

HANNIBAL
"...and the Beast from the Sea"

TEASER

CLOSE ON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA

Waves peak and reach for the moon, undulating on the surface.

CLOSE ON A BEACH

The waves swell and recede, pulled and played by the moon.

CLOSE ON A BLOOD MOON

Burnt orange, beautiful, full and fat, pulling at the earth.
Undulating with the surface of the sea, the moon wanes as the
shadow of Earth stretches across it, blanketing it in darkness.

As the shadow moves, it reveals in its wake:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

He looks up to the sky; a trick of perspective makes the moon
huge in the FRAME, seemingly pressing down and into his head.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Naked, he stares at the Blake painting of *The Great Red
Dragon and the Woman Clothed in Sun*. The roof over his head
bows and buckles, pushed and pulled by the power of the moon.

CAMERA PULLS BACK from Dolarhyde as the tattoo tail wrapped
around his leg uncoils to the floor, no longer ink, but flesh.

CLOSE ON FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

A shadow waxes over his face, slowly revealing, as the shadow
moves across him, that he is now --

WILL GRAHAM

He stares into middle distance.

JACK CRAWFORD (O.S.)
Two nights left.

We are --

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Will staring across the desk at JACK CRAWFORD staring at the candid pictures, of the Jacobi and Leeds families, in his hand.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Nightly news countdown to the next full moon. Chicago and Buffalo police are under a media blitz.

WILL GRAHAM
He's not going to kill again in Chicago or Buffalo. He's moved on.

JACK CRAWFORD
Let me fill you in on what's up for the twenty-fifth.

WILL GRAHAM
When he does it again?

JACK CRAWFORD
If we have a problem on the twenty-fifth.

WILL GRAHAM
Not "if." "When."

JACK CRAWFORD
Both times it's been on a Saturday. Jacobis were on a full moon on a Saturday night. Leedses, day short of a full moon, but also Saturday night. This time, full moon falls on a Monday. He likes the weekend, so we're ready from Friday on.

WILL GRAHAM
Ready? We're ready?

JACK CRAWFORD
We have a Gulfstream standing by at Andrews Air Force Base. Me, you, Zeller, Jimmy Price, a photographer and two people to do interrogations, soon as the call comes in, we're on our way. Anywhere in the East or South, we can be there in an hour.

Will nods, taking it in, then:

WILL GRAHAM

People are going to panic.
Householders will shoot relatives
coming home late. Prowler calls
will multiply, so will useless tips.

JACK CRAWFORD

Despair's going around like the
flu. Families are frightened.
(then)
If Lecter can deliver, he'd better
do it in your next conversation.

WILL GRAHAM

He's not going to deliver.

JACK CRAWFORD

He wanted you to meet the Dragon.
He nudged you in that direction.

WILL GRAHAM

That nudge is a smokescreen for
something much more coercive.

JACK CRAWFORD

You said he knows this killer.

WILL GRAHAM

Think I can leach it out of him?
Hannibal's never going to walk, no
matter what. He could raise the
dead and they wouldn't let him out.
All that's left for him is fun. So
that's what he's going to have.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE GIBBOUS MOON

Shines a silvery glow.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SPINNING RECORD

The needle drops and we hear Debussy. We are --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

REBA as she moves through the space with some familiarity
now, carrying martinis. Dolarhyde is setting up his
projector, threading film from cans Reba gave him.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
I have to do a little homework.

Reba hands him a fresh martini, he takes it and sits on the couch between the projector and screen.

REBA MCCLANE
Sure. If I'm keeping you from working, I can go.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
No. I want you to be here. I do.
It's just some film I need to check. It won't take long.

REBA MCCLANE
Does it have a soundtrack?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
No.

REBA MCCLANE
May I keep the music?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Um-hmmm.

REBA MCCLANE
I think I'll stretch out for a few minutes, if you don't mind.
(he starts to scoot)
No, don't move, I have plenty of room. Wake me up if I drop off.

She lies on the couch, holding the glass on her stomach, the tips of her hair touching Dolarhyde's hand beside his thigh. He flicks the remote switch and the projector begins. Light flickers and whirs across both Reba's and Dolarhyde's faces.

DOLARHYDE'S POV

CLOSE ON Reba's lips as she sips her martini, moving light playing across her face. Then he looks to the screen.

REBA MCCLANE (CONT'D)
Are these your nocturnal animals?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Um-hmmm.

CAMERA follows Dolarhyde's gaze and we see infrared nighttime footage as the CAMERA moves down from a bright white moon to find a woman and a young boy, moving toward a cabin in the woods, with grocery bags.

A PACK OF DOGS milling excitedly around their feet.

REBA MCCLANE

Think they know they're being filmed?

The CAMERA zooms in closer as the woman looks up and we reveal Dolarhyde is watching voyeuristic filmed footage of MOLLY and her son, WALTER!

As the CAMERA finds Molly in CLOSE-UP...

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

No.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. FISHING CABIN - DAY

Find Molly as she comes out onto the porch, pulling on her coat. Walter is yelling:

WALTER (O.S.)

Mom! Mom!

She walks along the porch to find Walter.

MOLLY

What? What?

He's squatting next to a couple of dogs lying on their sides.

WALTER

Something's wrong with the dogs.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. VET'S OFFICE - DAY

CLIENTS waiting with DOGS and PETS in carriers or on their laps. A RECEPTIONIST behind a small counter.

SLAM! The exterior door flies open and everyone starts as Molly and Walter rush in, each of them carrying a sick dog.

MOLLY

I got a lot of sick dogs here.
There's more in the truck.

OFF her urgency...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. VET'S OFFICE - DAY

Molly is with a VETERINARIAN in a white smock coat. Walter is in the background, watching as they talk behind the counter.

VETERINARIAN

They may have gotten into something
they shouldn't have. Has there
been any changes in their diet?

Molly can feel Walter's stare and tries to wrangle the guilt.

MOLLY

My husband usually makes their food
from scratch. But he's out of town
and it's a lot of work. So I've
been feeding them canned food.

VETERINARIAN

Was it canned food made in China?

MOLLY

Is it bad to be made in China?

VETERINARIAN

If you're pet food. Dogs get
poisoned by Chinese pet food all
the time. Pet food safety isn't
regulated the same way as human
food. And it's barely regulated at
all in China. There have been
thousands of illnesses and deaths.

Molly is mortified and Walter is growing increasingly concerned for the lives of their dogs.

MOLLY

Thousands?

VETERINARIAN

Thousands.

On the other side of the counter, peering over the top:

WALTER

Are the dogs going to die?

MOLLY

No, they're not gonna--
(to the veterinarian)
Are the dogs gonna die?

VETERINARIAN

No. You got them here fast and the activated charcoal should soak up whatever's in their system. But it'd be helpful if you brought me a sample of whatever they've been eating so we can run some tests.

MOLLY

I'll bring it by tomorrow.

The veterinarian smiles and puts a hand on Molly's arm.

VETERINARIAN

We'll keep the dogs overnight so we can monitor their recovery.

(to Walter)

They'll be fine.

ON MOLLY as she nods her thanks. The veterinarian moves off and Molly comes to Walter.

WALTER

Are you going to tell Dad?

MOLLY

You know how I always said secrets were bad and you shouldn't keep secrets? Well, I have an amendment to that. And we're gonna keep this secret for now. Just you and me.

WALTER

You want me to lie?

MOLLY

It's not a lie if you keep your mouth shut. Your dad has enough to worry about without worrying if I'm going to poison the dogs again.

OFF Molly walking Walter toward the door, CAMERA finds the FBI WARNING pinned to a cork board behind the counter. CAMERA CONTINUES TO PUSH IN on the words: "Report immediately any pet mutilations to the FBI hotline."

CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - NIGHT

The moon shines down the oculus in Hannibal's cell, creating a spotlight of soft silver that we find HANNIBAL standing within. He raises a hand to the light, turning it slowly.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not fortune's fool. I'm yours.
"Behold the Great Red Dragon."

HANNIBAL

And did you?

WILL GRAHAM

I had a random encounter.

HANNIBAL

Randomness is nothing intrinsic.
Simply a lack of information.

WILL GRAHAM

The Brooklyn Museum is closed to
the public on Tuesdays, but
researchers are admitted. You knew
that's when we'd both be going.

HANNIBAL

A sophisticated intelligence can
forecast many things. I suppose
mine is sophisticated enough.

(then)

You're so close to him now. You
and the Dragon are doing the same
things at various times of the day.

Hannibal turns and we RACK to find Will Graham beyond the
glass, Hannibal becoming an unfocused reflection.

WILL GRAHAM

He's contacted you.

HANNIBAL

How do you imagine he's contacted
me? Personal ads? Writing notes
of admiration on toilet paper?

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A JACKKNIFE

As it carves the Red Dragon symbol into a new tree. The
white flesh under the bark is stark and shiny.

CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - NIGHT

Hannibal and Will still face one another.

WILL GRAHAM

Alana thinks he's trying to stop.

Hannibal comes closer to the glass.

HANNIBAL

To begin to understand the Dragon,
to hear the cold drips in his
darkness, Dr. Bloom would have to
see things she could never see.

Hannibal moves back to the oculus and the beam of moonlight,
stands in its glow and looks to Will in the shadows beyond.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

She would have to fly through time.

EXT. FISHING CABIN - NIGHT

ON DOLARHYDE

Now comfortably wreathed in shadow.

We follow his gaze from his vantage point in the trees to
where Molly and Walter, having just gotten home, head from
the car to the cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - NIGHT

Will regards Hannibal, connections forming into certainty.

WILL GRAHAM

There is a family out there who
don't know he's coming. We could
save them. Tell me who he is.

HANNIBAL

I don't know who he is.

Will studies Hannibal -- he's telling the truth.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

When you close your eyes, Will, is
it your family you see?

WILL GRAHAM

How is he choosing them?

HANNIBAL

How he's choosing them is not how
you'll catch him.

WILL GRAHAM

How?

HANNIBAL

Social media, I imagine. Can't be too careful with privacy settings.

WILL GRAHAM

Do you know who they are?

HANNIBAL

Yes.

WILL GRAHAM

You're willing to let them die.

HANNIBAL

They're not my family, Will. And I'm not letting them die. You are.

EXT. FISHING CABIN - NIGHT

The full moon is bright and high in the sky. TRACK DOWN to the cabin silhouetted below, amid the snow and trees.

Orange light burns in the windows. Flames from the fire flicker. Molly and Walter pass back and forth before the windows.

Reveal Dolarhyde.

He watches them calmly. Patient now. The warm light from the house plays on his face. And then disappears as the lights go out.

ON DOLARHYDE

A terrifying smile as he looks to the now-darkened cabin. It is almost time...

CAMERA moves around him until the moon seems to rest on his shoulder like a friend, sending him into silhouette.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Ten years ago. A coffin sits on a viewing table, the lid open. GRANDMOTHER DOLARHYDE lies within, arms crossed on her chest, face sunken in death.

Reveal Dolarhyde standing over her, staring down. A FUNERAL DIRECTOR appears on his shoulder.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Mr. Dolarhyde, wouldn't you like to
bring me your grandmother's teeth?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Just drop the lid.

The coffin lid comes down, slowly obstructing our view of Dolarhyde...

CUT TO:

BLACK

Hold for a beat, and then the present-day Francis Dolarhyde steps from darkness, surrounded by shadow -- a NULL SPACE.

As we watch, he carefully places his killing teeth into his mouth and then pulls on a tight-fitting mesh mask, pulling it over his face.

CUT TO:

INT. FISHING CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Molly wakes up. Some sixth sense pinging in her brain.

The darkness of the bedroom envelopes her, moonlight throwing shadows of the trees against the walls. Molly looks to an alarm monitor on the wall, blinking a reassuring green.

The light goes dead.

Fear slams into Molly, which she controls. She peers into the darkness of the room, ears straining. As Molly slides from the bed...

INT. FISHING CABIN - WALTER'S ROOM - NIGHT

ON WALTER, asleep. Molly rouses him gently, leaning in so he can see her. As he comes to, she puts her finger to her lips and Walter nods.

Molly motions him out of bed and quickly helps him into a coat and shoes, throwing tense glances toward the door.

She moves to a window and pulls back the drapes, revealing a small dormer window set against the pitch of the roof.

Molly carefully unlatches the window, as Walter looks on, and slowly pushes it open. It jams on ice frozen in the frame. Molly throws glances back toward the closed door, fighting her desperation.

A CREAK from the stairs below.

BLACK BOOTS

Slowly come up the stairs.

WALTER

Stares at Molly in fear. The window frame stops moving, jammed.

BLACK BOOTS

Move along the hallway.

MOLLY

Makes a snap decision and motions Walter up and out. She helps him as he clambers onto the roof.

MOLLY

Wait for me by the car. Count to a hundred. If you see anyone but me, run for the road.

The terrified boy nods.

ON MOLLY as Walter disappears from view. She has never felt so alone. STAY WITH MOLLY as she turns back to the room and stops as a shadow passes by the crack beneath the door, moving toward her own bedroom.

CUT TO:

DOLARHYDE

As he moves down the hall toward Molly's bedroom, his gun in his hand. Slowly, behind him, Walter's door opens and we RACK to Molly as she sees the intruder in her home.

Dolarhyde moves toward CAMERA and Molly's bedroom.

Carefully, ever so carefully, Molly exits Walter's room and slides down the hallway behind Dolarhyde.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISHING CABIN - NIGHT

Walter's feet land in the snow as he drops the last couple feet from the roof and runs for the cover of the car. He drops into a crouch behind the car and turns to watch the house.

CUT TO:

DOLARHYDE

In Molly's bedroom as he realizes the bed is empty. He turns and runs back into the hallway, slams open Walter's bedroom door and sees the open window.

ON MOLLY

On the stairs as she hears the sudden CLATTER of Dolarhyde's footsteps and she rushes for the living room, knowing he is right behind her. Molly exits FRAME.

Two seconds later, Dolarhyde's boots CLATTER down the stairs. STAY WITH HIM as he moves into the living room. He sweeps the dark room with his gun. Moving toward the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISHING CABIN - NIGHT

Walter hides behind Molly's car, shivering as he counts:

WALTER

Forty-seven, forty-eight...

EXT. FISHING CABIN - UNDER THE PORCH - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a log store door as it slowly opens. The log store is under the porch. PULL BACK as Molly carefully emerges, dirty with dust.

She moves under the porch, using stacked piles of firewood as cover. Through the gaps in the wood, she can see her car.

She cautiously makes her way to the nearest woodpile and peeks out.

INTERCUT WITH:

WALTER

Behind the car.

WALTER

Seventy-one, seventy-two...

Molly moves from behind the logs and she catches Walter's eye. His face lights up. Molly waves him to her.

Walter nods, but then freezes and hides again!

CREAK!

CAMERA moves up from Molly to reveal Dolarhyde is now a dark shadow on the porch directly above her.

Walter cowers behind the car.

ON MOLLY, desperate to reach her son. Mind racing, ever aware of Dolarhyde's feet above, moving toward the car and Walter. Walter's face appears under the car and Molly holds up a hand: "Wait for me."

CUT TO:

DOLARHYDE

Moving closer and closer to where Molly's car is. Only a matter of time until he sees Walter's footprints.

MOLLY

Beneath the porch as she hurls a branch out into the dark woods beyond the cabin.

ON DOLARHYDE

As he hears a sudden CLATTER behind him in the trees. Dolarhyde spins and runs back to the other end of the porch.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT OF THE FISHING CABIN

SPLIT LEVEL

As Dolarhyde runs left to check out the sound, Molly is moving right.

BACK TO WALTER

Molly's waving him out from behind the car. Walter resists, but Molly waves him on.

DOLARHYDE

Raises a flashlight and, suddenly, a harsh beam of light illuminates the woods to the left of the cabin. He scans the trees, gun at the ready.

Behind Dolarhyde, Walter runs to Molly from behind the car, and she grabs him in a fierce embrace. She holds him like she'll never let go.

Walter holds Molly's gaze. Above them, the CREAK of footsteps as Dolarhyde comes back their way. Now what?

Molly pulls the car alarm fob from her pocket. Shows it to Walter. He nods, understanding. She presses the button.

BARP, BARP, BARP, BARP!

The sudden blare and flash of the car alarm cut the silence.

CUT TO:

DOLARHYDE

As he comes charging along the porch, making for the car, lights flashing in the dark. His boots land hard in the snow and he moves for the car, noting the footprints leading from the house. He rushes behind the car to find --

NOTHING.

Enraged, he casts the flashlight across the ground -- and sees footprints leading back under the porch...

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Molly and Walter run hard through the trees, breathing hard, leaving deep prints.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Headlights cutting through trees. Molly and Walter are running for the road and Molly motions Walter to stay back as she steps into the road, waving her arms, causing the car's DRIVER to slow and skid sideways in a SCREECH of brakes.

The driver gets out, engine still running. Molly is already herding Walter toward the car.

CAR DRIVER

I almost killed you! What are you doing?

MOLLY

Get back in the car. We have to go.

She pushes Walter before her, into the backseat, past the bewildered driver.

CAR DRIVER

What are you -- you can't just--

P-KEE. ON THE DRIVER as a bullet hits him in the head, dropping him to the ground in a spray of blood.

Walter screams.

Molly risks a look behind her to see Dolarhyde coming. Totally focused on survival, she steps over the dead driver and gets into the driver's seat of the car.

INT./EXT. DRIVER'S CAR - NIGHT

Molly jumps in the driver's seat and jams it into reverse.

Dolarhyde opens fire and the side windows explode.

One leg still hanging from the driver's-side door, Molly hauls herself fully into the car as the momentum of her turn swings the door closed.

Molly jams the car into drive, Dolarhyde now looming in the back window.

MOLLY
(to Walter)
Get down!

Molly hits the gas and the car wheels spin away down the road.

Dolarhyde fires and the rear windshield explodes as bullets hit it.

Molly screams as at least one bullet hits her.

The front windshield shatters as a slug hits it and Molly's blood splashes across it.

WALTER
Mom!

Relentless, Molly keeps the car on the road and drives away...

...leaving Dolarhyde standing in the road, amid the aftermath, enraged at his failure. He looks to the sky and screams in frustration and rage as Molly's taillights disappear into the distance...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

ON WILL GRAHAM

He walks under the horrible glare of hospital fluorescents, passing HOSPITAL SECURITY and several FBI AGENTS, some suited, others in windbreakers, as he rounds a corner into:

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

A view through the door to where Walter is sitting slumped against a couch, next to Jack Crawford. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal this is Will Graham's POV through the door.

He watches for a while, part of him wanting never to enter.

And then he does. Jack looks up at Will, conflicting emotions flashing across his face, but he says nothing.

WILL GRAHAM
She's in surgery now.

Will only has eyes for Walter, and Jack nods and steps out of the room as Will takes his place next to the boy.

WALTER
Is there anything else I need to
know to see about Mom?

WILL GRAHAM
You're both safe here.

WALTER
This crazy guy wants to kill you?

WILL GRAHAM
We don't know what he wants.

WALTER
You gonna kill him?

Will closes his eyes for a moment, then:

WILL GRAHAM
No. I'm going to catch him.
They'll put him in a mental
hospital so they can treat him and
keep him from hurting anybody else.

Walter stares at Will, wanting to call bullshit, but doesn't.

WALTER
Tommy's mom had this little
newspaper.
(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

Said you killed a guy and you were
in a mental hospital. I never knew
that. Is it true?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

(then)

It bothers you, finding that out.
Because I married your mom.

WALTER

I told my dad I'd take care of her.

WILL GRAHAM

I'll take care of her, too. I'll
take better care of her than I did.

WALTER

Then you shouldn't put this guy in a
mental hospital, you should kill him.

(then)

I want to watch baseball.

Will studies Walter as he articulates the TV remote, turns
the TV on and starts surfing through channels.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Will leaves Walter in the waiting room to watch baseball,
approaching Jack who is waiting outside.

JACK CRAWFORD

(re: the baseball game)

His team playing?

WILL GRAHAM

He doesn't care who's playing. His
father was a baseball player, a good
one, died when he was six. Walter
watches baseball whenever he can.
Molly watches it when she's upset.

Will is visibly seething, letting a little out now that he's
not trying to put on a stiff upper lip for the boy.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

He read about me in a Freddie
Lounds article. I had to justify
myself to an eleven year old.

JACK CRAWFORD

Resentment's raising a blister in
you, Will.

WILL GRAHAM

You think you might lose me after this, Jack? You think I might go back to my family?

Jack stares at Will -- is this a challenge?

JACK CRAWFORD

For a minute, I did.

WILL GRAHAM

Then you realized what I realized: I can't go home, and neither can Molly and Walter, never, until the Red Dragon is out of the way.

JACK CRAWFORD

As soon as Molly can be moved, we'll put her and Walter at my brother's house on the Chesapeake. Nobody in the world will know where they are but you and me.

WILL GRAHAM

Molly's not going to want anything from you, Jack. She'd be glad to see you in hell with your back broken.

The quiet delivery of this hits Jack harder than anything.

Will exits, leaving Jack alone.

ON WILL GRAHAM as he moves down a corridor in SLO-MO.

Our focus is in Will's POV, and we bring up his own PULSE, loud in his head, as he slows and stop outside a hospital room.

WILL'S POV

Molly lies within, bloody dressings across her torso, her face scratched and bruised. Eyes closed. Tubes and IVs attached. The slow, steady BEEP of electronic monitoring.

Will moves into the room and just stands.

Finally, he moves closer, takes the chair and sits. Molly's hand rests atop the sheet and Will strokes it.

Molly is unmoving, the steady BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP of her pulse is the only sound.

A tear splashes onto her hand. And then another.

CAMERA finds Will Graham, his head on Molly's hand, silently sobbing as he takes in his brave wife.

CLOSE ON HIGH-HEEL SHOES

They CLICK-CLICK-CLICK down a corridor as CAMERA PULLS BACK and under a rolling cart and out in front of it to PEDESTAL UP and reveal ALANA BLOOM pushing the telephone trolley.

We are --

INT. BSHCI - CORRIDOR - DAY

Alana continues to push the cart toward the large double doors. A BUZZER sounds and they open, revealing:

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

Hannibal watches Alana approach on the other side of the glass, wheeling the telephone on its trolley.

ALANA BLOOM

I'm sorry to interrupt. You have a telephone call. It's your lawyer.

(then)

Would you like to take it?

HANNIBAL

Did he say why he was calling?

ALANA BLOOM

I called him. To confirm that he hasn't called you. Not since you've been declared insane.

HANNIBAL

I could have told you that.

ALANA BLOOM

If only I'd known to ask.

HANNIBAL

If only.

ALANA BLOOM

Would you have told me the truth?

HANNIBAL

In my own way, I always have.

Alana presses a button and speaks into the telephone:

ALANA BLOOM
Mr. Metcalf. That'll be all for
now. Thank you for your time.

She kills the call and now lets her cold anger show. The
doors behind her open and Jack Crawford enters.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)
You were speaking to the Tooth Fairy.

HANNIBAL
I think he's earned the right to be
known by the name he's chosen. He
is the Great Red Dragon.

Jack approaches the glass wall.

JACK CRAWFORD
You have hubbed hell, Dr. Lecter.

HANNIBAL
I often do.

ALANA BLOOM
You got what you wanted. Suddenly,
you're very relevant. There is one
way for you to stay relevant...
(then)
...and comfortable.

Hannibal gives it thought.

HANNIBAL
You want me to speak with the
Dragon. Given his recent failure,
you believe he will seek counsel.

JACK CRAWFORD
We've got to make your contact work
for us. Standing trace order for
any time you're on the phone. When
he calls, you keep him on the line.

Hannibal inclines his head.

HANNIBAL
I can't refuse him a sympathetic
ear. He no doubt needs it.

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - DAY

The sound of harsh, strained breathing.

TRACK through the house as the breathing gets louder. Up the stairs, into --

THE ATTIC

Reverberating through the space.

CLOSE ON drops of sweat as they splash to the floor.

CAMERA moves up to become CLOSE ON Francis Dolarhyde's face, upside down, as sweat runs down his scarred lip and falls through the air. He is holding a pose, sinews straining.

A low GROWL -- an unearthly sound -- and a flash of red tail in the shadows. Dolarhyde's eyes flick nervously toward it. Another louder RUMBLE and the attic seems to shake. Dolarhyde shakes his head, but holds the pose. Another ROAR.

A red talon, a stomp of the Dragon's foot. The tip of a wing stretches. A ROAR. Dolarhyde shakes his head.

Dolarhyde strains to keep his pose, but then the ROAR comes again, deafening, and he collapses to the floor. The Dragon seemingly circling the room just beyond the circle of light Dolarhyde lies in. Each ROAR a question and an insult.

DOLARHYDE'S POV

The flash of a great red wing. A flick of the tail and Dolarhyde is suddenly thrown across the room.

Another flick, but this time we see that Dolarhyde is attacking himself -- *Fight Club* style. He tears at his own body and, in his MIND'S EYE, we see chunks of flesh ripped from his back, landing in small slabs on the wood floor.

INTERCUT between Dolarhyde's POV, as the Dragon attacks him, and an OMNISCIENT POV, as we see Dolarhyde attacking himself... the ROARING growing louder and louder.

Finally, even pleading, Dolarhyde is calm, exhausted:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Don't do that. Don't... do that.

(off the silence)

Don't do that.

And the room goes deathly silent and Dolarhyde drops to his knees, bloodied and exhausted...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

THE DRAGON'S WINGS

Hanging in front of the unseen beast, folded across each other. CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH the space under the crossed wings to find the darkness beneath and, in that darkness:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

His bruised face shrouded in hard shadow. We are --

INT. GATEWAY - DARKROOM - DAY

The shadows seem to form dark wings that wrap around Dolarhyde's body like the Dragon's embrace.

We do not know where we are until a red light comes on, and a door opens and Reba McClane enters the darkroom. She efficiently sheds her coat and puts down her bag.

Dolarhyde watches her. His hands flexing against his thighs in torment.

Reba moves to begin her work and then pauses, a smell giving her pause. Then:

REBA MCCLANE

D...

He doesn't respond. Reba turns her head, certain.

REBA MCCLANE (CONT'D)

D? You in here?

A long beat before:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Yes.

Reba is thrown by his presence, his odd demeanor.

REBA MCCLANE

What are you doing sitting here in the dark?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

How do you know it's dark?

Reba smiles at that, but his tone is still odd.

REBA MCCLANE

The lights aren't on.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Do you remember it? The light. Is it worse to've seen it and lost it?

REBA MCCLANE

I know I'll never have the light, but there are things I can have. There are things to enjoy.

(then)

You sound strange.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Reba, I don't know what to... say to you. I don't know what's happening to me... with you. Or why. You threaten me and you do not threaten me. It's confusing.

He stands suddenly. As he tries to step past her, Reba moves into his path and he halts.

Her hand comes up and finds his face. He looks down at it, fighting conflicting desires, then BITES HER FINGERS OFF.

SMASH BACK TO:

REALITY

Dolarhyde looks down at Reba and slowly pulls her hand away from his face. Her fingers small in his powerful hand.

REBA MCCLANE

It's okay to be confused. Spend most of our lives confused. It's rare to really figure anything out.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

I can't be with you.

The words hit her hard, but she doesn't let it show.

REBA MCCLANE

Most men are terrified of entailing a burden. I am nobody's burden.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

That's not what I'm afraid of.

(then)

I'm afraid I'll hurt you.

She digests that a moment -- what kind of bullshit excuse is that? -- not wanting to appear needy, then:

REBA MCCLANE

It was nice to spend time with
someone with the courage to get his
hat or stay as he damn pleased, and
gives me credit for the same. Get
your hat, Francis, get it and go.

A moment and then he pushes past her, walking out, leaving
Reba hurt, pissed off. She stands alone for a moment, then:

CUT TO:

INT. GATEWAY - CORRIDOR - DAY

LOW, LOOMING SHOT ON DOLARHYDE as he walks away from Reba,
face twisted with emotion, and we hear that low GROWL
reverberate around him.

CUT TO:

HANNIBAL LECTER

Bathed in the moon's glow from the oculus. We are --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

Hannibal stands behind his desk as DENISE THE ORDERLY is
plugging in the telephone.

As the orderly steps back, Hannibal turns and moves to the
telephone. He lifts the receiver.

HANNIBAL

Hello?

RACK FOCUS beyond Hannibal to only now reveal Jack Crawford
and Alana Bloom watching closely.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

The sound of breathing.

We move through the darkened space to find --

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

The telephone to his ear. He stands at the desk with his
laptop running the call-spoofing software.

CLOSE ON his marred lip next to the mouthpiece. Tears streak
his cheeks. He's just had his first breakup. And it stings.
It's hard for him to talk.

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

Hannibal can hear that it's difficult for the Dragon to speak. He eyes Jack and Alana, who study him, realizing he has to keep the Dragon on the line. He's soothing:

HANNIBAL

You are the Dragon. You don't have to be afraid.

A jagged breath and a sigh from the other end of the phone.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

You know who speaks. From the beginning, you and the Dragon had been one. You are Becoming and the Dragon is your higher self.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

If I'm not as strong as the Dragon, she will die. I know that.

HANNIBAL

Don't let fear leach your strength.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

I need to think. I need to think. I told her I can't be with her.

HANNIBAL

You are almost blind to your own true feelings, no more able to express them than a scar can blush.

(then)

Do you often not find out what you feel until you act?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Yes.

HANNIBAL

Do you know how you feel about her?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Yes.

(then)

I'm afraid she will come to the house. To talk. I don't know what will happen in the house.

(MORE)

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

The Dragon may come down. I know
how easily she would tear.

On the wall, a clock. PUSH IN on its second hand...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

Another second hand on another clock -- behind Jack and
Alana, on the wall.

ON HANNIBAL'S EYES as he watches it. Jack and Alana watching
him. Jack nods approvingly as the conversation continues --
checks his wristwatch.

Continue to INTERCUT with Dolarhyde.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

I think about what the Dragon will
do to me if I don't serve her up.

Hannibal stares through Jack and Alana, enjoying an audience.

HANNIBAL

Think about Will Graham's family.
Think about the weight of his wife
in your arms. Think about holding
him down until loss of blood makes
his heart quiver like a bird.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

I didn't hear Reba's heart.
(thinks, then)
I didn't. She called me a man. A
sweet man.

Hannibal looks to the clock on the wall. CLOSE ON the slow-
moving second hand. Then:

BACK TO HANNIBAL

HANNIBAL

They're listening.

And he puts down the phone.

Jack glares at Hannibal in cold anger and then makes for the
exit. Leaving Alana to stare at Hannibal, hardly surprised.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

ON DOLARHYDE as the dead line hums in his ear.

And then he moves, grabbing up his laptop and rushing out of there, charging past CAMERA, OUT OF FRAME --

-- and then CAMERA moves slowly round as if to follow...

BUT THE LIGHTING CHANGES

And in the SAME SHOT we are now night.

And instead of Dolarhyde, we find --

BRIAN ZELLER and JIMMY PRICE

As they are checking the office for evidence. A couple of armed FBI AGENTS at the door.

Jack Crawford comes through between them. He looks round the office like it has a bad smell. Being here offends him.

BRIAN ZELLER

The Tooth Fairy was using call-spoofing software, piggybacking Lecter's old line, but the caller ID showed his lawyer's number.

Jack looks round the office.

JACK CRAWFORD

Hannibal's having his fun.

As CAMERA PULLS UP AND AWAY...

CUT TO:

A SEQUENCE:

As hands slowly take down Hannibal's drawings.

Images float past CAMERA. His books and luxuries slowly stripped from his cell.

As his cell is made bare, we INTERCUT:

With CLOSE SHOTS of hands and legs being shackled and strapped. Leather straps are closed tight. A straitjacket is cinched.

The stripping of the cell juxtaposed with Hannibal being restrained, until we finally PULL OUT from the bare, empty cell to reveal --

HANNIBAL

In the iconic bite mask, strapped to an upright trolley in the center of the cell, in classic *Silence of the Lambs* mode.

He stares straight ahead, and then Alana Bloom steps into his eyeline and comes close.

ALANA BLOOM

You're not the only one who keeps
their promises, Hannibal.

(then)

The toilet, too.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

PIXELS

A soup of COLOR BOXES moving in controlled waves. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are watching a baseball game on a television monitor. As the pixelated batter swings...

CLOSE ON A BASEBALL BAT

It connects with a ball and BANG; again -- BANG; again -- BANG.

CLOSE ON MOLLY (FLASHBACK)

Car windows explode around her. BANG-BANG-BANG. She's struck by two bullets blasting through shoulder and stomach.

HARD CUT TO:

CLOSE ON MOLLY'S EYES

They calmly open as the sounds of hospital equipment slowly fade into her awareness. We are --

INT. HOSPITAL - MOLLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Molly lies in her bed. Will asleep in the chair tucked under the television, mounted on the wall, playing a baseball game.

Molly watches Will a moment, a tear streaks her cheek. Will opens his eyes and they look at each other. Frank gazes, but the silence is awkward; so much love, guilt, rage.

Will crosses to Molly's side, taking her hand, kissing her gently across her face.

MOLLY

You put on baseball. Why did you put on baseball?

WILL GRAHAM

I wanted you to feel safe. Wally's safe. The dogs are safe. We're picking them up, bringing them in.

A weak smile, then:

MOLLY

You look different. You said you would be. You said you wouldn't be the same when you came home.

WILL GRAHAM

You said you would.

MOLLY

Boy, was I wrong about that. I wanted you to go, I told you to go. No one to blame but myself. And Jack Crawford. I do blame Jack Crawford.

WILL GRAHAM

Jack knew what he was doing.

(then)

And so did I. I thought he would never see me or know my name.

MOLLY

Is he after you now? Is that why he came after us?

WILL GRAHAM

He came after you because Hannibal suggested it, urged him to do it.

MOLLY

It's a clammy, sick feeling.

WILL GRAHAM

I know it is.

MOLLY

Wally almost died. My son almost died. I almost died.

(then)

I knew it was him. I knew it was him. I saw your picture in that paper and I knew it was him.

She takes a deep breath and when she lets it out, the anger seems to go with it, leaving her tired and calm.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Hell, I got mad there for a second.

WILL GRAHAM

I hate this, Molly. I'm sorry.

MOLLY

This could take awhile.

WILL GRAHAM

It might.

MOLLY

We'll be back home, won't we?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

She studies him, can sense he's still very haunted.

MOLLY

Tough to hold onto anything good.
It's all so slippery.

WILL GRAHAM

Slick as hell.

OFF Will...

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As Will walks, tall black double doors close behind him as we
MERGE backgrounds and TRANSITION TO:

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

As Will walks toward the glass. Hannibal regards him from
the opposite side. PROFILE ANGLE -- the glass centers the
FRAME, Will and Hannibal equidistant apart from it.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm just about worn out with you
crazy sons of bitches.

HANNIBAL

The essence of the worst of the
human spirit is not found in the
crazy sons of bitches. Ugliness is
found in the faces of the crowd.

WILL GRAHAM

What did you say to him?

HANNIBAL

"Save yourself. Kill them all."
Then I gave him your home address.

Will stares at him a moment, wrapping his head around
Hannibal's simple, unapologetic reply.

WILL GRAHAM

Always scheming toward hurt.

HANNIBAL

How is the wife?

WILL GRAHAM

She has a vigilance for lumps and
hard-bought knowledge that time is
luck. How's my wife? She's lucky.

HANNIBAL

She survived the Great Red Dragon.
Takes a pinch more than luck. You
married her for something.

(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

When you look at her now, what do you see?

WILL GRAHAM

You know what I see.

HANNIBAL

Before he became the Red Dragon, this shy boy would not have dared any of this.

WILL GRAHAM

Now he thinks he can do anything. Anything. Anything.

HANNIBAL

Fear brushes the walls of your chest, circling inside you like a bat in a house. Get hold of it.

WILL GRAHAM

The Dragon's gotten hold of his.

HANNIBAL

The Dragon likely thinks you're as much a monster as you think he is.

WILL GRAHAM

Is this a competition?

HANNIBAL

"Two souls, alas, are dwelling in my breast, and one is striving to forsake its brother."

(off Will's stare)

The Great Red Dragon is freedom to him, shedding his skin, the sound of his voice, his own reflection. The building of a new body and the othering of himself, the splitting of his personality, all seem active and deliberate. He craves change.

WILL GRAHAM

He didn't murder those families? He changed them?

HANNIBAL

He wants to change you, too. Don't you crave change, Will?

OFF Hannibal...

END OF EPISODE