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# HANNIBAL

"Kō No Mono"

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Episode #211

Final Shooting Script

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HANNIBAL  
"Ko No Mono"

TEASER

SNOW

Uniform and unadulterated... until CAMERA finds a single line of HOOF PRINTS. But then, abruptly, something joins them --

SPOTS OF BLOOD

Glaring and stark against the whiteness. The prints continue and the drops of blood become SPLOTCHES.

EXT. WINTER WOODS - DAY

Through trees, black and vertical, a BLACK STAG charges in distress. Pursued by what we can't see. It REARS UP --

ON THE FOREST FLOOR

-- and its HOOVES slam down as MORE BLOOD SPATTERS the snow.

CLOSE ON THE STAG'S EYE

Wide, addled, rolling in its socket. Then:

WIDE AGAIN

The creature BELLOWS one last time and COLLAPSES to the forest floor with a resounding FWUMMP. All is still, until --

PUSH IN ON AN ANTLER POINT

As it PIERCES the motionless stag's gut, FROM INSIDE. MORE ANTLER POINTS CUT THROUGH and then HUMAN HANDS APPEAR, pulling at the flesh...

WIDE SHOT

A man tears from its belly, out onto the soiled snow. AN ANTLERED WILL GRAHAM -- THE WILDIGO, naked and slick in a visceral sheen. The stag that birthed him, gone. Vanished.

The Wildigo lies alone, eyes closed, unmoving. Then his mouth snaps open to DRAW A HUGE GASPING BREATH.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Will twists in the throes of his fevered dream. An O.S. KNOCKING competes with his pathetic moan. Will finally awakens, disoriented. The KNOCKING comes again.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Will in T-shirt and sweats as he opens the front door.

ALANA BLOOM

Is on the stoop with APPLESAUCE. Will's DOGS mill around them, saying hello. Will watches as she bends to pet them.

WILL GRAHAM

Do we do friendly visits anymore?

ALANA BLOOM

This isn't a friendly visit.

WILL GRAHAM

What kind of visit is it?

ALANA BLOOM

I guess I'm trying to convince myself of something. Or maybe I'm trying to convince you.

Alana is pensive, thoughtful, struggling with confrontation.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

(then)

Or maybe I don't know why I'm here.

WILL GRAHAM

I know why. You're worried I killed Freddie Lounds.

The statement is matter-of-fact and sits there between them.

ALANA BLOOM

Did you?

WILL GRAHAM

What do you think?

ALANA BLOOM

I think that's the wrong answer to tell somebody who is already wondering what you're capable of.

WILL GRAHAM

Been wondering that for a while.

ALANA BLOOM

I know you're lying to me. You've slipped into some kind of skin and I think it fits a little too well.

WILL GRAHAM

I told everyone Hannibal was a killer and no one believed me. Just like no one would believe you if you said I was a killer.

Will's tone chills Alana. But she's brave and persistent.

ALANA BLOOM

I'm afraid, Will. But not of you. I'm afraid for you. I don't think Hannibal is good for you. I think your relationship is destructive.

WILL GRAHAM

Hannibal's good enough for you.

Alana reacts to that, stung. Will tries to soften his remark.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You should be afraid. You're right to be afraid.

(then)

I have something for you.

Will quietly goes inside and returns, brandishing A HANDGUN.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Whoever you're afraid of... don't be afraid to use it.

Alana reacts in fear, then Will SPINS the gun on its TRIGGER GUARD and offers it to her. He holds her gaze. Alana takes the gun. And her certainty about him wavers. She sees the old Will for a second.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Takes 9mm rounds. Buy a box and find a range. Practice.

And he goes back inside. The door swinging closed behind him, leaving Alana alone in the cold.

ON WILL GRAHAM

As the FLICKERING LIGHT of an APPROACHING FLAME illuminates his face, CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are now --

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

CLOSE ON A FLAMING COCOTTE, the fire flickering wildly. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal HANNIBAL placing it on the table in front of Will. As the flames die down, we reveal TWO THUMB-SIZED BIRDS sizzling in their own fat and flesh.

HANNIBAL

Among gourmands, the ortolan bunting is considered a rare-but-debauched delicacy. A rite of passage, if you will.

Each of the birds resembles an oval of butter with wings, feet and head still attached.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Preparation calls for the songbird to be drowned alive in Armagnac. It is then roasted and consumed whole in a single mouthful.

WILL GRAHAM

Ortolans are endangered.

HANNIBAL

Who amongst us is not?

WILL GRAHAM

I haven't been gorged, drowned, plucked and roasted. Not yet.

HANNIBAL

Traditionally, during this meal, we're to place shrouds over our heads, hiding our faces from God.

Hannibal picks up one of the birds by its head.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I don't hide from God.

Will picks up his own bird. Raises it in a toast.

WILL GRAHAM

Bones and all?

HANNIBAL

Bones and all.

Following Hannibal's lead, Will places the bird in his mouth.

As the flavor fills his mouth, Will nods in appreciation. It's clearly delicious, despite the CRUNCHING of tiny bones.

Never taking his eyes off of Will, Hannibal draws in the bird's head and beak, blithely crushing them between his molars before continuing.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

After my first ortolan, I was euphoric. A stimulating reminder of our power over life and death.

WILL GRAHAM

I was euphoric when I killed Freddie Lounds.

HANNIBAL

Tell me, Will, did your heart race when you murdered her?

WILL GRAHAM

No. It didn't.

HANNIBAL

A low heart rate is a true indicator of one's capacity for violence. One might say you are genetically predisposed to it.

WILL GRAHAM

This is my design?

HANNIBAL

Your design is evolving. Your choices affect the physical structures of your brain.

WILL GRAHAM

Killing's changed the way I think.

HANNIBAL

You must understand that blood and breath are only elements undergoing change to fuel your radiance. Just as the source of light is burning.

OFF Will taking this in --

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

A uniformed GARAGE ATTENDANT sits in his Plexiglas booth, highlighting a textbook. He lifts his head, listening. He steps from his booth and then we hear A SOUND:

EEK. EEK. EEK.

The shape of the underground car park and the conducting power of the cement walls, the sound travels around him.

EEK. EEK. EEK.

The sound grows louder and the attendant pirouettes, trying to pinpoint the source. He stops, eyes on the ramp leading down from the street exit and --

A YELLOW LIGHT

Descending the ramp. A light that fast reveals itself to be a BALL OF FLAMES. A BURNING WHEELCHAIR --

WITH A BODY STRAPPED INTO IT.

Wheels EEK-EEKING faster and faster as it hurtles down, trailing smoke and sparks, the flames blown back like wings.

THE ATTENDANT

Leaps aside as the flaming wheelchair and its occupant ROARS by him and past CAMERA. An O.S. CRASH, and the attendant grabs the booth's FIRE EXTINGUISHER and leaves FRAME toward the fire. BLACK SMOKE roils by as --

CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING

The opposite direction... past the attendant's booth to arrive at a RESERVED PARKING SPACE. Vacant now, painted white against the oil-stained cement floor -- a name:

F. LOUNDS.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

CLOSE ON A DEATH GRIN

All teeth, starkly white in the chiaroscuro of blackened, scorched skin. With lips shriveled back, it's almost as though this death mask is grinning at us.

BRIAN ZELLER (O.S.)  
Orthodontics confirmed. It's  
Freddie Lounds.

We're --

INT. BAU - MORGUE - NIGHT

The slab bears the burned body of an adult woman. Hair crisp like black hawthorn. Skin charred and cracked open. JIMMY PRICE and BRIAN ZELLER attend to the body. Will, Hannibal and JACK CRAWFORD are there as well.

BRIAN ZELLER (CONT'D)  
A little kerosene and *fwoomp*.  
Incendiary journalism. If she were  
burned alive, blood would have  
boiled out of her mouth.

JIMMY PRICE  
No scabrous crust on her chin.  
Dead before the match was struck.

BRIAN ZELLER  
Blood already pooled to the lowest  
points of her body. She'd been  
dead at least twenty-four hours.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Freddie Lounds's ultimate failing  
was her inability to keep herself  
out of her own stories.

WILL GRAHAM  
Freddie had the longing need to be  
noticed. She was noticed.

Hannibal then leans close to inspect her corpse.

HANNIBAL  
Severely-burned bodies tend to  
split along lines of musculature --

He points to a JAGGED OPENING along the corpse's back.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)  
-- but this looks like an incision.

BRIAN ZELLER

Cut out her psoas muscles. Looks like he used a hunting knife.

HANNIBAL

A peculiar trophy.

Hannibal glances innocently at Will who averts his eyes.

JACK CRAWFORD

Why did he burn her?

BRIAN ZELLER

How many people has Freddie Lounds burned in her career?

HANNIBAL

Whoever did this was not striking out against Miss Lounds's exploitative brand of journalism.

(then)

This is something else. This is something sacred.

Will considers the charred corpse in front of him, then:

WILL GRAHAM

Freddie Lounds had to burn. She was fuel. Fire destroys, creates. It's mythical. She won't rise from the ashes, but her killer will.

HANNIBAL

He's the one to be noticed now.

OFF Jack Crawford studying Will and Hannibal...

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON A ROUGH WHITE SURFACE

Filling the FRAME. Then slowly, the white surface CHANGES like litmus paper. Color spreads like Cabernet on a linen napkin -- except it's BLUE. And the color forms a symbol:

A "+" SIGN. We are --

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MARGOT'S BATHROOM - DAY

And the EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the "+" of a pregnancy test. The test wand droops in FRAME so that the positive result icon looks like an "X" and that image...

DISSOLVES TO:

MARGOT VERGER'S unblinking gaze, but, for a few seconds, the two images OVERLAP... putting an "X" between her eyes.

CUT TO:

MARGOT VERGER

Center punched in FRAME. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Margot sits opposite Hannibal.

MARGOT VERGER

There's no baby. Isn't even an embryo yet. I've got hormones in my pee. That's the extent of it. But here I am, feeling maternal.

HANNIBAL

We're discussing a small group of cells. Barely life, but immediately seen to be life-changing.

MARGOT VERGER

I feel like everything that was done to me can almost be undone.

HANNIBAL

Through children we can disrupt our own sense of the past. We can protect them in ways we weren't.

MARGOT VERGER

Life eventually bounces back.

HANNIBAL

You can reclaim yours, Margot.

(then)

But your capacity to care about this child will incur a cost to yourself. How much will you give?

MARGOT VERGER

I could be good to a child. I'll go to parenting classes.

HANNIBAL

You've conspired with your unborn child to liberate yourself. You've made Will an unknowing accomplice.

MARGOT VERGER

I got what I wanted from Will, but I didn't understand what I was taking until the strip turned blue.

She turns and CAMERA reveals Will Graham has been in the room the entire time, somewhat shell-shocked.

MARGOT VERGER (CONT'D)

I'm not proud of myself.

WILL GRAHAM

Nor should you be. You said--

MARGOT VERGER

(cutting him off)

I lied.

WILL GRAHAM

(to Hannibal)

Did you know?

HANNIBAL

I was aware of Margot's goal of having a child. I was not aware you were the means to achieving it.

WILL GRAHAM

(to Margot)

What do you want from me?

MARGOT VERGER

Little or nothing or as much as you'd like to give.

WILL GRAHAM

As much as I'd like to give?

MARGOT VERGER

Always thought men were an optional extra in childrearing, but I'm not opposed to a male influence.

(then)

As long as it's not my brother. He's not good with children.

OFF Will appraising Margot --

CUT TO:

INT. MUSKRAT FARM - STABLES - DAY

MASON VERGER watches as an ADULT GUARDIAN guides A HANDFUL OF YOUNG CHILDREN past the Verger HORSES and through the stables, each one wearing FLORAL WINNERS' WREATHS.

Mason glances down and sees one straggler, a boy, FRANKLIN (6), staring at him. Mason smiles, charmed and charming.

MASON VERGER

What's your name?

FRANKLIN

Franklin.

Mason pulls an APPLE from his coat pocket and hands it to Franklin. The boy looks uncertain. Mason nods to the horse. Franklin lets the animal eat from his palm. He smiles.

MASON VERGER

Where do you stay, Franklin?

FRANKLIN

With Mama and Shirley.

MASON VERGER

Mama's not your real mama, is she?

FRANKLIN

She's my foster.

MASON VERGER

She's not the first foster you've had, is she, Franklin?

FRANKLIN

No.

MASON VERGER

Do you love Mama and Shirley?

FRANKLIN

And Kitty Cat.

Franklin nods. Mason kneels beside him and shakes his head.

MASON VERGER

Franklin, you can't live there anymore with Mama and Shirley and Kitty Cat. You have to go away.

FRANKLIN

Who says?

MASON VERGER

The government says. Mama lost her job and her approval as a foster home. You can't see her anymore after this week. Can't see Kitty Cat after this week, either.

FRANKLIN

No.

MASON VERGER

Or maybe they just don't want you anymore, Franklin. Is there something wrong with you?

Franklin nervously picks at the tail of his shirt, trying to hide the TEARS hanging in his eyes. He shakes his head no.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

Do you know what will happen to Kitty Cat? The policemen will take Kitty Cat to the pound and a doctor there will give her a shot. She'll be so scared when she sees the needle. They'll stick it in and Kitty Cat will hurt and die.

Tears brim in Franklin's eyes despite Mason's cheerful tone.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

You can save Kitty Cat from getting the shot if you give Kitty Cat some rat poison yourself.

Tears STREAM down Franklin's face now. Mason smiles.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

Aw, here now.

Mason removes a sterile swatch from what appears to be a vintage cigarette case and dabs at Franklin's tears.

EXTREME CLOSE ON THE STERILE SWAB

It SWELLS with tears.

ON MASON AND FRANKLIN

Mason carefully places the tear-soaked swab back in the case and fishes a foil-wrapped chocolate from his pocket. He tosses it to Franklin, who catches and holds it.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

Have some chocolate.

ON THE STERILE SWAB

It's dropped into a martini and stirred.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Hannibal watches as Mason casually paces his office, anxiety feigning as interest in the decor.

MASON VERGER

You have a beautiful things,  
doctor. I grew up with huge  
wealth, but my father was self-made  
from rough stock. He was a hard  
man, proud of his rise, so he  
bought things that rich people buy,  
ugly things. When he died, I threw  
it all away. He had no eye for the  
exquisite. But you do.

Hannibal watches Mason pace, finally settling into his chair.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

I want to tell you about camp. It  
was a wonderful childhood  
experience that I've come back to.  
My father would pay for the whole  
thing, every summer, all 125  
campers on Lake Michigan.

HANNIBAL

Your father was a generous man.

MASON VERGER

I continue his charitable work  
today. Most of these campers are  
unfortunates and they will do  
anything for a candy bar.

The bait dangles a moment, but Hannibal doesn't take it. He studies Mason inscrutably until he continues:

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

Maybe I took advantage, maybe I was  
rough with them if they wouldn't  
take the chocolate and do what I  
said. I'm not holding anything  
back. It's all okay now. I got a  
walk on all the charges.

HANNIBAL

Your penance?

MASON VERGER

I did five hundred hours of community service, worked at the dog pound and received court-ordered therapy.

HANNIBAL

Was therapy helpful?

MASON VERGER

I got the doctor involved in something unethical so he'd cut me some slack.

HANNIBAL

That's not helpful.

MASON VERGER

I was aware at a very early age of my willingness to inflict damage on those around me. Papa called it "altruistic punishment."

HANNIBAL

More commonly referred to as "spite."

MASON VERGER

Papa was a prodigy in the field of meat. But his real genius was for human nature. He could look at a man and see his weakness.

HANNIBAL

Could he see yours?

MASON VERGER

He saw my sister's.

HANNIBAL

Yet he shaped Margot as clearly and certainly as he shaped you.

(then)

Your father is dead. A boy's illusions are no basis for a man's life, Mason. Margot is the only family you have left.

MASON VERGER

My sister loves me, Dr. Lecter. She has to -- or she's destitute.

HANNIBAL

Vergers are noted expansionists.

MASON VERGER

I am the sole Verger heir.

HANNIBAL

Unless biology provides another.

OFF Mason sensing an insinuation in what Hannibal offers...

CUT TO:

CAMERA MOVES DOWN THROUGH SKELETAL TREES

Black and stark in winter. A snow-shrouded cemetery.

EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVESITE - DAY

The freshly-dug GRAVE and its MOUND OF EARTH are dark against the surrounding snow.

CLOSE -- a WREATH commemorates Freddie Lounds, sat atop a COFFIN at the graveside.

An intimate group of MOURNERS are seated under a canopy -- family and colleagues. They face the PRIEST who presides over Freddie's inhumation.

PRIEST

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

ALANA BLOOM

She is watching the intimate group of mourners. But more interested in the cemetery beyond.

She waits. At last, she sees what it is she's searching for:

WILL GRAHAM

He's mostly obscured by a tree a dozen yards away. He notices Alana's gaze and approaches her.

WILL GRAHAM

Funeral was long at the chapel and it's long at the graveside.

ALANA BLOOM

I'm here to mourn Freddie Lounds. Can't imagine it's why you're here.

WILL GRAHAM

All sorts of reasons why I would go to Freddie Lounds's funeral. All sorts of reasons why you would go.

ALANA BLOOM

Which reason are you here for?

WILL GRAHAM

It's common for a killer to revisit their victims after death. Attend funerals, return to crime scenes.

Alana eyes Will, not amused.

ALANA BLOOM

Anyone suspicious?

WILL GRAHAM

Besides me?

ALANA BLOOM

That was implied.

WILL GRAHAM

You were expecting me.

ALANA BLOOM

It's common for a killer to revisit their victims after death.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not here to dance on Freddie Lounds's grave, if that's what you're getting at.

ALANA BLOOM

Not here looking for her killer, either. Don't seem particularly interested in the crowd.

WILL GRAHAM

Are you profiling me, Dr. Bloom?

ALANA BLOOM

A psychological profile is nothing more than statistical probability. You here makes it that much more probable you're Freddie's killer.

Despite her doggedness in pressing Will, Alana looks away. By the same token, it pains Will to maintain his cover with the person who cares for him the most.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm here because my psychiatrist  
suggested it would be therapeutic.

As one, the mourners start away from the gravesite and Alana starts after them. She continues away in the cold.

OFF Will, alone --

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Will observes the amber light trapped in a tumbler of Scotch.

WILL GRAHAM

I've been so preoccupied with  
taking a life, I'm having trouble  
wrapping my head around making one.

HANNIBAL

When men become fathers, they  
undergo biochemical changes that  
affect the way they think.

WILL GRAHAM

You said the same thing happens  
when men become killers.

HANNIBAL

Fatherhood is not always a  
nurturing role. Fathers can be  
killers. In protecting a child,  
things trapped inside a man for  
years fly free, ready to explode in  
pain. And dangerous behavior.

(then)

What sort of father would you be?

Will reflects on that, imagining a different life.

WILL GRAHAM

I would be a good father.

Hannibal smiles warmly. He imagines Will would.

HANNIBAL

Do you see a life flashing before  
your eyes that's not your own?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

HANNIBAL

How quickly we form attachments to something that does not yet exist.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not attached. I'm only anticipating attachment.

HANNIBAL

We have a deep-seated need to interact with our children. It helps us discover who we are.

WILL GRAHAM

Have you ever been a father?

HANNIBAL

I was to my sister. She wasn't my child, but she was my charge.

(then)

Abigail reminded me so much of her.

That derails Will's train of thought, almost sobering.

WILL GRAHAM

Then why did you kill her?

HANNIBAL

What happened to Abigail had to happen. There was no other way.

WILL GRAHAM

There was. But there isn't now.

HANNIBAL

Would you protect this child the way you couldn't protect Abigail?

Will studies Hannibal, then:

WILL GRAHAM

I still dream about Abigail. I dream I'm teaching her how to fish.

HANNIBAL

I'm sorry I took that from you. I wish I could give it back.

WILL GRAHAM

So do I.

HANNIBAL

Occasionally, on purpose, I drop a teacup to shatter on the floor.

(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I'm not satisfied when it doesn't  
gather itself up again. Someday  
perhaps a cup will come together.

OFF Will considering Hannibal's words --

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

ON ROWS OF HEADSTONES

Reflecting bone white in the moonlight. Time-lapse TRACKING  
across them shows their eerie shadows GROW IN LENGTH before  
GRADUALLY DISAPPEARING as the world opens a new day.

THE SUN

Fills FRAME, cresting horizon, a hot, shimmering ball.

CAMERA TILTS UP to find --

A figure looming, silhouetted in the morning rays, the  
definition of its outline inexplicable until CAMERA ROTATES  
AROUND to its sunlit front, a ghoulish representation of --

SHIVA

In multi-armed splendor, the god of the Hindu pantheon. FOUR  
ARMS fan out on each side of the torso -- eight arms in  
total. The composite deity made whole via composite body  
parts strapped to pose in a state of *après-mort* meditation.

THE HEAD

Appears much larger than a normal human skull -- a result of  
THREE HEADS being strapped together to create a singular  
monstrosity. The center head faces forward as the ones  
flanking it point in opposite directions.

A THIRD EYE

Leers sightless from a HOLE gouged into the forehead of the  
center head.

As the sun continues rising, its light reveals the impromptu  
Shiva's many additions and accoutrements adorn and emanate  
from a SINGLE BODY at its core --

The charred corpse of the late-but-not-so-lamented...

FREDDIE LOUNDS.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. CEMETERY - FREDDIE LOUNDS'S GRAVESITE - DAY

BRIAN ZELLER

Moves to reveal the RICTUS GRIN of Freddie's corpse. He and Jimmy Price are processing the grotesque Shiva.

Will Graham watches them silently.

BRIAN ZELLER

Extra parts were harvested on-site.

JIMMY PRICE

Just one night in the ground. That beats Jesus by forty-eight hours.

BRIAN ZELLER

Never thought Freddie would make it to heaven, much less get deified.

ALANA BLOOM

Is walking toward the gravesite with Jack Crawford.

ALANA'S POV -- Will Graham standing before the Shiva.

Jimmy and Brian see Jack and Alana and nod greetings. Will is impassive. Alana holds his gaze. Neither looks away. Then Alana's eyes are drawn back to the Shiva.

JACK CRAWFORD

This killer is trying to get somebody's attention.

ALANA BLOOM

I don't think he wants to be found. He has direction. His chaos is getting more orderly.

JACK CRAWFORD

First he burns effigies, then he assembles them.

ALANA BLOOM

Burning Freddie Lounds wasn't his first effigy.

(off Jack's look)

Whoever killed Freddie killed Randall Tier. Mutilated him, dismembered him, put him on display.

JACK CRAWFORD

What connection do Freddie Lounds  
and Randall Tier have?

ALANA BLOOM

Will Graham. Randall Tier was his  
suspect and Hannibal's patient.

Will reacts to this and crosses to Jack and Alana.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

Freddie was investigating his  
murder when she died.

WILL GRAHAM

Freddie was investigating a lot of  
things when she died.

ALANA BLOOM

This is a psychopath who has  
incubated fantasies of killing and  
is translating them into action.

(then)

He's building himself up. Or  
somebody's building him up.

WILL GRAHAM

He could have a benefactor who  
admires his destruction.

(off her look)

Hindus believe that destruction  
leads to new life. Shiva is  
destroyer and benefactor.

ALANA BLOOM

He's being guided.

JACK CRAWFORD

(re: Shiva Freddie)

This is a signpost?

ALANA BLOOM

Maybe Freddie's killer didn't do  
this. Maybe his benefactor did.

JACK CRAWFORD

Why?

ON ALANA dawning realization.

ALANA BLOOM

It's a courtship.

Alana watches Will intently now, determined.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A PATCH OF HAIR

Short and chestnut brown, its color darkens as a stream of water dampens it. We are --

INT. MUSKRAT FARM - STABLES - DAY

PULL BACK to reveal Margot giving her horse a bath. As she works her prize horse's coat into a lather, CAMERA catches a REFLECTION in the HORSE'S EYE -- of a man approaching Margot from behind. The horse SNORTS. Margot turns to --

MASON VERGER

Closing rapidly.

MASON VERGER

Good morning.

He kisses his sister on the cheek.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

Riding agrees with you. Puts color in your cheeks. You have a bloom.

MARGOT VERGER

It's chilly.

MASON VERGER

You're frequently chilly, Margot.

MARGOT VERGER

Time to talk about what Mason wants?

MASON VERGER

I want to talk about the future.

(then)

I was lying in bed, composing in my mind like the deaf Beethoven, and it occurred to me, for a family who owns breeding stock worldwide, we are not doing much of it ourselves.

MARGOT VERGER

Breeding?

MASON VERGER

I'm concerned about the next generation of Vergers. Aren't you?

MARGOT VERGER

I'm trying to survive this generation.

MASON VERGER

Meat is, at base, a people business. Nobody understood that better than Papa. Except now for me, of course.  
(then)  
Papa would pull me out of school for weeks at a time while he conducted my real education in the stockyards and slaughterhouses.

MARGOT VERGER

What a wealth of information and resources you have in your skull.

MASON VERGER

Indeed. I need to share that wealth with a little Verger.

MARGOT VERGER

"A little Verger."

MASON VERGER

Don't you want an heir, Margot? I want a Verger baby. My own baby. I've got viable sperm. I think I would have a son. It'd be your heir, too, Auntie Margot.

Margot remains silent. He places a hand on her shoulder.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

Maybe a child is what we need to bring us together.

MARGOT VERGER

Maybe it is.

He smiles at the corners of his mouth, studying his sister.

MASON VERGER

I said it before, you've got a bloom, Margot. Rosy. Positively radiant. What's your secret?

OFF Margot realizing Mason is on to her plan...

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Will sits with Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

Every creative act has its  
destructive consequence.

Will considers that and is compelled to ask:

WILL GRAHAM

What you did to me, what you did to  
Abigail, was that a creative act or  
destructive consequence?

HANNIBAL

The Hindu god Shiva is simultaneous  
destroyer and creator. Who you  
were yesterday is laid waste to  
give rise to who you are today.

WILL GRAHAM

Rise and rise again and again,  
until the lambs have become lions.

HANNIBAL

Yes.

Will studies Hannibal a moment, then:

WILL GRAHAM

How much reality has had to be  
slandered? How many lies have had  
to be sanctified? How many  
consciences devastated?

HANNIBAL

As many as were necessary.

WILL GRAHAM

You sacrificed Abigail. You cared  
about her as much as I did.

HANNIBAL

More.

(then)

But then, how much has God  
sacrificed?

WILL GRAHAM

What god do you pray to?

Hannibal regards Will as though the answer is obvious.

HANNIBAL

I don't pray.

(then)

(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I have not been bothered by any considerations of deity, other than to recognize how my own modest actions pale beside those of God.

WILL GRAHAM

I prayed I would see Abigail again.

HANNIBAL

Your prayer did not go entirely unanswered. You saw part of her.

(then)

Should the universe contract, should time reverse and teacups come together, a place could be made for Abigail in your world.

WILL GRAHAM

What place is that?

HANNIBAL

You've lost a child, Will. It seems you're likely to gain one.

From behind Hannibal, the WENDIGO RISES UP IN SILHOUETTE.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

God is beyond measure in wanton malice and matchless in His irony.

But the Wendigo itself has TRANSFORMED as it raises its arms revealing, Shiva-like, FOUR ARMS per side -- A FAN OF EIGHT.

OFF Will entranced not by Hannibal, but the thing behind him.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Hannibal faces Mason who grasps his armrests tight.

MASON VERGER

I remember walking the swine fairs with my father, looking over the competition. Papa's little silver knife ever ready to slip out of his waistcoat and into a pig's back to check the depth of fat.

HANNIBAL

Your education was an odd one.

MASON VERGER

Oh, those were some good, funny times. Papa would stick 4-H show pigs who thought everyone was their friend, scrubbed in milk and baby powder. Such coddled things.

HANNIBAL

Part of a show pig's consideration is its happiness.

MASON VERGER

If we were truly considerate of a pig's happiness, we wouldn't eat them.

HANNIBAL

What about Margot's happiness?

MASON VERGER

Papa taught me how to stick the knife in only as deep as necessary to test the thickness of her skin.

HANNIBAL

You miscalculated, struck a nerve.

MASON VERGER

Margot would love to stick a knife in me, but it wouldn't be to test the thickness of my skin.

HANNIBAL

She tried to kill you once already.

MASON VERGER

"To a male heir confirmed as my descendent..." It's a very clever loophole Margot's found in Papa's will. Clearly, he didn't take into account how resourceful she is.

HANNIBAL

Neither did you.

MASON VERGER

I can be very resourceful, too.  
(then)  
If she's not pregnant, she will be. Margot's very tenacious that way.

HANNIBAL

The child would be a Verger. You would have an heir to carry on the family name, to carry on your name.

MASON VERGER

I'd have an heir, only if I die.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A WINE BOTTLE

It pours.

CLOSE ON A WINEGLASS

The wine splashes inside, filling the glass. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Alana is at a loss and Hannibal holds her white wine out to her. ALANA'S POV -- via the ICE WINE'S REFRACTION she sees Hannibal's face DISTORTED slightly -- BENT at the edges.

HANNIBAL

Eiswein. Produced in Niagara Falls. The grapes are left on the vine until nearly winter, a slight freeze before harvest. Its nectar is fresh, sweet and pure, unaffected by the noble rot that attacks other grapes.

ALANA BLOOM

I've had enough of the rot, noble or otherwise.

Hannibal enjoys his wine. Alana doesn't raise her glass.

HANNIBAL

One can only see what one observes,  
and one observes only things which  
are already on the mind.

(then)

What's on your mind?

ALANA BLOOM

What I keep seeing are pictures of  
Freddie Lounds. They flash in  
sudden color, too much color.

HANNIBAL

The color that leaps out of black  
when lightning strikes the night?

ALANA BLOOM

Yes.

(then)

I'm feeling pressure to believe  
something that I don't trust and  
that pressure's making me paranoid.

HANNIBAL

Who is pressuring you?

ALANA BLOOM

Will.

Hannibal reacts, disappointed at the mention of Will's name.

HANNIBAL

We'll never really be alone, will  
we? He'll always be in the room.

Alana reads Hannibal, then:

ALANA BLOOM

Do you feel like you're helping  
him? Making progress?

HANNIBAL

Will's finally finding himself.  
He's getting better.

Alana wishes she could believe Hannibal in this moment, but  
is beginning to realize maybe she can't.

ALANA BLOOM

Doesn't seem to be getting better.  
Seems to be getting much worse.

HANNIBAL

(good-natured)

Are you questioning my therapy?

ALANA BLOOM

I'm questioning everything. It's all blurry and subjective. I feel empty. Like I've given blood.

HANNIBAL

You've given more than blood.

He pulls her close to him and she touches his cheek. He takes her hand in his and kisses it sensually.

CLOSE ON ALANA'S FINGERS

Hannibal's lips enter FRAME, gently kissing them.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL'S NOSE

He takes in a breath, smelling the flesh of Alana's hand.

A SERIES OF SLOW-MOTION REVERSE-TIME SHOTS

GUNPOWDER rises from Alana's hand like black snow.

Scattered particles of GUNPOWDER in a cloud condense and the CLOUD BLOOMS in a small FIREBALL that shrinks to its source.

An EXPLODING BULLET is pulled back down the gun barrel where it rests in the chamber, not yet fired.

BACK TO:

HANNIBAL

He looks adoringly at Alana and kisses her gently on the lips. She returns the kiss, but it's clear she's distracted.

HANNIBAL

Have you been firing a gun?

ALANA BLOOM

Yes.

She makes a point of kissing him more sincerely, then:

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

Told you I was feeling paranoid.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

All CLOSE SHOTS -- location undefined.

GLOVED HANDS CARRYING EXPENSIVE LUGGAGE.

THE LUGGAGE is placed on the ground.

KEY FOB is pressed and a TRUNK POPS OPEN.

LUGGAGE goes in the TRUNK.

TRUNK is SLAMMED CLOSED.

DRIVER'S DOOR OPENS.

The KEY starts the IGNITION.

ROAR of an ENGINE.

CUT TO:

INT. MARGOT VERGER'S CAR - NIGHT

Margot glides down the dark country road, her face lit by her dash display.

She slows the car as it approaches a BLINKING RED STOPLIGHT.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - CONTROLLED INTERSECTION - NIGHT

No other cars at the four-way intersection, but Margot makes a full stop all the same.

INT. MARGOT VERGER'S CAR - NIGHT

ON MARGOT'S HEAD

In profile, eyes on the road ahead. She pulls forward, starting to accelerate when --

A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS

FLARE, perpendicular to and HURTLING STRAIGHT AT the car.

MARGOT'S HEAD

Spins to face the lights, silhouetted, and for an instant, the BLINDING WHITE fills the car like floodwater, before --

SMASH.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - CONTROLLED INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The other vehicle -- A PICKUP TRUCK -- BROADSIDES Margot's car full force, plowing it sideways across the intersection, powerful enough TO FLIP IT OVER ENTIRELY.

Then all is silent again. The red stoplight keeps FLASHING.

INT. MARGOT VERGER'S CAR - NIGHT

Margot hangs upside down, suspended by her shoulder strap, dotted with SPARKLES of shattered safety glass. Slowly, she looks out the hole where her driver's window had been.

MARGOT'S UPSIDE DOWN POV

A PAIR OF WORK BOOTS

Shuffle unhurriedly toward her window. When they arrive, the other driver stoops to survey the damage and finally look Margot in the eye.

CARLO

Grins in at her. Just a man about his daily work.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

ALANA BLOOM

She takes a breath, her heart racing. She very consciously calms herself before she confesses:

ALANA BLOOM  
The most-terrifying thing in the world can be a lucid moment.

CAMERA reveals we are --

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Alana stands opposite a curious Jack Crawford.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)  
What are you up to?

JACK CRAWFORD  
I'm not sure I know what you're talking about, Dr. Bloom.

ALANA BLOOM  
I think you know.  
(then)  
You're not fooling me, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD  
I'm not trying to fool you.

ALANA BLOOM  
You're lying. You're all lying. Will. Hannibal. You're lying to each other and they're lying to you. This isn't in my head. You are hiding something and this will end badly for all of us.

Jack considers Alana's state and carefully asks:

JACK CRAWFORD  
What do you believe is happening?

ALANA BLOOM  
What do you believe? Do you believe Will killed Freddie Lounds?

JACK CRAWFORD  
I do not.

ALANA BLOOM  
Do you believe Dr. Chilton's the Chesapeake Ripper?

JACK CRAWFORD

There was overwhelming evidence--

ALANA BLOOM

Stop lying. You think you've moved  
all your pieces around so cleverly.

Jack's eyes narrow, studying Alana.

JACK CRAWFORD

What's changed, Alana?

ALANA BLOOM

I have no confidence that I know  
Hannibal Lecter anymore. Even with  
as much as you know or think you  
know Hannibal, you don't know him  
either. And you don't know Will.

(then)

You're going to lose, Jack. If you  
haven't lost already.

Jack stares a long moment, then:

JACK CRAWFORD

I want you to come with me.

INT. BAU - CORRIDOR - DAY

Jack leads Alana down the hall, toward the conference room.  
Every step Alana takes is filled with dread.

Jack opens the door and he firmly ushers her through --

INT. BAU - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ON ALANA as she comes through the door. Jack following  
behind her. Alana follows his gaze and stops short, stunned.

ALANA'S POV

FREDDIE LOUNDS.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

How was my funeral?

Alana looks at Jack Crawford. Her eyes well up as the  
gravity of its meaning WALLOPS her. That she has been  
putting Will Graham in terrible danger.

OFF Alana Bloom...

CUT TO:

ON MARGOT VERGER'S EYES

Closed. CAMERA PULLS BACK to see she lies face up. Angelic. At peace. Her eyes FLUTTER OPEN and they're glassy. She struggles to keep them open and blink at --

A GLARING WHITE LIGHT.

Is this heaven? But then a sound comes up -- a steady BLEEP. BLEEP. Indicating that this isn't the afterlife, but --

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY

The bright light -- overhead surgical fixtures. The sound -- a heart monitor.

MARGOT

Continues to push against anesthesia's narcotic pillow. BLEEP. BLEEP. A silhouetted head moves in to eclipse the light. A FACE WEARING A SURGICAL MASK.

It leans close and the mask is pulled down -- its LIPS nearly touching Margot's ear.

Mason Verger's lips. Then, calmly:

MASON VERGER

Poor Margot. You just can't win.

And for a second time, Mason kisses his sister's cheek. This time she is unable to recoil.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

As long as you have it in you to produce an heir, you'll be tempted. I have to remove that temptation.

Margot's eyes OPEN in alarm -- as wide as they can...

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

They're going to find something wrong with your lady parts, Margot. Or so the record will state. The doctor will advise me that it's best if they take everything.

The O.S. BLEEP accelerates...

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

I'm afraid the only one you'll be celebrating Mother's Day with is me.

A flurry of SURGEONS and NURSES in scrubs move in to replace him, bustling about their duties like birds upon carrion.

CLOSE ON MARGOT'S FACE

Helplessly succumbing to the drug coursing through her veins.  
Her eyes close.

WHEN CAMERA PULLS BACK --

We are --

INT. HOSPITAL - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

WILL GRAHAM

Stands at Margot's bedside, looking over her.

We hear the AMBIENT HUM of his circulatory system. Chest  
pounding, BREATHING HEAVY. His face falls.

ON WILL

Numb, as another figure appears in the doorframe behind him --

HANNIBAL LECTER.

He remains there, but Hannibal's expression, for once, is not  
entirely inscrutable. We detect a MINUTE TRACE of emotion.

Of his own label of sadness.

Or of ire.

CLOSE ON WILL GRAHAM

As he pulls his car -- no lights -- to a slow stop amid snow  
and trees.

He kills the engine.

CUT TO:

WROUGHT-IRON FENCE

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Will Graham is approaching.

EXT. MUSKRAT FARM - PIG BARN - NIGHT

As Carlo approaches the doors, CAMERA reveals Will very  
quickly closing in on him just outside his peripheral vision.

As Will is upon him...

CUT TO:

INT. MUSKRAT FARM - PIG BARN - NIGHT

The barn is dark, but LIGHTS BURN on the raised platform. And OPERA MUSIC drifts toward us from the speakers.

The maze is a BLACK MONOLITH in the center of the floor.

RAISED PLATFORM

Mason Verger sits in a wing-back chair, a SUCKLING PIG in his arms, and he listens to the music as he strokes it.

He stands and looks into the dimly-lit pit, at the rooting PIGS, SNORTING and GRUNTING below him.

ON MASON

He raises a REMOTE CONTROL and changes the music -- the SUDDEN HORRIFIC SCREAMS ring out!

MASON VERGER

Carlo, I don't think they've had  
enough to eat.

Mason turns and is surprised to see Will Graham standing behind him. Mason shuts off the recorded screams, then:

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

You must be the baby daddy. Excuse  
me if I don't offer you a cigar.

Will PUNCHES Mason, bloodying his nose. Mason touches the blood and examines it, then laughs in Will's face.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

I'm going to feed you to my pigs.

Will violently grabs Mason by the scruff of his collar and drags him off his feet and over to the pigpen opening.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

(calling out)  
Carlo? Carlo.

Will roughly pulls Mason to the edge and dangles him partially over the hungry, SQUEALING pigs below. Mason's eyes are more rage-filled than even Will's.

WILL GRAHAM

You think it was Margot's idea to  
have an heir? Think it was your  
idea to take it from her? My idea  
to come here and kill you?

(MORE)

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

What you, your sister and I all have  
in common is the same psychiatrist.

Will drops Mason on the metal grating, hard. Mason gathers his wits, debating lunging at Will's back... then Will turns with a gun pointed directly at the prodigal Verger.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

If Dr. Lecter had his dithers,  
you'd be wrapped around a bullet.

Will tucks the gun back into his holster, adding:

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

He's the one you want to be feeding  
to your pigs...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE