

SOPHIE. Was he interred in London?

LANGDON. Westminster Abbey.

(Urgent.) Come on.

SOPHIE. Robert. Are you sure you can do this?

Beat.

LANGDON. We have to try.

Sophie and Langdon exit purposefully as..

Scene 4

Silas and Rémy enter. Silas puts his bag down. Now at Opus Dei.

SILAS. We'll be safe here.

RÉMY. What is this place?

SILAS. Opus Dei. I thought you would know that?

Silas takes off his robe/shirt to change. Rémy sees the lashes on his back.

RÉMY. Silas. You've lived up to your biblical namesake, right enough. Silas the prisoner. Silas of the rent clothes. Silas with the lashes on his back.

Rémy takes out his gun. Silas realises that Rémy is hostile.

You drink up suffering like a dog from a dirty puddle... But your heart rules your head.

SILAS. My heart is ruled by God.

RÉMY. I'm your God now. I untied you; I removed your gag; I took you to Temple Church, even told you how to take the keystone from them, but you were so blinded by passion for your cult that I had to come in and do it all for you!

SILAS. It's not a cult. Opus Dei gave me everything when I had nothing. They showed me kindness when the world showed me its back. As an orphan, I walked the streets, surviving as I could. When I was cold, they gave me shelter. When I was hungry—

RÉMY. They fed you their tripe.

SILAS. Opus Dei saved me. Teacher, I thought you were one of us?

RÉMY. Teacher? You think I'm the Teacher?

SILAS. Aren't you the one who has been instructing me?

RÉMY. I've been *watching* you. Your performance at the Louvre...
(Mimes gunshot.)

But I am the one who reports to the Teacher. Now, hand me the keystone.

Silas doesn't.

SILAS. *(Clutching it.)* The Teacher told me I would give it to *him*. That *I* would be the one who—

RÉMY. Don't be jealous. You've done your job. Now I must do mine. I will deliver it to the Teacher.

Clutching the cryptex, Silas fronts up to Rémy.

SILAS. Opus Dei told me to put my faith in the Teacher, and so I have done. I have not been told of another. Who are you?

RÉMY. Who am *I*?

Rémy pushes Silas back. Silas now on the floor.

Who am I? I'm "Rémy, get my tablets." I'm "Rémy, draw me a bath." I'm "Rémy, my dear. Let me educate you."

Well, now I'm educated. A rich man's education in a poor man's clothes. Playing the long game.

I could've stolen Teabing's paintings, robbed his safe. But when I was approached by somebody calling himself the "Teacher," I became part of a much bigger plan.

Watching you all from the rafters; biding my time.

SILAS. *(Still on the floor.)* If you're not Opus Dei, and you're not the Teacher, then why are you doing this?

RÉMY. The same reason anyone does anything. The Teacher is paying you with the promise of Heaven's riches. He's paying me in the only currency that counts. All my life I have served the likes of Sir Leigh Teabing. Now people will serve me. Starting with you.

Now, pass me the keystone.

SILAS. I serve the Teacher only.

Silas takes off his cilice.

RÉMY. The Teacher used you. You're just a pawn. You and your cult. The tragic thing, you think you're doing this for Opus Dei, but your "Teacher" is just doing this for himself!

How you lamb of God lead yourselves to the slaughter. I saw hundreds like you when I was in prison. So desperate for meaning in your miserable lives, you latch on to anyone who will acknowledge your existence. Religious extremists. Gang members. Revolutionaries. You're all the same.

SILAS. I'm here on a holy mission.

Rémy pulls out his gun.

RÉMY. Your mission is complete. You can go back to wherever it is you think you belong.

SILAS. (*Wrapping the cilice around his fist, behind his back.*) Opus Dei is where I belong! And, like Silas in the scripture, I do the work of God. I will not give this up to you.

RÉMY. I'm giving you a chance. But you're disposable. Now give me the keystone!

SILAS. I won't.

Rémy cocks the gun.

RÉMY. Then I'll take it.

Silas pulls out his dagger.

SILAS. I killed for this!

Silas launches himself at Rémy with the dagger but—

The sound of a gunshot.

Lord, I have been deceived...

I lift my heart to you in my suffering... Lord, I can't feel you.

(*Quietly.*) I can't feel you...

Where are you?

Lord, I'm ready.

Silas disappears as Rémy remains in a beam of light.

RÉMY. Teacher. (*Sardonically.*) If you want me to call you "Teacher." I have the keystone.

Scene 5

Westminster Abbey. Sir Isaac Newton's tomb. The area is roped off. A building site.

Sophie slides aside a "Closed For Renovation" sign.

LANGDON. Great. Now they can add breaking into Westminster Abbey to my rap sheet.

SOPHIE. Not bad for someone who always waits for the walk sign.

They squeeze past the building equipment.

(*Reading from the tomb.*) "Here lies that which was mortal of Isaac Newton."

So here's our knight.

LANGDON. Unmarried. Nervous disorder. Probable virgin.

SOPHIE. And what about *him*?

Langdon laughs good-naturedly.

Sophie gets her phone.

LANGDON. I don't think you can ask Siri this one.

SOPHIE. I'm looking at a picture of the tomb. If we can see what's supposed to be there, then maybe we'll see what's missing.

While Sophie compares her phone with the tomb...

LANGDON. (*Examining the tomb.*) The sun. And along here are the planets... Urania, the goddess of astronomy, beneath a field of stars. (*Defeated.*) There are countless orbs.

SOPHIE. "You seek the *orb* that ought be on his tomb, it speaks of rosy flesh and seeded womb."

LANGDON. Anything?

No. Sophie puts the phone away.

If Leigh were here, he'd know what was missing.