

HANNIBAL  
"Fromage"

TEASER

1 INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON 1 1

The door OPENS and BEDELIA, a beautiful woman in her 40's speaks to her patient:

BEDELIA  
Hello. Please come in.

CAMERA REVEALS her patient is HANNIBAL LECTER.

2 INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - AFTERNOON 1 2

Hannibal sits opposite Bedelia, who doesn't mince words:

BEDELIA  
This always goes better if I'm perfectly honest with you.

HANNIBAL  
What would be the point otherwise.

BEDELIA  
Well, one of us has to be honest.

HANNIBAL  
I'm honest.

BEDELIA  
Not perfectly.

HANNIBAL  
As honest as anyone.

BEDELIA  
Not really. I have conversations with a version of you and hope the actual you gets what he needs.

HANNIBAL  
A version of me?

BEDELIA  
Naturally, I respect its meticulous construction, but you are wearing a very well tailored person suit.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL  
(good-natured teasing)  
Do you refer to me as Person Suit  
with your psychiatrist friends?

BEDELIA  
I don't discuss patients with my  
psychiatrist friends, especially  
since I only have one patient who  
chose to ignore my retirement.

HANNIBAL  
A patient who wears a Person Suit.

BEDELIA  
I can still see the shape of you,  
but you're elegantly obstructed.  
So really, it's less of a person  
suit and more of a human veil.

HANNIBAL  
I prefer we call it a human shield.

BEDELIA  
That must be lonely.

HANNIBAL  
I have friends. And the  
opportunities for friends.

BEDELIA  
On the other side of the veil.

HANNIBAL  
You and I are friendly.

BEDELIA  
You're my patient and my colleague,  
not my friend. When your hour is  
up I'll pour you a glass of wine,  
nevertheless you'll be drinking it  
on the other side of the veil.

HANNIBAL  
Why do you bother?

BEDELIA  
I see enough of you to see the  
truth of you. And I like you.

Hannibal smiles, liking her as she opens a small wine closet.

(CONTINUED)

BEDELIA (CONT'D)  
Red or white.

HANNIBAL  
I think something pink, don't you?

CLOSE ON - GLASS

A GUSH OF WHISKEY swirls around the bottom.

3 INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1 3

WILL GRAHAM lies with dogs, enjoying three fingers of juice. The SPACE HEATER in the fireplace emits a warm halo around the pack as Will works over the innards of the boat motor.

Will stops working, listening. He eyes the dogs, they don't react, going about their leisure. Will returns to work.

A distant, almost imperceptible CRY. Will stops again. He glances at the dogs, they still don't react. Another WIMPER. Just as far away, but louder. Whatever it is, it's desperate.

Will stands, shrugs on a coat and grabs a flashlight.

4 EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT 1 4

Will walks onto the front porch, closing the door so the dogs can't follow him. He listens. An even more frantic CRY.

Will hurries off the porch in the direction of the distress.

5 EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - FIELD - NIGHT 1 5

Will wades into the darkness, his flashlight growing fainter.

ON WILL

The crying is more intense now. It rises and falls, growing louder and softer as Will searches, wincing at the horrible sound of the high-pitched, fear-induced whines.

Then a sudden quiet.

Will holds his breath, listening, shining his flashlight in the direction of the last, sad whimper. Nothing.

He stands there a moment, unsure what to do. A discordant CELLO NOTE strikes and we...

CUT TO:

6 INT. CHORDOPHONE STRING SHOP - MORNING 2 6

CAMERA SLOWLY FOLLOWS the discordant sound through a densely populated store front filled with GUITARS, SITARS, REBABS, BASS, VIOLIN, VIOLA CELLO, MANDOLINS and HARPS.

CAMERA CONTINUES PUSHING THROUGH A NARROW DOORWAY INTO:

7 INT. CHORDOPHONE STRING SHOP - PARLOR - CONTINUOUS 7

Behind the store front, a small room for private lessons.

ON A PRE-TEEN CELLO PLAYER

He STRIKES the discordant note and his teacher, TOBIAS (fit, handsome, 30s) winces then politely smiles, encouraging.

PRE-TEEN CELLO PLAYER  
These strings are harder to bow  
than the regular ones.

TOBIAS  
You have to learn how to bow  
authentic strings to better bow  
strings how they're made today.

PRE-TEEN CELLO PLAYER  
I should be learning the easy  
strings first, then the hard ones.

TOBIAS  
No, you shouldn't.

PRE-TEEN CELLO PLAYER  
Are they really made from cat guts?

TOBIAS  
Usually sheep or goat. Not always.

CAMERA PUSHES INTO the CELLO STRINGS and we CINEMATICALY (over a series of SHOTS) CHRONICLE IN **REVERSE MOTION** the ORIGIN STORY OF THE CELLO STRINGS:

THE STRING UN-STRETCHES, REMOVED FROM THE CELLO

THE STRING UNTWISTS INTO SINEWY INTESTINAL STRANDS

BLOODY HEAP OF INTESTINES PULLED INTO AN OPEN ABDOMINAL WOUND

THE ABDOMINAL WOUND CLOSES BEHIND A SHARP TOOL

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: 7

A BOUND AND GAGGED MAN'S DEAD EYES REVERSE INTO LIFE AS...

**TIME AND MOTION RETURNS TO NORMAL**

THE SHARP TOOL SLASHES

INTESTINES SPILL OUT OF THE OPEN WOUND

GAGGED MAN MUFFLES A SCREAM AS HIS EYES ROLL INTO DEATH

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

ON WILL GRAHAM

He trounces through stark, bare branches slicing the early morning sun. The CRUNCH of frost-covered brush. We are --

8 EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - FIELD - MORNING 2 8

As Will scans the forest floor around him, CAMERA REVEALS ALANA BLOOM searching the underbrush, as well.

WILL GRAHAM

If it wasn't a coyote, the coyotes probably got it. Probably got it even if it was a coyote.

ALANA BLOOM

You're not expecting to find it alive, are you?

WILL GRAHAM

We'll be lucky to find a paw.

ALANA BLOOM

If I knew we were looking for a paw, I'd've been looking closer.

WILL GRAHAM

I just want to get rid of anything that might attract predators.

ALANA BLOOM

You invited me over to help you collect animal parts?

WILL GRAHAM

(shakes his head "no")

I invited you over on the off chance we find it alive. Hard to wrangle a wounded animal by myself.

(then, realizing)

Did you think it was a date?

ALANA BLOOM

Honestly, it never crossed my mind.

Will is at first relieved, then almost disappointed.

WILL GRAHAM

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

ALANA BLOOM  
You just don't seem like you date.

WILL GRAHAM  
(good-natured teasing)  
Too broken to date.

ALANA BLOOM  
You're not broken. You're puzzled.

WILL GRAHAM  
I am puzzled. What's your excuse?

ALANA BLOOM  
For not dating? Why are you  
assuming I don't date?

WILL GRAHAM  
Do you?

ALANA BLOOM  
No. Feels like something for  
somebody else. I'm sure I'll  
become that somebody some day but  
right now I think too much.

WILL GRAHAM  
It's hard to date when you notice  
everything they do and have a  
pretty good idea why they do it.

ALANA BLOOM  
Worse than dating a psychiatrist is  
being a psychiatrist dating.

WILL GRAHAM  
Are you going to try to think less  
or wait until it happens naturally?

ALANA BLOOM  
I haven't thought about it.

Will stops, puzzling over the icy underbrush around them.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)  
See something?

Will glances around, making certain before he answers:

WILL GRAHAM  
No, actually. I don't even see any  
tracks. Except the ones we made.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Will as he considers that and we...

CUT TO:

9 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY 2 9

The door OPENS and Hannibal speaks to his next patient:

HANNIBAL  
Good morning. Please come in.

CAMERA FINDS Franklyn waiting.

10 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - DAY 2 10

An inscrutable Hannibal sits across from Franklyn.

FRANKLYN  
I have a lot of respect for you and  
what you do. Since I can't be your  
friend, or you're not comfortable  
with that, I found myself looking  
at my friends through your eyes.  
Imagining what you'd say about  
them. What your diagnosis would be.

HANNIBAL  
So you become the psychoanalyst?

FRANKLYN  
Little bit. Or I become you.

HANNIBAL  
That's an insightful observation.

FRANKLYN  
You helped me get to know myself.

HANNIBAL  
Who are you psychoanalyzing?

FRANKLYN  
My friend Tobias.  
(then)  
I Googled psychopaths. Went down  
the checklist and was a little  
surprised how many boxes I checked.

Hannibal smiles at Franklyn's internet psychoanalysis.

HANNIBAL  
Why were you so curious to Google?

(CONTINUED)



FRANKLYN

He's been saying very dark things  
and then saying just kidding. A  
lot. Started to seem kinda crazy.  
(corrects himself)  
Or is that like saying retarded  
now. Are you allowed to say crazy?

HANNIBAL

Psychopaths are not crazy. They're  
fully aware of what they do and the  
consequences of those actions.

FRANKLYN

Would you diagnose somebody like  
Tobias as a psychopath.

HANNIBAL

I might diagnose him with an  
antisocial personality disorder.

FRANKLYN

What kind of disorder is that? Are  
you supposed to diagnose other  
people in front of me? Or would  
you rather just talk about me?

HANNIBAL

Not at all.

FRANKLYN

Are you bored with me?

HANNIBAL

This is your hour, Franklyn. We  
will talk about whatever you would  
like to talk about.

FRANKLYN

I want to talk about Tobias. Maybe  
you can help me analyze him.

HANNIBAL

I'm not analyzing your friend. I'm  
analyzing your perception of him.  
May help you know yourself better.  
You could be projecting onto him  
what you consider to be your flaws.

Franklyn is suddenly haunted by a thought:

FRANKLYN

Does that mean I'm a psychopath?

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

You're not a psychopath. Although  
you may be attracted to them.

Franklyn considers that, clueless to the entirety of its  
meaning.

CLOSE ON - A DEAD MAN'S VACANT STARE

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL his mouth is agape, broken teeth,  
head held upright by the NECK OF A VIOLIN jammed down his  
gullet. His throat is OPEN, cut horizontally below the  
Adam's apple and vertically down the middle splayed open as  
if for dissection, the flaps of flesh affixed to metal rings.

We are --

11 INT. CONCERT HALL - AUDITORIUM - DAY 2 11

The Dead Man sits in a kneeling ergonomic chair duct-taped to  
a back brace that holds him in an upright position.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK REVEALING the Dead Man is alone  
CENTER STAGE, the theater is empty save for:

WILL GRAHAM AND JACK CRAWFORD

They walk down the aisle, approaching the corpse, curious.  
VARIOUS POLICE OFFICERS, F.B.I., BRIAN ZELLER, JIMMY PRICE  
and BEVERLY KATZ stand near the LOBBY DOORS, observing.

JACK CRAWFORD

Victim is Douglas Wilson, member of  
the Baltimore Metropolitan  
Orchestra. Brass section.  
Trombone player.

WILL GRAHAM

Low brass. Was he any good?

JACK CRAWFORD

He was killed sometime after his  
last performance. Blunt force  
trauma to the back of the head.

WILL GRAHAM

His killer brought him back here to  
put on a show.

JACK CRAWFORD

Got some idea about who'd do this?

Will shakes two aspirin out of bottle, tosses them back.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

I may be courting that feeling that precedes an idea.

JACK CRAWFORD

Seems like it's getting easier for you to look.

WILL GRAHAM

I tell myself it's purely an intellectual exercise.

JACK CRAWFORD

In the narrow definition of forensics, that's what it is.

WILL GRAHAM

But it's not getting easier, Jack. I shake it off and keep looking.

JACK CRAWFORD

Good. You shake it off.

(then)

You're all wired. I'll come back in when you tell me.

Jack turns, climbing down from the stage. A POLICE OFFICER pulls the AUDITORIUM DOORS CLOSED behind Jack. The other SET OF DOORS are CLOSED by another LOCAL POLICE OFFICER.

Will Graham is now alone. He crosses the stage, circles the Dead Man. He takes a breath, exhales, then closes his eyes.

A PENDULUM

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

ON WILL GRAHAM

He walks backward, away from the Dead Man, toward the lip of the stage. He climbs down and sits in the front row.

FWUM. The PENDULUM is now outside Will's head. FWUM. FWUM. It SWINGS through FRAME, bringing down the HOUSE LIGHTS, plunging the seats of the auditorium into relative darkness.

FWUM. We are now...

A12

INT. CHORDOPHONE STRING SHOP - BASEMENT

A12

A dark, indistinct space. Only Will and the Dead Man.

(CONTINUED)

A12

FWUM. The butterfly wings of the THROAT WOUND CLOSE,  
wrapping around neck and sealing the flesh together.

THE PENDULUM

It stops swinging.

ON WILL GRAHAM

Will watches the BOUND and GAGGED MAN secured to the chair.  
The soon-to-be-Dead Man struggles against his bindings as  
Will emerges from the darkness and brings down a mallet on  
the back of his head, knocking his head violently forward.

WILL GRAHAM

I open the throat from the outside.  
Three incisions, one to bleed him,  
second to open the trachea and a  
third to expose the vocal chords.

Will makes the incisions, slicing out a disc of trachea.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I open the throat from inside with  
the neck of a violin.

Will places a VIOLIN NECK into the Dead Man's open mouth,  
pushing it down his neck, until he can see the end of it  
through the opening he's made. This draws Will's attention  
to the powdery white residue on the victim's throat.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Powder on the wounds.

He looks out on the meticulously designed acoustic space.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

It's rosin from a bow.

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - A BOW

BEVERLY KATZ gently thumps the hairs of the bow, creating a  
light cloud of powder drifting on the air.

(CONTINUED)

BEVERLY KATZ  
That's exactly what it is.

SMASH BACK TO:

Will stands behind the corpse holding a string bow, back in the character of the killer.

WILL GRAHAM  
I wanted to play him. I wanted to  
create a sound.

He raises the bow to the dead man's open throat.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
This sound wasn't for you or from  
you. It was from me. My sound.  
(then)  
This is my design.

He runs the bow across the exposed and presented vocal  
chords, wrapped around the small end of the HEARING HORN  
intubator, emitting a single chilling note.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
I give voice to death.

CAMERA PULLS BACK over the auditorium as Will Graham bows the  
dead man's throat creating an eerie, incandescent sound...

...until CAMERA FINDS GARRET JACOB HOBBS sitting alone. Will  
abruptly stops playing, then realizes no one else is there.

12 INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - AFTERNOON 2 12

Hannibal sits opposite Bedelia, who listens as he speaks:

HANNIBAL  
I worry I've made Franklyn feel  
powerless. His obsession with me  
is interfering with his progress.

She doesn't engage as much as wait, drawing Hannibal out.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)  
He wants to be my friend.

BEDELIA  
Are these the opportunities for  
friendship you spoke about?

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

I'm considering referring him to  
another doctor.

BEDELIA

Referrals can be complicated. I  
referred you to another  
psychiatrist. You refused.

HANNIBAL

I'm more tenacious than Franklyn.

BEDELIA

Why were you so tenacious?

HANNIBAL

I feel protective of you.

His admission makes her feel uncomfortable, but she hides it.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

You support me as my colleague and  
psychiatrist and as a human being,  
I want to be supportive of you.

BEDELIA

I'm not the only psychiatrist who's  
ever been attacked by a patient.

HANNIBAL

I hesitated to even bring up the  
subject of an obsessive patient  
because of your experience.

BEDELIA

Can't allow what happened to me to  
interfere with your progress.

HANNIBAL

You do.

(CONTINUED)

BEDELIA

Hannibal. I'm your psychiatrist,  
you're not mine.

As Hannibal considers Bedelia and her observation...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

CLOSE ON - THE DEAD MAN'S MOUTH

CAMERA PULLS OUT OF THE MAW to REVEAL we are --

13

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

13

Beverly Katz uses magnifying goggles as she examines the open throat wounds with a small plastic instrument. Brian Zeller leans over the exposed vocal chords. Jimmy Price cranes his neck to get a better look over both their shoulders. Will Graham maintains a short distance from the body, hovering nearby.

BRIAN ZELLER  
Played him like a fiddle.

JIMMY PRICE  
Doesn't seem like he was playing.

BEVERLY KATZ  
Along with rosin powder, we found sodium carbonate, sulfur dioxide, lye and olive oil in the wounds.

BRIAN ZELLER  
What's up with the olive oil?

JIMMY PRICE  
He wasn't making a salad.

BRIAN ZELLER  
Removed anything non-muscular or fatty around the vocal folds. Chords themselves have been treated with a sulfur dioxide solution.

CLOSE ON - THROAT WOUND

Beverly plucks a very fine hair from the tissue.

BEVERLY KATZ  
Applied with a squirrel hair brush. Of squirrel, not for squirrel.

JIMMY PRICE  
Sulfur dioxide had the effect of hardening the vocal chords.

From across the room, Will looks closely at the Dead Man.

(CONTINUED)



WILL GRAHAM  
Made them easier to play.

CAMERA PUSHES INTO WILL

ALL SOUND IS DULLED and finally over-taken by the sustained CHORD he struck earlier playing the Dead Man's throat. Will winces at the din of sound growing in his head. He focuses through it, staring at the Dead Man on the table, then:

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Had to open you up to get a decent sound out of you.

SOUND RETURNS TO NORMAL as Zeller, Price and Katz give Will a slow glance. He shakes off the ringing tone in his ears.

BEVERLY KATZ  
You pick it up and can't play it,  
he'll put you down and play you.

BRIAN ZELLER  
He took the time to whiten the vocal chords before he played them.  
That's not very contemptuous.

WILL GRAHAM  
It wasn't about whitening them. It was about increasing elasticity.

BEVERLY KATZ  
He's treating the vocal chords the same way you'd treat catgut string.  
(then)  
Yes, I played the violin.

WILL GRAHAM  
We should be looking at musicians, people who make instruments, anyone who had a ticket to his last show.

Will stares at the human instrument on the morgue table.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
This takes a steady hand. A confidence. He's killed before.

JIMMY PRICE  
Like this?

WILL GRAHAM  
Not like this. This is a skilled musician trying a new instrument.

(CONTINUED)

13

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Will and we...

CUT TO:

14

INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - DAY 2

14

Hannibal studies a pensive Will Graham as he observes:

HANNIBAL

Among the first musical instruments  
were flutes carved from human bone.

WILL GRAHAM

This murder was a performance.

HANNIBAL

Every life is a piece of music.  
Like music, we are finite events,  
unique arrangements. Sometimes  
harmonious, sometimes dissonant.

WILL GRAHAM

Sometimes not worth hearing again.

HANNIBAL

He's a poet and a psychopath.

WILL GRAHAM

And a craftsman. He was shrinking  
and tanning the vocal chords.

HANNIBAL

Like turning iron wire into musical  
steel string. Was there olive oil?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

HANNIBAL

Whatever sound he was trying to  
produce, it was an authentic one.

WILL GRAHAM

Authentic?

HANNIBAL

Olive oil hasn't been used in the  
production of catgut for over a  
century. It was said to increase  
the life of the strings and create  
a sweeter, more melodic sound.

That doesn't sit well with Will.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

I can hear what he was playing  
behind my eyes, when I close them.

HANNIBAL

What do you see behind closed eyes?

Will considers how to answer Hannibal's question, then  
decides to do it honestly:

WILL GRAHAM

I see myself.

Hannibal ponders the deeper meaning of that, studying Will.

HANNIBAL

You said the killer was performing.  
Who was he performing for?

WILL GRAHAM

I don't know. Patron of the arts.  
Fellow musician. Or another killer.

HANNIBAL

It's a serenade.

WILL GRAHAM

One night only.

HANNIBAL

No repeat performance?

WILL GRAHAM

This isn't how he kills. How he  
kills, he doesn't get caught.

HANNIBAL

You believe he risked getting  
caught for a serenade?

WILL GRAHAM

I believe he wants to show someone  
how well he plays.

HANNIBAL

Intriguing.

TIME CUT TO:

HANNIBAL

His clothes have changed, as has the lighting in the room,  
but the conversation feels continuous.

(CONTINUED)

We are --

15 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING 3 15

Hannibal now sits across from Franklyn.

FRANKLYN  
Remember when I said Tobias was  
saying dark things?

HANNIBAL  
I made note of it.

FRANKLYN  
He said he was gonna cut somebody's  
throat and play it like a violin.

Hannibal stares at Franklyn, studying him.

FRANKLYN (CONT'D)  
They found somebody whose throat  
was cut and played like a violin.

HANNIBAL  
Franklyn, do you think Tobias  
killed that man at the symphony?

FRANKLYN  
I don't know. I don't -- I don't --  
If I do, do I have to report it?

HANNIBAL  
Do you have reason not to?

FRANKLYN  
What if I'm wrong?

HANNIBAL  
What if you're right?

FRANKLYN  
I'm wrong all the time. Why would  
he say something like that to me?

HANNIBAL  
Why do you think?

Franklyn takes longer to say it than to think it.

FRANKLYN  
Because he knew I would tell you.

16 EXT. CHORDOPHONE STRING SHOP - DAY 3 16

Hannibal slows as he approaches the front door, hearing a haunting melody dancing off violin strings somewhere inside.

17 INT. CHORDOPHONE STRING SHOP - DAY 3 17

Densely stocked with string instruments of all varieties. The door OPENS and Hannibal's hand quickly slips through the crack, gently silencing the BELL above before it can ring. He stands inside the door, listening to the haunting strings.

Until they abruptly stop. Hannibal allows the bell to ring as he closes the door. Tobias ENTERS from the back room to find Hannibal admiring the strings of a displayed instrument.

TOBIAS

You're Franklyn's therapist. Dr.  
Lecter. Nice to see you again.

Hannibal feigns an attempt at remembering his name.

HANNIBAL

Is it Tobias?

TOBIAS

Yes.

HANNIBAL

Your strings are all gut.

TOBIAS

I also carry steel and polymer  
strings, if you prefer.

HANNIBAL

I prefer gut. Harps found in the  
tombs of Thebes strung with gut  
still made music after 2000 years.  
Wonderful music you were making.

TOBIAS

I didn't hear you ring the bell.

HANNIBAL

I didn't want you to stop playing.  
Was it an original composition?

TOBIAS

Something I've been writing.  
(then)  
You compose?

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

I discover. Can't impose traditional composition on an instrument that's inherently free form.

TOBIAS

What instrument would that be?

HANNIBAL

The theremin.

TOBIAS

Instruments speak volumes about the musician playing them. Especially one that doesn't require touch.

HANNIBAL

Theremin isn't the only instrument I play, but it is one of my favorites. It can generate any pitch throughout its range, even those between conventional notes.

TOBIAS

So can a violin or a trombone.

HANNIBAL

Are those your instruments?

TOBIAS

The violin. Not the trombone.

HANNIBAL

It seems we're both comfortable playing between conventional notes.

(then)

Too bad you don't play the sliphorn. I hear the Orchestra is looking for a new trombonist.

TOBIAS

Altogether horrible what happened.

HANNIBAL

Not altogether. It's an unfortunate way to leave the symphony, yes, but I can't help thinking the orchestra will be better for it.

Tobias studies Hannibal, realizing he's being baited.

(CONTINUED)

TOBIAS

At least the brass section. What brings you here looking for gut?

HANNIBAL

My harpsichord needs new strings.  
It's making an awful noise.  
Perhaps you could help?

OFF Tobias, intrigued...

18 EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3 18

TIME-LAPSE ESTABLISHING.

19 INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3 19

WILL GRAHAM ties a fly, hearing the distant strains of the haunting music from the amphitheater. Frustrated, he drops the hook, covers his ears, and the music fades. Then he hears a faint SCRATCHING noise. Will's eyes open, staring into middle distance as he listens. Another SCRATCH-SCRATCH.

Will looks at the dogs, who sleep soundly. SCRATCH-SCRATCH. Will OPENS the front door and listens. SCRATCH.

There's nothing outside. Will scans the front porch and yard before finally closing the door. SCRATCH-SCRATCH-SCRATCH. The dogs still don't react, even as Will steps over them, searching for the source of the SCRATCHING in the house.

Will approaches the chimney wall above the fireplace. He presses his ear against the brick and listens.

Nothing.

Then SCRATCH-SCRATCH-SCRATCH and we --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

DARKNESS

CAMERA PULLS OUT OF BLACK to REVEAL a gaping, jagged hole in a chimney, surrounded by ruptured plaster and dry wall.

We are --

20 INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3 20

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK to FIND Alana Bloom, still wearing her coat, and Will Graham, covered in dust and soot, gazing in at the jagged hole in the chimney. The dogs are all resting on Will's bed on the other side of the room.

ALANA BLOOM  
What kind of animal was it?

WILL GRAHAM  
Might've been a raccoon.

ALANA BLOOM  
Might've been?

WILL GRAHAM  
By the time I knocked a hole in the chimney, it crawled out the top.

Alana considers Will as surreptitiously as possible. Nevertheless Will notices her studied glance.

ALANA BLOOM  
Well, at least it got out.

WILL GRAHAM  
What are you doing out?

ALANA BLOOM  
Thought I'd make some noise and shoo away any predators at your door but looks like you were making plenty of noise all by yourself.

She nudges a river rock part of the chimney's structure. Will eyes Alana a moment, curious.

WILL GRAHAM  
You avoided being in a room alone with me, essentially, since I met you. You were smooth about it, too.

(CONTINUED)



ALANA BLOOM  
Evidently not smooth enough.

WILL GRAHAM  
Now you're making house calls.

ALANA BLOOM  
It's just a drive-by. On my way  
home. Since you're not my patient.

WILL GRAHAM  
No, I'm not.

Will pulls her closer and he brings his lips to hers in a  
KISS. Alana's mind reels for a split second before she  
RETURNS THE KISS. A moment of genuine, careless passion and  
then Alana's brow furrows. She breaks off the kiss.

ALANA BLOOM  
I'm confused.

WILL GRAHAM  
You have to stop thinking so much.

ALANA BLOOM  
I can stop the thinking if we're  
not... But if we're...

WILL GRAHAM  
Intimate.

ALANA BLOOM  
The way I am in relationships, not  
that this is a relationship, it's  
just a kiss, a great kiss, but the  
way I am isn't compatible with....

WILL GRAHAM  
The way I am.

ALANA BLOOM  
I wouldn't be good for you. You  
wouldn't be good for me. "We"  
wouldn't be good for either of us.

She eyes the pile of debris in front of the fireplace.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)  
I wouldn't be able to stop  
analyzing. I have a professional  
curiosity about you.

He kisses her again. She doesn't resist.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not your patient.

ALANA BLOOM

If I were my patient, my advice to me would be... don't do this. I have to take my own advice.

(then)

I'm going to go ahead and go now.  
Good night, Will.

OFF Will as he watches Alana go...

INT. HANNIBAL'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 3

Hannibal pours Tobias a glass of wine, he smells and sips.

HANNIBAL

A late harvest Vidal from Linden.

TOBIAS

Virginia? I thought it was French.

HANNIBAL

The Virginia wine revolution is upon us. I apologize for being so blunt, Tobias, but I have to ask... did you kill that trombonist?

TOBIAS

Do you really have to ask?

HANNIBAL

No. Just changing the subject.

TOBIAS

Franklyn gave you my message.

HANNIBAL

The murder is being investigated by the FBI. They're going to find you.

TOBIAS

Let them.

HANNIBAL

You want to be caught?

TOBIAS

I want them to try.

(then)

They may question me because I own a string shop.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

They'd send two men to conduct an interview, I'd kill them. Then I would find Franklyn, kill him. Then I would disappear.

HANNIBAL

Don't kill Franklyn.

TOBIAS

I've been looking forward to it. Actually, I was going to kill you.

HANNIBAL

Of course you were. I'm lean. Lean animals yield the toughest gut.

TOBIAS

I make my own string. Tell anyone who asks, it's imported from Italy.

HANNIBAL

What stopped you from wanting to kill me? Or have you stopped?

TOBIAS

I stopped after I followed you one night. Out of town. Out of state. To a lonely road. To a bus yard.

Hannibal's face goes still.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

Have you ever wanted to get caught? To see what would happen?

HANNIBAL

You're reckless, Tobias.

TOBIAS

I'm not going to tell anyone what I saw you do and do well. So my recklessness doesn't concern you.

HANNIBAL

It concerns me because you won't be drawing attention just to yourself.

TOBIAS

I could use a friend. Someone who can understand me. Who thinks like I do, and can see the world and the people in it the way I do.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL  
I know exactly how you feel. But I  
don't want to be your friend.

TOBIAS  
Then why would you invite me to  
dinner? It wasn't just to re-  
string your harpsichord.

HANNIBAL  
I was going to kill you.

Tobias glances at his food, then back to Hannibal.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)  
I didn't poison you, Tobias. I  
wouldn't do that to the food.

The doorbell RINGS.

TOBIAS  
Expecting someone?

HANNIBAL  
No.

OFF Tobias' steely stare...

22 INT. HANNIBAL'S HOME - MUD ROOM - NIGHT 3 22

Hannibal OPENS the DOOR TO REVEAL Will Graham, shaking off  
his raincoat in the MUD ROOM.

WILL GRAHAM  
I kissed Alana Bloom.

Hannibal blinks almost imperceptibly.

HANNIBAL  
Come in.

23 INT. HANNIBAL'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 3 23

Hannibal leads Will into the room, surreptitiously looking  
for Tobias. Will notices the half-eaten meals as Hannibal  
shuts the garden door, locks it and pulls the shades before  
Will can see the footsteps in the snow outside.

WILL GRAHAM  
Did you have a guest?

HANNIBAL  
A colleague. You just missed him.

(CONTINUED)

Hannibal clears the plates with the half-eaten meals.

WILL GRAHAM  
Didn't finish his dinner.

HANNIBAL  
An urgent call of some sort. Had  
to leave suddenly. This benefits  
you because I have dessert for two.

24 INT. HANNIBAL'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT 3 24

Hannibal whisks whipped cream and tosses a dollop on two  
Ramekins overflowing with an exotic bread pudding.

HANNIBAL  
Tell me, what was Alana's reaction?

WILL GRAHAM  
She said she wouldn't be good for  
me and I wouldn't be good for her.

HANNIBAL  
I don't disagree.  
(off Will's look)  
She would feel an obligation to her  
field of study to observe you. And  
you would resent her for it.

WILL GRAHAM  
I know.

HANNIBAL  
Wondering then why you kissed her  
and felt compelled to drive an hour  
in the snow to tell me about it.

WILL GRAHAM  
Wanted to kiss her since I met her.

HANNIBAL  
You waited a long time, which  
suggests you were kissing her for a  
reason in addition to wanting to.

WILL GRAHAM  
I heard an animal trapped in my  
chimney. I broke through the wall  
to get it out. Didn't find  
anything inside. Alana showed up.  
She looked at me, maybe her face  
changed, I don't know. She knew.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

What did she know, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

There wasn't an animal in the chimney. It was only in my head.

HANNIBAL

Did she say that?

WILL GRAHAM

She didn't have to. I sleep walk. I get headaches. I'm hearing things. I feel unstable.

HANNIBAL

That's why you kissed her. A clutch for balance.

WILL GRAHAM

Because I'm losing mine.

HANNIBAL

You said yourself what you do is not good for you.

WILL GRAHAM

Unfortunately, I'm good for it.

HANNIBAL

Are you still hearing this killer's serenade behind your eyes?

WILL GRAHAM

(nods)

It's our song.

HANNIBAL

I hesitate telling you this as it borders on a violation of doctor-patient confidentiality. I've never been in this position before.

(then)

A patient told me today he suspects a friend of his may be involved with the murder at the symphony.

WILL GRAHAM

What did he say about his friend?

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

He owns a music store in Baltimore,  
specializing in string instruments.  
Perhaps you should interview him.

OFF Hannibal innocently sending Will into the lion's den...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

ON HANNIBAL

He stares into middle distance, an amused glint in his eye.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

For the first time in a long while  
I see a possibility of friendship.

We are --

25 INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY 4

25

Hannibal sits opposite Bedelia.

BEDELIA

Is there someone new in your life?

HANNIBAL

I met a man much like myself, same  
hobbies, same world views. But I'm  
not interested in being his friend.  
I'm curious about him and that got  
me curious about friendship.

BEDELIA

That's progress. I always  
considered you an individualist.  
The social anti-social.

HANNIBAL

A polite way of saying sociopath?

BEDELIA

I'm not sure how to categorize you  
in those terms. And I think you  
prefer it that way.

HANNIBAL

I'm afraid once you figure me out,  
you'll lose interest.

BEDELIA

Whose friendship are you  
considering?

HANNIBAL

Oddly enough, a colleague and a  
patient. Not unlike how I am a  
colleague and patient of yours.  
We've discussed him before.

(CONTINUED)



BEDELIA

Will Graham.

HANNIBAL

He's nothing like me. We see the world in different ways, yet he can assume my point of view.

BEDELIA

How has he demonstrated that?

HANNIBAL

He's demonstrated the capacity.

BEDELIA

By profiling the criminally insane?

HANNIBAL

As good a demonstration as any. I find it reassuring.

BEDELIA

It's nice to have someone see us, Hannibal. Or have the ability to see us. It requires trust. Trust isn't easy for you.

HANNIBAL

You mean, behind the veil?

She stares -- that's exactly what she means.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

You've helped me to better understand what I want in a friendship. And what I don't.

BEDELIA

Someone worthy of your friendship.

The word "worthy" rings true for Hannibal. She can see it.

HANNIBAL

Yes.

BEDELIA

You spend a lot of time building walls, Hannibal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2) 25

BEDELIA (CONT'D)

It's natural to want to see if  
anyone is clever enough to climb  
over them.

CUT TO:

A SNOWY SKY

Flakes sprinkle downward, funneling INTO CAMERA. We are --

26 EXT. CHORDOPHONE STRING SHOP - DAY 4 26

Will Graham is flanked by TWO LOCAL BALTIMORE POLICE OFFICERS  
as he approaches the front door.

27 INT. CHORDOPHONE STRING SHOP - DAY 4 27

The BELL above the door RINGS as Will ENTERS, followed by the  
TWO BALTIMORE POLICE OFFICERS - STEWART and DORMAU.

Tobias is escorting the PRE-TEEN CELLO PLAYER seen earlier  
out from the parlor behind the storefront.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm Special Agent Will Graham with  
the FBI. Are you the owner here?

TOBIAS

Yes, Tobias Budge. I'm just  
showing one of my students out.  
Can you give me a moment?

Will nods. Tobias guides Pre-Teen Cello Player out the door.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

JSB's Suite #1 for Saturday.

PRE-TEEN CELLO PLAYER

Okay.

Pre-Teen Cello Player glances over his shoulder, then EXITS.  
Tobias turns back to Will Graham and the Police Officers.

TOBIAS

What can I help you with?

WILL GRAHAM

We're investigating the death of  
Douglas Wilson. He was a --

TOBIAS

The Trombonist.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM  
Did you know him?

TOBIAS  
I was aware of him. Baltimore's a  
small town and its cultural arts  
community is even smaller.

Tobias adjusts a display cello, loosening the balance rod.

WILL GRAHAM  
That's why we're here, Mr. Budge.

TOBIAS  
I hear someone cut his throat and  
tried to play it with a bow.

WILL GRAHAM  
Why do you say try?

TOBIAS  
Strings have to be treated. You  
can't just open somebody up and run  
a bow across their innards and  
expect to produce a sound.

Will HEARS the familiar strains of the HAUNTING MELODY rising  
in his ears, trying to focus through it.

WILL GRAHAM  
The vocal chords were chemically  
treated, similar to how catgut  
strings are treated. We kept those  
details out of the press.

TOBIAS  
Looking for someone who knows how  
to manufacture gut strings?

WILL GRAHAM  
Anyone leap to mind?

Tobias hands Will a bundle of catgut strings, but he doesn't  
take his eyes off Tobias. Tobias is sensing his suspicion.

TOBIAS  
Mine are imported from Italy. Best  
catgut is. The String section of  
the Baltimore Metropolitan Orchestra  
refuses to play anything else.

WILL GRAHAM  
More authentic.

(CONTINUED)

27

TOBIAS  
A richer, darker sound. Allows  
music to say what words can't.

Then a HORRIBLE SKIDDING NOISE from outside followed by a  
SICKENING THUMP and the PAINED CRY of a DOG. Will startles.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)  
Something wrong?

WILL GRAHAM  
Sounded like a dog got hit by a  
car. You didn't hear it?

OFFICER STEWART  
I didn't hear anything.

Tobias and the other Police Officer shake their heads "no,"  
they didn't hear anything either. Another WIMPERED CRY.

WILL GRAHAM  
Excuse me a minute.

Tobias strums the strings of the cello he just straightened  
as he watches Will cross to the door and EXIT.

28 EXT. CHORDOPHONE STRINGS SHOP - DAY 4 - CONTINUOUS 28

Will steps out of the shop and down the walkway, his eyes  
searching the street for any sign of a commotion or wounded  
animal. He sees nothing. He hears nothing.

A PEDESTRIAN eyes Will and keeps moving. Will shakes out  
aspirin into his hand and tosses them back, swallowing hard.  
He rubs his forehead and squints at the snow, worried.

Finally, he trudges back toward...

29 INT. CHORDOPHONE STRINGS SHOP - DAY 4 29

Will Graham ENTERS and is quick to apologize.

WILL GRAHAM  
Sorry about that. I --

The store is empty. Approaching the counter, he pauses.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Officers. Officers.

(CONTINUED)

29

Will simultaneously retrieves weapon and phone.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
(then, to phone)  
I need ERT at Chordophone Strings  
downtown Baltimore. Officers down.

Will Graham steps behind the counter and slips into --

30

INT. CHORDOPHONE STRING SHOP - PARLOR - CONTINUOUS 30

The private room for lessons seen earlier. Will enters to find OFFICER STEWART tumbled over the piano bench, a CELLO ROD jammed under his neck through the top of his head.

Then suddenly, Will hears a strange noise coming from a the depths of an obscured STAIRCASE.

SCRATCH-SCRATCH-SCRATCH...

CLOSE ON WILL

Trying to decipher the sound. Gun out in front of him, he moves into the darkness of the stairs until it swallows him.

31

INT. CHORDOPHONE STRING SHOP - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 31

Will hugs the wall. He waits till his eyes adjust to the dim light of a single light bulb. But the smell tells him before his eyes can verify what his brain already knows.

This is where Tobias Budge makes his own catgut strings.

ROPES OF INTESTINES

Running the length of the room, drying. Lying in long cleansing troughs of water. Cut strings lying in piles like pasta in pans on a table. An eerie and horrible MAZE OF STRINGS in various stages of treatment.

CLOSE ON WILL

And then he hears it again.

Scratch-scratch-scratch...

It's coming from behind an opaque curtain hanging from the ceiling in the corner of the basement. Will approaches cautiously and then slips almost falling.

(CONTINUED)

31

He glances down to see what he stepped on. It is OFFICER DORMAU'S BADGE in a pool of blood.

ON WILL

He throws back the curtain to find Officer Dormau on his knees, dangling forward, supported by a SERIES OF RAZOR SHARP WIRE STRINGS cutting DEEP INTO HIS FACE AND NECK.

The Scratch-Scratch-Scratching SOUND was his intact hand swinging, rubbing against the cement floor -- while his severed and sliced hand whisks back and forth unobstructed.

Scratch-scratch-scratch.

Will doesn't allow himself to be distracted long, turning and scanning the area for any signs of Tobias Budge.

A BLUR OF MOVEMENT out of the corner of Will's eye. Tobias loops a MULTI-WIRED WEAPON (imagine a TWO BRASS KNUCKLES connected by FOUR RAZOR SHARP STRINGS) over Will's head.

Will raises an arm defensively over his face and throat, but the STRINGS CUT into him regardless. His gun comes up, FIRING next to his own ear and blowing TOBIAS' ear off.

The BANG is deafening, literally. Will's HEARING GOES DARK AND MUDDY, as he reels from the pain. He clutches his ear with his bloody hand, spinning to find Tobias clutching his own bloody ear. Will raises the gun to fire again and...

...Tobias is already moving, scurrying out of sight. BLAM! Will FIRES, missing Tobias and blowing a hole in the wall. BLAM! BLAM! Tobias quickly climbs the stairs and disappears.

Will stands there a moment, shaking, as the RINGING in his ear is slowly replaced by the RINGING OF SIRENS.

CUT TO:

FRANKLYN

He is in deep thought, as his fingers count the number of whatever he is mulling. Four, five, six... We are --

32

INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - DAY 4

32

Hannibal and Franklyn are mid-session. Franklyn continues to count on his fingers, until, seven, eight, nine, and finally:

(CONTINUED)

FRANKLYN

Nine times. I can count on two hands the number of times I've been dumped by a psychiatrist.

HANNIBAL

I'm sorry, Franklyn, I think it's best if you see another doctor.

FRANKLYN

You're giving me a referral.

HANNIBAL

Yes.

FRANKLYN

You were a referral.

HANNIBAL

I'm also part of the problem. You focus too much on your therapist and not enough on your therapy.

FRANKLYN

You lost respect for me because I wouldn't report Tobias, didn't you?

TOBIAS (O.S.)

Report Tobias for what?

Franklyn is surprised to see Tobias standing in the doorway of the PATIENT ENTRANCE, Hannibal less so. Tobias wears a hat and jacket to obscure his bloodied hands and clothes.

FRANKLYN

Tobias...?

Hannibal stands as Tobias moves into the room.

TOBIAS

I came to say goodbye, Franklyn.

FRANKLYN

What do you mean goodbye? Ohmygod. Is that your blood?

TOBIAS

I just killed two men. The FBI came to question me about the murder.

Hannibal blinks at that -- could he have murdered Will?

(CONTINUED)

FRANKLYN

You have to turn yourself in. This plane is going down. Let it be a controlled descent. You can get back up in the air again. There is rehabilitation for everyone.

HANNIBAL

Franklyn, I want you to leave now.

TOBIAS

Stay right where you are, Franklyn.

Franklyn steps forward, trying to calm Tobias.

FRANKLYN

You've done something horrible and I know you wish to god you didn't, but you did and there's nothing you can do to change that. Only thing you can change is your future. You're probably scared. Probably feel like you're all alone.

TOBIAS

I'm not alone.

FRANKLYN

That's right. You're not alone. Nothing has happened in our friendship that you and I can't recover from.

And with that, Hannibal has had enough and SNAPS Franklyn's neck, dropping him to the ground like a cinder block.

OFF Hannibal turning his attention to Tobias...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR



ACT FIVE

33 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - DAY 4

33

CLOSE ON Franklyn, dead on the floor. CAMERA PANS UP to find Hannibal and Tobias squaring off. No one moves.

TOBIAS  
(re: dead Franklyn)  
I was looking forward to that.

HANNIBAL  
I know.

We HOLD this incredibly tense beat. And then the phone RINGS. It's loud and shrill. Jarring our senses.

Hannibal calmly picks up the phone and SLAMS IT INTO THE SIDE OF TOBIAS' HEAD. Tobias recovers, slashes the air with a RAZOR SHARP PIANO WIRE WHIP pulled from his sleeve. Hannibal raises his forearm to block it and it shreds his coat arm.

ON HANNIBAL

Moving quickly, he closes the distance between them neutralizing the wire.

Dropping low, he thrusts an open palm toward Tobias's mid-section, then allows his hand to glide up his nemesis's chest toward his vulnerable chin in a perfectly realized Omega punch/strike technique.

Tobias deflects the death blow at the last second and locks Hannibal's arm in an arm bar. But Hannibal uses his weight advantage against him and tosses Tobias over the desk, slamming into the support column hard.

Hannibal vaults over the desk, wrapping the crook of his arm around Tobias' throat and pulling tight.

ON TOBIAS

He fights to remain conscious as Hannibal locks his legs around him increasing the tension on the garrote. In the struggle, Tobias's hands finds a LETTER OPENER. He slides it beneath Hannibal's palm, then THROUGH IT, sending Hannibal sprawling backwards. Tobias goes after him.

It's brutal and incredibly violent as elbows and knees deliver bone crunching devastation in-between the jabbing and slashing of Tobias' letter opener.

(CONTINUED)

33

Parrying a thrust, Hannibal eventually opens Tobias's forearm from elbow to wrist with the tip of a ballpoint pen leaving a jagged, bloody wound.

Tobias CRIES OUT as his weapon tumbles from his hand.

ON HANNIBAL

He moves in tight wanting to finish this quickly. As he thrusts his pen towards Tobias's throat, he is surprised by a sharp blow to his carotid artery and stumbles back, his blood pressure momentarily dropping as his brain tries to reboot.

TOBIAS

Lunges forward, tackling Hannibal. In full guard, he now reigns blows down on Hannibal's head in hopes of ending him.

ON HANNIBAL

Holding on to consciousness, he catches one of Tobias's arms and breaks it at the elbow.

As Tobias SCREAMS, Hannibal rolls him off and climbs to his feet. Bruised and battered, he retrieves the HEAVY METAL STAG STATUE from its pedestal, bringing it down violently on Tobias' skull with a SICKENING CRACK. Hannibal collapses from exhaustion, battered and bloodied.

TIME CUT TO:

34

INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

34

Hannibal's office is now an ACTIVE CRIME SCENE. LOCAL POLICE OFFICERS, DETECTIVES and EMERGENCY RESPONDERS present. The corpses of Tobias and Franklyn lie sadly amongst the debris.

CAMERA FINDS...

HANNIBAL

He's being treated by a PARAMEDIC, bandaging his arm and tending to his other wounds. Hannibal stares into middle-distance until he sees Will ENTER, also with bandaged arm, Jack Crawford at his side.

Will eyes the BLOODY STAG STATUE next to Tobias' dead body. Hannibal is visibly relieved to see Will alive and well.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

Mr. Budge said he was questioned by  
the FBI and he murdered two men. I  
was worried you were dead.

Will demonstrates his own wounded arm.

WILL GRAHAM

You had reason to worry.

JACK CRAWFORD

Tobias Budge kills two Baltimore  
Police Officers, nearly kills an  
FBI Special Agent, and after all  
that his first stop is your office.

HANNIBAL

He came to kill my patient.

WILL GRAHAM

Hannibal's patient told him he  
suspected a friend was involved  
with the murder at the symphony.  
Hannibal told me and I  
investigated. I got him involved.

(to Hannibal)

Your patient. Is that who Tobias  
Budge was serenading?

HANNIBAL

I don't know. Franklyn knew more  
than he was telling me. He told  
Mr. Budge he didn't have to kill  
anymore. Then he broke Franklyn's  
neck. Then he attacked me.

JACK CRAWFORD

And you killed him.

He eyes with convincing sadness Franklyn's corpse as it is  
placed into a body bag and hoisted onto a gurney.

HANNIBAL

Yes.

WILL GRAHAM

Could your patient've been involved  
with any of what Budge was doing?

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

I thought this was a simple matter  
of poor choice in friends.

Jack eyes Hannibal a brief moment, then turns his attention  
to the crime scene and the TWO BODIES being wheeled out.

JACK CRAWFORD

This doesn't feel simple.

Jack moves off to study the crime scene as Will sits, taking  
gauze from a med-kit and dabbing Hannibal's bloody forehead.

WILL GRAHAM

I feel like I've dragged you into  
my world.

HANNIBAL

I got here on my own. But I  
appreciate the company.

OFF Will and Hannibal and their uneasy camaraderie...

35 EXT. BEDELIA'S HOME - MORNING 5 35

TIME-LAPSE ESTABLISHING.

36 INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - MORNING 5 36

Hannibal sits opposite Bedelia, mid-therapy.

HANNIBAL

I'm going to start seeing patients  
again. It's strange thinking about  
going back to daily practice.

BEDELIA

It's good you stepped away. Even  
if it was only for a few days.

HANNIBAL

Patients will sit where Franklyn  
died. I will sit where I almost  
died. And I will offer therapy.

Bedelia simply watches Hannibal, saying nothing.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

It's easy to understand why you  
retired after you were attacked.  
(then)  
Will you ever feel comfortable  
returning to psychiatric work?

(CONTINUED)

BEDELIA

This is psychiatric work.

HANNIBAL

One patient isn't a practice.

(off her silent stare)

I can't help feeling responsible  
for what happened to Franklyn.

(CONTINUED)

BEDELIA

Every person has an intrinsic  
responsibility for their own life,  
Hannibal. No one else can take on  
that responsibility. Not even you.

HANNIBAL

Did you take responsibility when  
you were attacked by your patient?

BEDELIA

Yes. But I don't take  
responsibility for his death.

Hannibal considers that a moment, then:

HANNIBAL

Nor should you.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END