

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



# HANNIBAL

"Tome-wan"

Written by  
Chris Brancato  
and  
Bryan Fuller  
&  
Scott Nimerfro

Directed by  
Michael Rymer

Based on the characters created by  
Thomas Harris

Episode #212

Final Shooting Script

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HANNIBAL  
"Tome-wan"

TEASER

INT. MUSKRAT FARM - PIG BARN - NIGHT

(NOTE: This is a direct pickup from the end of Ep. #211.)

WILL GRAHAM is relaxing in Mason's chair, stroking Verger's SUCKLING PIG swaddled in a blanket on his lap. MASON VERGER, bloody-nosed and annoyed, stares at a confident Will.

MASON VERGER  
Why would Dr. Lecter wanna kill me?

WILL GRAHAM  
This isn't about you. This is about me. Killing you would just be a hoop for me to jump through. It's sauce for the goose that you're not particularly likable.

MASON VERGER  
I like me.

WILL GRAHAM  
You just stole your sister's womanhood.

MASON VERGER  
She weaponized her uterus. Shouldn't have been waving it around like a gun.

WILL GRAHAM  
Then it was self-defense.

MASON VERGER  
Damn right.

WILL GRAHAM  
And butchery.

MASON VERGER  
Are you lecturing me on butchery in my own slaughterhouse?

WILL GRAHAM  
I wouldn't deign. You could disappear me with a wink. I heard about the "embalmed beef" scandal.

MASON VERGER  
What did you hear?

WILL GRAHAM

One of the Verger packing plants in Chicago was investigated for dangerous conditions. They found several whistle-blowing employees had been rendered. Inadvertently.

MASON VERGER

Canned and sold as Li'l Ivy's Pure Leaf Lard. A favorite of bakers everywhere. We didn't lose a single contract.

WILL GRAHAM

Blame doesn't stick to the Vergers. If I kill Hannibal Lecter, that's going to stick to me.

Mason studies Will, very curious what game he's playing.

MASON VERGER

It is providence itself when a destiny like yours couples with a man as resourced as I am.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm just pointing out the snare around your neck. What you do about it is entirely up to you.

OFF Will Graham --

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ON WILL GRAHAM

Center punched. Looking straight at us.

WILL GRAHAM

Can you explain my actions? Posit my intentions? What would be your theory of my mind?

REVERSE to Hannibal sitting across from Will, mid-therapy.

HANNIBAL

I have an understanding of your state of mind. You understand mine. We're just alike. This gives you the capacity to deceive me, and be deceived by me.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not deceiving you, Dr. Lecter.  
I'm just pointing out the snare  
around your neck. What you do  
about it is entirely up to you.

HANNIBAL

You put the snare around my neck.  
(then)  
Why did you tell Mason Verger I  
want to kill him?

WILL GRAHAM

I was curious what would happen.  
(then)  
It's true, isn't it? You do want  
to kill him. Or you want me to.  
Either way, you'd like him dead.  
I'm just giving you a little nudge.

HANNIBAL

Mason is discourteous. Discourtesy  
is unspeakably ugly to me.

WILL GRAHAM

Are you thinking about eating him?

HANNIBAL

Whenever feasible, one should  
always try to eat the rude.

WILL GRAHAM

Free-range rude.

Hannibal studies Will, curious.

HANNIBAL

Would you join me at the table?

WILL GRAHAM

(a moment, then)  
Mason Verger's a pig. He deserves  
to be somebody's bacon.

HANNIBAL

You have more reason to kill Mason  
Verger than I do.

WILL GRAHAM

You gave me that reason.  
(then)  
Maybe you should kill Mason during  
your next session.

HANNIBAL

Mason may be intending to kill me  
during our next session.

WILL GRAHAM

Then you'll have to kill him first.

Will holds Hannibal's gaze. Steady and implacable.

HANNIBAL

You said you were curious what  
would happen. I want you to close  
your eyes, Will. Imagine what you  
would like to happen.

Will closes his eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

IN DARKNESS, A SOUND

A rapid, repeating THUD. A HEARTBEAT. No, TWO, beating in  
syncopated rhythm over softly-playing OPERATIC MUSIC.

CAMERA moves off darkness to arrive at --

WILL GRAHAM

He opens his eyes, face to face with Hannibal Lecter, in  
profile, a CLOSE SHOT of their faces.

WILL'S POV -- Hannibal, unmoving, holding his gaze. A hint  
of a smile.

HANNIBAL'S POV -- Will Graham. Face set. Unreadable.

And then Will SLASHES a knife across Hannibal's throat in a  
fluid motion.

BACK TO THE TWO-SHOT as blood FOUNTAINS between them.

SUPER SLO-MO -- on BLOOD SPRAY as it flies through the air  
between them.

SLO-MO -- CLOSE -- as it SPLATTERS their faces.

Will steps back and we reveal we are --

INT. MUSKRAT FARM - PIG BARN - NIGHT

Hannibal is bound in a white STRAITJACKET, arms strapped  
behind him.

CLOSE ON his blood as it STAINS the front of the  
straitjacket. SLO-MO DRIPS.

The TWO HEARTBEATS now beat in different time, one running SLOWER and SLOWER --

A harness on the back of the straitjacket is connected to a rope on the pulley system for feeding the pigs.

A WINCH CONTROL

Is tripped. A motor HUMS. The rope begins spooling...

HANNIBAL'S BARE FEET

Lift off the platform...

Blood DRIPS onto his feet.

Will watches, implacable.

WILL'S POV

Hannibal is lifted and slowly SLIDES away toward the darkness of the pig barn.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL -- his eyes never leaving Will.

WIDE SHOT OF HANNIBAL

Displayed in Grand Guignol glory, hanging, his throat cut, moving inexorably out over the pig maze.

The operatic music now SOARS over this scene.

WILL'S POV -- watching Hannibal, a STYLIZED SHOT, blackness all around Hannibal as he moves away, background falling away to leave just him and Will in this moment.

Blood still runs freely, SPATTERING the metal grid of the pig cage.

CLOSE ON Hannibal's blood as it slowly DRIPS off the metal, into the cage below, its iron smell exciting the PIGS below.

The O.S. SNORTING and SNARLING of pigs escalates at the scent, rising, strident, like feral SHRIEKS of baboons.

ON THE HOIST TRACK

As, CH-CHUNK -- the payload reaches the track's end --

Hannibal's blood RAINS DOWN into the maze below...

HANNIBAL

HIS EYES REMAIN ON WILL GRAHAM.

The rope UNREELS, lowering Hannibal into the maze.

WILL'S POV

THE MIRROR

Above the maze. The HIGH-ANGLE perspective only diminishes Hannibal Lecter's unceremonious end. Bound and helpless.

Hannibal's eyes close, his head finally SLUMPS as he disappears from Will's view --

ON WILL GRAHAM

He opens his eyes, revealing we are now back...

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Will sits opposite Hannibal, as before.

HANNIBAL  
What did you see?

Will considers telling him, then decides better of it.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

CLOSE ON HANDS HOLDING A SCALPEL

Highlights gleam as it comes INTO FOCUS and we see someone is using it to sharpen a pencil. Reveal Hannibal peers at the blade, a figure moving OUT OF FOCUS beyond him.

The figure becomes SHARP. It is Mason Verger. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mason is perusing Hannibal's drawings. Turns to Hannibal.

MASON VERGER

Shall we talk about what happened to poor Margot?

HANNIBAL

We can get to that later.

MASON VERGER

Oh, we can get to it now. Family affairs are best left to the family, Dr. Lecter. You interfered.

HANNIBAL

I provided counsel.

MASON VERGER

You subverted me.

Hannibal says nothing. Gets up and moves to the therapy chairs. Scalpel still in his hand. He moves past Mason and sits. Mason watches him for a beat.

HANNIBAL

While you were subverting the underprivileged children at your summer camp, what did you learn?

MASON VERGER

Keen student of the Bible that I am, I learned about suffering. Not mine, mind you. The general conceit.

HANNIBAL

God's choices in inflicting suffering are not satisfactory to us, nor are they understandable, unless innocence offends Him.



MASON VERGER

Clearly He needs some help in directing the blind fury with which He flogs the earth.

HANNIBAL

Margot's happiness is more important than her suffering.

MASON VERGER

You say that as though the two are mutually exclusive.

HANNIBAL

I believe they are.

MASON VERGER

Can never say to a certainty. It is one of the things that is hid, as the Bible says. Papa taught me how to hide all sorts of things.

Mason pulls a small SILVER KNIFE from his pocket. Holds it up. Hannibal is unmoved.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

This is his knife. I carry it with me everywhere to remind me of him.

HANNIBAL

Whose fat are you planning to measure today, Mason? Mine?

MASON VERGER

No fat on you. Take more than a flesh wound to make you squeal.

Mason sticks his silver knife into his chair arm. A provocation. Hannibal eyes it.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

What game of chicken are you and the sperm donor playing? Don't get me wrong. I play chicken with Margot all the time. I just don't tell her we're playing. I'm good at chicken, Dr. Lecter. I never blink.

CUT TO:

A WOMAN'S HANDS

Slide a SHARP SUIT from a hanger.

A HOSPITAL GOWN is placed over a chair.

TROUSERS slide up her legs.

Go WIDE to reveal --

INT. HOSPITAL - MARGOT'S PRIVATE SUITE - DAY

This is MARGOT VERGER.

We see her from behind. Her bare back as she STIFFLY pulls on her bra, standing before a mirror.

COME ROUND to reveal her BARE TORSO reflected in the mirror, a RECENT SCAR runs vertically up her abdomen.

Margot stares at it.

Pulls on her blouse, obviously still pained by her surgery. Begins to button it, slowly covering the scar.

TIME CUT TO:

MARGOT

Packing things into her overnight bag.

MARGOT VERGER

They could have done what was done laparoscopically, but my brother told them to leave a scar.

CAMERA reveals...

HANNIBAL AND WILL

Standing in the room.

WILL GRAHAM

He branded you.

HANNIBAL

Mason wants you to know this can never be undone.

WILL GRAHAM

Mason can be undone.

MARGOT VERGER

Not without taking everything I have with him. He's all I got now and that's exactly what he wanted.  
(then)

He won. He always wins.

HANNIBAL

You have to find meaning in what's happened, Margot.

Margot considers that a moment, then:

MARGOT VERGER

Mason bears a strong resemblance to our father. Shiny eyebrows and pale blue butcher's eyes. I was dreading seeing either of them in my child.

HANNIBAL

You will ruminate on the image of that child, whom you have never seen, and you will compare that image to every child you ever see.

Hannibal's gaze falls on Will, who realizes the doctor is speaking as much to him as he is Margot.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

This won't make you human, Margot, so much as give you the ability to make yourself human and move on.

MARGOT VERGER

There's no resolve to this.  
There's no resolution.

WILL GRAHAM

Moving on isn't just a distraction, it's a rebuke. Show your brother how strong you are. Survive him.

HANNIBAL

As you allow your emotions to unfold, you have to hone in on what can be, rather than what was done.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Hannibal...

ON WILL

CAMERA moves around him to reveal he now stands --

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Facing Jack who sits behind his desk.

WILL GRAHAM

Hannibal has a certain personality style the rest of us can learn from. In moderation, of course.

JACK CRAWFORD

You saying Dr. Lecter's got too much of a good thing?

WILL GRAHAM

You can't glamorize him. And you can't dehumanize him, either.

JACK CRAWFORD

All I want to do is catch him.

WILL GRAHAM

He's given me nothing actionable, Jack. He's confessed to nothing. He's acknowledged only vagaries.

JACK CRAWFORD

I need more than vagaries. You've killed someone, Will.

WILL GRAHAM

Who was trying to kill me.

JACK CRAWFORD

I don't know if I can prove that. You mutilated his body. We made a public spectacle of Freddie Lounds's death. I'm out on a limb. And that limb is going to break. I've only told the OIG what they need to know. What haven't you told me?

WILL GRAHAM

Hannibal is trying to manipulate me into murdering one of his patients. Mason Verger. I can manipulate Hannibal into killing him instead.

JACK CRAWFORD

What's Verger done?

WILL GRAHAM

Hannibal considers him rude. That's motive enough. It's as though committing murders has purged him of lesser rudeness.

JACK CRAWFORD

You're talking about putting a man's life in danger.

WILL GRAHAM

A good decision is less about finding the best alternative than about finding one that works.

JACK CRAWFORD

Don't let empathy confuse what you  
want with what Lecter wants.

WILL GRAHAM

I told you I'm a good fisherman,  
Jack. We have to use the right  
bait. When Hannibal tries to kill  
Mason Verger, I'll arrest him and  
you will have two witnesses.

JACK CRAWFORD

We may have three.  
(off his look)  
I'm a good fisherman, too, Will.

CUT TO BLACK.

DARKNESS

Will Graham emerges from shadows as CAMERA reveals we are --

INT. BAU - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Will follows Jack inside the darkened room. Jack indicates  
the two-way mirror. Will reacts, stunned.

CAMERA pulls back through the glass, into...

INT. BAU - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

...CAMERA continues pulling back, revealing...

BEDELIA DU MAURIER.

She stands alone in the room.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BAU - INTERROGATION ROOM/OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Dr. Bedelia Du Maurier sits alone in the room. CAMERA PUSHES IN on her, still, inscrutable. Finally, the door opens.

WILL GRAHAM

He enters and crosses to the table, carrying a document.

WILL GRAHAM

They tell me you were hard to find.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

That was the idea.

WILL GRAHAM

(taking a seat)

Thank you. For visiting me in the hospital. And for what you said.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I didn't say enough.

WILL GRAHAM

Now's your chance to say it all.

Will slides the document folder across the table:

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You've been granted immunity from prosecution by the U.S. Attorney for District 36, and by local authorities in a memorandum attached, sworn and attested.

Bedelia takes the multiple memoranda, glancing them over.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Let's talk about Hannibal Lecter.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Some psychiatrists can be so curious for insight, they may try to manufacture it. How deadly that is to a patient who believes them.

WILL GRAHAM

You were Dr. Lecter's psychiatrist, he wasn't yours.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I told myself that, but I was under Hannibal's influence. What he did to you made that abundantly clear.

WILL GRAHAM

You were attacked by a patient who was formerly in Dr. Lecter's care. That patient died during the attack. Report said he swallowed his tongue.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

It wasn't attached at the time.

WILL GRAHAM

How exactly did your patient die?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I killed him.

ON JACK CRAWFORD -- OBSERVATION ROOM

He takes a breath and glances down.

ON WILL AND BEDELIA -- INTERROGATION ROOM

BEDELIA DU MAURIER (CONT'D)

I believed I was defending myself. And to a point, I was, but beyond that point, it was murder. Hannibal... influenced me to kill my patient, our patient.

WILL GRAHAM

You weren't coerced?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

What he does is not coercion, it is subtle persuasion. Has he persuaded you to kill anyone?

WILL GRAHAM

I was attacked by a patient formerly in Dr. Lecter's care. I killed him in self-defense.

Bedelia studies Will, knowing it wasn't just self-defense.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You're distorting the truth to keep who you think you are consistent.

ON JACK CRAWFORD -- OBSERVATION ROOM

He watches and listens.

WILL GRAHAM

My truth isn't distorted, Dr. Du Maurier. I know what's true.

ON WILL AND BEDELIA -- INTERROGATION ROOM

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Has Hannibal tried to persuade you to kill anyone that wasn't in self-defense? He will. Then it will be someone you love. And you'll think it's the only choice you have.

WILL GRAHAM

How do we catch him?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Hannibal can get lost in self-congratulation at his own exquisite taste and cunning. Whimsy. That's what will get him caught.

OFF Will considering Bedelia's advice...

CUT TO:

A DREAMLIKE BLEND OF COLORS

The colors slowly coalesce INTO FOCUS revealing Hannibal Lecter in his therapy chair. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Will and Hannibal are in therapy.

WILL GRAHAM

Your veneer of self-composure gives an extreme sense of the surreal. So much about this feels like a dream.

HANNIBAL

Dreams prepare us for waking life.

WILL GRAHAM

One thing to dream, it's another to understand the nature of the dream.

HANNIBAL

You're waking up to who you are. That's all you need to understand.  
(then)

(MORE)



HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

There are some extraordinary circumstances here, Will. And some unusual opportunities.

WILL GRAHAM

For whom?

HANNIBAL

For both of us.

WILL GRAHAM

Mason Verger is an opportunity?

HANNIBAL

Mason Verger is a problem. Problem-solving is hunting. It is a savage pleasure and we are born to it. A savage pleasure we can share.

WILL GRAHAM

You're fostering codependency.

HANNIBAL

Is that what I'm doing?

WILL GRAHAM

Isn't that what you did with Abigail? Got her to take a life so she would owe you hers.

Will is calm, observational, analytical.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I bond with Abigail, you take her away. I bond with barely more than the idea of a child, you take it away. You saw to it that I alienated Alana, alienated Jack.

(then)

You don't want me to have anything in my life that's not you.

Hannibal doesn't deny it.

HANNIBAL

I'm your psychiatrist, Will. I only want what's best for you.

WILL GRAHAM

Please. Every moment of cogent thought under your psychiatric care is a personal victory.

Hannibal smiles, taking no offense.

HANNIBAL

You're applying yourself to my perspective as I've been applying myself to yours.

WILL GRAHAM

You're right. We are just alike. You're as alone as I am. And we're both alone without each other.

OFF Hannibal --

INT. FBI - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jack paces opposite Bedelia.

JACK CRAWFORD

You managed to avoid prosecution.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I've got immunity from the U.S. Attorney. Whatever I say, whatever I've said, I will end the same way everyone else does. Flat on my back, wondering, "Is this all?"

JACK CRAWFORD

You asked for immunity, I asked for the truth. Both got what we wanted.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

The truth didn't help me and it won't help you. Hasn't yet.

JACK CRAWFORD

I gave you every opportunity to tell the truth and you ran.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

How do you think the FBI could've protected me? You couldn't protect Will Graham. You still can't.

(off his look)

Nothing makes us more vulnerable than loneliness, Agent Crawford.

JACK CRAWFORD

Will's not alone.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

No, he isn't.

(then)

Hannibal believes Will is a killer. You still believe he's your killer?

JACK CRAWFORD

I have to believe.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Hannibal's only crime I was witness to was influence. Influence works best when we're unaware. But Will Graham has been very aware.

JACK CRAWFORD

Meaning.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Meaning Mr. Graham may not know himself as well as Hannibal does.

JACK CRAWFORD

Will has more reason to see Hannibal caught than any of us.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

If you think you're close to catching him, it's because that's what he wants you to think. Don't fool yourself into believing he's not in control of what's happening.

OFF Jack --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A BUBBLING SOUP POT

HANNIBAL'S FINGERS

Laying out a row of little Peruvian ANCHOVETA, shining green with blue highlights, like soldiers in formation.

STEAM BILLOWS

Obliterating CAMERA for a moment. It clears and we see a roiling broth full of LONG BONES and CARTILAGINOUS MEAT CUTS.

A SCRIM OF CHEESECLOTH

It's pulled tight as STEAMING LIQUID is poured slowly and carefully through it, into a large antique BRONZE BOWL -- scalloped shape reflecting a mellow amber.

CLOSE AS A PAIR OF CULINARY FORCEPS

Delicately lift a single anchoveta and place it precisely into liquid, the fish's wide eye staring.

BLACKNESS

For a split second, before SH-WUMMP -- LIGHT fills the space and we see we are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S KITCHEN - REFRIGERATOR - NIGHT

And Hannibal places the brass bowl inside. WHUMP -- the door shuts and BLACKNESS returns.

A beat.

Again, SH-WUMMP -- LIGHT fills the space and Hannibal places the back of his hand against the brass bowl, testing its temperature like a sick child's forehead.

Satisfied, Hannibal lifts the bowl out --

MATCH TO:

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

Hannibal flips the bronze dish upside down on the elegantly-set table. Opposite Hannibal sits Jack Crawford.

HANNIBAL

*Kholodets*. A Ukrainian dish whose outcome can never be predicted.

JACK CRAWFORD

Something tells me that you're  
heightening my expectations.

Hannibal smiles, guilty as charged. Three TAPS on the back  
of the bowl and he lifts it to reveal --

A CLEAR ASPIC

Delicate gelatin. The small fish are INSET, arranged in a  
SWIRL PATTERN, frozen as though in mid-swim.

HANNIBAL

The Latin *gelatus* translates as  
"frozen." Here, the aspic provides  
a three-dimensional canvas in which  
one may stage a scene.

JACK CRAWFORD

A Möbius strip, the eternal chase.

HANNIBAL

An evocative shape -- in that at a  
certain point, it becomes unclear  
who's pursuing whom.

JACK CRAWFORD

In isolation, a moment can't speak  
to motive, intent or aftermath.

Hannibal indicates the dish, now cut through the middle. A  
CROSS SECTION of the scene.

HANNIBAL

Aspic is derived from bone. As a life  
is made from moments. A moment is  
unyielding, but a life is malleable.

JACK CRAWFORD

And what moment are we in right  
now, doctor? You, me, Will?

HANNIBAL

Still harboring doubts about Will?

JACK CRAWFORD

Alana Bloom isn't harboring any  
doubts about Will. She's convinced  
he murdered Freddie Lounds.

Hannibal reacts; Alana never mentioned this to him.

HANNIBAL

Are you convinced?

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm convinced of my general lack of trust in other people.

HANNIBAL

Lack of trust in other people increases the need for religion. If you can't rely on others, you have to rely on God.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm relying on myself. Yet in this moment, I don't know who's pursuing whom any more than these fish do.

HANNIBAL

Whoever's pursuing whom, in this very moment, I intend to eat them.

Hannibal grins at Jack and takes a mouthful.

OFF Jack --

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE ON A PENCIL

It draws across the surface of paper.

A SERIES OF EXTREME CLOSE SHOTS:

GRAPHITE DEBRIS crumbles in the wake of the pencil.

WIDER ON THE PENCIL SKETCH

We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

ON HANNIBAL -- he sits at his desk as he concentrates on his pencil strokes. OPERA plays in the background.

CLOSE ON THE PENCIL

It stops sketching, hovering above the paper.

His nostrils FLARE -- an unusual scent has reached his nose. Hannibal looks up to see his office door slowly open.

CARLO, the pig man, and MATTEO, one of his cohorts, enter through the waiting room door, walking toward him.

CARLO DEOGRACIAS  
*Buongiorno, dottore.*

HANNIBAL  
*Buongiorno.*

Hannibal puts down his pencil. We see his SCALPEL beside it. His attention is on the two men coming toward him.

CARLO DEOGRACIAS  
Mr. Verger asks for your company.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL'S EAR

A very subtle CLICK registers and CAMERA SPLIT-DIOPTERS to include the patients' private exit door behind him. It opens.

CARLO DEOGRACIAS (CONT'D)  
Please. Come with us.

HANNIBAL  
*Preferirei di no.*

His nostrils FLARE again.

HE MOVES -- SIDEWAYS

As a thin leather GARROTE narrowly misses his neck.

TOP SHOT -- we watch from above as Hannibal evades TOMMASO, a third kidnapper who came from the exit door behind him. Matteo manages to catch one of Hannibal's hands in the garrote, but the doctor slides sideways, striking at Tommaso with his garroted hand, QUICK BLOWS in succession.

Hannibal kicks a stunned Tommaso's legs out from under him, dropping him violently to the floor.

Having incapacitated Tommaso, Hannibal turns calmly to Carlo and Matteo who are clearly impressed with the doctor.

CARLO DEOGRACIAS  
Matteo.

Matteo draws a lead-filled SAP and goes for Hannibal who steps inside the blow and is about to strike when he tenses.

LOOKS DOWN

The prongs of a TASER stick from his chest. The handset held by Carlo. Hannibal DROPS to his knees.

MATTEO DEOGRACIAS

Carlo...

Carlo looks to Matteo and his face falls.

Matteo is staring at where a scalpel sticks in his crotch. Matteo instinctively grabs the scalpel, pulls it out.

HANNIBAL

Shouldn't have done that.

Matteo is horrified as one leg is turning rapidly RED, the stain flowing down the fabric from his upper thigh, staining the whole leg in seconds. Panic starting to set in...

BLOOD

Spills from under the cuff of his pants and spreads across his shoes and, within mere seconds, he's standing in an expanding pool of blood.

Matteo collapses to the ground.

Carlo swings his own lead-filled sap and STRIKES Hannibal.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

CLOSE ON A MEAT GRINDER

A TURKEY goes in one end and emerges RAW MEAT from the other.

CLOSE ON ROSEMARY

It's finely chopped.

CLOSE ON RICE

It cooks and reduces.

CLOSE ON A DUTCH OVEN

The ground meat, rice, rosemary and broth are mixed and stirred into the Dutch oven. It boils and simmers.

A SERIES OF DOG BOWLS

PLOP-PLOP-PLOP, Will ladles the homemade dog food into the respective bowls. We are --

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - BACK DOOR - DAY

Will's DOGS crowd in, eating. Will looks up at a sound -- the WELL-TUNED RUMBLE of an approaching car. A 1959 SEIBERT LIMOUSINE comes up the drive and CRUNCHES to a stop. The back door unlatches and...

MASON VERGER

Climbs out. He leaves the door open.

WILL

Ushers his strays into the house and crosses to the idling limo. MASON'S DRIVER intercepts him and ROUGHLY pats Will down, searching for weapons.

Then the man is all service again, as he steps aside and Will and Mason speak briefly and MOS.

Mason gestures into the car and Will, at once resolved and reluctant, gets inside. Mason gets in after him.

The door shuts and the two are lost behind smoked glass.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSKRAT FARM - PIG BARN - NIGHT

ON A METAL BUCKLE and a CANVAS STRAP CINCHED TIGHT. WIDEN to see...

CARLO

Bent to his work. He looks up as Tommaso, one of his henchmen, starts the winch.

HANNIBAL

Is lifted off the platform to his feet, toes barely touching.

He wears a straitjacket harnessed to the winch line. His head hangs, unconscious. Or so it seems.

Carlo pulls Hannibal's HARPY KNIFE from his pocket.

CARLO DEOGRACIAS

*Buona sera, dottore.*

Hannibal lifts his head.

HANNIBAL

You're Sardinian. If you have to be kidnapped for ransom, wealthy Italians will tell you, it's better to fall into the hands of the Sards. You must be a professional revenger as well, I suspect.

Tommaso has come from the winch to stand alongside Carlo. Both stare at Hannibal in hate.

CARLO DEOGRACIAS

With you, it is personal now.

HANNIBAL

I take it Matteo died? Did he foul himself? I imagine he must smell worse than you by now?

Carlo's eyes go dead as he removes a knife.

MASON VERGER (O.S.)

Kill him and there is no money.

The two men turn to see PIERO leading Will and Mason onto the platform. Piero nods at Carlo and Tommaso, then leaves.

Hannibal's eyes lock with Will's. Mason clocks it.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)  
I wonder what would happen if I  
locked you two in a cage together?

Carlo removes Hannibal's shoes and socks.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)  
Those little piggies are going to  
go EEE-EEE-EEE all the way home.  
(then)  
The swine may be shy about starting  
on the toes. We have to encourage  
them with a little sauce, so we're  
going to cut your throat.

CARLO DEOGRACIAS  
*Padrone.* He killed Matteo.

MASON VERGER  
You can take Matteo's family the  
*dottore's cojones* for comfort.

Carlo hands Mason the Harpy knife.

CARLO DEOGRACIAS  
He likes to cut low.

MASON VERGER  
Weren't testing the depth of his  
fat, were you, Dr. Lecter?

Mason hands Will the knife, but Will hesitates.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)  
I've done my part. I've muzzled the  
dog, now you need to put it down.

Mason holds out the Harpy and Will takes it from him.

WILL GRAHAM  
Anything to say, Dr. Lecter?

Will stands before Hannibal, replicating the image that began  
the episode. Hannibal regards him without a word.

MASON VERGER  
Don't let him bleed out. Just a  
little nick. Just enough to give  
the pigs a taste of it.

Off that, Will brings the KNIFE'S EDGE UNDER HANNIBAL'S JAW.

He then moves to make a SINGLE VERTICAL SLASH down the straitjacket -- the CANVAS and STRAPS SPLIT like cutting a roast's bindings.

TIME SLOWS as Mason opens his mouth to shout, but Carlo and Tommaso are already moving.

WILL

Carlo's gun butt lands HARD in the back of his head. Will drops his knife and falls to his knees.

WILL'S POV

Movement becomes BLURRY STREAKS. Sound dampens -- SHOUTS, SCUFFLES and FOOTSTEPS are shrouded in bunting. The only certainty is that all hell is breaking loose.

ON WILL -- SLOW MOTION

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM DOWN as he falls to the platform and we...

CUT TO BLACK.

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON WILL'S EYE

Blinking open.

WIDEN as he fumbles to get up onto his elbows and see...

THE PLATFORM

Is empty. Will is the only one there.

We are still --

INT. MUSKRAT FARM - PIG BARN - NIGHT

Will sees Tommaso's gun, abandoned. Will is alone. Then he registers a sound -- the contented GRUNTS of pigs feasting.

Will, still groggy, staggers to the railing and sees...

THE ROPE

Leads down into the maze's center, taut with the body anchoring it, but who it is can't be seen.

CLOSE ON THE WINCH CONTROL

As Will hits it.

THE ROPE BEGINS SPOOLING

The motor's HUM competes with the GRUNTS of irritation as the pigs' meal is lifted up, away from them. The body rises -- and as it approaches the crest of the maze --

WILL STARES

In anticipation.

WILL'S POV

THE SAVAGED VICTIM comes into view, not Hannibal or Mason.

CARLO.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A MAN'S FOREHEAD

As a drop of perspiration rolls down his furrowed brow. Gravity and the path of least resistance driving it onward.

CAMERA follows it as it travels between --

THE MAN'S DAZED AND BLINKING EYES

Suddenly, a MASK is placed over the man's nose and mouth, capturing the perspiration inside its CLEAR PLASTIC SEAL.

As CAMERA INCHES BACK, we see the mask is attached to an INHALER. The man's eyes go wide. He starts to struggle.

CLOSE ON THE PLASTIC MASK

As a POWDERED INHALANT is administered in a measured blast of propellant.

CAMERA RUSHES THROUGH THE CLEAR PLASTIC AND INTO THE MAN'S NOSE, FOLLOWING THE POWDERED PARTICLES as they are absorbed INTO HIS LUNGS and pass into --

CLOSE ON A ROAD MAP OF VEINS

Blood coursing in stops and starts as the drugs are metabolized. The vein walls constrict.

CLOSE ON THE HEART

Beating faster.

CLOSE ON THE MAN'S EYES

As his pupils dilate. And in that moment, we see Hannibal reflected in them.

We are --

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA DOLLY/ZOOMS on Mason as the full effect of the cocktail he just inhaled hits him. Mason's heart THROBS HYPNOTICALLY and his vision begins to TRAIL WAVES OF COLOR.

MASON VERGER

Whoa.

Hannibal leans into Mason, propping him upright in a chair. A light on him, the room falling into darkness beyond its spill, making it unidentifiable to the viewer.

Mason suddenly bursts into laughter, his head lolling on his shoulders like it's going to fall off.

HANNIBAL

Mason, I must ask you to be quiet.  
You will frighten the animals.

MASON'S POV -- INSERT

His hand glides along the back of a passing PIG.

MASON VERGER

Soo-eee, pig-pig-pig-pig.

ON HANNIBAL -- OMNISCIENT POV

He puts a finger under Mason's chin, lifting his head so he can look into his face.

MASON'S POV -- HANNIBAL

Instead of the handsome doctor's mug, Mason sees a BOAR'S HEAD on Hannibal's shoulders. He stands over Mason.

ON MASON -- OMNISCIENT POV

He stares at Hannibal in awe, yet Hannibal is now back to normal.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

What did you give me?

HANNIBAL

A variety of psychedelic compounds,  
"psychedelic" so named from the  
Greek for "mind-revealing."

MASON VERGER

You're going to have to write me a  
prescription for this, doctor.

HANNIBAL

Patients rhapsodize about the life-changing insights they achieve during altered-state sessions.

MASON VERGER

I'm enchanted and terrified.

HANNIBAL

The world presents itself as a cacophony of sights, sounds, smells and recollections. I want you to recall your education in the stockyards and slaughterhouses.

MASON VERGER

Papa taught me everything he knew, but not everything I know.

HANNIBAL

Show me how Papa would check the depth of a pig's fat.

MASON'S POV

The BOAR-HANNIBAL holds up Mason's father's knife.

OMNISCIENT POV

Mason takes the knife, considering it. He glances down.

MASON'S POV -- INSERT

Mason considers a passing pig.

ON HANNIBAL -- OMNISCIENT POV

Hannibal gently pulls Mason's chin with a finger, to bring Mason to look into his eyes.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

No, Mason. Show me on you.

TIME CUT TO:

WIDE ACROSS DARK COUNTRYSIDE

WILL GRAHAM

Stepping into FRAME. We're --

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA FOLLOWS Will toward his porch. He moves slowly, exhausted and groggy.

WILL'S POV -- THE FRONT DOOR

He pauses, the silence has confused him.

He puts the key in the lock.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will opens the door to find WINSTON alone to greet him.

WILL GRAHAM  
Hey, Winston. Where's everyone else?

Will moves into the house and closes the door behind him. A WET MUMBLING from the darkness draws Will's attention.

MASON VERGER  
I just love your dogs.

IN THE SHADOWS

A BLOOD-SLICKED hand holds out a small piece of wet meat and a dog gently takes it into his mouth. The mutts sit in a semicircle, waiting to be fed. We hear smacks and chomps.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)  
S'a good boy... yes... and for  
you... is that nice? Good girl.

WILL GRAHAM  
Mason?

MASON VERGER  
I adopted dogs from the shelter  
once, two dogs that were friends,  
and I had them in a cage together  
with plenty of fresh water, but no  
food. One of them died hungry, and  
the other one had a warm meal.  
(then)  
I really should have put you and  
Dr. Lecter in a cage together.  
Curious what would've happened.

WILL GRAHAM  
What are you feeding my dogs?

Will turns on a light, illuminating a blood-soaked Mason. Mason's concentration is on the dogs. One hand holds the bloody knife, the other holds out scraps of meat.

THAT HAVE BEEN CUT FROM MASON'S FACE.

MASON VERGER  
Just me.



He looks up at Will, his whole lower face now a RED DEATH'S HEAD. The meat of his cheeks and jaw is gone to reveal his teeth. As he sees Will, he grins in a TERRIBLE SMILE as he cuts off another piece, sawing at the meat.

Mason tosses the piece of his face and one of Will's dogs catches it in its mouth. OFF Will's horror...

...Hannibal Lecter emerges from the shadows behind him.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON AN EYEBALL

Pupil dilated. Darting in its socket.

A STRIP OF LIGHT crosses Mason Verger's eyes, the ruin beneath only hinted at. We are --

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mason sits in the corner, as before.

MASON'S POV -- HANNIBAL

BOAR-HEAD HANNIBAL stares back at Mason, his voice cascading over him like a wave.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)

What Mason is experiencing isn't restricted to reality, so reality has been forced to adapt.

OMNISCIENT POV

Will ushers his dogs into the next room, away from Mason, closing the door behind him.

WILL GRAHAM

He fed his face to my dogs.

HANNIBAL

He broadened their palates as I have broadened yours.  
(then, re: Mason)  
Murder or mercy?

WILL GRAHAM

There is no mercy. We make mercy, manufacture it in parts that have overgrown our basic reptile brain.

HANNIBAL

Then there is no murder. We make murder, too, it matters only to us.  
(then)  
You know too well that you possess all the elements to make murder. Perhaps mercy, too. But murder you understand uncomfortably well.

MASON VERGER

I'm hungry.

HANNIBAL

Eat your nose.

Will watches as Mason raises the knife to his ruined face and cuts off the tip of his nose, eating it.

MASON VERGER

I have a taste and consistency similar to that of chicken gizzard.

HANNIBAL

Taste is housed in parts of the mind that proceed pity, and pity has no place at the table.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not going to kill him.

HANNIBAL

He was going to feed you to his pigs after he fed them me.  
(to Mason)  
Weren't you, Mason?

MASON VERGER

I was.

WILL GRAHAM

He's your patient, Dr. Lecter. You do what you think is best for him.

Hannibal considers Will a moment, then moves behind Mason and SNAPS his neck. Mason goes limp. Hannibal then calmly checks his pulse. Satisfied that it remains, we...

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS BEHIND A PLASTIC CURTAIN:

A VENTILATOR pumps UP and DOWN.

KERSHICK-KERSHICK.

An ECG BLEEPS monotonously.

MASON VERGER

Lies under BANDAGES wrapped around his face under a cage, only his eyes are visible. IV tubes feed his flaccid arms. His head is immobilized by a HALO brace.

THE EEL

Swimming in a tireless circle, a rippling ribbon of brown beautifully patterned with irregular spots. We are --

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MASON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Soft light and North African music, an oud and drums. Mason lies in his bed behind the plastic curtains that maintain a level of sterility to where he rests. In the floor, the eel swims in the aquarium, reflecting watery, rippling shadows.

MASON'S POV

A SHAPE enters the room, approaching the plastic curtains.

MASON VERGER  
Good afternoon, Agent Crawford.

ON JACK CRAWFORD

He crosses the room toward Mason's bed, noticing the eel.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Good afternoon, Mr. Verger.  
(re: the fish tank)  
Beautiful creature.

MASON VERGER  
It's a *Muraena kidako*. There's an even bigger one in captivity in Tokyo. This is the second biggest. Its common name is the Brutal Moray, would you like to see why?

JACK CRAWFORD  
No. I don't want to take too much of your time, Mr. Verger. I know you need your rest. But I would like to ask a few brief questions about what happened to you.

MASON VERGER  
Very curious how my accident has garnered the interest of the FBI. Took a tumble into a pigpen. Broke my neck. Embarrassing, really. Clumsy, clumsy, clumsy. If my sister hadn't found me, pigs would've eaten more than my face.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Pigs did this to you?

MASON VERGER

Oh, yes. Pigs certainly did. I was hoping to get my face back when they pumped the swines' stomachs, but they haven't had much luck.

JACK CRAWFORD

You are a patient of Hannibal Lecter's, is that right?

MASON VERGER

Dr. Lecter, yes.

JACK CRAWFORD

Mr. Verger, have you ever seen or met another patient of Dr. Lecter's? A man named Will Graham.

MASON VERGER

Will Graham... Will Graham...  
(considering, then)  
The man who didn't kill all those people? That Will Graham.

JACK CRAWFORD

Yes.

MASON VERGER

Can't say I've had the pleasure.

JACK CRAWFORD

Have you found Dr. Lecter's therapy to be helpful, Mr. Verger?

MASON VERGER

I've benefited greatly from Dr. Lecter's therapy. I'm still benefiting. I will always be grateful for how he's helped me. I only hope one day I can repay him.  
(then)  
Now if you don't mind, Agent Crawford, I'm rather tired.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Jack as he studies the man behind the curtains. Then:

JACK CRAWFORD

Thank you for your time.

ON MASON

He watches through the curtain as the DISTORTED SHAPE of Jack Crawford turns and walks away.

A moment, then another DISTORTED SHAPE approaches the plastic curtains, parting them and moving inside Mason's sterility zone. It's Margot.

MASON VERGER

Is he gone?

MARGOT VERGER

It's just you and me.

(then)

I'm going to take care of you,  
Mason. Just like you've always  
taken care of me.

A reassurance and a condemnation in one. A life sentence worse than her brother could ever exact.

OFF Mason's unblinking terror...

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE ON A PENCIL

It draws across the surface of paper.

A SERIES OF EXTREME CLOSE SHOTS:

A DEAD MAN's features are darkened by the graphite.

GRAPHITE DEBRIS crumbles in the wake of the pencil.

A GRIEVING MAN's features are outlined by the graphite.

WIDER ON THE PENCIL SKETCH

Hannibal's rendition of Nikolai Ge's painting, *Achilles Lamenting the Death of Patroclus* (1855).

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK to reveal Hannibal sketching the famous painting from memory.

HANNIBAL

*Achilles Lamenting the Death of Patroclus.* Whenever he is mentioned in the *Iliad*, Patroclus seems to be defined by his empathy.

WILL GRAHAM

He became Achilles on the field of war. He died for him there, wearing his armor.

HANNIBAL

He did. Hiding and revealing identity is a constant theme throughout the Greek epics.

WILL GRAHAM

As are battle-tested friendships.

HANNIBAL

Achilles wished all Greeks would die so that he and Patroclus could conquer Troy alone. Took divine intervention to bring them down.

Will crosses to the fireplace, lit by its glow.

WILL GRAHAM

This isn't sustainable.

(then)

We're going to get caught.

Hannibal puts his pencil down.

HANNIBAL

Jack Crawford already suspects you killed Freddie Lounds.

WILL GRAHAM

If Jack told you he suspects me, it means he suspects you.

HANNIBAL

I know.

Will considers their options a moment, then:

WILL GRAHAM

You should give him what he wants.

HANNIBAL

Give him the Chesapeake Ripper?

WILL GRAHAM

Allow him closure. Reveal yourself. You've taunted him long enough. Let him see you with clear eyes.

HANNIBAL

Jack has become my friend. I  
suppose I owe him the truth.

Hannibal allows that statement to sit, then picks up his pencil and continues sketching, Will in the background, illuminated by the light of the fire.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE