

TEABING MONOLOG E

ACT TWO

Scene 1

An aeroplane. The sound of it taking off.

TEABING. Welcome aboard Teabing Airways! The captain promises us clear skies all the way to London.

Should we plunge into the sea, you will find beneath your seat a whistle and a rubber ring...

For anyone suffering from crushing claustrophobia, please indulge yourself in as much oxygen as you need from the masks stowed overhead.

The temperature in London is currently bloody freezing!

And please take note of your nearest exit, as we may be evading arrest on landing.

SOPHIE. *(To Langdon.)* Are you okay?

She touches his arm. The intimate moment is interrupted by—

TEABING. *(Enjoying himself.)* “In London lies a knight A Pope interred! His labour’s fruit a holy wrath incurred!” It’s almost too easy, isn’t it, Robert? Easy for those of us who turn an ear to history’s sombre song.

LANGDON. You’ve figured it out?

TEABING. How many knights from history incurred a holy wrath? Their legacy defiled through misinformation and papal slander.

LANGDON. Are we talking about the Templar Knights...?

TEABING. Burned at the stake. Those first-ever Grail hunters. The Templar Knights, branded heretics and sodomites by Pope Clement—as if there wasn’t a bit of friendly sodomy going on at the Vatican.