

HANNIBAL  
"...and the Woman Clothed in Sun"

TEASER

A PIXELATED DARKNESS

RECORDED MAN'S VOICE  
You've reached the law offices of  
Byron Metcalf, after the tone...

A tone strikes, bringing us out of the pixelated darkness, which slowly comes INTO FOCUS to reveal we are --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE stands before the full-length mirror, which is covered by his kimono hanging over it.

He presses a hand gently to his throat as he practices his glottal stops. The moment feels painfully intimate, private.

As CAMERA PUSHES IN...

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE  
B... ha... b... ha... ba, ba, ba.  
(then)  
Rn... rn... r... r... r.  
(then)  
Meh... meh... meh... meh...  
(then)  
Ca... ca.. ca... ca.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON AN INDIANA LICENSE PLATE

As it is unscrewed and yanked away.

Strong hands flip through a selection of other license plates. Various states: New York, Illinois, others.

A new plate is chosen -- North Carolina -- and obscured as a powerful figure screws it into the holder.

A phone company decal is slid across the plain side of a panel van.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLARHYDE'S VAN - NIGHT/DAY

CLOSE ON DOLARHYDE driving, his troubled expression seen through the windshield. Oncoming lights flash across his face.

It's a long journey. We see passing road signs reflected in the glass, counting down the route to Baltimore.

CLOSE ON THE NORTH CAROLINA LICENSE PLATE

In darkness, as the lights of passing traffic flash by.

As it is again unscrewed, and another new one slotted into its place. We do not see what it says.

EXT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Looming above the familiar, forbidding edifice, clouds race across the sky with surreal, time-lapse speed.

The panel van pulls up in front of the building, moving at an incongruously-naturalistic twenty-four frames per second.

CLOSE ON A BLURRED LICENSE PLATE

It pulls up to CAMERA, coming into SHARP FOCUS: Maryland.

Dolarhyde emerges from the van. Carrying a workbag and wearing a tool belt over his nondescript "uniform."

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - BASEMENT - DAY

Dolarhyde makes his way across the dank, dark basement to a wall-mounted telephone junction box. He opens the hinged plastic cover to reveal a tangle of wires and jacks. Quickly and confidently, he begins unplugging and re-plugging wires, evidently switching relays, while CAMERA zooms toward one of the empty jack holes, passing through to --

THE TELEPHONE MATRIX

A realm of infinite, multicolored-wire highways leading every which way. We race along one such wire, careening to and fro, up and down, like a roller coaster, ultimately hurtling toward the opening of a dark tunnel up ahead, passing through into darkness...

And finally emerging from one of the multitude of tiny holes which comprise --

THE MOUTHPIECE OF A TELEPHONE RECEIVER.

It's still on the charger under a large drop cloth which is whisked off to reveal we are --

## INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Amid the funereal, dust-laden atmosphere of the haunted-looking office, heavy with drop cloth-covered furniture, lingering memories and dark implications, Dolarhyde stands behind Hannibal's desk, having whisked off the drop cloth.

He carefully picks up the phone and wipes it clean with a small white cloth. Dolarhyde sets his laptop on the desk, he plugs one end of a cable into the computer, and the other end into Hannibal's telephone.

His fingers fly across the computer keyboard. Then Dolarhyde reaches for the phone. Taking a deep breath, he taps out a number.

## CLOSE ON DOLARHYDE'S MOUTH

CAMERA pushes past his scarred lip, through the holes of the mouthpiece of the phone and into darkness.

## DARKNESS INSIDE THE MOUTHPIECE

Across the darkness, a CALLER ID readout identifies the caller as "The Law Offices of Byron Metcalf."

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (V.O.)  
Hello. My name is Byron Metcalf.  
I'm Hannibal Lecter's lawyer.  
(then)  
Yes, I'll hold.

## ON DOLARHYDE

CAMERA slowly starts circling him, gathering his courage, mentally steeling himself for the Call of His Life.

After what seems like an eternity, Dolarhyde finally hears an unmistakable voice, effortlessly commanding:

HANNIBAL (V.O.)  
Hello?

Momentarily stunned with reverence, Dolarhyde finally speaks, and we see a replay of the fateful conversation from Ep. #309, only this time, from Dolarhyde's perspective:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE  
Hello, Dr. Lecter. As an avid fan,  
I wanted to tell you I'm delighted  
that you have taken an interest in  
me. I don't believe you'd tell  
them who I am, even if you knew.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)

What particular body you currently  
occupy is trivia.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

The important thing is what I am  
Becoming. I know that you alone  
can understand this.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)

Tell me. What are you becoming?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

The Great Red Dragon.

Now the circling CAMERA reveals, sitting in the therapy chairs beyond the desk: HANNIBAL and DOLARHYDE 2, face to face in what is evidently Dolarhyde's FANTASY PROJECTION of their conversation.

Behind the desk, Dolarhyde watches as Dolarhyde 2 embarks on what amounts to his first therapy session with Dr. Lecter:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE 2

I have admired you for years and  
have a complete collection of your  
press notices. Actually, I think  
of them as unfair reviews.

HANNIBAL

As unfair as yours?

(then)

They like to sling demeaning  
nicknames, don't they?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE 2

The Tooth Fairy.

HANNIBAL

What could be more inappropriate?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE 2

It would shame me for you to see  
that, if I didn't know you suffered  
the same distortions in the press.

HANNIBAL

You've read Freddie Lounds's latest?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE 2

It's not a good picture of you.  
Your likeness should be the dark  
portrait of a Renaissance prince.

HANNIBAL

Your speech is bent and pruned by  
disabilities, real and imagined,  
but your words are startling.

Dolarhyde 1 emerges from behind the desk, held rapt by the conversation he is witnessing, as he slowly comes circling around behind Hannibal...

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE 2

I want to be recognized by you.

HANNIBAL

As John the Baptist recognized the one who came after.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE 2

I want to sit before you as the Dragon sat before 666 in Revelation. I have things I'd love to show you. Someday, if circumstances permit, I would like to meet you and watch you meld with the strength of the Dragon.

Dolarhyde 1, now standing directly behind Hannibal, looks in amazement over Hannibal's shoulder to see --

BLAKE'S *THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST IS 666 COME TO LIFE.*

Dolarhyde 2 as the proud Dragon, looming with spread wings over Hannibal Lecter, the Devil himself.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL

His stare riveting...

HANNIBAL

See how magnificent you are. "Did he who made the Lamb make thee?"

CLOSE ON DOLARHYDE 1

Pondering Hannibal's words...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. ZOO - PARKING LOT - DAY

Dolarhyde's van comes zipping past a sign festooned with colorful animal silhouettes and the words: "ZOO AND BOTANICAL GARDENS."

INT. DOLARHYDE'S VAN - DAY

Dolarhyde and REBA inside, pulling into a parking space. She breathes in strange and heavy odors on a breeze, realizing:

REBA MCCLANE

We're at the zoo. Why are we at  
the zoo? It's cold for the zoo.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Did you ever look at a tiger?

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON REBA MCCLANE

Francis Dolarhyde places two strong arms on her shoulders and guides her into the forked pressure of a corner.

CLOSE ON REBA'S EAR

She listens to a rhythmic shuffling of burdened feet.

DENTIST (O.S.)

Up, now. Easy. Down.

CLOSE ON REBA'S NOSE

She takes a breath, smelling the air.

REBA MCCLANE

It's in here.

CLOSE ON REBA

Everything around her is a dark blur.

DENTIST (O.S.)

We're getting ready to cap his tooth. Have to be sure his respiration and heartbeat are strong and steady before we start.

REBA MCCLANE

How do I know he's sound asleep?

Francis is close; we can feel him more than see him, but his voice is very near Reba.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (O.S.)  
Tickle him.

She smiles. Finally, CAMERA reveals we are --

INT. ZOO - ANIMAL TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

Reveal another man -- a DENTIST -- in a white smock. Francis Dolarhyde stands leaning against the wall. His eyes on Reba.

DENTIST  
Do you have a general impression...?  
I can describe as much as you like.

CAMERA reveals, lying on a stainless-steel table, an enormous, beautiful BENGAL TIGER, obviously anesthetized, its eyes staring from behind drooping lids.

REBA MCCLANE  
D... I would like to hear you tell  
me what you see, if you don't mind.

Francis is momentarily thrown by the request, then:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE  
He's striking. Orange and black stripes. The orange is so bright, it's almost bleeding into the air around him. It's radiant.

The dentist guides Reba to the tiger.

DENTIST  
I'll put your left hand on the edge of the table and you can explore with your right. Take your time.

With the dentist's guidance, Reba, transfixed, touches the tiger, running her fingers through thick, striped fur.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE  
I'll be right here beside you.

CLOSE ON REBA'S HANDS

They run through the luxuriant fur, grasping and sliding.

She gradually moves her hand toward the cat's muzzle, her sleeve visibly ruffled by its breathing.

CLOSE ON THE MOUTH OF THE BEAST

Ringed with huge white teeth and four prominent razor-sharp fangs. As the mouth exhales with something like a sigh...

ON DOLARHYDE

He continues watching, mesmerized, as Reba runs her fingers across the cat's sharp, pearly fangs.

Then, wrapping one arm around the tiger's slowly-heaving torso, leaning in for an intimate embrace, she lays her ear against the powerful chest.

Moved beyond words, Reba's eyes fill with tears as she listens in awe to the miracle of the beast's HEARTBEAT, the slow, primal sound, like jungle drums, taking over the soundtrack.

CLOSE ON REBA, her face pressed into the tiger's fur, his heart filling her ears, her fingers clutching and releasing at his belly fur.

ON FRANCIS DOLARHYDE -- watching her.

And now -- THREE HEARTBEATS -- and as we watch and listen, they all merge and become one, their rhythms converging.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

INT. DOLARHYDE'S VAN - NIGHT

Reba is quiet, flushed, elated. She and Dolarhyde sit in the cab of the van, a silence between them, almost postcoital.

Finally, she turns to him:

REBA MCCLANE  
Thank you... very much.  
(turning back to face  
the windshield)  
I would dearly love a martini.

EXT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The looming red brick of a towering Victorian home.

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Dolarhyde enters the foyer carefully. His trepidation evident. He moves to the foot of the stairs and looks up. Ears cocked for sound, scared of what might lurk there.

Dolarhyde looks nervous as Reba waits inside the door.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Wait here a moment.

REBA MCCLANE

Don't tidy up. Take me in and tell  
me it's neat.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Wait here.

THE LIVING ROOM

Dolarhyde quietly takes in the room, listening for any presence that might be a threat, even his own.

Silence reigns. Dolarhyde puts his hands over his face and stands for a moment, worried and alone, but finding strength.

THE FOYER

Dolarhyde returns and approaches Reba.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

All clear.

REBA MCCLANE

It feels cool and tall. It's a big house, isn't it? How many rooms?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Fourteen.

REBA MCCLANE

It's old. Things in here are old.

Brushing against a fringed, antique lampshade, she touches it with her fingers, caressing it.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Martini?

REBA MCCLANE

Let me make it.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF INTIMATE, SENSUAL CLOSE SHOTS:

REBA'S FINGERS DIP INTO VERMOUTH

SHE FLICKS THE VERMOUTH INTO THE MARTINI GLASSES

SHE POURS GIN ON TOP

SHE IMPALES TWO OLIVES

A NEEDLE DROPS ON DEBUSSY VINYL

We are --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Reba holds out one martini while keeping another close to her chest. Dolarhyde takes the offered martini.

REBA MCCLANE

That was an elegant gesture, the tiger. Eloquent, too. Maybe the most eloquent thing I ever heard of.

Dolarhyde averts his eyes.

REBA MCCLANE (CONT'D)

That tiger, this house. You're full of surprises, D. I don't think anyone at Gateway knows you at all.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Did you ask them?

REBA MCCLANE

No.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Then how do you know that nobody knows me?

REBA MCCLANE

Because they wonder about you. They wonder about everything. They find you very mysterious.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Did they tell you how I look?

REBA MCCLANE

I didn't ask them. But, yes, they told me. Do you want to hear it? Don't ask if you don't.

A long, awkward silence.

REBA MCCLANE (CONT'D)

I think I'll tell you. They said you have a kind of hard, clean neatness that they like. They say you're very sensitive about your face and that you shouldn't be.

(MORE)

REBA MCCLANE (CONT'D)

(then)

Where the hell are you?

Dolarhyde moves between Reba and the speaker as he sits.

REBA MCCLANE (CONT'D)

Ah. Here you are.

(approaching)

Do you want to know what I think?

She finds his mouth with her fingers, leans down and kisses it. He is astonished. He sits very still.

She sinks into his lap, disappearing BELOW FRAME. Dolarhyde gasps, frozen in shock and pleasure.

CLOSE ON HIS HAND

It squeezes the arm of the couch, his fingers popping through the upholstery.

ON REBA

Her head rises back INTO FRAME.

REBA MCCLANE (CONT'D)

I hope I didn't shock you.

Dolarhyde reaches out and places his hand gently on her chest to see if her heart is beating, and it is. She holds his hand there for a moment, then...

...filled with power -- the Dragon's or his own -- he easily lifts Reba off the couch, sweeping her up in his arms.

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - GRANDMOTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dolarhyde on top of Reba, making love to a living woman for the first time in his life. They move together.

Reba's fingers raking the rippling dragon tattoo across his muscular back. The tattoo shifts and moves, almost alive.

REBA MCCLANE

My god, man, that's so sweeet...

And their TWO HEARTBEATS again rise to fill the soundscape -- starting with their own rhythms and then merging into one.

Then Reba flips on top of him, momentarily taking him by surprise with her initiative.

DOLARHYDE'S POV

Reba's face, backlit, shimmering as if painted with gold.

She is now --

WILLIAM BLAKE'S *WOMAN CLOTHED WITH THE SUN.*

Her body now wrapped in a golden gown. A resplendent, golden vision astride him, her hair looking almost ablaze, her arms outstretched in a gesture of ecstatic worship.

DOLARHYDE

Tears stream down his face as he is transported by this vision, this first taste of love.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - GRANDMOTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dolarhyde lies beside Reba in the dark. He puts his hand on her and presses her back against the mattress. As she sleeps, Dolarhyde places his head against her chest and listens time and again to her heart. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

He takes her hand and places it on his face.

Dolarhyde closes his eyes and we FADE TO a friendly darkness.

A SERIES OF DREAM IMAGES, QUICK, FLEETING:

Baroque pearls fly through the friendly dark, becoming clattering teeth.

EXTREME CLOSE ON a pistol barrel to reveal Dolarhyde pointing the gun.

REVERSE to reveal the gun is pointed at the moon.

Blake's illustration of the Dragon shifts and moves, alive. CAMERA reveals it's the tattoo on Dolarhyde's back.

CLOSE ON DOLARHYDE'S EYES

He's sleeping peacefully, bright morning light on his face. Then we hear a muffled-but-unmistakably-angry ROAR.

Dolarhyde's eyes blink open, puzzled for an instant because he's not in his room in the attic. His eyes grow wide as he remembers. An owlish turn of his head to the other pillow.

Empty. Then again comes the ROAR, louder this time. Scrambling out of bed, he pulls on his trousers.

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Dolarhyde approaches the stairs, not wanting to climb them. A distorted rumble of a ROAR vibrates down the stairs, summoning him. He places a foot on the first step and his tattoo flexes, appearing to shift under his skin.

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Dolarhyde moves from door to door, then another disturbing ROAR from the stairs leading to the attic. A demand.

CLOSE ON THE BLAKE ILLUSTRATION OF THE RED DRAGON

It glows at Dolarhyde as CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

Dolarhyde stares at the Dragon as the tattoo tail wrapped around his leg unfurls to the floor, no longer ink, but flesh.

As wings begin to spread from his back, Dolarhyde squeezes his eyes shut. The ROAR distorts and Dolarhyde presses the heels of his hands against his ears.

CAMERA PUSHES IN TO AN EXTREME CLOSE ON Dolarhyde's squeezed-shut eyes, then he opens them.

He's just a man. No tail. No wings.

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dolarhyde comes racing down the stairs in a panic... only to find Reba, fully dressed, sitting calmly on the couch.

REBA MCCLANE

Good morning.

Reba puts her arms around him and lays her head on his chest.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Good morning.

REBA MCCLANE

I really had a terrific time, D.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Good. Me, too.

A sudden ROAR from upstairs; glancing over his shoulder.

REBA MCCLANE

But I need to go home now.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Yes. Good. I'll take you now.

He rushes off. She smiles, charmed by what she still assumes is the world's last gentleman.

CUT TO:

THE SILHOUETTE OF A WOMAN LYING IN THE DARK

We hear the sound of the sea outside the window, fresh flowers in evidence next to the bed. The room slowly brightens with the coming sun, a breeze pushing at the curtains, as CAMERA reveals the woman is:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER (V.O.)  
I awoke in the fresh-smelling  
semidark, knowing in some primal  
way that I was near the sea.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

BEDELIA DU MAURIER is on stage behind a podium, delivering an inspirational lecture to a capacity crowd.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Day and evening again, the smell of  
fresh flowers and the vague  
awareness of a needle bleeding into  
me. Hannibal always stood at a  
distance, very still. There were  
days of talk. He never called me  
my name. It was strange at first,  
and then it wasn't strange. And  
then my name was Lydia Fell.

The audience watches rapt as Bedelia paces in front of a large Hieronymus Bosch mural.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER (CONT'D)  
Deeply-felt truths of who I am as  
Bedelia Du Maurier were smoke and  
mirrors of the highest order.

In the rear of the theater, Bedelia can see WILL GRAHAM has just entered, quietly taking a seat on the aisle.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER (CONT'D)  
What we take for granted about our  
sense of self, everything we see,  
everything we remember, is nothing  
more than a construct of the mind.

Bedelia walks down the aisle, placing a gentle hand on Will's shoulder as she passes, walking back toward the Bosch. He eyes her with an uneasy mix of skepticism and sympathy.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER (CONT'D)  
Dante was the first to conceive of  
hell as a planned space. An urban  
environment. Before Dante, we  
spoke not of the "Gates of Hell,"  
but the "Mouth of Hell." My  
journey of damnation began when I  
was swallowed by the beast.

She locks eyes with Will, and we --

TIME CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER

The lecture now over, people are filing toward the exit, past Bedelia who humbly accepts their congratulations, offers her thanks, shakes their hands. She closes the doors and turns.

Will, who has patiently been waiting his turn, finally confronts Bedelia who puts on a friendly face.

WILL GRAHAM

Poor Dr. Du Maurier, swallowed whole. Suffering inside Hannibal Lecter's bowels for what must have felt like an eternity.

(then)

You didn't lose yourself, Bedelia, you just crawled so far up his ass you couldn't be bothered.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Hello, Will.

Will takes in the impressive space of Bedelia's lecture.

WILL GRAHAM

You hitched your star to a man commonly known as a monster. You're the Bride of Frankenstein.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

We've both been his bride.

WILL GRAHAM

How did you manage to walk away unscarred? I'm covered with scars.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I wasn't myself. You were. Even when you weren't, you were.

WILL GRAHAM

I wasn't wearing adequate armor.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

No. You were naked.

(then)

Have you been to see him?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Haven't learned anything, have you? Or did you just miss him that much?

Will considers, decides the question is rhetorical.

WILL GRAHAM  
Have you been to see him?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
I've seen enough of him. I was  
with him behind the veil. You were  
always on the other side.

The simplicity of that strikes Will. Bedelia gathers up her notes and her briefcase next to the podium.

WILL GRAHAM  
Something we should talk about.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
You'll have to make an appointment.

She heads off, out the doors and swallowed up by the crowd.  
OFF Will watching her go...

CLOSE ON AN ORDERLY

Doors open revealing the orderly we've seen before. The orderly unrolls the long cord from the pushcart toward the window drawer, aiming a can of mace toward the hole.

We are --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

The orderly approaches the glass wall, Hannibal behind it.

ORDERLY  
Go to the back of your cell. Face  
the worktable. If you turn around  
or approach the barrier before you  
hear the lock snap, I'll mace you  
in the face. Understand?

HANNIBAL  
Yes, indeed.

The orderly places the telephone through the drawer and closes the door, latching it shut with a SNAP.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)  
Thank you so much, Denise.

Denise the orderly exits and Hannibal, now in complete privacy, picks up the phone.

TELEPHONE VOICE (V.O.)  
Are you ready for your call?

HANNIBAL  
Yes, please.

The phone RINGS as Hannibal works quickly, using the tip of a soft pen to remove the telephone's bare faceplate, revealing wires and relays inside.

ANOTHER VOICE (V.O.)  
You've reached the law offices of  
Byron Metcalf...

Then he uses the pen to start poking carefully at one of the relays, quickly disconnecting the call. We hear a DIAL TONE.

Hannibal does some more skillful prodding, quickly resulting in the sound of ELECTRONIC RINGING. Then:

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Operator.

HANNIBAL  
Operator, I don't have the use of  
my hands. Could you please ring  
667-JL5-0102?

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Of course. Have a nice day.

More RINGING. Then:

ASSISTANT (V.O.)  
Dr. Frederick Chilton's office.

HANNIBAL  
Is this Linda?

ASSISTANT (V.O.)  
Linda doesn't come in on weekends.

HANNIBAL  
Maybe you could help me, if you  
don't mind. This is Bob Greer at  
Blaine and Edwards Publishing. Dr.  
Chilton asked me to send a copy of  
his book to someone, and Linda was  
supposed to give me the address and  
phone number, but she never did.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)  
She'll be in on Monday.

HANNIBAL

I have to catch Federal Express in about five minutes, and I don't want to bother Frederick at home because he told Linda to send it and I don't want to get her in any trouble. It's right there in his contacts. I'll dance at your wedding if you'll read it to me.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)

Hold on. I'm opening the file.

HANNIBAL

Be a darling and slide that cursor down to the letter *G*, give it a click and I'll be out of your hair.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)

All right. What was the name?

Hannibal smiles.

HANNIBAL

Graham. Will Graham.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

CLOSE ON A NOTECARD

A chalk pen ENTERS FRAME and writes: "Dear Bedelia..."

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Hannibal as he writes at his worktable. He finishes the note and places it in an envelope addressed to: "Bedelia Du Maurier, c/o FBI."

WILL GRAHAM (V.O.)  
Have you had any contact with him?

CLOSE ON BEDELIA DU MAURIER

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
He sends greeting cards on  
Christian holidays and my birthday.  
He always includes a recipe.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Will is sitting opposite Bedelia in the patient's chair, which previously had been occupied only by Hannibal.

WILL GRAHAM  
If he does end up eating you,  
Bedelia, you'd have it coming.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
I can't blame him for doing what  
evolution has equipped him to do.

WILL GRAHAM  
If we just do whatever evolution  
equipped us to do, then murder and  
cannibalism are morally acceptable.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
They are acceptable. To murderers  
and cannibals. And you.

WILL GRAHAM  
And you.  
(then)  
You lied, Bedelia. You do that a  
lot. Why do you do that a lot?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
I obfuscate. Hannibal was never  
not my patient. Covert treatment  
suffers secrecy and disapproval.

WILL GRAHAM  
Covert because Hannibal was an  
uncooperative patient?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Covert because I was a cooperative  
psychiatrist. "Do no harm."

WILL GRAHAM  
And did you?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
I did. Technically.

WILL GRAHAM  
You dared to care.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Not the first time I've lost  
professional objectivity in a  
matter where Hannibal is concerned.

REVERSE AND WE SEE NOT WILL

But NEIL FRANK in the chair (the young man whose throat was  
on the receiving end of a fatal fisting from Bedelia in Ep.  
#301), signaling that now we are --

INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Neil sits opposite Bedelia in the seat Will was occupying.

NEIL FRANK  
What did he tell you?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
What do you think he told me?

NEIL FRANK  
I think he told you I'm paranoid.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Are you?

NEIL FRANK  
Yes. But that's not to suggest I  
don't have good reason to be.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
You don't trust Dr. Lecter.

NEIL FRANK  
Something's wrong with Dr. Lecter.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Did you feel this way before he  
ended your doctor-patient  
relationship?

NEIL FRANK  
It's why he ended it. He knew I  
knew. I went to him mildly  
depressed, had some trouble  
sleeping. Then I was wildly  
depressed and not sleeping at all.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
You believe your condition worsened  
under Dr. Lecter's care?

NEIL FRANK  
"Care"? He told me to eat more red  
meat and wrote me a prescription.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Have you been taking the medication  
he prescribed you?

NEIL FRANK  
Hell. No. He wanted to give me  
phototherapy to advance my  
circadian rhythms so I can sleep,  
but it wasn't phototherapy. He  
stuck me in front of a light and I  
woke up someplace else.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Dr. Lecter told me you had a  
seizure response to phototherapy.

NEIL FRANK  
He did something to me.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
You experienced a traumatic event  
you now associate with Dr. Lecter.

NEIL FRANK  
I nearly choked to death on my own  
tongue. And he was indifferent.

REVERSE AND WE SEE BEDELIA SITTING ACROSS FROM NEIL

But her hair and dress are present-day, signaling we are --

INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

Will now sits across from Bedelia as she reminisces:

WILL GRAHAM

How is one patient worthy of  
compassion and not another?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I'm under no illusions how morally  
consistent my compassion has been.

(then)

How is one murderer worthy of  
compassion and not another?

WILL GRAHAM

We're morally schizophrenic when it  
comes to Hannibal. And we both  
seem to keep getting away with it.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

One of us is more scarred than the  
other. I was granted immunity from  
prosecution by the U.S. Attorney.  
Not a good way to learn a lesson.

WILL GRAHAM

All that time you were with  
Hannibal behind the veil, you'd  
already killed one patient, ever  
occur to you to kill another?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

My relationship with Hannibal isn't  
as passionate as yours. You are  
here visiting an old flame. Is  
your wife aware how intimately you  
and Hannibal know each other?

WILL GRAHAM

She's aware enough.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You couldn't save Hannibal. Do you  
think you can save this new one?

Will is struck by the question, but doesn't answer.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER (CONT'D)  
Your experience of Hannibal's  
attention is so profoundly harmful,  
yet so irresistible, it undermines  
your ability to think rationally.

REVERSE AND WE SEE NOT WILL

But Neil now in the chair, signaling that we are --

INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Another day. Neil is on edge as tensions are rising between him and his psychiatrist.

NEIL FRANK  
I am thinking rationally.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
You have made some very serious accusations.

NEIL FRANK  
Actionable accusations?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Yes.

NEIL FRANK  
Have you? Taken action?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Is that what you want me to do?

NEIL FRANK  
Isn't that what you're supposed to do? On my behalf? But you haven't.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
I am not firmly convinced it would be in your best interest.

NEIL FRANK  
I am not firmly convinced you give a rat's ass about my best interest.  
(then)  
Do you believe me?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
I believe you are experiencing a lack of insight. I am trying to assist you in regaining enough insight to realize you require medication.

NEIL FRANK

What medication would you  
prescribe, Dr. Du Maurier?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I would prescribe exactly what Dr.  
Lecter prescribed and you refused.

NEIL FRANK

This... whatever this is... is why  
Scientologists hate psychiatry.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

What do you think "this" is?

Neil studies Bedelia, suspicious, shakes his head.

NEIL FRANK

Of course he would refer me to you.  
You're just as twisted as he is.

REVERSE AND WE SEE BEDELIA

With longer hair, signaling that we are --

INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

Bedelia and Will, as before.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You're walking down the street and  
you see a wounded bird in the  
grass. What's your first thought?

WILL GRAHAM

It's vulnerable, I want to help it.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

My first thought is also that it's  
vulnerable. Yet I want to crush  
it. A primal rejection of weakness  
which is every bit as natural as  
the nurturing instinct. Of course,  
I wouldn't crush it, but my first  
thought would be to do just that.

REVERSE AND WE SEE NOT WILL

But Neil now in the chair, signaling that we are --

INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Neil is wound up and demonstratively, and rightly so,  
paranoid. An incredulous Bedelia looks on.

NEIL FRANK

Behavior is mathematical. If it is mathematical, it can be predicted. If it can be predicted, it can be manipulated. I'm being manipulated.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

No one is manipulating you. You are here of your own free will.

NEIL FRANK

I gave up free will. I continue to feel and act as though I have it. But I don't. I'm only here because that's what's been prescribed.

He is on his feet and standing over her.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Neil. Sit down.

NEIL FRANK

No. No. This is culty and weird--

The words catch in his throat. He's not breathing.

NEIL'S POV -- BEDELIA

His vision begins to narrow as oxygen is cut off.

ON BEDELIA

She slowly rises from her own chair -- alarmed, but also clearly fascinated by what is happening.

WIDE -- SLOW MOTION

Neil lurches, falling into the coffee table, shattering it.

ON NEIL

His eyes bulging wide with terror, he claws at his throat.

ON BEDELIA

She snaps out of her momentary reverie, rushes to him. She reaches for his mouth and he struggles against her.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Let me help you. I'm trying to clear your airway.

Just as he coughs up a great gout of blood -- having evidently, we can guess, bitten through his own tongue.

His body continues flailing and bucking uncontrollably.

Bedelia, desperate, forces his jaw open; with her free hand, she reaches into his mouth...

His eyes roll back into his head, exposing the whites.

There's a sudden intake of air as Bedelia clears Neil's throat and he inhales.

Bedelia looks down at him, her hand still lodged in his mouth. TIME SLOWS DOWN as she contemplates him with a mixture of pity and disgust.

Her face takes on an expression of serious resolve as --

BAM! Back to NORMAL TIME as Bedelia suddenly THRUSTS HER ARM DOWN NEIL'S THROAT -- a mercy killing.

Neil's body falls still.

CAMERA moves off them, eventually finding Hannibal in the now-open doorway, watching with amusement and curiosity.

BACK TO BEDELIA

The gruesome tableau from Ep. #301: Bedelia with her arm down Neil's throat.

Now we see the continuation of the scene, as Bedelia slowly, sickeningly, retracts her arm, emerging from Neil's mouth dripping with gore; a tooth, dislodged, goes clattering across the floor like a Chiclet.

Bedelia, breathless with horror and adrenaline, turns slowly to see Hannibal lurking behind her.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

Bedelia and Will, as before.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

One thing Hannibal taught me is the alchemy of lies and truths. It's how he convinced you you're a killer.

WILL GRAHAM

You're not convinced?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You're not a killer. You're  
capable of righteous violence  
because you are compassionate.

WILL GRAHAM

How are you capable?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Extreme acts of cruelty require a  
high degree of empathy. The next  
time your instinct is to help  
someone, you should really consider  
crushing them instead. You might  
save yourself some trouble.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

## THE RED DRAGON SYMBOL

As a tiny figure -- Will Graham -- moves along the neck of the symbol and through a pair of doors, we reveal another figure -- Hannibal -- in the box of the symbol. This is a TOPICAL SHOT of Hannibal's cell and the corridor leading to it SUPERIMPOSED over the Red Dragon symbol.

MATCH CUT TO:

## A PICTURE OF THE RED DRAGON SYMBOL

Taken from the Jacobi house where Will found the character carved into a tree. CAMERA reveals we are --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

Hannibal is studying a photograph of the symbol found at the Jacobi house as he and Will converse through the glass.

WILL GRAHAM

It was done carefully and cleanly,  
with a very sharp knife. It was  
not the work of a child.

HANNIBAL

It's a Chinese character which  
means, "You hit it," an expression  
sometimes used in gambling.

WILL GRAHAM

A lucky sign.

(then)

The character also appears on a mah-jongg piece. Marks the Red Dragon.

HANNIBAL

"And behold a great red dragon..."

Will eyes Hannibal for a moment, knowing tricks and manners.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Are you familiar with William Blake's *The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed in Sun*? Blake's Dragon stands over a pleading woman caught in the coil of its tail. Few images in Western art radiate such a unique and nightmarish charge of demonic sexuality.

WILL GRAHAM

The man who killed the Jacobis and the Leedses saw something in them that drew him and drove him to do it. He chose them because something in them spoke to him.

HANNIBAL

The Jacobis were the first to help him, the first to lift him into the Glory of his Becoming. The Jacobis were better than anything he knew.

WILL GRAHAM

Until the Leedses.

HANNIBAL

As the Dragon grows in strength and Glory, there are families to come.

WILL GRAHAM

I have to believe there is a common factor and we'll find it soon.

HANNIBAL

Otherwise you have to enter more houses and see what the Dragon has left for you. Eleven days to the next full moon. Tick-tock.

(then)

I like this Dragon, Will. I don't think he's crazy at all. I think he may be quite sane. A magnificent thing, to watch the world through his red haze.

EXT. BROOKLYN MUSEUM - DAY

Time-lapse establishing.

INT. BROOKLYN MUSEUM - MAIN LEVEL - DAY

Dolarhyde, looking surprisingly professorial in coat and tie, hurries through the stately building's entrance. He passes through an electronic scanner without incident, and a GUARD waves him inside.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Painting Study. Miss Harper.

The guard offers a pen, but Dolarhyde already has his own pen ready and signs the register:

CLOSE ON THE REGISTER

Dolarhyde signs "Paul Crane."

POP WIDE

The guard dials an extension as Dolarhyde turns his back to the desk and studies the entrance. As he glances around the large entryway, he sees a SECURITY GUARD in the lobby, eyes the gun on his hip. He continues to survey the room until...

...a middle-aged female DOCENT approaches Dolarhyde.

PAULA HARPER

Mr. Crane? I'm Paula Harper. You called about the Blake watercolor? Come with me. I'll show it to you.  
(re: a visitor tag)  
You'll need this.

Dolarhyde affixes the visitor tag to his lapel and follows.

PAULA HARPER (CONT'D)

The museum is closed to the general public on Tuesdays, but art classes and researchers are admitted. May I ask what you're researching?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

A paper on Butts.

She presses the elevator call button and the doors open. Dolarhyde follows the docent inside.

PAULA HARPER

On Thomas Butts? You only see him in footnotes as a patron of Blake's. Is he interesting?

As the doors close.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

I'm just beginning.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN MUSEUM - BASEMENT - DAY

The elevator doors open and the docent escorts Dolarhyde to the painting storage department, an area filled with carousel racks of draped paintings.

PAULA HARPER

I think the National Gallery has  
two watercolors Blake did for  
Butts. Have you seen them yet?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Not yet.

PAULA HARPER

Wait here. I'll bring it to you.

A moment later, the docent returns with a flat black case, which she then lays on a worktable.

PAULA HARPER (CONT'D)

We have to keep it in this box  
because light will fade it. That's  
why it's not on display often.

(then)

You understand you're not allowed  
to touch it? I'll display it for  
you -- that's the rule. Okay?

Dolarhyde nods, almost breathless with anticipation.

From the black case, the docent pulls out an original watercolor painting, about 17 inches by 13 inches, encased in clear protective plastic: William Blake's *The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed in Sun*.

Dolarhyde is awestruck by the Man-Dragon rampant over the prostate, pleading woman caught in a coil of his tail.

PAULA HARPER (CONT'D)

Isn't it stunning? Even the best  
reproductions can't possibly do the  
colors justice...

Dolarhyde goes still, like a cobra before it strikes.

PAULA HARPER (CONT'D)

It appears he used chalk as well  
as watercolor.

Then, in one quick motion, the BLACKJACK CLUB slides out of Dolarhyde's shirt. Light and effortless, with his wrist more than his arm, he taps the back of her skull. The docent sags as Dolarhyde grabs a handful of her blouse and claps a chloroform rag over her face. She goes limp and he eases her to the floor, completely emotionless.

Dolarhyde carefully removes the painting from its cover. As he stares reverently at the watercolor in his hand...

OVER DOLARHYDE'S SHOULDER

As he's staring down at the watercolor, a horn begins to curl out of the back of his head.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the Dragon's tail extending out of the base of Dolarhyde's back and uncoiling down the aisle, flicking like a cat's tail. He is Becoming.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN MUSEUM - MAIN LEVEL - DAY

Will Graham is led by a TOUR GUIDE toward the elevator bank.

TOUR GUIDE

This way, Mr. Graham. You know, you're the second person who's asked to see the Blake today.

At that, Will grows anxious.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN MUSEUM - BASEMENT - DAY (FANTASY)

The GREAT RED DRAGON stands in the aisle where Dolarhyde once stood, back flexing, wings extending as it appears in *The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed in Sun*. We hear a trumpet blast of Dragon's ROAR and --

HARD CUT TO:

REALITY

Dolarhyde, now wearing Grandmother's dentures, stares at the watercolor. It's unsettling. He opens his mouth and bites into the painting, tearing off the Red Dragon's head.

ON DOLARHYDE

In a surreal effect, his HEAD CONTORTS between seven different head positions, each time ripping another piece of the Great Red Dragon off and chewing.

CLOSE ON DOLARHYDE'S MOUTH

A piece gets stuffed into his furiously-gnashing jaws. PULL BACK SLOWLY to reveal Dolarhyde stuffing the last of the painting into his mouth, swallowing it down.

He stands there a moment, blood pumping, exhilarated. And then the DING of the arriving elevator at the end of the hall.

## AT THE BASEMENT ELEVATOR

The doors open and Will follows the tour guide out and down the aisle, past racks of paintings stored there.

## TOUR GUIDE

Wait here.

(then)

Paula, I have another visitor for  
the Great Red Dragon.

The DING of the elevator doors behind him draws Will's attention. He turns to see the elevator doors open. Curious, he approaches with no particular urgency. The closer he gets, he starts to see a foot peeking out from just inside the doors, who it belongs to still obstructed.

## TOUR GUIDE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Paula? Paula.

The concern in the tour guide's voice causes Will to turn his head as the elevator doors begin to close. He glances back as the doors slide closed, and gets a brief look at Dolarhyde inside. TIME SLOWS as Will glimpses Dolarhyde's cleft palate, and glimpses his averted eyes, only now glancing back above the brow and making eye contact.

TIME RESUMES NORMAL SPEED as Will rushes the closing doors, catching the rubber release bar and sending the doors opening again. Before Will can calibrate, Dolarhyde snatches him by the collar with a startling power.

Dolarhyde slams Will into the roof of the elevator car and violently back down to the floor. BAM. BAM. And then tosses him right back out the doors.

Will slides to a stop outside the elevator, bloodied and bruised and dazed. Dolarhyde stares passionately back at Will as he presses the elevator's "CLOSE" button. Will tries to get to his feet, but is too wounded and slips briefly before finding his footing as the elevator doors close.

INT. BROOKLYN MUSEUM - MAIN LEVEL - DAY

An alarm is RINGING. Will clamors out a stairwell door, beat to hell; he runs into the main hall, desperately searching for any sign of Dolarhyde. He's gone.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXTREME CLOSE ON GNASHING TEETH

They chew and tear.

EXTREME CLOSE ON A SCRAP OF *THE GREAT RED DRAGON*

The gnashing teeth rip and grind until the Dragon is no more.

CUT TO:

WILL GRAHAM

Slightly battered, but cleaned up.

WILL GRAHAM  
He ate a painting.

We are --

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

JACK slams his door shut. Will and ALANA steel themselves for the coming storm.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Ate it?

WILL GRAHAM  
Ate it up. The Art Squad in New York snapped to it when they found out what he ate. It's rarely displayed. Two-hundred-year-old watercolor. Light fades it.

JACK CRAWFORD  
They got two partial prints off the plastic pass he used. No ID, but it's the same thumb that was on Mrs. Leeds's eye.

ALANA BLOOM  
What about the docent at the museum?

WILL GRAHAM  
He had a sweet touch with her. She had to have four stitches. Mild concussion, but he didn't kill her.

ALANA BLOOM  
Why not? Would've been real easy.

JACK CRAWFORD

He would have been better off to  
kill her. And you. Could have  
saved himself a description or two.

ALANA BLOOM

Maybe he's trying to stop.

That notion lands with Will as he considers.

JACK CRAWFORD

You think there's any way to push  
him to be self-destructive?

ALANA BLOOM

Push him toward suicide?

JACK CRAWFORD

Suicide suits me just fine.

WILL GRAHAM

If he's really trying to stop, he's  
not going to kill himself.

(off their looks)

How could he be sure his death  
would affect whatever's inside him?

JACK CRAWFORD

You can tell something about him or  
you wouldn't have found him.

WILL GRAHAM

Jack Crawford, fisher of men,  
watching my cork move against the  
current. You got me again.

(then)

Hannibal told me where to find him.

JACK CRAWFORD

Hannibal Lecter?

WILL GRAHAM

He knows. He knows who the Dragon  
is. He probably treated him.

OFF Jack...

EXT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

The van once again parked in front, as time-lapse clouds scud  
ominously overhead.

DARKNESS

CAMERA PULLS OUT of darkness, through a speakerphone hole, revealing we are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Dolarhyde sitting at Hannibal's desk, once again addressing the speakerphone. He stands and crosses to a therapy chair.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

It stunned me the first time I saw it. I had never seen anything that approached my graphic thought.

As Dolarhyde sits, CAMERA reveals Hannibal sits across from him in a three-piece suit, mid-therapy session:

HANNIBAL

Like Blake peeked in your ear and saw the Red Dragon there.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Yes. I was worried my thoughts were glowing out of my ears, might be visible in the darkroom, might fog the film. The Red Dragon was all I had for a long time. Our bodies, voices, wills were one. But not now. Not since her.

HANNIBAL

This new twoness with the Dragon, it's disorienting for you.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

The Dragon never spoke to me before. It was frightening.

HANNIBAL

What did it say?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

It called my name. It wants her.

HANNIBAL

If it weren't for the power of your Becoming, if it weren't for the Dragon, you could've never had her.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

I put my hand on her beating heart. Heard the sound of her living voice. A living woman. How bizarre.

(MORE)

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

(then)

She was much easier to carry  
because she wasn't limp. I don't  
want to give her to the Dragon.

HANNIBAL

You have the Dragon in your belly  
now. You could choose to have her  
alive. You don't have to worry  
about feeling love for her. You can  
always toss the Dragon someone else.

Dolarhyde considers that a moment, then:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Will Graham interests me. Odd-  
looking for an investigator. Not  
very handsome, but purposeful.

Hannibal leans forward, now face to face with Dolarhyde, as if to whisper a thrilling secret:

HANNIBAL

He has a family.

Dolarhyde takes a breath, grasping the enormity of the information. Hannibal leans back comfortably in his chair.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

Hannibal is wearing his jumpsuit, talking on the telephone.

HANNIBAL

Save yourself. Kill them all.

END OF EPISODE