

Music.

SOPHIE. It's not what it means to me.

I remember the first time I came here. I was six years old. My parents had just died. My grandfather had taken me in.

Saunière appears.

He didn't know what to do with me. Didn't know, even, how to speak to me. What were two broken people meant to say to each other? One night, I couldn't sleep, and so he brought me here to where he worked. It was just like this. No people. No tourists. Shadows everywhere. Eyes on the walls. He wanted to show me that / there is—

SAUNIÈRE. / There is a world beyond grief, Sophie.

SOPHIE. That some things last forever.

SAUNIÈRE. There is a world of beauty. Beauty in the paintings. Beauty in the hearts of those who created them.

SOPHIE. But all I saw in the paintings was grief. Sadness, suspended in time. Even Mona Lisa's smile, imprisoned in her plexi-glass cell. I went to bed that night, just imagining her smiling in the darkness, alone.

SAUNIÈRE. But you were never alone. Whatever came between us, I was always watching over you.

I made a promise. That one day, you would understand.

You just have to see what is in front of you.

Sophie sees something on the floor. She kneels to it. Touches it.

SOPHIE. It's blood.

LANGDON. Your grandfather stood right here.

Sophie takes out her UV light. Shines the light all around. Finally, it catches the writing on the plexiglass.

SOPHIE. Robert. Look at this.

SO DARK THE CON OF MAN.

SAUNIÈRE. So dark the con of man.

SOPHIE. Does that mean anything to you?

SAUNIÈRE. Sophie. Remember...