

HANNIBAL  
"Digestivo"

TEASER

CLOSE ON FIVE PAIRS OF SHOES

They move along the floor at pace. Followed by a pair of EXPENSIVE ITALIAN LOAFERS under shiny suit trousers...

We are --

INT. SOGLIATO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

Reveal FIVE ITALIAN COPS and a well-dressed BENETTI (the cop who threw Jack out of Dr. Fell's apartment and let Bedelia go in Ep. #306). They stop outside the elevator door.

Benetti nods two of the cops up the stairs, and they move off. The cops draw guns and head up the staircase.

CLOSE ON BENETTI as the elevator PINGS and the door opens.

INT. SOGLIATO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

CAMERA follows the two cops from the stairs, who wait as Benetti and his other men exit the elevator.

Benetti listens at the door, then nods.

SLAM!

The cops kick in the door and rush into the room.

STAY ON BENETTI for a moment, his heartbeat THUDDING in his ears. He takes a breath and follows.

INT. SOGLIATO'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

OUT OF FOCUS figures move in front of --

WILL GRAHAM.

Will's face is a mask of blood dripping from the wound Hannibal began cutting. Eyes unfocused.

WILL'S DRUGGED POV

THROUGH A BLOOD-TINTED LENS, the WENDIGO looms over the dining table, JACK CRAWFORD opposite Will, appearing as though Francis Bacon has painted him. BLURS of Italian police officers as they drift through the FRAME.

## ON JACK CRAWFORD (REALITY)

He watches as HANNIBAL slowly drops to his knees, lacing his hands behind his head. The five cops cover the room, two of them with guns on Hannibal. Experienced and professional. Staying well out of his range.

JACK CRAWFORD

*Sono un ufficiale del FBI.  
Ascoltami. Mi chiamo Jack  
Crawford...*

Benetti steps in behind them and takes in the scene. Will's drugged and injured state.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

*Commendator Benetti. Don't imagine  
you're here to make an arrest.*

INSPECTOR BENETTI

You imagine correctly.

Benetti nods, and the cop behind Hannibal strikes him across the back of the head and Hannibal drops to the ground. Two of the cops efficiently hog-tie Hannibal with plastic ZIP TIES.

INSPECTOR BENETTI (CONT'D)

(re: Will Graham)

Take Lecter and this one. He'll pay us double for both.

(to Jack)

There's no price on your head,  
*Signor Crawford.*

## WILL'S DAZED POV

A cop approaches and pulls a black bag over his head.

CUT WIDER to reveal the same being done to Hannibal.

JACK CRAWFORD

*Hannibal Lecter, il Mostro di Firenze, narrowly escapes the Questura. That how the story goes?*

INSPECTOR BENETTI

Missed him by that much. The good *Dottor Lecter* is once more in the wind. But he left one last victim.

Benetti nods and three cops take Will and Hannibal out, heads bagged, hands tied behind their backs. He looks at the remaining two, including the lead cop.

INSPECTOR BENETTI (CONT'D)

(re: the saw)

Open him the way Lecter opened the  
other one. Open him all the way.

(looks at Jack)

*Arrivederci.*

Benetti exits behind Hannibal and Will.

JACK CRAWFORD

*Arrivederci.*

The two remaining cops move toward Jack. The lead cop picks up the bone saw. It WHINES in his hand.

ON JACK -- immobile -- at their mercy. The other cop holds his head.

Through the window -- a GLINT OF LIGHT makes Jack squint.

CRACK!

A hole appears in the window, and the cop holding Jack takes a bullet in the head and drops.

CRACK, CRACK!

The lead cop takes one in the shoulder and, as it spins him, another one in the head.

The bone saw drops, WHINING and VIBRATING onto the table, now right in front of Jack.

ON JACK, two dead cops on the floor -- their blood splashed on his face. His eyes on the bone saw BUZZING ever closer to the table's edge and his lap...

CLOSE ON the starred bullet holes in the window.

CAMERA pushes through a hole to find:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

CHIYOH stands with her foot on the ledge, bracing her elbow to steady her aim. Her eye huge in the end of the scope.

Chiyoh lowers the rifle.

TIME CUT TO:

CHIYOH'S BACK

CAMERA follows her into:

INT. SOGLIATO'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CAMERA moves around Chiyoh to find Jack Crawford, head bowed. The floor CREAKS and he glances up over his brow.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Wrong floor.

Chiyoh switches off the bone saw.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)  
Would you come over here and pull  
this needle out of my arm?

CHIYOH  
Where did they take them?

JACK CRAWFORD  
Did you do this?

CHIYOH  
Of course.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Appreciate it. May I ask why?

CHIYOH  
Why wouldn't I? I ought to. I  
should. Therefore, I must.  
(then)  
You're sitting at Hannibal's table.  
You know him. You know Will.

JACK CRAWFORD  
I know them. They are identically  
different, Hannibal and Will.

CHIYOH  
Where did they take them?

Jack studies her a moment, then:

JACK CRAWFORD  
They are most likely taking them to  
the U.S. To Maryland. I can even  
give you an address... once you  
pull this needle out of my arm.

He indicates where the drugs are still flowing into his body. Chiyoh does not move.

CHIYOH  
Once I pull this needle out of your  
arm... then what?

JACK CRAWFORD

My "then what" consists of getting out of Florence alive now that I'm supposed to be dead. That leaves me in no position to stop whatever it is you're intending to start.

Chiyoh holds Jack's gaze and then pulls out his IV.

CHIYOH

Where?

JACK CRAWFORD

Muskrat Farm. The Verger estate near the Susquehanna River in northern Maryland.

Chiyoh stoops and frisks the dead Italian police officer on the ground until she finds his gun. She places it on the table in front of Jack Crawford and exits.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

TOP ANGLE

ALANA BLOOM and MARGOT VERGER are entwined in bed, the corona of hair around each of their heads forming the empty sockets of a skull, the shapes of their naked bodies under sheets providing the cheek and jawline. We are --

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MARGOT'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Alana and Margot sleep soundly, curled against each other. The HUM of Margot's cell phone rattles on the nightstand. Finally, Margot opens her eyes and stirs, grabbing the phone.

MARGOT VERGER

*Pronto.*

Margot sits up.

MARGOT VERGER (CONT'D)

*Dimmi tutto.*

Alana stares at the ceiling, listening to Margot on the phone.

ALANA'S POV -- THE CEILING

From her pillow, looking up, Alana can see HANNIBAL'S FACE on the swarming darkness above her.

CUT TO:

ON THE WINDOW

Alana stares out at the coming morning, deep in thought. Margot approaches, pulling on a beautiful silk robe.

ALANA BLOOM

Mason has what he wants. I think it's time you get what you want.

MARGOT VERGER

He has Hannibal. He has Will, too.

Alana goes still, inscrutable, blinks, refocuses, then:

ALANA BLOOM

Your brother is a sadist. He'll torture them and take the time to enjoy it. That gives us time.

EXT. MUSKRAT FARM - ROAD - DUSK

An AERIAL SHOT of the witchy beauty of Muskrat Farm nestled amid miles of woodland. A convoy of THREE SUVs surrounding the refrigerated MEAT TRUCK rips down the road.

EXT. MUSKRAT FARM - PIG BARN - DUSK

MASON VERGER and CORDELL stand next to TWO BODYGUARDS outside the open doors of the pig barn. Mason takes a breath, enjoying the crisp morning air, then:

MASON VERGER

There's a hush over Muskrat Farm,  
Cordell, like the quiet of the old  
Sabbath. Smells like salvation.

In the distance, the silence brims with a new sound, the sound of the approaching convoy.

CUT TO:

RED RAW MEAT

Reveal we are --

INT. MEAT TRUCK - DAY

Twin rows of GUTTED PIG CARCASSES hang in plastic wrapping from a rail in the roof of the darkened space.

The TICK and HUM of refrigeration can be heard in the metal box.

A sudden CLANG as the door is opened and a GUST of frosted air is expelled into the dark space beyond -- unclear behind the beams of a POWERFUL LIGHT.

A WHIRRING noise can be heard.

WILL GRAHAM

Face in repose. HANGING UPSIDE DOWN like the carcasses, Hannibal alongside him, similarly trussed.

The WHIRRING continues and the carcasses swing sideways as a SILHOUETTED SHAPE moves through them to reveal --

MASON VERGER

In his electric wheelchair, looking at them both with great satisfaction.

Cordell behind him. A beatific smile.

MASON VERGER  
Gentlemen, welcome to Muskrat Farm.

HANNIBAL  
Your people might have assassinated  
me in Florence, Mason.

MASON VERGER  
Where's the fun in that?

HANNIBAL  
I see the first coarse bristles of  
revenge have brushed the ruin of  
your cheek and begun to excite you.

MASON VERGER  
I'm very excited.

Mason produces a KNIFE in his good hand.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)  
I still carry my father's knife.  
Ever ready to slip into a pig's  
back to check the depth of fat.

Mason slides close to Hannibal and presses the blade against  
the flesh of his lower back. Hannibal does not flinch.

Mason puts his thumb against the blade and slides it into  
Hannibal. A thin TRICKLE of blood is released. Hannibal  
shows no sign. Disappointed, Mason slides the blade further.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)  
A little on the lean side. Let's  
fatten you up, shall we?

INT. MUSKRAT FARM - PIG BARN - DAY

The meat truck has been backed through the doors into the  
narrow end of a funnel made by two angled rows of STEEL  
PIGPENS. PIGS snort nervously in the pens, clanging the bars.

Mason Verger, in his wheelchair, and Cordell watch as  
Inspector Benetti leads bodyguards bringing Hannibal and Will  
from the truck, bound securely to a pair of handcarts.  
Will's head is cleaned up and bandaged. But he is still  
groggy and in pain.

MASON VERGER  
It is more trouble physically to  
move a semi-wild pig against its  
will than to kidnap a man.

CORDELL

Pigs are harder to get hold of, and  
big ones are stronger than a man.

As Hannibal and Will are wheeled past, Mason speaks up for their benefit and his amusement:

MASON VERGER

There are the tusks to consider, if you want to maintain the integrity of your abdomen. Something worth maintaining, Mr. Graham? Tusked beasts instinctively disembowel.

Will's and Hannibal's handcarts are shackled to the walls. Mason wheels closer to Hannibal, cocking his head up.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

At swine fairs, I've seen exotic pigs from all over the world. For my new purpose, you are the best of all that I've seen. We will have some good, funny times, Dr. Lecter.

As Mason wheels away, leaving Will and Hannibal...

DISSOLVE TO:

A RIPPLE OF WATER

From underneath the surface where an eerie blue-green light plays on the ceiling and, within it, a long black shadow moves in endless Möbius patterns.

MASON VERGER (V.O.)

Sad news about Jack Crawford.

Mason's EEL moving restlessly in its tank. We are --

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MASON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mason sits in his wheelchair, facing Alana Bloom.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

Appears Hannibal Lecter killed him in Florence. I hope there is some satisfaction being the final victim of the Chesapeake Ripper. There will certainly be some notoriety.

As Alana reels from the news, Margot enters behind her.

MARGOT VERGER  
The feces is flying again in  
Florence. Jack Crawford is alive.

MASON VERGER  
That's disappointing.

MARGOT VERGER  
He saw the snatch.

MASON VERGER  
Were there any other witnesses?

MARGOT VERGER  
Just him.

MASON VERGER  
(to Alana)  
I trust you haven't betrayed doctor-patient confidentiality.

ALANA BLOOM  
Your trust hasn't been misplaced.

Margot glances at Alana, then back to Mason:

MARGOT VERGER  
The FBI is going to catch the first squeal on the kidnapping.

MASON VERGER  
The moment Jack Crawford set foot in Italy, I registered complaints with the local authorities, the sheriff and the U.S. Attorney's office that he had been harassing me, calling late at night with incoherent threats.

ALANA BLOOM  
Of course he can't prove he didn't.

MASON VERGER  
And it muddies the water.

MARGOT VERGER  
Now you can head off a warrant in this county and in this state.

MASON VERGER  
I invited the sheriff up here to tour the property. He completed his cursory search and was well away before the meat truck arrived.  
(MORE)

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

(then)

There will be no warrant and no warrant forthcoming.

ALANA BLOOM

I appreciate wanting to kill Hannibal Lecter. I am not without benefit from that.

MASON VERGER

Can't make good on his promise to murder you if he's dead.

ALANA BLOOM

But he's not dead. Play with your food, Mason, and you'll give it the opportunity to bite back.

MASON VERGER

Oh, I'm not playing, Dr. Bloom.

ALANA BLOOM

Hannibal is. He's always playing.

CLOSE ON HANDS

As they fasten cuff buttons on a shirt. The shirt is buttoned up the front of Hannibal's torso -- but when we get to...

THE COLLAR

It is Will Graham's neck we find as his shirt is closed.

THE TIE

It's wrapped around collar, revealing the now-shrunken neck belongs to Mason Verger.

MIX AND OVERLAP:

Three neckties being knotted and pulled into position.

MIX AND OVERLAP:

Three sets of shined shoes as they are slipped onto three different pairs of feet. The laces tightly tied.

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Hannibal is wheeled up to the table and his upright dolly automatically folds into a seated wheelchair at one end of the table. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Hannibal sitting secured in his seat with one arm free.

Hannibal is resplendent in suit and tie. Looking very much his old self sitting opposite Mason Verger at the other end.

MASON VERGER

I snatched Will Graham right out of your mouth. You must be famished.

CLOSE ON A BEAUTIFUL TRAY OF OYSTERS

Cordell has just placed them into FRAME. Hannibal glances at the mollusks before looking back up at Mason.

HANNIBAL

There is an inescapable parallel between you and Jezebel, Mason. Keen Bible student that you are, you'll recall dogs ate Jezebel's face, along with the rest of her.

Hannibal slides an oyster into his mouth with his free hand.

MASON VERGER

If Jezebel was right with the Risen Jesus, if she praised His name, the Riz would have provided her a new face. As He has provided mine.

CAMERA reveals Will sitting between Mason and Hannibal, bright new head bandage. Mason glances at Will:

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

The transplant surgery is extremely skillful, which is why Cordell here will be performing the face-off.

CORDELL

Hello.

MASON VERGER

You boys remind me of that German cannibal who advertised for a friend, then ate the friend's penis with him before he died. Tragedy being, the penis was overcooked. Go to all that trouble to eat a friend, and you overcook his penis. They ate it anyway. They had to, they committed. But they didn't enjoy it. I'm committed to enjoying every bite of you.

Will looks to Mason:

WILL GRAHAM

You're gonna eat him with my face?

MASON VERGER

Yes. I got a taste for it after  
the two of you had me eat my nose.

HANNIBAL

You must be terribly proud that you  
could bring this off, Mason.

MASON VERGER

An accomplishment comparable to the  
discovery of radium.

(then)

I imagine you, the product of all  
my searching and expenditure,  
glowing in the dark like the vial  
in Madame Curie's laboratory. I  
imagine after eating you, my belly  
will glow like a lightbulb.

HANNIBAL

It's dangerous to get exactly what  
you want, Mason. What will you do  
after you've eaten me?

WILL GRAHAM

You could wreck some foster homes  
and torment some children...

MASON VERGER

Drink martinis made with tears.

HANNIBAL

But where, Mason, would the hard-  
core fun come from?

MASON VERGER

Foolish to dilute this ecstatic  
time with fears about the future.

(then)

Cordell, Mr. Graham is looking very  
dry. A little moisturizer, please.

Mason taps his own cheek, indicating where to apply the  
moisturizer on Will, as he resumes the conversation.

HANNIBAL

I'm curious, what will be the first  
cuts of me you'll serve?

CORDELL

(preparing the moisturizer)

The first course, of course, will  
be your hands and feet. Sizzling  
on a Promethean barbecue. The coal  
is white and very hard, makes a  
clear ringing sound when struck.

HANNIBAL

You've thought of everything.

MASON VERGER

After that, we'll have a pajama  
party, you and I. You can wear  
shorties by then. Cordell's going  
to keep you alive for a long time.

As Cordell leans in to apply Will's moisturizer, Will's head jerks up, fast, and he LOCKS HIS TEETH into Cordell's cheek. Cordell growls, pushing a bloody-mawed Will off of him.

Will spits a ragged piece of skin onto Mason's empty plate, where it leaves a RED SMEAR and lies like an insult. Cordell clutches a bloody cheek. Hannibal holds Will's gaze, amused.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

No pajama party for you, Mr. Graham.  
We'll be feeding you to the pigs as  
soon as Cordell removes your face.

(re: the bite on the plate)

In a much more civilized fashion  
than you just tried to remove his.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

CLOSE ON A NEEDLE

It punctures flesh, disappearing beneath it, dragging a long strand of thread from its tail. The image is slightly distorted as it is a REFLECTION IN A MAGNIFYING MIRROR.

CLOSE ON FLESH

The slightly-distorted reflection of the needle emerges, crossing over an open wound, then disappearing again.

CLOSE ON THE WOUND

The needle and thread draw two pieces of flesh together, as if restoring a bite-shaped puzzle piece to its puzzle.

CAMERA reveals Cordell carefully stitching the bite Will Graham took out of his cheek back where it belongs. He ties off the thread and clips the ends, content with his work.

As he flips the magnifying mirror over...

CUT TO:

THE VERGER FAMILY LOGO

The crest is made of iron, and backward -- a BRANDING IRON. The crest heats on a bed of coal until it GLOWS RED-HOT. CAMERA PUSHES IN on the backward logo... then REVERSES, PULLING OUT of the logo on an iron rod. The red-hot Verger family crest is pressed against flesh.

CAMERA follows the smoke rising from the iron, around the shoulder, to reveal it is Hannibal being branded. He doesn't make a sound; instead, takes in the smell of cooking flesh.

We are --

INT. MUSKRAT FARM - PIG BARN - NIGHT

Hannibal is caged in a pigpen, among other pigpens housing various pigs. CAMERA reveals Cordell, face dressed with gauze. He cools the iron by placing it in a bucket of water.

CORDELL

Mason would've preferred to brand your face. He fought bravely and with his own funds against the Humane Slaughter Act, and managed to keep face-branding legal.

HANNIBAL

It's very important to Mason that I have the pig's experience.

CORDELL

The Vergers sponsor a number of breeding and genetic research programs. Pigs have human-sized organs. Mason has done beautiful things with these creatures. Very special. Truly visionary.

HANNIBAL

He has a wealth of information and resources in his faceless skull.

CORDELL

The longer you're respectful, the longer you'll keep your tongue.

HANNIBAL

And when I do lose my tongue?

CORDELL

I'll boil it and slice it very thin, marinate it in olive oil, garlic, parsley and vinegar.

HANNIBAL

Simple, clean and delicious.

CORDELL

Have they told you the drill? The drill is, in a few hours, I'll come down here and remove all you've got below the elbows and knees. I'll keep you going with IVs and tourniquets until the very last. Some things are best saved for last. Once you're dead, I'll prepare your loins and ribs, aged.

HANNIBAL

Meats are aged not only for tenderness, but mainly for flavor.

CORDELL

And flavors change.

HANNIBAL

Subtle, but dramatic.

CORDELL

Every day I will feed Mason some new part of you.

(MORE)

CORDELL (CONT'D)

And don't you worry, Dr. Lecter, you will always be cooked to perfection.

HANNIBAL

Will you feed Mason my eyes?  
Eating eyes is commonly considered taboo, as the eyes represent faces and through faces we empathize.

CORDELL

Mason wants to watch the pigs eat your face. Like the dogs ate his. He'll want you to watch, too.

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MASON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Margot Verger is helping Mason out of bed, where he's been changed into medical pajamas, and into his wheelchair.

MASON VERGER

When I impulsively lash out, on the whole, I don't lash out randomly. I throw a very specific sort of fit.

MARGOT VERGER

You're nothing if not specific.

Mason stares at the eel swimming in the floor below his twisted feet propped in the stirrups of his wheelchair.

MASON VERGER

I think I might feed the eel some delicacy from Lecter; his genitals, perhaps. Then when I watch it circling in a figure eight, I'll know the infinity sign it makes stands for "Lecter dead forever."

(then)

How long have you and Dr. Bloom been an item?

The question gives Margot pause, but she doesn't want to betray any vulnerability to her brother.

MARGOT VERGER

Not long.

MASON VERGER

Longer than that, Cordell says.  
Does Dr. Bloom want children? I'm sure you've checked under the hood by now. How's the uterus? Intact? Are the hips childbearing? Roomy?

MARGOT VERGER  
Land the plane, Mason.

Margot stops helping and Mason just lies there, helpless.

MASON VERGER  
You have a big surprise coming to you, Margot. Do you like spoilers? I just love 'em. They don't spoil a thing for me. Would it spoil anything for you if I told you I already found us a surrogate? Not for my sperm, but for your eggs.

MARGOT VERGER  
I don't have any. You took them.

MASON VERGER  
I most certainly did, but I didn't humpty-dumpty them. I just went and found them a new basket.

Margot stares, afraid to believe him, wanting to believe him.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)  
I told you I wanted to give you a Verger baby, our own baby. Yours and mine. But mostly yours.

Margot's voice goes cold, not to give her brother any leverage.

MARGOT VERGER  
Where's the surrogate, Mason?

MASON VERGER  
She's resting at the moment.

MARGOT VERGER  
She's here?

MASON VERGER  
She's on the farm.

MARGOT VERGER  
I want to see her.

MASON VERGER  
First you need to prepare yourself... psychologically. This is going to be a very emotional experience for you. I have to think about the appropriate timing.

MARGOT VERGER  
Don't think too long, smiley.

MASON VERGER  
That's the spirit, Margot. Your maternal instinct is revving up.

CUT TO:

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Will Graham sits alone at the table, blood still smeared across his lips and chin. A moment, then Alana Bloom enters. Will glances up and reacts, not expecting her. His initial fear for her safety melts into something more like suspicion.

WILL GRAHAM  
What are you doing here?

ALANA BLOOM  
I'm Mason Verger's psychiatrist.

A small scoff from Will, nothing but breath.

WILL GRAHAM  
That part of his therapy or yours?

ALANA BLOOM  
I think we're all working through some issues. I'm putting an emphasis on self-preservation.  
(then)  
Jack's alive.

WILL GRAHAM  
Good for Jack.  
(then)  
You helped Mason Verger find us.

ALANA BLOOM  
I helped Mason find Hannibal. We followed Bâtard-Montrachet when we should have just followed you.

WILL GRAHAM  
Almost as ugly as what Mason wants to do to us is the fact that he can do it with the tacit agreement of people sworn to uphold the law.

ALANA BLOOM  
It's the way of the world.

WILL GRAHAM

I never knew the world to be that way within the reach of your arm.

ALANA BLOOM

I was trying to get to Hannibal before you. I knew you couldn't stop yourself. So I had to try.

WILL GRAHAM

By facilitating torture and death.

ALANA BLOOM

I can abide the thought of Hannibal tortured, not necessarily to death. I'd say he has it coming, wouldn't you? Or maybe you wouldn't.

(then)

By the time the FBI gets a warrant, you and any evidence of what happened would be burnt or roiling in the bowels of Mason's pigs.

WILL GRAHAM

Or Mason himself.

(then)

What did you think would happen?

ALANA BLOOM

I thought Jack Crawford and the FBI would come to the rescue. But the finer details of what I thought would happen have evolved.

WILL GRAHAM

Then you have to evolve, Alana. You have to spill blood. By your own hand or someone else's.

Cordell enters, approaching Will in his wheelchair.

CORDELL

We're ready for you, Mr. Graham. Please keep your teeth to yourself.

OFF Alana watching Cordell wheel Will away...

CUT TO:

INT. MUSKRAT FARM - PIG BARN - NIGHT

CAMERA moves past one pig in a cage after another, until finding Hannibal bound in his own pigpen, the brand burn stands raw and livid on his back, his arms and legs bound in the cage. He glances over his shoulder at an ITALIAN COP near the door, a tranquilizer gun on the table beside him.

Margot enters.

MARGOT VERGER  
*Buonasera, signor.*

ITALIAN COP  
*Buonasera, Signorina Verger.*

Margot takes a breath and approaches Hannibal in his pen.

HANNIBAL  
Thank you for coming, Margot. Hasn't been that long since I treated you. Have you started taking the chocolate, as Mason likes to say, after you fought him for so long?

MARGOT VERGER  
Are we in therapy now?

HANNIBAL  
You tell me.

MARGOT VERGER  
Mason promised to give something back to me. Something he stole. There was a surrogate all along.  
(then)  
It's a Verger baby. My baby.

HANNIBAL  
You think Mason will just give you what he promised?

MARGOT VERGER  
It's here. On the farm.

HANNIBAL  
I can imagine lots of ways to be a Verger baby that are unpleasant. I'm sure your brother can, too.

Margot's eyes brim with tears as her face goes still. She knows Hannibal is telling the truth.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Listen to me, Margot. Mason will deny you. He will always deny you. You know you'll have to kill him.

MARGOT VERGER

Are you saying you'd do it for me? I could never trust you.

HANNIBAL

No, of course not. But you could trust me never to deny that I did it. It would actually be more therapeutic for you to kill him yourself, Margot. You'll remember I recommended that in session.

MARGOT VERGER

Wait until I can get away with it, you said.

HANNIBAL

What difference would one more murder charge make to me? I'm the only other suspect you've got.

(then)

You can do it when it suits you, and I'll write a letter gloating about how I enjoyed killing him myself.

As Margot considers his offer... CUT TO:

THE ITALIAN COP

Sitting by the door. Alana enters carrying a smart handbag. She approaches, smiling.

ALANA BLOOM

*Buonasera.*

He stands to greet her, she places her handbag on the table and, in one movement, picks up the tranquilizer gun and shoots the Italian cop in the throat, and he drops.

Margot stares, dumbstruck.

HANNIBAL

He has a pocketknife.

Alana retrieves the pocketknife from the unconscious Italian cop and crosses to Hannibal in his pigpen.

MARGOT VERGER

Are you out of your mind?

ALANA BLOOM

Yes.

(to Hannibal)

I thought I could save Will from you, but right now, you're the only one who can save him.

(then)

Promise me you'll save him.

(off his silent stare)

Please.

HANNIBAL

I promise, Alana. And I always keep my promises. Just cut the ropes on one arm, give me the knife and leave. I can do the rest.

Alana gets uncomfortably close to Hannibal, their faces very close to each other. Alana puts the blade on the rope.

ALANA BLOOM

Are you going to kill Mason?

HANNIBAL

Margot is. Snatch some of my hair, back from the hairline, if you don't mind; get some skin. Put it in Mason's hand after he's dead.

They are close enough to kiss. Alana looks into his eyes.

ALANA BLOOM

Could I have ever understood you?

HANNIBAL

No.

Her hand slides into his hair -- and then pulls his head VICIOUSLY to one side. CLOSE -- as hair tears from Hannibal's scalp.

In the same moment, Alana slashes a knife at the cable ties used to bind him.

ON HANNIBAL

He rises out of the pigpen -- the Kraken awoken.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

IN ON A SLOW-MOTION SPRAY OF BLOOD

We are --

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

OPERA plays. CAMERA follows the blood spray back to its source -- A BODYGUARD falling backward, his throat cut.

CLOSE ON the glint of a blood-flecked BLADE wielded by --

HANNIBAL LECTER

Who is already moving on to the second of THREE BODYGUARDS he has ambushed. He wears the clothes of the man Alana shot with the tranquilizer gun.

Second bodyguard is drawing a HANDGUN from beneath his jacket. ON HIS FACE as he realizes he is too slow.

SLAM INTO REAL TIME hard as Hannibal smashes the CLAW HAMMER in his other hand into the second bodyguard's chest.

He coughs blood. The gun falls from his hand as Hannibal slams him against the wall and then ducks to the ground as --

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM.

The third bodyguard fires. Bullets stitch holes in the wall.

BACK TO SLO-MO as Hannibal pulls his hammer from the second bodyguard with a SUCKING SQUELCH. BLAM, BLAM.

Hannibal rolls under the line of fire and slams the third bodyguard THROUGH THE FOOT with the hammer.

Third bodyguard SCREAMS and tries to bring his gun to bear on Hannibal, now right below him, but Hannibal holds his wrist. A moment, and then Hannibal rips a KNIFE across the third bodyguard's abdomen. Third bodyguard sways before Hannibal -- dead, just doesn't know it yet -- as Hannibal stands up.

Hannibal reacts as doors SLAM and TWO MORE BODYGUARDS come charging into the corridor, guns drawn.

Lightning fast, Hannibal hurls the bloody hammer.

CLOSE ON THE HAMMER as it spins in the air, blood trailing from it, and then -- THUNK -- it strikes one of the new arrivals, spinning him to one side.

Hannibal then spins the third bodyguard and drives toward them.

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM.

Bullets drive into the third bodyguard, Hannibal hidden behind him. Third bodyguard rag-dolls in Hannibal's arms as the bullets explode into his torso.

CLOSE -- fourth bodyguard's fear as Hannibal meets them in the center of the corridor and slams third bodyguard's face right into his. Fourth bodyguard flies backward, nose SPRAYING BLOOD, and tangles with the fifth bodyguard.

CLOSE -- the knife in Hannibal's hand, as it FLASHES amid the fourth and fifth bodyguards. Blood splashes the walls.

CLOSE ON TWO MORE BODYGUARDS -- six and seven.

As they enter the corridor and pause. Guns in their hands.

THEIR POV

The bloodbath that is the corridor -- six bloodied bodies splashed up and down the walls. GUN SMOKE hangs in the air.

Blood DRIPS down the walls. Six and seven breathe deep. Tense. Guns at the ready. They move forward...

Stepping through the bodies. CLOSE ON their shoes as they move through the carnage.

Nothing moves except for the blood sliding down the walls.

Six and seven move away from CAMERA, toward the end of the corridor. And then a bloodied figure rises from the floor BEHIND THEM, as Hannibal WIPES FRAME...

HARD CUT TO:

WILL GRAHAM

Sudden stillness and silence.

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

He is strapped to a gurney under the bright light of an OR, his head in a surgical vice holding him absolutely still.

A shadow falls across Will's face as Cordell leans over him.

CORDELL

Good news and bad news. The good news is, until recently, a full face transplant was almost unthinkable.

Cordell fusses around Will, checking his monitors. Whatever else, he's a perfectionist at this.

CORDELL (CONT'D)

But medical science is a fast-moving train. First, I'll lift your pretty mush right off, and then I'll expose the blood vessels and major connections of Mason's face, then lay yours straight on top.

The full horror of that lands on Will.

CORDELL (CONT'D)

You really are done, you know.  
That's the bad news.

Cordell moves away, leaving Will strapped to the gurney.

Will's eyes move to a gleaming tray of SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS. Sharp blades and tools.

He struggles to move his limbs. Nothing doing. We see the first panic in Will's eyes.

EXT. MUSKRAT FARM - NIGHT

An open doorway filled with DARKNESS. A blood-splattered Hannibal looms from within to fill it.

HANNIBAL'S POV

The open fields and woodland of Muskrat Farm beyond. The huge moon hanging above and a myriad of stars. Freedom. He could run and no one would catch him. Leave Will and be free. The thought crosses his mind.

He takes a deep breath of night air.

And then he turns back into the house, and the shadows within envelope him once more...

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Will Graham turns his head slowly sideways as Mason Verger is pushed in beside Will, on a gurney, by Cordell.

MASON VERGER

Cordell told me, if I waited long enough, he could grow me a new face from my own cells, but I was adamant it was your face I wanted.  
(then)  
(MORE)

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

I was looking at your face while  
you were watching me cut mine off.  
I thought, "That's a nice face."

CORDELL

You're going under now, Mr. Verger,  
and when you wake up, your face  
will be bound and uncomfortable.

Cordell adjusts Mason's dosage and Mason begins to drift off:

MASON VERGER

(groggier and groggier)

Have you accepted Jesus, Mr.  
Graham? Do you have faith? I do.  
I'm free. Hallelujah...

And he's out. CLOSE -- as a needle enters Will's flesh.  
Cordell adjusts the IV bottle it's connected to.

CORDELL

This will immobilize your body, but  
you'll feel everything. I'm going  
to cut off your face without  
anesthesia, Mr. Graham.

HARD CUT TO:

CLOSED DOORS

They SLAM open to reveal we are --

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - BABY SUITE - NIGHT

Alana and Margot move into a tiled room with a lot of high-tech medical equipment.

They both stop dead and stare.

In the center of the room is a large table. On top, lying on its side, is a large, unconscious FEMALE PIG with IV lines and drips filtering into it, medical monitors BLEEPING quietly...

The pig's belly is SWOLLEN by a pregnancy.

Alana and Margot move around this bizarre sight. As they do, a MONITOR mounted on the wall comes into vision --

AN ULTRASOUND IMAGE in grays and blacks. It shows a human fetus, almost full term, legs tucked up...

Alana and Margot stare -- stunned.

MARGOT VERGER  
Is he alive?

Alana reacts first, moves to check the monitors. Her face falls.

ALANA BLOOM  
There's no fetal heartbeat.

As this lands on Margot...

MARGOT VERGER  
Take it out... take it out.

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Mason Verger, face mask off to reveal his hideous, mutilated visage, lies back, eyes closed, awaiting his new face.

CAMERA moves across, past Cordell's back, to find that he is hunched over Will Graham.

WILL'S POV

Fully conscious as Cordell leans over him and finishes drawing a black line in marker around the line of Will's face and jaw.

He leans into Will with a SCALPEL.

CORDELL  
You'll be sure to let me know if  
this hurts, won't you?

He starts to cut around the marker line. Blood slides from the pencil-thin incision.

ON WILL -- FEELING EVERYTHING -- teeth clenched against the pain he knows is coming...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

## THE OPERA

From our earlier fight plays over --

CLOSE-UP MACRO SHOTS:

-- A SCALPEL slides through skin.

-- A delicate thin flow of BLOOD.

-- HANDS, in surgical gloves, gently lever skin away from facial bones, revealing teeth and jaw beneath -- a face coming away from its moorings.

We are watching two interconnected operations: a face being removed and a face being sewn onto someone else.

And now we add a third procedure to the mix, this one rough and violent in comparison --

-- CLOSE ON the sudden BIG INCISION of a CAESARIAN SECTION across a pig's hairy belly.

-- TIGHT FOCUS as a LAYER OF BLOODY SKIN is laid down over Mason's raw, waiting face, smearing blood where it touches.

-- Hands delve deep into the pig's belly, surgical gloves slick with blood.

-- The CLOSE-UP gleam of a suture needle as it moves under bright lights, stitching the new face to Mason.

Beyond, we can just make out the bloody red mess of the donor's face, OUT OF FOCUS.

MATCH CUT TO:

AN OUT-OF-FOCUS SHAPE

It slowly comes INTO FOCUS, revealing the baby.

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - BABY SUITE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Margot's desperate face as she forces herself to look at Alana holding her dead child.

MARGOT VERGER  
I want to hold him.

She slowly takes the bundle Alana holds out to her.

And we come hard out of the music, into REAL TIME, as Alana wraps her arms around Margot as she sobs.

CLOSE ON MARGOT -- focus moving in and around her face. Enormity of her grief slamming into her. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HER EYES as she squeezes them shut, holding her child tight.

MATCH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON MASON'S CLOSED EYES

As they suddenly open. CAMERA PULLS OUT to reveal his face is mostly covered by his familiar face mask; what we can see is red and postoperative.

We are --

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MASON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mason is propped up in his wheelchair, the eel moving its ceaseless patterns in the floor.

We hear Mason's voice, weak at first:

MASON VERGER  
Cordell?

Croaking, a whisper. Then louder:

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)  
Cordell?  
(louder)  
Cordell?!

His senses are going off, pain hitting him, fear and dread. Something is not right. His hand pumps at an ALARM BUTTON on the arm of his wheelchair.

His good hand crab-walks up his chest, pulls the neck piece away. CAMERA follows the mask as it is pulled away from Mason's face, not yet revealing his surgery.

He grabs the mirror and holds it up.

MASON'S POV IN THE MIRROR

He sees that he now IS Cordell... kind of. Cordell's face has been removed and placed over his own. As Mason stares at himself in horror, Cordell's face slides off his own, leaving smears of blood before it lands on Mason's lap.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)  
Cordell!

ON A DRAWER

Mason's good hand fumbles with the knob, pulling the drawer open, revealing a Walther PPK.

ON MASON

He turns his wheelchair and rounds the bed toward the door and stops short at the aquarium when he sees Alana enter.

ALANA BLOOM

Hi, Mason.

MASON VERGER

What the hell's happening out there? Where's Cordell?

ALANA BLOOM

Cordell's dead. They're all dead out there. Hannibal got away.

Margot emerges from the shadows behind Mason.

MASON VERGER

Get on the horn to Washington and get four of those bastards with guns up here. Send the helicopter.

MARGOT VERGER

I found your surrogate, Mason.

MASON VERGER

Your surrogate, Margot. Told you I would give you a Verger baby.

MARGOT VERGER

I'm taking what you promised me. I got everything I need from you now.

MASON VERGER

You can't kill me, Margot. You'll lose everything. "In the absence of an heir, the sole beneficiary is the Southern Baptist Church."

MARGOT VERGER

But we are going to have an heir, Mason. A Verger baby. Our baby. Yours and mine, but mainly yours.

ALANA BLOOM

Do you know what happens if we stimulate your prostate gland with a cattle prod? Hannibal does. He helped us milk you.

MASON VERGER

You're dead, Dr. Bloom.

ALANA BLOOM

Oh, Mason. We all are. Didn't you know? But these aren't.

She holds up a vial of a pearly, cloudy fluid.

Mason produces his pistol. Margot sees it and moves first. Crashing into Mason as he fires.

BLAM!

The aquarium's glass top SHATTERS!

Margot's momentum carries the wheelchair onto its side and she and Mason fall into the aquarium.

SHOT ENTIRELY FROM UNDER THE WATER, LOOKING UP:

IMPRESSIONISTIC SHOTS as Margot and Mason fight. His good arm pinning her under the water. His body is dead weight against her.

CLOSE ON her swirling hair, their SILENT SCREAMS.

Alana joins Margot wrestling Mason.

EEL'S POV

As the two HUMAN FACES plunge down into the water. Mason's face sending blood out like a mist.

ON ALANA as she rushes to help Margot. Grabbing at Mason.

CLOSE ON MARGOT -- as she comes out of the water with a GREAT GASP. She holds Alana's gaze and they bear down with relentless force.

Mason's hands claw at their hair. The two women hold him down.

Cordell's transplanted face undulates in the water, blood flowing from beneath it.

The eel agitates within its lair.

Alana's eyes lock with Margot's.

SLAM -- the eel comes up and bites at the bloody wounds holding Cordell's face to Mason's... Mason SCREAMS and swallows water as the eel tears at Cordell's face.

As it comes free, the eel thrusts itself beyond, into Mason's open mouth, seeking softer meat. MOVE OFF THIS to find --

Cordell's bitten and torn face -- backlit -- as it slowly sinks to the bottom of the tank.

ON ALANA -- still holding Mason's good hand. She reaches into a pocket and pulls out the HANK OF HANNIBAL'S HAIR. Presses it into Mason's palm...

EXT. MUSKRAT FARM - FOREST'S EDGE - NIGHT

A TRAVELING POV

Of green grass in the dark.

GO WIDE to see the moon and the stars above the field.

We CRANE DOWN to find Hannibal Lecter carrying a bloody and barely-conscious Will Graham over his shoulder as he walks toward the forest's edge.

Out of the shadows behind Hannibal, two Verger bodyguards appear.

Moving swiftly upon him, raising their RIFLES to fire --

ON HANNIBAL -- the two bodyguards looming on either shoulder.

PFFT! PFFT!

Both of their heads fly backward as a red mist EXPLODES from them and they crumple to the ground.

REVERSE AT SPEED to find --

CHIYOH

In the bough of a large tree, looking down the sights of her hunting rifle.

Hannibal Lecter now fixed firmly in her sights...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

A SNOWY VISTA

CAMERA slowly reveals Chiyoh staring into the coming night.

We are --

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DUSK

Chiyoh stands on the porch alone, her rifle resting in the crook of her arm. After a contemplative moment, Hannibal emerges through the front door.

HANNIBAL

Will you go home? Can you go home?

CHIYOH

No more than you can.

HANNIBAL

We all form frameworks from our early experiences through which later perceptions are understood.

CHIYOH

Perceptions are understood when you look harder. I've looked into you.

(then)

I thought you should be caged.

HANNIBAL

Would you watch over me?

CHIYOH

I will watch over you.

(off his look)

Not in a cage. Some beasts shouldn't be caged.

HANNIBAL

Your obsessive and successful hunt, whose plight was it driven by? Mine? Will Graham's? Yours?

CHIYOH

Mischa's.

(then)

Did you eat her?

HANNIBAL

Yes, but I did not kill her.

Chiyoh breathes a sigh of relief.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

One quality in a person doesn't rule out any other quality. They can exist side by side, good and terrible. Socrates said it better.

CHIYOH

I see the best of you and the worst with steady hands and a slow heart.

HANNIBAL

The most stable elements, Chiyoh, appear in the middle of the periodic table, roughly between iron and silver. Between iron and silver. I think that is appropriate for you.

OFF Chiyoh studying Hannibal, not taking her guard down.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DUSK

Will Graham sits up in bed. His head stitched to match the neat, expert black sutures following his jawline. He glances at the chair near his bed, a writing pad on the seat. It's filled with symbols and signs of astro- and particle physics. Hannibal enters and Will hands him his writing pad.

HANNIBAL

Do we talk about teacups and time and the rules of disorder?

WILL GRAHAM

The teacup is broken. It'll never gather itself back together again.

HANNIBAL

Not even in your mind?  
(off his look)  
Your memory palace is building.  
It's full of new things. It shares some rooms with my own. I've discovered you there. Victorious.

WILL GRAHAM

When it comes to you and me, there can be no decisive victory.

HANNIBAL

We are a zero-sum game?

Will takes that in, considering his home and the strangeness of Hannibal Lecter standing in it now.

WILL GRAHAM

I miss my dogs. I'm not going to miss you. I'm not going to find you. I'm not going to look for you. I don't want to know where you are or what you do. I don't want to think about you anymore.

The cold, even flatness of Will's words strikes Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

You delight in wickedness and then berate yourself for the delight.

WILL GRAHAM

You delight. I tolerate.

A sting of rejection.

HANNIBAL

Tolerance is a fig leaf to hide your ravenous self from the world.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't have your appetite.  
(then)  
Good-bye, Hannibal.

Hannibal stands there a moment, rejected. Will sighs and averts his eyes. Hannibal finally goes, leaving Will alone.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FBI VEHICLES drive at speed toward the house and AGENTS jump out. They move toward the house, guns out and ready.

ON THE PORCH

The front door opens and Will emerges.

JACK CRAWFORD

Steps out of the lead vehicle, on crutches.

WILL GRAHAM

He's gone, Jack.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)

I'm here.

## ON HANNIBAL

He steps out of the trees, arms outstretched, almost welcoming. Agents move in, yelling commands.

## RIFLE SCOPE POV -- HANNIBAL

He kneels as the FBI agents surround him.

## ON CHIYOH

She watches through her rifle scope from the distant tree line, her sights on Hannibal.

## ON HANNIBAL AND JACK

Jack moves to Hannibal, Will staying on the porch, watching.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)  
You finally caught the Chesapeake Ripper, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Didn't catch you, you surrendered.

HANNIBAL  
I want you to know exactly where I am. And where you can find me.

A sly glance toward Will watching from the porch.

MATCH CUT TO:

## HANNIBAL LECTER

PULL BACK to reveal he is now in his cell. As we PULL UP AND AWAY, we see what a cell it is...

A SEMICIRCULAR CAGE within a canopy of nylon mesh stretching outside the bars. This cell stands alone in a large space, the walls rising up high to a glass ceiling.

Gantries hold armed guards. Light shines down. Hannibal's every move and action will be observed. He is under a microscope.

Reveal he is looking at Alana Bloom and DR. CHILTON who regard him from outside the cage.

END OF EPISODE