

HANNIBAL
"The Number of the Beast Is 666"

TEASER

THE SILVER SURFACE OF A SHARD OF MIRROR

PULL OUT to reveal it is placed in MOLLY's eye.

CAMERA moves slightly to see WILL GRAHAM's reflection in it.

GO WIDE

THE FRAME is now filled with Blake's *The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed in Sun* -- the Dragon rampant over the woman's body.

CAMERA moves into the painting as the background deepens, pushes past the Dragon, onto the woman. As we watch, his tail coils and tightens on her body.

And now we see she has Molly's face, mirrors in her eyes. PUSH IN CLOSER and CLOSER until we see Will reflected in the mirrors, her face raised in supplication to him.

And then we REVERSE to --

MOLLY/THE WOMAN'S POV

As if looking out of the painting, and we see --

THE GREAT RED DRAGON

Standing in a NULL BLACK VOID, and he has Will Graham's face.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Will sits opposite BEDELIA, mid-therapy.

WILL GRAHAM
I look at my wife and I see her
dead. I see Mrs. Leeds and Mrs.
Jacobi lying where Molly should be.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Do you see yourself killing her?

WILL GRAHAM
Yes. Over and over.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

It's hard to predict when brittle materials will break. Hannibal gave you three years to build a family and a life, confident he'd find a way to take them from you.

WILL GRAHAM

And he has.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Aggression can be an effective means of maintaining order in a relationship.

WILL GRAHAM

What's he going to take from you?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Is it important to you that he take something from me?

WILL GRAHAM

Hannibal has agency in the world.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Hannibal has no intention of seeing me dead by any other hand than his own, and only then if he can eat me. He's in no position to eat me now.

WILL GRAHAM

If you play, you pay.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You've paid dearly. That knowledge will lie against your skin forever.

(then)

It excites him to see you marked in this particular way.

WILL GRAHAM

Why?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Why do you think?

Will studies her, amused/annoyed by the psychiatric game.

WILL GRAHAM

Bluebeard's wife. Secrets you're not to know, yet sworn to keep.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
If I'm to be Bluebeard's wife, I
would've preferred to be the last.

A moment as Will considers that, then:

WILL GRAHAM
Is Hannibal in love with me?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Could he daily feel a stab of
hunger for you and find nourishment
in the very sight of you? Yes.
(then)
But do you ache for him?

Will doesn't answer, only stares. Finally:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER (CONT'D)
Once you catch the Red Dragon, your
wife and son can go home again.
(then)
Can you?

OFF Will...

FADE TO BLACK.

UP FROM BLACK

We find... *The Number of the Beast Is 666.*

As the beast raises his arm to point, and the Dragon lowers
down and stands rampant before him.

CAMERA moves past the beast and onto the face of the lamb
lying between them. Behind him stands the Dragon, and as his
wings unfurl...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

HANNIBAL sits at his table, looking through the glass at JACK
CRAWFORD. The Dragon's wings momentarily extending from
Hannibal's back, stretching across the cell.

HANNIBAL
Will's thoughts are no more bound
by fear or kindness than Milton's
were by physics. He is both free
and damned to imagine anything.

JACK CRAWFORD
Now that he's imagined the worst.

HANNIBAL

Like ducklings, we imprint on those ideas that grab our attention.

JACK CRAWFORD

What's got your attention? God, the Devil and the Great Red Dragon?

HANNIBAL

Lest we forget the Lamb.

JACK CRAWFORD

Will is the Lamb of God?

HANNIBAL

Hide us from the wrath of the Lamb.

JACK CRAWFORD

Who's "us"?

HANNIBAL

You, me and the Great Red Dragon.

(then)

The Lamb's wrath touches everyone who errs. His retribution is even more deadly than the Dragon's.

JACK CRAWFORD

It is for you.

HANNIBAL

The seals are being opened, Jack. The lamb is becoming a lion. "For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

JACK CRAWFORD

I'll still be standing.

HANNIBAL

Is your conscience clear?

JACK CRAWFORD

As clear as yours.

HANNIBAL

Righteousness is what you and Will have in common. "In righteousness the Lamb doth judge and make war." War against the Great Red Dragon.

JACK CRAWFORD

He's not the Dragon, you are. The Devil himself bound in the pit.

HANNIBAL

Then that makes you God, Jack.

Hannibal comes closer to the glass.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

All gods demand sacrifices.

CUT TO:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Kneeling on the floor in a shaft of light. We are --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Francis looks up at the painting of *The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed in Sun* that hangs over his ledger.

CAMERA PUSHES IN to a CLOSE SHOT of the Dragon. Dolarhyde's hands reach INTO FRAME and claw at the painting, peeling up the paper in jagged tears. Then the torn paper bleeds.

CAMERA reveals the Dragon painting is actually the tattoo on Dolarhyde's back. He is reaching behind his back and scratching into the inked flesh depicting the Red Dragon.

CLOSE -- as his fingernails leave raw grooves in his skin.

OFF his face, tormented and yet defiantly blasphemous...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

JACK CRAWFORD

Center punched -- hands folded in his lap. Listening with a benedictory expression. Inscrutable.

WILL GRAHAM (O.S.)
We don't have anything else.

We are --

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Will Graham paces before the desk. ALANA BLOOM sits in a chair, watching him.

JACK CRAWFORD
Eight people dead in a month. We
can't play a long game.
(then)
I say we go for it. You know and I
know it's the best way to bait him.

WILL GRAHAM
Got me on the hook, now you're
dangling me to catch a bigger fish.

JACK CRAWFORD
You suggested it.

WILL GRAHAM
You're thrilled you didn't have to.

ALANA BLOOM
You fooled yourselves once into
believing you were in control of
what was happening. Are you still
under that delusion?

Will glances at Alana and, for a brief moment, her eyes and mouth are covered by JAGGED SHARDS OF MIRROR. He looks away.

WILL GRAHAM
The Dragon does have a certain
abstract curiosity about me.
(then)
All psychopaths are narcissists.
They love to read about themselves.

ALANA BLOOM
Even Hannibal read *TattleCrime*.

WILL GRAHAM

If you were smart, Jack, you would use Freddie Lounds.

JACK CRAWFORD

She would need to interview you, Will. Take your picture.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm in it now. Can't go home as long as he's loose. I really bad-mouth the Red Dragon in *TattleCrime* and then give him a shot at me.

JACK CRAWFORD

It would have to be a pretty good shot. What about the setup?

WILL GRAHAM

Something open. Someplace where he can get close. I don't think he'd snipe. He might fool me, but I can't see him with a rifle.

Jack listens like an owl. Saying nothing. Will looks at him.

ALANA BLOOM

Feels like a trap to me. And it'll feel like a trap to him. Unless you have a professional voice to legitimize what you're saying.

WILL GRAHAM

Someone to hide the wire of the snare. Are you volunteering?

Now both of them are looking at Alana. She shakes her head.

ALANA BLOOM

No. I'd have to be a fool.

CUT TO:

FREDERICK CHILTON

He examines a copy of *The American Journal of Psychiatry*.

DR. CHILTON

Since your commitment, you've done some brilliant articles for *The American Journal of Psychiatry*.

We are --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

Hannibal sits at his table, entertained by Frederick Chilton pacing before the glass. Chilton's anger is palpable.

HANNIBAL
Thank you, Frederick.

DR. CHILTON
I just finished reading your most-recent piece. Extraordinary stuff.

HANNIBAL
It's a particularly good one.

DR. CHILTON
It, uh... it may be my favorite. I've seen a lot of hostility. But this was quantifiably bitchy. Do you think I'm your nemesis?

HANNIBAL
No. Nemesis? No.

DR. CHILTON
You refuted my entire book.

HANNIBAL
It didn't hold up to scrutiny.

Chilton inclines his chin, goes on the offensive.

DR. CHILTON
Of course it didn't, I was lying. On your behalf. To save your life. You refuted your insanity defense. I went out on a limb for you and you went up there and sawed it off.

HANNIBAL
"Wood burns because it has the proper stuff in it; and a man becomes famous because he has the proper stuff in him." You don't have the proper stuff, Frederick.

DR. CHILTON
I'm a best-selling author. The journals only still publish you for the freak value of your byline.

A mercenary smile as Chilton relishes his next words.

DR. CHILTON (CONT'D)

The attention given to you is dwindling since you've been overshadowed by another creature. That book is writing itself. I think I'll call it *The Dragon Slayer*. All I need is the ending.

Hannibal smiles -- not the reaction Chilton hoped to evoke.

HANNIBAL

Fate has a habit of not letting us choose our own endings, Frederick.

DR. CHILTON

This is the ending fate has chosen for you. Your teeth will go and your strength. Nobody will be afraid of you anymore. After Dr. Bloom's reign, you'll be out in the ward. The young ones will push you around and use you for sex. All you'll get to read is what you write on the wall. You've seen the old ones. They cry when they don't like the stewed apricots.

Dr. Chilton stares for just a moment longer, then fishes a copy of *Hannibal the Cannibal* from his briefcase on the floor.

DR. CHILTON (CONT'D)

I'm just going to leave an extra copy of my book right over here. I've personalized the inside cover.

Chilton places the book on the table by the doors as they BUZZ open. He takes one last glance over his shoulder to see Hannibal is still watching him even as the doors close.

INT. BSHCI - CELL BLOCK - DAY

Chilton straightens his jacket, glancing up to see Alana Bloom leaning against the far wall.

DR. CHILTON

Are you here to remonstrate me with "I told you so"s?

ALANA BLOOM

That's not why I'm here.

CUT TO:

JACK CRAWFORD

Ever the alligator, Jack explains:

JACK CRAWFORD

She's here because we need someone
who is less concerned about the
whole truth than the best story.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. HOTEL - WILL GRAHAM'S ROOM - DAY

CAMERA reveals Jack is referring to FREDDIE LOUNDS who is
setting up a recording device in the room, equidistant
between Dr. Chilton, Will Graham and herself.

Behind Will and Chilton is a window and, outside it, OUT OF
FOCUS but visible, is a large city fountain on the street
below; beyond it, the familiar dome of the Capitol building.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

(to Dr. Chilton)

You lay out your theories and then
Will aggravates them on the record.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

(to Will)

You're making statements no
investigator would ever make and no
straight newspaper would credit.

WILL GRAHAM

You're not a straight newspaper.
You sell T-shirts that say, "The
Tooth Fairy Is a One-Night Stand."

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I can get you one, if you like. You
small or medium? Small, I bet.
They're not selling so well since you
started calling him "The Dragon."

DR. CHILTON

The killer's objection to the name
"Tooth Fairy" is likely grounded in
the homosexual implication of the
word "fairy." Tedious, I know, but
if you really want to piss him off,
that's what you should call him.

JACK CRAWFORD

The Tooth Fairy it is.

CLOSE ON A RECORDING DEVICE

Freddie presses the "record" button. The LED readout begins to crawl as it begins to record.

CLOSE ON DR. CHILTON

CAMERA PULLS OUT as he speaks authoritatively:

DR. CHILTON

The Tooth Fairy's actions indicate a projective delusion compensating for intolerable feelings of inadequacy. Smashing mirrors ties these feelings to his appearance.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Jack watching with a python's patience.

WILL GRAHAM

Not only is the Tooth Fairy insane, he is ugly and impotent.

Will's abrupt interruption and "interpretation" momentarily throws Dr. Chilton off, but he quickly recovers.

DR. CHILTON

There's a strong bonding of aggressive and sexual drives that occurs in sadists at an early age.

WILL GRAHAM

He's a vicious, perverted, sexual failure. An animal.

Dr. Chilton stares at Will, then continues:

DR. CHILTON

The savage acts aimed primarily at the women, and performed in the presence of family, are clearly strikes at a maternal figure.

WILL GRAHAM

The Tooth Fairy's the product of an incestuous home.

Freddie laps this up as she scribbles notes.

DR. CHILTON

This is the child of a nightmare.

The compassion of those words hangs in the air a moment, forcing Will to consider their weight, then:

CLOSE ON THE RECORDING DEVICE

Freddie presses the "stop" button and it ceases to record.

POP WIDE

JACK CRAWFORD

We need a key shot taken in your
"Washington hideaway."

As she speaks, Freddie produces an ARTIST'S CONCEPT DRAWING of Francis Dolarhyde, something more akin to Frankenstein's monster, lurking in the shadows, with a cleft palate.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I'd love something like you in a
bathrobe, at the desk, poring over an
artists's conception of the Fairy.

WILL GRAHAM

I'll stand by the window. Make
sure you can see the fountain and
the Capitol dome behind me. The
Red Dragon has to be able to find
this place, if he wants to.

Will stands next to the window, the Capitol dome in the deep background, as Freddie readies the lens on her camera.

CAMERA VIEWFINDER'S POV

The fountain below can be clearly seen behind them, as well as the Capitol dome. Will takes an awkward pose. Just before Freddie can shoot -- Will looks at Chilton.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Would you like to be in the
picture, Frederick?

DR. CHILTON

One for the dust jacket.

Dr. Chilton joins Will and adopts his best media pose -- but just before the shutter, Will raises his arm and places it round Chilton in comradely fashion.

The FRAME FREEZES on this shot of brothers in arms. Will's location clear. CAMERA PUSHES IN on Jack watching...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. DOLARHYDE'S VAN - DAY

ON FRANCIS DOLARHYDE through the windshield as he drives, eyes forward, intent.

On the passenger seat, a copy of *TattleCrime* -- with Will and Chilton grinning from the cover.

EXT. HOTEL - FOUNTAIN - DAY

Will Graham and Jack Crawford walk past the fountain toward his hotel.

JACK CRAWFORD

This whole procedure is too passive for my taste. We are playing games in the dark of the moon.

WILL GRAHAM

He thinks he can do anything. Maybe he thinks he can stop. If he can hold off until we catch him, maybe we can help him make it stop.

JACK CRAWFORD

He almost killed your wife and son.

WILL GRAHAM

Hannibal almost killed them.

Jack studies Will, then notes the light in the sky changing.

JACK CRAWFORD

Pedestrian traffic falls off around 7:15. You should go for a walk around 8:30 or so. He'll have to come over open ground to get close.

WILL GRAHAM

He'll want to get close.

JACK CRAWFORD

I have snipers with night-vision on the roofs. You'll wear body armor.

Will smiles at Jack -- who's he kidding?

WILL GRAHAM

Seven out of eleven times, he's gone for the headshot, Jack.

Will turns, taking in the possible arena of his next showdown with the Dragon.

ELEVATOR DOORS

They open revealing Dr. Chilton. We are --

INT. PARKING GARAGE - TWILIGHT

CAMERA leads Dr. Chilton across the parking lot, flanked by TWO FBI AGENTS, as Chilton talks on the phone:

DR. CHILTON

Dr. Lecter gave me misleading answers in my interviews. I will refute his refutations in my new book, *Blood and Chocolate*.

They cross to an FBI SUV parked and waiting, unlocking the vehicle remotely as they approach.

INT. FBI SUV - TWILIGHT

One of the FBI agents opens the back passenger door and Dr. Chilton climbs inside. As CAMERA PUSHES across the dashboard toward Chilton, we see through the rear windows, behind him, the FBI agents moving toward their respective doors.

DR. CHILTON

Supermarket tabloids love Hannibal Lecter more than alien abductions. That's his demographic now.

SPLAT. SPLAT. Two blasts of gore splash across the rear windows as both FBI agents take headshots and drop.

DR. CHILTON (CONT'D)

We know who his fans are.

CAMERA PUSHES through the headrests to a CLOSE ON DR. CHILTON. He reacts, noticing:

CHILTON'S POV -- THE REARVIEW MIRROR

The blood-spattered rear windows are in clear view.

ON CHILTON

He leans forward slightly. Before he can process what he is seeing in the rearview, the passenger door is suddenly yanked open and Chilton is violently JERKED OUT OF THE SUV.

CUT TO BLACK.

MUSIC PLAYS

A record on a turntable.

We FADE UP onto the face of Dr. Chilton, groggy; sanitary napkins cover his eyes and mouth. We are --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chilton is in shorts, upright in an old wooden wheelchair that is wheeled from OUT OF FOCUS into FOCUS. He faces the wall, as if he is a misbehaved child.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Would you like a blanket?

Chilton doesn't answer, even as the sanitary napkins are peeled from his eyes and mouth.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
I'll get you a blanket.

STAY ON CHILTON as a figure looms behind him, OUT OF FOCUS, and a blanket is tucked around him. He struggles for focus, finds himself facing into the corner of a room.

A bottle of ammonia is put under Chilton's nose and he reacts, pulling his head away, eyes flying open.

Behind Chilton, the out-of-focus Dolarhyde sits on the couch; the sound loud to Chilton's highly-tuned ears.

DR. CHILTON
My back hurts. My skin. Did I get
burned? Hope to God I'm not burned.

Only now do we go to Dolarhyde, wearing his mesh mask, watching Chilton's back.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Burned? Burned. No. You just
rest here.

DR. CHILTON
What am I doing here?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Atoning, Dr. Chilton.

Fear crosses Chilton's face. He tries desperately to move, eyes darting. CLOSE ON his arms and back, as we see that he has been glued with epoxy to the chair itself. He strains to no avail. His heart HAMMERS in his ears.

DR. CHILTON
I haven't seen your face. I
couldn't identify you. I don't
know what you look like.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Do you know who I am?

DR. CHILTON
I don't want to know, believe me.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
According to you, I'm a vicious,
perverted sexual failure. An
animal. You know now, don't you?

DR. CHILTON
Yes.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Why did you lie, Dr. Chilton?

Dolarhyde stands with a CREAK of springs and moves behind
Chilton. ON CHILTON'S FACE as the figure looms behind him.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
Do you understand what I'm doing?

DR. CHILTON
No. But I think I've got an
opportunity to understand. And
then all my readers could
understand, too.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Do you feel privileged?

DR. CHILTON
It's a privilege, but I have to
tell you -- man to man -- that I'm
scared. It's hard to concentrate
when you're scared. If you have a
great idea, you wouldn't have to
scare me for me to be impressed.

Dolarhyde leans over his shoulder now and Chilton closes his
eyes once more.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
"Man to man." You use that phrase
to imply frankness. But you see, I
am not a man. I have become Other
and More than a man.
(MORE)

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

Do you believe that God is in
attendance here? Are you praying
to him now?

DR. CHILTON

I pray mostly when I'm scared.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Does God help you?

DR. CHILTON

I don't know. I don't think about
it after. I ought to.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

You ought to. Um-hmmmm. There are
so many things you ought to
understand. In a little while,
I'll help you understand.

Dolarhyde starts to turn the chair toward him.

DR. CHILTON

No, I don't want to see you.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

When I turn you round, open your
eyes and look at me, or I'll staple
your eyelids to your forehead.

STAY ON CHILTON as he slowly spins around. He squeezes his
eyes closed, can't help himself, but a finger gently taps him
on the forehead and he slowly opens them --

CHILTON'S POV

Dolarhyde, in the mesh mask and kimono, towers over him,
impressively tall from this angle, mask rolled to show his mouth.

DR. CHILTON

Oh, my dear God Jesus.

BING-BONG. And then, incongruous, cutting through the music,
the doorbell chimes -- once, and then again. Dolarhyde looks
caught in indecision. Hope flutters across Chilton's face.

REBA MCCLANE (O.S.)

D? It's Reba.

A moment as Dolarhyde and Chilton exchange a glance.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Make a sound and I'll kill her.

EXT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

REBA MCCLANE stands on the doorstep, muffled in a large coat, holding a soup container. Huffing against the cold.

The door opens and Dolarhyde stands there, taking her in.

REBA MCCLANE
I don't like surprises. I bet you
don't, either. I tried to call you.
(then)
May I come in? I won't be long. I
asked my taxi to wait.

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Dolarhyde closes the door behind Reba as she stands in the foyer. Reba takes in familiar elements of the house -- the TICKING of a large clock looms loud in her ears.

REBA MCCLANE
How're you feeling?

A nasal whisper from the mask pressing against Dolarhyde's nose:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Okay.

REBA MCCLANE
Your office said you were sick.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
The flu. You shouldn't be here.

REBA MCCLANE
I brought you soup.

She walks toward the living room. Comfortable in this space now. Following the sound of the music. Dolarhyde follows...

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ON CHILTON as he watches Reba enter. Hope dies as he sees that she is blind. Dolarhyde looms behind her.

REBA MCCLANE
I didn't come just to give you
soup, D. I guess I'm guilty of
liking you. Demonstrably guilty.
And I know you like me, too.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
(barely audible)
I do.

That small admission takes a weight off Reba's shoulders. Chilton's eyes flick from Reba to Dolarhyde and back, trying desperately to read their dynamic, holding his breath.

REBA MCCLANE

I've learned that withdrawal can be a strategy to avoid pain.

(then)

I have a deep vein of cripple's anger in me; while I can't get rid of it, I've made it work for me. It's fueled my independence and strengthened my determination to wring all I can from every day.

Dolarhyde looks to Chilton -- and steps closer to Reba. Not intimate, but threatening, as Dolarhyde's bulk trembles, trying to maintain control.

REBA MCCLANE (CONT'D)

I'm not so scarred by life that I'm incapable of love. I hope you aren't, either. Enjoy the soup.

Reba turns and exits. Dolarhyde follows her to the door. ON CHILTON silently watching a possible savior leave the room.

CUT TO:

THE SNAP AND WHIR AS A SLIDE PROJECTOR KICKS INTO LIFE

ON CHILTON as light hits his face, reflected off the screen.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Do you want to know what I am?

DR. CHILTON

More than anything. I was afraid to ask.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Look.

The first slide is Blake's painting, *The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed in Sun*.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

Do you see now?

DR. CHILTON

I see.

Dolarhyde runs through slides. CLICK. MRS. JACOBI alive.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Do you see?

DR. CHILTON

Yes.

CLICK. Mrs. Jacobi with mirror shards in her eyes, dead.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Do you see?

DR. CHILTON

Yes.

CLICK. MRS. LEEDS alive.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Do you see?

DR. CHILTON

Yes.

CLICK. Mrs. Leeds with shards of mirror in her eyes, dead.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Do you see?

DR. CHILTON

Yes.

CLICK. Frederick Chilton himself in the *TattleCrime* photo.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Do you see?

DR. CHILTON

Oh God.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Do you see?

DR. CHILTON

Please no.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

No what?

DR. CHILTON

Not me.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Are you going to tell more lies
about me, Dr. Chilton?

DR. CHILTON

Oh no, no. No-no-no.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Why did you tell lies, Dr. Chilton?

DR. CHILTON

The police told me to. It was what they said.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

You quote Will Graham.

DR. CHILTON

Graham told the lies. Graham.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Will you tell the truth now? About me. My work. My Becoming. My Art, Dr. Chilton. Is this Art?

DR. CHILTON

Art.

CLICK. *The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed in Sun.*

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

You said I, who see more than you, am insane. I, who pushed the world so much further than you, am insane. I have dared more than you. I am the Dragon and you call me insane? Before me, you are a slug in the sun. You are privy to a great Becoming and you recognize nothing. You are an ant in the afterbirth. It is in your nature to do one thing correctly: Before me you tremble. Fear is not what you owe me, Dr. Chilton.

(dropping his kimono)

You owe me awe.

The carousel slide projector shuts off, light dimming. Dolarhyde stands for a moment, head down, then leaves. CAMERA lingers on Chilton as he listens for anything. After a moment, Dolarhyde returns, carrying a lunchbox and a thermos. Chilton watches him with trepidation.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

(re: the lunchbox)

For your trip back home.

(re: the thermos)

Ice, we'll need that.

Dolarhyde raises a camera and attaches it to a tripod. He turns Chilton around to face the camera, the screen now behind him. He turns the projector on behind the screen, rear-projecting film on the screen behind Chilton.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
Before we go, we'll tape a little
while. Repeat after me...

CLOSE-UP -- Chilton's reflection in the camera's lens.

TIME CUT TO:

CLOSE ON THE VIDEO CAMERA

The "pause" button is pressed and the image of Dr. Chilton through the viewfinder remains. We are --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dolarhyde steps out from behind the video camera, addressing Chilton still glued to the wheelchair.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
That's all, Dr. Chilton. You did
very well.

DR. CHILTON
You'll let me go now?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
I will. There's one way, though,
that I can help you better
understand and remember.

Dolarhyde turns away, places the thermos on a table.

DR. CHILTON
I want to understand. And I've got
a very good memory.

CLOSE ON THE VIDEO CAMERA

Dolarhyde presses "record" and the timer starts rolling.

ON CHILTON

Hope dies in his eyes as Dolarhyde turns back and smiles, revealing his brown-stained killing teeth. He's a monster.

He leans into Chilton, intimately, a hand on Chilton's heart -- as if to kiss him -- and then BITES OFF HIS LIPS.

OFF Chilton's scream...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

ON A COLORLESS VISTA

A gray-blue fog, void of trees or life. Then, suddenly, the image moves -- and we see a tiny arrow, a computer cursor, shift the ghostly X-ray image to arrive at --

A HAZY, OBLONG SHAPE.

O.S. keyboard CLICKS and the image enhances in size. Still unidentifiable, but the object isn't solid. No pointed ends.

A GLOVED HAND

Removes a padded envelope from the package scanner. Sans postmark, we see its addressee: "Hannibal Lecter, Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane." No return address.

The gloved hand transfers the envelope to a GUARD (visible from shoulders down) who takes it and turns away.

CUT TO:

THE YELLOW PADDED ENVELOPE

The envelope appears to move through space on its own accord until CAMERA reveals it is being carried by Alana Bloom.

We are --

INT. BSHCI - CORRIDOR - DAY

Alana carries the padded envelope inexorably headed for --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

CH-CHUNK! The delivery tray jerks open and the envelope lands inside it, address up. Another CH-CHUNK and it's gone.

HANNIBAL
Hand delivered.

Alana doesn't respond, just stares.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
May I open it privately?

ALANA BLOOM
You may not.

HANNIBAL

Takes it and sits, curious, examining the block capitals of the address. He tears open the envelope and a smaller envelope slips out. Alana watches carefully.

In the second envelope, Hannibal finds a gauze-wrapped bundle. He unrolls it, curiosity piqued, to reveal a pair of pink, leech-like PIECES OF FLESH.

FREDERICK CHILTON'S LIPS.

Hannibal's at once intrigued and flattered. He considers the two wet offerings starkly vivid against the white bandaging, then shows them to Alana on the other side of the glass.

ON ALANA

As CAMERA PUSHES IN...

TIME CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A CARD

Words written in a personal, emotional hand:

"With These He Offended Me."

ON HANNIBAL

HANNIBAL

Dr. Chilton often offended me with his ignorant drivel. So I certainly understand the sentiment.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal he is in a straightjacket, secured to his hand truck. We are --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

Alana is inside Hannibal's cell, along with Jack. Hannibal is behind the table, which has been returned to the room, flanked by two ORDERLIES standing behind him in the shadows. On the table is the package and its contents. Alana has her eyes down on the card. Jack glances at the package contents.

JACK CRAWFORD

Where's the other one?

CAMERA tilts down to the same gauze -- and the SINGLE LIP lying there.

HANNIBAL

This one can provide you anything
the other one can.

Hannibal smiles, the cat who ate the canary, or the lip.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Jack. The tragedy of
what's happened to Frederick has
put me in an excellent humor.

Jack and Alana both stare a moment, then:

JACK CRAWFORD

Frederick Chilton disappeared
yesterday, under armed escort.

HANNIBAL

You pretended to burn Freddie
Lounds in a wheelchair to flush me
out. What were you pretending to
do with Frederick Chilton?

JACK CRAWFORD

He profiled the Dragon. For
Freddie Lounds.

ALANA BLOOM

We wanted to enrage him.

HANNIBAL

(re: the lip)

Congratulations.

(then)

You could've provided anything Dr.
Chilton could. That would've been
your lip I was tasting. Again.

ALANA BLOOM

You publicly discredited Dr.
Chilton. By refuting him, you
orchestrated his end by proxy.

HANNIBAL

You orchestrated his end, Alana.
You saw the hole and let him roll
right into it. That's professional
discourtesy.

OFF Alana reeling from that clean, effective blow... PRE-LAP --
growing sounds: a WHOOSHING ROAR. A RUSTY SQUEAL of wheels
turning. OFF the wheels CRUNCHING on asphalt...

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The O.S. sounds grow louder...

CAMERA tilts down to the sloping street. A tranquil winter night interrupted by --

A SHIFTING, FLUTTERING ORANGE LIGHT

Coming fast down the street. The beacon is seen to be flames engulfing a wheelchair and its occupant -- Chilton.

The rolling conflagration and its victim roar past CAMERA, headed directly toward --

THE CITY FOUNTAIN

At the street's junction. The burning wheelchair smashes into its concrete side, flipping it and its occupant onto the solid ice-topped surface of the fountain pool. Steam feathers up until --

C-CRACK... SPLASH!

Chilton and chair break through the surface and plunge into the water beneath.

The flames -- and Chilton's screams -- end instantly in a billowing cloud of white.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

ON A RIBBON OF CELLULOID

Bearing tiny square holes running along the edges of its length. 16-mm film.

ON A SPINNING SPROCKET WHEEL

Feeding the film.

Blinding light blasts through a projector lens.

Behind it, the celluloid ratchets past as the lamp hits it.

CLOSE ON the curved glass of the lens as an image is reflected in it --

Frederick Chilton secured to the wheelchair.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UPS:

Chilton's bandaged face as liquid cascades over it. His coughs and gags, his eyes scrunched tightly shut, tell us it is gasoline.

The fuel drips from the wooden wheelchair's arms. Its wheels.

CLOSE ON the flare of a match combusting, coming to life.

EVEN CLOSER ON Chilton's terrified eye reflecting the pinprick flame -- and what it portends. His hands struggle against the chair. Glue and skin tear, but not enough.

ON THE PROJECTOR LENS expelling images, relentless and unfeeling. Its motors and sprockets whirring, building in volume until:

The gasoline's vapors ignite, a sudden blue -- followed by the liquid itself, quickly becoming orange.

AND ROILING FLAMES ENGULF THE ENTIRE FRAME.

CUT TO:

A SCREEN

And on it, Chilton appears glued to the wheelchair. We are --

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Lit by the changing images on the screen, Will, Jack and Alana silently watch the film unrolling.

ON SCREEN

Chilton in Dolarhyde's house, secured to the wheelchair, facing camera. Behind him, a projector screen is silently playing footage Dolarhyde filmed of Molly and WALTER at Will's cabin.

Will stares, but says nothing. Chilton is frightened as he speaks, taking pains to stick to the Dragon's script:

DR. CHILTON

(on screen)

I have had a great privilege. I have seen with wonder and awe the strength of the Great Red Dragon. I lied about Him. All that was said was lies from Will Graham. He made me say them. I have blasphemed against the Dragon. Even so, the Dragon is merciful. He knows you made me lie, Will Graham. Because I was forced to lie, He will be more merciful to me than to you, Will Graham.

Chilton pauses and then continues. The group watches in horrified silence.

Will's pulse pounds in his ears. He glances at Jack and Alana -- both, for a brief horrifying moment, have mirror shards in their bleeding eyes. A blink, and they're normal.

DR. CHILTON (CONT'D)

Reach behind you, Will Graham, and feel for the small knobs on the top of your pelvis. Feel your spine between them; that is the precise spot where the Dragon will snap your spine. There's much for you to dread. From my own lips, you'll learn a little more to dread.

The video image clips as the camera is paused, and then starts recording again. Dolarhyde's muscular back, with the Great Red Dragon emblazoned across it, looms INTO FRAME and Chilton begins screaming horribly.

ALANA BLOOM

Turn it off, Jack.

Alana looks away. Will slides down the wall to his haunches, head down. Over this, we hear:

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)
No... 'o, 'ou 'romised... 'ou
'romised.

Chilton's voice descends into wet, racking, agonized sobs.

ALANA BLOOM
Turn it off.

The monitor clicks off, leaving them in dark silence. Alana is just as unsettled as Will is. More so.

Bright flashes begin to ignite in the room as Will hyperventilates. He puts his head between his knees until the bright spots stop dancing in front of his eyes.

He sits up and we --

MATCH CUT TO:

WILL GRAHAM

He opens his mouth and breathes deep. We are --

INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Will sits across from Bedelia, a long period of silence between them. Finally:

WILL GRAHAM
Damn if I'll feel.

She stares at him with buried accusations.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Would you like to talk about what happened to Frederick Chilton?

WILL GRAHAM
The divine punishment of the sinner mirrors the sin being punished.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Contrapasso. If you play, you pay.

WILL GRAHAM
Chilton languished unrecognized until *Hannibal the Cannibal*. He wanted the world to know his face.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Now he doesn't have one.

WILL GRAHAM
Only for radio.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
We're all making our way through
the Inferno. Dante's pilgrims.

WILL GRAHAM
We're pets, not pilgrims. And the
Great Red Dragon kills pets first.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
You put a hand on Dr. Chilton's
shoulder for the picture.
(then)
Touch gives the world an emotional
context. The touch of others makes
us who we are. It builds trust.

WILL GRAHAM
I put my hand on his shoulder for
authenticity.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
To establish he really told you
those insults about the Dragon? Or
had you wanted to put Dr. Chilton
at risk? Just a little?

WILL GRAHAM
I wonder.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Do you really have to wonder?

WILL GRAHAM
No.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Did you know what the Great Red
Dragon would do? You were curious
what would happen, that's apparent.
(off his look)
Is this what you expected?

WILL GRAHAM
I can't say I'm surprised.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Then you may as well have struck
the match. That's participation.
(studies him, then)
Hannibal Lecter does indeed have
agency in the world. He has you.

OFF Will taking that in...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A BURNING MATCH HEAD

Held in Dolarhyde's fingertips, but here the flame ebbs before going out. Smoke winds up from its charred, shrunken head, but at its core, there's an almost-imperceptible glow.

CLOSE ON A BODY HOIST

Dr. Chilton's burnt body, mostly obscured, rests in the cradle. A gentle WHIR and the hoist is lowered.

UNDERWATER

A black-and-red burnt body is lowered into the bath.

We are --

INT. BURN CENTER - ICU - NIGHT

Chilton lies in a hydrotherapy tank, still obscured, his bright red burns a livid indictment of what was done to him. A NURSE MANAGER is close by, operating the hoist.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, through the curtains, to find Will Graham and Jack Crawford just outside, standing vigil.

JACK CRAWFORD

He did Chilton like it looked like you did Freddie Lounds. Hannibal said he would. In his own way.

WILL GRAHAM

Hannibal told him to.

JACK CRAWFORD

Chilton's trashed. You ought to be ready for that.

Will nods.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

You okay?

WILL GRAHAM

I'm okay. I had the SWAT team.

JACK CRAWFORD

Chilton said your name in the E.R. when they brought him in.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON WILL as he absorbs that, taking a breath.

ON THE CURTAINS

They part as Will approaches the bath, Jack following. Will steadies his reaction when he sees the extent of the damage. Chilton is covered in third-degree burns, his lips torn from his mouth, teeth hanging in the wreckage of his face.

WILL GRAHAM

Frederick, it's Will Graham.

Chilton opens what's left of his eyelids to blindly search the room. He finds the faces hovering over him.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry this happened to you.

His eyes lock on Will's. His jaw moves. Angry words wheeze out as he floats in the bath:

DR. CHILTON

Tooth Hairy.

WILL GRAHAM

Did you see where he took you?

DR. CHILTON

You set ne uh. You knew it.

Ms and Ps are lost in his lipless mouth, but he continues, his reedy voice growing louder:

DR. CHILTON (CONT'D)

You set ne uh. Tut your hand on ne
in the ticture, like a tet.

JACK CRAWFORD

You understand what he's saying?

WILL GRAHAM

He said, "You set me up. You knew
it. You set me up. Put your hand
on me in the picture, like a pet."

(then, to Chilton)

Did you see anything?

An agonizing moment for Chilton as he responds, every movement and word bringing agony:

DR. CHILTON

A 'lack woman... she was 'lind...

Despite his ruined mouth, the surrogate *B* is expelled with enough breath so that it's intelligible.

WILL GRAHAM

"A black woman. She's blind."

JACK CRAWFORD

Reba. The Dragon said her name
when he called Lecter.

THE MOON

Waxing past full. Move down to find --

REBA MCCLANE

Walking with precise, measured steps. Thinking, her mind
burdened with what transpired with Dolarhyde. She is --

EXT. REBA MCCLANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

-- walking toward her front door, tapping with her cane.

As she goes up the front steps, she takes her keys from her
pocket. She puts the key in the lock. Then:

A SHADOW

Moves over her, so slight it could be a cloud crossing the
moon -- and lost to Reba. She starts to open the door...

Then she pauses again at an O.S. sound. Yes, she definitely
heard something. And now we --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

CLOSE ON REBA'S FACE

Her eyes fluttering open. Fear entering them as she realizes she's gagged.

And a vehicle's engine is RUMBLING low. She is --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S VAN - THE REAR - NIGHT

Lying on her side. Her arms are bound together from elbows to wrists with soft strips of cloth. Her legs are tied the same way from knees to ankles. A gag across her mouth.

She tries weakly to rise, but she's groggy and retches against the gag. She sinks down again, her head toward the front of the van.

REBA'S POV

UNFOCUSED SHAPES in the front of the van.

Dolarhyde can hear her retching.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (O.S.)
It won't be long now.

She hears the van turn. They are on gravel now, rocks PINGING under the floorboard. The van finally stops. The van rocks as Dolarhyde gets out, the side door sliding open.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON REBA'S FACE

A mask of tension as she is carried in Dolarhyde's arms, still bound and gagged.

REBA MCCLANE
D, please. What are you--

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
SHH. SHHHHHH.

Scared, she goes silent. But her face turns slightly, trying to process every tiny sound, to take in as much info as she can. Dolarhyde's FOOTSTEPS on grass. Birds CHIRPING. We are --

EXT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As he carries her like a bride up the front steps and into:

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In dreamy SLO-MO, he carries her in. She hears his FOOTFALLS.

On the wood floor. Then softer... on the rug.

Dolarhyde carries her farther. Reba hears TICKING...

CLOSE ON THE CLOCK

CAMERA PUSHES IN as it TICK-TICK-TICKs.

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - GRANDMOTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dolarhyde enters, carrying Reba, passing a dozen bouquets in the room. Her nostrils flare as she smells flowers.

STAY CLOSE ON REBA as Dolarhyde carries her in and lays her on the bed. She tries to sit up. He holds her down with a powerful hand. Reba tries to talk into the gag, but stops.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

If I untie you and let you sit up,
will you be good?

She twists her head toward his voice and nods. She feels the touch of steel on her arms and flinches, but he's only cutting her bonds. Slowly, she sits up.

REBA MCCLANE

I didn't know you cared this much
about me. I'm glad you feel that
way, but you scared me with this.
(off his silence)
I never hurt you. I never wanted
to. Let's just be friends and have
a good time and forget about this--

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Shut up. I'll tell you something.
The most important thing you'll
ever hear. Sermon-on-the-Mount
important. Ten Commandments
important. Got it?

REBA MCCLANE

Yes, D. I--

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Shut up. Reba, some remarkable
events have happened in Chicago and
Buffalo. Do you know what I'm
talking about?

(she shakes her head "no")
It's been on the news a lot. Two
groups of people were changed.
Leeds. And Jacobi. The police
think they were murdered.

(MORE)

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

(then)

Do you know now?

She starts to shake her head, then slowly nods.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

Do you know what they call the
Being that visited those people?

Almost at once, quietly, repelled, she replies:

REBA MCCLANE

The Tooth--

Dolarhyde grips her face with a hand and whispers, pleading:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Think carefully and answer correctly.

Reba searches her memory for the second name -- the proper
name -- sensing her next minute of life rides on the answer.

REBA MCCLANE

It's Dragon something. Dragon...
Red Dragon.

Dolarhyde is close to her. She feels his breath on her face.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

I AM THE DRAGON.

Reba recoils, terrified; then Dolarhyde speaks in his own voice:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

The Dragon wants you, Reba. He
always has... but I didn't want to
give you to Him.

REBA MCCLANE

Please. Please don't let him have
me. You won't, please don't, I'm
for you. Keep me with you. You
like me, I know you do.

Francis is torn.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

I haven't made up my mind yet, maybe
I can't help giving you to Him. I
will see if you do as I tell you.
Will you? Can I depend on you?

REBA MCCLANE

I'll try. I will try.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Get up. Stand by the bed.

(she does)

You know where you are in the room?

(she nods)

Know where you are in the house?

(she nods)

Then you know where the front door
is, don't you?

(she nods)

Reba, feel on my chest. Bring your
hands up slowly.

She slowly brings her hands up, moving them toward his face with the intent to gouge out his eyes and flee. His thumb and fingers touch lightly on each side of her windpipe.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

Don't do what you're thinking, or
I'll squeeze. Just feel on my
chest. Just at my throat. Feel
the key on the chain? Take it off
over my head. Careful.

Reba lifts off the key so that it's in her grasp.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

Now I'm going to see if I can trust
you. Go close the front door and
lock it and bring me back the key.
Go ahead. I'll wait right here.

(then)

Don't try to run. I can catch you.

CAMERA follows Reba as she slowly moves toward the doorway, hitting a table on the way out.

ON THE VASES OF FLOWERS

Jostles. Water inside SLOSHING. Reba hears it, stands still as the water settles. She continues...

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON REBA as she haltingly edges toward the doorway. Finding her way by sound -- the TICKING grandfather clock -- she walks forward. To the --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Reba approaches the inner doors, slightly ajar, feeling for the doorknobs. She hesitates, key in hand, puts it in the lock.

And then... she swings the doors open... and runs directly into Francis Dolarhyde. He's waiting just inside the outer doors. She tentatively steps back into the house and he follows.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Take the key out of the door, Reba.
Now lock it and put the key around
my neck. Hang it around my neck.
(she does)
Good. Let's be sure it's locked.

He rattles the doorknob -- it's secure.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

That's good. Now go back to the
bedroom. You know the way.

HARD CUT TO:

CLOSE ON GASOLINE CANS

They are set down on the floor. The air around the nozzles
ripples from the gas fumes.

CLOSE ON REBA'S NOSE

She smells the gas.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (O.S.)

Sit in this chair.

We are --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - GRANDMOTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reba sits down in the chair next to the bed, exhausted and
defeated. Dolarhyde looms over her.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

Sit still or I can't keep Him
off you.

REBA MCCLANE

Please try.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Put out your hand. Feel this.
Don't grab it, feel it.

Reba reluctantly holds out her hand. She is holding the
barrel of a SHOTGUN. The tip of the gun comes to rest in the
hollow of Reba's throat. She stops breathing.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
That's a shotgun, Reba. Do you
know what it will do?
(she nods)
Take your hand down. Reba, I wish
I could have trusted you. I wanted
to trust you. You felt so good.

Tears are rolling down Dolarhyde's cheeks. Francis begins
throwing streams of gasoline around the room, away from Reba.

REBA MCCLANE
So did you, D. I love it. Please
don't hurt me now.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
It's all over for me. I can't
leave you to Him. You know what
He'll do. He'll bite you. Better
you go with me.

CLOSE ON A MATCH

It's struck and tossed.

ON REBA

She smells the sulfur of the match and then a WHOOSH. Heat
in the room as the curtains begin to burn, the floor aflame.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
Oh, Reba, I can't stand to watch
you burn.

BLAM! The shotgun roars and Reba is hit by blood and gray
matter. CAMERA PULLS BACK through the remains of a head,
nothing much left above the jaw as it falls OUT OF FRAME.

OFF Reba in shock as the room burns around her...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE