

HANNIBAL
"Shiizakana"

TEASER

EXT. WOODS - EARLY MORNING

In the solitude of the snowbound woods, CAMERA finds...

WILL GRAHAM

Standing, his breath coming in frosted clouds. He stands above a rope loosely coiled on the ground. We follow it to --

HANNIBAL LECTER

Standing in the snow, tied securely to the base of a maple tree. The rope is looped around his throat, pulling his head tight to the tree, and then continues in multiple turns around his torso before leading back to Will.

HANNIBAL

Which answer is it you want to hear, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

What's happening now and about to happen is an answer. I want an admission. Admit what you are.

HANNIBAL

Must I denounce myself as a monster while you still refuse to see the one growing inside you?

Not the answer Will wants. He WHISTLES and the rope begins to uncoil until it SNAPS taut, three feet off the ground. The rope goes taut and, with it, the coils around Hannibal CREAK as they tighten, slowly rolling round him like a python's coils, until finally the rope tightens on his throat. Will turns and now we see the rope leads several feet to --

THE BLACK STAG

Facing away from Hannibal, leaning, but not pulling, waiting docilely for direction.

ON HANNIBAL

He strains against the squeeze, catching his breath.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Why not appeal to my better nature?

WILL GRAHAM

I wasn't aware you had one.

HANNIBAL

No one can be fully aware of another human being unless we love them. By that love we see potential in our beloved. Through that love we allow our beloved to see their potential. Expressing that love, our beloved's potential comes true. I love you, Will.

Will has heard enough. He WHISTLES again, shrill and loud. The black stag starts trudging forward.

ON HOOVES MOVING FORWARD

VEINS bulge in Hannibal's forehead, but he doesn't cry out or protest. His eyes never waver from Will's.

WILL GRAHAM

I once promised you a reckoning.

Will arrives at the tree, face to face, not with Hannibal, but --

THE WENDIGO

Its eyes stare...

HOOVES

Clop ahead...

THE WENDIGO

Unblinking. Soulless.

WILL GRAHAM

Stares back, not frightened. Undeterred.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Here it is.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND THE MAPLE TREE

To which the Hannibal/Wendigo is tied, a final CREAK of rope and PFFT -- an unexpectedly-huge FAN OF BLOOD erupts from the hidden side of the tree.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will awakens, calmly opening his eyes to stare into middle distance. No solace comes from Hannibal's dream death.

Will is sweat-soaked. The dream still real and present.

CUT TO:

SWEETBREADS

Gently sautéed until golden. Sliced, revealing pink inside.

LIVER

Flash-fried rare. Sliced, bleeding a moist red ooze.

EGGS

Whisked and poured over sweetbreads and liver. Vegetables are added, congealing into the folds of an omelet.

A PLATE

The omelet is plated, garnished, then scooped OUT OF FRAME.

ON JACK CRAWFORD

Leaning forward out of darkness. We are --

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

Jack picks up a glass of red wine, catching the light, as Hannibal enters with two plated Sacromonte omelets, placing one dish in front of Jack and the second at his own setting.

HANNIBAL

Sacromonte omelet with liver and sweetbreads. Sacromonte was the gypsy hood of Granada. I visited Granada when I was a young man.

JACK CRAWFORD

I've never been.

HANNIBAL

I fell in love with many things, in particular, this dish. I remember my time there so vividly. Like I frescoed the walls of my mind.

JACK CRAWFORD

I used to be so afraid of losing my memory. What I wouldn't give to forget a thing or two now.

Jack eyes the food for a moment before taking a bite.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
(it's delicious)
My compliments to the gypsy hood.

HANNIBAL
Memory gives moments immortality.
But forgetfulness promotes a
healthy mind. It's good to forget.
(then)
What are you trying to forget?

JACK CRAWFORD
Doubt. I let doubt in.

HANNIBAL
About me?

JACK CRAWFORD
About Will.

HANNIBAL
You were convinced he was guilty.
It's hard to unbelieve, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD
Would you tell me if there was
something to worry about?

Hannibal smiles at Jack.

HANNIBAL
I can no longer discuss Will's
state of mind with you or anyone
else without his consent. Will's
officially my patient. He employs
me now, not the FBI.

JACK CRAWFORD
Then I hope your therapy works.

HANNIBAL
Therapy only works when we have a
genuine desire to know ourselves as
we are, not as we'd like to be.
There is a duality to us all, Jack.

OFF Hannibal --

CUT TO:

EXT. REST STOP - NIGHT

Snow flies. A lone SEMI TRAILER TRUCK idles in the parking area, its trailer lights glowing yellow. Exhaust billows.

More light spills from the rest stop bathroom as the TRUCKER exits. He heads into the night's cold and back to his rig.

CAMERA comes across the truck's snow-covered windshield and hood to find the trucker coming the length of his trailer.

Then -- CREEEAK -- the trailer's bulk SHUDDERS and ROCKS on its shocks before it's silent again. The trucker's puzzled.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN with the man as he squats to look under the trailer. There's nothing there. No tires blown.

The trucker turns suddenly to CAMERA, but there is nothing there. Turns back, still nothing.

But he's spooked. Somewhere down in the dark parts of his brain, he knows something is there.

He moves back to his cab. Looks at the door. Pauses. Is something inside?

He grabs the handle and pulls it open. NOTHING. He peers in. Relaxes.

He grabs the handrail and puts his boot on the step. Pulls himself up.

Door open, the trucker steps up to enter, but pauses again as SNOW drops onto his head. A NOISE above.

He looks up.

A HUNCHED, POWERFUL SILHOUETTE is on the roof of the cab. Before he can open his mouth --

SPLAYED PAWS

Thrust down out of the snow and darkness.

A FLASH OF CLAWS

Sinking into his shoulders. The back of his neck.

THE TRUCKER

Kicking, flailing, is BODILY DRAGGED up onto the cab roof where he struggles with the shadowed creature.

A FLASH OF FANGS

And the trucker's SCREAMS for help are cut short. He's dead.

Yet the creature continues ravaging its victim. OFF the O.S. sounds of tearing fabric and flesh, of the trucker's lifeless body THUDDING against the cab's metal roof, CAMERA follows --

BLOOD

Streams down the windshield before coloring the snow on the hood DEEP DARK RED.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

ON WILL GRAHAM

He cocks the hammer of the gun he's holding. We are --

INT. ANIMAL RESCUE - LARGE-ANIMAL BARN - NIGHT

CLARK INGRAM's face falls. FOCUS SLIDES along the barrel of the gun to the cocked hammer and then Will's face beyond.

SLO-MO -- the trigger CLICKS -- the hammer FALLS --

ON HANNIBAL'S FINGER between the hammer and firing pin.

Will looks at Hannibal as Hannibal slides his hand around Will's and pulls the gun away.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Will sits in the chair across from Hannibal, mid-session.

WILL GRAHAM

Do you have any regrets?

HANNIBAL

With every choice lies the possibility of regret. However, if I choose not to do something, it's usually for a good reason.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm riddled with regrets.

HANNIBAL

A life without regret would be no life at all.

WILL GRAHAM

I regret what I did in the stables.

HANNIBAL

Then you were lucky I was there.

WILL GRAHAM

Being lucky isn't the same as making a mistake. Allowing you to stop me was a mistake.

HANNIBAL

Then it's not your actions that you regret. It's the lack thereof.

WILL GRAHAM

That would be more accurate.

HANNIBAL

Did you make that decision on the basis of anticipating the regret you would feel taking another life?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

HANNIBAL

Anticipating regret commonly results in dubious decisions.

(then)

You must adapt your behavior to avoid feeling the same way again.

WILL GRAHAM

Adapt. Evolve. Become.

HANNIBAL

I want you to close your eyes, Will, and imagine a version of events you wouldn't have regretted.

Will closes his eyes.

When he opens them, we are --

INT. ANIMAL RESCUE - LARGE-ANIMAL BARN - NIGHT

Will stands holding his gun on Clark Ingram.

A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS:

A BULLET ROTATES into the chamber.

The TRIGGER is SQUEEZED.

The HAMMER SLAMS FORWARD.

The BARREL EXPLODES.

ON CLARK INGRAM

His head SNAPS BACK, blood spraying as bullet exits skull.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Will sits opposite Hannibal, as before. He opens his eyes.

HANNIBAL

What did you see?

WILL GRAHAM

A missed opportunity.

(then)

To feel like I felt when I killed
Garret Jacob Hobbs. To feel like I
felt when I thought I killed you.

HANNIBAL

And what does that feel like, Will?
Excitement bumping in your chest
like a cold medallion?

WILL GRAHAM

I felt a quiet sense of power.

Hannibal studies Will for a brief moment, then:

HANNIBAL

Good. Remember that feeling.

CUT TO:

ON MARGOT VERGER

She struts purposefully along a cement walkway. We are --

EXT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Will exits Hannibal's office building, his head down, heavy
in thought. As Margot approaches:

MARGOT VERGER

(smiles and it's lovely)

I tend to walk out of this building
in a similar state. You must be a
patient of Dr. Lecter's.

Will nods. Goes to walk away. Aware Margot is now looking at
him intensely. Will knows what is coming and wants to avoid it.

MARGOT VERGER (CONT'D)

Are you famous or are we friendly?

WILL GRAHAM

I'm sorry?

MARGOT VERGER

You look familiar. Either I know
you or I know of you.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm the guy who didn't kill all
those people.

Will moves off leaving Margot considering who it was she crossed paths with just now.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Margot is in session with Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

We all have a gauge for humanity that twitches when we see another person. Tell me, Margot, what twitches when you see your brother?

MARGOT VERGER

Not my gauge for humanity.

HANNIBAL

You don't recognize in your brother basic human traits. You dehumanize him as much as he dehumanizes you.

MARGOT VERGER

At least I'm never going to be the worst person I know.

HANNIBAL

The tendency to see others as less human than ourselves is universal.

MARGOT VERGER

My brother is less human.

HANNIBAL

And you are less human for it.

A simple truth. She doesn't take offense, but pokes back:

MARGOT VERGER

Did you just dehumanize me?

HANNIBAL

Psychiatrists who dehumanize patients are more comfortable with painful-but-effective treatments, and experience better results.

MARGOT VERGER

I met one of your patients. Will Graham. What painful-but-effective treatment did you prescribe him?

The question hangs in the air, then:

MARGOT VERGER (CONT'D)

You're very supportive of me
killing my brother. I appreciate
the support, I really do. But I
can only imagine what you'd be
supportive of Will Graham doing.

HANNIBAL

What do you imagine?

MARGOT VERGER

I imagine you tiptoe your way into
the vaults of hearts and minds and
coax out whatever's waiting there.
(then)
What kind of psychiatrist are you?

HANNIBAL

You already had my reputation and
bona fides verified. You know what
kind of psychiatrist I am.

MARGOT VERGER

I'm beginning to.

Hannibal studies her, not threatened by her observation.

HANNIBAL

What is your interest in Will?

MARGOT VERGER

My interest is in your interest in
people who kill, or at least try to.

HANNIBAL

Will Graham was very-publicly found
innocent of all charges.

MARGOT VERGER

My brother was very-publicly found
innocent of all his charges, too.
But not because he was innocent.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON A BLOODY ICICLE

SUNLIGHT glistens off the frozen blood, warming its surface
until a drop of blood beads and DRIPS from the icicle.

We are --

EXT. REST STOP - DAY

THE TRUCKER'S DEAD BODY

Bloodied and sprawled on his back across the cab roof, his head hanging over its edge, throat ripped open. Blood and innards emanate like the spokes of a bicycle wheel.

WIDEN to find ZELLER and PRICE atop platforms on either side, inspecting the truck cab roof and the body, respectively.

Jimmy takes photos. Zeller inspects the near-empty torso.

BRIAN ZELLER

No guts, no glory.

JIMMY PRICE

There're guts. They're over there.

CAMERA reveals Jack flanked by Will Graham and Dr. Lecter.

WILL GRAHAM

It snowed all night. There are no tracks. You sure it was an animal?

BRIAN ZELLER

Severance of the jugular and carotids, esophagus destroyed. The bite almost severed his head.

JIMMY PRICE

Evisceration was performed by large, non-retractable claws, so we're looking at a wolf or a bear.

JACK CRAWFORD

Whatever it was, it wasn't afraid of humans. Not anymore.

Will eyes the corpse-icle on the cab of the truck.

WILL GRAHAM

Wolves and bears don't eat where they kill. They would've dragged him off.

HANNIBAL

Unless it went mad. A rabid animal attacks its victims at random and doesn't eat any part of them.

Zeller's gaze darts from the body to the organs spread around, the torn flesh.

BRIAN ZELLER

There was no eating here. We found just about everything.

(MORE)

BRIAN ZELLER (CONT'D)

Viscera was exposed, belly was laid open, but no sign of gnawing or rutting.

JIMMY PRICE

Found the same wound patterns on recent livestock mutilations in the area. Evisceration, dismemberment, yet everything accounted for.

WILL GRAHAM

Since when does the FBI get involved in animal attacks, Jack?

JACK CRAWFORD

When somebody's holding the leash of whatever's doing the attacking.

WILL GRAHAM

The livestock mutilations... that was practice.

JACK CRAWFORD

He's going to kill again and he's going to get better at it.

WILL GRAHAM

He's urbanizing his animal -- moving closer to the city, adapting it to bigger prey.

HANNIBAL

He's not denying its natural instincts, he's evolving them.

Jack studies Will and Hannibal's exchange, then adds:

JACK CRAWFORD

It's blood sport.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

A RAT

It crawls down the length of a jumpsuit sleeve, over and around the arm belonging to...

PETER BERNARDONE

The animal rescue caretaker from Ep. #208. We are --

INT. LOCKED INPATIENT PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY

Will sits with Peter Bernardone; though the ward is open and sunny, Peter's outfit resembles Will's BSHCI jumpsuit. Will is showing him PHOTOS from the truck stop crime scene.

WILL GRAHAM

Bear or a wolf?

Will watches as Peter reviews photos, glancing down to see a rat crawling from inside Peter's shoulder to perch on the back of his hand. A wild rat. A resident.

PETER BERNARDONE

That's Kevin. Don't stare.
They'll take him away.

Peter quietly tucks Kevin the rat into his other sleeve. He looks away and points at the photographs.

PETER BERNARDONE (CONT'D)

(re: one photo)

Bear.

(re: another)

Wolf.

WILL GRAHAM

Do bears and wolves hunt together?

PETER BERNARDONE

A bear doesn't look in the mirror and see a bear. Just sees itself. Can train a bear to be a wolf, wolf a bear. Train them long enough, they hunt together, eat together.

(then)

Enough time, circumstances, there's a lot I could train even you to do.

Will considers that a moment, then:

WILL GRAHAM

Does a bear forget it's a bear?

PETER BERNARDONE

Doesn't matter. Wolf won't forget what the bear is. He never forgets the bear is bigger. Stronger. And would kill him if it needed to. Instinct makes them remember that.

WILL GRAHAM

That sort of friendship can keep you on your toes.

PETER BERNARDONE

Animals have friendships just like we do. Oldest works of art are half-human, half-animal drawings on cave walls. They figured it out thirty thousand years ago. We're the same.

WILL GRAHAM

A bear may not recognize its reflection, Peter, but we have to.

PETER BERNARDONE

Do we?

(then)

The more a man forgets himself, tending to another creature, the more he sees how human he is.

Will considers Peter's view.

WILL GRAHAM

I'll try to remember that.

PETER BERNARDONE

Don't blame the animals. Man's the only creature that kills to kill.

OFF Will, we --

HARD CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN BASEMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON A TANK OF COMPRESSED AIR

Two-feet long, as FINGERS screw air hoses into its top. The hoses run to a pair of PNEUMATIC PISTONS, stitched parallel to one another into the back of a canvas vest slung over a chair.

AN INTENSE YOUNG MAN

Works silently, spraying GRAPHITE onto the piston rods. He turns the air tank gauge, pressurizing the contraption.

ON THE WORKBENCH

Behind the man are a pair of BEAR FOREPAWS. But they lie limp and empty, mitts bearing LONG, SHARP -- and real -- CLAWS. STRAPS and BUCKLES hang off the mitts' sleeve ends.

THE MAN

Pushes a TRIGGER SWITCH and the pistons on the canvas vest SHOOT UP IN UNISON with an asthmatic WHEEZE -- followed by an O.S. CLACK.

WE MOVE UP, past the pistons, to see each one is attached to HINGED HEADGEAR -- and affixed to the headgear, in a craftsman's meld of machine and monstrosity, are --

THE FORMIDABLE JAWS OF A WOLF SKULL.

The headgear holds the jaws open. Straps hang off the back, ready to be secured around the wearer's own head. A KILLING MASK, hand-constructed and with a specific purpose.

Another click of the switch, a pneumatic WHEEZE and CLACK!

The JAWS SNAP SHUT.

The man places a BROOM HANDLE in between them. CLACK. The wood SPLINTERS. Satisfied, the man begins scraping SPATTERS OF BLOOD from the bone muzzle...

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

FLICKERING YELLOW LIGHT

CAMERA PANS to find --

A HUGE BONFIRE

Roaring on the snowy shore. A YOUNG COUPLE, well-dressed and dressed for the cold, approach. We hear the DISTANT MUSIC of the party they've just abandoned for each other's company.

THE SHADOWY TREES

CAMERA PUSHES IN until the faintest outline of the BEAST can be seen, a shape wrapped in the inkiness of night.

CLOSE ON TEETH

CAMERA PUSHES PAST THEM, into the jaws until dead eyes hang in the darkness of the beast's mouth, staring coldly.

ON THE COUPLE

The man catches a glimpse of something in the darkness beyond the bonfire. He squints, looking closer.

MAN

Katrina... give me your hand.

She reaches for his hand and takes it. Then:

BAM. The beast HITS the man, hard, his hand snatched out of the woman's hand, violently driving him OUT OF FRAME. Goose down EXPLODES from his coat and his torso is slashed open.

The woman hits the ground, scattering away behind the fire.

ON THE GROUND

CRUNCH. The beast smashes the man into the snow, POUNCING.

GLINTS and FLASHES across FANG and CLAW as the man takes a breath to scream and then, off the O.S. PNEUMATIC WHEEZE and CLACK OF JAWS, it stops before it even starts.

ON THE WOMAN

She scrambles, turning to run, but not looking where she's going. Her foot catches on the ice of the frozen lake, and she falls face first onto the ice with a horrible CRACK, breaking her nose and knocking her unconscious as we...

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

We hear the woman's dazed breathing. She's coming to.

Another loud step. CRICK-CRACK. She finally raises her head and SCREAMS, scrambling to her feet just as the beast lands where she was lying. The woman runs for the beach, trying to gain traction on the slippery ice.

Her feet finally make the shore as she runs toward the bonfire. She turns to see if the beast is behind her.

OFF the frozen lake, the beast CHARGES OUT OF THE DARKNESS. A shadowy blur, CLAWS SPLAYED.

CAMERA POPS WIDE

To see the beast LEAP on the woman and TAKE HER DOWN.

EXTREME CLOSE ON JAWS

They FLASH, GNASH and RIP OUT HER THROAT.

FIRELIGHT

CAMERA follows --

The fire's SPARKS trailing smoke up into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DINOSAUR ROOM - DAY

ON AN EIGHT-INCH FANG

Held delicately in a MAN'S FINGERTIPS.

WIDEN to show --

RANDALL TIER fitting the tooth into a sabertooth cat skeleton he's re-articulating. He's bright-eyed and engaged with the predator he's honoring with restoration. He senses a presence in the room and glances behind him.

RANDALL TIER
Museum's closed.

HANNIBAL LECTER

Standing in half-shadow. Randall is caught off guard, but he covers quickly and manages a half smile.

HANNIBAL
Hello, Randall.

Randall Tier is surprised by his visitor.

RANDALL TIER
Dr. Lecter.

Hannibal steps out of the shadows. Fossilized bones of all sizes are arranged on display. Hannibal takes them in, his gaze landing on Randall's sabertooth skull.

HANNIBAL
You'll always be ruled by your
fascination with teeth.

RANDALL TIER
That's what you said to me when
they brought me into your office
the very first time.

HANNIBAL
Is that what I said?

RANDALL TIER
I was crying, dreading telling you
what was wrong with me. You made it
easy then, and other visits, too.

HANNIBAL

Do you remember what I told you,
Randall? If you try, you can
remember everything we ever said.

RANDALL TIER

You said you felt like you peeked
in my ear and could see what I am.

Hannibal draws closer, almost fatherly.

HANNIBAL

A therapist's life is equal parts
counsel and curiosity. We set a
patient on a path, but are left to
wonder where that path takes them.
You've come so very far, Randall.

RANDALL TIER

A long time since you treated me.

HANNIBAL

Which is why I wanted to talk to
you about your wonderful progress,
just for a moment, privately.

(then)

I've seen what you've done.

RANDALL TIER

What have I done?

HANNIBAL

You bore screams as a sculptor
bears dust from the beaten stone.

(then)

That crying boy doesn't cling to
you anymore. What clings to you
now? What clings to your teeth?

RANDALL TIER

Ragged bits of scalp trailing their
tails of hair like comets.

HANNIBAL

Beautiful.

(then)

They're looking for you.

RANDALL TIER

(quiet)

I don't think I can stop.

HANNIBAL

I don't want you to.

(then)

They're going to find you, Randall.

When they do, it's important that
you do exactly what I say.

OFF Randall Tier and a response he never expected to hear.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BEACH - DAY

THE BONFIRE

Has been reduced to ash. Around its black smudge, AGENTS process the scene. Zeller confers with Jack over the forensics of the slaughter.

Will consults the POLICE REPORT in his hand and walks the periphery of the scene. He looks from one dead body, past it to the trees where the attacker hid, lying in wait. He looks down the beach to where MORE AGENTS work another body.

ON WILL GRAHAM

Who breathes deep and exhales. He closes his eyes. We hear the slow THUD of his heartbeat. The AMBIENT HUM of his CIRCULATORY SYSTEM.

A PENDULUM

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

ON WILL GRAHAM

Eyes still closed, the PENDULUM swings behind him. FWUM. Jack and the BAU agents are gone. FWUM.

THE DEAD FIRE ASH

SMOLDERS and GLOWS and FLAMES sprout and grow larger. Daylight FADES FAST, replaced by pitch-black night.

FWUM.

The YOUNG COUPLE reappear around the flames, alive and talking. The scene has been decriminalized in Will Graham's head and the previous night restored.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He watches the young couple standing near the bonfire, cuddled. As CAMERA PULLS BACK, reveal the BLACK STAG stepping out of the shadows behind Will.

Together, Will and his black stag watch the couple on the beach. The man stops, glancing their direction from around the bonfire. He takes the woman's hand and looks closer.

A moment, then:

WILL GRAHAM
(quietly)
Kill.

WIDE ANGLE

The black stag charges across the beach.

BLACK STAG'S POV

The dagger-like points of the ANTLERS creep INTO FRAME as we GALLOP TOWARD THE COUPLE.

ON THE COUPLE

BAM. The black stag HITS the man, hard, his hand snatched out of the woman's hand, violently driving him into the ground in a vicious POUNCE. Goose down EXPLODES from his coat and his torso is slashed again. The woman SCREAMS.

ON ANTLERS -- SLOW MOTION

They SLASH THROUGH FRAME, cutting off the woman's scream by TEARING the throat from her neck.

ON SNOW -- SLOW MOTION

Warm blood SPRAYS across snow, melting it in crimson streaks.

CLOSE ON THE BONFIRE

Warm blood SPRAYS into the fire, SIZZLING.

ON THE ANTLERS

CAMERA reveals they're attached to Will who is covered with blood -- as it was his antlers that just tore out the woman's throat. He looks down at her dead body, his EYES BLACK.

CLOSE ON WILL GRAHAM

The antlers are RECEDING into his body. He blinks and his EYES RETURN TO NORMAL. Night becomes day. We are now --

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Will opens his eyes and CAMERA reveals Jack nearby.

WILL GRAHAM
It's not an animal. It's a man who
wants to be an animal.

JACK CRAWFORD
Does he believe he's an animal?

WILL GRAHAM

It's not what he believes, it's
what he imagines.

JACK CRAWFORD

Considering the savagery of the
attacks, he's clean and organized.
Meticulous, even. What does he want?

WILL GRAHAM

He wants to maul. This isn't
personal. He doesn't know them.
He doesn't need to know them.
They're just meat to him. Prey.

JACK CRAWFORD

This kind of psychosis doesn't just
slip through the system. Someone
somewhere would have noticed.

WILL GRAHAM

If it is psychosis, he got inside
it somehow. Tamed it, made a suit
of it. He's an engineer. Or
understands engineering. He can
build things. He built his beast.
(then)
He's a student of predators.

OFF Jack taking that in...

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Will stares past Hannibal, silent. After a long beat:

HANNIBAL

"No beast is more savage than man
when possessed with power
answerable to his own rage."

WILL GRAHAM

It's not rage. Rage is an
emotional response to being
provoked. This is something else.

HANNIBAL

What is it?

WILL GRAHAM

Instinct. It's the way he thinks.

HANNIBAL

The way any animal thinks depends on limitations of mind and body. If we learn our limitations too soon, we never learn our power.

WILL GRAHAM

He tore his victims apart. I'd say he learned his power.

HANNIBAL

He claimed his power. Can you imagine tearing someone apart or would you prefer to use a gun?

WILL GRAHAM

Guns lack intimacy.

HANNIBAL

You set an event in motion with a gun. You don't complete it. You fantasized about killing me with your hands. Wouldn't that be more satisfying than pulling a trigger?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

HANNIBAL

When you so discourteously sent a man to kill me, were you imagining killing me yourself? Living vicariously through him as if your hands tightened the noose around my neck? Or were you simply hiding?

WILL GRAHAM

I wasn't hiding from anything the first time I tried to kill you.

HANNIBAL

You were hiding behind a gun.
(then)
You must allow yourself to be intimate with your instincts, Will.

As CAMERA PUSHES IN ON WILL, we...

CUT TO:

BLACK

CAMERA PULLS OUT of the darkness, BONE STRUCTURES wrap around FRAME as CAMERA reveals we are inside the eye socket of a PREHISTORIC CAVE BEAR SKULL. We are --

INT. BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - DAY

Brian Zeller and Jimmy Price stand opposite Jack Crawford, between them a CAVE BEAR SKULL and a DIRE WOLF SKULL.

BRIAN ZELLER

The closest comparative bite radius we could match to the victims' wounds was a cave bear.

JIMMY PRICE

Even a dire wolf, which is the largest species in the genus Canis, is itty-bitty by comparison.

BRIAN ZELLER

But a cave bear couldn't do this.

JIMMY PRICE

Mostly because they're vegetarians and have been extinct twenty-eight thousand years.

BRIAN ZELLER

Mostly because the bite force relative to skull size couldn't do the kind of damage we've seen.

JACK CRAWFORD

What could?

BRIAN ZELLER

Pull-ratchets or pneumatics, maybe.

JACK CRAWFORD

Pretty sophisticated ingenuity for any kind of animal, man or beast.

CAMERA finds Hannibal Lecter standing in the doorway.

HANNIBAL

Animals are far more like humans than we ever realized. And humans are far more like animals. One thin barrier between us.

JACK CRAWFORD

For some, that barrier's too thin. Hello, Dr. Lecter. How does something like this present?

HANNIBAL

Someone affected by this kind of species dysphoria typically has other conditions. Mood disorders, clinical depression, schizophrenia.

JACK CRAWFORD

Typically.

HANNIBAL

They may not present at all. Your killer could have built a bridge between who he appears to be and what he now knows he's become.

JACK CRAWFORD

He didn't build a bridge, Dr. Lecter. He built a suit.

HANNIBAL

What he seeks is transformation.

JACK CRAWFORD

You ever see anything like this?

Hannibal hesitates, guides Jack a few feet away for privacy:

HANNIBAL

This threatens to be a violation of doctor-patient confidentiality, so I will tread carefully.

JACK CRAWFORD

You have seen something like this.

HANNIBAL

Years ago, I treated a patient who fits this profile. A teenage boy who suffered from what I would describe as an identity disorder.

JACK CRAWFORD

This boy imagined himself a beast?

HANNIBAL

During our therapy, he reported a moment of clarity. He understood, in that moment, he was an animal born in the body of a man.

(then)

He kept a solitary life. He'd hide and behave in ways resembling animal behavior. Predatory.

JACK CRAWFORD

He was delusional.

HANNIBAL

Not necessarily. He didn't believe metamorphosis could physically take place, but that wouldn't stop him from trying to achieve it.

JACK CRAWFORD

He'd be a grown man now?

HANNIBAL

As he grew in wisdom and in confidence, he would no longer feel he had to meet his needs in hiding.

JACK CRAWFORD

What are his needs, Dr. Lecter?

HANNIBAL

Savagery.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

ON RANDALL TIER

He walks toward CAMERA, eyes fixed ahead of him. He is cool, calm, resolved, confident. Dead-eyed. We are --

INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DINOSAUR ROOM - DAY

RANDALL'S POV

Jack Crawford and Will Graham, the TYRANNOSAURUS looming over them, wait as Randall approaches them.

JACK CRAWFORD
Randall Tier?

RANDALL TIER
(nods)
You wanted to speak to me?

JACK CRAWFORD
I'm Special Agent Jack Crawford
with the FBI. This is Will Graham.
Did you put this together?

Jack gestures to the SABERTOOTH CAT skeleton. Now completed, it stares sightlessly at Will who gazes back.

RANDALL TIER
Yes.

Jack admires a wall of various skulls.

JACK CRAWFORD
Nice work. What's this one here?

RANDALL TIER
A cave bear.

Jack considers that good-naturedly, then:

JACK CRAWFORD
Ever put one of them together?

RANDALL TIER
Put them together, take them apart,
put them together again.

JACK CRAWFORD
Then you understand their
mechanics, how they're engineered?

RANDALL TIER

We understand a lot about cave bears. Their fossils have been found in the tens of thousands, all over southern Europe. They're very common. Common enough you can get one on eBay. "Buy it now."

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm asking, Randall, because the skull of a cave bear was recently used as a murder weapon. At least its jaws were. Claws, too.

RANDALL TIER

Prehistoric skulls and claws were designed to do what they do best.

WILL GRAHAM

Used the right tools for the job.

RANDALL TIER

But it's what's inside the skull that tells you what the job is.

JACK CRAWFORD

You have a history with trouble inside your skull, Mr. Tier.

Randall Tier winces, feeling the slight.

RANDALL TIER

That what this is about? You think I killed someone with a fossil? I had an identity disorder. Doctors told me the internal map of my body didn't match reality.

(then)

Do you know what it's like when the skin you're wearing doesn't fit?

WILL GRAHAM

I can imagine.

RANDALL TIER

I know who I am now. I'm much better. I'm socializing. I'm taking my medication. I'm employed. I work very hard. I'm proof mental illness is treatable.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON WILL as he finds legitimacy in Randall Tier's reply, and suspicion.

CLOSE ON A MEAT GRINDER

A TURKEY goes in one end and emerges RAW MEAT from the other.

CLOSE ON ROSEMARY

It's finely chopped.

CLOSE ON RICE

It cooks and reduces.

CLOSE ON A DUTCH OVEN

The ground meat, rice, rosemary and broth are mixed and stirred into the Dutch oven. It boils and simmers.

A SERIES OF DOG BOWLS

PLOP-PLOP-PLOP, Will ladles the homemade dog food into the respective bowls. We are --

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will appears in the kitchen doorframe and rattles a spoon in the empty Dutch oven -- as good as a dinner bell.

He leaves FRAME. When no dogs come running, he returns and is perplexed by what he sees.

ALL OF WILL'S DOGS

Sit facing the front door as one.

Is there something outside? Did someone knock? Will makes his way through his pack and slowly opens the door.

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will sees Margot Verger climbing out of a LUXURY CAR in his driveway. The dogs erupt into BARKS and Will steps outside, shutting the door behind him, effectively muffling the dogs.

MARGOT VERGER

Sorry for the intrusion. We met
outside Dr. Lecter's office.

WILL GRAHAM

I remember.
(then)
How did you find me?

MARGOT VERGER

Turns out, you are famous.

WILL GRAHAM

You're not exactly anonymous
yourself, Margot.

MARGOT VERGER

It's cold. You have any whiskey?

OFF that question...

AN EMPTY GLASS

Whiskey splashes over CAMERA. We are --

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will Graham hands Margot Verger a glass of whiskey, taking a
drink of his own.

WILL GRAHAM

What's the heir to the Verger
meatpacking dynasty doing at my
door?

MARGOT VERGER

My brother's the heir, not me.
I've got the wrong parts and the
wrong proclivity for parts.

Something fresh about her frankness, likeable.

WILL GRAHAM

Didn't answer my question.

MARGOT VERGER

I'm here for a character reference.
Patient to patient. What do you
think of Dr. Lecter's therapy?

WILL GRAHAM

Depends what you're in therapy for.

MARGOT VERGER

I'm in therapy for all sorts of
reasons. The Vergers slaughter
eighty-six thousand cattle a day
and thirty-six thousand pigs,
depending on the season. That's
just the public carnage.

WILL GRAHAM

What's your private carnage?

MARGOT VERGER

I tried to murder my brother.

Will studies her, then:

WILL GRAHAM
I assume he had it coming.

MARGOT VERGER
Did he ever.
(then)
What's your private carnage?

WILL GRAHAM
I tried to murder Dr. Lecter.

MARGOT VERGER
See, now that's interesting.
(then)
Did he have it coming?

Will studies her, debates answering that, then decides not to.

WILL GRAHAM
What do you think?

MARGOT VERGER
I can't say that I know.

WILL GRAHAM
Neither can I.

MARGOT VERGER
Sounds like we have similar issues.
I doubt Dr. Lecter gave you the
same advice on murder he gave me.

WILL GRAHAM
What's that?

MARGOT VERGER
He told me, if at first I don't
succeed, I should try, try again.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

CAMERA reveals Will is in a session with Hannibal Lecter,
pacing the room, avoiding the chair.

WILL GRAHAM
I'm curious what would happen if
your patients started comparing
notes, Dr. Lecter. What would
Randall Tier have to say to me?

HANNIBAL
What did Randall Tier say to you?

WILL GRAHAM

He said he was much better now.
That mental illness was treatable.
Randall Tier is a success story.

HANNIBAL

You believe he's innocent?

WILL GRAHAM

I believe your therapy was
successful. You can be persuasive.

HANNIBAL

Persuasion is not coercion.

WILL GRAHAM

How many have there been? Like
Randall Tier? Like me?

HANNIBAL

Every patient is unique.

WILL GRAHAM

Your psychiatrist came to visit me
at the hospital before my trial.

HANNIBAL

Dr. Du Maurier.

WILL GRAHAM

She told me she believed me. She
knew there were others like me.

HANNIBAL

Fascinating.

WILL GRAHAM

Did you kill her?

HANNIBAL

(simply)

No.

Will studies Hannibal a moment, then:

WILL GRAHAM

What do you think about when you
think about killing?

HANNIBAL

I think about God.

WILL GRAHAM

Good and evil?

HANNIBAL

Good and evil has nothing to do with God. I collect church collapses. Did you see the recent one in Sicily? The facade fell on sixty-five grandmothers during a special Mass. Was that evil? Was that God? If He's up there, He just loves it. Typhoid and swans, it all comes from the same place.

WILL GRAHAM

Does Randall Tier believe in God?

HANNIBAL

Perhaps you should have a more-personal conversation with Mr. Tier and ask him what he believes.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

RANDALL TIER

Stands on a snowbound rise, concealed by trees. His killing suit is on, the jaw-mask strapped on and primed to work.

CAMERA MOVES AROUND to reveal Hannibal standing in the snow beside him, facing the same direction.

HANNIBAL

The solitude of what you do is to be respected and I intend to honor that. I've only come to offer you words of encouragement.

Tier says nothing. In his killing suit, in this state of mind, there are no words. Hannibal senses as much.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

You are becoming, Randall, and this beast is your higher self. Your bodies, voices and wills are one.

Hannibal looks past the killing jaws, into Randall's eyes.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Revel in what you are.

His words ring of the same encouragement Hannibal has given Will Graham and Margot Verger both. Tier remains silent as he and Hannibal turn to the site they were facing before --

WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE

Its windows lit warm and yellow from inside.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Through the kitchen door, Will enters the room to see:

HIS DOGS

Sitting again, all facing the front door.

Will crosses directly to the entrance. But this time the stoop is empty. Nothing but the cold, dark night. Will and his dogs look around, sensing something is amiss.

But ONE DOG takes its instinct one further and BOLTS through the open door and tears off into the darkness.

Will and the other dogs pause, uncertain -- until the escaped dog's YELP splits the night.

CLOSE ON A KEY

Opening the lock on Will's old gun cabinet.

A RIFLE

As Will takes it from its rack. He chambers a shell. Two.

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will bounds down his steps in his shirtsleeves, flushed from the safety of his shelter. He follows the line of his DOG'S TRACKS into the deep snow and the deeper darkness.

RANDALL TIER

Stands, cloaked in shadow, watching and waiting to face this adversary... and discover how truly worthy he is.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Will enters the trees, armed with his rifle. No movement. No sounds. Tier could be anywhere in the darkness. Behind any tree, concealed by any shadow. Then:

SOMETHING MOVES

In the snow ahead. Will aims, ready to fire, but sees instead --

HIS DOG

Lying, injured. Will rushes to the animal to find it slashed and hobbled, but alive. Will scans the darkness around them and makes a decision. He places his rifle down and scoops his dog up in his arms.

TIER'S SHADOW

Flits across a tree trunk. How close to Will, we don't know.

WILL

Arms full of dog, lumbers fast as he can through the snow.

THROUGH A ROW OF FOREGROUND TREES

Tier's shape GLIDES past, searching for the moment to strike.

WIDE SHOT

Will and his dog run and stumble, headed for the safety of his house. Tier enters the field behind him and is closing in.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will BANGS through the door. He places his injured dog down and LOCKS the front door behind him.

Will moves from switch to switch, extinguishing the lights before cutting through the sudden darkness to --

THE GUN CABINET

Where he finds a HANDGUN.

TIER'S SHADOW

Crosses the window.

WILL'S DOGS

Sense his anxiety and they crowd him, uncertain.

Sounds come from outside -- a SCRAPE of Tier's clawed feet on the front porch. Will and his dogs face the front door, ready. Will levels his gun at the door.

Waits. Then a SHADOW GROWS FAST on the front window and --

K-SHHHHHH!

In SLOW MOTION, Tier comes hurtling through it in a cascade of GLASS and SPLINTERED WOOD, backlit by the blue moonlight.

WILL

Recoils and drops, hands flying up to protect his eyes.

HIS HANDGUN

Clatters away into the darkness.

WILL'S DOGS

BARK at the intruder. Will finds his fishing vest on the floor and fumbles through the many pockets to find --

A SHEATHED FILLET KNIFE.

Will pulls it out, the narrow blade catches the moonlight.

TIER

Stands, shaking off glass like a dog shaking itself dry.
CLAWS SPLAYED, legs apart, ready to face --

WILL

Rising up in SUPER SLOW MOTION, brandishing his knife, facing CAMERA, his dogs around him, BARKING and SNARLING FURIOUSLY --

HARD CUT TO:

A FANGED RESIN MUZZLE AND THE DIRE WOLF CRANIUM

Come together to complete the skull. A perfect fit.

We are --

INT. SUBURBAN BASEMENT - NIGHT

Multiple BAU AGENTS sort and bag evidence from the room.

Jack and Hannibal walk the length of Tier's workbench. Past air-filling tanks, strips of bear fur, replacement pistons and rods. Jack stops at the reassembled dire wolf skull.

HANNIBAL

A beast doesn't know it's a beast,
but the nearer a man gets to being
a beast, the less he knows it.

JACK CRAWFORD

We took the traps from the drains.
Found pieces of scalp, hair still
attached. Blood, tissue, bone.
Whatever he used to kill, he
cleaned it here. We have
everything we need to convict
Randall Tier. Except Randall Tier.
(then)
He's vanished.

HANNIBAL

That's troubling.

JACK CRAWFORD

You knew it. You knew what he was.
He was your patient, Dr. Lecter.

HANNIBAL

Every therapist deals in darkness,
Jack. I only learn how accurate my
treatments are after the fact.
When I hear secondhand that a
patient is back on track. Or that
they're not. Or that they've taken
their own life. Or someone else's.

(then)

Where's Will?

JACK CRAWFORD

I haven't been able to reach him.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HANNIBAL as he ponders Will's fate...

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

The house is empty.

The SOUND OF A KEY in the lock and Hannibal enters. He
places his coat over a chair and exits O.S. into his kitchen.

A beat.

Then Hannibal returns to FRAME, his eyes on something off-
camera. He starts in that direction.

HANNIBAL ENTERS HIS DINING ROOM

Focused on his new table -- specifically, its centerpiece.

CAMERA COMES AROUND

To reveal what exactly the centerpiece is: atop Hannibal's
dining room table lies, sprawled --

RANDALL TIER

Dead. Still clad in his now-defunct killing suit -- a
warrior's battle gear sapped of its mechanical ferocity.

HANNIBAL

Walks a circle around the table. He considers the offering.
One akin to a mouse left by the cat for its master.

OFF Hannibal surprised by Will Graham a second time --

-- and pleased.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE