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HANNIBAL

"Sakizuke"

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Episode #202

Final Shooting Script

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HANNIBAL
"Sakizuke"

TEASER

EXT. GRAIN SILO - NIGHT

Establishing. CAMERA PROWLS as it PUSHES IN.

INT. GRAIN SILO - NIGHT

A SRI LANKAN MAN, dead clouded eyes staring, lies on his side, naked in a pronounced question-mark posture.

And he appears to SHUDDER... because the CORPSE SEWN SNUGLY along the length of his back is MOVING AS WELL. But the rejuvenation is an illusion, their movement created by --

ROLAND UMBER

Alive, last seen coming to consciousness in Ep. #201, desperately trying to free himself from this nightmare.

The flesh of his left side, like the bodies around him, shines with a coat of RESIN. But his legs, torn and bleeding, have been pulled free from the stitching.

Only his arm stays anchored to the corpse beside him. With a determined YANK, STITCHES SNAP, FLESH TEARS and Roland SCREAMS. The cry soars up into the huge cylinder he's in.

But Roland Umber is free.

EXT. FARMYARD - GRAIN SILO - NIGHT

The SILO DOOR shakes and rattles against the paddle lock securing it closed. Finally, bolts pop and the door swings open, Roland Umber stumbling out into the night.

The night is dark, moonless, and all he can see are the dark shapes and shadows of an old shed building and the hulking corpses of old machinery and cars. The exterior of the silo feels derelict, a junkyard, bounded by the whispering blackness of a cornfield.

CAMERA FOLLOWS close behind Roland Umber who moves as best as his resin-coated skin and his injuries allow. His head swivels, searching, and then his EYES SQUINT at what looks like the distant blinking lights of civilization. But it is:

HEADLIGHTS

Suddenly, Roland is fixed in their glare, blinded and bewildered. Puts an arm to his eyes to shade them.

ROLAND UMBER

Blazing headlights suddenly hurtle toward him. He runs for:

THE LABYRINTH OF ABANDONED CARS

The PICKUP races toward him. As Roland dives behind old metal, the pickup skids to a halt. The BRIGHT SPOTLIGHTS aimed at the junkyard, transforming it into a contrasting field of bright light and black shadows.

Roland Umber hunkers down behind a rusted-out car.

CAMERA FINDS the pickup as the driver's door clunks open and the KILLER steps out, loading a rifle. He walks in front of his own headlights, scanning the junkyard in silhouette.

ON ROLAND

Behind him, the eye of the flashlight travels across the empty cars, searching. He climbs inside an unlocked TERCEL, narrowly escaping the BEAM of his Pursuer's torch.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THE PURSUER

Winding through cars, led by his flashlight shining on the Tercel's AERIAL ANTENNA which still SHUDDERS. The Pursuer's hand grasps the car door handle, WRENCHES it open -- and we see the OPPOSITE DOOR IS OPEN. Roland Umber is gone.

Suddenly, the Killer swings round -- FLASHLIGHT flaring out the LENS -- cornstalks still swinging where someone brushed through them...

ON ROLAND

The cornstalks tight and ominous around him. Breathless, he watches as the FLASHLIGHT sweeps the corn, then points at him.

He bolts, running away through the rows of corn.

OPEN FIELD

Roland Umber bursts out of the stalks and RUNS across the open field, headed for a line of TREES.

ON THE CORNSTALKS

The Pursuer emerges from the rows and raises his gun.

THROUGH THE SCOPE

The CROSSHAIRS find Roland as he nears the line of trees.

ON ROLAND UMBER

He is about to enter the COVER OF TREES. P'KEET! A SHOT rings out and a nearby tree is hit by a bullet, spraying bark. Roland keeps charging forward and disappears in the woods.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Roland Umber STUMBLES blindly through the trees, a BOBBING FLASHLIGHT searches for him in the background. Branches CLACK and CRACKLE off his coated skin. Then, a NOISE ahead -- a RUSHING SOUND. Cars? Irrigation of a family farm?

From behind, a sound he's certain of: his Pursuer closing in. A glance over his shoulder and the FLASHLIGHT BEAM confirms.

Roland Umber runs faster. CAMERA TRAILS BEHIND and we see trees ahead THINNING. He finds a reserve of speed, buoyed by the road or freeway or farmhouse that could lie ahead.

THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE TREES

Roland Umber emerges from the thicket of trees and DROPS ABRUPTLY OUT OF FRAME.

POP WIDE

Roland Umber falls off a cliff's edge, hitting an outcropping of rock and ricocheting off of it.

Gravity delivers his body to the river, where the current takes hold of it and CARRIES IT DOWNSTREAM.

Above him, the Pursuer appears at the trees' edge, hidden by the flashlight's HALO, searching the embankment in vain.

CUT TO BLACK.

WILL GRAHAM (V.O.)
(pre-lap)
I've lost the plot.

FADE IN:

ON WILL GRAHAM

As CAMERA PUSHES IN:

WILL GRAHAM
I'm the unreliable narrator of my
own story.

CAMERA reveals we are --

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

Will sits across from HANNIBAL and ALANA BLOOM, who stand behind a white line on the stone floor. Despite the defiance Will showed Hannibal when he last visited, he is more civil. He appears wrung-out. Haunted.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I'm trying to place myself somewhere in the frame of my mind and I have no bearings. No landmarks to tell me who I am.

ALANA BLOOM

You have an incomplete self. We are who we are in the now and we are the sum of our memories. There are pieces of you... you can't see.

Will chews on his words before muttering:

WILL GRAHAM

I'm afraid to see. I don't know who I am anymore and I'm afraid.

HANNIBAL

Without remembering, you're seized by something imagined. It has the brilliant immediacy of a childhood fantasy and is just as real.

Will hangs his head, trying to contain his emotions.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't know what's worse. Believing I did it or believing you did it... and did this to me.

He finally glances up at Hannibal, eyes brimming.

ALANA BLOOM

Hannibal's not responsible, Will. And neither are you. We have to get to the truth of what happened. It's the only way you can move forward.

Will forces himself to confront despite overwhelming emotion.

WILL GRAHAM

(to Hannibal)

I felt so betrayed by you. All that felt real to me was the betrayal. I trusted you. I needed to trust you.

HANNIBAL
You can trust me.

Will winces, feeling the burn of wanting to believe Hannibal.

WILL GRAHAM
I'm... very confused.

ALANA BLOOM
Of course you are. Ideas and
perceived experiences have the same
effect on our minds as tossing a
rock into a pond. It all ripples.

HANNIBAL
Let us help you, Will.
(then)
Let me help you.

Will clenches, holding his feelings at bay as he admits:

WILL GRAHAM
I need your help.

He's finally overcome with the emotion and can no longer hold back the tears now running down his cheeks.

OFF Alana watching helplessly, Hannibal watching curiously...

INT. BSHCI - CELL BLOCK - DAY

Will is led in shackles down the long corridor by a GUARD and a NURSE. Will's head is hung low, clearly still emotional from the confessional meeting with Hannibal and Alana Bloom.

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

The door CLANGS shut and the guard and nurse step away.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Will weeping quietly as the guard's footsteps recede down the hall and end with a CLOSED DOOR.

Once alone, Will's weeping ceases almost immediately. OFF his face going cold and calculating... a game is afoot.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

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

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON BEDELIA DU MAURIER lost in pensive thought as she waits. Finally, Hannibal OPENS the door.

HANNIBAL

This is a pleasant surprise.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

May I come in?

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Du Maurier ENTERS, followed by Hannibal. She takes in the space. She smiles faintly, something clearly on her mind.

HANNIBAL

Please. Sit.

She doesn't.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I won't be staying long.

HANNIBAL

I'm curious. What couldn't wait until our next session?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

We don't have a next session.

(off his look)

I'm no longer your therapist.

Hannibal pauses, an imperceptible wound.

HANNIBAL

May I ask why?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I reached the limit of my efficacy.

I don't believe I can help you.

HANNIBAL

(wry)

Are you giving me a referral?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I'm not. I'm just ending our patient-psychiatrist relationship.

HANNIBAL

You tried to end it before.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I'm grateful for your persistence with engaging me after my attack. However, in light of all that's happened with Will Graham, I've begun to question your actions. Particularly, your past actions with regards to me. And my attack.

HANNIBAL

Did you share these questions with Jack Crawford?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

No. Nor am I going to. I would look just as guilty as you. And perhaps that's what you intended.

HANNIBAL

What exactly am I guilty of?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Exactly, I can't say. I had to draw a conclusion from what I glimpse through the stitching of the person suit you wear. And the conclusion I've drawn is... you are dangerous.

HANNIBAL

I'm sorry you feel that way.

She studies him one last time, then:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Please don't come to my home again.
(then)
I'll show myself out.

She moves to the door, opens it. Before she steps through:

HANNIBAL

I'm resuming Will Graham's therapy.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

To what end? Besides your own.

HANNIBAL

He asked for my help.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Then maybe you deserve each other.

And with that, she EXITS. OFF Hannibal...

CUT TO:

INT. BAU - MORGUE - DAY

Roland Umber's body lies on a slab. BEVERLY speaks across it to JACK CRAWFORD. JIMMY PRICE and BRIAN ZELLER are there. Hannibal is there as well, silent and observing.

JIMMY PRICE

His name is Roland Umber. Has the same profile as the other victims. Lived alone, disappeared from home, large dose of heroin in his system.

Zeller leans forward to see around Hannibal.

BRIAN ZELLER

Only major difference is the eyelet punctures are all uniformly torn.

He indicates the torn punctures on Roland Umber's body.

JACK CRAWFORD

This victim wasn't unstrung. He was ripped from his moorings.

HANNIBAL

Whatever his imperfection, it was enough to aggravate the killer into tearing him down.

BEVERLY KATZ

He was discarded in a tributary four hundred miles away from anything that feeds into the dam where the first victims were found.

HANNIBAL

Like dandelion seeds, casts bodies in every direction but his own.

Leaning forward, Zeller finds Hannibal is in his way again. Hannibal steps back and bumps into Beverly.

BRIAN ZELLER

We know they're dead when they hit the water. Their lungs are dry. But the buffeting in the current causes so many postmortem injuries, you can't tell them apart from the ones they got when they were alive.

Beverly gently guides Hannibal to a more strategic spot.

BEVERLY KATZ
Stand here, please.

HANNIBAL
There may be trace evidence
preserved in the *craquelure*.

JACK CRAWFORD
The what?

Hannibal points to a series of TINY CRACKS IN THE RESIN.

HANNIBAL
It's French for the cracks that
appear on an oil painting as it
dries and becomes rigid with age.
(off their looks)
Cracks are not always weaknesses.
A life lived accrues in the cracks.

BEVERLY KATZ
Could be something in there. Fiber,
debris, might help track where the
bodies were before they got dumped.

Jack is still puzzled by:

JACK CRAWFORD
What do the victims have in common?

Beverly displays the victims' PHOTOGRAPHS on a table.

BEVERLY KATZ
What if it isn't what they have in
common. What if it's what makes
them... different.

On the table, the victims' PHOTOGRAPHS -- and Roland Umber's --
are arranged as Will did to feature the victims as --

BEVERLY KATZ (CONT'D)
Each of these people has a slightly
different flesh tone. It could be
like a color palette.

Jack, Jimmy and Brian stare at Beverly, not sure where she's
going. But Hannibal is. He nods, thinking.

HANNIBAL

The color of our skin is so often politicized, it would almost be refreshing to see someone revel in the aesthetic for aesthetic's sake. If it weren't so horrific.

(then)

We're supposed to see color, Jack. That may be all this killer has ever seen in his fellow man. Which is why it's so easy for him to do what he does to his victims.

BEVERLY KATZ

Which is why there will be a lot more bodies on his color palette.

HANNIBAL

(to Beverly)

A fascinating insight, Ms. Katz. It's as if Will Graham himself were here in the room with us.

Jack turns his scrutiny from the photos to Beverly herself.

JACK CRAWFORD

Yes, it is.

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Beverly sits facing Jack who stands, gazing out his window.

JACK CRAWFORD

How's Will Graham?

She opens her mouth to answer, but before she can:

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Shut your mouth.

(then)

Is there a reason you didn't come to me before talking to him?

BEVERLY KATZ

I figured you'd say no.

JACK CRAWFORD

You figured correctly.

BEVERLY KATZ

But I knew you'd want to say yes.

JACK CRAWFORD

You knew that?

BEVERLY KATZ

You put me in an awkward position, Jack. I had to go because I knew you wouldn't. If you had gone like you wanted, I wouldn't have had to.

(then)

Why didn't you?

Jack stares at Beverly, then decides to remain calm.

JACK CRAWFORD

Because Will Graham is either delusional or a psychopath, neither of which I can trust.

BEVERLY KATZ

Fine. So don't trust him. Just listen to him.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm listening. This is what I hear. If he is delusional, I made him that way. If he is a psychopath, then everything in my gut is wrong.

She watches him, absorbing everything he's said.

BEVERLY KATZ

You think he's innocent.

JACK CRAWFORD

I don't know what I think.

She's not intimidated and responds evenly:

BEVERLY KATZ

I think he still wants to save lives. That's what I think.

JACK CRAWFORD

I've bent rules here in the name of trying to save lives. But there is an internal investigation. I am under a microscope. The Office of the Inspector General has ordered a psych evaluation to determine my competency to sit in that chair.

BEVERLY KATZ

I'm sorry, Jack.

(then)

What do you want me to do? If you don't want me to go back, I won't.

Jack glances around his office, heaves a deep sigh and gathers his thoughts. Finally:

JACK CRAWFORD
We didn't have this conversation.
And since we didn't have this
conversation, you should do what
you believe it is your job to do.
(then)
Do you know what your job is?

BEVERLY KATZ
Yes, I do.

JACK CRAWFORD
Then do it.

CLOSE ON A SPIDERWEB OF CRACKS

In what appears to be a smooth, glazed terra cotta surface.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - NIGHT

Hannibal stands over Roland Umber's body. At the back of the room, Price and Zeller are busy at work. Hannibal swings a metal arm holding a magnifying lens and asks:

HANNIBAL
(re: the lens)
May I?

BRIAN ZELLER
Knock yourself out.

ON HANNIBAL

His eyes drift back to the CRACKS IN THE RESIN-COATED SKIN.
A notion floats behind his eyes and takes purchase.

He leans in and very inconspicuously SMELLS the craquelure on
the corpse's wrist without drawing anyone's attention.

CLOSE ON HIS NOSTRILS

They flare as he draws its scent.

EXTREME CLOSE ON THE CRAQUELURE

CAMERA MOVES OVER THE CRACKS IN THE RESIN, almost as if an alien landscape. Suddenly, the chemical compounds that create the scent become VISIBLE, forming TINY SPROUTS in the cracks of the resin that begin to grow.

As CAMERA PUSHES IN TO MICRO-FOCUS, the sprouts transform into a dense row of tall STALKS OF CORN.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

CAMERA MOVES OVER THE CORNFIELD until it finds a clearing.

Hannibal stands in front of the morgue table displaying Roland Umber's body, surrounded by acres and acres of corn.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - NIGHT

Hannibal stands upright after being bent over the body, looking through the magnifying lens. He considers the *craquelure* of the corpse and smiles almost imperceptibly.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

CAMERA CRAWLS TOWARD AND OVER the THERAPY CAGES to find Hannibal running his shoe over the line of tape on the floor. Will sits on a stool in the belly of his own therapy cage. He has resumed his act of wounded bird and it remains authentic.

HANNIBAL

I've been advised to stay on this side of the white line.

WILL GRAHAM

Select patients have taken to urinating on the therapists.

(off his look)

The stone you're standing in front of? If it were wood, it'd be warped.

HANNIBAL

I would argue, drawing a line might encourage a pissing contest.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not interested in a pissing contest with you, Dr. Lecter.
Please. Pull up your chair.

Hannibal scoots his chair across the white line and sits.

HANNIBAL

You said the light from friendship won't reach us for a million years, that's how far away we were. I hope our friendship feels closer today.

WILL GRAHAM

Friends have a symmetrical relationship. Psychiatrist and patient, that's unbalanced.

HANNIBAL

There is a power differential between psychiatrist and patient. One that I'm well aware of, particularly with my own therapist.

WILL GRAHAM

But we're just having conversations.

Hannibal smiles, seeing a glimpse of the old Will Graham.

HANNIBAL

You threatened me with a reckoning.

WILL GRAHAM

I did. I can't claim unconsciousness on that one.

HANNIBAL

You were searching for something in your head to incriminate me. I can only assume you didn't find it.

WILL GRAHAM

Not much in there I recognize.

HANNIBAL

Whatever you remember, if you do remember, will be a distortion of reality. Not the truth of events.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm realizing that.

Hannibal studies Will, inscrutable as to what he sees.

HANNIBAL

Beverly Katz has come to see you.

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

HANNIBAL

Does she show you pictures?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

HANNIBAL

Wouldn't want Alana Bloom to worry you're dwelling on anything morbid in what's to be a time of recovery.

WILL GRAHAM

It's the only thing that feels normal.

HANNIBAL

The violence?

WILL GRAHAM

The structure of understanding the violence. That feels normal.

HANNIBAL

You're missing pieces of yourself.
Careful what you replace them with.
(then)
What did you see in the pictures?

WILL GRAHAM

This killer. He's not stringing
his victims up. He's stitching
them together. Every body is a
brushstroke. He's making a human
mural.

HANNIBAL

Why does he do it?

WILL GRAHAM

He's missing pieces, too.

ON JACK CRAWFORD

He listens to a MAN'S VOICE, who calmly advises:

DR. DEY (O.S.)

An "evaluation" measures worth.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. DR. DEY'S OFFICE - DAY

No somber hues of Hannibal's office or the modern simplicity of Bedelia's. This office exudes austere civil service.

DR. ADAM DEY, the Bureau psychiatrist, faces Jack. He begins the psych review session like dozens preceding this one.

DR. DEY (CONT'D)

Anxiety on your part is expected.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm not anxious. I'm actually very curious what you have to say about my state of mind and my competency.

DR. DEY

I'd be anxious if I were you.

JACK CRAWFORD

Because most psychiatrists in your position are compelled to reduce patients to items on a checklist?

DR. DEY

Yes.

JACK CRAWFORD
I'm here as much to better
understand myself as I am to be
evaluated by you.

DR. DEY
That's refreshing. Most people
sitting in that chair don't
appreciate the process.

JACK CRAWFORD
The scrutiny of others has never
made me uncomfortable.

DR. DEY
And the empathy of others? How
does that make you feel?

Jack studies him -- whose empathy is he referring to?

JACK CRAWFORD
I don't mistake understanding for
empathy. I realize somebody can
understand me without knowing me.
Not easy to know another person.

DR. DEY
It's often easier to understand
someone if you don't know them.
(then)
How well did you know Will Graham?

JACK CRAWFORD
Before I shot him or after?

DR. DEY
Yes.

JACK CRAWFORD
Before I shot him, I thought I knew
him pretty well. I thought he was
my friend. After I shot him, I
wondered if I ever knew him at all.

DR. DEY
You weren't prepared for that.

JACK CRAWFORD
I was trained to prepare instincts,
reactions, gestures, get them by
heart so I could act even when I am
uncertain, even when I have doubt.

DR. DEY

Have you prepared yourself for Mr. Graham's criminal trial?

JACK CRAWFORD

Now that I am anxious about.

DR. DEY

I understand the prosecution will be seeking a federal death penalty.

JACK CRAWFORD

That's what's got me anxious. I'm afraid Will Graham is going to die and I still won't know who he is.

Dr. Dey's silence encourages Jack to continue.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

The last act of certainty I had regarding Will was shooting him. It was the only thing I could do in that moment to help him. I haven't been able to help him since.

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

Beverly stands on the other side of the bars, holding an abridged file of photographs and forensic data.

WILL GRAHAM

Dr. Lecter has advised me against dwelling on anything morbid.

BEVERLY KATZ

I know you want to stop these murders as much as I do.

WILL GRAHAM

Reasons to stop multiple murders do occur readily to me, but I'm going to need something in return.

Beverly stares at Will, curious what game he's playing.

BEVERLY KATZ

There are things you don't have. I can talk to the chief of staff.

WILL GRAHAM

Chilton?

BEVERLY KATZ

He's being very cooperative.

WILL GRAHAM

Of course he is. He loves when I have visitors. He's recording every word. He's gossipy that way.

BEVERLY KATZ

What do you want, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

I'm wondering if you can get me the thing I really want.

BEVERLY KATZ

Try me.

WILL GRAHAM

I want you to ignore all the evidence against me.

BEVERLY KATZ

You're right. I can't get that.

WILL GRAHAM

How many more colors is this killer going to add to his box of crayons?

BEVERLY KATZ

Say I were to ignore the evidence against you, what then?

WILL GRAHAM

Strike it from your mental record. Start over. If I'm guilty, you'll find more evidence. If I'm not guilty, maybe you'll find that too.

BEVERLY KATZ

All right. I'll keep looking.

WILL GRAHAM

Good. Let me have the file then. I'll tell you what I think.

Beverly puts the file in a tray, slides it through the bars.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I do this privately?

BEVERLY KATZ

Yes.

She places the folding chair against the opposite wall, sits.

ON WILL

He rips the envelope open, leaving torn edges where the staples were. He shakes BAU PHOTOS out of a padded envelope. Shots of Roland Umber at BAU. Will glances at Beverly through the bars and returns his attention to the pictures.

Will focuses on the photos and he CLOSES HIS EYES.

A long beat before the AMBIENT CELL BLOCK SOUNDS are replaced as the DRONE of Will's BLOOD FLOW presides.

He OPENS HIS EYES, glancing down at the photo in his hands, of Roland Umber's wounds. He lowers the photo to reveal Roland Umber on a metal table. We are --

INT. BAU - MORGUE (HEIGHTENED STATE OF WILL'S MIND)

The environment is wrapped in shadow and mood. Will now stands over Roland Umber's corpse on a metal table, Beverly behind him on the other side of the glass wall. Will stares at the RAGGED WOUNDS WHERE FLESH TORE AWAY FROM STITCHING.

WILL GRAHAM

Skin isn't as discolored as the other victims'. Looks fairly well-preserved, all things considered.

(to the corpse)

Why would I throw you away?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL (OMNISCIENT POV)

CAMERA FOLLOWS WILL'S GAZE to the ENVELOPE the photos came in. Its end had been STAPLED SHUT, but when it was opened and where the staples were removed, THE PAPER IS TORN.

WILL GRAHAM

Did Roland Umber have any priors with substance abuse?

Beverly watches Will standing in the middle of his cell, as if he's in the BAU, his back to her in the corridor.

BEVERLY KATZ

He was in an outpatient treatment program for drug addiction.

WILL GRAHAM

Heroin?

BEVERLY KATZ

Among others.

ON WILL GRAHAM - BAU (HEIGHTENED STATE OF HIS MIND)

Will studies poor Roland Umber, dead on the slab.

WILL GRAHAM

Had a high tolerance for opiates,
the overdose didn't kill him. He
survived what was done to him.

(then)

He tore himself free. He ran.

END INTERCUT.

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

Will finally turns to face Beverly.

BEVERLY KATZ

How did he end up in the water?

WILL GRAHAM

Killer didn't put him there. He'd
have put him back in the mural if
he caught him. Other bodies were
dumped. Roland Umber got away.

BEVERLY KATZ

Got away from where?

WILL GRAHAM

This killer needs someplace private
to do what he does. A warehouse, a
farm, someplace abandoned, upstream
from where the body was found.
It'll be close to the water.

BEVERLY KATZ

Thank you.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm curious. What'd Hannibal Lecter
have to say about Mr. Umber?

BEVERLY KATZ

He thinks the killer tore him down,
dumped his body like the others.

WILL GRAHAM

That may be what he said, but not
necessarily what he thinks.

A ROW OF CORN

CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH the stalks to find:

EXT. FARMYARD - GRAIN SILO - DUSK

A GRAIN SILO looms behind, a royal sentry in a bearskin hat.

Hannibal, his CLEAR PLASTIC SUIT over his traditional three-piece, crosses the property. He walks along the field of corn, toward the grain silo.

He approaches the silo and regards a steep METAL STAIRCASE on its outer wall, leading to a silo opening twenty feet up. Hannibal sees mud clumped on the lower steps -- STILL MOIST.

Hannibal turns his gaze UPWARD from the locked door and begins to climb the metal staircase.

Hannibal reaches the upper opening. He steps into the silo's upper catwalk AS CAMERA FOLLOWS OVER HIS SHOULDER to see...

INT. GRAIN SILO - CONTINUOUS

...the TRUE ORDER in the carnage on the silo floor. SEEN FROM ABOVE, the mass grave reveals its intended form and purpose:

The bodies, with their variety of shades and positioning, form a UNIFIED PICTURE -- the image of a huge, GLOWERING EYE.

A stern, unblinking representation frozen in resin and death.

HANNIBAL

Sees LIGHT come through the lower opening. A man -- THE KILLER -- enters with a lantern and a resin tank with a spray wand.

HANNIBAL

Hello.

CAMERA ANGLING UP

From the silo floor and behind the Killer who spins to see Hannibal in his plastic suit, watching from above.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL with the utmost sincerity:

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
I love your work.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

A PANEL TRUCK PULLS TO A STOP

Not an ambulance. On its side: "MONTGOMERY COUNTY CORONER" lit by the strobe of PULSING RED-AND-BLUE POLICE LIGHTS.

CAMERA FINDS a SECOND TRUCK -- "FREDERICK COUNTY CORONER" . . . a third: "CARROLL COUNTY CORONER." Beyond it, "HOWARD COUNTY."

WIDEN FURTHER to see we are --

EXT. FARMYARD - DAY

A full-blown crime scene, populated by considerable local and state police presence. FBI PERSONNEL work amongst them.

BODY BAGS have been lined up. Each pile flapping in the wind, weighted down with a heavy stone, ready to be filled.

ON BEVERLY AND HANNIBAL

They approach the silo, navigating around the CRIME SCENE PERSONNEL and between waiting rows of body bags.

BEVERLY KATZ

You and Will Graham are a good team.
You gave us the "what" we were
looking for. He gave us the "where."
(off his look)
Corn dust in the *craquelure*.

HANNIBAL

And Will's insight?

BEVERLY KATZ

He didn't think Roland Umber was
discarded. He escaped. We just
had to go upstream from where his
body was found until we hit corn.

HANNIBAL

We do make a good team.

They approach Jack Crawford near the silo and Beverly hands Hannibal off. Jack hands Hannibal crime scene gloves.

JACK CRAWFORD

Dr. Lecter. Follow me. Might want
to prepare yourself. You haven't
seen anything like this before.

HANNIBAL

I'm sure I haven't.

INT. GRAIN SILO - DAY

CAMERA LEADS Jack and Hannibal inside, MOVING ACROSS the expanse of bodies like dunes of sand made flesh. Hannibal takes in the magnitude of the horrific display. Jack turns to see him staring, genuinely awestruck.

JACK CRAWFORD

How can being human go so bad?

HANNIBAL

When it comes to nature versus nurture, I choose neither. We are built from a DNA blueprint and born into a world of scenario and circumstance we don't control.

JACK CRAWFORD

Praise the mutilated world.

HANNIBAL

I do.

Hannibal glances around, up into the ceiling, wondering:

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

What does it look like from above?

Jack hands him an iPad. On it, a DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH reveals the human mural from above. It's very clearly an eye.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Fascinating.

JACK CRAWFORD

This feels ritual. In the vicinity of voodoo. Is it human sacrifice?

HANNIBAL

I'm not sure if it's an offering, but it's certainly a gesture.

JACK CRAWFORD

To who?

Turning to the human mural, Hannibal points to the CAUCASIAN MAN in the fetal position at the center of the brown iris, one leg tucked under the other as if it has been amputated at the knee. We will call him the REFLECTED MAN.

HANNIBAL

The eye looks beyond this world, into the next, and sees the reflection of man himself.

(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Is the killer looking at God? A challenge of equals? "I can be as terrible as you. I can take and I can create."

JACK CRAWFORD

Sounds like human sacrifice to me.

HANNIBAL

Not to appease, but to defy.

JACK CRAWFORD

Is it an existential crisis?

HANNIBAL

If it were an existential crisis, I would argue there wouldn't be any reflection in the eye at all.

JACK CRAWFORD

Someone who could do this... are they likely to keep doing it?

HANNIBAL

This could be his beginning and/or his end.

JACK CRAWFORD

You said he doesn't see people. He sees... material.

HANNIBAL

Those in the world around him are a means to an end. He uses them to do what he is driven to do.

ON JACK

As he considers Hannibal's words, we PRE-LAP:

JACK CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Will Graham was a means to an end. I used him. To do what I was driven to do. I saved lives...

INT. DR. DEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack sits facing his OIG therapist, Dr. Dey.

JACK CRAWFORD

...at the expense of his. I thought anything I could put Will through, he would fight his way back to himself, but I was wrong.

DR. DEY

Maybe he's still fighting.

JACK CRAWFORD

Maybe he's not.

DR. DEY

Point is, you don't know. It's okay to not know. Can't know everything. You can't be certain of it all.

JACK CRAWFORD

Knowing that Will descended into such savage behavior... changed the way I see him. The way I see people. The world feels darker.

DR. DEY

And you're worried who else in your life could change so drastically?

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm feeling guilty, not paranoid.

DR. DEY

You can't take responsibility for someone else's actions.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm not. It's not just the guilt of what I did to Will Graham, it's the guilt of watching so many lives fall apart because of what I did.

DR. DEY

What did you do?

JACK CRAWFORD

I pushed him. When I was warned to stop, I kept pushing.

DR. DEY

You miscalculated.

JACK CRAWFORD

I failed.

DR. DEY

This's our second session. I rarely see a patient a third time. I work a tic sheet, write up my findings and that chair empties.

(MORE)

DR. DEY (CONT'D)

I only learn how accurate my evaluations are after the fact. When I hear secondhand that an employee is back on track, or one has been let go.

(then)

Or that they've taken their own life. Or someone else's.

JACK CRAWFORD

"Dynamics of the job" is the official Bureau line.

DR. DEY

We all fail, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

Yes, we do. I look at my friend. And I see a killer. And I'm failing to reconcile those things.

DR. DEY

You lost faith in Will Graham, you didn't lose faith in yourself. That's what you have to reconcile.

THE HUMAN MURAL

The EYE composed of bodies stares back, TINY NUMBERED FLAGS dot iris and pupil. A new TINY "21" NUMBERED FLAG is planted.

BEVERLY KATZ

Forty-seven bodies. We've identified nineteen of them, but not this one.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. BAU - MORGUE - NIGHT

The HUMAN MURAL is an ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPH. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal it's mounted on an easel between the bodies of Roland Umber and Reflected Man, side by side on tables.

JIMMY PRICE

No record of fingerprints. He was never arrested, never had a job that required any kind of security clearance or background check.

VARIOUS BODIES are present in the BAU, not only in the morgue, but in the hall, on tables, gurneys, morgue drawers.

BRIAN ZELLER

Hopefully he's been to a dentist.

JACK CRAWFORD

Why am I looking at this man?

BEVERLY KATZ

Stitch patterns on John Doe Twenty-
One match Roland Umber.

Beverly indicates the lateral stitches on both John Doe Twenty-One and Roland Umber; both travel similar lines.

JACK CRAWFORD

John Doe Twenty-One was Roland
Umber's replacement in the mural?

JIMMY PRICE

But bigger.

He indicates the leg, amputated below the knee.

BRIAN ZELLER

Too big, really. Killer cut off
his leg to make him fit.

ON THE BUTCHER BLOCK

The BUTCHER'S PAPER is UNWRAPPED, revealing the missing leg.

ON THE MEAT SAW

The BLADE separates the foot from the ankle in a single slice. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH THE PANTRY DOOR as Hannibal meat-saws the rest of the leg into MEDALLION-SIZED SLICES.

BACK TO:

INT. BAU - MORGUE - NIGHT

Jack studies John Doe as Zeller, Price and Katz look on.

BEVERLY KATZ

He changed colors mid-brushstroke.

JACK CRAWFORD

"The eye looks beyond this world,
into the next, and sees the
reflection of man himself." There
wasn't supposed to be a reflection.

THE MISSING LEG - HANNIBAL LECTER'S KITCHEN

Hannibal dices vegetables, adding them to a roasting pan along with a sprinkle of sea salt. Next, he carefully places the medallions on top of the vegetable medley.

BACK TO:

INT. BAU - MORGUE - NIGHT

JACK CRAWFORD
This killer was having an existential crisis after all.

A BEAUTIFUL PLATE

A ladle of RISOTTO ALLA MILANESE pours onto the plate, surrounded by vegetables, sprinkled with herbs and spices and finally crowned with a perfectly-roasted SECTION OF TIBIA BONE, standing upright in a MEDALLION OF HUMAN BEEF.

BACK TO:

INT. BAU - MORGUE - NIGHT

JACK CRAWFORD
How did he find his faith?

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Using a MARROW SPOON to scoop the marrow from the center of the bone, Hannibal takes a bite of the OSSOBUCO and washes it down with a sip of a perfectly-paired wine.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Jack as he works at his desk. His intercom BUZZES and a woman's voice announces:

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
A Dr. Bedelia Du Maurier is at
security. She's asking to see you.

Jack reacts, curious and thoughtful.

JACK CRAWFORD
Authorize a visitor's pass.

TIME CUT TO:

Jack Crawford approaches and sits casually next to Bedelia Du Maurier in the lounge chairs at the rear of his office.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
What can I help you with, doctor?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Closure.
(then)
This perhaps should and may have to
be our last conversation, at least
on the subject of Hannibal Lecter.

Jack studies her a moment, then asks:

JACK CRAWFORD
Are you pleading the Fifth?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
No. I simply can't offer you any
more insight than I already have.

JACK CRAWFORD
Not accounting for future insights?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
I feel it would be irresponsible if
I continued to see Hannibal Lecter.

JACK CRAWFORD
Irresponsible for who?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
For me.
(then)
(MORE)

BEDELIA DU MAURIER (CONT'D)

I can only help Hannibal if I'm in
a secure place. Emotionally. I'm
not feeling secure at the moment.
So I'm recusing myself from the
situation. I hope you understand.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm not sure I do.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Hannibal and I have both been
traumatized by dangerous patients.
He had his Will Graham. I had mine.

JACK CRAWFORD

Hannibal doesn't strike me as
particularly traumatized. And,
frankly, neither do you.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I've been doing considerable
thinking about my attack. Too much
thinking. Nevertheless, it's been
a necessary-but-unpleasant reminder
that I have unresolved issues.

JACK CRAWFORD

Have you thought about seeing a
psychiatrist?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I'm losing faith in the profession.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm trying to find it.

(then)

Maybe Hannibal can help you resolve
your issues. He's very good.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I'm doing my best to avoid working
out my issues with Hannibal Lecter.

Bedelia gathers her coat, standing to leave.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER (CONT'D)

Good-bye, Agent Crawford.

(then)

Obviously, I can't control whether
or not you or the FBI contacts me,
I can only tell you what I told
Hannibal. I prefer that you don't.

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

Beverly Katz and Hannibal Lecter sit side by side, the personification of good and evil working as one.

CAMERA SLOWLY RACKS until the bars of a metal cage come into focus in the foreground, sectioning the now-blurry figures of Beverly and Hannibal into separate participants.

REVERSE ANGLE

To reveal we were in Will Graham's POV. In the belly of his cage, he stares back at them, saying nothing.

WILL GRAHAM

Now you're just taking advantage.
You're going to burn me out before
my trial and then where will I be?

BEVERLY KATZ

Can't afford to let you burn
yourself out for nothing, but maybe
for something?

WILL GRAHAM

What would Jack say?

HANNIBAL

Jack Crawford's excellent
administrative instincts are not
often tempered by mercy.

WILL GRAHAM

Clearly.
(to Beverly)
If you brought him as a psychiatric
safety net, I've fallen through
that net before. No offense.

Hannibal nods, none taken. Beverly cuts through Will's BS.

BEVERLY KATZ

I'm devoting a lot of time to this
mural, Will. It's hard for me to
focus on anything else I've been
tasked to do. Could use your help.

Subtle, but perhaps not subtle enough for Hannibal. Beverly walks the crime scene photos over to Will.

Will, getting the drift, begins to flip through the crime photos, studying each momentarily before moving to the next.

HANNIBAL

During the nineteenth century, it was wrongly believed the last image seen by the eyes of a dying person would be "fixed" on the retina.

As Will finds the overhead photo of the eye.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

What would be the last image fixed on this dying eye?

ON WILL GRAHAM (WILL'S POV)

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

A PENDULUM

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

ON WILL GRAHAM

His eyes are closed. FWUM. The PENDULUM is now outside his head. It swings behind Will, wiping away Hannibal and Beverly. FWUM. The PENDULUM swings and the CORRIDOR outside his cell PLUNGES INTO DARKNESS. FWUM. The PENDULUM swings and the floor under his feet goes completely dark.

ON THE CRIME SCENE PHOTO

The picture of the HUMAN MURAL FILLS FRAME. CAMERA PULLS UP AND OFF THE PHOTO to reveal WILL STANDING IN DARKNESS. As the CAMERA CONTINUES UPWARD, LIGHT SLOWLY ILLUMINATES THE FLOOR AROUND WILL, REVEALING DOZENS OF CADAVERS. We are --

INT. GRAIN SILO - DAY (WILL'S POV)

Will Graham stands amongst the mural of bodies, still holding the photo of the carnage in his hands.

FWOOM. The PENDULUM swings and the photo disappears. FWOOM.

FWOOM. The PENDULUM STOPS SWINGING, snapping into place as Will snaps into focus. He turns, taking in the bodies.

WILL GRAHAM

I made you pliable. Molded you.
Set you and sealed you where you
lay. This is my design. A dead
eye with vision and consciousness.

HIGH ANGLE

Will, a large speck of dust in the eye, stares upward, searching for what the eye sees.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I am fixed and unseeing... unless
someone else sees me.

Will glances down at the Reflected Man in the mural.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Someone else has. They were here.

ON HANNIBAL - BSHCI - THERAPY HALL (OMNISCIENT POV)

Hannibal stands with Beverly, watching Will. He smiles an almost-imperceptible smile.

ON WILL - GRAIN SILO (WILL'S POV)

Will steps carefully over the bodies until...

WILL GRAHAM
One of these things is not like the other things. One of these things just doesn't belong.

...he is standing over the Reflected Man.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Who are you? Why are you so different from everyone else? I didn't put you here.
(then)
You... are not my design.

Suddenly, a NOISE from above causes Will to look to the ceiling where a SILHOUETTED FIGURE watches from above, his antlers rising majestically into the air.

REVERSE ANGLE

CAMERA LOOKS DOWN to see Will now lying NAKED, his LEG MISSING, his body CONFIGURED into the opening in the mural where the Reflected Man once was.

CLOSE ON A NEEDLE

SUDDENLY PIERCING Will's forearm and pulling THREAD through, drawing the length through.

He looks from the SUTURES through his arm to the one wielding the needle. The LIGHT SILHOUETTES THE FIGURE... until it SHIFTS and we see it's HANNIBAL LECTER, eerily comforting.

HANNIBAL

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

OFF Will, immobilized, with a dawning realization...

ON WILL

He looks up from the photo. We are now --

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

Beverly and Hannibal watch Will, waiting for him to draw a conclusion from his process. Will tries to gather himself together, knowing Hannibal is watching him closely.

WILL GRAHAM

The killer is in the mural.

BEVERLY KATZ

What do you mean? Literally?

WILL GRAHAM

I mean, the man you're looking for
has been sewn into his own mural.

(re: the picture)
This man.

BEVERLY KATZ

What happened to his leg?

WILL GRAHAM

Whoever sewed him in... took a
piece of him. As a trophy.
Question is, who sewed him in.

HANNIBAL

He must have had a friend.

OFF Hannibal giving nothing away --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. DR. DEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Dey is at his desk, signing paperwork. Jack stands in front of him, coat in hand.

DR. DEY
You passed your psych eval, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD
That the extent of your diagnosis?

DR. DEY
My diagnosis is, you're an intelligent man and being smart spoils a lot of things.
(then)
Go back to work.

JACK CRAWFORD
Not as satisfying as I hoped.

DR. DEY
You're troubled because you still care about Will Graham.

JACK CRAWFORD
I care about who I thought he was.

DR. DEY
One quality in a person doesn't necessarily rule out any other quality. They can exist side by side, good and terrible.

JACK CRAWFORD
Love the sinner, hate the sin.

DR. DEY
A little churchy, but yes.

JACK CRAWFORD
The next time I'm supposed to see Will is in court.

Dr. Dey studies Jack, considering how best to advise.

DR. DEY
I've spoken to the families of murderers. They experience a complex series of emotions similar to what you've been going through. Anxiety, shame, anger, guilt.

JACK CRAWFORD
Because they blame themselves for
fostering a monster.

DR. DEY
So do you.

JACK CRAWFORD
How do they cope?

DR. DEY
I've found the most successful at
coping often stay in touch with
their imprisoned loved ones.

JACK CRAWFORD
You want me to visit Will Graham.

Dr. Dey looks at Jack long and hard.

DR. DEY
I want you to forgive Will Graham
so you can forgive yourself.

OFF Jack as that sinks in...

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

CAMERA FLOATS ACROSS THE WATER to find Will Graham fly fishing. He casts his lure and watches it land with a small PLIP that breaks the surface of the river.

He shades his eyes from the sun, his gaze falling to the water flowing around his waders. A PALE BODY DRIFTS BY just beneath the surface. Will startles as a KLAXON SOUNDS.

We are --

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

Will stands in the middle of his cell. Footsteps approach from down the hall and a chair SLIDES on the concrete floor.

His eyes follow the action, but CAMERA REMAINS on Will.

WILL GRAHAM
I don't know you.

CAMERA reveals Bedelia Du Maurier.

She sits across from Will.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
My name is Bedelia Du Maurier.

WILL GRAHAM
You're Hannibal Lecter's therapist.
What's that like?

She studies him, somehow identifies with him.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
I've heard so much about you, I
almost feel as though I know you.

WILL GRAHAM
You don't.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
No, I don't, but I understand you
better than I thought. I wanted to
meet you before I withdraw.

WILL GRAHAM
What are you withdrawing from?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Social ties.

WILL GRAHAM
You're a psychiatrist. Isn't our
sense of self a consequence of
social ties?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
It certainly is in your case. It
may be small comfort, but I am
convinced Hannibal has done what he
believes is best for you.

WILL GRAHAM
That's not small comfort, that
would be no comfort.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
You can transform this experience.
(then)
The traumatized are unpredictable
because we know we can survive. You
can survive this happening to you.

WILL GRAHAM
Happening to me.

Bedelia steps right up to the bars.

NURSE (O.S.)
Step away from the bars. Ma'am,
step away from the bars.

GATE KLAXON SOUNDS as a NURSE and GUARD ENTER the cell block.

Will Graham joins Bedelia at the barrier of his cell and she whispers so quietly she may be only mouthing the words:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
(almost inaudible)
I believe you.

A nurse and guard approach from down the corridor.

NURSE
Okay. That's enough. Come with us.

Will stares at her, a wave of emotion washing over him as Bedelia steps away, gathered by the nurse and a guard and escorted back down the corridor.

ON WILL GRAHAM

CAMERA PUSHES IN as he begins to tremble. A great relief having heard three simple words he's needed to hear.

EXT. BEDELIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Time-lapse establishing.

INT. BEDELIA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the darkened hall until FRAMING an EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON THE FRONT DOORKNOB.

THE SOUND OF A KEY IN THE DOOR

Breaks the quiet. LIGHT SPILLS in as the door opens. Not Bedelia but Hannibal who enters with a key of his own in his GLOVED HAND. The transparent plastic of his bespoke CRIME SCENE OVER-SUIT catches the light of a distant streetlamp.

He quietly moves inside, closing the door behind him.

THROUGH THE ARCH OF THE LIVING ROOM

Hannibal creeps further into the hall and asks the darkness no questions. He turns to the living room as CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal almost every piece of Bedelia's furniture is beneath a clear plastic cover. All the furniture has been protected against dust for an indefinite period of time.

He takes in the shroud over the chairs. He walks the room's periphery, searching for some sign that she isn't truly gone. Hannibal pauses and sees something on Bedelia's chair.

A CUT-GLASS PERFUME BOTTLE

Hannibal takes in the shadow of Bedelia's fragrance and picks it up, considers it for what it is: a memento of friendship.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)
(pre-lap)
You're not alone, you know...

CLOSE ON A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE

Deftly withdrawn from a vein. WIDEN to reveal we are --

INT. GRAIN SILO - DUSK (FLASHBACK)

The Muralist is lying, unclothed, in his own mural. He is configured into the space from which Roland Umber pulled free. A SHADOW cast by the gas lantern moves over him.

HANNIBAL

Is in his plastic suit, kneeling, the syringe in hand.

HANNIBAL
In *The Resurrection*, Piero della Francesca placed himself in the fresco. Nothing flattering -- he depicted himself as a simple guard asleep at his post. Your placement should be much more meaningful.

The Muralist's face, increasingly complacent, clouds over:

MURALIST
It's not finished.

HANNIBAL
I'm finishing it for you. We'll finish it together.

He trades the hypo for a LARGE CURVED NEEDLE and FILAMENT. Hannibal LICKS the tip to thread latter through the former.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
When your great eye looked to the heavens, what did it see?

MURALIST
Nothing.

Hannibal glances up to the roof of the silo.

HANNIBAL
Not anymore.

MURALIST
There is no God.

HANNIBAL
Certainly not with that attitude.
God gave you purpose. Not only to
create art, but to become it.

MURALIST
Why are you doing this to me?

HANNIBAL
Your eye will now see God reflected
back. It will see you.

Hannibal leans over and begins SEWING the man down.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
When God looks down at you, don't
you want to be looking back at Him?

Hannibal sews. Blood flows.

And sews. More blood. Then, incredibly:

MURALIST
Yes.

As the narcotic takes hold, his life ebbing away, the
Muralist recalls their agreement:

MURALIST (CONT'D)
What is it you wanted from me?

HANNIBAL
Only this.

CAMERA PULLS UP AND AWAY as Hannibal stitches the Muralist
into his own masterwork, making Will Graham's forecast come
to pass. A valentine. And just as Will intended.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE