

HANNIBAL
"Aperitivo"

TEASER

INT. BAU - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

ON DR. FREDERICK CHILTON

This is the Chilton we remember from Ep. #207 -- just before Miriam Lass shot him: a five o'clock shadow, haunted eyes.

He appears slightly distorted and flattened.

Suddenly, HIS IMAGE BULGES AND SPIDERWEBS -- we've been looking at his reflection in the mirror.

His face shivers into a THOUSAND GLITTERING PIECES as the BULLET breaks through... and we --

TRACK THE BULLET

Through the air in ULTRA-SLO-MO, toward his face. The flesh of his cheek RIPPLES as the bullet strikes. Instantly, the room is plunged in DARKNESS and --

CHILTON'S SKULL GOES TRANSPARENT

Giving us a cross section of Dr. Chilton's SKULL.

MUSIC accompanies as the bullet penetrates the skull in exquisite SLO-MO; it FRAGMENTS.

SHARDS rip through his palate -- DESTROYING MOLARS. LACERATING THE SIDE OF HIS TONGUE. LODGING IN HIS LOWER JAW. The CHEEKBONE SPLINTERS and the orbital bones CRUNCH inward, PUNCTURING HIS LEFT EYEBALL. But his brain is undamaged.

Finally, the HEAVIEST BULLET FRAGMENT exits the back of his head, which rocks backward violently, in a delayed reaction, as the music reaches a CRESCENDO -- and stops.

MATCH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON CHILTON'S FACE

Looking directly at us. No scars or injuries -- he has healed. A little steely. As if remade with stronger stuff.

A lot of time has passed since he was shot.

(NOTE: This episode takes place between Eps. #213 and 301.)

EERIE BLUE LIGHT ripples over Chilton's face.

DR. CHILTON

Each of us whose life intersected
Hannibal Lecter lost something. A
limb here, a lung there. A few
feet of intestines. The dead--

In the background there's an unpleasant SUCKING sound.
SLKGHHH. SLKGHHH. Chilton pauses, masking his irritation.

DR. CHILTON (CONT'D)

The dead at least have the luxury
of being done with what they lost.
But you and I, we still itch.

SLOWLY PULL OUT as he speaks, revealing we're --

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MASON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight slants through from a balcony. The only other light
comes from MEDICAL EQUIPMENT surrounding Mason's bed; but the
bed itself and its occupant are shrouded in shadow.

MASON VERGER

That little itch should be telling
you something.

A large print of Blake's *Ancient of Days* is on the wall
beside it. At Chilton's feet, the EEL swims in restless
Möbius designs. Chilton faces the bed. He's speaking to --

MASON VERGER

Who listens, bored. Propped up in bed, rudely sucking some
kind of smoothie through a straw in the mouth hole of his
face mask. SLKGHHH.

DR. CHILTON

Would you like to discuss what that
little itch is telling you?

Mason stares, studying Dr. Chilton, then:

MASON VERGER

Are you wearing makeup?
(off his look)
How long does it take you to put on
your face in the morning?

Chilton shows no sign of anger. Allows a slight smile.

DR. CHILTON

Now that I've got the routine down,
no time at all.

MASON VERGER
Tell you what. You show me yours
and I'll show you mine.

Chilton hesitates... then starts removing his cosmetics:

A CONTACT LENS

Pinched off his left eye, revealing a DEAD, WHITE EYEBALL.

A LAYER OF MAKEUP

Wiped from his cheekbone, revealing the PUCKERED BULLET SCAR.
It pulls his face down at the corner of his mouth.

Finally, Chilton stands before Mason, with all his damage exposed. Defiant. Almost... proud.

Mason chuckles. His one mobile hand creeps up to remove his mask, revealing his own GROTESQUELY-DAMAGED FACE. The flesh below his cheeks is tight and raw, his nose absent. Mouth pulled back in a rictus grin.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)
There. Now we can talk face to face.

DR. CHILTON
I understand you've offered quite a substantial reward for any kind of relevant information on Hannibal Lecter, not just the usual apprehension and conviction.

MASON VERGER
Yes, a million dollars. One million. We advertised worldwide. A high price for a fancy pig.

DR. CHILTON
Hannibal would be a prize pig if I had him in my hospital, but you do not intend to see him institutionalized, do you?

MASON VERGER
I'm saying nothing that would force you to break the bonds of doctor-patient confidentiality.

DR. CHILTON
You don't want a therapist. You want a profiler.

MASON VERGER

I want to understand Hannibal
Lecter, to better understand myself.

DR. CHILTON

You survived him. That is chief
amongst what you need to understand.

MASON VERGER

"Survived him"? That implies
fortune or skill on my part that
somehow allowed me to live. This is
exactly how he intended me to live.

CLOSE ON MASON for the first time. His LIPLESS MOUTH
contorts into what might be a grin.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

I know somewhere Dr. Lecter is
going to and fro in the earth and
walking up and down in it, and very
likely having a good, fun time.

DR. CHILTON

How do you relieve the agony of
waiting for Dr. Lecter's capture?
What do you fantasize about?

(then)

I wonder what would happen if
Hannibal Lecter was in your hands.

Mason studies Chilton an amused beat before offering a small
laugh and a limp-yet-delighted slap to his thigh.

MASON VERGER

I worry we're heading into
territory not secured by your fee.
I think I need to look elsewhere
for someone to tend to my emotional
well-being. Good-bye, Dr. Chilton.

Dr. Chilton replaces the plate in his mouth and stands.

DR. CHILTON

Happy hunting.

OFF Mason watching Dr. Chilton exit...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INSIDE A HUMAN ABDOMEN (FLASHBACK)

We're nestled in the DARK PURPLE COILS of someone's guts, looking out toward the stomach skin.

The faintest bit of light, stained red (like when you shine a flashlight through your hand), seeps in.

It's peaceful, like being inside a womb or underwater. The person's HEARTBEAT is felt as THUDDING REVERBERATIONS. FAINT VOICES permeate the abdominal walls.

WILL GRAHAM (V.O.)
(distant, murky)
You were supposed to leave.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)
(distant, murky)
We couldn't leave without you.

Their words from Ep. #213. Then... everything SHUDDERS as -- Hannibal's LINOLEUM KNIFE PLUNGES THROUGH THE STOMACH SKIN -- Deftly carving sideways with laparoscopic precision.

BLOOD FLOWS -- RUSHING back through the cut as it FILLS FRAME -- and as it begins to pour from Will's body...

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

WILL stands, dressed as he was that fateful night, locked in Hannibal's deadly embrace in the dark kitchen.

BLOOD is pouring from the wound, but rather than splashing to the floor, it defies gravity and swirls and wraps around Will in great tendrils, as if in ZERO GRAVITY.

OFF the blood ENVELOPING THEM totally...

CUT TO:

WILL GRAHAM'S EYES

Slowly flutter open. He gasps, wincing as he draws air into his rib cage. He takes in his surroundings to find he is...

INT. HOSPITAL - WILL GRAHAM'S ROOM - DAY

A hospital bed holds him. Glowing monitors flank him. His abdomen is freshly bandaged and stitched.

His eye finds a WALL CLOCK with sagging numbers that have drifted onto the wall. In his shifting, blurring vision, the sagging, drifting numbers find their rightful places on the clock face. Will stares a moment -- until the minute hand CLICKS. Time is passing and will continue to pass.

A FIGURE

Until now unseen, moves at the foot of Will's hospital bed.

A DOCTOR

Inspecting Will's chart. He replaces it and turns and smiles, pleased to see Will is conscious.

DOCTOR
How do you feel?

The man's question seems almost alien in its simplicity.

WILL GRAHAM
Thirsty.

The doctor hands Will the hospital-issue cup next to the bed, and Will drinks slowly through the straw.

The doctor looks to the open door of the ICU; an indistinct shadow indicates someone standing just around the corner.

DOCTOR
Feel well enough for a visitor?

The doctor exits... and the visitor enters. But instead of Abigail Hobbs (as it was in Ep. #302), it is --

DR. FREDERICK CHILTON.

Will reacts, mildly disappointed by who he isn't, moderately disappointed by who he is.

WILL GRAHAM
Hello, Frederick.

DR. CHILTON
Were you expecting someone else?

WILL GRAHAM
I was hoping for someone else.

Chilton approaches Will's bed, pulling up a chair.

DR. CHILTON
He knew exactly how to cut you.
They said it was surgical.
(MORE)

DR. CHILTON (CONT'D)

(then)

He wanted you to live.

WILL GRAHAM

He left us to die.

For a brief moment, Will sees ABIGAIL HOBBS, not Chilton.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

But we didn't.

Will blinks and Chilton is all that remains of Abigail.

DR. CHILTON

Couple of suckers we've been. He set us up and knocked us down. What bothers me most is, I think it was easy for him. Shooting monkeys in a barrel. You had encephalitis. I don't know what my excuse was.

WILL GRAHAM

Compulsive imitation.

Dr. Chilton suppresses a snort.

DR. CHILTON

I'm just living out what I observed in your experience with Dr. Lecter? How dull. But maybe. I am learning all sorts of new things about myself these days. I'm learning new things about you, too.

WILL GRAHAM

Imitation allows us to better understand the behavior of others.

DR. CHILTON

I have great empathy for you, Will. Both of us eviscerated and accused, I have literally felt your pain.

WILL GRAHAM

We have matching scars.

DR. CHILTON

By the way, I can recommend some excellent macrobiotic yogurt.

(back on point)

You need a friend, friend. When you leave this hospital, it will be under a cloud of suspicion.

WILL GRAHAM
Not a cloud. A fog.

DR. CHILTON
Clear the air. I can help you get
Hannibal Lecter out of your head.

WILL GRAHAM
And into your hospital.

DR. CHILTON
As good a place for him as any. Of
course, it would be preferable to
study him in his natural habitat.

WILL GRAHAM
I doubt you're the psychiatrist he
would afford that opportunity to.

DR. CHILTON
There is an opportunity here. For
both of us. We can catch the man
who framed and maimed us.

WILL GRAHAM
There's no opportunity here,
Frederick. Not for you.

Dr. Chilton isn't terribly dissuaded.

DR. CHILTON
The optimist believes we live in
the best of all possible worlds;
the pessimist fears this is true.
(then)
This is your best possible world,
Will. Not getting a better one.

OFF Will...

CUT TO:

A POOL OF BLOOD

Reflected in the surface, we can see a TEACUP falling toward
the blood pool. As it's about to break the surface, instead,
the surface breaks the teacup. It SHATTERS.

SHARDS OF PORCELAIN

They SPIN MIDAIR, floating in the grace of EXTREME SLOW MOTION.
As the shards spin, we see they are stranger than porcelain.
One has an eye, one a mouth, another a stubbled jaw.

Then TIME REVERSES in EXTREME SLOW MOTION as the pieces draw together forming, not a teacup, but:

WILL GRAHAM

He floats off the floor that shattered him, again whole, rising up off of the glistening red surface of the coagulated blood pool as CAMERA leads him into the air.

CAMERA PULLS WILL INTO A SEATED POSITION

And reveals we are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Will is seated at a table with three settings. CAMERA comes around Will to reveal --

JACK CRAWFORD is seated beside him. A dinner scene like so many preceding it.

HANNIBAL

Glides into the room, in his shirtsleeves, a small DeSimone platter in each hand, each with a different appetizer.

He sits across from his guests and slides both platters toward Will. Two choices before him.

TIME SEEMS TO SLOW and Will's HEARTBEAT becomes audible, THUDDING as his POV swings to --

JACK

Who gives Will an unspoken communication -- an almost-imperceptible nod that doubles as a signal.

WILL'S POV

Swivels to Hannibal who offers a decisive glance -- a cue of his own. Will's heart beats FASTER. The scene playing out isn't a flashback of some repast between the three men, but an alternate reality.

This is WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED that final night at Hannibal's.

As much is confirmed when Jack catches Hannibal's glance, seeing it as the signal it is. In SLO-MO, Jack drops his wineglass and reaches inside his jacket for his gun.

But Will is not just a spectator here -- he's a participant, and his pulse grows FASTER still. In that instant, he makes his decision -- and reaches to grab Jack's arm, stopping his draw.

JACK'S EYES

Go to Will, wide and stunned by his betrayal. Pained.
Will's heartbeat reaches a HAMMERING TATTOO.

HANNIBAL

Comes from behind and, with his SERVING KNIFE, cuts Jack's
throat in a neat, clean motion.

WILL AND HANNIBAL

Struggle as one to hold Jack fast to his chair and Jack's life spills down his chest.

WILL

Blinks at a SQUARE OF LIGHT dancing across his face -- light reflected from Hannibal's killing blade.

OFF the flare on metal, we --

MATCH CUT TO:

A FLARE OF METAL

A SERIES OF BOAT ENGINE PIECES glint in the light as a BEZEL caps a LENS caps a GASKET caps a RETAINER circling a POINTER ASSEMBLY clasping into a DIAL fixing onto a LIGHT PIPE.

We are --

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Will Graham is hunched over a large boat engine on a bench, alongside a thirty-six-foot sailing yacht, the *NOLA*, which peeks out of his shed. Will's hands are grimy, work clothes oil-stained. He is carefully reassembling engine parts.

CAMERA reveals Jack Crawford.

He is approaching from around the side of the house. He takes Will in, says nothing till Will notices his presence.

Will is surprised to see Jack, not sure he's happy about it.

JACK CRAWFORD

I had hoped you would come find me.
I understand why you didn't.

WILL GRAHAM

What can I do for you, Jack?

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm here to make sure you don't contradict the official narrative.

(off his look)

We're officers of the FBI, wounded in the course of heroic duty.

WILL GRAHAM

That's not true for either of us.

JACK CRAWFORD

We were supposed to go together.
That's on me. That's my foul.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not sure it would've turned out any different if we had.

Jack studies Will, then:

JACK CRAWFORD

We assign a moment to decision, to dignify the timely result of rational and conscious thought.

WILL GRAHAM

Not all of our choices are consciously calculated.

JACK CRAWFORD

Our decisions are.

WILL GRAHAM

Decisions are made of kneaded feelings. They are more often a lump than a sum, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

Do you remember the moment you decided to call Hannibal?

Will goes still.

WILL GRAHAM

I wasn't decided when I called him. I just called him. I deliberated while the phone rang. I decided when I heard his voice.

JACK CRAWFORD

You told him we knew.

WILL GRAHAM
I told him to leave.
(then)
I wanted him to run.

JACK CRAWFORD
Why?

WILL GRAHAM
Because he was my friend. Because
I wanted to run away with him.

OFF Jack as he considers Will's admission...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

ON ALANA BLOOM, FALLING (FLASHBACK)

The Ep. #213 image of ALANA BLOOM falling backward from Hannibal's window. A slow-motion shower of BROKEN GLASS and RAIN. Horror on her face.

But just before she hits the sidewalk, we --

HARD CUT TO:

X-RAY VIEW OF ALANA BLOOM'S PELVIC BONE

Her BONES are ghostly white, translucent and ethereal against a lush black background. Then:

Her skeleton SHUDDERS with an impact, and, in mesmerizing SLOW MOTION, the PELVIC BONE FRACTURES in multiple places. The iliac crest splinters.

Then SIRENS are audible. But they drop away as we --

TIME CUT TO:

LATER

The translucent bones of Alana's pelvis are being fitted back together like a broken bowl.

DRILLS enter her body, and we hear a distant HIGH WHINE as they fix bone together with METAL SCREWS. This is the reconstruction of Alana Bloom.

We PULL BACK SLOWLY and --

TRANSITION TO:

AN EXTERNAL FIXATION DEVICE

The grim metal brace encircles Alana's pelvis. Metal rods enter her flesh to stabilize the pelvic bone. We are --

INT. HOSPITAL - ALANA BLOOM'S ROOM - DAY

Alana lies in a stark white room, staring at the ceiling. No sound but the HUM and BEEP of medical equipment. Until:

DR. CHILTON (O.S.)

What I said before. I will say again, which is something you cannot say... that I did not warn you.

Alana cranes her stiff body as much as she can, locked in her fixation device, finally catching a glimpse of Chilton.

ALANA BLOOM
Cannot see what you will not see.

DR. CHILTON
Until it shoves you out a window.

ALANA BLOOM
I've always enjoyed the word
"defenestration." Now I get to use
it in casual conversation.

DR. CHILTON
How many bones did you break?

QUICK POP TO:

X-RAY VIEW OF ALANA BLOOM'S SKELETON

The PELVIC BONE CRACKS and a burst of BLACK MARROW, like oil,
flowers from the fracture.

The BLACK MARROW billows up, spreading tendrils outward to
wreathe her spine and ribs...

BACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - ALANA BLOOM'S ROOM - DAY

ALANA BLOOM
You say that like I broke them.

DR. CHILTON
You got yourself to the window, Dr.
Bloom, if not through it.

It's a hard point for her to argue against.

ALANA BLOOM
They told me a lot of marrow got
into my blood.

CUT TO:

X-RAY VIEW OF ALANA BLOOM'S SKELETON

The BLACK MARROW envelops her skull...

...and the BLACK MARROW surrounds her skeleton to form TARRY
ALANA... A new Alana Bloom: solid, dark, resolute.

BACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - ALANA BLOOM'S ROOM - DAY

ALANA BLOOM

And that I should expect to find
myself thinking differently.

DR. CHILTON

Hallelujah.

(then)

I don't mean to kick you when
you're down. I'm just reminding
you how you got down.

ALANA BLOOM

And who I'm down with.

DR. CHILTON

We could all use a little group
therapy while we're down here.

ALANA BLOOM

There's only one "we" you're really
interested in, Frederick, and that
"we" isn't really interested in you.

DR. CHILTON

Will Graham could use a breakthrough.

ALANA BLOOM

Being broken was his breakthrough.

DR. CHILTON

Being broken was yours. Will
hasn't had his breakthrough yet.
He's saving that for Dr. Lecter.

ALANA BLOOM

Would be the best thing for his
therapy, really.

DR. CHILTON

Only a matter of time before they
are back in each other's orbit.
Shame not to have the good seats.
If only to support poor Will.

ALANA BLOOM

That would require some manipulation.

DR. CHILTON

Some English on the ball, as it were.

OFF their brewing pact...

DOUBLE DOORS IN THE DARK

They open, revealing...

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Blinds are drawn; streaks of sunlight cut through the darkness, illuminating motes of dust hanging in the air. Alana Bloom ENTERS FRAME, moving into the room.

CAMERA reveals Alana is in a wheelchair.

ALANA'S POV -- THE KITCHEN (FLASHBACK)

Hannibal throws himself at the pantry door. SLAM.

ON ALANA (PRESENT)

Alana stares at the spot where she remembers Hannibal throwing himself against the pantry door.

Alana moves through the room. One hand slides along the table, leaving a trail in the accumulated dust. Silence.

And then, a faint WHISPER:

HANNIBAL (V.O.)
(low, unintelligible)
You were so afraid of me. That
last time I saw you... before the
last time I saw you...

The wheel of Alana's wheelchair SQUEAKS on the wood floor and the whispering ABRUPTLY STOPS.

CAMERA follows Alana into...

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Alana wheels into the darkened kitchen.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)
Hello, Alana.

Alana startles as CAMERA reveals not Hannibal, but Will Graham sitting on the bloodstained floor, leaning against the kitchen cabinet where he fell after Hannibal gutted him.

WILL GRAHAM
What are you doing here?

ALANA BLOOM
I guess I'm looking for you.

WILL GRAHAM

That's a good guess.

ALANA BLOOM

What are you doing here?

WILL GRAHAM

Visiting old friends.

(then)

Constructing an exhibit in my mind,
well-spaced and lighted, keyed to
the memories of what happened here.

ALANA BLOOM

You're not tempted to forget?

WILL GRAHAM

I don't want to forget. I'm
building rooms in my memory palace
for all my friends.

ALANA BLOOM

Friendship is blackmail elevated to
the level of love.

WILL GRAHAM

A mutually-unspoken pact to ignore
the worst in one another in order
to continue enjoying the best.

ALANA BLOOM

After everything he's done, can you
still ignore the worst in him?

Will considers for a long moment, then:

WILL GRAHAM

I came here to be alone, Alana. If
you wouldn't mind.

He holds Alana's gaze. Finally, she moves away, disappearing
into the dining room, leaving Will alone.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Abigail leaning against the wall
next to Will, her throat cut, covered in blood. As she
offers him a small, encouraging smile...

CUT TO:

A METAL SIGN: "ABSOLUTELY NO DOGS ALLOWED"

PULL BACK to reveal it's on the gate of Muskrat Farm.

ALANA'S CAR

Enters the grounds.

EXT. MUSKRAT FARM - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Alana gingerly gets out of her car, leaning on a cane. She wears a trouser suit, very stylish.

MARGOT VERGER

Is dismounting a horse and is approached by a GROOM. She watches Alana getting out of her car, with interest.

ALANA BLOOM

Hello. I'm Dr. Bloom.

MARGOT VERGER

You're the new psychiatrist.

ALANA BLOOM

I went one exit too far on the expressway. Came back along the service road. I'm not sure if this is my entrance.

MARGOT VERGER

This can be your entrance. Isn't easy to find, first time you come.

(to her groom)

Walk him back.

(to Alana)

I'm Margot Verger.

ALANA BLOOM

A witchy beauty about this place.

MARGOT VERGER

Yes, there is.

(then)

You should see it in the spring.
Riot of lilacs in the wind smells
nothing at all like the stockyards
and slaughterhouses one usually
associates with the Verger name.

Alana steers the mild flirtation back to business at hand:

ALANA BLOOM

Can you please let your brother
know I'm here?

MARGOT VERGER

He knows.

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Margot Verger leads Alana Bloom toward a large, open room with a stone balcony that looks out over miles of national forest. Silhouetted in his wheelchair, in front of the balcony doors, is Mason Verger. They pause at the entrance.

MARGOT VERGER

Some people have trouble talking with Mason. If it bothers you, or you can't take it, I can answer any questions you might have.

ALANA BLOOM

Thank you.

MASON VERGER (O.S.)

Margot, you can leave us now.

MARGOT VERGER

If my brother offers you chocolate, politely refuse.

She moves off. And then turns to watch Alana, intrigued. As she turns away, it is Alana's turn to look back -- she turns back to Margot, thoughtful, as she watches her walk away.

MASON VERGER

Good afternoon, Dr. Bloom.

ALANA BLOOM

Good afternoon, Mr. Verger.

MASON VERGER

Have a seat.

As Alana approaches the chair beside Mason, the angle slowly reveals his destroyed face in all its glory. Alana does not blink. Merely takes her seat.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

I thank God for what happened. It was my salvation. Have you accepted Jesus, Dr. Bloom? Do you have faith?

ALANA BLOOM

I was raised in a religious atmosphere, Mr. Verger. Whatever that left me with, it's not religion.

MASON VERGER

Left me with more. I'm free, Dr. Bloom. I'm right with the Risen Jesus and it's all okay now.

(MORE)

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

Nobody beats the Riz. He will rise me up and smite mine enemies and I will hear the lamentations of their women. That was once you, I'm told. Dr. Lecter got deeper inside you than he did any of us.

Mason chokes on saliva, stops talking. Alana stares, then:

ALANA BLOOM

Would you like me to get the nurse?

Alana rises, but Mason's voice stops her before she can.

MASON VERGER

I'm fine. It's all okay now.

ALANA BLOOM

You're supposed to share any relevant information you find on Hannibal Lecter with the FBI. Have you always done that?

MASON VERGER

Not exactly.

(then)

I want you to understand, this is not a revenge thing, Dr. Bloom. I have forgiven Dr. Lecter as Our Saviour forgave the Roman soldiers.

ALANA BLOOM

Forgiveness isn't all it's cracked up to be, Mr. Verger.

(off his look)

I don't need religion to appreciate the idea of Old Testament revenge.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - PANTRY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

ON JACK CRAWFORD

As we last saw him in Ep. #213 -- his back to the pantry door, gasping as he tries to staunch the BLOOD PULSING from his neck wound.

Over this, we hear the subtle THUDDING of his heart... gradually SLOWING as he loses blood.

Jack takes out his phone and dials a number. As it RINGS, we go INSIDE HIS CHEST CAVITY to view --

JACK'S HEART

Beating weakly. Getting slower... slower... the blood pumping sluggishly out of it now... the RINGING of Jack's phone fading along with his HEARTBEAT.

CUT TO:

JACK

His BLOOD emerging from the neck wound. But, as it BEADS, it now floats upward, DROP BY DROP -- the individual BEADS OF BLOOD rising like bubbles in water, and coming together in the air above Jack's head...

In a very conscious nod to the *Hannibal* TITLE SEQUENCE, the BLOOD STREAMS and COLLECTS as if filling a transparent Jack Crawford-shaped vessel looking down on dying Jack.

ON JACK

He is looking upward as his life leaves his body and forms above him as something new.

JACK'S POV

The BLOODY JACK above him, forming...

HIGH ANGLE -- A POV

From above, as Jack's eyes close and he gives in to blood loss. The heartbeat STOPS.

This is an out-of-body experience.

BELLA CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Hello? Jack? Jack?

We stay in our HIGH ANGLE, looking down at a dying/dead Jack.

BELLA CRAWFORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Jack? Are you there?

ON DYING/DEAD JACK

A faint flicker of recognition across his lifeless eyes.

WIDE -- SLOW MOTION

The BLOODY JACK above dying/dead Jack BURSTS and RAINS DOWN in a HORIZONTAL WAVE. As its crest is about to impact...

CLOSE ON JACK

A single drop of blood splashes on his cheek and we hear his heartbeat return with a corresponding THUD --

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - JACK CRAWFORD'S ROOM - NIGHT

The heartbeat becomes the regular BEEPING of a heart monitor.

Jack's eyes flicker as he wakes up. He looks around -- and sees another bed. Another patient:

BELLA CRAWFORD

His wife. She is deeply ill, almost ethereal. But still a beautiful, nourishing sight. She is asleep in a parallel hospital bed, her hand bridging the gap by holding his.

CAMERA lingers on Jack as emotion rises and he struggles to maintain. After a moment, Bella opens her eyes.

JACK CRAWFORD
I heard your voice.

She smiles faintly.

BELLA CRAWFORD
I'm looking after you now.

JACK CRAWFORD
Did I die?

BELLA CRAWFORD
Evidently, you did a lot of things.
Dying may have been among them.
For once, I'm glad you're stubborn.

JACK CRAWFORD
What's good for the goose.

BELLA CRAWFORD

You're not going into the ground
with me, Jack. So stop trying.

JACK CRAWFORD

I got away relatively unscathed.

BELLA CRAWFORD

Your face is all scars, if you know
how to look. No room for any more.

JACK CRAWFORD

I was dead. I knew I was dead.
All I had left to do was die. It's
a familiar feeling for you. I
thought if I could hear your voice,
neither of us would die alone.

BELLA CRAWFORD

I don't mind the solitude.

JACK CRAWFORD

It's indignity you can't stand.

BELLA CRAWFORD

You never made me feel undignified.

(then)

I'm not afraid of dying. I'm not
afraid of what it will be like to
be dead. I'm more curious about
any what-if than I am any absolute.
Easy for me, I can sour-grapes life
all I want. You don't get to.

Jack smiles through the threat of tears.

BELLA CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

You can do something I can't. You
can cut out what's killing you.

CUT TO:

A TRANSPARENT VESSEL

In another very conscious nod to the *Hannibal* TITLE SEQUENCE,
a SERIES OF SLOW-MOTION SHOTS as fluid STREAMS and COLLECTS
over glassy graphic shapes. CAMERA reveals we are --

CLOSE ON THREE GLASSES OF ICE

Scotch streams and collects over the final glass, filling it.

THROUGH THE GLASSES OF WHISKY

The DISTORTED IMAGES of THREE MEN, until CAMERA reveals Jack Crawford raising a glass with BRIAN ZELLER and JIMMY PRICE.

We are --

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

The three men CLINK glasses.

BRIAN ZELLER
It's the end of an era.

JACK CRAWFORD
It's the end of something.
(then)
I should have taken compassionate leave when it was still my choice.

Jimmy blinks, glances at Zeller. Did he miss something?

JIMMY PRICE
Compassionate leave?

BRIAN ZELLER
His wife.

JIMMY PRICE
Still? I knew she was sick before.
I didn't know she was still sick.

BRIAN ZELLER
It's a terminal situation.

JIMMY PRICE
I didn't know that. Nobody told me that. Why didn't you tell me that?

BRIAN ZELLER
It's not discussed.

JIMMY PRICE
Clearly, it's not discussed with me.

BRIAN ZELLER
I was being discreet.

JIMMY PRICE
Since when?
(then)
I'm so sorry, Jack.

BRIAN ZELLER

Don't tell him you're sorry. It's
awkward. It doesn't help him.
This is why you weren't told.

There is a KNOCK at the door and Jack looks past them both to
see Dr. Chilton.

DR. CHILTON

Gentlemen. Am I interrupting?

JACK CRAWFORD

Yes, please.

TIME CUT TO:

JACK CRAWFORD AND DR. CHILTON

Jack continues to pack as Chilton studies him.

DR. CHILTON

Every useful hoop our mind can jump
through begins with some degree of
attention. Focus is the most
important thing any of us can do.

(then)

You're losing focus, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

I have refocused.

DR. CHILTON

What do they say about forced
retirement at the FBI? You fall in
love with the Bureau, but it does
not fall in love with you.

JACK CRAWFORD

Behavioral Sciences doesn't have
the resources. Homeland Security
is the priority. Terrorists are
more frightening than psychopaths.

DR. CHILTON

Not to me.

JACK CRAWFORD

The first thing you did after
getting shot in the face was
copyright "Hannibal the Cannibal."

DR. CHILTON

A catchphrase is a trademark and
protected as a form of property.

(then)

(MORE)

DR. CHILTON (CONT'D)

You're alive because you didn't
pull that glass out of your neck.
Will Graham is alive because
Hannibal Lecter likes him that way.

JACK CRAWFORD

Maybe it's one of those friendships
that ends after the disemboweling.

DR. CHILTON

I would argue, with these two, that's
tantamount to flirtation. Will is
going to lead you right to him.

JACK CRAWFORD

No. Not me, he isn't. I've let
them both go. I've let it all go.

DR. CHILTON

You dangle Will Graham and now you
cut bait. You are letting Hannibal
have him hook, line and sinker.

Jack puts the lid on the box and then picks up a photograph
of Bella, and his coat, and exits past Chilton.

JACK CRAWFORD

If you'll excuse me, Dr. Chilton, I
like to be home when my wife wakes
up in the evenings.

OFF Chilton staring into middle distance as Jack leaves...

CUT TO:

JACK CRAWFORD

He reads in a wing chair by a low lamp. He faces two double
beds, both raised on blocks to hospital height. One is
empty, and in the other lies his wife, Bella. We are --

INT. JACK CRAWFORD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DUSK

Jack can hear Bella's breath through her mouth. Her hair in
a loose tangle, eyes closed, head turned on the pillow.

She misses a breath. Jack looks up from his book, over his
glasses. He puts the book down. Bella breathes again, a
flutter and then a full breath. Jack rises to put his hand
on her, to take her blood pressure and her pulse.

CLOSE-UP -- the hair moving gently on her breath.

Jack's fingers rest against the veins in Bella's hand.

We hear the GENTLE PULSE of her HEARTBEAT. Low and slow.

WIDE ANGLE -- the room, Jack sitting vigil beside his wife, Bella in repose. A moment of silent tenderness.

Jack pads to the closet and turns on the light. Two clipboards hang on the inside of the door. On one he notes Bella's pulse and blood pressure.

CLOSE ON A MEDICINE VIAL

A needle punctures the rubber seal and draws fluid into the hypodermic.

ON BELLA'S IV

Practiced at giving Bella her medicine, Jack injects the needle into the IV feed.

ON JACK

He returns to his seat and reaches for his book, but doesn't read. He watches Bella sleep. There is a catch in her breathing and she stirs in her bed. Jack takes her hand.

She takes a deep breath and lets it out. Her eyes are open, empty, lifeless. He puts his face close to hers.

JACK CRAWFORD
Bella?

He continues to hold her hand, putting his ear to her chest. We hear her pulse -- THROB, THROB, THROB and -- then her heart stops. Nothing to hear; only a curious rushing sound.

Jack gathers Bella to him on the bed, sitting against the headboard, holding her to his chest while her brain dies.

Jack just looks at her, a heartbroken smile. He brushes the hair from her face, kisses her and regards her. ALONE.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

CLOSE ON BELLA'S EMPTY BED

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK until we reveal Jack Crawford sitting in a chair, staring at the place his wife died.

We are --

INT. JACK CRAWFORD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Bella steps INTO FRAME, more than healthy, actively alive. She holds up a white dress in front of her body. Smiles. Jack smiles back, then his gaze drifts back to the empty bed.

JACK CRAWFORD

I love you in white.

BELLA CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Jack?

Jack turns and CAMERA reveals it is Alana Bloom holding the white dress in front of her. He nods.

JACK CRAWFORD

She'll look beautiful.

Jack stands and crosses to the window, looking outside.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Bella's dead. That should change the view from these windows. It's not right this view stays the same.

OFF Jack alone at the window, looking out...

ON BELLA'S BODY

MUSIC accompanies beautiful CLOSE-UPS: In crisp, shallow-focus detail, Bella being expertly prepared for burial. Her eyes are closed, but she feels somewhat alive.

INTERCUT WITH:

JACK DRESSING FOR HER FUNERAL

Similarly-precise and detailed CLOSE-UPS: The minutiae of Jack getting ready to bury her.

BELLA'S FINGERNAILS

Being clipped, filed and polished, her wedding ring visible.

JACK'S FINGERS

He slips his wedding ring over his knuckle.

BELLA'S HAIR

Brushed and combed with utmost care.

JACK'S HAIR

His hand brushes across his skull.

BELLA'S EYELID

Makeup is applied, the brush moving across her eyelid.

JACK'S EYELID

His knuckle brushes a single tear from the corner of his eye.

BELLA'S WHITE DRESS

Fingers button every button carefully.

JACK'S BLACK NECKTIE

Tightening into a knot.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON JACK CRAWFORD

A faint smile tugs at the corners of his mouth as he stares into middle distance.

JACK'S POV

Bella, stunning in white, moves down the darkened aisle of a church, everything but her falling to darkness... She moves toward Jack. A bride-to-be. She smiles.

ON JACK

As Bella comes closer and closer.

CLOSE ON BELLA CRAWFORD

Jack ENTERS FRAME and kisses her gently on the forehead. As CAMERA PULLS BACK, IT TURNS to reveal Bella is in her coffin, wearing white, and Jack stands over her in a funeral suit.

We are --

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Bella's casket is surrounded by floral arrangements. One particularly-gorgeous one attracts Jack's attention.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON A CREAM-COLORED ENVELOPE.

It's tucked into the particularly-gorgeous bouquet. The handwriting -- exquisite calligraphic cursive -- is unmistakable. Jack tears it open.

The card inside is beautiful cotton-fiber ecru stationery, the letter written in the same distinctive hand.

Jack slowly sits to read the card. As he reads, we hear HANNIBAL'S V.O. READING, quoting John Donne:

HANNIBAL (V.O.)
*"O wrangling schools, that search
what fire / Shall burn this world,
had none the wit..."*

ON HANNIBAL LECTER

CLOSE as he writes at a desk by lamplight. The nib of his FOUNTAIN PEN scratches the paper.

CLOSE ON the ink as it soaks into the paper.

HANNIBAL
*...Unto this knowledge to aspire /
That this her fever might be it?"*

ON JACK CRAWFORD

As we hear these words, we SLOWLY CIRCLE Jack...

HANNIBAL (V.O.)
I'm so sorry about Bella, Jack.

HANNIBAL LECTER

His pen moves, his face set.

CLOSE ON THE FOUNTAIN PEN

As it signs, "Hannibal Lecter."

A SINGLE TEAR

As it SPLASHES the page, blurring the ink.

CAMERA reveals it is now Jack who holds the letter.

He sits in the pew, alone with Bella's body. CAMERA WIDENS to reveal the silhouette of someone entering the chapel in the deep background and quietly approaching Jack.

ON JACK

As Will Graham sits INTO FRAME. Jack glances at Will and blinks and does his best not to shake his head.

JACK CRAWFORD

I opened my eyes this morning and, in that moment, before the weight of the day came for me, I didn't think about Bella dying. I thought about the last thing she said to me: "What's going on in the yard?"
(then)

Was her way of telling me to feed the birds. She kept hoping to die when I was out of the room. But I was there when her heart stopped. I held her until her brain died.

WILL GRAHAM

I hope that she's somewhere today, Jack. And that she's comfortable.

JACK CRAWFORD

I hope she can see into my heart. She had to die on me. I knew it was coming, but it smarts.
(then)

I know what's coming for you, Will. You don't have to die on me, too.

Jack hands Will Hannibal's envelope. As Will takes out the note, Jack quietly gathers his coat and walks outside.

OFF Will reading Hannibal's letter...

CLOSE ON MASON VERGER

He's wearing a WARMING MASK that gives him the appearance of enjoying a high-end spa treatment, as CLASSICAL MUSIC plays.

We are --

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MASON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mason Verger's major-domo nurse, CORDELL, hovers behind him, applying pressure to the mask.

MASON VERGER

Ow.

Cordell carefully peels the warming mask off, discarding it in a tray. His hands now move across Mason's scarred face, gently massaging the tight, hard skin. Mason winces in pain.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)
I'm saying "ow."

CORDELL
Blood is flowing. Nerves are intact. Pain is a good thing.

MASON VERGER
This is why you can never legally work in the health industry again, Cordell. They were going to throw you away. Would have been wasted. You have witnessed suffering that would have moved anyone else to rage or tears. But not you. Ow.

CORDELL
Scar tissue is an awesome demonstration of self-preservation. The flesh's fight to exist, down to the most basic cell, is a wonder.

Cordell lifts the bedcovers, squeezes lotion into his palm and begins massaging it into Mason's withering legs.

MASON VERGER
At Communions around the earth, the devout believe that, through the miracle of transubstantiation, they eat the flesh and blood of Christ.

CORDELL
It's an impressive ceremony.

MASON VERGER
I need to prepare for an even-more-impressive ceremony with no transubstantiation necessary.
(then)

Cordell, I've known you to be absolutely reliable and capable of most anything. Is that true?

CORDELL
It is not untrue.

MASON VERGER
I pay you a large salary to be responsible for my care and feeding.

CORDELL

And all that entails.

MASON VERGER

And all that entails. I would like
you to begin arrangements for Dr.
Hannibal Lecter to be eaten alive.

Cordell doesn't pause, just continues massaging Mason's legs.

CORDELL

Do you have a preference for how
you would like him prepared?

MASON VERGER

Oh, Cordell... if I had lips, I
would smile.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

CLOSE ON MASON VERGER'S MUTILATED FACE (FLASHBACK)

This is Mason on the night he was de-faced.

His mouth looks like dentures embedded in lasagna. A BRIGHT LIGHT shines on him. He's on an operating table.

FADE THROUGH:

VARIOUS FACIAL RECONSTRUCTION PROCEDURES

CLOSE ON SKIN

A cheese grater-style blade shaves off THICK LAYERS OF SKIN.

STRIP after STRIP of flesh is puzzled together in a lattice, grafted onto his denuded CHEEKS and CHIN. Multiple sets of hands ebb and flow through FRAME in overlapping images.

CARTILAGE

Is borrowed from his EARS...

...to reconstruct his NOSE.

NEEDLES AND THREAD

STAB and PULL, sinking into the strips of skin and out again, locking each piece together and fastening them to the face. Multiple sets of needles and thread move in and out of FRAME in overlapping images. A DENSITY OF STITCHES in red wounds.

ON MASON

His face a HELLISH PLAID composed of red seams, post-op. He appears to be studying the remains of his face in a mirror.

MASON VERGER

Good as new.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

CAMERA moves over the tops of trees. FLYING across acres and acres of forest until CAMERA finds...

EXT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - BALCONY - DAY

Mason Verger sits in his wheelchair on the balcony, gazing out upon the acres of forest.

Mason's weak fingers operate the joystick that rotates his wheelchair. He swivels to take in more of the view.

Alana Bloom appears over his shoulder, limping on her cane.

MASON VERGER

All this time he eludes us, got away clean. It's as though Dr. Lecter has dropped off the earth.

ALANA BLOOM

Hannibal obviously has good papers and money. Europe is where a man of his tastes would settle.

MASON VERGER

His tastes are very specific.

She takes a seat, speaking calmly, therapeutically.

ALANA BLOOM

That's how you'll find him. The wine... the truffles. Taste in all things will be a constant between Dr. Lecter's lives. His name will change, but his taste will not. And he is not a man who denies himself.

MASON VERGER

Of course you know what he favors. Did he favor you, Dr. Bloom?

ALANA BLOOM

I think I amused him. Things either amuse him or they don't. If they don't... well, you didn't.

MASON VERGER

Do you ever feel that he genuinely cared about you?

ALANA BLOOM

I have no idea how Dr. Lecter genuinely feels about me. The last we spoke, he promised he'd kill me.

MASON VERGER

That's fairly definitive.

(then)

How does it feel to use understanding as a predator's tool?

ALANA BLOOM

I'm using it as I've always used it. As a psychiatric tool.

(then)

Bâtard-Montrachet. A pretty rarefied Chardonnay. I would check importers and dealers for case sales or regular purchases. You can set up the search fields in the International Commerce Database.

MASON VERGER

Why not take this to Jack Crawford?

ALANA BLOOM

Jack's done at the FBI. A footnote in his own Evil Minds Museum.

(then)

When your father died, he left you with a U.S. congressman and a member of the House Judiciary Oversight Committee who just can't seem to make ends meet without you.

MASON VERGER

I'll look through my pockets and see who I can find. I'm curious, Dr. Bloom, how have I found you in my pocket? Tell me, I'm all ears. They've just been redistributed.

ALANA BLOOM

You're preparing the theater of Hannibal's death. I'm only doing my part to get him to the stage.

OFF Alana...

CUT TO:

HEADLIGHTS IN THE NIGHT

Crawling their way up Will Graham's driveway. It's Jack's car.

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ANOTHER CAR sits outside. Jack strides to the house, seeing -- LIGHTS inside.

Someone's home. Jack climbs the front steps and THE DOGS start BARKING from inside the house. As he approaches the front door, it opens and --

ALANA BLOOM

Emerges from inside.

JACK CRAWFORD
Where's Will?

Jack looks at the house, a sense of defeat and disappointment coming over him. Knowing he's lost Will.

ALANA BLOOM
He's already gone, Jack. Will
knows what he has to do. Do you?

Jack doesn't answer; he turns and strides to his car.

OFF Alana watching him go...

FADE TO:

BLUE WATER

The ocean. Morning. No land in sight. A balmy day. Light waves, small whitecaps forming and disappearing.

A BOAT'S PROW

Slices the water, cutting the waves at a good clip.

It's the *NOLA* -- the sailing yacht we saw Will working on. And at the helm, find --

WILL GRAHAM

The wind tousling his hair. Looking to the horizon, an intensity in his eyes. He looks almost... hungry.

As Will works the sails...

A SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS:

STEEL BEAMS BEING WELDED TOGETHER.

THICK PLEXIGLAS BEING LIFTED INTO PLACE.

STOUT NYLON NET BEING STRETCHED TAUT.

Something is being built. In such CLOSE SHOTS, we can't tell what it is yet.

ON WILL'S BOAT

We PULL BACK from Will and see we're --

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Slightly WIDE ANGLE to take in the vastness of the sea. Its openness and possibility. The whole Atlantic stretching out before Will Graham.

Then we CUT AWAY from that image of freedom to --

A CAGE

This is what was being built. A fearsome cage for a fearsome prisoner. And now it is finished. The only thing missing is the prisoner himself.

SLOWLY PULL BACK. We are --

INT. BSHCI - BASEMENT - DAY

PULL BACK even further to reveal --

DR. CHILTON AND ALANA BLOOM

Standing before the cage, side by side.

OFF a TWO-SHOT FROM BEHIND -- Alana and Chilton admiring the cage. Partners in this hunt...

END OF EPISODE