

HANNIBAL  
"Primavera"

TEASER

BLACK

We hear the steady, uneven rhythms of low, JAGGED BREATHS. A moment, then WILL GRAHAM emerges from the darkness. He is rain-soaked, drenched from head to toe, gun drawn. We are --

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

CAMERA follows Will Graham as he steps into the dining room. His movements are slow. So, so tense.

He slides toward the kitchen. Eyes darting. Comes round the corner to see...

THE KITCHEN

Lights still on, blood and destruction everywhere.

Will looks at the room, the blood smears and the chaos. BLOOD POOLS from beneath the pantry door. Will crosses to the pantry door and then stops, realizing he's not alone.

ABIGAIL HOBBS stands in the kitchen.

ON WILL -- stunned.

Abigail turns and sees him. Her face is tear streaked. She is agitated, doesn't know what to do.

Will struggles to process her. They stare at one another. Will can't begin to understand and yet understands totally...

WILL GRAHAM  
Abigail...?

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
I didn't know what else to do. So  
I did what he told me.

Abigail begins to shake, fighting sobs.

WILL GRAHAM  
Where is he?

Her face suddenly falls. Will has a millisecond to register, and then, before he can react...

HANNIBAL is looming behind Will. Arm coming round as if in an embrace, moving swiftly. Will is still in shock about Abigail when Hannibal warmly welcomes him with open arms.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You were supposed to leave.

HANNIBAL

We couldn't leave without you.

BLOOD SPRAYS up between them, splashing their faces.

Abigail SCREAMS as Will's gun drops to the floor and his hands go to his belly. Abigail watches in horror as Will staggers and falls against the wall. His gun out of reach.

Will looks down --

To see blood SPILLING from a WIDE CUT across his abdomen. His INNARDS straining at the wound.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

(heartbroken)

Time has reversed. The teacup I've shattered has come together. A place has been made for Abigail once more in the world. Do you understand? That place was made for all of us. Together.

(then)

I wanted to surprise you. And you... wanted to surprise me.

Will is shaking, trying to remain conscious and out of shock.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I let you know me. See me. A rare gift I've given you. But you didn't want it.

Will isn't so definitive.

WILL GRAHAM

Didn't I?

Hannibal winces almost imperceptibly.

HANNIBAL

You would deny me my life.

WILL GRAHAM

Not your life.

HANNIBAL

My freedom, then. You'd take that from me. Confine me to a prison cell. Do you believe you could change me the way I've changed you?

WILL GRAHAM  
I already have.

Hannibal studies Will a moment, realizing he's right.

HANNIBAL  
Fate and circumstance has returned  
us to the moment when the teacup  
shatters. I forgive you, Will.

Hannibal stands next to a terrified Abigail who realizes  
she's made a bargain with the devil.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)  
Will you forgive me?

Hannibal is genuinely sad. Will has time for a single, shocked:

WILL GRAHAM  
Don't...

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
N--

And Hannibal CUTS ABIGAIL'S THROAT in a single, sleek motion,  
right across the scar where her father once did the same.

Abigail's face shows shock and horror. And then blood SPRAYS  
and Abigail crumples to the floor before Will.

WILL GRAHAM  
No!

(NOTE: This should be deliberately reminiscent of the Hobbs  
kitchen as Will tried to save Abigail in Ep. #101.)

Abigail clutches at her throat to stop the bleeding, but it  
pours from between her fingers. Will is horrified.

HANNIBAL  
(to Will)  
You can make it all go away. Put  
your head back. Close your eyes.  
Wade into the quiet of the stream.

They hold a look and then Hannibal disappears.

Will drags himself to Abigail and takes his hands from his  
own terrible wound and places them against her throat.  
Trying to stem the flow of bleeding.

A bloody Will pulls Abigail to him, lifting her head higher  
to try to stem the blood flow. And then it is too much and  
Will collapses backward to the floor.

WILL GRAHAM

Fading.

WILL'S POV

He sees the BLACK STAG, it now lies on the kitchen floor, breathing in great steaming gasps. Dying...

His eyes fixed on the black stag as its breath slows and finally stops...

AS BLOOD BEGINS TO RISE AROUND IT

HIGH ANGLE

BLOOD RISES between and around Will and Abigail, a SURREAL POOL filling the room and ultimately submerging them.

ON THE POOL

The surface ripples in the wake of Will and Abigail disappearing beneath it... then becomes still.

ON WILL

Submerged in blood, he stares into the red-black murk.

WILL'S POV

The black stag floats in the blood, sinking away from CAMERA until it disappears into the red-tinged darkness.

A POOL OF BLOOD

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

SHARDS OF PORCELAIN

They SPIN MIDAIR, floating in the grace of EXTREME SLOW MOTION. As the shards spin, we see they are stranger than porcelain. One has an eye, one a mouth, another a stubbled jaw. Then TIME REVERSES in EXTREME SLOW MOTION as the pieces draw together forming, not a teacup, but:

WILL GRAHAM.

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

CUT TO:

WILL GRAHAM'S EYES

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

INT. HOSPITAL - WILL GRAHAM'S ROOM - DAY

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

His eye finds a WALL CLOCK. In his shifting, blurring vision, the numbers sag and drift onto the wall. Will stares a moment -- until the minute hand CLICKS. Time is passing and will continue to pass. This is no fiction of his mind.

A FIGURE

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

A DOCTOR

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

DOCTOR  
How do you feel?

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

WILL GRAHAM  
Thirsty.

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

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

DOCTOR  
Feel well enough for a visitor?

The doctor exits through the door. Though it's still open, Will cannot see out it... until his visitor enters:

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Pale like Will, in a hospital gown of her own. She stands on the threshold, staring at him. Will stares back and his thoughts and ours are the same --

Abigail is alive.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

A POOL OF BLOOD

CAMERA moves across the pool until an ANGULAR SHAPE breaks the surface. As the shape rises, it becomes apparent it is not rising at all -- the blood is receding around it.

The blood continues to recede, revealing Abigail Hobbs's face as she lies dying on the floor of Hannibal's kitchen -- only now she is surrounded by darkness. The blood retracts into her cut throat as she RISES IN A REVERSE COLLAPSE, gushes of fluid REVERSE RAINING through the air as they track with her.

Finally, Abigail RISES IN HER REVERSE COLLAPSE, fitting snugly into Hannibal's arms. The blade in his hand runs back across Abigail's throat, seemingly healing the wound.

TIME STOPS for the briefest of moments, then moves forward at NORMAL SPEED, and Abigail mutters:

ABIGAIL HOBBS

N--

As the blade in Hannibal's hand begins to jerk...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - WILL GRAHAM'S ROOM - DAY

Abigail stands in front of Will's hospital bed. Pillows prop Will up. They look at one another. A reunion neither thought they would ever see. After a moment:

ABIGAIL HOBBS

They told me he knew exactly how to cut me. They said it was surgical.

(then)

He wanted us to live.

WILL GRAHAM

He left us to die.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

But we didn't.

Abigail averts her eyes, still looking for rhyme and reason.

ABIGAIL HOBBS (CONT'D)

He was supposed to take me with him. We were all supposed to leave together. He made a place for us.

WILL GRAHAM

Abigail...

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Why did you lie to him?

Will has to consider that a moment, then:

WILL GRAHAM

The wrong thing being the right thing to do was too ugly a thought.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

He gave you a chance to take it all back, and you just kept lying.

(then)

No one had to die.

An almost-imperceptible wince from Will.

WILL GRAHAM

It's hard to grasp what would've happened, could've happened. In some other world... did happen.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Having a hard enough time dealing with this world. Hope some of the other worlds are easier on me.

WILL GRAHAM

Everything that can happen happens. Has to end well, and it has to end badly. Has to end every way it can. This is the way it ended for us.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

We don't have an ending. He didn't give us one yet.

(then)

He wants us to find him.

Strange for Will to hear that, and stranger yet to believe it.

WILL GRAHAM

After everything he's done, you would still go to him?

She quietly nods.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

If everything that can happen happens, you can't really do the wrong thing. You're just doing what you're supposed to do.

OFF Will considering, we --

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

TIGHT ON WILL IN HIS HOSPITAL BED

The room is dark, partially lit by the warm glow of the vital monitors and equipment, which have the flickering grace of an O.S. fire. Will is lost in thought, searching.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - TWILIGHT

A surreal contextual juxtaposition, Will lies, in his hospital bed, where he and Hannibal sat for therapy. He throws the sheet back, revealing his bandaged abdomen. He runs his hand absently over the wound as he tries to sit up.

CLOSE ON THE BANDAGES

Something BLACK AND THORNY shifts under the gauze -- stitches or something else.

ON WILL

He swings his legs and bare feet onto the floor.

THE FLOOR

Will's foot ENTERS FRAME, already wearing a shoe. A page torn from a book drifts to the ground and lands at Will's feet.

CAMERA reveals he is now fully clothed. (NOTE: Will should be dressed as he was in Scene 19 from Ep. #213, "Mizumono.")

Will stands in the middle of Hannibal's office as MORE PAGES begin to drift INTO FRAME, like oversized snowflakes. Will bends down to pick up a sheet, even as more rain down.

ON A PAGE

It's Will's CLOCK DRAWING, numbers sliding off the page which starts to BURN *Bonanza*-style. CAMERA reveals this is the page burning in Hannibal's fireplace.

ON RETRO-WILL AND RETRO-HANNIBAL

They stand next to the fire, watching medical records burn. Retro-Will stares at the burning clock drawing as CAMERA finds Now-Will in the deep background, under the rain of pages, watching Retro-Will and Retro-Hannibal.

As the memory replays through the falling RAIN OF PAPER, Retro-Hannibal never turns to face Retro-Will.

RETRO-HANNIBAL

When we've gone from this life, I  
will always have this place...

It's the same explanation he offered before, but there is a discernible sadness in Retro-Hannibal's voice. And this time, Will listens, waiting for any clue in the words.

RETRO-WILL GRAHAM

In your "memory palace."

Retro-Hannibal continues feeding the flames, eyes on them.

RETRO-HANNIBAL

My palace is vast, even by medieval standards. The foyer is the Norman Chapel in Palermo, severe and beautiful and timeless.

Retro-Hannibal pauses in his burning. Still facing away.

RETRO-HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

A single reminder of mortality: a skull graven in the floor.

Off those words, Now-Will looks to the floor beneath his feet. Beneath the scattered sheets of paper littering the floor, he can glimpse a SKULL. Every page depicts his drawing of the ENCEPHALITIS CLOCK.

ON THE CLOCK DRAWINGS

Numbers gathered at the bottom right of the pages, sliding off the clock. The hands akimbo, stacked with the numbers -- then still in their akimbo state, BEGIN TO TICK BACKWARD.

ON WILL

There is a FLICKER in the quality of light above Will.

His gaze takes his eyes upward to reveal, EMERGING FROM THE DARKNESS OVERHEAD, COLUMNS and ARCHES and MURALS as the room become the Norman Chapel of Palermo.

CAMERA reveals Will is back in the hospital bed, staring at the chapel ceiling stretching into the sky above him.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - WILL GRAHAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will lies in his bed, back in reality, staring at the significantly-less-spectacular hospital ceiling.

CUT TO BLACK.

A chyron tells us it's...

**EIGHT MONTHS LATER**

FADE IN:

EXT. PALERMO - NORMAN CHAPEL - DAY

Time-lapse establishing.

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - DAY

The chapel's vast interior rings with the multiple languages of the travelers shuffling about the place. Among the TOURISTS, CAMERA finds Will and Abigail as they enter.

Abigail gazes up at the apse of the chapel and JESUS PANTOCRATOR -- "Ruler of All," an exquisite Byzantine mosaic.

Saint Andrew is depicted on His one side, Saint Paul on His other. The saints' tempera-painted eyes, their unfettered focus -- like Abigail's -- on their savior.

WILL GRAHAM

Even in an enlightened world, we  
come here to feel closer to God.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Do you feel closer to God?

WILL GRAHAM

God's not who I came here to find.

They move further into the chapel, admiring its beauty. Abigail notices a PRIEST watches them; she stares at him a moment, then averts her eyes.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

(to Will)

Do you believe in God?

She wonders if she does even as she asks it.

WILL GRAHAM

What I believe is closer to science  
fiction than anything in the Bible.

Abigail notes the various people sitting and praying; she speaks low so only Will can hear her:

ABIGAIL HOBBS

We all know, but no one ever says G-dash-D won't do a G-dash-D-damned thing to answer anybody's prayers.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm sure answering prayers can be complicated, otherwise He would do it all the time. God can't save any of us because it's inelegant.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

G-dash-D allows bad things to happen because it's... elegant.

WILL GRAHAM

More elegant than stopping the universe to prevent an earthquake, put out a fire, cure cancer. Elegance is more important than suffering. That's His design.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

You talking about God or Hannibal?

WILL GRAHAM

Hannibal's not God. Wouldn't have any fun being God. Defying God, now that's his idea of a good time.

Will raises his head, taking in the murals of saints and apostles that decorate the gilded ceilings. As CAMERA DRIFTS TO THE PEAK of the chapel's highest dome...

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Nothing would thrill Hannibal more than to see this roof collapse mid-Mass, packed pews, choir singing. He would just love it. And he thinks God would love it, too.

WILL'S POV -- THE CEILING

As CAMERA PUSHES IN... a tiny crack appears.

REVERSE ANGLE -- ON WILL AND ABIGAIL

They sit among the parishioners holding prayer, looking up.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

This is what Hannibal sees when he steps inside the frescoed walls of his own mind.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Do you feel closer to him here?

WILL GRAHAM

This isn't Hannibal, it's just where he begins. Beyond this, far and complex, light and dark, is the vast structure of his mind. A thousand rooms, miles of corridors. Everything he remembers, wonderfully and fearfully reconstructed.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Why "fearfully"?

WILL GRAHAM

Hannibal is well armed against the physical world, but there are places within himself he can't safely go.

(then)

But we can. If we find them. And that's how we'll find him.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORMAN CHAPEL - DAY/NIGHT

Time-lapse establishing.

The final sunshine of the day crawls up the building's walls. Fast, the gloom of night falls over the chapel like a veil.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A DROP OF BLOOD

CAMERA follows it running the length of a blade before joining a small pool expanding across an ivory surface, streams following fissures in the stone. The surface is dappled with drops of blood falling from above.

We are --

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - NIGHT

CAMERA prowls the church until it reveals:

A HORRIFIC TABLEAU

In the center of the chapel's floor, constructed directly above the inlaid skeleton. At first glimpse, it appears to be A HUGE HUMAN HEART. (NOTE: This is a direct pickup of the end of Ep. #301, "Antipasto.")

But a second look reveals it's A MAN'S BODY, SKINNED -- limbs and back broken and folded to create the anatomical parts and chambers of the organ. The victim's head, hands and feet are missing, stumps portraying the muscle's severed vessels.

The faux organ hovers above the floor, supported by a makeshift tripod formed by a TRIO OF SWORDS run through the body. Down each blade, blood trickles.

A bloody valentine awaiting its intended.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

ON A WHITE SHEET

It is drawn tight, its surface bearing a large SILHOUETTE OF A HUMAN HEART. A breeze ripples the fabric and, for a moment, the heart shadow appears to be beating.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - DAY

The white sheet belongs to a row of HOSPITAL PRIVACY SCREENS being erected around the broken and mutilated corpse. VARIOUS *POLIZIA SCIENTIFICA* AGENTS are busy working around the body. Camera FLASHES bounce off the white sheet dramatically.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK, passing the priest speaking to a local officer, INSPECTOR DONAGGIO, in hushed tones.

CAMERA finds Will and Abigail as they enter the chapel, moving with inconspicuous purpose through the CSI agents, reacting to the silhouette of a beating heart near the altar.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Is it him?

Before Will can respond, he's rapidly approached by a Palermo *poliziotto*, named LAMANNA, who holds up a waving hand:

POLIZIOTTO LAMANNA

*Per favore, signore. È proibito qui. La cappella è chiusa.*

Will nods to the *poliziotto*, his eyes still on the display.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm sorry, I don't speak--

POLIZIOTTO LAMANNA

The chapel is closed.

Will turns to leave, trying to glimpse what he can of the crime scene investigation. He sees Inspector Donaggio talking with the priest, who is now pointing in Will's direction. Donaggio shouts across the chapel at Poliziotto LaManna and Will:

INSPECTOR DONAGGIO

*LaManna, non lasciarlo uscire.  
Voglio parlare con lui.*

WILL GRAHAM

What did he say?

POLIZIOTTO LAMANNA

He said, he wants to talk to you.

CUT TO:

INT. PALERMO POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

CAMERA pushes past rows of desks, various *POLIZIOTTI* working in an office haze, some at their own desks, others gathered around Inspector Donaggio's desk.

CAMERA finds Will Graham.

He sits in a row of empty chairs, a common area, waiting to be summoned for questioning.

INSPECTOR PAZZI (O.S.)

Signor Graham...

Will turns to see CHIEF INSPECTOR RINALDO PAZZI sitting down in a nearby chair. Even as he speaks, he sits facing forward as to obscure the obviousness of their conversation.

INSPECTOR PAZZI (CONT'D)

Chief Investigator Rinaldo Pazzi.

*Questura di Firenze.*

WILL GRAHAM

You're a long way from Florence.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

You're a long way from Baltimore.

(off his look)

I read everything I can find on FBI profiling methods. I've read all about your incarceration.

WILL GRAHAM

Keep reading. I was acquitted.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

You come to Palermo and soon -- very soon -- a body is discovered, sculptural in its mutilation.

Will doesn't respond.

INSPECTOR PAZZI (CONT'D)

The priest at the *Cappella dei Normanni* said you've been spending a lot of time there.

WILL GRAHAM

I've been praying.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

There is some comfort in prayer.  
It leaves you with the distinct  
feeling you're not alone.

Will studies Pazzi a moment, and then:

INSPECTOR DONAGGIO (O.S.)

*Signore...*

Will turns to see Inspector Donaggio walking toward him,  
signaling for him to follow.

INSPECTOR DONAGGIO (CONT'D)

*Vieni con me.*

As Will rises and follows Donaggio back to his desk, he  
glances back at Pazzi one last time.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

*Ciao.*

As CAMERA PUSHES IN on Inspector Pazzi watching Will go...

TIME CUT TO:

INT. PALERMO POLICE STATION - STAIRWELL - DAY

Will makes his way down the stairs, toward Abigail who is  
waiting on the landing below. He smiles, happy to see her;  
she indicates Inspector Pazzi leaning against the bannister,  
a yellowing envelope tucked under his arm.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Is Will Graham here because of the  
body at the *cappella*, or is the  
body here because of Will Graham?

Will glances at Abigail who moves off inconspicuously.

WILL GRAHAM

Why are you here?

INSPECTOR PAZZI

I'm like you. I do what you do.  
We share the gift of imagination.

WILL GRAHAM

I've got the scars of a man who  
grabbed his gift by the blade.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

You grabbed the wrong end. Those moments when the connection is made, in that synaptic spasm when the thought drives through the red fuse, that is my keenest pleasure.

WILL GRAHAM

Knowing.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Knowing. Not feeling. Not thinking. You know who murdered that man and left him in the Cappella Palatina.

WILL GRAHAM

Don't you?

INSPECTOR PAZZI

I met him twenty years ago.  
(then)  
*Il Mostro*, the Monster of Florence.  
It was his custom to arrange his victims like a beautiful painting.

That gets Will's attention.

INSPECTOR PAZZI (CONT'D)

*Il Mostro* created images that stayed in my mind. I can still see his tableaux peripherally.

WILL GRAHAM

Like looking beside an object to see it in the dark.

Pazzi takes PICTURES out of the yellowing envelope tucked under his arm, hands them to Will.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Twenty years ago, I was dwelling on a couple found slain in the bed of a pickup truck in Impruneta...

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. FLORENCE STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A MAN and a WOMAN lie murdered in the back of a pickup truck, bodies arranged, garlanded with flowers, flowers in the woman's mouth. Her left breast is exposed (and obscured by flowers). The man is blue, bloated, reaching for her.

INSPECTOR PAZZI (V.O.)  
...bodies placed, strewn and  
garlanded with flowers, the woman's  
left breast exposed.

CAMERA PULLS BACK from the tableau to an OVER-THE-SHOULDER  
FRAME of Will Graham.

MATCH CUT BACK TO:

INT. PALERMO POLICE STATION - STAIRWELL - DAY

OVER-THE-SHOULDER FRAME of present-day Will looking down at  
the picture of the dead couple in Florence.

WILL GRAHAM  
Like a Botticelli.

INSPECTOR PAZZI  
Exactly like a Botticelli. His  
painting *Primavera* still hangs in  
the Uffizi Gallery in Florence,  
just as it did twenty years ago.

As Inspector Pazzi pulls another picture from his envelope...

CUT TO:

BOTTICELLI'S *PRIMAVERA*

The painting depicting a group of mythological figures in an  
orange grove. CAMERA PUSHES IN to the right of the painting:  
A woman in diaphanous white is being seized by a winged male  
from above. His cheeks are puffed, expression intent, and his  
unnatural complexion separates him from the other figures.

INSPECTOR PAZZI (V.O.)  
The garlanded nymph on the right,  
her left breast exposed, flowers  
streaming from her mouth as the  
pale Zephyrus reaches for her.

QUICK MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. FLORENCE STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The dead man and woman, slain and arranged in the back of the  
pickup truck, nearly identical in position to the painting.

BACK TO:

INT. PALERMO POLICE STATION - STAIRWELL - DAY

Will Graham and Inspector Pazzi, as before. Will looks at the  
picture of the Botticelli, and the dead couple who honor it.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Match. Match.

WILL GRAHAM

At the Uffizi Gallery... that's  
where you met *il Mostro*.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

That's where I met this man.

Pazzi produces a BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTOGRAPH from the  
yellowing file folder, and Will takes it. Its subject --

HANNIBAL LECTER

Twenty years younger.

INSPECTOR PAZZI (CONT'D)

The Monster of Florence.

OFF Will...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXTREME CLOSE ON A PENCIL

It draws across the surface of paper.

A SERIES OF EXTREME CLOSE SHOTS:

The fine details of a FEATHERED WING are darkened, leaving graphite debris crumbling in the pencil's wake.

The somewhat-bloated face of a GRAY-SKINNED MAN whose flowing hair blends seamlessly into the feathers on his back.

A WOMAN'S UPTURNED FACE -- a vine of flowers flows from her lips.

WIDER ON THE PENCIL SKETCH

It is reminiscent of Botticelli's *Primavera*, but the careful viewer will note that this isn't a sketch of winged Zephyrus clutching at the nymph, but rather a drawing of the dead man and woman arranged in their honor in the back of the truck.

INSPECTOR PAZZI (V.O.)

Success comes as a result of  
inspiration. Revelation is the  
development of an image, first  
blurred, then coming clear.

EXTREME CLOSE ON THE DRAWING

Black ink begins to bleed through the paper, like blood through a gauze bandage, giving a rich, painted texture to the pencil drawing. CAMERA PULLS BACK as the sketch becomes...

BOTTICELLI'S *PRIMAVERA*

The pencil sketch has transformed into the actual painting.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. UFFIZI GALLERY - DAY

*Primavera* hangs in the sparsely-populated museum.

INSPECTOR PAZZI (V.O.)

To find the inspiration *il Mostro*  
used was a triumph. I went to the  
Uffizi and stood before the  
original *Primavera* day after day,  
and most days...

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK until it finds:

A YOUNG MAN

Early 20s. He sits on a bench, quietly sketching. (NOTE: We never see his face, only his hands as he draws.)

INSPECTOR PAZZI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...I'd see a young Lithuanian man  
as transfixed by the Botticelli as  
I was. As transfixed as I imagined  
*il Mostro* would be. And every day  
I saw him...

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK until it finds:

WILL GRAHAM

He watches the young man, as Pazzi did some twenty years ago.

INSPECTOR PAZZI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...he would recreate the *Primavera*  
in pencil, just as he did in flesh.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - TWILIGHT

Somber shadows have replaced stained-glass daylight. Will stands with Inspector Pazzi in the empty church. Evidence of the crime scene investigation is still present, but the sculpturally-mutilated body has been removed.

INSPECTOR PAZZI  
I knew. It was the best moment of  
my life. A moment of epiphany that  
made me famous and then ruined me.

Will reacts; Inspector Pazzi is a pale, older version of himself, with an entirely-different history with the Monster.

INSPECTOR PAZZI (CONT'D)  
In haste and heat of ambition, the  
*Questura* nearly destroyed the young  
man's home, trying to find evidence.

WILL GRAHAM  
He doesn't leave evidence.

INSPECTOR PAZZI  
No, he doesn't.

WILL GRAHAM  
He eats it.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Another man -- not an innocent man,  
but innocent of those crimes -- was  
a dream suspect. He was convicted  
on no evidence except his character.

WILL GRAHAM

Blame has a habit of not sticking  
to Hannibal Lecter.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

It has a habit of sticking to you.

Uncomfortable memories, all too raw. In the background, the  
DULL BANGING of a door as a *POLIZIOTTO* enters:

POLIZIOTTO

*No, no. La chiesa è chiusa. Questa  
è ancora una scena del crimine.*

Pazzi hands Will a folder full of crime scene photos, and  
approaches the *poliziotto*, showing his badge.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

*Commendatore Rinaldo Pazzi.  
Questura di Firenze. Sto  
consultando sull'inchiesta.*

Pazzi guides the *poliziotto* to the exit.

INSPECTOR PAZZI (CONT'D)

*Posso parlare con te fuori?*

Will watches as Pazzi glances back over his shoulder one last  
time before disappearing with the *poliziotto*. Will stands  
there a moment, holding Pazzi's crime scene folder. Finally,  
almost reluctantly, he pulls a single photo from the folder.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He takes a breath, exhales, then closes his eyes. We hear  
the slow THUD of his HEARTBEAT keeping rhythm with the  
AMBIENT HUM of his CIRCULATORY SYSTEM.

A PENDULUM

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

ON WILL GRAHAM

His eyes are closed. FWUM. The PENDULUM is now outside his  
head. It swings behind Will, wiping away the evidence flags.  
FWUM. The police tape. FWUM.

CLOSE ON THE CRIME SCENE PHOTO

The HUMAN HEART SCULPTURE. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are no longer in the picture -- POP WIDE:

The human heart sculpture stands alone as it was intended. Will circles the sculpture, studying it.

WILL GRAHAM

I splintered every bone, fractured them... dynamically. Made you malleable. I skinned you. Bent you, twisted you and trimmed you. Head, hands, arms and legs. A topiary.

The human heart sculpture swells slightly with a low THWUB.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(then)

This is my design.

THWUB-THWUB. The human heart sculpture appears to be beating. Will starts slowly to back away from it, toward the altar.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

A valentine written on a broken man.

The body SHUDDERS. One broken arm strains against the cording holding it in place. SNAP! The cord BREAKS and the arm PULLS FREE. Another broken limb BREAKS THE STITCHES holding it fast... and then another...

ON THE BODY'S BACK

Bowed in a parenthetical curve, it begins to STRAIGHTEN. Vertebrae realign, setting forth sickly POPS and CRACKS.

ON WILL

He stumbles back, unnerved, tripping on the altar steps. More restraints SNAP as another limb realigns... and next, a leg. What resembles a nightmare flower blossoming, the body -- still without hands, feet or head -- resurrects its form...

THE BODY

Unfolding now, approximating its original shape, starts crawling forward as its cording and stitching hangs and drags. It crabs forward on stumps and knees.

THUD. SLIDE... directly for Will.

FROM THE STUMPS OF THE SEVERED ARMS AND LEGS

Horrifying BLACK HOOVES emerge, scraping and pulling at the marble floor, almost fawn-like, as it moves toward Will.

FROM THE SEVERED NECK

Two points SPROUT from the raw meat, growing, blossoming bilaterally into familiar shapes -- a PAIR OF ANTLERS. No head emerges to support them -- only the antlers.

As the ANTLERED NIGHTMARE that unfurled from Antony Dimmond's corpse is nearly upon him...

ABIGAIL HOBBS (V.O.)

Will...

HARD MATCH CUT TO:

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - NIGHT

Will leans against the altar, sweating, breathing heavily. He opens his eyes to see Abigail walking toward him.

WILL GRAHAM

(off her concern)

I do feel closer to Hannibal here.

He suppresses a small, uneasy laugh.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

God only knows where I would be without him.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

What did you see?

WILL GRAHAM

He left us his broken heart.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

How did he know we were here?

WILL GRAHAM

He didn't. But he knew we'd come.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

He misses us.

Strange for Will to consider, but he remains suspicious.

WILL GRAHAM

Hannibal follows several trains of thought at once without distraction from any, and one of the trains is always for his own amusement.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

He's playing with us.

WILL GRAHAM

Always.

He tosses the photos of the broken man heart on the altar, steps in front of Abigail.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(re: the photos)

You still want to go with him?

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Yes.

WILL GRAHAM

He gave you back to me. Then took you away. Lucy and the football. He just keeps pulling you away.

Will is contemplative a moment, then suddenly sad:

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

What if no one died? What if we all left together? Like we were supposed to. After he served the lamb. Where would we have gone?

ABIGAIL HOBBS

In some other world?

WILL GRAHAM

In some other world.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

He said he made a place for us.

Will fights back his emotion, then:

WILL GRAHAM

A place was made for you, Abigail, in this world. The only place I could make for you.

Abigail looks up at Will and the --

NEWLY-HEALED SCAR

On her neck DARKENS. The broad line of shiny tissue grows red, like a second smile drawn in lipstick.

And then it SPLITS and starts to BLEED. And bleed and bleed.

It's a mortal injury -- the same one that left Abigail dead on Hannibal's kitchen floor. Will's punishment.

Red pulses down Abigail's front and neither she nor Will try to stem its flow.

CLOSE ON WILL

His eyes unwavering from Abigail's until CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal no one is beside Will.

He's seated in front of the altar, alone.

CAMERA RISES into the chapel, finding the CHORUS OF SAINTS AND APOSTLES, a streaming drapery of figures painted onto the high walls and ceiling. CAMERA continues to prowl until it focuses on one figure in particular.

CAMERA PUSHES IN to reveal the figure is not part of the extensive mural; it is, in fact, HANNIBAL LECTER.

OVER HANNIBAL'S SHOULDER

He looks down at Will sitting stoically at the altar.

OFF Hannibal watching, not moving, part of the chapel...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

CLOSE ON A ZIPPER'S METAL TEETH

Interlocking as CAMERA follows along them, pulling closed --  
A BODY BAG.

Reveal we've returned to the end of Ep. #213, as the black vinyl chrysalis swallows chalk-white, lifeless Abigail.

We are --

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

Will is watching as the bag closes completely on Abigail and he is hoisted up and out of FRAME...

Dramatic-yet-spirited ORCHESTRAL MUSIC SWELLS, introducing...

A SERIES OF ELEGANT SHOTS

Alternating between Will Graham holding on to life and Abigail Hobbs embracing death, in their respective locations:

INT. BAU - MORGUE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A body bag falls open like a seed pod, revealing Abigail's corpse delivered, eggshell white and cold as the clay.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Will placed under the blinding lamps, his flesh still pale.

ON ABIGAIL

Her clothes are cut off of her, in no particular hurry.

ON WILL

His clothes cut off him in a frenzy.

ON ABIGAIL

Her naked body is washed on a metal coroner's bed, slowly, carefully, her nudity obscured by the MORGUE ATTENDANT.

ON WILL

His naked body hurriedly swabbed with alcohol, in prep for surgery, as he is connected to life support a dozen ways.

ON ABIGAIL

Her organs are removed from her abdomen and weighed.

ON WILL

DOCTOR'S HANDS work over his internal organs as his abdomen is unpacked of the warm towels that were giving him heat.

CLOSE ON ABIGAIL'S CLOSED DEAD EYES

Where PLASTIC CAPS are placed under her eyelids.

CLOSE ON WILL GRAHAM'S EYES

They are taped shut for anesthesia.

CLOSE ON ABIGAIL'S MOUTH

A CURVED NEEDLE glides into the white flesh beneath her lower lip and pulls taut to sew her jaw shut forever.

CLOSE ON WILL'S MOUTH

As he is INTUBATED...

ON ABIGAIL

As a SMALL INCISION is made near her collarbone and the embalming fluid tube is inserted. A NEEDLED DRAIN TUBE is placed into her neck, adjacent to her stitched jugular.

ON WIDE-BORE IVs

Wide-bore IVs are inserted into Will's arm. CAMERA follows fluid through the line and into Will.

ON ABIGAIL

A HUM as fluid enters one tube and blood exits the second.

Very little blood.

SUBDURAL THREAD

Clear and whisker-thin, closes split tissue of the abdominal sac, pulling tissue together.

ABIGAIL

As a NEEDLE pulling thread snugly closes the killing wound across her throat...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE DOCTOR'S NEEDLE TIP

Plunges into Will's INTESTINAL WALL. CAMERA moves across a raw slice in the gut to where the tip reappears, breaching the organ surface like a whale.

A FINAL LENGTH OF THREAD

Drawn tight in the doctor's clamp. With it, the accompanying music ends -- the PLUCK OF A CELLO STRING punctuates as he trims the last suture. SNIP.

CLOSE ON AN AUTOPSY TRAY

Abigail lying on the tray, cleaned and prepared and stitched.

MATCH CUT TO:

WILL GRAHAM

He lies on his back on the altar steps, staring at the gilded ceiling above him. We are --

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - NIGHT

Pazzi enters from the back of the church, calling out:

INSPECTOR PAZZI  
Are you praying?

Will considers that, shakes his head, then:

WILL GRAHAM  
Hannibal doesn't pray. But he  
believes in God. Intimately.

INSPECTOR PAZZI  
I wasn't asking Hannibal Lecter.

Will's eyes are drawn to the ceiling and the murals overhead.

WILL GRAHAM  
I think my prayers would feel  
constricted by the saints and  
apostles and Jesus Pantocrator.

INSPECTOR PAZZI  
Not buoyed?

WILL GRAHAM  
Not these prayers.

Pazzi looks to the ceiling, following Will's gaze.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

I hope my prayers escaped, flown  
from here to the open sky and God.

Will stands, explores the vicinity of the crime scene.

WILL GRAHAM

Praying you catch him? You should  
be praying he doesn't capture you.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

I didn't head the *Questura di*  
*Firenze* for nothing.

Will glances into the GATED STAIRWELL under the pulpit.

WILL GRAHAM

You couldn't catch him when he was  
just a kid, what makes you think  
you're going to catch him now?

INSPECTOR PAZZI

You.

A small, polite scoff from Will, unable to take his eyes off  
the small stairwell to the catacombs.

WILL GRAHAM

What makes you think I want to  
catch him?

Pazzi studies Will -- does he mean to kill Hannibal?

ON WILL

The volume of his CIRCULATORY SYSTEM rises in his ears,  
drowning out Pazzi speaking MOS in the background.

WILL'S POV -- THE STAIRWELL

CAMERA PUSHES IN on the gate, OVER THE LIP OF THE FLOOR, to  
find a small series of steps leading to a WOODEN DOOR.

CLOSE ON THE BASE OF THE DOOR

A small gap between the door and the landing. TIME SLOWS as  
BLOOD starts to seep under the door.

ON WILL

He stares, the sound of his CIRCULATORY SYSTEM fills his ears  
with a rhythmic ebb and flow.

BACK TO REALITY

Will slowly turns back to Pazzi.

WILL GRAHAM

If you could possibly be content, I  
would suggest you let *il Mostro* go.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Can't do that any more than you can.

WILL GRAHAM

He's going to kill you, you know.  
Usually right about these things.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

He let you know him. He sent you  
his heart. Where has he gone now?

WILL GRAHAM

He hasn't gone anywhere.  
(off his look)  
He's still here.

OFF Will's glance down the stairwell, to the catacomb door...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - CATACOMBS - NIGHT (WILL'S POV)

The catacombs are flooded with BLOOD-TINTED WATER. CAMERA moves through the long corridor, like exploring a sunken submarine, passing SUBMERGED CORPSES, until it finds:

WILL GRAHAM

He floats in the flooded corridor, holding his breath.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON WILL IN EXTREME CLOSE-UP

As he can't hold his breath any longer. He squeezes his eyes closed, and we...

MATCH CUT TO:

WILL

He opens his eyes, no longer submerged in his subconscious, and takes a small breath, preparing himself. We are --

INT. NORMAL CHAPEL - CATACOMBS - NIGHT (REALITY)

Punic stone two millennia old. Will listens, carefully monitoring his breath. He sees the walkway, weaving through DOZENS OF MUMMIFIED CORPSES, leads down into a darkened maze, only partially illuminated by infrequent candlelight.

Following the ancient fortress wall as it leads him deeper into less-aged corridors of the chapel's crypts and catacombs.

Overhead, bare bulbs occasionally light the way, but mostly the underground circuit remains shrouded in shadow. In the distance ahead, Will hears unhurried footsteps.

WILL GRAHAM  
Hannibal.

The unhurried footsteps stop as Will's shout echoes along the passageways. No reply. A moment, then the footsteps resume their march. Will arrives at a fork in the corridors and he considers his choices.

Footfalls come deep from within the darkness; someone is there. Will runs after them, dogged, into the black. A moment behind him --

PAZZI

Arrives at the head of the walkway. He draws his gun and pauses for only a second before he follows Will.

As the black swallows him as well...

WILL

Pausing at a JUNCTION in the subterranean maze. It widens to include a SERIES OF PILLARS, adorned with MUMMIFIED CORPSES, surrounded by passages branching off in different directions.

The clatter of footsteps changes. Due to the shape of the gallery and the conducting power of the walls, the sound RICOCHETS, seemingly coming from both directions...

Another beat and Will looks to his rear, realizing it's no trick of sound -- someone is behind him as well...

CUT TO:

PAZZI

Continues his pursuit as quickly as the darkness allows. His breathing is heavy and his gun leads him like a dowsing rod, his finger on the trigger.

PAZZI

Hears only his own footsteps as he arrives at --

THE JUNCTION

The same one Will Graham encountered. Pazzi slows, taking in the pillars and the many passages... any of which Hannibal or Will might have taken. He pivots, the seasoned cop, but there are too many blind spots. Too many angles to cover.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

*Signor Graham...*

Suddenly --

A POV

Approaches from behind Pazzi; the inspector is spun around.

WILL GRAHAM

Calm, quiet, yet unnerved.

WILL GRAHAM

You shouldn't be down here alone.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

I'm not alone. I'm with you.

WILL GRAHAM

You don't know whose side I'm on.

Pazzi stares at Will, cautious.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

What are you going to do when you  
find him? Your *il Mostro*?

WILL GRAHAM

I'm curious about that myself.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

You and I carry the dead with us,  
*Signor Graham.*

(then)

We both need to unburden.

There's no arguing the point.

WILL GRAHAM

Why don't you carry your dead back  
to the chapel before you count  
yourself among them.

Will drifts away from CAMERA...

INSPECTOR PAZZI

You're already dead, aren't you?

...disappearing in the dark.

WILL GRAHAM (O.S.)

*Buonanotte, commendatore.*

PAZZI

He stands there in the dark, alone. Listening.

CAMERA finds Hannibal.

He has not slipped away. Still and silent as the stone itself,  
he waits like a spider for Pazzi to come his direction.

ON PAZZI

He takes a last look in the darkness where Will disappeared,  
and he starts back toward the tunnel entrance.

CAMERA finds Will.

He moves deeper into the catacombs. CAMERA PULLS BACK,  
preceding him and, as Will passes the pillar where Hannibal  
was concealed, we see Hannibal is gone -- no one is there.

Will pushes forward...

WILL'S POV

His imagination has flooded the catacombs in blood-red water. Treading deeper into the tunnels, propelled by guilt.

No one materializes and Will moves on nevertheless...

ON WILL

No intermittent bulbs light the passage. The frame of the corridor is lost to near utter darkness. Will pauses again.

WILL GRAHAM

I forgive you.

His voice RINGS down the depthless inky black.

HANNIBAL

Stands, hiding among the mummified corpses. He hears the plaintive offering -- and the echo that answers it -- but he says nothing in reply.

Instead, Hannibal takes a silent sidestep and is swallowed entirely by the shadows.

WILL

Stands, forlorn, with only darkness behind him, awaiting a response that is not to come.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE