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HANNIBAL

"Buffet Froid"

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Prod. #110/Air #110

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 lazies 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)

40

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 --

41

EXT. WOODED HOUSE - NIGHT 3

41

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. WOODDED HOUSE - NIGHT 3 42
ESTABLISHING.

43 INT. WOODDED 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.

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.

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)

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