

Executive Producer: Bryan Fuller
Executive Producer: Martha De Laurentiis
Executive Producer: Jesse Alexander
Executive Producer: Chris Brancato



HANNIBAL

"Amuse-Bouche"

Written by
Jim Danger Gray

Directed by
Michael Rymer

Based on the characters created by
Thomas Harris

Prod. #102/Air #102

Final Shooting Script

PROPERTY OF:
GAUMONT INTERNATIONAL TELEVISION LLC

©2012 CHISWICK PRODUCTIONS LLC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NO PORTIONS OF THIS SCRIPT MAY BE PERFORMED, OR REPRODUCED BY ANY MEANS, OR QUOTED, OR PUBLISHED IN ANY MEDIUM WITHOUT THE PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF GAUMONT INTERNATIONAL TELEVISION LLC.

HANNIBAL
"Amuse-Bouche"

TEASER

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

CLOSE ON A GUN UNLOADING

CAMERA REVEALS it's being fired by Will Graham.

WIDENING, we see that Will is standing in a stall at:

1 EXT. FBI SHOOTING RANGE - QUANTICO, VA -- DAY 1 1

Gunshots in the stalls around him ring in his ears, but he's focused on his target -- gazing uncomfortably at it. He pulls off his safety glasses, setting his pistol down and trying and failing to measure his breath.

REVERSING, we see what's got him so worked up:

A dead-eyed GARRET JACOB HOBBS at the end of the alley. He appears to glide toward Will menacingly...

ON WILL

He fumbles for his pistol, re-loading with shaking hands before he FIRES. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM the bullets rip through Hobbs like paper, leaving clean holes and no blood.

Garrett Jacob Hobbs doesn't stop, continuing to advance even as Will fires a barrage of bullets: BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM...

CUT TO:

2 INT. F.B.I. S.U.V. - BACKSEAT - DAY 1 2

Will wakes with a small start as JACK CRAWFORD KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCKS on the window he's presently using as a pillow.

JACK CRAWFORD

We're here.

3 EXT. RUSTIC HUNTING CABIN - MINNESOTA - DAY 1 - ESTABLISHING 3

A cold wind whips dead leaves around the eerie animal-skull-covered cabin where Garret Jacob Hobbs committed his murders.

A CHYRON tells us we are --

CHIPPEWA NATIONAL FOREST, MINNESOTA

4

INT. RUSTIC HUNTING CABIN - MINNESOTA - DAY 1

4

CAMERA TRACKS along a WALL of ANTLERS. No trace of actual wall is visible through the bramble, now covered in F.B.I. EVIDENCE BAGS, barely concealing the antlers underneath.

CAMERA comes to REST on the centerpiece of this macabre facade: THE MASSIVE RACK OF A MATURE STAG, chalky-white branches contrasted against crown-tines purpled by DRY BLOOD.

WIDENING, we find --

Will, transfixed by the horrifying cage of bones around him. Every inch of wall, floor and ceiling is obscured by layers of antler under a veil-like evidence bag. Will focuses on the bloody stag rack, cutting through the bag to look closer.

He turns, examining the rest of the room. Will looks around the room from this horrible vantage point.

The door to the little shack creaks open as Jack steps quietly in, a steady unease about him. Will doesn't look up.

WILL GRAHAM

Could be a permanent installation
in your Evil Minds museum.

JACK CRAWFORD

What we learn from Garret Jacob
Hobbs will help us catch the next
Garret Jacob Hobbs. There are
still seven bodies unaccounted for.

WILL GRAHAM

Because he ate them.

JACK CRAWFORD

Had to be parts he didn't eat.

WILL GRAHAM

Not necessarily.

Jack considers the magnitude of the room, coldly disturbed.

JACK CRAWFORD

What if Hobbs wasn't eating alone.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
A lot of work. Disappearing these girls, butchering them and then worse. All without leaving a shred of anything outside of this room.

Will considers that a moment, then:

WILL GRAHAM
Someone he hunted with?

JACK CRAWFORD
Or someone in a coma. Who happens to also be someone he hunted with.

Will closes his eyes and we...

QUICK POP TO:

5

INT. JOHNS HOPKINS - ABIGAIL'S ROOM - NIGHT - MEMORY FLASH

5

Will stands over comatose Abigail in her bed, holding her hand, feeling responsible. He is silent.

BACK TO:

6

INT. RUSTIC HUNTING CABIN - DAY 1 - RESUMING

6

As before. Will opens his eyes, still digesting:

WILL GRAHAM
Abigail Hobbs is a suspect?

JACK CRAWFORD
We've been conducting house-to-house interviews around the Hobbs residence and this property.

WILL GRAHAM
What's the gossip?

JACK CRAWFORD
Hobbs and his daughter spent a lot of time together. They spent a lot of time together here. She would be the ideal bait, wouldn't she?

He studies the floor around him, eyes catching on something.

WILL GRAHAM
Hobbs killed alone.

Will's tone is definitive and Jack doesn't press the issue, but most certainly takes note of it.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Will uses the tweezers in his pocket to tweeze something off an evidence bag, holding up a long, red hair in the tweezers.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Someone else was here.

CUT TO:

7 INT. MOTEL ROOM - MINNESOTA

7

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON the bare back of FREDDIE LOUNDS sitting naked at a weathered motel desk, working at her LAPTOP connected to a larger portable monitor. Her long red hair cascades over her shoulders, recently showered.

VARIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS of the ANTLER ROOM "slideshow" across her monitor, as they are downloading from an expensive camera.

ON THE MONITOR

Freddie drags a PICTURE of the ANTLER ROOM under a banner reading "IN THE MINNESOTA SHRIKE'S NEST: EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS."

She does click-clicking on her keyboard and clicks "UPLOAD."

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

8 INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - HALLWAY - QUANTICO - DAY 1 8

CAMERA FOLLOWS WILL GRAHAM down the corridor toward his lecture hall. He peers through the window of his classroom.

A CHYRON tells us we are--

FBI ACADEMY, QUANTICO, VA

Pushing his glasses up, Will takes a breath and steps into --

9 INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - LECTURE HALL - QUANTICO - DAY 1 9

--where, to his surprise, he's greeted with a standing ovation from his students. The clapping stops him cold. Will waves them off, uncomfortable.

WILL GRAHAM

Thank you. Please stop that.

The applause peters out. Will dumps his briefcase on the desk and dives right into the lecture. He dims the lights, bringing up a slide of Hobbs's resignation letter.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

This is how I caught Garret Jacob Hobbs. It's his resignation letter. Anybody see the clue?

A few hands go into the air. Will ignores them.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

There isn't one. He wrote a letter, left his phone number... but no address. That's it.

CLICK. Will advances to the next slide and we POP CLOSE on the crime scene photo of the Hobbs kitchen -- dead Hobbs, blood everywhere. It's horrific.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Bad bookkeeping and dumb luck.

We POP CLOSE on the picture -- and Will suddenly walks into frame before we realize we are:

10 INT. HOBBS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (**FOOTAGE FROM EP 101**) 10

Abigail Hobbs on the floor, her struggle to breathe underscored by the WHEEZE of air through her slashed wind-pipe. Will applies pressure to the wounds, cradling her head in his lap. He looks up to see:

GARRET JACOB HOBBS

He hisses at Will through jagged, dying teeth.

HOBBS

See?

SMASH BACK TO:

11 INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - LECTURE HALL - DAY 1 - RESUMING 11

Will quickly clicks to the next slide: A PICTURE OF GARRET JACOB HOBBS and HIS DAUGHTER ABIGAIL in happier times, SMILING AFTER A HUNTING TRIP.

WILL GRAHAM

Garret Jacob Hobbs is dead. The question now is how to stop those his story is going to inspire.

Will studies the picture, taking stock of the happy Abigail before -- CLICK: Cassie, splayed across the rack of a stag, jumps onto the overhead screen.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

He's already got one admirer.

12 INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - HALLWAY - ON ALANA BLOOM 12

She hurries down the corridor toward Will's lecture hall.

13 INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - LECTURE HALL - QUANTICO - DAY 1 13

Alana ENTERS as the TRAINEES file out of the classroom. Will is actively avoiding eye-contact with the students filing out, but somehow immediately notices Alana's arrival.

WILL GRAHAM

Hi.

ALANA BLOOM

How are you, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

(smiles)

I have no idea.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA BLOOM

That may change. I didn't want you
to be ambushed --

WILL GRAHAM

Is this an ambush?

ALANA BLOOM

Ambush is later. Immediately
later, soon to now. When Jack
arrives consider yourself ambushed.

Jack Crawford ENTERS, navigating the last of the TRAINEES.

WILL GRAHAM

Here's Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

How was class?

WILL GRAHAM

They applauded, it was inappropriate.

JACK CRAWFORD

Review board begs to differ. You're
up for a commendation and they
okayed active return to the field.

Will takes this in, between pleased and apprehensive.

ALANA BLOOM

Question is... do you want to go
back in the field.

JACK CRAWFORD

I want you to go back in the field,
but I told the Board I'm
recommending a psych evaluation.

Will glances to Alana, who apologizes with a look.

WILL GRAHAM

Are we starting now?

ALANA BLOOM

Session wouldn't be with me.

JACK CRAWFORD

Hannibal Lecter might be a better
fit. Your relationship's not as
personal. But if you'd be more
comfortable with Dr. Bloom--

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not going to be comfortable
with anybody inside my head.

ALANA BLOOM

You've never killed someone before,
Will. It's a deadly force
encounter. It's a lot to digest.

WILL GRAHAM

I used to work homicide. I've got
a good metabolism.

JACK CRAWFORD

Reason you currently "used to" work
homicide is you couldn't stomach
pulling the trigger. You just
pulled the trigger ten times.

WILL GRAHAM

So Psych Eval's not a formality?

JACK CRAWFORD

It's so I can sleep. I asked you
to get close to Hobbs and I need to
know you didn't get too close. How
many times have you spent the night
in Abigail Hobbs' hospital room?

WILL GRAHAM

Therapy doesn't work on me.

JACK CRAWFORD

'Cause you won't let it.

WILL GRAHAM

'Cause I know all the tricks.

JACK CRAWFORD

Un-learn some tricks.

ALANA BLOOM

Why not have a conversation with
Hannibal. He was there. He knows
what you went through.

JACK CRAWFORD

I need my beauty sleep, Will.

Will bristles. Alana offers him a supportive smile. OFF WILL:

14 INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - EVENING 1 14

The door OPENS and Hannibal speaks to his next patient:

HANNIBAL
Good evening. Please come in.

CAMERA FINDS Will Graham sitting inscrutably, waiting.

15 INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - EVENING 1 15

HANNIBAL LECTER in his office, a prescient smile tickling the corners of his mouth as he sits with WILL GRAHAM. Hannibal slides a piece of high-quality stationary across the table.

WILL GRAHAM
What's this?

HANNIBAL
Your Psychological Evaluation.
You're totally functional and more
or less sane. Well done.

WILL GRAHAM
Did you just rubber stamp me?

HANNIBAL
Jack Crawford may lay his weary
head to rest knowing he didn't
break you and our conversation can
proceed unobstructed by paperwork.

Will studies Hannibal a moment, then:

WILL GRAHAM
Jack thinks I need therapy.

HANNIBAL
I'm not sure therapy will work on
you. Stealing into other minds has
taught you how to fortify your own.

WILL GRAHAM
That's what I said.

HANNIBAL
What you need is a way out of dark
places when Jack sends you there.

The simplicity of that strikes Will.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

Last time he sent me into a dark
place I brought something back.

HANNIBAL

A surrogate daughter?

Will debates arguing the suggestion, then doesn't.

WILL GRAHAM

Not cause I got too close to Hobbs.

HANNIBAL

You saved Abigail Hobbs' life. You
also orphaned her. It comes with
certain emotional obligations,
regardless of empathy disorders.

WILL GRAHAM

You were there. You saved her
life, too. Do you feel obligated?

HANNIBAL

I feel a staggering amount of
obligation. I feel responsibility.
I've fantasized about scenarios
where my actions may have allowed a
different fate for Abigail Hobbs.

Will studies Hannibal, feeling a sense of camaraderie.

WILL GRAHAM

Jack thinks Abigail Hobbs might've
helped her dad kill those girls.

A long silence, then:

HANNIBAL

How does that make you feel?

WILL GRAHAM

How does it make you feel?

HANNIBAL

I find it vulgar.

WILL GRAHAM

Me, too.

HANNIBAL

And entirely possible.

WILL GRAHAM
It's not what happened.

HANNIBAL
Jack will ask her when she wakes up
or he'll have one of us ask her.

WILL GRAHAM
Is this therapy or a support group?

HANNIBAL
It's whatever you need it to be.
Will, the mirrors in your mind can
reflect the best of yourself and
not the worst of someone else.

A moment as that sinks in. OFF Will, CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY 2

CAMERA FOLLOWS THREE WILDLIFE EXPLORERS (TROY, STEVE, JASON
ages 11, 12, 13) as they stomp through the dense vegetation
into a clearing. The boys stop short as Troy approaches a
BURLAP SACK covering what may be some kind of vegetable.

TROY
I bet it's marijuana.

STEVE
They're tomatoes. The sack is to
keep the raccoons from eating them.

TROY
Why would you grow tomatoes all the
way out here? It's marijuana.

Troy slowly pulls the Burlap Sack off to REVEAL A HUMAN ARM
protruding from the ground, stock-like, the base sprouting a
quilt-work of NEST-SHAPED MUSHROOMS. The boys' jaws drop.

JASON
That's not marijuana.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the small clearing is filled with
SIX MORE BURLAP SACKS, horror hiding under each one of them.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

CLOSE ON A GUN UNLOADING

CAMERA REVEALS it's being fired by Will Graham.

WIDENING, we see that Will is standing in a stall at:

17

EXT. FBI SHOOTING RANGE - QUANTICO, VA -- DAY 2

17

Will blasts away once more at his target. He returns the target from down-range, unhappy with his accuracy but pleased he's not seeing Hobbs. He doesn't notice the arrival of:

BEVERLY KATZ (O.S.)

I'm pretty sure firearm "accuracy"
isn't a prerequisite for teaching.

Will finds BEVERLY KATZ behind him, looking on. She smiles.

WILL GRAHAM

I've been in the field before.

BEVERLY KATZ

Now you're back in the saddle. Ish.

WILL GRAHAM

Ish, indeed.

(then)

It took me ten shots to drop Hobbs.

Will turns back to the target; his bullet holes are all over the place.

BEVERLY KATZ

Zeller wanted to give you the bullets he pulled out of Hobbs in an acrylic case, but I told him you wouldn't think it was funny.

WILL GRAHAM

Probably not.

He throws a fresh target on the clips, sends it down range.

BEVERLY KATZ

I suggested he turn them into a Newton's Cradle, one of those clacking swinging ball things.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

Now that would have been funny.

He fires and misses the target entirely.

BEVERLY KATZ

Are you a Weaver or isosceles guy?

WILL GRAHAM

I have a rotator-cuff issue, so I
have to use the Weaver stance.

He assumes the position, demonstrating. Beverly studies him.
She puts a hand on his right shoulder, pressing down gently.

BEVERLY KATZ

You are tight.

WILL GRAHAM

I got stabbed when I was a cop.

BEVERLY KATZ

I got stabbed in the third grade.
With a number 2 pencil. Thought I
was going to get lead poisoning.

WILL GRAHAM

No lead in a pencil. Graphite.

BEVERLY KATZ

Now you tell me.

She reaches around and flares out his left elbow instead.

BEVERLY KATZ (CONT'D)

See if that helps with the recoil.

Will exhales and BLAM! BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! He drills the target
in a much tighter cluster. Beverly returns the target.

WILL GRAHAM

It's better. You come all the way
down here to teach me how to shoot?

BEVERLY KATZ

No, Jack sent me down here to find
out what you know about gardening.

OFF WILL:

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON A NEST-SHAPED MUSHROOM

Pleurotus Nidiformis to be exact, its stem sprouting from a quilt-work of moist SOIL and DECAYING MATTER. Suddenly, the soil and decay (along with the mushroom) are parted to expose the broken-down, yet unmistakable features of a HUMAN FACE.

CAMERA REVEALS the face belongs to a naked MAN being pulled from the ground by EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIANS.

Not that his nakedness is an issue, as most of the man's body is covered in a morbidly vibrant kingdom of fungus and mold.

We are --

The EMT's place a BODY-BAGGED BODY on a gurney and wheel him towards an AMBULANCE, leaving FIVE MORE OCCUPIED BODY BAGS waiting for transport. As they pass, CAMERA FINDS Will and Jack slipping under the police tape cordoning off the area.

JACK CRAWFORD

Lecter gave you the "all clear."
Maybe therapy does work on you.

WILL GRAHAM

Therapy is an acquired taste I have yet to acquire but sure served your purpose. I'm back in the field.

Jack eyes Will, feeling the dismissal of his Psych Eval.

JACK CRAWFORD

Local police found more small animal traps in the surrounding woods. They even discovered a thirty gallon drum of pesticide hidden in a hollow tree along with a rusted Radio Flyer wagon.

WILL GRAHAM

Didn't want his "crop" disturbed.

JACK CRAWFORD

All that's missing is a scarecrow.

They approach BEVERLY KATZ, BRIAN ZELLER, and JIMMY PRICE. Behind them, the FBI'S CSI TEAM works to carefully unearth the three remaining buried victims from their shallow graves.

JIMMY PRICE

Seven bodies, various stages of
decay, all very well fertilized.

Beverly reaches into a grave containing a partially
uncovered, FUNGUS-RAVAGED CORPSE (its EYES, NOSE, and MOUTH
covered in DUCT TAPE) and palms a handful of BLACK SOIL --
much different than the brown clay walls of the grave.

BEVERLY KATZ

He buried them in a high-nutrient
compost. He was enthusiastically
encouraging decomposition.

JIMMY PRICE

Patient way to dispose of a body.

BRIAN ZELLER

They were buried alive with the
intention of keeping them that way.
At least for a little while.

JIMMY PRICE

Long enough for the fungus to eat
any distinguishing features and
make it nearly impossible to tell
how long they'd been in the ground.

Zellar points to a CATHETER in the victim's outstretched arm,
which we now see is supported by a SECTION of REBAR.

BRIAN ZELLER

Line and rebar were to administer
intravenous fluids after burial.
He was feeding them something.

WILL GRAHAM

No restraints? They weren't bound?
Nothing to stop them crawling out?

JIMMY PRICE

Just dirt.

Beverly pulls a TINY BRUSH from the KIT on her belt. She
clears the debris from under the corpse's nose and pulls back
the duct tape revealing a BREATHING TUBE jammed into its
nostrils. She points OFF CAMERA.

BEVERLY KATZ

The other end of the air supply
system comes up over there.

(CONTINUED)

Will turns to find a small UMBRELLA in the grass. Pulling on a rubber glove, he picks up the umbrella to FIND an exposed piece of TUBING sticking out of the ground.

BEVERLY KATZ (CONT'D)

It isn't a very considerate clean air solution, which clearly wasn't a priority. Cause he's not lazy.

WILL GRAHAM

No, he's not.

Will stares at the corpse in the garden grave.

JACK CRAWFORD

Let's clear the scene.

Jack herds Zeller, Price, and Beverly, along with straggling E.M.T.s and LOCAL POLICE out of the clearing and back into the surrounding woods, away from Will and the graves.

INCLUDE THE SURROUNDING POLICE LINE

The THREE WILDLIFE EXPLORER SCOUTS seen earlier and THEIR PARENTS crane their necks from behind the CRIME SCENE TAPE. FREDDIE LOUNDS stands among them surreptitiously snapping photos of Will as Jack leads the others away. She lowers her camera and sidles up beside local DETECTIVE PASCAL.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Excuse me. I'm one of the parents of the Explorers who found the bodies. I wanted to thank you for being so good with all the boys.

DETECTIVE PASCAL

Those boys were very brave.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

They are good boys.

(then)

You're a local police detective?

DETECTIVE PASCAL

Yes, ma'am.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Would it be an imposition to ask a few things? The boys are gonna have questions and I just want to be as honest with them as I can.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE PASCAL

Of course.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Can you tell me what that man is doing over there by himself?

DETECTIVE PASCAL

That guy? He's some kinda special consultant. Works with the F.B.I.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Huh.

OFF Freddie's intrigue, BACK TO:

ON WILL

He takes a deep, calming breath, exhales, closes his eyes.

A PENDULUM

It swings in the darkness of Will's mind, keeping rhythm with his heart beat. FWUM. FWUM. All sound is muffled then buried beneath the ORGANIC HUM of his CIRCULATORY SYSTEM.

ON A NEST-SHAPED MUSHROOM (STOCK FOOTAGE)

FWUM. FWUM. The FUNGUS SHRINKS in a stylistic device, REWINDING Will to a time before the last burial. FWUM.

ON WILL

His eyes are closed. FWUM. FWUM. The PENDULUM is now outside his head. It swings in front of Will and the EXHUMED GARDEN GRAVES are now a small field of BURLAP SACK COVERED ARMS -- save for ONE OPEN GRAVE. Next to the grave is the RADIO FLYER WAGON overflowing with moist, BLACK DIRT. FWUM.

Will Graham opens his eyes and walks BACKWARDS toward the edge of the clearing and into the surrounding woods.

FWUM. FWUM. The PENDULUM STOPS SWINGING, snapping into place as Will snaps into a very clear FOCUS.

AT THE POLICE LINE

Freddie Lounds and Detective Pascal watch Will's seemingly strange process from behind the Crime Scene Tape. Detective Pascal notices that the Wildlife Explorers are being gathered up by their Parents and moved off.

(CONTINUED)

He indicates to Freddie, who has also caught the eye of Brian Zeller on the other side of the CRIME SCENE TAPE:

DETECTIVE PASCAL

I think your family is leaving.

Freddie can't take her eyes off Will Graham's peculiarities.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

We drove separately.

CLOSE ON A SHOVEL

Will digs the shovel into the moist, black dirt. CAMERA POPS WIDE to reveal Will is now standing over a NAKED MAN lying on his back in a shallow open grave.

Will speaks as he shoves an OXYGEN TUBE into the man's nose, then covers his eyes and mouth with DUCT-TAPED, then tethers his to a piece of REBAR, fixing the catheter in place.

WILL GRAHAM

I choose this man. I do not bind his arm or legs as I bury him in a shallow grave. He is alive but will never be conscious again.

Climbing out, Will shovels a load of compost from the wagon and holds it over the man, preparing to dump it on him.

Will dumps the dirt into the grave, covering the man. Will turns away to get more dirt from the Radio Flyer wagon.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

He won't know he's dying. I don't need him to. This is my design.

However, when Will turns back to the grave, he stops cold. CAMERA REVEALS WILL'S POV: GARRET JACOB HOBBS is now lying in the grave leering up at him. ALL SOUND ABRUPTLY DROPS OUT as Will stares, caught in a vacuum unable to breath. He squeezes his eyes shut, jagged breath threaten hyperventilation.

Will focuses and finally opens his eyes, looking back into the open grave. There is NO GARRET JACOB HOBBS. Only a man's body covered in morbidly vibrant FUNGUS AND MOLDS. Will breaths a sigh of relief, relieved to be alone with the dead.

Then SNATCH! The FUNGUS COVERED ARM GRABS Will by the wrist, a rattled, wet gasp signals a sharp in-take of air.

HE'S STILL ALIVE! Terrified, Will SCREAMS in abject horror.

(CONTINUED)

AT THE POLICE LINE

Freddie cranes her head over Detective Pascal's shoulder as Will's sudden scream draws everyone's attention. Freddie watches Crawford, Zeller, Price and Katz race toward Will.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Looks like you got a live one.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - BALTIMORE - EVENING 2

Will pushes the high-quality letterhead bearing Hannibal Lecter's Psych Eval back toward the man himself.

WILL GRAHAM

This may have been premature.

Hannibal slides the letterhead back toward Will.

HANNIBAL

They'll revoke my rubber stamp.

WILL GRAHAM

Maybe they should.

HANNIBAL

What did you see? Out in the field?

Will considers the question, debating how to answer, then:

WILL GRAHAM

Hobbs.

HANNIBAL

An association?

WILL GRAHAM

A hallucination. I saw him lying there... in someone else's grave.

HANNIBAL

Did you tell Jack what you saw?

WILL GRAHAM

No.

HANNIBAL

It's stress. Not worth reporting.
The mechanism that distinguishes
conscious perceptions from internal
perceptions misfired. You displaced
the victim of another killer's
crime with what could arguably be
considered your victim.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't consider Hobbs my victim.

HANNIBAL

What do you consider him?

WILL GRAHAM

Dead.

HANNIBAL

Is it harder imagining the thrill
somebody else feels killing now
that you've done it yourself?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

Hannibal appreciates the simple honesty of Will's answer.

HANNIBAL

The arms. Why did he leave them
exposed? To hold their hands?
Feel the life leaving their body?

WILL GRAHAM

Too esoteric for someone who took
the time to bury his victims in a
straight line. He's more practical.

HANNIBAL

He was cultivating them?

WILL GRAHAM

He was keeping them alive. Feeding
them fluids intravenously.

HANNIBAL

Your farmer let his crops die, save
for the one that didn't.

WILL GRAHAM

The one that didn't died on the way
to the hospital.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

They weren't crops. They were the fertilizer. The bodies were covered in fungus.

HANNIBAL

Mycelium kill forests over and over, building deeper soil to grow larger and larger trees.

WILL GRAHAM

If it were just about the soil, why bother keeping the victims alive?

HANNIBAL

The structure of a fungus mirrors that of the human brain. An intricate web of connections.

WILL GRAHAM

Maybe he admires their ability to connect the way human minds can't.

HANNIBAL

Yours can.

WILL GRAHAM

Not physically. Not with reciprocity.

HANNIBAL

Is that what your Farmer is looking for? Some sort of connection.

CAMERA MOVES INTO the wall of Hannibal's office...

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - EVENING 2

CAMERA FINDS a HIGH-POWERED MICROPHONE, like a STETHOSCOPE, held against the wall. CAMERA FOLLOWS the thin cable of the HIGH-POWERED MICROPHONE to its source. Freddie Lounds sits in the waiting room, her bag at her side, eavesdropping on Hannibal and Will Graham's therapy session via EAR BUDS.

A moment as Freddie listens, then a QUICK SCRAMBLE as she pulls the HIGH-POWERED MICROPHONE away from the wall, winding EAR BUDS around her fist then stuffing them in her pocket.

The DOOR suddenly swings OPEN REVEALING Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

Good evening. Please come in, Miss Kimball.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Freddie Lounds smiles, picks up her bag and follows the good Doctor. OFF Hannibal closing the door behind her...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

21 INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - BALTIMORE - NIGHT 2 21

Hannibal sits in a high-backed chair opposite Freddie Lounds.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I've never seen a psychiatrist before and I'm unfortunately thorough. So you're one of three doctors I'm interviewing. It's more or less a bake-off.

HANNIBAL

I'm very supportive of bake-offs. It's important you find someone you're comfortable with.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I can imagine you as my therapist, which is good. If I couldn't visualize opening up emotionally, I know it would be a problem.

HANNIBAL

May I ask why now?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Would it be alright if I asked you a few questions first?

HANNIBAL

Of course.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I love that you've written so much on social exclusion. Since that's why I'm here, I was wondering --

HANNIBAL

(cutting her off)

Are you Freddie Lounds?

It's as though he snatched the air right out of her throat.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I am so embarrassed.

HANNIBAL

You should be. This is unethical even for a tabloid journalist.

(CONTINUED)

FREDDIE LOUNDS
I'm a criminal justice journalist.

HANNIBAL
I'm afraid I must ask for your bag.

FREDDIE LOUNDS
What?

HANNIBAL
Your bag, please hand it over. I'd
rather not take it from you.
Please.

Freddie Lounds realizes from the tone of his voice that he
would take the bag from her, so she does as instructed.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Thank you.

He takes the bag, places it by his side.

FREDDIE LOUNDS
I was recording our conversation.

HANNIBAL
Our conversation? Yours and mine?

FREDDIE LOUNDS
Yes.

HANNIBAL
No other conversation?

FREDDIE LOUNDS
No.

HANNIBAL
You were very persistent about your
appointment time. How did you know
when Will Graham would be here?

FREDDIE LOUNDS
I may have also recorded your
session with Will Graham.

HANNIBAL
You didn't answer the question.
How did you know?

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

FREDDIE LOUNDS
I can't answer that question.

QUICK POP TO:

22 A SEXY, SWEATY, RUMPLE-SHEETED BED - FLASHBACK 22

Freddie Lounds and Brian Zeller, naked, post-coital.

BACK TO:

23 INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 - RESUMING 23

As before. Hannibal studies her, then pats the cushion of the seat next to him, beckoning her like a child or a pet.

HANNIBAL
Come. Sit by me.

Freddie eyes Hannibal, not sure if she should bolt or do exactly what he tells her to do. She chooses the latter. Hannibal's arm is propped casually on the back of the seat, within snatching distance of Freddie's neck.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Delete the conversations you recorded. Doctor-patient confidentiality works both ways.

Freddie, rattled under Hannibal's penetrative gaze, pulls her phone out of her purse, stops it recording.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Delete it, please.

She deletes the file and hands her SMART PHONE to Hannibal. He examines it, satisfied the recordings were deleted.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
You've been terribly rude, Miss Lounds. What's to be done about that?

OFF the menace of HANNIBAL:

24 INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT 2 24

CAMERA CRAWLS across Hannibal's well-appointed dining room with place settings for two to find JACK CRAWFORD sitting at the table as the good Doctor places a LOIN DISH elegantly presented on a plate with a BLOOD RED SAUCE.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL
Loin served with a Cumberland sauce
of red fruits. Strawberries,
raspberries, currants.

JACK CRAWFORD
What kind of loin?

HANNIBAL
Pork.

Hannibal takes his seat in front of his own plate of "pork."

JACK CRAWFORD
It's rare I get a home-cooked meal.
My wife and I both work. Hard as I
tried not to, I married my mother.

HANNIBAL
Your mother didn't cook?

JACK CRAWFORD
She cooked. I just wished she
didn't. She used to make this dish
she liked to call Oriental Noodles.
Spaghetti, soy sauce, bouillon
cubes and spam. I was a thin child.

Jack takes another bite.

HANNIBAL
Next time bring your wife. I'd
love to have you both for dinner.

Jack washes that last bite down with a swig of wine, then:

JACK CRAWFORD
I'm curious why Will went back to
see you after you signed off on
him. He was so adamant about not
going to begin with.

HANNIBAL
I lost the stick, kept the carrot.

JACK CRAWFORD
Insisting on a Psych Eval for a guy
like Will Graham is hardly a stick.

HANNIBAL

As a psychiatric professional, I
feel duty-bound to point out that
blackmailing somebody into therapy
tends to negate positive benefits.

Jack takes a sip of wine and savors it.

JACK CRAWFORD

Mmmm. This wine is delicious.

HANNIBAL

Piorat from Catalonia.

JACK CRAWFORD

Why did he go back?

HANNIBAL

A guy like Will Graham? I'm sure
he recognizes the necessity of his
own support structure if he's to go
on supporting you in the field.

JACK CRAWFORD

Will Graham knows exactly what's going on in his head, which is why he doesn't want anyone in there.

HANNIBAL

Are you not accustomed to broken ponies in your stable?

JACK CRAWFORD

You think Will's a broken pony?

HANNIBAL

I think you think Will's a broken pony. You ever lost a pony, Jack?

JACK CRAWFORD

If you're asking if I've ever lost someone in the field, yes. Why?

HANNIBAL

I want to understand why you're so delicate with Will. Because you don't trust him or because you're afraid of losing another pony?

JACK CRAWFORD

I've had my Psych Eval.

Hannibal smiles warmly.

HANNIBAL

Not by me. You've already told me about your mother. Why stop there?

OFF JACK charmed, but unbudging:

CLOSE ON THE CLUSTER OF NEST-SHAPED MUSHROOMS

The same man we found buried alive in the woods, whose gasp for air was evidently amongst his last.

BRIAN ZELLER (O.S.)

Like he's been soaking in glucose.

We are --

Brian Zeller, Jimmy Price and Will Graham hover wearing gloves, aprons, and splash shields.

WILL GRAHAM

What has he been soaking in?

JIMMY PRICE

A highly concentrated mixture of hardwoods, shredded newspaper, and pig poop. Perfect for growing mushrooms and other fungi.

BRIAN ZELLER

Wasn't the mushrooms. What killed all of them was kidney failure.

Zeller covers the victim. Behind him, the other victims lie on tables of their own, each covered by a sheet.

Beverly Katz ENTERS carrying fists-full of I.V. bags.

BEVERLY KATZ

Dextrose in all the catheters. He probably used some kind of dialysis or peristaltic to pump fluids after the circulatory systems broke down.

WILL GRAHAM

Force-feeding them sugar water.

JIMMY PRICE

You know who loves sugar water? Mushrooms. They crave it. As much as a mushroom can crave anything.

BRIAN ZELLER

Recovering alcoholics crave sugar.
(then)
Don't take that personally.

JIMMY PRICE

I'm not recovering.

BRIAN ZELLER

Feed sugar to fungus in your body, the fungus makes alcohol. It's friends helping friends really.

JIMMY PRICE

Is someone preying on recovering alcoholics? Other than themselves?

WILL GRAHAM

Alcoholics aren't the only ones with compromised endocrine systems.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

They all died of kidney failure?
Death by diabetic ketoacidosis?

BEVERLY KATZ

(to Brian Zeller)

Did you know they were diabetics?

BRIAN ZELLER

We don't know they're diabetics.

WILL GRAHAM

They're all diabetics. He induces
a coma and puts them in the ground.

Beverly loves watching Will work, barely suppressing a smile.

BEVERLY KATZ

How is he inducing diabetic comas?

WILL GRAHAM

He changes their medication. He's
a doctor or a pharmacist or works
somewhere in medical services.

BEVERLY KATZ

He buries them, feeds them sugar to
keep them alive long enough for the
circulatory systems to soak it up.

JIMMY PRICE

So he can feed the mushrooms.

BRIAN ZELLER

We dug up his mushroom garden.

WILL GRAHAM

He'll want to grow a new one.

EXTREME CLOSE ON - PILLS

The DOLLS roll and turn as they funnel from their AUTOMATED
PILL DISPENSER into a PILL BOTTLE.

CLOSE ON - A LABEL

The PRESCRIPTION LABEL is printed on adhesive paper that is
peeled off and applied to the PILL BOTTLE, which is tossed
into a PAPER BAG, which is PROMPTLY STAPLED SHUT. We are --

Your friendly neighborhood PHARMACIST, an unassuming man in
his 50's named ELDON, hands the STAPLED BAG to his customer.

(CONTINUED)

ELDON STAMMETS
Please sign here.

The CUSTOMER signs their name and moves off, prompting the NEXT CUSTOMER, an attractive woman in her 40s named GRETCHEN SPECK, to approach the counter.

GRETCHEN SPECK
Picking up a prescription for
Gretchen Speck.

Eldon moves to the S bin and retrieves a stapled bag.

ELDON STAMMETS
Insulin?

GRETCHEN SPECK
Yes.

Eldon glances at the prescription, offers:

ELDON STAMMETS
Whoops. Grabbed the wrong one.

GRETCHEN SPECK
Uh-oh.

ELDON STAMMETS
Just a moment.

Gretchen watches Eldon step around the corner and "correct" the prescription out of sight. He returns after a moment.

ELDON STAMMETS (CONT'D)
(handing her bag)
There you go.

GRETCHEN SPECK
Thank you.

ELDON STAMMETS
Please sign here.
(as she signs)
Is this your correct home address?

Before Gretchen Speck can answer, we --

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

27 EXT. PHARMACY - DAY 3

27

WIDE ANGLE REVEALING a calm, ordinary Big Box Pharmacy. Despite the vehicles in the parking lot, the storefront is strangely quiet, deserted. After a moment, there's a small flurry of movement... armed, dark-clad figures creeping in swiftly and silently, moving along the outside of the building, weaving through parked cars, taking up positions.

CAMERA FINDS JACK CRAWFORD AND WILL GRAHAM

They stride into FRAME as they approach the main doors of the Pharmacy like regular customers.

JACK CRAWFORD

She's the eighth diabetic customer of the chain to disappear after filling an insulin prescription, second from this exact location.

WILL GRAHAM

The other seven?

JACK CRAWFORD

All over the county. One pharmacist has been all over the county, too.

WILL GRAHAM

A floater.

JACK CRAWFORD

Floater's floating right here. Still logged into his work station.

28 INT. PHARMACY - DAY 3

28

Jack ENTERS walking confidently toward the Pharmacy counter, Will immediately behind him, as PLAIN CLOTHES AGENTS herd the last CUSTOMERS and CASHIERS out the door. Jack steps behind the counter and calmly walks inside, holding his badge very clearly in front of him, instructing the SIX PHARMACISTS:

JACK CRAWFORD

Everyone. Stop what you're doing and put your hands in the air.

The SIX PHARMACISTS do as instructed, realizing there are MANY F.B.I. AGENTS pointing guns at them across the counter.

(CONTINUED)

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
I'm Special Agent Jack Crawford.
Which one of you is Eldon Stammets?

PHARMACIST MANAGER
What's happening?

JACK CRAWFORD
One of your customers didn't go to
work this morning after picking up
a prescription here yesterday,
filled by Eldon Stammets. We have
reason to believe he abducted her.

PHARMACIST
Eldon was just here. Just now.

Jack signals the F.B.I. AGENTS and they fan out.

WILL GRAHAM
His car still in the parking lot?

EXT. PHARMACY - PARKING LOT - DAY 3

ON the swing of a crowbar as Will smashes the driver side
window of Eldon's car. He reaches in, POPS THE TRUNK and --

With an grating CREAK, Will lifts the trunk the rest of the
way open - REVEALING it is completely filled with RICH, DARK
SOIL. There's a fleeting recoil as Will, Jack Crawford, and
Brian Zeller are hit with the stench released from the
compartment. Will recovers, shoveling arms-full of dirt.

WILL GRAHAM
She's in here!

WILL quickly uncovering an unconscious, naked Gretchen Speck,
an oxygen mask over her mouth and nose.

JACK CRAWFORD
E.M.T.s now.

Will steps away from the trunk as the E.M.T.s move in.

ON JACK CRAWFORD AND WILL GRAHAM - They watch as Gretchen
Speck is loaded into the back of an AMBULANCE by PARAMEDICS.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
We know his name. We know where he
lives. We have his car. We'll
have him within 24 hours.

Jimmy Price approaches Jack and Will with some trepidation.

29

CONTINUED:

29

JIMMY PRICE

Jack. We just checked browser history at Stammets' work station.

JACK CRAWFORD

Do I want to hear this?

JIMMY PRICE

No. And yes. But mostly no.

30

INT. PHARMACY - WORK STATION - DAY 3

30

Jack pulls up the internet browser to reveal a FULL SCREEN SHOT of WILL standing in the FOREST CRIME SCENE, head hung low. The headline reads "TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE." Zeller, Price and Katz are gathered around the monitor with Jack.

BEVERLY KATZ

"The FBI isn't just hunting psychopaths, they're head-hunting them, too, offering competitive pay and benefits in the hopes of using one demented mind to catch an--"
(off Will's pallor)
She goes into a lot of detail.

JACK CRAWFORD

Son-of-a-bitch.

31

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY 3

31

CAMERA FINDS Hannibal at his desk, TATTLECRIME.COM on his browser pronouncing "TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE" over a picture of Will Graham standing in the Forest clearing, head hung low.

HANNIBAL

Oh, Miss Lounds.

32

OMITTED.

32

A33

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT 3

A33

Freddie Lounds brushes her teeth as she stoops over her laptop, checking mail. There's a flurry of muffled, cautious footsteps drumming down the hall outside.

She glances at the crack under her door and sees SHADOWS gathering on the other side. Not good. Before she can react, BAM! The door is KICKED OPEN. SEVERAL AGENTS burst into her room, instantly on top of her.

(CONTINUED)

A FEMALE AGENT throws Freddie on the bed and presses her knee into Freddie's back as fixes the cuffs in horrible, quick moves, then hauls Freddie to her feet until she is face-to-face with JACK CRAWFORD, who stares silently at her. She remains cool as a cucumber under his gaze. At length:

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I appreciate the pageantry, Agent Crawford, but you can't arrest me for writing an article.

JACK CRAWFORD

You entered a federal crime scene without permission.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Escorted by a detective.

JACK CRAWFORD

Under false pretense.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

He should have been more thorough. Still, it's as good as permission.

JACK CRAWFORD

You lied to a police officer.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

You can't arrest me for lying.

Jack studies her, then considers a different tact.

JACK CRAWFORD

You got all that information from a local detective?

CAMERA INCLUDES Brian Zeller standing outside in the hall, listening intently with a blank expression.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Lots of talk about your man Graham. Not to mention the rivalry of who gets the collar. A local detective looking for a pissing contest with the F.B.I. might have some insight.

JACK CRAWFORD

And evidently did.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Sure did. What is it about Graham?
He your psychic? Or do you consider
using a psychic desperate coping?

Jack Crawford takes tweezers from his pocket and plucks a
hair from Freddie Lounds' shoulder.

JACK CRAWFORD

Unfortunate timing of your article
allowed a murderer to escape.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

You're blaming my article?

JACK CRAWFORD

You were in Minnesota. In the
Shrike's Nest. You contaminated
that crime scene. Everywhere you
go, you contaminate crime scenes.
That's obstructing justice. I can
indict you for obstructing justice.

Freddie smiles, trying to cover her nerves with charm.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I'd appreciate it if you didn't.

JACK CRAWFORD

Don't write another word about Will
Graham and I won't have to.

OFF JACK:

34 INT. JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL - ABIGAIL'S ROOM - NIGHT 3 34

Will sits silently in his chair considering unconscious
Abigail Hobbs, comatose in her hospital bed. CLICK-CLUCK-
CLICK-CLUCK, the haunting sound of hooves approaching.

Will looks up to see a glimpse of the BLACK STAG walking past
Abigail's doorway. We are in a DREAM STATE.

HARD CUT TO:

35 INT. JOHNS HOPKINS - ABIGAIL'S ROOM - NIGHT 3 - REALITY 35

Will is sound asleep in his chair, feet propped up on an
ottoman. There's a CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK of approaching
footsteps as CAMERA REVEALS Alana Bloom ENTERING the room.

35

CONTINUED:

35

She watches Will sleep a brief moment, then slips a shoe off one foot, gently as to not disturb him. He doesn't stir. She slips off the other shoe, quietly putting them aside.

36

INT. JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT 3 - DREAM STATE 36

Will steps into the empty corridor. There are no nurses at the Nurse's Station, no Doctors nor patients in the hall. A FAINT, EERIE WHISPER beneath the silence, barely audible.

Will stops when he sees an ENCROACHING DARKNESS at the end of the hall that ENVELOPES the corridor and washes over Will like a midnight wave of deep, dreaded sleep.

37

INT. JOHNS HOPKINS - ABIGAIL'S ROOM - NIGHT 3 - REALITY

37

Will opens his eyes to see Alana Bloom sitting on the edge of Abigail's bed, laying next to her, reading softly. He realizes he's been covered with a blanket and likes it.

WILL GRAHAM

What are you reading?

ALANA BLOOM

Flannery O'Connor. When I was Abigail's age I was obsessed. I even tried to raise peacocks because she raised peacocks, but they're really stupid birds.

WILL GRAHAM

You could be reading to a killer.

ALANA BLOOM

Innocent until guilty and all that.

WILL GRAHAM

Am I making you nervous?

ALANA BLOOM

No, I'm making me nervous. I'm about to broach the subject of that "Takes One to Know One" article.

WILL GRAHAM

Oh, that. Did Jack send you?

ALANA BLOOM

I sent me.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't think we've ever been in a room alone together. Have we?

(CONTINUED)

ALANA BLOOM

I haven't noticed. Have we? Not that we're necessarily alone now. Stop trying to change the subject.

WILL GRAHAM

Back to Jack Crawford's crime gimp.

ALANA BLOOM

I couldn't believe she wrote that.

WILL GRAHAM

It's kind of hilarious.

ALANA BLOOM

Certainly creates an image. I don't need to talk about it if you don't.

WILL GRAHAM

We can talk about or not talk about whatever you want. Honestly, I was enjoying listening to you read.

Alana allows herself a sincere smile.

ALANA BLOOM

Abigail Hobbs is a success for you.

WILL GRAHAM

(good natured, not pouty)
She doesn't look like a success.

ALANA BLOOM

Don't feel sorry for yourself because you saved this girl's life.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't. I don't feel sorry for myself at all. I feel good.

There's a long pregnant pause as Will soaks in the admission, relishing it for himself, questioning it. OFF WILL:

CLOSE ON a TARRY, BLACK LIQUID. It's unrippled surface is suddenly rocked by a DOLLOP OF MILK, causing a MUSHROOM CLOUD of BROWN that dispels to the entire surface. WIDEN TO REVEAL--

A39

EXT. MOTEL - DAY 4

A39

--we're looking at Freddie Lound's morning coffee, which she blows on to cool as she walks across the parking lot. She glances up to see Detective Pascal sitting on her car.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE PASCAL

I don't know where you got half
that information. Wasn't from me.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I may have made some inferences.

DETECTIVE PASCAL

They think I told you all of it.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

They saw you talking to me.

DETECTIVE PASCAL

You said you were someone's mother.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I'm sorry I got you fired.

DETECTIVE PASCAL

I wasn't fired. I was suspended.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

They're going to fire you. Jack
Crawford will make sure of it.

DETECTIVE PASCAL

You poke the hornet's nest and I'm
the one who gets stung.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I can help you get work. Outside
the force. If you want me to. I
know people in private security.

DETECTIVE PASCAL

Not the first cop you got fired?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I guarantee it pays better. Right
now Future You is thanking me --

Behind Pascal, Eldon the Pharmacist points a SILENCED PISTOL.

PFFT! The silencer HISSES. Detective Pascal DROPS. Freddie
Lounds is SPATTERED WITH BLOOD. She stands frozen but for a
tremble of terror. Eldon turns his gun on Freddie.

ELDON STAMMETS

I read your article.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

39 OMITTED. 39
A40 OMITTED. A40
B40 EXT. MOTEL - DAY 4 B40

A shaken Freddie Lounds is attended to by Paramedics. Her blank, blood-spattered stare barely masks the trauma as Pascal's dead body is wheeled toward an expectant Ambulance. She doesn't even look up as Jack approaches.

JACK CRAWFORD
Miss Lounds?

FREDDIE LOUNDS
He read my article.

JACK CRAWFORD
Eldon Stammets just killed a cop,
what stopped him from killing you.

FREDDIE LOUNDS
(gallows)
It's a well-written article. He
wants me to write another one.

JACK CRAWFORD
He wants you to write a manifesto?

FREDDIE LOUNDS
Where's Will Graham?

JACK CRAWFORD
We have an eye witness to the
murder. We don't need Will Graham.

FREDDIE LOUNDS
That's not why I'm asking.

Jack studies her a moment, realizing, then whirls around, yelling to a subordinate:

JACK CRAWFORD
Find Will Graham.
(to Freddie)
This was about Will?

(CONTINUED)

B40

CONTINUED:

B40

FREDDIE LOUNDS

He was talking about people sharing the same properties of a fungus. Thoughts leaping from brain to brain. They mutate. They evolve.

JACK CRAWFORD

What does he want with Will Graham?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Someone who understands him. Graham was right. Stammets is looking for connections.

JACK CRAWFORD

What did you tell him?

She doesn't respond, eyes going distant again.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Freddie. What did you tell him about Will Graham? I need to know exactly what you said.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I told him about the Hobbs girl.

JACK CRAWFORD

What did you tell him?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Everything. He wants to help Will Graham connect with Abigail Hobbs. He's going to bury her.

OFF JACK, CUT TO:

40 OMITTED.

40

41 INT. JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY 4

41

Eldon Stammets emerges from a door labeled MENS ROOM, strolling down the corridor now wearing GREEN SCRUBS. He nonchalantly grabs a parked gurney in the hall, pushing it toward an ELEVATOR and disappearing inside.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

ON ELEVATOR DOORS (ANOTHER FLOOR)

They open and instead of seeing Eldon Stammets, it's Will Graham. His phone RINGS as he's stepping out. He answers.

WILL GRAHAM

Hello.

A moment as Will listens, then his expression falls. He jams his cell phone into his pocket and runs.

42

ANOTHER CORRIDOR

42

Will sprints down the hall toward Abigail's room, navigating patients and nurses in his mad dash.

OUTSIDE ABIGAIL'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Will halts outside the door. Reaching into his trousers for his revolver, he takes a measured step into the room...

43

INT. JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL - ABIGAIL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

43

Will finds it empty. No Eldon Stammets. No Abigail Hobbs. Will's mind races as he backs into the hallway, snatching the elbow of a passing NURSE and demanding:

WILL GRAHAM

Where is she? Abigail Hobbs. The girl in this room. Where is she?

NURSE

They took her for tests.

WILL GRAHAM

Who took her? Who took her?

Nurse stammers, but Will is already running for the stairs.

44

INT. JOHN HOPKINS HOSPITAL - STAIRWELL - DAY 4

44

Will bounds down the stairs, several steps at a time.

45

OMITTED.

45

A46

INT. JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 4

A46

Eldon Stammets calmly pushes the gurney carrying COMATOSE ABIGAIL HOBBS. At the other end of the Hallway --

The STAIRWELL DOOR suddenly OPENS, and a winded Will Graham rushes out. Eldon startles, moves. Will raises his gun and SHOOTS. BLAM!

(CONTINUED)

The bullet takes out a piece of Eldon Stammets shoulder, violently propelling him backwards, his gun clattering to the floor as he reached for it. Will pulls Abigail's gurney into the hall, moving in on Eldon, kicking his gun out of reach.

Will looks down at Eldon, who is in a state of shock.

WILL GRAHAM

What were you going to do with her?

ELDON STAMMETS

We evolved from mycelium. Only reintroducing her to the concept.

WILL GRAHAM

By burying her alive?

ELDON STAMMETS

Opisthokontum. A super kingdom of animalia and fungi together. That journalist said you understood me.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't.

ELDON STAMMETS

You would have.

(then)

Walk into a field of mycelium, they know you're there. Their spores reach for you when you pass by. I know who you're reaching for. You should have let me plant her. You would have found her in a field where she could finally reach back.

Will stares at Eldon a moment as the CLAMOR of approaching footsteps, no doubt investigating gunfire, approach, then:

WILL GRAHAM

You should know I'm a terrible shot. I was trying to kill you.

He taps the EMERGENCY STOP BUTTON and leans in the doorway as a BUSTLE OF COPS, NURSES and PARAMEDICS approach.

HANNIBAL'S VOICE

When you shot Eldon Stammets... who was it that you saw?

Hannibal sits opposite Will Graham.

WILL GRAHAM

I didn't see Hobbs.

HANNIBAL

Then it's not Hobbs' ghost that's haunting you, is it? It's the inevitability of there being a man so bad that killing him felt good.

WILL GRAHAM

Killing Hobbs felt just.

HANNIBAL

Which is why you're here. To prove that sprig of zest you feel is from saving Abigail not killing her dad.

WILL GRAHAM

I didn't feel a sprig of zest when I shot Eldon Stammets.

HANNIBAL

You didn't kill Eldon Stammets.

WILL GRAHAM

I thought about killing him. I'm still not entirely sure that wasn't my intention pulling the trigger.

HANNIBAL

If your intention was to kill him, it's because you understand why he did the things he did. It's beautiful in it's own way. Giving voice to the unmentionable.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

I should have stuck to fixing boat
motors in Louisiana.

HANNIBAL

A boat engine is a machine. A
predictable problem, easy to solve.
You fail, there's a paddle. Where
was your paddle with Hobbs?

WILL GRAHAM

You're supposed to be my paddle.

HANNIBAL

I am. It wasn't the act of killing
Hobbs that got you down, was it?
Did you really feel so bad because
killing him felt so good?

Will weighs that statement, finally admitting to Hannibal:

WILL GRAHAM

I liked killing Hobbs.

HANNIBAL

Killing must feel good to God, too.
He does it all the time, and are we
not created in his image?

WILL GRAHAM

Depends who you ask.

HANNIBAL

God's terrific. He dropped a
church roof on thirty-four of his
worshippers last Wednesday night in
Texas, while they sang a hymn.

WILL GRAHAM

Did God feel good about that?

HANNIBAL

He felt powerful.

OFF HANNIBAL, seizing the chance to play God himself:

END OF SHOW