

HANNIBAL
"Hassun"

TEASER

INT. PRISON - EXECUTION CHAMBER - DAY

A clock on the wall reads 12:05. In the center is a body in a scorched jumpsuit, strapped upright in an ELECTRIC CHAIR. A leather mask obscures the face. The current conductors still attached to the head. SMOKE hangs around the body.

WILL GRAHAM

Stands, taking in this tableau. He wears a sharp courtroom suit, incongruous for him. All SOUND IS DULLED as if his ears were blocked, the AMBIENT NOISE of Will's circulatory system provides an organic hum. He closes his eyes.

A PENDULUM

It swings in the darkness of Will Graham's mind, keeping rhythm with his heartbeat. FWUM. FWUM. FWUM.

ON WILL GRAHAM

His eyes are closed. The pendulum is now outside his head. FWUM. The CLOCK HANDS click back to midnight with a loud CLUNK. The body in the chair suddenly JERKS AND BUCKS AGAINST THE RESTRAINTS as the electrical current blasts through it with a dreadful HIGH BUZZ. Veins distend in the body's tensed arms. SMOKE comes from under the hood and the jumpsuit starts to smolder and scorch as the shaking intensifies. FWUM. The SMOKE retracts back into the body. The veins in the arms relax. FWUM. Just like that, the body is still. The jumpsuit unblemished. A terrible tension pause. The MASK sucks in and out as the condemned man breathes. FWUM. We watch in REVERSE as the JAILER'S HANDS remove the MASK from the condemned man to reveal --

WILL GRAHAM STRAPPED INTO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

FWUM. The pendulum stops. And time moves suddenly forward again as the besuited Will Graham strides forward and reaches for a wall-mounted power lever; lowers it with a SHUNK.

ZAP! The current SURGES into the condemned Will.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(pre-lap)
Mr. Graham, it's time.

CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

WILL GRAHAM -- his eyes open. Sits up on his bunk to see a MALE NURSE holding up a SUIT in a clear plastic dust cover.

CUT TO:

HANDS BUTTONING A STARCHED WHITE SHIRT -- doing up the bottom buttons, reveal Will Graham standing in his cell.

CLOSE -- HANDS finish the top button -- reveal that now they belong to HANNIBAL LECTER -- staring into a mirror.

INTERCUT the two men dressing. We always see Will straight on, and Hannibal only through the glass of the mirror in a REVERSE ANGLE, as if he were Will's reflection.

ON WILL as he knots his tie -- becoming Hannibal as he finishes his knot, smooths it down. Hannibal regards himself.

MATCH CUT TO:

ON WILL -- as we hear a strong, charismatic FEMALE VOICE --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

...Let me tell you the story of a mild-mannered FBI instructor who was asked to create a psychological profile of a murderer.

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Reveal the speaker as MARION VEGA, prosecutor. She has the floor. A smiling assassin.

MARION VEGA

Garret Jacob Hobbs, the Minnesota Shrike, killed young women who looked just like his daughter. He killed them and he ate them.

Vega pauses and looks at Will. He sits, shackled, with his attorney LEONARD BRAUER. JUDGE BERTRAND DAVIES straight ahead. An audience in the gallery. No jury. A bailiff stands guard.

MARION VEGA (CONT'D)

Will Graham understood how Garret Jacob Hobbs thought, which is how he caught him. Shot Hobbs dead as he cut his daughter's throat. Will Graham saved Abigail Hobbs's life.

(MORE)

MARION VEGA (CONT'D)

But this profile he created of her father was so vivid, he couldn't escape it. In an unconscious state, he killed three more young women.

She has a remote for a projector in her hand and she CLICKS it. The LIGHTS DIM. KER-CHUNK -- the lights flicker across Will's face as a slide changes on a screen. SLIDE: CASSIE BOYLE MOUNTED ON ANTLERS.

MARION VEGA (CONT'D)

Cassie Boyle.

KER-CHUNK -- MARISSA SCHUUR IMPALED ON ANTLERS.

MARION VEGA (CONT'D)

Marissa Schuur.

KER-CHUNK -- ABIGAIL HOBBS. Will looks down.

MARION VEGA (CONT'D)

And Abigail Hobbs. Mr. Graham saved her from her father, but couldn't save her from himself. He killed her and ate her. At the very least, we know he ate her ear.

KER-CHUNK -- a ghastly image of the ear Will threw up.

MARION VEGA (CONT'D)

What he did with the rest of her is locked away in the recesses of Will Graham's traumatized mind, or so he would have you believe.

(beat)

Something else you should know about Will Graham. He's an eideteker. He has a remarkable visual memory. He is keenly insightful to the human condition and I would argue, the smartest person in this room. Capable of creating a psychological profile of a different kind of killer, one that would become his alibi.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM - DAY

JACK CRAWFORD paces, waiting. KADE PRURNELL approaches.

KADE PRURNELL

Moment of truth.

JACK CRAWFORD
If I knew what the truth was.

KADE PRURNELL
There's nothing wrong with your
instincts.

JACK CRAWFORD
My instincts have not yet arrived
at conviction.

KADE PRURNELL
Mine have. With the benefit of no
prior involvement and no personal
connections to the accused.

JACK CRAWFORD
Meaning, I can't be impartial.

KADE PRURNELL
Of course you can be impartial. But
right now, you're not. You have to
believe something. As long as there
is reason and evidence to believe.
You have reason. You have evidence.
(then)
Will Graham is playing a game.

Kade Prurnell is certain in her beliefs. The courtroom door
opens and Jack turns, expecting to be called. His nerves
evident. But it is just a bailiff exiting. Kade softens.

KADE PRURNELL (CONT'D)
I understand why that would be hard
for you to accept.

JACK CRAWFORD
Let's hear that theory.

KADE PRURNELL
It is easier to be a man who missed
a friend's suffering than it is to
be the head of Behavioral Sciences
at the FBI who missed a killer
standing right in front of him.
(beat)
There's a reason you're a witness
for the prosecution, Agent Crawford.

JACK CRAWFORD
What reason would that be?

KADE PRURNELL

If you can't represent your own beliefs, represent the Bureau's. Will Graham lied to the FBI. He lied to you. And you *know* it.

She holds his arm, reassuring, cheerleading.

KADE PRURNELL (CONT'D)

Let yourself off the hook, Jack.

ON JACK CRAWFORD -- TRACK IN CLOSER AND CLOSER --

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Jack is on the stand. Mid-testimony. Vega in front of him, but Jack's eyes are on Will Graham. Will does not look away. There is a female bailiff on duty.

MARION VEGA

How did you meet Will Graham?

JACK CRAWFORD

I met him at the opening of the Evil Minds Research Museum. He disagreed with what we called it. He told me the title mythologized banal, cruel men who don't deserve to sound like supervillains.

MARION VEGA

What was your first impression?

JACK CRAWFORD

He was intelligent. And arrogant. And very likely on the spectrum.

MARION VEGA

Which is why he was never real FBI. He failed the screening procedures.

JACK CRAWFORD

Yes.

MARION VEGA

But you felt he was qualified to work in the field.

JACK CRAWFORD

Under my supervision.

MARION VEGA

You believed he was valuable because he can think like a killer?

JACK CRAWFORD

He can think like anybody. He has pure empathy and projection. He can imprint profiles on the blank slate of his mind for us to read.

MARION VEGA

Sounds like a supervillain.

She points to a table in front of the bench. It is laden with marked evidence bags, dozens of them, including five fishhooks, for each of the victims.

MARION VEGA (CONT'D)

Five horrendous murders. Over forty different pieces of forensic and physical evidence. That tell us Will Graham knows how to think like a killer because he is one.

Jack looks up at Prurnell and then at Will. Vega presses.

MARION VEGA (CONT'D)

Rather than being tormented by the work he did, Will Graham enjoyed the cover his role at the FBI gave him to commit his terrible crimes.

Jack looks at Kade Prurnell. Then Jack looks at Will.

JACK CRAWFORD

I don't believe that to be true.

Marion Vega is thrown off guard by that.

MARION VEGA

Agent Crawford?

For Jack, this is a moment of clarity; he looks at Will, talking to him; committing to what he feels to be true.

JACK CRAWFORD

Will hated every second of the work. Didn't fake that. He hated it and I kept making him do it.

MARION VEGA

Why then, when you gave him the opportunity to quit, did he refuse?

JACK CRAWFORD

Because he was saving lives. I was warned by more than one person if I pushed Will, I would break him.

(MORE)

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

I put checks and balances in place,
then ignored them. And here we are.

In the gallery, Prurnell looks saddened. She exits. Will stares at Jack on the witness stand, and Leonard Brauer can't hide a smile as he makes a note.

A PADDED ENVELOPE -- MARKED URGENT -- CARRIED BY A PARALEGAL

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Where Will Graham is at the defense table with Brauer.
Brauer is late 40s, cocksure and aware of his own abilities.

LEONARD BRAUER

What does Jack Crawford drink?
Because whatever it is, I need to
send him a very expensive bottle.

WILL GRAHAM

He said I'm a killer because he
drove me insane.

LEONARD BRAUER

He paved the road for your defense.

WILL GRAHAM

He didn't say I was innocent.

Brauer shakes his head. A pragmatist.

LEONARD BRAUER

Innocence isn't a verdict, Mr.
Graham. "Not guilty" is. This
isn't law, it's advertising.

WILL GRAHAM

Advertising trivializes, it
manipulates, it's vulgar.

LEONARD BRAUER

Boo-hoo. So's the law. We have to
create the desire to find you "not
guilty," which does not exist in
this courtroom. We're manipulating
the consumer into buying something
they don't need. They don't want
your innocence. Unconsciousness in
a pretty package, that I can sell.

The paralegal brings the envelope down to Brauer.

LEONARD BRAUER (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The paralegal turns to leave and Brauer opens the envelope and takes out another envelope. He pulls open the second envelope. Shakes it over his legal pad.

LEONARD BRAUER (CONT'D)

(to Will)

If I take the moral high ground
with you, I'll get you killed.

SLO-MO as flakes of DRIED BLOOD drop like snow onto the pad --

WILL GRAHAM -- his face falls -- BACK TO REAL TIME -- a HUMAN EAR drops onto the pad. Gray, spotted with DARK BLOOD around the rough edges of the incision.

LEONARD BRAUER (CONT'D)

I think I opened your mail.

OFF Will...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Amber on amber as late afternoon sunlight shines through brandy as it splashes into a glass. Hannibal pours at his desk, considers Jack Crawford sitting in a therapy chair.

HANNIBAL

That was a good and brave thing you did for Will today.

JACK CRAWFORD

May have cost me my job.

Hannibal carries the drinks and hands Jack his before sitting down. They both swirl and savor before taking a sip.

HANNIBAL

The prospect doesn't trouble you as much as I would have thought.

Jack smiles at that. Raises the glass in an ironic toast.

JACK CRAWFORD

Feel better than I have in weeks.

HANNIBAL

Clarity will do that.

(then)

Tell me, Jack. Was your testimony meant to be a resignation?

JACK CRAWFORD

Something very appealing about walking away from all the noise. I'm content to let the chips fall.

HANNIBAL

The magic door is always attractive. Step through and leave all your burdens behind.

JACK CRAWFORD

I've given my life to death.

HANNIBAL

Your role is to save lives.

JACK CRAWFORD

It's to prevent more deaths. If I'm involved, then someone already died. There are never any happy endings because of the beginnings.

HANNIBAL

And now death has followed you
home. Come to live in your house.

That weighs heavily on Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

Bella's managed to keep where we
sleep from looking like a sickroom.
There are flowers, not too many.
She insists no pills are in sight.

(then)

I've been thinking about taking my
wife back to Italy. We could live
there. Bella could die there.

Hannibal leans forward. A friend consoling another.

HANNIBAL

You're not sick, Jack. You don't
have to go into the ground with
her. When Bella is lost to you,
the FBI could still be there.

JACK CRAWFORD

You're telling me not to commit
professional suicide?

HANNIBAL

As a friend, I'm telling you not to
force an issue for the short-term
emotional satisfaction it can have.

ON JACK CRAWFORD

Sound has been DULLED, as if his ears were blocked. AMBIENT
NOISE of his circulatory system provides an organic hum.

We are --

INT. BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - NIGHT

Hannibal stands beside Jack, watching him thoughtfully. Jack
absently listens as BEVERLY KATZ, BRIAN ZELLER, JIMMY PRICE
work on the ear and the envelopes, reporting their findings.
Lips move WITHOUT SOUND until their VOICES SLOWLY FADE IN.

BRIAN ZELLER

Shrunken capillaries. The ear was
cut from a corpse no more than
forty-eight hours ago.

BEVERLY KATZ

Before the trial started.

JIMMY PRICE

We fumed it all -- ear's clean, no
prints on the envelopes besides the
courier, paralegal and the lawyer.

Hannibal leans over the ear in fascination.

BEVERLY KATZ

One thing's for sure. Will Graham
didn't do it.

BRIAN ZELLER

Although, I wouldn't be surprised.

JACK CRAWFORD

The timing is deliberate,
choreographed to drop the ear at
the start of Will's trial.

HANNIBAL

Such a gift has great significance.

JACK CRAWFORD

A "gift." From who?

HANNIBAL

Will claimed someone else committed
the crimes he's accused of.

JACK CRAWFORD

He said that someone was you.

HANNIBAL

Perhaps he was half right.

Jack looks at Hannibal, considers what he is saying.

BRIAN ZELLER

(blurts out)

You gotta be kidding me.

OFF the angry, impassioned Zeller --

HARD CUT TO:

ON WILL GRAHAM

He stares into middle distance as:

MARION VEGA (O.S.)

The prosecution calls Freddie
Lounds to the stand.

He heaves an exasperated sigh as he hears...

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

...the DOORS OPEN and FREDDIE LOUNDS ENTER. Without ever fully revealing her face, CAMERA leads her to the witness stand, favoring Will as she makes her way down the aisle.

CAMERA FINALLY PUSHES IN ON FREDDIE LOUNDS on the stand:

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I swear to tell the truth, the
whole truth, nothing but the truth.

TIME CUT TO:

Marion Vega questions Freddie Lounds, mid-testimony.

MARION VEGA

Would you please describe your
relationship with Abigail Hobbs?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

It was sisterly. We were very
close. I was helping her write a
book about surviving her father.

MARION VEGA

Did you ever discuss Will Graham
with Abigail?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Yes. She bonded with him after her
father's death, even saw him as a
father figure. Which he took
advantage of until Abigail began to
feel threatened by him.

MARION VEGA

Did Will Graham ever threaten you?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

He told me it wasn't very smart to
piss off a man who thought about
killing people for a living. I
believed him. I was terrified.

MARION VEGA

You spend a lot of time with
murderers and their victims. Why
were you terrified?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Will Graham never struck me as a
victim. He was something else.

MARION VEGA

Why was Abigail so afraid of him?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Her father killed young women as substitutes for her. She told me she was worried Will Graham wasn't interested in substitutes.

A catch of breath as Freddie's emotions suddenly catch her.

LEONARD BRAUER

(standing)

This is all hearsay, your honor.

MARION VEGA

We'd argue excited utterance--

JUDGE DAVIES

I'll allow it.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Abigail told me she believed Will Graham was going to kill her and cannibalize her like her father wanted to do. She was right. I should have listened to her.

MARION VEGA

You blame yourself for her death?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I blame Will Graham.

Freddie wipes her eyes. STARES Will down.

MARION VEGA

(to Leonard Brauer)

Your witness.

Brauer stands.

LEONARD BRAUER

Miss Lounds, I've only been recently retained on this case, so forgive me for not having all the details. Can you remind me how many times you've been sued for libel?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

(hesitates, then)

Six.

LEONARD BRAUER

Six. How many times did you settle?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Six.

LEONARD BRAUER

Six. Thank you. Nothing further.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Jack Crawford standing in the center. CAMERA comes over his shoulder to reveal he is blocking Freddie Lounds's path.

JACK CRAWFORD

You and I spoke at length about
Abigail Hobbs. You suspected her of
complicity in her father's crimes.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I remember our discussion.

JACK CRAWFORD

Just chose not to mention it.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

No one asked.

Freddie looks at Jack, deadly serious now. Real emotion.

FREDDIE LOUNDS (CONT'D)

Abigail was a frightened girl, who
put her trust in Will Graham. And
he killed her.

JACK CRAWFORD

Your testimony made her death sound
like it was premeditated.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Murder, Jack. Her murder.

JACK CRAWFORD

Did that conversation with Abigail
Hobbs ever happen?

Freddie stares, then:

FREDDIE LOUNDS

You're looking after your friend.
I'm looking after mine.

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

Hannibal faces Will standing on his side of the bars.

HANNIBAL

It seems you have an admirer.

WILL GRAHAM

You think someone sent me an ear
because they admire me?

HANNIBAL

The boundaries of what's considered
normal are getting narrower.
Outside those boundaries, this may
be intended as a helpful gesture.

WILL GRAHAM

How far would you go to help me?

HANNIBAL

It hadn't occurred to me to send
you an ear. But I'm grateful and
intrigued that someone has.

WILL GRAHAM

Gratitude has a short half-life.

HANNIBAL

So can doubt. Our ideas are not
set in stone. When exposed to new
thoughts, they adapt into their
most potent form. I have new
thoughts about who you are. There
may very well be another killer.

WILL GRAHAM

I want there to be.

HANNIBAL

Some part of you still suspects me.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't know what anyone is capable
of anymore. Even myself. I know
there's no evidence against you.

HANNIBAL

There never was.

WILL GRAHAM

Accusing you makes me look insane.
I'm not insane. Not anymore.

HANNIBAL

You may not be guilty.

(then)

Tell me about your admirer, Will.

WILL GRAHAM

He's experienced. A sophisticated killer. He has a wit and a whimsy. Parodied the crimes I investigated so well I didn't know he was there. He's connected to me somehow. He knows me. Or thinks he does. He certainly knew about the cases.

HANNIBAL

You could be describing me.

WILL GRAHAM

I once thought I was.

HANNIBAL

This ear you were sent presents an opportunity, Will. If someone else is responsible for your crimes, perhaps he now wants to be seen.

WILL GRAHAM

Why would he want to be seen now?

HANNIBAL

He cares what happens to you.

Will Graham holds Hannibal's gaze.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

ALANA BLOOM

Looking at CAMERA -- as if on the stand --

ALANA BLOOM

...I believe Will's empathy
disorder, combined with the effects
of viral encephalitis...

(she turns her head)

Do we have to do this? Like this?

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

Alana sits in a solitary chair opposite Will Graham locked into his therapy cage. Shafts of sunlight giving the space a cathedral feel. Leonard Brauer paces to one side. Alana is speaking to him.

LEONARD BRAUER

I don't want the first time you do
this to be in court.

(court voice)

Dr. Bloom, weren't you and the
accused romantically involved?

Alana doesn't blink.

ALANA BLOOM

How is that relevant to the case?

LEONARD BRAUER

It's relevant to your testimony. In
that court, your affections, your pro-
anything Will Graham will be on
trial. Get all starey and non-blinky
like you did and it'll undermine you
and me, but mainly him.

ALANA BLOOM

My testimony is based on my
professional--

LEONARD BRAUER

You're smitten with the accused,
Miss Bloom. It's adorable. But
not our brand of defense.

Alana looks caught.

LEONARD BRAUER (CONT'D)
Marion Vega will smell it on you
like you stepped in Young Adult and
tracked it into the courtroom.
(court voice)
Were you and Will Graham
romantically involved?

Alana looks at Will, then at Brauer; this is all so painful.

ALANA BLOOM
There was a kiss.

LEONARD BRAUER
How was it?

Alana again can't avoid looking at Will. Then at Brauer.

ALANA BLOOM
The advance came from Will. And I
rejected it.

LEONARD BRAUER
Because he was dangerous?

ALANA BLOOM
Because he was unstable.

LEONARD BRAUER
If he had been... stable?

Alana looks at Will. Her eyes say one thing, her words
another. She looks at Brauer -- definite.

ALANA BLOOM
I don't have romantic feelings for
Will Graham. I have a professional
curiosity.

That sits in the air. Brauer breaks it. Pleased.

LEONARD BRAUER
I like "professional curiosity."
It's so... indifferent. Unless you
look like you're lying when you say
it. But you didn't.

WILL GRAHAM
She wasn't lying.

Alana is looking at Will, the painful truth of this hurts.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - DR. CHILTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Prurnell sits opposite DR. FREDERICK CHILTON.

DR. CHILTON

Is this what people call back-channeling?

KADE PRURNELL

I'd like to hear your opinions on Will Graham, Dr. Chilton.

DR. CHILTON

Will Graham has been a topic of fascination in psychiatric circles since he began lecturing at the FBI. But he rejected all requests for interviews. Alana Bloom was fierce in protecting him from scrutiny and Hannibal Lecter jealously kept him to himself. Had they not, these tragic deaths might have been averted.

KADE PRURNELL

Why are they so loyal to him? The physical evidence of the crimes and the man Will Graham presents are so very different.

Chilton sits back, enjoying his place as oracle.

DR. CHILTON

Will presents as a wounded bird. But he does not ask for help. Nothing makes people feel better than caring for someone who won't care for themselves.

KADE PRURNELL

Jack Crawford is no bleeding heart. He's the director of the BAU.

DR. CHILTON

Jack Crawford's emotions have compromised his view of the facts. He lacks clarity. That is Will's gift.

KADE PRURNELL

A conscious manipulation?

DR. CHILTON

Without a doubt.

KADE PRURNELL

Someone sent him an ear. Before those details were made public. I have to consider the fact we are making a terrible mistake.

DR. CHILTON

Or it is another emotional manipulation. For an antisocial man, he has a lot of friends.

KADE PRURNELL

You think it was sent on his behalf.

DR. CHILTON

I would not be surprised.

KADE PRURNELL

You sound like a man with clarity.

DR. CHILTON

I believe I do.

KADE PRURNELL

Then I'm right? Will Graham is in the right place here with you?

DR. CHILTON

On that we can agree.

OFF Kade Prurnell.

DARKNESS

From darkness CAMERA SPIRALS out of the CONCH SHELL of the SEVERED EAR. We are --

INT. BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - NIGHT

Jack Crawford, Zeller, Price and Katz are gathered around the ear. Looking seriously concerned and energized.

JACK CRAWFORD

You've identified the ear?

BRIAN ZELLER

We ID'd the knife that cut it off.

BEVERLY KATZ

It's Will Graham's. The blade matches the cuts on Abigail Hobbs's ear and on this one.

Jimmy Price zooms images of the two ears on a SCREEN.

BEVERLY KATZ (CONT'D)

It was presenting in court as evidence. And then it went to the courthouse evidence room.

JIMMY PRICE

It was checked out by a bailiff at the courthouse. Andrew Sykes. And it never went back.

ON JACK, certainty growing in him. Energized.

INT./EXT. FBI SUV - NIGHT

Jack sits in the passenger seat of an FBI SUV, looking at a neat tract home, all lights dark. He raises a HANDSET.

JACK CRAWFORD

Go.

EXT. BAILIFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Shadows move out of shadows as two FBI AGENTS pause on either side of the front door. One nods at the other and he crowbars the lock --

As the door FLIES OPEN --

A BLUE SPARK

A small electrical relay taped to the doorjamb is thrown and we follow the WIRE, taped down the floor and through the hall, into the next room. The wire reaches a black shape in the room and FLAME BLOOMS, blue and yellow, beautiful as it quickly spreads.

A ROAR and a BURST OF ORANGE LIGHT as flames suddenly surge --

CLOSE -- the blossoming fire as it spreads, reflected up close in a staring EYE...

INT. FBI SUV/EXT. BAILIFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sudden glow of fire fills the car window next to Jack's face, reflected, bathing Jack's face in HEAT and LIGHT as the darkness is chased from the windows of the house and FLAMES can be seen -- Jack bursts from the SUV and the reflection disappears.

CRASH! The house windows shatter outward as the heat and flame inside builds. Jack shields his face as we hear the ROAR and RUSH of the fire --

CUT TO:

EXT. BAILIFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

QUIET and a muted stillness -- the calm after the storm. A FIRE CREW is leaving, their job done. The house is still intact, but the windows are gone and the place is smoke-damaged. LOCAL COPS are putting up incident tape and turning it into a crime scene.

INT. BAILIFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house still SIGHS and GROANS from heat contraction. The interior is dark, eerie shadows thrown by work lanterns. Smoke hangs in the air and water drips. Jack navigates the burned home with a flashlight. His feet splash through gray puddles. Jack turns his flashlight into the lounge and his face tightens in grim horror. In his FLASHLIGHT BEAM we see a horrific tableau -- the CAUTERIZED BODY of the DEAD BAILIFF has been IMPALED on the rack of a huge STAG'S HEAD.

ON JACK CRAWFORD -- he stares at the body like it is a personal insult.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

A SMOKE-BLACKENED FACE

Torn into a permanent clown's mask. Burns can't hide what was done to the dead bailiff's face. Right ear missing, Glasgow smile cut into his cheeks. ON BEVERLY KATZ, up close to the body -- this was her POV -- as she tweezes trace evidence into a bag.

INT. BAILIFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

WORK LIGHTS now illuminate the mutilated corpse. His uniform is fused to his charred body. A badge and name tag, "Andrew Sykes," melted into his chest. Brian Zeller taps it with his tweezers. Jimmy Price comes from the front door, walking Jack and Hannibal through.

JACK CRAWFORD

Wanted to give us a warm welcome
and still leave something to find.

HANNIBAL

An arresting piece of theater.

Hannibal runs a gloved hand against the SOOT on the wall. Rubs it in his fingers and smells it.

Hannibal approaches the body closely. Jimmy Price steps back to let him take it in. Hannibal slowly walks around the corpse on the stag's head.

BRIAN ZELLER

It's Will Graham's greatest hits.

JIMMY PRICE

Are we addressing the elephant in
the room? The charred, mutilated
elephant right over there.

JACK CRAWFORD

Could we have been that wrong?

BRIAN ZELLER

About Will Graham? No. We
couldn't. He practically took a
selfie with each of his victims.

Hannibal watches the proceedings like a polite dinner guest watching a family argument, but not engaging in it.

BEVERLY KATZ

The evidence we found was immediate and almost presentational. May as well have been gift-wrapped.

JACK CRAWFORD

That's what Will said about Cassie Boyle when she was found in that field. "Field kabuki."

BEVERLY KATZ

There wasn't any evidence before Will was apprehended and there hasn't been any since.

BRIAN ZELLER

He ate a girl's ear. It was inside his stomach. God knows how much else of her was in there.

JIMMY PRICE

Should've taken a stool sample.

JACK CRAWFORD

Knock it off.

HANNIBAL

Tell me, Jack. What impact could this have on Will's trial?

OFF Jack as he considers the implications...

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Jack Crawford and Kade Prurnell stand before the large, ornate desk of Judge Davies as he gets into his robes.

JACK CRAWFORD

This murder raises serious doubts about the case against Will Graham.

JUDGE DAVIES

Your team provided the evidence.

KADE PRURNELL

The overwhelming evidence.

JACK CRAWFORD

Then you understand how significant it is for me to question it.

KADE PRURNELL

We heard your testimony, Agent Crawford. Are you sure you're not trying to assuage your own guilt.

JACK CRAWFORD

Yes. I'm sure.

KADE PRURNELL

I'm not.

JACK CRAWFORD

Why is it so important to you that Will Graham be found guilty?

KADE PRURNELL

I have no agenda here. What is important to me is the truth.

JACK CRAWFORD

Andrew Sykes was mutilated in the exact manner Will Graham allegedly mutilated his victims. In ways that have not been made public.

KADE PRURNELL

Will Graham isn't saying he didn't kill those people. His lawyer's running an unconsciousness defense. In effect, he's admitting the acts, just not the responsibility.

JACK CRAWFORD

Will has always maintained his innocence, despite gaps in memory. Whatever Brauer's strategy, this would offer a new line of defense.

JUDGE DAVIES

That's for Mr. Brauer to tell me, Agent Crawford, not you.

JACK CRAWFORD

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE DAVIES

If Mr. Brauer does bring up this murder, I will give him leeway to present it in evidence.

JACK CRAWFORD

Thank you, your honor.

Jack risks a glance at Kade Prurnell, who meets his gaze.

WILL GRAHAM -- over him we hear --

DR. CHILTON (O.S.)
...Will Graham manifests publicly
as an introverted personality. He
would have us believe he places on
the spectrum somewhere near
Asperger's and autism. Yet, he
also claims an empathy disorder.

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Dr. Chilton is on the stand.

MARION VEGA
You choose your words very
carefully, Dr. Chilton. You chose
the word "claims."

DR. CHILTON
Will Graham has never been
diagnosed. He won't allow anyone
to test him. He has carefully
constructed a persona to hide his
real nature from the world. He
wears it so well, even Jack
Crawford couldn't see past it.

MARION VEGA
But you did?

DR. CHILTON
Mr. Graham and I had no personal
relationship for him to manipulate.
I have objectively studied him and
the crimes of which he is accused.
These murders were measured and
controlled. The confused man Will
Graham presents to the world could
not commit those crimes. Because
that man is a fiction.

MARION VEGA
You discount the encephalitis he
was suffering as a cause?

DR. CHILTON
He managed his illness with the
help of his neurologist, whom he
murdered for his trouble.

MARION VEGA
Is Will Graham an intelligent
psychopath?

DR. CHILTON

There is not yet a name for
whatever Will Graham is. He kills
methodically and I believe he would
kill again, given the opportunity.

MARION VEGA

Thank you, doctor. Your witness.

Brauer stands up.

LEONARD BRAUER

Dr. Chilton, Will Graham spent his
time catching murderers for the
FBI. You don't see a contradiction
between that and the cold-blooded
killer you describe?

DR. CHILTON

No, I don't. Will Graham is driven
by vanity and his own whims. He
has a very high opinion of his
intelligence. Ergo, he caught the
other killers simply to prove he is
smarter than all of them, too.

(beat)

Saving lives is just as arousing as
ending them. He likes to play God.

Chilton smiles. Certain in his damning testimony.

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

Will Graham lies on his bunk. Somewhere off, a demented soul
begins screaming in a repetitive wail. A mind in torment.
Will stares into the ceiling as the wailing continues,
unabated... Will closes his eyes.

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - NIGHT

The cell block lies in darkness. Silence. A SUDDEN hollow
CLANG as the bolt slides back in the CELL DOOR. Will
Graham's EYES OPEN. Instantly awake. He looks to the cell
door, which slowly opens. An invitation.

INT. BSHCI - CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

A sound rises -- the hollow CLOP of hooves. Will peers and
sees the BLACK STAG, night on night, as it slowly fades into
the shadows at the end of the hall. Will follows it into the
darkness, past empty cells, toward the end of the cell block
where he can now see the GATE stands open. Will peers into
the NURSES' STATION. Empty. Will walks toward the open GATE
and up the stairs beyond.

HANNIBAL (O.S.)

Will?

Will turns to see Hannibal, amidst the shadows, standing at the door of his cell, pointing him back inside.

A KLAXON SOUNDS, harsh in the silent dark.

REVERSE ANGLE

CLOSE ON WILL, now behind Perspex. He is --

INT. BSHCI - PRIVACY ROOM - DAY

Hannibal stands outside the doors. Will shackled to the table within. The doors open and Hannibal ENTERS. He sits and pushes a file across the table to Will.

CLOSE ON AN OUT-OF-FOCUS PHOTOGRAPH

It slides across the table until it COMES INTO FOCUS. It's a wide shot of the BURNED HOME of Andrew Sykes -- his body on the stag's head in all its glory.

Will looks at Hannibal, long and slow. Then he pulls the photo toward him, shackle chains rattling on the table.

WILL GRAHAM

My admirer?

HANNIBAL

(nods)

What do you see?

He begins reading a forensic report and then turns back to the image of the crime scene: A WIDE SHOT of the burned room. Will closes his eyes.

IN THE DARKNESS OF HIS MIND, A PENDULUM SWINGS. FWUM.

The PENDULUM is now outside his head. It swings, wiping away Hannibal. FWUM. And the privacy room PLUNGES INTO DARKNESS.

The CRIME SCENE PHOTO FILLS FRAME. Pull up and away from it to reveal Will STANDING IN DARKNESS.

HE NOW STANDS IN THE ROOM in the picture, pre-fire/pre-murder. Hiding in shadow. We are --

INT. BAILIFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The bailiff enters in his uniform, turning on a light. He sees Will. He KNOWS Will.

The STAG's HEAD stands in the center of the room. The bailiff looks confused. Before he can speak --

WILL GRAHAM

I shoot Mr. Sykes once, collapsing lungs, tearing through his heart's aorta and pulmonary arteries.

Will Graham raises a silenced handgun and SHOOTS the bailiff square in the chest.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

He will die believing we were friends. It is his last thought.

The bailiff's face falls in shock and blood blooms on the chest of his uniform... Will moves to the dying bailiff and, as he would fall, Will grabs him.

LIFTS HIM BODILY

SLOW-MO as Will swings him, high and hard, down onto the stag's head. RAMP back to NORMAL SPEED as the antlers burst brutally from the bailiff's chest...

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

His death isn't personal.

Will's hand, gloved, removes WILL'S POCKETKNIFE from the evidence bag. He stands over the dead bailiff. Will's face knots in effort as he starts to cut, ETCHING a GLASGOW SMILE.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

He is merely the ink from which flows my poem.

ON WILL GRAHAM. He stands to reveal he has now cut off the RIGHT EAR. As it drops into an EVIDENCE BAG --

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

My tribute. This is my design.

Will Graham stares down at his work.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - PRIVACY ROOM - DAY

Will Graham as he looks up from the photographs to Hannibal.

WILL GRAHAM

It's not the same killer. He murdered his victim first, then mutilated him.

(MORE)

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Whether it's me he thinks he's copying or someone else, that's not how we roll.

HANNIBAL

How do you roll?

WILL GRAHAM

Cassie Boyle's lungs were removed when she was still breathing. Georgia Madchen was burned alive. What I found of Abigail was cut off while her heart was beating.

HANNIBAL

Then this is blunt reproduction?

WILL GRAHAM

You knew that already.

HANNIBAL

Would've liked to have been wrong.

WILL GRAHAM

Occam's broom. You intentionally ignored facts that refute your argument and hoped nobody noticed.

HANNIBAL

You noticed. I wanted to dispel your doubts once and for all.

WILL GRAHAM

My doubts about what?

HANNIBAL

Me. I want you to believe in the best of me, Will. Just as I believe in the best of you. This crime offered us both reasonable doubt.

WILL GRAHAM

It offered us a distraction.

HANNIBAL

Maybe this acolyte has given you your path to freedom. Even Jack Crawford is ready to believe, Will.

WILL GRAHAM

It would be a lie.

HANNIBAL

No greater than the lie that binds
you here, that claims you are guilty.

That lands on Will.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I must admit to selfish motives. I
don't want you to be here.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't want me to be here, either.

HANNIBAL

Then you have a choice. This killer
wrote you a poem, Will. Are you
going to let his love go to waste?

ON WILL GRAHAM pondering that choice --

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN to dust motes suspended in a shaft of light.

Alana Bloom is illuminated, sunlight hot on the side of her face. Casting shadows onto the surface of a scarred table.

ALANA BLOOM
I'm confused.

We are --

INT. BSHCI - PRIVACY ROOM - DAY

Alana is mid-discussion with Will Graham and Leonard Brauer.

LEONARD BRAUER
We were heading one direction and
now, we are heading another.

ALANA BLOOM
You're going to abandon your
defense strategy, the entire case
you've built... mid-trial.

LEONARD BRAUER
Exciting, isn't it?

ALANA BLOOM
This seems reasonable to you?

LEONARD BRAUER
Not only reasonable, fashionable.
There's a killer on the loose,
demonstrating all the hallmarks of
Will Graham's alleged murders.
(to Will)
Somebody out there likes you.

ALANA BLOOM
You suffered an illness whose
brutality was matched only by its
perversity. This happened to you,
Will. We all saw it happen.

WILL GRAHAM
I didn't see all of it.

LEONARD BRAUER
I didn't see any of it.

Alana eyes Brauer and decides to remain calm.

ALANA BLOOM

It was cruel. And it was real.

(then)

Do you think this killer committed
the murders you're accused of?

LEONARD BRAUER

Don't answer that. Not in front of
me. It's inconsequential.

ALANA BLOOM

But is it true?

LEONARD BRAUER

You're being awfully high and
mighty, Dr. Bloom. Adorable, but
high and mighty. Very ivory tower.
Very reductive. Very far from the
point, which is the exoneration of
your friend Will Graham.

ALANA BLOOM

And the point you're trying to make
is reasonable doubt.

LEONARD BRAUER

That's a win.

ALANA BLOOM

Best you can hope for is mistrial.

LEONARD BRAUER

Will Graham's alive. Also a win.

ALANA BLOOM

You won't be able to plead
unconsciousness again.

LEONARD BRAUER

Your fast, triumphant diagnosis of
unconsciousness was the best play
we had. Now we have a better play.

(then)

Needless to say, I won't be calling
you to take the witness stand.

Alana takes that in stride.

ALANA BLOOM

Who's taking the stand in my place?

ON HANNIBAL LECTER

LEONARD BRAUER (O.S.)
Defense calls Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

GO WIDE to reveal he stands in the aisle of the courtroom.

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Eyes straight ahead. As he walks forward --

ON WILL GRAHAM

We hear the hollow CLOP of hooves coming closer... Will turns his head and sees only Hannibal in his smart suit as he moves past and toward the witness stand. Stay on Will.

HANNIBAL (O.S.)
I swear to tell the truth, the
whole truth and nothing but the
truth, so help me God...

Will turns to look at Hannibal on the stand and, for a split second, sees the MAN STAG in Hannibal's suit.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Brauer stands before Hannibal Lecter.

LEONARD BRAUER
Describe your relationship with
Will Graham.

HANNIBAL
I was asked by Jack Crawford to
monitor Will's emotional well-being
while he consulted on cases. I was
never officially his psychiatrist.

LEONARD BRAUER
If you weren't his psychiatrist,
what were you?

This section should play as a scene BETWEEN WILL AND HANNIBAL.

HANNIBAL
I was meant to be Will's stability.
I failed him in that.

LEONARD BRAUER
How did you fail?

HANNIBAL

I was unable to determine if Will's condition was due to mental illness or stress from his work at the FBI.

Hannibal looks straight at Will. Holds his gaze. Jack and Alana are in the gallery. Prurnell to one side of them.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

My mistake was never considering his innocence. Until the murder of a bailiff from this courthouse.

Hannibal looks at Will and then at Jack. In the gallery, Prurnell turns to Jack Crawford. Hannibal locks eyes with Will.

LEONARD BRAUER

How do you know this, Dr. Lecter?

HANNIBAL

I have been asked to consult on the case by Jack Crawford. He wanted a profile of the bailiff's killer.

LEONARD BRAUER

You believe the bailiff's murder was committed by the same person guilty of Will Graham's alleged crimes?

Marion Vega stands.

MARION VEGA

Profiles aren't evidence, they're opinion. This is hearsay.

JUDGE DAVIES

I'll allow it.

LEONARD BRAUER

(for Vega's benefit)

Thank you, your honor.

HANNIBAL

(looks at the judge now)

I believe there are alarming similarities in the crimes.

LEONARD BRAUER

Will Graham accused you of the crimes for which he stands trial. And yet, here you are, testifying on his behalf for the defense.

HANNIBAL

Will rightfully couldn't accept these actions as his own. A mind faced with the possibility of committing such deeds finds an alternative reality to believe in.

LEONARD BRAUER

You don't blame him for that?

HANNIBAL

No. Will Graham is and will always be my friend.

Hannibal holds Will's gaze.

LEONARD BRAUER

(to Marion Vega)

Your witness.

Vega stands.

MARION VEGA

Dr. Lecter, what was the cause of death in the bailiff's murder?

HANNIBAL

A bullet to the heart.

MARION VEGA

And Will Graham's victims, alleged victims? Their cause of death?

HANNIBAL

Mutilation.

MARION VEGA

That's different than a bullet.

HANNIBAL

No two crimes of any killer are going to be exactly the same.

MARION VEGA

Is it common for a killer's mode of operation to be wildly divergent?

HANNIBAL

Not common. Not unheard of either.

MARION VEGA

Your honor, the witness's personal beliefs and biases are driving his conclusions.

(MORE)

MARION VEGA (CONT'D)

These are clearly two different killers, two different cases. The prejudicial impact outweighs the probative value.

LEONARD BRAUER

(standing)

There is sufficient similarity to consider this defense on the issue.

JUDGE DAVIES

I'm ruling this defense inadmissible, Mr. Brauer. All previous testimony on the matter will be stricken from the record.

MARION VEGA

Thank you, your honor.

Jack, Alana react to the finality of the judge's statement. Hannibal glances at Will, an apology, then averts his eyes.

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sitting alone at his desk. Bailiff crime scene photos before him. A drink in his hand. Looking for answers...

HANNIBAL LECTER IN PROFILE

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hannibal sits alone in the shadows, intent, facing the empty chair, as his music plays. And we MOVE OFF him --

To an OVERHEAD SHOT of Will Graham.

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

He stares at the ceiling from where he lies on his bunk.

PULL AWAY from Will as the music still plays, SLIDING AWAY down the DARK CORRIDOR and we TRANSITION TO --

ANOTHER DIMLY-LIT CORRIDOR

As OVERHEAD LIGHTS WINK into action. The beautiful music dies. We are --

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

As our CAMERA finds a JANITOR pushing a motorized circular floor scrubber down the hall.

He wears headphones and tinny ROCK MUSIC can be heard. He stops at the doors to our courtroom. Pushes them open and FLICKS ON THE LIGHTS.

They illuminate the room and the janitor GASPS!

Where the mighty seal once adorned the wall behind the bench, a terrible sight now is revealed.

Judge Davies -- MUTILATED, hanging suspended from the hook that once held up the heavy plaque. His arms out sideways in a Christlike pose, supported by a wooden rod.

He has been made into the iconic statue of Justice -- the top of his head is missing and bandages cover his eyes. He is holding a set of scales in one hand. Judge Davies's BRAIN sits in one scale, his HEART in the other.

The janitor stands, stunned, the tinny music still rapping a beat against his ears...

CUT TO BLACK AND SILENCE.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

A SOFT GOLDEN GLEAM

We FOCUS to reveal the hard edge of a brass disc. In its center -- a bloody heart. It bounces up and down slightly as the scale rocks. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal...

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

A CRIME SCENE in progress. Katz, Price and Zeller are processing the dead judge, Jack observing. CAMERA finds Hannibal walking down the aisle, awestruck by the tableau.

HANNIBAL

Not only is justice blind, it is
mindless and heartless.

JACK CRAWFORD

Judge was killed in his chambers,
then hauled out here for display.

HANNIBAL

How did the killer get so close?

BEVERLY KATZ

There was no signs of a struggle.
Mutilation was postmortem.

BRIAN ZELLER

He was shot in the chest just like
the bailiff. Can't find the entry
wound because he removed the heart.

JIMMY PRICE

But there's an exit wound. No slug.
Must have took it with him.

HANNIBAL

A trophy.

Jack averts his eyes from the death tableau. He speaks privately to Hannibal:

JACK CRAWFORD

I didn't know how much I wanted
this to end, until it didn't. No
verdict. No ending. It starts
over. Right from the beginning.
Like the trial never happened.

(then)

Why?

HANNIBAL

Psychopathic violence is
predominantly goal-oriented, a
means to a very particular end.

JACK CRAWFORD

The killer wanted a mistrial?

HANNIBAL

It's an elegant, if rather
unorthodox, solution.

JACK CRAWFORD

To what?

HANNIBAL

He spared Will a guilty verdict and,
for the moment, spared Will's life.

JACK CRAWFORD

Is this the same killer? Or is
Will still on trial in your mind?

HANNIBAL

I feel like St. Peter, denying Will
a third time. Like you, I fear my
hopes about him were wrong.
(off his look)
I don't think it's the same killer.

ON JACK CRAWFORD

Hannibal looks past him and Jack turns to see Kade Prurnell
in the doorway to the court. Taking in the terrible sight.

JACK CRAWFORD

Excuse me.

Jack leaves Hannibal and comes to join her in the doorway to
the court. They are silhouetted in the doorframe, as the
crime scene work continues behind them.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Kade Prurnell looks shaken, but is controlling it.

JACK CRAWFORD

The killer exerted careful control
of the environment and left very
little evidence behind.

KADE PRURNELL

He's making a good case for Will
Graham.

(MORE)

KADE PRURNELL (CONT'D)

The trial was meant to be the end of this. Instead, the circus just added another ring.

JACK CRAWFORD

And we're the clowns.

KADE PRURNELL

Who's "we," Jack?

(then)

This doesn't seem to be going your way. We don't get our way because we don't know where that way leads.

JACK CRAWFORD

I've gotten off track.

KADE PRURNELL

I know you haven't had a chance to write your 302 yet.

JACK CRAWFORD

Actually, I have. A copy's been submitted to the Office of Professional Responsibility. Everything I did and saw with regards to Will Graham and this trial is in there.

KADE PRURNELL

Will I be surprised by anything I read?

JACK CRAWFORD

No.

KADE PRURNELL

You have to force yourself out of this train of thought, Jack. The trial was going wrong before this murder. It was going wrong because you wanted to believe Will Graham.

Jack can't argue that point, simply takes it in.

KADE PRURNELL (CONT'D)

You must be a very good friend to risk everything for him.

JACK CRAWFORD

A cogent reminder of the pitfalls of faith in our fellow man.

ON JACK, pained. She sees it.

KADE PRURNELL

Everyone at one point or another
leaves someone behind. Cut him
loose or there's a good chance that
that someone left behind, today or
tomorrow, is going to be you.

The prospect makes Jack feel so tired and yet he knows it is
his fate. OFF Jack Crawford --

INT. BAU - FORENSICS LAB - DAY

A WEB PAGE clicks up on screen. "Murda-bilia." It is a
website dealing in murder memorabilia -- killers' signatures,
former belongings, etc.: amateurish paintings, handwritten
notes, creepy vials, that sort of thing.

Jimmy Price turns away from the screen to reveal Jack and
Hannibal with Zeller and Katz.

JIMMY PRICE

You want a signed Gacy painting,
this is the guy who'll get you it.
Name's Jonathan Mullion. I went
through all of the bailiff's email
traffic. Three messages he replied
to were using a nym server which
furnishes an untraceable address.

JACK CRAWFORD

Belonging to this guy Mullion.

Beverly Katz looks at Jack and Hannibal.

BEVERLY KATZ

We found an old partial print in
Sykes's house. Not enough points
to stand up in court, but it came
back to Mullion. He was arrested
for breaking into a murder scene
and stealing artifacts.

BRIAN ZELLER

Look at the date, Jack.

Jack looks at the report. His face falls.

JACK CRAWFORD

Mullion was arrested in Florida.
Same day Cassie Boyle was killed.
There's no way he was in Minnesota.

BRIAN ZELLER

Will Graham was in Minnesota.

Jack looks at Hannibal. Saddened.

JACK CRAWFORD
We got an address?

A DOOR SPLINTERS AND FLIES BACKWARD TOWARD CAMERA

Revealing Jack Crawford, gun at the ready. He steps into --

INT. MULLION'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A weird, dim single-room-occupancy apartment.

We SLOWLY PAN over the walls and see strange outsider art-type stuff, amateurish paintings, handwritten notes, creepy vials; it's serial killer memorabilia.

A desk sits amid the clutter. A green glow from the laptop that sits above it. The SCREEN SAVER winks: "*JUST SAYING HI TO THE FBI.*" Take in the crumpled paper on the desktop.

CAMERA MOVES UP AND ROUND FROM IT --

To reveal we have TIME-JUMPED and Hannibal, Zeller, Price and Katz are now in the room. Zeller, Price and Katz are cataloging evidence.

Beverly hands Jack a bound book. He opens it. *Monograph on Time of Death by Insect Activity*, by Will Graham. It is signed by the author. Jack sighs deeply.

Hannibal stands over the laptop. Looks at the message winking on there.

HANNIBAL
Poor Will. I fear his new friend
has condemned him.

Hannibal moves away from the laptop. Just like that, as if by magic, a pair of folded EYEGLASSES sits by the laptop.

Hannibal walks to the foreground as, behind him, we hear --

BRIAN ZELLER
Are these the judge's eyeglasses?

MOVE OFF Hannibal into --

INT. BSHCI - PRIVACY ROOM - DAY

A shaft of light. Will's hand wafts through it, turns as if to catch the light. Alana Bloom sits opposite him.

ALANA BLOOM

I was hoping a verdict would've helped focus your mind to get better. Make what happened to you less terrifying and confusing.

(then)

I can't exactly blame your lawyer.

WILL GRAHAM

Faith in any sort of legal justice has never been any more comforting than a nightlight.

ALANA BLOOM

There are so many miscarriages of justice when it comes to identifying psychopaths. You could have easily been misdiagnosed.

WILL GRAHAM

I've already been misdiagnosed.

ALANA BLOOM

Not by the court.

WILL GRAHAM

Not yet.

ALANA BLOOM

How are you feeling, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

I'm numb except for dreading the loss of numbness. I walked out of that courtroom and I could hear my blood like a hollow drumming of wings. I had the absurd feeling whoever this killer is, he walked out of that courtroom with me.

ALANA BLOOM

He didn't.

WILL GRAHAM

He's going to reach out to me.

ALANA BLOOM

What does he want?

WILL GRAHAM

He wants to know me.

(then)

What do you want?

She considers the question before answering simply:

ALANA BLOOM

I want to save you.

She holds his gaze for a long moment, then looks away, somewhat embarrassed by her admission. Will quietly slides his arm across the table and takes her hand in his.

As CAMERA PULLS BACK...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE