

Angels & Demons

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INT PAPAL APARTMENT DAY

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

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

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

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

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

REPORTER
-- the Ring of the Fisherman, which
bears the official papal seal and by
Vatican law must be destroyed
immediately following the Pope's
death.

IN THE HALLWAY JUST OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT,

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

REPORTER (O.S.)
The Pope's Chamberlain, or
"Camerlengo," then seals the papal
apartments --

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

REPORTER (O.S.) (cont'd)
-- and Swiss Guard will remain posted
outside the doors for at least nine
days of mourning, a period known as
tempe sede vacante, or --

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA DAY

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

REPORTER (O.S.)
-- "the time of the empty throne."

A ring appears around the empty throne and --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT CERN - DETECTOR ROOM DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PHILLIPE

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

VITTORIA

About two billion years. At that
rate.

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

PHILLIPE

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

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

DISSOLVES TO:

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA DAY

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

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

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE DAY

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

REPORTER (O.S.)

Following the elegy Mass, the body of
the pontiff, borne by the traditional
twelve pall bearers will be sealed in
a zinc crypt deep in the Vatican
Grottoes along with the bodies of
twenty-five other popes.

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

CUT TO:

INT CERN - DETECTOR ROOM DAY

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

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

VOICE (O.S.)
Beam on beam collisions are active.

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

INT CERN TUNNEL DAY

Elevator doors open in a subterranean tunnel and Vittoria steps out. A long tube, about four feet across, runs off into the distance, and as Vittoria heads off in the other direction, we see that the tunnel, and its cylinder, go on forever that way too. TWO MORE TECHNICIANS hurry down the tunnel and jump into the elevator she just vacated.

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

CUT TO:

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA DAY

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

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

At the front, CARDINAL MORTATI stands behind a massive altar, arms outstretched, praying in Latin for the assembled luminaries.

As he performs the service, intoning in a dead language --

INT ANTIMATTER LAB DAY

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

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

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

VITTORIA

Power should be back five by five.

LEONARDO

It is, extraction's already started.

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

LEONARDO (cont'd)

We're in God's hands now.

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

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA DAY

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

REPORTER (O.S.)

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

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

INT ANTIMATTER LAB DAY

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

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA DAY

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

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

INT ANTIMATTER LAB DAY

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

Everything abruptly goes black and a title bleeds on screen:

ANGELS AND DEMONS

CUT TO:

INT HARVARD COLLEGE - NATATORIUM DAWN

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

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

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

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

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

VINCENZO
Professor Langdon?

LANGDON
Swim might help your jet lag.

VINCENZO
I beg your pardon?

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

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

7.

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

LANGDON
Vatican Police? I was expecting
another letter.
(Vincenzo looks confused)
My request for access to the Archives?

Vincenzo has no idea what he's talking about.

LANGDON (cont'd)
Shouldn't you be in Rome? Busy time
for you guys.

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

LANGDON
Urgent Vatican business, involving me?
I doubt that.

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

VINCENZO
They said to show you this.

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

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

LANGDON
Illuminati?

CUT TO:

EXT HARVARD CAMPUS DAWN

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

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

LANGDON
Did they? Look at the paper.

VINCENZO
I've seen it.

LANGDON
Look again.

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

LANGDON (cont'd)
Turn it upside down.

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

LANGDON (cont'd)
It's called an ambigram, the same backwards and forwards. That's common in a symbol, like a Jewish star, or yin-yang, or a swastika, but this is a word. People have searched for the llluminati ambigrammatic symbol for four centuries, modern symbologists even tried to create it, but nobody could pull it off, not even by computer. Most had concluded it was a myth. I wrote a book about it.
(realizing)
Which is why you're here, isn't it?

VINCENZO
"The Art of the llluminati," by Robert Langdon.

CUT TO:

INT LANGDON'S APARTMENT DAY

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

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

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

LANGDON

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

(looks at Vincenzo)

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

VINCENZO

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

LANGDON

(mind racing ahead)

Conclave?

VINCENZO

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

LANGDON

What do you want from me?

VINCENZO

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

LANGDON

Why me?

VINCENZO

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

LANGDON

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

VINCENZO

Oh, it didn't. But it made you - what is the word?

(Italian pronunciation)

Formidable. Formidable. A plane is standing by twenty minutes from here. Will you come with me?

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

VINCENZO (cont'd)

Professor Langdon, you have spent ten years of your academic life searching for the very symbol you now hold in your hand. And the madman who created it, or who knows the secrets of its origin- that person is in Rome.

(checks his watch)

How much longer must we pretend you have not already decided to come?

CUT TO:

EXT AIRPORT DAY

A small private plane SCREAMS into the sky.

EXT ROME DAY

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

INT HELICOPTER DAY

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

VINCENZO

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

Langdon, seated across from him, stifles a laugh.

LANGDON

Spoken like a Roman Catholic.

Vincenzo looks at him sharply.

LANGDON (cont'd)

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

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

LANGDON (cont'd)

Into a secret society.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE DAY

Pulling away from the helicopter, we see a coat of arms emblazoned on its side -- two skeleton keys crossing a shield and papal crown. The helicopter SWOOPS over St. Peter's Square, filled with more tourists than usual, due to the impending start of Conclave.

We drift toward a structure on the far side of the Square, closer to its huge, ornate windows. As we approach, large swaths of black drop down, draping over the windows, closing off our view.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL DAY

Inside, WORKERS continue to drape large bolts of black velvet over the windows, sealing this room off from outside. Pulling back, we realize it's not just any room --

-- it's the Sistine Chapel. As the last window is blackened, the room is bathed in a profound darkness lit only by candles.

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

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

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

INT SALON DAY

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

MORTATI

And?

FR. SIMEON

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

MORTATI

A very long way for him to say very little.

FR. SIMEON

What if you were to begin in their absence?

MORTATI

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

Father Simeon gives him a look -- perhaps you?

MORTATI (cont'd)

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

FR. SIMEON

(chastened, but not really)

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

MORTATI

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

13.

MORTATI (cont'd)

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

FR. SIMEON

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

MORTATI

(cutting him off)

What we tell them to think.

CUT TO:

EXT VATICAN - STREET DAY

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

OLIVETTI

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

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

OLIVETTI (cont'd)

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

LANGDON

I assumed you were Swiss Guard.

OLIVETTI

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

LANGDON

(confused)

So jurisdictionally, this is-

OLIVETTI

A God damn nightmare.

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

TWO SWISS GUARDSMEN are standing outside the entrance to the building. They're somewhat comically dressed in puffy tunics vertically striped in brilliant blue and gold, with matching pantaloons and spats, topped by a black beret.

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

INT SWISS GUARD OFFICES - CORRIDOR DAY

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

LANGDON
The Great Castration.

OLIVETTI
I beg your pardon?

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

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

OLIVETTI
Are you anti-Catholic, Professor Langdon?

LANGDON
Me? No, I'm anti-vandalism.

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

LANGDON
(sincere)
I just hope I can help.

OLIVETTI

So do I. You were my idea.

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

INT SWISS GUARD HEADQUARTERS DAY

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

OLIVETTI

Wait here.

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

While they confer, Langdon notices a woman to his left. We recognize Vittoria Vetra, the physicist we saw at CERN.

She catches Langdon's eye, forces a grim smile, recognizes they're both strangers here. Olivetti comes back with COMMANDER ROCHER, the tall man, very much in charge. He speaks with a French/Swiss accent.

ROCHER

(to Vittoria)

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

LANGDON

That's right. Rocher looks him up and down, so, you're Langdon.

ROCHER

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

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

OLIVETTI

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

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

AT THE MONITOR,

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

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

VITTORIA

(continuing)

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

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

VITTORIA (cont'd)

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

They cringe.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

That canister contains an extremely combustible substance called antimatter. We need to locate it immediately or evacuate Vatican City.

ROCHER

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

VITTORIA

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

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

VITTORIA (cont'd)

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

ROCHER

And what might cause it to fall out of suspension?

VITTORIA

The battery going dead. Which it will.

(looks at the screen)

In six hours and eleven minutes.

Silence for a moment.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

Where is that camera? Number eighty-six?

OLIVETTI

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

VITTORIA

You've got to find it.

ROCHER

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

VITTORIA

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

Softly, Langdon speaks up from behind her.

LANGDON

"Vatican City will be consumed by light."

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

ROCHER

Those are the exact words the kidnapper used.

INT ROCHER'S OFFICE DAY

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

The images on the recording are of FOUR OLDER MEN, some in their sixties, the others in their seventies, filmed in dim light behind bars in a dank, dungeon-like space.

A lightly accented VOICE speaks from behind the camera.

VOICE (O.S.)

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

LANGDON

It's an ancient llluminati threat.

(Rocher pauses the recording)

The destruction of Vatican City
through light. The four pillars -
he probably means the kidnapped
cardinals. You didn't mention they
were the preferiti.

(to Vittoria)

The favorites to be chosen as the new
Pope. Play it again.

VOICE (O.S.)

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

LANGDON

Stop it there.

Rocher does

LANGDON (cont'd)

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

LANGDON (cont'd)

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

He pulls the "Illuminati" ambigram from his pocket.

ROCHER

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

LANGDON

(nods, not surprised)
Revenge for La Purga.

ROCHER

La Purga?

LANGDON

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

(to Rocher)

Is there any more?

Rocher hits play again.

VOICE (O.S.)

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

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

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

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

Langdon looks up sharply.

LANGDON
The Path of Illumination?

Rocher stops the video.

LANGDON (cont'd)
I need to get into the Vatican
Archives.

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

OLIVETTI
Professor, this is not the appropriate
moment to-

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

LANGDON
This has nothing to do with that,
(fast)
The Path of Illumination is an ancient
trail through Rome that leads to the
Church of the Illumination, a secret
place where Illuminati members could
meet in safety. If I can find the
Segno, the sign that marks the start
of the Path, I'm willing to bet the
four churches along it are where he
intends to murder your cardinals. If
we can get to one of them before he
does, we can stop it. But to find
the start of the path, I need to get
into the Archives.

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

LANGDON
Or by papal mandate.

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

LANGDON
What about Il Camerlengo? Let me
talk to him.

ROCHER

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

LANGDON

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

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

LANGDON (cont'd)

Hey, fellas -- you called me.

CUT TO:

INT PAPAL OFFICES DAY

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

CAMERLENGO

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

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

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

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

He turns around. He's younger than we thought, in his mid-thirties, deep, dark eyes. The kind of priest who often inspires, before the years of dogma catch up with him.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

It seems the real world is upon us tonight.

(to Langdon)

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

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

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)
Commandante, have you begun a search for this explosive device?

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

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

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

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

ROCHER
Yes, Padre,

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

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

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)
Ms. Vetra. Besides yourself and your research partner, who knew about your antimatter project?

VITTORIA

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

CAMERLENGO

(pause)

Do you have these journals?

VITTORIA

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

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

CAMERLENGO

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

LANGDON

Thank you, Padre.

CAMERLENGO

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

Langdon looks at him — fire away.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

Do you believe in God, sir?

LANGDON

(delicately)

Father, I simply believe that religions can often—

CAMERLENGO

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

LANGDON

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

CAMERLENGO

And your heart?

LANGDON

Tells me I'm not meant to.

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

LANGDON (cont'd)

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

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

CAMERLENGO

Be delicate with our treasures.

CUT TO:

EXT APOSTOLIC PALACE DAY

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

OLIVETTI

The archives are this way.

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

VITTORIA (O.S.)

Professor Langdon!

Vittoria catches up to them.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

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

LANGDON

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

OLIVETTI

(to Vittoria)

If we find this bomb, can you
deactivate it?

VITTORIA

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

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

VITTORIA (cont'd)

Vittoria Vetra. Are you really a symbologist, or was he mocking you?

LANGDON

Both. You're a physicist?

VITTORIA

(nods)

Bio-entanglement physics.
Interconnectivity of life systems.

LANGDON

Okay.

VITTORIA

What are we looking for in the archives?

LANGDON

A little book written by Galileo.

VITTORIA

Galileo was Illuminati?

LANGDON

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

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

OLIVETTI

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

LANGDON

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

VITTORIA

(making the connection)

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

Langdon stops in his tracks.

LANGDON

Oh. Oh, wow.

He's staring up at the impressive facade of the Vatican Archives. He takes a deep breath, then steps forward to enter. But Vincenzo doesn't follow. Langdon looks at him.

LANGDON (cont'd)

We go in alone?

OLIVETTI

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

Langdon turns back to the Archives with a look of deep contentment — he's wanted in here for a long, long time.

And steps through the double doors.

CUT TO:

INT APOSTOLIC PALACE DAY

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

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

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

They speak in English, their common language.

CAMERLENGO

You've been informed of the new situation?

MORTATI

(nods)

May God's mercy be upon us.

CAMERLENGO

And the other cardinals?

MORTATI

Await your word.

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

CAMERLENGO

May I ask your guidance, Padre?

MORTATI

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

CAMERLENGO

At this hour? That would be highly unorthodox.

MORTATI

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

CAMERLENGO

The cruelest honor in Christendom.

MORTATI

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

CAMERLENGO

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

MORTATI

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

CAMERLENGO

What of the safety of the cardinals?

MORTATI

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

CAMERLENGO

And the people in St. Peter's Square?

MORTATI

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

CAMERLENGO

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

MORTATI

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

CAMERLENGO

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

Mortati bristles at the thinly-veiled insult.

MORTATI

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

CAMERLENGO

Mea culpa.

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

MORTATI

Seal the doors.

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

INT VATICAN ARCHIVES DAY

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

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

CHARTRAND

(Swiss accent)

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

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

CHARTRAND (cont'd)

I'll be just outside the door.

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

CHARTRAND (cont'd)

Watching you, Mr. Langdon.

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

INT GALILEO VAULT DAY

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

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

LANGDON

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

VITTORIA

(bends over)

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

LANGDON

Plenty of time.

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

LANGDON (cont'd)

Uh... actually, I take that back.

CUT TO:

INT A DARK SPACE DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

MR. GRAY

You have no idea what you're missing.

LAMASSE

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

MR. GRAY

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

LAMASSE

May God forgive you for what you've done.

MR. GRAY

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

A MOMENT LATER,

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

A long-handled iron rod.

CUT TO:

INT VATICAN ARCHIVES DAY

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

LANGDON

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

VITTORIA

What makes you so sure the Segno is there?

LANGDON

(while searching)

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

(MORE)

LANGDON (cont'd)
It made no sense. And then I thought —
what if it were a Roman numeral?

VITTORIA
(thinks)
D-I-I-I?

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

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

LANGDON (cont'd)
Diagramma.

A MOMENT LATER,

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

LANGDON
Diagramma della Verita. The Diagram
of Truth.

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

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

Carefully, he turns the first page.

LANGDON (cont'd)
Between its delicate nature and the
Vatican burnings, it's said this is
the only copy that remains.
(turns the second page)
(MORE)

LANGDON (cont'd)

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

(and the third)

— on page number —

(and the fourth)

— five.

He stops. They study the page,

LANGDON (cont'd)

Latin. Can you -- ?

VITTORIA

A bit.

She reaches for the book, to pull it towards her, but Langdon SLAPS her hand. He holds up his own, glove

LANGDON

Finger acids.

She rolls her eyes and leans in, studying the page. There are sketches on the page as well.

VITTORIA

(reading)

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

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

VITTORIA (cont'd)

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

LANGDON

Do that again.

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

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

LANGDON (cont'd)

A line of text. In English.

(cont'd)

VITTORIA
English? Why English?

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

He rotates the book.

LANGDON (cont'd)
Another line.

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

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

VITTORIA
Sorry, Professor. No time.

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

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

LANGDON
Ah, what the hell.

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

CUT TO:

EXT VATICAN ARCHIVES DAY

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

INT CAR DAY

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

OLIVETTI
Twenty minutes till eight, where are
we headed?

LANGDON

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

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

LANGDON (cont'd)

(reading)

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

OLIVETTI

Where did you get that paper?!

LANGDON

'Cross Rome the mystic elements unfold.

VITTORIA

We borrowed it.

LANGDON

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

OLIVETTI

Are you insane?!

LANGDON

Let angels guide you on your earthly quest.

OLIVETTI

You removed a document from the Vatican Archives?!

LANGDON

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

VITTORIA

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

LANGDON

(musing)

Sounds like.

VITTORIA

But who is Santi?

LANGDON
Raphael.

 VITTORIA
Raphael? The sculptor?

 LANGDON
Santi was his last name.

 VITTORIA
So the path starts at Raphael's tomb!

 LANGDON
 (not entirely
 convinced)
Yeah.

 OLIVETTI
Raphael is buried at the Pantheon.

 VITTORIA
Is the Pantheon even a church?

 OLIVETTI
 (snatching up the
 radio)
Oldest Catholic church in Rome!

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

EXT ROME - STREET DAY

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

CUT TO:

EXT PANTHEON - SIDE STREET DAY

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

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

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

LANGDON

I believe I am.

ROCHER

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

LANGDON

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

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

ROCHER

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

VITTORIA

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

She points to the Pantheon, its edifice shimmering in the early evening light.

LANGDON

The Pantheon is your one chance to catch this guy.

ROCHER

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

LANGDON

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

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

ROCHER

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

The Officer salutes and they snap into action.

ROCHER (cont'd)

And I need a set of eyes inside.

Two BEEFY GUARDSMEN in black suits step forward.

VITTORIA

Wait a minute, you'll scare him off.

ROCHER

They're not in uniform.

VITTORIA

I'm sorry, two weightlifters in matching black suits and earpieces, they're *hardly* disguised.

ROCHER

There's no time to get undercover men here.

VITTORIA

Fine. I'll go.

ROCHER

I'm not sending a wom-

Her arched eyebrow stops his sentence in its tracks.

ROCHER (cont'd)

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

VITTORIA

Tourists have cell phones, don't they?
(pulls out her own and
holds it to her ear)
Hi honey, I'm at the Pantheon, you should see this place!

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

LANGDON
You can't send her in there alone.

ROCHER
I don't intend to.

EXT PANTHEON - TWO MINUTES LATER

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

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

VITTORIA
You're crushing my hand.

LANGDON
I'm sorry.

VITTORIA
A nervous newlywed?

LANGDON
Ancient newlywed.

VITTORIA
Try harder.

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

LANGDON
You really know how to use that gun gave you?

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

LANGDON
Thought you said you were a physicist,

VITTORIA
I am. Long story.

LANGDON
Make it short.

VITTORIA

(thinks)
Can't be done. What time is it?

Langdon raises his hand and checks his watch.

LANGDON

Seven minutes to eight.

VITTORIA

(of the watch)
Was that Mickey Mouse?

LANGDON

Long story.

VITTORIA

Make it short.

LANGDON

(thinks)
Can't be done.

And with that they step through the entrance and into —

INT PANTHEON DAY

— the Pantheon, a massive, circular room with a 141-foot unsupported span even larger than the cupola of St. Peter's. There are a DOZEN TOURISTS scattered around, and a TOUR GROUP on one side hearing a lecture from a MUSEUM DOCENT.

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

LANGDON

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

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

VITTORIA

Why are the tombs at an angle?

LANGDON

To face east. Sun worship.

VITTORIA

But this is a Christian church.

LANGDON

(shrugs)

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

VITTORIA

You're saying Christianity is repackaged sun worship?

LANGDON

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

VITTORIA

No wonder they don't like you around here.

LANGDON

Just trying to keep the conversation lively.

(points)

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

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

Langdon walks slowly, checking out faces. Tourists. Couples. Teenagers. More tourists.

Around every column, there are shadows, and in those shadows -- nothing.

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

-- a SHRIEK from the other side of the room. He whirls, sees Vittoria backing away from something.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Vittoria!

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

VITTORIA
Raphael's tomb! But --

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

VITTORIA (cont'd)
-- it's the wrong one!

LANGDON
What are you talking about?!

He leans down, looks at the plaque on it.

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

LANGDON
That's not possible, the poem said--

VITTORIA
Where was he originally buried?

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

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

LANGDON (cont'd)
Damn it! "Santi's tomb" must mean
one of the chapels he built! He's
not buried in it, he designed it! Rich
people commissioned burial chapels in
churches all over Rome in his day!
(looks up)
And the "demon's hole," it isn't the
oculus, it's an undercroft, a crypt,
common sixteenth century term!

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

DOCENT
Does anyone have any questions?

Langdon busts in on the group.

LANGDON

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

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

LANGDON (cont'd)

Well?!

DOCENT

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

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

LANGDON

One'll do.

CUT TO:

EXT PANTHEON DAY

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

ROCHER

Wrong? What do you mean, wrong?!

LANGDON

(fast)

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

ROCHER

You were certain of the Pantheon.

LANGDON

Please, we have four minutes!

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

VITTORIA

Back to the Vatican?! You can't!

LANGDON

Commandante, if you care at all about
your church-

ROCHER

My church? My church feeds the
hungry, comforts the sick and dying.
What does your church do, Professor?

(no answer)

Ah, that's right, you haven't one.

He turns and walks away, glaring at Olivetti.

ROCHER (cont'd)

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

CUT TO:

EXT PIAZZA DEL POPOLO DAY

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

LANGDON

This is the place.

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

LANGDON (cont'd)

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

VITTORIA

The Freemasons? Are Illuminati?

LANGDON

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

VITTORIA

The United States government was
infiltrated by Illuminati?

LANGDON

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

A church bell begins to TOLL.

OLIVETTI

Eight o'clock!

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

At the front door of the church,

Langdon hops over the sawhorses blocking the entrance and tries
the door. Locked. A sign says the place is under
construction.

At a side door,

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

LANGDON

(approaching)

No, no, it's an annulus!

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

INT SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO DUSK

-- and the heavy door CLUNKS open.

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

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

LANGDON
(whispering)
The chapel is in one of those apses.

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

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

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

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

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

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

They separate, to either side of the main aisle.

AT THE FIRST CHAPEL,

Langdon pulls the plastic aside, eyes scan the chapel. Nothing.
ON THE OTHER SIDE,

Olivetti does the same, at another chapel. Nothing.

AT THE THIRD CHAPEL,

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

-- and a rat scurries away.

AT THE FOURTH CHAPEL,

Langdon pushes the plastic aside, steps inside --

-- and GASPS.

Moving behind him, we see a Christian chapel like no other we've ever seen. Finished entirely in chestnut marble, overhead it has a domed cupola with a field of illuminated stars and the seven planets (as known in Galileo's day).

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

Pyramids. Ten feet high.

Vittoria steps in behind him.

LANGDON
Pyramids. In a Catholic church.
 This is it.

Behind them, the plastic rustles, as if drawn by a wind, and as Langdon turns, he hears, faintly, a DOOR CLOSING far away.

He turns back, eyes drawn to the floor. There is a large oval medallion there, with a skeleton carved into it. It's slightly off center, raised. As if it's been opened recently, and hurriedly replaced.

LANGDON (cont'd)
 The demon's hole.

IN THE DEMON'S HOLE,

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

UP TOP,

Langdon squints, trying to see inside.

LANGDON
 Anybody got a flashlight?

Vincenzo hands him one. Langdon shines it down into the crypt. There are shapes, but thirty feet down and hard to make out.

There's one in particular, in the darkness, seems too short to be a person, but it's moving slightly.

OLIVETTI
 Can you tell what it is?

LANGDON
 Not from up here.

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

LANGDON (cont'd)
 Those guns. Keep 'em handy?

IN THE DEMON'S HOLE,

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

-- and something CRUNCHES under his feet.

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

OLIVETTI
(calling down)
You okay?

LANGDON
More or less.

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

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

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

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

It's Cardinal Lamasse.

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

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

EARTH.

CUT TO:

INT SISTINE CHAPEL DAY

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

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

AFRICAN CARDINAL

(subtitled)

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

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

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

The next cardinal steps up to repeat the process.

A SHORT TIME LATER, A DISSOLVE,

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

MORTATI

Eligo in summum pontificem -

- and reads an unfamiliar name.

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

A SHORT TIME LATER, ANOTHER DISSOLVE,

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

MORTATI

The first ballot has failed.

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

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

A DOOR OPENS

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

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

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE DUSK

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT PIAZZA DEL POPOLO DUSK

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

INT SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO DUSK

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

ROCHER

Get that body out of there and search the rest of the building.

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

ROCHER (cont'd)

(to another Guardsman)

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

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

LANGDON

Earthly symbology... everywhere...

Rocher passes through his field of vision, livid:

ROCHER

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

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

LANGDON

I made a mistake.

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

Vittoria joins him.

VITTORIA

Is it Raphael?

LANGDON

The chapel is. But the sculptures are Bernini.

(stunned)

The unknown Illuminati master was Bernini.

VITTORIA

Didn't he work for the Church?

LANGDON

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

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

LANGDON (cont'd)

Habakkuk and the Angel.

VITTORIA

Habakkuk?

LANGDON

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

He steps closer, studying it carefully.

LANGDON (cont'd)

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

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

— *pointing the way.*

LANGDON (cont'd)
The Path is alive.

CUT TO:

EXT PIAZZA DEL POPOLO DUSK

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

LANGDON
Southwest... it points southwest...

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

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

LANGDON (cont'd)
Earth-air-fire-water, we're looking
for a Bernini sculpture having
something to do with air...
(to Rocher)
And the next church is southwest of
here.

ROCHER
You're sure this time?

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

Rocher just stares at him, studying him.

LANGDON (cont'd)
I could use it now.

Rocher starts down the steps toward his car.

LANGDON (cont'd)
And a compass!

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

A MOMENT LATER,

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

EXT CHURCH ROOF DUSK

-- the roof of the old church, also undergoing renovation. The view of Rome is spectacular from up here, and Langdon rushes to the western wall, looking intently off in that direction.

He sees something that makes him suck in his breath, hears a voice from behind him --

VITTORIA (O.S.)
Robert!

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

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

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

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

ST. PETER'S BASILICA.

CUT TO:

INT CAR NIGHT

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

LANGDON
The black rectangles with crosses are churches, and none of them intersect the line until it comes to an end, right in the middle of St. Peter's Square.

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

ROCHER

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

LANGDON

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

VITTORIA

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

ROCHER

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

— on a television monitor in St. Peter's Square. The Reporter, a
JAPANESE WOMAN, is giving a stand-up report on the progress so
far, gesturing to the chimney over the Sistine Chapel.

The crowd has grown, now four thousand, maybe five. FLASHBULBS
POP. A few PROTESTERS CHANT.

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

IN ROCHER'S CAR,

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

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

LANGDON

Another obelisk. We're close.

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

SHARPSHOOTERS scurry among the statuary, setting themselves up.

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

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

VITTORIA

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

LANGDON

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

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

And then he freezes. Staring down, not up.

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

LANGDON (cont'd)

Bas relief!

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

LANGDON (cont'd)

The other half of sculpture is bas relief.

(to Vittoria)

Look for more! Something having to do with air!

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

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

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

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

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

LANGDON (cont'd)
"West Ponente." The West Wind. An
 angel's face and five streaks. *Air!*

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

NEARBY,

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

ELSEWHERE,

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

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

CLOSE TO THAT,

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

NEARBY,

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

THE ROBED MAN

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

And as he passes us, we catch just a glimpse of his face --

--and recognize Mr. Gray.

THE LITTLE GIRL

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

-- IT'S COVERED IN BLOOD.

She looks down at the ground, sees a trail of blood, follows it
 with her eyes to where --

-- the Homeless Man, dressed in torn rags, leans against a
 fountain, gasping for breath.

ACROSS THE CROWD,

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

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

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

AIR.

Vittoria grabs his arm, feels for a pulse.

VITTORIA
He's still alive!

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

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

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

VITTORIA (cont'd)
His chest! They punctured his lungs!

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

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

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

ROCHER
Clear the square.

CUT TO:

INT BATHROOM NIGHT

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

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

INT PAPAL OFFICE NIGHT

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

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

CAMERLENGO

When did this call come in?

OLIVETTI

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

CAMERLENGO

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

OLIVETTI

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

CAMERLENGO

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

OLIVETTI

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

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

VITTORIA

The Pope took Heparin?

CAMERLENGO

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

OLIVETTI

Someone knew.

ROCHER

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

VITTORIA

(ignoring him)

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

Rocher spins on her, livid.

ROCHER

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

CAMERLENGO

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

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

FR. SIMEON

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

CAMERLENGO

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

FR. SIMEON

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

CAMERLENGO

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

FR. SIMEON

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

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

CAMERLENGO

As you say.

(turns away)

Commander Rocher, the search for the device?

ROCHER

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

CAMERLENGO

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

Langdon refers to a map spread out on the desk.

LANGDON

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

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

LANGDON (cont'd)

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

CAMERLENGO
(to Olivetti)
Escort him.

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

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

CAMERLENGO
Fine.

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

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)
Professor, would it surprise you to
find those clothes suit you?

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

LANGDON
It would surprise the hell out of me.

CUT TO:

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

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

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

ITALIAN REPORTER
(subtitled)
-- a statement just released by the
Vatican expressing sympathy for the
family of the mugging victim, a
tourist from Dusseldorf --

Still moving, we pass a CHINESE REPORTER.

CHINESE REPORTER
(subtitled)
— who is now confirmed dead.
Vatican Police have a suspect in
custody, and after photographing the
crime scene —

Still moving, a FRENCH REPORTER.

FRENCH REPORTER
(subtitled)
— will allow the crowds of faithful
back into St. Peter's Square, where
security will be doubled.

Still moving, a BBC REPORTER, in English.

BBC REPORTER
Sadly, the Vatican spokesman points
out, where crowds go —

And finally, an AMERICAN.

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

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

AMERICAN REPORTER (cont'd)
We're getting word now of — smoke,
smoke from the Sistine Chapel chimney,
apparently there's been another vote I

And almost as one, the row of TV cameras all swing away from the
crime scene in the square and up, to the Sistine Chapel chimney,
where there is indeed a thick cloud —

— of black smoke. Still no new pope, and the subject is
effectively changed.

CUT TO:

INT VATICAN ARCHIVES NIGHT

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

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

CHARTRAND

What are you looking for this time?

LANGDON

Assets.

CHARTRAND

I beg your pardon?

LANGDON

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

CHARTRAND

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

LANGDON

Sure sure, I get that.

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

LANGDON (cont'd)

But it's also a bank.

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

INT VAULT NIGHT

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

CHARTRAND

Cfmmmander Olivetti said I was not to
leave your side this time.

LANGDON

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

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

BAM!

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

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

BACK IN THE STACKS,

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

ON A TABLE,

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

LOOKING AT THE PAGE,

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

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

He goes back to work. Chartrand watches him.

CUT TO:

INT PAPAL OFFICE NIGHT

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

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

AT THE DESK,

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

CAMERLENGO

What sort of signs?

VITTORIA

I'm sorry?

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

CAMERLENGO

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

VITTORIA

Bleeding of the oral mucosa.

(off his questioning look)

His gums. Postmortem, the blood
congeals and turns the inside of the
mouth black.

CAMERLENGO

Even though he died fourteen days ago?

VITTORIA

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

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

CAMERLENGO

He was... very important to me.

VITTORIA

I understand.

He thinks for a long moment, then -

CAMERLENGO

Please come.

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

She leaves the journals behind.

CUT TO:

INT VATICAN ARCHIVES NIGHT

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

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

LANGDON

You don't smoke, do you?

CHARTRAND

(yes, a lot)

A little bit.

LANGDON

Sit down before you fall down.

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

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

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

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

CHARTRAND
"Moved at suggestion of the artist."

LANGDON
Moved to another church? At
Bernini's suggestion?

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

CHARTRAND
I don't know.

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

THE STATUE

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

Langdon raises an eyebrow.

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

LANGDON
Fire.

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

LANGDON (cont'd)
Fire.

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

And now a close-up of her enraptured face.

LANGDON

Fire.

And now three things happen in quick succession:

- Langdon SLAMS the ledger shut,
- the ribbons on the air vent fall as the oxygen into the vault is cut off, and
- one by one, *ALL THE LIGHTS IN THE ARCHIVES GO OUT.*

Total silence for a moment.

Langdon and Chartrand look at each other in the darkness.

LANGDON (cont'd)

The door - ?

CHARTRAND

Electronic.

LANGDON

That's too bad.

CUT TO:

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA NIGHT

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

VITTORIA

Where are we going?

CAMERLENGO

To see my father.

VITTORIA

I don't understand.

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

CAMERLENGO

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

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

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)
The archbishop felt responsible, and
he adopted me the following day. I
was raised by him, and by the church.

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

ON THE STAIRCASE,

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

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

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

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)
He was a great man.

VITTORIA
He died?

CAMERLENGO
(nods)
Fourteen days ago.

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

CUT TO:

INT VATICAN ARCHIVES NIGHT

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

But the ribbons at the oxygen panel remain limp.

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

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

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

LANGDON

Anything?

Chartrand gestures weakly around the room.

CHARTRAND

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pushes again — more movement this time.

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

— stops.

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

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

He hears a soft THUD from the other side of the room, sees Chartrand has slumped over, unconscious.

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

LANGDON'S HAND

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

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

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

(Pow.)

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

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

He stands back, his brain clearing momentarily.

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

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

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

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

-- and presses gently.

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

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

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

Air RUSHES into the vault.

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

CUT TO:

INT VATICAN GROTTOS NIGHT

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

-- *their* power goes out.

Two flashlights CLICK on, and the Guardsmen lead the way in. On both sides, hollow niches line the walls. Recessed in the alcoves, as far as the flashlights let them see, the hulking shadows of sarcophagi loom.

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

CAMERLENGO

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

VITTORIA

Meaning it was someone on the inside.

CAMERLENGO

We can trust no one

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

AT THE LATE POPE'S SARCOPHAGUS,

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

CAMERLENGO

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

BEHIND HIM,

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

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)
Remove the covering.

Nobody moves. Just stares at him.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)
Did you hear me?

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

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

A moment of silence, and then --

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

It doesn't move.

They push harder.

Vittoria and the Camerlengo join them.

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

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

Vittoria leans forward.

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

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

-- and his tongue is black as death.

CUT TO:

EXT VATICAN ARCHIVES NIGHT

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

It's 9:41.

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

LANGDON
Are you out of *your minds*?!

OLIVETTI
Please. In the car.

LANGDON
Someone tried to kill me.

OLIVETTI
Do you know where the next church is?

Yes.

OLIVETTI
Then get in the car!

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

IN THE CAR,

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

OLIVETTI
We had no idea that --

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

OLIVETTI
(let me finish)
Of course I knew, but we had no idea
that portions of our white zones are

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

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

LANGDON
Or there is the other possibility.

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

LANGDON (cont'd)
Infiltration is the Illuminati
specialty -- why not the head of the
Swiss Guard?

OLIVETTI
(agonized)
Perhaps.

LANGDON
I want to speak to the Camerlengo.

OLIVETTI
Il Camerlengo is unavailable,

LANGDON
Unavailable? Why?

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

LANGDON
From whom?

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

OLIVETTI
From God.

LANGDON
Oh, right.

OLIVETTI
Please. Make an effort.

CUT TO:

INT PAPAL OFFICE NIGHT

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

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

But the desk is bare.

VITTORIA
The journals. Where are they?

The Guardsmen look at her blankly.

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

INT APOSTOLIC PALACE - GREAT STAIRCASE NIGHT

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

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

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

CAMERLENGO
Unseal the doors.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

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

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

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

CUT TO:

CAMERLENGO
There has been a development.

EXT ROME - STREET NIGHT

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

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

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

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

CAMERLENGO

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

He strides quickly up the steps of the altar to address the group -- again, to the shock and surprise of this most conservative and rule-bound group.

But no one stops him.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

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

INT OLIVETTI'S CAR NIGHT

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

On the horizon, he sees a faint orange glow.

LANGDON

Oh no.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

The Camerlengo continues, and the cardinals are listening.

CAMERLENGO

Since the days of Galileo, the church has tried to slow the relentless march of science, sometimes with misguided means, but always with benevolent intention. Still, they call us backward, ignorant.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)
But who is more ignorant? The man
who cannot define lightning, or the
man who does not respect its awesome
power?

INT OLIVETTI'S CAR NIGHT

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

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

The Camerlengo continues, growing passionate.

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

EXT SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA NIGHT

The police cars come to an abrupt stop in front of the Church of
Santa Maria della Vittoria. Flames glow like evil eyes through
the stained-glass windows fifty feet above the ground.

A small CROWD has gathered, stabbing at their cell phones. A
SIREN WAILS in the distance.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

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

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

EXT SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA NIGHT

With three sharp CRACKS, Olivetti fires into the lock in the front
door of the church. He KICKS it open --

-- and flame RIPS out into the night air.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

The Camerlengo speaks faster now:

CAMERLENGO

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

INT SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA NIGHT

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

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

The Camerlengo's wrapping up:

CAMERLENGO

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

INT SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA NIGHT

In the burning church, two heavy incensor cables run from the
walls of the church and rise above the burning pews at an angle,
strung tightly to a center point. Langdon follows the wires up
with his eyes --

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

CAMERLENGO

Evacuate St. Peter's Square.

INT BURNING CHURCH NIGHT

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

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

CAMERLENGO

Tell the world the truth.

INT BURNING CHURCH NIGHT

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

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

FIRE.

Vatican Police, led by Olivetti and Vincenzo, race into the building and draw their weapons. Olivetti SHOUTS to them in Italian, looking for a way to cut down the agonized cardinal.

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

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

One of the Vatican Cops ducks

INTO THE LEFT SIDE AISLE,

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

He reaches for it --

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

IN THE MAIN AISLE,

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

AT THE BONFIRE,

Langdon SHOUTS to two more Vatican Cops, pointing upward.

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

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

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

Langdon starts to climb it, to unseat the wire.

IN THE DARKENED LEFT AISLE

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

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

Dead in a pool of his own blood.

Vincenzo, standing behind Olivetti, looks down, horrified, and in that moment of distraction, a figure creeps up behind him --

-- and twists his head 180 degrees with one smooth motion.

Olivetti whirls, but his gun comes around a split-second slower than he does and in that split-second a shadow falls over him, something SLASHES through the air and --

IN THE MAIN AISLE,

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

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

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

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

-- BLAM! BLAM!

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

-- and Langdon, falling --

-- *loses his grip on the chain.*

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

-- and directly in the middle of the bonfire.

His SHRIEK of agony echoes through the burning church.

Langdon SLAMS to the floor just at the edge of the burning church pews, maybe CRACKING a rib on the hard floor of the church.

A FIGURE steps out of the shadows, looming over him, Langdon looks up, expecting a gunshot, but instead --

-- sees the bleeding figure of Olivetti, staggering toward him, clutching his slit throat in his last moments of life.

NEARBY,

Vatican Cop 4 is desperately trying to pull the Cardinal from the flames, the end of the candle-snuffer is now hooked around the Cardinal's foot, he pulls him closer, reaches out, can almost grab his ankle --

-- until he is SHOT in the back. He falls to the floor, drawing and dropping his gun in the process, losing his grip on the long-handled pole as well.

On the ground, bleeding, he sees his gun, just a foot away from his hand.

He reaches for it.

And a foot steps on his wrist, BREAKING it.

Mr. Gray stands over him, implacable.

FROM A DISTANCE,

we see Mr. Gray fire two shots into the ground where Cop 4 is lying.

Then he turns toward us.

NEARBY,

Langdon, still on the ground, looks up at the sound of the shots. Through the burning church pews he can see Mr. Gray, starting toward him.

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

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

VOICE (O.S.)

Polizia!

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

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

MR. GRAY

(good Italian accent)

Gendarmeria Vaticano!

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

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

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

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

UNDERNEATH THE BURNING PEWS,

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

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

ACROSS THE CHURCH,

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

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

Langdon's back THUDS into a wall.

Dead end.

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

The grating CRUNCHES into pieces, revealing a narrow crawlspace

IN THE CRAWL SPACE,

Langdon army-crawls through it.

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

-- the floor beneath Langdon abruptly runs out --

-- Mr. Gray raises his gun --

-- and Langdon disappears. The gunshots THUD into cement wall where he was, not where he is.

UNDERGROUND,

Langdon CRUNCHES to a hard landing on a subterranean stone floor, rolls over, and sees Mr. Gray above him, now pointing down.

But there's another crawl space, and Langdon scurries into it.

IN THE SECOND CRAWL SPACE,

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

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

INTO THE CATACOMB,

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

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

BACK UP IN THE BURNING CHURCH,

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

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

CUT TO:

INT SISTINE CHAPEL - SALON NIGHT

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

Finally, the big doors open and Cardinal Mortati emerges, goes to him.

MORTATI

My son... God answers all prayers.

He puts a hand on the Camerlengo's shoulder.

MORTATI (cont'd)

But sometimes the answer is no.

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

MORTATI

The College will not break conclave.

CAMERLENGO

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

MORTATI

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

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

MORTATI (cont'd)

-- to its leaders.

The Camerlengo looks at him for a long moment, then turns and
walks away.

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

FR. SIMEON

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

He trails off, gestures vaguely.

MORTATI

Speak plainly.

FR. SIMEON

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

Mortati raises an eyebrow, seeing where this is going.

FR. SIMEON (cont'd)

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

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

MORTATI

If it is God's will, may His will be done

CUT TO:

INT OFFICE OF THE SWISS GUARD NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

VITTORIA (O.S.)

Those journals are private property.

-- Vittoria arrives in the doorway, livid.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

I demand that you return them to me.

ROCHER

(no attempt at a denial)

They are material evidence in a Vatican investigation.

VITTORIA

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

ROCHER

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

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

VITTORIA

Do you have something to hide, Commandante Rocher?

ROCHER

Do you, Doctor Vetra?

He stresses her title, as if it offends

CUT TO:

EXT SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA NIGHT

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

INT SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA NIGHT

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

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

They shut down a hose and stop, listening.

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

The metallic TAPPING echoes in the smoldering church.

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

The TAPPING is louder now, rhythmic. Somebody's down there. Crowbars are produced, the cover of the Demon's Hole is pried off and shoved aside, revealing --

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

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

AT THE FRONT OF THE CHURCH,

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

-- Bernini's *Ecstasy of St. Teresa*.

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

LANGDON

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

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

LANGDON (cont'd)

*Cross Rome the mystic elements
unfold...*

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

VOICE (O.S.)

Professor?

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

ROMAN COP

Langdon, is it?

Langdon ignores him, pointing at the wall instead.

LANGDON

What direction is that?

ROMAN COP

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

LANGDON

Map.

A MOMENT LATER,

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

LANGDON

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

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

His finger travels over the map and --

CLOSE ON THE MAP,

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

LANGDON

Damn it.

He sits back for a moment.

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

ROMAN COP

Professor, I need to know what you saw here.

LANGDON

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

(the Cop doesn't understand)

The Church, it was the first altar of science.

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

LANGDON (cont'd)

And St. Peter's is...

The Cop points to a spot at the bottom center.

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

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

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

LANGDON (cont'd)
And we're over here --

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

LANGDON (cont'd)
-- and west is --

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

LANGDON (cont'd)
'Cross Rome...

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

On which he has drawn a perfect cross.

LANGDON (cont'd)
It's a cross. The poem meant it
literally. The four altars of
science form a perfect cross.

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

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

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

LANGDON (cont'd)
Here.

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

LANGDON
(ignoring him)
Water.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT PIAZZA NAVONA NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

 MR. GRAY
 Were it up to me, it would not be this
 way. It is a sin to kill with pain.
 (sighs)
 But I am a sinner.

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

It's sixteen minutes to eleven.

CUT TO:

EXT BURNING CHURCH NIGHT

Langdon hurries down the steps of the still-smoldering church, followed closely by the Roman Cop and TWO OTHER COPS.

 ROMAN COP
 Professor! The Vatican *insists* that-

LANGDON
(turning on him)
The Vatican is about to see its fourth
Cardinal murdered tonight.

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

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

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

LANGDON (cont'd)
By all means, talk it over. But in
fourteen minutes he'll be dead.

CUT TO:

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

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

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

Moving on, to an Asian Reporter:

ASIAN REPORTER
-- resulting in at least six confirmed
deaths --

To a Brazilian:

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

To an American:

AMERICAN REPORTER

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

And to a French Woman:

FRENCH REPORTER

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

CUT TO:

INT OFFICE OF THE POPE NIGHT

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

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

CAMERLENGO

At 11:15, if the church is still in peril, give the order to evacuate the cardinals. But with dignity, let them exit into St. Peter's Square, with their heads held high. I don't want the last image of this church to be frightened old men sneaking out a back door. If Cardinal Mortati protests, escort him bodily. Do you understand?

The Guardsmen are uncomfortable with that idea.

SWISS GUARDSMAN

If you think it is the right thing, Signore.

CAMERLENGO

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

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

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

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

They get out. He stares into the flames.

CUT TO:

EXT PIAZZA NAVONA NIGHT

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

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

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

 LANGDON
 (eyes searching)
 Let angels guide you...

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

 LANGDON (cont'd)
 Isn't there an angel on this fountain?

 ROMAN COP
 Not anymore.

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

 ROMAN COP
 Blame Mussolini. He wanted it for
 his summer-

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

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

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

AT THE DRIVER'S SIDE,

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

Mr. Gray opens the window.

MR. GRAY

Si?

The Roman Cop looks down, ever so briefly, at a small spreading bloodstain on Mr. Gray's shirt. When he looks back up --

-- there is a silenced pistol pointing directly at him.

PHOOM.

He takes a bullet in the forehead, slumps forward against the window, and --

FROM A DISTANCE,

we see his body pulled rapidly into the van through the driver's window. Whole thing took about three seconds. DINERS at an outdoor cafe don't even notice.

FROM LANGDON'S POINT OF VIEW,

on the other side of the fountain, the van rocks slightly, but he can't see anything out of the ordinary.

He turns, looks to the Second Cop, who is just now approaching from the rear of the van.

WITH THE SECOND COP,

this one's got his gun in front of him, he's ready for anything. We creep around the back of the van with him, and just as he comes around to where he can see the driver's side --

-- the barrel of the silencer presses into his forehead. A quick exchange in Italian:

SECOND COP

Per favore?

MR. GRAY

Non posso.

PHOOM.

Another bullet, another slumping Cop, and

FROM LANGDON'S POINT OF VIEW,

the van rocks again, but he can't see anything more detailed than that. All he knows is the two cops aren't coming out from the other side of the van, something is going on --

-- and the bell in the clock tower starts to BONG.

EVEN UNARMED, LANGDON STARTS TO MOVE FORWARD, JUST AS --

-- the sliding door on the fountain side of the van SLAMS open

-- revealing the figure of the FOURTH CARDINAL, wrapped in chains and with manacled hands and feet. He thrashes against the iron links, but the chains are too heavy. One of the links bisects his mouth like a horse's bit, stifling his cries for help. Mr. Gray hovers over him.

Langdon GASPS --

-- and Mr. Gray shoves the bound figure roughly out of the van.

The Cardinal rolls, falling into the fountain with an enormous SPLASH. His weighted body sinks immediately to the bottom.

There is a moment, frozen in time, in which Langdon locks eyes with Mr. Gray, still hunched in the back of the van as the clock tower continues to BONG, the only sound we can hear.

Langdon looks at him, then down at the body in the fountain, then back up at Mr. Gray--

-- who salutes him --

-- the van door SLAMS shut, and the van tears ass out of there.

Langdon looks from its receding taillights to the idling police car, its door hanging open, he could jump in and give chase, but then his eyes go back to the fountain, where the drowning cardinal must not have much time left, and it's really no decision at all.

Langdon covers the distance to the fountain in two quick strides and leaps in.

IN THE FOUNTAIN,

the water is waist deep and like ice. Steady streams of bubbles rise up from the bottom, churning it.

Langdon reaches the body of the Cardinal, plunges in --

UNDERWATER,

-- and struggles to get both arms underneath the drowning man.

Through the watery haze, we can see the man's bare chest, branded with the final ambigram:

WATER.

Langdon struggles to lift him, but the weight is too much, he can barely get him a few inches off the bottom of the fountain, much less all the way to the surface.

Langdon, running out of air, bursts to the surface and -- ON THE SURFACE,

-- takes a deep breath, then plunges back --

UNDERWATER,

-- but he still can't move the Cardinal.

He makes eye contact with the dying man, who seems to be accepting his fate, maybe even welcoming it.

Langdon changes his grip, strains like hell, and actually gets him a few inches higher this time, but nowhere close to the air supply.

But with the new position, his eyes fall on something behind the cardinal -- a plastic tube, six inches across, streaming bubbles into the fountain.

He goes back --

ABOVE THE SURFACE

-- takes another breathy and sees the fountain of bubbles rising up to the surface just above the tube. Air!

Several PASSERS-BY notice the commotion in the fountain as Langdon dives back under the water.

UNDERWATER,

Langdon drags the body of the Cardinal a few feet across the bottom of the fountain and RIPS the tube free from its mooring, pulling it to the Cardinal's mouth.

He clamps it down over the man's lips, and the Cardinal sucks a few greedy breaths from it. Enough to keep him alive.

Langdon takes the tube and draws a couple breaths of his own, then digs his hands back underneath the Cardinal to lift him, but this time --

-- SIX MORE HANDS come in from all sides.

Several Passers-by have jumped into the fountain to help, and as they all strain together --

ON THE SURFACE,

-- the Cardinal's bound body breaks the surface and he GULPS deep lungfuls of air.

He is saved. Langdon sags against the side of the fountain, exhausted and freezing, as the others pull the Cardinal's body to safety.

In the distance, SIRENS.

Langdon, gathering himself, goes to the Cardinal, speaks in rapid Spanish, subtitled.

LANGDON
Cardinale Guidera?

CARDINAL GU
Si...si...

LANGDON
The Church of Illumination. It's
where you were being held, isn't it?

Guidera nods weakly as, around them, it seems like everybody arrives at the fountain -- Carbinieri, Swiss Guard, Vatican Police, paramedics -- car after car after car.

LANGDON (cont'd)
(still to Guidera)
Where is it?!

CARDINAL GUIDERA
Castel... Sant'Angelo...

CUT TO:

INT OFFICE OF THE SWISS GUARD NIGHT

CLOSE ON a row of weapons in a cabinet in the Office of the Swiss Commander Rocher selects a pistol and slips it into a harness.

While his back is turned to the room, Lt. Chartrand, the young Swiss Guardsman who escorted Langdon to the Archives, hurries up behind him.

CHARTRAND
Langdon says Cardinal Guidera will be
killed in Piazza Navona. He's on
his way there with two Carbinieri.

ROCHER

Send everyone we can spare.

He closes and locks the cabinet, heads for the door. Alone.

CHARTRAND

You?

ROCHER

Staying here to continue the search
for the explosive.

He leaves. Chartrand looks back at the weapons cabinet. Sees
the space from which the pistol was taken.

CUT TO:

EXT CASTEL SANT'ANGELO NIGHT

We fly over a bridge, flanked by a dozen angel statues standing
sentinel on either side, leading directly toward—

-- the Castel Sant'Angelo, Castle of the Angels, its ancient
stone ramparts lit by floodlights. Soaring swiftly up its
facade, we close in on a mammoth bronze angel standing atop the
citadel.

It points the way, all right, its sword aimed directly downward,
at the castle itself, as if to say you've found it.

DOWN ON THE GROUND,

several Police Cars come to a stop in front of the castle at the
same time.

Langdon climbs out the back of one just as Vittoria gets out of a
car driven by a SWISS GUARDSMAN.

Langdon grabs her, thrilled to see her.

LANGDON

You're all right?

VITTORIA

I'm all right, what about you?!

LANGDON

Cold and wet but alive. Where's
Rocher?

VITTORIA

I don't know. He took the journals,
he's hiding something.

More Cops arrive, and a SECURITY GUARD is pressed into service behind them, opening the massive front doors to the Castle,

 LANGDON
 This is it. The Church of
 Illumination is somewhere in the
 castle.

Cops pour into the courtyard of the castle. Langdon and Vittoria follow.

EXT CASTEL SANT'ANGELO - COURTYARD NIGHT

They dash around the outer bulwark of the Castle. The courtyard beneath them looks like a museum of ancient warfare -- catapults, stacks of marble cannonballs, fearful contraptions.

As the Cops quickly and silently search every nook, Langdon and Vittoria follow closely.

 LANGDON
 The Vatican used this place for
 centuries as a hideout, a prison for
 enemies of the church -- there are
 passages and catacombs everywhere. It
 makes sense, the Illuminati
 infiltrated the Church's own
 stronghold. Bernini was chief
 architect here, he left clues
 everywhere, it's even surrounded by a
 pentagonal park!

They reach the central core of the castle.

Another angel statue, similar to the one atop the citadel, stands in front of them, its sword held in the same position, pointing downward at an angle.

Langdon studies it, follows the line of the angel's sword -- and sees a gated drive that cuts across the courtyard itself.

 LANGDON (cont'd)
 There.

A MOMENT LATER,

he and Vittoria are down in the courtyard, at the mouth of the gated drive. The gate is open and leads to a tunnel, a gaping entry in the central core.

LANGDON
A *traforo*. Commanders on horseback
used them to ride directly into a
castle from the outside.

He gestures to the nearby Cops, who are already on it, and they
all head into the darkened tunnel.

INT TUNNEL NIGHT

Police flashlights switch on and their beams bounce crazily off
the walls of the tunnel.

Footsteps CRUNCH as they all press in, Langdon and Vittoria
content to let men with guns lead the way.

It gets darker as they descend, and then, by the echo of their
footfalls, they can tell they've entered --

A LARGE CHAMBER.

More lights are switched on, illuminating the space, which
terminates in three stone walls.

 LANGDON
It's a dead end.

But the Police attention is focused on the black van parked in the
center of the room.

Roman Police snap into action, flashlight beams bounce everywhere,
guns point in every possible window of the van, SHOUTS for
whoever's inside to get the hell out now, now, now.

The doors are flung open.

The van is empty.

Except for the two dead policemen from the Piazza Navona.

The police frenzy reaches an even higher level, URGENT MESSAGES
passed along on radios, half the Cops turning and heading back out
of the tunnel.

 LANGDON (cont'd)
Where are they going?

Vittoria listens to the orders being given in Italian.

 VITTORIA
Back to search the outer castle.

LANGDON

No... no, it has to be here!

But there's no stopping the Cops, and the only two that remain are posted outside the van, guarding their fallen colleagues.

VITTORIA

Robert, it's a dead end.

Langdon walks forward, to the stone wall at the end of the tunnel, and feels his way along it.

It joins smoothly with the wall on the right side.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

Robert...

But he waves her off, this has to be it. He feels all along the wall toward the other corner, and as he looks down at the ground, his eyes widen.

LANGDON

Bring a flashlight.

Vittoria borrows a flashlight from one of the two remaining Cops, who now get a CRACKLY MESSAGE on their walkie-talkies and race out of the tunnel, toward the top, leaving Langdon and Vittoria alone in the dead end.

She brings the light to Langdon, who shines its beam down at the floor. There, in the corner, is a granite block.

LANGDON (cont'd)

None of the other blocks are granite.
And they're all square.

He bends down, looks closer.

LANGDON (cont'd)

This one's a pentagram. It points --

Sure enough, the block is carved in the shape of a pentagram, with the tip pointing into the corner.

LANGDON (cont'd)

-- at nothing.

But as he shines the light, there's something off about the shadow it casts in the corner of the room. It creates an odd, dark slit.

Langdon crouches in the corner and slides his hand along the back wall of the chamber. When he reaches the point at which it should intersect the side wall --

-- his hand disappears.

 LANGDON (cont'd)
The walls overlap.

He flattens himself against the back wall, shining the light straight at what should be the intersection of the walls. Half the flashlight's beam falls on the side wall, and the other half --

INT SECRET PASSAGE NIGHT

-- shines through into the secret passage behind the wall.

Langdon draws in his breath and forces himself through the tiny slit, just wide enough for a determined person to squeeze through.

Vittoria follows.

They look ahead, shining the light. They're in an extremely narrow passageway.

They start carefully down it, flashlight in front of them. They whisper.

 LANGDON
Do you still have the gun?

 VITTORIA
You told me to give it back.

She pulls the gun from her waistband.

 VITTORIA (cont'd)
I ignored you.

 LANGDON
Ignore me any time you like.

To their right, they pass half a dozen tiny jail cells, the iron bars on most eroded away. Several of the larger cells are intact, and on the floor of one they see black robes and red sashes.

They approach an iron doorway in the wall. The door is ajar and beyond it there is some sort of passage. Langdon squints at two words above it -- II Passetto.

Vittoria gestures -- that way?

Langdon shakes his head no.

LANGDON (cont'd)
 (whispers)
 Leads to the Vatican. Or from it.
 An ancient escape route.

They round a corner, where the tunnel takes a ninety degree turn to the right. At the corner, Langdon notices another pentagrammal block in the floor.

He bends, studies the direction it's pointing, feels the wall --

 LANGDON (cont'd)
 Another overlap.

-- and finds another overlapping angle, this one even smaller than the last. The wall is actually joined at the floor, seems to open out at the middle (in roughly the shape of a human form turned sideways), and joins again at the top.

HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH, SLIPS THROUGH THE GAP --

-- and finds himself at the base of a set of steep spiral stairs.

Langdon looks up, to the top of the stairs. There is an archway, adorned with a tiny carved angel.

Vittoria slips through the gap, sees the carving too.

 VITTORIA
 An angel.

Langdon, sensing they're close, starts up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT APOSTOLIC PALACE - HALLWAY NIGHT

Commander Rocher, eyes dead-set, walks down a hallway in the Apostolic Palace. He passes two Swiss Guardsmen with radios.

 ROCHER
 Get on the radio and put the word out.
 Conclave is to remain sealed.

 SWISS GUARDSMAN
 But the Camerlengo gave the order for
 evacuation at eleven fif-

 ROCHER
 I'm countermanding it.

 SWISS GUARDSMAN
 But-

ROCHER

That door stays SHUT! Do you understand?

SWISS GUARDSMAN

Yes sir.

Rocher keeps walking.

CUT TO:

INT CHURCH OF ILLUMINATION NIGHT

Langdon and Vittoria creep into the Church of Illumination, and we get our first good look at it.

The embellishments, though faded, are replete with familiar symbology. Pentagram tiles. Planet frescoes. Pyramids.

VITTORIA

We have thirty minutes left, I can still change the battery if we can find the cannister.

Langdon nods, but he's fascinated by the place.

In the center of the room, there is an open fireplace, its embers still smoking. The four Illuminati brands, their faces wiped clean, have been placed back in a molded velvet case.

Langdon, fascinated, spots an empty slot in the very center of the case, surrounded by the four used brands.

But this one's missing.

Vittoria arrives over his shoulder, having completed a quick search of the place.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

It isn't here.

LANGDON

There's a fifth brand.

VITTORIA

What?

He touches the indentation in the velvet, puzzling it out.

LANGDON

Two crossed keys.

VITTORIA

The symbol for the Vatican?

LANGDON

The papacy.

(thinking)

They're going to kill him. Before they blow up the Vatican they're going to kill and brand the pope himself.

VITTORIA

But there is no pope.

LANGDON

Technically, there is.

VITTORIA

The Camerlengo?! We have to-

MR. GRAY (O.S.)

Please place your gun on the floor.

They freeze. Vittoria looks at Langdon, who nods -- you'd better do it. She does.

MR. GRAY (cont'd)

Now turn around.

They turn and face Mr. Gray. He looks quite dapper, and not too much the worse for wear. There is a briefcase on the ground beside him, and he's changed into a fresh shirt.

MR. GRAY (cont'd)

Kick it to me.

She does. He picks it up, ejects the clip and the round in the chamber, pockets them, and tosses the gun into the smoldering fire.

LANGDON

You could have been long gone by now.

MR. GRAY

Some do God's work for love, others for money. Which do you take me for?

As if to answer his own question, he picks up the briefcase from the floor beside him. Then studies Langdon for a moment.

MR. GRAY

You're not one of them.

LANGDON

Neither are you. I was expecting a fanatic.

MR. GRAY

When they call me -- and they all call me -- it is so important to them that I know what they ask is the Lord's will. Or Allah's, or Yahweh's. And I suppose they're right. Because if He were not vengeful, I would not exist, would I?

He picks up his briefcase.

MR. GRAY (cont'd)

Be careful. These are men of God.

He turns to go. Langdon can't help himself:

LANGDON

Why didn't you kill us when you had the chancer

Vittoria looks at Langdon like he's nuts. Mr. Gray turns back, seems puzzled by the very thought.

MR. GRAY

Because no one asked me to.

He leaves.

Langdon and Vittoria pause for a moment, look at each other --

LANGDON

We've got to get to the Vatican.

CUT TO:

INT PAPAL OFFICES - HALLWAY NIGHT

Rocher reaches the office of the Pope. Two uniformed Swiss Guard are stationed outside.

Another Swiss Guardsman steps out of the office, reporting back from within.

SWISS GUARDSMAN

The Camerlengo says he will grant you
an audience.

ROCHER

I'd like to see him alone.

The Swiss Guards look at each other.

SWISS GUARDSMAN

That's impossible, sir. No one-

ROCHER

Have you forgotten who you work for?!

Rocher is truly intimidating when he wants to be.

SWISS GUARDSMAN

No, sir.

He nods to the other Guards, who raise their swords, allowing
access.

CUT TO:

INT SECRET PASSAGE NIGHT

Vittoria and Langdon barrel down the stone stairs, into the
passage, and through the open doorway to Il Passetto.

INT IL PASSETTO NIGHT

The passetto is narrow and dark, lit only by streaks of moonlight
coming through the vertical slits in the walls.

But up ahead, there's light. They race for it.

CUT TO:

INT OFFICE OF THE POPE NIGHT

The Camerlengo kneels in prayer in front of the fire. He hears a
sound behind him and turns as the door to the papal office opens.

Rocher enters, closes and locks the door behind him.

CAMERLENGO

Have you come to make me a martyr?

CUT TO:

INT/EXT IL PASSETTO NIGHT

Vittoria and Langdon race up a flight of stairs, and the passetto comes out into the open for a hundred yards or so as it leaves the Castel Sant'Angelo.

Ahead, they see a rope ladder over the side. They look down.

Directly below them, Mr. Gray is getting into an Alfa Romeo parked discretely at the end of a dead end street, making his escape.

DOWN ON THE STREET,

the car door SLAMS.

IN THE CAR,

Mr. Gray turns the key.

UP ON THE PASSETTO,

Langdon and Vittoria are running toward the Vatican again when the EXPLOSION rips through the still night.

They stagger and turn back, in time to see Mr. Gray's car go up in an enormous fireball.

VITTORIA

Men of God.

Langdon grabs her arm and they take off. The Passetto descends again, into --

INT IL PASSETTO NIGHT

-- another underground space. The outline of a steel gate looms ahead, blocking their way.

But as they draw closer, they find the ancient lock hanging open, and the gate swings freely. This tunnel has been used, and recently.

FURTHER AHEAD,

they plow onward, and now there is a low ROARING sound from above them. Langdon pauses, looks up.

LANGDON

We're under St. Peter's Square.

They keep on.

CUT TO:

INT PAPAL OFFICES - HALLWAY NIGHT

In the hallway outside the Pope's office, there are raised VOICES from behind the closed door. Lt. Chartrand approaches nervously.

He and the Guards look at each other, don't know what to do. From the other direction, Father Simeon, Cardinal Mortati's Aide, strides toward them.

FR. SIMEON
I demand to speak to the Camerlengo.

AN ANGRY SHOUT from behind the door draws their attention --what the hell is going on in there?

CUT TO:

INT IL PASSETTO NIGHT

Langdon and Vittoria hit another gate, this one heavier, but it too is unlocked. The sound of St. Peter's Square fades behind them now.

UP AHEAD,

they turn a corner and, without warning -- the tunnel ends.

There is only a thick iron door, and as Langdon searches it with his flashlight, he finds no handle, no knob, no keyhole, no hinges.

LANGDON
Senza chiave! A one-way portal, the
only access is from the other side!

With a ROAR of anger, he starts to POUND on the door. Vittoria joins in.

INT OFFICES OF THE POPE - HALLWAY NIGHT

CLOSE ON a watch -- 11:40. Outside the door to the Pope's office, Lt. Chartrand is desperate.

While Father Simeon attempts to argue with him in Italian, Chartrand turns, hearing the POUNDING coming from down the hall.

He heads toward it, rounds a corner --

INT POPE'S PRIVATE LIBRARY NIGHT

-- and steps into the Pope's private library, where the POUNDING is louder.

He steps to a heavy door in the wall, looks unused for a century, but it's clearly the source of the sounds. He looks down, sees three keyholes in the door, and an ancient key in each of them.

Chartrand puts his ear to the door, hears VOICES --

INT IL PASSETTO NIGHT

-- and, on the other side, Langdon and Vittoria squint at the light as the heavy door is hauled open before them.

Chartrand looks at them in amazement -- how'd you get here?

LANGDON
The Camerlengo is in danger!

INT PAPAL OFFICES - HALLWAY NIGHT

Chartrand, Langdon, and Vittoria round the corner and race down the hallway toward the Pope's office, just as --

-- a *BLOODCURDLING SCREAM* comes from behind the closed doors. The Swiss Guard move fast, throwing open the door.

INT POPE'S OFFICE NIGHT

Langdon and the others race into the pope's office and find a truly bizarre scene.

Rocher is near the fireplace, brandishing his sidearm, aimed at the Camerlengo, who lays on the floor, writhing in agony.

His cassock is torn open, and his bare chest is seared black. A large, square brand is on the floor at Rocher's feet.

Two of the Swiss Guard act without hesitation -- they open fire.

Two bullets SLAM into Rocher's chest and he crumples.

Father Simeon bursts into the room, and as he does the Camerlengo rolls over onto one side, points his index finger at Simeon, and cries out a single word:

CAMERLENGO
ILLUMINATUS!

FR. SIMEON
You bastard! You sanctimonious-

He rushes at the Camerlengo and Chartrand reacts on instinct, putting three bullets in Father Simeon's back.

He falls to the floor, dead.

Chartrand and the Guards dash to the Camerlengo, who clutches his chest, convulsing in pain.

Langdon walks toward him, stunned, as the Guards pull the Camerlengo's hands away from his wound, revealing the fifth brand.

The crossed keys, seared into the flesh of his chest.

Langdon looks at Rocher in utter disbelief. Rocher's still alive, trying to say something, holding out a hand.

Everyone else in the room is focused on the Camerlengo, so Langdon bends down, takes the dying man's hand.

Rocher looks up at him, desperation in his eyes, trying to communicate something but too weak to say more than:

ROCHER

For safety.

And his eyes close.

Langdon withdraws his hand from Rocher's, and finds the dying man has pressed something into his palm.

A key.

Langdon looks at it, and it gives him a thought. He turns, looks at the Camerlengo, whose chest is exposed.

The crossed keys are indeed branded there -- but they're *upside down*.

Langdon slips the key in his pocket and approaches the Camerlengo as Chartrand gets to his feet, on his radio.

CHARTRAND

I need a Medevac to St. Peter's Square, *right now!*

The Camerlengo struggles to a sitting position.

CAMERLENGO

Order the evacuation. We only have nineteen minutes.

LANGDON

(pointing)
The keys. They're upside down.

VITTORIA
You think it's a sign?

LANGDON
Everything has been a sign, why should
this be any different?

He looks at Rocher, dead on the floor. Back at the branded
keys.

LANGDON (cont'd)
Crossed keys -- the symbol for the
papacy, upside-down.

CAMERLENGO
St. Peter.

LANGDON
(yes)
The first pope, he was crucified
upside-down, on Vatican Hill. Right
beneath where we're standing.

CAMERLENGO
"Upon this rock I will build my
church."...

LANGDON
Or bring it down upon itself.

He looks back at Rocher, and at Father Simeon, dead on the floor.

LANGDON (cont'd)
They were conservatives, the former
Pope was becoming more and more
liberal. Maybe they loved their
church so much they were willing to
destroy it.

CAMERLENGO
(thinking, repeats)
Upon this rock I will build my church.

LANGDON
St. Peter's tomb is the very core of
Christendom.

CAMERLENGO
The bomb is in St. Peter's tomb!

LANGDON
(almost admiring it)
The ultimate infiltration.

VITTORIA

I can still change the battery if we hurry!

CUT TO:

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

The square is more crowded than ever, and now the helicopter. Chartrand called SWOOPS in low overhead as Vatican Police frantically try to clear a landing area.

CUT TO:

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA NIGHT

Langdon, Vittoria, the Camerlengo, and two Swiss Guard are hurrying across the deserted floor of St. Peter's Basilica when the lights go out.

CHARTRAND

The grid is still cycling -- the power to this section must be down.

They race down the center aisle, to the candlelit balustrade which surrounds the winding staircase into the grottoes.

CAMERLENGO

Oil lamps. Grab one!

They do, and run down the center stair.

On the staircase,

the ninety-nine burning oil lamps throw exaggerated shadows on stone walls.

VITTORIA

What's down here?

LANGDON

The Necropolis. City of the dead.

Oh.

The Camerlengo drops to his knees and opens an iron grate in the marble floor.

CUT TO:

INT THE NECROPOLIS NIGHT

Vittoria, Langdon, the Camerlengo, and Chartrand drop down through an open hole and into an underground city of ancient, winding streets. Part museum, part ruin, they run past ancient structures, some hundreds, some thousands of years old.

The rectangular tombs are similar to little houses, complete with doorways, thresholds, windows, and terraces.

AROUND A CORNER,

the Camerlengo seems to know exactly where he's going; he leads them down a narrow stone passageway.

AROUND ANOTHER CORNER,

they hurry up a small hill. At the top of the grade, there is a stone grotto, toward which the Camerlengo is racing.

He reaches the grotto, searches, but finds nothing.

Langdon and Vittoria come to a stop behind him, breathing hard.

CAMERLENGO

It must be here! It must be!

He rips aside some protective tarps, finds that underneath the actual burial site is an underground area, part of a dig in progress.

He climbs down into it, we see just the top of his head as --

-- a soft glow seems to emanate from beneath him.

The Camerlengo's head is wreathed in light for a moment, and then, as he climbs out, we see that he's holding in his hands --

-- *the glowing canister of anti-matter.*

ON THE GROUND NEARBY,

Vittoria drops to her knees, a tiny silver pellet in one hand, two wires leading from opposite ends of it.

VITTORIA

Set it down flat.

The Camerlengo does. Langdon bends close. Vittoria checks the timer.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

We still have seven minutes. Good.

She leans down, reaching for the canister's baseplate.

As she does, a drop of sweat rolls to the tip of her nose She freezes.

Wipes the sweat away, thinking about it

VITTORIA (cont'd)
It's hot down here. Isn't it?

LANGDON
What's wrong?

VITTORIA
Heat decreases battery life. We may
have less than five minutes.

CAMERLENGO
So?

VITTORIA
If I pull the power with less than
five minutes, the residual charge
won't hold suspension. We should leave
it and get clear if we can. At least
if it goes off down here the damage
will be-

CAMERLENGO
NO.

And with that, he snatches up the canister and takes off running,
back the way they came.

VITTORIA
Wait!

LANGDON
Father, please!

But he's already gone, around a darkened corner.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

In St. Peter's Square, the helicopter that was brought in for the
Camerlengo waits, propellers spinning.

The Crowd seems even bigger now, and a REPORTER tells us why:

REPORTER
-- in St. Peter's Square where,
despite a bomb threat and order of
evacuation, the crowd is actually
growing in size as we await --

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA NIGHT

The Camerlengo emerges from the spiral staircase, accidentally kicks over one of the oil lamps, spilling its burning oil on the floor of the Basilica.

He ignores it, racing for the front doors.

INT THE NECROPOLIS NIGHT

Langdon and Vittoria come around a corner in the Necropolis, having taken slightly longer to find their way.

Langdon spots the circular entry by which they first came in.

LANGDON

There it is!

They race toward it and climb up.

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA NIGHT

They hurry across the floor of St. Peter's Basilica and burst out the huge doors that open onto St. Peter's Square, just as --

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

-- the helicopter lifts off.

The Crowd watches in amazement, and the PILOT stands in the square, talking animatedly to two Swiss Guard, gesturing toward the helicopter. But if he's not flying it...

Langdon looks up at the helicopter as it climbs, straight upward.

LANGDON

Oh my God...

INT HELICOPTER NIGHT

The Camerlengo is indeed at the controls of the helicopter, piloting it upwards and away from the crowd below. The canister is beside him on the passenger seat.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

The crowd falls silent, all eyes turning upward, watching the helicopter recede into the clouds.

INT HELICOPTER NIGHT

The canister BEEPS on the seat beside the Camerlengo -- still a few minutes left on its timer, but the urgently flashing red power light can't be considered a good sign.

The Camerlengo looks at it.

Crosses himself.

Raises the crucifix from around his neck and brushes it against his lips.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

All eyes are upturned, all voices have fallen still, watching as the helicopter's anti-collision lights disappear into the clouded night sky.

EXT IN THE SKY NIGHT

High above the square, the helicopter still climbs, rotating in circles.

INT HELICOPTER NIGHT

CLOSE ON the canister as the red light flashes even faster, and a shrill BEEPING fills the cockpit.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

In the crowd, faces turn, PEOPLE point. There's something in the sky above them.

Langdon and Vittoria see it too -- a faint white speck, far up in the sky. This is the explosion?

EXT IN THE SKY NIGHT

No, the faint white speck is a billowing parachute -- and the Camerlengo dangles at the end of it.

ABOVE HIM,

the helicopter continues to climb, far up into the night.

INT HELICOPTER NIGHT

And in the canister, the BEEPING sound becomes continuous and the light winks out altogether.

The shimmering bead of anti-matter falls out of suspension and drops, slowly, toward the bottom of the canister, it barely touches the surface --

EXT IN THE SKY NIGHT

-- and the helicopter explodes in a blinding pinpoint of white light.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

Up in the sky over St. Peter's Square, the pinpoint of light is tiny at first, then it shoots out to either side in a searing white line, then the white line balloons out on either side, expanding into a gigantic ball of hot white light.

And then the sound hits.

THIS is the explosion, and it is so much more ferocious than we could have imagined.

The entire image is bleached white, with only the faint outlines of people visible within it.

And then concussive force of the blast hits, like heat waves, rippling everything in its way. SCREAMING and panic.

EXT IN THE SKY NIGHT

The Camerlengo, clinging to the parachute, is buffeted wildly, spun over and over, tangling him in his cords, which makes him fall faster.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

The second wave of the blast comes, and this one's ten times as powerful as the first.

Everything standing is flattened -- PEOPLE, camera trucks, the fountain in the middle of the square collapses in a shower of marble and water.

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA NIGHT

Ceiling tiles fall and SMASH on the floor inside St. Peter's, statues topple.

EXT IN THE SKY NIGHT

The Camerlengo falls, unconscious now, tumbling over and over, dropping too fast. He SLAMS off an angled rooftop, headed for the ground.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

In the square, Langdon and Vittoria dodge falling debris. Vittoria loses her footing as a chunk of plaster CRUNCHES off a building, plummeting toward her.

Langdon pulls her to safety as the plaster PULVERIZES itself in the square.

EXT IN THE SKY NIGHT

The Camerlengo CRUNCHES off the side of another building and drifts downward, fast, toward the crowd in St. Peter's.

His unconscious form SMASHES through a dozen people before SLAMMING to the ground at one edge of the square.

AND IN THE SKY ABOVE,

the blast suddenly turns *inward* on itself, the heat and light and sound all seeming to suck back up into a perfect horizontal line, which then collapses in from the sides, until once again it is just a speck of white hot light --

-- that disappears into the night.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

The only sound that remains in the square is a soft night wind.

The wounded pick themselves up off the ground.

The crowd, realizing the blast is over, turns its attention to the body of the Camerlengo, on the far side of the square.

Langdon and Vittoria try to make their way toward him, but the crowd surges past them, and we soar over the heads of the crowd, wanting to get there first, wanting to be the first ones to see

-- his eyes open. He's alive.

WIDE ON THE SQUARE AS

a great CHEER rises up from the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

The CHEERS from outside are clearly audible in the Sistine Chapel, where the doors have been thrown open and they have gotten the news. Jubilation reigns.

A SWISS GUARDSMAN runs in, finds Cardinal Mortati.

SWISS GUARDSMAN
Signore Mortati, he is alive! The
Camerlengo is alive!

MORTATI
Praise God.

But he looks around him -- the Cardinals have split into small groups, they're discussing something with great animation amongst themselves.

Mortati watches, doesn't like what he's seeing.

CUT TO:

INT OFFICE OF THE SWISS GUARD NIGHT

Langdon and Vittoria, on a bench in the office of the Swiss Guard, are having superficial wounds treated. The buzz in the office is intense, just as excited as in the square and the Sistine Chapel.

Langdon looks over at Vittoria.

LANGDON
Are you okay?

She looks back at him, nods. Smiles. He reaches over, interlaces his fingers with hers, and takes her hand.

LANGDON (cont'd)
Thank God.

She smiles, turns his hand, noticing the glass on his wristwatch is broken. He notices, seems distressed.

VITTORIA
Do we have time for that story now?

LANGDON
Do I have someone to tell it to?

She smiles and kisses the back of his hand -- yes. A ROAR comes from outside and we see --

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

-- the crowd in St. Peter's Square, in rapture. There is SINGING, there's CHANTING of the Camerlengo's name. It's exactly midnight.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

In the Sistine Chapel, Cardinal Mortati is in hushed, urgent conversation with a group of seven or eight Cardinals.

MORTATI

Signores... you are no doubt aware that by Holy Law the man is *ineligible* for election to the papacy. He is not a cardinal, he is a priest, a chamberlain. And there is the matter of his inadequate age. I'm sorry, the protocols of conclave are not subject to modification. I will not call a ballot on this matter.

The African Cardinal who cast his vote earlier speaks up.

AFRICAN CARDINAL

But Signore, you would not call the ballot. Surely you remember -- you gave up your post as Great Elector.

Mortati looks at him. Boxed into a corner.

Outside, the crowd in St. Peter's can be heard, singing joyously.

A SECOND CARDINAL steps forward.

SECOND CARDINAL

They are singing in St. Peter's Square! What happened here tonight transcends our laws!

MORTATI

Does it? Is it God's will that we abandon reason and give ourselves over to frenzy? Discard the rules of the church?

A THIRD CARDINAL now, a peacemaker:

THIRD CARDINAL

Perhaps they need not be discarded.

They all look at him.

THIRD CARDINAL (cont'd)

I am thinking now of Romano Pontifici Eligendo, Numero 63.

Most of the Cardinals look puzzled -- but Mortati's face darkens.

THIRD CARDINAL (cont'd)
Balloting is not the only method by
which a Pope can be elected. There
is another, more *divine* method.

MORTATI
"Acclimation by Adoration."

THIRD CARDINAL
Si, signore!

The Second Cardinal sparks to this idea.

SECOND CARDINAL
Of course!
(answering those around
him who look confused)
Election by Adoration occurs when
all the cardinals, as if by
inspiration of the Holy Spirit,
freely and spontaneously,
unanimously and aloud, proclaim one
individual's name.

THIRD CARDINAL
And the law states that Adoration
supersedes all other eligibility
requirements. The candidate need
only be an ordained member of the
clergy.
(dramatically)
BUT!
(they listen)
He must be present in the Sistine
Chapel at the moment of election.

Many cries now of "Bring the Camerlengo to us!"

Mortati looks deeply troubled.

CUT TO:

INT ROCHER'S OFFICE NIGHT

Bandaged now, Langdon and Vittoria are ushered into Rocher's
office by a Swiss Guardsman.

SWISS GUARDSMAN
Please wait here while we arrange your
transportation. May I get you
anything?

They shake their heads, no thanks. Settle into chairs to the
side of Rocher's desk.

They look uncomfortable -- it's weird to be in a dead man's office.

Vittoria looks at his desk. Thinks of something.

She gets up and goes to it, running her hand lightly over it.

LANGDON
What are you doing?

VITTORIA
Leonardo's journals. I want them
back.

She feels in the surface of the desk and finds the square outline of the inlaid panel where Rocher hid the journals. She tries prying it open, but that doesn't work, she tries pushing down on the front of it --

-- and the panel slowly rotates open. The journals, which were laid on top of the television monitor, slide out and onto the desk.

Vittoria scoops them up and is about to close the panel again when --

LANGDON
Wait a minute.

He looks down at the monitor. Thinking.

At its odd, key-shaped on/off switch.

He pulls something from his pocket -- the key Rocher gave him, just as he died.

IN LANGDON'S MIND,

he sees Rocher's face, looking up at him, dying:

ROCHER
For safety.

BACK IN THE OFFICE,

Langdon looks at the key, and its odd shape. Looks down at the monitor, the same odd shape where its switch should be.

IN LANGDON'S MIND,

they're back in the Pope's office, but Rocher is alive, and saying words he said earlier:

ROCHER

The Holy Father was subject to seizures... but he took steps.

BACK IN THE OFFICE,

Rocher's voice continues over, but Langdon mouths the words as he remembers them:

ROCHER'S VOICE (O.S.)

"MADE SURE HE WAS WATCHED."

IN LANGDON'S MIND,

Rocher is back in the office again, finishing his sentence:

ROCHER

For safety.

IN ROCHER'S OFFICE,

Langdon holds the key up, repeating those last words:

LANGDON

For safety.

He lowers the key to the monitor, extending it toward the keyhole

-- and it's a perfect fit. He twists it.

And with a ZZZZT of power, the monitor winks to life. An image comes into focus.

VITTORIA

Where's that?

LANGDON

That...is the papal office.

On the monitor,

they are indeed looking at an image of the Pope's office. There are two dead bodies on the floor, covered with sheets, and VATICAN POLICE are photographing everything. Must be live.

IN ROCHER'S OFFICE,

Langdon's figuring it out.

LANGDON

The Pope spent a lot of time in contemplation, alone. If he was worried about seizures, he must have asked Rocher to install a camera without telling anyone. To keep an eye on him. For safety. And maybe --

He reaches down to the screen, toward a touch panel at the bottom.

You don't have to be a symbologist to understand these symbols-play, pause, fast forward.

And rewind. Langdon touches it.

ON THE MONITOR,

the image ZIPS backwards, rapidly, to the shooting, and the all the way back to when Rocher and the Camerlengo were alone together. Rocher stands just behind him, the Camerlengo still kneels before the fireplace.

As the image starts to play forward, in real time, we go in close on the monitor and come out --

INT POPE'S OFFICE NIGHT

-- in the papal office, to watch the scene in person.

CAMERLENGO

The scientist kept journals? So?

ROCHER

You figure prominently in them.

The Camerlengo turns his eyes back to the flames, stirring the embers with a poker.

CAMERLENGO

Really.

ROCHER

Leonardo wasn't just a physicist, he was a Catholic priest. Deeply conflicted about the implications of his work and in need of spiritual guidance. About a month ago, he requested an audience with the Pope. But you'd know that, because you granted the audience, and were present during it.

The Camerlengo twists the poker in the fire. Speaks softly.

CAMERLENGO

The fool thought he had duplicated the moment of creation.

ROCHER

And the Holy Father urged him to go public. His Holiness thought the discovery might actually prove the existence of a divine power -- begin to bridge the gap between religion and science.

CAMERLENGO

Science. The new God. Ignore the weapons and chaos and madness.

The Camerlengo looks up at him, and his expression is different than we've ever seen it. Contemptuous. Angry. Violent.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

His work was not religious, it was sacrilegious!

ROCHER

But you saw the Pope's position as a softening of church law. An old man's weakness. Your *father's* weakness.

CAMERLENGO

He raised me to protect the church. Even from within.

ROCHER

So you brought an old enemy back from the dead to frighten people.

CAMERLENGO

Nothing unites hearts like the presence of evil.

ROCHER

It didn't work, Father.

CAMERLENGO

It isn't finished.

ROCHER

I've informed Father Simeon of what I learned and he'll get word to the Cardinals the moment conclave opens.

The Camerlengo looks at him calmly for a moment --

CAMERLENGO

I was planning on doing this alone.

-- and then removes the poker from the fire. But it isn't a poker, it's a long-handled brand, with a cross of some kind at the end.

Rocher pulls his gun, holds it at his side.

ROCHER

Put that down.

The Camerlengo rips open his cassock with his free hand.

CAMERLENGO

But perhaps it's better that you're here.

ROCHER

(raising the gun)
Put it *down*!

But the Camerlengo RAMS the red-hot brand into the exposed flesh of his bare chest. His skin SIZZLES and smokes, Rocher SHOUTS, the Camerlengo SCREAMS in agony, and we know the rest --

-- the door bursts open, Swiss Guard pour in, Rocher is shot, Father Simeon races toward the Camerlengo --

FR. SIMEON

You bastard! You sanctimonious-

-- and the Camerlengo rolls over, pointing one long finger at Father Simeon and CRYING OUT:

CAMERLENGO

ILLUMINATUS!

As we saw before, Lt. Chartrand FIRES THREE TIMES, killing Father Simeon in his tracks, we pull back, the image turns to --

INT ROCHER'S OFFICE NIGHT

-- video again, and as we complete the move out from the monitor, we see it isn't Langdon and Vittoria watching the image this time --

-- but Cardinal Mortati, flanked by two other red-robed Cardinals and a half-dozen Swiss Guardsman.

Langdon and Vittoria stand to one side as Mortati turns and looks at them. Suddenly, he seems very, very old.

CUT TO:

INT GRAND STAIRCASE NIGHT

The Camerlengo, escorted by two Swiss Guardsman, descends the Royal Staircase that leads to the Sistine Chapel.

Though he is injured and limping, he radiates confidence, even benevolence, a man certain this is the greatest day of his life.

He approaches the chapel doors, speaks to the Swiss Guard posted there as he approaches.

CAMERLENGO

I have been summoned by the College of Cardinals.

Oh, they know all about it. They lift their swords, the doors sweep open, the Camerlengo strides boldly across the threshold --

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

-- and stops, right there, the look of imminent ascendancy frozen on his face.

The Cardinals are looking at him, all right, but not in joy, not in wonder, not for leadership. One hundred sixty-one faces are turned toward his, with an expression of --

-- utter condemnation.

He stands there for a moment, searching their faces, trying to figure out what could possibly have happened.

But it doesn't matter.

They know. And he knows they know.

He takes two steps backwards, almost involuntarily.

Starts to teeter, balances himself in the doorway.

Then straightens himself, smoothes his cassock.

And turns and walks away, back up the staircase.

Two Swiss Guard move to go after him, quickly, but Cardinal Mortati gestures to them.

MORTATI

Gently. But within our walls.

The Swiss Guard follow the Camerlengo up the staircase.

CUT TO:

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA NIGHT

The Camerlengo comes out of a doorway and into St. Peter's Basilica. He heads for the main doors --

-- just as HALF A DOZEN SWISS GUARD step in from outside, blocking his way. Some MURMUR softly into their radios.

He stops, turns around to come back the way he came --

-- but TWO SWISS GUARD appear in that doorway, also with radios.

He turns again, no way to go but toward the front of the Basilica.

He sees the candlelit balustrade near the front, the one that leads to the grottoes and the Necropolis. He picks up his pace.

The Swiss Guard follow, at a slight distance.

The Camerlengo reaches the spiral staircase and stops, looking down, seeing the oil lamp he kicked over earlier.

He thinks. He picks up a fresh lamp, holds it to his face --

-- and blows out its flame with a soft PUFF.

ACROSS THE BASILICA,

we're with the Swiss Guard as they walk slowly toward him.

But they hear a CRY from ahead, he's gone down the stairs a short distance, and they can hear the sound of liquid SLOSHING.

They break into a run as they realize what he's about to do, they're twenty feet away, then ten, then just close enough to see the Camerlengo as he --

-- SMASHES a burning oil lamp at his feet. The flames leap onto his oil-soaked clothes and --

-- HE IGNITES IN A PILLAR OF WHITE FLAME.

CUT TO:

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

CLOSE ON a bundle of one hundred sixty-one slips of paper, pierced by a needle and strung together.

They're tossed into the fireplace in the Sistine Chapel, where they too burst into flame.

We rise up again, ahead of the smoke this time, all the way up to --

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE DAWN

-- the chimney above St. Peter's Square, where the throng is still gathered, waiting for some word as the sun rises on the horizon. And this time, the smoke that billows from the chimney --

-- is *white*.

There is a new pope. The crowd ROARS its approval, BELLS begin to toll --

INT PAPAL APARTMENT DAY

-- the red silk sash covering the doors to the papal apartment is SLICED apart --

-- the wax seal BREAKS as the doors are flung open, and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE DAY

-- St. Peter's Square, later the same day. The Crowd, if you can believe it, is even bigger.

A STRING OF REPORTERS fills us in for the last time (non-English speakers subtitled).

BBC REPORTER

Church sources now confirm that
Camerlengo Father Sebastian Guttierrez
has died of internal injuries
sustained in his heroic fall --

A BRAZILIAN REPORTER:

BRAZILIAN REPORTER

-- which has spurred calls for his
immediate canonization and sainthood.
The Vatican also announced the death
of three of its cardinals in the fire
at Santa Maria Delia Vittoria --

An AMERICAN REPORTER:

AMERICAN REPORTER

-- but all eyes here are on the papal
balcony as we await the appearance of
the new Holy Father, who, despite
terrorist attempts at disruption --

We move off the Reporter and up, toward the papal balcony, its doors hanging open, curtains billowing.

AMERICAN REPORTER (cont'd)
-- seems to have been selected in one
of the swiftest and smoothest
conclaves in modern church history.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT PAPAL APARTMENT DAY

Inside the papal apartments, Robert Langdon sits stiffly on a straight-backed chair in a hallway. Couldn't look more uncomfortable if he tried.

A Swiss Guardsman stands on either side of him.

The door to his right suddenly opens, another Guardsman nods to him, and Langdon gets to his feet, straightening his jacket.

INT OFFICE OF THE POPE DAY

Langdon is shown into the office, where a robed figure is being dressed by two VATICAN ATTENDANTS -- the clothes he dons are unmistakably papal vestments. The figure, his back to us, gestures to a nearby table.

One of the Swiss Guardsmen goes to the table and picks up an envelope, hands it to Langdon.

SWISS GUARDSMAN
A token of thanks from His Holiness.

Langdon, puzzled, opens the envelope and lets the contents fall into his hand.

It's a thin volume, but a familiar one -- the only surviving copy of Galileo's *Diagramma*. Langdon nearly GASPS.

The figure in the papal robes turn around. It is, of course, Cardinal Mortati.

MORTATI
This should help you complete your
scholarly work, Professor.

Langdon is too stunned to speak,

MORTATI (cont'd)
I ask only that in your last will and
testament you ensure it finds its way
home.

LANGDON
I -- yes, I -- of course.

Mortati takes a few steps forward, studying Langdon,

MORTATI
When you write of us -- and you will
write of us -- may I ask one thing?

Langdon looks at him questioningly.

MORTATI (cont'd)
Do so gently?

LANGDON
I'll try.

MORTATI
Religion is flawed, Mr. Langdon, but
only because man is flawed.
Including this one.

He touches his chest lightly.

The Aides now pick up the miter, the spade-shaped papal hat. He
stands still while they place it on his head, completing his
attire.

LANGDON
I hear you've chosen the name Luke.
There have been Marks and Johns, but
never a Luke.

MORTATI
It's said he was a doctor.

LANGDON
Is that a message? Science and
faith all in one?

MORTATI
The world is in need of both.
Science can heal, or science can kill.
It depends on the soul of the man
using the science.

Langdon looks at him. Likes the sound of that.

LANGDON
You'll lead wisely.

MORTATI
I'm an old man. I'll lead briefly,

Mortati comes closer to Langdon, raises his right hand, and makes
a gentle sign of the cross over him, murmuring softly.

MORTATI (cont'd)
Thanks be to God, for sending someone
to protect His church.

LANGDON
I -- don't believe He sent me,
Father.

MORTATI
Oh, my son...

He smiles.

MORTATI (cont'd)
Of course He did.

He turns, and his Aides part the billowing silk curtains that lead
to the papal balcony.

We move forward with him as he steps out over St. Peter's Square
and a great ROAR rises up from below.

Cardinal Mortati, Pope Luke I, holds his arms out to his sides, an
embrace to take in the world --

-- and behind him, hidden in the shadows of the papal apartment,
just behind the billowing curtains, Robert Langdon folds his hand
in front of him --

-- and bows his head.

FADE OUT.