

HANNIBAL
"Contorno"

TEASER

BLACK

After a moment, a single wisp of smoke rises through FRAME.

CHIYOH (V.O.)
On still evenings, when the air was
damp after a rain, we played a game.

DISSOLVE TO:

TRAIN TRACKS

Rails weave in a blur as the wood ties STROBE through FRAME.

TRAIN CARS

Flashing past, glimpses of windows, all a blur. Through the rapidly-passing windows, flickers of passengers appearing intermittently, almost like a ZOETROPE, until SNAP --

CAMERA LOCKS ON ONE WINDOW. Inside are WILL GRAHAM and CHIYOH bathed in the light of dusk.

INT. TRAIN - WILL GRAHAM'S SLEEPER CABIN - DUSK

They sit opposite one another in a sleeper cabin -- two chairs beside the window with a table, bunk beds and a small bathroom. Old wood. A taste of a Europe from days gone by. The train's RATTLE and CLACK is a constant background.

CHIYOH
Hannibal would burn all kinds of
barks and incense for me to
identify by scent alone.
(then)
He was charming the way a cub is
charming, a small cub that grows up
to be like one of the big cats.

WILL GRAHAM
One you can't play with later.

CHIYOH
The day I met Hannibal, he was an
orphan. I was meant to meet him
with his sister, but he was alone.

WILL GRAHAM
How did you meet him?

CHIYOH

I was his aunt's attendant. My parents sent me to learn from Lady Murasaki when I was just a girl. I learned from Hannibal, too. He had all the wisdom in miniature.

WILL GRAHAM

He comes in the guise of a mentor, but it's distress that excites him.

CHIYOH

I'm not in distress.

WILL GRAHAM

Not anymore. You had a strict rule about taking life and you broke it. Is it on your mind? Do you see killing him over and over?

CHIYOH

No. I see you.

(then)

How do you know Hannibal's in Florence?

WILL GRAHAM

Botticelli.

Will hands her an Uffizi Gallery POSTCARD of the *Primavera*.

CHIYOH

When we find him, I will have steady hands and a slow heart.

(then)

Will you?

Will offers a faint smile, glances out the window. She stares at him a moment, then glances outside herself.

CHIYOH (CONT'D)

(re: the postcard)

I've never been to Italy. I never expected to. Birds eat thousands of snails every day. Some of those snails survive digestion and emerge to find they've traveled the world.

WILL GRAHAM

In the belly of the beast.

Chiyoh stares at Will, then her attention drifts back to the window and the passing landscape. As CAMERA pushes through the window, the landscape is revealed to be...

EXTREME CLOSE ON SNAIL SHELLS

CAMERA moves over SNAILS moving along leaves until it finds:

AN INDISTINCT SHAPE

It's attached to the green leaves the snails are eating. Something is moving beyond a membrane. The shape is alien and unnerving. The membrane splits and the creature within emerges. A brutal, biting head and a long body -- horrific.

A FIREFLY LARVA

PULL OUT further to reveal it is one of many bursting forth from a CLUSTER OF EGGS clinging beneath a leaf.

The LARVAE immediately disperse amid the leaves.

WIDER

We see snails moving among the leaves.

WIDER

These are the leaves wrapped around the CAGED MAN (from Ep. #303), still suspended in the basement of --

INT. CASTLE LECTER - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The larvae attack the snails, biting and dragging them from their shells. Eating the soft flesh within. All across the caged man's body, this attack is being repeated...

HANNIBAL (V.O.)
Firefly larvae devour many times
their own body weight in snails.

MACRO SHOTS as the larvae still devour the snails, but PUPAE now dot the leaves. As we watch, adult FIREFLIES emerge from them and spread their new, wet wings... pause to rest.

HANNIBAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Fuel to power a transformation into
a delicate creature of such beauty.

CUT TO:

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

BEDELIA DU MAURIER, dressed in a beautiful silk robe, looking into the night.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
To the misfortune of the snail.

CAMERA reveals HANNIBAL approaching in nothing but pajama bottoms, carrying two glasses of whiskey. He offers her one.

HANNIBAL

Snails follow their nature as surely as those that eat them.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Fireflies live very brief lives.

HANNIBAL

Better to live true to yourself for an instant than never know it.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Fireflies don't question their nature. Not like Will Graham does.

HANNIBAL

An insect lacks morality to agonize over. Will agonizes about inevitable change. His morality is reasoned from abstract principles, but his judgment comes instantly.

(then)

Or rather, it used to.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Almost anything can be trained to resist its instinct. A shepherd dog does not savage the sheep.

HANNIBAL

But it wants to. Will has reached a state of moral dumbfounding.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Morality can be summed up in one rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

HANNIBAL

Empathy and reciprocity.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Reciprocity. If we keep track of incoming and outgoing intentions, Will Graham is en route to kill you while you lie in wait to kill him.

(then)

Now that's reciprocity.

INT. CASTLE LECTER - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The fireflies take flight around caged man and, slowly, each one begins to EMIT and the room gradually fills with a beautiful thousand points of light...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. PONTE SANTA TRINITÀ - EARLY MORNING

The arch of the bridge is still quiet as we find JACK CRAWFORD moving across the span.

CLOSE ON JACK

The splendor of ancient Florence around him.

The calm waters of the Arno reflecting the gaily-yellow buildings crowding either bank.

Jack walks to the center of the bridge, the Arno River stretching in either direction. The Ponte Vecchio downriver from him.

We now see Jack carries an URN, and he rests it on the edge of the bridge.

Watches sunlight dance on the water. A wistful smile.

And then Jack lifts the lid from the urn, dips in a hand and lifts out Bella's ashes.

CLOSE -- as some escape on the light breeze. He leans out and drops them into the water. Watches as they dapple the surface and disappear.

Another handful. And then another. And then he tips the urn and the ashes fall in a sudden rush to the water below...

ON JACK

As he releases Bella's remains to the sun-kissed waters. Ponders his hand stained with her ashes, then removes his wedding ring and tosses it into the river.

UNDERWATER

The wedding ring drifts away from CAMERA, into dark waters.

DISSOLVE TO:

JACK CRAWFORD

He is lit by the glow of candles and warm lighting. We are --

INT. PAZZI'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack sits at a table with PAZZI and his beautiful wife, ALLEGRA, in the midst of setting the table.

She notices Jack's ring finger and the depression above his knuckle.

ALLEGRA PAZZI
You've recently stopped wearing
your wedding ring.

JACK CRAWFORD
You've just started wearing yours.

INSPECTOR PAZZI
I have a young and lovely wife.
Her efforts have ground twelve
pounds off my frame.

ALLEGRA PAZZI
La Vita Nuova.

She kisses Pazzi and pours wine.

ALLEGRA PAZZI (CONT'D)
(re: Jack's ring finger)
Divorced?

JACK CRAWFORD
Widowed. I met her in Italy. It's
strange being here without her.

ALLEGRA PAZZI
What was her name?

JACK CRAWFORD
Bella.

ALLEGRA PAZZI
(making a toast)
To Bella. *Cin-cin.*

They drink and Allegra moves back to the kitchen. Pazzi glances at his wife through the door.

INSPECTOR PAZZI
I look at her and I think about all
the things I want to give her...

JACK CRAWFORD
How you want to appear in her eyes.

INSPECTOR PAZZI
Certainly not in my present role at
the *Questura*. I perform menial
errands found for me by my former
subordinates. Interviews in
missing-person cases.
(MORE)

INSPECTOR PAZZI (CONT'D)

(then)

They've enjoyed my fall from grace.

Jack considers that and realizes:

JACK CRAWFORD

You weren't in Palermo on official police business.

Pazzi blinks, caught.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Neither were you.

JACK CRAWFORD

Are your subordinates at the *Questura* aware that you're investigating Hannibal Lecter?

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Questura headquarters is located in a former mental hospital. Madness still lives there.

(off his look)

I'll tell them when I know it's Lecter that I'm investigating.

JACK CRAWFORD

You already know.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

I need to be certain. I am disgraced and out of fortune. I have been waiting for the whisper of the ax for far too long.

JACK CRAWFORD

It's inclined you toward a dangerous game outside the law.

(then)

I've played that game. I lost.

Allegra enters with a bowl of beautiful pasta.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

How do you behave when you know the conventional honors have no value? Is it possible to behave well then? Desirable to behave well then?

Allegra eyes her husband as she takes a seat at the table.

ALLEGRA PAZZI

Let's eat.

OFF Jack as he studies Pazzi...

CLOSE ON A FINE DAMASK TABLECLOTH

It's spread over an antique dining table. A small, elegantly-wrapped package is placed on the tablecloth by ALANA BLOOM.

We are --

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

The package is one of many on the table. It nestles amid fine bottles of wine and rich delicacies from the finest provenders of Europe.

Reveal that this table of epicurean delights has been set in the murky dissonance of Mason's room. A reflection appears in the glass case -- the ruined face of MASON VERGER.

MASON VERGER

I have people for this sort of thing, Dr. Bloom. Feeding and watering are out of your purview.

ALANA BLOOM

It's a table setting from the home of Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

Mason sucks at the saliva collecting between teeth and cheek.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

The silverware is 19th-century Dutch from Christofle. The plate is Gien French china from Tiffany. The table linen is damask cotton, also from Christofle.

MASON VERGER

You've got to hand it to the man. He has the most marvelous taste.

CUT TO:

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

An IDENTICAL place setting -- but the plate bears a rich dish. CAMERA moves over it as hands cut a morsel and raise it to the mouth of --

Hannibal Lecter. He chews, savors, smiles --

CUT TO:

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

Alana and Mason.

ALANA BLOOM

Hannibal very much likes to shop.
I've discovered a pattern of
purchases. An echo of the life
Hannibal lived in Baltimore.

MASON VERGER

He likes music, he likes wine, he
likes food and he likes you. How
did you taste? Sweet, I bet. I'm
sure you got a taste of him, too.
Spitters are quitters, and you don't
strike me as a quitter, Dr. Bloom.

She ignores him and tugs at the ribbon of a package. It
springs open like a flower blooming.

ALANA BLOOM

The first step in the development
of taste is to be willing to credit
your own opinion. But in areas of
food and wine, I have to follow
Hannibal's precedents.

Inside, a single ANATOLIAN FIG sits in a bed of tissue paper.
She places it next to another package containing a cluster of
TARTUFFI BIANCHI TRUFFLES.

CLOSE ON HANDS

Almost appearing REVERSE MOTION from the previous shot, the
hands carefully wrap figs and truffles, two bottles of Bâtard-
Montrachet. CAMERA finds Bedelia as she moves to the
counter. The CLERK hands her the order. We are --

INT. VERA DAL 1926 - DAY

Bedelia collects the bag of wine, figs and truffles with a
smile. She pays cash.

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

Alana and Mason, as before.

ALANA BLOOM

Things in a small market might be
the monster's dorsal fin, cutting
the surface and making him visible.

Alana produces a single receipt from a stack.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

A receipt from a Florentine fine grocer, Vera dal 1926, for two bottles of Bâtard-Montrachet and some tartuffi bianchi. And another. And another. And another.

She continues dealing receipts.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

Once a week, for the last three months, a blonde woman makes the exact same purchase. And she always pays cash.

(then)

She's shopping for Hannibal.

OFF Mason's pleasure...

INT. FLORENCE TRAIN STATION - MAIN CONCOURSE - DAY

We watch from a distance as Crawford and Pazzi move across the main station concourse of Firenze SMN.

They are met at a door, marked "Private," by a young SECURITY OFFICER.

Pazzi flashes his badge and introduces Jack. We see Jack shake the security officer's hand.

INT. FLORENCE TRAIN STATION - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Crawford and Pazzi now stand in the station's security office. Inside, low light. Multiple screens, rerunning the last 48 hours of CCTV footage, above a desk manned by the security officer. Over the footage, we see a series of GRAPHIC BOXES that FLASH over faces in the crowd.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

If Will Graham comes to Florence,
he will be coming through here.

EXT. FLORENCE STREETS - DAY

Bedelia moves gracefully through the streets of Florence. This time, there is a more disturbing air to her journey. The elegant footage is jarringly interrupted by harsh, monochrome CCTV captures of Du Maurier. An unseen voyeur.

INT. FLORENCE TRAIN STATION - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Jack, Inspector Pazzi and the security officer scan through the CCTV playback.

Crowds disembark from the trains and re-embark in reverse as he fast-forwards and rewinds through the footage.

Jack swallows. His eyes are tired. He is about to give in when he notices something at the edge of one of the live-feed monitors. A woman is approaching a bench in the station.

JACK CRAWFORD
Aspetta. Proprio lí.

EXT. FLORENCE TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

Bedelia sits on her usual bench on one of the platforms, her shopping beside her. She looks up at the security camera, as she always does. The image crackles to CCTV footage. Her pixelated face becomes almost skull-like.

INT. FLORENCE TRAIN STATION - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Crawford stares at Bedelia's empty face. She stares back.

JACK CRAWFORD
(to the security officer)
Non lasciarla fuori dalla tua vista.

Jack quickly rushes out of the room, followed by Pazzi. OFF Bedelia's harshly-pixelated face...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. FLORENCE TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

Bedelia stares absently at the CCTV camera until she is distracted by a commotion. She glances over to see Jack Crawford and Inspector Pazzi approaching through the crowd.

JACK'S POV -- BEDELIA

He spies her through the crowd. His view is momentarily obstructed and she is GONE.

ON JACK

He arrives at Bedelia's usual bench and finds it empty; the shopping bag from Vera dal 1926 is all that remains.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. EUROPEAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

A beautiful bucolic setting under a serene, starry night. A moment, then a train cuts through FRAME.

DISSOLVE TO:

WILL GRAHAM

For a moment, it appears as though he is lying on his back beneath the starry night, until the DISSOLVE COMPLETES and CAMERA reveals he is --

INT. TRAIN - WILL GRAHAM'S SLEEPER CABIN - NIGHT

-- lying in his bed, staring into middle distance. The lights are dim as they ready to sleep. The water closet door slides open revealing Chiyoh in a robe. She quietly enters and crosses to her bed, climbing inside without a word. She stares into middle distance just as Will had been doing.

A long moment of silence, then:

WILL GRAHAM

Do you want me to talk so you don't have to? Or would you rather I not talk at all? Can talk or not talk.

CHIYOH

Are we obligated to talk?

WILL GRAHAM

No.

CHIYOH

Strange to talk so much. Not used to hearing voices outside my head.

WILL GRAHAM

I hear voices from all directions.

CHIYOH

I become aware of words no one is saying. Words that spoke to me in the gnawing sameness of my days.

WILL GRAHAM

In the gnawing sameness of your days, did you look at the shape of things? At what you were becoming?

CHIYOH

I wasn't becoming anything. I was standing still. Exactly where he left me standing. Like taxidermy.

WILL GRAHAM

Hollowed out and filled with something else.

CHIYOH

Not something else. I'm not as malleable as you are.

(then)

You have a taste for it now.

WILL GRAHAM

A taste for what?

CHIYOH

Harm.

WILL GRAHAM

Do you?

CHIYOH

I was violent when it was the right thing to do, when I was obliged to do it. But I think you like it.

WILL GRAHAM

Violence can be a powerful means to regulate someone's behavior.

CHIYOH

Are you regulating Hannibal's behavior or is he regulating yours?

WILL GRAHAM

We afforded each other an experience we may not otherwise have had.

CHIYOH

You've afforded me an experience I would not otherwise have had.

(then)

If you don't kill him, you're afraid you're going to become him.

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

CHIYOH

There are means of influence other than violence.

OFF Will...

EXT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - DAY

Establishing. CAMERA moves beyond the crowds in the street below and up toward the high windows.

INT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - ATROCIOUS TORTURE EXHIBIT - DAY

Chiaroscuro light. Display cases containing the tools with which to inflict savagery on the human body. Various WORKERS, dressed in coveralls, unpack torture instruments from crates.

CAMERA follows Pazzi as he crosses toward a silhouetted figure overlooking the exhibit.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Dr. Fell?

HANNIBAL

Yes.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

I am Inspector Pazzi of the
Questura di Firenze.

As Hannibal turns, his face is illuminated in a fine shaft of sunlight. White curator's gloves on his hands.

ON PAZZI

He almost staggers. It's been twenty years since he last saw his prime suspect for the *il Mostro* case, and here he is.

Hannibal's eyes betray no recognition.

INSPECTOR PAZZI (CONT'D)

I was wondering if you ever met
your predecessor?

HANNIBAL

Never met him. Read several of his
monographs in the *Nuova Antologia*.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

I know the officers who first
investigated checked the Palazzo for
any sort of note -- farewell note,
suicide note -- found nothing.

HANNIBAL

The going assumption is, he eloped
with a woman and her money.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

What is the going assumption
regarding *Professor Sogliato*?

HANNIBAL

Still no word?

INSPECTOR PAZZI

You may have had the last word with
Sogliato. Your colleague...
(off his notes)

Signor Albizzi, tells me no one has
spoken to *Professor Sogliato* since
he declined your invitation to
dinner. He is the second to have
disappeared from the Palazzo.

Pazzi is keenly aware of the workers in the background,
giving him some semblance of safety with *il Mostro*.

HANNIBAL

Like any good investigator, I'm
sure you're sifting the
circumstances for profit.

Pazzi's wheels spin as he surreptitiously studies Hannibal.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Both were bachelors, well-respected
scholars with orderly lives. They
had some savings, nothing much.

Hannibal reacts, recognizing something in Pazzi.

HANNIBAL

Commendator Pazzi?

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Yes.

HANNIBAL

I think you are a Pazzi of the
Pazzi, am I correct?

INSPECTOR PAZZI

How did you know that?

HANNIBAL

You resemble a figure from the
Della Robbia rondels in your
family's chapel at Santa Croce.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Ah, that was Andrea de' Pazzi
depicted as John the Baptist.

HANNIBAL

Then there's the most-famous Pazzi
of all: Francesco. He attempted to
assassinate Lorenzo the Magnificent
in the cathedral, at Mass, in 1478.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Yes, the Pazzi family were all
brought low on that Sunday.

(then)

If you come upon anything, Dr.
Fell, anything personal from the
missing men, would you call me?

HANNIBAL

Of course, *Commendator Pazzi*.

He nods to Hannibal and then walks away, plucking a brochure
on THE EXHIBITION OF ATROCIOUS TORTURE INSTRUMENTS as he
exits. CAMERA STAYS ON Hannibal as Pazzi WIPES FRAME,
leaving us on a still Hannibal watching him go.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL

As he watches Pazzi go. As CAMERA PUSHES IN, the image of
Hannibal PIXELATES as though it is on a computer monitor.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

To reveal the image of Hannibal is now on an Italian "WANTED"
AD on a website. Hannibal's height, weight and various
physical details are described.

REVERSE ON PAZZI

The "wanted" ad is reflected on his reading glasses as he
stares at the monitor with Hannibal's face.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. FLORENCE - PAY PHONE - DAY

Pazzi opens a prepaid calling card and carefully punches in the
numbers before he gets a dial tone. Behind him, stone archways
and TOURISTS.

He glares at the card. A man with a decision to make.
Almost angry with himself, he consults a number on a piece of
paper and dials. It RINGS. And then a well-spoken SWISS
ACCENT answers. A lawyer.

LAWYER (V.O.)
State your business, please.

ON PAZZI, last chance to back out. Instead:

INSPECTOR PAZZI
I may have information about
Hannibal Lecter.

LAWYER (V.O.)
Do you know where he is now?

INSPECTOR PAZZI
I believe so. Is the reward in
effect?

LAWYER (V.O.)
Why haven't you called the police?
I'm required to encourage you to
do that.

INSPECTOR PAZZI
Is the reward payable in... special
circumstances? To someone not
ordinarily eligible?

LAWYER (V.O.)
Do you mean a bounty on Dr. Lecter?

ON PAZZI. Finally:

INSPECTOR PAZZI
Yes...

LAWYER (V.O.)
It is against international
convention to offer a bounty for
someone's death, sir. Are you
calling from Europe?

INSPECTOR PAZZI
Yes. That's all I'm telling you.

LAWYER (V.O.)
I suggest you contact an attorney
to discuss the legality of
bounties. May I recommend one?
There is one in Geneva, I encourage
you strongly to call him and be
frank about the matter. Would you
like the number, sir? Sir?

INSPECTOR PAZZI
Yes. Give me the number.

STAY ON PAZZI as he grabs a pencil and paper and leans it against the wall and scratches down a number. He then puts down the phone.

Pazzi looks at the number in his hand.

OFF Pazzi -- a line crossed...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

CLOSE ON PIANO KEYS (COLOR)

Hannibal's fingers tickle the ivories as he plays Mozart's "Sonata in B-flat major." As the notes continue to roll...

CLOSE ON DRAWING (BLACK AND WHITE)

A PENCIL leaves graphite debris in its wake as it draws.

CLOSE ON THE PIANO INTERIOR (COLOR)

The HAMMER and STRINGS rise and fall.

CLOSE ON DRAWING (BLACK AND WHITE)

More detail revealing the sketch of Botticelli's *Primavera*.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL'S EYES (COLOR)

PRESENT-DAY HANNIBAL, wiser, seasoned, handsomely lined, glances down at the keys as he plays.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL'S EYES (BLACK AND WHITE)

YOUNG HANNIBAL, younger, clearer, smoother, glances down at his drawing as he sketches.

APPROACHING POV -- ON HANNIBAL'S BACK (COLOR)

CAMERA PUSHES IN as he plays.

APPROACHING POV -- ON YOUNG HANNIBAL'S BACK (BLACK AND WHITE)

CAMERA PUSHES IN as he sketches in front of Botticelli's *Primavera*.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL'S EYES (BLACK AND WHITE)

As Young Hannibal is about to turn...

MATCH CUT TO:

PRESENT-DAY HANNIBAL

He glances behind him as CAMERA reveals the approaching POV belongs to Bedelia Du Maurier.

We are --

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

Hannibal sits at the piano, continuing to play, as CAMERA reveals Bedelia's approach.

HANNIBAL

I prefer the sound and feel of the harpsichord. More alive because it is not possible to control the volume of the quill-plucked strings, the music arrives like experience, sudden and entire. The piano has the quality of a memory.

(then)

Today has the quality of a memory.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You've met *Commendator Pazzi* before.

HANNIBAL

In my youth...

(off her look)

We shared a fondness for Botticelli and crossed paths in the Uffizi Gallery, beneath the *Primavera*.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Does he know... what you are?

Hannibal smiles at her choice of words, continues to play Mozart's sonata:

HANNIBAL

When I looked into his face and stood close enough to smell him, I was well aware that all the elements of epiphany were present.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Yet here you are, free to tell me all about it.

HANNIBAL

He must wait, and lurk and think. It's too soon to flush his quarry. He's deciding what to do.

Bedelia sits, studying him.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Someone's put a price on your head.

HANNIBAL

As an early-warning system, a bounty is better than radar. It inclines authorities everywhere to forsake their duty and scramble after me privately.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Should Rinaldo Pazzi join *Professor Sogliato* and the late curator of the Palazzo down in the damp? Should his body be found after an apparent suicide?

HANNIBAL

No. Rinaldo Pazzi, a Pazzi of the Pazzi, chief inspector of the Florentine *Questura*, has to decide what his honor is worth, or if there is a wisdom longer than considerations of honor.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Avarice is not uncommon in Italy. What is it worth to be known as the man who caught Hannibal Lecter?

HANNIBAL

For a policeman, credit has a short half-life. Better to sell me.

OFF Hannibal as he plays his final notes as a punctuation...

ON WILL

He sleeps quietly. We are --

INT. TRAIN - WILL GRAHAM'S SLEEPER CABIN - NIGHT

As he sleeps, a single drop of blood lands on his forehead. He opens his eyes, staring upward to see:

CHIYOH

She's suspended above him, penetrated many times over in a bramble of antlers rising out of Will mythologically.

SMASH CUT TO:

REALITY

Will opens his eyes in the quiet rocking of the cabin. He slowly becomes aware there is no other sound in the room beyond his own breathing. He glances into Chiyoh's bunk and sees that it is empty.

INT. TRAIN - CABOOSE PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

CAMERA prowls the darkened corridor, finding the door to the rear platform. A silhouette framed against the night outside. CAMERA reveals Will moving smoothly along the passageway, in slippers, a coat covering his nightwear.

INT. TRAIN - CABOOSE REAR PLATFORM - NIGHT

Chiyoh stands alone, braced against the railing, staring out into the darkness unfurling behind the train. Will watches Chiyoh from inside the caboose a moment, then joins her.

The wind whips at them both.

CHIYOH

I like the night.

(then)

It's more than a period of time;
it's another place. It's different
from where we are during the day.

WILL GRAHAM

We're different from who we are
during the day. Little more
hidden, little less seen.

CHIYOH

When life is most like a dream.

Will stares at her a moment, studying her.

WILL GRAHAM

Why are you searching for him?
What are you hoping to find?

CHIYOH

I'm not searching for Hannibal. I
know exactly where he is.

WILL GRAHAM

Is he in Florence?

CHIYOH

Yes.

WILL GRAHAM

Why didn't you tell me you knew?

CHIYOH

I told you there are means of
influence other than violence.

She kisses Will tenderly on the lips, taking his breath away.

CHIYOH (CONT'D)

But violence is what you understand.

And with that, Chiyoh shoves Will violently over the railing,
sending him ass over teakettle into the night.

Chiyoh takes a deep breath and lets it go and she begins to
RECEDE AWAY FROM CAMERA as the train pulls her into darkness.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

WILL GRAHAM

Falls in a spinning, dizzying stylized shot, SUPER CLOSE ON HIS FACE as he bounces and rag-dolls through space and...

LANDS.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Face down. As the blur of the rest of the train CLATTERS past above him. The noise is huge. And then it is gone.

Will lies silent amid the now-empty woods. Train tracks running away from him to infinity.

And then he is NUDGED. By something SHARP and BLACK.

Reveal it to be the antlers of the BLACK STAG. It nudges Will like a dog would its injured master. Slowly, Will rouses, comes around. Battered and bruised, but alive.

Will drags himself to his feet, looks up the tracks and sees the stag waiting patiently.

And then it starts to walk in the direction of the train, and Will obediently follows...

INT. VAULT ROOM - DAY

A severe, plain little room, no windows. Two tables. One with BLOCKS OF HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILLS.

On the other: a MONITOR, WEBCAM and a MICROPHONE.

Pazzi stares at the million dollars.

The monitor blinks to life and Mason Verger's face appears, haloed by a light, darkness beyond. His peculiar plosive breathing comes through the speakers.

MASON VERGER
(on the monitor)
Hello, Rinaldo!

INSPECTOR PAZZI
Hello.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Mason stares into the camera. Alana Bloom off to one side.

MASON VERGER

Thank you so much for reaching out.
Without the cooperation of
concerned citizens such as
yourself, monsters like Hannibal
Lecter would run wild, unabated.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Shall we?

Mason glances at Alana -- what he is about to say is as much
to gauge her reaction as it is for Pazzi's edification.

MASON VERGER

Let's. I will pay one-million
United States Dollars for Dr.
Lecter's head and hands. I will
pay the same amount for information
leading to arrest and conviction.

Alana's face has gone still as not to betray her discomfort.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

I will privately pay three-million
dollars for the doctor alive, no
questions asked, discretion
guaranteed. Those terms include a
one-hundred-thousand dollar advance.
To qualify for the advance, you must
provide a positively-identifiable
fingerprint from Dr. Lecter.
(then)

Capito?

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Yes, I understand.

MASON VERGER

I require a fresh fingerprint *in
situ* and unlifted, on an object for
my experts to examine independently.
You don't want to alarm the doctor.
He could disappear too well and...

INSPECTOR PAZZI

I would be left with nothing.

MASON VERGER

Sì.

Alana steps around the side of the monitor to be in full view
of Pazzi on the other side of the connection.

ALANA BLOOM

So you have no illusions about
what's going to happen to Dr.
Lecter, you would be selling him
into torture and death.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

I'm aware.

MASON VERGER

His happiness is worth more than
the monster's life.

(then)

You get the rest of the money when
Dr. Lecter is alive in our hands.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

I don't want Dr. Lecter in my...
I don't want him near Florence
when you...

MASON VERGER

I understand your concern. Don't
worry, he won't be.

From Pazzi's perspective, the line goes dead.

END INTERCUT.

Alana and Mason regard each other quietly a moment, then:

ALANA BLOOM

Hannibal is going to kill him,
you know.

Mason shrugs. The twinkle in his eye suggests a smile.

EXT. FLORENCE - DUSK

Time-lapse establishing.

CLOSE ON A RECORD NEEDLE

The steady sounds of restoration POUND and BANG until the
needle drops. A thin sliver of light dances across the dark
grooves of a record spinning on an old player. Strauss's
"The Blue Danube" waltz echoes across the hall.

We are --

INT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - ATROCIOUS TORTURE EXHIBIT - DUSK

Strauss does his best to provide a relaxing blanket of sound
over the cacophony of restorers working in the background.

OVER PAZZI'S SHOULDERS

He enters with a wood case under his arm. There's no sign of Hannibal as he glances around the room, nodding to the restorers who stare back at him, absent of any friendly demeanor.

A cloth rests on a display case in the middle of the room. On it -- a small picnic. A glass of wine, some good cheese, a beautiful pear with a single bite taken out of it.

HANNIBAL (O.S.)
Buonasera, commendatore.

Pazzi looks up. Hannibal is standing perfectly still on the other side of the room. Was he there all this time?

INSPECTOR PAZZI
Buonasera, Dottor Fell.

HANNIBAL
Back so soon?

Pazzi sets his wooden case on top of Hannibal's desk as Hannibal approaches, carving another bite mark out of the pear in slices and eating them. He watches Pazzi's face.

INSPECTOR PAZZI
Given the nature of your exhibition
and the content of our last
conversation, I brought something I
thought you might like to see.

Pazzi opens the case. Inside there is A SCOLD'S BRIDLE -- a Renaissance torture device that resembles an ornate-but-grotesque metal mask fitted with a wicked, barbed mouth bit.

INSPECTOR PAZZI (CONT'D)
It was supposedly worn by Francesco
de' Pazzi when he met his end. My
family's guilt cast in iron.

HANNIBAL
A scold's bridle. May I?

Pazzi watches closely as Hannibal goes to pick up the mask. His fingers will leave prints all over the burnished metal.

INSPECTOR PAZZI
Of course.

Hannibal sets his knife down and produces soft curator's gloves, slipping them on and taking the bridle from its case.

HANNIBAL
A wonderful heirloom.

As Hannibal studies the piece, CAMERA includes the restorers in the background as they leave the room.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
I'm so glad you stopped by,
Commendator Pazzi, as I found
another family heirloom for you.

Hannibal goes to a low cabinet under a display case. Pazzi watches, Hannibal's back to him as he unlocks the case, watching Pazzi's reflection in the glass.

Pazzi notices the Harpy knife Hannibal has left by the half-eaten pear. There, on the hasp -- Hannibal's fingerprints. Pazzi eyes Hannibal, then smoothly picks up the knife with his handkerchief and slips it quickly into his pocket.

Hannibal produces an OLD WOODCARVING of a man hanged by his neck -- his entrails snaking down around his feet.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Beneath the figure is written his
name. Can you make it out?

INSPECTOR PAZZI
It says, "Pazzi."

HANNIBAL
This is your ancestor, Francesco,
hanging outside the Palazzo. This
particular illustration is bowels
out. I've seen others bowels in.
(then)
By all accounts, Francesco was led
astray by thirty pieces of silver
from the hand of the Papal banker.

INSPECTOR PAZZI
Yes, the archbishop, in all his holy
vestments, hanged beside Francesco
and provided no spiritual comfort.

Hannibal looms behind Pazzi. A dark, unfocused figure, pointing at a detail on the woodcarving.

HANNIBAL
It's hard to see, but here's where
the archbishop bit him. Eyes wild
as he choked, the archbishop locked
his teeth in Pazzi's flesh.
(then)
(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

On a related subject, I must
confess, I've been giving very
serious thought to doing the same.

Pazzi turns and Hannibal SNAPS INTO FOCUS. With one hand, he
smothers Pazzi's face with an ether-soaked cloth.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

COFFEE BEANS are ground.

A MOUND OF GROUND on a puck is made flush and tamped.

The PUCK is placed into the espresso machine.

A STREAM OF COFFEE flows into a cup.

We are --

INT. PAZZI'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack sits at the table, glancing at the brochure for the Exhibition of Atrocious Torture Instruments, as Allegra places the cup of espresso down in front of him. She sits across from Jack, studying his concern.

ALLEGRA PAZZI

He said he would be home by now.

(then)

What has he done?

OFF Jack...

CUT TO:

THE WOODCARVING

Francesco de' Pazzi hanged by his neck -- his entrails snaking down around his feet. The reflective light of a candle dances across the surface of the illustration, giving the appearance of the hanged man swaying in a light breeze.

Over this, we hear SHALLOW BREATHING growing louder, along with the subtle SQUEAKING of a dolly truck's wheels. The candlelight flickers to darkness, out of which emerges:

Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

Can you hear me, *Signor Pazzi*?

INT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - WINDOW - NIGHT

Pazzi is strapped to an upright dolly by Hannibal who is positioning him in front of a large window. Pazzi's mouth is taped and his eyes blink slowly, trying to focus.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Take some deep breaths while you can and clear your head.

Hannibal's hands are busy as he talks, rolling a big floor polisher into the room and working with its thick orange power cord, tying a hangman's noose in the plug end of the cord, making the traditional thirteen wraps.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I haven't had a bite all day.
Actually, your liver and kidneys
would be suitable for dinner right
away -- tonight, even -- but the
rest of the meat should hang a week
in the current cool conditions. I
did not see the forecast, did you?
(off his silent stare)
I gather that means "no."

Hannibal completes the hangman's noose with a tug.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

If you tell me what I need to know,
commendatore, it'd be convenient
for me to leave without my meal.
I'll ask you the questions and then
we'll see. You can trust me, you
know, though I expect you find
trust difficult, knowing yourself.

The noose tied from electrical cord is passed over Pazzi's head and secured around his neck.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

When the police didn't come, it was
clear that you had sold me. Was it
Mason Verger you sold me to?
(off his nod)
Thank you, I thought so. I called
the number on his "wanted" site
once, far from here, just for fun.
(then)
Have you told anyone in the
Questura about me? Was that a nod?

Pazzi shakes his head "no" as his cell phone begins to RING.

Hannibal removes it and answers.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Pronto.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - BALCONY - SUNSET

Alana speaks quietly into her cell phone:

ALANA BLOOM

Inspector Pazzi. My name is Alana Bloom. You don't know me, but I know your benefactor--

Hannibal smiles as he hears Alana Bloom's voice.

HANNIBAL

Hello, Alana. I'm afraid the inspector is otherwise occupied.

ALANA BLOOM

Hannibal. Is he dead?

HANNIBAL

There's nothing I'd love more than to be able to chat with you, but you caught me at an awkward moment.
(then)
It's nice to hear your voice.

He hangs up and stuffs the phone back into Pazzi's pocket.

ALANA BLOOM

Hannibal, please. Wait--

INT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - WINDOW - NIGHT

Hannibal and Pazzi, as before.

HANNIBAL

Which do you think, *commendatore*?
Bowels in or bowels out?
(then)
Bowels out, I think.

In a fluid movement, Hannibal turns, his Harpy knife flashing up Pazzi's front; he calmly tips Pazzi forward, out the window.

EXT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - NIGHT

Jack looks up just in time to see Pazzi's body tumble forward from the window high above the square.

Pazzi falls to the extent of the electrical cable. It pulls whip-crack taut with a loud CRACK -- Pazzi's neck snapping. Only Pazzi's bowels continue the descent, ribboning from his abdomen and raining down onto the ancient cobblestones below.

INT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - WINDOW - NIGHT

HANNIBAL'S POV

He peers down at Jack in the square. Inhales the hollow shock from the TOURISTS milling below. The rising murmur as people begin to notice Pazzi's body.

JACK'S POV

Pazzi's body dangles above him. His head lolls at an unnatural angle. His intestines hang, entangled around his feet. A grisly puppet.

And -- above -- is Hannibal.

Hannibal and Jack hold their positions for a long moment, and then Hannibal moves back inside.

It breaks the moment and galvanizes Jack who rushes for the entrance. Around him, the cries of surprise from the crowd turn into screams of horror.

INT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - ATROCIOUS TORTURE EXHIBIT - NIGHT

Hannibal walks briskly through the hall on his way out. There's the BANG of a door shutting and Hannibal stops, listens. He glances around the room, but sees no one.

HANNIBAL

Hello, Jack.

Hannibal listens for any sound to betray Jack's position.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Did you get my note?

No response. Hannibal carefully edges into the room.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I am truly sorry about Bella. For her, night and day would be very much the same in the end.

The room is a miasma of shadows. The only sound -- the recurring CREAK of the upright trolley jamming against the window frame as Pazzi's body swings far below.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

When she could no longer stir or speak, did you speak for her?

ON JACK

Half his face concealed behind one of the display cases. The other half reflected in it. An alien symmetry.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I imagine you were capable of giving any medication Bella may have needed in the night. Did you practice injections on an orange?

CAMERA finds the Harpy blade, easy in Hannibal's hand.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

What medication did you give her in the end, Jack? Was it too much?

ON SOCKED FEET

Shoes off, Jack moves quickly and carefully toward Hannibal.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Or just enough?

ON JACK reflected in a glass case -- there, and then gone.

Hannibal whirls and...

SLAM!

Jack grabs Hannibal from behind and hurls him through a display case in a SHOWER OF GLASS.

SLO-MO -- as glass falls and sprays, and the heavy implements within fall slowly -- CRASH BACK TO REAL TIME in a CLATTER of iron and TINKLE of glass. Hannibal's Harpy knife is thrown clear into the shadows.

Cut and shaken, Hannibal crawls toward a vicious-looking AX. Jack sees his intent and uses a MEATHOOK -- swinging it into Hannibal's calf and dragging him back toward Jack.

Hannibal's hands grasp and miss the ax. Jack slams him with heavy fists, concussive blows.

Jack throws Hannibal who falls against the BREAKING WHEEL.

Hannibal stares at Jack, blood staining his teeth. Jack slams Hannibal with his fist, again and again. Hannibal's head rocking back against the wheel. Arm strained to the breaking point. But he lets the blows come. Regards Jack:

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I brought Bella back from death and you returned her to it. Is that where you're sending me, Jack?

Jack hits him again and Hannibal has his answer -- yes.

Jack YELLS in primal rage and releases the breaking wheel, and Hannibal sags forward. Jack wheels him and hurls him through another cabinet and into the scaffolding and packing cases beyond. Another SHOWER OF GLASS.

Hannibal lands, face stung with a hundred tiny cuts. Not even trying to fight back. He slowly gets to his feet and begins to limp away halfheartedly.

Jack grabs Hannibal and drags him through the packing crates, toward...

INT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - WINDOW - NIGHT

Jack drags Hannibal toward the window.

HANNIBAL
How will you feel when I'm gone?

JACK CRAWFORD
Alive.

Jack hurls Hannibal backward out the window.

SLO-MO -- CLOSE ON HANNIBAL'S FACE -- knowledge of his own certain death there -- and then, he lashes out an arm and --

SEIZES HOLD OF PAZZI'S BODY.

Snags his hand on Pazzi's clothes and belt. His other hand grasps the electrical cord from which Pazzi is suspended.

Hannibal hangs there, looking up at Jack. And then, he slides down Pazzi's body and lets himself drop, past the hanging entrails, and he lands hard and falls in the street.

One last look up, and then he staggers away.

JACK'S POV

Hannibal has gone.

END OF EPISODE