

HANNIBAL
"Coquilles"

TEASER

CLOSE ON - A TERRINE OF FOIE GRAS

A spoon full of SAUCE is followed by a garnish.

1 INT. HANNIBAL'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 1 1

JACK CRAWFORD and his beautiful wife BELLA CRAWFORD sit at Hannibal's table, their host preparing the next course. Bella watches her husband take a drink of his wine, savoring the flavor. He glances up, catching her looking, and when he does, his smile is genuine, her smile is forced.

HANNIBAL enters carrying individual TERRINES OF FOIE GRAS.

HANNIBAL
A masterpiece foie gras Au torchon
with a late harvest Vidal sauce and
dry and fresh figs.

He places the terrines in front of the Crawfords.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Mrs. Crawford, your husband
introduced you as Bella. Are you
an Isabelle or an Annabelle?

BELLA CRAWFORD
I'm a Phyllis. But Jack only calls
me Phyllis when we disagree.

HANNIBAL
So named Bella for your beauty?

JACK CRAWFORD
We were both stationed in Italy. I
was Army. She was NATO staff. The
Italian men called her Bella. But
I wanted her to be my Bella.
(takes a bite)
Cold foie gras with warm figs.

Bella eyes the Terrine of Foie Gras.

BELLA CRAWFORD
Would I be a horrible guest if I
skipped this course?

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL
Too rich?

BELLA CRAWFORD
Too cruel.

JACK CRAWFORD
Phyllis.

HANNIBAL
First and worst sign of sociopathic behavior -- cruelty to animals.

JACK CRAWFORD
That doesn't apply in the kitchen.

HANNIBAL
I have no taste for animal cruelty. The goose, in this case the gander, is not force fed. It eats only as much as it chooses and only in its natural environment.

(to Jack)
Would you like your wife's serving?

JACK CRAWFORD
Please.

HANNIBAL
At my table, just the cruel deserve cruelty, Mrs. Crawford. Which is why I employ an ethical butcher.

BELLA CRAWFORD
An ethical butcher? Be kind to animals and then eat them?

HANNIBAL
I'm afraid I insist on it. No need for unnecessary suffering. Human emotions are gifts from our animal ancestors. Cruelty is the gift humanity has given itself.

JACK CRAWFORD
The gift that keeps giving.

Hannibal leans over Bella, pouring more wine into her glass.

HANNIBAL
Your perfume is exquisite, similar to the aroma on the air just after lightning strikes. Is it Jar?

(CONTINUED)

BELLA CRAWFORD
You've got some nose, Doctor.

HANNIBAL
I first noticed my keen sense of smell when I was a young man. I was aware one of my teachers had stomach cancer even before he did.

JACK CRAWFORD
Makes an effective parlor trick.

An almost imperceptible reaction from Bella Crawford. Exactly the effect Hannibal was trying to achieve. Then:

HANNIBAL
Our next course is roasted pork shank. And I assure you, Bella, it was an especially supercilious pig.

CUT TO:

A HOOF

It ENTERS FRAME with an ominous, scraping CLACK. We are --

EXT. LONELY ROAD - NIGHT 1

The BLACK STAG slowly lumbers down the vacant rural road. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL it is walking directly behind...

WILL GRAHAM

His eyes are glassy and vacant. He's clad in boxers and a white t-shirt, coming directly from bed. He walks on the gravel, barefoot, seemingly unaware of the BEAST behind him.

Will Graham looks up at the BRIGHT MOON overhead, his HEARTBEAT and CIRCULATORY SYSTEM a DIN in his ears.

He stops, swaying ever so slightly at his ankles. The BLACK STAG slows to a stop. Its SNOUT nudges Will's arm, dangling at his side. Will doesn't react, his arm only barely moves.

WILL'S P.O.V. - THE ROAD

It stretches into the night in front of Will, VIBRATING IN AND OUT OF FOCUS as BEAMS OF LIGHT cut through the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2

ON WILL GRAHAM

He instinctively holds up his arm to shield his eyes from the glare of the BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS. CAMERA REVEALS they belong to an approaching POLICE CAR. It rolls to a stop.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS step out of either side of A POLICE CAR.

POLICE OFFICER

Are you lost?

WILL GRAHAM

What?

POLICE OFFICER

What's your name?

WILL GRAHAM

Will Graham

POLICE OFFICER

You know where you are, Mr. Graham?

WILL GRAHAM

No.

POLICE OFFICER

Where do you live?

WILL GRAHAM

Wolf Trap, Virginia.

POLICE OFFICER

We're in Wolf Trap. So that's good. You're close to home.

(then)

Is that yours?

Will Graham slowly glances over to see, not the BLACK STAG of his nightmare, but the tail-wagging concern of WINSTON.

WILL GRAHAM

Hi, Winston.

Winston can barely contain himself, worried about Will. As his dog nudges Will, he becomes aware he is in mild pain.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Can I sit down? My feet hurt.

POLICE OFFICER

Why don't we take you home?

3 MOMENTS LATER - BACK OF COP CAR

3

Will slides in followed immediately thereafter by Winston. A standard-issue wool blanket wrapped around his shoulders, Will plucks gravel out of his feet while trying to keep Winston from licking his wounds and his face. One of the POLICE OFFICERS hover over him, flashlights shining politely.

POLICE OFFICER

Are you on any drugs, medications?
Prescription or otherwise?

WILL GRAHAM

No.

POLICE OFFICER

Have you been drinking?

WILL GRAHAM

No. Yes. Not excessively. I had two fingers of whiskey before bed.

POLICE OFFICER

Do you have a history of sleepwalking, Mr. Graham?

WILL GRAHAM

(shakes his head "no")
I'm not even sure I'm awake now.

PLINK. PLINK. PLINK. The PRE-LAPPING sound of...

AN ICE MACHINE

CUBES OF ICE drop one by one, falling onto a larger pile of ice in a hypnotic fashion. We are --

4 EXT. "THE WELCOME INN" MOTEL - ICE MACHINE - DAY 2 4

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO FIND the back of a LONE MAN standing at the Ice Machine, a sheen of sweat coating the nape of his neck (NOTE: We do not see his face).

A FAMILY OF THREE (MAN, WOMAN, CHILD) shuffles by juggling their suitcases. The Lone Man scoops ice into his bucket to not draw attention to himself, glancing at the Family.

LONE MAN'S P.O.V.

The CHILD smiles and the Lone Man looks away. The Woman draws the child closer, protective but not too obvious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4

OMNISCIENT P.O.V.

The Lone Man returns his attention to the PLINK-PLINK-PLINK of the Ice Machine. He slowly turns to see A COUPLE who we will call MR. and MRS. ANDERSON emerging from their room and walking toward the Ice Machine with a bucket.

As they approach, the LONE MAN quickly starts scooping up ice into his bucket. He's apparently afraid to look at Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, but can't help himself.

LONE MAN'S P.O.V.

The flesh of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson's face and hands are monstrously DISTORTED, RIPPLING trails of HEAT emanate from their bodies as his skin ROILS WITH FLAME.

Demonic... hallucinogenic...

The Lone Man averts his eyes toward...

THE BUCKET OF ICE

The reflective fire of the approaching COUPLE flickers off the ice. OFF the ice beginning to melt...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 EXT. HANNIBAL'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING 2 5

ESTABLISHING. A CHRYON tell us we are --

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

CLOSE ON - VACUUM COFFEE MAKER

The VAPOR PRESSURE of the water in the lower chamber pushes water up into the higher chamber, through the coffee grounds.

We are --

6 INT. HANNIBAL'S KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING 2 6

Hannibal wears his bathrobe, having been roused from sleep. Will stands nearby, fully clothed, relatively bright eyed.

HANNIBAL

Although I may be, is it safe to assume you're not sleepwalking now?

WILL GRAHAM

I'm sorry it's so early.

HANNIBAL

Never apologize for coming to me. Office hours are for patients. My kitchen is always open to friends.

Hannibal hands Will a cup of coffee.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Onset of sleepwalking in adulthood is less common than in children.

WILL GRAHAM

Could it be a seizure?

HANNIBAL

I'd argue good old-fashioned post traumatic stress. Jack Crawford has gotten your hands very dirty.

WILL GRAHAM

Wasn't forced back into the field.

HANNIBAL

I wouldn't say forced. Manipulated would be the word I'd choose.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM
I can handle it.

HANNIBAL
Somewhere between denying horrible events and calling them out lies the truth of psychological trauma.

WILL GRAHAM
So I can't handle it?

HANNIBAL
Your experience may've overwhelmed ordinary functions that give you a sense of control.

WILL GRAHAM
If my body is walking around without my permission, you'd say that's a loss of control?

HANNIBAL
Wouldn't you?
(then)
Sleepwalkers demonstrate a difficulty handling aggression.
Are you experiencing difficulty with aggressive feelings?

Will thinks long and hard about that, then:

WILL GRAHAM
You said Jack sees me as fine china used for special guests. Beginning to feel more like an old mug.

HANNIBAL
You entered into a Devil's Bargain with Jack Crawford. Takes a toll.

WILL GRAHAM
Jack's not the devil.

HANNIBAL
When it comes to how far he's willing to push you to get what he wants, Jack's certainly no saint.

OFF Will taking that in...

7 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY 2

7

Hannibal OPENS his door to find BELLA CRAWFORD sitting in his waiting room, beautiful even in repose.

HANNIBAL
Mrs. Crawford. Please come in.

8 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - DAY 2

8

Hannibal sits opposite BELLA CRAWFORD.

HANNIBAL
How often do you see him?

BELLA CRAWFORD
Twice a week at first. Now it's
usually just once.

HANNIBAL
You're satisfied then?

BELLA CRAWFORD
(shrugs)
Enough to keep seeing him.

HANNIBAL
Your intention is not to tell Jack.

BELLA CRAWFORD
I don't know what good it will do.
It would just be complaining. I
don't complain. Makes it easier to
be intolerant of complainers.

HANNIBAL
You're allowed to complain.

BELLA CRAWFORD
I'll complain to you. Jack sees
the world at its worst. Don't need
him seeing me at mine. He already
has too much to worry about.

HANNIBAL
He has room for one more worry.
(then)
Seems like you're protecting him.

BELLA CRAWFORD
I am.

Bella heaves a sigh, knowing what is ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELLA CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
I've had dinner at your home. You
have a professional relationship
with my husband. There's no
conflict of interest me being here?

Hannibal smiles, appreciates the attempt at deflection.

HANNIBAL
It's unorthodox but not unheard of.
(then, sobering)
Given the nature of your problem,
seeing someone who knows Jack
removes some of the guesswork.

BELLA CRAWFORD
This all started as some misguided
stab at maintaining my dignity.

HANNIBAL
Nothing undignified about this.

BELLA CRAWFORD
Not yet, but I have indignity to
look forward to, don't I?

HANNIBAL
Only indignity I see is resentment.
Why do you resent your husband?

BELLA CRAWFORD
I resent that Jack has too much to
worry about to worry about me.

HANNIBAL
That's your choice, not his.

BELLA CRAWFORD
Maybe you should see us both for
couples counseling.

HANNIBAL
I'd recommend another psychiatrist
for couples. I wouldn't want you
to have the home couch advantage.

BELLA CRAWFORD
It's hard enough dealing with how I
feel about all this. Don't need to
deal with how Jack feels about it.

OFF Hannibal, curious to look into Jack Crawford's life...

9 EXT. "THE WELCOME INN" MOTEL - DAY 2

9

A bungalow-style travel lodge in its seedy, ramshackle heyday. A CHYRON TELLS US WE ARE --

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

Jack Crawford and Will Graham move through the gauntlet of shell-shocked LOCAL POLICE OFFICERS and F.B.I. AGENTS milling about CORONER'S VANS and POLICE CARS.

JACK CRAWFORD

Room was registered to John Smith,
along with every other room here.

WILL GRAHAM

Appalling failure of imagination.

JACK CRAWFORD

They paid with cash. No security cameras on the premises. The motel practically advertises it.

WILL GRAHAM

John Smith one of the victims?

JACK CRAWFORD

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson according to the register. Mutilated, displayed. Thought it might be the Chesapeake Ripper but no surgical trophies were taken.

(then)

I need you to prepare yourself.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm prepared.

JACK CRAWFORD

Prepare yourself some more. It's soup in there.

WILL GRAHAM

Soup isn't good for the soul.

JACK CRAWFORD

Not this soup. No jurisdictional rivalry here. Local Police practically begged us to take it.

Off Will's haze, Jack snaps fingers to get Will's attention.

(CONTINUED)

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Where's your head?

WILL GRAHAM
On my pillow. I didn't sleep.

JACK CRAWFORD
Got just the thing to wake you up.

10 INT. "THE WELCOME INN" MOTEL - MOTEL ROOM - DAY 2 10

Jack Crawford and Will Graham ENTER to find BRIAN ZELLER taking photographs of the crime scene.

THE DEATH TABLEAU

TWO BODIES, one male, one female, kneel on either side of the bed. The FLESH OF THEIR BACKS has been cut down the middle, each side peeled back in a LARGE FLAP, which rise outstretched like WINGS. Hooks in the skin tied to hooks in the ceiling and walls with FISHING LINE SPREAD the "wings." Wrists are bound in front of them also with FISHING LINE, raised in mock prayer. VICTIMS' heads loll on their necks.

Zeller photographs the dorsal wounds of the victims as BEVERLY KATZ navigates the fishing line to take samples from the crumpled bed sheets that were clearly slept in.

JIMMY PRICE is dusting an OPEN BOTTLE OF SCOTCH and THREE GLASSES on a small table for fingerprints, one is still full.

WILL GRAHAM
Okay. I'm awake.

JACK CRAWFORD
Hooks were bored into the ceiling.
Fishing line was used to hold up
the bodies and parts of bodies.

BEVERLY KATZ
Least we know he's a fisherman.

JIMMY PRICE
And or a Viking.

BRIAN ZELLER
Vikings do this?

JIMMY PRICE
Vikings do a lot of things.
Discovered America 500 years before
Columbus. Well, discovered Canada.

BEVERLY KATZ
Canada is America.

JIMMY PRICE
Vikings would execute Christians by
breaking their ribs and bending
them back so they looked like
wings. Then they'd rip out their
lungs. Called it a Blood Eagle.

WILL GRAHAM
Pagans mocking the God Fearing.

JACK CRAWFORD
Who's mocking who here?

WILL GRAHAM
He's not mocking them. He's
transforming them.

BEVERLY KATZ
I don't know if it was a good
night's sleep, but he slept here.
Hair on the pillow and the sheets
are still damp. He's a sweater.

WILL GRAHAM
Madness slept here last night.

Beverly indicates the small pool of vomit on the edge of the bed washing onto the night stand.

BEVERLY KATZ
He threw up on the night stand.

JACK CRAWFORD
Couldn't stomach what he did? Flop
sweat and nervous indigestion.

WILL GRAHAM
Not nervous. Righteous. Thinks he's
elevating them somehow, making them
better than how he saw them. I need
a plastic sheet to cover the bed.

A RUBBER EVIDENCE SHEET covers the entire bed, creating a barrier to evidence tampering. Will Graham lays back on the bed, glancing down at the man-made monsters at his feet.

Will Graham takes a breath, exhales.

CONTINUED:

11

WILL GRAHAM

This is not who you are. You are
more now than what you were.

A PENDULUM

It swings in the darkness of Will's mind. FWUM. FWUM. FWUM.

WILL'S P.O.V.

The PENDULUM arcs through FRAME, wiping away in its wake the gush of BLOOD STAINS on the bed. FWUM. The PENDULUM swings again, wiping away the fishing wire and the hooks. FWUM. The PENDULUM ARCS REVEALING the MALE and FEMALE VICTIMS are now pre-skinning, kneeling in supplication by the bed.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He watches with restrained awe as he narrates:

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

This is my gift to you.

WILL'S P.O.V.

The Male and Female Victims' backs simultaneously SPLIT AND OPEN, UNFOLDING INTO OUTSTRETCHED WINGS in one graceful, elegant, horrifying movement. BACKLIT FISHING LINES extend from the WINGS like BIBLICAL RAYS OF LIGHT.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I allow you to be Angels.

ON WILL GRAHAM**WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)**

Now I lay me down to sleep.

OFF Will closing his eyes...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

OVERHEAD ANGLE - TWO BLOOD EAGLES

At this vantage point the WINGED-CORPSES of MR. and MRS. ANDERSON appear to hover over stainless steel slabs.

BEVERLY KATZ
Death makes angels of us all...

We are --

12 INT. B.A.U. - MORGUE - DAY 2 12

Beverly Katz runs a small PLASTIC TOOL along the flap of skin hanging off the exposed muscle of Mrs. Anderson's back. Brian Zeller carefully removes the fish hooks one by one, dropping them into a pan with a PLINK... PLINK... PLINK.

BEVERLY KATZ
...and gives us wings where we had shoulders smooth as ravens' claws.

BRIAN ZELLER
Robert Frost.

WILL GRAHAM
Jim Morrison.

BEVERLY KATZ
Even a drunk with a flair for the dramatic can convince himself he's God. Or the Lizard King.

JIMMY PRICE
God makes angels. Jesus was fond of Fisherman. Are we going hard core Judeo-Christian upsetting or just upsetting in general.

WILL GRAHAM
This is a very specific upsetting.

BRIAN ZELLER
Increase of serotonin in the wounds is much higher than the free histamines so she lived for about 15 minutes after she was skinned.

Jimmy Price ENTERS from his WORK BAY, having just identified:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

12

JIMMY PRICE

The powder residue on the neck of
the soda bottle was Vecuronium.
Scotch'n soda'n a paralytic agent.

BRIAN ZELLER

Had them kneeling in supplication
at the feet of G dash D.

JIMMY PRICE

Supplication is the most common
form of prayer. Gimme-gimme-gimme.

WILL GRAHAM

They weren't praying to him. They
were praying for him. He's afraid.

BEVERLY KATZ

What is somebody who could do
something like this afraid of?

Several answers fly through Will's mind, but the clearest is:

WILL GRAHAM

He's dying.
(then)
What's in his vomit?

BEVERLY KATZ

(off Toxicology report)
Dexamethasone... kepra...

BRIAN ZELLER

He was epileptic. Radiation?

BEVERLY KATZ

Gamma four.

BRIAN ZELLER

Steroids for inflammation. Anti-
convulsants for seizures.
Radiation from chemotherapy.
(then)
Our guy has a brain tumor.

WILL GRAHAM

He's afraid of dying in his sleep.
He makes Angels to watch over him.

Hannibal stands over Will on the second floor, scanning the shelves for a particular book on NEUROLOGY. He pulls it.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

There's no one and only spiritual center of the brain. Any idea of God comes from many areas of the mind working together in unison.

Hannibal climbs down the ladder then tosses the book to Will.

WILL GRAHAM

(perusing the book)

Maybe I'm wrong. How do you profile someone who has an anomaly in their head changing the way they think?

HANNIBAL

A tumor can definitely affect brain function, even causing vivid hallucinations. However, what appears to be driving your Angel Maker to create heaven on Earth is a simple issue of mortality.

WILL GRAHAM

Can't beat God, become him.

HANNIBAL

You said he was afraid.

WILL GRAHAM

He feels abandoned.

HANNIBAL

Ever feel abandoned, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

Abandonment requires expectation.

HANNIBAL

What were your expectations of Jack Crawford and the F.B.I.?

WILL GRAHAM

Jack hasn't abandoned me.

HANNIBAL

Not in any discernible way.
Perhaps in the way Gods abandon their creations.

WILL GRAHAM

Well, this should be interesting.

(then)

Please proceed, Doctor.

HANNIBAL

Jack gave you his word he would protect your head space. Yet he leaves you to your mental devices.

WILL GRAHAM

Are you trying to alienate me from Jack Crawford?

HANNIBAL

I'm trying to help you understand this Angel Maker you seek.

WILL GRAHAM

Help me understand how to catch him.

HANNIBAL

If he were a classic paranoid schizophrenic, you might be able to influence him to become visible.

WILL GRAHAM

Scare him out into the daylight.

HANNIBAL

Might even get him to hurt himself if he hasn't already.

WILL GRAHAM

If he were self-destructive, he wouldn't be so careful.

HANNIBAL

Unless he's being careful about his self-destruction. He's making angels to pray over him when he sleeps.

(then)

Who prays over us when we sleep?

OFF Will not knowing the answer to that question...

Jack Crawford lies in the dark, staring at the ceiling. Bella ENTERS and silently slips under the covers. A moment, then:

JACK CRAWFORD

Do you wait until I shut off my light before you come to bed?

BELLA CRAWFORD

Not intentionally. I'm working late, nothing personal.

(CONTINUED)

JACK CRAWFORD
Can we have a conversation or
should we go on pretending
everything is alright.

BELLA CRAWFORD
Everything is alright.

JACK CRAWFORD
Then no conversation.

BELLA CRAWFORD
I'm just overwhelmed at the moment.

JACK CRAWFORD
With?

BELLA CRAWFORD
A lot going on with work, etcetera.

JACK CRAWFORD
I don't like etcetera.

BELLA CRAWFORD
Okay, then it's work. I need to
sort through some things. It's
outside your jurisdiction, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD
I'm good at sorting through things.
Very least, I can overwhelm you
when you're feeling overwhelmed.

BELLA CRAWFORD
You've never been able to
overwhelm me.

JACK CRAWFORD
There's some confidential something
you can't share with me, that it?

BELLA CRAWFORD
That's exactly it.

JACK CRAWFORD
Is there anything I can offer you
romantically, physically,
spiritually that can help you?

BELLA CRAWFORD
No.

JACK CRAWFORD

So what I can do for you as your husband is to leave you alone and not ask you questions.

BELLA CRAWFORD

You can ask me whatever you want.

JACK CRAWFORD

I won't insult you by asking if there's someone else.

BELLA CRAWFORD

Thank you.

JACK CRAWFORD

Whatever you're sorting out, you'll sort it out and we'll go back to being us or is this us now?

BELLA CRAWFORD

I don't want this to be us.

JACK CRAWFORD

I love you, Bella.

BELLA CRAWFORD

(to middle-distance)

I love you, too.

JACK CRAWFORD

When there is something I can do, you promise to tell me?

BELLA CRAWFORD

I promise.

He takes her hand in the dark, but she doesn't look his way.

A moody evening, moonlight filtered through the hazy light pollution hanging above the city. Scattered all around the area are VARIOUS TENTS and sleeping bags suggesting a SHANTY TOWN populated with HOMELESS.

A CHRYON tells us we are --

CLEVELAND, OHIO

CAMERA FINDS the back of a LONE MAN walking through the SHANTY TOWN, a sheen of sweat coating the nape of his neck (NOTE: We do not see his face).

LONE MAN'S P.O.V.

He glances at the VARIOUS HOMELESS, paying them very little attention. He looks upward, toward the sky, toward heaven, taking a deep breath of the night air and exhaling.

There is a distant clopping SOUND of BOOTS on pavement. A SECURITY GUARD is moving through the winding path that cuts through the TENTS.

As the SECURITY GUARD approaches, the LONE MAN tenses at what horror he sees.

LONE MAN'S P.O.V.

The flesh of the SECURITY GUARD's face and hands is monstrously DISTORTED, RIPPLING trails of HEAT emanate from his body as his skin ROILS WITH FLAME.

Demonic... hallucinogenic...

OMNISCIENT P.O.V.

The LONE MAN's head turns to follow the Security Guard (not demonic, not distorted, not flaming) as he approaches.

LONE MAN
I see what you are.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

ON WILL GRAHAM

He approaches what appears to be an altar on high. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL he is staring at a man-made ANGEL made from a man. We are --

16 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - EARLY MORNING 3

16

A CORPSE of a MAN has been mounted on scaffolding covered in plastic sheets creating a divine luminescing from behind. Lines of blood streaking the transparent plastic sheets serve as a corona of sorts emanating down from the angel wings. Beneath the ANGEL CORPSE, a crumpled, stained mattress.

Will is captivated as Jack Crawford approaches. Brian Zeller, Beverly Katz and Jimmy Price don their gloves.

JACK CRAWFORD

Why angels?

WILL GRAHAM

It isn't Biblical. His angels have wings. In sculpture and paintings, angels fly, but not in the Bible.

JACK CRAWFORD

He's drawing from secular sources.

WILL GRAHAM

His mind has turned against him and there's no one there to help.

Brian Zeller carefully picks up a pair of SEVERED TESTICLES.

JIMMY PRICE

Are those? What are those?

BRIAN ZELLER

Someone got an orchiectomy cheap.

Beverly shines her flashlight at the SECURITY GUARD'S crotch.

BEVERLY KATZ

Doesn't look like the victim.

JIMMY PRICE

The Angel Maker?

BEVERLY KATZ

He castrated himself?

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

He's not just making angels, he's
getting ready to become one.
(off their looks)
Angels don't have genitalia.

JIMMY PRICE

Save me a place in hell.

JACK CRAWFORD

He was afraid of dying and now he's
getting used to the idea?

WILL GRAHAM

He's accepted it or he's
bargaining.

BRIAN ZELLER

Some bargaining chips.

JACK CRAWFORD

Does that mean he's done making
angels or just getting started.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't know.

JACK CRAWFORD

He's not just killing when he gets
sleepy. How is he choosing them?

WILL GRAHAM

I don't know. Ask him.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm asking you.

WILL GRAHAM

You're the head of the Behavioral
Science Unit, Jack. Why don't you
come up with your own answers if
you don't like mine.

A stillness washes over Zeller, Price and Katz with Will's
blatant disrespect. Jack locks Will with a cold stare:

JACK CRAWFORD

I didn't hear that.

WILL GRAHAM

No, you didn't. I'm sorry.

Embarrassed by his outburst, Will wonders back over to the angel to collect his thoughts. Jack watches him go.

17

INT. B.A.U. - MORGUE - DAY 3

17

Will stands between the corpses of MR. and MRS. ANDERSON, as alone in the work bay as he is in his head. Beverly ENTERS and leans on the morgue drawer, studying Will.

BEVERLY KATZ

I've never seen anybody talk to
Jack the way you talked to Jack.

WILL GRAHAM

I was out of line.

BEVERLY KATZ

You were out of your mind. My ears rang like they did the first time I heard my mom say the f-word.

(then)

Are you okay? I know it's a stupid thing to ask considering that none of us could possibly be okay doing what we do. But are you okay?

WILL GRAHAM

Do I seem different?

BEVERLY KATZ

You're a little different. You've always been a little different. Brilliant strategy. No one knows when there's something up with you.

WILL GRAHAM

How would I know if there was something up with you?

BEVERLY KATZ

You wouldn't. But I would tell you if you asked me. Return the favor?

Before Will can answer:

JIMMY PRICE (O.S.)

Would the real Mr. and Mrs.
Anderson please stand up.

Will looks up as Jimmy Price ENTERS with a file. The moment with Beverly is momentarily shattered.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY PRICE (CONT'D)

No? Meet Roger & Marilyn Brunner.
May recognize them from such lists
as Most Wanted. He likes to rape
and murder. She likes to watch.

Jimmy hands the file to Will, who quickly looks it over.

JIMMY PRICE (CONT'D)

We have a DNA match. They
falsified the motel registry and
were driving a stolen car, so it
took a second to identify them.

WILL GRAHAM

I wonder how long it took Angel
Maker to identify them. He didn't
choose them randomly.

Jimmy hands Beverly another report.

JIMMY PRICE

He knows something about them. The
murdered Security Guard wasn't
actually a Security Guard, which
I'd say means he was up to no good.

BEVERLY KATZ

Could Angel Maker be a vigilante?

WILL GRAHAM

Vigilantes are pragmatic,
purposeful. They don't lay down
and go to sleep under their crimes.
In his mind, he's doing God's work.

BEVERLY KATZ

That spells vigilante.

WILL GRAHAM

Playing God has advantages. One of
them is never having to be alone.

BEVERLY KATZ

So he makes Angels out of demons.

JIMMY PRICE

How does he know they're demons?

WILL GRAHAM

He doesn't have to know. All he
has to do is believe.

OFF Will...

18

INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - DAY 3

18

Bella Crawford takes a deep breath, sitting opposite Hannibal. He allows her to gather her thoughts, then:

HANNIBAL

Has Jack begun to suspect? He is a behavioral specialist. He must know you're keeping something from him.

BELLA CRAWFORD

Oh, he knows. He asked me if I was having an affair by reassuring me he didn't have to ask.

HANNIBAL

I doubt he believes you're unfaithful.

BELLA CRAWFORD

Why do you doubt that?

HANNIBAL

It's clear you love your husband.

That hits Bella harder than Hannibal thought. She deflects:

BELLA CRAWFORD

Women who love their husbands still find reasons to cheat on them.

HANNIBAL

Not you. Yet you seem more betrayed by Jack than your own body.

BELLA CRAWFORD

I don't feel betrayed by Jack. And there's no point being mad at cancer for being cancer.

HANNIBAL

Sure there is.

BELLA CRAWFORD

Cancer isn't cruel. A tiny cell wanders off from my liver and gets lost. It finds its way into my lungs where it's just trying to do its job and grow a liver.

HANNIBAL

What it's growing and where it's growing it will likely kill you.

(CONTINUED)

BELLA CRAWFORD

Not likely. It will kill me. And no amount of blueberries and antioxidants can change that now.

HANNIBAL

But you hold Jack accountable for his inability to cure cancer.

(off her look)

Should I have said his inability to save you? That be more accurate?

BELLA CRAWFORD

I am slowly shrinking while that tiny thing keeps growing larger every day, but I feel... fine.

HANNIBAL

You'll feel fine up until the precise moment you don't.

BELLA CRAWFORD

It's really a very dull story, isn't it? The ending is always the same and that same is that it ends.

HANNIBAL

So you withdraw from your relationship with the man who strolled along the quays of Livorno, Italy and called you Bella.

BELLA CRAWFORD

The cancer is already withdrawing me from our relationship. And everything else. Maybe it'll be easier for Jack this way.

HANNIBAL

Why? He's losing you twice.

BELLA CRAWFORD

You said you could smell the cancer. What did it smell like?

Hannibal considers his answers, then chooses the most honest:

HANNIBAL

Death.

19

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

19

Will lies in bed, staring at the ceiling as the ALARM CLOCK blinks from 11:31 PM to 3:45 AM. Will doesn't close his eyes.

Finally, his eyelids slowly close under their own weight.

CLOSE ON WILL'S CLOSED EYES

A distant, muffled BARKING slowly rouses him to consciousness and Will OPENS HIS EYES. CAMERA REVEALS WE ARE --

20

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING 4

20

Will stands on the roof in his underwear. His DOGS BARKING at him through the open window he apparently crawled through.

OFF Will's growing concern for his new "condition"...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

ON THE LIP OF AN ASPIRIN BOTTLE

Several TABLETS are shaken into the palm of Will's hand.

We are --

21 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - EVENING 4

21

Will takes THREE ASPIRIN TABLETS from his palm and slings them back, chasing with a glass of water. Hannibal observes:

HANNIBAL

It's hard to lie still and fear going to sleep when it's there to think about. You listen to your breathing in the dark and the tiny clicks of your blinking eyes.

Will paces, avoiding the patient hot seat.

WILL GRAHAM

I dream more now than I used to.

HANNIBAL

Your dreams were the one place you could be physically safe relinquishing control. Not anymore.

WILL GRAHAM

I thought about zipping myself into a sleeping bag before I go to sleep, but it sounds too much like a poor man's straight jacket.

The STATUE OF THE BLACK STAG near the Patient EXIT draws Will's attention. He walks toward it.

HANNIBAL

Have you determined how this Angel Maker is choosing his victims?

WILL GRAHAM

He doesn't see people how everyone else sees them. He can tell if you're naughty or nice. Or he thinks he can.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

God has given this Angel Maker
insight into the souls of man?

WILL GRAHAM

God didn't give him insight. Gave
him a tumor. He's just a man whose
brain is playing tricks on him.

HANNIBAL

You're not unlike this killer.

WILL GRAHAM

My brain is playing tricks on me?

HANNIBAL

You want to feel such sweet and
easy peace. The Angel Maker wants
that same peace. He hopes to feel
his way cautiously inside it and
find it is endless all around him.

WILL GRAHAM

He's going to be disappointed.

HANNIBAL

You accept the impossibility of
such a feeling. Whereas the Angel
Maker is still chasing it.

Hannibal crosses to study him as he studies the stag.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

If he got close to it, that's where
he would look for it again.

WILL GRAHAM

I've been trying to reconstruct his
thinking, find his patterns.

HANNIBAL

Instead you find yourself in a
behavior pattern you can't break.
You realize you have a choice.

WILL GRAHAM

What is it?

HANNIBAL

Angel Maker will be destroyed by
what's happening inside his head.
You don't have to be.

(CONTINUED)

Hannibal stands behind Will, his NOSTRILS FLARE as CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHES IN on the back of Will's neck.

WILL GRAHAM

Did you just smell me?

HANNIBAL

Difficult to avoid. I really must introduce you to a finer after shave. That smells like something with a ship on the bottle.

WILL GRAHAM

I keep getting it for Christmas.

HANNIBAL

Have your headaches gotten any worse lately? More frequent?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes, actually.

HANNIBAL

I'd change the after shave.

OFF Hannibal realizing there is more to Will's problems than he knows. But Dr. Lecter's nose knows...

CUT TO:

DRIVER'S LICENSE ON A DATA PADD

It's a TRUCK DRIVING PERMIT for ELLIOT BUDISH. We are --

Brian Zeller slides the Data Padd across the desk to Jack Crawford, who gives it a quick once over.

BRIAN ZELLER

Elliot Budish. 35-year-old truck driver. Got a fishing license, too. Match came from the national cancer data base. Married, two children. Family hasn't seen him in 4 months. He was diagnosed 5 months ago.

JACK CRAWFORD

Meet the Angel Maker.

23

INT. B.A.U. - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 5

23

Jack Crawford and Will Graham sit opposite EMMA BUDISH (30s), a slightly anxious woman unsure why she is here.

JACK CRAWFORD
Has he contacted you since he left?

EMMA
I left him. And no, he hasn't.

JACK CRAWFORD
Why did you leave?

EMMA
Because of his cancer. Makes me sound like a horrible wife.

JACK CRAWFORD
Sure you had your reasons.

EMMA
I took a leave from work to be with him. I wanted to be there for him. But what he wanted was to be alone.

As she speaks, CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Jack, who is coming to the unfortunate realization he and Emma have something in common.

EMMA (CONT'D)
He kept pulling away and pulling away. He made it clear he didn't want me there. Then it wasn't clear. Then it didn't matter why he was acting the way he was.

Will watches as Jack pours himself a glass of water and drinks, mind spinning. Will realizes he has to pick up the baton of the interrogation as Jack is clearly suddenly distracted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

23

EMMA (CONT'D)

It was weird for the kids. What kind of mother exposes her children to someone who's losing their mind.

WILL GRAHAM

Was he ever violent, Mrs. Budish?

Her hesitation suggests more than a yes or no answer.

EMMA

He was angry. Never hit me or the boys. I thought when he got weak enough, when the cancer got worse, it wouldn't be confusing for them. They could just see him as a sick man, and not someone so terrified.

WILL GRAHAM

Did your husband's faith falter after he was told about the cancer.

EMMA

Eric wasn't ever religious. Is he doing something religious?

WILL GRAHAM

He may believe he is.

JACK CRAWFORD

Your husband's dying, Mrs. Budish. Soon. We want to find him before he hurts himself or anyone else.

The words coming out of Jack's mouth have a larger import than they did only moments ago.

EMMA

He died once before. Suffocated in a fire when he was a little boy. Fireman who resuscitated him said he must've had a guardian angel.

WILL GRAHAM

Where did this happen?

(CONTINUED)

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EMMA

A farm where he grew up.

A24 OMITTED. A24

B24 OMITTED. B24

24 EXT. BARN - DAY 5 24

Will Graham and Jack Crawford stomp through the dead grass as they approach. TWO LOCAL POLICE CARS and their POLICE OFFICERS wait in the background.

25 INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS 25

CAMERA FOLLOWS Will Graham and Jack Crawford through a rolling slatted wood door REVEALING another ANGEL OF DEATH hanging in the rafters, illuminated by shafts of light.

A stunned moment as Will and Jack take in the horrific image. Jack heaves an annoyed sigh at another life lost.

WILL GRAHAM

This will be the last one.

Jack's FLASHLIGHT BEAM flickers across the Angel's face -- it's the same face on the Driver's License seen earlier.

JACK CRAWFORD

It's Budish?

WILL GRAHAM

He made himself into an angel.

Dripping blood from the flesh of his wings draws Will closer.

Jack crosses to the BARN DOOR and shouts to the LOCAL POLICE OFFICERS waiting in the distant field.

JACK CRAWFORD

Get the Coroner down here.

Will watches Elliot Budish's angelic form from a safe distance.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

It wasn't God, wasn't man, it was
his choice to die.

JACK CRAWFORD

His choice?

WILL GRAHAM

As much as he could make it.

JACK CRAWFORD

You feeling a shortage of choices?

WILL GRAHAM

I don't know how much longer I can
be all that useful to you, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

Really? You caught three. The
last three we had, you caught.

WILL GRAHAM

I didn't catch this one. Elliot
Budish surrendered.

Frustrated, Jack turns to walk out of the barn...

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm used to not getting information
from my wife. I don't need to not
get information from you, too.

...but Will's confession stops Jack on the threshold:

WILL GRAHAM

It's getting harder and harder to
make myself look.

JACK CRAWFORD

No one is asking you to look alone.

WILL GRAHAM

But I am looking alone. And you
know what looking at this does.

JACK CRAWFORD

I know what happens when you don't
look. So do you.

WILL GRAHAM

I can make myself look but the thinking is shutting down.

JACK CRAWFORD

What is it about this one?

WILL GRAHAM

It's not this one. It's all of them. It's the next one. It's the one I know is coming after that.

JACK CRAWFORD

I don't think you want to go back to your lecture hall and read about the next one on TattleCrime.com.

WILL GRAHAM

No, I don't. But that may be what I have to do. This is bad for me.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm not the pope, I'm not going to tell you what you ought to do --

WILL GRAHAM

Sounds like that's exactly what you're going to do.

JACK CRAWFORD

You go back to your classroom and there's more killing that you could have prevented, it will sour that classroom forever.

WILL GRAHAM

Maybe. Then maybe I find a job as a diesel mechanic in a boatyard.

Jack Crawford studies Will without saying anything, then abruptly turns and walks out of the barn, leaving Will alone.

JACK CRAWFORD

If you want to quit, quit.

Will stands there a moment, stung and reeling from the confrontation, debating on how to proceed.

CAMERA REVEALS Elliot Budish is no longer hanging in the rafters, but is standing within arm's reach of Will.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

26

INT. BARN - DAY 5

26

As before. Will Graham turns to see that Elliot Budish is no longer hanging from the rafters, but is now within reach.

ELLIOT BUDISH P.O.V.

Will turns to see his attacker, the flesh of his face and hands is monstrously DISTORTED, RIPPLING trails of HEAT emanate from his body as his skin ROILS WITH FLAME.

Demonic... hallucinogenic...

OMNISCIENT P.O.V.

Weak from the loss of blood from his self-inflicted wounds, delirious from his tumor, Elliot Budish looks upon Will (not demonic, not distorted, not flaming) and simply states:

ELLIOT BUDISH
I see what you are.

He stumbles forward, collapsing in apparent supplication on the floor. Will isn't afraid, his hand calmly goes to his gun as he slowly steps out of reach.

WILL GRAHAM
What do you see?

ELLIOT BUDISH
Inside. I can bring it out of you.

Will raises his gun, training it on Budish but not firing, even as Budish advances. Will continues to back away.

WILL GRAHAM
Not all the way out.

Jack Crawford is silhouetted in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

26

ELLIOT BUDISH

I will give you the majesty of your
Becoming.

Elliot Budish can't raise the knife to swipe, instead he crumples in apparent supplication on the manger floor, his hands in his lap, somewhat prayer-like. He goes still.

OFF Will and Jack's regard for the fallen angel...

CUT TO:

Hannibal OPENS THE DOOR to usher Bella Crawford out. They are both surprised to see Jack Crawford waiting for them.

HANNIBAL

Agent Crawford.

BELLA CRAWFORD

Hello, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

Doctor, you mind waiting in the waiting room so my wife and I can borrow your office for a moment?

HANNIBAL

Not at all.

ON HANNIBAL

He takes a seat in his waiting room. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Jack Crawford closes the door. We are now --

Bella Crawford stands, her coat on, holding her purse, ready to leave. Jack blinks, searches the room for his word.

BELLA CRAWFORD

Just dropping by on official business... or did you follow me?

JACK CRAWFORD

I called your office. They said you were at an appointment.

(then)

Thought you might be here.

Bella quickly puts the pieces together, realizing:

(CONTINUED)

BELLA CRAWFORD

You know?
(off his nod)
I knew you'd find out.

JACK CRAWFORD

When did you find out?

BELLA CRAWFORD

Twelve weeks ago. Lung cancer.

JACK CRAWFORD

You don't smoke.

BELLA CRAWFORD

The irony.

JACK CRAWFORD

Treatable?

BELLA CRAWFORD

It's Stage 4. And we know there's no Stage 5, don't we?

JACK CRAWFORD

When were you going to tell me?

BELLA CRAWFORD

Far enough in the future that I'm really not prepared to have this conversation right now.

JACK CRAWFORD

We're having it. Were you going to wait until you started chemotherapy and couldn't hide it anymore.

BELLA CRAWFORD

Don't know if I want chemotherapy.

JACK CRAWFORD

Do I have a say in this?

BELLA CRAWFORD

No, you do not.

Jack wishes he didn't respect that choice, but he does.

JACK CRAWFORD

Do you want to be alone?

The bluntness of his question momentarily silences Bella.

A28

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40.

CONTINUED: (2)

A28

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
I don't want you to answer that. I
just want you to think about your
answer. Because I don't want you
to be alone. Now or ever.

BELLA CRAWFORD
We'll beat this together?

JACK CRAWFORD
(shakes his head "no")
This is your fight. But I'm in your
corner and I'm not going anywhere.

Her smile is soft but forced.

BELLA CRAWFORD
I appreciate that, Jack. But I'm
not comforted by it. I know that's
what you need. To comfort me. But
I can't give you what you need.

JACK CRAWFORD
Don't worry about what I need.
(then)
Why wouldn't you tell me?

She slowly circles her answer. Finally:

BELLA CRAWFORD
Thought if I kept it to myself our
lives wouldn't change. I didn't
count on changing as much as I did.

OFF Jack Crawford taking that in...

CUT TO:

WILL GRAHAM

He walks down the hall, navigating the corridors of...

B28

INT. B.A.U. - HALLWAY - DAY 6

B28

Will continues to walk with purpose up to Jack Crawford's
closed door, considers, then knocks.

JACK CRAWFORD (O.C.)
Come in.

28

INT. B.A.U. - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY 6

28

Jack Crawford sits behind his desk, cupping his forehead in his hands as Will Graham ENTERS and quietly takes a seat.

JACK CRAWFORD
What do you want, Will?

WILL GRAHAM
I'm going to sit here until you're ready to talk. You don't have to say a word until you're ready, but I'm not leaving until you do.

A long, uncomfortable, anguish-filled moment, then:

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END