

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



HANNIBAL

"Entrée"

Story by
Kai Yu Wu

Teleplay by
Kai Yu Wu
and
Bryan Fuller

Directed by
Michael Rymer

Based on the characters created by
Thomas Harris

Prod. #107/Air #106

Final Shooting Script

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HANNIBAL
"Entrée"

*

TEASER

CLOSE ON A MAN'S FACE

He's SWEATING PROFUSELY. Cheek pressed to the cold cement floor, he has blood on his lips. Meet DR. ABEL GIDEON, pale, handsome, 40's, unresponsive. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal...

A HOSPITAL SECURITY GUARD

Observing Dr. Gideon through the bars of a heavy gauge MAXIMUM SECURITY CELL DOOR that separates them.

HOSPITAL SECURITY
This is your final opportunity to
comply. On your feet, Dr. Gideon.
Or we will restrain you.

No response from Dr. Gideon. We are...

1 INT. B.S.H.C.I. - HIGH SECURITY CELL BLOCK - NIGHT 1 1

The Hospital Security Guard SIGNALS and a KLAXON SOUNDS.

A CHYRON tells us we are:

BALTIMORE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE

Seconds later, the cell door slide OPENS. KLANG! The Hospital Security and TWO OF HIS COMRADES rush into the cell.

The Three Hospital Security Guards surround the crumpled Dr. Gideon and aggressively bark orders at him.

HOSPITAL SECURITY
Turn over and lace your fingers
behind your head.

Dr. Gideon, however, remains unresponsive. As HOSPITAL SECURITY #2 puts a knee to Quinn's back, the lead Hospital Security Guard kneels and checks for a pulse.

HOSPITAL SECURITY (CONT'D)
Get a gurney.

2 INT. B.S.H.C.I. - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 1 2

TWO HOSPITAL SECURITY GUARDS escort Dr. Gideon's gurney down a long cement passageway.

(CONTINUED)

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2 CONTINUED: 2

CLOSE ON DR. GIDEON

He is lying on a gurney being wheeled down a long corridor, oxygen mask over his mouth and nose. His eyes loll and roll in a daze, ankles and wrists cuffed. Hanging lamps streak light in strobes across Gideon as he's pushed under them.

WIDER

As they push the gurney towards a set of INFIRMARY DOORS. A LOUD ENTRY BUZZER SOUNDS. The HEAVY GAUGE PRISON DOORS OPEN.

3 INT. B.S.H.C.I. - INFIRMARY - MOMENTS LATER 3

NURSE ELIZABETH SHELL, 30's, cuts Dr. Gideon's shirt open and begins to attach EKG TAB ELECTRODES to his bare chest.

CLOSE ON DR. GIDEON

His eyes pop open. They are clear and focused. CAMERA DRIFTS BACK to find his CUFFED HAND, fingers slowly reaching for a small but scabbed incision on his palm.

His fingers dig into his flesh revealing THE SHARPENED TINE OF A FORK he had inserted beneath his skin. He quickly jams the tine into the cuffs keyhole and goes to work.

ON THE NURSE

As Nurse Shell prepares the EKG, she's unaware that Dr. Gideon slowly rises from the gurney behind her. She HEARS his HEART MONITOR FLATLINE then turns...

...and before she can even shout, DR. Gideon descends on her, knocking her VIOLENTLY OUT OF FRAME.

4 EXT. B.S.H.C.I. - MORNING 2 4

An F.B.I. SEDAN approaches the grim Gothic pile of the asylum looming over the driveway. The F.B.I. sedan parks and out of it steps JACK CRAWFORD and WILL GRAHAM.

JACK CRAWFORD

Freddie Lounds ran an unconfirmed story that the Chesapeake Ripper may already be in custody.

WILL GRAHAM

Unconfirmed? Am I confirming?
Fact-checking for Freddie Lounds?

JACK CRAWFORD

You're fact-checking for me.

(CONTINUED)

Will eyes the sign that reads "CRIMINALLY INSANE."

WILL GRAHAM

I'm always a little nervous going into one of these places. Afraid they'll never let me out again.

JACK CRAWFORD

Don't worry. I'm not going to leave you here.

WILL GRAHAM

Not today.

5 INT. B.S.H.C.I. - DR. CHILTON'S OFFICE - MORNING 2 5

DR. FREDERICK CHILTON comes around his desk to shake Will Graham's hand as Jack Crawford looks on.

DR. CHILTON

Doctor Bloom just called me about you, Mister Graham. Or should I call you Doctor Graham?

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not a doctor.

DR. CHILTON

You're not F.B.I. either. That's a temporary identification.

JACK CRAWFORD

Mr. Graham teaches at the academy.

DR. CHILTON

A teacher. I was relieved to hear from Doctor Bloom, we've known each other for years. Take that chair.

JACK CRAWFORD

Doctor Chilton, we need to see the crime scene while it's still relatively undisturbed.

DR. CHILTON

For something so disturbing, I assure you it's undisturbed. Medical personnel made sure Nurse Shell wasn't alive and came right back out. The infirmary has been sealed off until you get there.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

Why was a nurse left alone with a prisoner in a high-security psychiatric hospital?

DR. CHILTON

For the two years since he was brought here, Gideon behaved perfectly and gave every appearance of cooperating with attempts at therapy. As dictated by our present administrator, security around him was slightly relaxed.

JACK CRAWFORD

Your present administrator?

DR. CHILTON

I imagine after an incident like this one, she won't be holding that position much longer.

(then)

I can't help feeling responsible myself for what happened. I had sessions with Gideon for years. He sat directly across from me and I had no idea what he was hiding. And now one of our staff is dead.

That strikes a chord with Jack Crawford, who can relate.

JACK CRAWFORD

Graham needs to see the crime scene in as much privacy as possible.

DR. CHILTON

Dr. Bloom assured me that you would cooperate on procedure.

WILL GRAHAM

I will, but I need to be alone.

DR. CHILTON

Ah, yes. That thing you do. You are quite the topic of conversation in psychiatric circles.

WILL GRAHAM

Am I?

DR. CHILTON

A unique cocktail of personality disorders and neuroses that makes you a highly skilled profiler.

JACK CRAWFORD

Graham isn't here to be analyzed.

DR. CHILTON

Perhaps he should be.

(to Will)

We're woefully short of material on your sort of thing, Mr. Graham. Would you mind talking with some of the staff -- no, no, not this trip. Dr. Bloom was very severe with me on that point. We're to leave you alone. Maybe a special visit?

WILL GRAHAM

Thank you, Doctor Chilton. I'd like to see the crime scene now.

6 INT. B.S.H.C.I. - CORRIDOR - DAY 2 6

Chilton leads Jack Crawford and Will Graham down the hall.

JACK CRAWFORD

Gideon was restrained?

DR. CHILTON

Handcuffs. Concealed a fork tine under the flesh of his palm and used it to pick the lock.

WILL GRAHAM

Where is he now?

DR. CHILTON

In his cell.

(then)

You'll note the removal of organs and abdominal mutilations are all consistent with the Chesapeake Ripper. As is the distinctive brutalization of the corpse.

JACK CRAWFORD

Chesapeake Ripper's still at large.

DR. CHILTON

What I'm about to show you, I believe suggests otherwise.

(CONTINUED)

JACK CRAWFORD

Dr. Chilton consulted on the case
when we failed to catch the Ripper
after his last series of murders.

DR. CHILTON

Next to a battle lost, the saddest
thing is a battle won.

JACK CRAWFORD

Meaning?

7 INT. B.S.H.C.I. - INFIRMARY - DAY 2 7

Jack Crawford and Will Graham follow Dr. Chilton into the
room. Jack and Will slow their approach, taking in the
horror of what is waiting for them here.

NURSE SHELL'S BODY

She's IMPALED on the BROKEN FRAMES of several PRIVACY
CURTAINS that have been fashioned into SPEARS. They PROTRUDE
from wounds over the entire canvas of her body. Additional
shards of wood and metal prop her organs above her corpse,
giving them the appearance of floating outside her body.

DR. CHILTON

The reason you failed and kept
failing to catch the Chesapeake
Ripper is I already had him.

Jack Crawford shoots Chilton a look and then glances away as
CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Will taking in the horrible tableaux.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

CLOSE ON WILL GRAHAM

He is lying on a gurney being wheeled down a long corridor, oxygen mask over his mouth and nose. His eyes loll and roll in a daze. Overhead hanging lamps streak light in lazy strobes across Will as he's pushed under them.

8 INT. B.S.H.C.I. - INFIRMARY - NIGHT 1 8

Nurse Shell cuts Will's shirt from his chest and attaches EKG TAB ELECTRODES. As she turns away, Will's eyes OPEN.

CLOSE ON WILL'S HAND

His fingers find the sharpened tine beneath his skin.

ON THE NURSE

She hears the heart monitor flatline and turns. Will Graham knocks her OUT OF FRAME, striking her in the throat with the palm of his hand before she can scream.

The blow is startling and significant in its brutality. It crushes her throat, blocking her airway, and reducing her scream to a painful gurgling.

She stumbles back against a medicine cabinet. Eyes wide with fear and pain. But we only see them briefly before Will forces his thumbs into her eye sockets. As her body slumps to the floor, Will stares at the blood on his hands.

Out of the corner of his eye, Will spies Nurse Shell crawling blindly toward the door.

Moving to a privacy curtain, Will strips the fabric from the frame and breaks it over his knee to fashion a spear.

ON THE NURSE

Crawling. Her hands reach out and find Will's shoes blocking her way. CAMERA PANS UP to Will with the broken frame of the privacy curtain raised above his head.

Will drives the spear VIOLENTLY DOWN and we --

MATCH CUT TO:

9 INT. B.S.H.C.I. - INFIRMARY - DAY 2 - PRESENT 9

WILL GRAHAM

(CONTINUED)

9

He stands in the horror of the crime scene, trying to shake the ugliness of what his imagination evoked. Jack ENTERS in the background giving Will a moment to let it wash away.

WILL GRAHAM

As far as we know, the Chesapeake Ripper hasn't killed in over two years. When was Gideon admitted?

JACK CRAWFORD

Almost two years ago.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Jack, flooded with memories until we...

FLASHBACK TO:

CLOSE ON JACK CRAWFORD

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL JACK three years younger with distinctive facial hair. We are --

10	OMITTED.	10
11	OMITTED.	11
12	INT. B.A.U. - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK	12

Through the glass door, JACK CRAWFORD, sitting behind his desk speaking on his phone, can see:

MIRIAM LASS

She's late 20s, striking, pretty, wearing an FBI TRAINEE polo and khakis. She looks in curiously.

A CHYRON tells us we are --

TWO YEARS EARLIER

Jack abruptly hangs up, waving Miriam Lass into his office.

JACK CRAWFORD

Lass. Miriam. Come in.

Miriam does as instructed, approaching Jack's desk. He motions toward the chair in front of him.

MIRIAM LASS

Morning, Agent Crawford.

She does as instructed.

(CONTINUED)

JACK CRAWFORD
Sorry to pull you out of class.
There's nothing wrong. I don't
want to make you nervous.

MIRIAM LASS
I'm not nervous. Curious.

JACK CRAWFORD
Your instructors tell me you're in
the top ten percent.

MIRIAM LASS
Top five, sir.

JACK CRAWFORD
You'll have to stop correcting me
if we're going to get along.
(then)
You wrote me a letter when you
qualified for the academy.

MIRIAM LASS
I wasn't sure you got it. You
never replied.

JACK CRAWFORD
I never do. Odds are against any
trainee sticking with the program.
Glad to see you're still here.
(off her look)
Sure I come off as a two-faced
recruiting sergeant sonofabitch.

Miriam blinks. That's exactly what she was thinking.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
You said in your letter you wanted
to work for me in the Violent
Criminal Apprehension Program.

MIRIAM LASS
Yes, sir.

JACK CRAWFORD
There may be an opportunity. I
assume you're familiar with the
Chesapeake Ripper?

MIRIAM LASS
Yes.

JACK CRAWFORD

The Ripper is very hot right now. Did his last two victims in six days. There will be at least one more body, then nothing for months.

MIRIAM LASS

They say he's a true sociopath.

JACK CRAWFORD

What do you say?

MIRIAM LASS

I say they don't know what else to label him. He has some of the characteristics of what they call a sociopath. No remorse or guilt at all. He won't have any of the other marks, he won't be a drifter. He'll have no history of trouble with the law. He'll be hard to catch.

Jack is impressed. He made the right call singling her out.

JACK CRAWFORD

I want to assign you to the Chesapeake Ripper task force. You'll work directly under me.

MIRIAM LASS

I'm grateful for the opportunity, Agent Crawford, but I can't help wondering... why me?

JACK CRAWFORD

You have a forensic fellowship, six years law enforcement. You have a doctorate in criminology, you have a degree in psychology. And what I don't have is enough warm bodies.

(then)

Now I want your full attention.

MIRIAM LASS

Yes, sir.

Miriam's curiosity is piqued at a new career opportunity.

CAMERA PUSHES IN TIGHT ON JACK CRAWFORD'S EYES

JACK CRAWFORD

I've been doing this a long time
and I've never seen one like this.
This kind of psychopath is rare.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL...

...his distinctive facial hair is now gone, his clothes have
changed and he is sitting alone. A long, silent moment, then:

13 EXT. B.S.H.C.I. - DAY 3 13

TIME-LAPSE ESTABLISHING. A CHRYON tells us:

BALTIMORE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE

14 INT. B.S.H.C.I. - DR. CHILTON'S OFFICE - DAY 3 14

Alana Bloom and Will Graham sit opposite Dr. Chilton, across
his massive desk serving as a moat. Although the pleasant
conversation takes place primarily between Alana and Dr.
Chilton, Dr. Chilton is clearly curious about Will Graham.

DR. CHILTON

Volume of Abel Gideon's mail is a
nuisance. Sometimes I feel like his
secretary rather than his keeper.

ALANA BLOOM

Any specific correspondences that
stood out from the others?

DR. CHILTON

Most were researchers and PhD
candidates requesting interviews.
A gaggle of angry relatives or
those sympathetic to them. Then
scattered dozens of lonely hearts
seeking his hand in marriage.

ALANA BLOOM

He butchered his last wife and her
family on Thanksgiving.

DR. CHILTON

There's no accounting for taste or
intelligence, is there?

WILL GRAHAM

Murdering his wife was impulsive.
The Chesapeake Ripper is always
methodical, meticulous. Which is
why he's so hard to catch.

DR. CHILTON

Was. So hard to catch. Will you
be conducting a joint interview?

ALANA BLOOM

Separate. Compare and contrast.

DR. CHILTON

I know you're anxious to get on
with it. You've talked to Gideon
before. For some length of time.

ALANA BLOOM

I saw him mainly in court. Wrote
an article about him for the
Journal of Criminal Psychology.

DR. CHILTON

He's very familiar with you. He's
given you a lot of thought.

WILL GRAHAM

You had some sessions with him?

ALANA BLOOM

Yes. Two. Couple years ago. When
he was first institutionalized.

DR. CHILTON

I've read your notes, of course.
They were more or less helpful as I
conducted my own interviews with
Dr. Gideon over the years.

ALANA BLOOM

I'm glad I was helpful.

WILL GRAHAM

More or less.

ALANA BLOOM

I'll go first.

DR. CHILTON

(to Will Graham)
It'll give us a chance to chat.

14

WILL GRAHAM

I'll wait outside. I need some air.

OFF Dr. Chilton's grin going flaccid and the LOUD ENTRY BUZZER of the Maximum Security Gate blaring...

15

INT. B.S.H.C.I. - HIGH SECURITY CELL BLOCK - DAY 3 15

The STEEL DOOR of the maximum security section closed behind Alana Bloom. She hears the bolt slide home.

ON ALANA BLOOM

Her footsteps ECHO. High to her right, surveillance cameras. On her left, cells. Some are padded, with narrow observation slits, others are normal, barred. Shadowy occupants inside.

DR. GIDEON'S CELL

Alana approaches. A simple folding chair is positioned in front. Behind its barred front wall is a second barrier of stout nylon net. Sparse, bolted-down furniture inside.

DR. Gideon (banal, 50s) is sitting on his bunk, in white pajamas. He politely sits upright to greet Alana.

ALANA BLOOM

Dr. Gideon. I don't know if you --

DR. GIDEON

Lovely to see you again, Dr. Bloom.

ALANA BLOOM

You remembered.

DR. GIDEON

I've had a lot of psychiatrists visit me over the years. Hard not to forget one so attractive.

ALANA BLOOM

Thanks for your time, Dr. Gideon. I won't waste it. Shall we begin?

DR. GIDEON

What's this to be? I was caught red-handed. Literally. No mystery as to who done it. I did.

REVEAL Dr. Gideon is now talking to WILL as we INTERCUT Will and Alana's INTERVIEWS so that they appear simultaneous.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

The mystery is whether you are who you say you are. Or not.

DR. GIDEON

I never liked being called the Chesapeake Ripper. Maybe something a little more distinct. Any Ripper is going to pale in comparison to the infamous Jack of Whitechapel.

WILL GRAHAM

Is that why you didn't take credit for the Ripper murders before now?

DR. GIDEON

I was just enjoying the goose chase from the box seats.

WILL GRAHAM

Two years of goose-chasing. You must be a very patient man.

DR. GIDEON

Are you going to walk me through the Psychopathy Checklist? I've had my personality inventoried by the Minnesota Multiphasic.

WILL GRAHAM

Would you prefer a Rorschach test?

DR. GIDEON

If you show me those pictures, might I suggest you put a blood pressure cuff on my genitals. Far more accurate gauge to my response.

ALANA BLOOM

Were you aroused by murdering the Night Nurse? Did you fantasize about killing her before you did?

DR. GIDEON

Sexually or preparatively?

ALANA BLOOM

Either.

DR. GIDEON

Yes. To both. Are you going to ask me if I'm aroused right now.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA BLOOM

It would be inconsequential to this
line of questioning, Dr. Gideon.

(then)

Were you sexually aroused when you
murdered your wife?

DR. GIDEON

She stopped having that effect on
me long before I killed her.

WILL GRAHAM

What effect were you hoping to have
by killing Elizabeth Shell?

DR. GIDEON

That the nurse's name? The effect
I was hoping for was her death.

(then)

Elevated to my art.

WILL GRAHAM

You ate a tube of rheumatoid
arthritis ointment for your art.

DR. GIDEON

Had to look ill. The capsaicin in
the salve irritated my stomach
lining so I would sweat profusely.

WILL GRAHAM

Brutalization of the body was done
posthumously. The Chesapeake
Ripper usually does that sort of
thing during, not after.

DR. GIDEON

I don't need to convince you I'm
the Chesapeake Ripper.

WILL GRAHAM

Seems that's what you need to do.
It's certainly what someone needs.

OFF Will studying the inscrutable Dr. Gideon...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 EXT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 3 16

TIME-LAPSE ESTABLISHING. A CHRYON tells us we are --

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

17 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 3 17

HANNIBAL LECTER OPENS THE DOOR, leaving for the night, shrugging on his coat, shutting off the last of his lights to his darkened office, very much surprised to see:

JACK CRAWFORD

He sits quietly in the waiting room.

HANNIBAL
Agent Crawford.
(then)
Do you have an appointment?

18 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 3 18

Hannibal ushers in Jack Crawford, turning on a few lights to illuminate his work space and make it more hospitable.

HANNIBAL
May I take your coat?

JACK CRAWFORD
I'm not staying. I was just...

HANNIBAL
In the neighborhood?

JACK CRAWFORD
Something like that.

Hannibal studies, then:

HANNIBAL
How's Mrs. Crawford?

JACK CRAWFORD
That's why I'm in the neighborhood.
She tells me she's fine. And
she'll tell me when she's not.

HANNIBAL
You expect me to tell you more.

(CONTINUED)

JACK CRAWFORD
Bella's at a NATO summit, so I
can't talk to her. And I couldn't
talk to her even if she were here.

HANNIBAL
About her condition?

JACK CRAWFORD
About her cancer. About her dying.
She doesn't want to talk about it.

HANNIBAL
I'm prohibited from talking about
it. Doctor patient confidentiality.

JACK CRAWFORD
You talk to me about Will Graham.

HANNIBAL
Will Graham isn't officially my
patient. We have conversations.

JACK CRAWFORD
What do you consider this?

HANNIBAL
Desperate coping.

JACK CRAWFORD
You don't think I have a right to
know what's happening with my wife?

HANNIBAL
You have every right to know what's
happening. But not from me.

JACK CRAWFORD
I'm not going to stand outside my
marriage and watch this happen.
If that's what she wants, too bad.
She married the wrong guy.

HANNIBAL
I'll offer this one insight: she
thinks she married the right guy.

A salve. Hannibal gestures for Jack to sit down.

JACK CRAWFORD

I look at her side of the bed and wonder if she's going to die there or where she'll die and I feel myself going uncomfortably numb.

HANNIBAL

You're not going numb. You're dreading the loss of numbness.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm dreading the loss of my wife... and thinking about other losses.

HANNIBAL

What other losses are you dreading?
(off his look)
You can't save your wife. She won't let you. Her cancer won't let you. Who else couldn't you save, Jack?

The question hits Jack harder than he expected.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm not your patient, Dr. Lecter. I'll keep my losses to myself.

CAMERA PUSHES IN as he considers his answer, then...

FLASHBACK TO:

JACK'S P.O.V. - MIRIAM LASS

All sound is dulled as if her ears were blocked, the ambient noise of her circulatory system provides an organic hum. She stares numbly, rattled at something horrible OFF-SCREEN.

A HORRIBLY MURDERED MAN

His body has been laced to a work table in front of a peg board where tools hang. Each of the tools from the board are now impaling the dead man all over his body. We are --

19 INT. WORKSHOP - DAY - FLASHBACK

19

Miriam Lass studies the corpse of the murdered man as CAMERA REVEALS JACK CRAWFORD (his distinctive facial hair indicating he are NOT IN THE PRESENT DAY). A CHYRON tells us it is...

2 YEARS AGO

MIRIAM LASS

Where is everyone?

(CONTINUED)

JACK CRAWFORD

Just you and me for the time being.
When heavily manned investigations
have little to feed on, they tend
to turn in on themselves, covering
the same ground over and over,
beating it flat. They take on the
circular shape of a hurricane.

MIRIAM LASS

We're chasing the storm?

JACK CRAWFORD

The storm is chasing us. Have a
look around. Tell me what you see.

Miriam steps toward the wounded man on the peg board.

MIRIAM LASS

He did it all here. Did it while
he was alive. He struck his throat
so he couldn't call for help.

JACK CRAWFORD

You think he was unconscious when
the Ripper did the ripping?

MIRIAM LASS

No. He'd want him awake.
(then)

Organs were removed. Not all of
them. He was choosy. He took the
liver, thymus but left the heart.

Jack looks over the body, purposefully not looking at Miriam.

JACK CRAWFORD

What is he doing with the organs?

MIRIAM LASS

Surgical trophies. He's hiding that
he takes them, distracting us with
what he does to the body. Wants us
to think it's an afterthought.

(then)

He's a medical doctor, isn't he?
That why you call him the Ripper?

JACK CRAWFORD

Why do you say that?

MIRIAM LASS

Psychopaths are attracted to surgical fields. They offer power. Require an ability to make objective clinical decisions without feeling.

JACK CRAWFORD

White male? 40s? 50s?

MIRIAM LASS

Don't know if he's white. He's exotic somehow. Which is why you're going to catch him.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm going to catch him?

MIRIAM LASS

We call you the guru. You have a peculiar cleverness.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'll take that as a compliment.

MIRIAM LASS

You should. Your color sense, the textures of your clothes. Even by FBI standards of agent dress codes, you have an odd vibrancy about you.

Jack allows himself a small smile, his back turned to Miriam so there's no concern of breaking character.

MIRIAM LASS (CONT'D)

So does the Ripper. You'll probably spot him before anybody else.

JACK CRAWFORD

Or you will.

Jack's small smile quickly fades. Then:

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Now I want you to look at this.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

19

A PICTURE OF THE B.S.H.C.I. CRIME SCENE

Nurse Shell's body is IMPALED on the BROKEN FRAMES of several PRIVACY CURTAINS and INFIRMARY EQUIPMENT that have been fashioned into SPEARS. They PROTRUDE from wounds all over her body, not unlike the WOUND MAN in the WORKSHOP.

The PICTURE lowers OUT OF FRAME TO REVEAL:

20

INT. B.A.U. - MORGUE - DAY 4 20

Jack Crawford stares absently at Nurse Shell's corpse, unaware that Will Graham is studying him more closely than the dead body. BRIAN ZELLER, BEVERLY KATZ, JIMMY PRICE hover more closely over the body in lab coats and rubber gloves.

A CHYRON tells us we are --

F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

JIMMY PRICE

Nothing ever came up connecting the Chesapeake Ripper and Dr. Gideon on the Latent Descriptor Index.

BEVERLY KATZ

There's no detectable consistency with the Ripper victims. He doesn't hunt exclusively within his own ethnic group. He's killed all creeds, colors, men and women.

BRIAN ZELLER

She has the exact same wound patterns as the last known victim of the Chesapeake Ripper. Exact.

JACK CRAWFORD

We didn't find a body for his last known victim.

BRIAN ZELLER

Then the victim before that.

WILL GRAHAM

I see the Ripper but I don't... feel the Ripper. He's an artist. This is... plagiarism.

JACK CRAWFORD

We never made the wound patterns on any of the Ripper victims public.

(CONTINUED)

20

WILL GRAHAM

Maybe he is the Ripper, I don't know. But if he is a plagiarist, the real Chesapeake Ripper is going to make sure everybody knows it.

21 INT. JACK CRAWFORD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 4 21

CAMERA CRAWLS ACROSS THE FLOOR and up onto the bed to find Jack Crawford sleeping alone. His falling breaths the only sound in the room. 2:47 AM. A moment of stillness, then:

RING. RING. Jack startles awake.

JACK CRAWFORD

Bella.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the empty side of the bed where Jack's wife Bella normally sleeps. Jack stirs, reaches across Bella's still-fluffed pillow and picks up the phone.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Hello?

An eerily long pause, then out of a brief shift of static:

MIRIAM LASS'S VOICE

Jack... Jack...

JACK CRAWFORD

(trying to wake up)

Who is this?

MIRIAM LASS'S VOICE

Jack... it's Miriam.

JACK CRAWFORD

Miriam?

MIRIAM LASS'S VOICE

I don't know where I am. I can't see anything. I was so wrong. I was so wrong. Please... Jack... I don't want to die like this.

CLICK. The line goes dead. OFF Jack alone in the darkness...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

ON BLACK

A PHONE RINGS. And then another. And another. Overlapping, intertwining. A GRAPHIC representing TELEPHONE RELAY POINTS and TRUNK LINES blinks and strobes like synapses across the digital map of a human brain, activating a scrolling list of NUMBERS as TELEPHONE TRACING SOFTWARE crunches DATA. We are:

22 INT. B.A.U. - FORENSIC DATA - MORNING - DAY 5 22

Beverly Katz stands at her work station studying the data on her computer monitor, Jimmy Price looking over her shoulder. Brian Zeller sits on a stool. Jack Crawford stands in the middle of the room and Will Graham hovers near the door.

BEVERLY KATZ

I'm hooked into every carrier database and telephone provider in the United States. Nothing.

JACK CRAWFORD

Look again.

BEVERLY KATZ

I did my agains. And my again and agains. I can't find any electronic trace of any call made to your home phone at 2:47 AM.

JACK CRAWFORD

The phone rang.

BRIAN ZELLER

Did it wake up your wife?

JACK CRAWFORD

I was alone.

JIMMY PRICE

If there was a call --

JACK CRAWFORD

What do you mean "if?"

JIMMY PRICE

Whoever called could have tapped in from that little box outside your house. Or the junction in your neighborhood. There would be no trace signal to track.

(CONTINUED)

BEVERLY KATZ

You're sure it was Miriam Lass?

JACK CRAWFORD

It was Miriam Lass.

BRIAN ZELLER

Haven't heard her voice in 2 years.

JACK CRAWFORD

If you continue to question my
certainty I need to know so I can
tell you to leave the room while
it's still safe for you to be here.

And that shuts Brian Zeller up.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Chesapeake Ripper recorded Miriam
Lass as he was killing her 2 years
ago. He called me last night at
2:47 AM and played that recording.

WILL GRAHAM

That call didn't come from the
Baltimore State Hospital for the
Criminally Insane.

BEVERLY KATZ

That we would'a been able to trace.

WILL GRAHAM

What if it wasn't a recording? You
said yourself there was no body.

JACK CRAWFORD

Miriam Lass is dead. Chesapeake
Ripper is making it very clear
someone is plagiarizing his work.

BRIAN ZELLER

I'll say it once more, just to say
it. It was 2:47 in the morning.
If you get roused from deep sleep,
you're going to be disoriented.
May not even know you're asleep.

JACK CRAWFORD

I know when I'm awake.

Will reacts to that, not always sure he knows the same.

23

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

23

CAMERA CREEPS DOWN THE ENTRANCE CORRIDOR toward Will Graham, who gathers his notes and sits behind his desk as F.B.I. TRAINEES file out of the classroom. He takes off his glasses and rubs his tired eyes, finally glancing up to see:

THE ENTRANCE CORRIDOR

CAMERA TURNS as the light at the end of the tunnel becomes OBSCURED. A haunting CLACKCLUCK-CLACKCLUCK-CLACKCLUCK.

Will stares down the entrance corridor to the classroom as the BLACK STAG stalks toward him, head low in its approach.

ALANA BLOOM'S VOICE
(distant, dream-like)
Will...?

ON WILL GRAHAM

He startles awake every so slightly, lost in a day dream. The BLACK STAG of his waking nightmare was in fact an approaching Alana Bloom and Jack Crawford.

ALANA BLOOM
You looked like you were dreaming.

WILL GRAHAM
Was thinking about something else.

JACK CRAWFORD
I got something for you to think about. We have a medium where we can speak to the Chesapeake Ripper. Is there a way to push him?

WILL GRAHAM
Push him toward what?

ALANA BLOOM
We might be able to influence him to blow up and become visible.

JACK CRAWFORD
Could we enrage him?

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

To what purpose, Jack? I'm not
sure what you're asking for.

JACK CRAWFORD

Advice. That's what I'm asking for.
Could we enrage the Chesapeake
Ripper and focus his attention?

WILL GRAHAM

He's already focused on Gideon as
his adversary. Don't fool around.

JACK CRAWFORD

Gideon's just a tabloid rumor. We
need to make him the truth.

WILL GRAHAM

You might push the Ripper to kill
again just to prove he isn't in a
hospital for the criminally insane.

JACK CRAWFORD

I have to push, Will.

WILL GRAHAM

Are you thinking about playing ball
with Freddie Lounds?

JACK CRAWFORD

You know yourself it's the best way
to bait the real Chesapeake Ripper.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

She sits quietly, eyes following the shape of the room,
casually scanning her surroundings. She is --

24

INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 5

24

Jack Crawford ENTERS, warm and welcoming. He's playing an
angle and Freddie Lounds happily plays along. Alana Bloom
and Will Graham ENTER with Jack. Everyone sits at the table.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Good morning, Agent Crawford.
Thank you for inviting me.

JACK CRAWFORD

This is Dr. Bloom, one of our
psychiatric consultants. And I
believe you know Will Graham.

(CONTINUED)

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Dr. Bloom. Hello, Mr. Graham. So good to see you.

Will simply stares, inscrutable. Jack addresses Freddie:

JACK CRAWFORD

You got all the qualities of a good reporter, Ms. Lounds. Intelligence, guts, and the good eye. How did you end up where you ended up?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Where I ended up being criminal justice journalism?

WILL GRAHAM

Criminal justice journalism being a euphemism for tabloid reporting.

JACK CRAWFORD

You ran an unconfirmed story on the Chesapeake Ripper. What I want is for you to confirm it.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

An exclusive story would be a coup.

JACK CRAWFORD

You would have the satisfaction of seeing Chicago Tribune, Los Angeles Times, the sanctified Washington Post and the holy New York Times run copyrighted material under your byline with a picture credit.

WILL GRAHAM

What's against you and by association us is your brand of journalism is obnoxious, and therefore disliked.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Yes, that is an obstacle. I tried to get an interview with Dr. Gideon. I was denied. Evidently some trouble with my euphemism.

ALANA BLOOM

I'm friendly with the new Chief of Staff. I can get you an interview.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Not to snap bubblegum and crack
wise, but what's my angle? Is he
the Chesapeake Ripper or you just
want me to tell everybody he is.

ALANA BLOOM

He could be. Certain personalities
are attracted to certain professions.

JACK CRAWFORD

Do you know which professions
psychopaths disproportionately
gravitate to?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

CEOs, lawyers. The clergy.

JACK CRAWFORD

Number 5 on the list is surgeons.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I know that list.

WILL GRAHAM

Then you know what number six is.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Journalists. Know what number
seven is, Mr. Graham?

WILL GRAHAM

Law enforcement.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Here we are. A bunch of psychopaths
helping each other out.

26

INT. B.S.H.C.I. - HIGH SECURITY CELL BLOCK - DAY 6

26

Freddie Lounds steps through the Security Gate and it slides shut ominously behind her. She doesn't flinch, instead walking confidently down the corridor.

CAMERA FOLLOWS FREDDIE LOUNDS

She approaches Gideon's cell to find him waiting for her. Freddie sits in the chair opposite the security barrier.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Dr. Gideon. I'm Freddie Lounds.
May I call you Dr. Gideon or would
you prefer the Chesapeake Ripper?

27 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - DAY 6 27

CAMERA FINDS Hannibal at this desk, TATTLECRIME.COM on his browser pronouncing "HOW THE RIPPER RIPS: AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW" over a picture of Dr. Gideon.

He shakes his head making a disapproving tsk-tsk-tsk sound.

CLOSE ON - DR. CHILTON

He takes in the savory bite from the plate of elegantly prepared and presented LAMB TONGUE in front of him.

We are --

28 INT. HANNIBAL'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 6 28

Dr. Chilton, Alana Bloom and Hannibal sit around his table.

HANNIBAL

Inspired by Auguste Escoffier,
Langue d'agneau en Papillotte
served with a sauce of duxelle and
oyster mushrooms, picked myself.

ALANA BLOOM

Don't think I've ever had tongue.

HANNIBAL

It was a particularly chatty lamb.

DR. CHILTON

Romans would kill flamingos just to
eat their tongues.

HANNIBAL

Don't give me ideas. Your tongue
is very feisty and as this evening
has already proven, it's nice to
have an old friend for dinner.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

29 OMITTED. 29

30 INT. HANNIBAL'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 6 30

Hannibal, Alana Bloom and Dr. Chilton are gathered around the beautifully appointed dining table.

DR. CHILTON

To the Chesapeake Ripper.

(raises glass)

Dr. Gideon is going to provide us with the singular opportunity to analyze a pure sociopath. It's so rare to find one in captivity.

Hannibal raises his glass, but Alana does not.

ALANA BLOOM

I see three possibilities: Gideon is the Chesapeake Ripper or he just thinks he is, or he knows he isn't.

DR. CHILTON

He is. He knows he is. So do I. But it will be a challenge to tell what he's holding back or whether he understands more than he'll say.

HANNIBAL

Did you discuss the Chesapeake Ripper's crimes with Dr. Gideon before he murdered the night nurse?

DR. CHILTON

(nods)

When I began to suspect who he was. Feeling he was about to be exposed may have spurred him to action.

ALANA BLOOM

Is it possible you inadvertently planted the suggestion in Gideon's mind that he was the Ripper?

DR. CHILTON

Not suggesting coercive persuasion?

ALANA BLOOM

I said inadvertently.

(CONTINUED)

DR. CHILTON
Psychic driving is unethical.

HANNIBAL
But reasonable in certain
circumstances.

ALANA BLOOM
What circumstances?

HANNIBAL
It may've been useful trying to
remind Gideon he's the Chesapeake
Ripper if he repressed those
memories, but he seems to have come
to that awareness all by himself.

Alana and Dr. Chilton simultaneously look at Hannibal.

ALANA BLOOM
Would you mind if I had another
session with Dr. Gideon?

DR. CHILTON
Not at all. I'd love your insight.
And if he's been unethically
manipulated somehow I need to know.

HANNIBAL
Dr. Chilton... would you care to
assist me with dessert?

CLOSE ON A NORTON GRAPE

Its PURPLE SKIN is removed REVEALING PURPLE FLESH. We are --

A31 INT. HANNIBAL'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT 6 A31

Hannibal peels grapes to garnish a gelatin dish.

HANNIBAL
I love Norton grapes. Same color
inside as outside. Peel it and the
flesh is also purple, not like
other grapes where flesh is white
and color comes from the skin.

DR. CHILTON
A grape with nothing to hide.

Hannibal lowers his voice conspiratorially:

A31

CONTINUED:

A31

HANNIBAL

Were I in your position, I would have attempted psychic driving. Based on your familiarity with the subject, perhaps you already have.

DR. CHILTON

How dare you.

HANNIBAL

I dare in many varied ways, but I promise... I'm much more forgiving of the unorthodox than Dr. Bloom.

As CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Dr. Chilton taking that in...

31

INT. B.S.H.C.I. - HIGH SECURITY CELL BLOCK - DAY 7

31

Jack Crawford sits opposite Dr. Gideon.

DR. GIDEON

Are you enjoying reading my mail?

JACK CRAWFORD

Not personally. I'll be getting the abbreviated version.

DR. GIDEON

Looking for something instructional? Diagrams. Don't think I could recreate one of my own murders from memory?

JACK CRAWFORD

Wouldn't be your memory you'd be recreating it from. You're not the Chesapeake Ripper.

DR. GIDEON

We'll have to agree to disagree.

JACK CRAWFORD

Alright, why the surgical trophies?

DR. GIDEON

Well, Agent Crawford, there're just things you're not allowed to do in a state certified operating room.

JACK CRAWFORD

No trophies from killing your wife and her family at Thanksgiving. You didn't put them on display.

(CONTINUED)

DR. GIDEON

Crimes of passion. You know how stressful the holidays can get. But you're not here to talk about my wife or even the night nurse.

JACK CRAWFORD

What am I here to talk about?

DR. GIDEON

Your trainee. Miriam something.

JACK CRAWFORD

Telling me you killed Miriam Lass?

DR. GIDEON

I didn't want to kill her. But yes, I did. Don't be mad at me.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm not mad at you. I know where you are and how you got here. Not expecting dignified conduct, or even the truth, for that matter. Which you're being awfully forthcoming about all of a sudden.

DR. GIDEON

What do I have to lose? You know where I am and how I got here.

JACK CRAWFORD

Why didn't you put her on display?

DR. GIDEON

What makes you think I didn't? Shouldn't be so literal about what you consider a display.

RING. RING. Jack Crawford's phone sounds from his pocket.

DR. GIDEON (CONT'D)

Who could that be.

Jack looks at his caller ID, which simply reads "HOME."

JACK CRAWFORD

Excuse me.

As Jack is walking away:

DR. GIDEON
Polite thing to do is tell them
you'll call them back. Unless, of
course, that's not an option.

Jack eyes Dr. Gideon, then EXITS.

A32 EXT. B.S.H.C.I. - DAY 7 A32

Jack steps outside, taking his phone and re-dialing HOME. He
listens as it RINGS once, twice then picks up:

JACK CRAWFORD
Sorry I couldn't pick up. You're
home early. Everything alright?

An eerie moment of room tone, then a recorded voice:

MIRIAM LASS' VOICE
Please... Jack... I don't want to
die like this.

CAMERA PUSHES INTO Jack Crawford and we...

32 INT. JACK CRAWFORD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 7 32

Brian Zeller PHOTOGRAPHS a footprint in the carpet as Beverly
Katz scans the depression in the bed linens with a UV light.
Jimmy Price is taking FORENSIC TRACE off the bedside phone.
He diligently dusts for PRINTS on the HANDSET, capturing them
with a strip of transparent tape. Jack and Will look on.

JIMMY PRICE
Getting a lot of usable prints.
Probably just you and your wife's.

BRIAN ZELLER
I can't imagine the Chesapeake
Ripper would start leaving prints
at a crime scene now.

Jimmy places the newly imprinted TAPE STRIPS on his handset,
scanning them into the device.

JIMMY PRICE
I can see three distinct beauties.
(to Jack Crawford)
Yours, your wife's and presumably
the Chesapeake Ripper.

CAMERA FAVORS Will and Jack as Brian Zeller, Jimmy Price and Beverly Katz work in the background.

JACK CRAWFORD

He was in my home. He was in my bedroom. He sat where my wife sleeps. He touched her pillow.

WILL GRAHAM

Did Miriam Lass know where you live?

JACK CRAWFORD

If she wanted to know, she was smart enough to find out.

WILL GRAHAM

Could've told the Chesapeake Ripper before he killed her. Did you know you were sending her after him?

JACK CRAWFORD

I sent her after information.

WILL GRAHAM

Whoever made that phone call thinks you were close to Miriam Lass and feel responsible for her death.

JACK CRAWFORD

She was my trainee. I am responsible for her death.

BEVERLY KATZ

The Ripper didn't just touch her pillow. He put his head on it. Somebody's been sleeping in your bed.

Beverly plucks a long blonde hair from the indentation in the pillow lying on Bella Crawford's side of the bed.

BEVERLY KATZ (CONT'D)

And there he is. Or she is.
(then)
Was Miriam Lass a blonde?

JACK CRAWFORD

Yes.

JIMMY PRICE

She was here.

JACK CRAWFORD

She's dead.

JIMMY PRICE

I pulled her fingerprints from the
VICAP database, Jack. Got a match.

CAMERA PUSHES INTO Jack Crawford, his back turned, absorbing
that statement yet rejecting the reality of it.

ON JACK CRAWFORD

His distinctive facial hair indicates this is another time.

JACK CRAWFORD

Don't you have classes today?

We are --

INT. B.A.U. - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK 33

Jack stands behind his desk studying a report as CAMERA
REVEALS Miriam Lass standing in his doorway. He turns to her:

JACK CRAWFORD

You're still in school, aren't you?

MIRIAM LASS

Yes, sir. Thought this might be
more important than "Exclusionary
Rules of Search and Seizure."

JACK CRAWFORD

Is that what you thought?

An internal wince at her cocky misstep. She tries to correct.

MIRIAM LASS

I left a report here for you last
night. I don't know if you got it.

JACK CRAWFORD

I got it.

MIRIAM LASS

Did you read it?

JACK CRAWFORD

Go back to class.

Miriam stands there a moment, unable to draw her jaw shut.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Frustrated, Lass? Better start
forming a callus or frustration is
going to wear you through.

MIRIAM LASS
Could've at least read the report.

JACK CRAWFORD
I read it.

MIRIAM LASS
Your assessment? Sir.

JACK CRAWFORD
My assessment is instead of being here you should be sitting in a lecture hall boning up on "Good Faith Warrant Exceptions."

MIRIAM LASS
Did something change?

JACK CRAWFORD
Some days you wake up changed. Hope you're having one of those days.

Wounded and confused, she turns and starts to walk away.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
What you're proposing in your report breaks confidentiality laws. You shouldn't be so dismissive about what you're learning here.

MIRIAM LASS
If the Chesapeake Ripper is a surgeon, we should look at medical records of all the known victims. I know we wouldn't get a warrant without something substantial --

JACK CRAWFORD
It's one thing for a trainee to go poking around private medical records without a warrant, very much another if "The Guru" did it.

That stops Miriam. She's getting it.

MIRIAM LASS
Better for a Trainee to ask for forgiveness than an FBI agent to ask for permission?

JACK CRAWFORD
In my experience.

33

MIRIAM LASS

Then I hope you forgive me for
skipping class today.

Bolstered, Miriam EXITS and a genuine smile creeps across
Jack Crawford's face.

ALANA BLOOM'S VOICE

If someone were using manipulative
methods, psychological or
otherwise...

A34 OMITTED.

A34

B34 INT. B.S.H.C.I. - HIGH SECURITY CELL BLOCK - DAY 7

B34

Alana Bloom sits outside of Dr. Gideon's cell as he sits
inside, watching her closely as he listens.

ALANA BLOOM

...to subvert your sense of control,
you may not realize it unless those
methods are pointed out to you.

DR. GIDEON

Which might in fact be a
manipulative method of itself.

ALANA BLOOM

You were a model patient. You
behaved yourself for two years.

DR. GIDEON

No opportunity to misbehave.

ALANA BLOOM

You could have been pushed.

DR. GIDEON

Unethically?

ALANA BLOOM

I can help you find out. But I
need your trust to do that.

DR. GIDEON

I trust you, Dr. Bloom.

OFF that statement neither of them believes is entirely true:

34 INT. B.S.H.C.I. - DR. CHILTON'S OFFICE - DAY 7

34

Will Graham sits with Chilton in the seating area, casually.

(CONTINUED)

DR. CHILTON

We both know you're a distraction.
I would have given Dr. Bloom her
privacy, but I appreciate the
opportunity to get to know you.

WILL GRAHAM

What do they say about me in
psychiatric circles?

DR. CHILTON

Too many mirror neurons. Supposed
to help us socialize and go away,
but you must have held onto yours,
which makes socializing difficult.

WILL GRAHAM

It's a mild form of echopraxia.

DR. CHILTON

Yes, I know. During intense
conversations, do you take on the
other person's speech patterns?

WILL GRAHAM

Not that I'm aware of.

DR. CHILTON

Watch out if you do.

Alana on one side of the BARRIER, Dr. Gideon on the other.

DR. GIDEON

I can honestly say I appreciate
your concern, Dr. Bloom. But I
don't think you can help me.

A deep groan, as if the entire building SIGHED. Then the RED
LIGHTS on the doors go green. Alana watches as one by one,
they OPEN. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Dr. Gideon as he stares at
Alana Bloom through the crack in the now-ajar cell door.

Then DARKNESS. In the time it takes Alana to steal a breath,
the ORANGE EMERGENCY LIGHTS FLASH ON, illuminating PATIENTS
as they emerge from their cells. Alana glances over to see
DR. GIDEON. He's already out.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

36 INT. B.S.H.C.I. - DR. CHILTON'S OFFICE - DAY 7 36

Dr. Chilton and Will Graham react to the familiar deep groan. Then the POWER GOES OUT. Stark EMERGENCY LIGHTING FLASHES ON.

A37 INT. B.S.H.C.I. - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS A37

A flurry of movement amongst STAFF silhouetted by EMERGENCY LIGHTING. Will emerges from Dr. Chilton's office to find a GROUP OF HOSPITAL SECURITY hurrying down the dark corridor.

Dr. Chilton steps into the hall and watches a moment as Will heads down the corridor, then goes back into his office. As if he has some idea how events may play out.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Will as he maneuvers his way to:

37 INT. B.S.H.C.I. - HIGH SECURITY CELL BLOCK 37

Will is immediately on the heels of the HOSPITAL SECURITY, who secure the first two cells, before stopping at the last.

VARIOUS HOSPITAL SECURITY
Get away from her. Step away now.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He follows HOSPITAL SECURITY toward the last cell. They surround the door, opening it.

VARIOUS HOSPITAL SECURITY (CONT'D)
Turn around and lace your fingers
behind your head.

CAMERA REVEALS Alana Bloom is standing calmly in Gideon's cell, unharmed. The Doctor himself is backing away from Alana, lacing his fingers behind his head, as instructed.

As the HOSPITAL SECURITY take down Dr. Gideon, Alana walks out of the cell toward Will, explaining:

ALANA BLOOM
Pulled me into his cell to protect
me from the other patients. Would
the real Chesapeake Ripper do that?

WILL GRAHAM
Come to think of it, he might.

Both Alana and Will notice Dr. Chilton ENTERING the ward.

(CONTINUED)

37

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

What happened?

DR. CHILTON

We had a power outage. Entire hospital. No one knows what caused it. We're on backup generators.
(then)

Is everyone alright?

Dr. Chilton steals a glance at Dr. Gideon's cell as he is hauled to his feet and away from the barrier.

ALANA BLOOM

I'm fine.

OFF Alana questioning Dr. Chilton's concern...

A38

INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - HALLWAY - DAY 7

A38

CAMERA FINDS Jack Crawford moving through the hall when his phone RINGS from his breast pocket. He takes it out and considers it a moment as it continues to RING.

He finally accepts the call and puts the phone to his ear and closes his eyes, bracing for the inevitable.

38

EXT. ABANDONED OBSERVATORY - DAY

38

CAMERA FOLLOWS Beverly Katz and Will Graham as they approach the abandoned building; Jack Crawford hangs back considering what they may find. VARIOUS FBI AGENTS in the background.

BEVERLY KATZ

The last call was made to Jack's cell from a disposable phone traced here. Or within a 100 feet of here.

WILL GRAHAM

What was Miriam Lass looking into?

BEVERLY KATZ

Medical records. If the Ripper was a surgeon, she thought he might have treated one of his victims.

WILL GRAHAM

They retraced her steps?

BEVERLY KATZ

The ones they could find. She made a jump somewhere they couldn't explain. You make those jumps.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

The evidence has to be there.

BEVERLY KATZ

Every surgeon that came into contact with any of the Ripper victims has been thoroughly vetted and or currently under observation.

WILL GRAHAM

Including Dr. Gideon.

Jack approaches, solemn.

JACK CRAWFORD

Dr. Gideon wasn't in my bedroom. The Chesapeake Ripper was.

Jack takes his phone out of his coat pocket.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

That last call left something the others didn't. A phone number.

Jack presses call. An uncomfortably long beat. Jack is about to end the call, then... A DISTANT RING. And ANOTHER.

Jack, Will and the FBI AGENTS turn toward the Observatory.

A39 INT. ABANDONED OBSERVATORY - DAY

A39

Empty. Neglected ASTRONOMY EQUIPMENT and the MACHINES THAT REPAIR THEM lay long dormant, dust-covered.

The RING continues as CAMERA FINDS Jack and Will. Jack moves ahead of Will toward the source of the RING and then slows, becoming suddenly hesitant about what he might discover.

Then the RING STOPS.

He hardens his resolve as he sees under the TELESCOPE:

A HAND HOLDING A CELL PHONE

Slightly discolored, like recently greying pig flesh. CAMERA REVEALS the hand is attached to a severed arm, nothing else.

ON JACK CRAWFORD AND WILL GRAHAM

Next to the arm, under the telescope is a sign with a simple note that reads: "What do you see?" Jack drops his head.

39

INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 7

39

Hannibal sits on the edge of his desk studying Jack Crawford as he gazes out the window at Baltimore and beyond.

HANNIBAL

What would be the benefit of making you believe your trainee was alive?

JACK CRAWFORD

Hope. The Ripper wanted to cloud my vision in the fog of hope.

HANNIBAL

It can sometimes be brave to allow yourself hope.

JACK CRAWFORD

Not the false kind.

(then)

I'm not here to talk about the Ripper. It was a mistake for me to come to you the other day, asking about my wife and her therapy.

HANNIBAL

Not to worry. I won't discuss your visits with her anymore than I'll discuss her visits with you.

JACK CRAWFORD

Please don't.

HANNIBAL

May I ask when your trainee disappeared, how long before you gave up hope?

JACK CRAWFORD

Started the minute they told me she was missing. Gave up more every minute that passed after that.

HANNIBAL

Don't give up hope for your wife. Not yet.

JACK CRAWFORD

Bella's accepted she's going to crash. Stage four cancer. Said herself there's no stage five.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

She's lost hope. Which means you can't.

JACK CRAWFORD

You think I have control of that?

HANNIBAL

Take control.

JACK CRAWFORD

You keep trying to be my psychiatrist, Dr. Lecter.

HANNIBAL

Because I believe you need one.

JACK CRAWFORD

That makes one of us.

HANNIBAL

I'm sorry about your wife, Jack. I truly am. I believe the world is a better place with her in it. And I'm sorry about your trainee.

JACK CRAWFORD

Whatever the Ripper was doing, it worked. I thought she was alive. For a moment, anyway. I allowed myself to believe what I knew was impossible. I got played.

HANNIBAL

Indulge me. Talk to me about her. What was her name?

INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Miriam Lass stands in the doorway speaking to Hannibal.

A CHYRON tells us this is...

2 YEARS EARLIER

MIRIAM LASS

My name is Miriam Lass. With the FBI. I'd show you my credentials, but I'm actually just a trainee.

HANNIBAL

Never just a trainee. An agent in training. Please. Come in.

(CONTINUED)

Miriam does and Hannibal closes the door behind her.

MIRIAM LASS

I was hoping to talk to you about a former patient, not necessarily one of yours, but someone you might have come in contact with. When you were a practicing physician.

HANNIBAL

I haven't practiced medicine in some time, but fortunately for you I have a very good memory.

MIRIAM LASS

His name was Jeremy Olmstead.

HANNIBAL

Perhaps not so good a memory after all. I don't recall a patient with that name, but it sounds familiar.

MIRIAM LASS

He was recently found murdered in his workshop. We think he may be a victim of the Chesapeake Ripper.

HANNIBAL

Ah. That's why he sounds familiar. It's been all over the news.

MIRIAM LASS

He had two old scars on his thigh. Pathologist checked with the local hospital. He had fallen out of a tree-blind five years ago while bow hunting. Stuck an arrow through his leg. Doctor of record was a resident surgeon, but you were on duty in the ER that night.

HANNIBAL

I was?

MIRIAM LASS

Your name was on an admissions log.

HANNIBAL

Let me think. You'll have to forgive me. I saw so many people in the ER, but not so many hunters.

MIRIAM LASS

It's been a long time since the accident, but I thought you might remember if anything seemed fishy about the arrow wound.

HANNIBAL

If it's the gentleman I'm thinking of, I vaguely remember a fellow hunter bringing him in. But I recall very little else.

MIRIAM LASS

Figured it was a long shot.

HANNIBAL

I did keep detailed journals during those days. If you like, I can get them for you. Maybe you'll find something helpful.

MIRIAM LASS

That'd be great. Would you mind?

HANNIBAL

Not at all. If you'll wait here, I'll be right back.

MIRIAM LASS

Thank you.

Hannibal crosses to the ladder and climbs up to the second level. Miriam strolls over to a table with drawings.

ON MIRIAM LASS

She casually peruses the stack of pencil illustrations.

ON THE TABLE OF PENCIL SKETCHES

A drawing of the WOUND MAN, an illustration used in early medical books featuring a man covered in impalements.

QUICK POP TO:

WORKSHOP

The VICTIM's wounds seen earlier in the WORKSHOP closely resemble the battle injuries of the drawing.

POP BACK TO:

(CONTINUED)

MIRIAM LASS

Her face goes slack, recognizing the connection between the murdered man in the workshop and Hannibal Lecter's sketch.

CAMERA DRIFTS DOWN TO THE FLOOR where it FINDS HANNIBAL'S SOCKED FEET padding across the room quietly and quickly toward Miriam, sneaking up behind her.

ON HANNIBAL'S HANDS

They reach out, hanging briefly in the air, and then SNATCH. Hannibal coils around Miriam quickly and violently, yet with elegant precision, hoisting her off her feet. She cries out but her YELP is cut short. She kicks violently, legs swinging, sending the table and pencil drawings into the air.

Hannibal is like a column of marble, motionless as Miriam twists and throws, trying in vain to knock him off balance. She reaches behind her head, clawing at Hannibal but he presses his face almost sensually against the back of her neck to protect face and eyes from her slashing fingernails.

Miriam's eyes roll, defeated, tear-filled, knowing she's going to die. She begins to go limp in Hannibal's arms.

ON THE WOUND MAN ILLUSTRATION

A gush of blood sprays across the stack of drawings scattered on the floor and the overturned table.

As the blood is absorbed into the paper, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END