

HANNIBAL  
"Kaiseki"

TEASER

EXTREME CLOSE ON A KNIFE BLADE

It slices down on a cutting board, mincing scallions into miniature onion rings in a succession of rapid chops.

ALL SOUND IS DULLED. What we can hear is the RHYTHMIC BREATHING and HEARTBEAT of the knife-wielder against the ORGANIC HUM of his CIRCULATORY SYSTEM.

TIME SUDDENLY SLOWS and the rapid chops become dreamlike and methodical as CAMERA FINDS JACK CRAWFORD'S REFLECTION in the blade of the knife. TIME ABRUPTLY RETURNS TO NORMAL and the knife continues its rapid CHOP-CHOP-CHOP-CHOP-CHOP fire.

And then it stops. The knife-wielder scoots the diced scallions into a ceramic dish with the blade, then places the knife across the bowl's mouth. CAMERA FINALLY REVEALS HANNIBAL LECTER in the REFLECTION OF THE BLADE.

ON HANNIBAL

The light reflecting off of his kitchen knife dances briefly across his face. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hannibal stands across the island from Jack Crawford, who studies him intently. Jack's mouth is moving, but we only hear Hannibal's RHYTHMIC BREATHING and HEARTBEAT against the backdrop of his HUMMING CIRCULATORY SYSTEM.

Hannibal takes a breath and exhales, and SOUND RETURNS TO NORMAL. A dawning concern is washing over Jack Crawford.

Then something subtle changes in Hannibal's eyes, almost immeasurable. But Jack Crawford measures it. We hear his RHYTHMIC BREATHING and HEARTBEAT, which beats steadily over the next action, but eerily does not accelerate.

Jack's hand drifts toward his coat, brushing his thumb across the fasten of his sidearm holster. TIME SUDDENLY SLOWS AS CAMERA REVEALS HANNIBAL THROWING HIS KITCHEN KNIFE AT JACK.

Jack Crawford dives out of the way as he draws his gun from his holster and SHLUCK... Hannibal's KNIFE MOVES THROUGH Jack's hand at the wrist, his gun clatters to the floor.

Hannibal vaults over the kitchen counter as Jack pulls the knife out of his wrist, swinging it immediately. The blade whisks through the air, narrowly missing Hannibal.

ON HANNIBAL

He yanks another knife from the cutting board and swings it in a deadly arc. Jack jackknives his torso to avoid the blade, slashing back at Hannibal with quick swipes.

Hannibal deflects Jack's knife with his own and they dodge, parry and block each other's blades.

Jack thrusts and slices into Hannibal's waist, who twists around the knife, knocking it from Jack's grip. Hannibal lunges his knife at Jack's belly, meaning to gut him.

Jack blocks the knife with a cutting board and then smashes the cutting board into the side of Hannibal's head, knocking him off balance, but not quite down.

ON JACK CRAWFORD

He grabs Hannibal and bodily swings him crashing into the cupboards. Hannibal throws his weight back at Jack, driving him across the kitchen, but not far. Jack is solid.

Jack maneuvers his arms around Hannibal's throat and begins to squeeze a chokehold. Hannibal writhes and kicks, trying to throw Jack off balance, but to no avail.

ON HANNIBAL

His eyelids flutter and pinch as he tries to focus and remain conscious. His body goes limp and he slumps in Jack's arms... just enough for his shoulder to drop and allow his hand to reach a SHARD OF GLASS on the floor.

ON JACK CRAWFORD

Hannibal plunges the SHARD OF GLASS into Jack's neck. He recoils and stumbles back, clutching his neck. Hannibal acts quickly, picking up a butcher knife and turning on Jack.

Still clutching his neck, Jack stumbles back into...

THE PANTRY

Jack falls inside, kicking the door closed on the advancing Hannibal. SLAM. **SLAM.** **SLAM.** Hannibal throws his shoulder into the pantry door, Jack's foot braced against it.

Jack holds his neck wound with one hand as he fumbles for his phone with the other. **SLAM.** **SLAM.** **SLAM.** The door splinters.

CUT TO BLACK.

A CHYRON tells us it is...

**TWELVE WEEKS EARLIER**

FADE IN:

A SEA URCHIN

Its FLESH is gently pulled out of the shell.

A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF PINK MEAT

It is thinly-but-generously SLICED and ARRANGED on the CLEAN BONES of a FISH and adorned with a sauce.

ON A TASTEFULLY-ORNATE JAPANESE SERVING TRAY

The SASHIMI PLATE joins PLATES OF WATER CLAMS and SQUID, beautifully arranged and garnished with leaves and flowers.

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

Hannibal ENTERS carrying two tastefully-ornate Japanese serving trays displaying their arrangements of food.

HANNIBAL

This course is called *mukozuke*.  
Seasonal sashimi. Sea urchin,  
water clams and squid.

Hannibal places Jack's dish in front of him.

JACK CRAWFORD

Beautiful.

HANNIBAL

*Kaiseki*. A Japanese art form that  
honors the taste and aesthetic of  
what we eat.

JACK CRAWFORD

I feel guilty eating it.

HANNIBAL

I never feel guilty eating anything.

Jack tastes the sashimi, savoring it, then:

JACK CRAWFORD  
Can't quite place the fish.

HANNIBAL  
He was a flounder.  
(then)  
I last prepared this meal for my  
Aunt Murasaki under similarly-  
unfortunate circumstances.

JACK CRAWFORD  
What circumstances were those?

HANNIBAL  
A loss. This is a loss. Will is a  
loss. We're mourning a death.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Will's "death" is on me.

HANNIBAL  
It's on both of us.

JACK CRAWFORD  
It's the last thing I think about  
going to sleep and the first thing  
I think about when I wake up.  
(then)  
Will's gonna be convicted of five  
murders. I'll be convicted of one.

HANNIBAL  
You're not on trial.

JACK CRAWFORD  
I will be. In the halls of the  
FBI. So will you. According to  
Will Graham, this was all you.

HANNIBAL  
Will was your bloodhound. You  
can't ignore where he points.

JACK CRAWFORD  
I'm not ignoring it.

The words hang in the air a moment.

HANNIBAL  
You have to investigate me. It's  
in my best interest, and yours.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm also not ignoring the fact that  
my bloodhound went mad before  
pointing your direction.

HANNIBAL

We can't define Will only by his  
maddest edges.

JACK CRAWFORD

We can't define Will at all.

OFF that somber note...

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

On the pebbled banks, tall mature pines give way to a snow-capped mountain range in the distance.

Yet we don't hear a sound except for a steady RHYTHMIC  
BREATHING and HEARTBEAT amplified by the skull arena.

As CAMERA navigates the river, a LONE FLY FISHERMAN wearing  
waders appears up ahead. Thigh deep in the water, we soon  
realize the angler is:

WILL GRAHAM

A peaceful expression on his face, Will gracefully casts his  
fly into the water and waits for a fish to bite. His  
RHYTHMIC BREATHING and HEARTBEAT the only sounds we hear.

CLOSE ON WILL GRAHAM

He couldn't be happier. He's a long way (emotionally and  
physically) from the jail cell where we last saw him.

MATCH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON WILL GRAHAM

The quality and direction of light has changed. CAMERA  
reveals we are --

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

SLIGHTLY SLOWER MOTION...

Will sits shackled inside ONE of SIX CAGE-LIKE CELLS lined up in a semicircle facing DR. FREDERICK CHILTON, who speaks MOS as Will stares into middle distance, ignoring him. Will's BREATHING and HEARTBEAT all we hear.

BACK TO:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Will casts a new line and waits. On the bank of the river, the BLACK STAG slowly approaches. Will stops, remaining still as to not spook the beast. The black stag suddenly startles and bolts. But before Will can question what set it off, a TUG on his line reveals he's caught something.

Will works to reel in his catch, but whatever lurks beneath the dark waters is big.

And strong.

Then... A BROAD, BLACK PAIR OF ANTLERS pierces the water's surface and pushes into the air. The skeletal MAN STAG rises from the water. And we --

CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

Will startles out of the virtual reality of his mind that suddenly turned against him.

WILL GRAHAM

What did you say?

DR. CHILTON

I said, how does that make you feel?

Will focuses and finally turns to look at Dr. Chilton.

WILL GRAHAM

Makes me feel like I'm sitting in a dunking tank and you're lobbing softballs, hoping to make a splash, but you keep missing the target.

DR. CHILTON

Fortunately, I have time for a few more lobs. You're in my hospital. You're my patient now, Will.

WILL GRAHAM  
I'm not talking to you, Frederick.  
(then)  
I want to talk to Dr. Lecter.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS Hannibal up the sidewalk, his shadow sliding up into FRAME as he approaches the front door and knocks.

A moment, then DR. BEDELIA DU MAURIER answers the door, bathed in Hannibal's shadow.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Hello.

INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Bedelia sits across from Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

Will Graham has asked to see me.

She says nothing. Watches. Listens. Finally:

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I would like to see him. I continue to be curious about the way he thinks despite all that's happened.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

He's still influencing you. Will Graham asking to see you betrays his clear intent to manipulate you.

HANNIBAL

And if I agree to see Will?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

It betrays your clear intent to manipulate him.

HANNIBAL

I miss him.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Is it possible you're confusing your needs with those of your patient's?

HANNIBAL

Will was never just a patient.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

He's changing your behavior and you're hoping you can change his.



HANNIBAL

I only wanted to help Will.

She studies him a moment, then:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

The way we think is flawed, but the  
flaws are systematic. Even when  
irrational, we are predictable.

(then)

You're obsessed with Will Graham.

HANNIBAL

I'm intrigued.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Obsessively. He's going to take  
advantage of that. He already has.  
He nearly cost you your reputation.

HANNIBAL

My reputation is intact.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

For the time being.

Those words hang in the air.

HANNIBAL

Will is my friend.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Why? Why is he your friend?

HANNIBAL

He sees his own mentality as  
grotesque but useful, like a chair  
of antlers. He can't anticipate his  
thoughts. He can't block them. He  
can't repress who he is. There's an  
honesty in that I admire.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I imagine there's an honesty in  
that you can relate to.

(then)

What can't you repress, Hannibal?

Hannibal holds her gaze. Finally, the glimmer of a smile  
turns the corners of his mouth almost imperceptibly.

AND ONTO:

CLOSE ON - A FINE POWDER

CLOSE ON - A BOILING FROTH

CLOSE ON - A NEEDLE PLUNGER PULLS FLUID

CLOSE ON - A VEIN IS TAPPED TWICE

CLOSE ON - A NEEDLE PENETRATES FLESH

CLOSE ON - A NEEDLE PLUNGER PUSHES FLUID

CLOSE ON - A MAN'S ANGUISHED EYE

Tear-stained desperation gives way to surrender as...

CLOSE ON - THE PUPIL DILATES

CLOSE ON A MAN'S FACE

He stares into middle distance as a SPRAY OF RESIN coats his face with an even application of sealant.

CLOSE ON THE EYE

The layer of resin slowly hardens over the surface of the eye and its lid, sealing the victim's gaze behind it.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI - CORRIDOR - ON JACK CRAWFORD'S BACK

He stands in front of the FBI SEAL as CAMERA PUSHES IN...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Agent Crawford.

(off his turn)

We're ready for you.

ON JACK CRAWFORD

His face is set as he listens to:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

According to Dr. Bloom, you were warned against putting someone with Will Graham's issues into the field.

GO WIDER to reveal ALANA BLOOM, stern, is next to Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

That is correct.

Reveal we are --

INT. FBI - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

KADE PRURNELL, 40s, smooth and politic, a career bureaucrat, sits opposite Alana and Jack.

KADE PRURNELL

Were you aware that Dr. Bloom was going to file this report?

JACK CRAWFORD

Yes. She told me she was going to.

KADE PRURNELL

Did you advise her against it?

JACK CRAWFORD

I told her to do what she felt she had to do. Evidently, she felt she had to file the report.

KADE PRURNELL

These are allegations of misconduct. Damning stuff, Jack.

ALANA BLOOM

I never stated anywhere that this was misconduct. In my opinion, it was a lapse in judgment.

KADE PRURNELL

A lapse in judgment is misconduct.

That hangs in the air a moment, then:

KADE PRURNELL (CONT'D)

There'll be an internal investigation.

ALANA BLOOM

There should be.

Prurnell wants Alana to understand the severity.

KADE PRURNELL

A federal examiner is someone who arrives at the battlefield after a battle and bayonets the wounded.

(then)

You wounded Agent Crawford. Who do you think gets the bayonet next?

Alana has no response.

KADE PRURNELL (CONT'D)

There is a general desire to see  
this go away quickly and quietly.

She fixes Alana with an intimidating stare.

KADE PRURNELL (CONT'D)

Dr. Bloom, with that in mind, I  
would appreciate it greatly if you  
were to recant your report.

She feels the institutional pressure to step back into line.

ALANA BLOOM

No.

Wrong answer.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

Will Graham's life has been  
destroyed. How that happened has  
to be a matter of record.

(to Jack)

I'm sorry, Jack.

Jack turns to Prurnell.

JACK CRAWFORD

Dr. Bloom is not easily swayed.

Prurnell looks at them both. Sighs.

KADE PRURNELL

This is going to get ugly.

JACK CRAWFORD

It already has.

EXT. BALTIMORE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - DAY

Establishing.

CLOSE ON WILL GRAHAM

He sits upright, staring into middle distance. We are --

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

Will listens as a CELL BLOCK KLAXON SOUNDS and the GATE DOOR  
OPENS briefly, then CLOSES with a resounding lock. A visitor  
approaches down the long corridor with a CLICK in his heel.

Will looks to the bars of his cell, then closes his eyes.

THROUGH THE BARS

The CLICK of the VISITOR'S HEEL transforms into a hollower, heavier hoof CLOP. The SHADOW OF ANTLERS crawls eerily across the floor, the harbinger of something terrible.

Finally, ONE BLACK HOOF STEPS INTO FRAME.

ON WILL GRAHAM

His eyes remain closed, until...

HANNIBAL (O.S.)  
Hello, Will.

Will opens his eyes, sees Hannibal standing outside his cell.

WILL GRAHAM  
Dr. Lecter.

HANNIBAL  
Lost in thought?

WILL GRAHAM  
Not lost. Not anymore.  
(then)  
I used to hear my thoughts inside my skull with the same tone, timbre and accent as if the words were coming out of my mouth.

HANNIBAL  
And now?

WILL GRAHAM  
Now my inner voice sounds like you.  
I can't get you out of my head.

HANNIBAL  
Friendship can sometimes involve a breach of individual separateness.

WILL GRAHAM  
A blurring of self and friend?

HANNIBAL  
Yes.

WILL GRAHAM  
You're not my friend. The light from friendship won't reach us for a million years. That's how far away from friendship we are.

HANNIBAL

I imagine it's easier to believe I  
am responsible for those murders  
than it is to accept that you are.

WILL GRAHAM

Sure is.

HANNIBAL

Your inner voice can provide a  
method of taking control of your  
behavior. Accepting responsibility  
for what you've done. Giving those  
thoughts words encourages clarity.

WILL GRAHAM

I have clarity. About you.

Hannibal blinks, adjusts his tack.

HANNIBAL

Our conversations, Will, were only  
ever about you opening your eyes to  
the truth of who you are.

Will steps closer to the bars, closing the distance between  
them. Only inches now, but separated by the barrier.

WILL GRAHAM

What you did to me is in my head  
and I'll find it. I'm going to  
remember, Dr. Lecter, and when I  
do, there will be a reckoning.

Hannibal smiles at this, nods. Proud.

HANNIBAL

I've got huge faith in you, Will.  
I always have...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

ON DR. ALANA BLOOM

Her eyes follow movement in the distance. We are --

EXT. FIELD/WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Alana is running Will Graham's PACK OF DOGS, watching them chase each other through the grass.

WILL GRAHAM (V.O.)  
How are the dogs?

CAMERA reveals the field is next to WILL GRAHAM'S FARMHOUSE.

ALANA BLOOM (V.O.)  
Good.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Alana to Will's FRONT PORCH, where WINSTON lies curled up at the base of the door.

ALANA BLOOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Winston keeps running away, but the others are adjusting.

Alana sits on the steps, puts a comforting hand on Winston.

WILL GRAHAM (V.O.)  
Where does Winston go?

ALANA BLOOM (V.O.)  
Home.

ON ALANA'S PRIUS

She fastens three dogs' harnesses to their corresponding belts in the backseat. The three in the back hatch are already harnessed and belted. Alana shuts the hatch of her trunk and turns back to Winston on the porch.

ALANA BLOOM  
Come on.

Winston reluctantly crawls into the passenger seat and Alana fastens his harness to the belt and latches it.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)  
Watch your tail.

She moves Winston's tail out of the way and shuts the door.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - STAIRWAY - DAY

CAMERA LEADS Alana as she descends the staircase, walking past an ARMED NURSES' STATION with TWO NURSES and a GUARD.

WILL GRAHAM (V.O.)  
He's not going to find me there.

ALANA BLOOM (V.O.)  
Not today. But maybe one day. He  
might. I hope that he might.

Alana approaches the bars that separate her from the main cell block, glancing over at the Nurse with a polite smile. The Nurse nods and the GATE KLAXON SOUNDS as it rolls OPEN.

ALANA BLOOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
With the right defense.

As Alana steps through into...

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

Mid-scene. Alana sits on a folding chair opposite Will, outside his cage.

WILL GRAHAM  
I don't currently have legal  
representation.

ALANA BLOOM  
You keep firing your lawyers.

WILL GRAHAM  
They're the FBI's lawyers.

ALANA BLOOM  
Then I'll find you a lawyer who's  
not affiliated with the FBI.

WILL GRAHAM  
What defense do you think I have?

ALANA BLOOM  
Automatism. Allows a defendant to  
argue they shouldn't be held  
criminally liable for their actions  
due to unconsciousness.

WILL GRAHAM  
Unconsciousness?



ALANA BLOOM

Neurological dysfunctions like encephalitis can be considered an acceptable excusing condition.

WILL GRAHAM

Presuming I did it.

ALANA BLOOM

Your mind was on fire. You didn't have any control of what you were doing, much less remember doing it.

WILL GRAHAM

What if I could remember? What if I remember how this was done to me?

ALANA BLOOM

What if you remember how you did it?

INT. BSHCI - DR. CHILTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Reveal Dr. Chilton wearing headphones as he listens to this conversation on his laptop via a concealed microphone.

A red light on the screen indicates he is recording...

WILL GRAHAM (V.O.)

You believe Hannibal.

ON HIS FACE -- a pleased-with-himself smile on his lips...

BACK TO:

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

ALANA BLOOM

I believe the Will Graham sitting across from me now is incapable of that violence. I believe you lost your mind and, for periods of time, you weren't the Will Graham I know.

WILL GRAHAM

I hear Hannibal's voice in the well of my mind. I hear him saying words he's never said to me. It isn't my imagination. It's something else.

(then)

Have you ever helped a patient recover memories?

CUT TO:

A SLOW SWINGING PENDULUM -- OUT OF FOCUS

It could be a decriminalization FWUM-FWUM, but then --

CAMERA RACKS to reveal Alana sitting behind a METRONOME that emits a regular PULSE OF LIGHT. PWUM. PWUM. PWUM. PWUM.

This is WILL's POV. We are --

INT. BSHCI - PRIVACY ROOM - DAY

CAMERA SLIDES ACROSS a scarred metal surface to find Will Graham, hands in cuffs, shackled to a bar in the table.

Alana speaks as the METRONOME moves back and forth. PWUM. PWUM. PWUM. Her voice slow, soft and reassuring...

Will does as she commands --

ALANA BLOOM

Close your eyes.

We hear Will's HEARTBEAT slowing down. Gradually his HEARTBEAT matches rhythm with the metronome's PWUM.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

Feel the heaviness in your limbs...

CLOSE ON WILL GRAHAM, eyes closed. PWUM. PWUM. PWUM.

DARKNESS

PWUM. The METRONOME PULSES, briefly illuminating Alana in the darkness before plunging her into shadow once more. PWUM.

PWUM. Alana appears to be coated with a tarry black shadow, her features barely distinguishable as she speaks:

SHADOW ALANA

Imagine yourself in a safe and relaxing place...

Will watches as SHADOW ALANA moves closer, seductively...

SHADOW ALANA (CONT'D)

...safe and secure here, safe to relax completely...

PWUM. Shadow Alana leans in for a kiss, lips parting...

SHADOW ALANA (CONT'D)

No matter how deeply you go...

PWUM. The tar of Shadow Alana washes over Will in a kiss.

SHADOW ALANA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...my voice will go with you.

PWUM.

WILL GRAHAM'S EYES OPEN

He is now --

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

Will sits at the end of the table covered with an elaborate feast, meats and fruits overflowing from their dishes. PWUM. PWUM. The REFLECTIVE LIGHT of the METRONOME washes over him.

ALANA BLOOM (V.O.)  
Now that we're in a safe place...

CAMERA PULLS BACK across the table...

ALANA BLOOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...listen.

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK through the LARGE BLACK ANTLERS sitting directly across the table from Will Graham.

ALANA BLOOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Can you tell me what you hear?

THE WENDIGO MAN STAG

It sits at the head of the table.

HANNIBAL'S VOICE (V.O.)  
(distorted, dreamlike)  
See? See?

Will glances down and sees an EAR, bloodied and torn, lying in front of him on his plate.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He opens his eyes abruptly, breaking the hypnosis.

We are back --

INT. BSHCI - PRIVACY ROOM - DAY

Alana turns off the METRONOME and its PULSING LIGHT FADES. Will is visibly shaken from the haunting images in his head.

WILL GRAHAM  
This isn't working.

ALANA BLOOM

What did you see?

He doesn't respond. She reaches across the table and wraps his manacled hands in her own. Holds Will's gaze.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

Will. What did you see?

HANNIBAL LECTER

Looms out of darkness, coming toward us, toward something. He flourishes a plate of food. We are --

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

Hannibal places the plate in front of Dr. Chilton and moves to his own seat. As he sits --

HANNIBAL

Salted and ash-baked celeriac with foraged sea astra. Frederick, you have tested me. It is rare that I cook a meatless meal.

DR. CHILTON

I lost a kidney. I have to watch my protein intake.

HANNIBAL

You didn't lose it, Frederick. It was taken from you. I remain impressed with your recovery.

DR. CHILTON

One can grow to love beets.

(then)

Alana Bloom was visiting your former patient today.

HANNIBAL

Will was never my patient.

DR. CHILTON

The irony's that Mr. Graham is my patient, and he refuses to speak to me. Makes me feel like I'm fumbling with his head like a freshman pulling at a panty girdle.

HANNIBAL

Will is going to be challenging for any psychiatrist.

DR. CHILTON

He is so lucid, so perceptive, he's trained in criminal psychology and he's a mass murderer. He's a prized patient. Or should be.

HANNIBAL

You thought you'd be like Beaumont studying digestion through the opening in St. Martin's stomach.

DR. CHILTON

As it turns out, I don't think we're any closer to understanding him now than the day he came in.

Hannibal takes a nearly-imperceptible pleasure at that.

HANNIBAL

How was Dr. Bloom's visit?

DR. CHILTON

He asked her to hypnotize him to recover memories.

(re: the food)

This is delicious.

This piques Hannibal's interest.

HANNIBAL

Was he successful?

DR. CHILTON

Only in playing Dr. Bloom. It's sad to see a brilliant psychiatrist fall for such hoary old chestnuts.

HANNIBAL

She wants to believe him. I do, too.

Chilton looks disappointed at that, plows on.

DR. CHILTON

You do realize that you're his favorite topic of conversation. Not with me, of course, but with anyone else who'll listen.

Chilton is digging and teasing here. Enjoying himself.

DR. CHILTON (CONT'D)

He tells everyone you're a monster.

HANNIBAL

If you believe Will Graham, then  
you're dining with a psychopath.

Hannibal smiles. Chilton follows suit. Raises his glass.

DR. CHILTON

Wouldn't be the first time.

He tips his glass to Hannibal and then drinks as Hannibal  
watches over the rim of his own drink...

EXT. RIVER - DAY

A low, man-made dam has been overrun by logs and trees,  
likely from a compromised beaver-made dam.

The closed sluice gates used to fill it from a nearby river  
have been breached. The pit on the other side has three feet  
of dirty water in it.

CAMERA reveals TWO PARKS AND REC LABORERS approaching the dam  
in a small boat. They climb out of the boat, onto the dam and  
look down into the pit and see the stagnant water in it.

PARKS & REC ONE

Somebody's blasting beaver dams.

PARKS & REC TWO

Ah, man...

Parks & Rec One sloshes down the slope of wooden debris in  
chest waders and thick rubber gloves, carrying a wooden pole.

PARKS & REC ONE

This smells real bad.

Parks & Rec Two enjoys his discomfort with a dry stare.

PARKS & REC TWO

Probably dead beavers.

CLOSE as the waders slide through the water. Parks & Rec One  
keeps inching forward, feet sticking now.

PARKS & REC ONE

Aw, god. I stepped in something.

PARKS & REC TWO

Probably a dead beaver.

Parks & Rec One tries to move and nearly loses his balance.

PARKS & REC ONE

It's stuck to the bottom.  
Something pretty big.

He digs in with the wooden pole and stirs... The water sucks and gurgles, and then --

A SWOLLEN, BLOATED CORPSE rolls to the surface, skin sloughed away, dark with decomposition, eyeless from the attentions of insects. Horrific. Parks & Rec One drops the wooden pole...

Parks & Rec One fights for balance, but loses -- the corpse bobs and falls toward him. He tries to push it away, but soft, soggy flesh comes away in his hands and they GO UNDER.

Parks & Rec Two yells out:

PARKS & REC TWO

Buck!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. FBI ACADEMY - DAY

Time-lapse establishing.

INT. BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - DAY

TRACK ROUND a tall figure in an evidence suit to reveal BEVERLY KATZ as she removes a DNA swab from the figure's mouth.

HANNIBAL

I am amazed what falls off the best  
of us when moving through a room.

BEVERLY KATZ

Lessons learned from cellular  
decay: Enjoy the world while you  
have it and give a little bit back.

HANNIBAL

When possible, I try to leave an  
indelible mark wherever I go.

BEVERLY KATZ

Hopefully not with your DNA.

HANNIBAL

How long will you have my suits?

CAMERA reveals a pile of GARMENT BAGS and beyond it, AN AGENT in the HAIR AND FIBER room running a static comb over the fine tailoring of one of Hannibal's SUIT JACKETS.

BEVERLY KATZ

You might have to think about  
supplementing your wardrobe.

HANNIBAL

I frequently do.

Beverly smiles; she tries to be of some comfort.

BEVERLY KATZ

You know this is all a formality.  
Nobody expects to find anything.

HANNIBAL

I know.

BEVERLY KATZ

Except for maybe Will Graham.



HANNIBAL

He'll have to be disappointed. The beauty of what you do, Ms. Katz, is in its certainty. It'll be your evidence that convicts Will.

An almost-imperceptible wince from Beverly.

BEVERLY KATZ

I found enough of it. No need to infer or intuit or trust.

HANNIBAL

So much simpler than psychiatry. You can't trust the human mind, but the brain is an imagination machine. We only see part of the world and it manufactures the rest.

BEVERLY KATZ

Will has done some manufacturing.

Hannibal sighs, feigning sadness at Will's predicament.

HANNIBAL

Will is doing his best to understand where he is and why.

BEVERLY KATZ

You were supposed to protect him.

HANNIBAL

From himself?

BEVERLY KATZ

Yeah. I'm not mad at you. Not any more than I'm mad at myself. We all missed it. Whatever it was. Is.

HANNIBAL

We all are not suspects.

BEVERLY KATZ

You're not a suspect. You're the new Will Graham.

CUT TO:

HANNIBAL

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal he's following Beverly through a field of grass, approaching...

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Now a CRIME SCENE.

FIND JACK CRAWFORD

He stands, looking down into the dam pit where BRIAN ZELLER and JIMMY PRICE are in haz-chem waders and gear, down in the water. A small hoist is carefully raising a badly-decomposed corpse from the water as they oversee. Technicians address THREE MORE BODIES, one with a deep footprint in its abdomen.

JACK CRAWFORD

(to Hannibal)

Thank you for coming, Dr. Lecter.  
I was hoping you could help me with  
a psychological profile.

As Hannibal nods, he allows Beverly and Jack to see him feign a slight unease at the bodies, averting his eyes for effect.

BRIAN ZELLER

We're standing in people soup.

JIMMY PRICE

We're spoons. And it's gazpacho.

BRIAN ZELLER

What?

JIMMY PRICE

It's cold. So it's gazpacho.

BRIAN ZELLER

I thought that was vichyssoise.

ON HANNIBAL, JACK AND BEVERLY

JACK CRAWFORD

This is number four. At least one  
more down there.

HANNIBAL

How long have they been here?

JACK CRAWFORD

Hard to say. Somebody went to a lot  
of trouble to preserve them. Been  
coated with some kind of resin.

BEVERLY KATZ

Big guy was partially sealed.  
Rotting from the inside out. Other  
three look like they were embalmed.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Whatever he's doing, he's still  
figuring out how to do it.

Hannibal approaches the bodies and studies their shape.

HANNIBAL  
Were they injected with silicone?

BEVERLY KATZ  
They were injected with something.

Jack turns to Hannibal, curious what he'll say next.

HANNIBAL  
A technique for making resin-coated  
models out of fish. Helps the body  
retain a lively shape in death.  
(off Jack's look)  
He's making human models.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Make models out of things you keep.  
These were tossed in the river.

HANNIBAL  
Then they were imperfect.

ON A VERY FINE INK PEN

It touches paper and INK POOLS in THIN BLUE LINES creating  
Hannibal Lecter's signature. We are --

INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Hannibal sits with Bedelia, handing her the legal document he  
just signed. She casually glances it over.

HANNIBAL  
I'm giving you informed consent to  
discuss me as your patient.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
With who?

HANNIBAL  
Jack Crawford.

She stares and considers, then:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Disclosure of patient information  
should always be limited to the  
requirements of the situation.  
(MORE)

BEDELIA DU MAURIER (CONT'D)

(then)

What's the situation, Hannibal?

HANNIBAL

Will Graham made accusations.  
Jack's only being thorough.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You're keeping Agent Crawford close.

HANNIBAL

We share an obsession.

Bedelia doesn't move her eyes, waiting for him to continue.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I got to be Will Graham today.  
(off her inscrutable look)  
I consulted at an FBI crime scene.  
I stood in Will's shoes. I looked  
through his eyes. And I saw death  
how I imagined he would see it.

Her eyes narrow.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

What are you up to?

HANNIBAL

I'm being as open and honest as I  
know how. As a reasonable person.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

As a reasonable person, why are you  
inviting the FBI's scrutiny?

HANNIBAL

It would seem Jack Crawford is less  
suspicious of me than you are.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Agent Crawford doesn't know what  
you're capable of.

HANNIBAL

Neither do you.

That gives her a momentary pause, then:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Clearly there are areas of your  
therapy that I won't be discussing  
with the FBI or anyone else.

HANNIBAL

Yes, I know.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You maintain an air of transparency  
while putting me in the position to  
lie for you. Again.

HANNIBAL

You're not just lying for me.

He says it so casually as to not betray a threat, but Bedelia  
sees through the veneer.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

How far is this going to go? Your  
flirtation with the FBI?

HANNIBAL

I'm curious about that myself.

OFF Bedelia watching through Hannibal's human veil...

A SUDDEN PIERCING SHRIEK

METAL ON METAL, air buffeted --

OUT OF BLACKNESS TO --

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

As it screams out of a tunnel. Packed with stressed end-of-  
day commuters.

ROLAND UMBER, a lean, young black man, does the thousand-yard  
stare as he grips the handrail.

CAMERA breathes as it watches him. Then moves.

We realize it was a POV as a FIGURE slides beside him. We  
only see him from the back. Roland breathes. Eyes ahead.

And then a hand slides across his forearm where he grips the  
rail. A whispering, lingering touch.

He jerks his head toward the figure. FREAKED OUT. Still we  
do not see the figure's face, but he speaks:

KILLER

You have nice skin...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

ON BRIAN ZELLER

He taps his pen on the hard shell of a corpse as CAMERA PULLS BACK OVER TWO BODIES (including the bloated body with a footprint in its abdomen) on drawers and FOUR BODIES on tables.

BRIAN ZELLER

Dental and medical records placed the six. All adults, men and women, different ages, different ethnicities, from different states.

We are --

INT. BAU - MORGUE - DAY

Zeller, Price and Katz with Jack.

BRIAN ZELLER (CONT'D)

Nothing in common except they lived alone and disappeared from their homes with their vehicles.

JIMMY PRICE

And they all had large amounts of heroin in their systems.

JACK CRAWFORD

Enough to be the cause of death?

JIMMY PRICE

And then some.

Jack studies the non-bloated bodies.

JACK CRAWFORD

There's unusual skin discoloration in these bodies.

BEVERLY KATZ

We found traces of BHT, which is a color preservative.

JACK CRAWFORD

He wants them to look alive.

Jack takes that in.

BRIAN ZELLER

He shoots them up with a little china white, injects preservatives.  
(MORE)

BRIAN ZELLER (CONT'D)

Fills their bodies with silicone so they don't emaciate, then seals them in a hard resin shell.

JIMMY PRICE

Maybe he's making mannequins out of real people. Like in that Tanya Roberts movie from the '70s.

Jack moves on to the laceration patterns on the corpses.

JACK CRAWFORD

What are these punctures?

BRIAN ZELLER

Eyelets. Something was threaded through. Bodies were likely strung up. Mounted or presented.

JACK CRAWFORD

How is he choosing them?

BEVERLY KATZ

We've got nothing. Appears random. But if this is the discard pile, I'm curious how many were keepers.

JACK CRAWFORD

I want a list of any missing persons who disappeared with their vehicles in the surrounding states.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Beverly as Jimmy and Brian hop to it...

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

Will sits in his cage. The clicking of heels on stairs signals the arrival of Kade Prurnell, who is escorted in by a SECURITY GUARD who waits for her on top of the landing.

KADE PRURNELL

Will Graham.

Will looks up, curious.

KADE PRURNELL (CONT'D)

Kade Prurnell. Office of the Inspector General. FBI oversight.

WILL GRAHAM

Am I still an FBI employee? Or that pending the outcome of my trial.

KADE PRURNELL

Point of the trial isn't so much whether or not you did it, it's whether or not you knew you were doing it... when you did it.

WILL GRAHAM

Sounds like I'm unemployed.

KADE PRURNELL

Dr. Bloom is hard at work on your unconsciousness defense.

WILL GRAHAM

The FBI made me do it.

KADE PRURNELL

The FBI made you a murderer, yes. That is Dr. Bloom's position. As you can imagine, she's not popular.

WILL GRAHAM

What's your position?

KADE PRURNELL

Our point of view is, you were already a murderer.

Kade studies Will, then:

KADE PRURNELL (CONT'D)

The prosecution is going to paint you as an intelligent psychopath. You conspired with your neurologist to cultivate an illness that would ultimately become your alibi.

WILL GRAHAM

And then I killed my neurologist to broom the footprints behind me.

KADE PRURNELL

Which is what everyone is going to hear when you take the witness stand, regardless of what you say.

WILL GRAHAM

What's to be done about that?

KADE PRURNELL

Let's discuss it.

(then)

(MORE)



KADE PRURNELL (CONT'D)

If you plead guilty, you will spare  
us all a trial and I will see to it  
personally you're comfortable here.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm pleading innocent.

Kade doesn't hide her disappointment.

KADE PRURNELL

You very publicly lost your mind.  
Some would argue, theatrically.  
The prosecution certainly will.

WILL GRAHAM

All part of the performance. Just  
not my performance you're watching.

KADE PRURNELL

You're going to be found guilty and  
you'll be given the federal death  
penalty. That is the inevitable  
conclusion we are rocketing toward.  
(then)  
I'm trying to save your life.

WILL GRAHAM

I'll have to save my own life.

OFF Will's unflinching resolve...

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY

JACK CRAWFORD'S SEDAN pulls into the driveway and stops.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS Jack inside and through the odd emptiness of  
the place. The evening sun shines through the curtains,  
capturing the dust hanging in the air.

A sense of abandonment amidst the residue of an investigation.

CAMERA MOVES till we find Jack Crawford standing in the room.  
Trying to get a sense, a scent. Like a bereaved man standing  
in the space a loved one once occupied.

A low GROWL builds behind Jack and he turns to the door to be  
greeted by SUDDEN LOUD BARKING.

Winston stands in the open doorway. Hackles raised. Jack  
looks at the dog as if he were looking at Will, sad.

Winston takes a step closer to Jack who raises a hand.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Winston. Sit.

Winston's growling subsides and he does as instructed.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)  
I suppose you blame me, too.

TIME CUT TO:

ALANA BLOOM

She climbs the porch stairs of Will Graham's house.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS Alana inside to find Jack sitting against the wall, Winston's head in his lap, nuzzling his hand.

ALANA BLOOM  
Hello, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD  
You need to take better care of  
this dog.

ALANA BLOOM  
I feel horrible. I got all the dogs  
chipped. Least they're not running  
away to anywhere I can't find them.

JACK CRAWFORD  
He's looking for Will.

ALANA BLOOM  
Isn't that why you're here?

Jack acknowledges that with a small nod, then:

JACK CRAWFORD  
I understand why you felt you had  
to file that report. You  
questioned my judgment when my  
judgment needed to be questioned.

ALANA BLOOM  
Yes, it did.

Jack appreciates her bluntness.

JACK CRAWFORD  
It's going to help Will's defense  
if it's on record.

ALANA BLOOM

Yes, it will.

Jack now clearly understanding that Alana threw him under the bus in a desperate attempt to save Will Graham.

JACK CRAWFORD

How is his defense coming along?

ALANA BLOOM

Declaring Hannibal's guilt is more important to Will than establishing his own defense.

JACK CRAWFORD

Hannibal's not guilty.

ALANA BLOOM

Neither is Will. He's clinging to the hope Hannibal did this so he doesn't have to face what he did.

JACK CRAWFORD

I envy your certainty about him.

ALANA BLOOM

You used to be certain.

JACK CRAWFORD

Convince me he didn't know what he was doing. I want to be convinced.

ALANA BLOOM

A psychopath wouldn't be so scared of the truth, Jack. And Will's terrified, but that's not stopping him from trying to find it.

JACK CRAWFORD

Somebody needs to find the truth.

ALANA BLOOM

We are who we are in the now, and we are the sum of our memories. If Will doesn't remember what he did, he'll never accept the truth.

OFF the tableau of Jack, Alana and Winston...

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

Will Graham sits at his table, looking at a compartmented tray of food. Pulls back the cellophane and regards the unappetizing meal.

Mashed potatoes, gray vegetables and overdone meat that he struggles to cut with a plastic knife. He puts it to his mouth and chews.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will sits in a chair at the table, head held back, eyes rolling as a metal tube is forced between his teeth.

A plastic-sheathed arm holds his head/throat in an embrace.

Hannibal's face comes into CLOSE FOCUS and he puts something down the tube...

Hannibal pushes the food down with the handle of a wooden spoon...

Hannibal removes the tube and pushes Will's mouth and nose closed with one hand, as his embrace stays ever tight with the other...

CLOSE-UP -- Will's face goes red, and then his throat works convulsively and he swallows. Hannibal releases his nose and mouth and Will gasps for air...

Hannibal's hand reaches for a loaded needle on the table, an empty one already lies beside it...

ON WILL still in that dreadful embrace --

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

Will coughs up the chewed meat back into the tray.

Will's eyes go wide at the recovered memory...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Bedelia leads Jack inside, indicating a chair.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Please.

Jack takes the seat and she sits opposite him.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER (CONT'D)  
How to best provide a psychological  
profile of Hannibal Lecter.

JACK CRAWFORD  
You're not performing an evaluation  
for legal purposes or serving as an  
expert witness, we're just talking.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Let's talk. Certain personality  
types prefer to interact with the  
world differently than others.

JACK CRAWFORD  
What's Hannibal's personality type?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
He is the social antisocial.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Meaning.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Meaning he's not easily influenced.  
I imagine you have that in common.

JACK CRAWFORD  
We do.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Hannibal's capacity to be shaped by  
his social environment seemed  
nonexistent until he met Will Graham.

JACK CRAWFORD  
What was it about Will?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
We are as much about ourselves as  
we are about those around us.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Hannibal saw himself in Will?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Will Graham convinced Hannibal he was seeing someone as unique as himself. Just as he convinced you what Will Graham you were seeing.

JACK CRAWFORD  
We both thought we knew him.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
You're not here to understand how Hannibal was fooled. You're here to understand how you were.

JACK CRAWFORD  
I suppose I am.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Did you see yourself in Mr. Graham?

JACK CRAWFORD  
I saw an asset. And a friend.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Your mistake. Hannibal made mistakes, too. Mistakes I believe he will continue to make. Will Graham is an unfinished crossword puzzle. A grid of boxes neither of you have given up trying to fill.

Jack mulls that a moment, then:

JACK CRAWFORD  
I don't know how to help Will. I worry that he's a psychopath. And I worry that he isn't.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Psychopaths are narcissists. And narcissists often masquerade as sensitive introverts.

CUT TO:

A SENSITIVE INTROVERT

Will stares into middle distance. We are --

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Will once again gracefully casts his fly into the water.

JACK CRAWFORD (O.S.)

Will?

Will turns to see JACK CRAWFORD standing on the shore.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - NIGHT

Will on his feet, facing the wall, coming out of a fixed thousand-yard stare. Jack Crawford stands outside his cell.

WILL GRAHAM

Hi, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

Where were you just now?

WILL GRAHAM

Gone fishin'.

(then)

What are you doing here?

JACK CRAWFORD

Feeling sentimental.

(then)

I wanted to remind myself who you were. See if I could remember the man whose classroom I walked into.

WILL GRAHAM

I remember that man. Memories are all I have. Imagine how nice it is to stumble on a new one.

(off Jack's look)

I was almost certain. Almost. Certain. Hannibal Lecter did this to me. It's a funny thing, doubt.

JACK CRAWFORD

Doubt isn't natural. We imprint on a version of the truth and have a hard time letting it go.

WILL GRAHAM

I had nothing to prove to myself or anyone else that Hannibal was responsible. Not even a memory.

JACK CRAWFORD

Had nothing? You have something now, Will? You recover a memory?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

Jack bows his head. He's almost amused. Will is energized.

JACK CRAWFORD

You know that's meaningless.

WILL GRAHAM

Not for me.

(then)

He did it so well. There wasn't even an orgy of evidence. There was just enough to convince you.

JACK CRAWFORD

We investigated your claims about Dr. Lecter. Thoroughly. We've gone over every fiber of every stitch of clothing. We took his DNA. We took his fingerprints. We found nothing.

WILL GRAHAM

You let the fox into the henhouse.

JACK CRAWFORD

Yes. Yes, I did. You stood over a dead girl's body in that field and described yourself to me.

WILL GRAHAM

I described Hannibal Lecter.

JACK CRAWFORD

I can't hear this anymore.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not the intelligent psychopath you're looking for.

JACK CRAWFORD

Good-bye, Will.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Jack as he turns and walks away.

WILL GRAHAM

May not believe me now... you will.

CUT TO:



BLACK

And then we SLIDE OFF the BLACK to find an antique clock reads 7:31.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Beautiful classical music plays.

We MOVE OFF the clock, across a broad desk and linger briefly on a leather-bound appointment book. On the page under 7:30, it says, "Will Graham."

MOVE OFF the book, across the floor to reveal we are in Hannibal's office. Hannibal sits with a glass of wine, staring into the empty chair where Will would have once sat.

As the music soars, Hannibal's face clouds...

CUT TO:

WILL GRAHAM

His face breaks into a smile. We are --

INT. BSHCI - PRIVACY ROOM - NIGHT

Will is chained to the table, watching, as Beverly ENTERS, the door closing and locking behind her.

WILL GRAHAM

It's good to see you.

BEVERLY KATZ

Don't know how I feel about seeing you. I'll let you know when I do.

WILL GRAHAM

Does Jack know you're here?

BEVERLY KATZ

No, but he shouldn't be surprised.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm surprised.

BEVERLY KATZ

I'm compartmentalizing.

(then)

A lot of people are missing.

WILL GRAHAM

Do you have the file with you?

BEVERLY KATZ

Yes.

WILL GRAHAM

And pictures.

BEVERLY KATZ

Yes.

She opens a file and shows him the six victims from the soup.

BEVERLY KATZ (CONT'D)

The first six bodies ended up in  
the same place. Dumped in a river,  
caught in a beaver dam.

WILL GRAHAM

What does he do to them?

BEVERLY KATZ

He targets them, follows them home,  
abducts them and preserves them.

WILL GRAHAM

You want to know how he's choosing  
them, don't you?

BEVERLY KATZ

Thought you would have some ideas.

She shows him photos. Pushes the file across the table.

BEVERLY KATZ (CONT'D)

This second group are all missing,  
under similar circumstances, from  
three different states.

She hands him a bigger sheaf of photographs. Will takes it,  
focusses on the pictures, concentrates.

BEVERLY KATZ (CONT'D)

Tell me what you see?

Will closes his eyes and in the...

DARKNESS OF HIS MIND

A PENDULUM SWINGS. FWUM.

ON WILL

He OPENS HIS EYES and studies the faces in the MISSING  
PERSONS PICTURES as he flips through the photographs.

IN HIS MIND

The PENDULUM SWINGS. FWUM. A VICTIM'S FACE partially illuminated by the reflective light of the PENDULUM. FWUM. Another VICTIM'S FACE. FWUM. Another. FWUM. Another. (NOTE: These are not pictures, but the actual VICTIMS staring into middle distance as the PENDULUM washes over them.)

ON WILL

He concentrates on the faces as he gathers the pictures up and fans them on the table and begins arranging them. Beverly watches as he slides the pictures around and around.

The victims' pictures are now ordered according to skin tone -- light to dark. He looks at Beverly.

WILL GRAHAM  
It's a color palette.

OFF Beverly --

EXT. GRAIN SILO - NIGHT

CAMERA PUSHES IN, establishing.

INT. GRAIN SILO - NIGHT

Darkness.

CLOSE ON dark eyes as they open.

Roland Umber. He groans, struggles, gasps for air.

He is stuck, trapped in close confinement. His eyes roll as he sees what he is trapped by and he starts to freak out.

CAMERA OVERHEAD PULLS OUT from his terrified face to reveal he is stitched along the arms and legs to other bodies, bent and formed around each other in a human tapestry.

As a scream starts to build in Roland's throat...

HARD TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE