

Executive Producer: Bryan Fuller  
Executive Producer: Martha De Laurentiis  
Executive Producer: Steve Lightfoot  
Executive Producer: Chris Brancato  
Consulting Producer: Jesse Alexander



# HANNIBAL

"Mizumono"

Written by  
Steve Lightfoot  
and  
Bryan Fuller

Directed by  
David Slade

Based on the characters created by  
Thomas Harris

Episode #213

Final Shooting Script

PROPERTY OF:  
GAUMONT INTERNATIONAL TELEVISION LLC

©2014 CHISWICK PRODUCTIONS LLC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NO PORTIONS OF THIS SCRIPT MAY BE PERFORMED, OR REPRODUCED BY ANY MEANS, OR QUOTED, OR PUBLISHED IN ANY MEDIUM WITHOUT THE PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF GAUMONT INTERNATIONAL TELEVISION LLC.

HANNIBAL  
"Mizumono"

TEASER

UNDEFINED LOCATION (FLASH FORWARD)

ON WILL GRAHAM

SLO-MO -- he is surrounded by DARKNESS as he stares into CAMERA, his face splashed with blood, speckled in red.

Will stares down the LENS and then, suddenly, shockingly, he SCREAMS in torment and pain...

CUT TO BLACK.

PULL OUT FROM BLACK

To reveal INK pooling on fine paper.

The nib of a fountain pen inscribes beautiful calligraphic font.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Find HANNIBAL smiling as he works on the card.

An invitation card. For Jack Crawford. To dinner at Hannibal's house. Hannibal finishes the beautifully-drawn card and looks down upon it.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

The invitation sits on Jack's desk. MOVE UP from it to reveal JACK and Will.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Hannibal's invited me to dinner.

Will doesn't answer. Holds Jack's gaze.

WILL'S POV -- Hannibal Lecter.

We are now in his office. He sits opposite Will.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

HANNIBAL  
You sit in that chair, as you have so many times before. It holds among its molecules the vibrations of all our conversations ever held in its presence.

WILL GRAHAM

All the exchanges, the petty irritations, deadly revelations, the flat announcements of disaster.

HANNIBAL

The grunts and poetry of life. It's all still there. Everything we've said. Listen. What do you hear?

WILL GRAHAM

A melody.

(NOTE: We will INTERCUT these two conversations as if Will were having a single conversation.)

HANNIBAL

We are orchestrations of carbon. You and me and that chair.

WILL GRAHAM

And Jack.

HANNIBAL

And Jack.  
(then)  
All of our destinies flying and swimming in blood and emptiness.

He smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will is walking toward the house.

CLOSE ON WILL.

CUT TO:

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

WILL GRAHAM

Everybody's settling in for dinner.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'll be wearing a wire. I'll have riflemen on rooftops of neighboring houses. Sight lines to all windows.

WILL GRAHAM

He'll try to kill you in the kitchen, for convenience. Make it easier to prepare the tartare.

Jack stares at Will a moment, "digesting" that. Then:

JACK CRAWFORD

SWAT team will be on the ground for immediate access to the kitchen, dining room and front door.

(then)

Can I convince you to wear a vest?

WILL GRAHAM

He would smell it. Besides, he's not going to shoot either one of us, Jack. He'll cut us.

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will walking toward his house. The lights burning, warm and homey.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

HANNIBAL

Little did Agent Crawford know what waited for him when he stepped into my office that very first time. How seldom we recognize the sound when the bolt of fate slides home.

WILL GRAHAM

Jack won't be easy to kill. He'll be armed. He's strong, well trained. We can't hesitate.

HANNIBAL

Hesitation is a consequence of indecision or uncertainty. I'm not suffering from either. Are you?

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON WILL walking, as he replays these conversations in his head.

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

JACK CRAWFORD

Hannibal thinks you're his man in the room. I think you're mine.

Will does not respond.

INTERCUT WITH:

ON HANNIBAL

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HANNIBAL as he studies Will.

HANNIBAL

When the fox hears the rabbit  
scream, he comes a-runnin', but not  
to help. When you hear Jack  
scream, why will you come running?

ON JACK

JACK CRAWFORD

When the time comes...

ON HANNIBAL

HANNIBAL

When the time comes...

ON JACK AND HANNIBAL

A stylized shot of both men occupying the same space.

JACK CRAWFORD

...will you do what needs to  
be done?

HANNIBAL

...will you do what needs to  
be done?

ON WILL GRAHAM

WILL GRAHAM

Oh, yes.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will walks up to the porch and reacts as if he's about to  
greet an old acquaintance. And he is. He climbs the steps.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door swings open revealing Will standing just  
outside. His DOGS surround the door, not to greet their  
master, but instead, they BARK and GROWL at him!

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will backs away from his front door as CAMERA reveals GARRET  
JACOB HOBBS standing on the porch, haloed by the porch light,  
the only warmth in a monochromatic night.

GARRET JACOB HOBBS

Shhhh.

The VICIOUS BARKING and GROWLING of dogs abruptly fades away.

Will looks down -- a HUNTING RIFLE now in his hands. Hobbs moves to the railing of the porch and Will follows him.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal...

Will's house now sits high in a TREE overlooking a FIELD OF SKELETAL TREES resembling ANTLERS.

A DEER BLIND.

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK until it reveals the BLACK STAG slowly making its way directly in front of their sights.

ON WILL AND GARRET JACOB HOBBS

Garret Jacob Hobbs indicates for Will to look out beyond the porch. He smiles at Will.

GARRET JACOB HOBBS

See?

Will looks the direction Garret Jacob Hobbs is indicating and raises his rifle, looking through the scope.

WILL'S POV -- THROUGH THE RIFLE SCOPE

The black stag, majestic, turns and looks down the barrel.

ON WILL

He lines up the shot, finger tensing on the trigger.

POP WIDE

The black stag in the foreground, the DEER BLIND looming in the distance behind it.

We hear the FIRE CRACK of GUNSHOT and...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. JACK CRAWFORD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

BELLA CRAWFORD is propped up on pillows. Pale and drawn, more sick than we've ever seen her, a turban around her head. Her light is dimming, but she remains radiant as sunlight pools around the room between blocks of shadow. A portable OXYGEN UNIT is beside her bed for easy access.

BELLA CRAWFORD  
Forgiveness is such a profound,  
emotional, conscious and  
unconscious state of affairs, we  
can't actually choose to do it.

CAMERA reveals Hannibal sitting in a chair by her bed.

BELLA CRAWFORD (CONT'D)  
It has to come to you.

HANNIBAL  
Like a gift from God.

BELLA CRAWFORD  
There is no forgiving as a verb, as  
an act that you can actually  
execute. It simply happens to you.

HANNIBAL  
Has forgiveness happened to you?

BELLA CRAWFORD  
Any residual feelings of betrayal  
or anger or whatever I had for you  
collapsed. Caved in on themselves.

HANNIBAL  
The cause of the collapse?

BELLA CRAWFORD  
I died. I'm between deaths.

Hannibal smiles, enjoying her honesty and directness.

HANNIBAL  
The punctuation at the end of a  
sentence gives meaning to every  
word, every space that preceded it.

BELLA CRAWFORD  
You moved my punctuation mark, Dr.  
Lecter. You moved my meaning.

She draws on her oxygen.

BELLA CRAWFORD (CONT'D)  
Nothing like coming back from the  
dead to tell you what life is  
worth. Even one like this.

HANNIBAL  
I hope you've found more reasons to  
live than not to.

BELLA CRAWFORD  
I've already used my coupon for  
suicide. I don't think I have  
another one in the book.

HANNIBAL  
There's always another book.

Bella shakes her head. It becomes a cough, which she  
struggles to control. She pulls the mask to her face, draws.

BELLA CRAWFORD  
I'm not here because I want to be,  
you saw to that; I'm here because I  
can't abandon Jack. Not again.

HANNIBAL  
Love and death are the great hinges  
on which all human sympathies turn.  
What we do for ourselves dies with  
us. What we do for others lives  
beyond us. You love Jack more than  
you love yourself.

BELLA CRAWFORD  
You saved me for Jack. Would you  
save him for me when I'm gone?

ON HANNIBAL

He holds her gaze, considering his answer to the question.

DISSOLVE TO:

WAVES OF RED HAIR

They FILL THE FRAME. Off the rich cluster of crimson  
strands, CAMERA reveals FREDDIE LOUNDS.

FREDDIE LOUNDS  
I'm going to enjoy my resurrection.

We are --

INT. FBI - FREDDIE LOUNDS'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Will Graham and Freddie Lounds.

FREDDIE LOUNDS (CONT'D)

The correspondents of those august journals who always looked down on me can eat their hearts out.

(off Will's look)

Nothing sells better than a survival story.

WILL GRAHAM

I wouldn't count us as survivors just yet, Freddie.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I'm counting me as a survivor. I started as a cancer editor at a supermarket tabloid. "New Cure for Cancer." "Cancer Miracle Cure."

WILL GRAHAM

Cancer is very-lucrative media.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

One in five Americans dies of it. The relatives of all those dying, worn out, prayed out, trying to fight raging carcinoma masses, are desperate for anything hopeful.

WILL GRAHAM

We're all desperate for a little hope. I want you to do something for me, Freddie, or rather, don't.  
(off her look)

Don't write about Abigail. You can write about me, you can write about Hannibal. But leave Abigail alone.

Freddie considers the odd request, studying Will, then:

FREDDIE LOUNDS

You really don't know if you're going to survive him, do you?

WILL GRAHAM

Let her rest in peace.

OFF Freddie Lounds...

CUT TO:

HANNIBAL

He looms above CAMERA, slightly OUT OF FOCUS, dropping a patient journal toward CAMERA.

SEVERAL JOURNALS

They fall THROUGH FRAME, dreamlike, raining from above.

ON WILL

He catches a patient journal. And opens it.

WILL GRAHAM

These are your notes on me.

We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hannibal smiles down from the second-floor landing. He turns and continues pulling out patient journals. Surrounded by stacks of the journals, Will peruses the one in his hand.

ON WILL

He continues to study the patient journal as he crosses to the burning fire. One more moment of consideration, then he tosses it on the licking flames, which wrap around it.

CLOSE ON THE OPEN JOURNAL

It roasts on the fire, the ENCEPHALITIS CLOCK devoured by flame, leaving CURLING BLACKENED ASH.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Won't your patients need these  
after you're gone?

Hannibal approaches Will by the fireplace, a handful of leather-bound patient journals in his arms.

HANNIBAL

The FBI will pore over my notes if  
I left them intact. I would spare  
my patients that scrutiny.

WILL GRAHAM

That's very considerate.

HANNIBAL

I'm dismantling who I was and  
moving it brick by brick.

(then)

(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

When we've gone from this life,  
Jack Crawford and the FBI behind  
us, I will always have this place.

WILL GRAHAM

In your "memory palace"?

HANNIBAL

My palace is vast, even by medieval  
standards. The foyer is the Norman  
chapel in Palermo, severe and  
beautiful and timeless, with a  
single reminder of mortality: a  
skull graven in the floor.

WILL GRAHAM

All I need is a stream.

HANNIBAL

In those moments, when you can't  
overcome your surroundings, you can  
make it all go away.

WILL GRAHAM

Put my head back, close my eyes,  
wade into the quiet of the stream.

HANNIBAL

If I'm ever apprehended, my memory  
palace will serve as more than a  
mnemonic system, I will live there.

Will studies Hannibal a moment, considering his future:

WILL GRAHAM

Could you be happy there?

Hannibal reflects on the question, uncertain, but smiles.

HANNIBAL

All the palace chambers are not  
lovely, light and high. In the  
vaults of our hearts and brains,  
danger waits. There are holes in  
the floor of the mind.

As Will turns to pick up more files, Hannibal leans toward  
him. Hannibal's nostrils FLARE as he inhales.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON WHAT SEEMS TO BE A RED FOREST

Growing against a white ground.

An abstract, beautiful landscape.

RED SHOOTS appear, pushing through the surface and growing up like grass, gradually thickening.

CAMERA slowly pulls out and we realize the white is a SCALP, the strands growing and curling as they become a thick, luxuriant HEAD OF RED HAIR growing in a dark void.

KEEP PULLING OUT to reveal it belongs to Freddie Lounds, her hair deep red, her face red, too -- a vermillion version of the tarry Alana (from Ep. #201), composed entirely of wavy strands of red hair.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

HANNIBAL

The red glow of flames flickers across his face.

Hannibal stares at Will as he feeds the fire. Deep hurt and sadness register.

Will lifts files and drops them into the blaze. Fire flares and the light illuminates Hannibal's terrible gaze.

OFF Hannibal --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

ON ALANA BLOOM -- NULL SPACE

She lies in bed, eyes fluttering beneath closed lids.

ALANA BLOOM (V.O.)  
In the few jerky seconds of sleep I  
do get, all I see is...

Alana opens her eyes, staring into the darkness.

ALANA BLOOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...dark swarming behind my eyelids.

Alana continues to stare passively as the darkness of the  
sheets rises around her like a POOL OF BLACK INK.

ALANA BLOOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I dream darkness comes into me. It  
comes and it's insidious.

Black ink continues to rise, curling into the small of her  
naked back, past the curve of her thigh.

ALANA BLOOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Up my nose... into my ears... damp  
fingers prying at me...

The black ink rises past Alana's ears and nose.

ALANA BLOOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...finding every way inside.

Alana is swallowed by the inky darkness, disappearing below  
its surface which undulates hypnotically.

INT. BAU - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Will Graham listens as Alana confesses:

ALANA BLOOM  
I feel poisoned.

WILL GRAHAM  
We've all been poisoned.

ALANA BLOOM  
Even my memories are suspect. I  
keep compulsively poring over every  
moment I've spent with him,  
struggling to separate the man I  
know from the man you know.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't pretend to know him. I just understand him.

ALANA BLOOM

You saw what no one else could.

WILL GRAHAM

All it took was the traumatic.

ALANA BLOOM

Most of the literature on coping with the traumatic focuses on how people deal with the aftermath. We're still in the thick of it.

WILL GRAHAM

Almost through the worst of it.

ALANA BLOOM

How will you get through the rest?

Will considers that, then averts his eyes.

WILL GRAHAM

You'll have to ask Jack.

ALANA BLOOM

I'm asking you.

(then)

You've set some sort of trap and you're goading Hannibal into it.

Will looks at Alana, his silence an admission. Her eyes begin to well with tears, sad about being left outside to watch some horrible unraveling of events like a bystander.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

How can you be sure he's not goading you?

WILL GRAHAM

I can't.

Alana sighs, fearing the worst.

CLOSE ON ALANA BLOOM'S EYE

A TEAR rolls down her cheek, hanging briefly before falling.

ON THE TEAR

It falls and, mid-air, becomes OPAQUE and then BLOOD RED.

ON A POOL OF BLOOD

PLIP. Alana's blood tear hits the surface and it ripples.

DISSOLVE TO:

HANNIBAL'S REFLECTION

Staring forward, intent, RIPPLING on the surface of a glass of red wine. We are --

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

CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH a standing pair of RACKS OF LAMB, INTERLACED RIBS, like the hands of prayer or a church's steeple, to find Hannibal sitting at the head of his table, considering his reflection in the rippling red wine.

HANNIBAL

Do you know what an imago is, Will?

CAMERA reveals Will by his side.

CLOSE ON BREAD

It's pulled apart, warmth erupting, extending like wings.

WILL GRAHAM

It's a flying insect.

HANNIBAL

It's the final stage of a transformation. Maturity.

WILL GRAHAM

When you become who you will be.

HANNIBAL

It's also a term from the dead religion of psychoanalysis. An imago is an image of a loved one buried in the unconscious, carried with us all our lives.

WILL GRAHAM

An ideal.

HANNIBAL

The concept of an ideal always searching for an objective reality to match. I have a concept of you just as you have a concept of me.

CLOSE ON A GLASS OF WINE

Will takes a drink.

WILL GRAHAM  
Neither of us ideal.

Hannibal considers that; there was a brief moment that he believed the ideal before he smelled betrayal.

HANNIBAL  
We are both too curious about too many things for any ideals.  
(then)  
Is it ideal that Jack die?

Will hesitates almost imperceptibly.

WILL GRAHAM  
It's necessary. What happens to Jack has been preordained.

HANNIBAL  
We could disappear now. Tonight. Feed your dogs. Leave a note for Dr. Bloom, never see her or Jack Crawford again. Almost polite.

WILL GRAHAM  
That'd make this our last supper.

HANNIBAL  
Of this life. I am serving lamb.

WILL GRAHAM  
Sacrificial? Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world.

HANNIBAL  
I freely claim my sin. I don't need a sacrifice. Do you?

WILL GRAHAM  
I need him to know.  
(then)  
If I confessed to Jack Crawford now, you think he would forgive me?

HANNIBAL  
I would forgive you.  
(then)  
If Jack were to tell you all is forgiven, Will, would you accept his forgiveness?

WILL GRAHAM

Jack isn't offering forgiveness.  
He wants justice. He wants to see  
you. See who you are. See who  
I've become. Know the truth.

Hannibal takes the moment in, thoughtful, raises a glass:

HANNIBAL

To the truth, then. And all its  
consequences.

STAY ON HANNIBAL, tears threatening to brim in his eyes.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON THE FBI SEAL

We are --

INT. BAU - CORRIDOR - DAY

PULL OUT from the seal, down the corridor, over the shoulder  
of someone walking, to reveal --

KADE PRURNELL -- as she walks determinedly down the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI ACADEMY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A group of FBI TACTICAL AGENTS and FORENSICS TECHS are  
gathered as Jack Crawford is pointing to MARKED SNIPER  
LOCATIONS on a satellite picture of Hannibal Lecter's  
neighborhood. BRIAN ZELLER and JIMMY PRICE are to one side.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Kade Prurnell has entered with  
Alana Bloom following a few steps behind.

Jack sees Alana and Kade standing together, sighs, then:

KADE PRURNELL

(to the tactical agents)  
Gentlemen, would you excuse us.

The team gets up and heads out. Zeller and Price at the back.

KADE PRURNELL (CONT'D)

Not you two. Stay right there.

Zeller and Price stay. After the tactical agents have exited:

KADE PRURNELL (CONT'D)  
Boy, you know how to go out with a bang. This is entrapment, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD  
You can't entrap someone into committing premeditated murder.

KADE PRURNELL  
Yes, you can. You're doing it.  
(to Zeller and Price)  
Either of you fabricate evidence?

JIMMY PRICE  
(genuinely unsure)  
Define "fabricate."

BRIAN ZELLER  
Are you asking if we built something or just lied?

KADE PRURNELL  
(ignoring them; to Jack)  
You conspired to violate Dr. Lecter's property and personal rights. The only one involved in this investigation we can confirm has killed someone is Will Graham.

JACK CRAWFORD  
It was self-defense.

ALANA BLOOM  
You're using yourself as bait.

JACK CRAWFORD  
I'm the best bait we have.

Kade takes a breath, focuses.

KADE PRURNELL  
Hannibal Lecter is being induced to commit murder by an undercover FBI informant. This is outrageous government conduct. Do you realize who will be held responsible?

JACK CRAWFORD  
Hannibal will be held responsible.

KADE PRURNELL  
You would never get a conviction.

ALANA BLOOM

If Hannibal is who we believe him to be, you would've just handed him his Get Out of Jail Free card.

KADE PRURNELL

You should thank Dr. Bloom. She just saved us all a lot of trouble.

JACK CRAWFORD

Thank you, Dr. Bloom.

Alana holds his gaze.

KADE PRURNELL

You're not thinking clearly, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

We are as close as we will ever be.

KADE PRURNELL

You're distracted. I understand your wife is very ill. Pending an enquiry, I'm putting you on forced compassionate leave. Agents will be waiting in your office to relieve you of your badge and gun.

As CAMERA PUSHES IN on Jack, we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SLO-MO

Hands reach inside a jacket and remove an FBI badge. Place it on a desk. Jack Crawford's face looks up at us.

A SERVICE WEAPON follows it.

Then a KEY CARD for the FBI building. We are --

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack stands behind the desk. TWO AGENTS wait to escort him out.

Kade Prurnell watches the process. All plays MOS.

Jack holds her gaze for a second and then walks out, the agents in close attendance behind him.

INT. BAU - CORRIDOR - DAY

Jack walks down the corridor, closer and closer, a RHYTHMIC BREATH rises and falls in step with his footfalls. Jack CLEARS THE FRAME and the FBI logo is revealed behind him. The BREATHING continues to focus and fade...

DISSOLVE TO:

BELLA CRAWFORD

She is unconscious. It is her RHYTHMIC BREATH rising and falling that we hear. If it weren't for her breathing, she would seem almost funereal. We are --

INT. JACK CRAWFORD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

CAMERA DRIFTS OVER Bella, her hands lie across her chest. The room is silent, motes of dust drift through the dimming light of the dying day. Night is coming.

Bella's breathing RISES and FALLS...

CAMERA CONTINUES TO DRIFT, finally revealing Jack sitting in a chair, watching his wife sleep. Rise... Fall...

Bella misses a breath. Jack studies her more closely. Bella breathes again, a flutter, and then a full breath.

Jack rises and stands over his wife, takes her hand. She doesn't stir, breath continuing to rise and fall.

OFF Jack watching Bella sleep...

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Kade Prurnell sits behind Jack's desk, going through RANDALL TIER CRIME SCENE PICTURES, SATELLITE PHOTOS of Hannibal's house and various paperwork. She's boggled by it all.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Alana Bloom entering. Kade looks up from the various pieces of evidence, noticing Alana.

KADE PRURNELL

This is staggering.

Alana approaches the desk, thoughtful.

ALANA BLOOM

What are you going to do about Hannibal Lecter?

KADE PRURNELL

What Jack should have done. We froze his passport and we're getting a search warrant.

ALANA BLOOM

Hannibal already opened his doors to the FBI. There won't be physical evidence. The only way to catch him is in the act.

KADE PRURNELL

You think we should've just let Jack Crawford hang himself and everyone else in his department.

ALANA BLOOM

No, but Will and Jack are still your best chance to catch Hannibal.

Kade references the Randall Tier crime scene photos.

KADE PRURNELL

The man Will Graham killed in self-defense? He was mutilated. Limbs removed. Head severed at the jaw. At a certain point, self-defense stops. Will Graham didn't stop.

Kade tosses the crime scene photos back on the pile.

KADE PRURNELL (CONT'D)

Jack Crawford sanctioned this. And then he covered it up.

ALANA BLOOM

I have to believe Will was trying to maintain his cover identity.

KADE PRURNELL

Reality doesn't go away if you stop believing in it, Dr. Bloom. It's stubborn like that. The reality of this situation is Jack Crawford was misusing the power of his office.

ALANA BLOOM

They're desperate.

KADE PRURNELL

They are breaking the law. This is criminal conduct. I have to bring charges against these men.

ALANA BLOOM

They're not going to stop.

KADE PRURNELL

That's why they're being brought into custody.

ALANA BLOOM

Jack knows what you'll find, he knows what you have to do. You have to know that won't stop him from doing what he has to do.

OFF Alana...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON BELLA CRAWFORD

INT. JACK CRAWFORD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

She remains unconscious, breath rising and falling... Jack leans INTO FRAME and kisses her sweetly on the forehead... and EXITS FRAME. OFF Bella, alone...

CUT TO:

INT. ALANA BLOOM'S CAR - NIGHT

Alana sits in her car. Pondering what to do. Debating her actions. She pulls out her cell phone --

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lights burn a warm yellow from within.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The telephone RINGS and Will picks it up.

WILL GRAHAM

Hello.

INTERCUT with Alana in her car.

ALANA BLOOM

It's Alana. Is Jack with you?

WILL GRAHAM

No. Why?

ALANA BLOOM

I... I wanted to find some middle ground between believing the world is perfectly safe and terribly dangerous. I was trying to...

Her voice trails off, overwhelmed with emotion.

WILL GRAHAM

What did you do?

ALANA BLOOM

They've issued a warrant for your arrest, Will. For acting as an accessory to entrapment and the murder of Randall Tier. They're going to arrest Jack, too.

LIGHTS and the CRUNCH of gravel draw Will to the window. Two FBI SUVs are pulling into his driveway.

WILL GRAHAM

Good-bye, Alana.

ALANA BLOOM

Will?

He hangs up. Grabs his coat and gun.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As Will BURSTS from the back door. Running as the dogs start BARKING behind him.

Will runs for the shadow of the shed. Pulling out his cell phone as he goes.

Keeps moving, urgent, as it RINGS. The call connects.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

HANNIBAL

Hello.

WILL GRAHAM

They know...

ANGLE ON HANNIBAL as he takes that in.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXTREME CLOSE ON A KNIFE BLADE

Chopping scallions.

A hand swipes them into a bowl. And then takes up a piece of meat.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

HANNIBAL

Looks up as Jack Crawford enters. Hannibal smiles.

HANNIBAL

Hello, Jack. You're early.

Hannibal never stops chopping.

EXTREME CLOSE ON THE KNIFE BLADE

It slices down on the meat.

ALL SOUND IS DULLED. What we can hear is the RHYTHMIC BREATHING and HEARTBEAT of Hannibal against the ORGANIC HUM of his CIRCULATORY SYSTEM.

TIME SUDDENLY SLOWS and the rapid chops become dreamlike and methodical as CAMERA finds Jack Crawford's REFLECTION in the blade of the knife.

CAMERA finally reveals Hannibal Lecter in the REFLECTION of the blade.

Hannibal turns the block of knives in front of him so the handles are now facing Jack, should he want one.

ON HANNIBAL

The light reflecting off of his kitchen knife dances briefly across his face.

HANNIBAL

Would you care to sous-chef?

Jack glances at the knives.

JACK CRAWFORD

I want to thank you for your friendship, Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

The most-beautiful quality of a true friend is to understand and be understood with absolute clarity.

JACK CRAWFORD

Then this is the truest moment of our friendship.

Jack's hand drifts toward his coat, brushing his thumb across the fasten of his sidearm holster. TIME SUDDENLY SLOWS AS CAMERA reveals Hannibal THROWING HIS KITCHEN KNIFE AT JACK.

Jack Crawford dives out of the way as he draws his gun from his holster and SHLUCK... Hannibal's KNIFE MOVES THROUGH Jack's hand at the wrist, his gun clatters to the floor.

Hannibal vaults over the kitchen counter as Jack pulls the knife out of his wrist, swinging it immediately. The blade whisks through the air, narrowly missing Hannibal.

ON HANNIBAL

He yanks another knife from the cutting board and swings it in a deadly arc. Jack jackknifes his torso to avoid the blade, slashing back at Hannibal with quick swipes.

Hannibal deflects Jack's knife with his own and they dodge, parry and block each other's blades.

Jack thrusts and slices into Hannibal's waist, who twists around the knife, knocking it from Jack's grip. Hannibal lunges his knife at Jack's belly, meaning to gut him.

Jack blocks the knife with a cutting board and then smashes the cutting board into the side of Hannibal's head, knocking him off balance, but not quite down.

ON JACK CRAWFORD

He grabs Hannibal and bodily swings him crashing into the cupboards. Hannibal throws his weight back at Jack, driving him across the kitchen, but not far. Jack is solid.

Jack maneuvers his arms around Hannibal's throat and begins to squeeze a chokehold. Hannibal writhes and kicks, trying to throw Jack off balance, but to no avail.

ON HANNIBAL

His eyelids flutter and pinch as he tries to focus and remain conscious. His body goes limp and he slumps in Jack's arms... just enough for his shoulder to drop and allow his hand to reach a SHARD OF GLASS on the floor.

ON JACK CRAWFORD

Hannibal plunges the SHARD OF GLASS into Jack's neck. He recoils and stumbles back, clutching his neck. Hannibal acts quickly, picking up a butcher knife and turning on Jack.

Still clutching his neck, Jack stumbles back into...

THE PANTRY

Jack falls inside, kicking the door closed on the advancing Hannibal. SLAM. **SLAM.** **SLAM.** Hannibal throws his shoulder into the pantry door, Jack's foot braced against it.

ON HANNIBAL

SLAM. He throws his shoulder into a braced door.

IN THE PANTRY

Jack holds his neck wound with one hand as he fumbles for his phone with the other. **SLAM.** **SLAM.** **SLAM.** The door splinters.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL'S FACE

The terrible focus of a predatory animal.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alana approaches the front door, hesitating on the walkway. She stops, debating if she should stay or go and what the hell she was doing there in the first place.

The RAIN is loud, drowning out all else in the night.

She turns and starts to walk away, then stops and turns around again. This time, right up to the door.

Which is slightly ajar.

Alana pushes the door open ever so slightly and listens. Straining against the rain outside... then begins to identify the SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE and a SUSTAINED SHOUT from Jack.

Alana goes pale, pulls out her phone, dials. She holds the phone with one hand and digs through her bag with the other.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

911. Please state the nature of your emergency.

Alana fishes her gun out of her bag.

ALANA BLOOM  
I'd like to report gunshots.

TIME CUT TO:

ON HANNIBAL'S DOOR

Gun drawn, Alana pushes the door open. She hears something WUMPF with a RATTLE, followed by a series of SLAM-SLAM-SLAM.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)  
Jack?

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA follows Alana through the darkness, toward the sliding double doors of the dining room, open not even an inch.

ON ALANA

CUT RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE by a single SLIVER OF LIGHT, the room falling into darkness around her, gun at the ready.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

SLAM. **SLAM.** **SLAM.** The door finally splinters under Hannibal's force. CAMERA reveals Alana Bloom in the doorway.

ALANA BLOOM  
Hannibal...  
(then clearer)  
Hannibal.

Hannibal stops, turns to see Alana.

HANNIBAL  
Hello, Alana.

She looks around the broken, bloody room, mounting horror. Hannibal sighs, truly disappointed to see her here.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)  
What a terrible and wonderful thing  
it is to see you.

ALANA BLOOM  
Where's Jack?

HANNIBAL  
In the pantry.

The moment of truth.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I was hoping you and I wouldn't have to say good-bye. I imagined a farewell less sorrowful, less present, an echo. Nothing said nor seen. You may've thought that rude.

He takes a step toward her, her finger tensing on the gun.

ALANA BLOOM

Stop.

He does.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

I was so blind.

HANNIBAL

In your defense, I worked very hard to blind you. You can stay blind. You can hide from this. Walk away. I'll make no plans to call on you. But if you stay, I will kill you.

(then)

Be blind, Alana. Don't be brave.

She pulls the trigger. And the gun CLICKS. She pulls it again and another CLICK.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I took your bullets.

CLICK. CLICK.

Alana stares. Frozen. As huge simple terror washes over her.

Alana RUNS.

Hannibal takes a breath, then gives reluctant pursuit.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL/STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Alana runs through the hallway and starts up a large staircase.

TOP SHOT -- down the stairs as Hannibal comes charging behind her. Alana speeds up. But he is faster...

As they round a bend in the stairs, he grabs for her. His hand clutches at her ankle. Grasps her shoe.

Alan slips, kicks her foot from her shoe and scrabbles on her knees.

KICKS Hannibal hard with the other heel, catching his face and rocking him back.

Hannibal smiles. Takes his time now as he follows her.

ANGLE DOWN THE STAIRCASE as Alana runs toward us, Hannibal slowly stalking behind.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alana comes up the stairs, into the hallway. She makes for a bedroom door.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alana BURSTS into the dark bedroom and SLAMS the door closed.

Turns the key in the lock.

Stares at the door. HEART SLAMMING. CIRCULATORY SYSTEM pounding in her ears. She GASPS for breath.

She is lit only by MOONLIGHT creeping through the window.

Alana thinks quickly. Pulls the spare clip from her bag and ejects the empty one from her gun.

ANGLE ON ALANA from behind. Creeping slowly closer. Could this be a POV?

Alana SLAMS the clip into the gun and draws the slide and FIRES TWICE into the door. BANG. BANG. TWO BEAMS OF LIGHT pierce the gloom and hit Alana like laser beams.

ALANA BLOOM

I found more bullets.

A SHADOW moves outside the door, blocking the beams of light for a second, and Alana fires again, making a third.

ON ALANA -- in profile -- breathing hard, facing the door. Lit by the orange beams of light. Gun at the ready. Aiming down the barrel, just as she was taught.

Standoff.

And then a figure -- indistinct -- steps from the shadows beside her. Ghostly, long-haired, ethereal...

SLOWLY FOCUS PULLS from Alana to this figure...

ABIGAIL HOBBS.

Alana senses her presence and turns. She instinctively turns the gun to Abigail. Then lowers it.

ON ALANA as so many things register.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

Abigail...

Abigail fights tears, on the edge.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

I'm so sorry...

And she suddenly SHOVES Alana, propels her backward and PUSHES Alana OUT OF THE WINDOW.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The front of the house, viewed from the street. HEAVY RAIN FALLING. Lights burning golden yellow.

CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH the drops of rain as they fall through FOREGROUND FRAME in SLOW MOTION. Beyond that PLANE OF FOCUS, a blur of violence inside as Alana comes through the bedroom window, SHATTERING GLASS and SPLINTERING WOOD.

HIGH ANGLE -- CAMERA MOVES DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE HOUSE as Alana continues to sail through the rain, accompanied by a cloud of shattered glass, in EXTREME SLOW MOTION.

Over this, a series of single notes, played on a harpsichord, an incongruous, pretty sound, its pace somehow suiting Alana's beautiful-yet-terrible descent...

TIME RETURNS ABRUPTLY TO NORMAL as Alana hits the cement outside with a sickening THWACK and a SHOWER OF BROKEN GLASS.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

THE NIGHT SKY

Rain falls directly into CAMERA.

CLOSE ON ALANA BLOOM

She lies broken and unmoving, pelted by rain, staring into middle distance, not breathing.

AS WILL STARTS RUNNING UP THE SIDEWALK

CAMERA PULLS BACK at speed ahead of him to reveal we are --

EXT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will runs to the corner and Hannibal's house. Gun drawn. He slows as he sees Jack's and Alana's cars outside.

And then he sees Alana Bloom!

Will rushes to her. Drops to his knees. (Like a nightmare replay of Abigail's mom in Ep. #101.)

Until... she takes a deep breath, having had the wind knocked out of her from the fall. She tries to speak, urgent and desperate -- blood bubbles over her lips.

WILL GRAHAM

Don't talk. Just breathe...

He pulls off his jacket, rolls it up and places it gently around her head. He pulls his phone from his pocket. Dials.

Alana grasps his hand tight. Smearing her blood on him. Will looks around, anguished. The call connects:

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

This is Will Graham. I need ERT at Hannibal Lecter's residence.

Will holds Alana's gaze.

ALANA BLOOM

Jack's inside...

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE in the cellar, lit by cracks of light from the floorboards above. Blood slowly forms HEAVY DROPS along the edge of the boards and then DRIPS down.

Follow it back up through the cracks...

INTO THE PANTRY

Where Jack is lying on the floor, still grasping his neck wound.

Blood PULSING past his hands. He is fading. He holds his cell phone. We see it is dialing. But not 911... "Bella" flashes on the display...

MOVE OFF Jack into --

DARKNESS

CAMERA moves out of it to reveal we are --

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

CAMERA finds Will Graham as he steps into the dining room. His movements are slow. So, so tense.

He slides toward the kitchen. Eyes darting. Comes round the corner to see...

THE KITCHEN

Lights still on, blood and destruction everywhere.

Will looks at the room, the blood smears and the chaos. BLOOD POOLS from beneath the pantry door. Will crosses to the pantry door and then stops, realizing he's not alone.

Abigail Hobbs stands in the kitchen.

ON WILL -- stunned.

Abigail turns and sees him. Her face is tear streaked. She is agitated, doesn't know what to do.

Will struggles to process her. They stare at one another. Will can't begin to understand and yet understands totally...

WILL GRAHAM

Abigail...?

ABIGAIL HOBBS

I didn't know what else to do. So  
I did what he told me.

Abigail begins to shake, fighting sobs.

WILL GRAHAM

Where is he?

Her face suddenly falls. Will has a millisecond to register, and then, before he can react...

HANNIBAL

Hello, Will.

Hannibal is looming behind Will. Arm coming round as if in an embrace, moving swiftly. Will is still in shock about Abigail when Hannibal warmly welcomes him with open arms.

WILL GRAHAM

You were supposed to leave.

HANNIBAL

We couldn't leave without you.

BLOOD SPRAYS up between them, splashing their faces.

Abigail SCREAMS as Will's gun drops to the floor and his hands go to his belly. Abigail watches in horror as Will staggers and falls against the wall. His gun out of reach.

Will looks down --

To see blood SPILLING from a WIDE CUT across his abdomen. His INNARDS straining at the wound.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

(heartbroken)

Time has reversed. The teacup I've shattered has come together. A place has been made once more in the world for Abigail. A place was made for all of us. Together.

(then)

I wanted to surprise you. And you... wanted to surprise me.

Will is shaking, trying to remain conscious and out of shock.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I let you in. I let you know me.  
I let you see me.

WILL GRAHAM

You wanted to be seen.

HANNIBAL

By you. A rare gift I've given you. But you didn't want it.

Will isn't so definitive.

WILL GRAHAM

Didn't I?

HANNIBAL

You would deny me my life.

WILL GRAHAM

Not your life.

HANNIBAL

My freedom, then. You'd take that from me. Confine me to a basement cell. Do you believe you could change me the way I've changed you?

WILL GRAHAM

I already have.

Hannibal studies Will a moment, realizing he's right.

HANNIBAL

Fate and circumstance has returned us to the moment the teacup shatters. I forgive you, Will.

Hannibal stands next to a terrified Abigail who realizes she's made a bargain with the devil.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Will you forgive me?

Hannibal is genuinely sad.

Will has time for a single, shocked:

WILL GRAHAM

Don't...

And Hannibal CUTS ABIGAIL'S THROAT in a single, sleek motion, right across the scar where her father once did the same.

Abigail's face shows shock and horror. And then blood SPRAYS and Abigail crumples to the floor before Will.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

No!

(Note: This should be deliberately reminiscent of the Hobbs kitchen as Will tried to save Abigail in Ep. #101.)

Abigail clutches at her throat to stop the bleeding, but it pours from between her fingers. Will is horrified.

HANNIBAL

(to Will)

You can make it all go away.

(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Put your head back. Close your eyes.  
Wade into the quiet of the stream.

They hold a look and then Hannibal disappears into the darkness.

Will drags himself to Abigail and takes his hands from his own terrible wound and places them against her throat. Trying to stem the flow of bleeding.

A bloody Will pulls Abigail to him, lifting her head higher to try to stem the blood flow. His own wound TEARS and he SCREAMS in pain...

(Note: This is the shot from our FLASH FORWARD.)

And then it is too much and Will collapses backward to the floor. His own face is inches from Abigail's. She looks at him.

ON WILL -- consciousness ebbing and flowing.

As OPERA MUSIC begins to play --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Music continues to play as --

SIRENS WAIL in the night, coming closer.

ALANA BLOOM -- lies on the ground outside, breathing in shallow gasps, eyes staring upward.

Hannibal, now in an overcoat and carrying a valise, STEPS OVER her and keeps walking.

Alana's faint breath mists the air... the puffs coming slower and slower.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - PANTRY - NIGHT

JACK CRAWFORD -- eyes struggling to stay open. Still. Slow, weak breaths.

The phone RINGS one last time in his hand and then CLICKS.

BELLA CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Hello...? Jack...?

Jack's eyes flutter and close...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Hannibal walks away with his valise as FLASHING LIGHTS and SIRENS invade the street behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

ON ABIGAIL HOBBS -- gasping, her eyes reflecting --

WILL GRAHAM.

Fading.

WILL'S POV

He sees the black stag, it now lies on the kitchen floor, breathing in great steaming gasps. Dying...

His eyes fixed on the black stag as its breath slows and finally stops...

The music ends.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE UP TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY

An AIRPLANE glides through the clouds.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

CAMERA MOVES DOWN the aisle, following a STEWARDESS serving PASSENGERS from a tray filled with orange juice, champagne and water in neat rows of plastic cups.

FRENCH STEWARDESS

*Jus d'orange. L'eau. Champagne.*

(next row)

*Jus d'orange. L'eau. Champagne.*

CAMERA reveals she's just offered the tray to Hannibal.

FRENCH STEWARDESS (CONT'D)

*Jus d'orange. L'eau. Champagne.*

He politely takes a glass of champagne.

HANNIBAL

*Merci.*

FRENCH STEWARDESS

*Madame?*

CAMERA reveals, sitting in the seat next to Hannibal, is BEDELIA DU MAURIER. The weight of the world appears to be on her shoulders, pensive, but she forces a polite smile.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

*Merci non.*

The stewardess moves on and Hannibal smiles at Bedelia and takes a sip of his champagne.

OFF Hannibal flying the friendly skies to freedom...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SEASON TWO!