

Sophie exits as Collet enters.

FACHE. You have people at the exits, yes? Langdon can't leave?

COLLET. I'll show you where he is on the screen.

A red dot in motion. It stops. Blink, blink, blink.

Scene 4

The Church of Saint-Sulpice. Church organ music. A stained-glass window. Sister Sandrine lights candles.

Silas appears behind her. Imposing. Sandrine startles.

SANDRINE. Good evening...?

SILAS. Sister. I'm sorry to trouble you so late.

SANDRINE. How can I help you?

SILAS. I am from the prelature of Opus Dei.

SANDRINE. (*Immediately unsettled.*) Opus Dei...?

SILAS. They recommended I visit Saint-Sulpice while I am in Paris. It's beautiful.

SANDRINE. It is much more beautiful by day.

SILAS. I only have tonight.

Silas steps towards Sandrine. She steps back.

Please, do not be alarmed.

SANDRINE. Forgive me.

Silas is looking at the floor, at a line on it.

SILAS. Is this the Rose Line?

SANDRINE. Yes. The zero longitude of the whole world used to pass through Paris, through this very church, as marked by the (*Indicating.*) Rose Line. Tourists come, but they hardly—

Silas puts his hand on Sandrine's arm. Sandrine increasingly frightened but trying to hide it.

SILAS. I can find my own way around, Sister.

SANDRINE. (*Wanting him to leave.*) Are you sure you can't come

SILAS AND SANDRIEN

back in the morning? The sun shines through the oculus on the south wall; you can watch the passage of time—the graduated shadows on the gnomon. It really is worth—

SILAS. (*Reiterating.*) I only have tonight.

SANDRINE. I'm sorry. I sometimes get carried away with the history of the church—*monsieur*...you're bleeding...

She looks at the blood on Silas's legs. She reaches out. He snaps away.

I fear you have suffered very much.

SILAS. Hasn't everyone?

SANDRINE. The prelature of Opus Dei... Everything I hear about them—

SILAS. I know what people say. That we're a Christian cult. But "Opus Dei" is Latin for God's work, and that is what we do where others fail. (*Points to Sandrine, to the Church.*)

SANDRINE. And is it God who commands you to torture your own body?

(*Trying to help him.*) The measure of your faith is not the measure of the pain you can endure.

SILAS. *He* will be the measure of my faith.

SANDRINE. You don't have to punish yourself, to draw close to God.

SILAS. Forgive me. I came here tonight to pray. That's all.

SANDRINE. May I pray with you?

Or for you?

SILAS. I have always found prayer a solitary gift.

Sandrine turns to go. Turns back.

SANDRINE. Do you need somewhere to sleep?

SILAS. I'm just passing through.

SANDRINE. Well, then. May the peace of the Lord be with you.

SILAS. And with your spirit, Sister.

A moment.

Sandrine leaves.

Silas kneels. Examines the ground. Finds the right spot.

SILAS AND SANDRIEN

(To himself, excited.) The Rose Line. The sign of the rose.

Silas checks he is alone. He taps the floor with the candle stand.

Sandrine furtively watches on. She takes out a phone. Dials, as Silas smashes the floor.

Silas exhumes a stone tablet. Holds it in reverence.

Scene 5

The Louvre public toilets. Langdon waits. Anxious.

Footsteps. Sophie appears.

SOPHIE. Monsieur—

LANGDON. What's going on?

SOPHIE. What do you know that you're not telling Captain Fache?

LANGDON. Who *are* you?

SOPHIE. Shh... We don't have long.

LANGDON. I don't understand. Fache brought me here to help. The pentacle, the—

SOPHIE. He's laying a trap.

LANGDON. The *Vitruvian Man*.

SOPHIE. Look in your pockets.

Just look...

Langdon retrieves something from his pockets.

It's a GPS dot. A tracking device. Fache has you on an electronic leash.

Langdon goes to throw the GPS device away.

No! *(Grabs his arm.)* You can't let them know you've discovered it.

She puts it back in his pocket. It's strangely intimate.

LANGDON. Who the hell could they think I am?

SOPHIE. The Draconian devil!