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# HANNIBAL

"Yakimono"

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Episode #207

Final Shooting Script

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HANNIBAL  
"Yakimono"

TEASER

FADE UP FROM BLACK TO --

A wash of red and blue light over tire prints in snow. A pair of heavy boots crosses them, obliterating the prints.

We are --

EXT. VIRGINIA BARN - NIGHT

A nascent crime scene. Work lights and flashing neons. COPS' and FBI AGENTS' breath frosting the cold air. An AMBULANCE is exiting. It drives toward us, revolving lights FILL FRAME.

CAMERA finds JACK CRAWFORD standing alone, haunted, watching the ambulance drive away.

CLOSE ON MIRIAM LASS

She is --

INT. BAU - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

She stands on a white sheet, wearing a paper gown, stoic, as TECHNICIANS move around her, combing and tweezing for evidence. Fibers, hairs, saliva, etc. (Essentially doing a SAFE kit protocol: Sexual Assault Forensic Evidence.)

CLOSE-UPS -- scissors snip a HAIR SAMPLE. Miriam stares forward. Opens her mouth as a SWAB is taken.

Over this, we HEAR a phone recording:

MIRIAM LASS (V.O.)  
Jack, Jack... Jack, it's Miriam. I don't know where I am. I can't see anything... I was so wrong...

CUT TO:

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack sits in darkness. Listens to the old recorded message...

MIRIAM LASS (V.O.)  
...I was so wrong. Please, Jack.  
I don't want to die like this...

ON JACK and his guilt -- he replays the recording:

MIRIAM LASS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Jack, it's Miriam...

INT. BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - NIGHT

Miriam is still being processed --

DIRT is scraped from beneath the nails of her right hand. Her BLOOD slowly fills a test tube. Each time the evidence is put into bags, onto slides and labeled.

MIRIAM LASS (V.O.)  
...I was so wrong...

CUT TO:

INT. FBI - MIRIAM LASS'S DORM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Miriam's one-armed silhouette, ghost-like against the opaque shower curtain. She stands under the jet, washing away the dirt and grime of her captivity.

MIRIAM LASS (V.O.)  
...I don't want to die like this...

CUT TO:

MIRIAM LASS

We are --

INT. FBI - MIRIAM LASS'S DORM - NIGHT

Abrupt silence. Miriam sits, staring into middle distance.

CAMERA slides around Miriam, CLOSE, in and out of FOCUS. We hear the slow THUD of her HEARTBEAT. The AMBIENT HUM of her CIRCULATORY SYSTEM.

CAMERA finds her left arm resting on her knee, the round, smooth oddness of the stump where her left arm should be...

And, finally, her eyes, lashes in FOCUS as we see TEARS slowly bud and build on them. As CAMERA PUSHES IN, barely audible CHAMBER MUSIC grows until it becomes piercing.

Abrupt silence, then:

MIRIAM LASS  
(barely audible)  
Thank you.

Finally, Miriam looks and CAMERA reveals Jack with her. There is belief and gratitude. Her voice raspy and low:

MIRIAM LASS (CONT'D)  
I knew you'd never stop looking...

ON JACK -- guilt washes over him because he knows different.

MIRIAM LASS (CONT'D)

Can I see him?

JACK CRAWFORD

Who?

MIRIAM LASS

The Ripper.

JACK CRAWFORD

We haven't caught the Ripper.

Her stomach plunges, helpless, frustrated, scared.

MIRIAM LASS

He's still--?

JACK CRAWFORD

We need your help, Miriam. You know who he is.

MIRIAM LASS

I don't. Know who he is.

JACK CRAWFORD

You found him.

MIRIAM LASS

I don't remember finding him. He got inside my head.

JACK CRAWFORD

Do you remember being taken?

MIRIAM LASS

I remember a dream about drowning. Then being awake. And not awake. Being myself, and not myself. I remember I could smell salt air. We were by the sea. For weeks. Months. Longer. Days and evenings blurred, I'd wake up to the smell of fresh flowers and the sting of a needle.

(then)

I wasn't afraid. Fear and pain were so far away, on the horizon, but not close. Never close.

JACK CRAWFORD

I was reckless with your life.

MIRIAM LASS

I was reckless with my life.

JACK CRAWFORD

I saw what I needed in you and I used you. I let you break the rules on my behalf while I hid behind deniability.

MIRIAM LASS

Please, Agent Crawford. Don't apologize to me for my mistakes.

(then)

He treated me very well until the end. Until he put me in the ground. Even when he took my arm. He told me what he was going to do. I went to sleep. I woke up, it was gone. Said he was giving it to you.

JACK CRAWFORD

Did he tell you why?

MIRIAM LASS

He said he wanted to give you hope.

JACK CRAWFORD

Can you identify him?

MIRIAM LASS

I could hear his voice. I couldn't see his face. All I could see...

FLASH CUT TO:

A DISTORTED MAN SILHOUETTED BY A HYPNOTIC, STROBING LIGHT.

A single BRIGHT OBJECT in the distorted man's hand catches the light in twinkling pulses.

BACK TO:

MIRIAM AND JACK

MIRIAM LASS

...was light.

JACK CRAWFORD

Why didn't he kill you, Miriam? Why were you spared?

MIRIAM LASS

I wasn't spared. He was just saving me for last.

CUT TO:

INT. BAU - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

ALANA BLOOM is with HANNIBAL in the small room with the TWO-WAY MIRROR. As CAMERA PUSHES IN...

ALANA BLOOM  
They found a witness. A survivor.  
The only victim of the Chesapeake  
Ripper who lived to tell.

HANNIBAL  
Is this witness watching me now?

ALANA BLOOM  
Yes.

HANNIBAL  
It seems I am the usual suspect.

ALANA BLOOM  
I keep having angry, imaginary  
conversations with Jack Crawford  
about that. I wish I could tell  
you why this is happening.

Hannibal looks to the glass.

HANNIBAL  
I don't think even Jack can tell me  
why. His witness must not be able  
to identify the Ripper by sight.

Hannibal stands and approaches the glass.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)  
Jack wants them to hear my voice.  
Otherwise, I'd be in here alone.  
(back to Alana)  
Still, I appreciate your company.

TRAVEL THROUGH THE MIRROR

To reveal Jack and Miriam watching Hannibal and Alana on the other side of the glass.

ALANA BLOOM  
There's new evidence in Will's  
case. Evidence he didn't commit  
the crimes he was accused of.

ON HANNIBAL AND ALANA

ALANA BLOOM  
Will's innocent, Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

He's not innocent of trying to kill me. And he's not innocent of what is happening here.

ALANA BLOOM

He thinks you're the Ripper.

ON JACK AND MIRIAM BEHIND THE GLASS

Hannibal approaches the glass and we MOVE IN ON HIM.

HANNIBAL

He's no longer alone in that.

PUSH IN ON MIRIAM as Hannibal approaches. Her heart THUDS in her chest. Her CIRCULATORY SYSTEM rises, the distant, haunting CHAMBER MUSIC heard earlier grows in volume...

MIRIAM'S POV

Hannibal gets closer. Tense. Her breath held. Hannibal now stands square to the glass directly in front of Miriam. She looks at him intently. As if they could touch.

MATCH CUT TO:

A DISTORTED MAN SILHOUETTED BY A HYPNOTIC, STROBING LIGHT.

BACK TO:

Jack watches Miriam closely.

She slowly drags her eyes from Hannibal. Looks at Jack. Shakes her head.

MIRIAM LASS

It's not him.

JACK CRAWFORD

Are you sure?

MIRIAM LASS

Yes. He's not the Ripper.

ON JACK -- staring at Hannibal through the glass, Hannibal looking back as if he could actually see Jack.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

ON DR. FREDERICK CHILTON

He limps down a staircase. We are --

INT. BSHCI - STAIRWELL - DAY

As Dr. Chilton approaches the gate, he raps his silver-handled cane on the bars and the gate BUZZES and swings open.

INT. BSHCI - CELL BLOCK/WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

Dr. Chilton limps toward Will's cell.

DR. CHILTON'S POV

As he approaches the last cell on the left, CAMERA reveals WILL standing in the middle of his cage. He's no longer wearing his prison jumpsuit; he's wearing civilian clothes.

WILL GRAHAM

This is very sudden.

DR. CHILTON

The federal prosecutor has dropped all charges. Since you weren't convicted of killing anyone, the basis for your sentencing to this institution is null and void. The Chesapeake Ripper has set you free.

WILL GRAHAM

You're my psychiatrist, you could have kept me here if you wanted.

DR. CHILTON

I'd love nothing more than to see you trade places with Dr. Lecter.

WILL GRAHAM

Now that's a prize patient.

Dr. Chilton waves his cane at the CCTV CAMERA. A moment, then Will Graham's cell door OPENS. Will steps out.

DR. CHILTON

You may have been exonerated, but Hannibal Lecter has yet to be incriminated. Which means, there's a cannibal on the loose. I have no intention of ending up on his menu.

WILL GRAHAM

Then confess, Frederick. Might be  
the only thing saves your life.

They start down the hall.

DR. CHILTON

Confess to what?

WILL GRAHAM

Confess to bonding with Hannibal  
Lecter over your mutual practice of  
unorthodox therapies. Dr. Lecter  
with me. You with Abel Gideon.

DR. CHILTON

Abel Gideon has been playing his  
own game. Was wheeled out of that  
hospital by the Chesapeake Ripper.  
Curious what bargain they struck.

WILL GRAHAM

There's no bargaining with smoke.  
Gideon's dead. You're next.

DR. CHILTON

Unless I unburden myself?

WILL GRAHAM

Confession's good for the soul.  
Shine a light on your relationship  
with Hannibal Lecter. He works in  
the shadows. Deny them to him.  
Tell Jack Crawford everything.

DR. CHILTON

So if Hannibal kills me, he'll look  
more suspicious? Or are you simply  
suggesting I kill my career before  
Hannibal can kill me?

WILL GRAHAM

I'm suggesting you convince Jack  
Crawford however you can. Like  
your life depends on it.

The gate BUZZES, OPENS. As Will steps through, Chilton asks:

DR. CHILTON

Why didn't Hannibal just kill you?

WILL GRAHAM

Because he wants to be my friend.

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

Will comes through the doors under the guards' pulpit and into the main hall. Sunlight shines through the windows, creating shafts of light and shadow. Will walks toward freedom, pausing to look at the brutal THERAPY CAGES where he spent so much time. Walking down the hall, through the pools of light, he realizes Jack Crawford is waiting for him, standing near the base of the stairs. Will stops short.

JACK CRAWFORD

You need a ride?

WILL GRAHAM

I was going to call a cab.

JACK CRAWFORD

We found Miriam Lass. Alive.

WILL GRAHAM

You catch the Ripper?

Jack shakes his head "no."

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

How is she? Miriam.

JACK CRAWFORD

Traumatized.

WILL GRAHAM

Don't beat yourself up too badly.

JACK CRAWFORD

You beat yourself up about Beverly?

Will's hesitation is a yes, but he deflects.

WILL GRAHAM

Beverly's dead. Miriam's still alive. Trauma victims recover, Jack. Disaster has a way of putting life in perspective.

JACK CRAWFORD

Miriam thanked me. When we found her. For not giving up on her.

(then)

I did give up on her. I gave up on you, too. I thought she was dead and I thought you were crazy. I stopped trying to find both of you.

WILL GRAHAM

You didn't have to find me, Jack.  
You just had to listen to me.

JACK CRAWFORD

I put Miriam in a room with  
Hannibal Lecter. She stated  
definitively that he is not the  
Chesapeake Ripper.

WILL GRAHAM

Was that definitive enough for you?

JACK CRAWFORD

No. It wasn't.

Will considers that, then:

WILL GRAHAM

Where did you find Miriam, Jack?

EXT. VIRGINIA BARN - DAY

Full crime scene. Jack's sedan pulls into the center of it.

Jack and Will exit the car, Will holding a thick evidence  
file in his hands. Jack nods at a couple of FBI AGENTS  
guarding the entrance, who stop and stare at Will Graham's  
arrival. Jack leads Will toward the open barn doors.

JACK CRAWFORD

Property was foreclosed years ago.  
Appears as though the Ripper's been  
using it about as long.

Will regards the dark, ominous building and then follows him.

INT. VIRGINIA BARN - DAY

Will walks through the large barn doors, taking in the scene.

CAMERA PULLS BACK over the ROWS OF POTTED TREES, wrapped in  
gauze, with weeping branches that cascade down to the floor,  
under GROW LIGHTS mounted to the beams of the barn's rafters.

Jack walks down the stairs, into the cistern room, indicating  
for Will to follow behind him.

JACK CRAWFORD

Will.

INT. VIRGINIA BARN - CISTERN ROOM - DAY

The basement is lit by work lights creating eerie shadows across a large, coffin-sized FREEZER. A RACK OF LARGE GLASS SLIDES, like the ones that encased Beverly Katz, lines a wall near the BUZZ SAW that sliced her into vertical slabs.

For a BRIEF MOMENT, Will sees BEVERLY'S REFLECTION in a pane of glass. He averts eyes inadvertently toward a kill room.

Linoleum is rolled out on the wooden floor to give a cleanable surface. Centered on it is an AUTOPSY TABLE, stainless steel picking up highlights, a drain running around the sides -- a pipe running into a vat beneath. A roll of KNIVES and SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS upon it. Will eyes several heavy GLASS JARS filled with BLOOD resting on another table.

JACK CRAWFORD

It's Beverly Katz's blood. He drained her before he froze her. Before he cut into her.

Bunches of DYING FLOWERS, VINES and BRANCHES are on the autopsy table, coiled in a withering mass.

Will looks at the file as Jack walks him through the space, toward a pair of raised CISTERN OPENINGS.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

The Chesapeake Ripper's most-recent victim drowned in this cistern. The water in his lungs led us here.

Jack looks into one of the two cisterns, black water halfway up its walls. Above each cistern, a BLOCK AND TACKLE hangs from a hook in the ceiling. Jack moves to the dry cistern.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

We found Miriam down there.

ANGLE from the cistern bottom, looking up at Jack and Will.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

She believes the Ripper brought her here to kill her. He was saving her to be his last victim. He knows we're close to catching him.

WILL GRAHAM

He's been caught before. Catch a fish once and it gets away, it's a lot harder to catch a second time.

Jack watches Will as he surveys the room.

ON WILL GRAHAM

Will Graham 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. The PENDULUM is now outside his head. It swings behind Will, Jack Crawford recedes into the shadows. FWUM. The PENDULUM swings on the other side of the room, disappearing evidence markers and work lights. FWUM.

The dying flowers, vines and branches on the table REJUVENATE and BLOOM ANEW, restored to a fresh state of life.

The crime scene has now been decriminalized in Will's head.

Will opens his eyes to DARKNESS. As LIGHT BEGINS TO ILLUMINATE the space, CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE (WILL'S POV)

CAMERA reveals the TREE MAN in full bloom, in front of Will, rooted to the floor of Hannibal's office. Tree Man's branches grow, reaching out of him and stretching to the ceiling. Will takes it all in.

WILL GRAHAM

I sewed the seeds and watched them grow. I cultivated a long chain of events leading to this. This, all of this, has been my design.

A dramatic THEATER CURTAIN closes on the proscenium arch of Hannibal's office. CAMERA reveals Will is now...

INT. VIRGINIA BARN - CISTERN ROOM - DAY

Will glances down at the cistern.

WILL'S POV -- CISTERN

Miriam Lass at the bottom, looking up at Will.

WILL GRAHAM

It's theater.

Will unceremoniously closes the cistern lid.

ON WILL GRAHAM -- OMNISCIENT POV

CAMERA reveals Jack standing behind him.

JACK CRAWFORD

Every time the Chesapeake Ripper kills, it's theater.

WILL GRAHAM

The Chesapeake Ripper didn't bring Miriam here to kill her. He brought her here for you to find.

JACK CRAWFORD

The Ripper isn't self-destructive. He doesn't want to get caught.

WILL GRAHAM

He wants you to catch someone. Like he wanted you to catch me. Somewhere, in all this evidence, you'll find something that will lead you away from Hannibal Lecter.

JACK CRAWFORD

Miriam Lass already has.

WILL GRAHAM

Two years is a long time to have Hannibal in your head. You can't trust her, Jack. You can't trust any of this to be what it seems.

OFF Jack Crawford considering that warning...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY

The house sits nestled amidst bare trees and snow. Silence.

Reveal this is WILL'S POV as he walks up to the porch, enjoying the crunch of fresh snow underfoot.

The door OPENS revealing Alana inside. She barely has time to greet Will before THE DOGS squeeze past her.

Will rushes to meet them as they bound up to him, and he is engulfed in their unbridled joy. He drops to his knees in the snow as he pets them. Alana cannot help a smile.

ALANA BLOOM

Welcome home.

WILL GRAHAM

Thank you. Thank you for taking care of them. They seem happy.

ALANA BLOOM

Happy to see you.

Will is momentarily overwhelmed with the dogs swarming around him, each wanting to greet and lick. He notices a NEW DOG.

WILL GRAHAM

Who's this?

ALANA BLOOM

Applesauce. She's mine. She likes applesauce. I rescued her.

Alana attaches a lead to Applesauce's collar.

WILL GRAHAM

Picking up some of my bad habits?

ALANA BLOOM

Picking up your good habits.

(then)

You challenged my whole framework of assumptions about the way you are. The way I think you are.

WILL GRAHAM

The way you think I am isn't always a reliable guide to who I am.

ALANA BLOOM

I was wrong about you.

WILL GRAHAM

Because you didn't believe me? Or  
in me? Because you let me question  
my own sanity, my sense of reality?

ALANA BLOOM

Because you tried to kill Hannibal.

WILL GRAHAM

You think I tried to kill Hannibal.  
Just like I think Hannibal killed  
Beverly Katz. And so many others.

ALANA BLOOM

You're wrong about him.

WILL GRAHAM

You're wrong about him, Alana. You  
see the best in him. I don't. I'm  
not being pessimistic. I'm just a  
realist depressed by the truth.

ALANA BLOOM

What was done to you doesn't excuse  
what you did. Are you going to try  
to hurt Hannibal again? Is he safe?

WILL GRAHAM

From me? Or for you?

Will reads her in an instant before she can answer. He's  
saddened by what he sees in her face, but covers.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I'm going to stay as far away from  
Hannibal Lecter as I can. I  
suggest you do the same.

Alana looks at the dogs vying for Will's attention.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(to the dogs)  
Come on.

He leads the dogs into his house, leaving Alana in the cold.

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack sits down opposite Dr. Chilton.

JACK CRAWFORD

What can I do for you, doctor?

DR. CHILTON

It's what I can do for you. I'm offering my services on the Ripper case -- pro bono, of course.

JACK CRAWFORD

You'd like to be helpful expediting Hannibal Lecter's arrest?

DR. CHILTON

I've consulted with the FBI on previous Ripper murders.

JACK CRAWFORD

You have an agenda with this investigation, Dr. Chilton.

DR. CHILTON

Yes, I have an agenda. Living. I should be assigned an FBI escort. Everyone who believed Will Graham about Hannibal Lecter is dead.

JACK CRAWFORD

Except you.

DR. CHILTON

Except me. I'd like to remain not dead for the foreseeable future.

JACK CRAWFORD

Do you have something substantial to contribute or just an opinion?

DR. CHILTON

I have a witness. If Will is not a suspect, then he is a witness.

JACK CRAWFORD

To his own manipulation?

DR. CHILTON

We've had remarkable success recovering memories. He remembers so much of what was done to him.

JACK CRAWFORD

Why hasn't Will told me about this?

DR. CHILTON

Because you told him his memories were meaningless.

Jack stares, feeling the blow.

DR. CHILTON (CONT'D)

I imagine Hannibal Lecter used the same coercive techniques on Miriam Lass that he used on Will Graham. He buried memories in both of them.

(then)

I dug those memories out of Will, I can dig them out of Miriam.

JACK CRAWFORD

Miriam Lass is not your patient.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON MIRIAM LASS

Looking down. Intent. She uses her right arm to throw her hair across her shoulder.

We are --

INT. FBI - MIRIAM LASS'S DORM - DAY

Miriam wears a sports bra. She throws a strap across her shoulder. Tightening the leather.

CLOSE ON MIRIAM'S STUMP as a plastic cup is slid snug against it, fastened in place. Shots are CLOSE, TIGHT FOCUS, DREAMY.

ON MIRIAM, now with two arms, taking in the new prosthetic limb. Miriam slowly lifts the new arm... the metal Terminator-esque fingers move.

CLOSE -- Miriam slides a LIFELIKE SKIN GLOVE over the metal prosthetic, making the arm suddenly seem incredibly lifelike.

Miriam lifts both hands in front of her, regards them. Takes her real hand and scratches the back of the fake one.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FBI - MIRIAM LASS'S DORM - DAY

Miriam's hands as she scratches her prosthesis.

MIRIAM LASS

Are you an FBI agent?

CAMERA reveals Will Graham is in the room with Miriam.

WILL GRAHAM

No. I used to teach at the academy.

(MORE)

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Two days ago, I was an inmate at the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. Courtesy of the Chesapeake Ripper.

MIRIAM LASS

The Guru told me the only person who demonstrated any practical understanding of the Ripper is you. Didn't mention you were a victim.

WILL GRAHAM

The Guru?

MIRIAM LASS

Jack Crawford. We called him the Guru. He has a peculiar cleverness.

WILL GRAHAM

The Guru tells me you don't remember much about what the Chesapeake Ripper did to you. I couldn't remember either.

MIRIAM LASS

Couldn't?

WILL GRAHAM

I remember now. Not all of it. Pieces. I was under his influence. The Chesapeake Ripper used some kind of light to induce seizure responses in my brain. He created blackouts and lost time.

Miriam quietly breathes, struggling with the familiarity of what Will is telling her. Her voice is just above a whisper. In the safety of the FBI, it's still terrifying to recall.

MIRIAM LASS

I remember the light. He always stood in front of it, at a distance from me, silhouetted, very still.

The CHAMBER MUSIC, heard earlier, begins to fill her mind.

MIRIAM LASS (CONT'D)

Like we were in the garden of the hurricane's eye. He would play chamber music. I still hear it.

Will reacts, hearing the familiar haunting SOLO CELLO that plagued his own nightmares rising in his ears.

MIRIAM LASS (CONT'D)

Then his voice, low and even, would  
pull me to him. Like a current.

CUT TO:

A MAN SILHOUETTED BY A HYPNOTIC, STROBING LIGHT.

HANNIBAL'S VOICE, JACK CRAWFORD'S VOICE and a third AS-YET-  
UNIDENTIFIED MALE VOICE all speak in eerie chorus:

VOICES

You're waking now. Waking, calm.  
Waking in a pleasant room. Safe.

BACK TO:

MIRIAM AND WILL

MIRIAM LASS

I knew there were conversations. I  
would sometimes hear myself and  
wonder who was speaking with such  
intimate knowledge of my thoughts.  
He knows everything about me.

She catches Will clocking her scratching her prosthetic hand  
and becomes suddenly self-conscious.

MIRIAM LASS (CONT'D)

It itches. Like the arm is still  
there. At least I have something  
to scratch now. But how do I  
scratch the itch in my head?

WILL GRAHAM

We can help you remember, Miriam.  
You and I are part of his design.  
The Ripper wanted you free. He  
wanted me free, too.

MIRIAM LASS

Neither of us is really free. He's  
not done. He told me he was going  
to kill me last and that's exactly  
what he intends to do.

WILL GRAHAM

You're safe now.

MIRIAM LASS

I won't be safe until he's dead.

OFF Will Graham --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hannibal comes into the dark room. Moves toward the refrigerator. Stops. Lifts his nose to the air.

HANNIBAL

The same unfortunate aftershave.  
Too long in the bottle.

Hannibal opens the refrigerator door and the light illuminates a gun pointed at his head, Will Graham behind it.

WILL GRAHAM

Our last kitchen conversation was interrupted by Jack Crawford. I'd like to pick up where we left off. If memory serves, you were asking me if it'd feel good to kill you.

HANNIBAL

You've given that some thought.

WILL GRAHAM

You wanted me to embrace my nature, doctor. Just following the urges I kept down for so long, cultivating them as the inspirations they are.

HANNIBAL

You never answered my question. How would killing me make you feel?

WILL GRAHAM

Righteous.

HANNIBAL

Aren't you curious, Will? Why you? Why Miriam Lass? What does the Chesapeake Ripper want with you?

WILL GRAHAM

You tell me. How did Miriam Lass find you? You made sure no one could find you that way again.

Hannibal looks past the gun barrel, into Will's eyes.

HANNIBAL

If I'm not the Ripper, you murder an innocent man. You better than anyone know what it is to be wrongly accused. You were innocent, Will, and no one saw it.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not innocent. You saw to that.

HANNIBAL

If I am the Ripper and you kill me,  
who will answer your questions?

(beat)

Don't you want to know how it ends?

Will doesn't respond, he just slowly steps backward into the shadows, disappearing into darkness.

STAY ON HANNIBAL watching the space where Will stood.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY (B&W)

Hannibal opens the door revealing Miriam Lass two years ago.  
(NOTE: This is a reuse of "Entrée," Scene 40.)

MIRIAM LASS

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

HANNIBAL

Never just a trainee. An agent in  
training.

As the B&W shifts to color...

Telling us it is now PRESENT DAY --

CAMERA reveals Miriam Lass, haunted yet professional. Jack  
Crawford standing behind her.

HANNIBAL

Please come in.

He steps to one side and Miriam steps into the office before  
him. Hannibal looks at Jack and then follows.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Miriam looks at Jack, who nods at her, and she moves around  
the room. Hannibal's very aware of this, sensing an agenda.

HANNIBAL

I would have been happy to come to  
your office, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

I wanted to do this here.

HANNIBAL

I'm sure you have your reasons.

ON MIRIAM

She crosses to the table with Hannibal's drawings.

In a conscious repeat of Ep. #106, "Entrée," Hannibal steps  
behind Miriam as she leafs through his drawings.

ON HANNIBAL as he looms over her shoulder.

MIRIAM LASS

These are beautiful. Yours?

Miriam picks up a PORTRAIT DRAWING and studies it.

HANNIBAL

(nods)

I enjoy portraiture. A subject's mental processes betrayed only by the expression on their face.

JACK CRAWFORD

Miriam, I thought Dr. Lecter could be helpful during your recovery.

HANNIBAL

The most-important aspect of a successful recovery is recognizing that life will never be the same.

MIRIAM LASS

Then I'm well on my way to a successful recovery.

JACK CRAWFORD

The Chesapeake Ripper sent me a message from you. It was recorded shortly after you were taken.

MIRIAM LASS

It's me? My voice?

JACK CRAWFORD

Yes. I debated whether I should play it for you. Still debating.

MIRIAM LASS

I want to hear it.

ON JACK'S SMART PHONE

He presses "play."

ON MIRIAM

CAMERA PUSHES IN as she listens to her terrified voice. Jack watches Hannibal watching her, steely.

MIRIAM LASS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Jack... Jack, it's Miriam. I don't know where I am. I can't see anything. I was so wrong. Please, Jack. I don't wanna die like this.

Tears well in Miriam's eyes as the message cuts out. She remains quiet for a long moment, reeling, finally:

MIRIAM LASS (CONT'D)  
I don't remember it.

Miriam's hand absently scratches against her prosthetic.

HANNIBAL  
Would you like to try?

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

We HEAR the ambient noise of Miriam's breathing, heartbeat and circulatory system.

EERIE CHORUS OF VOICES  
You're waking now. Waking, calm.  
Waking in a pleasant room. Safe.

The CHORUS OF VOICES unifies into a single voice:

HANNIBAL  
Open your eyes.

A PULSING LIGHT --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

The drapes are drawn and the room is dark. Miriam now sits opposite Hannibal. A METRONOME and LIGHT pulsing between them. Jack stands behind Hannibal, in the shadows.

We hear a phone line RINGING, waiting for the line to pick up.

CLOSE ON MIRIAM LASS

She holds a phone to her cheek, the light of the keypad the only source of illumination. The PHONE CONTINUES TO RING until an automated answer:

JACK CRAWFORD (V.O.)  
Jack Crawford.

Then a BEEP tells us to leave a message. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. VIRGINIA BARN - CISTERN (FLASHBACK)

CAMERA SLOWLY DESCENDS on Miriam Lass (NOTE: as she appeared in the final scene of "Entrée"). She feels the walls in the darkness, the illuminated keypad the only source of light.

MIRIAM LASS  
Jack... Jack, it's Miriam.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)  
Tell me where you are.

MIRIAM LASS  
I don't know where I am.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)  
What do you see?

MIRIAM LASS  
I can't see anything.

BACK TO:

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE

Jack watches Miriam, over Hannibal, from the shadows. Hating this. Miriam's hand absently scratches her prosthesis.

MIRIAM LASS  
I was so wrong. Please, Jack. I  
don't want to die like this.

HANNIBAL  
Miriam, what was the last thing you  
remember before making that call,  
before waking in the darkness?

She looks past the strobing METRONOME to Jack in the shadows.

MIRIAM'S POV -- JACK

The shadows seem to recede around him even as the blackness deepens. Jack looks at Miriam, and then, as she watches -- his TORSO suddenly SPROUTS WOUNDS AND IMPLEMENTS, they burst backward from his body and he becomes a standing WOUND MAN.

ON MIRIAM

She averts her eyes from Jack Crawford as *Wound Man*, glancing down to see she's holding the *WOUND MAN DRAWING* -- the last thing she saw before Hannibal choked her unconscious.

MIRIAM LASS  
The Wound Man.

OFF Jack Crawford --

CLOSE ON A FLOWER PETAL

It's under a MAGNIFYING LENS, dusted to reveal a smudged, partial fingerprint. We are --

INT. BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - DAY

ZELLER and PRICE are presenting to Jack and Alana.

JIMMY PRICE

We found a fingerprint on a flower  
petal. A partial, smudged. Not  
enough points for a courtroom, but  
it triggered a match.

(then)

Hannibal Lecter.

Alana looks shocked. Jack's world takes another turn.

BRIAN ZELLER

After all these murders, the  
Ripper's gonna leave a print now?

JACK CRAWFORD

Will said whatever evidence we  
found would lead us away from the  
Chesapeake Ripper.

BRIAN ZELLER

We also found sodium amytal and  
scopolamine in Miriam's blood.

ALANA BLOOM

Dr. Chilton used scopolamine and  
sodium amytal on both Gideon and  
Will during their therapy. One  
claimed to be the Chesapeake  
Ripper, the other accused Hannibal.

JACK CRAWFORD

"You've got the right box, just  
looking in the wrong corner."  
Gideon pointed me right at him,  
told me Chilton was the Ripper.

JIMMY PRICE

Wait. I'm confused. Who are we  
saying is the Chesapeake Ripper?  
Dr. Lecter or Dr. Chilton?

JACK CRAWFORD

Bring them both in.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. CHILTON'S HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - DAY

Chilton lets himself in through the front door and throws his keys onto a dresser. Walks into the house. He throws his coat over a chair back and then stops. Listens.

A faint, regular BEEPING can be heard. Slow and rhythmic.

Chilton moves toward it, like SONAR PINGING. It gets louder at the foot of the stairs and he starts to ascend. Following the beeps like a beacon, drawing him closer.

INT. DR. CHILTON'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY

Chilton comes up the stairs, onto the landing.

The beeps are getting louder. A steady pulse. Confused and tense, Chilton moves down the hall.

The slow beep plays a double rhythm with his own faster-beating heart. The beeps get louder...

BEEP, BEEP... Getting slower...

BEEP.... BEEP. Slower still. Winding down.

INT. DR. CHILTON'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

The slow beep becomes a SOLID TONE as Dr. Chilton pushes open the door and steps inside and --

STOPS DEAD.

ABEL GIDEON -- now missing all four limbs -- lies on a bed. An IV drip under one clavicle, wounds neatly bandaged.

The TONE rises up, becoming louder and louder in Chilton's head. Overpowering his now-THUNDERING HEARTBEAT.

Despite himself, Chilton moves forward, fascination and dread combined. All Gideon's limbs have been neatly removed. He stares, lifeless, at the ceiling. DEAD.

Chilton stares until finally he breaks the spell. Knows he is in trouble. Turns and runs for the stairs -- the TONE receding behind him.

INT. DR. CHILTON'S HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - DAY

Dr. Chilton comes hard and fast down the stairs, panicked. And falls headlong over a PACKED SUITCASE at the foot of the stairs. It wasn't there before. Chilton is sprawled, looks up as a pair of well-shined shoes appears before him.

HANNIBAL LECTER

Now stands in front of him. In his plastic kill suit.  
Chilton scrambles to his feet. Backs away.

HANNIBAL  
Hello, Frederick.

DR. CHILTON  
Oh my god.

Hannibal regards him calmly. There is a SUDDEN INSISTENT RAP  
at the door. TWO SHADOWY FIGURES seen through the glass.

HANNIBAL  
That will be the FBI.

Chilton goes to shout for help, but as he opens his mouth,  
Hannibal covers it with a chloroform pad.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)  
When you wake up, your only choice  
will be to run.

Chilton struggles against Hannibal's grip, but Hannibal is  
too strong and Chilton is weakening by the second.

CHILTON'S POV -- the world goes fuzzy, in and out of FOCUS as  
unconsciousness takes him. Hannibal's face slides in and  
out. Chilton slowly falls to the ground. We can hear his  
slow breathing. We watch as Hannibal's feet move away.

The KNOCKING comes again.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)  
One moment, please...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

CLOSE ON THE KITCHEN TIMER

As it starts to BUZZ. A hand clicks it off to silence.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Hannibal moves from the timer to the oven and opens the door. Pulls out the tray onto the worktop. The roast looks fabulous, steaming and juicy and brown. He savors the aroma. Smiles to himself, pleased with it.

HANNIBAL

Are you absolutely sure I can't  
interest you in a bite?

CAMERA reveals Brian Zeller and Jimmy Price standing on the other side of the counter.

BRIAN ZELLER

We need to get going, Dr. Lecter.

HANNIBAL

Will we be long?  
(re: the roast)  
Only asking if I should refrigerate  
or cover and cool on the counter?

JIMMY PRICE

Put it in the fridge.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON DR. CHILTON

His eyes are closed. He stirs. Groans. Licks his lips.

Rubs his face with a hand and it leaves a thick smear of blood down his cheek... Slowly, his eyes open. Groggy. He comes to, looks down at himself.

We are --

INT. DR. CHILTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Dr. Chilton sits in an armchair. His clothes are covered in blood. One hand holds a bloody chef's knife. There is a bloodied FBI-issue automatic handgun in his lap. He takes this in. Can't remember. Disbelieving.

His own bloody footprints track across the floor from the kitchen --

Where two DEAD FBI AGENTS have been displayed.

The first sits on the kitchen worktop, a curved gash in his abdomen. His intestines are looped around and tied into a large, ostentatious bow.

The second is lying on the floor, kitchen knives and implements sticking from his bare torso -- a conscious reconstruction of the Jeremy Olmsted/Wound Man killing.

Chilton drops the knife. He stands and the gun thumps to the floor. He staggers closer to the bodies. A hand to his thumping head, leaving another blood smear. Up close, the tableau is even more horrific.

Dazed, he picks up the gun and grabs a couple of suitcases.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Will Graham sits with a case file, reading, the dogs at his feet. The pack of dogs all jumps up as one, BARKING and agitated. Will Graham moves to the window.

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Dr. Chilton, his coat thrown over his bloody clothes, pulls his RED SPORTS CAR up before the house. The stolen gun lies on the passenger seat and he puts it in a pocket before getting out of the car. He grabs his suitcases out of the trunk and starts walking for the house.

Chilton approaches, the front door opens and the dogs stream, BARKING, onto the porch and down at him. He stops dead, frightened. Looks up at Will Graham as he comes closer.

DR. CHILTON

May I use your shower, please?

GIDEON'S HEAD AND TORSO

Lying on a STRETCHER. We are --

INT. DR. CHILTON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Reveal this to be JACK CRAWFORD'S POV. Jack, standing near the dead FBI agents, stares at Gideon's body being wheeled through the house. Jimmy Price is with him.

JIMMY PRICE

Gideon hasn't been dead long, no more than a couple of hours. Chilton's been cutting steaks off of him for days.

Brian Zeller emerges from the library, holding an OLD MEDICAL TEXT. He approaches Jack, who stands over the *Wound Man* corpse. Zeller indicates the library he just came from.

BRIAN ZELLER

Chilton's shelves are filled with old medical books.

Zeller opens a book revealing an illustration of *Wound Man*.

JACK CRAWFORD

Wound Man.

BRIAN ZELLER

This illustration's in a lot of early surgical texts. It's the Ripper's sixth victim.

JACK CRAWFORD

Chilton was consulting on the Ripper case when Miriam disappeared. She must've talked to him, made the connection. Beverly made a connection, too.

Jack stares at the illustration, cold getting colder.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Chilton's been part of the Ripper investigation since before Will Graham, before Hannibal Lecter, before Miriam Lass. He had access to case files, he knew everything the Ripper needed to know.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Will watches as Chilton paces, freshly showered, clothes changed, hyped, brain working overtime:

DR. CHILTON

I have the same profile as Hannibal Lecter. Same medical and psychology background. We are both doctors of note in our fields. Of course it would be me. Hannibal was never going to kill me. I'm his patsy.

(then)

I have to leave the country. I'm leaving the country.

WILL GRAHAM

If you run, you look guilty.

DR. CHILTON

You didn't run and you looked plenty guilty. Abel Gideon was half-eaten in my guest room. I have corpses on my property, you just threw up an ear.

WILL GRAHAM

There's an APB on you right now. They've canceled your credit cards, they're tracing your phone.

DR. CHILTON

I have cash and I tossed my phone.  
(then)  
Jack Crawford thinks I killed two agents -- three agents. You know what tends to happen to people who do that? Shoot on sight.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm going to prove that Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper.

DR. CHILTON

I know you will. And when you do, I will read about it from a secure location and reintroduce myself to society at that time.

Chilton's head whips round as the low rumble of a car approaching sets the dogs to BARKING again. He whips out the gun from his pocket and points it at a suddenly-wary Will.

DR. CHILTON (CONT'D)

What did you do?

WILL GRAHAM

I called Jack Crawford.

Chilton shakes his head.

DR. CHILTON

No, no, no...

He backs to the window, gun still on Will. Looks out. CHILTON'S POV -- Jack Crawford is getting out of his car and walking toward the house. Will moves toward the front door.

DR. CHILTON (CONT'D)

No. Stay there.

WILL GRAHAM  
(keeps walking)  
You're not a killer, Frederick.

ON CHILTON -- behind the gun -- and he knows he won't fire.

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Will walks onto the porch to meet Jack Crawford. Comes down the steps. Jack's face is murderous.

WILL GRAHAM  
Why did you come alone, Jack?

JACK CRAWFORD  
Where is he?

WILL GRAHAM  
Why did you come alone?

JACK CRAWFORD  
Is he in the house?

WILL GRAHAM  
I told you everything isn't what it seems. The Chesapeake Ripper is still playing with us. All of us.

JACK CRAWFORD  
I'm not playing.

WILL GRAHAM  
You going to kill Chilton? Jack up the law and get underneath it?

JACK CRAWFORD  
You wagging the same tongue that gave the order to kill Hannibal?

WILL GRAHAM  
Difference is, Chilton's not the Chesapeake Ripper. Hannibal is.

JACK CRAWFORD  
The Chesapeake Ripper isn't playing all of us, Will. He's playing you.

Jack goes to enter. Will steps in his way.

WILL GRAHAM  
Jack. Wait. Let me bring him out.  
(off Jack's head shake)  
He's got a gun.

Jack holds Will's gaze. Pulls out his own gun.

JACK CRAWFORD

Good.

He pushes past Will and walks up the steps, onto the porch.  
He steps in fast, gun first. Ready to fire.

ON JACK -- HIS POV

The back door swinging open...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - WOODS - DAY

The bare skeletal trees black against the crisp white snow.

CLOSE SHOTS -- as totally-inappropriate shoes crunch through the snow, the owner tripping and stumbling --

DR. CHILTON

As he stumbles through the woods -- away from Will's house.

ANGLE ON JACK CRAWFORD -- plowing through the snow after him. Gun at the ready. Bloodlust high in him.

Dr. Chilton stumbles, falls, dropping the gun he carries. He grabs it up and fights to his feet, gasping, terrified...

JACK CRAWFORD --

JACK CRAWFORD  
CHILTON?!!!

A raw yell -- it echoes through the woods.

Chilton hears it around him, as if surrounded, and redoubles his efforts. He crosses a FROZEN STREAM, the ice cracking under his feet, the water below sucking off his shoes. He clambers up the other side...

JACK CRAWFORD

His progress faster, more determined. Following the footprints ahead of him. Breaking into a run. Jack sees the limping silhouette of Chilton ahead of him.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)  
Chilton!

He raises his gun and fires. THUNK! The bullet scatters splinters from a tree as Chilton passes it.

KA-CHOO, KA-CHOO, KA-CHOO -- the receding echoes of the shot ring around the woods.

Dr. Chilton moves into a snow-filled clearing amidst the trees. Staggers across it.

JACK CRAWFORD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Stop right where you are.

ON CHILTON -- he halts. His face in CLOSE FOCUS as, behind him, we see Jack's silhouette move into the clearing.

Chilton turns to face his hunter. Jack has his gun at arm's length, sighting down the barrel.

CLOSE ON Jack's finger on the trigger.

As Jack approaches, Chilton drops to his knees in the snow. He holds out his arms like a penitent.

CLOSE -- SLO-MO -- as the gun falls from Chilton's fingers and nestles in the snow.

ON JACK CRAWFORD -- as he moves toward Chilton, finger aching on the trigger. His nemesis finally before him.

Jack stops ten feet from Chilton who gasps, exhausted. Head down. His arms slowly FALL TO HIS SIDES.

ON JACK, finger tightening on the trigger, conflicted. Chilton looks up at him. Scared. Exhausted and empty.

CHILTON'S POV -- CLOSE ON the bore of Jack's gun, FOCUS creeping up the gun to Jack's hateful expression.

CLOSE ON DR. CHILTON

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal he is --

INT. BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - DAY

Dr. Chilton's face is now clean of blood. He looks exhausted, standing on a white sheet as he hands his clothes to Jimmy Price. Brian Zeller writes down the inventory...

JIMMY PRICE

...one two-piece suit in charcoal gray, one white shirt, fifteen-inch collar, one billfold containing cash, credit cards and driver's license. One set of car keys...

Chilton stares forward.

DR. CHILTON

I need to speak with Will Graham.

BRIAN ZELLER

I don't care what you need.

Their hatred is palpable. ON CHILTON -- his predicament landing hard.

JIMMY PRICE

One Montblanc fountain pen in  
silver and black...

CUT TO:

INT. BAU - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Dr. Chilton now sits opposite Alana Bloom. He is cuffed to  
the table and wears an ORANGE JUMPSUIT.

DR. CHILTON

Does it have to be you? It seems  
like a final indignity.

ALANA BLOOM

Not like you to hide an achievement.

DR. CHILTON

The achievement isn't mine.

ALANA BLOOM

Whose is it? Hannibal Lecter's?

DR. CHILTON

Those are just words coming out of  
your mouth. No weight to them. No  
consideration they may be true.

ALANA BLOOM

They're not true.

(then)

You were using coercive therapies,  
influencing Abel Gideon and Will  
Graham to point the Ripper  
investigation in false directions.

DR. CHILTON

You can't see it. And you won't  
see it until it's too late. Don't  
say I didn't warn you, Dr. Bloom.

CAMERA moves between them, traveling to the TWO-WAY MIRROR  
they are reflected in.

JACK AND MIRIAM

Stand in the viewing room. Watching this interview. She  
stares at Chilton. Her prosthetic arm is folded across her  
chest. She scratches it furiously with the other hand.

DR. CHILTON

In fact, I believe those should be  
my last words on the subject of the  
Ripper until my lawyer arrives.

MIRIAM'S POV -- THROUGH GLASS -- SLOWER MOTION

Chilton is speaking MOS to Alana as he turns his head toward her. Out of sync with his lips, we hear:

DR. CHILTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You're waking now. Waking, calm.

MATCH CUT TO:

A DISTORTED MAN SILHOUETTED BY A HYPNOTIC, STROBING LIGHT.

The distortion adjusts revealing FREDERICK CHILTON silhouetted in the STROBING LIGHT, holding his cane.

DR. CHILTON  
Waking in a pleasant room. Safe.

BACK TO:

MIRIAM AND JACK

Miriam is shaking. Jack watches her. CAMERA moves in as she unravels. The shaking is involuntary, some giant feeling trying to escape. Tears fall down her cheeks.

MIRIAM LASS  
It's him. It's him. It's him.

Jack moves to her, her distress is all the answer he needs, and he grabs her in a bear hug. Pulling her to him, her eyes away from the glass. A moan escapes her as she cries into Jack's shoulder. She rocks against him and then pushes away.

He releases her.

Realizes too late that she now holds his gun.

Miriam lifts the gun and aims. Fires through the glass.

ANGLE -- SLO-MO -- on the glass as the BULLET comes through it, the glass spiderwebbing around the hole. Through the hole, we PUSH IN on Miriam behind the gun barrel.

REVERSE -- NORMAL MOTION

As the bullet hits Chilton in the face, his head snaps back and he goes over backward in a spray of blood. Alana diving for cover.

ON ALANA -- on the floor, looking at Chilton who lies half-up, half-down, his body held up awkwardly by the shackles on his wrists. Blood ripping from his ravaged face to the floor.

ALANA'S POV -- CAMERA moves slowly toward the bullet hole in the glass until the circle fills the frame like an iris -- Miriam and Jack framed within it.

CUT TO:

CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS

AN ORNATE CLOCK shows 7:30. MOVE ACROSS IT to find an appointment book. A beautifully-handwritten entry at 7:30-8:30 -- "Will Graham." We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hannibal Lecter sits in one of the two armchairs. A glass of red wine in hand. Enjoying the music.

A KNOCK at the door disturbs his reverie. He places his glass down and goes to the door.

Opens it to find Will Graham. Will has cut his hair -- shorter, neater. Everything about him seems focused.

HANNIBAL

Hello, Will.

WILL GRAHAM

May I come in?

HANNIBAL

Do you intend to point a gun at me?

WILL GRAHAM

Not tonight.

He lets Will into the room.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Are you expecting someone?

HANNIBAL

Only you.

WILL GRAHAM

Kept my standing appointment open.

HANNIBAL

And you're right on time.

WILL GRAHAM

I have to deal with you. And my feelings about you. I think it's best if I do that directly.

HANNIBAL

First you have to grieve for what  
is lost and what has changed.

WILL GRAHAM

I've changed. You changed me.

HANNIBAL

The friendship that we had is over.  
The Chesapeake Ripper is over.

WILL GRAHAM

It had to be Miriam, didn't it?  
She was compelled to take his life  
so she could take her own back.

HANNIBAL

How will you take your life back?

WILL GRAHAM

I'd like to resume my therapy.

Hannibal stares as Will sits in his familiar chair. After a  
long moment, Hannibal follows suit and sits opposite him.

CUT TO A PROFILE SHOT of the two of them silhouetted in their  
chairs, regarding each other.

HANNIBAL

Where shall we begin?

As the corners of Will's mouth threat to curl...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE