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# HANNIBAL

"Apéritif"

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Prod. #101/Air #101

Final Shooting Script

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HANNIBAL  
"Apéritif"

TEASER

CLOSE ON - WILL GRAHAM

A handsome, haunted man with a naive focus. REFLECTIVE LIGHT flashes across his face, lighting up his eyes. All SOUND IS DULLED as if his ears were blocked, the AMBIENT NOISE of Will's circulatory system provides an organic hum. He stares into middle-distance as CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL we are --

1

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

1

Arterial spray splashes a wall near a blood-soaked carpet. Through the windows we see DOZENS OF OFFICERS and as many POLICE CARS. A CRIME-SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures. A team of CORONERS remove TWO BODIES -- THERESA and THOMAS MARLOW, both 30s/40s. A tableau of horrible violence.

Will Graham sits serenely amongst the carnage on a yoga mat. A POLICE OFFICER and SUITED DETECTIVE herd the Crime-Scene Photographer and the remaining team of Coroners out the door.

Will Graham takes a breath, exhales, then closes his eyes.

A PENDULUM

It swings in the darkness of Will Graham's mind, keeping rhythm with his heart beat. FWUM. FWUM. FWUM.

ON WILL GRAHAM

His eyes are closed. The PENDULUM is now outside his head. It swings behind Will, wiping away in its wake the gush of arterial spray from the wall. FWUM. The PENDULUM swings on the other side of the window, wiping away the OFFICERS and POLICE CARS in front of the house. FWUM. The PENDULUM swings across the stained carpet lifting the blood. FWUM. The PENDULUM swings across the blood spattered SECURITY KEY PAD and the rust-colored dried drops vanish. FWUM.

(NOTE: The PENDULUM is a stylistic device, our REVERSE METRONOME *rewinding* Will to a TIME BEFORE THE MURDERS.)

The crime scene has now been decriminalized in Will's mind.

Will Graham opens his eyes and stands, turns and walks *BACKWARDS* toward the front door (which shows signs of a violent forced entry), opening it behind him, back-stepping outside before closing it again. CAMERA REVEALS THE DOOR IS NOW PRISTINE, PRE-FORCED ENTRY.

2

EXT. HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS - WILL'S P.O.V.

2

Will walks backward out the front door, across the lawn, over the sidewalk. He is alone in the neighborhood in his P.O.V.

POP WIDE - OMNISCIENT P.O.V.

The Police Officers, Detectives, Coroners and Crime-Scene Specialists all part or stand by, averting their eyes as they intentionally avoid looking at Will Graham backwards walking through them toward the shadowy yard across the street.

A Police Officer breaks protocol and sneaks a peek at Will. A SUPERIOR OFFICER snaps and points at the Officer, who quickly fixes his gaze on the ground in front of his feet.

ON WILL - WILL'S P.O.V.

The street is empty. The PENDULUM STOPS SWINGING, snapping into place as Will snaps into focus. He watches the quiet house (he just back-walked out of) from across the street. Through the partially curtained windows, he can see the silhouettes of (still living) Theresa and Thomas Marlow.

Will watches them for a long moment, taking in their domesticity, then walks with purpose for the front door.

OVERHEAD SHOT- OMNISCIENT P.O.V.

The crowd of Officers, Detectives, Coroners and Specialists parts to allow Will Graham a direct path.

ON WILL - WILL'S P.O.V.

He marches to the front door and VIOLENTLY KICKS IT IN. The HOME SECURITY ALARM BLARES. Thomas Marlow rushes down the stairs, two steps at a time, moving to intercept Will.

Will raises a TOWEL-WRAPPED ARM. Thomas realizes too late that it's concealing a GUN. Will SHOTS HIM TWICE THROUGH THE NECK. The FIRED SHOTS, ENTRY WOUNDS, EXIT WOUNDS, and PLUMES OF TERRYCLOTH DEBRIS are all QUICK CUT SLOW MOTION.

WILL GRAHAM

I shoot Mr. Marlow twice, severing jugulars and carotids with near surgical precision. He will die watching me take what is his away from him. This is my design.

Theresa Marlow is frantically pushing the panic code into the HOME SECURITY KEY PAD when Will SHOTS HER expertly THROUGH THE THROAT, missing her jugular, BREAKING HER NECK and peppering the KEY PAD with blood. She drops to the floor.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I shoot Mrs. Marlow expertly through the neck. This is not a fatal wound. The bullet misses every artery. She is paralyzed before it leaves her body. Which doesn't mean she can't feel pain. It just means she can't do anything about it. This is my design.

Will finishes punching in "OFF" on the ALARM CODE and the BLARING HOME SECURITY ALARM is mercifully silenced. The PHONE IMMEDIATELY RINGS. Will picks it up.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

This is DDX Security. Who am I speaking with?

Will hangs up the phone, breaking character as he asks:

WILL GRAHAM

I need the Incident Report from the Home Security company.

CAMERA REVEALS Will is now holding the Incident Report.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(perusing the report)

This was recorded as a false alarm. There was a false alarm last week. (then) He tapped their phone.

SMASH CUT TO:

3 EXT. HOUSE - TELEPHONE POLE - NIGHT - OMNISCIENT P.O.V. 3

A PHONE COMPANY REPAIRMAN has climbed to the top of the telephone pole and is examining an open CUSTOMER SERVICE BOX.

PHONE COMPANY REPAIRMAN

Yup.

SMASH BACK TO:

4 INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - WILL'S P.O.V. 4

As before, Will holds the land line in one hand and his own smart phone in the other.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

This is DDT Security. Who am I speaking with?

Will holds his SMART PHONE to the phone receiver as he watches Theresa Marlow bleed to death, paralyzed by the shot through her neck, unable to say a word. He presses a button:

SMART PHONE THERESA  
Theresa Marlow.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE  
Can you please confirm your password for security purposes.

SMART PHONE THERESA  
(another button)  
Tea kettle.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE  
Thank you, Mrs. Marlow. We detected a front door alarm.

SMART PHONE THERESA  
(another button)  
Yes, that was me. That was my fault. Sorry about that.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE  
Is there anyone in the house with you at this time, Mrs. Marlow?

SMART PHONE THERESA  
(another button)  
I'm just here with my husband. It's all good. We're good.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE  
Do you require any further assistance at this time?

SMART PHONE THERESA  
(another button)  
No. Thank you so much for calling. Sorry about the false alarm.

Will hangs up and looks sympathetically at Theresa Marlow.

WILL GRAHAM  
And this is where it gets truly horrifying for Mrs. Marlow.

5 INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - LECTURE HALL - DAY

5

Will Graham lectures a CLASSROOM OF F.B.I. TRAINEES. A CHRYON tells us we are --

**F.B.I. ACADEMY, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA**

WILL GRAHAM

Everyone has thought about killing someone one way or another. Be it your own hands or the hand of God. Now think about killing Mrs. Marlow.

A SERIES OF MARLOWE HOME CRIME SCENE PICTURES are projected on the screen behind Will.

WILL'S P.O.V. - THE TRAINEES

He surveys the lecture hall for social appearances. The Trainees' eyes are always OUT OF FRAME, at most we glimpse brows, lids, the occasional lash -- but never eye contact.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Why did she deserve this? Tell me your design. Tell me who you are.

6 INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - HALLWAY - ON JACK CRAWFORD'S BACK 6

He walks down the corridor toward Will Graham's lecture hall.

7 INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - LECTURE HALL - DAY 7

JACK CRAWFORD (weathered, austere, strongly built late 40s) ENTERS as the TRAINEES file out of the classroom. There are scattered SMITTEN GLANCES tossed Will Graham's direction, who is naturally oblivious because he is actively avoiding eye-contact with everyone, even as he warns his exiting students:

WILL GRAHAM

The sad, dull truth of these crimes is they can usually be reduced to a male penetrative control issue. I am expecting a higher level of scrutiny.

The last of the TRAINEES EXITS and Will notices he's alone in his lecture hall with the weathered, austere man.

JACK CRAWFORD

Mr. Graham.

Will quickly puts on a pair of glasses as Jack approaches.

INCLUDE: WILL'S P.O.V. - JACK CRAWFORD

The TOP RIM OF WILL'S GLASSES are strategically positioned to BLOCK JACK'S EYES and prevent direct eye-contact.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

I'm Special Agent Jack Crawford. I lead the Behavioral Science Unit.

WILL GRAHAM

We've met.

Jack knows full well they've met but didn't intend to broach.

JACK CRAWFORD

Yes, we had a disagreement about the museum when we opened it.

WILL GRAHAM

I disagreed with what you named it.

JACK CRAWFORD

The Evil Minds Research Museum?

WILL GRAHAM

It's a little hammy, Jack.

Jack likes Will's directness and returns the favor:

JACK CRAWFORD

You've hitched your horse to a teaching post. I understand it's not easy for you to be sociable.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm just talking at them. I'm not listening to them. It's not social.

Jack gently pushes Will's glasses up the bridge of his nose so he's forced to make fleeting eye contact.

JACK CRAWFORD

Where do you fall on the spectrum?

Will picks up the rhythm and syntax of Jack's voice:

WILL GRAHAM

My horse is hitched to a post closer to Aspergers and Autistics than narcissists and sociopaths.

JACK CRAWFORD

But you can empathize with narcissists and sociopaths.

WILL GRAHAM

I can empathize with anybody. Less to do with personality disorders than an active imagination.

Jack smiles at that, leans in, then:

JACK CRAWFORD  
Can I borrow your imagination?

8

EXT. F.B.I. ACADEMY GROUNDS - QUANTICO, VIRGINIA - DAY

8

CAMERA FOLLOWS Jack Crawford leading Will Graham across a field of TRAINEES on a FIRING RANGE as another GROUP OF TRAINEES in matching sweats jogs by.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Eight girls from eight different Minnesota campuses abducted in the last eight months.

WILL GRAHAM  
I thought there were seven.

JACK CRAWFORD  
There were.

WILL GRAHAM  
When did you tag the eighth?

JACK CRAWFORD  
About three minutes before I walked into your lecture hall.

WILL GRAHAM  
You're calling them "abductions" because you have no bodies?

JACK CRAWFORD  
We have nothing. No bodies. No parts of bodies. Nothing that comes out of a body. We have lonely swabs in used evidence kits.

WILL GRAHAM  
Then those girls weren't taken from where you think they were taken.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Where were they taken from?

WILL GRAHAM  
I don't know. Somewhere else.

A MAP OF MINNESOTA

SEVEN BLUE SQUARES dot the map corresponding with SEVEN GRADUATION or CASUAL PICTURES of the SEVEN MISSING GIRLS.

JACK CRAWFORD'S VOICE

All abducted on a Friday so they're  
not reported missing until Monday.  
However he's covering his tracks  
he needs the weekend to do it.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL we are --

9

INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

9

Jack TACKS an EIGHTH BLUE SQUARE to the map and hands a  
SENIOR PROM PORTRAIT of Elise Nichols to Will.

WILL GRAHAM

Number eight?

JACK CRAWFORD

Elise Nichols. St. Cloud State on  
the Mississippi. Disappeared  
Friday. Supposed to house sit for  
her parents over the weekend. Feed  
their cat. Never made it home.

WILL GRAHAM

One through seven are dead, don't  
you think? He's not keeping them  
around. Got himself a new one.

JACK CRAWFORD

(agreeing)  
We're focusing on Elise Nichols.

Will takes in the smiling hopeful faces next to BLUE SQUARES.

WILL GRAHAM

They all look like Mall of America.  
That's a lot of wind-chaffed skin.

JACK CRAWFORD

Same hair color. Same eye color.  
Roughly same age, height, weight.  
What is it about all these girls?

WILL GRAHAM

It's not about all of these girls.  
It's about one of them.

He pins Elise Nichols' photo next to the EIGHTH BLUE SQUARE.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

He's like Willy Wonka. Every girl  
he takes is a candy bar.

(MORE)

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Hidden amongst all those candy bars  
is the one, true intended victim,  
which if we follow through on the  
metaphor, would be your Golden  
Ticket.

JACK CRAWFORD

Warming up for his Golden Ticket or  
reliving whatever he did to her.

WILL GRAHAM

Golden Ticket wouldn't be the first  
taken and she wouldn't be the last.  
He would hide how special she is.  
I mean, I would. Wouldn't you?

JACK CRAWFORD

I'd like you to get closer to this.

WILL GRAHAM

You have Heimlich at Harvard and  
Bloom at Georgetown. They do the  
same thing I do.

JACK CRAWFORD

That's not really true, is it? You  
have a specific way of thinking.

WILL GRAHAM

Has there been a lot of discussion  
about the specific way I think?

JACK CRAWFORD

You make jumps you don't explain.

WILL GRAHAM

The evidence explains.

JACK CRAWFORD

Then help me find some evidence.

Will studies the beautiful milquetoast faces on the map.

WILL GRAHAM

That may require me to be sociable.

10

EXT. NICHOLS' HOME - NIGHT

10

Establishing. A CHYRON tells us we are --

**DULUTH, MINNESOTA**

11 INT. NICHOLS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 11

Elise's PARENTS. They are sick with worry. Mr. Nichols is rationalizing while Mrs. Nichols seems almost resigned.

MR. NICHOLS

She could have gone off by herself. She was a very interior young woman. She didn't like living in a dorm. I could see how the pressure of school might have gotten to her. She likes trains. Maybe she just got on a train and...

Will Graham and Jack Crawford sit opposite Mr. and Mrs. Nichols as he trails off. Hard to convince even himself. Will continues to avoid eye contact with the Nichols.

MRS. NICHOLS

She looks like the other girls.

JACK CRAWFORD

She fits the profile.

MR. NICHOLS

Could Elise still be alive?

JACK CRAWFORD

We simply have no way of knowing.

A previously silent Will Graham offers an odd question:

WILL GRAHAM

How's the cat?

MRS. NICHOLS

What?

WILL GRAHAM

How's your cat? Elise was supposed to feed it. Was the cat weird when you came home? It didn't eat all weekend. Must have been hungry.

The Nichols are initially unsure how to respond, then:

MR. NICHOLS

I didn't notice.

WILL GRAHAM

He took her from here.  
(off Jack's look)  
She got on a train. She came home.  
She fed the cat. And he took her.

Jack doesn't hesitate to pull out his phone and dial.

JACK CRAWFORD

(to phone)

The Nichols house is a crime scene.  
I need ERT immediately. Zeller,  
Katz, Jimmy Price, a photographer.

The Nichols are trying to wrap their minds around the quick flurry of action and what it means to their little girl.

WILL GRAHAM

Can I see your daughter's room?

MRS. NICHOLS

Police were up there this morning.

12 INT. NICHOLS' HOME - ELISE NICHOLS' CLOSED BEDROOM DOOR 12

Mr. Nichols leads Will, who pulls on gloves as they approach. Will warily eyes the CAT pawing at the door eager to go inside. Will stops Mr. Nichols from reaching the door knob.

WILL GRAHAM

I'll get that. Mr. Nichols, would  
you put your hands in your pockets  
and avoid touching anything please?

MR. NICHOLS

We been in and out of here all day.

WILL GRAHAM

You can hold the cat if it's easier.

Mr. Nichols picks up the cat as instructed. Will wraps a gloved hand around the knob and opens the door.

13 ELISE NICHOLS' BEDROOM 13

The light from the hallway streaks across the floor and up the wall as Will ENTERS. He stands just inside the door, immediately noticing the OPEN WINDOW. He flicks on the light switch, illuminating the room. He stares.

ELISE NICHOLS

She lays coffin-style in her bed, dressed in pajamas as if she had JUST gone to sleep. The gray pallor of her skin, the clean PUNCTURE WOUNDS visible under her pajamas, and her unbreathing bosom are immediately evident to Will. Sadly, Mr. Nichols fails to notice. Blinded by hope, he steps forward.

MR. NICHOLS

Elise?

Will raises a gloved hand, stopping Mr. Nichols.

WILL GRAHAM

I need you to leave the room.

Realizing the worst, Mr. Nichols abruptly drops the cat.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

ON WILL GRAHAM

Jack Crawford steps INTO FRAME, speaking quietly:

JACK CRAWFORD

You're all wired. You talk it out  
to us when you feel like it, don't  
say anything when you don't feel  
like it. Take as long as you want.  
We will come in when you tell us.

Will nods. Jack stands and EXITS FRAME.

REFLECTIVE LIGHT flashes across Will's face, lighting up his eyes. All SOUND IS DULLED as if his ears were blocked, the AMBIENT NOISE of Will's circulatory system provides an organic hum. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL we are --

14 INT. ELISE NICHOLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT 14

The CRIME-SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures. JIMMY PRICE (50, solid, focused) dusts the window for fingerprints. BEVERLY KATZ (30s, bright-eyed yet weary) combs for hairs and fibers. BRIAN ZELLER (early 30's, handsome) shines a light under Elise's box spring, exposing a cracked bed board. Jack Crawford herds Price, Katz and Zeller out the door.

15 INT. NICHOLS' HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT 15

Will scoops up water in his hands from the faucet in the sink to wash down the last two Aspirin from his now empty bottle. He splashes water on his face, dries it with his shirttail.

16 EXT. ELISE NICHOLS' BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR WINDOW 16

Will Graham has climbed out the window onto the porch roof. He sits on the gritty shingles. He hugs his knees, his damp shirt pressed cold across his back. He snorts the night air to cleanse the smell of Elise Nichols death from his nose.

From his vantage point, he can see POLICE OFFICERS, POLICE CARS and other CRIME SCENE SPECIALISTS assembled on the lawn. Mr. and Mrs. Nichols are treated in the back of an Ambulance.

Will Graham takes a breath, exhales, then closes his eyes.

A PENDULUM

It swings in the darkness of Will Graham's mind, keeping rhythm with his heart beat. FWUM. FWUM. FWUM.

ON WILL GRAHAM - WILL'S P.O.V.

He OPENS HIS EYES and he is standing outside Elise Nichols' Bedroom Window. The neighborhood is quiet and empty. No Police. No Police Cars. No Ambulance.

He looks through the window glass to Elise Nichols sleeping soundly in her bed. Will quietly opens the window.

17

INT. ELISE NICHOLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT - WILL'S P.O.V.

17

Will stands over Elise Nichols, very much alive. He watches her for a quiet moment. Tears well in Will's eyes, then...

Will bears down on Elise's chest with his knee, cracking ribs as he simultaneously squeezes her throat shut with his hands. It's sudden and horrible and violent. Elise is immediately startled out of a deep sleep into terror.

Elise struggles, her face swelling with pressure, capillaries in her skin and the whites of her eye WRINKLE and BURST. Tears stream down her cheeks as she tries to scream but cannot. The bed board finally SNAPS and with it, Elise dies.

OMNISCIENT P.O.V. as CAMERA REVEALS Beverly Katz has not left the room, as instructed. She's standing over Elise Nichols' dead body, which she exposed by peeling back sheets.

BEVERLY KATZ  
You're Will Graham.

WILL GRAHAM  
You're not supposed to be in here.

BEVERLY KATZ  
You wrote the standard monograph on  
time of death by insect activity.

She indicates her tweezers and what's between them.

BEVERLY KATZ (CONT'D)  
Found velvet in two of the wounds.  
(then)  
You're not real F.B.I.?

WILL GRAHAM  
I'm a special investigator.

BEVERLY KATZ  
Never been an F.B.I. Agent?

WILL GRAHAM  
Strict screening procedures.

BEVERLY KATZ  
Detects instability. You unstable?

Jack Crawford hurries in, as annoyed with Beverly as Will.

JACK CRAWFORD  
You're not supposed to be in here.

BEVERLY KATZ  
Found antler velvet in two of the wounds. Like she was gored. Was looking for velvet in the other wounds but I was interrupted.

CAMERA REVEALS Brian Zeller is now standing next to Will.

BRIAN ZELLER  
Deer and elk pin their prey, put all their weight on the antlers and try to suffocate them. That's how they would kill a fox or a coyote.

Will very subtly retreats from the conversation.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Elise Nichols was strangled and suffocated. Ribs were broken.

BRIAN ZELLER  
It's not rutting season. Male deer aren't competing for female deer this time of year.

WILL GRAHAM  
Antler velvet is rich in nutrients. It actually promotes healing. He may have put it there on purpose.

JACK CRAWFORD  
You think he wanted to heal her?

WILL GRAHAM  
He was trying to undo as much as he could, given he already killed her.

JACK CRAWFORD  
He put her back where he found her.

WILL GRAHAM  
Whatever he did to the others, he couldn't do it to her.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Is this his Golden Ticket?

WILL GRAHAM  
No. This is an apology.

The "apology" catches in Will's throat and hangs in the air. He runs his hand over his forehead and takes a deep breath.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Does anyone have any Aspirin?

18 OMITTED 18

A19 OMITTED A19

B19 INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - NIGHT B19

Will PLOPS into an uncomfortable Coach Class Seat, cracks open another Aspirin sample pack and swallows them.

MATCH CUT TO:

19 INT. WILL GRAHAM'S CAR - NIGHT 19

Will PLOPS behind the steering wheel. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out several empty Aspirin packs.

TIME CUT TO:

20 INT. WILL GRAHAM'S CAR - CITY ROAD - NIGHT 20

Will stares into middle distance as he drives, hypnotized by the pavement unfurling ahead of him. HEADLIGHTS reflect off of SOMETHING in the distance moving down the empty road.

Will squints over the steering wheel as he approaches the certain SOMETHING and finally realizes what it is...

21 EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S CAR - CITY ROAD - NIGHT 21

Will slows considerably as he pulls along side A DOG. A rope around its neck suggests it was once tied to something. No collar, matted fur, nevertheless it trots with determination, barely acknowledging Will as he rolls down his window.

WILL GRAHAM  
Hello.

The stray Dog stops and allows Will to drive past. Will slows to a stop and gets out of his car, at which point the dog abruptly turns around and heads the opposite direction.

Despite being absolutely exhausted emotionally and physically, Will gets back in his car and u-turns on the road to pursue the dog who is keeping a steady pace trotting away.

Will goes around the Dog, blocking both lanes of the road ahead of it Police Car style. The Dog trots around his car in a half-circle, continuing down the road on the other side.

22 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 22

The Dog with the rope around its neck continues its sojourn into the night, undeterred by anything up until this point.

CAMERA REVEALS the Dog trotting past Will sitting on his car, unwrapping a BAG OF HOTDOGS from a 7-11 BAG. The Dog stops.

23 INT. WILL GRAHAM'S CAR - NIGHT - DRIVING 23

Will already seems lighter in spirit. He glances at the mangy Dog securely fastened into the passenger seat and asks:

WILL GRAHAM  
What do you want from me?

The Dog stares.

24 OMITTED 24

A25 EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT A25

The Dog stands patiently as Will SHAVES off clumps of matted hair with an ELECTRIC TRIMMER, tossing them in a woolly pile.

TIME CUT TO:

The Dog stands patiently in a tub as Will massages a SOAPY LATHER through his furry coat and around the bald patches.

TIME CUT TO:

The Dog stands patiently as Will gently towel-dries and simultaneously blow-dries him next to a SPACE HEATER.

TIME CUT TO:

25 OMITTED 25

A26 INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT A26

The Dog stands patiently in his kennel looking up at Will.

WILL GRAHAM  
Winston. This is everybody.  
Everybody. This is Winston.

CAMERA REVEALS EIGHT FORMALLY STRAY DOGS staring at Winston in the safety of a new dog kennel. Will is a dog collector.

An ALPHA DOG steps forward and growls at Winston. Will quickly corrects the aggressive mutt with a sharp look and a:

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Tsssst.

Alpha steps back into line, sits, then lays down obediently.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

That's right.

26 INT. WILL GRAHAM'S BATHROOM - SHOWER - NIGHT 26

Will lets the hot water wash over him, surrounded by steam. The steam GROWS MORE DENSE and then slowly and only slightly, THINS REVEALING Will is now STANDING IN THE MISTY FOREST OF THIS MIND. He is deep in thought, barely noticing the STAG walking through the misty forest fog only 20 feet away.

SNAPPING BACK TO THE SHOWER, Will shuts off the water.

27 OMITTED 27

28 OMITTED 28

A29 INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT A29

The entire pack is huddled together sleigh-dog style surrounding Winston's dog kennel. Will sleeps quietly in his bed on the other side of the room. Moonlight-cast tree branch shadows stretch along the walls and across the ceiling. Then there's another breathing in the room.

Will calmly opens his eyes, holding his own breath as he listens for the second breather. The mysterious breathing continues as Will turns to see laying in bed next to him:

ELISE NICHOLS

She's wearing the nightie Will found her in, appearing exactly as she did in her own bed, but now she's in his.

As Will reaches out to touch her, the ANTLER-LIKE TREE BRANCH SHADOWS shift and stretch, piercing Elise through her wounds, re-impaling her and pulling her into the DARKNESS.

Elise slowly recedes into the SHADOWS and disappears.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He jolts awake in his bed, soaking wet with perspiration. Elise Nichols was lying next to him only in a dream.

His shirt and underwear cling indiscriminately as he throws back the damp sheets and climbs out of bed. He EXITS peeling off clothes like a wet bathing suit that then slaps to the floor.

Will ENTERS, pulling on a dry t-shirt and underwear, lays a beach towel down on the wet bed, then crawls inside. He pulls the sheets back over himself, heaving a deep sigh.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

UNDERWATER

SPLOOSH. A FACE breaks the surface in a FLURRY OF BUBBLES, sinking TOWARD CAMERA, filling THE FRAME. It's Will.

MATCH CUT TO:

WILL GRAHAM

He stands over a sink, splashing water on his face, rattled.

CAMERA REVEAL we are --

29

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - BATHROOM - NEXT DAY

29

Will pats his face dry with paper towels as Jack ENTERS, impatient, having been looking for Will for some time.

JACK CRAWFORD

What are you doing in here?

WILL GRAHAM

I enjoy the smell of urinal cake.

JACK CRAWFORD

Me, too. Lets talk.

An AGENT ENTERS to use the facilities. Jack holds the door.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Use the ladies room.

The Agent abruptly turns and EXITS. Will eyes Jack closing the door, realizing he's not getting by without conversation.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Do you respect my judgement, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

JACK CRAWFORD

We have a better chance of catching this guy if you're in the saddle.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm in the saddle. Just confused which direction I'm pointing. I don't know this kind of psychopath. Never read about him. I don't even know if he's a psychopath. He's not insensitive. He's not shallow.

JACK CRAWFORD

You could tell something about him or you wouldn't've said this was an apology. What's he apologizing for?

WILL GRAHAM

Couldn't honor her. He feels bad.

JACK CRAWFORD

Feeling bad defeats the purpose of being a psychopath, doesn't it?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes. It does.

JACK CRAWFORD

Then what kind of crazy is he?

WILL GRAHAM

He couldn't show her he loved her so he put her corpse back where he killed it. Whatever crazy that is.

JACK CRAWFORD

You think he loves these girls?

WILL GRAHAM

He loves one of them, and I think by association, he has some form of love for the others.

JACK CRAWFORD

There was no semen or saliva. Elise Nichols died a virgin and that corpse kept her promise.

WILL GRAHAM

That's not how he's loving them. He wouldn't disrespect them that way. He doesn't want these girls to suffer. He kills them quickly and, to his thinking, with mercy.

JACK CRAWFORD

The sensitive psychopath. He risked getting caught to tuck Elise Nichols back into bed.

WILL GRAHAM

He has to take the next girl soon. He knows he's going to get caught. One way or the other.

CUT TO:

30 INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - HAIR AND FIBER - DAY 30

A small, enclosed work space in a sealed, clean room.

ON BEVERLY KATZ

She has Elise Nichols' NIGHTIE suspended from a hanger over a table covered with white paper. Working under bright lights in the draft-free room, she brushes the nightie with a metal spatula, working with the wale and across it, with the nap and against it. Something falls through the still air:

A TINY CURL OF METAL

It falls to the paper. Beverly studies it with bright eyes:

BEVERLY KATZ

I got you.

CUT TO:

A METAL PIPE

It's secured in a vise positioned against the PIPE CUTTER'S JAWS. The cutter's knurled handle turns as a small amount of CUTTING OIL is applied to the blade, seeping over it.

EXTREME CLOSE UP

The cutter is rotated and the blade is tightened, cutting into the pipe, shaving curls of metal as THREADS are carved.

A TINY CURL OF METAL

It falls in similar fashion as it did in the crime lab. Instead of white paper, it lands on a pile of metal shavings.

A CAR DOOR SHUTS and CAMERA REVEALS we are --

31 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY 31

CAMERA FINDS the car, a Minnesota girl gets out. She is of the same hair color, eye color, weight and height as Elise Nichols and the seven young women before her.

Her name is ABIGAIL HOBBS.

She offers a small wave to the PIPE THREADER. One dirty hand offers a small wave in return. She knows her killer.

CUT TO:

32 OMITTED 32

A33

EXT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - DAY

A33

CAMERA FINDS Jack Crawford walking with DR. ALANA BLOOM, a beautiful Psychology Professor in her 30s.

A CHYRON tells us we are --

**F.B.I. ACADEMY, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA**

JACK CRAWFORD

Graham likes you. He doesn't think you run any mind games on him.

ALANA BLOOM

I don't. I'm as honest with him as I'd be with a patient.

JACK CRAWFORD

Been observing him during your guest lectures at the academy?

ALANA BLOOM

Never been in a room alone with Will. I want to be his friend. And I am. You already asked me to do a study on him. I said no.

JACK CRAWFORD

Seemed a shame not to take advantage, academically speaking.

ALANA BLOOM

Anything scholarly on Will Graham would be published posthumously.

JACK CRAWFORD

Why aren't you ever alone with him?

ALANA BLOOM

Because I have a professional curiosity about him.

JACK CRAWFORD

If he caught you peeking, he'd snatch down the shades?

ALANA BLOOM

Normally I wouldn't even broach this, but what do you think one of Will's strongest drives is?

Jack knows exactly what she's getting at.

JACK CRAWFORD

Fear. He deals with huge amounts of fear. Comes with imagination.

ALANA BLOOM

It's the price of imagination.

JACK CRAWFORD

I wouldn't put him out there if I couldn't cover him -- if I couldn't cover him eighty percent.

ALANA BLOOM

I wouldn't put him out there.

JACK CRAWFORD

He's out there. And I need him out there. And I need you to make sure he's not left out there.

ALANA BLOOM

You really don't want me commenting on this in any official capacity. It wouldn't reflect well on you.

Jack heaves a frustrated breath and exhales:

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

Promise me something, Jack. Don't let him get too close.

JACK CRAWFORD

He won't get too close. I can promise you that.

CUT TO:

A BLACK BODY BAG

A HAND reaches into FRAME and begins to UNZIP. We are --

33

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

33

Beverly Katz and Brian Zeller hover over the examination table as Jimmy Price continues to UNZIP the BODY BAG, all wearing gloves, aprons and splash visors.

JIMMY PRICE

Tried her skin for prints. Of course, nothing. We did get a hand spread off her neck.

BEVERLY KATZ

Report say anything about nails?

BRIAN ZELLER

Her fingernails were smudged when we took scrapings. The scrapings were where she cut her palms with them. She never scratched him.

BEVERLY KATZ

Curly piece of metal is all we got.

Beverly sneaks a flirtatious smile as CAMERA FINDS Will.

WILL GRAHAM

(absently)

We should be looking at plumbers, steamfitters, tool-workers.

Will is also outfitted in gloves, an apron and a splash visor (perched on top of his head). He flips the visor down and his breathing is amplified in his ears as it fogs his vision.

He takes a breath and forces himself to look in the bag.

CAMERA MOVES INTO THE BODY BAG

There is no body, only darkness. And the SOUND of WILL'S BREATH bouncing off the splash visor.

ELISE NICHOLS

She stands naked in that darkness, a deathly pallor. ANTLERS SPROUT LIKE BRANCHES from her WOUNDS. Tiny CRIMSON STREAMS defy gravity, climbing antlers and floating upward in beads.

Will SNAPS BACK TO:

34

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

34

As before. Zeller, Katz, Price continue their examination.

BRIAN ZELLER

Other injuries were probably but not conclusively postmortem.

(to Beverly Katz)

She wasn't gored.

BEVERLY KATZ

She has lots of piercings that look like they were caused by deer antlers. I didn't say the deer was responsible for putting them there.

WILL GRAHAM

She was mounted on them. Like hooks. She may have been bled.

Beverly and Jimmy glance at Will. Brian Zeller is too distracted by his investigation of the abdominal wound.

BRIAN ZELLER

Her liver was removed. He took it out and put it back in. See.

JIMMY PRICE

Why cut out her liver if he was just going to sew it back in again?

All muscle tone in Will's face goes slack.

WILL GRAHAM

Something was wrong with the meat.

Zeller looks up from the liver -- how did Graham know?

BRIAN ZELLER

She has liver cancer.

The facts briefly ricochet around Will's mind, then:

WILL GRAHAM

He's eating them.

CUT TO:

35

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

35

To the strains of *Goldberg Variations* by Bach, CAMERA CRAWLS across a well-appointed dining room table with place settings for one serving a beautifully prepared and presented liver. As fork and knife respectfully cut meat...

...CAMERA REVEALS a handsome, professorial man in his 40s. Erudite and as well appointed as his dining room. He cuts a piece of liver, skewering it with his fork before applying a balance of garnishes with his knife. He takes a bite.

Meet HANNIBAL LECTER.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

BLACK

The sound of a grown man's quiet sobbing.

ON HANNIBAL

He watches the OFF-SCREEN SOBBING MAN inscrutably for an uncomfortably long moment, studying him.

THE SOBBING MAN

A handsome, well-groomed gent in his 30s named FRANKLYN. He tries to find dignity in his tears as he reaches out...

FRANKLYN

Please...

Hannibal hands him the box of tissues he is reaching for.

FRANKLYN (CONT'D)

I hate being this neurotic.

Franklyn wipes his eyes and nose.

HANNIBAL

If you weren't neurotic, Franklyn, you would be something much worse.

CAMERA POPS WIDE TO REVEAL we are --

36

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

36

Immaculate, filled with antiques and artifacts and a gallery of books in the fashion of Sir John Soane. Hannibal sits in an arm chair across from Franklyn, who gathers his emotions.

A CHRYON tells us we are --

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

HANNIBAL

Our brain is designed to experience anxiety in short bursts, not the prolonged foamy lathers of duress your neuroses seem to enjoy. It's why you feel as though a lion were on the verge of devouring you.

He eyes the tissue Franklyn tosses on the side table.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

You have to convince yourself the lion is not in the room. When it is, I assure you, you will know it.

THE DOOR

Hannibal opens it to usher Franklyn out and finds JACK CRAWFORD waiting patiently on his doorstep.

JACK CRAWFORD

Doctor Lecter?

HANNIBAL

I hate to be discourteous, but this is a private exit for my patients.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm Special Agent Jack Crawford with the F.B.I. May I come in?

HANNIBAL

You may wait in the waiting room.

Hannibal eyes his credentials, then dismisses Franklyn.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I'll see you next week, Franklyn.  
(to Jack Crawford)  
Unless of course this is about him.

JACK CRAWFORD

Oh, no, this is all about you.

Hannibal blinks and forces a flat smile.

37 INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY 37

Jack Crawford cools his heels, idly picks up a magazine. The door opens and Hannibal steps into the doorway.

HANNIBAL

Please. Come in.

38 INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY 38

Jack surveys Hannibal's collection of books and artifacts, admiring his art, as the doctor follows him in.

HANNIBAL

May I ask how this is all about me?

JACK CRAWFORD

You can ask. But I do need to ask  
you a few questions first.

(then)

Are you expecting another patient?

HANNIBAL

We're all alone.

JACK CRAWFORD

No secretary?

HANNIBAL

Was pre-dispositioned to romantic  
whims. Followed her heart to the  
United Kingdom. Sad to see her go.

Hannibal dangerously alone with Jack Crawford, who studies  
framed meticulous pencil drawings of Parisian landscapes.

JACK CRAWFORD

Are these yours, Doctor?

Hannibal indicates an immaculate rendering of a school.

HANNIBAL

Among the firsts. My boarding  
school in Paris when I was a boy.

JACK CRAWFORD

Incredible amount of detail.

Hannibal picks up a pencil and cuts a point with a scalpel,  
blowing the shavings off the tip to reveal its sharpness.

HANNIBAL

Learned very early a scalpel cuts  
better points than a pencil sharpener.

Hannibal sits down the pencil, but not the scalpel. He  
listens to Jack, eyes drifting to the F.B.I. Agent's jugular.

JACK CRAWFORD

I understand your drawing got you  
an internship at Johns Hopkins.

As we become aware of the steady rhythm of Hannibal's  
heartbeat, his nostrils flair and his eyes dilate, as he  
exhales a very calm observation.

HANNIBAL

I am beginning to suspect you are  
investigating me, Agent Crawford.

An eerie stillness as if lightning were about to strike.

JACK CRAWFORD

You were referred to me by Alana Bloom in the psychology department at Georgetown.

Hannibal's demeanor changes ever so slightly.

HANNIBAL

Most psychology departments are filled with ham radio enthusiasts and other personality-deficients. Dr. Bloom would be the exception.

JACK CRAWFORD

You mentored her during her residency at John Hopkins?

HANNIBAL

I learned as much from her as she learned from me.

JACK CRAWFORD

Showed me your paper in The Journal of Clinical Psychiatry. Evolutionary Origins of Social Exclusion.

HANNIBAL

And?

JACK CRAWFORD

Very interesting, even to a layman.

HANNIBAL

A layman? So many learned fellows going about in the halls of Behavioral Science at the F.B.I. and you consider yourself a layman?

JACK CRAWFORD

I do when I'm in your company, Doctor. I'd like you to help me with a psychological profile.

OFF Hannibal's piqued interest...

CLOSE ON - WILL

The FRAMES OF HIS GLASSES strategically positioned to block eye contact, yet giving the impression of looking at someone.

CAMERA REVEALS we are --

39 OMITTED 39  
A39 OMITTED A39  
B39 INT. F.B.I. - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY B39

Will Graham sits with Hannibal Lecter and Jack Crawford.

A CHRYON tells us we are --

**F.B.I. Academy, Quantico, Virginia**

HANNIBAL

Tell me then, how many confessions?

JACK CRAWFORD

Twelve dozen last time I checked. None of them knew details. Until this morning. Then everyone knew details. Some genius in Duluth PD took a picture of Elise Nichols' body with their phone and shared it with a few close friends. Freddy Lounds ran it on Tattlecrime.com.

WILL GRAHAM

Tasteless.

HANNIBAL

Do you have trouble with taste?

WILL GRAHAM

My thoughts are often not tasty.

HANNIBAL

Nor mine. No effective barriers.

WILL GRAHAM

I make forts.

HANNIBAL

Associations come quickly.

WILL GRAHAM

So do forts.

Hannibal notices Will avoiding looking anyone in the eye.

HANNIBAL

Not fond of eye contact, are you?

Will unapologetically continues to avoid eye contact.

WILL GRAHAM

Eyes are distracting. You see too much. You don't see enough. And it's hard to focus when you're thinking those whites are really white or they must have hepatitis, or is that a burst vein? So I try to avoid eyes whenever possible.

Hannibal isn't deflected from making his observations.

HANNIBAL

I imagine what you see and learn touches everything else in your mind. Your values and decency are present yet shocked at your associations, appalled at your dreams. No forts in the bone arena of your skull for things you love.

Hannibal has just described Will Graham to a letter, but he is not about to give him the satisfaction of knowing it.

WILL GRAHAM

Whose profile are you working on?  
(to Jack)  
Whose profile is he working on?

HANNIBAL

I'm sorry, Will. Observing is what we do. I can't shut mine off any more than you can shut yours off.

Will doesn't appreciate the intrusion into his psyche.

WILL GRAHAM

(to Jack)  
Please don't psychoanalyze me. You won't like me when I'm psychoanalyzed. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go give a lecture on psychoanalyzing.

He scoots out of his chair and EXITS, leaving Hannibal and Jack Crawford alone in the office.

JACK CRAWFORD

Keep poking him like that and those Get Smart doors are going to come down faster than you can say "Boo."

HANNIBAL

During intense conversations, does he adopt your cadence of speech?

He does and Crawford has definitely noticed it before.

JACK CRAWFORD

I thought it was a gimmick to get  
the back-and-forth going.

Hannibal studies the PHOTOS of the Minnesota murder victims.

HANNIBAL

It's involuntary. He couldn't stop  
himself if he tried.

(then)

What he has is pure empathy. And  
projection. He can assume your  
point of view, or mine -- and maybe  
some other points of view that  
scare him. It's an uncomfortable  
gift, Jack. Perception's a tool  
that's pointed on both ends.

Hannibal reads Jack Crawford in one slow blink.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

This cannibal you have him getting  
to know... I think I can help good  
Will see his face.

40-A43 OMITTED

40-A43

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

## CASSIE'S DEAD BODY

She has similar WOUNDS across her torso to the ones seen on Elise Nichols, as well as TWO LARGE PUNCTURES on her chest. The ANTLERS she is impaled on tastefully mask her nudity, along with the small MURDER OF CROWS gathered around her.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL...

## A HORRIFIC TABLEAU

Cassie's body is mounted like a TABLE TOP on ANTLER TABLE LEGS belonging to the SEVERED HEAD of a TROPHY STAG. The CROWS give the impression of guests at a dinner table.

We are --

44

EXT. MINNESOTA FIELD - MORNING

44

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK under the POLICE TAPE, which Jack Crawford and Will Graham are presently stepping over.

WILL GRAHAM

I feel like I'm dreaming.

JACK CRAWFORD

The head was reported stolen last night about a mile from here.

WILL GRAHAM

Just the head?

Brian Zeller, Beverly Katz, and Jimmy Price are combing the immediate area for forensic evidence. Jack and Will stare as Beverly and Brian Zeller attempt to shoo the crows away.

JACK CRAWFORD

Minneapolis homicide has already made a statement. They're calling him the "Minnesota Shrike."

WILL GRAHAM

Like the bird?

JIMMY PRICE

Shrike's a perching bird. Impales mice and lizards on thorny branches and barbed wire. Rips their organs right out of their bodies. Puts them in a little birdie pantry and eats them later. At its leisure.

BEVERLY KATZ

Sounds about right.

JACK CRAWFORD

Can't tell if it's sloppy or shrewd.

WILL GRAHAM

He wanted her to be found this way.  
It's the homicidal equivalent of  
fecal smearing. It's petulant. I  
almost feel like he's mocking her.

(then)

Or he's mocking us.

JACK CRAWFORD

Where'd all his love go?

WILL GRAHAM

Whoever tucked Elise Nichols into  
bed didn't paint this picture.

Brian Zeller looks up from Cassie's mounted corpse.

BRIAN ZELLER

He took her lungs. I think she was  
still alive when he cut them out.

QUICK POP TO:

THE MISSING LUNGS

Raw and cleaned. We are --

45 INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

45

Hannibal charmingly beats the air out of the lungs with a  
mallet to the strains of Strauss, pounding the lungs flat.  
He dabs his pinky into the raw lung tissue and tastes.

HANNIBAL

Pre-smoked.

46 EXT. MINNESOTA FIELD - MORNING

46

Will has finally turned away to give his soul some relief.  
Jack Crawford and Brian Zeller stand over the table that is  
CASSIE'S BODY. Beverly Katz and Jimmy Price work nearby.

WILL GRAHAM

Our cannibal loves women. He  
doesn't want to destroy them. He  
wants to consume them. Keep some  
part of them inside. This girl's  
killer thought she was a pig.

JACK CRAWFORD

You think this is a copy cat?

Will takes in the open field, considering the stage.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't know. Cannibal who killed  
Elise Nichols had a place to do it  
and no interest in field Kabuki.  
He has a house or two, or a cabin.  
Something with an antler room.

QUICK POP TO:

47 THE MISSING LUNGS - HANNIBAL LECTER'S KITCHEN 47

Hannibal dunks the offal into a gently simmering wine stock.  
Hannibal fries the meat with onions and tomatoes.

POP BACK TO:

48 EXT. MINNESOTA FIELD - CASSIE'S DEAD BODY - MORNING 48

Jack Crawford and Will Graham stare at the horrible tableau.

JACK CRAWFORD

We're already looking at Minnesota  
steamfitters and plumbers and  
people with hunting licenses.

WILL GRAHAM

He has a daughter. Same age as the  
other girls. Same hair color, same  
eye color, same height, same weight.  
She's an only child. She's leaving  
home. He can't stand the thought of  
losing her. She's his Golden Ticket.

JACK CRAWFORD

What about the Copy Cat?

WILL GRAHAM

An intelligent psychopath,  
particularly a sadist, is hard to  
catch. There's no traceable  
motive. There'll be no patterns.  
He may never kill like this again.

Will turns and crosses under the POLICE TAPE, tossing back:

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Have Dr. Lecter work up a  
psychological profile. You seem to  
be impressed with his opinion.

QUICK POP TO:

49 THE MISSING LUNGS - HANNIBAL LECTER'S DINING ROOM 49

Hannibal takes a bite and washes it down with a sip of wine.

CUT TO:

A50 EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - FIELD - NIGHT A50

Will stands underneath the sky considering the stars. An  
eerie moment of silence, then a subtle crunching of grass  
indicates Will is not alone. He glances over to see...

A RAVEN-FEATHERED STAG

It walks quietly through the meadow toward Will, who holds  
his breath, taking in the surreal vision of this beast. The  
RAVEN-FEATHERED STAG stops and watches Will. Then a SUDDEN  
KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCKING startles the stag and it BOLTS.

A CLOSED DOOR

It DISTORTS and COMES INTO FOCUS as KNOCK-KNOCK. We are --

50 INT. MINNEAPOLIS MOTEL ROOM - MORNING 50

Will wraps a robe around himself as he shuffles to the door  
wiping the fresh sleep out of his eyes. He opens the door  
REVEALING Hannibal Lecter standing outside holding two cups,  
a thermos and a small thermal food storage bag.

HANNIBAL

Good morning, Will. May I come in?

Will stares at him.

WILL GRAHAM

Where's Crawford?

HANNIBAL

Deposed in court. The adventure  
will be yours and mine today.

(then)

May I come in?

CLOSE ON SMALL TABLE

A beautifully presented breakfast for two served on tupperware containers on top of place settings. Freshly brewed coffee is poured into the two cups Hannibal carried.

POP WIDE as Hannibal peels lids off the tupperware dishes.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I'm very careful about what I put into my body. Which means I end up preparing most meals myself. A little protein scramble to start the day. Some eggs, some sausage.

Hannibal watches Will take a bite of his breakfast scramble.

WILL GRAHAM

It's delicious. Thank you.

HANNIBAL

My pleasure.

He is genuinely amused and successfully hides it.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I would apologize for my analytical ambush but I know I will soon be apologizing again and you'll tire of that eventually so I have to consider using apologies sparingly.

WILL GRAHAM

Just keep it professional.

HANNIBAL

Or we could socialize like adults, god forbid we become friendly.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't find you that interesting.

HANNIBAL

You will.

("changing the subject")

Agent Crawford tells me you have a knack for the monsters.

WILL GRAHAM

That's a superstition.

HANNIBAL

I called your good friend Dr. Bloom about you.

(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

She wouldn't gossip, not a word.  
She's very protective of you.  
Smitten, I would say. She asked me  
to keep an eye on you.

Will studies Hannibal, then decides to keep it to business.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't think the Shrike killed  
that girl in the field.

HANNIBAL

The devil is in the details. What  
didn't your Copy Cat do to the girl  
in the field? What gave it away?

WILL GRAHAM

Everything. It's like he had to  
show me a negative so I could see  
the positive. That crime scene  
was practically gift-wrapped.

HANNIBAL

The mathematics of human behavior.  
All those ugly variables. Some bad  
math with this shrike fellow. Are  
you reconstructing his fantasies?  
What kind of problems does he have?

WILL GRAHAM

He has a few.

Almost with a wink:

HANNIBAL

Ever have any problems, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

No.

HANNIBAL

Of course you don't. You and I are  
just alike. Problem free. Nothing  
about us to feel horrible about.

(then)

I think Uncle Jack sees you as a  
fragile little tea-cup, the finest  
china used for only special guests.

WILL GRAHAM

How do you see me?

HANNIBAL

The mongoose I want under the house  
when the snakes slither by.

(then)

Finish your breakfast.

A51 INT. RENT-A-CAR - DAY

A51

Will throws the car into park and begins to unbuckle his seat  
belt when he notices Hannibal smiling.

WILL GRAHAM

What are you smiling about?

HANNIBAL

Peeking behind the curtain. Curious  
how the FBI goes about its business  
when it isn't kicking in doors.

WILL GRAHAM

We're lucky we're not doing house  
to house interviews.

(then)

We found a little piece of metal in  
the clothes Elise Nichols had on.  
A shred from a pipe threader.

HANNIBAL

Jack Crawford wants me to make sure  
you're of sound mind and body... to  
look for metal pipethreaders?

Will can't help but smile himself.

WILL GRAHAM

That's between you and Jack.

HANNIBAL

Must be hundreds of construction  
sites all over Minnesota.

WILL GRAHAM

Certain kinda metal. Certain kinda  
pipe. Certain kinda pipe coating.  
So we're looking at construction  
sites that use that kinda pipe.

HANNIBAL

And what are we looking for?

WILL GRAHAM

At this stage, anything really.  
But mostly anything peculiar.

51 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY 51

Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter step out of their rental car and cross toward a CAMPER TRAILER OFFICE.

52 INT. CAMPER TRAILER OFFICE - DAY 52

A flustered, mildly suspicious secretary named DIXIE stares at Will and Hannibal leafing through pages as she talks on the phone in an ineffective hushed tone.

DIXIE

(to phone)

Two fellas from the F.B.I. They're going through drawers now. Putting papers in file boxes. Yes. They're taking things. No. They didn't say whe -- Yes, they can.

(to Will and Hannibal)

What did you say your names were?

Just then, Will finds a resignation letter of note.

WILL GRAHAM

Garret Jacob Hobbs.

DIXIE

One of our pipe threaders. Those are all the resignation letters. Plumbers union requires them whenever members finish a job.

(to phone)

I'll call you back.

Dixie hangs up the phone and scoots out from around her desk.

WILL GRAHAM

Did Mr. Hobbs have a daughter?

DIXIE

Might have.

WILL GRAHAM

Eighteen or nineteen, wind-chaffed? Plain but pretty? She would have auburn hair. About this tall.

DIXIE

Maybe. I don't know. I don't keep company with these people.

HANNIBAL  
(to Will)  
What is it about Garret Jacob Hobbs  
you find so peculiar?

WILL GRAHAM  
Left a phone number. No address.

HANNIBAL  
Therefore he has something to hide?

Will shrugs, not putting too much weight on the matter.

WILL GRAHAM  
Everyone else left an address.  
(then, to Dixie)  
You have an address for Mr. Hobbs?

CUT TO:

53 EXT. CAMPER TRAILER OFFICE - DAY 53

Will, Hannibal and Dixie haul file boxes from the make-shift office building to the trunk of their rental car.

Hannibal allows himself to knock a box out of the trunk, scattering papers. Will and Dixie stoop to pick them up.

WILL GRAHAM  
I got it.

As Will and Dixie pick up the pages, Hannibal returns to:

54 INT. CAMPER TRAILER OFFICE - DAY 54

Hannibal waits as the door hinges closed and latches with a CLICK, watching Dixie and Will clean up the mess he made. Satisfied, Hannibal picks up the phone with his sleeve.

55 INT. HOBBS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING 55

A bright, intelligent young woman, ABIGAIL HOBBS (seen earlier), answers the PHONE her mother LOUISE (40s) and father JACOB (40s) are preparing breakfast in the background. Abigail is a Minnesota girl like Elise Nichols and the rest.

A CHYRON tells us we are --

**BLOOMINGTON, MINNESOTA**

ABIGAIL  
Hello? Just a second.  
(to her father)  
Dad. It's for you.

JACOB

Who is it?

ABIGAIL

Caller i.d. said it was work.

She hands Jacob the phone and he presses it to his ear.

JACOB

Hello.

56

INT. CAMPER TRAILER OFFICE - MORNING

56

Hannibal speaks simply and clearly into the office phone:

HANNIBAL

Mister Garrett Jacob Hobbs?

JACOB

Yes.

HANNIBAL

You don't know me and I suspect we'll never meet. This is a courtesy call. Listen very carefully. Are you listening?

JACOB

Yes.

HANNIBAL

They know.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

CLOSE ON - WILL GRAHAM

REFLECTIVE LIGHT flashes across his BLOOD-SPATTERED face, illuminating his eyes. His clothes are also BLOOD-STAINED. Something horrible happened since the last time we saw Will.

ALL SOUND IS DULLED and the AMBIENT NOISE of Will's circulatory system provides an organic hum. He stares into-middle-distance as CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL we are --

57 EXT. HOBBS HOUSE - DAY -- ESTABLISHING 57

A cozy, well-kept tract home stands unobtrusively amongst aesthetically similar homes. BLOOD-SPATTERED Will leans against his rental car idling across the street.

A circus of AMBULANCES, PARAMEDICS, POLICE CARS and OFFICERS.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He takes a breath, exhales, then closes his eyes.

A PENDULUM

It swings in the darkness of Will's mind. FWUM. FWUM. FWUM.

ON WILL GRAHAM

His eyes are still closed. The PENDULUM is now outside his head. It swings in front of his eyes, wiping away the POLICE CARS and OFFICERS. FWUM. The PENDULUM swings across his bloodied face and the horrible streaks of madness vanish.

Will opens his eyes. We are --

58 EXT. HOBBS HOUSE - CAR - DAY 58

The crime scene has now been decriminalized in Will's mind.

Will pops an Aspirin behind the wheel of the rental car. Lector unbuckles his seatbelt on the passenger side. Will thinks a moment before getting out.

Hannibal smiles, a hint of excitement.

59 EXT. HOBBS HOUSE - DAY - SLOWER MOTION 59

Will walks purposefully to the front door, trying his best not to look uncomfortable. Hannibal purposefully lags behind. Will is halfway to the door when it suddenly opens:

LOUISE HOBBS

Bleeding and wheezing, she is shoved down the porch steps in a heap, the door slamming shut behind her.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He rushes to DYING LOUISE HOBBS. Her alabaster skin in sharp contrast to the crimson pouring out of it. Multiple wounds puncture her torso and arms. She grasps haltingly for Will, streaking him with her blood.

Her cold hand clutches his wrist as her body spasms. She's already gone and Will knows this.

He pries her slick, red fingers from his wrist, trying not to see the last flickers of pain and fear exciting her face.

THE DOOR

Will smashes into it with everything he's got. It's hard to say whether the sickening crack was from his shoulder or the its wood frame. He gives it a well-placed kick, and another, splintering it little-by-little until he can stumble INSIDE.

ON HANNIBAL LECTOR

He strolls casually up the walk, barely glancing at the lifeless body of Louise Hobbs stepping deliberately over it.

He pauses in the broken doorway, listening closely.

HARD CUT TO:

60 INT. HOBBS HOUSE - MAIN FLOOR - DAY 60

The wild-eyed contrast to Dr. Lector, WILL GRAHAM works his way from room to room, gun first. Adrenaline allows him to ignore the splatters of blood defacing the walls and floors.

WILL GRAHAM  
Garret Jacob Hobbs? F.B.I.

Will stops cold at the sight before him as he moves into:

61 INT. HOBBS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 61

Garrett Jacob Hobbs behind his DAUGHTER, ABIGAIL, slashing at her throat. The wide-eyed girl has her weight against him, chin tucked down, gasping for air.

TIME SLOWS TO A CRAWL as the SOUND YIELDS to the AMBIENT NOISE of Will's circulatory system.

Will raises his pistol. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. He fires into Hobbs's exposed upper chest, one after another. Hobbs doesn't go down. He keeps slashing. Will keeps shooting.

BLAM. BLAM.

With one last deep cut, Hobbs finally falls. Hannibal steps into the kitchen, his inscrutable expression suddenly registering genuine pity and regret as he sees:

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Her struggle to breath underscored by the WHEEZE of air through her slashed wind-pipe. Will applies pressure to the wounds, scooping Abigail onto his lap. He looks up to see:

GARRET JACOB HOBBS

He hisses at Will Graham through dying, jagged breath.

JACOB

See? See?

Will's eyes are glazed. He's shutting down. Behind him:

ON HANNIBAL

He moves swiftly to Abigail, addressing her wounds as she stares at her dying father even as her own life ebbs. Will gently raises her glassy eyes to his own as Hannibal works.

Will doesn't look away.

MATCH CUT TO:

62 BLOOD SPATTERED WILL GRAHAM 62

He leans against the rental car staring at the CRIME SCENE CIRCUS. He watches as PARAMEDICS haul Abigail into the back of their AMBULANCE. Hannibal continues to hold her hand, crawling in beside her as a PARAMEDIC pulls the doors shut.

CUT TO:

63 OMITTED 63

64 OMITTED 64

65 INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - HALLWAY - MORNING 65

CAMERA FOLLOWS JACK CRAWFORD down the corridor toward Will Graham's lecture hall.

But when he gets to the door he notices instead of Will Graham at the front of the class, it's Dr. Alana Bloom mid-lecture. Crawford knocks to get her attention. She crosses to the door and opens it a crack.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Where's Graham?

She considers Crawford and how to answer him best, then:

ALANA BLOOM  
You said he wouldn't get too close.

Before Jack can respond, she as respectfully as possible closes the door in his face and returns to her lecture.

66 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - MORNING 66

Will walks under the horrible glare of hospital fluorescents, passing HOSPITAL SECURITY as he rounds a corner turning into:

67 INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - MORNING 67

Will ENTERS to find Abigail Hobbs integrated into an elaborate weave of life-saving technology. CAMERA REVEALS sleeping in a chair next to her bed is HANNIBAL LECTER.

He's holding her hand, offering a tiny comfort.

Will Graham quietly sits in the empty chair next to Lecter watching his unconscious care for the girl they both saved.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END