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# HANNIBAL

"Buffet Froid"

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Final Shooting Script

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HANNIBAL  
"Buffet Froid"

TEASER

1 EXT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 1 1  
TIME-LAPSE ESTABLISHING.

2 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 1 2  
WILL GRAHAM sits opposite HANNIBAL, mid-therapy:

WILL GRAHAM  
I feel my nerves clicking like  
roller coaster cogs pulling up to  
the inevitable long plunge.

HANNIBAL  
Quick sounds. Quickly ended.

WILL GRAHAM  
Abigail ended Nicholas Boyle like a  
burst balloon. She took a life.

HANNIBAL  
You've taken a life.

WILL GRAHAM  
So have you.

HANNIBAL  
You're grieving, Will. Not for the  
life you have taken, but for the  
life that was taken from you.

(off his look)  
If Abigail could have started over,  
left the horror of her father  
behind, so could've you. You could  
untangle yourself from the madness  
and the murder, clear your mind.

WILL GRAHAM  
My mind has never been clear.

HANNIBAL  
And now you fear it never will.

WILL GRAHAM  
We lied for her.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

We both know the unreality of taking a life, of people who die when we have no other choice. We know in those moments they're not flesh, but light and air and color.

WILL GRAHAM

Isn't that what it is to be alive.

HANNIBAL

Do you feel alive, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

I feel like I'm fading.

HANNIBAL

Have you experienced any further loss of time... or hallucinations.

A slow, quiet nod.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I'd like you to draw a clock face. Numbered. Large hand indicating the hour, small hand the minute.

WILL GRAHAM

Why?

HANNIBAL

An exercise. Nothing more. I want you to remember a present moment. The now. Often as you can, think of where you are and when.

WILL GRAHAM

This feels like you're tying mittens to my coat sleeves.

HANNIBAL

Indulge me.

Hannibal hands Will a notebook and pen. Will quickly draws a circle, numbers, with the clock hands indicating the time is just after 7:15 PM. From Will's P.O.V., **A NORMAL CLOCK.**

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Think of the time. Think of where you are. Think of who you are.

(CONTINUED)

2

WILL GRAHAM  
It's 7:16 PM. I'm in Baltimore,  
Maryland. My name is Will Graham.

HANNIBAL  
A simple reminder. A handle to  
reality for you to hold onto.

INCLUDE THE NOTEBOOK

The CLOCK Will Graham has drawn is a circle with all of the  
numbers and hands stacked on one side. The other side of the  
circle is completely empty. Crowded numbers are Dahli-esque.

**THIS IS NOT A NORMAL CLOCK.** Something is wrong with Will.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)  
And know you are alive.

CUT TO:

CAR HEADLIGHTS

Pierce through misty rain.

CHYRON: "GREENWOOD, DELAWARE"

We are --

3

EXT. DENSE WOODS - NIGHT 1

3

A lonely house sits far from the main road, far from the  
hustle and bustle of city life.

CLOSE ON A GARDEN GNOME

Made of graying cement, its face and hands are lifted skyward  
as it stands among the bramble. Half its smiling face is  
missing. The other half is streaked with filth and dirt.

BETH LEBEAU

Eases out of her car. She's 30's, with natural, easy beauty.

CAMERA TRACKS BETH toward her front door, lamps strung in the  
towering pine trees providing a SPOOKY BACK-LIGHT to the  
surrounding woods. She glances at the GARDEN SHED at the end  
of the driveway, its doors closed against the weather.

THE HOUSE

A ramshackle turn-of-the-century Victorian. Beth slogs the  
remaining steps to the door and takes out the key.

4 INT. WOODED HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 1 4

Beth pours birdseed into a small container in a canary cage, whistling as she invites the bird to do the same.

The canary SINGS.

5 EXT. WOODED HOUSE -- BACKYARD - NIGHT 1 5

CAMERA FINDS the weathered GARDEN SHED.

In the utter blackness, CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHES IN ON THE SHED as RAIN begins to spatter through its NOW OPEN DOORS.

CLOSER and CLOSER we PUSH IN on the OPEN DOORS.

6 INT. WOODED HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 1 (LATER) 6

The house is comfy, the bedroom decorated with equestrian mementoes and photos of Beth's friends and family. Beth ENTERS dressed for bed, snuggles under the covers as the WIND and RAIN create havoc outside. Drowsy. Her FINGERS reach for the switch on the bedside lamp. She clicks it off --

BLACKNESS. It envelopes us. A small THUD from up above. Beth turns on the lamp. She stares --

UP AT THE CEILING

Drip, drip, drip. Slow motion. Small POOLS OF WATER seep through the planked ceiling.

A SERIES OF WET POOLS form in haphazard order. One after another. Almost like footsteps. A roof leak maybe?

BETH yanks off the covers. What now? She reaches into her bedside table to retrieve a FLASHLIGHT.

7 INT. WOODED HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 1 7

Beth reaches for a small cord that dangles from the ceiling.

THE CEILING LADDER

Swings down. Beth manages to navigate the steps with flashlight in hand. The sound of SWIRLING WIND floats down from above, a sudden blast of cold air.

She CLIMBS the attic ladder. Curious.

8 INT. WOODED HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT 1 8

The FLASHLIGHT BEAM illumines dusty boxes and broken furniture, casting strange shadows as Beth moves stealthily through the attic, eyes keen, flashlight swiveling. She shivers against the cold. Then understands why:

HER P.O.V. - A PORTION OF THE ROOF

Has COLLAPSED INWARD under the weight of snow. Snow and water commingle on the attic floor, presumably the source of the strange "water pools" on her bedroom ceiling.

9 EXT. HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT 1 9

CAMERA PULLS BACK from Beth inside looking through the hole to REVEAL FOOTPRINTS in the snow, darting across the roof.

10 INT. WOODED HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT 1 10

A STAPLE GUN

K'CHUK, K'CHUK, K'CHUK. Beth staples a TARP over the entrance of the hole in the roof.

EMPTY PAILS

Beth strategically places them beneath the leaking roof. For the moment, problem solved. Time for bed.

11 INT. WOODED HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 1 11

Beth climbs back down, closes the attic door.

12 INT. WOODED HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 1 12

Beth enters from the hall with her flashlight. She freezes in place. In a lazy path from the DOORWAY TO HER BED are more POOLS OF WATER. Her shoulders slump. This old house.

CAMERA TRACKS OVER THE "WET POOLS," which are amorphous puddles until the final one before her bed.

A WET HUMAN FOOTPRINT.

REVERSING, BETH STARES at the footprint. Weird. Maybe even a bit scary. But the bed is empty. And a woman who lives alone in the woods doesn't scare easy.

She follows the trail of footprint shaped puddles of water to the BED. She moves closer, closer, when --

SNATCH!!!

(CONTINUED)

A GNARLED HAND from under the bed grabs Beth's leg, yanking her to the floor. She SCREAMS as she's pulled into the darkness under the bed; but the scream turns to a wet gurgle as BLOOD SPRAYS like a Chinese fan across the floor.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

A RAINBOW TROUT lazes twenty feet BENEATH THE WATER, fluorescent scales shimmering.

KERPLUNK, as a NYMPH FLY (a lure) plunges into the water.

The TROUT shimmies toward its prey. We are --

13 EXT. MOSSY CREEK - VIRGINIA - DAY 2 13

Will Graham stands waist-deep in the creek, wearing WADERS and a FLY VEST. His rod, reel, line and leader are in hand. He reels in his line and comes up with --

NOTHING.

Will studies the water like a seasoned pro, searching for fish bubbles and seams between fast and slow currents. He "hunts" for his prey rather than cast away blindly.

14 UNDERWATER 14

The rainbow trout LUNGES for the lure.

15 EXT. MOSSY CREEK - SAME TIME 15

Will Graham deftly PLAYS his fish. Rod tip up, he doesn't muscle the fish but allows him to run till he tires.

CLOSE - ON WILL

Despite the struggle, Will is in repose: one could even say at peace.

WIDER, as Will Graham allows the fish to run, then reels in, lets the fish run again, reels again. He grabs a fishing net from his vest - SCOOPS THE FISH INTO THE NET as we --

CUT TO:

16 OMITTED. 16

A17 EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY 2 A17

Will unloads his fishing supplies from the car, walking to the front door carrying several fish on a chain of hooks.

A successful day.

B17 INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 2 B17

Will has the rainbow trout inverted on a plank covered with newspaper. Beside him is a cooler with ice.

HIS GUTTING KNIFE

Splits the fish from the base to gills. As fish blood seeps from the stroke...

CLOSE ON THE BLOOD

It quickly BLOOMS into an enormous puddle FILLING FRAME. In it, Will's REFLECTION stares back at CAMERA.

REVERSE

To reveal we are now...

17 INT. WOODED HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 2 17

The ceiling drips. Will is on his hands and knees in a pool of blood as it BLOOMS into an enormous puddle spanning across a hardwood floor. It spans from under the bed to the center of the room, where it pools in a ghastly crimson circle.

ON WILL

Kneeling. The fish is gone, as is the fisherman's knife. He now holds a FARRIER'S HOOF KNIFE in one hand, CAMERA REVEALING his other hand is holding down BETH LEBEAU, who stares at him through a sheen of crimson.

She has a GLASGOW SMILE -- a jagged slash from the corners of her mouth drawn all the way to her ears. She chokes and sputters, her mouth and throat full of blood from her facial wounds, drowning on her own body fluid.

WILL'S HEARTBEAT

Pounds loud as Beth LeBeau finally dies under him.

THOUGHTS RACE IN HIS HEAD

Where is he? Did he do this? Horror and confusion on his face. Is it possible? Could he have killed this woman in some sort of trance? What's apparent is --

WILL HAS NO MEMORY OF COMING TO THIS CRIME SCENE

Horrified, Will scuttles away from the body.

(CONTINUED)

Attempting to stand, he slips in the blood and braces himself against the bed, leaving a smeared HAND PRINT on the sheets.

CLOSE ON WILL

He's in shock. The blood. The body. The knife. The hand print. What has he done? Overwhelmed, he turns and moves quickly for the door.

18 INT. WOODED HOUSE - HALLWAY - THE DOOR - CONTINUOUS 18

The bedroom door is flung open. Seconds later, a panicked Will races out into the hallway, still holding the blade, and freezes. To his surprise, JACK CRAWFORD, BRIAN ZELLER, JIMMY PRICE, and BEVERLY KATZ are all waiting outside.

Everyone stares at Will, taken aback by his appearance.

BEVERLY KATZ

Will?

He doesn't answer. Just stares, discombobulated. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Jack, concerned...

TIME CUT TO:

19 INT. WOODED HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 19

Jack watches as Will attempts to scrub the blood from his hands in the kitchen sink. Will is aware of Jack's stare but says nothing. Jack takes a calming breath and steps outside.

A20 EXT. WOODED HOUSE - DAY 2 A20

Jack stares into the open fields surrounding the modest farm house. Will walks out the kitchen door, drying his hands.

A quiet moment, then:

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm going to ask you a question and if I think for a moment you're withholding anything from me, I cannot guarantee a calm response.

(then)

What happened in there?

WILL GRAHAM

I got confused.

(CONTINUED)

JACK CRAWFORD

I've seen you confused before.  
I've seen you upset. I've never  
seen you afraid like you were.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm an old hand at fear. I can  
manage this one. I was just  
disoriented. I can go back in.

JACK CRAWFORD

I saw your face when you walked out  
of that room. What you experienced  
in there stunned you silent.

WILL GRAHAM

I can see and hear better afraid.  
Just can't speak as concisely.

JACK CRAWFORD

You contaminated the crime scene.

Will stops dodging and finally admits:

WILL GRAHAM

I thought I was responsible for it.

JACK CRAWFORD

You thought you killed that woman?

WILL GRAHAM

Sometimes with what I do --

JACK CRAWFORD

What you do is take whatever  
evidence there is and extrapolate.  
You reconstruct the thinking of a  
killer, not think you are a killer.

WILL GRAHAM

I got lost in the reconstruction.  
Just for a second. Just a blink.

JACK CRAWFORD

I know you don't like to be a  
subject of concern, but consider me  
officially concerned.

WILL GRAHAM

Officially.

JACK CRAWFORD

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

Thought the reason you have me seeing Dr. Lecter and not an FBI psychiatrist is so my mental well-being stays unofficial.

The truth of that stings more than Jack anticipated.

JACK CRAWFORD

Have I broken you?

WILL GRAHAM

(ignoring the question)

Do you have anybody that does this better unbroken than I do broken?

Jack eyes Will, then:

JACK CRAWFORD

Fear makes you rude, Will.

OFF Jack, not taking his eyes off Will Graham...

20 INT. WOODED HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 2 20

Jack follows Will into the crime scene, Beth LeBeau dead on the floor, the ceiling continues to DRIP-DRIP-DRIP around her. Brian Zeller kneels over the body, studying the facial wounds. Beverly stoops next to claw marks on the floor.

BRIAN ZELLER

She drowned on her own blood.

JIMMY PRICE

What she didn't drown on is all over the floor and under the bed. She was trying to hide from him.

WILL GRAHAM

She was dragged there. He was under the bed waiting for her.

Beverly plucks a broken fingernail out of the wood.

BEVERLY KATZ

Fought to claw her way out.

Will glances at the framed pictures scattered on the dresser tops. Every picture is smashed. Every face, torn and damaged beyond the simple recognition of fractured smiles.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

He knew her. Or thought he did.  
It's someone who cared about her.

Beverly checks the fingers for the one missing a nail.

BEVERLY KATZ

He cared too much.

JACK CRAWFORD

We're looking at boyfriends, ex-  
boyfriends, co-workers, the guy who  
bags her groceries.

Jimmy dusts the FARRIER'S HOOF KNIFE.

JIMMY PRICE

I've got one clean set of  
fingerprints on the knife handle.  
(to Will)  
I assume they're yours.

WILL GRAHAM

Sorry.

JIMMY PRICE

There's other dermal tissue,  
presumably from the killer, but the  
skin is so diseased or damaged it  
didn't leave any usable prints.

BEVERLY KATZ

(studying fingernails)  
Victim scratched her killer deep  
enough to pile tissue under her  
fingernails but never drew blood.

JACK CRAWFORD

Why doesn't he bleed?

Will Graham looks down at the horror of the woman with a  
jagged, cruel mouth. Brian Zeller studies the wounds.

BRIAN ZELLER

After he cut up the victim's face,  
it looks like he was trying to pull  
the skin back.

WILL GRAHAM

Like he was removing a mask.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA PUSHES INTO Will and we...

CUT TO:

21 EXT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 21

TIME-LAPSE ESTABLISHING.

22 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 22

Will Graham paces. Hannibal regards him with true concern.

WILL GRAHAM

I still have the coppery smell of  
blood on my hands. I can't  
remember seeing her dead body  
before I saw myself killing her.

HANNIBAL

Those memories sank out of sight,  
yet you're aware of their absence.

WILL GRAHAM

They left a slick on the surface of  
my mind where they're supposed to be.

HANNIBAL

Where you hope they're supposed to  
be, but fear they never were.

Will is haunted by his "false memories" of murder.

WILL GRAHAM

There's a grandiosity in the  
violence I imagined that feels more  
real than what I know is true.

HANNIBAL

What do you know to be true?

WILL GRAHAM

I know I didn't kill her. Couldn't  
have. But I remember cutting into  
her. I remember watching her die.

HANNIBAL

You must overcome these delusions  
that are disguising your reality.

(then)

What savage delusions does this  
killer have?

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

It wasn't savage. It was lonely...  
desperate... sad.

HANNIBAL

Are you lonely, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

I caught a glimpse of myself in the  
mirror. I looked through me, past  
me. Like I was a stranger.

HANNIBAL

You have to honestly confront your  
limitations with what you do and  
how it affects you.

WILL GRAHAM

If by limitations you mean the  
difference between sanity and  
insanity... I don't accept that.

HANNIBAL

What do you accept?

WILL GRAHAM

I know what kind of crazy I am and  
this is not that kind of crazy.  
This could be seizures. This could  
be a tumor. A blood clot.

HANNIBAL

I can recommend a neurologist.

(then)

But if it isn't physiological, then  
you have to accept what you're  
struggling with is mental illness.

OFF Will, fearing he is losing his mind.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

23 EXT. PRIVATE MEDICAL CENTER - DAY 3 - TO ESTABLISH 23

Early morning. An upscale modern Baltimore medical office.

We are --

24 INT. DR. SUTCLIFFE'S OFFICE - DAY 3 24

Will and Hannibal are seated in the swank office of DR. DONALD SUTCLIFFE, 40's, a vain and brilliant man who treats others rudely unless he respects them. Thus Hannibal receives the utmost professional courtesy.

DR. SUTCLIFFE

You're in very good hands. Dr. Lecter is the sanest man I know.

HANNIBAL

I would agree.  
(to Will)  
Dr. Sutcliffe and I were residents together at Hopkins.

DR. SUTCLIFFE

Another life ago. When you didn't mind getting your hands dirty.

HANNIBAL

I was always drawn to how the mind works. I found it much more dynamic than how the brain works.

DR. SUTCLIFFE

The projected image is more interesting than the projector until the projector breaks down.

(then, to Will)

Any family history of brain disease?

WILL GRAHAM

Not that I'm aware of.

DR. SUTCLIFFE

I guess we'll find out. How about accidents, head traumas? Even if you've had a slip and fall?

WILL GRAHAM

I had one or two violent encounters. Basic blunt trauma.

(CONTINUED)

DR. SUTCLIFFE  
Ever checked for concussion?

WILL GRAHAM  
No.

DR. SUTCLIFFE  
You will be today. When did the  
headaches start? In earnest?

WILL GRAHAM  
Two to three months ago.

HANNIBAL  
About the time Will went back into  
the field, which is when I met him.

DR. SUTCLIFFE  
The hallucinations?

WILL GRAHAM  
I don't know exactly when they  
started. I just slowly became  
aware that I might not be dreaming.

CAMERA PUSHES IN as Hannibal regards Will with curiosity...

25 INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY 3 25

Dr. Sutcliffe hands Will a paper hospital gown.

DR. SUTCLIFFE  
When you're ready, we're going to  
slide you into a giant nuclear  
magnet and see what we can see.

Will's only response is a blink. Dr. Sutcliffe shuts the  
door and Will begins to disrobe.

SMASH CUT TO:

OVERHEAD SHOT - WILL GRAHAM

On the sliding tray of the MRI tube. Blue gown, a SURFACE  
COIL (radio antennae) placed around Will's head.

We're --

26 INT. MRI EXAM ROOM - DAY 3 26

Will Graham doesn't look comfortable at all. Especially as  
the WHIR OF THE MRI MACHINERY begins.

(CONTINUED)

26

Over this --

HANNIBAL (V.O.)  
It's encephalitis.

CUT TO:

27

INT. DR. SUTCLIFFE'S OFFICE - DAY 3

27

Hannibal examines the diplomas on Sutcliffe's wall.

DR. SUTCLIFFE  
That's your pre-diagnosis?

HANNIBAL  
Yes.

DR. SUTCLIFFE  
Based on?

HANNIBAL  
I could smell it.

DR. SUTCLIFFE  
Your sense of smell has gone from  
calling out a nurse's perfume to  
diagnosing autoimmune disease.

HANNIBAL  
He started sleepwalking and I  
noticed a very specific scent.

DR. SUTCLIFFE  
What does encephalitis smell like?

HANNIBAL  
It has heat. A fevered sweetness.

DR. SUTCLIFFE  
If you suspected, why didn't you  
say something?

HANNIBAL  
Had to be sure. Symptoms began  
slow and gradually worsened.  
Yesterday, I asked him to draw a  
clock. This is what he drew.

Hannibal opens his notebook and shows Dr. Sutcliffe Will's  
DALI-ESQUE drawing of a clock, all the numbers to the right.

(CONTINUED)

DR. SUTCLIFFE  
Spatial neglect. Headaches,  
disorientation, hallucinations,  
altered consciousness. He's got  
all the tell-tales.

HANNIBAL  
It's so rare to be able to study  
the psychological effect of this  
type of malady on a person's mind.

DR. SUTCLIFFE  
More rare still to study the  
neurological effects.

HANNIBAL  
A doctor has to weigh the ultimate  
benefit of scientific study.  
(off his look)  
Even in these times, we know so  
little about the brain. There are  
great discoveries to be made.

OFF Dr. Sutcliff seriously considering that...

28 INT. MRI EXAM ROOM - DAY 3 28

WILL lies on the table, which MOVES slowly INTO THE TUBE.

MATCH CUT TO:

29 INT. WOODED HOUSE - BEDROOM - UNDER THE BED 29

Will slides under Beth LeBeau's bed, waiting for her.

MATCH CUT TO:

30 INT. MRI TUBE - DAY 3 30

Claustrophobic. The MRI begins to make a LOUD, DISCONCERTING  
KNOCKING NOISE during the exam. The KNOCKING gets louder, a  
disturbing, arrhythmic metronome.

Will's eyes focus in the dark.

MATCH CUT TO:

31 UNDER THE BED 31

Will stares at the water drops drip-drip-dripping into pools  
in the middle of the room. The KNOCKING of the MRI now  
scores the distorted pulse of water drops.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

WILL'S P.O.V.

Beth LeBeau's legs ENTER FRAME. Will Graham reaches out and --

SNATCH!!!

WILL'S HAND grabs Beth's leg, yanking her to the floor. OFF her SCREAM merging with the horrible noises of the MRI...

MATCH CUT TO:

32 INT. MRI TUBE - DAY 3 32

Will tries to remain composed, but he can't help but feel like he's trapped inside a metal coffin.

MATCH CUT TO:

33 UNDER THE BED 33

Will turns his head and stares at dead Beth LeBeau staring back at him with lifeless eyes.

CUT TO:

A ROTATING 3-D IMAGE OF WILL'S BRAIN SCAN

We are --

34 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 3 34

Dr. Sutcliffe and Hannibal study a monitor depicting the ANIMATED BRAIN SCAN, as well as the standard "three-slice" scans on multiple control room screens.

DR. SUTCLIFFE

The entire right side of his brain is inflamed. It's Anti-NMDA receptor encephalitis. Symptoms are going to get a lot worse.

HANNIBAL

I know. It's unfortunate for Will.

DR. SUTCLIFFE

(good-naturedly)

Do you smell anything on me?

Hannibal considers for a moment.

HANNIBAL

Opportunity.

35 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 3 (MINUTES LATER) 35

Dr. Sutcliffe shows Will his perfectly normal brain scans.

DR. SUTCLIFFE

We didn't find anything abnormal.  
No vascular malformations, no  
tumors. No swelling or bleeding.  
No evidence of stroke. Nothing  
wrong with you neurologically.

Sutcliffe studies Will's troubled face.

DR. SUTCLIFFE (CONT'D)

Usually when I tell a patient that,  
they're happy to hear it.

WILL GRAHAM

So... what I'm experiencing is  
psychological?

DR. SUTCLIFFE

Brain scans can't diagnose a mental  
disorder. They can only rule out  
medical illnesses, like a tumor,  
that can cause similar symptoms.

Will is definitely not happy.

DR. SUTCLIFFE (CONT'D)

We'll do some more tests. Take  
some blood samples, but I imagine  
they'll be just as inconclusive.

OFF Will...

36 EXT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 3 36

TIME-LAPSE ESTABLISHING.

37 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 3 37

Hannibal and Jack enjoy brandy by the fire. Winter can be  
seen falling through the open windows.

HANNIBAL

You knew, from the moment you  
walked into his classroom, that you  
were putting Will in a potentially  
destructive environment.

(CONTINUED)

JACK CRAWFORD

I had eight college girls dead in Minnesota. He caught their killer.

HANNIBAL

He also caught their killer's disease. He can't stop thinking about what it is to take a life.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'd rather Will Graham go a little mad than some innocent lose their life. And I think Will Graham would rather that, too.

HANNIBAL

Will's an innocent.

JACK CRAWFORD

He's an innocent I know is going to survive. Will is genuine. He'll always come back to being Will.

HANNIBAL

Not always. So far.  
(then)

He saw a neurologist today. They found nothing wrong with him. He was very upset by that.

JACK CRAWFORD

He wanted something to be wrong?

HANNIBAL

He wanted an answer that wasn't mental illness.

JACK CRAWFORD

Do you think Will is mentally ill?

Hannibal considers his answer carefully.

HANNIBAL

The problem Will has is too many mirror neurons. Our heads are filled with them when we're children. Supposed to help us socialize and melt away. But Will held onto his, which makes knowing who he is a challenge. He's always reflecting those around him.

JACK CRAWFORD  
It's a mild form of echopraxia.

HANNIBAL  
When you take him to a crime scene,  
Jack, the very air has screams  
smeared on it. In those places, he  
doesn't just reflect, he absorbs.

WILL GRAHAM

Eases out of his car.

We are --

38 EXT. DENSE WOODS - NIGHT 3 38

He treads toward Beth LeBeau's lonely house in the woods.

CAMERA TRACKS WILL, trudging toward the house. He tears the  
CRIME SCENE TAPE from the door and enters.

39 INT. WOODED HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 3 39

Will ENTERS, glances around, notices the bird cage is empty.

40 INT. WOODED HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 3 40

Will walks slowly into the dark bedroom. He turns on the  
lamp on the night stand. Replaying the recollections in his  
head. The stain from the murder still coats the floor.

WILL GRAHAM  
It's 10:36 PM. I'm in Greenwood,  
Delaware. My name is Will Graham.

He edges toward the bed.

He crouches as CAMERA ARMS DOWN to find --

A PAIR OF EYES staring at him from beneath the bed.

Will's frozen. Dream or reality? When suddenly --

THE BED OVERTURNS TOWARD HIM

The lamp on the night stand is SMASHED. In the FLASH of the  
exploding bulb, a SHAPE darts past Will, a DEAD YOUNG WOMAN,  
her skin yellowed and filthy, the whites of her eyes filled  
with blood. It may as well be the walking corpse of Beth  
LeBeau haunting Will's waking nightmare of murdering her.

But it's not. Will grabs her by the elbow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a sickening sound, a whole SHEATH OF SKIN PEELS OFF HER ARM, leaving Will holding the macabre "glove." Before Will's horror can quite take hold, we...

SMASH CUT TO:

WILL GRAHAM

Instead of holding the glove of skin, it's a flashlight. He's no longer in the bedroom.

We are --

EXT. WOODED HOUSE - NIGHT 3

Will focuses his eyes. Swivels around.

CAMERA CIRCLES WILL, a sense of frightful dislocation, the WOODED HOUSE in the deep, deep background. There's no sign of the Dead Young Woman. Will looks at his watch and winces.

Will Graham has "lost time" again.

Loud enough to hear if the Dead Young Woman was near:

WILL GRAHAM

It's 1:17 AM. We are in Greenwood, Delaware. My name is Will Graham.

(then)

And you are alive. If you can hear me. You are alive.

OFF the expansive, silent night...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

42 EXT. WOODED HOUSE - NIGHT 3 42  
ESTABLISHING.

43 INT. WOODED HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 3 43  
Will and Beverly stand over the disheveled room.

BEVERLY KATZ  
Why did you call me? Why not Jack  
Crawford? Why not the police?

WILL GRAHAM  
I called you because I'm not  
entirely sure what I saw was real.

That admission almost breaks her heart, but it doesn't show.

BEVERLY KATZ  
Then let's prove it.

WILL GRAHAM  
I grabbed her arm and an entire  
layer of dead skin separated from  
the underlying tissue... like she  
was wearing a glove.

BEVERLY KATZ  
That's why she doesn't bleed.

WILL GRAHAM  
No circulation. There's nothing  
alive in the tissue to bind it.

BEVERLY KATZ  
What did you do with it.

WILL GRAHAM  
I don't know.

BEVERLY KATZ  
Could be a severe staphylococcal  
infection. That, or leprosy.

WILL GRAHAM  
Her eyes were discolored. She was  
malnourished. Jaundiced. Liver's  
shutting down. She was deranged.

(CONTINUED)

BEVERLY KATZ

She mutilated a woman's face  
because she thought it was a mask.

WILL GRAHAM

She can't see faces.

(then)

If she did kill Beth LeBeau, she  
might not even know she did it.

BEVERLY KATZ

Then why did she come back?

WILL GRAHAM

To convince herself she didn't.

BEVERLY KATZ

Is that why you came back?

WILL GRAHAM

If I wasn't clear on that issue, I  
know I didn't kill Beth Lebeau. I  
just want to know who did.

BEVERLY KATZ

Me, too.

(then)

You're the subject of a lot of  
speculation at the bureau.

WILL GRAHAM

What are they speculating?

BEVERLY KATZ

That Jack pushed you right up to  
the edge and now you're pushing  
yourself over.

WILL GRAHAM

This killer can't accept her  
reality. I can occasionally  
identify with that. That being  
said, I feel relatively sane.

44 OMITTED.

44

45 OMITTED.

45

SHEET OF PAPER

A circle is drawn followed by RANDOM NUMBERS (1-12), all  
stacked to the left, along with the CLOCK HANDS.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM  
It's 7-oh-5 PM. I'm in Baltimore,  
Maryland. My name is Will Graham.

We are --

46 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 4 46

The clock Will has drawn, correctly numbered with hands  
corresponding to 7:05, until he gives it back to Hannibal...

HANNIBAL  
Thank you for humoring me.

...and it is DALI-ESQUE.

WILL GRAHAM  
I feel like I'm seeing a ghost.

HANNIBAL  
Regarding this killer or yourself?

WILL GRAHAM  
Both.

HANNIBAL  
She's real. You know she's real.  
There is evidence. When you saw  
her, your sanity did not leave you.

WILL GRAHAM  
Time did.

HANNIBAL  
You lost time again?

He glances at the DALI-ESQUE CLOCK, closes the notebook.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)  
I spoke to Dr. Sutcliffe. We  
briefly discussed the particulars  
of your visit. Would you like to  
discuss them with me?

WILL GRAHAM  
There are no particulars. He  
didn't find anything wrong.

HANNIBAL  
Then we keep looking for answers.  
(then)  
Perhaps you would permit me to run  
some tests of my own?

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

Thematic Apperception Tests?  
Minnesota Multiphasic?

HANNIBAL

Among others.

WILL GRAHAM

You wouldn't publish anything about  
me, would you, Dr. Lecter?

HANNIBAL

If there were ever anything that  
might be of therapeutic value to  
others, I'd abstract it in a form  
that'd be totally unrecognizable.

WILL GRAHAM

Just do me a favor and publish it  
posthumously.

HANNIBAL

After your death or mine?

WILL GRAHAM

Which ever comes first.

Hannibal lets that hang in the air, then:

HANNIBAL

Have you considered Cotard's  
syndrome? It's a rare delusional  
disorder in which a person believes  
he or she is dead.

WILL GRAHAM

Talking about the killer or me?

HANNIBAL

The killer, of course.

WILL GRAHAM

She couldn't see the victim's face.  
Or she was trying to uncover it.

HANNIBAL

The inability to identify others is  
associated with Cotard's syndrome.  
It's a misfiring in the areas of  
the brain which recognize faces,  
and also in the amygdala, which  
adds emotion to those recognitions.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2) 46

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Even those closest to her could  
seem like imposters.

WILL GRAHAM

She reached out for help, someone  
she loved, someone she trusted.  
She felt betrayed, became violent.

HANNIBAL

She can't trust anything or anyone  
she once knew to be trustworthy.  
Her mental illness won't let her.

(then)

Have you ever felt that way, Will?

As Will identifies with the gravity of that, we...

CUT TO:

47 INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 4 47

DOGS, slumbering in a bunch. Will sleeps fitfully, sweating.

48 EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 4 48

It's dark. Shadows throw dim light over the property.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the DEAD GIRL watching the house.  
Emaciated, hand ripped raw from her encounter with Will.

49 INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - SAME TIME 49

CLOSE - ON WILL

Stirring in his sleep. CAMERA PROWLs his living space until  
it finds the narrow slit of the curtains, barely open.

CAMERA CONTINUES PUSHING IN until it REVEALS...

A HORRIBLE EYE

Subconjunctival hemorrhage, cataracts, a leaking iris losing  
its shape. But still it watches from outside as Will sleeps.

50 EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 4 50

Nothing but the rustling trees and the chirp of crickets.  
And one other thing: A set of WET FOOTPRINTS on the porch.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

A51 EXT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - DAY A51

TIME-LAPSE ESTABLISHING.

CLOSE ON A PHOTO

Of a young woman, GEORGIA MADCHEN (our killer pre-Cotards).

JOCELYN MADCHEN (O.S.)  
I was almost relieved when I got  
the phone call.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are...

51 INT. F.B.I. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 5 51

Jack and Will interview JOCELYN MADCHEN about her daughter.

JOCELYN MADCHEN  
I thought you found her and she  
was... would be at peace.

She winces at that admission.

WILL GRAHAM  
You thought she might be dead?

JOCELYN MADCHEN  
Makes me sound like a horrible  
mother. I tried to be a good mom.  
I tried to do everything for her.  
Just don't want her to be in pain.

WILL GRAHAM  
No one is doubting your dedication  
to your daughter, Mrs. Madchen.

JACK CRAWFORD  
How well did she know Beth LeBeau?

JOCELYN MADCHEN  
They were best friends. Went to  
school together before it was  
unsafe for Georgia to go to school.  
I don't think they talked in years.

JACK CRAWFORD  
When did you notice your daughter  
was struggling with mental illness.

(CONTINUED)

JOCELYN MADCHEN

When she was nine, she told me she was thinking about killing me and that she was already dead. Imagine staring into your little girl's eyes and knowing something... awful is evolving behind them.

WILL GRAHAM

What sort of symptoms did she have?

JOCELYN MADCHEN

Older she got, the worse they got. She had seizures, hallucinations, psychotic depression. I was grateful when she was catatonic.

JACK CRAWFORD

Was she violent?

JOCELYN MADCHEN

Sometimes. We took precautions, made plans. Georgia's little sister knew to lock herself in the car at the first sign of trouble.

WILL GRAHAM

What did her doctors say?

JOCELYN MADCHEN

Not much.  
(then)  
She'd stay in the hospital for months at a time. A million dollars of blood tests and brain scans, all of them inconclusive.

Will reacts to that, relating to her frustration.

JOCELYN MADCHEN (CONT'D)

I don't have a million dollars. I'm being sued by the hospitals and insurance companies, none of them could ever tell me what was wrong.

WILL GRAHAM

You still don't know?

JOCELYN MADCHEN

They would say it was this or that, but they were always guessing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOCELYN MADCHEN (CONT'D)

I did my own research, wrote down every word all those doctors would say, all the different terminology. Learned a lot but mostly what I learned was how little is actually known about mental illness.

(then)

All they really know is it's rarely about finding solutions. It's mostly about managing expectations.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3) 51

Off Will, feeling the weight of this conversation --

CUT TO:

52 INT. B.A.U. - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY 5 52

Jack sits behind his desk, lost in thought, pouring over the case file on Georgia Madchen.

CAMERA REVEALS Will standing in the doorway.

WILL GRAHAM

Managing your expectations?

JACK CRAWFORD

Changing my expectations.

(then)

After Miriam Lass died, I went to pack up my office. Then the idea of packing became so overwhelming I thought I should just leave. I got a trainee killed. It was a failure of leadership. I was responsible.

WILL GRAHAM

You didn't kill Miriam Lass. The Chesapeake Ripper did.

JACK CRAWFORD

Doesn't feel that way to me. I pulled her out of a classroom like I pulled you out of the classroom.

WILL GRAHAM

She was a student. I'm a teacher.

JACK CRAWFORD

Neither of you are real F.B.I., which means I'm as responsible for you as much as I was for her.

WILL GRAHAM

I'll take my own responsibility.

JACK CRAWFORD

Not from me, you won't. We're going to share that responsibility.

(then)

I broke the rules for Miriam Lass. Encouraged her to break the rules. I'm breaking the rules with you.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

Allowing an unstable agent to do field work?

JACK CRAWFORD

Special Agent. Meaning you still represent the F.B.I. Meaning you still represent me.

WILL GRAHAM

Have I misrepresented you, Jack?

JACK CRAWFORD

No, but you've got me curious. Why are you still here when you and I both know this is bad for you.

(off his look)

You had an opportunity to quit. For some reason you didn't take it.

WILL GRAHAM

Do you want me to quit?

JACK CRAWFORD

I want you to know why I think you didn't quit. You're still here because what you do here has given you some sense of stability. That stability is good for you, Will.

WILL GRAHAM

Stability requires a strong foundation, Jack. My moorings are built in the sand.

JACK CRAWFORD

I am not sand. I am bedrock. Even when you are doubting yourself, you don't have to doubt me.

Off Will, realizing he has an ally in Jack --

53 INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 5 53

Classical music plays. Dr. Sutcliffe and Hannibal consider a centerpiece of succulent ham still on the bone.

DR. SUTCLIFFE  
The Jamon Iberico.

HANNIBAL  
There is no equivalent.

DR. SUTCLIFFE  
Still love your rare treats, don't you, Hannibal? The more difficult and expensive to obtain the better.

HANNIBAL  
It's a distinction that adds an expectation of quality.

DR. SUTCLIFFE  
Not always.

Hannibal cuts into the meat.

HANNIBAL  
For Iberico, only a few pigs are selected each year. Once chosen, they roam the fields of Western Spain, enjoying a diet of local acorns and roots which give the ham its distinct flavor. But is the pig, once fattened and slaughtered and air cured, superior to any other pig, or is it simply a matter of reputation preceding product?

DR. SUTCLIFFE  
Irrelevant. If the meat-eater believes it's superior, belief determines value.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

A case of psychology overriding  
neurology.

DR. SUTCLIFFE

A case of reputation being king,  
but referrals being better.

HANNIBAL

Indeed.

DR. SUTCLIFFE

We know how Iberico chooses his  
pigs. How did you choose yours?

HANNIBAL

Are you referring to Will Graham?

DR. SUTCLIFFE

You're fond of the rarefied. What  
makes him so rare?

HANNIBAL

Will Graham has a remarkably vivid  
imagination. Beautiful. Pure  
empathy. Nothing he can't  
understand and that terrifies him.

DR. SUTCLIFFE

So you set his mind on fire.

HANNIBAL

Imagination is an interesting  
accelerant for a fever.

DR. SUTCLIFFE

How far is this going to go? Put  
out the fire or let him burn?

HANNIBAL

Will's my friend. We'll put out  
the fire. When it's necessary.

DR. SUTCLIFFE

He wants to have more tests.

HANNIBAL

Now we've confirmed what it is.  
It'll be easier to hide from him.

HANNIBAL - PROD. #110 - DBL WHITE Collated 4/27/13 36.  
53 CONTINUED: (2) 53  
OFF Hannibal's sly smile --  
54 OMITTED. 54  
55 INT. MRI EXAM ROOM - NIGHT 6 55  
Now in a hospital gown, Will sits on the MRI's sliding tray  
and lies down. Dr. Sutcliffe hands him a set of ear-plugs.  
DR. SUTCLIFFE  
Hang on. I'll warm this thing up.  
As Dr. Sutcliffe exits FRAME, Will pops in the ear plugs.  
56 INT. MRI TUBE - NIGHT 6 56  
The tray containing Will Graham slides into the tunnel and  
comes to a stop.  
TIGHT ON WILL  
Waiting. Claustrophobic. The CHIMES sound. The KNOCKING  
BEGINS. It's bone-rattling loud. Even with the ear plugs.  
ON WILL'S EYES  
He blinks. And SILENCE. Dead. Silence.

(CONTINUED)

WIDER -- FROM OVERHEAD

Will is lying on the tray except now he's outside the MRI tunnel. He removes the ear plugs and sits up.

WILL'S POV -- THE EXAM ROOM

Its empty. He's alone. No one at the controls.

ON WILL

He inches off the tray and walks out the door.

57 INT. SUTCLIFFE'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 6 57

Empty. Will steps out of the change room, buttoning his shirt as he shuffles toward Sutcliffe's Office. He slows to a stop once seeing an odd stain outside Sutcliffe's door, which is partially ajar, an almost imperceptible speck of something that catches Will's eye.

Then Will notices the burgundy smear on the door knob, as if someone pulled the door shut behind them and it didn't latch.

WILL GRAHAM  
Doctor Sutcliffe?

No answer. Will moves forward cautiously.

58 OMITTED. 58

59 INT. SUTCLIFFE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 6 59

Will slowly pushes the door open. A SERIES OF THIN SMALL FOOTPRINTS track back toward Sutcliffe's chair, each one becoming more defined the closer they are.

DR. SUTCLIFFE'S EYES

They stare dead-lidded at Will.

CAMERA REVEALS they are UPSIDE-DOWN, looking over the back of his chair, flipped nose over eyes, PEZ-DISPENSER STYLE. His jagged "Glasgow Smile" has nearly beheaded him at the jaw. The bloody scissors, the murder weapon, have been discarded on Sutcliffe's desk in a small smatter of red.

The horrible silence rings in Will's ears and we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

60 OMITTED. 60

CLOSE ON WILL GRAHAM

BLUE LIGHT dances across his face.

We are --

61 INT. DR. SUTCLIFFE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 6 61

LOCAL POLICE OFFICERS and FBI AGENTS can be seen passing in the hall as Beverly runs a CSI ULTRA-VIOLET WAND over Will. Jack Crawford watches. Beverly reassures Will, and Jack:

BEVERLY KATZ

(quietly)

You're clean. You couldn't have done this without getting something on you and there's nothing on you.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't feel clean.

CLOSE ON - DR. SUTCLIFFE

His face is split open at the jaw, sitting in his chair.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to FIND Brian Zeller working over Sutcliffe. He pulls a long stringy hair from the bloodstain on Dr. Sutcliffe's collar. CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK TO FIND the BLOODY SCISSORS, still on his desk, just as Jimmy Price takes a PICTURE of them, then carefully picks them up.

JIMMY PRICE

Murder weapon has the same diseased or damaged tissue on it that we found at Beth LeBeau's house.

BRIAN ZELLER

What connection does this guy have to the first victim?

WILL GRAHAM

Just me.

JACK CRAWFORD

What do you remember?

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM  
I remember coming here. Going into  
the MRI, getting out... and finding  
Dr. Sutcliffe's body.

JACK CRAWFORD  
No confusion?

WILL GRAHAM  
Not that I'm aware of.

JACK CRAWFORD  
This Dr. Sutcliffe, does he usually  
see patients after hours when he's  
the only one in the office?

WILL GRAHAM  
He was very accommodating.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Georgia Madchen followed you here?  
While you were ticking away in an  
MRI, she did this to your doctor?  
(off Will's look)  
Why him?

WILL GRAHAM  
She can't see faces. Maybe she  
thought he was me.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Okay, while we're at it, why you?

WILL GRAHAM  
I don't know, Jack. I have a habit  
of collecting strays. I tried to  
tell her, that night I saw her, I  
tried to tell her she was alive.  
Maybe she heard me. Maybe that  
hadn't occurred to her in a while.

CAMERA PUSHES INTO Will and we...

CUT TO:

62-64 OMITTED.

62-64

A65 EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6

A65

TIME-LAPSE ESTABLISHING.

CLOSE - ON WILL GRAHAM

(CONTINUED)

Eyes moving behind closed lids. Over this, the sound of a low growl. We are --

65 INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 6 65

WILL'S EYELIDS flicker.

He glances over to see the dogs are all staring under the bed, their growls growing ever so gradually.

Will leans over the side of the bed, pulling up the sheets, and looking under his mattress and box spring.

WILL'S P.O.V. - GEORGIA MADCHEN

A quick, startled glimpse. Face ghostly and white. Eyes filled with blood and cataracts, a living corpse.

ON WILL

Nevertheless, he panics and tumbles off his mattress, scrambling away from the bed. The dogs BARK aggressively.

Will positions himself between dogs and bed and commands:

WILL GRAHAM  
Tssst. Stop.

The dogs stop barking in various stages until all quiet, only the low-pitched rumble of growls ready when they're summoned.

Will is strangely calm, cautious. He knows he's not dreaming. He puts his face close to the ground to peer under the bed.

UNDER THE BED

In her grim visage we see not horror, but sadness. An ache. Georgia Madchen stares back, feral, silent.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
I see you, Georgia.

She scoots further into the shadows under the bed.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Think of who you are.

The genuine need in Will's statement calms Georgia.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
It's midnight. You're in Wolf  
Trap, Virginia.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Your name is Georgia Madchen. You  
are not alone. We're here  
together.

A long moment of silence, then a distant, raspy whisper...

GEORGIA  
Am I alive...?

OFF Georgia's gnarled hand reaching out from under the bed...

CUT TO:

66 OMITTED. 66

67 INT. HOSPITAL - BURN UNIT - DAY 7 67

Will approaches a BURN TANK. Georgia's visible through clear plastic, protected from the outside world. She is heavily sedated and her body has been coated with ANTISEPTIC GEL. The dead woman is on life support, her eyes are open but for all intents and purposes, she is unconscious.

JACK CRAWFORD (O.S.)  
(pre-lap)  
Will she recover?

As Will watches her, CAMERA FINDS...

68 OMITTED. 68

A69 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - DAY 7 A69

Hannibal is behind his desk as Jack considers nearby.

HANNIBAL  
Risk of infection is high. She's  
lost most of her vital fluids.  
Even some bone mass. She's being  
treated like a burn victim.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Will she recover mentally?

HANNIBAL  
Almost all sufferers of this  
delusion recover with treatment.  
In extreme cases like this one,  
electroconvulsive treatment.  
(then)  
I'm more concerned about Will.

(CONTINUED)

JACK CRAWFORD

Thought you'd be more concerned  
about your friend Dr. Sutcliffe.

Hannibal studies Jack's intent before answering.

HANNIBAL

I'm grieving Dr. Sutcliffe. But  
Will's very much alive. He's still  
desperate for an explanation that  
can make everything right again.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm desperate for some explanations  
myself. I want to talk to this  
young woman when she recovers. How  
much of this will she remember?

HANNIBAL

I sincerely hope for her sake, she  
doesn't remember much.

OFF that veiled threat...

B69 INT. HOSPITAL - BURN UNIT - DAY 7 B69

Unconscious but conscious, Georgia stares into middle-  
distance, lost in a fog of painkillers, her mind spins.

CAMERA PUSHES INTO her VACANT EYES and we...

FLASHBACK TO:

69 INT. DR. SUTCLIFFE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 6 **GEORGIA'S FLASHBACK** 69

Georgia eases her ghostly way through Dr. Sutcliffe's door.

From her vantage point, Georgia can only see a man's back as  
he works on the recently-deceased Dr. Sutcliffe. The man is  
wearing a clear plastic suit over a traditional three-piece.  
(NOTE: Even from behind, we will recognize from his hair  
style and dress that this can only be HANNIBAL LECTER.)

Georgia is fascinated as the man works with a fierce grace,  
lacerating Dr. Sutcliffe's face in the familiar "Glasgow  
Smile" with the scissors. He stops, SNIFFS the air,  
olfactory senses detecting Georgia's decaying body. As he  
turns...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGIA'S P.O.V. - HANNIBAL

Georgia's Cotard's Syndrome MASKS Hannibal's identity. His face has absolutely no features. Face-less and unrecognizable, Hannibal hands the scissors to Georgia.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END