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HANNIBAL

"Su-zakana"

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Episode #208

Final Shooting Script

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HANNIBAL
"Su-zakana"

TEASER

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Hazy winter light shines through skeletal tree branches and glints off snow. Highlights reflect off the water of a river in the distance.

CRANE DOWN to find JACK CRAWFORD and WILL GRAHAM on the ice of the frozen waterway. Ice fishing.

Will is unhooking a TROUT he has just caught. He deftly unhooks it as Jack looks on. A BUCKET OF ICE lies on the ice next to Will, filled with live trout.

Jack breathes frosty air and claps his gloved hands together. Out of his element.

JACK CRAWFORD

I get it. The great outdoors. I get the attraction. In the summer.

WILL GRAHAM

Trout are harder to catch when the water is really cold.

JACK CRAWFORD

That's another argument for summer.
(then)
Thought trout were hunters. They should be chewing on my hook.

WILL GRAHAM

In the cold, their metabolisms drop. They're not as hungry.

JACK CRAWFORD

That's the question. How do you catch a fish who isn't hungry?

WILL GRAHAM

You have to change tactics. Use live bait that moves and excites them to action. Gotta make him bite even though he's not hungry.

JACK CRAWFORD

Make him act on instinct. He's always a predator.

WILL GRAHAM

You have to create a reality where only you and the fish exist, where your lure becomes what he wants most, despite everything he knows.

JACK CRAWFORD

Wrong move and he swims away.

Will looks at Jack.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm a good fisherman, Jack.

Will picks up his fishing gear, hands Jack some stuff to carry and they start heading for home.

JACK CRAWFORD

You hook him, I'll land him.

CUT TO:

VEGETABLES

A KNIFE BLADE whisks through them, creating medallions that are scooped up and placed in a COURT BOUILLON.

A CONTAINER OF WATER WITH FISH

A trout is plucked from the water.

THE TROUT

From under the head, without opening the belly of the trout, the insides are removed by the Gilles cavity. It is immediately splashed with vinegar.

COURT BOUILLON WITH VEGETABLES

The trout is placed in the near-boiling pan and its skin immediately turns BLUE.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE -- HANNIBAL LECTER engrossed in his work.

CUT TO:

THE FINISHED DISHES

THREE BLUE-SKINNED TROUT are presented with their tails flipped under and pulled through their mouths, as if the trout has swallowed its own tail.

The dishes are picked up and we GO WITH THEM -- as Hannibal places them on the dining room table.

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

Will Graham and Jack Crawford sit opposite one another as the fish is placed between them. Hannibal pours wine.

HANNIBAL

Truite saumonée au bleau with vegetables and broth, served with hollandaise sauce on the side.

(then)

Beautiful fish, Will.

WILL GRAHAM

It was my turn to provide the meat.

HANNIBAL

More flavorful and firm than farmed specimens. I find the trout to be a very Nietzsche-ian fish. Trials of his wild existence find their way into the flavor of the flesh.

Hannibal serves food onto each of their plates. Then:

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I hope "providing the meat" doesn't mean you still harbor doubts about what I serve at my table.

As Hannibal sits. Will doesn't answer; Jack answers for him.

JACK CRAWFORD

No doubts, Dr. Lecter. Only the wounds we dealt each other before we got to the truth.

HANNIBAL

Which is why we need to move past apologies and forgiveness. Chilton has many victims besides the dead.

Jack looks at Will, nods at this.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

We will absorb this experience and it will change us. We are all Nietzsche-ian fish in that regard.

WILL GRAHAM

Makes us tastier.

Hannibal considers Will.

JACK CRAWFORD

None of our actions were personal.

WILL GRAHAM

I tried to have Hannibal killed.
Isn't that personal?

HANNIBAL

You thought I was a killer.

JACK CRAWFORD

I don't blame Miriam Lass for
shooting Frederick Chilton. I
wanted to kill him myself.

Jack looks from Hannibal to Will. Unwilling to commit.

HANNIBAL

Greatest crime now would be to walk
away from what we've shared and
suffered. In many ways, we need
each other. We're the only ones
who will know what this feels like.

WILL GRAHAM

(eats)

This fish is delicious.

He holds Hannibal's gaze.

CUT TO:

EXT. HORSE STABLE - DAY

A traditional barn-like building surrounded by a paddock with
HORSES that stamp and snort, their breath misting the cold.

INT. HORSE STABLE - DAY

A STABLE HAND is leading a VETERINARIAN with his bag into the
stable.

STABLE HAND

I came in this morning and found
all the horses with hoods on. She
was lying dead in her stall.

In a stable, a DEAD HORSE lies on its side, stomach extended.

VETERINARIAN

She had a foal two days ago?

STABLE HAND

It was born dead. She hasn't eaten since, pining I guess.

The veterinarian bends to examine the dead horse.

VETERINARIAN

Feels like she's still pregnant. Did they check for twins?

The stable hand shrugs, doesn't know. The veterinarian looks unimpressed with the medical work.

VETERINARIAN (CONT'D)

Who performed this C-section?

STABLE HAND

She didn't have a C-section.

The veterinarian looks confused. Leans back so the stable hand can see a rough line of stitches across the horse's belly.

STABLE HAND (CONT'D)

Those weren't there yesterday.

For a moment, confusion clouds the veterinarian's face.

Then he makes a decision. Reaching into his medical bag, he finds a SCALPEL and cuts the stitches loose.

He reaches through the thick wall of muscle with a gloved arm and then pulls the innards free.

As the horse's insides pour out onto the floor, entangled in the guts and organs is the NUDE BODY OF A YOUNG WOMAN.

CLOSE ON the veterinarian as he falls back in horror at his discovery and --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

CLOSE ON THE DEAD HORSE'S EYE

The FISHEYE REFLECTION across the dulled black surface as Hannibal kneels into FRAME. We are --

INT. HORSE STABLE - NIGHT

Hannibal studies the dead horse's face, running a hand across its neck, almost unconsciously. Jack standing over him.

HANNIBAL

I agree with the pagans. The horse is divine. All beasts of burden are sacred animals.

JACK CRAWFORD

This kind of mutilation often presents as cult activity.

BRIAN ZELLER unpacks his kit next to the WOMB WOMAN, now lying on a sheet of plastic. JIMMY PRICE stands over the horse, photographs the sutures and incision. He cranes his camera, trying to get a good angle in the abdominal cavity.

JIMMY PRICE

When an animal's sacrificed, it's presumed the power of the beast will be psychically transported to whoever's offering up the goods.

HANNIBAL

Which is why sacrificial animals should be healthy, without any defects. This horse was dying.

BRIAN ZELLER

Its womb was more or less intact.

ON THE WOMB WOMAN

An ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT suddenly shines down on her revealing a constellation of SMALL BRUISES on her throat. WIDEN to reveal Brian Zeller holding a PORTABLE ULTRAVIOLET LAMP.

BRIAN ZELLER (CONT'D)

Victim was deceased before she was enwombed. Ecchymosis of the subcutaneous tissue is consistent--

JIMMY PRICE

She was strangled.

Zeller tucks the lamp away, grabs a flashlight and peels back an eyelid to find the whites of the eye are BLOOD RED.

BRIAN ZELLER

She was scrappy. Put up a fight.

CAMERA finds Jack and Hannibal watching and listening nearby.

HANNIBAL

The horse is a chrysalis, a cocoon meant to hold the young woman until her death can be transformed.

JACK CRAWFORD

Transformed into what?

HANNIBAL

Life. A new life. This is a birth. Or it was intended to be. This is every bit as much about giving life as it is taking it.

JACK CRAWFORD

What's the thinking?

Hannibal studies the macabre madness laid out before him.

HANNIBAL

Conflicted. I see what he's done. I don't understand why he's done it. This killer doesn't think like anyone else, Jack. You'll need someone who doesn't think like anyone else to catch him.

OFF Jack realizing exactly who Hannibal is referring to --

CUT TO:

LONG BROWN HAIR -- SLOW MOTION

Strands of hair whip THROUGH FRAME like undulating kelp.

NAKED BACK -- SLOW MOTION

SWEAT forms and flows from its pores. It arches and plunges, twisting in sheets, entwined with another naked form.

OVERHEAD ON ALANA BLOOM

OUT OF FOCUS becoming IN FOCUS as she climaxes. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alana is flushed, the sheet tucked under her arms. A glass of cold white wine, sheened with condensation, is handed to her.

She sits up, the sheet still around her, and we reveal Hannibal has passed her the glass. Shirtless beside her.

ALANA BLOOM

It's one way to change the subject.

(off his look)

I'm not complaining, but part of me suspects we ended up here to avoid where our conversation was going.

HANNIBAL

As long as you're not complaining.

ALANA BLOOM

What are you doing, Hannibal?

HANNIBAL

Recovering.

ALANA BLOOM

Too much has happened for us not to talk about this. However pleasant the distractions.

HANNIBAL

I am recovering. From all that has happened. So is Will. So are you.

(moving closer)

I would change many things, but not that they brought us here. Or that they brought Will back to therapy.

He leans back and she rolls to him, leans against his chest, looking him in the eye. Sips her wine.

ALANA BLOOM

The only thing stranger than finding a woman inside a horse is seeing you back in therapy with Will Graham.

HANNIBAL

Is it really so strange?

ALANA BLOOM

He tried to murder you.

HANNIBAL

Circumstances have changed for Will. They've changed for me.

(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

The revelation of Frederick Chilton's guilt has shifted perspective.

ALANA BLOOM

I'm not convinced Will thinks Frederick Chilton was guilty.

HANNIBAL

Why would he lie?

ALANA BLOOM

He's suppressing the truth about what he's feeling and substituting it with something else.

HANNIBAL

Do you know why Will tried to kill me? Wasn't to avenge Beverly Katz's death. It was to prevent yours. He was protecting you. The only way he felt he had left to him.

That lands. Alana absorbs it. Knows it to be true.

ALANA BLOOM

I'm afraid Will opened a door in himself and no one knows if it closed again. Especially not Will.

HANNIBAL

Then it's healthy he's back in therapy with a good psychiatrist.

He sips his wine and raises his glass, looks through the pale green liquid, face distorting --

MATCH CUT TO:

AN AQUARIUM

EXOTIC FISH swim through the tank as CAMERA PULLS BACK until -- FWUMP, a young woman's face slams into FRAME.

Meet MARGOT VERGER. A striking beauty in her twenties.

A KNEE presses into her neck. HER ARM is wrenched behind her. Her face tenses, bracing against pain, tears welling.

MASON VERGER (O.S.)

You should have taken the chocolate, Margot.

The stoic tears finally spill out past her eyelashes.

CLOSE ON TEARS

The tears flowing down her cheeks are stopped by a tiny 3/4" SQUARE OF GAUZE. The gauze swells like a sponge with tears.

CLOSE ON A MARTINI

Chilled, inviting. PLIP. The tear-filled gauze drops into the glass, followed by olives impaled on a cocktail stick. As the martini is lifted OUT OF FRAME by a masculine hand sporting a distinctive family ring, we go...

CLOSE ON MARGOT VERGER

Her neck is still bruised. She stands next to a window, watching the snowfall.

HANNIBAL (O.S.)

You are no more at fault for what happened to you than if you had been bitten by a mad dog.

She turns and CAMERA reveals we are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Hannibal sits in his chair, observing Margot by the window.

MARGOT VERGER

Mad dogs are put down.

HANNIBAL

That what you hoped to accomplish when you attacked your brother?

MARGOT VERGER

Apparently, I went about "putting him down" the wrong way. He's still alive. Should have waited until my arm was healed.

HANNIBAL

Doing bad things to bad people makes us feel good. Did you feel good trying to kill your brother?

MARGOT VERGER

Trying wasn't terribly satisfying.

Margot blinks. Hannibal watches.

HANNIBAL

What's your relationship with your brother now? Has it changed?

MARGOT VERGER

I think he thinks I've calmed down.

HANNIBAL

Have you?

MARGOT VERGER

Oh, I'm calm.

HANNIBAL

Are you going to try again?

Margot stares, studying Hannibal.

MARGOT VERGER

This is where therapy gets tricky.

HANNIBAL

It doesn't have to be tricky.

MARGOT VERGER

I could confess to a murder and you can't say a word. I could've killed someone this morning and you can't say a word. But if I'm planning to commit a murder...

HANNIBAL

I am ethically obligated to take action to prevent that murder. Be that as it may, if there's no one else to protect you, Margot, you have to protect yourself.

(then)

It would actually have been more therapeutic if you had killed him.

OFF Margot considering Hannibal's loyalties --

A BODY BAG

It's unzipped revealing the body of SARAH CRABER, the body enwombed in the dead horse.

JIMMY PRICE

Her name is Sarah Craber.

CAMERA PULLS UP AND OUT of the body bag, revealing we are --

INT. BAU - MORGUE - DAY

Jack observes as Zeller and Price hover over Sarah Craber on the examination table.

JIMMY PRICE (CONT'D)

She was a horse groom at the stables where her body was found. She was reported missing last week.

BRIAN ZELLER

We have a hand-spread on her neck, but we haven't found anything on her but horse uterus.

Zeller opens the victim's mouth. Shines a light inside.

JIMMY PRICE

The uterus isn't always such a safe, nurturing place. Shark fetuses cannibalize each other in utero. And chances are very good that everyone in this room has absorbed a twin. Mine survived.

BRIAN ZELLER

Her throat's obstructed. Soil. Someone packed it down there pretty deep. There's none in her teeth.

He uses a small tool to remove a CLOD OF DIRT from her throat. There's a RUSH OF AIR as Zeller unplugs the clog. Jimmy leans across the body with an evidence bag, collecting the dirt clod Zeller pulled out and fishing for others.

JIMMY PRICE

I'll check the pH levels, see what organic matter or trace elements we come up with. Should be able to find out where it came from.

Suddenly, he jumps back, a frightened look on his face.

JIMMY PRICE (CONT'D)

She has a heartbeat.

JACK CRAWFORD

She was in rigor--

BRIAN ZELLER

(feels her neck)
There's no pulse.

JIMMY PRICE

She has a heartbeat.

BRIAN ZELLER

(feels her chest)
She has a heartbeat.

Jack steps forward, feels the woman's chest.

JACK CRAWFORD
Something's beating.

CLOSE ON A SCALPEL

It CUTS INTO the flesh of Sarah Craber's chest.

CLOSE ON EXPOSED RIBS

A RIB SPREADER is fastened in place.

ON ZELLER

He cranks the rib spreader and CRACK. Zeller continues to crank the rib spreader, cracking the ribs as they spread. A moment as he leans in for a closer look at the chest cavity.

A still moment, then:

FWUPFWUPFWUPFWUPFWUP

A ROBIN flutters out of the corpse's chest cavity and flutters wildly about the room. As Zeller and Price cover their heads, Jack stands his ground, unfazed.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

CLOSE ON A HORSE

His nostrils flare and his eyes are wide. He tosses his head and shows his teeth.

HOOVES STAMP. NOSTRILS FLARE. TAILS SWISH. We are --

INT. HORSE STABLE - DAY

Horses in the stable stalls. Nervousness communicating between them like an electric current.

WILL GRAHAM

Walks backward from FRAME right across the stable in front of the horses, their heads turning to follow him. Will holds a thick case folder under one arm.

WILL STOPS.

Looks down at the folder. It is open to a CRIME SCENE PHOTO of the barn. The dead horse and Sarah Craber's body as seen at the end of the Teaser.

Will closes his eyes. The ORGANIC HUM of his CIRCULATORY SYSTEM is loud in his ears. A PENDULUM swings across the blackness behind his eyes. FWUM. FWUM. It clicks into place.

WILL'S EYES OPEN. He now stands --

INT. HORSE STABLE - NIGHT

Deep rural darkness. Will looks to the horses in the stalls. Nervously moving and stamping.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't want you to see me. I
don't want you to see what I do. I
want to calm you, comfort you.

He slides cloth hoods over the horses' heads. Strokes their necks. Murmurs gently. Calming them.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

There's so much comfort in
darkness. But not for one of you.

Now Will is leading a horse from its stall. The dead horse-to-be. It too is hooded and stands calmly as Will strokes its neck. And then slides a large needle into its neck.

Will holds the horse's head lovingly.

NEW ANGLE

Will stands over the now-dead horse.

CUT TO:

WIDE on the open stable doors framed like a proscenium arch.

Centered within them is Will Graham; the dead womb woman in his arms. He bears her gently, like Lear carrying his beloved Cordelia. Will carries her to the dead horse. Places her gently on the ground.

CLOSE-UP -- next to her, a small, DRAPED CAGE. Will pulls away the drape to reveal the robin which immediately begins to flutter inside.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I took your life and then tried to
give it back to you.

The robin flutters in its cage. Sarah Craber stares, her face smeared with dirt, mouth full of soil...

Will takes a KNIFE and begins to slice open the horse's abdomen. It's hard work and takes real effort.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I find its womb, place you inside.

TRACK AROUND Will's back to the birdcage. It is now empty. Sarah Craber is gone, too.

TIME HAS PASSED and Will is now stitching up the wound in the horse's belly.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I hope that the forces of death and
biology will bring you rebirth.

LOW ANGLE, past the horse's body, onto Will Graham as he stands and stares at his handiwork.

CUT TO:

INT. HORSE STABLE - DAY

Will holds the open file in his hands.

WILL GRAHAM

It's a coffin birth.

CAMERA reveals Jack Crawford standing nearby.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Decomposition builds up gasses within the putrefied body and pushes the dead fetus out of its mother's corpse. It's really more of a prolapse than a birth.

JACK CRAWFORD

Not to whoever did this.

WILL GRAHAM

Whoever did this knew the horse. Knew she was dying because her foal was born dead. Knew Sarah Craber.

(then)

He's familiar with the stables. He knew when he wouldn't get caught. He works here or maybe used to. He has medical knowledge of animals, but isn't a veterinarian. He considers himself a healer.

JACK CRAWFORD

How is this healing?

WILL GRAHAM

Sarah Craber was reborn. And a mother and her child are finally on the same side of life. This wasn't murder, Jack. This was grief.

OFF Jack considering their next move --

CUT TO:

A BLACK HORSE

Its head looking over a half door, breath frosting the air.

Beyond it we see an FBI SUV coming down the track. We are --

EXT. ANIMAL RESCUE - DAY

Two weathered buildings stand in a rustic setting, the animal rescue and, beyond it, a LARGE-ANIMAL BARN where the black horse looks out over its stall door.

The SUV pulls up and stops. Jack and Will in the front seat.

INT. ANIMAL RESCUE - DAY

Will and Jack approach the doors and find them open. Share a look and then Jack pulls the door aside and they enter. It is dark inside, but full of low noises...

SCRATCHING, SKITTERING, SQUEAKS and BREATHING. Like the room is somehow alive.

Jack KNOCKS on the doorframe. And the room explodes with NOISE. On every wall, floor-to-ceiling metal cages contain small WILD ANIMALS in different stages of medical care. Raccoons, skunks, squirrels and birds of all kinds. All now going crazy with AGITATION.

PETER BERNARDONE (O.S.)
Scare them when ya' knock like that.

Jack and Will turn to find PETER BERNARDONE, a weathered, lean man. Wild-looking himself. A scar on his forehead.

JACK CRAWFORD
Peter Bernardone?

He moves past them, his focus on the animals as he lowers DROP CLOTHS over the cages, immediately quieting them.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
You don't seem curious who we are.

PETER BERNARDONE
Who are you?

JACK CRAWFORD
Agent Jack Crawford. FBI. This is Will Graham. We'd like to ask you about someone you might have had contact with when you worked at Blackbriar Stables. Sarah Craber. Her body was found recently in very unusual circumstances.

PETER BERNARDONE
I heard.

WILL GRAHAM
There was a bird in her chest. Did you hear about that?

PETER BERNARDONE
Is the bird alive?

WILL GRAHAM
Yes.

A flicker of relief.

PETER BERNARDONE
Who's taking care of it?

JACK CRAWFORD
How well did you know Sarah Craber?

PETER BERNARDONE
I didn't know her.

JACK CRAWFORD
Would you mind looking at a
photograph for me?

Peter shakes his head, turns and murmurs to his animals.

PETER BERNARDONE
I know who she is, I just didn't
know her.

JACK CRAWFORD
(re: the picture)
Just to be sure.

Reluctantly, Peter takes it. Will is watching him closely.

Taking a deep breath, Peter turns his line of sight away from Jack. Reaches for the photo. Looks at it closely, then repeats the same pattern. Looks away from Jack. Then hands him the photo. Under this, Jack and Will exchange looks.

WILL GRAHAM
Peter, you had a head injury when
you worked at the stables.

PETER BERNARDONE
I was kicked by a horse.

Jack looks at Will.

WILL GRAHAM
It's an atypical motor response.
Peter's ability to look and touch
can only happen as separate events.
(to Peter)
Aggravated by stress, isn't it?

Peter glances at Will, exposed and somehow understood.

JACK CRAWFORD
Are you feeling stressed?

PETER BERNARDONE
I'm worried about the bird.

JACK CRAWFORD
A woman is dead, Mr. Bernardone.
And you're worried about a bird.

PETER BERNARDONE

I'm sad for her, I'm sad for the horse. But I can't help them. I can help the bird.

He turns away and goes to the cages. Jack and Will watch.

EXT. ANIMAL RESCUE - DAY

As they walk back to the car:

WILL GRAHAM

He knows the victim. He knows the animals involved.

JACK CRAWFORD

We'll need a warrant.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't know if he's the killer, Jack. If he is, he never meant to be. If he isn't, he knows who is.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Will sits with Hannibal. Mid therapy session.

HANNIBAL

You were able to reconstruct his fantasies. One dead creature giving birth to another. The bird, his victim's new beating heart. Her soul given wings.

WILL GRAHAM

Rebirths can only ever be symbolic.

HANNIBAL

You've been reborn.

WILL GRAHAM

Wasn't that the goal of my therapy?

HANNIBAL

How does it feel consulting again with Jack Crawford and the FBI? Last time it nearly destroyed you.

WILL GRAHAM

Last time you nearly destroyed me.

Hannibal sighs.

HANNIBAL

After everything that's happened,
Will, you still believe--

WILL GRAHAM

You can stop right there. You may
have to pretend, but I don't.

Hannibal stares at Will, smiles, then:

HANNIBAL

No, you don't. Not with me.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't expect you to admit
anything. You can't. But I prefer
sins of omission to outright lies,
Dr. Lecter. Don't lie to me.

HANNIBAL

Will you return the courtesy? Why
have you resumed your therapy?

WILL GRAHAM

Can't just talk to any
psychiatrist about what's kicking
round my head.

Hannibal gauges Will thoughtfully, then asks:

HANNIBAL

Do you fantasize about killing me?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

HANNIBAL

Tell me. How would you do it?

Will considers that a moment, then:

WILL GRAHAM

With my hands.

HANNIBAL

Then we haven't moved past
apologies and forgiveness.

WILL GRAHAM

We've moved past a lot of things.
I discovered a truth about myself
when I tried to have you killed.

HANNIBAL

That doing bad things to bad people
makes you feel good?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

HANNIBAL

I need to know if you're going to
try to kill me again, Will.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't want to kill you anymore,
Dr. Lecter, not now that I finally
find you interesting.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Hannibal and we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

A RECENTLY-DUG GRAVE

CAMERA PULLS UP AND AWAY to reveal --

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

That the grave is at the center of FIFTEEN other graves. Now we see POLICE VEHICLES. BAU TECHS move in and out of FRAME. Large SPOTLIGHTS turning night into day.

Brian Zeller stops his work as he sees Will Graham approaching.

A long beat. Then he approaches Will.

BRIAN ZELLER

I owe you an apology.

WILL GRAHAM

You don't owe me anything.

BRIAN ZELLER

I thought you were a killer.
Didn't want to hear anything else.
So wouldn't consider anything else.

WILL GRAHAM

The evidence was compelling.

BRIAN ZELLER

Didn't stop Beverly questioning it.
If she thought we'd listen, maybe
she'd have come to us. She didn't.

And there is the pain for all of them. Brian Zeller holds out a hand. Will shakes it. As they part, reveal Jack Crawford standing behind them, letting them get it done.

He looks at Will.

JACK CRAWFORD

We tracked the soil in Sarah
Craber's mouth to this vicinity.
Methane probes did the rest. Found
her empty grave. Then found fifteen
others that aren't so empty.

WILL GRAHAM

If Peter Bernardone knew about
Sarah Craber's grave, then he knew
about all of them.

JACK CRAWFORD
Still think he's not a killer?

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL LECTER

He's staring toward CAMERA.

HANNIBAL
Every human being is capable of
committing acts of great cruelty.

We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Hannibal is in session with Margot Verger.

MARGOT VERGER
My family doesn't see me as the
victim. They see me as the passive-
aggressor. They were disgusted by
what my brother did. Not with him.
With me for allowing it to happen.

HANNIBAL
Your brother dehumanized you and
your family unfortunately fosters
that climate of disrespect.

MARGOT VERGER
They think I'm weird.

HANNIBAL
I'm much weirder than you will ever
be, Margot. It's fine to be weird.

MARGOT VERGER
They've already forgiven him. Talk
shows and self-help books thrive on
this sort of thing. Everybody
loves a sinner redeemed.

Hannibal watches her, studying her.

MARGOT VERGER (CONT'D)
He's the prodigal son, set about
repairing his ways. He may have
made bad choices before. But now
he can make new, better choices.

HANNIBAL
Do you believe that?

MARGOT VERGER

Do you believe me?

HANNIBAL

It's not my role to believe you, Margot; it's my role to help you understand what you believe.

Frustratingly noncommittal.

MARGOT VERGER

I believe my brother won't stop.

HANNIBAL

How does that make you feel?

MARGOT VERGER

Angry.

HANNIBAL

Anger is an energizing emotion; prompts action against threat. If you're angry, you're optimistic you can stop this from happening again.

MARGOT VERGER

I know how to stop it.

HANNIBAL

Anybody can become angry. According to Aristotle, that's the easy part. But to be angry with the right person, and to the right degree, and at the right time, and for the right purpose, and in the right way. That's not easy.

Margot averts her eyes. Hannibal sits forward.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

If you really want to kill your brother, Margot. Wait until you can get away with it. Or find someone to do it for you.

CUT TO:

WILL GRAHAM

CAMERA MOVES AROUND HIM to reveal he's holding the robin in its cage. We are --

INT. ANIMAL RESCUE - DAY

Will sits on one side of the examination table. Peter sits on the other side. The bird is between them, acting as a buffer as Will coaxes conversation out of Peter.

WILL GRAHAM

Said you're worried about the bird.
Thought you might like to see it.

PETER BERNARDONE

Isn't this evidence?

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not FBI. I used to sort of be
FBI. But now I'm really not.

PETER BERNARDONE

What are you?

WILL GRAHAM

I'm figuring that out. You might
say this is some kind of therapy.

PETER BERNARDONE

I've already got a social worker.

WILL GRAHAM

Therapy's not for you, it's for me.
(then)

The agent I was here with. He's
coming back with a warrant. He'll
arrest you, impound your animals.
And it will break your heart.

PETER BERNARDONE

I didn't kill anybody.

WILL GRAHAM

I know you didn't, but that's not
always relevant. What did you do,
Peter? They found Sarah Craber's
grave. How did you find it?

Peter's attention drifts from Will, focusing on the robin.

PETER BERNARDONE

Funny how you can develop an
individual language with an animal
only you can understand. No one
else knows, not even other animals.
(re: the bird)
This one's already speaking to me.

WILL GRAHAM

This one's spoken to you before.
(off his look)

At some point, almost every culture
believed birds carried our souls
into the afterlife.

(then)

They can't all be wrong.

PETER BERNARDONE

You think I think this bird is
Sarah Craber? She's gone, she's
everywhere and nowhere.

WILL GRAHAM

Tell me who killed her.

Peter goes still, thoughtful. He regards the bird.

PETER BERNARDONE

After something so ugly, I just
wanted something beautiful for her.

WILL GRAHAM

You were grieving her. You
couldn't save her, but you could
bring poetry to her death.

PETER BERNARDONE

I wanted you to find me. If you
could find me, you could find him.

WILL GRAHAM

Do you have a shadow, Peter?
Someone only you can see. He's
someone you considered a friend.
He made you feel you weren't alone.
Until you saw what he really is,
and it made you even lonelier.

PETER BERNARDONE

No one will believe me. He'll make
sure no one will believe me.

WILL GRAHAM

I'll make sure they do.

OFF Peter Bernardone considering Will's offer --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BAU - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Alana Bloom is with CLARK INGRAM, late 30s, neat, smiling.
The TWO-WAY MIRROR is at Alana's back. Mid conversation:

CLARK INGRAM

Every social worker enjoys some aspects of the job more than others. There are cases that you reach and cases you don't reach.

ALANA BLOOM

Your notes on Peter Bernardone's file are drastically different than the ones from his last case worker.

CLARK INGRAM

The social services system is far from perfect. It's common to omit certain information on difficult cases to clear a path in the world for those stuck in the weeds.

ALANA BLOOM

His sort of traumatic brain injury can make someone more vulnerable to psychological disorders.

CLARK INGRAM

Post-concussion syndrome. He's had persistent cognitive problems. Confusion, paranoia, rage. Would have refused his case if I'd known.

ALANA BLOOM

You don't seem to feel sorry for your client. A surprising lack of empathy in a social worker.

CLARK INGRAM

Peter Bernardone has accused me of murdering sixteen women.

ALANA BLOOM

How does that make you feel?

CLARK INGRAM

Right now I'm feeling inconvenienced. I'm being detained on the word of one very damaged individual.

ALANA BLOOM

You're not being detained, you're being interviewed. The FBI is just being thorough.

Alana bends to scribble a note. Ingram's smile falls. When she looks up, he smiles again. Automatic. A mask.

CLARK INGRAM

What are you writing down?

ALANA BLOOM

An observation.

CLARK INGRAM

About me?

Alana smiles at Ingram and seemingly instinctively reaches out to touch Ingram's hand on the tabletop.

ALANA BLOOM

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable.

He pulls his hand away. His face changes, eyes become still and cold. Then he smiles again, forcing charm back through.

ANGLE ON WILL GRAHAM

Watching intently through the observation mirror.

Reveal Jack and Hannibal alongside him. Will looks at them.

WILL GRAHAM

Smart. She keeps pushing him on his feelings, not the facts. She's trying to gauge how comfortable he is with emotion, if he has any. He couldn't bear to be touched by her.

Jack looks at Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

His responses are typical of many psychopaths during interviews, but could also be resentment.

WILL GRAHAM

His eyes are dead. He's a predator.

ANGLE ON ALANA AND INGRAM

ALANA BLOOM

Did you know Sarah Craber?

CLARK INGRAM

No. Peter talked about her extensively during my house visits. I'd say he was obsessed with her.

ALANA BLOOM

You think Peter Bernardone is capable of murder?

CLARK INGRAM

I'm not a psychiatrist, Dr. Bloom.

Alana nods, makes another note.

ALANA BLOOM

I'm curious, Mr. Ingram. Why did you become a social worker?

CLARK INGRAM

Society needs caring people.

ALANA BLOOM

It also needs a few psychopaths to keep the rest of us on our toes.

He leans forward to Alana, the smile gone now.

CLARK INGRAM

There is no evidence I did this.

It's a statement of fact for him, not of innocence.

CLARK INGRAM (CONT'D)

And if you want to know how I feel, I feel like I don't want to be here anymore. If I'm not being detained, I'd like to be on my way.

Alana watches him without speaking.

ANGLE ON JACK

He leans forward and presses a button on the console.

JACK CRAWFORD

Let him go.

WILL GRAHAM

You're making a mistake, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

I've got nothing to hold him on.

WILL GRAHAM

Peter Bernardone is psychologically disadvantaged. He's been manipulated. As his social worker, this man is in a position of trust. He betrayed that trust.

Hannibal is still watching Alana and Ingram. Alana holding the door for him as he exits.

ANGLE ON WILL

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I know what it's like to point at a killer and have no one listen.

JACK CRAWFORD

You pointed in the wrong direction.

Hannibal looks at Jack, then at Will.

CUT TO:

INT. ANIMAL RESCUE - NIGHT

Oddly quiet and still. Dark inside, but the low noises we've heard before are absent. Peter walks inside and senses something is wrong. Turns on a light to find --

THE WALLS OF CAGES

Are all empty. Their doors thrown open. The food and bedding tossed haphazardly about.

Peter moans deep within himself. Turns and exits --

EXT. ANIMAL RESCUE - NIGHT

Peter comes out running and heads for the large-animal barn. He rushes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. ANIMAL RESCUE - LARGE-ANIMAL BARN - NIGHT

ON PETER

The horse lies dead on the floor amidst the pens and stalls. Bleeding out from a head wound, next to a bloody hammer.

Peter drops to his knees and strokes the horse's head. A shadow falls across him and he turns to see Clark Ingram standing behind him. Incongruously, Ingram holds a bloodied hammer, a tuft of black horse hair stuck to the blood.

CLARK INGRAM

What have you done, Peter? I'm worried about you. You've been expressing a lot of rage recently.

Peter stares at him as if he were mad, tears welling.

CLARK INGRAM (CONT'D)

So often in my line of work, I see people take out their resentments on those closest to them. It's a sad fact of human nature. And your brain injury leaves you prone to extremes of emotion. The way you think is compromised.

(sadly)

Peter, you're destroying your life.

Peter is realizing how realistic this version of events sounds. Shakes his head. Agitated. Hating the kernel of truth behind these lies.

CLARK INGRAM (CONT'D)

Sarah was a sad reminder of all the things you'll never have.

(points with the hammer)

And that's the very horse who kicked you in the head.

Peter looks at the horse.

PETER BERNARDONE

She was scared, she didn't mean to.

CLARK INGRAM

Some will say this was a long-time coming. I know I will. Already have. Sixteen women, Peter. You killed the first shortly after your accident. You killed them because you weren't worthy of them.

Clark sounds so plausible. He smiles at Peter, suddenly his eyes are so cruel.

PETER BERNARDONE

You killed them.

CLARK INGRAM

If I had killed them, it's because I decided they were worthy of me.

His cruelty and malice are too much for Peter who quietly eyes the hammer in Clark Ingram's hand --

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S CAR - NIGHT

Hannibal drives along a dark country road, Will in the passenger seat beside him. Hannibal looks at Will, his eyes fixed ahead.

HANNIBAL

You look like a man who has suffered an irrevocable loss.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm trying to prevent one.

HANNIBAL

Do you think if you save Peter Bernardone, you can save yourself?

WILL GRAHAM

Save myself from who, Dr. Lecter?

HANNIBAL

From who you perceive me to be.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm afraid I need to be saved from who you perceive me to be.

HANNIBAL

Every time you think about it, it stings, doesn't it? Wondering if I could be right about you.

(then)

Many troublesome behaviors strike when we are uncertain of ourselves. Peter Bernardone lies in the same darkness that holds you.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm alone in that darkness.

HANNIBAL

You're not alone, Will. I'm standing right beside you.

(then)

Does Peter Bernardone fantasize about killing the way you do?

WILL GRAHAM

He's not a killer.

HANNIBAL

Given extreme enough circumstances,
we can all behave like psychopaths.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANIMAL RESCUE - NIGHT

Hannibal's car comes in and Will exits. Will rushes toward the shelter.

INT. ANIMAL RESCUE - NIGHT

Will enters. Scans the room. Realizes the place has been ransacked. Will stares at the devastation.

Hannibal appears behind him. Will draws his gun, turns and rushes back past Hannibal.

EXT. ANIMAL RESCUE - NIGHT

Will runs across the yard to the large-animal barn.

WILL GRAHAM

Peter?! Peter Bernardone?!

Will enters the barn.

INT. ANIMAL RESCUE - LARGE-ANIMAL BARN - NIGHT

PETER BERNARDONE

Turns and looks at Will. His face is streaked with blood. A cut on his head. CAMERA reveals that Peter is kneeling before the dead black horse, a pool of blood spreading around him from the terrible wound in its abdomen which he is finishing stitching. The horse's belly is horribly distended.

Hannibal appears at Will's shoulder. Will lowers his gun.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. ANIMAL RESCUE - LARGE-ANIMAL BARN - NIGHT

Will and Hannibal are still looking at Peter on the floor by the dead black horse.

WILL GRAHAM

Peter... is your social worker
inside that horse?

Peter nods.

PETER BERNARDONE

We are hardwired to see human
beings everywhere. Every animal.
Every life. We're all human.

HANNIBAL

Even God is personified.

PETER BERNARDONE

(re: the horse)

He couldn't see that. He forfeited
his humanity. I forfeited mine.

(then)

I used to have a horrible fear of
hurting anything. He helped me get
over that. Feels so abnormal.

HANNIBAL

An abnormal reaction to an abnormal
situation is normal behavior.

PETER BERNARDONE

He deserves to die.

ON WILL, sad for Peter.

WILL GRAHAM

But you didn't deserve to kill him.

(beat)

I want you to come with me, Peter.

Peter nods, stands and allows Will to lead him from the building and out into the darkness beyond.

STAY ON HANNIBAL

Taking in the scene, the metallic tang of blood thick in the air as he sniffs it. He turns away and considers the night sky.

CAMERA RACKS to the dead horse in the background.

CLOSE ON THE GROWING TEAR IN THE HORSE'S BELLY

The flesh undulates. Guts spill. And then, as a BLOODIED HAND forces its way out, grasping for ground, we --

CUT TO:

INT. ANIMAL RESCUE - NIGHT

Peter Bernardone moves sadly through the wreckage, righting things, picking up cages, etc. Like a bereft mourner in the space of a lost loved one. The absence pains him.

PETER BERNARDONE

Cowbirds lay their eggs in other birds' nests. Tricks them into raising their chicks. But a robin knows when it's being used.

WILL GRAHAM

Did you know?

PETER BERNARDONE

I didn't want to know.

(then)

If a robin removes a cowbird's egg from its nest, the cowbird will destroy that nest, eggs and all.

WILL GRAHAM

Out of spite?

PETER BERNARDONE

It's not spite. Spite is uniquely human. We just don't understand why the cowbirds do it.

WILL GRAHAM

What was done to you was cruelty for cruelty's sake.

Peter opens empty cages, as if to coax the animals home.

PETER BERNARDONE

Some of them will survive on their own. Some of them won't. Some of them will come home. But I won't be here when they do, will I?

WILL GRAHAM

No.

PETER BERNARDONE

I hate him.

WILL GRAHAM

I envy your hate. Makes it much
easier when you know how to feel.

PETER BERNARDONE

Makes what easier?

WILL GRAHAM

Killing them.

PETER BERNARDONE

I didn't kill him. I wanted him to
wake up in death and choke on it.

ON WILL as this registers...

CUT TO:

INT. ANIMAL RESCUE - LARGE-ANIMAL BARN - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE --

CAMERA comes up over the black horse's body to reveal Clark
Ingram as he stands, fouled with blood and slime.

Hannibal has his back to Clark. Smiling as he feeds a
handful of meal to a PIG in a stall.

TRACK LOW across the floor, past Hannibal, toward Clark. As
we get close, we RACK FOCUS from Clark's nightmarish slick
face to the steel of the hammer still clotted with gore...
He bends and picks it up.

Reveal Hannibal watching, bemused and impressed.

HANNIBAL

Mr. Ingram.

Clark stands still, momentarily thrown by this polite greeting.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Might want to crawl back in there,
if you know what's good for you.

Hannibal turns his head and Will Graham steps out of darkness,
coming INTO FOCUS as he enters the barn, gun raised before him.

Hannibal steps to one side. Watching, fascinated.

Will approaches Ingram.

As Will approaches with the gun, Ingram sees murder in his
eyes and drops the hammer.

CLOSE-UP as it drops into the dirt and falls sideways.

Clark holds out his arms and drops to his knees like a penitent. Smiles up at the advancing Will.

CLARK INGRAM
Officer, I'm the victim here.

WILL GRAHAM
I'm not an officer. I'm a friend
of Peter's.

His face falls as Will cocks the hammer.

CLARK INGRAM
Peter's confused.

FOCUS SLIDES along the barrel of the gun to the cocked hammer and then Will's face beyond.

WILL GRAHAM
I'm not.
(to Clark Ingram)
Pick up the hammer.

HANNIBAL
Will.

WILL GRAHAM
Pick it up.

ON THE GUN

Will's finger tightens on the trigger.

ON CLARK INGRAM

His gaze and expression become steely and inscrutable.

ON HANNIBAL AND WILL

Hannibal moves to Will, a devil on his shoulder, whispers:

HANNIBAL
It won't feel the same, Will. It
won't feel like killing me.

WILL GRAHAM
It doesn't have to. I know what it
will feel like. It'll feel good.

HANNIBAL

You did the best anyone could do for Peter, but don't do this for him. Not for Mr. Ingram's victims or their many friends and relatives who would love to see him dead.

(then)

If you're going to do this, Will...

(whispers)

You have to do it for yourself.

CLARK INGRAM

Please don't.

HANNIBAL

You would be wise to remain silent, Mr. Ingram.

(to Will)

This is not the reckoning you promised yourself, Will.

ON WILL

His finger so tight --

SLO-MO -- the trigger CLICKS -- the hammer FALLS --

ON HANNIBAL'S FINGER, between the hammer and firing pin.

Will looks at Hannibal as Hannibal slides his hand around Will's and pulls the gun away. Their faces close together. Hannibal talks quietly into Will's ear:

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

With all my knowledge and intrusion, I could never entirely predict you. I can feed the caterpillar, whisper through the chrysalis, but what hatches follows its own nature and is beyond me.

OFF Will and Hannibal --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE