

HANNIBAL
"The Great Red Dragon"

TEASER

SURFACE OF A DESERT PLANET

A craggy, dry, arid landscape. Patterned ridges alternate with troughs as deep as canyons. A sense of aridness and desolation. It feels a thousand years old.

CAMERA VERY SLOWLY PULLS OUT, moving upward, revealing this is no landscape... as the ridges resolve into --

THE CREASED SKIN OF A MAN'S KNUCKLE.

PULL EVEN FURTHER OUT, and the back of a hand comes into view. The hand rests on a Formica table, beside a magazine.

It is a strong, well-formed hand. But not a young one.

Every wrinkle and crease is detailed in CRISP FOCUS. To look on this hand is to be aware of its age, its imperfections.

Now reveal the man staring down at it -- its owner:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE.

Dolarhyde, early 40s, is a large man, strong, muscular. With a hint of vulnerability and diffidence.

The look in his eyes as he gazes down at that hand -- as if suddenly really seeing it for the first time -- might be mournful, fearful or both.

His other hand is pressed under his nose, knuckles concealing his mouth and chin. We are --

INT. GATEWAY - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Dolarhyde sits alone. His back to the rest of the break room where several COWORKERS chat among themselves. Their laughter rising above the tinned Muzak version of "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" playing over speakers.

Dolarhyde is clearly apart from them.

He takes his other hand from his mouth -- revealing the scar of a CLEFT LIP. Something he is deeply conscious of. But right now, he remains mesmerized by --

THE BACK OF HIS HAND -- DOLARHYDE'S POV

ULTRA-SHALLOW FOCUS (the magazine open on the table behind his hand is completely out of focus) as Dolarhyde moves his hand slowly, watching the skin crinkle. A quiet SUSURRATION is audible, like brittle paper rustling, amplified.

Now RACK FOCUS to turn his hand soft and bring the magazine below it into CRISP FOCUS. It is a *Time* magazine and it's open to a page about a William Blake retrospective.

FOCUS ON a full-page picture of one of Blake's paintings, beneath Dolarhyde's hand, as if he is creeping up on and about to touch --

THE GREAT RED DRAGON

In Blake's watercolor, *The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed in Sun*.

ON DOLARHYDE

Inscrutability giving way to awe. OFF him, rapt...

CUT TO:

A SEQUENCE OF CLOSE-UPS -- DOLARHYDE'S BODY:

TENDONS and LIGAMENTS standing out.

His ABDOMEN slowly twisting.

MUSCLES rippling in his back as it arches.

CLOSE-UP, erotically-fetishistic detail of his physique as he stretches and contorts. Sounds of joints CLICKING, STRAINING.

We are --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

The attic room of a large Victorian house, cluttered with antique furniture of all kinds, old books and ledgers.

Dolarhyde holds himself in an excruciating yoga pose, nearly nude. His body is meticulously maintained; he's a beast.

He holds the pose an extra beat. Uncomfortable to watch. Forcing himself into superior condition.

Finally, he releases the pose and stands slumped, shoulders rising and falling. Then, through his weariness:

A faint sound calls his attention. A GROWL. So soft he barely heard it. From elsewhere in the house.

He listens intently, very still.

But he hears nothing.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A TATTOO NEEDLE

As it is dipped and loaded with black ink. It is placed against pale skin and begins to PULSE in ULTRA SLO-MO. The needle stabbing like an insect's stinger, as the unseen tattooist begins his work. Black ink and blood appear on the skin. As the tattooist's finger wipes his work, we --

CUT TO:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Stands now before an old, BROKEN FULL-LENGTH MIRROR and regards himself in the broken pieces. His face in fragments.

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

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

P... ha... p... ha... pa, pa, pa.
(switching to plosives)

Ng... ng... g... g... g.
(now fricatives)

T... t... t... t.
(now sibilants)

S... s... s... s.

BACK TO DOLARHYDE'S REFLECTED EYES

Amid the fractured glass, his scar split by a crack... a man in pieces. Then:

The GROWL comes again. Dolarhyde's eyes jump. This time it is louder, closer. He looks around, confused.

The NOISE comes a second time, fainter, before trailing off. He listens. Dread and awful curiosity in his eyes...

CUT TO:

DOLARHYDE'S HAND

Resting on the Formica table in the break room. An echo of the opening shot of his hand.

But now he's slowly opening and closing his hand, as if feeling new sensations. Sensing untapped power.

REVERSE TO DOLARHYDE'S FACE

As he regards his own hand with fear and awe... Isolated from the DIM MURMUR of work conversations in the background.

CUT TO:

DOLARHYDE'S WORKTABLE

The pieces of an old FILM CAMERA lie disassembled on the table. Dolarhyde's hands carefully polish a lens with a silk cloth.

We are back in his attic room. His breathing is slow and shallow as he works, utterly focused. And then:

The NOISE comes again -- far louder than before.

Dolarhyde's hands freeze. He looks up with a sharp intake of breath.

The NOISE, harsh and guttural, comes a second time, LOUDER. Insistent. Primordial. It seems to be reverberating through the house, coming from many places at once. Seemingly filling his head and the house at the same time.

Dolarhyde waits, his eyes wide with fear and anticipation.

Slowly, his gaze turns to something in the far corner. We go into his POV to see:

GRANDMOTHER'S DENTURES

Snaggleteethed and yellowed. An old lady's dentures, resting in a dry glass, the water long since evaporated.

PUSH IN on those dentures... which VIBRATE ever so slightly, RATTLING in the glass as the NOISE comes again, building now, as if it is coming from the dentures themselves. And as it approaches a ROAR...

Meld the NOISE with a different BUZZING ROAR and --

CUT TO:

A BLUR

The tattoo needle is PULSING in and out of skin. Reds and blacks form into shading, a picture taking form...

CUT TO:

INT. HONG KONG SHOP - NIGHT

A Chinese DENTIST places a box on a glass counter. He opens it and pulls out the contents. Places them on the glass with a CLINK. Looks toward CAMERA for approval.

CLOSE -- the light from the display cabinets shines through a set of NEW DENTURES, perfect oversized replicas of Grandmother's teeth.

Reveal now that Dolarhyde is the client. Looking at the dentures with awe, a trace of fear... As he reaches for them, PRE-LAP the tattoo needle's ROAR.

CUT TO:

THE TATTOO ARTIST

A Chinese man, intensely focused as he applies the tattoo. This, too, is in Hong Kong.

THE TATTOO NEEDLE

Filling the screen, its noise hurting our ears... the current section of art in SHARP FOCUS, the whole fading beyond our plane of focus...

EXT. TREE - DAY

Abrupt, jarring silence. The sound of the needle gone. Sudden bright sunlight cutting through foliage.

A BUCK KNIFE BLADE

Picks at the tree, peeling bark and whittling a shape. As we watch, it becomes the Chinese symbol for the RED DRAGON.

ON DOLARHYDE

Intent as he carves the symbol. He is high up in the tree. He smiles -- and then a noise off-screen makes him turn.

We hear the LAUGHTER OF CHILDREN...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

Dolarhyde as he stands before --

A NEW MIRROR.

This one unbroken. He wears a silk kimono... which he lets fall to the ground. We SLOWLY PULL WIDE and we reveal --

THE MAJESTIC TATTOO

Filling his back and thighs -- THE GREAT RED DRAGON made flesh. It moves, flexing... seemingly alive as his muscles bunch and roll...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - DAY

HANNIBAL LECTER sits in a pew, eyes lowered. Silence. Tiny sounds echo in the grand space. Around and behind him sit OLD ITALIAN WOMEN, all wearing dark scarves, faces in darkness. Hannibal stands out distinctly.

Hannibal's eyes flick up toward --

THE ALTAR

Which is immediately bathed in light, as if triggered by Hannibal's gaze. The light illuminates --

A LONE DIVA

Who begins singing a choral version of "Vide Cor Meum." Hannibal smiles, moved by the music; the performance is just for him. He is utterly in control of his environment.

CLOSE ON the diva's lips as she sings.

FADE TO:

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

MUSIC continues over until otherwise noted:

WIDE FOR A CRANE SHOT ON HANNIBAL LECTER

(NOTE: An extension of the ending of Ep. #307.)

Hannibal is cuffed, being lifted from his knees and moved away from JACK CRAWFORD toward a waiting FBI van.

FREEZE ON THE IMAGE

Which turns into...

A LURID *NEW YORK POST* COVER

Screaming tabloid headline: "HANNIBAL THE CANNIBAL."

FADE TO:

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - DAY

ON HANNIBAL, music sweeping around him. Ready for the next movement in his personal concert. He calmly looks upward.

HANNIBAL'S POV

The fresco in the ceiling. Illuminated now.

And, as if under the intensity of his gaze, CRACKS appear in the stonework, which multiply and spread...

ON HANNIBAL'S FACE

Observing with a smile of peaceful amusement.

FADE TO:

A MAN'S BARE FEET

On a white sheet of paper.

A MAN'S NEAT FINGERNAILS

Being scraped. But there's nothing underneath.

A MAN'S OPEN MOUTH

Being swabbed and probed.

We are --

INT. BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

BRIAN ZELLER and JIMMY PRICE, faces intent, moving around a subject as they process him for evidence. Now reveal --

HANNIBAL

As their subject. He stands still as they comb him for evidence. Legs shackled. Hands chained to the table.

It is a visual echo of the Ep. #113 image of Will Graham being processed. Same room. Same background.

A TattleCrime headline washes across: "KITCHEN NIGHTMARE."

FADE TO:

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - DAY

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL'S HANDS

Unchained, they move with the music -- conducting it. Above him, cracks in the ceiling fresco spread. The diva's singing is joined by the GROANING of the building...

A CHUNK OF MASONRY starts falling behind him in SLO-MO, then another, as the chapel starts to collapse. Chunks of rubble falling toward the old Italian women.

We sense them around him more than we feature them. SOUNDS OF DESTRUCTION tell us what we need to know...

CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - CORRIDOR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

We follow Hannibal as he walks, escorted by TWO ORDERLIES. He is in BSHCI overalls, shackled at wrists and ankles.

A magazine interview with Dr. Chilton washes through: "There is no name for what this man is. He may not even be a man."

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - DAY

ON HANNIBAL, the ceiling fragments in mid-fall all around him now, as we hear the chapel TEARING ITSELF APART.

He glances subtly at the old Italian women about to be pulverized by the falling rubble. The faintest smile crosses his face.

Still the music plays, now a soundtrack to destruction, SOARING TO NEW HEIGHTS just as we --

HARD CUT TO:

HANNIBAL'S FACE

Stoic. Expressionless. PULL OUT from that image. We are --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

And we pass through steel bars, then a nylon net, to reveal Hannibal is standing in his purpose-built cell. Bare and monastic. White. Nothing personal within it.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL'S EYES

CAMERA PULLS OUT to reveal his hair is now shorter, his eyes are duller, he's been incarcerated a long time.

HARD CUT TO BLACK.

HOLD A BEAT

And then, over black, a CHYRON...

THREE YEARS LATER

CLOSE ON A WINE BOTTLE

As the cork is worked out. Slowly, ceremoniously.

A WINEGLASS

Is filled with wine.

ON A WHITE TRUFFLE

Nostrils ENTER FRAME and take a glorious whiff.

HANNIBAL LECTER

He allows the aroma of the truffle to linger, then takes a sip of the wine. Appreciates its excellence. He is clad in a dapper plaid suit.

HANNIBAL
Bâtard-Montrachet and tartuffi
bianchi.

PULL OUT to reveal he is --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Hannibal sits behind his desk, across from ALANA BLOOM, the gorgeous white truffle between them. There's a playful yet slightly-challenging tone.

ALANA BLOOM
How I found you in Florence.

HANNIBAL
Betrayed by good taste. Is good
taste itching at you in your daily
rounds of institutional life?

ALANA BLOOM
An itch easy enough to scratch...

Alana takes a sip from her own glass of wine.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)
...when there's cause to celebrate.
(off his look)
Congratulations, Hannibal. You're
officially insane.

HANNIBAL
There's no consensus in the
psychiatric community what I should
be termed.

ALANA BLOOM
You've long been regarded by your
peers in psychiatry as something
entirely Other. For convenience,
they term you a monster.

HANNIBAL
What do you term me?

ALANA BLOOM
I don't. You defy categorization.

She takes another sip and makes a small "yummy" sound.

HANNIBAL
Do you still prefer beer to wine?

ALANA BLOOM
Stopped drinking beer when I found
out what you were putting in mine.

HANNIBAL
Who.

ALANA BLOOM
Who.

At that, Alana SLOWLY TRANSFORMS from reality into art:

A CHARCOAL OF BOTTICELLI'S *FORTITUDE* WITH ALANA'S FACE

The drawing speaks:

ALANA AS FORTITUDE
This means you'll be spared the
federal death sentence.

PULL OUT from this drawing to reveal it is inside Hannibal's
cell. Hannibal is now in BSHCI-issue garb.

And we are --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

Hannibal sits before the glass of his cage, facing Alana on
the other side. His cell is a white canvas on which he can
project his memory palace. A small scattering of books and
drawings and articles that intrigue him, but minimal.

A SLOW PAN. On his table, a newspaper. Headline: "FAMILY
SLAUGHTERED IN BUFFALO." We note it, but don't linger.

ALANA BLOOM
They had enough to convict you a
dozen times over.

HANNIBAL
A baker's dozen. Lest we forget
Mason Verger. You're welcome.

ALANA BLOOM

You're welcome, Hannibal.

(off his look)

The needle was guaranteed. But you beat it all on an insanity plea.

HANNIBAL

I'm not insane.

ALANA BLOOM

You know that and I know that. A dozen or a baker's dozen, enough people have died.

HANNIBAL

You haven't.

ALANA BLOOM

A promise in waiting, isn't it? A promise you intend to keep.

HANNIBAL

I always keep my promises.

Hannibal smiles. OFF that...

TRANSITION TO:

A FULL MOON

EXT. BUFFALO, NY - LEEDS HOUSE - NIGHT

MOVE DOWN from the moon, through trees, past the recently-carved Red Dragon symbol, white against the bole of a tree.

KEEP MOVING over a high fence and into a large family yard.

CAMERA moves across the grass until it stops at a large pair of bare human feet spotted with black.

We MOVE AROUND and up his legs, finding the Red Dragon tattoo on Francis Dolarhyde's back. He stands naked. Looking up at the full moon.

MOVE AROUND him again to reveal his torso gleams with slick, viscous black liquid. The black surrounds his mouth and chin, having run down his neck onto his chest.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

MILK BEING POURED

Into a small metal pot. Dramatic OPERA MUSIC over it.

This is a classic Hannibal Lecter-food-prep sequence -- but the cookware is more minimalist, no sign of knives or sharp instruments, nothing more dangerous than a spatula, and when we see a --

BLUE FLAME

Flicker to life, we realize the "stove" it's sitting on is actually a Sterno cooking kit. And now --

A SAUCER OF BLOOD

Is tipped into the pot, the dark crimson staining the creamy white, stirred by a plastic spoon into a delicate swirl, which evolves into a rusty pale soup.

SUGAR AND SPICES

Float in SLO-MO through the air, dusted into the pot.

DARK CHOCOLATE

Is crumbled into pieces between Hannibal's fingers, then dropped into the simmering blood-milk.

THE MIXTURE THICKENS

Into a rich custard as it is stirred and heated. This is *sanguinaccio dolce*, a thick and decadent chocolate mousse with just a hint of steak-like redness.

THE *SANGUINACCIO DOLCE* IS POURED

Into two cups with the help of a plastic spatula. Savoiardi biscuits and an assortment of berries are arranged on small plates around each cup. It looks simple and delicious.

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

MOVE ACROSS the immaculate table to see --

HANNIBAL LECTER

A perfect host, sitting across from CHILTON who's expensively and stylishly dressed. Hannibal wears institutional garb.

HANNIBAL
Sanguinaccio dolce, a classic
Neapolitan dessert, with almond
milk. Easier on your stomach.

One of the servings is placed on a table. A plastic spoon
descends, scoops a bite of the dessert and raises it to --

DR. CHILTON'S MOUTH.

He's wearing his contact lens and makeup, looking quite well
these days. He hesitates before eating.

DR. CHILTON
Sanguinaccio dolce. You have
served me this before.

HANNIBAL
One of my favorite desserts.
Traditionally made with pigs'
blood. In this case, a local cow.

DR. CHILTON
And when you last made it for me?

HANNIBAL
The blood was from a cow only in
the derogatory sense.

Chilton eyes Hannibal, then eats the spoonful and savors it.

DR. CHILTON
Blood and chocolate. That should
have been the subtitle of my book.
But I promised myself I would never
use colons in my titles. Colons
lose their novelty when overused.

HANNIBAL
You'll have to write another book.

Chilton continues to eat enthusiastically as he talks:

DR. CHILTON
I am. But not about you. Like
overused punctuation, the novelty
of Hannibal the Cannibal has waned
now that you've been "solved."

Hannibal stares, then:

HANNIBAL
What is the subject of your new
book, Frederick?

DR. CHILTON
The Tooth Fairy. I find folks are
a bit more interested in him.

Chilton indicates the newspaper near Hannibal's bed: "FAMILY
SLAUGHTERED IN BUFFALO."

DR. CHILTON (CONT'D)
He is the debutante. Although he
lacks your love of presentation.

HANNIBAL
More of a shy boy, this one.

DR. CHILTON
Love to hear your thoughts. What
do you think about the Tooth Fairy?

HANNIBAL
I think he doesn't like being
called the Tooth Fairy.

Chilton has now finished his dessert. He licks the spoon as
he offhandedly continues:

DR. CHILTON
It's not as snappy as Hannibal the
Cannibal, but he has a much wider
demographic than you do. You, with
your fancy allusions and fussy
aesthetics, will always have niche
appeal, but this fellow, there is
something so universal about what
he does. Kills whole families.
And in their homes. Strikes at the
very core of the American Dream.
(a last lick of the spoon)
Might say he's a four-quadrant killer.

OFF Hannibal's unreadable expression...

INT. BSHCI - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Chilton sits behind the desk, leafing through papers. He
looks up as the door opens to see --

ALANA BLOOM

Framed in the doorway.

ALANA BLOOM
(not unfriendly)
Get out of my chair, Frederick.

And now we realize: Alana is now the director of the asylum. Chilton stands and steps away. She sits at her desk, reorganizing the documents Chilton was messing with.

DR. CHILTON

Shall we join hands in a prayer of gratitude? "Thank you, Father, for allowing us to remove this monster, monster of monsters, from your flock. Thank you on behalf of the souls We will spare of pain."

ALANA BLOOM

Thank you on behalf of the monster.
(then)
Was that the magisterial "We"?

DR. CHILTON

It's our cabal, yours and mine. Hannibal Lecter will spend the rest of his life in a state institution, watching the diaper cart go by.

ALANA BLOOM

We lied. You wrote a book of lies.

DR. CHILTON

Not difficult to see lies flying above my head, but it is almost impossible to shoot them down.

ALANA BLOOM

Hannibal will shoot them down. He's written a brilliant piece for *The American Journal of Psychiatry*.

DR. CHILTON

Everything he writes is always about problems he doesn't have.

ALANA BLOOM

What he's written is going to be your problem. It's not so much an article as it is a rebuttal.

(then)

He has an acid pen.

Chilton blinks, then composes his self-satisfied self.

DR. CHILTON

Hard to believe an inmate's opinion will count for anything in the professional community.

ALANA BLOOM

It's going to count, Frederick.
And it's going to sting.

DR. CHILTON

You think he would have taken the
opportunity to gloat.

ALANA BLOOM

He will have plenty of time to
gloat watching the diaper carts go
by. What did you two talk about?

DR. CHILTON

I am always surprised you don't
listen in. When I was in your
position, I recorded every word.

ALANA BLOOM

That's illegal.

(then)

What did you talk about, Frederick?

DR. CHILTON

The Tooth Fairy. Detected a trace
of competitive vanity in our man.
I would be cautious. The Young
Turk may inspire the Old Lithuanian
to keep himself interesting.

CUT TO:

DOLARHYDE'S FACE

He is wreathed in darkness, his face lit by a flickering
glow. Watching something, rapt. He is --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Dolarhyde sits absolutely still, transfixed, as whatever he's
watching continues to play. It has no soundtrack, but MUSIC
plays from a turntable behind him.

Next to him, a film projector throws light through celluloid,
CLICKING rapidly as reels spin.

That NOISE comes in again. The same one he heard in the
Teaser. A LOW GROWL that seems to come from everywhere at
once. Dolarhyde looks around, alarmed.

He takes the needle off the record and the music stops.

From the corner of his eye, he sees something slide out of sight -- there, and then gone. He only glimpsed it, but it looked like a REPTILIAN TAIL.

The NOISE comes from the darkness, low and intimate now.

Dolarhyde flinches. The NOISE comes again, louder and threatening. Overwhelmed, Dolarhyde closes his eyes tight, claps his hands over his ears as if to deny the beast.

Then, slowly, he removes his hands and opens his eyes.

Deep inside his skull, a LIGHT begins to grow and flicker deep beneath the surface; a warm illuminating glow.

THROUGH THE GAPS IN THE SPINNING REELS OF FILM

Dolarhyde averts his eyes as something big moves behind him.

ON FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

His head is now MUMMIFIED IN STRIPS OF CELLULOID melted to his face, yet the film is somehow still moving over him like snakes; the flicker of light inside him projects through it.

A FLASH OF THE PROJECTED IMAGE

Leathery, reddish wings unfurling.

THE PARTIAL MOON

Hanging in the sky as we go to --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - NIGHT

Hannibal lies on his bunk, looking through the skylight above at the same moon, which shines down on him, wreathing the space in a blue light; the nighttime guards look like ghosts.

As Hannibal regards the moon...

EXT. BALTIMORE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE

Time-lapse establishing, as night becomes day.

CUT TO:

HANNIBAL'S DESK

Articles, periodicals, newspapers and fan mail cover the desk. There are articles about Hannibal himself, letters from admirers. GO WIDE ON --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

Hannibal stands over his desk, looking at all the articles. Then he pushes them aside and focuses on one, rapt. (NOTE: We don't see it yet.) He begins carefully folding the article in precise creases and sets about tearing it free.

ON HANNIBAL as he begins to clip an article...

MATCH CUT TO:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

As he clips the same article, his scissors moving. We INTERCUT his gaze and Hannibal's.

ON A GREAT LEDGER

At least a hundred years old, bound in black leather with brass corners, on a sturdy table, centered beneath a painting of Blake's *The Great Red Dragon*.

DOLARHYDE

He settles into a chair and opens the ledger. Across the first page, in large letters, are the words from Revelation: "And There Came a Great Red Dragon Also..."

ON THE LEDGER

He flicks the pages of the large journal. The first item in the book, and the only one not neatly mounted: a yellowed photograph of a SMALL BOY with his GRANDMOTHER on the steps of a big house. The other pages contain articles about Hannibal's murders and his arrest. Scribbled over in a neat, controlled hand. The musings of a man in torment.

HANNIBAL'S EYES

Move across the papers before him.

DOLARHYDE

Flicks to clean pages where he sticks a fresh clipping, and we now reveal the article both he and Hannibal have been clipping (formatted in the same font and style as the "HANNIBAL THE CANNIBAL" headline we saw earlier)...

Headline: "TOOTH FAIRY MASSACRES 'PERFECT FAMILIES.'"

DOLARHYDE

Uses a RED SHARPIE to scrub out the words "Tooth Fairy."

HANNIBAL

Looks up from the same article.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL

Some time later, thinking. Composing in his mind as he sits at his table, a sheet of expensive paper before him. Then:

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL'S HAND

He holds a stick of charcoal. With it, he begins to write:

"Dear Will..."

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. MOOSEHEAD LAKE, ME - FISHING CABIN - DAY

An achingly-beautiful view -- pine-forested hills surrounding a frozen lake beneath a vast blue sky softly painted with clouds.

DOGS run among the trees, kicking up the snow. Down the slope, a rustic fishing cabin sits overlooking the lake.

WILL GRAHAM

Comes INTO FRAME, bundled against the cold, but enjoying the air on his face as he repairs a fence.

And then his face falls a little. He stands.

WILL'S POV

A black SUV is coming down the track. He watches it, face inscrutable.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISHING CABIN - VERANDA - DAY

A mug of hot cider is set large in the foreground, steam rising from it in ghostly ribbons.

Reveal it has been placed before Jack Crawford by Will Graham. The two men sit on the veranda overlooking the lake. Several stray dogs lie and mill at their feet.

Will's posture is relaxed. He's unshaven. Jack is wearing a more formal overcoat, here on business.

JACK CRAWFORD

Don't want to talk inside? Don't want to let me inside. Come too far to let the cold stop me, Will.

WILL GRAHAM

Why should the cold do something common sense couldn't?

JACK CRAWFORD

You don't want to talk about it here.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't want to talk about it anywhere. You've got to talk about it, so let's have it. Just don't get out any pictures. Molly and Walter will be back soon.

JACK CRAWFORD
How much do you know?

WILL GRAHAM
Two families killed, in their
homes, a month apart. Similar
circumstances.

JACK CRAWFORD
Not "similar." The same. You ever
think about giving me a call?

WILL GRAHAM
No.

JACK CRAWFORD
You know what it is.

WILL GRAHAM
I didn't call you because I didn't
want to. I don't think I'd be all
that useful to you, Jack. I never
think about it anymore. I don't
believe I could do it now.

Will looks down the lakeshore to where a woman, MOLLY, and
her eleven-year-old son, WALTER, are walking toward them.

Jack pulls two photos from his jacket pocket and flips them
face up onto the table. Snapshots. Two happy families.

JACK CRAWFORD
All dead.

Will stares at them and then back down the lakeshore at Molly
and Walter, closer now, laughing together. A good-looking,
vibrant woman and a cute kid in winter clothes.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
This freak seems to be in phase
with the moon.
(taps the photos)
Killed the Jacobis in Chicago
almost four weeks ago. Full moon.
Killed the Leeds family in Buffalo
night before last. One day short
of a lunar month. If we're lucky,
we have a little over three weeks
before he does it again.

And then Molly and Walter are coming toward them, a little out of
breath, chilly, their noses red. The dogs milling to greet them.

OFF Will...

A BLOCK OF WOOD

An ax SPLITS THE FRAME and the woodblock bifurcates revealing Molly standing nearby. We are --

EXT. FISHING CABIN - WOODPILE - NIGHT

Will chops wood as Molly picks up the pieces.

MOLLY

Jack stopped by to see me at the shop before he came out here. He asked directions to the house.

WILL GRAHAM

He said he got lost.

MOLLY

Good. That was the idea. I tried to call you. You really ought to answer the phone once in a while.

WILL GRAHAM

What else did he ask you?

MOLLY

He asked how you are. I said you're fine. Said, if you missed your other life, you'd talk about it. You never do. You're open and calm and easy now, and I love that.

Will considers that and her, smiles.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Are you going to help him?

WILL GRAHAM

Helping Jack is bad for me.

OFF Will as he splits another log...

A CRACKLING FIRE

It burns in the hearth. We are --

INT. FISHING CABIN - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The dogs wander up to Jack and flop to the ground around him and the modest dining table at which he's seated along with Will, Molly and young Walter. Cluttered and comfortable. The remains of a fine fish dinner sit on the table. There is a nearly-empty bottle of red wine.

MOLLY

Those are probably dogs. People
dump small ones here all the time.
I can give away the cute ones, rest
stay around and get to be big ones.

WILL GRAHAM

Molly's a sucker for strays.

MOLLY

You're not fooling anybody.

JACK CRAWFORD

Got a nice life here.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm lucky here. I know that.

WALTER

I'm gonna take the dogs out to pee.

Walter gets up from the table and makes a CLICKING noise with
his tongue and the dogs all rise to follow him.

JACK CRAWFORD

How old is he?

WILL GRAHAM

Eleven.

JACK CRAWFORD

He's going to be taller than you.

WILL GRAHAM

His father was.

(to Walter)

I'll come with you, Wally.

Will leaves the table and assists Walter in corralling the
dogs out the front door, leaving Molly alone with Jack.

MOLLY

Whatever he says he wants to do,
you'll take him anyway, won't you?

JACK CRAWFORD

I have to. I'll make it as easy on
him as I can. He's changed. It's
great you got married.

MOLLY

He's better and better. He doesn't
dream so much now. He was really
obsessed with the dogs for a while.

(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Now he just takes care of them. He doesn't talk about them all the time. Doesn't worry about them.

JACK CRAWFORD

I know what I'm asking. And I wished to God I didn't have to.

Jack quietly produces the pictures he showed Will -- the families, alive and happy. He slides them across the table.

INT. FISHING CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Molly sits up in bed as Will pulls off his boots. She rests on his shoulders and he leans into her. She kisses his neck.

MOLLY

How bad is it gonna be if you stay here and read about the next one?
(off his silence)
If you stay here and there's more killing, maybe it'd sour this place for you. *High Noon* and all that.

WILL GRAHAM

Do you want me to go?

MOLLY

I'd have the satisfaction that you did the right thing. He kills families. No one knows how he chooses them. What if he chose us?

WILL GRAHAM

Don't say that. If I go... I'll be different when I get back.

MOLLY

I won't.

As Will kisses Molly tenderly...

CUT TO:

INT. FISHING CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA moves through the darkened bedroom to find Molly as she sleeps peacefully. Over her to find --

WILL GRAHAM

Lying awake.

Will looks to Molly beside him in bed, and then gets up in his underwear.

Pulls a drawer open quietly and takes out a letter. The envelope is addressed to Will c/o the FBI.

CUT TO:

INT. FISHING CABIN - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Will stares at the fireplace and then the letter in his hand.

He tears it open and pulls a second envelope from within, the salutation written in charcoal.

Will considers it and then rips it open. He opens the folded paper and a CLIPPING falls to the ground. He traps it with one foot. Will regards the letter and its handwriting: recognizably Hannibal's.

As Will reads, we hear HANNIBAL'S VOICE:

HANNIBAL (V.O.)

"Dear Will, we have all found a new life, but our old lives hover in the shadows, like incipient madness. Soon enough, I fear Jack Crawford will come knocking. I would encourage you, as a friend, not to step back through the door he holds open. It's dark on the other side and madness is waiting..."

Will ponders this note for a moment and then bends and picks up the clipping: the newspaper article about the Tooth Fairy killings. He tosses it into the fire, along with the note from Hannibal, and watches them both burn.

OFF Will...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

A HALF MOON

Echoing the full moon at the end of Act One.

DISSOLVE TO:

A MOON-SHAPED HOLE CUT IN GLASS

The sliver of the moon lingers on the glass. We are --

EXT. BUFFALO, NY - LEEDS HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Will approaches the sliding-glass door from the backyard, trees crowding over the high back fence behind him. He notices an empty doghouse tucked away from the house. Will tucks his flashlight under his chin and scribbles on a pad from his pocket: "Jack - where is the dog?" (NOTE: This is the yard in which Dolarhyde stood in the moonlight.)

Will pulls a POLICE SEAL off the door and steps inside, into:

INT. LEEDS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Quiet. The only lights are blue pilot lights on the stove.

Will is silent and still, just feeling the house.

He crosses to the refrigerator and opens the door, bathing the room in pale light. Among the family-friendly array of healthy foods and bottles of milk is a peeled MINI CHEESE WHEEL with a jagged bite taken out of it. CAMERA PUSHES IN.

Then -- the thermostat CLICKS and the heat comes on. Will flinches. He shuts the refrigerator door and turns on his flashlight, illuminating the empty room.

STAIRS

ON WILL'S FACE lit from below in the backwash of his flashlight beam, in fluid SLOW MOTION as he ascends the staircase toward the upstairs hallway...

INT. LEEDS HOUSE - BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

WILL'S POV

PANNING to see a dark bedroom in disarray. Two beds empty, the sheets flung aside on the floor.

RED STRINGS, representing blood spatter, stretch out from origin points, one in each bed (one on a boy's pillow, one on the floor near his bed), to the headboards, walls and floor, like strange spiny flowers.

THE FLASHLIGHT BEAM

As it passes over the strings and their origin points, the small balls on sticks become the DEAD LEEDS CHILDREN, but only within the core of the flashlight beam, like a wormhole through time, lying as they were found and photographed.

A SMASHED MIRROR

In the upstairs hallway, its shards shining brilliantly as Will plays the flashlight over them -- we just glimpse Will's face, fragmented in the shards, behind the flashlight's piercing reflection. His eyes blink out of sync.

WILL'S POV -- THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Follow the flashlight beam down the hall toward an ominously-open door at the end... On the outer edges of the flashlight beam, we can make out BLOODSTAINS and DRAG MARKS on the floor. A few RED STRINGS extending out from the bloodstains.

THE FLASHLIGHT BEAM

As with the dead boys, the small balls on sticks projecting strings of red become DEAD CHARLES LEEDS lying as he was found and photographed by the police.

Finally, Will reaches that open door and enters the...

INT. LEEDS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darkness. Shapes of furniture. Glints of mirror shards. Ominous dark designs on the walls.

Will's face again. Steely. Finally, he flicks on the light, the switch smeared with blood and strands of Mr. Leeds's hair.

RED STRINGS extend from multiple origin points (one stationary on the bed, one that rose from the bed and staggered away), turning the bedroom into a nightmarish, phantasmagoric forest of red tendrils. Because there is --

BLOOD EVERYWHERE -- splashed on the walls, the bed a mess of it, up the headboard and across the walls -- not like the elegant death tableaux we've known -- more Jackson Pollock than Raphael: jagged and jarring, insane.

Will is shaking. Gathering his composure. He takes a breath, exhales, shut his eyes.

Resolutely, he opens the case file and reads by flashlight.

ON THE CASE FILE

Flash across CRIME SCENE PHOTOS: the kitchen from that night (the stove hood light is on) and the backyard (the back porch light is on).

ON WILL

FWUM, a PENDULUM swings inside Will's mind, FWUM, and back.

FWUM, it's outside his head, in the bedroom. As it swings --

THE RED STRINGS

Pull away, coiling off into Mr. Leeds's throat as he stumbles backward toward his bed.

THE DRIED SPATTERS OF BLOOD

Liquefy and rise in SLO-MO from the places where they fell. Time reversing itself.

FWUM. Mr. and MRS. LEEDS now lie in the bed, sleeping, alive.

ON WILL'S FACE -- anguish. This is not easy.

INT. LEEDS HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

FWUM. As the broken mirror reassembles, whole and smooth, CAMERA reveals Will walking backward down the hall.

INT. LEEDS HOUSE - BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

FWUM. Two boys now sleep soundly in their beds.

INT. LEEDS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Will walks backward across the kitchen and back to...

EXT. LEEDS HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Will steps back and looks at the house, closes his eyes.

FWUM. The PENDULUM clicks into place.

ON WILL -- now in full FWUM mode, about to reenact the crime from the killer's POV. A focused intensity to his movements.

Will licks a SUCTION CUP and, with latex-gloved hands, sticks it to the glass.

A GLASS CUTTER

Traces a circle on the clean glass -- then punches the circle loose. Will reaches through the hole and unlocks the door.

ON WILL -- MOVING THROUGH THE HOUSE

CAMERA follows his smooth, purposeful glide through the kitchen, up the stairs, to the --

INT. LEEDS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will strides in, his body language that of an entirely-different person -- large, aggressive.

He slashes Mr. Leeds's throat. BLOOD GOUTS. As the man rises, groping blindly and gushing blood:

WILL GRAHAM

I cut Mr. Leeds's throat as he lay
asleep beside his wife.

Will flicks the light switch, leaving a smear of blood. Mrs. Leeds wakes and Will shoots her in the abdomen with a silenced pistol, the MUZZLE FLASH illuminating Will's face.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I shoot Mrs. Leeds. The bullet
enters to the right of her navel
and lodges in her lumbar spine.

(then)

But she will die of strangulation.

Mr. Leeds is moving toward Will, losing great gouts of blood.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Mr. Leeds rises, with his throat cut,
and tries to protect the children.

Will shoves Mr. Leeds aside and he stumbles toward the hall. Will watches as Mrs. Leeds falls back in shock and pain. He turns methodically and walks out into the --

INT. LEEDS HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

CAMERA follows Will as he moves into the boys' bedroom.

ON WILL

Two more MUZZLE FLASHES wash across his emotionless features.

WILL GRAHAM

I shoot one of the two boys in bed.
The other boy I drag out from under
his bed and shoot him on the floor.

IN THE HALL

Mr. Leeds staggers from the master bedroom, covered in blood,
but collapses before he can reach Will, who doesn't react.

WILL GRAHAM

All of them are dead, except
possibly Mrs. Leeds. The smashing
of mirrors begins.

Will smashes the hallway mirror. Sees himself in the shards.

QUICK SHOTS -- MIRRORS BEING SMASHED:

Bathroom mirrors, closet mirrors, vanity mirrors...

CLOSE ON A SHARD OF GLASS

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the shard of glass is lodged over
one of Mrs. Leeds's eyes. CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK and
reveals Mrs. Leeds's eyes and mouth have mirror shards wedged
across and in, respectively. We are --

INT. LEEDS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will stands above Mrs. Leeds lying on her golden sheets.
Something is wrong. He glances at the walls behind him.

OMNISCIENT POV

Will Graham, in the bedroom, looking at all the bloodstains on
one wall. A pattern among the mad spatters near the floor.

WILL GRAHAM

(quietly; to himself)
I moved the family after they were
dead and then put them back the way
they were when I killed them.

There are three tracks of bloodstains, smeared from the
hallway to the wall where three bloodstains have soaked: a
higher-source stain flanked by two lower patches.

WILL'S POV

Now Will stands in the same position he was in before,
looking at the wall. But this time, REVERSE to reveal --

MR. LEEDS FLANKED BY THE TWO BOYS

The mirrors in their eyes glimmer while the rest of their bodies fall into darkness, almost disappearing entirely. They are all propped against the wall.

WILL GRAHAM
I wanted them to watch.

He turns to the bed where Mrs. Leeds still writhes.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Talcum powder on the body... but
there was none in the house...

WILL'S LATEX-GLOVED HAND

As the glove is snapped off... leaving his hand naked in the cool air.

TALC POWDER

Floating down, SLO-MO.

ON WILL

He stands in front of the bed, bathed in a warm light.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I have to touch her...

WILL'S POV -- MRS. LEEDS

Her eyes and mouth glow with GOLDEN LIGHT emanating from her eyes, mouth and crotch chakra, reflecting off the golden sheets of the Leeds' bed.

ON WILL

As he reaches out to touch the *Woman Clothed in Sun*, behind him, RED STRINGS fan into the air, creating his wings.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
This is my design.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

HARD-TILED FLOOR

A pair of shoes moves INTO FRAME. We follow them. They are followed by two large roller cases. TRACK UP to find --

JIMMY PRICE

Wheeling his hard-shell evidence kit behind him down a corridor. We are --

INT. FUNERAL HOME - CORRIDOR - DAY

Jimmy Price moves with purpose, utterly no-nonsense. A different air about him, a confidence. In the years since Hannibal's incarceration, he has become "The Man You Call."

CLOSE ON A PRAYING-HANDS SCULPTURE

Jimmy examines the fingertips of the praying hands. We are --

INT. FUNERAL HOME - PREPARATION ROOM - DAY

TRACK UP and over a bagged body on a slab to where Jimmy examines the praying hands with his back to an officious-looking funeral director, MR. LOMBARD. He is checking Price's credentials with extreme care.

JIMMY PRICE

I was told you were told I was coming. Were you not told?

MR. LOMBARD

Your office or agency called me, of course, but last night we had to get the police to remove an obnoxious flame-haired woman trying to take pictures. I'm being very careful. I'm sure you understand, Mr. Price.

JIMMY PRICE

Agent. Special.

MR. LOMBARD

Special Agent Price. The bodies were only released to us at one o'clock this morning, and the funeral is at five this afternoon. We simply can't delay it.

JIMMY PRICE

This won't take long. I'll need one reasonably-intelligent assistant, if you have one. Have you touched the bodies yourself, Mr. Lombard?

MR. LOMBARD

No.

JIMMY PRICE

Find out who has. I'll have to print them all.

He snaps on latex gloves. There is a great CLACKING at the door as Brian Zeller enters. He is overwhelmed with two heavy cases, plus a camera bag and tripod.

JIMMY PRICE (CONT'D)

Cancel the reasonably-intelligent assistant, mine just showed up.

Mr. Lombard watches their conversation like a tennis match:

BRIAN ZELLER

I can't help you with your thing.
I've got a thing.

JIMMY PRICE

What thing do you got?

BRIAN ZELLER

I'm reconstructing teeth from bite marks on Mrs. Leeds and this Mini Babybel cheddar cheese wheel from her refrigerator.

He produces a mini cheese wheel in an evidence bag.

BRIAN ZELLER (CONT'D)

Tooth Fairy was feeling peckish.

JIMMY PRICE

Come on, then. We'll double-Dutch.
Woman's got to get in the ground.

CLOSE ON THE BODY BAG

It is unzipped revealing Mrs. Leeds.

CLOSE ON AN EQUIPMENT CASE

It opens. Evidence-gathering tools are pulled and prepped.

CLOSE ON FINGERNAILS

They are checked for prints -- one, then another...

CLOSE ON BITE MARKS

Measured and photographed.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP -- A STARING DEAD EYE

MACRO SHOTS of the delicate process as Jimmy tries to take fingerprints from the cornea of Mrs. Leeds's eye. Then her other eye -- with an EIGHT-BALL HEMORRHAGE blackening the white. See Jimmy Price reflected in it, and then, as he moves, something else --

The fine lines of a partial thumbprint. Jimmy smiles -- a hunter with his prey.

A fine mist comes at the CAMERA as Jimmy fumes the print.

CLOSE ON JIMMY, his utter concentration as he lifts the print.

JIMMY PRICE (CONT'D)

Voilà.

CLOSE ON A PARTIAL FINGERPRINT

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Zeller and Price staring beyond CAMERA in mild wonderment. We are --

INT. BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - DAY

Zeller and Price flank the illustration of the fingerprint on the wall behind them. They are staring quizzically at...

JIMMY PRICE

It's a partial. Probably a thumb.

JACK AND WILL

Stand in front of Zeller and Price who are mildly distracted by Will's presence.

JACK CRAWFORD

Jimmy, you're the light of my life.

JIMMY PRICE

I know. The print's smudged. Came off Mrs. Leeds's eye. Never did that before. Never would've seen it, but it stood out against an eight-ball hemorrhage.

He can't help stealing glances at Will, finally:

JIMMY PRICE (CONT'D)
I just... I can't believe you're
back. I'm surprised you're back.

BRIAN ZELLER
Welcome back.

JIMMY PRICE
It's good to see you.

JACK CRAWFORD
Jimmy.

Price focuses back on the task, blows up scans on a screen.

JIMMY PRICE
The mirror pieces all had those
smooth prints. Forefinger on the
back of the piece wedged in the
labia, smudged thumb on the front.

WILL GRAHAM
He polished it after he placed it,
so he could see his face in there.

JIMMY PRICE
One in her mouth was obscured with
blood. Same with the eyes. Ran an
AFIS. He's not in the print index.

BRIAN ZELLER
We could always do a Have-You-Seen-
These-Teeth sort of APB.

Zeller wheels a trolley to them. On its surface is a Lucite
stand displaying a set of teeth molded in resin, with a hinge.

BRIAN ZELLER (CONT'D)
They're distinctive.

They look at the mold -- a replica of Dolarhyde's dentures.

BRIAN ZELLER (CONT'D)
Pegged lateral incisors. Here and
here. The teeth are all crooked, a
corner is missing from this central
incisor. The other incisor is
grooved, here. It looks like a
"tailor's notch," the kind of wear
you get biting thread.

JACK CRAWFORD
Snaggletooth son of a bitch.

BRIAN ZELLER
He bites a lot. Six bad ones in
Mrs. Leeds. Eight in Mrs. Jacobi.

WILL GRAHAM
He may have a history of biting in
lesser assaults. May be a fighting
pattern as much as sexual behavior.

JACK CRAWFORD
What's he fighting, Will?

OFF the question...

INT. HOTEL - WILL GRAHAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will enters and places the cardboard box of evidence on the
dresser. Then he puts it in a drawer where he won't see it.

A BATHROOM GLASS

Turned right side up and filled with two fingers of whiskey.

ON WILL

He swallows whiskey and dials his phone. It RINGS and RINGS.

ON A TELEPHONE

It RINGS. And RINGS. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. FISHING CABIN - NIGHT

The telephone continues to RING as CAMERA PUSHES PAST IT to a
window beyond, and the peaceful night outside.

EXT. FISHING CABIN - NIGHT

CAMERA finds Molly and Walter lying on their backs on a
blanket in the snow, gazing up at the sky above.

THEIR POV

A series of light streaks move through the darkness.

ON MOLLY AND WALTER

Walter's head rests in the crook of his mother's arm. Molly
makes the sound she imagines a shooting star must make:

MOLLY

Whooooshhh.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - WILL GRAHAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

HIGH ANGLE

The "shhh" of Molly's "Whooooshhh" lingers in a haunting "hush." Will lies in his bed as the room slowly DISSOLVES TO BLACK around him until he appears to be floating in a void.

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack looks up from his desk to see Will standing before him.

JACK CRAWFORD

You were asking about the dog.

(re: an information sheet)

Last night, a vet called the police. Leeds and his oldest boy brought it into the vet the afternoon before they were killed.

WILL GRAHAM

(reading the sheet)

What's going to happen to it?

JACK CRAWFORD

Please don't worry about the dog.

WILL GRAHAM

What do you expect me to do?

JACK CRAWFORD

Best you can, that's all.

Busyness has been a narcotic for me sometimes, especially after I quit the booze. For you too, I think.

WILL GRAHAM

There's something else I can do. I can wait until I'm driven to it by desperation in the last days before the full moon. Or I could do it now, while it might be of some use.

JACK CRAWFORD

Is there an opinion you want, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

A mindset I need to recover.

(then)

I have to see Hannibal.

EXT. BALTIMORE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - DAY
Time-lapse establishing.

INT. BSHCI - CORRIDOR - DAY

Will moves down the corridors of the BSHCI, behind an ORDERLY, hating being there. The hall begins to darken as Will walks, until CAMERA reveals we are now --

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - NIGHT

Will walks steadily toward the altar, eyes flat, emotionless, as CAMERA reveals Hannibal Lecter standing in front of the pulpit, behind a wall of glass.

Will walks calmly up to the glass as CAMERA MOVES THROUGH IT, revealing we are now --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

Hannibal stands on the other side of the glass, in his cell, facing Will. His surroundings are a converted space in the asylum. The windows and fireplace have been cemented over and the furnishings are minimal, but it's very comfortable.

WILL GRAHAM
Hello, Dr. Lecter.

HANNIBAL
Hello, Will.

END OF EPISODE