

HANNIBAL  
"Dolce"

TEASER

EXT. FLORENCE - PREDAWN

A silhouetted Florence skyline as the sun threatens to rise.

DISSOLVE TO:

WATER

A CLOUD OF BLOOD blooms beneath the surface.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLORENTINE BRIDGE - DAWN

A silhouetted HANNIBAL LECTER limps home after his defeat at the hands of Jack Crawford. Face bruised and bloody. Walking through a deserted Florence. Clothes torn and marked. He limps where Jack stuck the hook through his calf.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL'S BACK

Water runs over his head and neck, forming rivulets down his back, over open wounds, which turn the tiny streams pink.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ARCHWAY - DAWN

Sunlight begins to burn at one end as a silhouetted Hannibal staggers into the cool shadows of the alley.

This figure limps toward us, ghosting toward CAMERA, a series of AFTERIMAGES lingering behind him as he limps closer.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL'S FACE

Hair wet, as water sluices down his face. Female hands wring a sponge and water pours over him.

We are --

INT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Hannibal lies in the bathtub. BEDELIA wrings a sponge and water pours down Hannibal's beaten, cut and bruised body.

CLOSE ON THE SPONGE

The water that drips is tainted with blood.

It sweeps down Hannibal's arms and chest. Across his burned palms. Sensual and soothing.

Just OUT OF FOCUS, we see Bedelia kneeling by the tub, tending him.

CLOSE -- Hannibal's calf is raised over the side of the bathtub. The sponge sweeps across the ugly wound in the flesh, ragged and raw.

Blood drips into the bathwater.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SHINING NEEDLE

Bedelia carefully and skillfully sutures the wound in Hannibal's calf.

ON HANNIBAL watching her work -- as close as lovers. And just as intimate, these two.

HANNIBAL'S POV -- ON BEDELIA

Her concentration. Drinking her in.

Bedelia finishes the last suture. Looks at Hannibal, finally. She draws up the string and, as she CUTS it...

MATCH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON THE POWER CORD NOOSE

As it is CUT.

LOW ANGLE UP -- PAZZI'S DEAD BODY

FRAMED THROUGH THE OUTSTRETCHED ARMS of those on the ground, reaching up to support the body as it is lowered.

THE SILHOUETTE OF DANGLING VISCERA

It is wrapped with netting around the whole mass, collecting Pazzi's innards and keeping them not far from his body.

EXT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - DAY

Pazzi's body is collected by Florence *POLIZIA*, to the resounding, medieval delight of the masses, as JACK CRAWFORD grimly watches. Refusing to turn away, a penance of sorts.

WILL GRAHAM (O.S.)

Jack.

Jack turns, scarcely daring to believe he heard right.

WILL GRAHAM

Stands just beyond the police barriers. Tired, showing the bruises of his fall from the train.

Jack has to fight a sudden urge, to run and hug Will, that surprised him. Huge relief.

He smiles at Will and Will returns it. Both men surprised how strongly they feel. And then guilt hits them both and they look to Pazzi.

Jack nods to an Italian cop and motions Will under the barrier tape.

INT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - ATROCIOUS TORTURE EXHIBIT - DAY

Jack and Will move through the shattered interior of the Atrocious Torture Exhibit where Jack and Hannibal did battle.

JACK CRAWFORD

He's wounded and worried.

WILL GRAHAM

Hannibal doesn't worry. Knowing he's in danger won't rattle him any more than killing does.

Jack examines the vintage WOODCARVING of Pazzi's ancestor hanging, disemboweled.

JACK CRAWFORD

If Rinaldo Pazzi decided to do his duty as an officer of the law, he could have detained Dr. Fell and determined very quickly that he was Hannibal Lecter. Would have taken thirty minutes to get a warrant.

WILL GRAHAM

All those resources were denied to Pazzi. Once he decided to sell Hannibal, he became a bounty hunter.

JACK CRAWFORD

Outside the law and alone. Here we are: outside the law and alone.

WILL GRAHAM

Again.

JACK CRAWFORD

We know how that usually turns out.

(then)

Mason Verger is trying to capture Hannibal himself for purposes of personal revenge.

WILL GRAHAM

Have you told *la polizia* they're looking for Hannibal Lecter?

JACK CRAWFORD

They're motivated to find Dr. Fell inside the law. Knowing who he is... and what he's worth, will just coax them out of bounds.

WILL GRAHAM

It would be a free-for-all.

JACK CRAWFORD

And Hannibal would slip away. Would you slip away with him?

WILL GRAHAM

Part of me will always want to.

JACK CRAWFORD

You have to cut that part out.

Will looks around the displays of torture instruments.

WILL GRAHAM

Of course you would find him here. Not because of the exhibit, but because of the crowd it attracts.

Jack watches Will as he moves behind a STARVATION CAGE, appearing as though he's trapped inside.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You had him, Jack. He was beaten. Why didn't you kill him?

Jack considers that a moment, then:

JACK CRAWFORD

Maybe I need you to.

OFF Jack...

CLOSE ON A PENCIL

It drags across paper, leaving graphite debris in its wake. A man's prominent shoulders have taken shape beneath the pencil's tip as it continues to move. Instead of completing the head on its shoulders, a stump is drawn.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)  
Beheaded for refusing to worship  
the Roman gods...

CAMERA scans the drawing and finds the severed head.

The pencil darkens the shadows under the lolling eyes.

HANNIBAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...the Christian martyr San Miniato  
picked up his severed head from the  
sand of the Roman amphitheater...

CAMERA reveals the drawing in its entirety.

The Christian martyr carries his severed head under his arm as he lumbers down the Florentine street.

HANNIBAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...and carried it beneath his arm to  
the mountainside across the river.

THE DRAWING BLEEDS COLOR

As it TRANSFORMS INTO REALITY and the figure carrying its severed head fades. We are --

EXT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - BALCONY - DAY

Hannibal, drawing on a pad, with some discomfort considering his wounds, is gazing out over Florence and the modern street that he's been sketching. Bedelia approaches.

HANNIBAL  
His body passed along the ancient  
streets below us. I want to be able  
to draw these streets from memory.  
(then)  
I want to be able to draw the  
Palazzo Vecchio and the Duomo.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
You won't be coming back here for a  
very long time.

HANNIBAL

Memories of Florence will be all I  
have. Florence is where I became a  
man. I see my end in my beginning.

She takes his pencil and pad, then turns to move inside.  
Hannibal follows...

INT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CONTINUOUS as Hannibal follows Bedelia inside.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

All of our endings can be found in  
our beginnings. History repeats  
itself and we can't escape it.

Hannibal notices a small suitcase. His coat draped over it.

HANNIBAL

You packed lightly.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I packed for you.  
(off his look)  
This is where I leave you. Or more  
accurately, where you leave me.

HANNIBAL

This isn't how I intended to say good-  
bye. I imagined it differently.

She stands confidently next to his packed suitcase.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I didn't.

HANNIBAL

Didn't you?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I knew you were intending to eat me  
and I knew you had no intention of  
doing it hastily.

HANNIBAL

Would be a shame not to savor you.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I haven't quite marinated long  
enough for your tastes.

(then)

When they come for you...

HANNIBAL

And they will come...

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

What will you say of me?

HANNIBAL

I will help you tell the version of  
events you want to be told. I will  
help you because you asked me to.

They exchange a smile, such strange bedfellows.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You may make a meal of me yet,  
Hannibal...

Bedelia kisses Hannibal once on the lips. Both of them happy  
to let it linger.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER (CONT'D)

...but not today.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

A ROW OF PIG ASSES

Their tails lined up as if in a Busby Berkeley freeze frame.

A CLEAVER

Slams THROUGH FRAME with a THUNK, removing a pig tail. THUNK-THUNK-THUNK. Three more pig tails.

A ROW OF PIG TAILS

A chopping blade CHOP-CHOPS the tails into one-inch sections.

A COOKBOOK

FOCUS crawls over the pages of a cookery book. The cook's finger follows a line...

A KNOT OF GINGER

It is peeled, cut and minced.

BLACK VINEGAR

It pools and spreads across a shallow dish.

CLOSE ON THE COOK'S FINGER

It follows another line...

CHOPPED PIG TAILS

Glazed, spiced and cooked.

We are --

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

MASON, in his wheelchair, is sitting like an eager schoolboy at the industrial-grade kitchen's center island, which has been laid out with fine linens, crystal, china and silver for just the single place setting. Next to him, a bronze bowl.

CORDELL unfurls a beautifully-fanned napkin and tucks it beneath Mason's chin.

He then places a plate, with a beautifully-prepared dish of pig tails, before Mason.



CORDELL

Pig tails. Cut into sections to give the aesthetic of fingers cut at the joint.

MASON VERGER

Finger food.

CORDELL

Hands are how we touch the world. They're tactile. Sensual. Remove an arm and your patient will still feel phantom digits.

(offering a pig tail)

Imagine what Dr. Lecter will feel watching you nibble on his fingers.

Mason almost gasps, impressed.

MASON VERGER

Poetry, Cordell. Poetry.

CORDELL

In a ginger-black vinegar sauce.

Mason takes a pig tail, chewing it and not really liking it.

MASON VERGER

Mmmm.

(sucks teeth)

It's mostly skin and bone.

CORDELL

The actual fingers will have more meat, and then there's the marrow.

Cordell produces another dish.

CORDELL (CONT'D)

Here it is in a fermented bean sauce.

Mason takes the bean sauce pig tail and gives it a small chew.

MASON VERGER

I prefer the ginger.

Mason reaches for the gristle in his teeth.

CORDELL

No, no.

(re: the bronze bowl)

Spit.

Mason does as instructed and there is a small GONG sound.

CORDELL (CONT'D)

A Buddhist singing bowl. The gong represents the start of a new day.

MASON VERGER

Buddhists don't eat meat.

CORDELL

This isn't meat. This is man.

MASON VERGER

Papa always said meat is a people business. He was a pioneer in livestock production, I'm sure he's eaten someone. Yet I must admit a tremble at the notion myself.

CORDELL

I find there's something reassuring about you eating Dr. Lecter. It makes you the apex predator.

MASON VERGER

I like that. "Apex predator."

CORDELL

(a new idea)

We could Peking duck him. You have to torture a duck to prepare it. Pump its skin up with air, then glaze it with a hot honey and hang it by its neck until it dries.

MASON VERGER

Then roast until crispy.

As that idea idles with Mason...

DISSOLVE TO:

HANNIBAL

He stares directly into CAMERA, a THIN GLAZE coats his skin, which BROWNS, ROASTS and CRACKLES.

POP WIDE

As CAMERA reveals Hannibal lying on his back, ROASTED WHOLE and tastefully garnished to obscure parts that would offend.

We are --

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (DREAM STATE)

CAMERA crawls over Roasted Hannibal to find Mason Verger sitting at the head of the table.

MASON VERGER  
Transubstantiation.

A muffled phone BUZZING and we --

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON MASON VERGER'S EYES

They slowly open, still holding onto the dream. We are --

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MASON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Without turning his head, Mason's hand walks on its fingers, like a crab, to push a telephone button, the speaker under his pillow, a microphone near the ruin of his face.

MASON VERGER  
I'm here. Tell me.

MARGOT VERGER (V.O.)  
It's a bloody casino.

MASON VERGER  
Tell me.

A HUGE PLASMA-SCREEN TV

A broadcast of an ITALIAN NEWS STATION. An attractive FEMALE ANCHOR reports in Italian. In the BURN-IN BOX next to her head, eyewitness iPhone footage of the aftermath of Pazzi's death in Florence. The body dangling above the piazza.

CAMERA PULLS BACK from the TV to reveal we are --

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Mason, Cordell, MARGOT and ALANA are all watching the screen. Alana mutes the television with a remote and she, Margot and Cordell all turn and look at an inscrutable Mason. Finally:

CORDELL  
How do you feel?

MASON VERGER  
I feel like I just paid a lot of  
money for a dead dago.

MARGOT VERGER  
The feces will fly about Pazzi.

MASON VERGER

Better to get it out that Pazzi was dirty. They'll take it better if he's dirty. Was he dirty?

MARGOT VERGER

Except for this, I don't know.

ALANA BLOOM

What if they trace Pazzi back to you?

MASON VERGER

I can take care of that.

ALANA BLOOM

You took care of Pazzi.

MASON VERGER

I have little interest in the expensive piece of meat twitching at the end of that electrical cord.

ALANA BLOOM

Hannibal can disappear too well and you'll be left with nothing.

MARGOT VERGER

Better buy another cop.

ALANA BLOOM

Better buy the whole department.

A DARKENED CONDUIT

In the distance, light from the adjacent room throws warm light through the grid of a vent, creating a shadowed pattern.

As CAMERA PUSHES IN, we hear the SQUEAK of screws unscrewing, then the vent is removed. An arm reaches in, feeling around the immediate vicinity until finding a SMALL LEATHER BAG, taped to the roof of the vent, and pulling it free.

We are --

INT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Bedelia removes the small leather bag from the vent.

CLOSE ON A TABLE

The small leather bag is unrolled, revealing an AMPOULE and a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE.

We are --

INT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bedelia, seated in front of the unrolled leather bag and its contents, wraps surgical tubing around her forearm, pulling it taught to create a bulging vein.

With one end of the surgical tubing in her teeth, she picks up her needle and ampoule, but when she looks up, she starts.

CHIYOH

Stands in the apartment, regarding Bedelia with curiosity, her rifle resting on her hip.

ON BEDELIA

Without pulling the plunger to draw fluid from the ampoule, she carefully removes the needle and sets it down.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
You must be looking for Hannibal  
Lecter. One of his patients?

CHIYOH  
No, not a patient. Where is he?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Gone.  
(then)  
Seeing how you let yourself in, I  
hope it's not too forward to ask,  
who the hell are you?

CHIYOH  
Family.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Ah.  
(then)  
You've come all the way from home.

CHIYOH  
Who are you?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
I'm his psychiatrist.

Chiyoh glances at the ampoule and needle.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER (CONT'D)  
(off Chiyoh's look)  
Medicinal purposes.

Chiyoh studies Bedelia, eyes narrowing.

CHIYOH

You're like his bird.

(off her look)

I'm his bird, too. He puts us in cages to see what we'll do.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Fly away or dash ourselves dead against the bars.

CHIYOH

You haven't flown away.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You're flying right toward him.  
How does he inspire such devotion?

CHIYOH

You're his psychiatrist.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You could add to what I've learned in my experience with him, and from the mute postures of the dead.

(then)

Were you there? Did you watch as the beast within him turned from the teat and entered the world?

CHIYOH

I met the beast and I saw him grow.  
Someone wants to kill him.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

More than one someone, I'd say.

(then)

What do you want?

CHIYOH

I want to cage him.

That makes Bedelia smile.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I thought Will Graham was Hannibal's biggest mistake. But I have to wonder if it isn't you.

(then)

Now, if you'll excuse me, it's time for me to take my medicine.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF STYLIZED SHOTS:

The world is rendered abstract.

MACRO VIEW -- the needle drawing fluid.

MACRO VIEW -- the needle stabbing into Bedelia's flesh.

MACRO VIEW -- the plunger forcing the fluid to rush like a river.

MACRO VIEW -- Bedelia's pupil dilating wide.

ON BEDELIA

CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK revealing the walls around her VIBRATING ever so slightly to the rhythm of her breath and hum of her circulatory system. Throughout the vibration, only Bedelia's image is STILL and CLEAR. All else writhes.

Bedelia closes her eyes, trying to focus through the vivid distortions of reality. As CAMERA PUSHES IN, she closes her eyes, taking in deep, controlled breaths.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK. Bedelia opens her eyes.

INT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - DAY

The door opens revealing Bedelia. She stares blankly, covering her dazed and slightly-unfocused eyes.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Yes?

REVERSE to reveal --

BEDELIA'S POV

Jack and Will stand outside the door. Their images are mostly still, only occasionally FLUTTERING, but the walls VIBRATE around them. Will eyes Bedelia somewhat cynically:

WILL GRAHAM

Mrs. Fell, I presume?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

CLOSE ON ROWS OF AMPOULES

CAMERA moves slowly along the tiny bottles through which we can see the DISTORTED image of Jack and Will. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bedelia sits opposite Jack Crawford who pulls out one of the ampoules, studying it, while Will observes behind Jack.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
My husband's a doctor. He's  
treating my condition.

JACK CRAWFORD  
What condition is that, Mrs. Fell?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
I get confused.

WILL GRAHAM  
Please.  
(off her look)  
You need to get over yourself,  
whatever self this is... Bedelia.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
My name is Lydia Fell.

BEDELIA'S POV -- WILL

His image FLUTTERS in fits and starts as the room around him continues to PULSE and VIBRATE.

WILL GRAHAM  
You expect us to believe you  
somehow got lost in the hot  
darkness of Hannibal Lecter's mind?  
That Lydia Fell is some construct?

OMNISCIENT POV

Jack pulls out his cell phone and calls up an image he shows to Bedelia: a MISSING-PERSON poster displaying her likeness.

She stares through it.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Now I'm very confused.

Will leans in close to Bedelia and, in a distorted reprise of her words to him in Ep. #202, he mockingly whispers:



WILL GRAHAM

I don't believe you.

JACK CRAWFORD

You're not confused, Bedelia.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

That's not my name.

WILL GRAHAM

You know who you are and what you are doing, and you know exactly how you're going to wiggle out of it.

(re: the ampoules)

What is this? Sedatives? Hypnotics? Ethanol? Scopolamine? Midazolam?

JACK CRAWFORD

Same cocktail Dr. Lecter served Miriam Lass? You've been freebasing your alibi.

(then)

I'm not even mad at you. In fact, I'd say I'm fairly impressed.

WILL GRAHAM

Mostly because you're still alive. When this fog of yours clears, I'd love to hear how you managed that.

Bedelia maintains her front, but there is an almost-imperceptible glint in her eye. She turns to Jack:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You say my husband murdered a Chief Investigator of the Florentine *Questura*. Where are the *polizia*? Shouldn't they be questioning me?

JACK CRAWFORD

They will.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

They sure are taking their time. What could possibly be the delay?

(then)

I have an idea. Do you?

JACK CRAWFORD

They're being bought. By whoever bought Rinaldo Pazzi.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
Interest in my husband seems to be  
getting very competitive.

Jack becomes aware that Will is no longer in the room.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Will?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
I wonder who will find him first.

OFF Jack and Bedelia alone in the room...

CUT TO:

A CORAL STRUCTURE

Underwater, a small dark hole tucked near its belly. As  
CAMERA PUSHES IN, we begin to see the details of the great  
EEL hiding in the shadows. We are --

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MASON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Margot emerges from the shadows into the vague, watery  
reflections coming off the aquarium in the floor.

MARGOT VERGER  
I've made new friends in Italy.  
They're cleaning up and starting  
over. All you need to concern  
yourself with now is what'll happen  
when Dr. Lecter is in your hands.

MASON VERGER  
You've worked so hard to give me  
what I want. It's only fair to  
talk about what Margot wants.  
(pats the bed)  
Come sit on Santa's lap.

MARGOT VERGER  
You know what I want.

Mason takes a breath; a difficult subject for them both.

MASON VERGER  
My biggest regret in life is taking  
away your ability to create it.

Margot stares a moment, then:

MARGOT VERGER  
Adoption is a good thing to do.

MASON VERGER

No pedigree in buying a Chinese baby. They're cheaper than shoats.  
(then)

I wish I could give you a Verger baby, our own baby. Yours and mine. We could raise it together.

MARGOT VERGER

Last time you told me you wanted a baby, you removed my uterus.

MASON VERGER

In my defense, you weaponized your uterus. Shouldn't have been waving it around like a loaded pistol.

MARGOT VERGER

I brought it on myself.

MASON VERGER

You often do.

MARGOT VERGER

I've been disarmed. You disarmed me.

MASON VERGER

Shortsighted, I admit. But there's every possibility I'm still packing loads of viable sperm. Stumbled across any viable uteruses lately?

MARGOT VERGER

Not that I'm aware of.

MASON VERGER

Why don't we find a surrogate?

Margot studies Mason, suspicious:

MARGOT VERGER

What are you up to, Mason?

MASON VERGER

I want us to have a baby, Margot. I could be really good to a child. I could go to parenting classes.  
(then)

Let's find a way, Margot. Let's find a way to be a family again.

OFF Margot, uneasy...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON BOTTICELLI'S *PRIMAVERA*

The painting to which we were introduced in Ep. #302, blueprint for *il Mostro's* notorious crime scene twenty years ago.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. UFFIZI GALLERY - DAY

Hannibal is sitting on a bench before the *Primavera*, quietly sketching the painting (this image another echo of a scene from Ep. #302).

CLOSE ON THE GARLANDED NYMPH

She is being drawn to look exactly like Bedelia Du Maurier.

CLOSE ON THE PALE ZEPHYRUS

He is being drawn to look exactly like Will Graham.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL'S HANDS

As they sketch.

POV -- HANNIBAL

Approaching Hannibal over his shoulder; he's rapt in concentration.

Reveal this to be --

WILL GRAHAM'S POV

ON WILL as he lays eyes on Hannibal for the first time since Hannibal gutted him. Both men battered and bruised.

He comes forward and lays a gentle hand on Hannibal's shoulder.

Hannibal looks up at Will and smiles -- pleased to see him. Will sits beside Hannibal on the bench in front of the glorious painting. A moment as they absorb.

WILL GRAHAM

Good to see you.

HANNIBAL

If I saw you every day forever,  
Will, I would remember this time.

WILL GRAHAM

Strange to see you in front of me.  
Been staring at afterimages of you  
in places you haven't been in years.

HANNIBAL

"To market, to market, to buy a fat pig. Home again, home again, jiggy-jig."

WILL GRAHAM

I looked up at the night sky there. Orion above the horizon and, near it, Jupiter. I wondered if you could see it, too. I wondered if our stars were the same.

HANNIBAL

I believe some of our stars will always be the same. You entered the foyer of my mind and stumbled down the hall of my beginnings.

WILL GRAHAM

I wanted to understand you before I laid eyes on you again. I needed it to be clear what I was seeing.

HANNIBAL

Where does the difference between the past and the future come from?

WILL GRAHAM

Mine? Before you and after you. Yours? It's all starting to blur. Mischa. Abigail. Chiyoh.

HANNIBAL

How is Chiyoh?

WILL GRAHAM

She pushed me off a train.

HANNIBAL

Atta girl.

Will studies Hannibal a moment, then:

WILL GRAHAM

You and I have begun to blur.

HANNIBAL

Isn't that how you found me?

WILL GRAHAM

Even as the possibility of free will dissipates, my experience of it remains the same. I continue to feel and act as though I have it.

HANNIBAL

The worm that destroys you is the temptation to agree with your critics, to get their approval.

WILL GRAHAM

Every crime of yours feels like one I am guilty of. Not just Abigail's murder, but every murder stretching backward and forward in time.

HANNIBAL

Then what's left to do? Freeing yourself from me and me freeing myself from you, they're the same.

WILL GRAHAM

We're conjoined. Curious if either of us can survive separation.

HANNIBAL

Now's the hardest test: not letting rage and frustration, nor forgiveness, keep you from thinking.  
(then)  
Shall we?

Hannibal rises; Will follows suit.

WILL GRAHAM

After you.

Hannibal leads Will out of the gallery.

ON HANNIBAL

His Harpy knife inconspicuously slides into his palm.

ON WILL

His own Harpy knife slides into his palm.

EXT. UFFIZI GALLERY - COURTYARD - DAY

Will and Hannibal emerge from the museum, out into the bustling courtyard.

CUT TO:

A TELESCOPIC RIFLE SIGHT FROM THE ROOF

Finding Hannibal in its crosshairs...

CUT TO:

EXT. UFFIZI GALLERY - ROOF - DAY

CLOSE-UP -- the rifle's silenced barrel, its opening resembling the entrance to a dark tunnel pregnant with danger.

CLOSE-UP -- a gloved finger twitching on the trigger.

Reveal it belongs to Chiyoh.

HER POV THROUGH THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT

Deliberately moving from Hannibal to Will.

BACK TO CHIYOH

As she pulls the trigger and FIRES.

Causing a FLOCK OF PIGEONS to burst into frightened flight...

CUT TO:

EXT. UFFIZI GALLERY - COURTYARD - DAY

As WILL IS HIT IN THE SHOULDER.

And is thrown off balance against Hannibal who catches him. Holds him up as if Will is drunk or faint. Will's blade falls from his hand and Hannibal picks it up.

Hannibal looks around quickly and then throws an arm around Will, dazed and bleeding, and quickly hustles him though the courtyard toward the riverfront.

EXT. UFFIZI GALLERY - ROOF - DAY

Chiyoh takes a moment to consider what she has done.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

## A WOMAN'S ARM

It reaches INTO FRAME as if to caress something. The image TWINS and the original hand is caressing its twin's arm.

## ON MARGOT

She leans INTO FRAME as if leaning in for a kiss. Her image TWINS and it appears she is about to kiss herself.

## ON MARGOT'S LEG

It moves THROUGH FRAME and TWINS, then the twin legs scissor across each other.

## ON MARGOT

She kisses her twin tenderly, sensually, and CAMERA reveals her twin is Alana Bloom. As the two women kiss...

CAMERA reveals we are --

## INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MARGOT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Margot and Alana, their nudity tastefully obscured, make love, their long hair splayed across the satin sheets as they kiss passionately. Pale light moves across their skin, catching the fine downy hairs along their backs.

## ON MARGOT AND ALANA

As their faces TWIN with each kiss in an erotic, PULSING rhythm, Alana BECOMING Margot BECOMING Alana BECOMING Margot. Their faces transported by ecstasy as they arch in climax.

DISSOLVE TO:

## HIGH ANGLE

Their hair appears to be the sockets in a lovely SKULL, their limbs composing the rest of the image. The curvature of a thigh appearing to be the curvature of a cheekbone, their feet the grinning teeth of a broken smile.

TIME CUT TO:

## INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MARGOT'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Margot and Alana are sitting on opposite sides of the unmade bed, their backs to one another, each getting dressed.



ALANA BLOOM

Owing to eight months of relentless effort, access to confidential federal files, no international restrictions and large expenditures of money, Mason is ahead of the FBI in the pursuit of Hannibal Lecter.

MARGOT VERGER

Mason has no intention of sharing his lead with the FBI.

ALANA BLOOM

I do. Once he has Hannibal.

Margot considers that a moment, then:

MARGOT VERGER

There's something I need to get from Mason before he goes to prison.

(then)

Any experience harvesting sperm?

CUT TO:

INSPECTOR BENETTI

Late 30s, smooth and cold. Flanked by the imposing presence provided by TWO ADDITIONAL FLORENCE COPS.

INSPECTOR BENETTI

We cannot locate Dr. Fell. Close attention has been brought to bear on him. We have eyewitness accounts of a bloody figure, matching his description, running from the scene.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Bedelia sit as Inspector Benetti and the Florence police stand over them. SEVERAL ITALIAN POLICE work in the background, taking fingerprints and blood samples from the bathroom where Bedelia treated Hannibal's wounds.

JACK CRAWFORD

Local radio reported Pazzi had committed *hara-kiri* with a knife.

INSPECTOR BENETTI

Many are eager to believe Pazzi killed himself, binding his own hands in the manner of jail suicide.

JACK CRAWFORD

In addition to hanging himself.

INSPECTOR BENETTI

We know it was murder. And perhaps most poetically, the Italian public have already decided *il Mostro* has killed Rinaldo Pazzi. A twenty-year-old debt finally paid.

JACK CRAWFORD

The Italian public is right.

INSPECTOR BENETTI

*Il Mostro* died in prison.

(then)

*Commandator Pazzi* had been assigned to investigate the disappearance of two men from the Palazzo Capponi.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

*Professor Sogliato*. One of the missing men. My husband knew him. We've been to his home many times.

That last sentence is directed solely at Jack.

INSPECTOR BENETTI

We believe your husband was responsible for the disappearances, and murdered *Commendator Pazzi* when he came to the same conclusion.

Bedelia reacts, allowing tears of confusion to flow. Jack continues to be impressed by her performance.

JACK CRAWFORD

If you haven't already, access the ViCAP database at Quantico; you will find Dr. Fell on the Most-Wanted page. He's flanked by a bomber and an arsonist, under the name Hannibal Lecter. The fingerprints you pull from the coils of Pazzi's noose will be his.

INSPECTOR BENETTI

If you knew Dr. Fell to be Hannibal  
Lecter, why didn't you bring it to  
the attention of the *Questura*?

JACK CRAWFORD

There's a price on his head. Pazzi  
knew. He tried to sell him. That  
kind of money, can't say I blame him.  
(then)  
Can you?

A tense moment as Benetti decides to ignore the challenge.

INSPECTOR BENETTI

You've already been questioned  
regarding Rinaldo Pazzi's murder,  
*Signor Crawford*. Since you're not  
in Florence on official FBI  
business, that will be all.

Jack stands and, shortly thereafter, Bedelia stands and  
starts to follow him out.

INSPECTOR BENETTI (CONT'D)

Not you, *Signora Fell*. You stay  
right where you are.

Jack glances back at Bedelia who sits down again, surrounded  
by Florentine police.

Jack leaves. As the DOOR CLOSES...

MATCH CUT TO:

A DOOR OPENS AWAY FROM CAMERA

Into a room that slides IN AND OUT OF FOCUS.

BLOOD runs down FINGERS and DROPS in thick SPATTERS onto a  
polished floor.

Our POV jerks forward, CANTED at an angle.

Reveal this to be Will Graham's POV. We are --

INT. SOGLIATO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Hannibal brings Will into the room.

Will's shirt beneath his coat is soaked with blood. It runs  
down his sleeve and drips from his fingers.

Hannibal maneuvers Will onto the couch, where Will lies back. Dazed and dizzy from blood loss.

WILL'S POV

HAZY -- as Hannibal moves away and comes back with water in a glass. He tenderly holds it to Will's lips.

CLOSE ON Will as he sips...

HANNIBAL

The bullet is still inside you.  
This will hurt.

He pulls Will forward and strips Will's coat from his shoulders, exposing the bullet wound and also effectively trapping Will's arms.

Again, Will watches as Hannibal cuts Will's shirt away and we see the ugly bullet wound. Still oozing blood. Will endures the pain beneath Hannibal's touch. The intimacy is striking.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Chiyoh's always been very  
protective of me.  
(then)  
Did she kill her tenant or did you?

WILL GRAHAM

She did.

HANNIBAL

Excellent.

Hannibal places Will's knife in his limp hand.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

You dropped your forgiveness, Will.

Will stares at the blade in the nerve-damaged hand of his trapped arm. They look at one another for a tense moment.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

You forgive how God forgives.  
(then)  
Would you have done it quickly, or  
would you have stopped to gloat?

WILL GRAHAM

Does God gloat?

HANNIBAL

Often.

Will furtively glances down, and Hannibal pierces Will's bare arm with a sharp needle, giving him an injection.

The effect is instantaneous: Will drops the blade neatly into Hannibal's waiting hand.

Will's eyelids flutter; we hear the THRUM-THRUM of his circulatory system as the drug courses through his veins.

WILL'S POV

As Hannibal looms IN AND OUT OF FOCUS, his voice slow and low.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)  
Give that a moment.

Getting up, Hannibal moves through an archway, into the kitchen, where he starts unpacking a grocery bag.

WILL'S DRUGGED POV -- HANNIBAL

The perspective fluttering ominously.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)  
What you're experiencing is the  
first flush of fear.

BACK TO WILL

Unsteady.

WILL'S DRUGGED POV

As Hannibal approaches again, a shimmering giant looming overhead. He is now the WENDIGO.

HANNIBAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(distorted)  
Intense fear will come in waves.  
The body can't stand it for long.

ON WILL as his eyes slowly close...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

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

As music plays softly in the background -- Glenn Gould's *Bach Goldberg Variations*:

A burner ignites in blue flame with a sudden WOOMPFF.

Savory butter SIZZLES in a bronze saucepan.

Fresh shallots are getting minced with a sharp knife, the warm glow of candlelight reflected in the silvery blade.

Will is seated eagerly at the beautifully-laid table, while Hannibal busies himself at a sideboard, sautéing the butter over a portable burner, and chopping the shallots.

Both men look handsome in coats and ties, neither battered nor bruised. This is Will's DRUG-INDUCED FANTASY.

WILL GRAHAM

I can almost taste the butter.

HANNIBAL

Taste and smell are the oldest senses, and the closest to the center of the mind.

WILL GRAHAM

Parts that precede pity and morality.

HANNIBAL

They play in the dome of our skulls, like miracles illuminated on a church ceiling. The ceremonies and sights and exchanges of dinner can be far more engaging than theater.

Will looks apprehensive.

WILL GRAHAM

What's for dinner?

HANNIBAL

Never ask. Spoils the surprise.

The scene DARKENS inward from the corners, like a closing lens.

The soft music continues playing as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SOGLIATO'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (REALITY)

Will Graham's eyes open and he looks to where Hannibal can be seen, only feet away, yet it seems a great distance. His image GHOSTS in a conscious replaying of Hannibal in the Teaser. Both men are battered and bruised.

Will sits in front of Sogliato's fine white linen, china and silver, leaving GHOSTLY IMAGES of his slow progress behind.

Hannibal produces a fine syringe and injects Will's arm once more. Will swoons, and Hannibal uses a strap already fastened to the chair back to pinion Will to the chair.

WILL'S POV

As the room swims and Hannibal's face MORPHS INTO WILL'S OWN FACE and then back again.

HANNIBAL

I do not indulge much in regret,  
but I am sorry to be leaving Italy.  
There were things in the Palazzo  
Capponi I would have liked to read.

Hannibal returns and places a small tureen in front of Will.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I would have liked to play the  
clavier and perhaps compose. I  
might have cooked for the Widow  
Pazzi, when she overcame her grief.

Hannibal moves out of sight and we STAY ON Will. Doped.  
Room blurring around him.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I would have liked to have shown  
you Florence, Will.

Hannibal raises a straw to Will's lips. Will sips.

WILL GRAHAM

The soup isn't very good.

HANNIBAL

It's a parsley-and-thyme infusion,  
and more for my sake than yours.  
Have another sip, let it circulate.

Will does so. Pliable to Hannibal's wishes. Will notes a third place setting at the other end of the table.

WILL GRAHAM  
Are we expecting company?

CUT TO:

INT. SOGLIATO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY/ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Jack enters through the front door.

Checking a directory displayed on the wall, he finds the name  
"SOGLIATO -- 7B."

Then he gets into an elevator.

INT. SOGLIATO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Jack presses the button marked "7."

As the door begins to slide shut, a hand suddenly reaches in  
to stop it.

CHIYOH

Steps into the elevator with her rifle case, standing right  
beside Jack, both of them looking straight ahead.

The door closes again. Chiyoh reaches to press "7," realizing  
it's already pushed. She glances surreptitiously at Jack.

The elevator LURCHES upward.

Jack looks at her.

Chiyoh looks at Jack. Sees the gun under his coat.

AN OVERHEAD SHOT

Looking straight down at Jack and Chiyoh.

CUT TO:

INT. SOGLIATO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY/ELEVATOR - NIGHT

A cheerful DING heralds its arrival.

The door opens. Jack holds it open for Chiyoh who  
reluctantly walks out. Jack watches her go. He allows the  
elevator door to close and follows Chiyoh.

She moves down the hall and, as she approaches the stairway  
landing, she pauses. She glances back at Jack.

CHIYOH  
Wrong floor.



Chiyoh casually descends the stairs, aware that Jack is watching her suspiciously. He considers a moment, then continues down the hall.

ON JACK

As he approaches Sogliato's door.

He touches the door... which swings open. He sneaks inside.

INT. SOGLIATO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack enters, careful. Draws his gun.

Hearing the soft music coming from the dining room, he heads through the archway...

The sight of Will sitting at the table -- drugged and bound, his head dropped -- stops Jack cold. He creeps into the room, listening for any sound of Hannibal. All we can hear is the sizzle of butter.

Jack cautiously approaches Will, puts a hand on his shoulder. Will stirs, focusing on Jack, blinks, then:

WILL GRAHAM

He's under the table, Jack.

OVERHEAD ANGLE

An arm JUTS OUT FROM UNDER THE TABLE, a blade FLASHES.

ON JACK CRAWFORD'S FOOT

His Achilles heel is slashed.

WIDE

Jack DROPS HARD.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bedelia sits primly upright. Benetti has pulled a chair close to her and sits uncomfortably close. His clasped hands so close to her knees. He's holding several documents.

INSPECTOR BENETTI  
Your husband left you behind.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
There was no reason for me to run.  
I've done nothing wrong.

INSPECTOR BENETTI  
I hold in my hands the photographs  
taken for Dr. Fell's state work  
permit, attached with the negatives  
to his *permesso di soggiorno*. I  
also have his French work papers.

Bedelia glances at the French papers featuring the ORIGINAL  
DR. FELL last seen alive in Ep. #301.

INSPECTOR BENETTI (CONT'D)  
Looks different with a beard, no?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
That's not my husband.

INSPECTOR BENETTI  
This is Roman Fell.  
(then)  
And this is Lydia Fell.

He shows Bedelia a copy of the ORIGINAL MRS. FELL's passport.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
I am Lydia Fell.

INSPECTOR BENETTI  
Did you murder her with your  
husband? Or did you just watch?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
I am Lydia Fell.

INSPECTOR BENETTI  
I don't care who you are. I don't  
care if you're in your right mind  
or your wrong mind. Understand?  
Those things are inconsequential.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
I understand, in this moment, you  
are not working for the *Questura*.

INSPECTOR BENETTI  
That's a good thing to understand.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
I don't want to be seen as  
uncooperative.

INSPECTOR BENETTI  
How you are seen is entirely up to  
you. Rescued by the brave  
*Questura*... or apprehended.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
I've never considered myself in  
need of rescuing until now.

INSPECTOR BENETTI  
Is your husband still in the city?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
My husband was hoping to meet a  
friend before he left Florence.

INSPECTOR BENETTI  
Where?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER  
The nature of their meeting  
requires privacy. They'll be  
somewhere no one's supposed to be.

CUT TO:

INT. SOGLIATO'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The music is still playing softly as Jack comes round to find  
himself seated way down at the opposite end of the table from  
Will.

Not far from Jack, Hannibal is busy at his burners, scraping  
minced caper berries into the sizzling pan.

Jack makes to move and his face falls in frustration and then  
sudden fear as he realizes he cannot move.

HANNIBAL  
I've taken the liberty of giving you  
something to help you relax. Won't  
be able to do much more than chew,  
but that's all you'll need to do.  
(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

(then)

I didn't have an opportunity to ask you during our last encounter, but did you enjoy the exhibition? A different kind of evil minds museum.

JACK CRAWFORD

Not so different.

Hannibal smiles and pours Will a glass of wine. Will raises it and sips. Jack stares, the incongruity of this beyond belief.

HANNIBAL

The promoters are failed taxidermists who formerly got along by eating offal from the trophies they mounted. Things that bring people together.

WILL'S POV

Of Jack and Hannibal.

JACK CRAWFORD

We were supposed to sit down together back in Baltimore...

We will play the scene between their lucid POV and Will's drugged view, where colors and sounds kaleidoscope and his own pulse sounds loud in his ears.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

...the three of us.

HANNIBAL

You were to be the guest of honor.

Hannibal pours himself a glass of wine now and takes a leisurely sip.

WILL GRAHAM

But the menu was all wrong.

HANNIBAL

Yes, it was.

Putting down his wine, he picks up a diabolical-looking electric BONE SAW, addressing Will:

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Jack was the first to suggest getting inside your head.

Hannibal looks down at Will. Then, fondly, and with real regret:

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Now we both have the opportunity to  
chew quite literally what we've  
only chewed figuratively.

With the flick of a switch, Hannibal REVS up the bone saw.  
Wielding the bone saw, Hannibal approaches Will, the elegant  
music playing in ironic counterpoint.

Will's drugged POV makes this hellish, the blade spinning in  
SLO-MO.

JACK CRAWFORD

Hannibal...

Hannibal brings the SCREAMING bone saw, with its madly-  
spinning, serrated blade, toward Will's head...

We stay VERY CLOSE ON WILL'S FACE as we hear the  
unmistakable, sickeningly high-pitched sound of metal SLICING  
INTO FLESH AND BONE.

Blood begins to trickle down between Will's eyes.

WILL'S POV

Jack's screaming face -- but no sound emerges.

Play this all from Will's surreal POV:

Blood floats upward in floating BUBBLES suspended over the  
table and, in them, he sees reflections -- Jack, Hannibal,  
himself and the Wendigo.

CLOSE ON Will's huge pupils -- the room reflected within them  
fisheye-style as Hannibal leans over him.

ON WILL -- still, as the room seems to SPIN faster and faster  
round him, as if the WHINE is of the room spinning, not the  
blade. And as his eyes finally close...

CUT TO BLACK.

SLOW FADE UP ON:

CUMULUS CLOUDS high overhead, scudding peacefully across a  
clear blue sky.

FADE TO BLACK.

SLOW FADE UP ON:

The calm surface of a PLACID LAKE, rippling in a gentle breeze.

FADE TO BLACK.

SLOW FADE UP ON:

TOWERING TREES racing past us, enveloping us in leafy canopies as we seemingly venture deep into dark, primal woods.

FADE TO BLACK.

SLOW FADE UP ON:

RED RAW MEAT. Reveal we are --

INT. MEAT TRUCK - DAY

Twin rows of GUTTED PIG CARCASSES hang in plastic wrapping from a rail in the roof of the darkened space.

The TICK and HUM of refrigeration can be heard in the metal box.

A sudden CLANG as the door is opened and a gust of frosted air is expelled into the dark space beyond -- unclear behind the beams of a powerful light.

A WHIRRING noise can be heard.

WILL GRAHAM

Face in repose. CAMERA PULLS AWAY from him, CORKSCREWING to reveal that Will is actually HANGING UPSIDE DOWN like the carcasses, Hannibal alongside him, similarly trussed.

The WHIRRING continues and the carcasses swing sideways as a silhouetted shape moves through them to reveal --

MASON VERGER

In his electric wheelchair, looking at them both with great satisfaction.

Cordell behind him. A beatific smile.

MASON VERGER

Gentlemen, welcome to Muskrat Farm.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE