

LANGDON

By

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ACT ONE

EXT. TURKEY - VARIOUS - DAY

Shots of bustling bazaars, mosques, ancient ruins. A country rich with religious history and symbolism. Bringing us to --

EXT. PATNOS PRISON - DAY

An aged, forbidding facility surrounded by barbed wire, guard towers and the high mountains of what used to be Armenia.

SUPER TITLE: "PATNOS L-TYPE PRISON, AGRI, TURKEY"

INT. PATNOS PRISON - YARD - DAY

TIGHT ON A CHAIN coursing through a PULLY. A GUARD is pulling at one end. At the other, a horizontal pole is hoisted into the air. Cinched to the pole are an inmate's bare FEET.

The inmate is an American, ZACHARY SOLOMON, 25. He's skinny, with a bushy beard and unwashed face... and he's scared. He pleads with his captors --

ZACHARY

Lutfen... Lutfen bunu yapma...

A second GUARD approaches with a thin, cylindrical wooden rod, a CANE.

GUARD

(in Turkish)

If it gives you any peace, you will provide a valuable lesson today.

ZACHARY

Lutfen PLEASE -- !

CRACK! The Guard smashes the cane hard into the bottom of his feet. Zachary CRIES OUT in agony.

The Guard yells up to the cells looking down onto the yard. The other inmates are watching this, a lesson to them all.

GUARD

(in Turkish)

Sometimes a man forgets he is a man and believes he is a bird.

CRACK! He hits his feet again.

GUARD (CONT'D)
 (in Turkish)
 So we must clip his wings.

CAMERA PANS the cell windows -- an array of wizened, impassive faces look out. Another impact rings out: *CRACK!*

We arrive at an empty window. PUSH IN through the bars to find the inmate seated cross-legged on the floor, facing away from us. He looks to be in some type of trance, a ritual, oblivious to another CRACK of the cane outside.

As CAMERA rises over him, we reveal that he is seated upon a symbol that has been drawn in ash on the floor, a TRISKELION, with three spiraling prongs radiating out from its center.

LANGDON (V.O.)
 When it comes to the symbols of the past, what was relevant then is relevant now...

INT. HARVARD - DAY

ROBERT LANGDON, 33, is an Associate Professor in command of his undergrad class. He's demonstrative, a bit cocky, self-satisfied. But he does it all with a youthful flair that engenders affection in his students.

LANGDON
 Sure, now there are a lot less people who think they can change the weather with runes or summon the devil with a pentagram. I'm looking at you Nicole.

In the front row a straight laced-looking student blushes, as the rest of the class chuckles.

LANGDON (CONT'D)
 But plenty of people still ascribe extra-natural power to symbols. The sign of the cross. The number 13...

Another STUDENT holds out his forearm, showing off a tattoo.

STUDENT
 Four-leaf clover.

LANGDON
 (exactly)
 The entire *concept* of manifesting luck.
 (re: clover guy)
 (MORE)

LANGDON (CONT'D)

One need only look at the downward trend of Eric's essay scores to disabuse themselves of that myth.

The class *oooohs*. Eric takes a bow with his head. Langdon claps him on the shoulder and smiles. All good.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

But it's a free country, right? People can believe what they want... At what point, though, do their convictions and your freedom become mutually exclusive? When do benign symbols become malignant?

He clicks through images on a screen behind him. First, symbols of the past: swastika, iron cross, confederate flag. Then, symbols of the present: Pepe the Frog, the "okay" sign, the Othala rune (symbols adopted by hate groups and conspiracy theorists, shown here on signs at rallies, as skin tattoos and as social media postings.)

LANGDON (CONT'D)

What was relevant then is relevant now. Only *now* people can push symbols out to millions with the click of a button. Pushing myths as fact. In a "post-truth" world, where does that leave us? Don't we have a responsibility to distinguish fact from fiction? Where do we draw the line between respecting the beliefs of others and calling bullshit?

As the young minds absorb the question, Langdon looks out at them, a man in his element --

STAN (V.O.)

Are you ever going to die?

INT. CAMBRIDGE BAR - EVENING

Happy hour at a local pub. Professionals and faculty, mostly. Langdon's having a beer and playing Galaga with a fellow professor, STAN. Langdon has all of his Galaga guys and has made it to deep level of the game.

STAN

I could have graded a week's worth of papers waiting for a turn.

LANGDON

Had you done your due diligence,
you'd know I have 8 of the 10 high
scores on this machine, and you
might have better managed your
expectations.

STAN

Great. So how does one make
Professor by 32 and still find time
to develop freakish Galaga skills?

LANGDON

Foxwoods Casino. My Dad would leave
me in the arcade while he played
poker. Sometimes I'd be there all
night. Unless he got spooked, in
which case the evening would come
to an abrupt halt.

STAN

Spooked?

LANGDON

If someone set their keys on the
table, for instance. Or chewed the
wrong kind of gum. Had a whole
system.

STAN

Did it work?

LANGDON

He went bankrupt, destroyed his
marriage and descended into an
abyss of addiction and self-
destruction so, yeah... not so
much.

On a table near the game, a phone next to a half-finished
beer vibrates. Stan looks over at it, frowns.

STAN

You got a text from Peter Solomon.

LANGDON

What does it say?

Stan picks it up and reads.

STAN

"Need to speak ASAP. Please call."
(looking up)
As in, *Peter Solomon*?

LANGDON
Yeah. Here, take over.

STAN
(still questioning)
Director of the Smithsonian.

LANGDON
He was my mentor. And he doesn't
like when I ignore him, so...

Langdon slowly steps one foot away from the game, angling himself so Stan can make a seamless transition.

STAN
You're on Level 12, I can't --

As Langdon takes the phone from him and leaves --

LANGDON
You must.

As Stan jumps into the game, struggling --

EXT. CAMBRIDGE BAR - EVENING

Bustling and vibrant and chilly. Langdon exits with the phone to one ear, and his finger in the other, struggling to hear.

LANGDON
Peter?

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Not Peter, I'm afraid. I'm his new
assistant, actually. He apologizes,
but he's a bit crazed and wanted me
to hop on and let you know the
situation.

LANGDON
What situation? Has something
happened?

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Yes. And he needs your help... How
quickly could you get to D.C.?

Off Langdon, listening to the details, as a CHANT mixes up --

EST. CAMBODIAN BUDDHIST TEMPLE - MARYLAND - MORNING

WIDE on the ornate, Khmer-style Temple. Slowly we PUSH IN as the melodic chanting continues...

MONKS (O.S.)
 Tay-ata Om BeKan-ze BeKan-ze... Ma-
 ha BeKan-ze BeKan-ze...

INT. CAMBODIAN BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

Twenty Buddhist monks in saffron robes sit chanting in unison. Observing from across the room is KATHERINE SOLOMON, early 30's. She carefully adjusts the focus on a CCD CAMERA that is recording the monk's bio-photon emissions, represented on a nearby MONITOR displaying their forms glowing with colors of varying, aura-like intensity.

She looks over the top of the monitor to where the monks are directing their focus/channeling their energy, revealing another monitor. This one displays a LIVE FEED of what appears to be magnified human CELLS.

We're not meant to understand what's being studied here, but TIMECODE on the CCD monitor shows they've been at it a while: 3 hours, 44 minutes and counting.

EXT. CAMBODIAN BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

As Katherine packs her equipment into her SUV, her phone rings. Her lips curl into a coy smile as she checks the ID --

KATHERINE
 Professor Langdon, to what do I owe
 this pleasure...

INT. GULFSTREAM G650 - INTERCUTTING

Langdon is settling into his seat on a private jet.

LANGDON
 To *whom* really. Your brother needed
 a favor. Apparently the keynote
 speaker for the gala got sick, and
 Peter asked me to step in and gift
 my vast knowledge to a gathering of
 wealthy, half-drunk patrons.

KATHERINE
 (dry)
 Aren't they lucky. I know nothing
 about a gala.

LANGDON
 The Smithsonian Gala at the
 Capitol. He didn't mention it?

KATHERINE

Oh, he may have. I've just been so buried. When are you coming?

LANGDON

I'm on the tarmac right now. Peter was nice enough to send his plane.

KATHERINE

He'd never send me his plane. I swear, he treats you more like family than family.

LANGDON

Feeling's mutual. Why else would I do this on a moment's notice?

KATHERINE

Because you never turn down a captive audience.

LANGDON

Not true --

KATHERINE

Free in-flight drinks?

LANGDON

Bite your tongue.

As a flight attendant sets down a Bloody Mary, Langdon silently mouths "Thank you." He gets to the point.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

Anyway, I thought maybe we could have dinner tonight.

Aha. The reason for his call. Katherine is tempted, there is an attraction bubbling here, but --

KATHERINE

I can't. I'm right in the middle of a project. We're on the cusp of something really significant in mind-matter interaction. It's big.

A slight eye-roll from Langdon.

LANGDON

Cool. Can you move dice with your mind? My Dad thought he could.

KATHERINE

Wow, that's not demeaning at all.

LANGDON

Sorry, I didn't mean it like that.

KATHERINE

Yes, you did. You violently reject any idea that doesn't conform to your rigid worldview.

LANGDON

That's Peter talking. He's infected you.

KATHERINE

With the truth.

LANGDON

You know I have nothing but incredible respect for your mind. I just tend to think your field--

KATHERINE

Noetic science. You're allowed to speak it. It's the study of how consciousness can affect the physical world, and it's going to rewrite physics.

LANGDON

(better not to push it)
Okay, sold.
(then)
So no dinner then?

KATHERINE

Good-bye, Langdon.

She hangs up, then smiles. Langdon sighs, leans back in his chair and takes a slug of his drink and starts writing out speech notes, as the plane takes off.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

A majestic shot of the WASHINGTON MONUMENT. We find a town car driving Langdon who looks out the window, in awe of the 555 foot Egyptian-styled obelisk.

LANGDON (V.O.)

There is no God.

INT. PRINCETON - LECTURE HALL - (THREE YEARS AGO)

ON a projector screen we see a variety of occult symbols, including the Obelisk of Ramses II at the entrance of the Luxor Temple, and above it the title, "The Founders had Secular Intent... Deist Symbols Prove It."

LANGDON

Not in the Constitution, at least.
Not a single mention.

WIDEN to include Langdon, at 30, defending his thesis in a room full of faculty heads. He's confident, unflappable --

LANGDON (CONT'D)

This was no accident. The founders wanted to separate government from some of the high concept ideas which permeated existing dogma. Virgin birth, resurrection, you know... the greatest hits. They wanted a country founded on reason, not fables. Because a society entertains fantastical beliefs at its own peril.

PETER (O.S.)

I assume the Christian concept of an afterlife would qualify...

All eyes move to the back of the room as PETER SOLOMON, 50, stands. Peter radiates experience, intellect, along with a genial warmth. A leader. People listen when he talks.

PETER (CONT'D)

As a "fantastical belief?"

LANGDON

By most criteria, yes.

PETER

And what is so perilous about someone believing in Heaven?

LANGDON

(a beat, faltering)
That's more of a philosophical discussion, Professor Solomon --

PETER

This is where you've led us, so answer the question. Why is something that gives so many people hope a net negative for the world?

Langdon bristles, knocked off his game. As he struggles to come up with an answer --

EXT. PRINCETON - DAY (THREE YEARS AGO)

Later. Langdon walks quickly through campus. Peter calls after him.

PETER

Hey...

Peter catches up to him. Langdon tries to act unperturbed, but his lack of eye contact says otherwise.

PETER (CONT'D)

You're upset.

LANGDON

Not at all --

PETER

You know, they call it a thesis defense for a reason.

LANGDON

I know...

(admitting)

I guess I just wasn't expecting you to come after me like that.

PETER

You're probably the brightest student I've ever had, your thesis was superb and your doctorate is in the bag... That doesn't mean I've nothing left to teach you.

(off look)

You need to get better about tolerating other points of view, other beliefs... Winning the argument isn't always the most important thing.

LANGDON

You threw a chair at George Will during a debate on instant replay, but winning isn't important.

PETER

I stood up forcefully, and the chair fell --

LANGDON

Then you called him a muppet.

PETER

True... But only after I carefully considered his point of view.

They laugh, lesson's over. Langdon smiles fades into a sympathetic look.

LANGDON

*I wasn't sure you'd come today.
After the week you've had.*

PETER

*(nods; sobering)
I guess you're supposed to just sit
at home and mourn. I couldn't.
Maybe I'm doing it wrong.*

LANGDON

They say talking helps.

PETER

*It does. Seeing people I care about
live out their dreams, seeing them
succeed. That helps, too.*

Peter looks at Langdon with something like paternal affection. He squeezes his shoulder.

PETER (CONT'D)

You've done well. I'm proud of you.

Langdon nods; Peter's praise means the world.

DRIVER (V.O.)

This is you.

INT/EXT. TOWN CAR - DAY (PRESENT)

Langdon snaps out of the memory, sees they've arrived at the Capitol Building.

LANGDON

Thanks. Do I owe you anything?

DRIVER

It's taken care of.

Langdon exits, taking a moment to admire the Capitol's dome, then checks his Mickey Mouse watch and hurries off.

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - VISITOR CENTER - SECURITY - DAY

A massive, striking space. The ceiling a vast expanse of glass with a series of dramatic light fixtures that throw a muted glow across the pearl-colored interior finishes. A 20 foot-tall model of the Statue of Freedom looms over the area.

The crowd is light; it's nearing end of day -- just a few tourists are coming through the stanchions into the security checkpoint. There's a metal detector and x-ray machine overseen by a uniformed Capitol policeman, NUNEZ.

A VET with his arm in a SLING approaches the metal detector. He's on the heavy side, bald, wearing a worn Army field jacket.

NUNEZ

Evening, sir. Metal in the dish, please.

The Vet uses his good hand to fumble two phones into the dish (one burner and one smart phone), along with loose change and keys. Then he walks through the detector; it beeps.

VET

Thought that might happen. I'm wearing a ring under this. Finger was too swollen to get it off, so the doctor just wrapped over it.

NUNEZ

No worries. Step over.

Nunez runs a wand over the Vet's running shoes, then over the rest of him. It beeps over his finger. Nunez notices that two fingers protruding from his bandage have TATTOOS on the fingertips -- a crown on the index finger and a star of the tip of his thumb.

NUNEZ (CONT'D)

Must've hurt.

VET

Yeah, you'd think after 40 years I'd know how to walk down an icy driveway without falling on my ass.

NUNEZ

(re: fingers)

I meant the ink. I got a Little Mermaid on the back of my shoulder, I almost cried.

VET

Little Mermaid. Must've been some party.

NUNEZ

Basic Training, weekend pass. Lotta bottled up stupidity.

Nunez notices something else now. A smudge on the man's collar, a smear of what looks like makeup.

VET

We good?

NUNEZ

(nods)

We close in half an hour.

The Vet shuffles off. Nunez watches him go, then turns back to his next customer... Langdon. He's harried, running late.

NUNEZ (CONT'D)

Metal in the dish, please.

Langdon quickly puts his phone and keys in the bowl and runs his bag through an x-ray scanner, all while looking at his hand-written note cards and muttering to himself.

NUNEZ (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

LANGDON

Giving a speech and can't read my own writing. Statuary Hall's off the escalator to the left?

NUNEZ

You got it.

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY

Langdon steps off the escalator and moves quickly through the hall. He mutters along with his notes, getting a last moment of rehearsal... then arrives in front of some ballroom doors with the words "Statuary Hall" over them.

He pockets the cards, straightens his coat, takes a breath. And opens the door to the hall --

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - STATUARY HALL - CONTINUOUS

He raises his eyes and smiles warmly, bracing himself for the crowd... then stops.

The hall is basically empty.

A few tourists mill around the cavernous space, looking at the statues. But there's no evidence of an organized event.

Langdon sees a JANITOR nearby, mopping up a spill.

LANGDON

Excuse me, there's supposed to be a Smithsonian event here?

JANITOR

Nothing on the schedule. Maybe you got the wrong day?

LANGDON

No, it's today, and I'm supposed to give an address. Is there another room it could have been moved to?

JANITOR

Doubt it. But don't let that stop you. I'm a real good listener.

Langdon reaches for his phone to call Peter, but no need -- just then his phone rings. Caller ID: "Peter Solomon." Langdon quickly answers, launches right in --

LANGDON

Peter, I'm here, but nobody else is. Did I get the time wrong?

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

No. You followed directions perfectly. Which bodes well.

Langdon frowns.

MAL'AKH (O.S.)

I misrepresented myself earlier. I'm not his assistant. But I had to get you here somehow.

LANGDON

Just put Peter on, please.

MAL'AKH (O.S.)

I'm afraid that's not possible.

LANGDON

Look, I had two Bloody Marys on the plane and forgot to hydrate. I'm getting a headache, and I really don't want to have t--

MAL'AKH (O.S.)
Peter Solomon is in the Araf.

LANGDON
...What?

As their conversation continues, we INTERCUT with:

INT. CAPITOL - ROTUNDA - SAME TIME - NIGHT

A bored child visitor wanders away from his parents, then sees something in the center of the rotunda, out of focus in f.g. The kid walks toward it, curious and amused.

MAL'AKH (O.S.)
The Araf. Hamistagan. Dante devoted
the Canticle --

LANGDON
I know what the Araf is. It's
purgatory.

MAL'AKH (O.S.)
An in-between realm, yes. From
which Peter will either return to
your world or move on to the next.
It depends on you.

The kid slowly walks toward the object, the contours of it becoming more clear... it's the outline of a HAND.

LANGDON
(growing concerned)
Where is Peter?

MAL'AKH
As you know, there exists within
this city an ancient portal. I need
you to find it and unlock it. Only
then will he be returned.

LANGDON
You can't be serious --

MAL'AKH (O.S.)
He said you would never believe.
But I have faith.

IN THE ROTUNDA, the kid's MOM comes up behind him now and the object. Her face fills with terror.

MAL'AKH (CONT'D)
Find the portal, unlock it. Peter
will point the way.

LANGDON

How is he supposed to do that? You just said he was--

MAL'AKH

As above, so below.

Click. The line goes dead. Langdon stares at the phone, incredulous. *This can't be real.* He shakes his head, chuckles to himself. Because there's just no way, it has to be a j--

Suddenly, SCREAMS come from outside in the hall. Langdon's head snaps around; *what was that?* As he exits to the hall --

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - ROTUNDA - NIGHT

Nunez rushes onto the scene, which is now chaotic, moving through the small, agitated crowd to see:

Langdon, who has gotten there before him, and is kneeling down to get a better look at the most unusual object, which we now fully reveal:

It's a severed hand propped up on a wooden base, with three fingers curled down and index finger pointing up.

NUNEZ

Clear out, lemme through.

As Nunez approaches he sees recognizes the tattoos on the fingertips -- the crown and the star. There is a also a ring on the bent middle finger. He's confused. And spooked.

NUNEZ (CONT'D)

Everyone just stay clear... It's a prop or something. It's not real.

LANGDON

No...

Langdon knows full well the significance of this grotesquely choreographed crime tableau. He turns to Nunez, and in his face we see it, for the first time... *fear.*

LANGDON (CONT'D)

I'm afraid this is all quite real.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. PATNOS PRISON - DAY

Zachary is lying on a cot in his cell, miserable and in pain, feet swollen and bruised. He eyes the open door of his cell, which looks like it's a mile away. He sits up, swings his feet over the side and gingerly sets them on the ground. He gets up and steps toward the door... but collapses onto the floor after a single step. He cries out, angry and hurting.

His POV: a pair of feet in the doorway, an inmate looking in on him; it's the man-in-the-trance from the opening scene sequence, KHALIL.

ZACHARY

Hey... Do you know Rifki? I need to get him a message.

KHALIL watches him, unblinking. He is so still. Placid.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

Please. He has medicine.

KHALIL

He has heroin. A cage within a cage.

ZACHARY

Read the room, man. I don't need a lecture, I need to sleep. I need the pain to go away.

KHALIL

Your pain is a choice.
(touching his temple)
Here.

ZACHARY

Fine. You know what, you're creeping me out. Leave.
(off Khalil)
Get out of here!

KHALIL

Walk.

Off Zachary, incredulous. Huh?

KHALIL (CONT'D)

Stand and walk. Then I will help.

Zachary's expression hardens; fuck this guy. He holds Khalil's gaze as he slowly stands and takes a step. Then another. Then a third. Zach looks surprised; in this moment there is no pain... then he takes another step and collapses. He moans from the ground.

KHALIL (CONT'D)

There is inside us a doorway to our potential. Sometimes we see through it. A glimpse and then it closes.

Khalil slowly kneels beside him.

ZACHARY

What are you doing?

Khalil puts one hand on his head and the other on his foot. Zach is too weak to resist.

KHALIL

Holding open the door.

He closes his eyes and starts to whisper a mantra, barely audible, in a language we don't recognize. After a few moments, Zach's foot twitches involuntarily. Zach's eyes widen... He looks down to his foot, then to Khalil. In awe.

Something is happening.

INT. CAPITOL ROTUNDA - NIGHT

Now a crime scene, the entrances are being cordoned off by Capitol Police. There's a perimeter around the hand. Tourists linger, trying to take shots of it. Nunez is getting an update from a fellow OFFICER.

NUNEZ

Anyone get hold of the Chief?

OFFICER

They're trying. But it's 3am in Norway, and he may or may not be on a Catamaran.

Nunez nods wearily, in over his head.

NUNEZ

Keep me posted.

Nunez turns to find Langdon in his face, agitated.

LANGDON

Are you in charge here, or what?

NUNEZ

For now, yeah.

LANGDON

For now?

(flustered)

The Director of the Smithsonian has been taken and apparently...

(distressed)

Tortured. Shouldn't we be doing something?

NUNEZ

Sir, we need to figure out what we're dealing with.

LANGDON

My friend could die, that's what we're dealing with.

SATO (O.S.)

Sergeant Nunez?

Irked, Nunez wheels on INUOUE SATO, a bristly tempest of a woman flanked by two subordinates, Agents SIMMONS and LUNA.

NUNEZ

What can I do for *you*?

SATO

For starters you can stop tourists from Tweeting photos of the crime scene. Then you can show me the footage of the suspect I understand you let through security.

(off Nunez; *who are you*)

Inuoue Sato, Director of the OS.

NUNEZ

CIA? Doesn't the Bureau handle kidnappings?

SATO

If that's what this is, they'll assist on an as-needed basis.

LANGDON

"If?"

(re: hand)

Have you not looked over there?

SATO

Professor Langdon, I assume. I understand you got the call.

LANGDON

Calls. There were two.

(off Sato; go on)

Yesterday he posed as Peter's assistant. He said Peter needed me to step in last-minute to speak at this made up gala. He sent his jet, I wrote a whole speech...

He trails off, emotional. Sato keeps him on track.

SATO

The second call. Tell me exactly what he said. What does he want?

LANGDON

It won't make sense to you.

(off look; don't assume)

He said he's looking for an ancient portal buried within the city. He said Peter would be returned if and when I locate and unlock it.

SATO

And that means something to you.

LANGDON

The portal refers to a body of ancient knowledge amassed thousands of years ago. According to the myth it allowed its practitioners to access powerful abilities that lay dormant in the human mind.

NUNEZ

So the ransom is... superpowers?

Off Langdon; *told you it wouldn't make sense.*

SATO

And he brought you, a first year professor, to help him. Why?

LANGDON

(frustration boiling over)

How do I know? He's clearly not tethered to reality. There is no portal. It's a myth, like the Holy Grail or the fountain of youth.

Sato is inscrutable, as she gauges Langdon's emotion. She shifts gears, leads them over to the hand.

SATO
How do you know it's Peter's hand?

LANGDON
That's his ring.

Sato glances at the ring, noting the number 33 on the band.

SATO
And the tattoos? They're new?

NUNEZ
Spotted those when the guy came
through security. Never would have
known it wasn't his own hand.

Sato gives him a look; she would have known.

LANGDON
On the other three fingers I expect
you'll find three more symbols. A
sun, a lantern and a key.

Sato pulls out a PEN. She kneels then pries back each finger.
Just as Langdon predicted, the three tattoos are there.

NUNEZ
How'd you know that?

LANGDON
It's a replication of a very old
icon, known as the *Hand of
Mysteries*. Traditionally it's
viewed as an invitation.

SATO
Well, I suppose that makes me your
plus-one.

Sato motions her agents over.

SATO (CONT'D)
Get us up on Peter Solomon's phone.
I'm sure it's been turned off, but
if that changes, I want the
location pinned within five feet.
(then, to Langdon)
Peter's sister. What's your
relationship with her?

LANGDON
We're friends... for now... It's
fluid--

SATO

I'm not interested in your love life. We need to secure her. You'll reach out?

LANGDON

Yes, of course. I'll call her.

SATO

(to Nunez)

With me. I need to look at that security footage.

Nunez nods and quickly leads her out.

EST. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM SUPPORT CENTER (SMSC) - NIGHT

A massive zigzagged-shaped edifice constructed of five interconnected pods, each larger than a football field. Over this we hear Peter Solomon's voicemail --

PETER (V.O.)

You've reached Peter Solomon. I can't take your call right now. Leave a message.

The sound of footfalls under his voice takes us to:

INT. SMSC - POD 5 - NIGHT

Lit only by the screen of her iPhone, Katherine walks in near blackness across a cavernous space.

KATHERINE

Hi, I'm back from the temple, heading into the lab to check the growth rate in the cells. You're probably at this Gala thing with Langdon. Thanks for the heads up, by the way. You know how I love surprises. Call me, bye.

Katherine hangs up, arriving at a large CUBE-like structure. She leans toward a RENTINOL scanner. CLICK! The door unlocks.

INT. KATHERINE'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

Katherine enters to find her associate, TRISH, looking into a microscope. A nearby monitor shows a live feed of the magnification; it's the image of the cells from the temple.

KATHERINE

Hey, how we looking?

Trish tries to stay measured, but she's excited.

TRISH

Cell reproduction started showing
a measurable slowdown about two and
a half hours into the chanting.

KATHERINE

Yeah? Scoot.

Trish gets up to allow Katherine a peek, her mind racing from
the implications of this experiment.

TRISH

I know studies have shown cancer
patients who meditate tend to have
better results at the margins...
(re: microscope)
But this is...

KATHERINE

Inconceivable?

They share an excited look. Then Katherine's phone RINGS.
Caller ID: "Langdon." She answers --

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Hey, are you with Peter? I need to
tell him about this --

INT. CAPITOL - ROTUNDA - INTERCUTTING

Langdon paces the room with crime sc activity in b.g.

LANGDON

No, I'm not. Something's happened.

KATHERINE

What is it? What's wrong?

LANGDON

I'm here with the Capitol Police
and CIA. Peter's been kidnapped.

KATHERINE

...What?

Katherine stands, suddenly flooded with anxiety.

LANGDON

Where are you?

KATHERINE

At the lab. Who did this? What do they want?

LANGDON

I don't know. But right now we think it's best if you come here to the Capitol.

KATHERINE

Okay, yes. I'll leave right now.

LANGDON

No, it's safer if you stay there. They're sending a car for you.

KATHERINE

Oh god, what is going on...

LANGDON

It's just a precaution. Listen, I'm going to get Peter back. I promise.

Katherine hangs up, Trish can see the distress on her face.

TRISH

You okay?

A look comes over Katherine; *she's remembered something*. Something important which changes her course of action.

KATHERINE

I have to go. If anyone asks, you don't know where I went, okay?

Trish nods, concerned. As Katherine rushes out --

INT. CAPITOL - SECURITY HUB - NIGHT

TIGHT on a monitor playing back footage of Nunez's earlier interaction with the sling-armed Vet going through security.

NUNEZ (V.O.)

He said he'd hurt his arm slipping on some ice...

Nunez and Sato are here reviewing the footage. Sato keeps here eyes on the screen, never looks at Nunez.

NUNEZ

We talked about our tattoos. And he had two phones, I thought that was a little weird.

Sato continues to watch, ignoring him.

NUNEZ (CONT'D)
And I think he might have been
wearing makeup.

Sato turns to him. First interesting info he's offered.

NUNEZ (CONT'D)
I know the look. Sometimes I ride
in the elevator with Senators who
have help in that department. No
names.
(whispers)
Ted Cruz.

Sato turns back to the monitor, humorless.

SATO
Show me the exit footage.

The TECH security guy plays back footage from several cameras
plays on the other monitors.

SATO (CONT'D)
These are all of them?
(off nod)
Faster.

They put it to 4X speed. The time code rips by as the exit
footage plays in time lapse: 4:05pm - 4:06pm - 4:07pm -- the
footage reflects off Sato's eye as she takes it in.

SATO (CONT'D)
Faster.

8X speed, and the time flies ahead, zipping through the
footage until it stops into a live image/present time. Sato's
eyes narrow, realizing:

SATO (CONT'D)
This man never left the building.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CAPITOL - VARIOUS - NIGHT

A SERIES OF SHOTS show the Capitol police sweeping the
building, searching for the Vet --

QUICK CUTS: checking stairwells, bathrooms, offices... until
Nunez comes upon a janitor (the one from the statuary hall)
pulling a trash bag in the hall, about to tie it up.

Nunez's eye catches something at the top of the bag.

NUNEZ

Hold up.

Nunez reaches into the bag and pulls out the Vet's field jacket, then his sling and a padded pullover undershirt/vest - a fat suit, essentially. Nunez keys his walkie.

NUNEZ (CONT'D)

Call it off... We missed him.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION/STREET - NIGHT

TIGHT on the Vet's running shoes jogging on pavement. He's in a track suit now. And ball cap. Having shed his other disguise. We stay on his back, not yet seeing his face.

He's jogging along the reflecting pool, with the Washington Monument looming the b.g., when his jacket pocket vibrates.

He stops, barely winded, and pulls out his burner phone.

MAL'AKH

Where do things stand?

We go WIDE as he continues his conversation out of our earshot. There are three GUYS here, in the trees beyond the grass, smoking, a few beers in, up to no good. Seeing Mal'akh, they exchange a glance, sensing prey.

WITH MAL'AKH

As he finishes his conversation and turns to resume his run, he comes face to face with the guys, who have emerged.

GUY

Hey man, you got the time?

We see Mal'akh from the front now. Broad-shouldered. Fit. He looks at the men, then up into the sky... at the stars.

MAL'AKH

It's a bit after six.

The guys look up. *The hell's he looking at?*

YOUTH

No watch?

(Mal'akh shakes head, no)

Got a phone though, right?

MAL'AKH

Just a burner.

YOUTH

Nah, I don't buy it.

(off look)

Can't count your steps with a burner. Track your carbs. What do you do, Keto?

Mal'akh pulls out his other phone. It's still turned off.

YOUTH (CONT'D)

Thought so.

(holds out his hand)

Give it up and walk away.

MAL'AKH

It's not mine.

YOUTH

Then it ain't worth bleeding f--

CRACK! Mal'akh surprises him with a thunderous right hand to his face, sending him crashing to his back, *out cold* --

The other two jump in, raining blows on Mal'akh. But he absorbs them easily, grabs the bigger dude in a bear hug and picks him up off the ground, squeezing with insane strength --

He's like a mythic beast, as the guy's ribs start *BREAKING* and blood starts bubbling up out of his mouth --

Mal'akh drops him to the ground and stomps on his wrist, once-twice-*CRUNCH* --

He turns to face the remaining guy, the small one. As the guy looks into Mal'akh's face, he's terrified.

YOUTH (CONT'D)

...What are you?

We REVERSE to see what has so frightened him:

A large gash has opened on Mal'akh's face, revealing a layer *beneath* his skin -- a dense web of black TATTOOS that look, in this light, like some type of alien skin of endoskeleton. *It's creepy as hell.*

As the small guy scampers away and we hold on Mal'akh's demonic visage, we wonder the same:

What is he?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CAPITOL - ROTUNDA - NIGHT

FOCUS adjusts on an image of George Washington, seated on a cloud, god-like, surrounded by maidens. *CLICK!*

REVERSE as, 180 feet below, Langdon is taking photos with his phone. He stares down at his screen, scanning and enlarging sections of the image, studying it.

Sato re-enters, walking past a forensics team that is delicately processing Peter's hand. Swabbing for DNA, dusting for prints, bagging the ring.

SATO
(re: Langdon's phone pics)
What's this?

LANGDON
Something he said on the phone.
Peter will point the way.

They follow Peter's pointed finger up to the fresco on the ceiling of the dome.

LANGDON (CONT'D)
Above us is Brumidi's *Apotheosis of George Washington*. From the Greek 'apo' - to become and 'theos' - god. There in the central panel Washington is ascending on a cloud above the mortals. His moment of transformation. That's what this guy says he's after. Godliness.

SATO
He's done his homework, and he wants you to know it. Any idea why?

LANGDON
He wants me to believe.
(off look)
That's what he said on the phone.

He looks down at the hand.

LANGDON (CONT'D)
The details here are precise. The Hand of Mysteries must be presented in a sacred place. That's why he chose this room. It's a temple.

(MORE)

LANGDON (CONT'D)

A tribute to the Temple of Vesta in Rome, where the flame burned below the oculus.

Langdon turns them back toward the center.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

And that's where he placed the hand. The oculus. Like Vesta, this floor had a large opening. Here.

(pointing)

You can still see marks on the floor where the railing was. And in the crypt below us a torch was lit. The Keeper of the Crypt kept it burning for fifty years -- a symbol of America's eternal flame.

Langdon frowns; a thought occurring to him.

SATO

What is it?

LANGDON

His last words were, "As above, so below."

(realizing)

Below...

He goes to the hand. As Langdon bends down to pick up the stand, Nunez comes over to see what he's doing.

Langdon lifts the hand up by the stand. Underneath the bottom plate, written in block letters: IIIIX88S

LANGDON (CONT'D)

It's here.

With renewed urgency Sato takes out a small notepad and carefully traces down the lettering.

SATO

Roman numerals?

LANGDON

Well, no. I-I-I-X doesn't exist. And the last three...

Nunez stares the notepad, something about it is registering.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

...could be Arabic.

NUNEZ

Excuse me --

SATO

8-8-5. Looks like normal numbers.

LANGDON

Our normal numbers are Arabic.
Whole thing looks runic, actually.

NUNEZ

Hey! Smart people.

Nunez makes a circular motion with his finger.

SATO

What?

Exasperated, Nunez grabs the notepad, turns it around.

NUNEZ

It's up-side-down. Not 885. SBB. We
use that numbering system here in
the Capitol. Basement. Room 13.

Langdon and Sato look down at the floor, then to Nunez.

LANGDON

You need to take us there now.

EXT. PETER'S MANSION - GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

Katherine pulls to a stop across from Peter's historic home.
As she exits, we note a service van parked nearby.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A key turns in the lock, and as Katherine enters several
plain-clothes CIA agents are here with their guns drawn. The
lead agent, ADAMU, speaks.

AGENT ADAMU

Identify yourself.

KATHERINE

You first, this is my brother's
house.

AGENT ADAMU

Katherine Solomon?
(off nod)
Can I see some I.D.?

KATHERINE
I left it in the car.

She nods to some photos on the wall.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Will that suffice?

One pic is of Peter and Katherine, clearly close. Adamu holsters his weapon, flashes the CIA badge on his hip.

AGENT ADAMU
I was told you were getting picked up at your work.

KATHERINE
I know, I'm sorry... I just couldn't sit there waiting... thinking about Peter...
(trails off, emotional)
Would you mind if I just went and sat down a minute.

AGENT ADAMU
Of course.

Katherine nods her thanks, then moves down the hall.

INT. PETER'S STUDY - NIGHT

Katherine enters and closes the door behind her. Then moves to Peter's desk. His office is curated like a museum, the antiques and art hinting at his interest in Freemasonry.

She slides a stack of books off of a rectangular section of the desktop and pushes down hard... *Click!*

A secret panel raises up. Katherine fishes out an ENVELOPE. It's been sealed with wax.

This is the real reason she's come here.

She crosses to the fireplace, grabs a lighter off the mantle, holds it under the envelope and flicks it on. She's going to burn it... but the flame dies. She tries again.

KATHERINE
Come on...

Over her shoulder the door swings open as Adamu enters. Reverse on Katherine, no longer holding the envelope. She's pocketed it. Close call.

AGENT ADAMU

I just got orders to take you to
the Capitol.

As he escorts Katherine out CAMERA HOLDS on a PHOTO on the mantle: It shows Peter (40's) with a clean-shaven man (20's) in the stands at an Orioles game. The younger man is holding up a foul ball he's just caught. They are beaming. Happy. This is Peter's son, and he looks familiar, but we can't quite place him. TIGHT ON his face, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PATNOS PRISON - CORRIDOR/KHALIL'S CELL - DAY

TIGHT ON ZACHARY'S FACE as he shuffles down the hall, and now we understand: he is the man in the photo. *He is Peter's son.* Thirty pounds lighter, with bushy beard and sunken eyes.

He is carrying a small paper bag, and his feet are now basically healed. He enters a cell, where Khalil is reading on his cot. He holds up the bag.

ZACHARY

Got some dates. I've never actually seen you consume food, but I assume it does happen.

KHALIL

Thank you.

Khalil takes a date from the bag and eats it. Zachary looks down at the symbol drawn on the floor, the triskelion.

ZACHARY

What does it mean anyway?

KHALIL

A constant movement towards enlightenment.

ZACHARY

Everyone thinks it's black magic. In case you ever wonder why you don't get a lot of pop-ins.

KHALIL

Everyone thinks you are CIA. In case you ever wonder the same.

ZACHARY

Well, I'm not.

Khalil chews on a thought, sensing in Zachary's demeanor that there is more to this story, but letting it go for now.

KHALIL

People will believe what they want to believe to explain what they cannot control. In my village a factory burned. Many men died. They blamed my thoughts. It is the same everywhere.

ZACHARY

Right. 'Cause that's not possible.
(off look)
Starting a fire, you know... by thinking about it. Right?

KHALIL

You watch too many movies.

ZACHARY

You healed my feet by whispering in a language I've never heard before. I have no idea what else you can do. But I want to.
(putting himself out there)
Maybe you could teach me.

KHALIL

No.

ZACHARY

Come on, a constant movement towards enlightenment. Right?

Khalil turns the page in his book; asked and answered. Zachary smolders, hurt, angry.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

Well, can you at least give me a reason?

Khalil doesn't answer. Pissed, Zachary throws down the bag of dates and starts out --

KHALIL

This is the reason.
(Zachary turns back)
This anger. It burns in you. It is a block.

ZACHARY

I can manage it.

KHALIL

You cannot manage what you don't understand.

ZACHARY

You think I don't understand?

Khalil looks at him; show me. Zachary takes a beat; this is not something he wants to talk about. But he does.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

I come from a very influential family. My father... he's pretty much on every board in the city. Friends in high places. Kinda guy who can pull strings. Owns a private jet, at the very least he could've come to see me, right? Instead, he sent a letter. About how I might learn from this. "I won't allow you to play victim to circumstances you alone created." Guess he got tired of me disappointing him. So he left me here. *To rot*. So you're wrong, I understand it fine... but I won't ever forget it.

(eyes glistening)

I'll never forget what he did.

Khalil stares at him. Zachary's unburdening has moved him.

KHALIL

We'll begin tomorrow... You have much to learn.

INT. CAPITOL - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Nunez leads Langdon and Sato down a labyrinth of tight passages. He fumbles through a key ring with at least 50 different keys while talking on the phone.

NUNEZ

No Larry, surprisingly the master key doesn't say 'master' on it.

(listening)

Uh-uh, no labels. Just numbers.

(quietly)

Find it. You're embarrassing me here, dog.

And Nunez turns down a hallway, we pick up with Sato who fishes a small evidence bag out of her pocket.

SATO

Peter's ring.

(re: engraving)

All is revealed at the 33rd degree.

I assume you knew he was a Mason.

LANGDON

It's hardly a secret.

SATO

My analysts have informed me of a Masonic legend that sounds a lot like this ancient portal. Only this one involves a pyramid.

LANGDON

The portal is a metaphor. It could be anything that represents a gateway to enlightenment. A pyramid is one example.

SATO

A structure by which man elevates himself to the realm of gods.

LANGDON

(dismissive)

It's a common theme in Freemasonry.

I wouldn't read into it.

SATO

Still, a man's life is at stake, I expect you'd have mentioned it.

LANGDON

(bristling)

I know what's at stake.

Sato eyes him, ever inscrutable. Langdon checks himself.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

Look, there's a dozen similar legends, I'm not going to mention them all. It's what academics call an 'archetypal hybrid'. A blending of classic myths. As the Freemason story goes; the brotherhood protected ancient wisdom relating to, among other things, the true power of the human mind. After transporting this secret knowledge from the Old World to the New, they built a fortress to protect it. A pyramid.

SATO

So is it possible that's what this man wants you to find? A pyramid. Buried somewhere here in D.C.

LANGDON

(ridiculous)

A pyramid. Buried in the beltway.

He shakes his head, as Nunez arrives at an old iron door.

NUNEZ

Okay, here we go...

Nunez unlocks the door. It creaks loudly as it opens, revealing a steep wooden staircase descending into blackness.

LANGDON

Another basement?

NUNEZ

Yup, SBB. Senate *sub*-basement.

Langdon shows some trepidation at the tight space.

SATO

Something wrong?

LANGDON

It's fine.

Sato gets a call, answers. Nods ahead; let's go. Nunez flicks on his flashlight and they descend --

INT. CAPITOL - SENATE SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

Langdon, Sato and Nunez descend into the mysterious underbelly, with Sato listening on her phone. This area is smaller, but maze-like.

NUNEZ

They say in 1860-something Lincoln's kid came down here. Tad. Guess he was trying to see how far down he could get and got lost. Not many people have come down here since then.

Langdon takes long, focused breaths, claustrophobic.

LANGDON

Can't imagine why.

Sato hangs up her phone; she has news.

SATO
Apparently records show room
thirteen is designated as Peter
Solomon's private space.

Langdon frowns; surprised.

NUNEZ
How do you know that? Not even the
Chief has those records.

SATO
I have my own magic words. National
security.

Nunez shines his light on a door ahead, then up to the arch
where "SBBXIII" is stamped in concrete.

NUNEZ
We got a problem. No lock.

Indeed, it's just a naked door face. Nunez pushes on it. It
won't budge. He throws his shoulder into it. Same result.

SATO
Try your sidearm.

Nunez pulls his weapon. Looks unsure of where to point it.

LANGDON
Hold on. There are doors like this
in castles all over England. Double-
swing hinges on the inside.

Langdon runs his hands over the face, over its bronze nail
heads until one swings loose. It's a cover, hiding a hole.

LANGDON (CONT'D)
Can I get that pen?

Sato hands her pen over. Langdon pulls out the skinny ink
tube and jams it into the hole -- CLICK! -- it swings free.
They immediately cover their noses, hit with a foul odor.

NUNEZ
Oh man, what is that?

LANGDON
Sulfur.

They enter slowly, then stop as Nunez's flashlight beam lands
first on a HUMAN SKULL, then on a shrine -- other bones, a
scythe and various bowls arranged as if for some kind of dark
ritual. Nunez takes a step back.

NUNEZ

I might not have your PhD in Game of Thrones, but even I know what that smell means in a place like this... *El Malo*.

Sato looks at Langdon.

SATO

I'd say Peter Solomon has some explaining to do.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

In darkness before...

A match is struck. The FLAME touches the wick of a large candle and then another, illuminating...

INT. SENATE SUB-BASEMENT - SBBXIII - NIGHT

Langdon hands a candle to Sato, who lights a few more. The entire space becomes visible. Nunez continues to be spooked as they survey the shrine-like table.

NUNEZ

These are human bones.

LANGDON

Yup.

NUNEZ

And this book, it's bound in human flesh, or what?

Langdon opens the old book, knowing full well what it is.

LANGDON

It's just a bible. This isn't some sacrificial altar, it's a Masonic Chamber of Reflection. There are rooms like it all over the world. It's meant to be a place to reflect on one's own mortality.

SATO

He comes here to meditate with human skulls.

LANGDON

Is it any stranger than chanting before a four-armed elephant or praying at the feet of a man nailed to a cross?

SATO

So you were never tempted to join the club?

LANGDON

(nope)

There are many brilliant men who are Masons, Peter among them. But some of them take the legends a little too seriously...

(MORE)

LANGDON (CONT'D)

At the end of the day, a fairy tale
is just a fairy tale.

Langdon comes upon a word scrawled on the wall among other
strange symbols: "VITRIOL." Sato comes up behind him.

SATO

Vitriol...

LANGDON

It's a latin acronym. *Visita
Interiora Terræ Rectificando
Invenies Occultum Lapidem.*

SATO

"Visit the interior of the Earth
and find the hidden stone."

(off Langdon)

English is my fourth language.

LANGDON

Close enough. It's a Masonic
mantra.

NUNEZ

Is it supposed to be a clue?
Because we're ninety-feet below the
main floor. This *is* the interior.

Then, without warning the candle flames flicker. Nunez takes
a step back, grasping for a scientific explanation.

NUNEZ (CONT'D)

Someone must've shut the door
upstairs.

Another flicker and a SHIMMERING on the back wall catches
Langdon's eye. He approaches the wall and pushes on it --

It's not a wall at all, it's canvas -- it billows with his
touch. He pulls the sheet away and Sato's eyes narrow.

SATO

Our "hidden stone" perhaps.

What was hidden by the canvas was a large square cut out of
the back wall. Inside the square sits: a *black granite
PYRAMID about nine inches tall.*

Sato reaches to extract the pyramid.

NUNEZ
Careful. Could be booby trapped.
(off their looks)
What?

Sato pulls out the stone and sets it on the table. No traps.

LANGDON
The rear face. Turn it.

She does, revealing an 8x8 grid of rune-like symbols.

SATO
Maybe there's more to this
particular fairy tale than you'd
like to admit.

Off Langdon, surprised that this element of fiction now has
some basis in fact.

INT. CAPITOL - HALL OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

There's a heavy agent presence in a hall just outside a
conference room. Hub of active-investigation activity.

Ding. The elevator arrives. Sato departs it and comes through
the hall. STAY with her, as she enters --

INT. CAPITOL - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Langdon sits staring out the window. The pyramid is on the
table in front of him along with Peter's ring in its evidence
bag and some empty legal pads.

Sato enters, clocks the pensive Langdon and the empty pads.

SATO
He has you questioning yourself.
You aren't used to that.

LANGDON
(re: pyramid)
This might be unexpected. It
doesn't make his beliefs any less
ridiculous.

Sato sizes him up, then sits.

SATO
Are you familiar with the Remote
Viewing program?

LANGDON

Katherine's mentioned it. The CIA trained supposed psychics to close their eyes and see things across the world. Then it was shut down... I assume for good reason.

SATO

That doesn't mean there weren't some compelling results.

Langdon looks at her, incredulous. Gestures to the pyramid.

LANGDON

You can't possibly think this will lead to something like that. That there's some grand psychic tool waiting to be unearthed.

SATO

My job is to entertain all possibilities.

Langdon slams his hand on the table; he's had enough.

LANGDON

This is nuts. Peter is out there right now in god-knows-what condition --

SATO

(going right back at him)
Exactly, this is about Peter, *not* you. If you want to help him, stay focused and don't get distracted by challenges to your own beliefs.

A tense beat, as Langdon holds her gaze... then looks at Peter's ring, remembering Peter's words, reflective...

LANGDON

Winning the argument isn't always the important thing.

Sato frowns; huh? Langdon takes his seat, grabs the legal pad and turns his attention to the pyramid. As he begins to translate the inscriptions, AGENT LUNA enters.

AGENT LUNA

M'am?

She signals Sato out into the hall.

INT. CAPITOL - HALL OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Sato joins Luna, closing the door behind her.

AGENT LUNA

Peter Solomon's sister showed up at his house.

SATO

After being told to wait at her lab?

AGENT LUNA

Exactly. Thought you should know.

Sato mulls Katherine's curious behavior.

SATO

Where is she now?

AGENT LUNA

Adamu is bringing her here.

SATO

Sequester her when she arrives. I'll want to talk to her.

EXT. REFLECTING POOL - NIGHT

Mal'akh is here, with the Washington Monument looming over him. He takes out Peter's phone. There is some blood on it, residue from his earlier brawl. He turns the phone on.

INT. CAPITOL - OFFICE - NIGHT

As Sato looks on Langdon is hunched over the legal pad, which is now full of notations. He finishes up an 8X8 grid of letters at the bottom of the page and circles it. Done.

LANGDON

The code was simple. I used a common Masonic decryption key. But the cleartext is gibberish.

She scans the grid. Indeed, the letters are totally random.

SATO

You're sure you used the right cipher?

LANGDON

There could be another layer of decryption, but if I had to guess I'd say that info is on the missing capstone.

Agent Luna rushes in.

AGENT LUNA

Peter Solomon's phone just went online.

SATO

Location?

AGENT LUNA

Not yet.

Then Langdon's phone rings. Caller ID: "Peter." Sato cues Langdon to answer.

LANGDON

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH MAL'AKH

MAL'AKH

How is the journey finding you?

LANGDON

I need to know that Peter is okay.

MAL'AKH

He is, by any measure, in great distress.

LANGDON

Then why should I help you --

MAL'AKH

Because his present is not at issue. His future is what you can control. What have you found?

LANGDON

(suppressing anger)

A pyramid. In the sub-basement. But it's worthless --

MAL'AKH

Which is to say, incomplete. Missing its capstone.

LANGDON

(stunned)

If you knew it was there, if you knew it was incomplete, why not just tell me. Why make me go through all of this --

MAL'AKH

Because I need you to believe.

Langdon looks like he's going to rail on him, but Sato catches his eye; *remember what we discussed.*

MAL'AKH (CONT'D)

We've arrived at the next step in your journey... Find the capstone.

(then)

It's time to come out of the well, Professor.

Langdon is rattled by the cryptic, personal mention. *Click.* Mal'akh hangs up.

SATO

The well? Another metaphor?

Before he can answer Luna gets a call, listens, then --

AGENT LUNA

Got it. Three miles away.

SATO

(mobilizing)

Let's go.

Langdon gets up to follow.

SATO (CONT'D)

Not you.

LANGDON

I'm not just going to sit here.

SATO

You're the only expert we've got. I need you in a safe place, and right now that's this room.

Sato steps back out into --

INT. CAPITOL - HALL OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- where agents are mobilizing and Nunez is arriving.

NUNEZ

What's going on? Anything I can do?

SATO

(re: another agent)

Stay with Agent Simmons. Make sure
Langdon doesn't go anywhere.

NUNEZ

If he's not a suspect, I don't have
the authority.

SATO

You do now. If he tries to leave,
use whatever force you deem
necessary.

Sato leaves with her crew. Off Nunez --

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT/INT. SATO'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

A small convoy of sedans RACE down Constitution Avenue. In the lead car, Sato rides shotgun, staring ahead,. CAMERA WHIPS back to --

A FOLLOW CAR

Racing right behind. Agent Luna rides shotgun, monitoring a tracking blip (representing the location of Peter's phone) on a handheld device.

As the convoy ROARS ahead --

INT. CAPITOL - HALL OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Nunez brings three coffees down the hall, gives one to Simmons, the agent sitting outside the conference room.

NUNEZ

Didn't have oat. Soy okay?

AGENT SIMMONS

(taking it, frosty)

Guess it'll have to be.

Nunez shrugs that off, continues on into --

INT. CAPITOL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Langdon is pacing, a rat in a cage. He looks up expectantly.

NUNEZ

No news, just coffee.

Langdon takes one. Nunez takes a seat and sips.

NUNEZ (CONT'D)

I know this isn't ideal, but for what it's worth she seems like a very capable lady.

LANGDON

I'm sure she's very good at her job, part of which is keeping information from me.

(off look)

She knows more than she's saying.

Nunez shrugs, maybe.

NUNEZ

It's a "need to know" world, man. I did two tours in the desert, I'm still waiting for someone to tell me why.

(sips)

They like their secrets.

LANGDON

Yes, they do.

Langdon sits. This is the first chance he's had to take a breath, reflect. Nunez gestures to the pyramid.

NUNEZ

So was Solomon the one who taught you about all this stuff?

LANGDON

He taught me a lot of things.

He smiles to himself, remembering --

LANGDON (CONT'D)

You think you know everything, and then you meet someone who actually does. It's humbling, but it gives you perspective. Like if you look at the ceiling of the Sistine chapel, or if you listen to Abbey Road... You kind of give yourself over to the understanding that, no matter how hard you work, you'll never leave that kind of mark on history. And there's something liberating in that. It frees you up to focus on what you can really achieve. That's what Peter did. He freed me...

His trails off, distant.

NUNEZ

Well, now it's your turn, right?

Langdon looks up; the optimism helps. They sip their coffee in silence.

IN THE HALL

Simmons is sipping his coffee and checking his email. *Ding!* The elevator arrives. Simmons looks up... the janitor from the earlier scenes exits the elevator and rolls out his cart.

Simmons goes back to his phone.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - NIGHT

The sedan convoy speeds up near the memorial and agents pour out. Agent Luna checks her handheld monitor, assesses the signal and turns towards Lincoln.

She points toward the stairs. *Up there.*

Agents ascend the stairs with guns out, but it's all clear at the top. At the base of the statue is Peter's phone. It's been left there for all to see.

Sato comes forward and looks down at the phone, careful not to touch it. She's joined by Agent Luna.

AGENT LUNA

So he's messing with us.

SATO

No, this isn't some self-obsessed
mastermind looking to match wits.
He's driven by conviction, not ego.
(then)
He brought us here for a reason.

AGENT LUNA

Like what, another piece of secret
history?

Sato steps looks out at the surrounding area, wheels turning.

AGENT LUNA (CONT'D)

Because if there's another hidden
bone vault out here, we might want
to get the Professor.

Sato frowns, then looks out at the glowing Capitol building two miles away. As a terrible realization hits her --

SATO

Get Simmons on the phone. *Now.*

CUE the haunting choral notes of "Crucifixus" by Lotti...

INT. CAPITOL - HALL OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The janitor empties a trash can on the hall, gestures to Simmons' coffee.

JANITOR

Want me to take that?

AGENT SIMMONS
Still working on it.

Simmons' phone rings. He quickly answers.

AGENT SIMMONS (CONT'D)
What's up?

We can just hear a voice coming through his phone but not the words. Sounds like someone speaking fast and with urgency.

AGENT SIMMONS (CONT'D)
It's all good here, we're secure--

Suddenly, the back wall explodes with a splash of red and Simmons slumps into the chair, a bullet hole in his forehead.

The Janitor stands before him, holding a silenced pistol.

As "Crucifixus" assumes full control of the soundtrack, Simmons' coffee falls to the ground in SLO-MO, beginning a chilling, lyrical INTERCUTTING SEQUENCE:

INT. MAL'AKH'S BATHROOM - SHOWER - NIGHT

A SLO-MO spray of water jets out, falling on Mal'akh, slowly washing away the makeup over his face and body, revealing the a maniacally dense web of TATTOOED symbols and figures covering every inch of his body --

INT. CAPITOL - OFFICE - NIGHT

The Janitor steps into the office where Langdon and Nunez are sitting, unaware. Seeing the Janitor's gun out, Nunez goes for his own sidearm, but the janitor SHOOTS HIM and he goes down. Langdon looks on in horror --

INT. MAL'AKH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathroom is filled with mist. A figure comes through it, the epic emergence of a monstrous god... Mal'akh, naked, towering, with the cut, bulging muscles of a disciplined steroid adherent, covered HEAD-TO-TOE in tattoos--

INT. CAPITOL - OFFICE - NIGHT

Janitor stands over Langdon. Nunez is on the floor, semi-conscious, and bleeding from wounds to his leg and chest. Langdon is frozen; he's never been exposed to this kind of violence.

LANGDON
Why are you doing this...?

JANITOR

Mal'akh needs you free of here to
find the portal.

LANGDON

(this means something)
Mal'akh...

The Janitor slides the pyramid over to him.

JANITOR

Put it in your bag and go.

Langdon stares back at him, defiantly, then moves to Nunez,
kneels over, assessing his condition.

LANGDON

He needs help.

JANITOR

He has a *chance*. The same cannot be
said for Peter if you don't leave
here now.

Langdon is torn. With a final look at Nunez, he grabs his bag
and slides the pyramid into it. He looks down at Peter's ring
in an nearby evidence bag. Slides that in, too.

The Janitor tosses a BURNER PHONE on the table.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

We'll be in touch.

Langdon packs the phone and looks up... the Janitor is gone.
Vanished. He's on his own.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

OVER BLACK --

The sound of a DISPATCHER on a radio:

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Agent down. Repeat, we have reports
of an agent down.

INT. CIA VEHICLE - MOVING - NIGHT

TIGHT on a WALKIE in the cup holder of center console.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Can we get EMS Code 3, East Capitol
and First.

WIDEN TO: Agent Adamu driving, Katherine riding shotgun.

KATHERINE
Isn't that the Capitol?

AGENT ADAMU
Hold on.

Adamu floors it, weaves through traffic, screaming down East Capitol street, the Capitol Building dead ahead.

KATHERINE
Are you going to tell me what's
going on?

AGENT ADAMU
I don't know.

The light goes from yellow to red as they screech through the intersection sliding to a halt just shy of slamming into the bollards that line the walkway.

AGENT ADAMU (CONT'D)
Stay here. Do not leave the
vehicle. I'll be back.

Adamu gets out and unholsters his gun.

KATHERINE
What does this have to do with my
brother--

Adamu slams the door and runs off, heading into the Capitol as dozens of panicked staffers are escorted out.

Katherine stays put, flustered. She fishes her phone out, texts Langdon: WON'T LET ME IN, WHAT IS HAPPENING?

She glances up to the scene outside the Capitol and double-takes, seeing something amidst the exiting personnel.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Langdon..?

He has his overnight bag slung over his shoulder as he moves toward the street, head down, low profile.

Katherine exits the car, weaves her way through the scene, right into his path, surprising him.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Hey --

He stops, looks at her. It takes all his restraint not to hug her and break down. But he stays strong.

LANGDON

Not here.

He nods for her to follow. They find a pocket away from the throng.

LANGDON (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

KATHERINE

I'm fine, what happened in there...

She sees blood spattered on his jacket and shirt.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, are you hurt..?

LANGDON

It's not mine.

KATHERINE

(scared)

What is going on? Where are the police? Did they find Peter?

LANGDON

No.

(looks back at building)

We need to call an ambulance.

KATHERINE

They're coming. I heard it over the radio.

Langdon listens, SIRENS. A lot of sirens. Vehicles are approaching from all different directions bouncing red and blue lights off the buildings.

LANGDON

I can't be here. I have to do this alone.

(off Katherine, confused)

It's a puzzle. The man who has Peter wants me to solve it.

KATHERINE

Then let me help with it --

LANGDON

No --

KATHERINE

Don't do that, don't make this about you. He's my brother --

LANGDON

(insistent)

These people will *kill* you.

Katherine looks at him, seeing now just how shaken he is. Seeing the fear in his eyes. But she stays strong.

KATHERINE

I'm going with you.

Langdon looks around as police cars pull across First Street, blocking off traffic. Finally, he grabs her hand.

LANGDON

We have to keep off the streets.

As they disappear down a darkened pedestrian trail --

INT. CAPITOL - HALLWAY/OFFICE - NIGHT

Sato looks down at the lifeless body of Agent Simmons, the spilled coffee, the abandoned janitor's cart. She's taking it all in. Then she moves into the conference room. Langdon and the pyramid are gone. Paramedics tend to Nunez.

SATO

How is he?

PARAMEDIC

If we get him to Medstar with a pulse he'll make it.

Luna joins her now, carrying a file.

SATO
No sign of Langdon?

Luna shakes her head, nope.

AGENT LUNA
It also appears that Katherine
Solomon has slipped away.

Luna looks down, fearing Sato's wrath. Sato turns and looks out the window; with Langdon in the wind, her investigation is hindered.

SATO
We need to find them.

AGENT LUNA
Working on it.

She hands the file to Sato.

AGENT LUNA (CONT'D)
The file you requested from
Operations.

Sato opens the file. It's a dossier on Zachary Solomon.

The first document is a BURN NOTICE, the text of which indicates *disavowal of an asset*. Luna is surprised.

AGENT LUNA (CONT'D)
Solomon's kid worked for us?

SATO
Briefly. In Ankara. Then he got
convicted for trafficking.

Sato flips through surveillance photos of Zachary in Turkey -- a man about town, partying, boating, an American expat living it up; then arrest records, mugshot, pics of Patnos prison.

SATO (CONT'D)
He died three years ago at Patnos
Prison.

MUSIC SWELLS, as we realize:

The scenes in Patnos Prison were taking place in the past.

Sato flips to photos of the bloody aftermath of Zachary's death -- his body on the floor of his cell, his face beaten and bloodied beyond recognition. Grim stuff. Luna cringes.

AGENT LUNA
So what's the connection?

SATO
That's what you're going to Turkey
to find out.

Off Luna; *say what?*

EXT. CAPITOL - SUMMERHOUSE - NIGHT

Langdon and Katherine have stopped for a moment inside this open air brick structure. Katherine is mortified, fighting back emotion now that Langdon has brought her up to speed.

KATHEINE
...He took his *hand*? Who would do
that?

Langdon shakes his head, unsure.

LANGDON
He calls himself Mal'akh.
(off look)
It's Hebrew for 'divine messenger.'
We just have to hope that he'll
honor his word if we can --

KATHERINE
Unlock the ancient portal?

Langdon nods, yes. The longest of long shots.

LANGDON
It's clear the Freemasons have
hidden something from the world. We
just need to find it.

Reluctantly, Katherine pulls the envelope from her pocket.

KATHERINE
Maybe this can help.
(off look)
It's related to the Masons, I don't
know how. Peter said its secrecy
was more valuable than his life --

LANGDON
(questioning)
He said that. Those exact words.

KATHERINE

Close enough. He made me promise to destroy it if there was ever a risk of its contents being exposed.

(wavering)

I promised him.

Langdon takes the envelope. Looks at it.

LANGDON

We need the capstone. If whatever is in here can point us in the right direction, we should open it.

KATHERINE

And what if it's real?

(off look)

If there is real power in whatever this portal is, do we want to put that in the hands of this guy --

LANGDON

It's irrelevant --

KATHERINE

Peter always said modern physics is only now starting to comprehend what the ancients knew to be true.

LANGDON

Peter liked to be provocative --

KATHERINE

I've observed enough phenomena in my lab that defies traditional scientific explanation --

LANGDON

Katherine, *stop*.

(off look)

Right now, we have a simple choice. Protect your brother's secret or his life.

Katherine nods, holds out her hand. Langdon hands her the envelope and only now do we see the detail on the wax seal --

It's a triskelion.

Katherine tears open the seal, pulls out the letter within and opens it. It's an ornate certificate covered with Masonic symbols and several latin phrases. Langdon's face falls --

LANGDON (CONT'D)
It's his diploma, conferred to
Masons at the 32nd degree... Just
something you hang on your wall.

KATHERINE
Then why didn't he?

A beat. Good question. Langdon looks at the letter again,
realizing --

LANGDON
Because it's hiding a secret.

Off this new discovery we HEAR IN PRELAP:

MAL'AKH (O.S.)
Your protegé has done well so far,
but the true test awaits...

INT. BASEMENT CELL - NIGHT

Where we find Peter Solomon on a cot, ailing, with a wrapped
stump on the end of his right arm. He's on an I.V. drip, in a
room partitioned for captivity.

Mal'akh is peering in on him through a small window, in
ominous silhouette, his voice continuing over a speaker...

MAL'AKH
...The path he takes now will
determine not just your fate, but
the fate of mankind.

CUT TO BLACK.

END PILOT