

HANNIBAL
"Futamono"

TEASER

A HARD, SOMBER CHORD IS STRUCK ON THE HARPSICHORD...

OVER BLACK, the chord reverberates and then a single note begins again, like a ray of hope, as music begins --

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

CLOSE-UP -- A HAND plays along the white-on-black keys of a harpsichord. As it moves up the scale, CAMERA follows at CLOSE FOCUS, only three or four keys sharp as they are played.

EXTREME CLOSE-UPS -- a key is depressed. It rocks on a PIVOT and lifts the JACK at the other end to which a PLECTRUM is attached.

The plectrum plucks a string which VIBRATES and a note sounds. As the jack falls again, the plectrum raises.

TRAVEL ACROSS the strings as the scale continues, as each jack raises and a string is plucked. Rhythmic and hypnotic. The scale becomes a melody and now seemingly-random jacks rise and fall as the strings are plucked.

The hands move across the keyboards. We see STITCHED WOUNDS in the wrists, still raw. A spot of blood WEEPS onto the keys.

A SOMBER REFRAIN moves toward a lighter, more-uplifting sound. And then STOPS. The dampers fall on the strings and silence is sudden. The echo of the music still in the air.

Reveal the hands belong to HANNIBAL, a sheet of paper on the music stand before him, the staff partially filled with musical notation. He lifts a fountain pen and carefully marks the next few notes.

EXTREMELY CLOSE as the pen blooms and draws the notes, ink soaking into the heavyweight paper...

CUT TO:

JACK CRAWFORD

CAMERA FOLLOWS him, escorted by a SECURITY GUARD, down the stairs and into --

INT. BSHCI - STAIRWELL/THERAPY HALL - NIGHT

WILL GRAHAM stands almost at attention in his cage as Jack approaches, somber and slow.

WILL GRAHAM

You're moving smoothly and slowly,
Jack, carrying your concentration
like a brimming cup.

JACK CRAWFORD

Hannibal Lecter was almost murdered
by an employee of this hospital.
An attendant we believe killed the
bailiff and judge in your trial.

WILL GRAHAM

He killed the bailiff. He didn't
kill the judge. That was the
Chesapeake Ripper.

JACK CRAWFORD

You know this?

WILL GRAHAM

He told me.

JACK CRAWFORD

And then you told him to kill
Hannibal Lecter.

WILL GRAHAM

Nothing I said made that happen,
Jack. It just happened.

JACK CRAWFORD

Don't seem too broken up about it.

WILL GRAHAM

There is a common emotion we all
recognize and have not yet named.
The happy anticipation of being
able to feel contempt.

JACK CRAWFORD

You have contempt for Hannibal.

WILL GRAHAM

I have contempt for the Ripper. I
have contempt for what he does.

JACK CRAWFORD

What does he do, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

What does he do? What is the first
and principal thing he does? What
need does he serve by killing?

JACK CRAWFORD

He harvests organs.

WILL GRAHAM

No. That's only the action of what he does. Why does he need to do it? The Ripper kills in sounders of three or four, in quick order. Do you know why? I know why.

JACK CRAWFORD

Tell me.

WILL GRAHAM

Because if he waits too long, then the meat spoils.

JACK CRAWFORD

He's eating them? Hannibal Lecter is Garret Jacob Hobbs? A cannibal?

WILL GRAHAM

Not like Garret Jacob Hobbs. Hobbs ate his victims to honor them. The Ripper eats his victims because they're no better to him than pigs.

JACK CRAWFORD

With the exception of Beverly Katz, there's no connection between Hannibal and any Ripper victims.

WILL GRAHAM

No immediate connection. He likely identifies his meals years in advance, earmarks them, then waits with the patience of a python.

Jack looks at Will in frustration.

JACK CRAWFORD

Hannibal Lecter is not the Chesapeake Ripper.

WILL GRAHAM

Who else do you know with unusual culinary tastes? If the Ripper's killing, you can bet Hannibal Lecter's planning a dinner party.

(off Jack's look)

You and I probably sipped wine while swallowing the people we were trying to give justice, Jack.

(beat)

(MORE)

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Who does he have to kill before
you'll open your eyes?

CUT TO:

ALANA BLOOM -- SLOW MOTION

She opens her eyes after a blink, looking into CAMERA.

CLOSE ON A RAW HEART

It rests on a cutting block. A knife ENTERS FRAME and begins
to cut the heart in pieces.

HANNIBAL (O.S.)
A remarkably-lean organ, the heart.

CAMERA reveals we are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alana watches Hannibal cut the heart into morsels for the
skewers. We can see the bandages on his arms as he cuts. He
scrapes pieces of meat into a bowl of marinade, one by one.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Funny how we revere and romanticize
a simple pump. Merely a muscle.
Yet such a potent symbol of life
and the things that make us human,
good and bad. Love and ache.

Alana takes the pieces of heart meat from the marinade and
skewers them with pieces of vegetables between each morsel.

ALANA BLOOM
All of them skewered.

HANNIBAL
It's a thematic dish. My heart
certainly feels skewered.

ALANA BLOOM
You have the scars to prove it.

She touches the marks on Hannibal's neck where he was hanged.

HANNIBAL
I feel as though that noose were
still around my neck. It's strange
to have nightmares. Never used to.

ALANA BLOOM
Don't make the mistake I've made.

HANNIBAL

Which is?

ALANA BLOOM

Being your own psychiatrist. I'm
always assessing my feelings
instead of acting on them.

HANNIBAL

It's the safest course.

ALANA BLOOM

You have to find a better way to
deal with what happened to you.

HANNIBAL

I'm metabolizing the experience by
composing a new piece of music.

ALANA BLOOM

Harpsichord or theremin?

HANNIBAL

Harpsichord. Stravinsky said, "A
true composer thinks about his
unfinished work the whole time;
he's not always conscious of this,
but he's aware of it when he
suddenly knows what to do."

ALANA BLOOM

Do you know what to do?

HANNIBAL

I need to get my appetite back.

He smiles at her and raises his glass. Sips red wine.

CUT TO:

HANDS ON A ROLODEX

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Rolodex is set on the counter and Hannibal flicks through
it. Pauses at one card, ponders and then keeps flipping.
Stops. Pulls out a card which reads: "SHELDON ISLEY -
BALTIMORE COUNCILMAN."

CLOSE ON A RECIPE FILE

The cards spin, finding a card for STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE.

CLOSE ON Hannibal as he regards the card.

PRE-LAP: Hannibal's sonata begins to play once more over --

A BEAUTIFUL, DELICATE PURPLE BLOOM

PULL OUT to reveal more of them, surrounded by white and yellow flowers, carefully arranged.

We KEEP PULLING AWAY to reveal these bright, gorgeous flowers occupy the abdominal cavity of a DEAD MAN, his ribs pulled outward to form a cradle for the blooms.

KEEP MOVING BACKWARD to reveal the whole man. In a perfect merging of flesh and flora, lush greenery twines through SHELDON ISLEY's OPENED, GUTTED BODY.

His hollowed-out abdominal cavity houses an intricate pattern of flowers. Leaves, branches and blooms explode skyward from his upward-stretched arms. He is merged with the roots of a tree, his body melding with the trunk.

Keep PULLING BACK to reveal we are --

EXT. PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING

The TREE stands in a sea of black asphalt. A beautiful blossom floats from its branches, slowly falling to the ground.

We get WIDER AND WIDER, taking in the man-tree, the only obstacle to a stretching horizon amidst the flat vista of the parking lot.

Until our FRAME FINALLY PULLS BACK to reveal the back of a PARKING ATTENDANT in the foreground, staring at the tree. He carries a LUNCH PAIL, which he drops in shock.

As the first rondo of Hannibal's sonata concludes...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

WIDE ANGLE -- the man-tree on the horizon, asphalt stretching toward us.

TIME-LAPSE -- as POLICE VEHICLES enter the frame, first a PD CRUISER, then another, an AMBULANCE and then an FBI CRIME SCENE VAN. An ever-increasing cordon of flashing lights and POLICE OFFICERS. Finally, a BLACK SUV rolls INTO THE FRAME.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON JACK CRAWFORD

He takes in the scene. Looks at the tortured figure built into the tree, his frozen scream. JIMMY PRICE and BRIAN ZELLER are starting to assess the tableau. They talk. Jack just stares.

JIMMY PRICE

He's been literally grafted in place -- these are living roots.

BRIAN ZELLER

He's got varicose vines. Threaded through from his heels, under his legs, his back, through his torso and out his fingertips.

(impressed)

Followed some pretty tricky endoscopic surgical paths.

JIMMY PRICE

Chesapeake Ripper usually cherry-picks his organs. He took every last one. Except for the lungs.

BRIAN ZELLER

Stocking his shelves.

JACK CRAWFORD

There'll be something about the lungs. Why else leave them?

Jack steps forward and looks at the corpse. The artfully-arranged flowers. It offends him.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

The time he devotes to what he does. He takes real pride. Belladonna for the heart, a chain of white oleander for the intestines, ragwort for the liver.

JIMMY PRICE

The flowers are all poisonous.

JACK CRAWFORD

This is judgment. Ripper believes his victim was toxic. A poisonous man. Who is he to moralize?

Jack stares at the body like it speaks just to him.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

He's the eye of a storm. Working in a place of calm while the winds blow us all over. He's so damn certain, it makes me sick.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CAMERA PROWLs revealing Jack and Hannibal silhouetted by the fireplace, brandy snifters glowing in their hands.

JACK CRAWFORD

Bella's alive. And seemingly accepting of that fact for now.

HANNIBAL

She'll be alive for as long as she wants to be. Not a moment of that will be negotiable to you or me.

Jack considers that a moment, then:

JACK CRAWFORD

You gave me my wife back, Hannibal, then the Ripper took Beverly. Can't help feeling one paid for the next.

HANNIBAL

Paid who? God?

JACK CRAWFORD

The piper. Beverly was looking for me the night I was in the hospital with Bella. She knew I was there, she knew who I was there with.

HANNIBAL

There is no causal relation between Bella's life and Beverly's death.

Jack is not so sure that is true.

JACK CRAWFORD

If Bella had died, Beverly would have found me. Bella lived. So Beverly left me alone with my wife. What she did next got her killed.

HANNIBAL

You can't take that on, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

Not taking it on. I'm making note.

HANNIBAL

What you're making are connections where there aren't any.

JACK CRAWFORD

There are connections. There is a pattern taking shape and I just have to convince my eyes to see it.

HANNIBAL

I've convinced myself of something I refused to see for a long time.

JACK CRAWFORD

All it took was Will Graham trying to kill you to see it?

HANNIBAL

Yes. I can't help Will. I can't trust him. He's in a dark place where the shadows move. It's not safe to stand with him anymore.

JACK CRAWFORD

He knows something's there. In the shadows. Close to him. But he can't see it. I feel the same way.
(then)

We found another Ripper victim. A Baltimore councilman.

HANNIBAL

I'm sorry, Jack. I can't. Not only do I have to let Will go, I have to let this all go. I nearly died. Would have if it weren't for you. Can't dwell on death anymore.

JACK CRAWFORD

I don't blame you.

Hannibal puts down his drink. Turns to Jack.

HANNIBAL

We both have to transform our misfortunes into life-enhancing events. We have to facilitate our own post-traumatic growth, Jack. We have to strengthen our social ties and resist the temptation to brood.

Jack raises his glass and Hannibal does the same.

JACK CRAWFORD

When you figure out how you do that, you let me know.

HANNIBAL

I'm going to start by hosting a dinner party. I hope you'll come.

JACK CRAWFORD

(stares, then)
I wouldn't miss it.

OFF Jack --

CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - CELL BLOCK - DAY

Will Graham lies on his bunk. GIDEON lies against the adjoining wall in his neighboring cell. TRACK INTO THEM and the shot becomes a stylized TWO-SHOT.

WILL GRAHAM

You should have let him die.

DR. GIDEON

Woulda. Shoulda. Coulda.

WILL GRAHAM

He's going to kill you, you know.

DR. GIDEON

Can't get me in here.

WILL GRAHAM

Here is exactly where he'll get you, Abel. The moment I convinced the chief of staff to put you in a cell next to me, you were stamped with an expiration date. Anyone who gets too close, gets got. Miriam Lass. Abigail Hobbs. Beverly Katz. He's the Devil, remember. Smoke.

(then, to the ceiling)

(MORE)

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I'd be very nervous if I were Dr.
Chilton. He's getting close, too.

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

CHILTON listens to headphones, reclining on the couch, a shadow falling over his face.

BACK TO:

INT. BSHCI - CELL BLOCK - DAY

As before.

DR. GIDEON

Frederick's in mortal danger and
you want an apology from me?

WILL GRAHAM

I don't want an apology. I want you
to know you made a mistake. Only
way you and Frederick are going to
get out of this alive is if the
Chesapeake Ripper is stopped.

DR. GIDEON

Trying to find your taste for it?

WILL GRAHAM

Taste for what? Blood?

DR. GIDEON

Doesn't sit well on your palette,
does it? Like copper on your
tongue. Not your flavor.

WILL GRAHAM

Hannibal Lecter deserves to die.

DR. GIDEON

I tried to save a severely-burned
patient once with grafts of someone
else's skin. That skin seemed to
agree with the man. For a few days.
And then it withered and died.

WILL GRAHAM

Wanting to kill Hannibal Lecter is
just a phase? Permanent solution
to a temporary problem?

DR. GIDEON

Wearing someone else's skin doesn't
always work. Our immune system
recognizes it as foreign, kills it.

(MORE)

DR. GIDEON (CONT'D)

I recognize what is you and what is not you. You didn't bring me here to help you kill Hannibal Lecter.

WILL GRAHAM

I brought you here to bear witness.

DR. GIDEON

To tell Jack Crawford that I sat in Hannibal Lecter's cobalt blue dining room? An ostentatious herb garden, *Leda and the Swan* over the fireplace. And you. Having a fit in the corner. That's where I asked him if he was the Chesapeake Ripper. And he avoided the question by suggesting I kill Alana Bloom.

WILL GRAHAM

Yes. Tell Jack that.

DR. GIDEON

I'll tell Jack Crawford everything if you tell me why Hannibal did it.

WILL GRAHAM

He wanted to see what would happen. If you did kill Alana. Or if I killed you. He was just curious.
(then)
And you saved his life.

DR. GIDEON

I wasn't trying to save Hannibal Lecter. I was trying to save you.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Will and we...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A PLAYBACK RECORDER READOUT

The NUMBERS count in seconds as we HEAR:

DR. GIDEON (V.O.)

That's where I asked him if he was the Chesapeake Ripper. And he avoided the question by suggesting I kill Alana Bloom...

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Chilton, fingers steeped under his chin, breaks finger formation and presses "stop." MOVE AROUND HIM to reveal Jack sits opposite him. Staring at Chilton.

JACK CRAWFORD
Abel Gideon is a lunatic.

DR. CHILTON
He's psychotic, not psychic.

JACK CRAWFORD
We know Gideon has a history of being susceptible to suggestion.

DR. CHILTON
The simplest explanation as to why he can describe Hannibal Lecter's home is that he was there.

JACK CRAWFORD
Will could have given him details.

DR. CHILTON
No such details were given. There hasn't been a word exchanged between those two men in my hospital that I haven't heard.

JACK CRAWFORD
Then you're aware what Will is accusing Hannibal Lecter of.

DR. CHILTON
Oh, yes. I am aware. I am intrigued. And I am grateful that I have trouble digesting animal proteins, as the last meals I've shared with Hannibal Lecter have been salads.

JACK CRAWFORD
You believe it?

DR. CHILTON
Hannibal once served me tongue and made a joke about eating mine. It's hard not to at least consider it.

JACK CRAWFORD
Will is delusional. And wants to reinforce his delusion. With you. With me. With Abel Gideon.

DR. CHILTON

That doesn't mean he's not right.

JACK CRAWFORD

No, it doesn't. Chesapeake Ripper
is murdering again and Hannibal
Lecter is throwing a dinner party.

Jack can hardly believe the words as they leave his mouth.

DR. CHILTON

He fits the profile. He's attracted
to medical and psychological fields
because they offer power over man.
Cannibalism is an act of dominance.

JACK CRAWFORD

You're afraid.

He is, but does his best to hide it.

DR. CHILTON

Have you seen Hannibal's drawings?

JACK CRAWFORD

Yes.

DR. CHILTON

He's a remarkable artist. Just
imagine what he creates when not
restricted to a canvas.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Jack Crawford considering that...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

CLOSE ON SHEET MUSIC

A pen scrawls notes on bars. A harpsichord note takes us to:

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

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Hannibal performing the latest evolution of his composition. The piece is tonally charged, but bent toward obscuring obvious key centers and harmonic and melodic traditions. Very much an extension of his own personality.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL -- SLOWER MOTION

CAMERA DRIFTS across his face as he comes to a chord progression, his expression darkens. The phrase simply isn't working for him. He stops playing abruptly.

CLOSE ON HARPSICHORD KEYS

He starts the phrase again, changing it slightly. It still doesn't work. Hannibal closes his eyes and takes a calm breath. CAMERA PUSHES IN until he finally opens his eyes.

CLOSE ON THE SCORE SHEET

The fountain pen scratches the last measure from his sonata.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON THE TREE MAN

Propped up in the middle of a room. We are --

INT. BAU - MORGUE - DAY

Standing on a foot ladder, Brian Zeller runs a small CHAINSAW through the branches rising out of the Tree Man's head.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Jack Crawford and Jimmy Price wearing PROTECTIVE EYEWEAR, speaking over the chainsaw BUZZ.

JIMMY PRICE

His name is Sheldon Isley.
Baltimore city councilman.

Zeller ceases chainsawing to add:

BRIAN ZELLER

Ripper's a politician now.

JIMMY PRICE

At least a conservationist. Five, six years ago, Isley brokered a woodlands development deal despite the disapproval of the EPA.

JACK CRAWFORD

Councilman Isley paved paradise and put up a parking lot.

JIMMY PRICE

What he paved was an important nesting habitat for endangered songbirds. The son of a bitch.

Zeller reaches into the branches and pulls out a nest.

BRIAN ZELLER

Autopsy gave us what you'd expect from the Chesapeake Ripper. Pre-mortem surgical dissection, latex glove impressions, body posed before rigor set in.

JACK CRAWFORD

What have those lungs coughed up?

BRIAN ZELLER

Water. Councilman drowned. Lungs are filled with aspirated water.

Zeller points out the Tree Man's legs.

BRIAN ZELLER (CONT'D)

He was standing in water up to his thighs for forty-eight to seventy-two hours prior to his death.

JACK CRAWFORD

To feed the tree?

BRIAN ZELLER

It's possible.

Price guides Jack to a microscope with a video feed.

JIMMY PRICE

Here's the exciting part. Tree Man actually bears fruit.

INSERT ON A PLASMA SCREEN: Curious, geometric single-cell creatures flick back and forth.

JIMMY PRICE (CONT'D)

Diatoms. Unicellular colonies.
Good as fingerprints. No two water
sources have the same diatom
population.

JACK CRAWFORD

The water in his lungs gives us a
location of death. Show me.

INSERT ON A PLASMA SCREEN: A map of Virginia.

BRIAN ZELLER

Fifty-mile radius -- here.

He traces a circle in the Virginia woods. Jack stares at it,
contemplating his next move.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOG PARK - DAY

SUNLIGHT shines through AUTUMN LEAVES. We come down through
the branches to a carpet of GOLD and RED.

A posse of DOGS runs across it, enjoying the space and air.
FIND Jack Crawford and Alana Bloom walking as they watch.

ALANA BLOOM

My head is full of conspiracies.
There are too many versions of
events. He said. She said. He
said. He said. She said. It's
maddening.

JACK CRAWFORD

In my experience, that usually
means a lot of people are lying
about a lot of different things.

ALANA BLOOM

The one thing I have clarity on is,
Will Graham tried to kill Hannibal.

JACK CRAWFORD

And he believes it was a righteous
act. May be guilty, but he doesn't
feel guilty about that call.

ALANA BLOOM

That says more about Will than it
does about Hannibal. If you're
worried about him, talk to his
psychiatrist. He gave you consent.

JACK CRAWFORD

We can't find Dr. Du Maurier. Left notice she would be traveling and would prefer not to be contacted. Last anyone has heard from her.

ALANA BLOOM

Why'd you say it like that, Jack?

Jack more or less ignores the question, turning to the dogs. There appears to be one more dog in the pack.

JACK CRAWFORD

Did you get a new dog?

ALANA BLOOM

I... yes. I'm fostering. A dog I found. At an animal shelter.

JACK CRAWFORD

Swapping one stray for another?

ALANA BLOOM

I haven't given up on Will. Just re-evaluating who I think he's become.

JACK CRAWFORD

I don't think Will has changed. I think he has adapted.

ALANA BLOOM

Adapted to what? Hannibal?

JACK CRAWFORD

I don't know.

ALANA BLOOM

(shakes her head)

Hannibal has been a teacher, a mentor and a friend. I knew him before you, or Will or any of this.

JACK CRAWFORD

I don't claim to know anybody.

ALANA BLOOM

I look at these dogs and I see the best of Will, but he is lying. He's manipulating. He's playing a game and he's not scared. Not anymore. That's what's making him dangerous.

She bends as a NEW DOG brings a stick to her. She rubs its head, throws the stick into the LEAVES. New Dog races off. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Jack considering Alana's loyalties...

CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Will Graham standing in his therapy cage. He squeezes his eyes shut, wrapping hands around the bars.

CLOSE ON THE BARS

Will's fists tighten on the metal. FOCUS on hands and the bars, Will OUT OF FOCUS beyond them, but CLEAR ENOUGH to see a BRAMBLE OF ANTLERS beginning to form around him.

CLOSE ON THE TOP OF CAGE

The NUBS OF ANTLERS RISE through the roof of the cage, growing like thorny vines between the wire mesh.

WIDER -- THE CAGE

ANTLERS EXTEND from the cage, sharp and deadly, surreal.

CLOSE ON WILL'S EYES

Still squeezed shut, they finally relax and OPEN.

WILL GRAHAM
Hello, Dr. Lecter.

POP WIDE

Hannibal Lecter is standing outside Will Graham's cage.

HANNIBAL
I feel like I've been watching our friendship on a split screen. The friendship I perceived on one side and the truth on the other.

WILL GRAHAM
It's a terrible feeling, isn't it?

HANNIBAL
You've been lying to me, Will.

WILL GRAHAM
I don't have a gauge for reality that works well enough to know if I've been lying or not.

HANNIBAL

You understand the reality of
Beverly Katz's death. You
understand your role in that.

WILL GRAHAM

What was my role?

HANNIBAL

Beverly died at your behest.
You're as angry with yourself as
you are with whoever murdered her.

WILL GRAHAM

Actually, I'm not. I'm singularly
angry at whoever murdered her.

HANNIBAL

You tried to kill me, Will. It's
hard not to take that personally.
However, if I were Beverly's
murderer, I'd applaud your effort.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm no more guilty of what you've
accused me of than you are of what
I have accused you of.

HANNIBAL

Jack Crawford and Alana Bloom
believe you were responsible.

WILL GRAHAM

Where does responsibility begin and
end, Dr. Lecter? With a final act
or the events that led to it?

HANNIBAL

I don't expect you to feel self-
loathing or regret or shame. You
knew what you were doing and you
made your own decisions. Decisions
that were under your control.

WILL GRAHAM

You think I'm in control?

HANNIBAL

I think you're more in control now
than you've ever been.

(then)

You found a way to hurt me, Will.
I wonder how many more people are
going to be hurt by what you do.

(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

(then)

I'll give Alana Bloom your best.

It's a veiled threat and they both know it.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Good-bye, Will.

OFF Will, not amused...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

HANDS FLICK THROUGH THAT ROLODEX

A card: "Walter Givens - Real Estate." It is plucked from the box.

CUT TO:

MEAT -- LIVER AND PANCREAS, AS THEY ARE SLICED

A sudden hot sizzle as they drop into a pan of butter.

CUT TO:

INT. BAU - MORGUE - DAY

TECHNICIANS wheel a sheet-covered body into the morgue where Tree Man now lies on a gurney.

CUT TO:

ROLODEX

A card: "Jackson Bender - Auto Sales."

CUT TO:

A LONG BONE

As it is cracked for its marrow.

CUT TO:

INT. BAU - MORGUE - DAY

Another gurney is wheeled into the swiftly-filling space. Zeller and Price waiting to receive it.

REVERSE ANGLE ON Jack Crawford watching this escalation of bodies through the glass.

CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL/STAIRWELL - DAY

CAMERA CRAWLS OVER A ROW OF CAGES to reveal Jack Crawford standing in front of a single cage holding Dr. Gideon. Dr. Frederick Chilton stands a respectful distance away.

DR. GIDEON

I'm sure you and Frederick have had
many a conversation about my bad
behavior. How does he describe me?

Dr. Chilton chimes in from where he's perched near the wall.

DR. CHILTON
A pure sociopath, by the book.

DR. GIDEON
Do you mean your book, Frederick?

DR. CHILTON
Yes.

Gideon turns to Jack, ignoring Chilton:

DR. GIDEON
Life's too slippery for books,
Agent Crawford. Anger appears as
lust, lupus presents as hives. How
does Dr. Chilton present?

Jack's patience is growing thin.

JACK CRAWFORD
I respect Dr. Chilton's opinion.

DR. GIDEON
Would you say Dr. Chilton is beyond
reproach? Before you answer that,
I'd like to note, the term
"sociopath" hasn't been used by any
respectable psychiatrist since 1968.

JACK CRAWFORD
Dr. Gideon, do you have information
about the Chesapeake Ripper?

DR. GIDEON
Down to brass tacks.

JACK CRAWFORD
You told Will Graham you were in
Lecter's home. Why were you there?

Gideon doesn't so much as glance at Chilton when he answers:

DR. GIDEON
I've never set foot in Hannibal
Lecter's house. I only just met
the man last week. However, Dr.
Chilton was kind enough to share
the details of his dining room.

JACK CRAWFORD
Why would he do that?

DR. CHILTON
Yes, why would I do that?

DR. GIDEON

Mr. Graham has been keen to believe Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper. Dr. Chilton is doing little to disavow him of that notion and encouraged me to do the same.

Dr. Chilton stares, unimpressed. He doesn't let Dr. Gideon get the best of him. He crosses to Jack nearer the cage.

DR. CHILTON

I apologize, Agent Crawford, for wasting your time.

DR. GIDEON

It's not your actions or betrayal I resent, Dr. Chilton, it's the lies.

DR. CHILTON

(to Jack)

I'll walk you out.

Dr. Chilton leads Jack across the therapy hall to the stairs.

DR. GIDEON

Dr. Chilton hired a nurse who's had experience in mental hospitals, but not as an employee. That nurse attempted to murder Hannibal Lecter and you blame Will Graham. You've got the right box, Jack, but you're looking in the wrong corner.

Jack and Chilton continue up the stairs. With some finality, Dr. Gideon addresses Dr. Chilton before he can exit:

DR. GIDEON (CONT'D)

Suppose you'll have me beaten again for this, won't you, Frederick?

INT. BSHCI - CELL BLOCK/STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Gideon and TWO GUARDS come into the stairwell. They hold him with the PRODS attached to his belt. Moving him along the stairs with unfriendly nudges from the prods.

The balcony to one side.

DR. GIDEON

All your coiled resentment. So bad for the digestion. Was that poor Nurse Shell I murdered a good-time girl with a beer or two inside her?

(MORE)

DR. GIDEON (CONT'D)

Or a loved sister with a smile for
you all. Maybe it was those eyes...
she had such beautiful eyes.

(then)

It's why I had to take them.

GUARD

Shouldn't've struggled, Dr. Gideon.

CUT TO:

THROUGH THE CAGE WIRING

The shaft of the stairwell extends SEVERAL STORIES above. We
are --

INT. BSHCI - NURSES' STATION/CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

The MALE NURSE sits sipping coffee and filling in paperwork
at the desk. The MONITORS depicting an empty cell block.

EXTREME CLOSE ON THE CAGE WIRING ABOVE

A drop of blood hits the mesh overhead, then DRIPS.

EXTREME CLOSE ON THE CUP OF COFFEE

The DROP OF BLOOD lands with a PLOP in the creamed coffee,
creating a marble of crimson.

ON THE NURSE

Before he can look up, **BAM** --

A body in a jumpsuit SMASHES, BACK FIRST, into the roof of
the cage, making it shudder and bend...

CLOSE-UP -- BLOOD sprays the PAPERWORK on the desk.

The figure lies SPRAWLED on top of the cage. Beyond it.
Above, the two guards can be seen looking over the balcony.

CAMERA reveals the fallen is Dr. Gideon. Unconscious.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

TOP ANGLE -- CLOSE ON AN ORNATE PLATE

A gloved hand ENTERS FRAME and places a delicate hors d'oeuvre on porcelain. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal many plates. Gloved hands move in and out of FRAME, delivering hors d'oeuvres to their destinations until all the plates fill.

TOP ANGLE -- A LARGE EMPTY TABLE

Covered with a pristine white tablecloth. With the energy of a Busby Berkeley routine, black-and-white dressed SERVERS come into FRAME -- moving in choreographed unison -- first placing candlesticks and flower arrangements -- then, one after another, they place plates of FOOD, bowls of FRUIT and platters of MEAT. They flow in and out of FRAME until the complete BUFFET is finished -- a magnificent spread.

A SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS

A BOW draws across the neck of a CELLO. FINGERS press STRINGS. The gleaming wood polished to a high sheen.

We are --

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

The STRING QUARTET plays Mozart's "Dissonance" as a party is in full swing with well-heeled GUESTS.

ON THE DINING ROOM DOORS

Four SERVERS emerge from the dining room, one then the other coming INTO FOCUS as they pass through FRAME, like dancers in a chorus line, and head into the room.

TOP ANGLE -- THE SERVERS

The servers spread through the crowd with platters that guests turn to take food from, creating a swirl of movement through the room.

NEW ANGLE

CAMERA DESCENDS into the room, amidst the crowd and through them. As servers move on and two guests turn to chat, they reveal Jack Crawford, newly arrived.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Jack surveying the room.

JACK'S POV -- VARIOUS CLOSE AND EXTREME CLOSE-UPS

Hands take morsels of food from the servers' trays and pop them into their mouths. Teeth bite and gnash. Jack watches as they chew and swallow -- going SLO-MO as they chew and then back to NORMAL SPEED for the swallow.

ON JACK

Watching and wondering.

JACK'S POV

He can see Hannibal talking to two guests. Alana is nearby. She takes an hors d'oeuvre from a passing tray, a morsel of meat on a pick, and eats it.

ON JACK

Dr. Chilton approaches and saddles up alongside Jack, eyeing the hors d'oeuvres as they move through the room.

DR. CHILTON

Prosciutto roses. Heart tartare.
Beef roulade. Needless to say, I
won't be eating the food.

JACK CRAWFORD

Dr. Chilton.

DR. CHILTON

Hannibal the Cannibal. That's what
they'll call him, you know.

JACK CRAWFORD

Not according to Abel Gideon.

DR. CHILTON

Gideon's caused me enough trouble
today. The fact that he lied to
you makes me even more certain he
was telling Will Graham the truth.

Chilton eyes the roast pig's head on the buffet table.

JACK CRAWFORD

Why did you come here tonight if
you're so convinced?

DR. CHILTON

Darwinism. I don't want him to
think I suspect anything. Keeping
my mouth shut on the whole affair.

JACK CRAWFORD

Biting your own tongue so Dr.
Lecter won't be tempted to?

DR. CHILTON

Don't want to be perceived as a
threat, which is why I shouldn't be
standing here, talking to you.

With that, Chilton limps off. Jack turns and approaches
Hannibal and Alana.

ALANA BLOOM

Hi, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

Alana.

HANNIBAL

Jack, I'm happy you're here. In many
ways, you are the guest of honor.
You saved my life, after all.

Jack turns back to Hannibal:

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm afraid I can't stay. But I'd
like to take some food to go.

Hannibal smiles. Turns and waves to a server.

HANNIBAL

I'll have one of the staff bring
you something from the kitchen.

Jack waves the server to stop.

JACK CRAWFORD

No. This is good.
(to the server)
Just bring me a container and I'll
help myself. From here.

Hannibal nods to the server who moves off.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Do I have your permission to do
that, Dr. Lecter?

ALANA BLOOM

What are you doing, Jack?

JACK CRAWFORD

Do I have your permission?

Jack watches Hannibal. The server returns with a Tupperware with a lid. Jack takes it in his hands.

HANNIBAL
(to Jack)
Help yourself.

Jack takes a latex glove from his pocket and uses it to place food into the Tupperware. Hannibal glances across the room to see Dr. Chilton watching the exchange curiously.

As Jack seals the container, Hannibal smiles sadly.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Eat it soon or it'll spoil.

CLOSE ON THE FOOD CONTAINER

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are traveling through --

INT. BAU - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jack holds the food container as he greets Brian Zeller and Jimmy Price who are emerging from evidence processing.

JACK CRAWFORD
Test this.

A DISTINCTIVE NOTE of a harpsichord punctuates the exchange.

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

The room has been tidied, but evidence of the party remains. Alana sits at Hannibal's harpsichord, doubling the KEYS she's playing until it becomes clear she's performing a slow, dreamy version of "Chopsticks." Hannibal slides next to her.

She smiles and he watches her for a moment, then starts playing his composition at the opposite end of the keyboard.

HANNIBAL
The ending to my composition has
been alluding me. You may have
solved my problem with "Chopsticks."

They smile as they play, hands crossing over the keys, pushing their shoulders together.

ALANA BLOOM
If only all problems could be
solved with a simple waltz.
(then)
Jack's treating you like a suspect.
He's pointing fingers in the dark.

HANNIBAL

I've walked away from Will, but I'm still trailing his accusations.

ALANA BLOOM

I've walked away, too. I want to walk away from all of it.

HANNIBAL

What does walking away leave us?

ALANA BLOOM

Each other.

Hannibal looks at Alana, admiring her, appreciating her.

HANNIBAL

Most stable elements, Alana, appear in the middle of the periodic table. Roughly between iron and silver. Between iron and silver, I think that is appropriate for you. Between strength and elegance.

Alana turns to face Hannibal. He feels her gaze and turns to her, their hands stilled on the keys.

ALANA BLOOM

Aren't you tired of talking? I think the last thing either of us needs to do right now is talk.

She leans forward and kisses Hannibal. Gentle. He lets her. And then he returns the kiss, passionate, alive.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA PUSHES ACROSS SILK SHEETS to find Alana Bloom's bare back. Her pale skin in stark contrast to the crimson bedding. Lamplight warms her back, casting Hannibal partially in shadow in front of and beneath her.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL'S HANDS -- SLOW MOTION

Move up the length of Alana's back, drawing the red sheets to her shoulders as he rises up to meet her in a kiss.

ON ALANA -- SLOW MOTION

She stretches out her arms, raising the sheet like wings. CAMERA ARCS OVER her back until it finds Hannibal's back, silhouetted by the glowing red silk. CAMERA CONTINUES ITS ARC and dives back into the blood-wine sea of bed silks.

ON HANNIBAL'S SHOULDERS -- SLOW MOTION

Sweat drips from the nape of his neck, down his spine.
Alana's arms wrap around his back, crawling up into his hair.

CLOSE ON ALANA'S HAIR -- SLOW MOTION

It moves THROUGH FRAME as she throws her head back in
ecstasy, rich auburn wisps rolling like a field of kelp in
the ocean current. As her FACE ENTERS FRAME...

CAMERA PROWLs ALONG THE MATTRESS

Hannibal and Alana intertwined.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL AND ALANA -- SLOW MOTION

His mouth on her chin, on her lips, on her neck.

POP WIDE -- **WUB-V-V-V-V-V**

FRAME VIBRATES with the vanguard of an approaching orgasm.

ON HANNIBAL'S BACK

The heel of Alana's foot slides down the length of his spine.

ON HANNIBAL'S ARMS

Cradling Alana's head, her neck flexing over the side of the
bed as Hannibal kisses her shoulders and chest.

ON HANNIBAL'S SHOULDERS

Alana's hands slide up the back of Hannibal's neckline,
grabbing a handful of hair and pulling him into a kiss.

POP WIDE -- **WUB-V-V-V-V-V-V-V**

FRAME VIBRATES as the climax builds.

ON HANNIBAL

He flexes, lengthening the musculature of his body.

ON ALANA

She flexes, her back arching, pushing her against Hannibal.

POP WIDE -- WUB-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V

FRAME VIBRATES one last time, then settles into stillness as the light in the room DIMS TO DARKNESS.

CUT TO:

LATER. Hannibal sleeps soundly next to Alana. After a moment, he opens his eyes. He watches Alana.

He finally stands. He takes Alana's wineglass from the bedside table. With a white cloth, he wipes the rim, then sets the glass back down. He snaps his fingers close to her ears; she doesn't stir.

He looks again at Alana sleeping, then leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL - DR. GIDEON'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE OVERHEAD SHOT ON GIDEON

PULL UP to reveal he lies propped up in a hospital bed, curtains drawn all around on an oval frame.

His face is bruised. IV drips and monitoring are hooked up to his body. A THICK BANDAGE around his TORSO.

We HEAR the door to the room open and then slowly close.

Gideon's eyes open as FOOTSTEPS squeak on the floor.

GIDEON'S POV

He sees a tall SHADOW behind the CURTAINS as it approaches. He watches as the shadow moves toward the foot of the bed.

SLOW and TENSE.

The curtains are drawn back and a tall figure in surgical scrubs, gloves and a MASK stands before him.

He pulls down his mask to reveal Hannibal Lecter.

HANNIBAL
Hello, Dr. Gideon.

DR. GIDEON
I knew you'd come.

Hannibal smiles at Gideon.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. HOSPITAL - DR. GIDEON'S ROOM - DAWN

Early morning light begins to creep through the windows. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON the curtains surrounding Gideon's bed, a GHOULISH SILHOUETTE hangs beyond them. A FLASH ignites behind the curtain, the silhouettes of TWO MEN examining the body.

REVERSE to reveal Jack Crawford as he approaches. He opens the curtains to find Brian Zeller taking forensic photos of the body as Jimmy Price dusts for fingerprints.

THE BODY

It seems to be floating on his belly, horizontally suspended two feet above the bed. His skin is pinched/stretched/pulled many different directions by WIRE FISHING LEADERS. Each line ends in a handcrafted HOOK -- the barb pushed through the skin of the dead man's back, arms and legs.

But that dead man is not Abel Gideon. Instead, it is a BALTIMORE POLICE OFFICER, his gun belt still around the waist of his uniform pants. His torso is BARE and opened, the skin held back in flaps attached by fishhooks. The contents of his abdomen on the bed below, his badge sits on top.

The finger clip from the MONITORS is attached to his hand.

BRIAN ZELLER

Put a heart monitor on the guard so no one'd know Gideon was missing, least for as long as it took the guard to die, which wasn't long.

JACK CRAWFORD

Long enough.

Jimmy indicates the dead police officer.

JIMMY PRICE

Fishhooks. Hand-tied flies. Like the ones Will Graham used to make. This one has human hair. A tooth.

BRIAN ZELLER

There's no way Gideon could have done any of this with his injuries, much less get out of bed.

JACK CRAWFORD

Last time Gideon escaped custody, he was trying to find the Chesapeake Ripper. Found him all right. And tonight, the Ripper found Gideon.

EXT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Time-lapse establishing.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE ON ALANA asleep in Hannibal's bed. She stirs slightly and slowly opens her eyes. CAMERA DRIFTS around the bed, finally revealing Hannibal sleeping quietly next to her.

Alana stares peacefully at the ceiling, the morning after sleeping with a friend. As she begins to think too much, she realizes Hannibal has opened his eyes and is watching her.

ALANA BLOOM

You're awake.

HANNIBAL

I didn't want to interrupt whatever it was you were thinking about.

ALANA BLOOM

Was thinking about funerals. And how they often make us want sex.

HANNIBAL

It's one in the eye for death.

ALANA BLOOM

Not that we... not that this was... funeral sex.

HANNIBAL

Of course it was. We both just buried a friend. We buried Will.

ALANA BLOOM

There's something liberating about finally letting him go.

HANNIBAL

Yes, there is.

He kisses her, then stops and looks at her reassuringly:

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

We have a lot of reasons to do this. Not just funeral reasons.

She kisses him back. BING-BONG. The doorbell rings. BING-BONG. Hannibal rises from the bed, shrugs on a robe.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Last time someone rang my doorbell
this early, it was a census taker.

Hannibal goes to the curtains and draws them -- revealing the morning sun and allowing it to spill into the room.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I'll see who it is.

CLOSE ON three loud RAPS on a heavy oak door.

The peephole goes dark, then -- Hannibal opens the door to find Jack Crawford standing outside.

HANNIBAL

Hello, Jack.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hannibal leads Jack into the living room.

HANNIBAL

What can I do for you?

JACK CRAWFORD

Gideon took a fall down a stairwell
last night. Was hospitalized.
Security guard standing watch was
killed in what looks to be another
Chesapeake Ripper murder. Now
Gideon is nowhere to be found.

HANNIBAL

He escaped?

JACK CRAWFORD

We know he didn't walk out of the
hospital. His back was broken.
Someone took him. Someone he knew.
(then)

Where were you last night?

HANNIBAL

Here.

JACK CRAWFORD

All night?

HANNIBAL

Yes.

JACK CRAWFORD

Anyone besides you can verify that?

Hannibal's quiet a moment. Then, from behind Jack:

ALANA BLOOM (O.S.)

I can.

Jack turns. He flashes surprise, but tamps it quickly.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

I was here with Hannibal all night,
Jack. What are you accusing him of?

Hannibal reads Jack's frustration and perhaps relief.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm not accusing him of anything.
Only asking his whereabouts.

HANNIBAL

That's not all you were asking.

Jack looks evenly at them, nods, forced to accept that
Hannibal isn't the Chesapeake Ripper...

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: Graphics of black and purple bars.

Gel electrophoresis -- DNA results.

BRIAN ZELLER (O.S.)

Geese, pigs, cows.

We're --

INT. BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - DAY

Brian Zeller stands in front of a monitor. Jimmy Price and
Jack Crawford look on.

JIMMY PRICE

Not cows. Wagyu beef. I'd say, a
hundred dollars worth right there.

BRIAN ZELLER

Sure it wasn't Kobe?

JIMMY PRICE

All Kobe is Wagyu, but not all
Wagyu is Kobe. Least we know Dr.
Lecter wasn't serving up people.

BRIAN ZELLER

Want people? The Chesapeake Ripper
was tying flies with them. Just
like Will Graham allegedly did.

INT. BAU - MORGUE - MOMENTS LATER

CAMERA finds Brian Zeller, Jimmy Price and Jack standing over
a row of FISHING LURES taken from the security guard's back.

BRIAN ZELLER

Hair woven into the monofilament is
Beverly's. Bone fragments from
Miriam Lass. Veining from Sheldon
Isley. Optic nerves and arteries
from Judge Davies. A toenail from
James Gray, our Muralist.

A SERIES OF EXTREME CLOSE-UPS: A fly hook. Cleverly crafted,
with bits of dark, organic material woven into the
monofilament. A bone fragment. Veining coiled around hook
and feather. An optic nerve entwined with bark.

BRIAN ZELLER (CONT'D)

All Chesapeake Ripper victims.

Jimmy Price indicates four lures, in partial stages of
deconstruction, in individual grids.

JIMMY PRICE

These four lures here are almost
identical to the ones we found at
Will's house, made with materials
from the exact same human remains.

(points to trays)

Abigail Hobbs, Marissa Schuur,
Donald Sutcliffe, Georgia Madchen.

JACK CRAWFORD

Will didn't kill any of them.
There was no Copycat. It was
always the Ripper. He's finally
taking credit for those murders.

BRIAN ZELLER

May be taking too much credit. We
found something else in the lures.

With tweezers, Jimmy plucks a curled, wispy wood shaving from
one of the deconstructed fly grids.

JIMMY PRICE

Madrona bark. It's a tree almost nonexistent on the East Coast. But this bark was peeled recently.

ON A PLASMA SCREEN: Zeller gestures to the map of the area.

BRIAN ZELLER

There's a small stand of madrona in Virginia.

JACK CRAWFORD

Inside your diatom search area.

Zeller zooms in with his hand, à la an iPad.

BRIAN ZELLER

Here.

As we PUSH IN ON A HOUSE on an isolated plot of land --

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF QUICK, ELEGANT, STYLIZED SHOTS:

CLOSE ON A THIN, FLEXIBLE BONING KNIFE

It cuts THIGH MEAT off the bone in one rectangular piece.

CLOSE ON DRIED ROSEMARY

Crushed and dropped into a bowl of SALT and PEPPER and scattered on a wood board. This mixture is SCATTERED on a board, and the RECTANGULAR PIECE OF THIGH MEAT is rolled across it, coating the meat with seasoning.

CLOSE ON DRIED FRUIT

It forms a channel of stuffing down the center of the rectangle of thigh meat, which wraps around it in a cylinder.

CLOSE ON THE CYLINDER OF THIGH MEAT

Being wrapped with BACON.

CLOSE ON A WIRE GARROTE

It slices through a BLOCK of RED CLAY, cutting it into pats, which are rolled into thin SHEETS, like pastries.

CLOSE ON THE RED CLAY SHEETS

Wrapped around the cylinder of thigh meat wrapped in bacon, the edges pinched to seal in the moisture and flavor.

INSIDE THE OVEN

The CLAY-SHELLED THIGH MEAT cooks.

CLOSE ON THE CLAY SHELL

CAMERA reveals Hannibal's reflection in the OVEN DOOR.

CUT TO:

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

A chair at the end of the table is CENTER FRAME. On either side is a metal IV stand with a bag of fluid hanging from it. The left one holds a CLEAR FLUID, the right one BLOOD.

CAMERA moves around to reveal Hannibal coming into the room, carrying the ROAST LEG JOINT wrapped in a clay shell. And a plate of canoe-cut marrow bone. He places them on the table in front of his guest -- Dr. Gideon.

Gideon has an IV in one forearm and another one inserted at his CLAVICLE. A thick bandage is wrapped around his chest. He is conscious, alert, but very unwell.

Hannibal stands to Gideon's right. The table before him immaculately decorated with two place settings.

HANNIBAL

Rôti de cuisse. Clay-roasted thigh
and canoe-cut marrow bone.

Hannibal uses a WOODEN Mallet to crack open the clay shell, revealing the moist, pink meat underneath.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I love cooking with clay. Creates
a more-succulent dish and adds a
little theatricality to dinner.

Using a pair of tongs, Hannibal removes the pieces of clay away from the roast and lifts it onto a platter as he speaks:

DR. GIDEON

Prometheus fashioned man out of
clay and gave him fire.

HANNIBAL

We come from clay, return to clay.

DR. GIDEON

Ashes to ashes, and all the rest.

HANNIBAL

Shall I carve?

DR. GIDEON
You already did.

As Hannibal begins to cut the meat, CAMERA reveals below the table that Gideon's LEFT LEG is amputated high up the thigh.

HANNIBAL
Your legs are no good to you anymore. You've got a T-4 fracture of the vertebra, this is a far more practical use for those limbs.

DR. GIDEON
Hard to have anything, isn't it, Dr. Lecter? Rare to get it. Hard to keep it. A damn slippery life.

HANNIBAL
We can only learn so much and live. Irony is, life is full of lessons.

DR. GIDEON
So is death, apparently.

Hannibal cuts delicate slices of the pink meat.

HANNIBAL
You were determined to know the Chesapeake Ripper, Dr. Gideon. To wear that skin before you die. Now is your opportunity.

Hannibal lays slices of meat on Gideon's plate, then his own.

DR. GIDEON
Intend me to be my own last meal?

HANNIBAL
Yes.

DR. GIDEON
How does one politely refuse a dish in these circumstances?

HANNIBAL
One doesn't.

Hannibal puts food into his mouth and savors it. Gideon looks down at the plate featuring his own meat.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
The tragedy is not to die, Abel, but to be wasted.

DR. GIDEON
Three words. Creutzfeldt-Jakob
disease.

Gideon looks at Hannibal, cuts a forkful of the meat. And he puts his own meat in his mouth and chews.

DR. GIDEON (CONT'D)
My compliments to the chef.

And BRING UP THE HARPSICHORD MUSIC --

CUT TO:

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

Hannibal plays the harpsichord, alone now. Recapitulating the musical theme that's threaded its way through the entire episode. As the final rondo builds...

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - NIGHT

Will Graham does sit-ups in his cell.

EXT. VIRGINIA BARN - NIGHT

Moonlight on crisp white snow. The hulking black shadow of a heavily-built wooden barn stands stark against the white.

CRANE DOWN and around, as we hear the low rumble of a car engine, to find a black sedan pulling up on the opposite side of the barn.

JACK CRAWFORD

Exits the car. Takes in the barn; the two heavy gate doors barred on the outside. Jack pulls out his gun and a Maglite and walks toward it, his feet crunching on the snow. His breath frosts the air.

Jack walks up the wooden ramp to the heavy doors.

CUT TO:

INT. VIRGINIA BARN - NIGHT

Blackness, except for slivers of faint moonlight shining through the wooden beams. We hear the sound of the heavy bar being thrown.

And then the door opens and a piercing FLASHLIGHT BEAM hits us.

Jack Crawford silhouetted behind it as he enters the barn slowly. He plays the flashlight around the space, cautious. Tense.

Cobwebs and old wood. Heavy old machinery and hand tools. Dust in the air. A SKITTERING SOUND and Jack swings the light and gun -- catching a RAT scurrying for cover...

Jack moves on. Something shines in the beam and Jack moves toward it. A new steel padlock on an old door. Incongruous.

CUT TO:

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

Hannibal plays the final movement of the sonata...

BLACKNESS

A rending sound of wood and metal.

A door opens to reveal a flight of wooden stairs, looking up at Jack Crawford. We are --

INT. VIRGINIA BARN - CISTERN ROOM - NIGHT

He throws down the iron bar he used to force the lock. Shines his light right at us as he starts down the stairs --

Jack moves down the wooden stairs, gun and flashlight before him. CAMERA recedes before him to reveal a dark, low cellar space, the concrete floor dominated by the tops of two circular WATER CISTERNS.

Jack scans the room, his flashlight beam our only light source, casting harsh shadows and movements. He checks the room for danger -- light reflecting off dirt-smeared windows in the far wall; blackness reflecting back from the other side.

MOVEMENT

Jack stills as he hears it. Heart thumping. A scraping sound.

BELOW HIM...

He moves to the cisterns, the old stone topped with much newer METAL LIDS.

He pulls the first one off -- flashes the light into it -- dark water rises a third of the way up the steep slick sides.

SCRITCH --

The sound again.

Jack moves to the other cistern. Can definitely hear something inside...

He throws off the metal lid. Swings his gun and flashlight into the cistern.

ON JACK CRAWFORD -- STUNNED

JACK'S POV -- standing in the empty cistern is a dirt-smeared, scared WOMAN. BLINKING up into his flashlight beam. She shields her eyes with her right hand. Her left arm is missing. Jack's world crashes down around him; he can barely utter the name of his former FBI trainee...

JACK CRAWFORD

Miriam?

END OF EPISODE