

Stop now.
Tell me where it is.
You and your brethren possess
what is not rightfully yours.
I don't know what
you are talking about.
Is it a secret you will die for?
- Please.
- As you wish.
Wait!
My God, forgive me.
In the sacristy...
...the church of Saint-Sulpice,
is the Rose Line.
Beneath the Rose.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Symbols are a language that
can help us understand our past.
As the saying goes,
a picture says a thousand words...
...but which words?
Interpret for me, please, this symbol.
First thing that comes to mind.
- Hatred, racism.
- Ku Klux Klan.
Yes, yes, interesting. But they would
disagree with you in Spain.
There, they are robes
worn by priests.
Now this symbol. Anyone?
Evil.
In English, please.
Devil's pitchfork.
Poor, poor Poseidon.
That is his trident. A symbol of power
to millions of the ancients.
Now this symbol.
- Madonna and child.
- Faith. Christianity.
No. No, it's the pagan god
Horus and his mother, Isis...
...centuries before

the birth of Christ.
Understanding our past
determines actively...
...our ability to understand
the present.
So how do we sift truth from belief?
How do we write our own histories,
personally or culturally...
...and thereby define ourselves?
How do we penetrate years,
centuries, of historical distortion...
...to find original truth?
Tonight, this will be our quest.
My son is a student
of yours at Harvard.
- Michael Culp? He adores you.
- Oh, yeah.
He says you're the best teacher
he's ever had.
Ms. Culp, I think I already gave
Michael an A-minus.
He told me. Thank you.
Mr. Langdon?
Hi.
Bonjour, professor.
I'm Lieutenant Collet from DCPJ.
A kind of French FBI.
Will you take a look
at this photo, please?
My police chief, Capitaine Fache,
had hoped...
...considering your expertise
and the markings on the body...
...you might assist us.
Will you excuse me a moment?
I was supposed to have
drinks with him.
Yes, we know.
We found your name
in his daily planner.
He never showed.
I waited for over an hour.
Why would someone do this to him?
Oh, you misunderstand, professor.

He was shot, yes.
But what you see
in the photograph...
...Monsieur Saunire did to himself.
Teacher, all four are dead.
The snchaux and the
Grand Master himself.
Then I assume
you have the location.
Confirmed by all.
Independently.
I had feared the Priory's penchant
for secrecy might prevail.
The prospect of death
is strong motivation.
It is here.
In Paris, Teacher.
It hides beneath the Rose
in Saint-Sulpice.
You will go forth, Silas.
I chastise my body.
Capitaine Fache is waiting for you.
Okay.
- Mr. Langdon.
- Yes.
I'm Captain Bezu Fache.
You like our pyramid?
It's magnificent.
A scar on the face of Paris.
After me, please.
It's the pairing
of those two pyramids.
It's unique.
The two are geometric echoes.
Fascinating.
I'm not sure how much help
I'm gonna be here this evening.
How well did you know the curator?
Not very well.
Frankly, I was surprised
when he contacted me.
Could we take the stairs?
So Saunire requested
tonight's meeting.

Yes.
How? Did he call you?
E-mail. He heard I was in Paris.
Had something to discuss.
What?
You seem uncomfortable.
The Grand Gallery.
This is where you found the body.
How would you know that?
I recognize the parquet floor
from the Polaroid. It's unmistakable.
Dear God.
Let's cover the talking points again,
Your Eminence.
Many call Opus Dei
a brainwashing cult.
Others, an ultraconservative
Christian secret society.
Obviously, some people fear
what they don't understand.
Perhaps a less defensive tack,
Your Eminence.
The press continue
to be harsh with us.
We are not Cafeteria Catholics.
We don't pick and choose
which rules to follow.
We follow doctrine. Rigorously.
Does doctrine necessarily
include vows of chastity, tithing...
...and atonement for sins through
self-flagellation and the cilice?
Many of our followers are married.
Many of them have families.
Only a small proportion
choose to live ascetic lives.
- Why are some media referring..?
- That will be all, Michael, thank you.
Aringarosa.
Silas has succeeded.
The legend is true.
It hides beneath the Rose.
My part of our bargain
is nearly fulfilled.

I meet the council in an hour.
I will have your money tonight,
Teacher.
The Vitruvian Man.
It's one of Leonardo da Vinci's
most famous sketches.
And the star on his skin?
A pentacle.
And its meaning?
The pentacle is
a pagan religious icon.
Devil worship.
No. No, no, no.
The pentacle before that.
This is a symbol for Venus.
It represents the female half
of all things...
You are telling me that
Saunire's last act on earth...
...was to draw a goddess symbol
on his chest? Why?
Captain Fache,
obviously I can't tell you why.
I can tell you he, as well as anyone,
knows the meaning of this symbol...
...and it has nothing to do
with worshiping the devil.
- Is that so?
- Yes.
Then...
...what do you make of this?
"O, Draconian devil.
Oh, lame saint."
It's a phrase.
Doesn't mean anything, not to me.
What would you do if you had such
limited time to send a message?
Well, I suppose
I'd try to identify my killer.
Precisely.
Precisely.
So, professor...
Officer Neveu.
Please, pardon the interruption.

This is not the time.
I received the crime-scene jpegs
at headquarters...
...and I've deciphered the code.
It's a Fibonacci sequence.
That's the code Saunire
left on the floor.
Headquarters sent me
to explain, captain.
It is the Fibonacci sequence.
The numbers are out of order.
But before that, I have an urgent
message for Professor Langdon.
Right?
Pardon me?
I'm Sophie Neveu,
French police, Cryptology.
Your embassy called Division.
I'm sorry, monsieur, they said
it was a matter of life and death.
This is the number of your
embassy's messaging service.
Well, thank you.
Hello, you've reached
the home of Sophie Neveu.
Miss Neveu? This...
No. That's the right number.
You have to dial an access code
to pick up your messages.
But I'm getting...
It's a three-digit code.
It's on the paper I gave you.
Professor Langdon,
do not react to this message.
You must follow my directions
very closely and, above all...
... reveal nothing to Captain Fache.
You are in grave danger.
Church of Saint-Sulpice.
Good evening, Sister.
I need you to show someone
our church tonight.
Of course, Father.
But so late?

Wouldn't tomorrow?
This is a request from an
important bishop of Opus Dei.
It would be my pleasure.
There's been an accident. A friend.
I have to fly home in the morning.
I see.
Is there a restroom I could use? I just
wanna splash some water on my face.
Yes.
She said it is meaningless.
Mathematical joke.
Is it meaningless?
I'll take another look
when I come back.
I'm sorry. Of course.
Do you have a message
from Saunire?
What are you talking about?
Crazy old man.
You have me confused with
someone else. I came here to...
Check your jacket pocket.
Just look.
GPS tracking dot.
Accurate within two feet
anywhere on the globe.
The agent who picked you up
slipped it into your jacket...
...in case you tried to run.
We have you on a little leash,
professor.
Why would I try to run?
I didn't do anything.
So, what do you think about
the fourth line of text...
...Fache wiped clean
before you arrived?
He brought you here to force a
confession, Professor Langdon.
He's still in there?
What's he doing?
Fache isn't even looking
for other suspects, okay?

He is sure you're guilty.
When did Saunire contact you?
- Today?
- Yes, yes.
What time? What time?
At 3. Around 3. Three.
We call Fache "the Bull."
Once he starts, he doesn't stop.
He can arrest you and detain you
for months while he builds a case.
And by then whatever Saunire
wanted you to tell me will be useless.
Stop it! Just stop!
Who are you?
Look at the letters.
"P.S."
P.S., postscript.
"Princesse Sophie." Silly, I know.
But I was only a girl
when I lived with him.
Jacques Saunire
was my grandfather.
Apparently, it was his dying wish
that we meet.
If you help me understand why...
...I will get you to your embassy,
where we cannot arrest you.
Fache was never gonna let me
just stroll out of here, was he?
No.
If we are to get away from here,
we must find another way.
What exactly do you propose?
Saunire was reading his book.
"Blood trail."
Excuse me, captain.
We have a problem.
Headquarters didn't send
Sophie Neveu.
What?
Captain, look at this.
He jumped!
Shit.
He's moving again. And fast.

He must be in a car.
He's going south
on Pont du Carrousel.
Bastard.
That cop will check
the whole lower floor.
I will only take a moment.
Of course.
He is much older than I remember.
I hadn't seen or spoken to him
in a very long time.
He phoned my office today.
Several times.
He said it was a matter
of life and death.
I thought it was another trick
to get back in touch.
It seems when
he couldn't speak to me...
...he reached out to you.
- Wait a minute.
- Professor?
This is wrong.
Yeah. See? This is wrong.
The Fibonacci numbers only
make sense when they're in order.
These are scrambled.
If he was trying to reach out,
maybe he was doing it in code.
Would you hold this, please?
This phrase is meaningless.
Unless you assume these letters
are out of order too.
An anagram.
You have eidetic memory?
Not quite. But I can pretty much
remember what I see.
Anagram is right.
"O, Draconian devil. Oh, lame saint"

becomes:

"Leonardo da Vinci.
The Mona Lisa."
Professor, the Mona Lisa

is right over here.
Look at this. He must have
thrown it from the window.
Smart to hit the truck.
What, you admire him now?
We're stupid.
Who did we leave at the museum?
Ledoux? Get him on the radio!
Her smile is in
the lower spatial frequencies.
The horizon is significantly lower
on the left than it is on the right.
Why?
Well, see, she appears larger
from the left than on the right.
Historically, the left was female,
the right was male.
There. Blood.
Hey.
"So dark the con of man."
No. It doesn't say that.
Is it another anagram?
Can you break it?
Professor, hurry. Hurry!
Moon. Sermon. Charms.
Demons. Omens. Codes.
Monks. Ranks. Rocks.
Madonna of the Rocks.
Da Vinci.
Careful. Careful.
This can't be this. The fleur-de-lis.
It was Saunire's.
I remember finding it once
when I was a girl.
He'd promised
he'd give it to me one day.
Have you ever heard
those words before, Sophie?
"So dark the con of man"?
No. Have you?
When you were a child, were you
aware of any secret gatherings?
Anything ritualistic in nature?
Meetings your grandfather

would've wanted kept secret?
Was there ever any talk of something
called the Priory of Sion?
The what? Why are you
asking these things?
The Priory of Sion is a myth.
One of the world's oldest and most
secret societies, with leaders like...
...Sir Isaac Newton,
da Vinci himself.
The fleur-de-lis is their crest.
They're guardians of a secret
they supposedly refer to...
...as "the dark con of man."
But what secret?
The Priory of Sion protects
the source of God's power on earth.
I can't do this by myself.
I'm in enough trouble as it is.
That's my embassy.
Please.
Even if we could get out of this...
Okay.
No, no, no. You're not gonna make it.
You're not gonna make it!
Well, that was...
We need to get out of sight.
Christ, give me strength.
You are a ghost.
Christ, give me strength.
Stealing in a house of God!
You are an angel.
Christ, give me strength.
You have powerful friends.
Bishop Aringarosa
has been kind to me.
I could not miss this chance
to pray inside the Saint-Sulpice.
A pity you couldn't wait for morning.
The light is not ideal.
Tell me, Sister, please,
of the Rose Line.
A rose line is any line that goes from
the North to South Poles.

Set into the streets of Paris,
...mark the world's
first prime meridian...
...which passed through
this very church.
It hides beneath the Rose.
I'm sorry?
Sister.
I do not want to keep you.
I will show myself out.
I insist.
May the peace of the Lord
be with you.
And with you.
They found Neveu's car
abandoned at the train station.
And two tickets to Brussels paid for
with Langdon's credit card.
A decoy, I'm sure.
All the same,
send an officer to the station.
Question all the taxi drivers.
I'll put this on the wire.
Interpol? We're not sure he's guilty.
I know he's guilty. Beyond a doubt.
Robert Langdon is guilty.
This is the Bois de Boulogne?
We should be safe in this park
for a few minutes.
Stay here.
Police.
What do you want?
Fifty euros for all your stuff.
Go and get something to eat.
Did it occur to you
that could be dangerous?
No. And now we have
a place to think.
Any ideas, professor?
You could've just handed me
a piece of a UFO from Area 51.
"What's the next step?"
With him, it's always:
"Sophie, what's the next step?"

Puzzles.
Codes.
A treasure hunt.
To find his killer.
Maybe there is something
about this Priory of Sion.
I hope not.
Any Priory story ends in bloodshed.
They were butchered by the Church.
It all started over a thousand
years ago when a French king...
... conquered the holy city
of Jerusalem.
This crusade, one of the most
massive and sweeping in history...
...was actually orchestrated
by a secret brotherhood...
...the Priory of Sion...
...and their military arm,
the Knights Templar.
But the Templars were created
to protect the Holy Land.
That was a cover to hide their
true goal, according to this myth.
Supposedly the invasion
was to find an artifact...
... lost since the time of Christ.
An artifact, it was said,
the Church would kill to possess.
Did they find it,
this buried treasure?

Put it this way:

One day the Templars
simply stopped searching.
They quit the Holy Land
and traveled directly to Rome.
Whether they blackmailed
the papacy...
... or the Church bought their silence,
no one knows.
But it is a fact the papacy
declared these Priory knights...
... these Knights Templar,

of limitless power.
By the 1300s, the Templars
had grown too powerful.
Too threatening.
So the Vatican
issued secret orders...
... to be opened simultaneously
all across Europe.
The Pope had declared the
Knights Templar Satan worshipers...
...and said God had charged him with
cleansing the earth of these heretics.
The plan went off like clockwork.
The Templars
were all but exterminated.
The date was October 13th, 1307.
A Friday.
Friday the 13th.
The Pope sent troops
to claim the Priory's treasure...
... but they found nothing.
The few surviving
Knights of the Priory had vanished...
... and the search for their
sacred artifact began again.
What artifact? I've never
heard about any of this.
Yes, you have.
Almost everyone on earth has.
You just know it as the Holy Grail.
Please, Saunire thought he knew
the location of the Holy Grail?
Maybe more than that.
This cross and the flower,
this could be very old. But look.
This metal here underneath is much
newer, and there's a modern ID stamp.
"Haxo 24."
And these dots.
These dots are read by a laser.
This is more than a pendant.
This is a key your grandfather left you.
He left us, professor.
And vingt-quatre Haxo,

it's not an ID stamp.
It's a street address.
This is Jacques Saunire.
Please leave a message
after the tone.
Please, Monsieur Saunire,
pick up the phone.
This is Sandrine Bieil.
I have called the list.
I fear the other guardians are dead.
The lie has been told.
The floor panel has been broken.
Please, monsieur, pick up the phone.
I beg you.
Job 38, verse 11.
Do you know it, Sister?

Job 38:

Hitherto shalt thou come...
...but no further.
"But no further."
Do you mock me?
Where is the keystone?
I do not know.
No.
You are a sister of the Church...
...and yet you serve them:
the Priory.
Jesus had but one true message.
That...
Come, you saints of God.
Hasten, angels of the Lord.
To receive her soul.
And bring her to the sight
of the Almighty.
Welcome, bishop.
This council is convened.
Our words shall never
pass these walls.
What business, say you?
As you know, my request for funds...
Yes, 20 million euro
in untraceable bearer bonds.
A tad more than petty cash.

Wouldn't you say, bishop?
I only offer a route to the renewal
of faith for all men.
How humble.
Our savior, Bishop Aringarosa.
How dare you presume to...
I do not presume, I act!
The Vatican's unwillingness
to support us...
...is both impious and cowardly.
Blood is being spilled because true
Christian values lie in ruins. No more!
This council has forgotten
its very purpose.
Tonight...
...the Grail will be destroyed.
The Priory's few remaining members
will be silenced.
I was contacted by a man
who calls himself only "the Teacher."
Two prostitutes identified
Langdon and Neveu...
... getting into a taxi
in the Bois de Boulogne.
Because of your expertise?
- I'm sorry?
- About the Priory.
Do you think that's why
Saunire sought you out?
I can think of dozens of scholars
who know a lot more about it.
Actually, I didn't think
he liked me very much.
Once made a joke at my expense.
Got a big laugh out of it.
What was it?
How may I help you?
The door to the right, please.
Good evening. I am Andr Vernet,
the night manager.
I take it this is your first visit
to our establishment?
Yes.
Understood.

Keys are often passed on
and first-time users...
...are sometimes
uncertain of protocol.
Keys are essentially
numbered Swiss accounts.
Often willed through generations.
Is it yours, mademoiselle?
The shortest safety-deposit-box
lease is 50 years.
And what's your longest account?
Quite a bit longer.
Technologies change,
keys are updated.
Once the computer
confirms your key...
...enter your account number
and your box is retrieved.
The room is yours,
as long as you like.
What if I lost track
of my account number?
How might I recover it?
I'm afraid each key is paired
with a 10-digit number...
...known only to the account bearer.
I hope you manage to remember it.
A single wrong entry
disables the system.
- Ten.
- Ten.
Your grandfather's
Fibonacci sequence.
Scrambled, unscrambled?
Unscrambled.
It's your key.
Funny, I don't even like history.
I've never seen much good come
from looking to the past.
Moment of truth.
My God. I don't believe this.
A rose.
The rose was a symbol
for the Holy Grail.

Forgive the intrusion.
I'm afraid the police arrived
more quickly than I anticipated.
You must follow me, please.
For your own safety.
You knew they were coming?
My guard alerted me to your status
when you arrived.
Yours is one of our oldest
and highest-level accounts.
It includes a safe-passage clause.
Safe passage?
If you would step inside, please.
Time is of the essence.
In there?
Hey, is there a problem?
Good evening, sir. Police.
I just drive from here to Zurich.
Not French, English?
- English?
- Yes.
We are looking for two criminals.
You came to the right place.
They're all criminals here.
Would you mind opening the hold?
Please. You think they trust us,
the wages I get paid?
You don't have keys
to your own truck?
It's armored.
Keys get sent to the destination.
You mind? I'm on a schedule here.
And do all the drivers wear a Rolex?
What?
This piece of shit.
Forty euros in Barbs.
Yours for 35.
No, no, no.
- Thirty.
- No. It's okay, it's okay.
Come on, 30, eh?
I said, no!
Move along!
Now we wait.

The Teacher will call and tell me
where to deliver the money.
You have put tremendous faith
in this Teacher of yours.
Yes, I have. And I have given him
an angel to do his will.
For surely there is no better
soldier for God than my Silas.
I firmly resolve, with the help of
thy grace, to confess my sins...
...to do penance
and to amend my life.
Amen.
The Holy Grail.
A magic cup.
The source of God's power on earth.
It's nonsense.
You don't believe in God.
No.
Just people.
Sometimes that they can be kind.
Are you a God-fearing man,
professor?
I was raised a Catholic.
Well, that's not really an answer.
Professor, are you okay?
Go ahead, open it.
Go on.
A cryptex.
They are used to keep secrets.
It's da Vinci's design.
You write the information
on a papyrus scroll...
...which is then rolled around
a thin glass vial of vinegar.
If you force it open, the vial breaks...
...vinegar dissolves papyrus...
...and your secret is lost forever.
The only way
to access the information...
...is to spell out the password...
...with these five dials,
each with 26 letters.
That's 12 million possibilities.