

I found out who the unknown Illuminati sculptor was. It was Bernini.

LANGDON

Bernini is impossible.

VITTORIA

Why? Bernini was a contemporary of Galileo. He was a brilliant sculptor.

LANGDON

He was a very famous man and a Catholic.

VITTORIA

Yes. Exactly like Galileo.

LANGDON

He was nothing like Galileo. Galileo was a thorn in the Vatican's side. Bernini was the Vatican's wonder boy. The church loved Bernini. He was elected the Vatican's overall artistic authority. He practically lived inside Vatican City his entire life!

VITTORIA

A perfect cover for Illuminati infiltration.

LANGDON

Vittoria, the Illuminati members referred to their secret artist as il maestro ignoto-the unknown master.

VITTORIA

Yes, unknown to them. Galileo could have kept Bernini's true identity secret from most members . . . for Bernini's own safety. That way, the Vatican would never find out. And Bernini's affiliation with the Illuminati explains why he designed those two pyramids.

Langdon turns to the huge sculpted pyramids and shakes his head.

LANGDON

Bernini was a religious sculptor.
There's no way he carved those
pyramids.

VITTORIA

Tell that to the sign behind you.

Langdon turns to the plaque:

ART OF THE CHIGI CHAPEL - WHILE THE ARCHITECTURE IS RAPHAEL'S,
ALL INTERIOR ADORNMENTS ARE THOSE OF GIANLORENZO BERNINI.

LANGDON

Bernini was an Illuminatus. He
designed the Illuminati ambigrams.
He laid out the path of Illumination.
I never would have guessed.

VITTORIA

Who other than a famous Vatican
artist would have had the clout to put
his artwork in specific Catholic
chapels around Rome and create the
Path of Illumination? Certainly not
an unknown.

Langdon considers it. He looks at the pyramids.

LANGDON

The pyramids face opposite
directions. They are also identical,
so I don't know which . . .

VITTORIA

I don't think the pyramids are what
we're looking for.

LANGDON

But they're the only sculptures here.

Vittoria cuts him off by pointing toward Olivetti and some of
his guards who are gathering near the demon's hole.

Langdon follows the line of her hand to the far wall. He sees
a sculpture of two life-size human figures intertwined. Langdon
and Vittoria walk to the sculpture. Langdon recognizes the
sculpture itself. He stared up at the two faces and smiles.

VITTORIA

Who are they?

LANGDON

Habakkuk and the Angel.

VITTORIA

Habakkuk?

LANGDON

He was a prophet who predicted the annihilation of the earth.

VITTORIA

You think this is the marker?

LANGDON

It certainly points us to the next. Literally.

They look up at the sculpture and both the angel and Habakkuk have their arms outstretched and are pointing.

LANGDON

Not too subtle, is it?

VITTORIA

I see them pointing, but they are contradicting each other. The angel is pointing one way, and the prophet the other.

Langdon heads for the door.

VITTORIA

Where are you going?

LANGDON

Outside the building! I need to see what direction that sculpture is pointing!

VITTORIA

Wait! How do you know which finger to follow?

Langdon calls over his shoulder.

LANGDON
The poem. The last line!

VITTORIA
Let angels guide you on your lofty
quest?

She looks upward at the outstretched finger of the angel.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL - EVENING

The initial voting has taken place and the final cardinal has arrived at the altar and is kneeling before Cardinal Mortati.

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

The cardinal stands up. He holds his ballot high over his head for everyone to see. Then he lowers the ballot to the altar, where a plate sits on a large chalice. He places the ballot on the plate. Next he picks up the plate and uses it to drop the ballot into the chalice. After he has submitted his ballot, he replaces the plate over the chalice, bows to the cross, and returns to his seat.

Leaving the plate on top of the chalice, Mortati shakes the ballots to mix them. Then he removes the plate and extracts a ballot at random. He unfolds the ballot.

CARDINAL
Eligo in summum pontificem . . .

INT BBC VAN - EVENING

Glick and Chinita sit parked in the BBC van at the far end of Piazza del Popolo watching a video of the footage they shot earlier.

ON VIDEO SCREEN

Young men pour out of the Alpha Romeos and surround the church.

Some have weapons drawn. The soldiers draw guns and blow the locks off the front doors. The soldiers enter the church. The tape stops.

ON GLICK

Glick watches across the piazza as men move in and out of the church. Chinita picks up her camera to follow a team as they searched the surrounding area.

CHINITA

Who do you think they are?

GLICK

Hell if I know. Still think we should go back to Pope-Watch?

CHINITA

This could be nothing. These guys could have gotten the same tip you got and are just checking it out. Could be a false alarm.

Glick grabs her arm.

GLICK

Over there! Focus!

He points back to the church. Chinita swings the camera back to the top of the stairs.

CHINITA

Hello there.

GLICK

Who's that guy?

CHINITA

Haven't seen him before.

She zooms in. Its Langdon.

EXT VATICAN - EVENING

Black smoke rises above the chapel for all to see. No pope has

been elected.

EXT SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO - EVENING

Langdon dashes down the stairs outside the church and into the middle of the piazza. Its getting dark.

LANGDON

Okay, Bernini, where the hell is your angel pointing?

He turns and examines the orientation of the church from which he had just come. He turns due west, into the glow of the sunset.

LANGDON

Southwest. The next marker is out there. Where is air?

Langdon strains to see over the obstacles. Langdon turns and heads back up the cathedral stairs. He is met beneath the scaffolding by Vittoria and Olivetti.

LANGDON

Southwest. The next church is southwest of here.

OLIVETTI

You sure this time?

LANGDON

We need a map. One that shows all the churches in Rome. We only have half an hour.

Olivetti moves past Langdon down the stairs toward his car, parked directly in front of the cathedral.

VITTORIA

So the angel's pointing southwest? No idea which churches are southwest?

LANGDON

I can't see past the damn buildings. And I don't know Rome's churches well enou -

He stops and looks out at the piazza again. He eyes the rickety

scaffolding above him and starts toward it.

INT BBC VAN - SAME TIME

Across the square, Chinita Macri and Gunther Glick sits glued to the windshield of the BBC van. They are watching Langdon climb the scaffolding.

CHINITA

He's a little well dressed to be playing Spiderman if you ask me.

GLICK

Think I should call editorial?

CHINITA

Not yet. Let's watch. Better to have something in the can before we admit we abandoned conclave.

EXT SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO - EVENING

Langdon pulls himself onto the last platform and stands up. Langdon scans the rooftops.

LANGDON

Cross Rome the mystic elements unfold.
The path of light is laid, the sacred
test. Let angels guide you on your
lofty quest.

INT BBC VAN - SAME TIME

Across the square, Chinita Macri and Gunther Glick sit watching.

GLICK

Front stairs! Something's going on!

THROUGH THE CAMERA

At the bottom of the stairs, a guard has pulled one of the Alpha Romeos close to the stairs and opens the trunk. He pulls out a walkie-talkie and speaks into it. Almost instantly an army emerges from the church. The soldiers form a straight line across the top of the stairs. They begin to descend. Behind them four soldiers seemed to be carrying something heavy.

GLICK (V.O.)

Are they stealing something from the church?

The shot tightens on the men carrying the dead cardinal. When the soldiers try to lift the object into the trunk, the blanket falls off the body.

CHINITA

Call editorial. We've got a dead body.

INT CERN - EVENING

Maximilian Kohler maneuvers his wheelchair into Leonardo Vetra's bedroom. The top drawer of his bedside table is locked. Kohler pries it open with a knife and pulls out a notebook.

EXT SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO - EVENING

Vittoria greets Landon as he climbs down from the scaffolding.

VITTORIA

No luck?

Langdon shakes his head and looks over to the parked car where Olivetti and a group of soldiers now have a map spread out on the hood.

LANGDON

Are they looking southwest?

VITTORIA

No churches. From here the first one you hit is St. Peter's.

Langdon moves toward Olivetti. The soldiers part to let him through. Olivetti looks up at Langdon.

OLIVETTI

Nothing. But this doesn't show every last church. Just the big ones. About fifty of them. Are you certain of the direction?

LANGDON

Yes, sir. Positive.

SOLDIER

What's wrong with St. Peter's? It's a church.

LANGDON

Needs to be a public place. Hardly seems public at the moment.

VITTORIA

The square is public.

LANGDON

No statues, though.

VITTORIA

Isn't there a monolith in the middle? Some sort of pyramid?

LANGDON

The Vatican's monolith is not by Bernini. It was brought in by Caligula. And it has nothing to do with Air. Besides, the poem says the elements are spread across Rome. St. Peter's Square is in Vatican City. Not Rome.

SOLDIER

Depends who you ask.

Langdon looks up.

SOLDIER

Most maps show St. Peter's Square as part of Vatican City, but because it's outside the walled city, Roman officials for centuries have claimed it as part of Rome.

Langdon is stunned.

LANGDON

You're kidding.

SOLDIER

I only mention it, because Commander Olivetti and Ms. Vetra were asking about a sculpture that had to do with Air.

LANGDON

And you know of one in St. Peter's Square?

SOLDIER

Not exactly. It's not really a sculpture. Probably not relevant.

OLIVETTI

Let's hear it.

SOLDIER

The only reason I know about it is because I'm usually on piazza duty. I know every corner of St. Peter's Square.

LANGDON

The sculpture. What does it look like?

SOLDIER

I patrol past it every day. It's in the center, directly where that line is pointing. That's what made me think of it. As I said, it's not really a sculpture. It's more of a . . . block.

OLIVETTI

A block?

SOLDIER

Yes, sir. A marble block embedded in the square. At the base of the monolith. But the block is not a rectangle. It's an ellipse. And the block is carved with the image of a billowing gust of wind. Air, I

suppose, if you wanted to get scientific about it.

Langdon stares at the young soldier in amazement.

LANGDON

That tile you're talking about in St. Peter's Square is called the West Ponente-the West Wind. It's also known as Respiro di Dio.

VITTORIA

Breath of God?

LANGDON

Yes! Air! And it was carved and put there by the original architect!

VITTORIA

But I thought Michelangelo designed St. Peter's.

LANGDON

Yes, the basilica! But St. Peter's Square was designed by Bernini!

INT BBC VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Glick watches the caravan of Alpha Romeos leave Piazza del Popolo. He floors the BBC van's accelerator and swerves through traffic, tailing the four speeding Alpha Romeos. Chinita sits in her work area in the back of the van finishing a phone call with London. She hangs up and yells to Glick over the sound of the traffic.

CHINITA

You want the good news or bad news?

GLICK

Bad news.

CHINITA

Editorial is burned we abandoned our post.

GLICK

Surprise.

CHINITA

They also think your tipster is a fraud.

GLICK

Of course.

CHINITA

And the boss just warned me that you're a few crumpets short of a proper tea.

GLICK

Great. And the good news?

CHINITA

They agreed to look at the footage we just shot.

Glicks scowl softens into a grin.

GLICK

So fire it off.

CHINITA

Can't transmit until we stop and get a fixed cell read.

Glick guns the van.

GLICK

Sit tight, love. Something tells me we're almost there.

CHINITA

Where?

Glick gazed out at the St. Peter's Square. He smiles.

GLICK

Right back where we started.

INT CAR - EVENING

Langdon checks his watch. It is 8:54 P.M. In the front seat, Olivetti turns and faces Langdon and Vittoria.

OLIVETTI

I want you two right on top of this Bernini brick or block or whatever the hell it is. Same drill. You're tourists. Use the phone if you see anything.

Before Langdon can respond, Vittoria has his hand and is pulling him out of the car.

EXT ST. PETERS SQUARE - EVENING

Langdon and Vittoria are walking across the square.

VITTORIA

How much time do we have?

LANGDON

Five minutes.

VITTORIA

How does he think he can do it in front of this many people?

LANGDON

And escape.

In the center of the piazza is the 350-ton Egyptian obelisk. On it is a hollow iron cross. Two fountains are on each side of the obelisk.

THROUGH A CAMERA LENS

Langdon and Vittoria are seen walking to the obelisk. The tape is rolling.

EXT ST. PETERS SQUARE - EVENING

They near the stone, everything is normal. Tourists wander, nuns chatted along the perimeter of the piazza, a girl feeds pigeons at the base of the obelisk. They reach the elliptical stone and Vittoria reads the inscription on the stone.

VITTORIA

West Ponente.

LANGDON

And escape.

Langdon looks down at the marble stone that is carved with a depiction of the West Wind as an angel. A breath is gusting from the angel's mouth blowing outward away from the Vatican. Vittoria begins walking again almost immediately, leading Langdon away.

VITTORIA

I think someone's following us.

LANGDON

Where?

She points up at the Vatican as if showing Langdon something on the dome.

VITTORIA

The same person has been behind us all the way across the square.

LANGDON

You think it's the Hassassin?

Vittoria shakes her head.

VITTORIA

Not unless the Illuminati hires women with BBC cameras.

The bells of St. Peter's begin to ring. They circle away from West Ponente in an attempt to lose the reporter but are now moving back. A homeless drunk dozes awkwardly at the base of the obelisk.

A little girl begins to scream. Langdon rushes to reach the screaming girl whos is pointing at the base of the obelisk where a shabby, decrepit drunk sits slumped on the stairs. The drunks gray hair is in front of his face, and his entire body is wrapped in some sort of dirty cloth. The girl keeps screaming as she scampers off into the crowd.

There is flowing blood spreading across the man's front. The

old man falls. Langdon lunges, but he is too late. The man falls off the stairs, and hits the pavement facedown. Langdon drops to his knees. Vittoria arrives beside him. She puts her fingers on the man's throat from behind.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)

There's a pulse. Roll him over.

LANGDON

You think it's...?

Grasping the man's shoulders, he rolls the body over. The man flops onto his back. In the center of his naked chest is a wide area of charred flesh. The word AIR is burned into his flesh. Vittoria gasps and pulls back.

VITTORIA

Air. It's . . . him.

Swiss Guards appear from out of nowhere, shouting orders, racing after an unseen assassin.

Vittoria rips the rest of the rags off the man's abdomen. He has two deep puncture wounds just below his rib cage. She cocks the man's head back and begins to administer mouth to mouth. As Vittoria blows, the wounds on either side of the man's midsection hiss and spray blood into the air. The salty liquid hits Langdon in the face. Vittoria stops.

LANGDON

His lungs . . . They're . . .
punctured.

Vittoria covers the body as the Swiss Guards move in.

ON LANGDON

Langdon stands and sees Chinita. Her BBC video camera is shouldered and running. She and Langdon lock eyes, and he knows she'd taped it all.

ON CHINITA

She takes off. She runs across St. Peter's Square, pushing

through the gathering crowd. She hurries in the direction of the BBC van when a young man emerges from the crowd before her. Their eyes meet, and they both stop. He raised a walkie-talkie and moves toward her. Chinita turns and doubles back into the crowd.

She stumbles through the mass of arms and legs, removing the video cassette from her camera. She tucks the tape under her belt flush to her backside and letting her coat tails cover it.

Another soldier appears to her left, closing in. Chinita knows she has little time. She enters into the crowd again and pulls a blank cartridge from her case and slaps it into the camera.

She is thirty yards from the BBC van when the two soldiers appear directly in front of her.

SOLDIER

Film. Now.

Chinita wraps her arms protectively around her camera.

CHINITA

No chance.

One of the men pulls aside his jacket, revealing a sidearm.

CHINITA (CONT'D)

(defiantly)

So shoot me.

SOLDIER

(more firm)

Film.

CHINITA (CONT'D)

I am a professional videographer with the BBC! By Article 12 of the Free Press Act, this film is property of the British Broadcast Corporation!

The men do not flinch. The one with the gun takes a step toward her.

SOLDIER

I am a lieutenant with the Swiss Guard, and by the Holy Doctrine governing

the property on which you are now standing, you are subject to search and seizure.

A crowd starts to gather now around them. Chinita yells.

CHINITA

I will not under any circumstances give you the film in this camera without speaking to my editor in London. I suggest you -

The guards end it. One pulls the camera out of her hands. The other forcibly grabs her by the arm and twists her in the direction of the Vatican.

SOLDIER

Grazie.

The guards walk Chinita away when she feels someone in the crowd gropes under her coat. She turns and behind her Glick gives her a wink and dissolves into the crowd.

INT LONDON BBC OFFICE - EVENING

A BBC technician ejects a video cassette from a satellite receiver unit and dashes across the control room floor.

INT EDITORS OFFICE - EVENING

She bursts into the office of the editor-in-chief, slams the video into his VCR, and presses play.

INT LONDON BBC OFFICE - EVENING

The excited editor-in-chief emerges from his office, ringing a cowbell. Everything in editorial stopped.

EDITOR

Live in five! On-air talent to prep!
Media coordinators, I want your contacts on line! We've got a story we're selling! And we've got film!

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Content?

EDITOR

Live homicide.

ASSISTANT EDITOR

What the hell happened? The prime minister get skinned alive?

EDITOR

Better.

INT OFFICE OF THE POPE - EVENING

Vittoria, Langdon, Captain Rocher, Commander Olivetti, and half a dozen guards are in the Office of the Pope. Two Swiss Guards escort a sad and troubled Camerlegno Ventresca through the door.

CAMERLEGNO

What happened?

OLIVETTI

Cardinal Ebner was found dead in the church of Santa Maria del Popolo just after eight o'clock. He had been suffocated and branded with the ambigrammatic word 'Earth.' Cardinal Lamassé was murdered in St. Peter's Square ten minutes ago. He died of perforations to the chest. He was branded with the word 'Air,' also ambigrammatic. The killer escaped in both instances.

The camerlegno crosses the room and sits heavily behind the Pope's desk. He bows his head.

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)

Cardinals Guidera and Baggia, may be still alive.

The camerlegno's head shoots up, his expression pained.

CAMERLEGNO

This is our consolation? Two cardinals have been murdered, commander. And the other two will obviously not be alive much longer unless you find them.

OLIVETTI

We will find them. I am encouraged.

CAMERLEGNO

Encouraged? We've had nothing but failure.

OLIVETTI

Untrue. We've lost two battles, signore, but we're winning the war. The Illuminati has intended to turn this evening into a media circus. So far we have thwarted their plan. Both cardinals' bodies have been recovered without incident. In addition Captain Rocher tells me he is making excellent headway on the antimatter search.

Captain Rocher steps forward in his red beret.

ROCHER

I am hopeful we will have the canister for you within an hour, signore.

CAMERLEGNO

Captain, excuse me if I seem less than hopeful, but I was under the impression that a search of Vatican City would take far more time than we have.

ROCHER

A full search, yes. However, after assessing the situation, I am confident the antimatter canister is located in one of our white zones-those Vatican sectors accessible to public tours-the museums and St. Peter's Basilica, for example. We have already killed power in those zones and are conducting our scan.

CAMERLEGNO

You intend to search only a small percentage of Vatican City?

ROCHER

Yes, signore. It is highly unlikely that an intruder gained access to the inner zones of Vatican City. The fact that the missing security camera was stolen from a public access area implies that the intruder had limited access. He would only have been able to relocate the camera and antimatter in another public access area. It is these areas on which we are focusing our search.

CAMERLEGNO

An intruder kidnapped four cardinals. That certainly implies deeper infiltration than we thought.

ROCHER

The cardinals spent much of today in the Vatican museums and St. Peter's Basilica, enjoying those areas without the crowds. It is most likely that the missing cardinals were taken from one of these areas.

CAMERLEGNO

But how were they removed from our walls?

ROCHER

We are still assessing that.

CAMERLEGNO

I see.

The camerlegno exhales and stands up. He walks over to Olivetti.

CAMERLEGNO

Commander, I would like to hear your contingency plan for evacuation.

OLIVETTI

We are still formalizing that, signore. In the meantime, I am confident that Captain Rocher will find the canister.

At that moment a soldier comes through the door carrying a clipboard and a map. He walks to Langdon. He is the same soldier from the car earlier.

SOLDIER

Mr. Langdon? I have the information you requested on the West Ponente.

Langdon and the guard spread out the map on the Pope's desk. The soldier points to St. Peter's Square.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

This is where we are. The central line of West Ponente's breath points due east, directly away from Vatican City. As you can see, the line passes through almost all of Rome. There are about twenty Catholic churches that fall near this line.

LANGDON

Twenty?

SOLDIER

Maybe more.

LANGDON

Do any of the churches fall directly on the line?

SOLDIER

Some look closer than others, but translating the exact bearing of the West Ponente onto a map leaves margin for error.

Langdon looks out at St. Peter's Square a moment.

LANGDON

How about fire? Any of them have Bernini artwork that has to do with fire?

Silence.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

How about obelisks? Are any of the churches located near obelisks?

The guard begins checking the map.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

It's a long shot, but I know that many of Rome's obelisks were erected or moved during Bernini's reign.

Olivetti comes over.

OLIVETTI

What have you got?

SOLDIER

Too many churches. Two dozen or so. I suppose we could put four men on each church.

OLIVETTI

Forget it. We missed this guy twice when we knew exactly where he was going to be. A mass stakeout means leaving Vatican City unprotected and canceling the search.

VITTORIA

We need a reference book. An index of Bernini's work. If we can scan titles, maybe something will jump out.

LANGDON

I don't know. If it's a work Bernini created specifically for the Illuminati, it may be very obscure. It probably won't be listed in a book.

VITTORIA

The other two sculptures were fairly well-known. You'd heard of them both. If we scan titles for references to the word 'fire,' maybe we'll find a statue that's listed as being in the right direction.

Langdon turns to Olivetti.

LANGDON

I need a list of all Bernini's work. You guys probably don't have a coffee-table Bernini book around here, do you?

OLIVETTI

The Bernini work in question. Would it have been created while Bernini was employed here at the Vatican?

LANGDON

Yes. He was here almost his entire career. And certainly during the time period of the Galileo conflict.

OLIVETTI

Then there's another reference.

LANGDON

Where?

The commander does not reply. He takes his guard aside and speaks in hushed tones. The guard seems uncertain but nods obediently. When Olivetti is finished talking, the guard turns to Langdon.

GUARD

This way please, Mr. Langdon. It's nine-fifteen. We'll have to hurry.

Langdon and the guard head for the door. Vittoria starts after them.

VITTORIA

I'll help.

Olivetti catches her by the arm.

OLIVETTI

No, Ms. Vetra. I need a word with you.

Langdon and the guard leave. Olivetti's face is wooden as he takes Vittoria aside. His walkie-talkie crackles loudly.

GUARD VOICE

Commandante?

Everyone in the room turns.

GUARD VOICE

I think you better turn on the television.

INT VATICAN ARCHIVES - EVENING

Langdon and the soldier scan the vaults in the Vatican archives.

SOLDIER

Over here, I think.

He escorts Langdon to the back of the chamber where a series of smaller vaults line the wall. The guard scans the titles on the vaults and motioned to one of them.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Yes, here it is. Right where the commander said it would be.

Langdon reads the title. ATTIVI VATICANI. He scans the list of contents. Real estate . . . currency . . . Vatican Bank . . . antiquities . . . The list goes on.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Paperwork of all Vatican assets. My commander said that whatever Bernini created while under Vatican patronage would be listed here as an asset.

LANGDON

Including works placed in churches outside Vatican City?

The soldier gives him an odd look.

SOLDIER

Of course. All Catholic churches in Rome are property of the Vatican.

Langdon looks at the list in his hand.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

My orders are to escort you here and then return immediately to the security center.

LANGDON

You're leaving?

SOLDIER

Yes. The Swiss Guards are not allowed inside the archives. I am breaching protocol by escorting you this far. The commander reminded me of that.

LANGDON

Breaching protocol? Do you have any idea what is going on here this evening? Whose side is your damn commander on?

All friendliness disappears from the guard's face.

LANGDON

I apologize. It's just . . . I could use some help.

The guard does not blink.

SOLDIER

I am trained to follow orders. Not debate them. When you find what you are looking for, contact the commander immediately

LANGDON

But where will he be?

The guard removes his walkie-talkie and sets it on a nearby table.

SOLDIER

Channel one.

Then he disappears into the dark.

INT OFFICE OF THE POPE - EVENING

Everyone gathers around the television in the Office of the Pope.

As the screen warms up, a young female Reporter comes into view.

ON THE TV

KELLY JONES

For MSNBC news, this is Kelly
Horan-Jones, live from Vatican City.

The image behind her is an evening shot of St. Peter's Basilica
with all its lights blazing.

ROCHER

You're not live. That's stock
footage! The lights in the basilica
are out.

Olivetti silences him with a hiss.

KELLY JONES

Shocking developments in the Vatican
elections this evening. We have
reports that two members of the
College of Cardinals have been
brutally murdered in Rome.

A guard appears at the door.

GUARD

Commander, the central switchboard
reports every line lit. They're
requesting our official position on-

OLIVETTI

Disconnect it

GUARD

But, commander-

OLIVETTI

Go!

The guard runs off. The cameralegno stares long and hard at
Olivetti before turning back to the television.

ON TV

MSNBC now shows the Swiss Guards carried the body of Cardinal Ebner down the stairs outside Santa Maria del Popolo and lifted him into an Alpha Romeo. The tape freezes and zooms in as the cardinal's naked body became visible just before depositing him in the trunk of the car.

OLIVETTI

Who the hell shot this footage?

MSNBC REPORTER (V.O.)

This is believed to be the body of Cardinal Ebner of Frankfurt, Germany. The men removing his body from the church are believed to be Vatican Swiss Guard. At this time, MSNBC would like to issue our viewers a discretionary warning. The images we are about to show are exceptionally vivid and may not be suitable for all audiences. Again, this footage may be shocking to some viewers.

OLIVETTI

What footage? You just showed -

ON TV

The shot that fills the screen is of Vittoria and Langdon in St. Peter's Square, moving through the crowd. In the corner of the screen is a text overlay: COURTESY OF THE BBC.

VITTORIA

Oh, no. Oh . . . no.

The camerlegno is confused. He turns to Olivetti.

CAMERLEGNO

I thought you said you confiscated this tape!

ON TV

A child is screaming. The image pans to find a little girl pointing at what appears to be a bloody homeless man. Langdon enters abruptly into the frame, trying to help the little girl. The shot tightens.

ON OFFICE

Everyone in the Pope's office stares in horrified silence.

ON TV

The cardinal's body falls face first onto the pavement. Vittoria appears and calls orders. There is blood and the brand.

MSNBC REPORTER (V.O.)

This astonishing footage was shot only minutes ago outside the Vatican. Our sources tell us this is the body of Cardinal Lamassé from France. How he came to be dressed this way and why he was not in conclave remain a mystery. So far, the Vatican has refused to comment.

The tape begins to roll again.

ROCHER

Refused comment? Give us a damn minute!

The reporter is still talking.

MSNBC REPORTER

Although MSNBC has yet to confirm a motive for the attack, our sources tell us that responsibility for the murders has been claimed by a group calling themselves the Illuminati.

OLIVETTI

What!

MSNBC REPORTER

. . . find out more about the
Illuminati by visiting our website
at-

OLIVETTI
Non é possibile!

He switches channels. This station has a Hispanic male reporter.

HISPANIC REPORTER
-a satanic cult known as the
Illuminati, who some historians
believe -

Olivetti begins pressing the remote wildly. Every channel is
in the middle of a live update. Most are in English.

REPORTER
-Swiss Guards removing a body from a
church earlier this evening. The body
is believed to be that of Cardinal-

Click

REPORTER
-lights in the basilica and museums
are extinguished leaving
speculation--

Click

REPORTER
-will be speaking with conspiracy
theorist Tyler Tingley, about this
shocking resurgence--

Click

REPORTER
-rumors of two more assassinations
planned for later this evening-

Click

REPORTER

-questioning now whether papal
hopeful Cardinal Baggia is among the
missing-

Vittoria turns away. Olivetti sets down the remote control and
turns to the camerlegno.

OLIVETTI

Signore, I cannot imagine how this
could happen. We took the tape that
was in that camera!

Nobody says a word. The Swiss Guards stand rigid at attention.

CAMERLEGNO

It appears that we have not contained
this crisis as well as I was led to
believe.

He looks out the window at the gathering masses.

CAMERLEGNO

I need to make an address.

Olivetti shakes his head.

OLIVETTI

No, signore. That is exactly what the
Illuminati want you to do - confirm
them, empower them. We must remain
silent

The camerlegno points out the window.

CAMERLEGNO

There will be tens of thousands
shortly. Then hundreds of thousands.
Continuing this charade only puts
them in danger. I need to warn them.
Then we need to evacuate our College
of Cardinals.

OLIVETTI

There is still time. Let Captain
Rocher find the antimatter.

The camerlegno turns.

CAMERLEGNO

Are you attempting to give me an order?

OLIVETTI

No, I am giving you advice. If you are concerned about the people outside, we can announce a gas leak and clear the area, but admitting we are hostage is dangerous.

CAMERLEGNO

Commander, I will only say this once. I will not use this office as a pulpit to lie to the world. If I announce anything at all, it will be the truth.

OLIVETTI

The truth? That Vatican City is threatened to be destroyed by satanic terrorists? It only weakens our position.

CAMERLEGNO

How much weaker could our position be?

Rocher grabs the remote and increases the volume on the television. Everyone turns. On air, the woman from MSNBC now looks genuinely unnerved. Superimposed beside her is a photo of the late Pope.

MSNBC REPORTER

. . . breaking information. This just in from the BBC . . . The Illuminati have just claimed responsibility for . . . They have claimed responsibility for the death of the Pope fifteen days ago.

The camerlegno's jaw falls. Rocher drops the remote control.

MSNBC REPORTER

By Vatican law no formal autopsy is ever performed on a Pope, so the Illuminati claim of murder cannot be confirmed. Nonetheless, the

Illuminati hold that the cause of the late Pope's death was not a stroke as the Vatican reported, but poisoning.

The room is totally silent again. Olivetti erupts

OLIVETTI

Madness! A bold-faced lie!

CAMERLEGNO

God help us.

As Rocher flips, he passes a BBC station. Gunther Glick's voice is heard on TV.

GLICK

-tipped me off about the killing at Santa Maria de Popolo-

CAMERLEGNO

Wait! Back.

Rocher flips back. On screen, a prim-looking man sits at a BBC news desk.

Superimposed over his shoulder is a still snapshot of Glick. Underneath his photo, it said: GUNTHER GLICK-LIVE IN VATICAN CITY. Glick is reporting by phone, the connection scratchy.

GLICK

. . . my videographer got the footage of the cardinal being removed from the Chigi Chapel.

ANCHORMAN

Let me reiterate for our viewers BBC reporter Gunther Glick is the man who first broke this story. He has been in phone contact twice now with the alleged Illuminati assassin. Gunther, you say the assassin phoned only moments ago to pass along a message from the Illuminati?

GLICK

He did.

ANCHORMAN

And their message was that the
Illuminati were somehow responsible
for the Pope's death?

GLICK

Correct. The caller told me that the
Pope's death was not a stroke, as the
Vatican had thought, but rather that
the Pope had been poisoned by the
Illuminati.

Everyone in the Pope's office freezes.

ANCHORMAN

Poisoned? But . . . but how!

GLICK

They gave no specifics except to say
that they killed him with a drug known
as Heparin.

INT POPES OFFICE - EVENING

The camerlegno, Olivetti, and Rocher all exchange confused
looks.

ROCHER

Heparin? But isn't that . . . ?

CAMERLEGNO

The Pope's medication.

Vittoria is stunned.

VITTORIA

The Pope was on Heparin?

CAMERLEGNO

He had thrombophlebitis. He took an
injection once a day.

ROCHER

But Heparin isn't a poison. Why would
the Illuminati claim-

VITTORIA

Heparin is lethal in the wrong dosages. It's a powerful anticoagulant. An overdose would cause massive internal bleeding and brain hemorrhages.

Olivetti eyes her suspiciously.

OLIVETTI

How do you know that?

VITTORIA

Marine biologists use it on sea mammals in captivity to prevent blood clotting from decreased activity. Animals have died from improper administration of the drug. A Heparin overdose in a human would cause symptoms easily mistaken for a stroke . . . especially in the absence of a proper autopsy.

The camerlegno now looks deeply troubled.

OLIVETTI

Signore this is obviously an Illuminati ploy for publicity. Someone overdosing the Pope would be impossible. Nobody had access. And even if we take the bait and try to refute their claim, how could we? Papal law prohibits autopsy. Even with an autopsy, we would learn nothing. We would find traces of Heparin in his body from his daily injections.

CAMERLEGNO

True. And yet something else troubles me. No one on the outside knew His Holiness was taking this medication.

There is a silence.

VITTORIA

If he overdosed with Heparin, his body would show signs.

OLIVETTI

Ms. Vetra, in case you didn't hear me, papal autopsies are prohibited by Vatican Law. We are not about to defile His Holiness's body by cutting him open just because an enemy makes a taunting claim!

Vittoria is shamed.

VITTORIA

I was not implying . . . I certainly was not suggesting you exhume the Pope . . .

CAMERLEGNO

What sort of signs?

VITTORIA

Overdoses can cause bleeding of the oral mucosa. The victim's gums would bleed. Post mortem, the blood congeals and turns the inside of the mouth black.

The camerlegno makes no reply. He turns and stares out the window.

ROCHER

Signore, if this claim about poisoning is true . . .

OLIVETTI

It's not true. Access to the Pope by an outsider is utterly impossible.

ROCHER

If this claim is true and our Holy Father was poisoned, then that has profound implications for our antimatter search. The alleged assassination implies a much deeper infiltration of Vatican City than we had imagined. Searching the white

zones may be inadequate. If we are compromised to such a deep extent, we may not find the canister in time.

Olivetti leveled his captain with a cold stare.

OLIVETTI

Captain, I will tell you what is going to happen.

The camerlegno turns suddenly to Olivetti.

CAMERLEGNO

No. I will tell you what is going to happen. This has gone far enough. In twenty minutes I will be making a decision whether or not to cancel conclave and evacuate Vatican City. My decision will be final. Is that clear?

Olivetti does not blink or respond. The camerlegno turns to Rocher.

CAMERLEGNO

Captain Rocher, you will complete your search of the white zones and report directly to me when you are finished.

Rocher nods, throwing Olivetti an uneasy glance. The camerlegno then singles out two guards.

CAMERLEGNO

I want the BBC reporter, Mr. Glick, in this office immediately. If the Illuminati have been communicating with him, he may be able to help us. Go.

The two soldiers disappear. Now the camerlegno turns and addresses the remaining guards.

CAMERLEGNO

Gentlemen, I will not permit any more loss of life this evening. By ten o'clock you will locate the remaining

two cardinals and capture the monster responsible for these murders. Do I make myself understood?

OLIVETTI

But, signore, we have no idea where-

CAMERLEGNO

Mr. Langdon is working on that. He seems capable. I have faith.

With that, the camerlegno strides for the door, a new determination in his step. On his way out, he points to three guards.

CAMERLEGNO

You three, come with me.

The guards follow. In the doorway, the camerlegno stops. He turns to Vittoria.

CAMERLEGNO

Ms. Vetra. You too. Please come with me.

She hesitates.

VITTORIA

Where are we going?

CAMERLEGNO

To see an old friend.

He heads out the door.

INT LEONARDO VETRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maximilian Kohler has finished reading the leather-bound journal he's taken from Vetra's bedside table. Now he is watching the television reports. After a few minutes, he replaces Vetra's journal, turns off the television, and leaves the apartment.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL - NIGHT

Cardinal Mortati carries a tray of ballots to the Sistine Chapel chimney. He adds the chemicals and starts burning them. The

smoke is black.

EXT ST. PETER'S BASILICA - NIGHT

Vittoria, the camerlegno and the Swiss Guards walk through the very dark St. Peter's Basilica. As they circled past a pillar there is an orange glow up ahead. The light emanates from beneath the floor in the center of the basilica. It is sunken sanctuary beneath the main altar is an underground chamber that holds the Vatican's most sacred relics. Vittoria looks down at the golden coffer surrounded by scores of glowing oil lamps.

VITTORIA

St. Peter's bones?

CAMERLEGNO

Actually, no. A common misconception. That's not a reliquary. The box holds the woven sashes that the Pope gives to newly elected cardinals.

VITTORIA

But I thought-

CAMERLEGNO

As does everyone. The guidebooks label this as St. Peter's tomb, but his true grave is two stories beneath us, buried in the earth. The Vatican excavated it in the forties. Nobody is allowed down there.

VITTORIA

Shouldn't the Vatican tell people?

CAMERLEGNO

We all benefit from a sense of contact with divinity . . . even if it is only imagined. Change is not something we do well within Vatican City. Admitting our past faults, modernization, are things we historically eschew. His Holiness was trying to change that. Reaching to the modern world. Searching for new paths to God.

VITTORIA
Like science?

CAMERLEGNO
To be honest, science seems
irrelevant.

VITTORIA
Irrelevant?

CAMERLEGNO
Science can heal, or science can kill.
It depends on the soul of the man
using the science. It is the soul that
interests me.

VITTORIA
When did you hear your call?

CAMERLEGNO
Before I was born.

Vittoria looks at him.

CAMERLEGNO
I'm sorry, that always seems like a
strange question. What I mean is that
I've always known I would serve God.
From the moment I could first think.
It wasn't until I was a young man,
though, in the military, that I truly
understood my purpose.

Vittoria is surprised.

VITTORIA
You were in the military?

CAMERLEGNO
Two years. I was a pilot. Medevac
helicopters. In fact, I still fly
from time to time.

He pauses and looks at her.

CAMERLEGNO

Ms. Vetra, thank you for your help here today. I am very sorry about your father. Truly.

VITTORIA

Thank you.

CAMERLEGNO

I never knew my father. He died before I was born. I lost my mother when I was ten.

Vittoria looks up.

VITTORIA

You were orphaned?

CAMERLEGNO

I survived an accident. An accident that took my mother.

VITTORIA

Who took care of you?

CAMERLEGNO

God. He quite literally sent me another father. A bishop from Palermo appeared at my hospital bed and took me in. At the time I was not surprised. I had sensed God's watchful hand over me even as a boy. The bishop's appearance simply confirmed what I had already suspected, that God had somehow chosen me to serve him.

VITTORIA

You believed God chose you?

CAMERLEGNO

I did. And I do. I worked under the bishop's tutelage for many years. He eventually became a cardinal. Still, he never forgot me. He is the father I remember.

The group arrives beneath a towering pillar, and their lights converged on an opening in the floor. They start descending the

staircase.

VITTORIA

What became of him? The cardinal who
took you in?

CAMERLEGNO

He left the College of Cardinals for
another position.

Vittoria is surprised.

CAMERLEGNO

And then, I'm sorry to say, he passed
on.

VITTORIA

Le mie condoglianze. Recently?

The camerlegno turns, shadows accentuating the pain on his face.

CAMERLEGNO

Exactly fifteen days ago. We are
going to see him right now.

INT ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Walking around the archives, Langdon quickly locates the
section of assets containing the ledgers. Langdon climbs a
rolling ladder and scans the top shelf. Langdon found the ledger.
Langdon descends the ladder and spreads himself out on the floor
and opens the cover. He flips randomly through the ledger in
hopes that an illustration might jump out at him.

LANGDON

Fountains. Water.

Scanning through the book, he sees something that makes him stop.
Langdon hurriedly flips to the ledger's description of the work.

ON PICTURE

St. Teresa and an angel. A pointing
angel.

LANGDON

Let angels guide you on your lofty
quest.

Langdon smiles.

INT GROTTA - NIGHT

Vittoria, the camerlegno and the guards reach the bottom of the spiral staircase and enter the grotto. The only light is from flashlights of the Swiss Guards. The guards slow as the camerlegno continues and stops just before a marble tomb. On top of the tomb is a carved figure of the late Pope.

CAMERLEGNO

I realize we do not have much time.
I still ask we take a moment of
prayer.

Vittoria and the Swiss Guard all bow their heads where they are standing. The camerlegno kneels before the tomb and prays.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

Supreme father, counselor, friend.
You told me when I was young that the
voice in my heart was that of God. You
told me I must follow it no matter
what painful places it leads. I hear
that voice now, asking of me
impossible tasks. Give me strength.
Bestow on me forgiveness. What I
do . . . I do in the name of everything
you believe. Amen.

GUARDS

Amen.

Vittoria wipes her eyes as the camerlegno stands slowly and steps away from the tomb.

CAMERLEGNO

Push the covering aside.

The Swiss Guards hesitate.

GUARD

Signore, by law we are at your command.
We will do as you say.

The camerlegno seems to read the young man's mind.

CAMERLEGNO

Someday I will ask your forgiveness
for placing you in this position.
Today I ask for your obedience.
Vatican laws are established to
protect this church. It is in that
very spirit that I command you to
break them now.

There is a moment of silence and then the lead guard nods to the other guides. The three men set down their flashlights on the floor and advanced toward the tomb. Bracing their hands against the marble covering near the head of the tomb, they plant their feet and prepared to push. The lead guard nods and they all thrust, straining against the enormous slab. The men push harder, and still the stone does not move. The camerlegno rolls up the sleeves of his cassock and prepares to push along with them.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

Ancora. Ora!

Everyone heaves and the lid begins to rotate off the top of the tomb and comes to rest at an angle. Everyone steps back.

Tentatively, a guard bends and retrieves his flashlight. He aims it into the tomb and looks inside. The other guards gather one by one crossing themselves.

The camerlegno shudders when he looks into the tomb, his shoulders dropping. He stands a long moment before turning away.

Vittoria steps up to see. The cheeks have collapsed, and the Pope's mouth gaped wide. His tongue is black as death. She steps back as a walkie-talkie breaks the silence.

LANGDON (O.S.)

This is Langdon! Can anyone hear me?

The guards exchange puzzled looks. One takes a radio off his belt.

GUARD

Mr. Langdon? You are on channel three.
The commander is waiting to hear from
you on channel one.

LANGDON

I know he's on channel one. I don't
want to speak to him. I want the
camerlegno. Can somebody find him for
me.

The camerlegno takes the radio and speaks at once.

CAMERLEGNO

This is Camerlegno Ventresca. What is
it?

LANGDON

I also know where the next killing is
going to be.

Another voice comes on the radio. It is Commander Olivetti

OLIVETTI

Mr. Langdon. Do not speak another
word.

INT SWISS GUARD SECURITY CENTER - NIGHT - 9:41

Langdon walks into the office and joins Olivetti, Rocher, the
camerlegno, Vittoria, and a handful of guards.

VITTORIA

Robert, the Pope was poisoned. The
Illuminati killed him.

Langdon looks at the rest of the faces for confirmation.

CAMERLEGNO

Mr. Langdon, you said you have found
where the next cardinal is going to
be killed?

LANGDON

I do, it's at the-

Olivetti interrupts.

OLIVETTI

No. Mr. Langdon, when I asked you not to speak another word on the walkie-talkie, it was for a reason. Excuse us, gentlemen.

The soldiers disappear. Olivetti turns back to the remaining group.

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)

As much as it pains me to say this, the murder of our Pope is an act that could only have been accomplished with help from within these walls. For the good of all, we can trust no one. Including our guards.

Rocher looks anxious.

ROCHER

Inside collusion implies-

OLIVETTI

Yes. The integrity of your search is compromised. And yet it is a gamble we must take. Keep looking.

Rocher looks like he is about to say something, but thinks better of it, and leaves. The camerlegno inhales deeply.

CAMERLEGNO

Commander? I am going to break conclave.

Olivetti purses his lips.

OLIVETTI

I advise against it. We still have two hours and twenty minutes.

CAMERLEGNO

A heartbeat.

OLIVETTI

What do you intend to do? Evacuate the cardinals single-handedly?

CAMERLEGNO

I intend to save this church with whatever power God has given me. How I proceed is no longer your concern.

Olivetti straightens.

OLIVETTI

I ask only that you wait. Wait twenty minutes . . . until after ten o'clock. If Mr. Langdon's information is correct, I may still have a chance to catch this assassin. There is still a chance to preserve protocol and decorum.

The camerlegno lets out a choked laugh.

CAMERLEGNO

Decorum? We have long since passed propriety, commander.

A guard emerges and calls out to the camerlegno.

GUARD

Signore, I just got word we have detained the BBC reporter, Mr. Glick.

The camerlegno nods.

CAMERLEGNO

Have both he and his camerawoman meet me outside the Sistine Chapel.

Olivetti's eyes widen.

OLIVETTI

What are you doing?

CAMERLEGNO

Twenty minutes, commander. That's all I'm giving you.

INT OLIVETTIS CAR - NIGHT

Olivetti's Alpha Romeo drives the streets of Rome toward the Church of Santa Maria della Vittoria. Olivetti and Vittoria are

in the front seats and Langdon sits in the backseat.

VITTORIA

How do you know that The Ecstasy of St. Teresa correct?

LANGDON

Pope Urban VIII had rejected The Ecstasy of St. Teresa as too sexually explicit for the Vatican. He banished it to some obscure chapel across town. Bernini himself may have suggested it be hidden in some obscure location. I think Bernini intentionally created a work so explicit that it forced the Vatican to hide it.

VITTORIA

And an angel?

Langdon pulls out a piece of paper and shows it to her. She looks at it as the cellular phone in her pocket rings. She picks it up.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)

This is Vittoria.

KOHLER (O.S.)

Vittoria? This is Maximilian Kohler. Have you found the antimatter yet?

VITTORIA

Max? You're okay?

KOHLER (O.S.)

I saw the news. There was no mention of CERN or the antimatter. This is good. What is happening?

VITTORIA

We haven't located the canister yet. The situation is complex. We have a lead on catching the man assassinating cardinals. Right now we are headed-

Olivetti interrupts.

OLIVETTI

Ms. Vetra. You've said enough.

She covers the receiver, clearly annoyed.

VITTORIA

Commander, this is the president of CERN. Certainly he has a right to-

Olivetti snaps.

OLIVETTI

He has a right to be here handling this situation. You're on an open cellular line. You've said enough.

Vittoria takes a deep breath.

VITTORIA

Max?

KOHLER

I may have some information for you. About your father . . . I may know who he told about the antimatter.

Vittoria's expression clouds.

VITTORIA

Max, my father said he told no one.

KOHLER

I'm afraid, Vittoria, your father did tell someone. I need to check some security records. I will be in touch soon.

Vittoria looks pale as the line goes dead. She returns the phone to her pocket.

LANGDON

You okay?

Vittoria nods.

OLIVETTI

The church is on Piazza Barberini. We
have nine minutes.

Nearing the piazza, Olivetti turns into an alley and skids to
a stop. He loads his weapon and hands it to Langdon.

OLIVETTI

We can't risk your being recognized.
You two were on television. I want you
across the piazza, out of sight,
watching the front entrance. I'm
going in the back. Just in case.

Olivetti gets out of the car and motions back up the alley.

OLIVETTI

The piazza is that way. Keep your eyes
open and don't let yourselves be seen.
If you see anything, I want to know.
I'll be inside.

INT CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA - NIGHT

A cellular phone rings in the dark church. A hand picks the phone
out of a pocket. The Hassassin answers.

HASSASSIN

Speak.

JANUS (O.S.)

It is I, Janus.

The Hassassin smiles.

HASSASSIN

Hello, master.

JANUS (O.S.)

Your position may be known. Someone
is coming to stop you.

HASSASSIN

They are too late. I have already made
the arrangements here.

JANUS (O.S.)

Good. Make sure you escape alive.
There is work yet to be done.

HASSASSIN
Those who stand in my way will die.

JANUS (O.S.)
Those who stand in your way are
knowledgeable.

HASSASSIN
You speak of an American scholar?

JANUS (O.S.)
You are aware of him?

The Hassassin chuckled.

HASSASSIN
Cool-tempered but naïve. He spoke to
me on the phone earlier. He is with
a female who seems quite the
opposite.

JANUS (O.S.)
Eliminate them if need be.

The killer smiles

HASSASSIN
Consider it done.

EXT ST. PETERS SQUARE - NIGHT

St. Peter's Square is in a frenzy. Around the perimeter of the square, networks erect flat-screen displays. People cluster around the towering flat-screen displays, listening to live reports in stunned excitement.

EXT ALLEY - PIAZZA BARBERINI - NIGHT

Langdon and Vittoria watch the Piazza Barberini from a small alleyway on the western corner. Vittoria looks at her watch.

VITTORIA
Five of ten.

She grabs Langdon's arm and pulls him back into the shadows. She motions into the center of the square. Langdon follows her gaze. Crossing in front of them under a street lamp are two dark figures. Both are cloaked, their heads covered with dark mantles. One moves as if in pain, hunched over. The other, larger and stronger, is helping.

VITTORIA

Give me the gun.

LANGDON

You can't just -

Vittoria grabs it out of his pocket and leaves the alley. She circles left in the shadows, approaching the figures from the rear. Langdon hurries after her.

The couple moves slowly, and Langdon and Vittoria were positioned behind them quickly. The closer they get the voices become louder. Angry ranting.

Vittoria keeps striding toward them, faster now. They would have no time to react. From behind, he sees Vittoria's arms loosening, her hand coming free, the gun swinging forward. He sees one of the figures faces lit now by a street lamp. It is an old woman.

LANGDON

Vittoria, no!

Vittoria clutches herself like a woman on a chilly evening. Langdon stumbles to her side, almost colliding with the cloaked couple before them.

NOTE: Scene is in Italian, subtitled in English.

VITTORIA

Buona sera. (good evening)

Two elderly women stand before them scowling out from beneath their mantles. One is so old she can barely stand. The other is helping her. Both clutch rosaries. They seemed confused by the sudden interruption.

VITTORIA

Dove è la chiesa del della Vittoria
della Santa Maria?

(Where is the Church of the
Santa Maria della
Vittoria?)

The two women motioned in unison to
a building from the direction they
had come.

OLD WOMAN

È là. (It is here)

LANGDON

Grazie. (Thank you)

OLD WOMAN

Non si preoccupi di andare. È chiuso.
Un uomo li ha fatti, tutto, persino
il permesso del priest. (Don't bother
to go. It is closed. A man made us,
everyone, even the priest leave.)

LANGDON

Hanno conosciuto l'uomo? (Did you
know the man?)

The women shake their heads.

OLD WOMAN

Bar-àrabo.

Grumbling, the women continue on their way.

LANGDON

Bar-àrabo? A barbarian?

VITTORIA

Not quite. Bar-àrabo is derogatory
wordplay. It means Àrabo . . . Arab.

Langdon turns toward the church. He looks through the church
window. Something catches his eye. Vittoria removes her cell
phone and presses the auto dial.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)

I'm warning Olivetti.

Langdon reaches out and touches her arm. He points to the church.
Inside the building is the growing flash of flames.

EXT MAIN ENTRANCE - SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA - NIGHT

Langdon and Vittoria dash to the main entrance of the church. The wooden door is locked. Vittoria fires three shots and the bolt shatters.

INT SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA - NIGHT

Langdon and Vittoria throw open the main door. In the center of the church wooden pews have been stacked high and is now on fire.

They look up and see a naked man, suspended by cables. Each wrist has been connected to an opposing cable, and he has been hoisted almost to the point of being torn apart. His arms are outstretched in a spread-eagle as if he is nailed to some sort of invisible crucifix. The old man raises his head. On the man's chest is a scorched emblem. He has been branded. As the flames climbed higher, lapping at the man's feet, the victim let out a cry of pain, his body trembling.

ON LANGDON

Langdon runs down the main aisle. His lungs filled with smoke as he closes in. Ten feet from the inferno, at a full sprint, Langdon hits a wall of heat. The skin on his face singed, and he falls back, shielding his eyes and landing hard on the marble floor. Staggering upright, he pressed forward again, hands raised in protection.

The cables stretch outward from the man's wrists, rising to the ceiling where they pass through pulleys, to metal cleats on either side of the church. Langdon looks at one of the cleats and runs for it.

ON VITTORIA

Vittoria walks through the rear of the church and the flames grow. She walks around a pew and is shocked to see the dead body of Olivetti, his head twisted 180 degrees in the wrong direction. Vittoria hears breathing in the dark directly behind her. She turns but not quickly enough as the

Hassassins elbow crashes down on the back of her neck.

HASSASSIN

Now you are mine.

ON LANGDON

Langdon is balanced on a pew trying to reach the cleat. The cable is six feet above his head. Langdon looks down, searching the floor around him. He sees a ladder was high on the top of the fire. Langdon looks up at the roasting man.

LANGDON

I need water, damn it!

A voice growls from the back of the church.

HASSASSIN

That's next.

Langdon turns, almost falling off the pews as the fire grows larger. He climbs down and starts toward the rear of the church, but the fire prevents him from moving and further. He looks up at the burning cardinal one last time before turning, the sound of fire trucks getting closer.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL - NIGHT

The door opens and Mortati and the entire College of Cardinals turn in unison toward the entrance. Mortati stares as the camerlegno enters the chamber. The camerlegno walks to the altar and turns to address the cardinals.

CAMERLEGNO

Signori, I have waited as long as I can. There is something you have a right to know.

INT VAN - NIGHT

The Hassassin lays his unconscious trophy in the rear of the van and takes a moment to admire her. Gazing down at his incapacitated prisoner, the Hassassin visualized what lay ahead.

He runs a palm up beneath her shirt. He smiles.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL - NIGHT

Sitting in the Sistine Chapel among his stunned colleagues, Cardinal Mortati tries to comprehend the words he has just heard. The only sound in the chamber is hum of a television camera in the back. The camerlegno steps forward and looks directly into the camera.

CAMERLEGNO

To the Illuminati, and to those of science, let me say this. You have won the war.

The silence spreads to the deepest corners of the chapel.

CAMERLEGNO

The wheels have been in motion for a long time. Your victory has been inevitable. Never before has it been as obvious as it is at this moment. Science is the new God.

Mortati shifts uncomfortably.

CAMERLEGNO

Medicine, electronic communications, space travel, genetic manipulation . . . these are the miracles about which we now tell our children. These are the miracles we herald as proof that science will bring us the answers. The ancient stories of immaculate conceptions, burning bushes, and parting seas are no longer relevant. God has become obsolete. Science has won the battle. We concede.

A rustle of confusion and bewilderment sweeps through the chapel.

CAMERLEGNO

But science's victory has cost every one of us. And it has cost us deeply.

Silence.

CAMERLEGNO

Science may have alleviated the miseries of disease and drudgery and provided an array of gadgetry for our entertainment and convenience, but it has left us in a world without wonder. Our sunsets have been reduced to wavelengths and frequencies. The complexities of the universe have been shredded into mathematical equations. Even our self-worth as human beings has been destroyed. Science proclaims that Planet Earth and its inhabitants are a meaningless speck in the grand scheme. A cosmic accident. Even the technology that promises to unite us, divides us. Each of us is now electronically connected to the globe, and yet we feel utterly alone. We are bombarded with violence, division, fracture, and betrayal. Skepticism has become a virtue. Cynicism and demand for proof has become enlightened thought. Is it any wonder that humans now feel more depressed and defeated than they have at any point in human history? Does science hold anything sacred? Science looks for answers by probing our unborn fetuses. Science even presumes to rearrange our own DNA. It shatters God's world into smaller and smaller pieces in quest of meaning . . . and all it finds is more questions.

Mortati watches in awe.

CAMERLEGNO

The ancient war between science and religion is over. You have won. But you have not won fairly. You have not won by providing answers. You have won by so radically reorienting our society that the truths we once saw

as signposts now seem inapplicable. Religion cannot keep up. Scientific growth is exponential. It feeds on itself like a virus. Every new breakthrough opens doors for new breakthroughs. Mankind takes thousands of years to progress from the wheel to the car. Yet only decades from the car into space. Now we measure scientific progress in weeks. We are spinning out of control. The rift between us grows deeper and deeper, and as religion is left behind, people find themselves in a spiritual void. We cry out for meaning. And believe me, we do cry out. They are the desperate cries of the modern soul, lonely and tormented, crippled by its own enlightenment and its inability to accept meaning in anything removed from technology. Science, you say, will save us. Science, I say, has destroyed us. Since the days of Galileo, the church has tried to slow the relentless march of science, sometimes with misguided means, but always with benevolent intention. Even so, the temptations are too great for man to resist. I warn you, look around yourselves. The promises of science have not been kept. Promises of efficiency and simplicity have bred nothing but pollution and chaos. We are a fractured and frantic species . . . moving down a path of destruction.

The camerlegno pauses a long moment and then sharpen his eyes on the camera.

CAMERLEGNO

Who is this God science? Who is the God who offers his people power but no moral framework to tell you how to use that power? What kind of God gives a child fire but does not warn the

child of its dangers? You proliferate weapons of mass destruction, but it is the Pope who travels the world beseeching leaders to use restraint. You clone living creatures, but it is the church reminding us to consider the moral implications of our actions. You encourage people to interact on phones, video screens, and computers, but it is the church who opens its doors and reminds us to commune in person as we were meant to do. You even murder unborn babies in the name of research that will save lives. Again, it is the church who points out the fallacy of this reasoning. And all the while, you proclaim the church is ignorant. But who is more ignorant? The man who cannot define lightning, or the man who does not respect its awesome power? This church is reaching out to you. Reaching out to everyone. And yet the more we reach, the more you push us away. Show me proof there is a God, you say. I say use your telescopes to look to the heavens, and tell me how there could not be a God!

The camerlegno has tears in his eyes now.

CAMERLEGNO

You ask what does God look like? I say, where did that question come from? The answers are one and the same. Do you not see God in your science? How can you miss Him! You proclaim that even the slightest change in the force of gravity or the weight of an atom would have rendered our universe a lifeless mist rather than our magnificent sea of heavenly bodies, and yet you fail to see God's hand in this? Is it really so much easier to believe that we simply chose the right card from a deck of billions? Have we become so spiritually

bankrupt that we would rather believe in mathematical impossibility than in a power greater than us? Whether or not you believe in God you must believe this. When we as a species abandon our trust in the power greater than us, we abandon our sense of accountability. Faith . . . all faiths . . . are admonitions that there is something we cannot understand, something to which we are accountable . . . With faith we are accountable to each other, to ourselves, and to a higher truth. Religion is flawed, but only because man is flawed. If the outside world could see this church as I do . . . looking beyond the ritual of these walls . . . they would see a modern miracle . . . a brotherhood of imperfect, simple souls wanting only to be a voice of compassion in a world spinning out of control.

The cameralegno motions out over the College of Cardinals, and the BBC camerawoman instinctively follows, panning the crowd.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

Are we obsolete? Are these men dinosaurs? Am I? Does the world really need a voice for the poor, the weak, the oppressed, the unborn child? Do we really need souls like these who, though imperfect, spend their lives imploring each of us to read the signposts of morality and not lose our way?

Mortati is spellbound.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

This evening we are perched on a precipice. None of us can afford to be apathetic. Whether you see this evil as Satan, corruption, or immorality . . . the dark force is alive and growing every day. Do not

ignore it. The force, though mighty,
is not invincible. Goodness can
prevail. Listen to your hearts.
Listen to God. Together we can step
back from this abyss. Pray with me.

The camerlegno kneels at the altar. The College of Cardinals
drop to their knees and join him in prayer.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE - NIGHT

Outside in St. Peter's Square the gathered kneel with them.

INT VATICAN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Glick and Chinita follow the camerlegno from the Sistine Chapel.
Out in the hallway the camerlegno turns to them.

CAMERLEGNO

I have asked the Swiss Guard to
assemble photos of the branded
cardinals as well as one of His late
Holiness. I must warn you, these are
not pleasant pictures. Ghastly burns.
Blackened tongues. But I would like
you to broadcast them to the world.

GLICK

Are you sure?

The camerlegno nods.

CAMERLEGNO

The Swiss Guard will also provide you
a live video feed of the antimatter
canister as it counts down.

Glick smiles like a kid at Christmas.

CAMERLEGNO

The Illuminati are about to find out
that they have grossly overplayed
their hand.

INT VAN - NIGHT

The Hassassin smiles as he pulls his van into the mammoth stone structure overlooking the Tiber River.

INT CHURCH OF ILLUMINATION - NIGHT

The Hassassin lays the unconscious Vittoria on a plush couch. Her arms are bound behind her back and her feet tied. He runs his hand along her thigh. His dark fingers snaked beneath the cuff of her shorts. He stops then walks out onto the chamber's balcony. He can see the dome of St. Peter's, light brightly by of hundreds of press lights.

HASSASSIN

For the thousands of Muslims
slaughtered during the Crusades,
this will be your final hour. At
midnight you will meet your God.

INT DUNGEON - NIGHT

The Hassassin walks downstairs into a torchlit dungeon. He walks to the table where the brands lay. He picks up one that says Water. He removes a torch from the wall and begins heating the end. When the end of the object is white hot, he carries it to the cell where Cardinal Baggia sits.

HASSASSIN

Cardinal Baggia. Have you prayed yet?

The Italian's eyes are fearless.

CARDINAL BAGGIA

Only for your soul.

INT CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA - NIGHT

The firemen finish cutting the victim down and lay him on the floor. Langdon watch closely.

FIREMAN 1

Cardinale Guidera. Di Barcellona.

The cardinal is nude. The lower half of his body is crimson-black, blood oozing through gaping cracks in his thighs. The symbol of fire is seared on the cardinal's chest. The squad chief circles the corpse.

LANGDON

Fire.

FIREMAN 2 (O.S.)

Un' altro corpo! (another body)

They walk to the back of the church where Olivetti lays dead.

INT HALLWAY NEAR THE OFFICE OF THE POPE - NIGHT

Rocher escorts the camerlegno back from the Sistine Chapel to the Pope's office.

CAMERLEGNO

Any word from Olivetti?

ROCHER

No, signore. I am fearing the worst.

The camerlegno leans on the wall.

CAMERLEGNO

Captain, there is nothing more I can do here this evening. I fear I have done too much already. I am going into this office to pray. I do not wish to be disturbed. The rest is in God's hands.

ROCHER

Yes, signore.

CAMERLEGNO

The hour is late, Captain. Find that canister.

ROCHER

Our search continues. The weapon proves to be well hidden.

The camerlegno winces.

CAMERLEGNO

At exactly 11:15 P.M., if the church is still in peril, I want you to evacuate the cardinals. I ask that

these men proceed from this place with dignity. Let them exit into St. Peter's Square and stand side by side with the rest of the world. I do not want the last image of this church to be frightened old men sneaking out a back door.

ROCHER

Very good, signore. And you? Shall I come for you at 11:15 as well?

CAMERLEGNO

There will be no need.

ROCHER

Signore?

CAMERLEGNO

I will leave when the spirit moves me.

The camerlegno opens the door to the Pope's office and enters.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

Actually . . . There is one thing.

ROCHER

Signore?

CAMERLEGNO

There seems to be a chill in this office this evening. I am trembling.

ROCHER

The electric heat is out. I will start you a fire.

The camerlegno smiles tiredly.

CAMERLEGNO

Thank you. Thank you, very much.

INT VATICAN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rocher heads down the hall, Lieutenant Chartrand runs toward him. He is holding a phone.

CHARTRAND

Captain, I think the camerlegno's address may have worked. We've got a caller here who says he has information that can help us. He phoned on one of the Vatican's private extensions. I have no idea how he got the number.

ROCHER

What?

CHARTRAND

He will only speak to the ranking officer.

ROCHER

Any word from Olivetti?

CHARTRAND

No, sir.

Rocher takes the phone.

ROCHER

This is Captain Rocher. I am ranking officer here.

VOICE

Rocher, I will explain to you who I am. Then I will tell you what you are going to do next.

Rocher listens.

INT CERN - NIGHT

The private line on the director's desk began to ring, Sylvie jumped. She answers.

SYLVIE

Yes?

KOHLER

Ms. Baudeloque? This is Director Kohler. Contact my pilot. My jet is to be ready in five minutes.

INT CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA - NIGHT

Langdon stands near the main altar with the fire chief and a few of his men. A fireman approaches Langdon across the church.

FIREMAN 1

I checked again, sir. The only bodies we found are Cardinal Guidera and the Swiss Guard commander. There's no sign of a woman here.

LANGDON

Grazie.

Langdon looks around.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

Where is the Swiss Guard?

FIRE CHIEF

Still no contact. Vatican lines are jammed.

Langdon toward Bernini's Ecstasy of St. Teresa. He stares up at the angel's hand clutching a pointed spear of fire. Langdon's eyes follow the direction of the shaft toward the right side of the church. Langdon points

LANGDON

What direction is that?

The chief glances where Langdon is pointing.

FIRE CHIEF

I don't know . . . west, I think.

A fireman walks in and gives Langdon a map.

LANGDON

Where are we?

The fireman points.

FIREMAN 1

Next to Piazza Barberini.

Langdon looks at the angel's spear again to get his bearings.

ON MAP

Langdon draws a line from his current location west across the map. There are many churches due west.

Pans to the three locations where the first three cardinals had been killed. The Chigi Chapel, St. Peter's, Church of Santa Maria Della Vittoria.

A pen circles the three churches and then a line connects them in a perfect pyramid. He extends the first line further. He draws a line from the one of the circles churches to where the line intersects. He does the same with the other church. He circles the Piazza Navona. He then draws a cross on the map, connecting the four places.

ON LANGDON

He smiles.

LANGDON

'Cross Rome the mystic elements
unfold . . .

Langdon walks to Olivetti's lifeless body. He kneels beside Olivetti's body and cautiously takes the gun and walkie-talkie. Langdon slips out the door.

EXT PIAZZA BARBERINI - NIGHT

Langdon turns on the walkie-talkie but hears nothing but static. He adjusts the complex dials and buttons to no avail. He walks to a woman putting groceries her trunk.

LANGDON

Ma'am I need your car.

The woman stares uncomprehending at him.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

Auto..car..

Langdon takes the keys from trunk. She starts screaming at him

as he opens the driver's door and starts it. She is pounding on the window as he drives off.

INT STONE ROOM - NIGHT

Vittoria wakes up in pain. She is in a stone room lit by torches. Vittoria can see the Vatican through a set of double doors stood open.

EXT FOUNTAIN OF THE FOUR RIVERS - NIGHT

Langdon huddles now on the fringes of a deserted Piazza Navona. A black van with no headlights emerges from the alleyway on the far side of the piazza. The van circles the perimeter of the piazza.

After making two complete circuits, the van drives toward the fountain. Then it parks next to the fountain, its sliding door only inches above the churning water. The van's side door slides open.

INT VAN - NIGHT

A naked man lays on the van floor wrapped in yards of heavy chains. One of the links bisects the man's mouth like a horse's bit. A figure moves around behind the prisoner in the dark.

ON LANGDON

Taking the gun, he slips off his jacket and drops it on the ground. Langdon circles the perimeter of the fountain and positions himself directly opposite the van. When he reaches the fountain, he climbs over the rim and into the water.

He wades through the cold water, hiding himself behind the huge carved form of a horse. The van is only fifteen feet away. The Hassassin crouches on the floor of the van, hands planted on the cardinal's chain-clad body, preparing to roll him out the open door into the fountain.

Waist-deep in water, Langdon raises his gun and steps out of the mist.

LANGDON

Don't move.

The Hassassin looks up. He raises his arms in submission and smiles.

LANGDON
Get out of the van.

HASSASSIN
You look wet.

LANGDON
You're a little early.

HASSASSIN
I am eager to return to my prize.

The cardinal is motionless now.

LANGDON
Untie him.

HASSASSIN
Forget him. You've come for the woman.
Do not pretend otherwise.

Langdon fights the urge to end it right there.

LANGDON
Where is she?

HASSASSIN
Somewhere safe. Awaiting my return.

LANGDON
At the Church of Illumination?

The killer smiles.

HASSASSIN
You will never find its location.

He aims the gun.

LANGDON
Where is it?

HASSASSIN

The location has remained secret for centuries. Even to me it was only revealed recently. I would die before I break that trust.

LANGDON

That is a distinct possibility. I can find church without you.

HASSASSIN

An arrogant thought.

Langdon motions to the fountain.

LANGDON

I've come this far.

HASSASSIN

So have many. The final step is the hardest.

Langdon steps closer. The Hassassin looks calm, squatting there in the back of the van with his arms raised over his head. Langdon aims at his chest.

Suddenly the killer kicks the cardinal's side and launching it out the door. The Hassassin is coming toward him, feet-first.

Langdon pulls the trigger. A bullet explodes through the toe of the Hassassin's left boot just before the boots connects with his chest, driving him back.

The two men splash down in a spray of blood and water as the gun slips away from Langdon. Langdon gropes along the bottom, looking for the gun. His hand grips a handful of coins. He drops them. He searches again and finds a hose. When he pulls, the flexible rubber hose comes flopping toward him like a flimsy snake. It is about two feet long with a jet of bubbles surging from the end. He drops the hose and searches again.

Langdon's fingers grasp part of the metal chain that is around the cardinal. Langdon reaches down and grabs the chains, trying to heave him toward the surface. Langdon pulls harder. The cardinal's head breaks the surface; the old man gasps a few desperate breaths. Then his body rolls, causing Langdon to lose his grip on the slippery chains. Baggia goes down again.

Langdon dives down again and finds the cardinal. Langdon grabs

on, the chains across Baggia's chest shift revealing the word stamped in seared flesh. Water.

An instant later, two boots come into view. One is gushing blood. Langdon tries to get his own feet beneath him. It is then that Langdon knows he is not coming up. The killer has a hold of Langdon and has him pinned under the water.

Langdon's body goes rigid. He begins to shake wildly. Then Langdon goes flaccid. Langdon's body starts to sink to the bottom. The Hassassin lets go.

The Hassassin climbs out of the fountain and looks at his bleeding toe. The tip of his boot is shredded, and the front of his big toe has been sheared off. He tears the cuff from his pant leg and rams the fabric into the toe of his boot. He clenches his fists and rams the cloth deeper. The Hassassin gets into his van and drives off.

EXT FOUNTAIN OF THE FOUR RIVERS - NIGHT

Langdon lies at the bottom of the Fountain of the Four Rivers. His mouth is wrapped around the plastic hose. Langdon lets go of the hose and swims across the bottom of the fountain until he finds the central core. He follows it upward, surfacing out of sight, in the shadows beneath the huge marble figures.

He scrambles back toward where Cardinal Baggia had gone down. When Langdon finds the body he grabbed the chains wrapped around the cardinal. Then Langdon pulls the dead cardinal out of the water. Gently, Langdon runs a hand across the man's face and closes his upturned eyes. Langdon walks around the fountain.

LANGDON

Let angels guide you on your lofty
quest

There are no angels on the fountain. Langdon stares straight up the obelisk. The object is perched at the very top. It is not an angel. It is a pigeon.

Langdon stares at it a moment and then plunges his hand into the fountain and grabs a fistful of coins. He throws the coins toward the bird but it does not move. He tries again. This time, one of the coins hits the mark. A faint sound of metal on metal clangs across the square.

Langdon splashes toward the center of the fountain and begins

climbing. He gets closer and can see the bird. It is a dove. He smiles.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

A lone dove is the pagan symbol for
the Angel of Peace.

The bird is looking west. Langdon tries to follow its gaze, but he cannot see over the buildings. He climbs higher. To the left he can see the media lights surrounding St. Peter's. To his right, the smoking cupola of Santa Maria della Vittoria. In front of him in the distance, Piazza del Popolo..

Langdon looks to the dove. He turns and faces the proper direction, and then he lowers his eyes to the skyline. In an instant he sees it.

ON CASTLE

Castel Sant' Angelo.

EXT ROME STREET - NIGHT - 11:07

Langdon's car races through the streets toward Castel Sant' Angelo. Langdon slams on his brakes and swerves. The bridge is barricaded. He skids ten feet and collides with a short cement pillar blocking his way to the bridge. Langdon staggers from the crumpled car, and starts running.

EXT CASTEL SANT' ANGELO - NIGHT

Langdon arrives at castle's huge doors and attempts to open them. They don't move. He hurries around the outer wall searching for another entrance. Next to a parking lot on the west side of the castle he finds a second entrance, a drawbridge that is raised and sealed shut. Langdon looks upward again. At the very peak of the central tower a single balcony protrudes. A soft glow comes from the room. Langdon pauses.

LANGDON

Vittoria!

No reply.

EXT CASTLE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Across the lot a large media truck is parked. Langdon runs toward it. A man in headphones sits in the cabin adjusting levers.

Langdon raps on the side of the truck. The man jumps and pulls off his headset.

AUSTRALIAN

What's the worry, mate?

His accent is Australian.

LANGDON

I need your phone.

The man shrugs.

AUSTRALIAN

No dial tone. Been trying all evening. Circuits are packed. That's really something about the 11th hour Samaritan flying to save the Vatican.

LANGDON

hour Samaritan?

AUSTRALIAN

Some expert. Says he knows about the bomb or something.

Langdon digests this information and points to the drawbridge.

LANGDON

Have you seen anyone go in there?

AUSTRALIAN

Actually, yeah. A black van's been going in and out all evening.

(pointing to the tower)

I bet the view from up there is perfect. I couldn't get through the traffic in St. Peter's, so I'm shooting from here.

The Australian studies Langdon more closely.

AUSTRALIAN (CONT'D)

Hey. Ain't you that guy I saw on TV? Trying to save that cardinal in St. Peter's Square?

Langdon does not answer. His eyes are locked a satellite dish on a collapsible appendage. Langdon looks at the castle again.

Langdon points to the satellite arm.

LANGDON

How high does that go?

AUSTRALIAN

About fifteen meters.

EXT CASTLE - NIGHT

Langdon is gripping the top of the satellite arm fifty feet off the ground. He grabs the top of the first bulwark, dragged himself onto the wall.

AUSTRALIAN

Now keep your bargain! Where is he?

LANGDON

Piazza Navona. He's in the fountain.

INT STONE ROOM - NIGHT

Vittoria is in the corner of the room, on her back on an old couch, hands tied behind her, mouth gagged. The Hassassin moves toward her. She is awake now.

EXT CASTLE - NIGHT

Dashing down the stone ramp that hugs the inside of the wall, Langdon descends to the courtyard. Back on ground level, he runs through shadows, clockwise around the fort. He passes two modern entrances, but they are padlocked from the outside.

Langdon sees a gravel drive cutting across the courtyard in front of him. At one end, on the outer wall of the castle, he sees the back of the gated drawbridge leading back outside. At the other end, the drive disappeared into a tunnel.

The gate blocking the tunnel is raised and Langdon dashes down into the tunnel.

EXT CASTLE - NIGHT

The Hassassin stands over Vittoria. He runs a hand across her arm and smiles at her.

INT TUNNEL - NIGHT

Up ahead in the tunnel, Langdon sees a vehicle. He recognizes the black van immediately. He opens the door and looks inside. He finds Vittoria's cell phone. It is shattered and useless. He turns on the van's headlights. The room is a simple chamber and a dead end. There are no windows or doors. He looks at the floor and sees blood. He follows the stains to a corner of the chamber. Concealed by overlapping walls is narrow slit in the stone served as an exit. Langdon slides through. He is in a passage and sees light ahead. Langdon runs toward the light. The passage quickly opens into another, larger chamber where a torch flickers on the wall.

There are a dozen tiny jail cells in the larger chamber. In one of the larger cells Langdon sees black robes and red sashes on the floor. Langdon finds a four-foot section of iron bar near one of the cells. It has a sharp, splintered end.

Langdon follows the blood on the floor that leads out of the prison and up a set of spiral stairs.

INT STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Langdon follows trail of blood curves up the stairs. He listens for sounds. It is silent. The stairs narrow and he sees a horizontal shaft of light before him. Silently he moves up.

INT STONE ROOM - NIGHT

The Hassassin is standing over Vittoria staring at her, an evil grin on his face. The Hassassin removes his soaking belt and drops it on the floor. Vittoria closes her eyes. The Hassassin produces a switchblade knife and snaps it open directly in front of her face. He turns the blade over and runs the back of it across her belly. He slips the blade below the waistline of her shorts. She inhales. He moves back and forth, slowly, dangerously and lower. Then he leans forward.

HASSASSIN

This blade cut out your father's eye.

The Hassassin turns the blade again and begins sawing upward through the fabric of her khaki shorts.

LANGDON (O.S.)
Get away from her.

The surprised Hassassin looks as if he has seen a ghost.

HASSASSIN
Mr. Langdon, you must have a guardian
angel.

The Hassassin sees the weapon Langdon is holding and laughs.

HASSASSIN
We meet yet again and this time you
come for me with that?

LANGDON
Untie her.

The Hassassin puts the knife to Vittoria's throat.

HASSASSIN
I will kill her.

LANGDON
I imagine she would welcome it . . .
considering the alternative.

The Hassassin smiles at the insult.

HASSASSIN
You're right. She has much to offer.
It would be a waste.

Langdon steps forward, grasping the rusted bar, and aims the splintered end directly at the Hassassin.

LANGDON
Let her go.

The Hassassin drops his shoulders as if surrendering then suddenly throws the knife toward Langdon's chest. Langdon moves quickly and the knife sails past his left ear and clatters to the floor behind him. The Hassassin seems unfazed and smiles at Langdon, who is kneeling now, holding the metal bar. The killer steps away from Vittoria and moves toward Langdon.

The Hassassin circles slowly moving toward the knife on the

floor. Langdon cuts him off. Then the killer moves back toward Vittoria. Again Langdon cuts him off.

LANGDON

There's still time. Tell me where the canister is. The Vatican will pay more than the Illuminati ever could.

HASSASSIN

You are naïve.

Langdon jabs with the bar. The Hassassin dodges and waits for Langdon to make a mistake. The killer keeps circling, positioning himself.

The Hassassin maneuvers himself closer to the table. The Hassassin casts a long, glance at a table. Langdon looks at the table trying to figure out what the killer is looking for. On the table is copper chest. The chest is open. Inside in five padded compartments are the five brands. Langdon snaps his head back up, fearing the Hassassin would lunge. He is looking at the six brands when the Hassassin attacks him.

Langdon tries to respond but his parry was too slow. The Hassassin's hands shoot sout and grabs the bar. Violently, the two men struggle. The bar is ripped from Langdon and the Hassassin turns it on him. The Hassassin circles, smiling now, backing Langdon against the wall.

HASSASSIN (CONT'D)

What is your American adàgio?
Something about curiosity and the cat?

LANGDON

Untie her.

Langdon can barely focus.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

I've never read anything about a sixth Illuminati brand!

HASSASSIN

I think you probably have. The diamond. A perfect union of the ancient elements. The final brand is

the most brilliant of all. I'm afraid you will never see it, though.

LANGDON

And you've seen this final brand?

HASSASSIN

Someday perhaps they will honor me.
As I prove myself.

He jabs at Langdon. Langdon slides backward again.

LANGDON

The brand? Where is it?

HASSASSIN

Not here. Janus is apparently the only one who holds it.

LANGDON

Janus?

HASSASSIN

The Illuminati leader. He is arriving shortly.

LANGDON

The Illuminati leader is coming here?

HASSASSIN

To the Vatican. To perform the final branding.

Langdon shoots a frightened glance to Vittoria.

HASSASSIN (CONT'D)

You both will die, of course, that is for certain. But the final victim of whom I speak is a truly dangerous enemy.

LANGDON

The camerlegno. He is the Illuminati's final target. You'll never get to him.

The Hassassin forces Langdon farther back around the wall.

HASSASSIN

Not I. That honor is reserved for
Janus himself.

LANGDON

The Illuminati leader himself
intends to brand the camerlegno?

HASSASSIN

Power has its privileges.

LANGDON

But no one could possibly get into
Vatican City right now.

The Hassassin looks smug.

HASSASSIN

Not unless he has an appointment.

Langdon is confused.

LANGDON

The 11th Hour Samaritan?

The Hassassin smirkes, clearly enjoying Langdon's sickening
cognition.

HASSASSIN

I too wondered how Janus would gain
entrance. Then in the van I heard the
radio-a report about an 11th hour
Samaritan. The Vatican will welcome
Janus with open arms.

LANGDON

Janus will never get out alive!

The Hassassin jabs suddenly, nicking Langdon in the side.

HASSASSIN

Some causes are worth dying for.

Langdon is backed onto the balcony. With a violent surge, the
Hassassin lunges. The spear slices toward Langdon's midsection,

catching Langdon's shirt. Again the point comes at him. Langdon slides farther back, feeling the banister right behind him. On the next jab, Langdon reaches out and grabs the shaft. They strain for a moment against one another, face to face. The bar begins to slip. Langdon stretches out his leg and rams his foot down on the Hassassin's injured toe.

The Hassassin's arms explode upward, driving Langdon back against the railing. The Hassassin holds the bar crosswise and drives it into Langdon's chest. Langdon's back arches over the balcony.

HASSASSIN

Ma'assalamah. Good-bye.

The Hassassin gives a final shove. Langdon grabs on to the railing as he goes over. He is hanging upside down by his legs and one hand trying to hold on.

The Hassassin raises the bar overhead, preparing to bring it crashing down. As the bar begins to accelerate, he drops the bar and screams in agony.

The iron bar clatters past Langdon out into the evening. The Hassassin spins away from him, and Langdon sees a blistering torch burn on the killer's back. Langdon pulled himself up to see Vittoria facing the Hassassin.

Vittoria waves a torch in front of her as Langdon climbs back up over.

Screaming with rage, the killer lunges for her. She tries to dodge, but the killer is on her, holding the torch and about to wrestle it away. Langdon leaps off the banister, pounding his clenched fist into the blistered burn on the Hassassin's back.

The Hassassin screams and his back arches in anguish. He lets go of the torch, and Vittoria thrusts it hard into his face. There is a hiss of flesh as his left eye sizzles. He screams again, raising his hands to his face.

VITTORIA

Eye for an eye.

She swings the torch like a bat and it connects with the Hassassin's head. He stumbles back against the railing. Langdon and Vittoria go for him at the same instant, both heaving and

pushing. The Hassassin's body sails backward over the banister into the evening. The only sound is the crack of his spine as he lands on a pile of cannonballs far below.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE - NIGHT

In St. Peter's Square the crowd is dense. The towering media screens in the square are now transmitting a live countdown of the antimatter canister.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL - NIGHT - 11:15 P.M.

Some of the Cardinals pray, but others are clustered around the exit, clearly unsettled by the hour. Some of the cardinals are pounding on the door with their fists.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Outside the door Lieutenant Chartrand hears the pounding. He checks his watch. It was time. The pounding on the door becomes more intense. Chartrand pulls out his walkie-talkie.

CHARTRAND

Captain? Chartrand here. It is past time. Should I open the Sistine?

Rocher answers.

ROCHER (O.S.)

Yes, sir, I just -

CHARTRAND

Our guest is arriving shortly. Take a few men upstairs, and guard the door of the Pope's office. The camerlegno is not to go anywhere.

ROCHER (O.S.)

I'm sorry, sir?

CHARTRAND

What is it that you don't understand, Lieutenant?

ROCHER (O.S.)

Nothing, sir. I am on my way.

INT OFFICE OF THE POPE - NIGHT - 11:23 P.M.

The camerlegno stares in quiet meditation at the fire.

EXT BALCONY - NIGHT

Vittoria stands trembling on the balcony of Castle St. Angelo looking across Rome. Langdon touches her shoulder. She turns.

VITTORIA

Thank you . . .

LANGDON

We need to get out of here.

She stares out toward the Vatican.

LANGDON

I'm going back in.

VITTORIA

Into the Vatican?

LANGDON

Nobody in Vatican City knows about Janus. I have no way to contact them, and this guy is arriving any minute. I have to warn the guards before they let him in.

VITTORIA

But you'll never get through the crowd!

LANGDON

There's a way. Trust me.

VITTORIA

I'm coming.

LANGDON

No. Why risk both -

VITTORIA

I have to find a way to get those people out of there! They're in incredible dange -

Just then, the balcony they are standing on begins to shake. A deafening rumble shakes the whole castle. Then a white light from the direction of St. Peter's blinds them.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE - NIGHT

A huge cheer from the crowd. Everyone is hollering and pointing. The rumble grows louder. The air in the square seemed suddenly joyous. Emerging from behind the tower comes the papal helicopter. It flies fifty feet above them, on a beeline for Vatican City.

EXT BALCONY - NIGHT

Vittoria and Langdon watch the helicopter slow to a stop over St. Peter's Square. Kicking up a cloud of dust, the chopper drops onto the open portion of the square between the crowd and the basilica, touching down at the bottom of the basilica's staircase.

VITTORIA

Talk about an entrance.

Langdon can see a tiny speck of a person with bright red beret on his head emerge from the Vatican and move toward the chopper.

LANGDON

Red carpet greeting. That's Rocher. Somebody's got to warn them.

Vittoria catches his arm.

VITTORIA

Wait!

She points toward the chopper. Descending the gangplank is figure in a wheelchair. Its Kohler.

INT VATICAN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rocher is leading Kohler up a handicapped ramp into the Apostolic Palace.

KOHLER

No elevator?

Rocher motions to the candles burning around them in the darkened building.

ROCHER

No power. Part of our search tactic.

KOHLER

A tactic that failed.

Rocher nods. Kohler breaks into another coughing fit as they reached the top floor and start down the hallway toward the Pope's office, four Swiss Guards ran toward them, looking troubled.

GUARD

Captain, what are you doing up here?
I thought this man had information
that -

ROCHER

He will only speak to the camerlegno.

The guards recoil, looking suspicious.

ROCHER

(forcefully)

Tell the camerlegno that the director
of CERN, Maximilian Kohler, is here
to see him. Immediately.

GUARD 1

Yes, sir!

One of the guards runs off in the direction of the camerlegno's office. The others stand their ground. They study Rocher, looking uneasy.

GUARD 2

Just one moment, captain. We will
announce your guest.

Kohler does not stop. He turns sharply and maneuvers his chair around the sentinels. The guards spin and break into a jog beside him.

GUARD 1

Sir! Stop!

The guards run ahead and form a line across the hallway. One of them pulls a sidearm and aimed it at Kohler.

GUARD 1

You must stop!

Kohler stops. Rocher steps in, looking contrite.

ROCHER

Mr. Kohler, please. It will only be a moment. No one enters the Office of the Pope unannounced.

The guards have stopped Kohler next to a full-length mirror. Kohler stares a moment into his own eyes and into a flashback.

INT BOYS BEDROOM - DAY - 1953

NOTE: In this flashback dialogue will be spoken in German and subtitled in English.

Eleven year old Max Kohler is lying in his bed in his parents' Frankfurt mansion. The sheets beneath him are soaked with sweat. Young Max is very sick, pain wracking his frail body. His mother and father kneel beside his bed praying. A doctor approaches his parents.

DOCTOR

I urge you to reconsider! Look at the boy! His fever is increasing. He is in terrible pain. And danger!

MRS. KOHLER

God will be with him.

DOCTOR

Your son is in great suffering. Let me at least ease his pain. I have in my bag a simple injection of -

MAX KOHLER

Father, please! Let them stop the pain!

DOCTOR 2

Your son could become paralyzed. Or even die! We have medicines that will help!

DOCTOR 3

I cannot watch this!

Doctor 3 leaves the room.

INT BOYS BEDROOM - DAWN - 1953

Max is in agony and barely conscious. His mother has fallen asleep at the bedside, her hands still clasped over him. Max's father stands across the room at the window staring out at the dawn. He seems to be in a trance. Max can hear the low mumble of his ceaseless prayers for mercy. A doctor hovers over Max. The doctor whispers in his ear.

DOCTOR 2

I will never forgive myself if I do not do this.

The doctor gently takes Max's frail arm.

DOCTOR 2

I wish I had done it sooner. This will save your life. I have great faith in the power of medicine.

INT CHURCH - DAY

Mr. and Mrs. Kohler are in church talking with the priest.

PRIEST

It was only by the grace of God that this boy survived.

MRS. KOHLER

But our son cannot walk!

The priest nods sadly.

PRIEST

Yes. It seems God has punished him for not having enough faith.

INT VATICAN HALLWAY - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

A guard calls from down the hall.

GUARD

Mr. Kohler? The camerlegno says he will grant you audience.

Kohler grunts and accelerates again down the hall.

GUARD

He is surprised by your visit.

KOHLER

I would like to see him alone.

GUARD

Impossible. No one-

ROCHER

Lieutenant. The meeting will be as Mr. Kohler wishes.

The guard stares in obvious disbelief as they come to the door leading to the Pope's office. The guards frisk Kohler but are too ashamed of his disability to do it properly.

INT POPES OFFICE - NIGHT

Kohler enters the Pope's office and finds Camerlegno Ventresca is alone, kneeling in prayer beside a dying fire.

CAMERLEGNO

Mr. Kohler. Have you come to make me a martyr?

INT TUNNEL - NIGHT

Langdon races in a tunnel with Vittoria close at his heels. Langdon carries a torch.

LANGDON

They call this the Little Passage. It has been used by various Popes to escape to safety during sieges of the

Vatican. And possibly a few Papal trusts.

Vittoria is troubled and finally speaks.

VITTORIA

Kohler can't be Janus! It's impossible!

LANGDON

I don't know, Kohler seems to have a serious grudge, and he also has some serious influence.

VITTORIA

This crisis has made CERN look like monsters! Max would never do anything to damage CERN's reputation.

LANGDON

You know what promoter P. T. Barnum said. I don't care what you say about me, just spell my name right!' I bet people are already secretly lining up to license antimatter technology.

VITTORIA

Publicizing scientific breakthroughs is not about showing destructive power! This is terrible for antimatter, trust me!

LANGDON

Then maybe it's all much simpler than that. Maybe Kohler gambled that the Vatican would keep the antimatter a secret. Kohler expected the Vatican to be their usual tight-lipped selves about the threat, but the camerlegno changed the rules.

Langdon's torch is fading now. Vittoria is silent as they dash down the tunnel.

LANGDON

Kohler never counted on the camerlegno's reaction. The

camerlegno broke the Vatican tradition of secrecy and went public about the crisis. He put the antimatter on TV, for God's sake. It was a brilliant response, and Kohler never expected it. And the irony of the whole thing is that the Illuminati attack backfired. It inadvertently produced a new church leader in the camerlegno. And now Kohler is coming to kill him.

VITTORIA

Max is a bastard but he is not a murderer. And he would never have been involved in my father's assassination.

LANGDON

Maybe Kohler found out about the antimatter project weeks ago and didn't like the religious implications.

VITTORIA

So he killed my father over it? Ridiculous! Besides, Max Kohler would never have known the project existed.

LANGDON

Maybe your father broke down and consulted Kohler, asking for guidance. You yourself said your father was concerned about the moral implications of creating such a deadly substance.

VITTORIA

Asking moral guidance from Maximilian Kohler? I don't think so!

The tunnel banks slightly westward. The faster they run, the dimmer Langdon's torch becomes.

VITTORIA

Besides, why would Kohler have bothered to call you in this morning and ask for help if he is behind the whole thing?

LANGDON

By calling me, Kohler covered his bases. He probably never expected us to get this far. If Kohler's not involved, then what is he doing here?

VITTORIA

Probably trying to stop this madness. Show support. Maybe he really is acting as the Samaritan! He could have found out who knew about the antimatter project and has come to share information.

LANGDON

The killer said he was coming to brand the camerlegno.

VITTORIA

Listen to yourself! It would be a suicide mission. Max would never get out alive.

Ahead a steel gate appears. When they approach they find the ancient lock hanging open. Langdon looks at the lock.

LANGDON

This is how he got the cardinals undetected.

They continue on. They hit another gate, this one heavier. It too is unlocked. They come to a door made of iron. The door is perfectly smooth-no handles, no knobs, no keyholes, no hinges. Langdon swings the torch and starts pounding on the door.

INT HALLWAY OUTSIDE POPES OFFICE - NIGHT

Rocher and Lieutenant Chartrand stand anxiously outside the Pope's office. Captain Rocher stands to Chartrand's right, staring dead ahead, seemingly troubled. They are both surprised by a muffled banging sound from down the hall. Rocher turns to Chartrand and motions down the hall. He turns on his flashlight

and takes off to investigate. Chartrand runs thirty yards down the corridor to an intersection. He follows the banging to the Pope's private library. Tentatively, Chartrand reaches for the doorknob and turns. The door is locked. He puts his ear to the door. The banging is louder. He kicks the door open and the door swings open.

INT LIBRARY - NIGHT

Chartrand shines his light across the room toward the sound. On the far wall, beyond the sitting area, is a huge door made of iron. It looks impenetrable as a vault. It has four mammoth locks.

Chartrand takes his flashlight and raps on the door. Incomprehensible voices come from behind the door. Chartrand can barely make out their words through the barricade.

MUFFLED VOICES

. . . Kohler . . . lie . . .
camerlegno . . .

CHARTRAND

Who is that?

MUFFLED VOICES

. . . ert Langdon . . . Vittoria
Ve the door.....open
meeting . . . stop . . . erlegno . . .
danger . . .

Chartrand stares at the key in each of the door's massive locks for a moment before dropping his flashlight on the floor. He grabs the first key and turns. Chartrand works the next lock. And the last lock. Chartrand pulls. The slab of iron creaks open. Langdon and Vittoria emerge from the secret passage.

CHARTRAND

Where did you come from?

LANGDON

Where's Max Kohler?

CHARTRAND

In a private meeting with the camer

-

Langdon and Vittoria push past him and run down the darkened hall. Chartrand turns and runs after them.

INT HALLWAY OUTSIDE POPES OFFICE - NIGHT

Rocher hears the running footsteps coming, and levels his gun at Langdon and Vittoria as they approach him.

ROCHER

Halt!

LANGDON

(Yelling)

The camerlegno is in danger! Open the door! Max Kohler is going to kill the camerlegno!

Rocher looks angry.

VITTORIA

Open the door! Hurry!

From inside the Pope's office comes a bloodcurdling scream. It is the camerlegno. Chartrand steps past Rocher and blows open the door of the Pope's office. The guards dash in. Langdon and Vittoria run in behind them.

INT POPES OFFICE - NIGHT

The chamber is lit only by candlelight and a dying fire. Kohler is near the fireplace, standing awkwardly in front of his wheelchair. He has a pistol aimed at the camerlegno, who lays on the floor at his feet, writhing in agony. The camerlegno's cassock was torn open, and his bare chest is seared black. Langdon cannot make out the symbol from across the room, but a large, square brand lay on the floor near Kohler. The metal still glows red.

Two of the Swiss Guards shoot Kohler in the chest, driving him backward. Kohler collapses into his wheelchair. His gun skitters across the floor. Langdon stands stunned in the doorway.

VITTORIA

Max . . .

The camerlegno, still twisting on the floor, rolls toward Rocher

and points his index finger at Rocher and yells a single word.

CAMERLEGNO
ILLUMINATUS!

Rocher starts toward the camerlegno.

ROCHER
You bastard. You sanctimonious bas -

Chartrand reacts on instinct, putting three bullets in Rocher's back. The captain falls face first on the tile floor. Chartrand and the guards go to the camerlegno, who lay clutching himself, convulsing in pain.

Both guards let out exclamations of horror when they see the symbol seared on the camerlegno's chest. Langdon kneels beside Kohler and reaches for the brand. The metal still radiated heat. Grasping the wooden handle, Langdon picks it up.

Langdon stared a long, confused moment when he feels a hand on his shoulder, Langdon looks up, expecting Vittoria. The hand, however, was covered with blood. It belongs to Maximilian Kohler, who is reaching out from his wheelchair. Langdon drops the brand and staggers to his feet.

Slumping in his wheelchair, the dying director is still breathing. Kohler's eyes meet Langdon's. Everyone else in the room is focused on the camerlegno. The director lifts his arm and pulls a small device off the arm of his wheelchair. It is the size of a matchbox. He holds it out, quivering. For an instant, Langdon fears Kohler has a weapon. But it is something else.

KOHLER
(gurgling whisper)
G-give . . . G-give this . . . to the
m-media.

Kohler collapses and the device falls in his lap. Langdon stares at the device. It is a miniature camcorder. Langdon slips it into his jacket pocket. The voice of the camerlegno breaks the silence. He is trying to sit up.

CAMERLEGNO
(gasping)
The cardinals.

CHARTRAND

Still in the Sistine Chapel. Captain
Rocher ordered - Evacuate . . . now.
Everyone.

One of the other guards runs off to let the cardinals out. The camerlegno grimaces in pain.

CAMERLEGNO

Helicopter . . . out front . . . get
me to a hospital.

EXT ST. PETERS SQUARE - NIGHT

In St. Peter's Square, the Swiss Guard pilot sits in the cockpit of the parked Vatican helicopter. A clamor arises from the crowd, as a line of cardinals walk out of the Vatican onto St. Peter's Square.

INT VATICAN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Langdon, Vittoria, and the two guards are transporting the wounded camerlegno on a narrow table, balancing his body between them as though on a stretcher. Outside the doors, the faint roar of human chaos is now audible. The camerlegno teeters on the brink of unconsciousness.

EXT ST. PETERS SQUARE - NIGHT - 11:39 P.M.

Langdon, Vittoria, and the two guards step out from St. Peter's Basilica into the bright light. The idling helicopter sits waiting. They all stop in apparent distress to see the scene on the staircase.

CHARTRAND

Careful now.

Glick and Chinita are running toward them. Chinita's camera is raised and rolling.

CHARTRAND

Hlt! Get back!

Langdon looks up and sees the camerlegno's limp body on one of the giant screens.

Suddenly, the camerlegno's eyes shoot open and he sits upright.

Langdon and the others fumble with the shifting weight. The front of the table dips. The camerlegno begins to slide. They try to recover by setting the table down, but it is too late. The camerlegno slides off the front. His feet hit the marble, and he sways upright. He stands a moment, looking disoriented, and then, before anyone can stop him, he lurches forward, staggering down the stairs toward Chinita.

LANGDON

No!

Chartrand rushes forward, trying to reign in the camerlegno. But the camerlegno turns on him, wild-eyed, crazed.

CAMERLEGNO

Leave me!

Chartrand jumps back. The camerlegno's torn cassock begins to slip lower. The cassock lets go, sliding off his shoulders down around his waist.

A gasp emerges from the crowd. Cameras roll, flashbulbs exploded. On media screens everywhere, the image of the camerlegno's branded chest is projected.

The camerlegno begins babbling, looking up at the sky and raising his arms to God.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

Speak! Yes, I hear you!

ON VITTORIA AND LANGDON

VITTORIA

He's in shock. He's hallucinating. He thinks he's talking to God!!

Below them on the stairs, Chinita is filming. The images she films appear instantly across the square behind her on media screens.

CAMERLEGNO

Ti sento, Dio! I hear you, God!

The camerlegno stands on the stairs and holds out his arms. He raises his arms to the heavens and looks up.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)
Grazie! Grazie, Dio!

A smile spreads across his face. He looks up at the sky, still nodding furiously. He shouts to the heavens.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)
Upon this rock I will build my church!

The camerlegno turns back to the crowd and bellows again into the evening.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)
Upon this rock I will build my church!

Then he raises his hands to the sky and laughs out loud.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)
Grazie! Grazie, Dio!

The camerlegno turns and dashes back into St. Peter's Basilica.

INT VATICAN HALLWAY - NIGHT - 11:42 P.M.

Langdon follows the camerlegno into the dark Vatican. He runs into the basilica.

LANGDON
Camerlegno! Stop!

Langdon stops in the darkness, unable to see. Vittoria and the guards arrived and the flashlights come on. The beams swept back and forth, revealing only columns and bare floor. The camerlegno is nowhere to be seen.

CHARTRAND
Camerlegno! Wait! Signore!

A commotion in the doorway behind them causes everyone to turn. Chinita comes through the entry. Her camera is shouldered, and the glowing red light on top reveals that it is still transmitting. Glick is running behind her, microphone in hand.

CHARTRAND (CONT'D)
(to Glick and Chinita)
Out! This is not for your eyes!

But Chinita and Glick keep coming. Chinita throws a switch on her camera. The spotlight on top glares to life, blinding everyone. Langdon shields his face and turns away. When he looks up the church around them is illuminated for thirty yards. The camerlegno's voice echoes somewhere in the distance.

CAMERLEGNO (O.S.)

Upon this rock I will build my church!

Chartrand pushes past Langdon and sprints after the camerlegno. Langdon takes off next. Then the guards and Vittoria, Chinita and Glick bring up the rear, lighting everyone's way and transmitting the chase to the world.

CAMERLEGNO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Upon this rock I will build my church!

INT VATICAN SUNKEN ROOM - NIGHT

Langdon arrives at the rim overlooking the sunken room. He peers down the stairs. The camerlegno dashes across the marble chamber and pulls open the doors and runs inside. He drops to his knees and begins struggling to lift an iron grate embedded in the floor. Langdon dashes down the stairs after him.

LANGDON

Father! Don't!

Langdon opens the glass doors and runs toward the camerlegno. The camerlegno heaves on the grate and walks to the steep stairway. As the camerlegno moves toward the hole, Langdon grabs his shoulders and pulls him back. The startled camerlegno turns.

CAMERLEGNO

What are you doing?

The camerlegno looks sane and clear.

LANGDON

Father, you can't go down there. We need to evacuate.

CAMERLEGNO

My son, I have just had a message. I know.

Chartrand and the others dash down the stairs into the room.

When Chartrand sees the open grate in the floor, he crosses himself.

CHARTRAND
(quietly)
The Catacombs.

Langdon keeps his hands on the camerlegno.

CHARTRAND (CONT'D)
Signore. You're in shock. We need to leave this place. You cannot go down there. It's suicide.

The camerlegno reaches out and puts his hand on Chartrand's shoulder.

CAMERLEGNO
Thank you for your concern and service. I cannot tell you how but I have had a revelation. I know where the antimatter is.

Everyone stares at the camerlegno. The camerlegno turns to the group.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)
Upon this rock I will build my church. That is the message. The meaning is clear.

Chinita moves in for a closer shot. The camerlegno speaks quickly now.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)
The Illuminati have placed their tool of destruction on the very cornerstone of this church. At the foundation.
(motioning down the stairs)
On the very rock upon which this church was built. And I know where that rock is.

LANGDON
The quote is a metaphor, Father!
There is no actual rock!

The camerlegno looks strangely sad.

CAMERLEGNO

(pointing into the hole)

There is a rock, my son. Pietro è la
pietra.

Langdon freezes.

VITTORIA

(quietly to Langdon)

What is he talking about? What rock?

LANGDON

Pietro è la pietra. Peter is the rock.

CAMERLEGNO

The antimatter is on St. Peter's tomb.
And if you all need worldly proof, I
just found that grate unlocked. It is
never unlocked. Someone has been down
there . . . recently.

Everyone stares into the hole. An instant later, the camerlegno
grabs an oil lamp and heads for the opening.

INT STAIRS TO CATACOMBS - NIGHT

Vittoria steps down the steep passageway with the others. Ahead
they can see the glow of the camerlegno's oil lamp.

VITTORIA

Camerlegno, no! You don't
understand! If you bring the
antimatter up . . . everyone will die!

Langdon is leaping three steps at a time.

LANGDON

Camerlegno! You must leave the
antimatter where it is! There's no
other choice!

Langdon reaches the end of the stairs. A wrought-iron gate with
three embossed skulls blocks the bottom of the stairs. The
camerlegno is there, pulling the gate open. Langdon leaps and
pushes the gate shut, blocking the camerlegno's way. The others

come thundering down the stairs. Chartrand grabs Langdon.

CHARTRAND

Let the camerlegno pass!

LANGDON

We have to evacuate right now! You have to leave the antimatter here! If you bring it up, everyone outside will die!

The camerlegno's voice is remarkably calm.

CAMERLEGNO

All of you . . . we must trust. We have little time.

VITTORIA

You don't understand. An explosion at ground level will be much worse than one down here!

The camerlegno looks at her.

CAMERLEGNO

Who said anything about an explosion at ground level?

VITTORIA

You're leaving it down here?

CAMERLEGNO

There will be no more death this evening.

VITTORIA

Father, but -

CAMERLEGNO

Please . . . some faith. I am not asking anyone to join me. You are all free to go. Let me do what I have been called to do. I am to save this church. And I can. I swear on my life.

Chartrand walks over and pulls open the gate and the group runs through the mausoleum. The camerlegno runs through. The others

continue ascending the passages, following the camerlegno. Langdon checks his watch.

LANGDON

Eight minutes.

ON THE CAMERLEGNO

The camerlegno dashes onward..

CAMERLEGNO

I will save your church, Father. I swear it.

He staggers to a flat piece of earth where he had stood many times. The path ends. A tiny marker reads: Mausoleum S. La tomba di San Pietro.

Before him, at waist level, is an opening in the wall. The camerlegno looks into the hole and smiles in exhaustion. He could hear the others coming up behind him. He sets down his oil lamp and kneels to pray.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE - NIGHT

Outside in the square, surrounded by the cardinals, Cardinal Mortati stares up at the media screen and watches the drama unfold in the crypt below.

A gasp goes up from the throngs. A murmur and everyone is suddenly pointing at the screen. Mortati looks up. The camerlegno is kneeling in prayer on the earthen floor. In front of him is a hole in the wall. Inside the hollow is St. Peter's casket with the antimatter canister on top. Mortati stares at the antimatter. The grotto around the canister blinks red as the LED counted down reads 4:48. Mortati crosses himself.

INT GROTTA - NIGHT

The camerlegno stands suddenly. He grabs the antimatter in his hands and turns toward the others. He pushes past the others and begins back the way he came.

VITTORIA

Where are you going! Camerlegno! I thought you said -

CAMERLEGNO

Have faith!

And he runs off. Vittoria turns to Langdon.

VITTORIA

What do we do?

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE - NIGHT

The picture coming from the BBC camera is like a roller coaster ride now, winding, twisting.

CARDINAL MORTATI

Is he bringing that up here?

On the giant screens the camerlegno races upward with the antimatter.

CAMERLEGNO

There will be no more death this evening!

EXT ST. PETER'S BASILICA - NIGHT - 11:56

The camerlegno erupts through the doors of St. Peter's Basilica. He staggers into the glare of the spotlights, carrying the antimatter. A roar goes up from the crowd. He raises the antimatter high over his head. He throws back his bare shoulders in an act of defiance to the Illuminati brand on his chest, he dashes down the stairs. Langdon bursts out and runs down the stairs after the camerlegno.

CAMERLEGNO

(screaming)

Satan's work has no place in the House of God!

He runs toward a now terrified crowd. Langdon reaches him.

LANGDON

Father! There's nowhere to go!

CAMERLEGNO

Look to the heavens! We forget to look to the heavens!

The helicopter the camerlegno had summoned to take him to the hospital sits dead ahead, pilot already in the cockpit, blades already humming in neutral. The camerlegno runs toward it.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)
Everyone back! Get away! Now!

The Swiss Guard standing around the chopper stand in awe as the camerlegno approaches them.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)
Back!

The guards move back. The camerlegno runs around the chopper to the pilot's door and pulls it open.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)
Out, son! Now!

The pilot jumps out. The camerlegno turns to the pilot and thrusts the canister into his hands.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)
Hold this. Hand it back when I'm in.

As the camerlegno pulls himself up, he sees Langdon running toward the craft. The camerlegno adjusts a few familiar levers, and then turns back to his window for the canister. The pilot no longer has the canister.

PILOT
He took it!

CAMERLEGNO
Who?

The guard points to Langdon who runs to the other side of the chopper and jumps in the rear compartment. He enters the door and buckles himself in.

LANGDON
Fly, Father!

The unhappy camerlegno looks back at Langdon.

CAMERLEGNO
What are you doing?

LANGDON

You fly! I'll throw! There's no time!
Just fly!

The camerlegno is momentarily paralyzed.

CAMERLEGNO

I can do this alone. I am supposed to
do this alone.

Langdon isn't listening but looks down at the canister.

LANGDON

Three minutes, Father! Three!

The camerlegno turns back to the controls. With a grinding roar, the helicopter lifts off. Langdon can see Vittoria running toward the chopper. Their eyes meet for a moment.

INT HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Inside the chopper Langdon steadies himself as the camerlegno accelerates the craft straight up. The glow of St. Peter's Square shrinks beneath them. Langdon looks at the canister again.

LANGDON

Two minutes!

The city lights beneath them spread out in all directions. In the distance to the west, Langdon can see the Mediterranean coast.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

Camerlegno! Go forward! We're high
enough! You've got to start moving
forward! We can't drop the canister
back over Vatican City!

The camerlegno does not reply. He is concentrating on flying the craft.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

We've got less than two minutes! I can
see them! La Cava Romana! A couple of
miles north! We don't have-

CAMERLEGNO

No. It's far too dangerous. I'm
sorry.

As the chopper continues to climb upward, the camerlegno turns
and gives Langdon a mournful smile.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

I wish you had not come, my friend.
You have made the ultimate sacrifice.

Langdon looks in the camerlegno's eyes and suddenly
understands.

LANGDON

But . . . there must be somewhere we
can go!

CAMERLEGNO

Up. It's the only guarantee.

EXT ST. PETERS SQUARE - NIGHT

Vittoria stares upward. The helicopter is a speck now, the media
lights no longer reach it. Even the pounding of the rotors have
faded to a distant hum. The television cameras probe the
darkness, waiting. Every face stares heavenward.

On the marble escarpment the cardinals stare upward. Some fold
their hands in prayer. Most stand motionless, transfixed. Some
weep. Then the bells of St. Peter's began to toll. Vittoria
starts to cry.

Then time runs out.

High above Vatican City, a pinpoint of light appears in the sky.
A blinding flash. The light roars out in all directions, the
surging radius seems to hit a wall. It is as if the explosion
is contained somehow in a giant glass sphere. The light rebounds
inward, sharpening, rippling across itself. The wave appears
to have reached a predetermined diameter and hovers there. For
that instant, a perfect and silent sphere of light glows over
Rome.

The concussion descends on them like the wrath of hell, shaking
the granite foundation of Vatican City, knocking the breath out
of people's lungs, sending others stumbling backward. Dust

swirls overhead as people huddle.

Then, as fast as it appeared, the sphere implodes, sucking back in on itself, crushing inward to the tiny point of light from which it had come.

Cardinal Mortati kneels to pray, and the other cardinals join him. The Swiss Guard lower their long swords and stand numb. No one speaks. No one moves.

Vittoria stands trembling at the foot of the basilica's sweeping stairs.

As Mortati kneels the silence of St. Peter's Square broke with a ripple at first. The ripple grows to a murmur then a roar. The multitudes are crying out as one.

CROWD

Look! Look!

Mortati turns, bewildered, following their outstretched hands. They are pointing to the uppermost level of the basilica, the rooftop terrace, where huge statues of Christ and his apostles watch over the crowd.

On the right of Jesus, arms outstretched to the world stands Camerlegno Carlo Ventresca.

INT HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Langdon opens his eyes. A crowd is gathered his bedside. They smile at him.

NURSE

You are a living miracle Mr. Langdon.

LANGDON

What time is it?

NURSE

It's one in the morning.

Langdon closes his eyes trying to make sense of the events of the past hour.

FLASHBACK

The helicopter rises higher.

LANGDON

(screaming)

If we drop the canister at the right time, it should explode partway down.

CAMERLEGNO

And if you calculate incorrectly?

Langdon turns to the camerlegno who is no longer flying the helicopter. Langdon watches as the camerlegno quickly unlocks the metal cargo box bolted between the seats. He removes a large, black, nylon pack. He lays it on the seat next to him.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

Give me the canister.

Langdon gives the canister to the camerlegno who places it inside the cargo box. Then he closes the heavy lid and uses the key to lock it tight.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

CAMERLEGNO

Leading us from temptation.

The camerlegno throws the key out the open window then takes the nylon pack and slips his arms through the straps. He fastens a waist clamp around his stomach and cinches it tight. He turns to a dumbstruck Langdon.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. It isn't supposed to happen this way.

Then he opens his door and hurled himself into the evening. Langdon watches the camerlegno fall.

LANGDON

This isn't good.

Langdon scrambles around the helicopter looking for something, anything. He finds a windshield tarp lying in the back of the helicopter. It has no harness, only bungee loops at either end for fastening it to the windshield. Langdon grabs it, slides his hands through the loops and leaps out of the chopper.

Langdon falls fast, his hands gripping the loops. The tarp billows overhead. There is an explosion above him. Almost instantly, the shock wave hits. He fights to hold on.

Looking down at the Tiber River, Langdon pulls down hard with his right hand on the canopy. The tarp suddenly flaps louder, billowing. Langdon is drifting sideways. He pulls again, harder. The tarp flares, and Langdon slows a bit.

The darkness rushes up beneath him. Then there is impact and blackness.

EXT ST. PETERS SQUARE - NIGHT

Cardinal Mortati stares up at the camerlegno as the camerlegno stands high above them on the rooftop terrace. In the square there is crying, cheering, spontaneous applause. The entire square is chanting the camerlegno's name.

EXT ROOFTOP TERRACE - NIGHT

The camerlegno stands on the rooftop terrace of St. Peter's Basilica and looks down over the people staring up at him. Cheering for him. He bows his head and steps back from the edge. He kneels on the roof and prays.

INT HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Langdon suddenly sits up in the bed the silence broken by someone yelling from the hospital entryway. She is screaming, going mad, holding her portable radio to the sky and praising God.

PATIENT

Camerlegno Ventresca has appeared on
the roof of the Vatican!! It's a
miracle.

Langdon searches around the room.

LANGDON

Where are my clothes?

One of the nurses motions to a dripping wad of shredded khaki and tweed on the counter.

NURSE

We had to cut them off you.

Langdon looks at his shredded Harris tweed and frowns.

LANGDON
My favorite jacket.

The nurse holds out a bin.

NURSE
We saved your personal items. Wallet,
camcorder, and pen. I dried the
camcorder off the best I could.

Langdon is confused.

LANGDON
I don't own a camcorder.

The nurse holds out the bin. Langdon looks at the contents. Along with his wallet and pen is a tiny camcorder.

NURSE
We found it in your pocket. I think
you'll need a new one, though.

The nurse flips open the two-inch screen on the back.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Your viewer is cracked. The sound
still works, though. Barely.

She holds the device up to her ear.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Keeps playing something over and over.
Two guys arguing, I think.

Puzzled, Langdon takes the camcorder and holds it to his ear. He listens then becomes furious. Langdon gets off the table and stands on shaky legs.

LANGDON
I need some clothes.

EXT HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Langdon limps out of the hospital wearing a blue paramedic's jumpsuit. The woman accompanying him is wearing a similar suit.

The woman leads him around the side of the building. Langdon sees the medevac chopper sitting on the pad. The woman smiles.

WOMAN PILOT

Fly Vatican City. Very fast.

INT HALLWAY TO THE SISTINE CHAPEL - NIGHT

The College of Cardinals bristle with ebullience as they streamed back into the Sistine Chapel. An uneasy Cardinal Mortati walks alone. A Swiss guard runs up to him.

GUARD

Signore Mortati! We have gone to the roof as you asked. The camerlegno is . . . flesh! He is a true man! He is not a spirit! He is exactly as we knew him!

CARDINAL MORTATI

Did he speak to you?

GUARD

He kneels in silent prayer! We are afraid to touch him!

Mortati is at a loss.

CARDINAL MORTATI

Tell him . . . his cardinals await him. Bathe him. Bind his wounds. Dress him in fresh robes. We await his arrival in the Sistine Chapel.

The guard runs off as Mortati heads for the chapel. As he walks down the hall, he sees Vittoria slumped on a bench at the foot of the Royal Staircase. He touches her head and enters the chapel and closes the door.

EXT VATICAN HELIPAD - NIGHT

The medivac helicopter lands in the Vatican's helipad. Langdon steps down from the helicopter.

LANGDON

Grazie.

With the camcorder in hand, he walks a golf cart and starts toward the Vatican.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL - NIGHT

At the back of the Sistine Chapel, Cardinal Mortati stands in a daze as he watches the pandemonium before him.

CARDINAL 1

It was a miracle! The work of God!

CARDINAL 2

Yes! God has made His will manifest!

CARDINAL 3

The camerlegno will be our Pope! He is not a cardinal, but God has sent a miraculous sign!

CARDINAL 4

Yes! The laws of conclave are man's laws. God's will is before us! I call for a balloting immediately!

Mortati moves toward them.

CARDINAL MORTATI

A balloting? I believe that is my job.

The cardinals all turn to him.

CARDINAL MORTATI (CONT'D)

My friends. I suspect I will struggle for the rest of my days with the meaning of what I have witnessed this evening. And yet, what you are suggesting regarding the camerlegno . . . it cannot possibly be God's will.

The room falls silent.

CARDINAL 1

How . . . can you say that? The camerlegno saved the church. God spoke to the camerlegno directly! The

man survived death itself! What sign do we need!

CARDINAL MORTATI

The camerlegno is coming to us now. Let us wait. Let us hear him before we have a balloting. There may be an explanation.

CARDINAL 3

An explanation?

CARDINAL MORTATI

As your Great Elector, I have vowed to uphold the laws of conclave. You are no doubt aware that by Holy Law the camerlegno is ineligible for election to the papacy. He is not a cardinal. He is a priest . . . a chamberlain. There is also the question of his inadequate age. By even allowing a balloting, I would be requesting that you endorse a man who Vatican Law proclaims ineligible. I would be asking each of you to break a sacred oath.

CARDINAL 5

But what happened here this evening, it certainly transcends our laws!

CARDINAL MORTATI

(voice booming)

Does it? Is it God's will that we discard the rules of the church? Is it God's will that we abandon reason and give ourselves over to frenzy?

CARDINAL 6

(angrily)

But did you not see what we saw? How can you presume to question that kind of power!

CARDINAL MORTATI

(voice booming)

I am not questioning God's power! It is God who gave us reason and circumspection! It is God we serve by exercising prudence!

INT SISTINE CHAPEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vittoria sits on a bench at the foot of the Royal Staircase. She looks up and sees Langdon bandaged and limping.

VITTORIA

Robert?

He never answers, just walks to her and wraps her in his arms. Her tears flow.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)

Oh, God . . . oh, thank God . . .

INT SISTINE CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

The cardinals continue to argue.

CARDINAL 6

It is God's will! Who but the chosen one could have survived that diabolical explosion?

LANGDON (O.C.)

Me.

Langdon's voice reverberates from the back of the chapel. Mortati and the others turn in wonder at the bedraggled form coming up the center aisle.

CARDINAL MORTATI

Mr. . . .Langdon?

Without a word, Langdon and Vittoria walk slowly to the front of the chapel. Behind them two guards hurry in, pushing a cart with a large television on it. Langdon waits while they plug it in, and faces the cardinals. Langdon motions for the guards to leave. They exit and close the door behind them. Langdon plugs the camcorders output into the television. Then he presses PLAY. The television blares to life.

LANGDON

This was secretly filmed by Max Kohler during his meeting with the camerlegno late last night.

ON THE TELEVISION

The scene on the television was filmed the Pope's office. Off center on the screen the camerlegno stands in the dimness, in front of a fire.

CAMERLEGNO

Leonardo Vetra kept diaries? I suppose that is good news for CERN. If the diaries contain his processes for creating antimatter -

KOHLER

They don't. You will be relieved to know those processes died with Leonardo. However, his diaries spoke of something else. You.

The camerlegno looks troubled.

CAMERLEGNO

I don't understand.

KOHLER

They described a meeting Leonardo had last month. With you.

The camerlegno hesitates, then looks toward the door.

CAMERLEGNO

Rocher should not have granted you access without consulting me. How did you get in here?

KOHLER

Rocher knows the truth. I called earlier and told him what you have done.

CAMERLEGNO

What I have done? Whatever story you told him, Rocher is a Swiss Guard and far too faithful to this church to believe a bitter scientist over his camerlegno.

KOHLER

Actually, he is too faithful not to believe. He is so faithful that despite the evidence that one of his loyal guards had betrayed the church, he refused to accept it. All day long he has been searching for another explanation.

CAMERLEGNO

So you gave him one.

KOHLER

The truth. Shocking as it was.

CAMERLEGNO

If Rocher believed you, he would have arrested me.

KOHLER

No. I wouldn't let him. I offered him my silence in exchange for this meeting.

The camerlegno lets out an odd laugh.

CAMERLEGNO

You plan to blackmail the church with a story that no one will possibly believe?

KOHLER

I have no need of blackmail. I simply want to hear the truth from your lips. Leonardo Vetra was a friend.

The camerlegno says nothing. He simply stares down at Kohler.

KOHLER (CONT'D)

About a month ago, Leonardo Vetra contacted you requesting an urgent

audience with the Pope - an audience you granted because the Pope was an admirer of Leonardo's work and because Leonardo said it was an emergency.

The camerlegno turns to the fire. He says nothing.

KOHLER (CONT'D)

Leonardo came to the Vatican in great secrecy. He was betraying his daughter's confidence by coming here, a fact that troubled him deeply, but he felt he had no choice. His research had left him deeply conflicted and in need of spiritual guidance from the church. In a private meeting, he told you and the Pope that he had made a scientific discovery with profound religious implications. He had proved Genesis was physically possible, and that intense sources of energy - what Vetra called God - could duplicate the moment of Creation.

Silence.

KOHLER (CONT'D)

The Pope was stunned. He wanted Leonardo to go public. His Holiness thought this discovery might begin to bridge the gap between science and religion - one of the Pope's life dreams. Then Leonardo explained to you the downside - the reason he required the church's guidance. It seemed his Creation experiment, exactly as your Bible predicts, produced everything in pairs. Opposites. Light and dark. Vetra found himself, in addition to creating matter, creating antimatter. Shall I go on?

The camerlegno is silent. He bends down and stokes the coals.

KOHLER (CONT'D)

After Leonardo Vetra came here, you came to CERN to see his work. Leonardo's diaries said you made a personal trip to his lab.

The camerlegno looks up.

KOHLER (CONT'D)

The Pope could not travel without attracting media attention, so he sent you. Leonardo gave you a secret tour of his lab. He showed you an antimatter annihilation - the Big Bang - the power of Creation. He also showed you a large specimen he kept locked away as proof that his new process could produce antimatter on a large scale. You were in awe. You returned to Vatican City to report to the Pope what you had witnessed.

The camerlegno sighs.

CAMERLEGNO

And what is it that troubles you? That I would respect Leonardo's confidentiality by pretending before the world this evening that I knew nothing of antimatter?

KOHLER

No! It troubles me that Leonardo Vetra practically proved the existence of your God, and you had him murdered!

The camerlegno turns now, his face revealing nothing. The only sound is the crackle of the fire. Suddenly, the camera jiggles, and Kohler's arm appears in the frame. He leans forward, seeming to struggle with something affixed beneath his wheelchair. When he sits back down, he holds a pistol out before him aimed directly at the camerlegno.

KOHLER (CONT'D)

Confess your sins, Father. Now.

The camerlegno looks startled.

CAMERLEGNO

You will never get out of here alive.

KOHLER

Death would be a welcome relief from the misery your faith has put me through since I was a boy. I am giving you a choice. Confess your sins . . . or die right now.

The camerlegno glances toward the door.

KOHLER (CONT'D)

Rocher is outside. He too is prepared to kill you.

CAMERLEGNO

Rocher is a sworn protector of th-

KOHLER

Rocher let me in here. Armed. He is sickened by your lies. You have a single option. Confess to me. I have to hear it from your very lips.

The camerlegno hesitates. Kohler cocks his gun.

KOHLER (CONT'D)

Do you really doubt I will kill you?

CAMERLEGNO

No matter what I tell you, a man like you will never understand.

KOHLER

Try me.

The camerlegno stands still for a moment.

CAMERLEGNO

Since the beginning of time, this church has fought the enemies of God. Sometimes with words. Sometimes with swords. And we have always survived. But the demons of the past, were demons of fire and abomination . . . they were enemies we could fight -

enemies who inspired fear. Yet Satan is shrewd. As time passed, he cast off his diabolical countenance for a new face . . . the face of pure reason. Transparent and insidious, but soulless all the same. Tell me, Mr. Kohler! How can the church condemn that which makes logical sense to our minds! Each time the church raises its voice in warning, you shout back, calling us ignorant. Science has come to save us from our sickness, hunger, and pain! Behold the new God of endless miracles, omnipotent and benevolent! Ignore the weapons and the chaos. Forget the fractured loneliness and endless peril. Science is here!

KOHLER

What are you talking about? Vetra's science practically proved the existence of your God! He was your ally!

CAMERLEGNO

Ally? Science and religion are not in this together! We do not seek the same God, you and I! Who is your God? One of protons, masses, and particle charges? How does your God inspire? How does your God reach into the hearts of man and remind him he is accountable to a greater power! Vetra was misguided. His work was not religious, it was sacrilegious! Man cannot put God's Creation in a test tube and wave it around for the world to see! This does not glorify God, it demeans God!

The camerlegno is clawing at his body now, his voice manic.

KOHLER

And so you had Leonardo Vetra killed!

CAMERLEGNO

For the church! For all mankind! Man is not ready to hold the power of Creation in his hands. God in a test tube? A droplet of liquid that can vaporize an entire city? He had to be stopped!

The camerlegno falls silent. He looks away, back toward the fire. Kohler's hands level the gun.

KOHLER

You have confessed. You have no escape.

The camerlegno laughs sadly.

CAMERLEGNO

Don't you see? Confessing your sins is the escape.

He looks toward the door.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

When God is on your side, you have options a man like you could never comprehend.

The camerlegno grabs the neck of his cassock and violently tears it open, revealing his bare chest. Kohler is startled.

KOHLER

What are you doing!

The camerlegno does not reply. He steps backward, toward the fireplace, and removes an object from the glowing embers.

KOHLER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

When the camerlegno turns, he is holding a red-hot brand of the Illuminati Diamond. His eyes look wild suddenly.

CAMERLEGNO

I had intended to do this all alone. But now . . . I see God meant for you to be here. You are my salvation.

Before Kohler can react, the camerlegno closes his eyes, arches his back, and rams the red hot brand into the center of his own chest. His flesh hisses.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

Mother Mary! Blessed Mother . . .
Behold your son!

He screams out in agony. Kohler stands awkwardly on his feet, gun wavering wildly before him. The camerlegno screams louder. He throws the brand at Kohler's feet. The camerlegno collapses on the floor, writhing in agony.

There is a great flurry onscreen as the Swiss Guards burst into the room. Gunfire explodes. Kohler clutches his chest, blown backward, bleeding, falls into his wheelchair. Rocher tries to stop his guards from firing on Kohler.

ROCHER

NO!

The camerlegno is writhing on the floor, rolls and points frantically at Rocher.

CAMERLEGNO

Illuminatus!

Rocher starts toward at the camerlegno.

ROCHER

You bastard. You sanctimonious bas -

Chartrand shoots Rocher three times. Rocher slides dead across the floor.

The guards ran to the wounded camerlegno, gathering around him. As they huddle, the video shows the face of Langdon, kneeling beside the wheelchair, looking at the brand. Then, the entire frame began lurching wildly. Kohler has regained consciousness and is detaching the tiny camcorder from its holder under the arm of the wheelchair. Then he tries to hand the camcorder to Langdon.

KOHLER

G-give . . .G-give this to the
m-media.

Then the television screen goes blank.

INT VATICAN - NIGHT

As the Swiss Guard help the camerlegno him down the Royal Staircase toward the Sistine Chapel, singing can be heard coming from St. Peter's Square. His mind goes back to a fateful night.

INT POPES OFFICE - EVENING

The camerlegno is lying on the floor in tattered nightclothes, clawing at his own flesh.

CAMERLEGNO

(screaming)

It cannot be!

The pope sits nearby.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

Your vow! You broke your vow to God!
You, Father, of all men!

POPE

Please, my son, allow me to explain.

The camerlegno runs out of the office, devastated by the news.

INT GROTTA - NIGHT

The camerlegno lays at the grotto, seeking God in front of St. Peter. He is talking to voices in his head.

CAMERLEGNO

Yes, I vow to serve you God!

Pause.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

Yes, I would die for you God! Take me
now!

Pause.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

Yes, I would die for my church!

Please deliver me!

Pause.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

Yes, I would die for mankind!

I would die for man! Like your son, I would die for them!

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

Yes! Yes! Yes! I will restore their
faith in you!

INT THE SISTINE CHAPEL - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

The camerlegno walks into the chapel as the cardinals stare at him. As he moves up the center aisle, he sees bewilderment in every face. It was then the camerlegno looks at the altar and sees Langdon on the altar beside a television that is playing a scene the camerlegno recognizes. Vittoria stands beside him.

The camerlegno closes his eyes for a moment then opens them. His head is high as he walks toward the front of the Sistine Chapel.

CAMERLEGNO

If you could give your own soul to
save millions, would you?

The faces in the chapel simply stare. Beyond the walls, the joyous strains of song can be heard in the square.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

Which is the greater sin? Killing
one's enemy? Or standing idle while
your true love is strangled? I could
no longer stand by.

The camerlegno walks up the center aisle directly toward the crowd of standing cardinals. At the altar, Langdon switches off the television, takes Vittoria's hand, and relinquishes the altar. A voice breaks the silence.

VITTORIA

You killed my father?

The camerlegno turns to Vittoria.

VITTORIA (CONT'D)

He was doing God's work.

CAMERLEGNO

God's work is not done in a lab. It is done in the heart.

VITTORIA

My father's heart was pure! And his research proved-

CAMERLEGNO

His research proved yet again that man's mind is progressing faster than his soul! If a man as spiritual as your father could create a weapon like the one we saw this evening, imagine what an ordinary man will do with his technology.

VITTORIA

A man like you?

The camerlegno takes a deep breath.

CAMERLEGNO

For centuries, the church has stood by while science picked away at religion bit by bit. Debunking miracles. Training the mind to overcome the heart. Condemning religion as the opiate of the masses. They denounce God as a hallucination, a delusional crutch for those too weak to accept that life is meaningless. I could not stand by while science presumed to harness the power of God himself! Proof, you say? Yes, proof of science's ignorance! What is wrong with the admission that something exists beyond our understanding? The day science substantiates God in a lab is the day people stop needing faith!

VITTORIA

You mean the day they stop needing the church. Doubt is your last shred of control. It is doubt that brings souls to you. Our need to know that life has meaning. Man's insecurity and need for an enlightened soul assuring him everything is part of a master plan. But the church is not the only enlightened soul on the planet! We all seek God in different ways. What are you afraid of? That God will show himself somewhere other than inside these walls? That people will find him in their own lives and leave your antiquated rituals behind? Religions evolve! The mind finds answers, the heart grapples with new truths. My father was on your quest! A parallel path! Why couldn't you see that? God is not some omnipotent authority looking down from above, threatening to throw us into a pit of fire if we disobey. God is the energy that flows through the synapses of our nervous system and the chambers of our hearts! God is in all things!

CAMERLEGNO

Except science. Science, by definition, is soulless. Divorced from the heart. Intellectual miracles like antimatter arrive in this world with no ethical instructions attached. This in itself is perilous! But when science heralds its Godless pursuits as the enlightened path? Promising answers to questions whose beauty is that they have no answers? No.

There is a moment of silence.

CARDINAL MORTATI

The preferiti, Baggia and the others.
Please tell me you did not . . .

The camerlegno turns to him.

CARDINAL MORTATI (CONT'D)
The preferiti.

CAMERLEGNO
I shared their pain. And I too would
die for God, but my work is only just
begun. They are singing in St.
Peter's Square!

The camerlegno sees the horror in Mortati's eyes.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)
Listen to the singing. Nothing unites
hearts like the presence of evil.
Burn a church and the community rises
up, holding hands, singing hymns of
defiance as they rebuild. Look how
they flock this evening. Fear has
brought them home. Seek the goodness.
Become the goodness!

VITTORIA
But the antimatter . . . You risked
destroying the Vatican!

CAMERLEGNO
There is no risk when God is at your
side. This cause was His.

VITTORIA
(seething)
You're insane!

CAMERLEGNO
Millions were saved.

LANGDON
People were killed.

CAMERLEGNO
Souls were saved.

VITTORIA
Tell that to my father and Max Kohler!

CAMERLEGNO

CERN's arrogance needed to be revealed. A droplet of liquid that can vaporize a half mile? And you call me mad? Those who believe undergo great tests for God! God asked Abraham to sacrifice his child! God commanded Jesus to endure crucifixion! And so we hang the symbol of the crucifix before our eyes - bloody, painful, agonizing - to remind us of evil's power! To keep our hearts vigilant! The scars on Jesus' body are a living reminder of the powers of darkness! My scars are a living reminder! Evil lives, but the power of God will overcome!

CARDINAL MORTATI

What have you done, Carlo? His Holiness? Poisoned?

A collective sigh of pain goes up.

CAMERLEGNO

A vile liar.

Mortati is shattered.

CARDINAL MORTATI

What do you mean? He was honest!
He . . . loved you.

CAMERLEGNO

And I him.

FLASHBACK

The camerlegno and the Pope are in the Pope's office.

CAMERLEGNO

The church investing in research that threatens to make the church obsolete? Work that spawns weapons of mass destruction?

POPE

I owe a deep debt to science.
 Something I have hidden my entire
 life. Science gave me a gift when I
 was a young man. A gift I have never
 forgotten.

CAMERLEGNO

I don't understand. What does science
 have to offer a man of God?

POPE

It is complicated. I will need time
 to make you understand. But first,
 there is a simple fact about me that
 you must know. I have kept it hidden
 all these years. It is time I told you.
 I have fathered a child.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL - NIGHT

The camerlegno stands unwavering as he speaks.

CAMERLEGNO

The Pope fathered a child.

The entire Sistine Chapel is stunned.

CARDINAL 5

This must be a lie!

CARDINAL 8

I will not believe it! His Holiness
 was as devout a man as ever lived!

CARDINAL MORTATI

My friends. What the camerlegno says
 is true. The Pope indeed fathered a
 child.

The cardinals are stunned as is the camerlegno.

CAMERLEGNO

You knew? But . . . how could you
 possibly know this?

Mortati sighs.

CARDINAL MORTATI

When His Holiness was elected . . .
I was the Devil's Advocate. That is
how I found out.

There is a communal gasp. The camerlegno is in a rage.

CAMERLEGNO

And you . . . told no one?

CARDINAL MORTATI

I confronted His Holiness. And he
confessed. He explained the entire
story and asked only that I let my
heart guide my decision as to whether
or not to reveal his secret.

CAMERLEGNO

And your heart told you to bury the
information?

CARDINAL MORTATI

He was the runaway favorite for the
papacy. People loved him. The scandal
would have hurt the church deeply.

CAMERLEGNO

(screaming)

But he fathered a child! He broke his
sacred vow of celibacy! The Pope
broke his vow!

CARDINAL MORTATI

Carlo, his love . . . was chaste. He
had broken no vow. He didn't explain
it to you?

CAMERLEGNO

Explain what?

CARDINAL MORTATI

Many years ago, the Pope, when he was
still just a priest, had fallen in
love with a young nun. Both of them
had taken vows of celibacy and never
even considered breaking their

covenant with God. Still, as they fell deeper in love, although they could resist the temptations of the flesh, they both found themselves longing for something they never expected - to participate in God's ultimate miracle of creation - a child. Their child. The yearning, especially in her, became overwhelming. Still, God came first. A year later, when the frustration had reached almost unbearable proportions, she came to him in a whirl of excitement. She had just read an article about a new miracle of science-a process by which two people, without ever having sexual relations, could have a child. She sensed this was a sign from God. The priest could see the happiness in her eyes and agreed. A year later she had a child through the miracle of artificial insemination . . .

CAMERLEGNO

This cannot . . . be true.

Mortati now has tears in his eyes.

CARDINAL MORTATI

Carlo, this is why His Holiness has always had an affection for the sciences. He felt he owed a debt to science. Science let him experience the joys of fatherhood without breaking his vow of celibacy. His Holiness told me he had no regrets except one - that his advancing stature in the church prohibited him from being with the woman he loved and seeing his infant grow up.

Camerlegno Carlo Ventresca grows more confused.

CARDINAL MORTATI (CONT'D)

The Pope committed no sin, Carlo. He was chaste.

CAMERLEGNO

But . . . Think of the jeopardy . . .
of his deeds. What if this whore of
his came forward? Or, heaven forbid,
his child? Imagine the shame the
church would endure.

Mortati's voice is tremulous.

CAMERLEGNO (CONT'D)

The child has already come forward.

Everything stops.

CARDINAL MORTATI

Carlo . . . His Holiness's child . . .
is you.

Mortati chokes.

CARDINAL MORTATI (CONT'D)

That is why His Holiness came to you
in the hospital in Palermo when you
were a boy. That is why he took you
in and raised you. The nun he loved
was Maria . . . your mother. She left
the nunnery to raise you, but she
never abandoned her strict devotion
to God. When the Pope heard she had
died in an explosion and that you, his
son, had miraculously survived . . .
he swore to God he would never leave
you alone again. Carlo, your parents
were both virgins. They kept their
vows to God. And still they found a
way to bring you into the world. You
were their miraculous child.

The camerlegno covers his ears, trying to block out the words.
He falls violently to his knees and lets out a wail of anguish.

Vittoria lets go of Langdon's hand and began moving through the
crowd of cardinals. Some of the cardinals pray. Others weep.
She almost reaches the back of the crowd when a hand catches
her arm. She turns, face to face with an old cardinal.

OLD CARDINAL

No. You cannot.

Vittoria stares, incredulous.

CARDINAL 3

We must think before we act.

CARDINAL 4

The pain this could cause . . .

Vittoria is surrounded. She looks at them all, stunned.

VITTORIA

But these deeds here today, this evening . . . certainly the world should know the truth.

OLD CARDINAL

My heart agrees and yet it is a path from which there is no return. We must consider the shattered hopes. How could the people ever trust again?

Suddenly, more cardinals seem to be blocking her way. There was a wall of black robes before her.

CARDINAL 5

Listen to the people in the square. What will this do to their hearts? We must exercise prudence.

CARDINAL 6

We need time to think and pray. We must act with foresight. The repercussions of this . . .

VITTORIA

He killed my father! He killed his own father!

OLD CARDINAL

(sadly)

I'm certain he will pay for his sins.

She tries to push toward the door again, but the cardinals huddle closer, their faces frightened.

VITTORIA

What are you going to do? Kill me?

The old men blanch, and Vittoria immediately regrets her words.

OLD CARDINAL

I want . . . to do what is right.

LANGDON (O.C.)

Then you will let her out

Langdon arrives at her side, and his hand takes hers.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

Ms. Vetra and I are leaving this chapel. Right now.

The cardinals began to step aside.

CARDINAL MORTATI

Wait!

Mortati moves toward them now, down the center aisle. He arrives, puts a hand on Langdon's shoulder and one on Vittoria's. The man's eyes are tearful now.

CARDINAL MORTATI (CONT'D)

Of course you are free to go. Of course. I ask only this . . . Let me do it. I will go into the square right now and find a way. I will tell them. I don't know how . . . but I will find a way. The church's confession should come from within. Our failures should be our own to expose.

Mortati turns sadly back toward the altar.

CARDINAL MORTATI (CONT'D)

Carlo, you have brought this church to a disastrous juncture.

He pauses, looking around. The altar is bare and the door clicks shut. The camerlegno is gone.

INT VATICAN HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The camerlegno's white robe billows as he moves down the hallway away from the Sistine Chapel. He staggers through the darkness of St. Peter's Basilica.

INT GROTTA STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The camerlegno descends into the sunken area where the ninety-nine oil lamps shine brightly. He lifts an oil lamp, preparing to descend.

The camerlegno stops short, staring. The light of the ninety-nine oil lanterns has thrown the camerlegno's shadow on the marble wall beside him. A hazy form surrounded by golden light. With flames flickering all around him, the camerlegno looks like an angel ascending to heaven. He stood a moment, raises his arms to his sides, watching his own image. Then he turns and looks up the stairs.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL - NIGHT

The Cardinals hear a roar of jubilation outside in St. Peter's Square. The cardinals all exchange startled looks. Mortati closes his eyes.

CARDINAL MORTATI

God help us.

EXT ST. PETERS SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

Langdon and Vittoria and the College of Cardinals file into St. Peter's Square and into the evening air. The media lights and cameras are all pointed toward the basilica.

EXT BASILICA - NIGHT

Dressed in white, the camerlegno stands with his arms raised to the heavens. In the square below, the chaos intensifies. The camerlegno folds his hands before him and bows his head in silent prayer. Below him, the people bowed their heads along with him. The square falls silent. The camerlegno does not open his eyes. He slips his hand into the pocket of his robe brings out a small lighter and lights it. The fire shoots upward, engulfing his entire body instantly. He does not scream. He raises his arms over his head and looks toward heaven. The light flares brighter and brighter. The camerlegno is gone. All that is left is a cloud of smoke spiraling skyward over Vatican City.

INT HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Langdon awakens with a start. He lays still for a long time finally figuring out where he was. From one of the adjoining rooms, he could hear the faint, steady stream of a shower. As Langdon lies there, he hears a pounding. Someone is knocking at the door.

INT HOTEL ROOM FOYER - MORNING

He walks out of the bedroom into the suite's foyer. He opens the heavy door. A Swiss Guard greets him.

CHARTRAND

I am Lieutenant Chartrand. Vatican
Swiss Guard.

LANGDON

Um, yea. I do remember you. How . . .
how did you find us?

CHARTRAND

I saw you leave the square last
evening. I followed you. I'm relieved
you're still here. His Holiness asked
me to give this to you

Chartrand says handing over an envelope sealed with the Vatican signet. Langdon opens the envelope.

LANGDON

Can you read it please?

He hands the letter to Chartrand.

CHARTRAND

Yes sir. Mr. Langdon and Ms. Vetra,

Although it is my profound desire to request your discretion in the matters of the past 24 hours, I cannot possibly presume to ask more of you than you have already given. I therefore humbly retreat hoping only that you let your hearts guide you in this matter. The world seems a better place today . . . maybe the questions are more powerful than the answers. My door is always open, signed, His Holiness, Saverio Mortati

Langdon smiles.

LANGDON

The College of Cardinals have obviously chosen a noble leader.

CHARTRAND

I believe you would call it a landslide victory, sir.

Chartrand produces a small package and hands it to Langdon.

CHARTRAND (CONT'D)

A token of thanks from His Holiness.

Langdon takes the heavy package wrapped in brown paper.

CHARTRAND (CONT'D)

By his decree, this artifact is on indefinite loan to you from the sacred Papal Vault. His Holiness asks only that in your last will and testament you ensure it finds its way home.

Langdon opens the package and is struck speechless. It is the Illuminati brands. Chartrand smiles.

CHARTRAND (CONT'D)

May peace be with you.

He turns to go.

LANGDON

Thank . . . you.

CHARTRAND

Mr. Langdon, may I ask you something?

LANGDON

Of course.

CHARTRAND

My fellow guards and I are curious. Those last few minutes . . . what happened up there in the helicopter?

Langdon feels a rush of anxiety. Drifts off into the thoughts of last night.

CHARTRAND (CONT'D)

Mr. Langdon? I was asking about the
helicopter?

Langdon gives a sad smile.

LANGDON

Yes, I know . . . Perhaps it was the
shock of the fall . . . but my
memory . . . it seems . . . it's all
a blur . . .

CHARTRAND

(sadly)

You remember nothing?

Langdon sighs.

LANGDON

I fear it will remain a mystery
forever.

INT VATICAN GROTTA

Deep in the Vatican Grotto, Pope Mortati kneels alone before
the open sarcophagus. He reaches in and closes the old man's
blackened mouth. His Holiness looks peaceful now.

In Mortati's arms is a golden urn. Mortati tucks the urn out
of sight beneath the papal robes.

POPE MORTATI

A chance for forgiveness. No love is
greater than that of a father for His
son.

FADE OUT

Angelsanddemonsscript@yahoo.com