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HANNIBAL

"Mukōzuke"

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Episode #205

Final Shooting Script

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HANNIBAL
"Mukozuke"

TEASER

Hands bring a basket from underwater in a deep sink.

Fresh, clean water runs over OYSTERS within the basket. The tap turns off. Drips with a PLIP-PLOP. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE-UP -- a sharp knife as it opens an OYSTER, and then another...

BACON sizzles as it is laid in a hot pan. EXTREME CLOSE-UP as the fat blisters and then POPS with a stinging hiss...

An EGG -- SLOW-MO as it flies up in the air and comes down -- CRACK! -- on the back of the sharp knife. The chef twists his wrist -- the Benihana trick -- and magically, the egg yolk and white drop where he wants them.

An ESPRESSO MACHINE sucks and DRIPS into a china cup.

A REFRIGERATOR door opens and hands reach in to take a PITCHER OF JUICE. The refrigerator door CLOSES.

Reveal HANNIBAL LECTER, in his bathrobe, as he places his ingredients on the plate to create a beautiful breakfast.

CUT TO:

A PLASTIC TRAY OF BREAKFAST SLOP

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

Is placed on the table. WILL GRAHAM, in shorts and T-shirt, sits and regards his reconstituted eggs with distaste. Around him, the sounds of the asylum waking up.

CUT TO:

JACK CRAWFORD

Lost in thought. Thousand-yard stare. Movement distracts him. He looks up. We are --

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

Hannibal places the breakfast tray in front of Jack who still wears a rumpled suit from the night before. He takes in the food. Hannibal sits opposite.

HANNIBAL

You have to eat something, Jack.
You've been up all night. Feed the
body, feed the mind.

Jack stares at the food for a long moment, then:

JACK CRAWFORD

She knew she couldn't beat the
cancer, so she was going to beat it
to the finish line. One way or
another, she was going to win.

It's a strange cocktail of pride and despair.

HANNIBAL

One way or another, she will. All
you can do is hope she finds more
reasons to live than not to.

JACK CRAWFORD

I can't blame her for wanting to
control how she dies.

HANNIBAL

I believe those who can no longer
function at an acceptable level
have the right to die.

JACK CRAWFORD

She cast you in the role of
executioner. She wanted you to let
her die. I'm grateful you didn't.

Jack struggles with his emotion, tries to keep it at bay.

HANNIBAL

As a doctor, I had no choice. As a
philosopher, I had too many. It
wasn't what I could do for Bella,
it was what I couldn't do to you.
I'm a better friend than therapist.

JACK CRAWFORD

You're a great friend.
(then)
My wife is alive and I feel like
I'm mourning a loss. There's a
numbness where relief should be.

Hannibal studies Jack, genuinely sympathetic.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Do you think she'll try again?

HANNIBAL

I don't know. Bella wanted to die.
Your wife took actions to die. I
violated her trust stopping her.

JACK CRAWFORD

You may have violated her trust,
Hannibal, but you've earned mine.

OFF Hannibal considering this --

CUT TO:

A CAR'S FRONT WHEEL

As it pulls to a halt on crunching gravel. We are --

EXT. OBSERVATORY - DAY

Early-morning light sends long shadows across the park.
Reveal this to be FREDDIE LOUNDS'S POV.

INT. FREDDIE LOUNDS'S CAR - DAY

She stares at the observatory through the windshield.
Trepidation and anticipation mix on her face. A decision to
be made. She makes it. Opens the GLOVE COMPARTMENT and
pulls out a gun. Checks its load. And then places it in her
pocket. Then -- steeled -- she gets out of the car.

EXT. OBSERVATORY - DAY

Freddie crunches up the gravel. Each step makes her less
certain of her purpose. And more determined to overcome her
fear. She pauses at the observatory door -- open, of course...

Her hand GRIPS the gun in her pocket. She pushes the door
and steps into the DARKNESS beyond. STAY ON THE DOOR as
Freddie disappears into shadow...

INT. OBSERVATORY - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON FREDDIE'S FACE

CAMERA SLOWLY CREEPS with Freddie from behind as she gingerly
enters the observatory. Walls appear as moving shadows as
beams of light from the outside strike and disappear.

Freddie continues, carefully scanning every darkened corner
with her eyes. Inching CLOSER and CLOSER toward the main
telescope room, the feeling she's about to see something
horrible is palpable.

THE MAIN TELESCOPE ROOM

Freddie moves stealthily through it, CAMERA PRECEDING her now as she steps into a pool of light made by the sun shining through the open telescope doors. She stops dead. Stares in shock and horror. Freddie retrieves her camera, raises it to her eye and as she takes a picture, the FLASH WHITES US OUT.

MATCH CUT TO:

TRAVEL down from the GLARE of OVERHEAD LIGHTS to reveal we are --

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

Hannibal Lecter stands opposite Will Graham's cell. Will stands beyond the bars, appraising him.

WILL GRAHAM

Surprised Chilton let you see me.
Said I was no longer your patient.
I'm under his exclusive care.

HANNIBAL

Unfortunately, I had to insist.
Were you lying to me, Will? When
you told me you wanted my help?

WILL GRAHAM

No.

HANNIBAL

Dr. Chilton accused me of using
unorthodox therapies during our
conversations. Suggested that I
drove you to kill.

WILL GRAHAM

That's not what I believe.

Will approaches the bars, lowers his voice. Hannibal steps closer to better hear as Will's volume is but a whisper.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Chilton gave me a narcoanalytic.
Said it was sodium amytal. But it
was more than that. It felt like a
hypnotic. Midazolam or temazepam.

HANNIBAL

Hypnotics that alter perception and
render you easily suggestible.

WILL GRAHAM

I remembered strobing lights in
your office. You putting a needle
in my arm, injecting me.

HANNIBAL

What was happening while you were experiencing this memory?

WILL GRAHAM

Chilton was doing the same. Putting a needle in my arm, injecting me. Fluorescent lights were flickering and he was telling me what I remembered. I could see it like a memory, like it happened to me.

HANNIBAL

A memory of injection while you were being injected.

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

HANNIBAL

I've treated patients whose situations were not dissimilar to yours. People who discover that some part of their memory, as they know it, is based on a falsehood.

WILL GRAHAM

Why is he doing this to me?

HANNIBAL

Because you don't know what you can trust to be true. You only know what you wish to be true. That can be taken advantage of, Will.

(then)

We both know it is a painstaking process to reconstruct a coherent personal history, piece by piece, when so many pieces are missing.

WILL GRAHAM

Even the pieces I remember don't correspond to fact anymore.

HANNIBAL

Certainty will be found with those who care about you, not those who condemned you as a psychopath.

WILL GRAHAM

You've never condemned me. You've always been my friend.

OFF Hannibal allowing a small smile...

EXT. OBSERVATORY - DAY

Jack Crawford, followed by an armada of FBI SEDANS and POLICE SQUAD CARS, emerges from a car.

He marches grimly for the entrance. To one side, two UNIFORMED OFFICERS are with Freddie Lounds. She sees Jack and breaks away. Comes toward Jack. She's the last thing he needs. Jack goes to brush past her, but Freddie gets in the way. Genuine. Horror still on her face.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Send someone else in there, Jack.

He looks at her, sees genuine concern. But he can't follow her advice. Goes to brush past. Freddie stops him.

FREDDIE LOUNDS (CONT'D)

You should prepare yourself.

(then)

She's one of yours.

Freddie steps back. Jack enters the observatory.

INT. OBSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA TRACKS along Jack as he moves through the observatory.

Jack stops.

BEVERLY KATZ

Stands in PROFILE to Jack, fully clothed, backlit by the light coming from the open TELESCOPE DOORS. For a second she looks alive, frozen in a moment.

Jack moves closer and we SLOWLY reveal, as his PERSPECTIVE CHANGES, that Beverly has been sliced vertically down the middle. Her near third is encased tightly in between VERTICAL GLASS SHEETS.

The rest of her body as been CUT INTO THIN VERTICAL STRIPS. Each encased in glass. These displays are aligned across the floor of the observatory like a shocking set of museum cases housing priceless antiquities. In PROFILE, these displays show a bloody, visceral cross section of Beverly's innards.

BACK TO JACK, his horror.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. BAU - CORRIDOR - DAY

CAMERA glides down the empty corridor. Silence. Then:

JACK CRAWFORD (V.O.)
At approximately 9 a.m., I received
a call from Freddie Lounds...

Into --

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

CAMERA MOVES along the corridor revealing JIMMY PRICE and BRIAN ZELLER sitting opposite Jack Crawford at his desk. Both men's faces have fallen with grief and shock. No one speaks.

JACK CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Following an anonymous tip, she
discovered a female body and
immediately alerted my office...

INT. BAU - MORGUE - DAY

The cold steel table. Light glints off stainless steel fittings and neatly-arranged autopsy tools.

JACK CRAWFORD (V.O.)
I was among the first on the scene.
The victim was our colleague,
Special Agent Beverly Katz.

Into --

INT. BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - DAY

Across the static-free room where Beverly worked. The fiber-collection brush rests unused on a countertop.

JACK CRAWFORD (V.O.)
She was killed in the line of duty.
Result of direct adversarial force.

CAMERA MOVES BACK through the empty, desolate BAU.

INT. BAU - WAR ROOM - DAY

CAMERA MOVES over the heads of gathered AGENTS sitting in rows, all the BAU team is congregated with other agents, all looking at Jack Crawford at the front of the room.

JACK CRAWFORD

She will be memorialized at FBI Headquarters and field offices so that her ultimate sacrifice will always be remembered.

Brian Zeller and Jimmy Price in the front row, still numb. Other agents take in the terrible news. The room is stunned.

ON WILL GRAHAM

We hear the AMBIENT HUM of his circulatory system. His BREATHING IS TIGHT, a man fighting strong emotions.

INT. BSHCI - PRIVACY ROOM - DAY

He sits at the table, ALANA BLOOM by his side. Faces somber. Their lips moving, but the words are MOS, in SLO-MO, their faces slide IN AND OUT OF FOCUS.

BEVERLY KATZ

Stands in the doorway behind the glass. Will Graham averts his eyes, numb with shock.

WILL'S POV

Jack Crawford and Alana Bloom sit opposite him, their mouths moving, but Will doesn't hear the words.

The AMBIENT HUM slides away and Will's voice comes up --

WILL GRAHAM

I want to see her.

OFF Will Graham --

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

Quick shots, impressionistic:

WILL IS YANKED INTO A STRAITJACKET by MATTHEW BROWN (late 20s, white) and another MALE NURSE.

FETTERS (LEGCUFFS) ARE ATTACHED TO WILL'S ANKLES.

DOUBLE-LEVER-LOCK HANDCUFFS ARE PLACED ON WILL'S WRISTS.

WILL IS LED BACKWARD INTO AN UPRIGHT WHEELCHAIR.

SHACKLED TO ITS FRAME.

CAMERA TRAVELS round behind the chair as Matthew approaches with a BITE-GUARD MASK.

WILL'S POV -- as the mask is raised toward his face. It comes closer and closer. ANGLE from behind the chair on Matthew and a male nurse as they buckle the mask to Will's head --

PRE-LAP -- the WHINE of a wheelchair lift.

CUT TO:

WILL'S MASKED FACE -- AN ICONIC IMAGE.

STAY ON WILL as we hear the WHINE of the lift being lowered. CAMERA GOES WIDE to reveal we are --

EXT. OBSERVATORY - DAY

With a BSHCI logo van unloading Will from the back of it.

POV ANGLE -- through a CAMERA LENS, focus markers light up as it finds Will's face. The SHUTTER clicks repeatedly.

WILL'S POV -- Freddie Lounds as she uses a LONG LENS to capture him in the mask and restraints.

CUT TO:

JACK CRAWFORD'S REFLECTION

Oblique, seen within the glass side of one of the SLICES of Beverly. His image imprinted on her viscera. We are --

INT. OBSERVATORY - DAY

PULL AWAY, behind the slices, moving across them, Jack in and then out of sight. Behind him, OUT OF FOCUS, a figure is moving closer. PULL FOCUS to reveal it is Will Graham being pushed in his restraints by Matthew and the male nurse.

CLOSE-UP -- Will's EYES as he sees what Beverly has become. Horror. TRACK IN -- until we are close enough to see the horror of the tableau reflected in his eye...

JACK CRAWFORD

Leave us alone.

JUMP OUT WIDE

Jack comes to Will and looks him in the eye, and then moves round behind him to unstrap the mask. It falls away from Will's face, his eyes never leaving Beverly. Jack leans in close and begins to UNSHACKLE Will. CAMERA MOVES around them both, so close together, the move interspersed with CLOSE SHOTS as Jack pulls STRAPS and BUCKLES, releasing Will. As CAMERA does a full circuit, we now see that Will is free.

Jack stares at Will. A nod, then exits. Leaving Will alone.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He stares at the glass enclosures of Beverly's body. The echoing, dull PLIP-PLOP of dripping WATER and BLOOD as she defrosts in her glass containment. He can't do this. Sits down and puts his head in his hands. Breathing RAGGED.

BEVERLY KATZ

Now stands over him. She regards her dead self.

BEVERLY KATZ

You said you just interpret the evidence. So interpret the evidence.

And just like that, Will is alone again.

WILL STANDS UP. He stares at WATER and BLOOD DRIPPING between the glass partitions, from Beverly's thawing body. Clear puddles slowly CLOUDING WITH RED.

Will forces himself to take in the tableau itself. The AMBIENT HUM of his CIRCULATORY SYSTEM sounds in his ears.

He closes his eyes.

A PENDULUM

Swings inside Will's mind. FWUM.

His eyes OPEN. Now the PENDULUM swings outside his mind, across the scene before him. FWUM. The sheets of glass SLIDE TOGETHER, the slices of her separated by inches instead of feet. FWUM, the sheets of glass SLIDE UPWARD, out of sight, leaving a whole Beverly standing, staring. There is bruising on Beverly's neck, indicating strangulation. FWUM. The PENDULUM swings and the bruising disappears.

Will stands facing Beverly. FWUM. The PENDULUM swings once more, and the observatory DARKENS around Will. Will raises his hand to Beverly's throat as she stares inscrutably, but can't bring himself to actually touch her.

WILL GRAHAM

I strangle Beverly Katz, looking in her eyes. She knows me. I know her. I expertly squeeze the life from her, rendering her unconscious.

NULL SPACE - ON BEVERLY

She lies FROZEN, Will standing over her.

WILL GRAHAM

I freeze her body, preserving shape
and form so I can cleanly dismantle
her. She cuts like stone.

The BLADE OF A BANDSAW moves down the length of her body.

BACK IN THE OBSERVATORY

Will stands opposite Beverly Katz's inscrutable body.

WILL GRAHAM

I pull her apart, layer by layer,
like she would a crime scene.

SUDDENLY, the glass sheets drop from above and separate
Beverly. They accordion outward to their original positions.
Will is staring at the full tableau once more.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

This is my design.

He stares at Beverly Katz sliced into pieces.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I will leave no usable evidence.
But she found something. She found
me. What she found is already gone.

WILL'S POV -- behind the glass sheets, we see the WENDIGO MAN
STAG moving opposite Will, as if stalking him. The Wendigo
slides behind the terrible images.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

But what did I take from her?

A TEAR spills from his eye. It leaves his cheek and drops.

CLOSE ON THE THAW WATER

Cloudy with blood where the teardrop joins it.

WILL TURNS

To see Jack Crawford standing behind him.

JACK CRAWFORD

It's the Chesapeake Ripper.

WILL GRAHAM

The Ripper and the Copycat.
(off his look)
One killer. Two masks. Same monster
beneath. Beverly helped me see it.

JACK CRAWFORD

Help me see it.

Will stifles his initial response, knows Jack can't hear it.

WILL GRAHAM

She was looking for a connection
between the Copycat and the Ripper.

JACK CRAWFORD

And you think she found it.

WILL GRAHAM

She found something.

(then)

Where were you last night?

JACK CRAWFORD

I was at the hospital with my wife.

Will considers that, then:

WILL GRAHAM

I told Beverly to go to you, tell
you everything she knew. Instead,
she went looking for evidence.

(then)

She met the Ripper last night,
Jack. She'll be missing organs.
He had to take his trophies.

JACK CRAWFORD

Who is he, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

Beverly made her connection to the
Ripper. You have to make your own,
Jack. I can't make it for you.

JACK CRAWFORD

Then what did I bring you here for?

Will glances over his shoulder at dead Beverly Katz.

WILL GRAHAM

To say good-bye.

OFF Will Graham's grief...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

DR. CHILTON stands opposite Will Graham perched in his cage.

DR. CHILTON
Would you like to talk about what
happened at the observatory?

Will stares into middle distance, unresponsive, then:

WILL GRAHAM
You discussed my therapy with
Hannibal Lecter, Frederick.
Counter to our agreement.

DR. CHILTON
I gave him a peek before I snatched
down the shades. Then you whispered
I was planting false memories with
hypnotic benzodiazepines.

WILL GRAHAM
I have appearances to maintain.

DR. CHILTON
Is that quid pro quo?

WILL GRAHAM
Tit for tat.

DR. CHILTON
Beverly Katz paid you a visit
before she was murdered. What did
the two of you talk about?

WILL GRAHAM
You mean, you weren't listening?

DR. CHILTON
You met her in the privacy room,
it's the only room in the facility
I'm not legally allowed to monitor.

Will stifles a scoff, but allows:

WILL GRAHAM
And you let that stop you? We
talked about the Chesapeake Ripper
and then she went and found him.

DR. CHILTON

Psychopaths can be indifferent to those sorts of setbacks.

(then)

I consulted with the FBI on the Chesapeake Ripper murders years ago. The first time he killed one of Jack Crawford's people. It's becoming very personal for Jack.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm taking it personally.

DR. CHILTON

I know something about the monster you're dealing with. He's a well-educated man. A socially-competent man. He has surgical experience or, at the very least, know-how.

WILL GRAHAM

You thought Abel Gideon was the Chesapeake Ripper.

DR. CHILTON

Evidently, I was wrong about that.

WILL GRAHAM

Gideon knows who the Ripper is.

DR. CHILTON

And I suppose you do, too.

WILL GRAHAM

Wouldn't it be interesting if we both said it was the same man?

DR. CHILTON

Yes, it would.

WILL GRAHAM

Shame we can't talk to Abel Gideon about the Chesapeake Ripper. Just think, Frederick, you could be the one who catches him after all.

ON CHILTON as he takes that in...

CUT TO BLACK.

FROM DARKNESS

CAMERA PULLS BACK traveling out of one of several inch-wide separations in Beverly Katz's body. We are --

INT. BAU - MORGUE - NIGHT

Beverly Katz lies on a morgue drawer, two thirds of her body sliced vertically in narrow slabs. Jack Crawford stands over her, quietly pushing the drawer back into its steal casing and closing the door with a sad sense of finality. He remains there a moment, by the closed morgue drawer. CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing Jimmy Price and Brian Zeller nearby, watching.

JACK CRAWFORD

Beverly isn't your responsibility.
You should be allowed to grieve the
loss, not wade through it.

JIMMY PRICE

What about you, Jack?

JACK CRAWFORD

I can't afford the luxury of grief.

BRIAN ZELLER

No luxury in feeling this way.

JACK CRAWFORD

If I grieve Beverly, I'm not
catching the Ripper.

JIMMY PRICE

We're not running away from what
happened, Jack. Beverly wouldn't.

BRIAN ZELLER

I've already double-checked the
autopsy. What you found at the
observatory wasn't all Beverly.

CLOSE ON KIDNEYS

They are mid-dissection on an evidence tray.

BRIAN ZELLER (CONT'D)

These kidneys were placed into her
body after she was killed. They're
not hers. I typed them against DNA
samples. They belong to the Mural
Killer. James Gray.

JACK CRAWFORD

Whoever killed James Gray and sewed
him into his mural also murdered
Beverly. Swapped out their kidneys.

JIMMY PRICE

The Ripper harvests organs. Now he's swapping them out?

JACK CRAWFORD

Used to think he killed in sounders of three or four victims, then nothing for months, even years. He wants us to know he never stops. He just kills as different killers.

BRIAN ZELLER

Beverly. James Gray. What about the bailiff and judge at Will's trial?

JACK CRAWFORD

Will was convinced whoever killed the bailiff was not the Ripper.

JIMMY PRICE

Still leaves the judge. There was no physical evidence that linked his murder with the bailiff's.

JACK CRAWFORD

Beverly was looking for connections between the Ripper and the Copycat. I want to know every move she made. Trace her cell phone, her GPS. We have to find what she found.

BRIAN ZELLER

Right now, all we have to go on is, find her kidneys, find her killer.

OFF Jack Crawford, CAMERA moves round him, into the DARKNESS beyond...

OUT OF DARKNESS to find --

KITCHEN SHEARS

As they slice translucent plastic. The vacuum breaks and air quickly bubbles past red fluid. A KIDNEY rolls from the bag onto a parquet cutting board. We're --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hannibal observes the kidney a moment, turns it just so, a flash in his eye. He pats the kidney dry, then --

In a series of QUICK CUTS: He deftly trims the membrane from the kidney-proper.

He then pushes the kidney through a hand-cranked grinder. Thick coils of minced kidney extrude from the other side.

A HEAVY, CAST-IRON SKILLET.

The minced kidney is laid into sizzling clarified butter. Hannibal hits it with a splash of cognac. A FLAME curls high from the skillet.

MATCH CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF A CANDLE FLAME

GO WIDE to reveal --

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

Hannibal takes a forkful of kidney and a sip of red wine.

DR. GIDEON

Face set, stares intently. We are --

INT. BSHCI - CELL BLOCK - DAY

The security gate BUZZES. Matthew and another nurse and accompanying SECURITY GUARDS lead a shackled Abel Gideon through the gate and down the hall, using PRODS attached to a belt around his JUMPSUIT.

Dr. Gideon takes in his surroundings, unfazed by his fetters.

ON GIDEON'S CELL

One of the guards OPENS the cell and Gideon is shuffle-walked inside and unshackled. He glances out into the corridor to see Dr. Chilton leaning on his cane, watching the proceedings.

DR. GIDEON

Frederick.

(beat)

Turns out, all the king's horses and all the king's men could, in fact, put Humpty back together again.

(then)

Is everything where I found it?

DR. CHILTON

With one or two exceptions.

(then)

I know people consider me autocratic, not the most loved of administrators. But that nurse you murdered. She was well-liked. So were the attendants you killed.

Matthew and the other nurse EXIT down the corridor, leaving Chilton with the two security guards still inside the cell.

DR. CHILTON (CONT'D)

There's nothing like grief and trauma to pull people together.

(then)

Welcome back, Dr. Gideon.

STAY ON CHILTON as he EXITS.

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

CLOSE SHOTS -- the OPENING of a cage. SHACKLES unlocked. The inmate sits in the cage. The door mechanism locks shut.

Reveal this is Will Graham. Matthew and the nurse have just secured him in his cage. Dr. Gideon watches with interest, wincing and grabbing his ribs as he turns. Matthew and the nurse move away.

DR. GIDEON

Mr. Graham. You always did look like the boy next door. Is it true that you ate that poor Hobbs girl?

WILL GRAHAM

You can call me Will now that we're of equal social standing.

DR. GIDEON

Is this Frederick's idea of punishment? Group therapy with the man who tried to kill me.

WILL GRAHAM

I'd like to talk to you about the Chesapeake Ripper.

DR. GIDEON

Thought I was the Ripper.

WILL GRAHAM

You're the pretender to the throne.

DR. GIDEON

Are you my new therapist? Somewhat radical approach. Then, Frederick always did like that sort of thing. What did you offer him to bring me back? I'm the last person he wants to see. I give him a visceral chill in his guts. What's left of them.

WILL GRAHAM

You know who the Chesapeake Ripper is. You've met him.

DR. GIDEON

So Frederick gets to catch the Ripper after all. What do you get?

WILL GRAHAM

I want to stop the man who murdered my friend.

DR. GIDEON

The Ripper's playing out a mannerly dance, getting close, but not too close, offering tokens of goodwill, but not giving away too much.

WILL GRAHAM

He gave you away. I remember the night in Dr. Lecter's house. The night I took you there.

DR. GIDEON

The night you tried to kill me.

WILL GRAHAM

How do you think I found you? He sent me to kill you, Abel.

DR. GIDEON

Am I your evidence? Oh, you're in trouble, Mr. Graham.

WILL GRAHAM

Why would you protect him?

DR. GIDEON

He's done nothing to me. You were happy enough to try and kill me yourself. You have it "in you," as they say. I'm intrigued to see what you try when I say no.

(off his look)

He's the Devil, Mr. Graham. He's smoke. You'll never "catch" the Ripper. He won't be caught. If you want him, you'll have to kill him.

WILL GRAHAM

Fair enough.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

A DOOR SWINGS OPEN

A SILHOUETTED MAN steps forward into the light revealing it is Hannibal Lecter. He smiles a greeting. We are --

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

Hannibal is holding open the door to his waiting room.

HANNIBAL
Hello, Frederick. Please.

He waves Dr. Chilton in past him.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Chilton watches as Hannibal moves toward his liquor cabinet.

HANNIBAL
Is it too early for a brandy?

DR. CHILTON
Depends on the brandy.

HANNIBAL
Frapin, 1888.

DR. CHILTON
Then it's never too early.

CLOSE ON A GLASS

The COGNAC seductively splashes against crystal.

HANNIBAL
You and I are both proponents of unorthodox treatments of the mind. Strategies others might not choose to understand. What I'm trying to understand is why you would transfer Abel Gideon back to your hospital for the unworried unwell.

DR. CHILTON
It wasn't for selfish reasons.

HANNIBAL
Selfishness is the original sin of man, according to the Judeo-Christian morality.

DR. CHILTON

We're not talking about morality or ethics, are we, Dr. Lecter? But rather, concealing their absence.

HANNIBAL

Gideon disemboweled you, Frederick. Brave of you. Or perhaps wise. To keep the evidence of your misdeeds under your own roof.

DR. CHILTON

My misdeeds and yours. Although Graham is loath to admit it, you clearly violated his trust.

HANNIBAL

Neither of us controls our stories well enough to get anything from exposing the other's misdeeds.

DR. CHILTON

Here's to that.

(he raises his glass)

I brought Gideon back because I thought he may be useful in Will Graham's therapy. He shot Gideon, yet has no memory of it.

HANNIBAL

We know memories, emotions and even spiritual experiences can be manipulated while under hypnotics.

DR. CHILTON

Will Graham believes I planted memories during the narcoanalytic. Really is an extraordinary claim.

HANNIBAL

Extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence.

DR. CHILTON

I'm trying to set Will on the path to rebuilding his broken brain, picking up your pieces, as it were.

HANNIBAL

You've analyzed my patient, perhaps you'll allow me to analyze yours.

(off his look)

I'd like to interview Abel Gideon.

OFF Chilton as he studies Hannibal and his request --

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

Abel Gideon smiling to himself in his cage.

DR. GIDEON

You don't have to stand way over there. I'm a cutter, not a pisser.

REVERSE ANGLE to his POV as Hannibal walks toward him. Stops outside the line on the floor.

HANNIBAL

Hello, Dr. Gideon.

DR. GIDEON

Our brains devote more space to reading the details of faces than to any other object. Dare I say, I've never seen yours before.

HANNIBAL

I'm Dr. Hannibal Lecter. I was Will Graham's psychiatrist.

DR. GIDEON

He's not a great advertisement for your abilities, Dr. Lecter.

HANNIBAL

That remains to be seen.

Gideon grins at Hannibal.

DR. GIDEON

I bet you're a devil at the bridge table. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance.

HANNIBAL

The pleasure's mine.

DR. GIDEON

Course, now that I know your name, I'm aware of you by reputation.

CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - DR. CHILTON'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON Dr. Chilton as he listens to this conversation.

DR. GIDEON (V.O.)
I can see why Chilton both admires
and resents you, Dr. Lecter.

Chilton slow blinks.

CUT TO:

INT. BSCHI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

Hannibal and Gideon.

DR. GIDEON
Esteem in psychiatric circles still
eludes him, even as it clings to
you. He very much wants to be you.

HANNIBAL
He should be more careful what he
wishes for.

DR. GIDEON
You should have been more careful
with Will Graham. That young man
has got a bone to pick.

HANNIBAL
With me?

DR. GIDEON
Who's to say.

HANNIBAL
As a therapist, I'm concerned with
finding ways to overcome
resistance, not build it up.

DR. GIDEON
You built up something, Dr. Lecter.

OFF Hannibal taking that in...

EXT. BALTIMORE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - DAY

Hannibal is exiting the asylum as Freddie Lounds is coming
the opposite way with her bag slung over one shoulder. She
pops the cap off her camera and snaps a shot of Hannibal.

HANNIBAL
Rude of you, Miss Lounds.

FREDDIE LOUNDS
(replacing the cap)
Did you think I was above that sort
of thing? You seem disappointed.

HANNIBAL

We evolved the ability to communicate disappointment to teach those around us good manners.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Unfortunately, I didn't evolve the ability to feel shame.

HANNIBAL

You should explore that in therapy.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

The one time I saw a psychiatrist, it was under false pretenses.

HANNIBAL

Happy to entertain you for a more-genuine conversation. So what brings you to the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I'm interviewing Will Graham. At his request. Imagine that.

Hannibal is surprised.

HANNIBAL

I'm trying.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Lot of effort to get me through the door. Will must have the chief of staff wrapped around his finger.

She carries on up the steps.

FREDDIE LOUNDS (CONT'D)

I may take you up on that genuine conversation, Dr. Lecter.

STAY ON Hannibal watching her go.

HANNIBAL

Please do.

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

Matthew leads Freddie Lounds toward the privacy room.

MATTHEW BROWN

Do not pass him anything but soft paper. No pens, no pencils. Do not accept anything he offers you.

(MORE)

MATTHEW BROWN (CONT'D)

Do not let him touch you. Do not touch him. I will be right outside.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I know the drill.

(hands him a business card)

If you ever want to make a buck by dropping a dime, give me a call.

They have reached the privacy room.

PRIVACY ROOM

Will sits inside, shackled to the table. Matthew opens the door. Freddie and Will regard each other. The door closes behind Freddie. She doesn't sit. Stands and appraises Will.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

It's good to see you again, Will. Let me rephrase that. It's good to see you in here. Where you belong.

WILL GRAHAM

Thank you for coming.

Freddie places a recorder on the table in front of Will.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Beverly Katz. She was murdered by the Chesapeake Ripper, wasn't she?

WILL GRAHAM

I don't want to talk about that.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

You don't want to talk about your friend that was killed. Maybe you want to talk about mine. You ever think about Abigail Hobbs?

WILL GRAHAM

I think about her. I grieve her.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

You murdered her.

(then)

Why am I here?

WILL GRAHAM

You have a wide readership.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

We know the Chesapeake Ripper is a fan. Enough for me to be his first call regarding Beverly Katz.

WILL GRAHAM

I have an admirer. And he seems to fit your demographic, too.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

My demographic is murderers and people obsessed with murderers.

WILL GRAHAM

Talking about the man who killed the bailiff and judge at my trial.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

And you think he's your admirer?

WILL GRAHAM

He killed the bailiff to give me an alibi, and he killed the judge because he threw that alibi out.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

So is your admirer crazy?

WILL GRAHAM

I don't think anybody who is as careful as he is could be crazy. I think he's different. A lot of people may believe he's crazy, and reason for that is, he hasn't let people understand much about him.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

But you understand him. Are you trying to catch him or contact him?

WILL GRAHAM

I would like to establish a line of communication. Your website seems like a good place to do that.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I could open it up for you. Ads, editorial, chat rooms, monitoring incoming mail. I could be discreet.

WILL GRAHAM

In exchange for?

FREDDIE LOUNDS
Exclusive rights to your story.

Will stares at her a moment, considers, then:

WILL GRAHAM
It's all yours, Freddie.

She smiles, studying Will, then:

FREDDIE LOUNDS
You want to talk to your admirer,
we'll have to send an invitation.

A WEB PAGE -- THE TATTLECRIME.COM BANNER

Beneath it, an iconic full-screen image of Will Graham in the BITE-GUARD MASK stares from a screen. Under it, a headline:
"Exclusive: Will Graham First Interview. The Mind of a Killer."

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The website is on an iPad on the desk.

CLOSE ON the type: *"...I believe this man wanted to help me, even though his motives for that are unclear. He killed people in my name. I'd like to ask him why..."*

Hannibal reads the screen, his emotions unreadable.

CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - NIGHT

Will Graham sits in his cage. CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing Matthew standing nearby, watching Will. He studies Will a long moment as Will simply stares into middle distance.

MATTHEW BROWN
Would you like a book, Mr. Graham?

WILL GRAHAM
I have my imagination.

MATTHEW BROWN
We have the most sophisticated
virtual reality system known to man
right between our ears.

WILL GRAHAM
How much longer are they going to
be inspecting my cell?

MATTHEW BROWN

It's a routine inspection.
Shouldn't be much longer.

Will drifts back to his imagination. A moment, then:

MATTHEW BROWN (CONT'D)

I read your TattleCrime interview.
You're a very articulate man. I
agreed with a lot of what you said.
You're right. People don't
understand much about me. Or you.
At least we understand each other.

ON WILL as he absorbs this. Matthew comes closer, quieter,
leaning on the bars of the cage as he speaks:

MATTHEW BROWN (CONT'D)

There's something we don't have. Or
maybe we just evolved not to need.
Like losing the vestigial tail or
being born without an appendix.
(then)
You were hiding inside the FBI.
That's talent. If you hadn't gotten
sick, they would've never found you.

WILL GRAHAM

You chose a great place to hide.

MATTHEW BROWN

If you spend time in a mental
hospital, you pick up the drill.
You could pass as an orderly, get a
job doing it when you get out. They
may never suspect you were ever in.

WILL GRAHAM

You realize Chilton records
everything said in this room.

MATTHEW BROWN

Who do you think wired the mic? Or
unwired the mic, as it is right now.

WILL GRAHAM

You killed the bailiff during my
trial.

MATTHEW BROWN

Thought it might exonerate you. I
read your file often enough. Easy
to recreate your work.

(MORE)

MATTHEW BROWN (CONT'D)

It was so specific. Though the bailiff was a bitch to get on that stag's head.

WILL GRAHAM

And the judge?

MATTHEW BROWN

I shot the bailiff, but I did not kill the judge. That was somebody else.

As Will takes that in, a BUZZER SOUNDS. Matthew and Will turn to see TWO GUARDS ENTER from the far end of the hall.

GUARD

We're all done.

MATTHEW BROWN

They're all done.

Will appraises Matthew, cool and controlled. Matthew opens the cage and unshackles Will as the guards approach.

WILL GRAHAM

Why were you trying to help me?

MATTHEW BROWN

You ever see the way smaller birds will mob a hawk on a wire? You and me, we're the hawks, Mr. Graham.

WILL GRAHAM

Hawks are solitary.

MATTHEW BROWN

That's their weakness. Enough of those little birds get together and they chase hawks away. Imagine if the hawks started working together.

They walk toward the waiting security guards who escort them through the large glass doors at the far end of the hall.

INT. BSHCI - STAIRWELL/CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

Matthew guides Will down the stairs, toward the cell block, flanked by the two security guards. He waves at a NURSE in the station and the block doors OPEN. The two security guards wait outside the block as Matthew leads Will down the hall.

MATTHEW BROWN

Why did you want to talk to me?

WILL GRAHAM

I need a favor.

MATTHEW BROWN

I'm always happy to do a favor for
a friend. Just say the words.

They stop outside Will's cell. The bars slide open and
Matthew leads him in. Unshackles Will. Now Will is free.
The two men regard each other. Matthew smiles.

ON WILL looking at the deadly Matthew. A choice to be made.

WILL GRAHAM

I want you to kill Hannibal Lecter.

Matthew smiles and steps out, and the bars slide back across
Will Graham. Matthew turns and walks back down the corridor.

ANGLE -- INSIDE GIDEON'S CELL

Gideon watches Matthew walk past, then grins in the shadows.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - NIGHT

Will Graham sits on his bunk, head down, contemplating Hannibal's murder. He jerks his head, attempting to crack his neck. He rubs his shoulder and his fingers move over a bump.

Will runs his hand over his back and finds another bump. He takes off his shirt, glancing over his shoulder. Small SPIKES are protruding through the flesh of his back, pushing out as they grow into a RACK OF ANTLERS. He doubles over in pain.

CAMERA FOLLOWS the ANTLERS as they grow to reveal the rack is attached to Will Graham's skull.

NEW ANGLE

The ANTLERS RISE INTO FRAME revealing Will has become a horrible figure, HIS PERSONAL VERSION OF THE WENDIGO.

ALANA BLOOM (O.S.)

Will?

The haunting horrible figure that Will now strikes turns.

ON ALANA BLOOM

She stands on the other side of the bars.

INCLUDE WILL

Perfectly normal, stares at Alana.

WILL GRAHAM

Hi.

ALANA BLOOM

Hi. Sorry to drop in unannounced.

They smile at each other, connection always strong and near the surface. So much water under their bridge.

WILL GRAHAM

What's on your mind, Dr. Bloom?

ALANA BLOOM

You. You gave an interview to Freddie Lounds. You despise Freddie Lounds, Will. It just seemed...

WILL GRAHAM

Suspicious?

ALANA BLOOM
"Uncharacteristic" is the word I'd
choose. And slightly worrying.

WILL GRAHAM
Don't have to worry about me.

Alana looks at him. Wants to hold him.

ALANA BLOOM
You've gone through so much, Will.
I don't want you to lose sight of
who you are.

WILL GRAHAM
I haven't lost sight of who I am.
If anything, I'm coming into focus.

ALANA BLOOM
I know you feel powerless about
what happened to Beverly and you
want to do something about it.

WILL GRAHAM
Would that be so bad?

Alana looks confused by that.

ALANA BLOOM
Depends what you're thinking about
doing. There is no solution to
grief, Will. It just is.

WILL GRAHAM
Beverly died because of me.
Because she listened to me. I
won't let that happen again.

Will looks at Alana. Wants to tell her.

ALANA BLOOM
Will? What have you done?

WILL GRAHAM
What I had to.

He turns from the bars and walks back to his bunk. Alana
watches him for a beat, but he doesn't look up.

ON ALANA BLOOM

CAMERA LEADS her down the corridor toward:

INT. BSHCI - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Alana waits briefly at the gate. Finally, it BUZZES and OPENS. She walks through to find Dr. Chilton on the stairs.

DR. CHILTON

What is it about you, Dr. Bloom? The most sinister neurochemistry in the field can't help percolating in your presence. The interesting ones just fall at your feet. Will Graham, Abel Gideon, they're chatty as can be. You're like catnip for killers.

ALANA BLOOM

Hello, Frederick. I understand Abel Gideon has returned to the roost.

DR. CHILTON

I believe you and I are his only surviving psychiatrists. Pulled the tongues out of all the rest.

ALANA BLOOM

Pulled more than that out of you. Have you noticed anything different about Will since Gideon arrived?

DR. CHILTON

That's certainly the point. Gideon's part of Will's therapy, helping him reclaim his past.

ALANA BLOOM

Can I see him?

Chilton smiles --

CUT TO:

ALANA BLOOM

As if it is a reverse, but she is now --

INT. BSCHI - THERAPY HALL - NIGHT

Facing Dr. Gideon in his cage.

DR. GIDEON

You look wonderful, Dr. Bloom. That color brings out your eyes, even in the dank gloom of this place. Like a flower blossoming among the weeds.

ALANA BLOOM

Glad to see you alive, Dr. Gideon.

DR. GIDEON

Mr. Graham didn't do a particularly good job of killing me. He was very sick. And a poor shot.

ALANA BLOOM

Good enough shot to put a bullet in you before you put a blade in me.

DR. GIDEON

For which I am sincerely grateful. Despite his gunplay, I have a sneaking admiration for Mr. Graham.

Alana studies him a moment, then:

ALANA BLOOM

I've been wondering about that night. How'd you know where I live?

DR. GIDEON

A little birdie tweeted in my ear.

ALANA BLOOM

Why would a birdie tweet that?

DR. GIDEON

I imagine said birdie wanted me to kill you. Or wanted Will Graham to have reason to kill me. Either way, you and I are equally expendable.

ALANA BLOOM

You were trying to find the Ripper that night. Did you?

DR. GIDEON

I found Will Graham.

ALANA BLOOM

Will's not the Chesapeake Ripper.

DR. GIDEON

No, he isn't. Not yet. All the things that make us who we are. What has to happen to change those things? So much has happened to Will Graham. He's a changed man.

ALANA BLOOM

Maybe he's looking for redemption.

DR. GIDEON

Mr. Graham isn't interested in redemption. But revenge, now there's a trinket he'd value.

ALANA BLOOM

Revenge against who?
(realizing)
He thinks he knows who killed Beverly Katz?

Gideon looks at her. Thinking.

DR. GIDEON

For the courtesy you have always shown me, I am going to give you a gift. I'm going to give you the chance to save Will from himself.

ALANA BLOOM

How?

DR. GIDEON

He's in a biblical place right now. But that rage will fade. And when it does, Will Graham will either be a murderer or he won't. Up to you.

ALANA BLOOM

He's institutionalized. He's really in no position to kill anyone.

DR. GIDEON

Not with his own hands. If only he had a little birdie who could tweet murder into a sympathetic ear.

Under this, Alana is getting more worried and fearful.

ALANA BLOOM

Who does he want to kill, doctor?

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - NIGHT

Adrenaline racing, Alana moves quickly down the steps. Hands trembling, she pulls her cell phone from her purse. Scrolls through her contacts urgently. Finds Hannibal Lecter's name. And hits "CALL."

OFF Alana fearing the worst --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The phone on his desk rings out. No one there to answer it.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Empty. A telephone ringing off camera. CAMERA pushes into --
THE KITCHEN

It's empty, too.

CUT TO:

AN OLYMPIC-SIZED SWIMMING POOL

SHOT FROM ABOVE, the water FILLS FRAME. Smooth, like a sheet of glass. A blue, chlorinated piece of modern art. And then a slight ripple signals the coming of --

A FIGURE

As he bursts THROUGH FRAME, swimming a powerful freestyle stroke. The only sound, the minimal splash of the swimmer's powerful arms as he cuts the water.

INT. PRIVATE CLUB - SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

An otherwise-unoccupied private pool in a high-ceiling, ornate space. The tiled walls flicker with reflections and shadows.

CAMERA soars across the surface of the pool, keeping time with the lone swimmer who does a perfect flip turn and glides back toward the other end. It is --

HANNIBAL

Glistening. Moving gracefully through the water.

UNDERWATER

We watch him come down the pool toward us, his breathing regular, stroke powerful. Totally engrossed. As he clears FRAME, we catch a rippling glimpse of a FIGURE standing at the edge of the water. But before we can even hope to ascertain who it is, we are back with --

HANNIBAL

Closing in on the end of the pool, he executes another flip turn. The figure steps into FRAME. Swim cap. Tinted, reflective goggles -- it's Matthew.

IN THE POOL

Hannibal's swimming hard, unaware that he's no longer alone.

With a powerful kick, Matthew is suddenly swimming next to him. Keeping pace. Even crowding him.

Hannibal kicks it into another gear. Pulls away. CAMERA follows Hannibal, leaving Matthew behind.

AT THE EDGE OF THE POOL

Hannibal stops. Wiping the water from his eyes, he turns back to size up his overly-competitive pool partner.

HANNIBAL'S POV

The pool is empty.

ON HANNIBAL

He turns to find Matthew standing over him, partially silhouetted against the overhead lights. Matthew raises his hand to reveal he's holding a TRANQUILIZER GUN.

He FIRES a dart into Hannibal's chest. Hannibal jerks at the sting. Pulls the dart free, its cargo already having an effect. Hannibal reaches for the side of the pool, but his hand misses. His eyes roll, he goes under, Matthew becoming a dark, blurred phantom.

UNDERWATER (UPWARD ANGLE)

Rays of reflected light strike the water as Hannibal's body, unconscious, balletic, artful -- sinks beneath the surface...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. PRIVATE CLUB - STEAM ROOM - NIGHT

The white-tiled space of a large steam room. Long, with a raised set of steps at one end. Grand and ornate. Heavy steam hangs in the air, softening and dilating everything. An indistinct figure moves at the far end...

CAMERA TILTS DOWN to find the hard tile floor.

A RIVULET OF BLOOD

Runs down a central drain in the floor. CAMERA follows it through the steam to where the BLOOD drips off the bottom step. MOVE UPWARD to find --

HANNIBAL LECTER

The blood comes from DEEP CUTS in his wrists, which are bound to a broken mop handle running across his back, arms outstretched. CHRISTLIKE. He is standing on a BUCKET, a NOOSE around his neck, the taut rope disappearing upward. His feet shuffle precariously on the bucket.

MATTHEW BROWN (O.S.)

Judas had the decency to hang
himself in shame at his betrayals.

Matthew steps INTO FRAME. Now clothed, the DART GUN in his waistband.

MATTHEW BROWN

But I thought you'd need help.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack Crawford stands in the middle of the room.

JACK CRAWFORD

Dr. Lecter?

CAMERA FINDS Alana Bloom on the second-floor library.

ALANA BLOOM

Hannibal?

Jack approaches Hannibal's desk and opens his calendar.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

He's not here. He's not home.

JACK CRAWFORD
Nothing in his calendar. What is
it you think Will's done?

Before she can respond, Jack's cell phone rings. He answers.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
This is Crawford. Thank you.
(looks at Alana)
We have a trace on his cell.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A BOOK COVER

PULL BACK to reveal we are --

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - NIGHT

Will Graham sits on his bunk. Nothing more he can do now.
The pieces are in play. CAMERA finds the sink. The steady
drips hit the basin. PLOP. PLOP. PLOP.

CLOSE ON THE FAUCET

Water continues to drip in a steady succession. DRIP. DRIP.
DRIP. And then the water becomes BLOOD. DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.
The BLOOD-DROPS marble the water collected in the basin.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE CLUB - STEAM ROOM - NIGHT

DRIP. DRIP. DRIP. Blood spatters on the marble. CAMERA
PANS UP to find Hannibal losing the fight to stay conscious.
He wobbles, but regains his balance.

MATTHEW BROWN
Did you know that the phrase "to kick
the bucket" came from exactly this
situation? You could kick it away
now yourself and it'd all be over.
Quicker than bleeding out. It's a
choice. Life is about choices. Good
choices. Bad choices.

HANNIBAL
Hobson's choice. Another old phrase.
(beat)
You're a nurse at the hospital.
You're setting a standard of care.
Are you Will Graham's admirer?

MATTHEW BROWN
We have a mutual respect.

HANNIBAL

Will's not what you think he is.
He's not a murderer.

MATTHEW BROWN

He is now. At least by proxy.

HANNIBAL

He asked you to do this?

MATTHEW BROWN

What are friends for?

Hannibal considers that, impressed by Will's moxie.

MATTHEW BROWN (CONT'D)

Now I'm going to ask you a few yes-or-no questions while you still have enough blood coursing through your brain to answer them. Ready?

HANNIBAL

Ready.

MATTHEW BROWN

(looking closely)

Did you kill that judge?

Hannibal stares, but it's enough for Matthew to hear "yes."

MATTHEW BROWN (CONT'D)

I can ask you yes-or-no questions, you don't have to say a word and I'll know what the answer is. The pupil dilates with specific mental efforts. You dilate, that's a "yes." No dilation equals "no."
(then)

Are you the Chesapeake Ripper?

Hannibal smiles and his head lolls forward and his feet slip. He recovers and looks down at the grinning Matthew.

MATTHEW BROWN

How many times have you seen someone cling on to a life not really worth living? Eking out a last few seconds. Wondering why they bother.

HANNIBAL

I know why. Life is precious.

Matthew looks at Hannibal, incredulous, then starts to laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the sink. The drum of the dripping tap slows -- and stops. Silence. Will Graham looks up from his book.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE CLUB - SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Jack Crawford and Alana Bloom come into the pool area. Jack is disappointed to see the pool empty. Motions to a door at the far end. They look at each other. Jack draws his gun.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE CLUB - STEAM ROOM - NIGHT

Matthew stands in front of Hannibal as he DRIFTS and then STARTS, regains his balance. Steam wreathing them.

MATTHEW BROWN

Look at you. The Chesapeake Ripper.
Wonder what they'll call me. The
Iroquois used to eat their enemies
to take their strength. Maybe your
murders become my murders. I'll be
the Chesapeake Ripper now.

HANNIBAL

Only if you eat me.

Hannibal's eyes flutter open and closed. His POV -- past Matthew.

JACK CRAWFORD

Coming through the steam at the far end.

Hannibal looks down at Matthew. The dart gun in his waistband.

ON JACK CRAWFORD

JACK CRAWFORD

Hands where I can see them.

Matthew looks frozen. Looks at Hannibal who smiles. Matthew shrugs. Not about to die. He starts to raise his hands.

HANNIBAL

(shouts)
He's got a gun, Jack!

Matthew stares at Hannibal, face falling. BAM! A high-caliber bullet crashes into his chest and sends him spinning OUT OF FRAME.

ON JACK CRAWFORD, smoking gun outstretched.

ON THE FLOOR

Matthew coughs up blood. Looks to Hannibal. And KICKS THE BUCKET BENEATH HIS FEET.

HANNIBAL HANGS.

ON JACK, horrified, running toward Hannibal. He slips in the WATER and BLOOD.

FALLS TO THE TILES

And what seems like an eternity away, Hannibal Lecter struggles at the end of a rope.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL

Kicking as his throat is crushed under his own weight. Things dim. The world is fading.

Jack scrambles to his feet.

And then Jack is there. He lifts Hannibal up. Holding him around his thighs, his clothes becoming SLICK with Hannibal's blood. Jack pushes him higher to create slack. Hannibal's eyes meet Jack's. As Jack holds on --

ALANA BLOOM

Stands in the steam room. Her POV -- Jack holding up Hannibal. Her face falls in horror.

JACK CRAWFORD

Call an ambulance!

ON JACK CRAWFORD as he holds the weight of his friend, blood dripping onto his face. Soaked and desperate.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE