

HANNIBAL  
"Takiawase"

TEASER

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON FISHING LINE

Nimble fingers tie the lines of leader and tippet, wrapping the end of one line around the other.

WILL GRAHAM (O.S.)  
Wrap the leader around the tippet.  
Four, five, six times. Tuck the end  
between the lines. Tighten. Trim.

The fingers produce a small pair of scissors and trim.

We are --

EXT. RIVER - DAY

CAMERA FINDS WILL GRAHAM wearing waders, thigh deep in water.  
Will finishes tying the leader and the tippet together.

WILL GRAHAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It's called a blood knot.

CAMERA reveals Will is talking to ABIGAIL HOBBS, also wearing waders, standing next to him, watching him complete the knot.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Your father taught you how to hunt.  
I'm going to teach you how to fish.

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
Same thing, isn't it? One you  
lure, the other you stalk?

WILL GRAHAM  
One you catch, the other you shoot.

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
What are you trying to catch?

WILL GRAHAM  
The one who caught you... and  
didn't let you go.

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
The one that got away.



WILL GRAHAM

Catch a fish once and it gets away,  
it's a lot harder to catch again.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Have to be smarter than the fish.

WILL GRAHAM

You have to connect to the fish.  
The fish is in the current, you're  
connected to the river. Have to be  
still. Have to be close. Have to  
think clearly, control your emotions  
and act efficiently. Never let the  
fish know you're fishing.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Don't fishermen always lie about  
what they catch? Or don't catch.  
(then)

Everybody thinks you're lying about  
the one that got away.

WILL GRAHAM

That's why I have to catch him.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

I hope you do.

Will gathers up his pole, ready to cast his line.

WILL GRAHAM

Last thing before casting a line:  
name the bait on your hook after  
somebody you cherished.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

So you can say good-bye?

WILL GRAHAM

If the person you name it after  
cherished you, as the superstition  
goes, you'll catch the fish.

Will casts the line and watches it plunk in the distance.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

What did you name it?

WILL GRAHAM

Abigail.

MATCH CUT TO:



INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

Will stands in the middle of his cell, or figuratively in the currents of the river of his mind.

EXTREME CLOSE ON WILL'S EYE

The RIDGES OF HIS IRIS look like sand dunes. A KLAXON SOUNDS down the corridor and Will's PUPIL FLUCTUATES.

MATCH CUT TO:

A CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPH - THE HUMAN MURAL

The bodies intertwined to reflect the ridges of an iris. The REFLECTED MAN's body CIRCLED IN RED. CAMERA reveals we are --

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

Will Graham holds the HUMAN MURAL CRIME SCENE PHOTO on one side of the bars, while BEVERLY KATZ stands on the other.

BEVERLY KATZ

You were right. Killer was in the mural. Just where you said he'd be.

WILL GRAHAM

The lion among the lambs.

BEVERLY KATZ

His name was James Gray. Found his vehicle near the farm. Enough DNA in the bed of his truck for us to be confident he's the Muralist.

Will glances at a REPORT in the same file as the mural photo.

WILL GRAHAM

You found as much evidence on him as you did on me.

BEVERLY KATZ

I'm glad you said it.

WILL GRAHAM

Who sewed him into the mural?

BEVERLY KATZ

We don't know. But clearly, he didn't do it himself. He may have had a partner. Another killer. Maybe they had a suicide pact.



WILL GRAHAM

There was no partner. This Muralist acted alone right up until he was sewn into his own mural.

BEVERLY KATZ

No signs of a struggle.

WILL GRAHAM

Whoever he is, this second killer understood the Muralist well enough to find his canvas. Well enough to convince him to be part of it. He's charming and he's insightful.

BEVERLY KATZ

You have an idea who that might be?

WILL GRAHAM

I do.

BEVERLY KATZ

Please don't say, "Hannibal Lecter."

WILL GRAHAM

I'm saying Hannibal Lecter.

BEVERLY KATZ

Didn't you stop ringing that bell?

WILL GRAHAM

Not for you. And I'd appreciate if you kept the ringing between us.

BEVERLY KATZ

God's sake, Will. I'd say you lost your mind, but look where we are.

She indicates the cell block around her. Will doesn't blink.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not asking you to believe anything you can't prove. I'm just asking you to prove it.

She considers the request a moment, then shakes her head.

BEVERLY KATZ

Hannibal Lecter has no reason--

WILL GRAHAM

That's exactly right. He has no discernible reason other than his own amusement and curiosity.



BEVERLY KATZ

That's hard to prove.

WILL GRAHAM

Whimsy. That's how you'll catch him. There will be a very clever detail to find on James Gray. He wouldn't be able to resist. Something that's probably been overlooked. Something hidden.

BEVERLY KATZ

I'll look for clever details. But I'm not looking for Hannibal.

WILL GRAHAM

As long as you're looking. You look out there. I'll look in here.

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

Will Graham and DR. CHILTON.

WILL GRAHAM

I'll give you the same deal I gave Beverly Katz. You know what it is. You recorded our conversation. Or are we pretending that you didn't.

DR. CHILTON

Remind me just the same.

WILL GRAHAM

Quid pro quo.

DR. CHILTON

This for that? What "this" are you offering in exchange for my "that"?

WILL GRAHAM

I'm quite the topic of conversation in psychiatric circles.

DR. CHILTON

I shared my diagnosis of you on the witness stand. Your personality disorders, neuroses, all forgeries.

WILL GRAHAM

Even if that were true, I'd still be a psychopath of some interest.



DR. CHILTON

A particularly-manipulative one at that. Poor, confused, wounded bird for Agent Crawford and Doctors Lecter and Bloom. And for me, well, I get the psychopath's triumvirate: charm, focus and ruthlessness. The charm, of course, being debateable.

WILL GRAHAM

Either I'm a psychopath or I'm delusional. Or I'm right about Hannibal Lecter. Aren't you curious which one it is?

DR. CHILTON

Will you allow me to test you?

WILL GRAHAM

Thematic Apperception. Minnesota Multiphasic. I'll take them all. You'll be the first and last word on the mind of Will Graham. You could dine out on that for years.

That clearly has an appeal for Dr. Chilton.

DR. CHILTON

What about Dr. Lecter?

WILL GRAHAM

Shouldn't you be my one and only psychiatrist, Dr. Chilton?

DR. CHILTON

Ideally.

WILL GRAHAM

Now about your "that" for my "this."  
(then)  
Do not discuss me or my therapy with Hannibal Lecter.

DR. CHILTON

You're a common point of interest for both of us. He'll want to know why I won't discuss you and why he's not allowed to see you.

WILL GRAHAM

I refused to engage in my therapy so you confined me to solitary out of spite. He'd believe that.

(MORE)



WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Or better yet, tell him you've  
decided I'm no longer any of his  
business. I'm now under your  
exclusive care.

OFF Dr. Chilton intrigued by Will Graham's proposal...

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

The afternoon sun shines. As a BUZZING fills our ears.

A HONEY BEE

It flies with purpose, its honey stomach full of nectar.  
CAMERA follows the bee across a bucolic field of wild  
DAISIES, into a thicket of trees.

Darting between the low-hanging branches, the bee zeroes in  
on its BEEHIVE and lands gracefully on the exposed HONEYCOMB.  
As it's met by OTHER BEES (and begins its GPS waggle dance),  
CAMERA PUSHES PAST them, burrowing deeper --

INSIDE THE HIVE

CAMERA races past WORKER BEES maintaining the hive's food  
stores. Finding an empty hexagonal cell in the densely-  
packed honeycomb, CAMERA RUSHES AT IT until it FILLS FRAME.

REVERSE ANGLE

On the same empty hexagonal cell. PULL BACK to reveal the  
beehive fills the rotting head cavity of --

A MAN'S CORPSE

It sits upright against a tree, its decaying face looking  
skyward as if enjoying the sunlight. CAMERA HOLDS ON IT as a  
single bee crawls from the corpse's honeycombed eye socket  
and takes flight. Within seconds, MORE BEES follow.

As a BLACK CLOUD OF BEES expel themselves from the eyes of  
the corpse with an ominous DRONE --

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

CLOSE ON A LITHO PLATE

Of Rembrandt's 17th-century painting, *The Raising of Lazarus*.  
From OFF CAMERA, a VOICE says:

VOICE (O.S.)  
Lazarus had it good.

PULL BACK to reveal the voice belongs to...

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

BELLA CRAWFORD, looking more frail than when we saw her last  
(Ep. #105), she places Hannibal's Rembrandt and puts it down.

BELLA CRAWFORD  
My social circle doesn't include a  
friend with power over death. I  
suppose I should've embraced  
Facebook while I had the chance.

HANNIBAL smiles, allowing Bella her gallows humor as she runs  
her hand across her head, effortlessly collecting hairs.

BELLA CRAWFORD (CONT'D)  
I should never have let Jack talk  
me into chemo.

Bella moves to her chair.

HANNIBAL  
He's trying to extend your life.

BELLA CRAWFORD  
He's trying to extend a quality of  
life that's not worth the effort.

HANNIBAL  
Jack's effort or yours?

Bella mulls that a moment, then:

BELLA CRAWFORD  
He's getting lessons from a nurse  
on giving me medications. Was  
practicing injections on a lemon  
and now has moved on to his thighs.

HANNIBAL  
What's good for the goose.



BELLA CRAWFORD

He needs the practice.

(extending her arms)

My veins have collapsed. I'm vomiting my stomach lining. On a good day, I sleep fifteen to eighteen hours. On a bad day, I don't sleep. My best-case scenario is prolonged pain management.

HANNIBAL

Jack will help you manage. He loves you and when you are gone, he will feel your silence like a draft.

BELLA CRAWFORD

My silence is inevitable. The war is over. Cancer is an occupying force. I want to surrender. While I still have my dignity.

HANNIBAL

You considering ending your life?

BELLA CRAWFORD

Suicide seems like a valid solution to my problem.

HANNIBAL

How does that make you feel?

BELLA CRAWFORD

Alive.

(then)

How does that make you feel?

HANNIBAL

I've always found the idea of death comforting. The thought that my life could end at any moment frees me to fully appreciate the beauty, art and horror of everything this world has to offer.

BELLA CRAWFORD

A death benefit?

Hannibal acknowledges her play on words with a slight smile.

HANNIBAL

One of many.

(then)

(MORE)



HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Upon taking his own life, Socrates  
offered a rooster to Asclepius, the  
god of healing, to pay his debt.

BELLA CRAWFORD

What debt would that be?

HANNIBAL

To Socrates, death was not a  
defeat, but a cure.

OFF Bella considering his words --

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Heavy SMOKE drifts through the air. A man in a BEEKEEPER  
SUIT steps INTO FRAME, WAFTING MORE SMOKE skyward with his  
portable BEE SMOKER.

CAMERA pushes through the smoke until it finds BRIAN ZELLER  
and JIMMY PRICE (also in beekeeper suits) positioned over the  
discolored corpse.

JIMMY PRICE

Hive seems well established. Basic  
nest architecture in place.

Zeller's eyes dart over Price's shoulder to find --

JACK CRAWFORD

Standing at a safe distance, sans beekeeper suit. Zeller and  
Price immediately approach, pulling off their bee helmets.

JACK CRAWFORD

Local police were supposed to  
exterminate the bees to work the  
crime scene. But apparently,  
somebody shut that down.

JIMMY PRICE

I did.

BRIAN ZELLER

He did.

JIMMY PRICE

Colony Collapse is already wiping  
out the bees, there's no reason to  
murder them too.

Jack eyes Jimmy, then indicates the body by the tree.

JACK CRAWFORD

How long has he been out here?



BRIAN ZELLER

From the decomp, I'd estimate death  
at two weeks.

JIMMY PRICE

Which makes sense with how much  
honey is being produced.

(off their looks)

I love bees. The drone is nature's  
most-talented suicidal swordsman.  
When he mates with a queen, his  
ejaculation is so explosive, it's  
audible to the human ear.

BRIAN ZELLER

How audible?

JIMMY PRICE

A little "popping" sound. Kills  
him dead. Rips his endophallus  
right off.

JACK CRAWFORD

Do bees naturally hive in animal or  
human carcasses?

JIMMY PRICE

No. The victim was purposely  
repurposed as a human apiary.

JACK CRAWFORD

Purposely.

BRIAN ZELLER

Somebody removed eyes and part of  
the brain to make room for a hive.

OFF Jack, his interest piqued --

CLOSE ON A MORGUE DRAWER

It OPENS and a cooled body under a sheet slides out.

We are --

INT. BAU - MORGUE - DAY

Beverly offers Hannibal a small container of SMELL-BLOCKING  
OINTMENT; he raises his hand in polite refusal.

BEVERLY KATZ

Zeller's in the field, otherwise  
I'd ask him to help me with this.



Beverly smears a dab inside each nostril, then pulls back the sheet revealing JAMES GRAY, the remains of the stitching still laced through his flesh.

BEVERLY KATZ (CONT'D)  
You were a surgeon, right?

HANNIBAL  
I was a surgeon and a doctor.

BEVERLY KATZ  
What's the distinction?

HANNIBAL  
A surgeon can stand to look at a mutilated body. But a doctor can't stand to see a life wasted.

Beverly swings the MAGNIFYING LENS over James Gray's body.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)  
(re: James Gray)  
Have you found any evidence on the Muralist's friend?

BEVERLY KATZ  
That's what I need your help with. Might not be a friend. Might not even be an acquaintance. Whoever killed him, understood him. That doesn't mean that he knew him or even met him before he killed him.

HANNIBAL  
So often you open your mouth and I hear Will Graham's words come out.

Beverly stares, resists a smile, then confesses:

BEVERLY KATZ  
Will and I have an arrangement.

HANNIBAL  
Oh?

BEVERLY KATZ  
He's agreed to consult with me on cases, if I keep investigating the murders he's accused of.

HANNIBAL  
I'm happy to hear that. Will needs a champion now more than ever.



BEVERLY KATZ

He has you, doesn't he? You think there's a chance he could be innocent. I know you do.

HANNIBAL

I believe there's a possibility.  
(then)  
How is your investigation going?

BEVERLY KATZ

I have nothing but Will's word.  
I'm just relieved he's not saying the killer is you anymore.

HANNIBAL

At least not to me. Who does Will believe killed the Muralist?

Beverly wheels over a tray of autopsy tools, including scalpels, scissors, rib cutters, vibrator saws and forceps.

BEVERLY KATZ

Doesn't know. He thinks, if James Gray's killer hid him in the mural, he may have hid something else.

HANNIBAL

A signature?  
(studying James Gray)  
What kind of killer seeks to depict the unconscious, instinctual strivings of his victim by sewing him into his own human mural?

BEVERLY KATZ

It wasn't just for appearances.

HANNIBAL

You have to get to the truth beneath the appearances.

Beverly wryly hands him an autopsy scalpel.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Freud used psychoanalysis to delve into the subconscious mind and reveal a patient's true intentions.

BEVERLY KATZ

What were James Gray's killer's true intentions, if not friendship?



HANNIBAL

Only by going deep beneath the skin  
will you understand the nature of  
this killer's pathology.

OFF Beverly studying Hannibal as he places the scalpel...

INT. BSHCI - INFIRMARY - DAY

Will Graham sits in handcuffs and shackles, accompanied by the medical flair necessary for his session. Dr. Chilton sits opposite him, regarding him with curiosity.

DR. CHILTON

Before I start asking you questions,  
I need some confidence you'll be  
telling the truth when you answer.

He presents Will with a CONSENT FORM on a CLIPBOARD.

WILL GRAHAM

What's this?

DR. CHILTON

A consent form. You're agreeing to  
a narcoanalytic interview. You.  
Me. And our friend, sodium amytal.

WILL GRAHAM

Something to loosen my tongue.

DR. CHILTON

Something lawfully used in the  
evaluation of psychotic patients.

WILL GRAHAM

What would you use to induce memory  
loss in a patient, psychotic or  
otherwise?

DR. CHILTON

Hypothetically?

WILL GRAHAM

Of course.

DR. CHILTON

Psychological trauma or  
neurological trauma? Or both.

WILL GRAHAM

What sort of neurological trauma?



DR. CHILTON

The protein synthesis that moves memories from short-term to long-term can be interrupted, but that requires tools and skills. And a certain level of unorthodoxy.

WILL GRAHAM

Does Hannibal Lecter possess those tools and skills?

Chilton studies Will a moment, then:

DR. CHILTON

Dr. Lecter has indicated to me that he is open to the unorthodox when it comes to treating patients.

WILL GRAHAM

I wonder how that subject came up. Sharing stories of the unorthodox?

DR. CHILTON

(indicates the clipboard)  
Sign here.

EXTREME CLOSE ON THE SIGNATURE LINE

Will signs his name.

CLOSE ON A VEIN

The needle of an INTRAVENOUS DRIP pierces skin.

EXTREME CLOSE ON A SYRINGE'S PLUNGER

It glides down, drug solution SURGING, showing striations as it is PUSHED in a single direction.

CLOSE ON AN INTRAVENOUS DRIP

The contents of the SYRINGE enter the stream, coursing toward the vein in Will Graham's arm.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He allows his head to loll back, feeling the drugs hit his system, and stares at the FLUORESCENT LIGHT above him. The rhythm of his circulatory system filling his ears.



ON A FLUORESCENT LIGHT

It flickers faster than the naked eye can see, but as the drugs overtake Will's vision, the FLICKER SLOWS, gradually becoming a quick STROBE and then a slower STROBE.

ON WILL GRAHAM -- WILL'S POV

His head rolls back onto his shoulders, eyes open, lit by a STROBE LIGHT flashing in the same rhythm, fast as a rabbit's heartbeat. SWEAT is already on his brow. He reacts --

WILL'S POV -- HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE (MEMORY)

Hannibal kneels next to Will in his normal therapy chair, injecting a syringe into his vein and depressing the plunger. He's silhouetted by a STROBE LIGHT PULSING in front of Will.

Hannibal looks up at Will:

HANNIBAL

I want you to draw a clock for me.

ON WILL GRAHAM -- OMNISCIENT POV

Dr. Chilton sits opposite Will, conducting his interview.

DR. CHILTON

Did Dr. Lecter administer any drug therapies during your sessions together? Sedatives or hypnotics? Ethanal, scopolamine, midazolam?

Will surrenders to the flow of the drugs in his veins.

WILL GRAHAM

There was something. Don't know what it was. Wasn't supposed to know. I remember a strobing light.

WILL'S POV -- HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE (MEMORY)

Hannibal sits opposite Will, behind the STROBING LIGHT which only intermittently illuminates him.

HANNIBAL

The strobe causes neurons to fire en masse -- like striking many piano keys at once. The dissonance might foster a change in your mind.

Will glances at the drawing on the table next to him: a normal CLOCK FACE. Lit by the STROBE FLASH, the image changes: FLASH. The clock as he perceives it. FLASH.



The numbers and hands are PILED TO ONE SIDE -- a reflection of his inflamed brain. FLASH. The image is correct again.

When Will looks again, HANNIBAL'S FACE IS A LIVING PICASSO PORTRAIT -- like the clock's, his features are piled to one side. Words literally coming from one side of his mouth:

PICASSO HANNIBAL  
Is something wrong?

As Will slips into a full-blown seizure, everything goes BLACK and after a long beat, we HEAR --

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)  
Will...?

ON WILL -- OMNISCIENT POV

Will glances up at Dr. Chilton sitting opposite him.

WILL GRAHAM  
He was inducing seizures. That's how he created the blackouts. The lost time. It was strategic. Planned.

DR. CHILTON  
You would only see a seizure response in a brain afflicted with photosensitive epilepsy.

WILL GRAHAM  
Or afflicted with something just as damaging. Like encephalitis.

DR. CHILTON  
That would suggest a radically-unorthodox form of therapy.

WILL GRAHAM  
Yes, it would.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

INT. BSHCI - STAIRWELL/NURSES' STATION - DAY

Hannibal stands outside the nurses' station as Dr. Chilton descends the stairs, frustrated and apologetic.

DR. CHILTON

Dr. Lecter. I am so embarrassed.  
Didn't get my message? I canceled  
your appointment with Will Graham.

HANNIBAL

Is everything all right?

DR. CHILTON

I can explain. Shall we?

Chilton leads Hannibal up the stairs of the cell block.

DR. CHILTON (CONT'D)

Will's at a delicate place in his  
therapy. I don't want to confuse  
him any more than he already is.

HANNIBAL

Confuse him? Isn't it your opinion  
he's an intelligent psychopath?

DR. CHILTON

It was, but my opinion is evolving.  
After administering a narcoanalytic  
interview, therapeutically-vital  
information has come to light.

HANNIBAL

What sort of information?

DR. CHILTON

What Will Graham suffers from may  
not be a single condition, but a  
continuum of illnesses, all with  
different neurological mechanisms.  
Some naturally occurring, others  
appear to have been induced.

Hannibal stops on the stairs.

HANNIBAL

Induced by whom?

DR. CHILTON

Did you ever use any kind of light  
stimulation in your treatment?



HANNIBAL

Light stimulation is a standard tool for neurotherapy. It's meant to increase cerebral blood flow.

DR. CHILTON

Evidently, it was overloading his visual cortex. Creating seizures, lost time, gaps in his memory. Almost strategically, it seems.

HANNIBAL

You suggesting it was intentional?

Chilton stands on the next step, rising to Hannibal's eye level, but lowering his voice conspiratorially.

DR. CHILTON

All our conversations about psychic driving. You were so curious and eager to hear what I had to say while saying very little yourself.

HANNIBAL

I had very little to say.

DR. CHILTON

I've been thinking about the possibility you may've been psychic driving Will Graham all along.

HANNIBAL

A bold accusation, Frederick.

DR. CHILTON

To know with any certainty if you were manipulating Will's memories, I'd need to understand how and why. Under a cone of confidentiality.

HANNIBAL

As a professional courtesy.

DR. CHILTON

You're not the only psychiatrist accused of making a patient kill. We have to stick together.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE ON METAL TEETH

The TEETH narrowly miss each other, GRINDING the bulbs of herb in a circular motion.



EXTREME CLOSE ON GROUND HERBS

They fall THROUGH FRAME like green snowflakes.

We are --

INT. JACK CRAWFORD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies next to Bella as she packs the end of a PAX VAPORIZER with ground herb.

JACK CRAWFORD

Last time I did this, this wasn't  
the way you did this.

BELLA CRAWFORD

A vaporizer. Easier on my lungs.  
(re: the herbs)

The young man at the dispensary  
called this "Purple Kush." He told  
me all his cancer patients love its  
"deep-body stone."

JACK CRAWFORD

You have a marijuana sommelier?

BELLA CRAWFORD

Yes.

She inhales from the vaporizer and exhales. Jack reaches for  
the vaporizer. But Bella pulls it away.

BELLA CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Don't they still drug test you?

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm supporting my wife.

Bella hands Jack the vaporizer and he inhales. She watches  
him, loving him, yet unable to stop herself from telling him:

BELLA CRAWFORD

I filled out my advance directive  
today. I added a DNR.

JACK CRAWFORD

You're harshing my buzz.

Jack hands the vaporizer back to Bella and changes the topic.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

I read an article that said  
magnetic hyperthermia is looking  
more promising for lung cancer.



Bella takes Jack's hand and they both fall silent. Then, hoping some context will help him understand, she says:

BELLA CRAWFORD

I know what to expect from the lung cancer. I am my mother's daughter. I watched her go through exactly what I'm going through now.

JACK CRAWFORD

I know you did.

BELLA CRAWFORD

I remember sitting by her bed when she woke up in such pain, all she could do was scream my name. I didn't know how to help her. So I did nothing. I just sat there and waited for her to fall back asleep.

JACK CRAWFORD

There was nothing you could do.

BELLA CRAWFORD

There will be a time when there's nothing you can do. I don't want you to remember me pleading with you to make the pain stop.

JACK CRAWFORD

It's not how I'm going to remember you, Bella. I'm going to remember you walking on the quays in Italy, the glittering water reflected in your eyes. How your hands smell like thyme when you come in from the garden. How you wore that round hat and white gloves the first time I saw you and I whistled "Begin the Beguine." And I'm going to remember how beautiful you are right now.

Bella's voice waivers. She stops, wipes at a tear.

BELLA CRAWFORD

Good. Because I don't want to lie in bed and waste away while you watch. I'm going to insist on a few things, for as long as I can still insist. And that's one of them.

JACK CRAWFORD

And when you can't insist anymore, I will do the insisting for you.



OFF Jack wishing he could respect that, but knowing he can't.

INT. BAU - MORGUE - DAY

The "Bee Man" from the teaser lies on the morgue slab, the honeycomb removed from his hollow head. Zeller and Price stand over the body, comparing notes with Jack.

BRIAN ZELLER

Duncan Halloran, fifty-two,  
divorced and bankrupt. Reported  
missing six months ago.

JIMMY PRICE

A week prior to his disappearance,  
Mr. Halloran lost a workmen's comp  
claim for chronic back problems.

JACK CRAWFORD

What do we know about his death?

BRIAN ZELLER

Considering any postmortem  
morphological changes, it looks  
like his white blood cell count was  
through the roof when he died.

JACK CRAWFORD

Are you telling me his killer was a  
fever and/or a massive infection?

BRIAN ZELLER

Lock them both up.

Jack studies the remains of Duncan Halloran.

JACK CRAWFORD

No money. No family. No reason to  
live. Alive or dead or dying, who  
put him under that tree?

JIMMY PRICE

It's possible we're dealing with a  
religiously-motivated individual  
here. In Hinduism, honey is one of  
the five elixirs of immortality. In  
Christianity, the bee is considered  
to be an emblem of Christ; his  
mildness and mercy on one side and  
his justice on the other.

Zeller draws their attention back to the corpse.



BRIAN ZELLER

Look at the orbital bones. The  
sphenoid here.

Jack and Price move to the slab. Zeller indicates the  
magnifying lens positioned above the eye sockets.

THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING LENS

Small holes dot the cradle of the eye.

BRIAN ZELLER (CONT'D)

Tiny punctures. Behind where the  
eyeballs would usually be.  
Something long and sharp was pushed  
into the brain.

(beat)

The man was lobotomized.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A TRAY OF ACUPUNCTURE NEEDLES

They're in a neat row, individually wrapped in plastic.

CLOSE ON A SWAB OF COTTON

It swells with STERILIZING ALCOHOL, thickening the weave.

CLOSE ON SKIN

The flesh is swabbed with alcohol.

CLOSE ON AN INDIVIDUAL NEEDLE

It punctures the skin of a GNARLED HAND. CAMERA PULLS BACK  
to reveal the NEEDLE is one of many. We are --

INT. HOME HOMEOPATHIC SPA - ACUPUNCTURE ROOM - DAY

A pleasant, warmly-lit room with acupuncture charts on the  
walls and shelves of HERBS and RAW HONEY, among other things.

CAMERA finds a man, LLOYD ROAT, scarecrow thin with TWISTED  
ARTHRITIC HANDS, lying on a therapy table with ACUPUNCTURE  
NEEDLES in his face, arms, hands and chest.

Acupuncturist KATHERINE PIMMS, 40s, hippie-chic, offers Lloyd  
a polite smile before tapping a needle into his chin.

KATHERINE PIMMS

How are you sleeping?



LLOYD ROAT

Not well. My arthritis is killing me. I can't take much more of it.

KATHERINE PIMMS

A course of bee venom therapy would soothe the inflammation.

LLOYD ROAT

I can barely afford this treatment.

Katherine offers him another polite smile.

KATHERINE PIMMS

That's a problem for another day. Right now, you need to quiet your mind. Live in the present.

She inserts a needle above his eye with a tap.

KATHERINE PIMMS (CONT'D)

Did you feel that?

LLOYD ROAT

No.

Katherine taps another needle into his neck along the spine.

KATHERINE PIMMS

Did you feel that?

LLOYD ROAT

No.

Lloyd pauses, realizing something's wrong. He can't move.

CLOSE ON A METAL HEAVY-GAUGE NEEDLE

It's placed on a prep tray.

CLOSE ON A SMALL BALL-PEEN HAMMER

It's placed next to the metal rod.

ON KATHERINE PIMMS

She picks up a LONG, HEAVY-GAUGE NEEDLE and a small ball-peen hammer from a tray and turns to Lloyd.

KATHERINE PIMMS

Good. Then you won't feel this.



CLOSE ON LLOYD'S EYE

The tip of Katherine's needle slips under his eyelid and travels across the surface of his eyeball until it finds the top of the eye socket.

With a sharp TAP, the NEEDLE SINKS in DEEP, and we --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

EXT. PARK - DAY

A sparsely-populated field featuring mature trees and rolling hills. CAMERA soon finds a laughing LITTLE GIRL and her FATHER playing FRISBEE. The father tosses the Frisbee to his daughter, but the disc sails over her head and lands at the HEELS of A MAN (with his back to us) staring up at the sun.

ON THE LITTLE GIRL

The youngster rushes up to the man and picks up her Frisbee. Glancing up at the unmoving figure, she frowns.

LITTLE GIRL

Mister, you're not supposed'a stare  
at the sun. You'll hurt your eyes.

As if lost in a mental fog, the man slowly turns toward the sound of the little girl's voice to reveal it's...

LLOYD ROAT

AND HE HAS NO EYES. Instead, RUNNELS OF STICKY HONEY flow from his eye sockets like melting gold.

CUT TO:

CAMERA PULLS OUT OF THE DARKNESS

To reveal the empty eye sockets of Lloyd Roat.

INT. BAU - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

He lies on an examination table, restrained at wrists and ankles. Docile, he stares blindly at the ceiling, quietly moaning or mumbling in an unintelligible babble as Zeller and Price perform a "living autopsy" on his naked flesh.

Zeller shines a small flashlight into Lloyd's eye sockets.

BRIAN ZELLER

Multiple holes this time. Over a  
dozen. Both eye sockets. The  
lesions severed most the nerve  
tracts to the frontal lobes.

THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING LENS

Jimmy examines Lloyd's skin, which is covered in BEE STINGS.



JIMMY PRICE

He's covered in bee stings. It's like he got swarmed. He must be floating in apitoxin. Probably can't feel a thing.

BRIAN ZELLER

Him not feeling anything's got nothing to do with bee stings. He's been lobotomized. Welcome to the world of the living dead.

Jimmy points to a MONITOR displaying a MAGNIFIED area of Lloyd Roat's skin.

JIMMY PRICE

There's a pattern.

Price and Zeller take a closer look at the MAGNIFIED AREA as Beverly ENTERS and approaches the living autopsy.

BEVERLY KATZ

Hey.

Price and Zeller turn to see Beverly standing in the doorway.

JIMMY PRICE

Look what the Katz dragged in.

BEVERLY KATZ

What are you looking at?

JIMMY PRICE

A pattern.

BRIAN ZELLER

A pattern.

Jimmy zeros in on the area in question. Several bee stings appear more inflamed than the others.

JIMMY PRICE

Some of the bee stings triggered allergic reactions, others didn't.

BRIAN ZELLER

Look. The inflamed bee stings are all in line with the body's meridians. On acupuncture points.

JIMMY PRICE

The killer's an acupuncturist?

BRIAN ZELLER

The stings are hiding needle marks.



BEVERLY KATZ

What did you say?

BRIAN ZELLER

The stings are hiding needle marks.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Beverly as realization dawns...

CUT TO:

INT. BAU - MORGUE - DAY

Body storage compartments open, the BODIES displayed. CAMERA finds Beverly re-examining the stitches on James Gray's body.

THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING LENS - ON GRAY'S FLESH

Hidden beneath the EQUINE SUTURE FILAMENT is a FINER SURGICAL SUTURE which has been used to close a SCALPEL INCISION.

ON BEVERLY

Stunned by what this could mean.

BEVERLY KATZ

Stitches are hiding stitches.

Grabbing SURGICAL SCISSORS, she carefully removes both sets of sutures and opens the wound.

BEVERLY KATZ (CONT'D)

"Only by going deep beneath the skin will we understand the nature of this killer's pathology."

It's empty. A bloody void.

BEVERLY KATZ (CONT'D)

He took his kidneys.

As Beverly quietly considers what that could mean --

CLOSE ON A BEAD OF SWEAT

It holds position and then loses the battle against gravity, sliding down the side of Will Graham's brow. We are --

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

Will sleeps on his cot, drenched in sweat. The rhythm of his breath rises and falls in his ears. In the distance, he can hear an argument growing somewhere down the corridor.



VOICE 1 (V.O.)  
I think I'm losing my mind. Just  
tell me if he's real.

VOICE 2 (V.O.)  
I don't see anyone.

VOICE 1 (V.O.)  
No, no, he's right there.

VOICE 2 (V.O.)  
There's no one there.

VOICE 1 (V.O.)  
You're lying.

VOICE 2 (V.O.)  
We're alone. You came here alone.

VOICE 1 (V.O.)  
Please don't lie to me.

Will OPENS HIS EYES, sits upright, swinging his feet off the bed, holding his head in an attempt to silence the voices.

VOICE 1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
What's happening to me?

Will reacts to the proximity of the voice. He turns. On the other side of the bars is HANNIBAL'S DINING ROOM. MEMORY HANNIBAL stands next to MEMORY WILL, who is doused in sweat, mid-seizure. Seated at the table is MEMORY GIDEON. (NOTE: This is a replay from EP. #111 "RÔTI," Scene 33.)

Will stands and crosses to the bars, looking into...

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

Memory Hannibal looks into Memory Will's rolling eyes and confirms to Memory Gideon:

HANNIBAL  
He's had a mild seizure.

CAMERA reveals PRESENT-DAY WILL standing on the other side of the dining room table, watching himself.

DR. GIDEON  
That doesn't seem to bother you.

HANNIBAL  
I said it was mild.

Hannibal sits at the head of the table, opposite Gideon.



HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Are you the man who claimed to be  
the Chesapeake Ripper?

DR. GIDEON

Why do you say "claimed"?

HANNIBAL

Because you're not. You know  
you're not and you don't know much  
more about who you are beyond that.

Gideon is struck silent by that assessment. Hannibal sits  
opposite Gideon at the dining table.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

A terrible thing, to have your  
identity taken from you.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He is stunned at the recovered memory. He closes his eyes.

As he opens his eyes, CAMERA reveals:

Will is lying in his bed. He stares up at the ceiling as  
CAMERA PULLS UP AND AWAY until Will is merely a man in a box.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

INT. BSHCI - PRIVACY ROOM - DAY

Will Graham and Beverly Katz. Pictures between them on the table, of the Muralist and the voids where his kidneys were.

BEVERLY KATZ

Whoever killed James Gray, didn't  
just take his leg.

WILL GRAHAM

Was he missing organs?

She stares at Will, curious how he figured it out, then:

BEVERLY KATZ

His killer took both of his  
kidneys. None of the other bodies  
in the mural were missing organs.

WILL GRAHAM

They had a different killer.

She presents a PHOTO illustrating the stitches on sutures.

BEVERLY KATZ

Sutures hidden under the stitching  
that wove him into the mural. One  
crime made to look like another.

WILL GRAHAM

Like the Copycat.  
(then)  
And the Chesapeake Ripper.

BEVERLY KATZ

Now you're saying Hannibal Lecter  
is the Chesapeake Ripper?

WILL GRAHAM

Also the Chesapeake Ripper. Were  
the kidneys surgically removed?

BEVERLY KATZ

Yes.

WILL GRAHAM

Dr. Lecter was a surgeon.

BEVERLY KATZ

I know he was. I asked him to  
consult on James Gray's autopsy.



The pit of Will's stomach drops out.

WILL GRAHAM

If you invited him with an actual agenda, Hannibal would know it.

BEVERLY KATZ

He said, "Only by going deep beneath the skin will we understand the nature of this killer." Thought it was a little corny, even for him.

WILL GRAHAM

He's toying with you. He toyed with me for months.

BEVERLY KATZ

He pointed me to the evidence.

WILL GRAHAM

He pointed you to an absence of evidence. He's baiting a hook. Stay away from Hannibal Lecter. Go to Jack. Tell him everything.

BEVERLY KATZ

I can't bring this up until I can back it up.

(considers, then)

The Chesapeake Ripper kept surgical trophies. If Hannibal's the Ripper, what's he doing with his trophies?

ON WILL GRAHAM

A horrible thought crosses his mind. He closes his eyes, considering the possibility, and we --

FLASH CUT TO:

WILL'S MEMORY (EP. #101 "APÉRITIF," SCENE 44)

CASSIE BOYLE silhouetted in the setting sun, impaled on a severed stag head, covered with black birds.

WILL'S MEMORY (EP. #101 "APÉRITIF," SCENE 50)

Will eats a sausage and Hannibal smiles.

FLASH BACK TO:

PRIVACY ROOM

Will reels from the horrifying realization, then:



WILL GRAHAM  
He's eating them.

Beverly stares as Will suppresses a shudder, knowing that he's been eating Hannibal's trophies, too.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE ON A FRAME OF HONEYCOMB

The honey weeps freely from its wax casing. ANOTHER FRAME OF HONEYCOMB WIPES FRAME, sliding in front of the first.

CLOSE ON HONEYCOMB FRAMES

They spin ABOVE CAMERA like a TURBINE. HONEY streams from the SPINNING COMB until the viscous amber fluid FILLS THE LENS.

CLOSE ON A STRAINER

The contents of the HONEYCOMB flow from the HONEY TAP, including pieces of wax, filling a mesh bowl and dripping the strained honey into a jar.

INT. HOME HOMEOPATHIC SPA - KITCHEN - DAY

CAMERA finds Katherine Pimms surrounded by JARS OF HONEY and larger METAL HONEY EXTRACTORS. The SUNLIGHT through the JARS OF HONEY casts the room in a warm glow.

DOWN THE HALL

A SILHOUETTE fills the etched glass of the front door. The DOORBELL RINGS.

THE FRONT DOOR

Katherine Pimms opens the door to reveal Jack Crawford standing on her front porch with Brian Zeller and Jimmy Price. Beyond the porch, TWO POLICE OFFICERS.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Katherine Pimms?

KATHERINE PIMMS  
Yes.

JACK CRAWFORD  
I'm Agent Crawford with the FBI.  
Agent Zeller and Agent Price. We'd  
like to ask you a few questions  
about former patients of yours.



KATHERINE PIMMS  
Mr. Halloran and/or Mr. Roat?

JACK CRAWFORD  
Yes.

KATHERINE PIMMS  
Would you like to come in?

ACUPUNCTURE ROOM

Crawford, Price and Zeller question Katherine Pimms.

JIMMY PRICE  
When was the last time you saw  
Duncan Halloran or Lloyd Roat?

KATHERINE PIMMS  
Whenever their last appointments  
were. I can check my calendar, if  
you want. Have you found them?

BRIAN ZELLER  
Yes, we have. Mr. Halloran was  
deceased. Mr. Roat may as well be.

KATHERINE PIMMS  
Poor Mr. Halloran. If there were a  
single example that we're not all  
created equal, it would be him.

JACK CRAWFORD  
What were you treating him for?

KATHERINE PIMMS  
That man trudged from one terrible  
disease to another. He had severe  
combined immunodeficiency. Life  
didn't seem to be going his way.  
(then)  
I find people don't get their own  
way because they often don't know  
themselves where that way leads.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Where was Mr. Halloran's way  
leading him?

KATHERINE PIMMS  
He couldn't envision a dignified  
end of life. Much nicer for him to  
die in a meadow, head full of bees.  
(off their looks)  
(MORE)



KATHERINE PIMMS (CONT'D)

Did you taste the honey? Couldn't  
bring myself to. It seemed morbid.

Furtive glances around the room at that admission.

JACK CRAWFORD

You left him in that field to die?

KATHERINE PIMMS

I brought him to that field to die.  
But I didn't kill him. Just quieted  
his mind so he could die in peace.

JACK CRAWFORD

And Mr. Roat? Quiet his mind, too?

KATHERINE PIMMS

Oh, yes. He suffered from crippling  
arthritis. After he was quieted, I  
saw him walk pain-free for the very  
first time. I watched him wander  
off and I knew... I knew then that  
this moment now, here with you, was  
inevitable. I was good as caught.

JACK CRAWFORD

You wanted to be caught.

KATHERINE PIMMS

I wanted people to know I can help.  
I can't make the pain go away, but  
I can make it so it doesn't matter.

JACK CRAWFORD

You can't help anyone anymore. Not  
like this. Not where you're going.

KATHERINE PIMMS

I bet I can. You think I'm wrong.  
You stand there and intellectualize  
another person's pain of being  
alive relative to your own. If you  
can imagine yourself surviving that  
pain, you can imagine them. But we  
are not created equal, are we?

(then)

I've protected these people from  
hopelessness. And that's beautiful.

JACK CRAWFORD

These people?



INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

The door OPENS and Jack ENTERS the beautiful floral environment, overgrown and borderline unkempt. Jars of honey refract the harsh sunlight into amber beams of warmth. Scattered BEES flit from flower to flower, gathering pollen.

Something moves, concealed in the plant life ahead.

ON JACK CRAWFORD

He trains his weapon on the movement. Then something else moves. He swings around to see a BALD MAN with his head down. Then a WOMAN, her hair matted to her face.

All of a sudden, A MAN WITH a SHOCK OF HAIR is standing very near Jack, his eye sockets dripping honey.

Jack lowers his weapon. It's clear none of these lobotomized people mean anyone any harm.

Jack Crawford, horrified by what he's found, turns to Katherine Pimms standing in the doorway behind him, flanked by Zeller and Price, both dumbstruck by what they see.

KATHERINE PIMMS

They were suffering. Is it so  
wrong to want to end that for them?

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Hannibal opens his office door to find Bella waiting for him.

HANNIBAL

Please come in.

For the first time in this episode, Bella has a lighter air about her. Dressed perfectly, hair and makeup beautifully done, she enters the office with a small GIFT BAG on her arm.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Bella's personality change is not lost on Hannibal, even as she leans in the doorway and inquires:

BELLA CRAWFORD

I hate to ask, but could you help  
me to my seat?

HANNIBAL

Of course.

Hannibal guides her to the seat opposite him.



BELLA CRAWFORD

It's unnerving, not being able to  
walk across the room.

HANNIBAL

Nothing can be so unnerving to  
someone strong as being weak.

She sits as though she's just walked a thousand miles.

BELLA CRAWFORD

I was so weak after chemotherapy,  
Jack had to physically pick me up.  
Was the second time he carried me  
across the threshold.

She gets lost in that thought a moment. Then:

BELLA CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

I brought you something.

HANNIBAL

A gift?

BELLA CRAWFORD

Paying my debt.

Bella tries to lean forward to pick up the gift bag, but  
can't manage. Hannibal picks it up for her and opens it.

CLOSE ON THE DISPLAY BOX

Inside it is a valuable FRENCH 20-FRANC GOLD COIN. It's  
displayed so that the coin's rear side -- depicting a proud,  
fully-plumed ROOSTER -- is facing up.

HANNIBAL

*Coq Gaulois.*

BELLA CRAWFORD

For helping me understand that  
death is not a defeat, but a cure.

Hannibal realizes the significance.

HANNIBAL

What have you taken, Bella?

BELLA CRAWFORD

My morphine. Every last bit of it.

Bella's eyes focus. Some tears. She pulls herself together.



BELLA CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

I didn't want to die at home. I didn't want Jack to find me. I didn't want him to make that call, to be in the room with my body, waiting for it to become a ceremonial object apart from him, separate from who I was, someone who he can only hold in his mind.

HANNIBAL

You denied him his good-bye.

BELLA CRAWFORD

(drifting)

I denied him a painful good-bye. Allowed myself a peaceful one. Will you tell Jack I love him very much?

HANNIBAL

Yes.

BELLA CRAWFORD

Good-bye, Dr. Lecter.

BELLA'S POV -- HANNIBAL

Her vision TUNNELS as Hannibal grows more and more distant, her breathing rising and falling at the edge of perception until finally, one last breath is taken and exhaled.

ON BELLA

As if leading her last breath, CAMERA PULLS AWAY.

ON HANNIBAL

He remains seated, watching Bella die, with curiosity, in the utter silence of the room, for an uncomfortably-long moment.

HANNIBAL

Good-bye, Bella.

END OF ACT FOUR



ACT FIVE

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Bella's body lies still. Hannibal stares, as if waiting for the life that just left Bella's body to return. It doesn't. He curiously retrieves the GOLD COIN from its display box. He turns it over in his hand, considering it and its meaning, before finally FLIPPING IT INTO THE AIR.

ON THE GOLD COIN

It turns in the air above Hannibal before he catches it.

ON HANNIBAL

He examines the fate of the coin, then stands and moves to a cabinet and opens it. He pulls out a GATEMOUTH SATCHEL and retrieves a small glass bottle.

CLOSE ON A BOTTLE MARKED "NALOXONE"

CLOSE ON A SYRINGE

It plunges into the rubber end of the bottle and pulls one c.c. of naloxone into the syringe.

ON BELLA

Hannibal stands over her a moment, thumps the side of the syringe, then carefully injects the needle into her JUGULAR.

CLOSE ON THE SYRINGE

He depresses the plunger and the naloxone flows into Bella.

ON HANNIBAL

He studies Bella, and she almost immediately stirs. Her eyes open. Even in her state, she realizes what's happened...

BELLA CRAWFORD

No...

OFF Hannibal looking down at her --

ON JACK CRAWFORD

He stares into the distance in front of him. The rhythm of his breathing keeps steady pace. Inhaling. Exhaling.

We are --



INT. JACK CRAWFORD'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Jack watches the road unfurling ahead, shell-shocked. His breath is all we hear. Inhaling. Exhaling. Inhaling.

JACK'S POV -- THE ROAD

The painted lines of the asphalt fly one by one beneath the undercarriage of his sedan. Exhaling. Inhaling. Exhaling.

ON JACK

He continues to stare forward, only his environment has changed. Inhaling. Exhaling. We are --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jack Crawford stares at his wife, Bella, in her hospital bed. She looks back, melancholy. Inhaling. Exhaling. Inhaling.

He approaches her bedside, taking a seat and bowing his head over the hand at her side. He quietly begins to weep as SOUND RETURNS TO NORMAL. A steady BLIP, BLIP of her EKG trace, the green line pulsing. Bella's life as an electronic signal.

She looks at Jack. She holds his gaze and he holds hers. The door OPENS and Bella stirs. Takes her a second to get her bearings and realize Hannibal now stands in the room.

HANNIBAL

I'll come back.

Before he can leave, Bella calmly asks:

BELLA CRAWFORD

What are you doing here?

HANNIBAL

I came to apologize. I couldn't honor what you asked of me.

He steps to the bed and bends and places the COIN she gave him in Bella's hand.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Bella SLAPS him with her other hand. Hard and sudden.

Hannibal's face is rocked. He does not make a sound. Bella stares at him, unrepentant. Jack stands, stunned.

JACK CRAWFORD

Bella.



BELLA CRAWFORD  
(to Hannibal)  
Get out.  
(a whisper)  
Get out.

Hannibal turns and EXITS without another word.

ON BEVERLY KATZ

Moving intently, feeling the weight of what she has to say.

We are --

INT. BAU - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Beverly knocks on the door, looking inside. No one there.  
Zeller rounds a corner, carrying a GIANT HUNK of freshly-harvested honeycomb, presumably from Duncan Halloran.

BEVERLY KATZ  
Hey. Have you seen Jack?

BRIAN ZELLER  
There was some emergency with his wife. Dr. Lecter called and asked him to meet him at the hospital.

BEVERLY KATZ  
Is Mrs. Crawford all right?

BRIAN ZELLER  
We don't know. He wouldn't say.

BEVERLY KATZ  
(considers, then)  
So Hannibal's at the hospital, too?

EXT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA PUSHES IN on a time-lapse establishing.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Night. CAMERA tracks through the meticulously-tidy kitchen.  
A SHAFT OF LIGHT cuts through the DARKNESS. CAMERA finds  
Beverly Katz standing in front of the OPEN REFRIGERATOR.

Beverly is engulfed in its light. The shelves stacked neatly  
with exotic foodstuffs.

Beverly lifts hands in latex gloves and pulls open clear  
drawers, but no cuts of meat. Not what she is looking for.



CLOSES the refrigerator, taking us back to DARKNESS.

She pulls out a PENLIGHT and switches it on. Moves to the PANTRY DOOR, which is locked. She squats and takes out a lock-picking kit, inserting two tools into the lock and working.

EXTREME CLOSE ON THE LOCK BOLT

It turns and clicks.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - PANTRY - NIGHT

Beverly opens the door.

She steps inside, the room illuminated by the large glass-front freezer. Beverly moves toward it, past an AERATOR sitting on the counter, filled with red wine.

She slides the door open and peers within. FROZEN FOOD -- vacuum-packed and sealed. She moves things around. Her gloved hands smearing the condensation on the slick plastic.

ON BEVERLY

Her face lit by the glow of the freezer's light. She reaches inside and lifts out a vacuum-sealed KIDNEY, and ANOTHER.

BEVERLY KATZ

Gotcha.

She leaves one and slips the other inside her coat.

She CLOSES the freezer, turns and knocks the aerator of wine off the counter. It CRASHES to the floor, SHATTERING. Beverly silently curses herself out, then something catches her eye.

ON THE FLOOR

The spilled wine seeps between the cracks in the floorboard. Beverly runs the toe of her boot along the seam in the floor.

CUT TO:

DARKNESS

And then, from above, a widening triangle of light. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The triangle of light illuminates narrow, steep steps that spiral into the darkness below.



FEET come into view as Beverly, gun drawn, slowly comes down them, flashing the penlight before her. It catches highlights, off reflective tiles, of the room around her.

She finds a SWITCH and a series of overhead fluorescent lights FLICKERS ON, one by one. Beverly reacts to what she sees. (NOTE: CAMERA does not reveal what she sees.)

BEVERLY KATZ

Omigod.

The last overhead fluorescent FLICKERS ON behind her, revealing HANNIBAL STANDING SEVERAL FEET AWAY.

As she turns, he MOVES.

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

CAMERA PROWLs the floor as GUNFIRE ERUPTS from below, muffled, but clear. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. Finally, **BLAM**, a bullet BLASTS through the floor, splintering the wood in a hole.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE