

locate the true keystone. Await further instruction. I will send you an address in Versailles.

Focus switches. In another world, Collet appears. She takes out her mobile phone.

COLLET. Yes, we've been following the GPS device in the security truck they took, and they've just stopped at an address in Versailles. It's a château.

Teabing's château appears.

ENSEMBLE. The château of an eccentric Englishman. Sir Leigh Teabing.

Sir Leigh Teabing appears with a walking stick.

COLLET. I'm on my way now.

Langdon appears, holding his jacket over his arm to conceal the cryptex box. Sophie beside him.

TEABING. Ah, Robert. What the devil brings you to wake an old man at this hour?

ENSEMBLE. He is a scholar of the Grail. The keystone is being brought to him as we speak.

The shadowy figure turns off the screen, exits.

LANGDON. Leigh. I'm sorry to trouble you so late.

TEABING. It's so late, it's early.

LANGDON. This is Sophie Neveu. She's a cryptographer for the police judiciary.

TEABING. Ms. Neveu, Leigh Teabing. And this is my butler, Rémy.

RÉMY. *(Pointedly.)* Charmed.

Beat.

TEABING. Now, Robert, you didn't wake me at this hour to discuss the hidden symbology in the work of Walt Disney again.

LANGDON. Not this time.

TEABING. Rémy said you mentioned the Grail...?

LANGDON. We wouldn't get you out of bed for anything less.

TEABING. For anything less, I wouldn't rise.

Rémy, dear, would you prepare some tea? And fetch my tablets.

RÉMY. (*Drily.*) A privilege, sir.

Rémy exits. Langdon puts his jacket (and the cryptex, still concealed) down.

TEABING. I've been educating him on the ways of a gentleman. He's a little rough around the edges, but he can certainly mash some Earl Grey.

LANGDON. With lemon wedges?

TEABING. Good, Robert! Well remembered. Perhaps we'll make an English gent of you after all. Now, where are we?

SOPHIE. We would like to talk to you about the Priory of Sion.

TEABING. Robert's fairly well-versed on the Priory.

LANGDON. But you're the expert, Leigh.

TEABING. Ha, playing to my vanity. I love it!

Well, the Priory of Sion dates back a good millennium or so. Is there any particular...

SOPHIE. Do you know the identity of the current four leaders?

TEABING. The grandmasters of the Priory are as elusive as the secret they guard... Do you know what the secret is?

SOPHIE. Apparently, they hold the map to the Holy Grail.

TEABING. So, you're a Grail hunter?

In my experience, there are two types of Grail hunter. The first wishes to find the Grail and set it free. The second wishes to find the Grail and destroy it. Which kind are you?

SOPHIE. I am not a Grail hunter. I'm just trying to find out about the Priory of Sion. I think my family are somehow connected to them.

TEABING. Why should I hand over everything I know?

LANGDON. Sophie has new information about the Grail.

TEABING. Aha! A quid pro quo?

Rémy returns with a tea set. He pours tea.

Were you brought up as a Christian, my dear?

SOPHIE. I was brought up by a man who worshipped Leonardo da Vinci.

TEABING. Ah, so your heart is true. Earl Grey, mademoiselle? Robert?

Langdon and Sophie look at each other. They haven't got time for tea. Teabing shrugs and pours for himself.

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But to understand how the Priory came to be in possession of the Grail knowledge, we must understand the point where the truth and myth of Jesus parted company.

LANGDON. Sir Leigh has published a number of books on early Christian history.

TEABING. Just a few small tomes to get the Vatican's teeth a-chattering.

That'll be all, Rémy, for now.

RÉMY. As you wish.

Rémy leaves.

TEABING. You see, Emperor Constantine was a shrewd bugger.

The ensemble recreates the events as Teabing explains them:

Three centuries after the crucifixion, warring between the pagans and the Christians grew to such an extent that it threatened to split Rome in two. So Constantine, a lifelong pagan, decided to unite the Empire under one religion. Christianity was on the rise; he simply backed the winning horse. He fused existing symbols into a hybrid religion acceptable to both pagans and Christians.

Robert, I'm sure you could elucidate the symbological facets far better than I. The Egyptian sun disks, for example...

LANGDON. Became the halos of Catholic saints. The Mithraic god-eating ritual became Holy Communion. And the pagan holiday of winter solstice, December twenty-fifth—

TEABING. Happy birthday to your latest God!

LANGDON. And as birthday gifts, the three wise men brought Jesus gold, frankincense, and myrrh—