## **SOPHIE AND LANGDON**

(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!

They think the Draconian devil is you.

**LANGDON.** That's ridiculous! The Draconian devil could have a multitude of connotations. From seventh-century Athenian politics to Harry Potter.

**SOPHIE.** Fache doesn't care about that.

**LANGDON.** What about the connections between Da Vinci and Saunière's work? There's a whole symbological landscape to decode, here.

**SOPHIE.** They didn't bring you here as a symbologist.

Robert, you're here as a suspect.

LANGDON. What...?

**SOPHIE.** You're not here to help; you're here to incriminate yourself.

Didn't you think it strange...? Saunière had time to write an elaborate code. But didn't have time to write the name of his killer.

LANGDON. That's what I told Detective Fache.

**SOPHIE.** And that's what he wanted you to say.

Look.

Sophie shows him a photo on her phone. We see what they see:

13-3-2-21-1-1-8-5 O, Draconian devil! Oh, lame saint!

The hooded ensemble recite again:

**COLLET.** Thirteen

FACHE. Three

SAUNIÈRE, Two

COLLET. Twenty-one

FACHE. One

SAUNIÈRE. One

**COLLET.** Eight

FACHE. Five