

Executive Producer: Bryan Fuller
Executive Producer: Martha De Laurentiis
Executive Producer: Steve Lightfoot



HANNIBAL

"Antipasto"

Written by
Bryan Fuller
&
Steve Lightfoot

Directed by
Vincenzo Natali

Based on the characters created by
Thomas Harris

Episode #301

Final Shooting Script

PROPERTY OF:
GAUMONT INTERNATIONAL TELEVISION LLC

©2015 CHISWICK PRODUCTIONS LLC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NO PORTIONS OF THIS SCRIPT MAY BE PERFORMED, OR REPRODUCED BY ANY MEANS, OR QUOTED, OR PUBLISHED IN ANY MEDIUM WITHOUT THE PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF GAUMONT INTERNATIONAL TELEVISION LLC.

HANNIBAL
"Antipasto"

TEASER

BLACK

A PANNING LIGHT reveals a HUMAN FACE frozen in torment. Then a HAND grasping for freedom. Our light now reveals the TORSO, lean and stretched in agony.

WIDER -- our light casts across a vertical group of HUMAN BODIES, and as we move over it, the bodies ANIMATE, writhing in torment.

REVERSE WIDE -- to blackness, and our light is now a PINPOINT. Slowly enlarging as it comes toward us. And a LOW DRONE accompanies it, indistinct, but unsettling.

The circle of light grows, and MORPHS into an EYE, unblinking, as our drone increases, and then our eye again MORPHS, becoming the SPINNING FRONT WHEEL of a motorcycle.

CLOSE ON A GLOVED HAND as it works the throttle, and the drone PITCHES HIGHER as the bike changes gear.

ON OUR TORTURED HUMAN FORMS as they writhe against one another -- and then, IMAGE IS SPLIT by the motorcycle's front wheel as it splashes through the PUDDLE in which they were reflected.

CLOSE ON WATER DROPLETS as they are launched into the air, like bubbles, a tortured soul reflecting, trapped, in each as they spin through the air and turn BLOOD RED.

CLOSE ON THE REFLECTIVE BLACK VISOR of our bike's RIDER --

Figures writhe within the margins of the glass.

REVERSE -- WIDE -- behind the motorbike, now DWARFED IN FRAME as it rides toward an IMMENSE PAIR OF GATES -- Rodin's *Gates of Hell*, the sculpted bodies, caught in torment, adorning each side.

REVERSE AGAIN -- and now we are back on our rider's visor -- the gates fill the visor, and as the rider gets closer, we watch in the reflection as the gates BEGIN TO OPEN --

And through the opening space we see PARIS OPENING UP BEYOND.

The bike speeds through the gates, sending the tortured figures into a new frenzy, and then he is through and the reflection is now the frenzy of a PARIS NIGHT STREET...

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

The motorcycle -- a TRIUMPH BONNEVILLE -- swerves and cuts between two cars like a knife through butter.

The Bonneville dances between lanes as the rider throws his weight from side to side.

We enjoy his progress; his skill and prowess as he owns the road.

CLOSE ON the reflective visor of his helmet, the world beyond zooming by, reflected in the black glass.

His gloved hands on the throttle; his foot as it kicks the powerful bike through the gears.

The Bonneville BRAKES to a sudden halt. The rider gets off.

Dressed in Belstaff. He removes the helmet. For a brief second, those bodies writhe across it again -- there, and then gone -- and we see the rider now: it is HANNIBAL LECTER.

As we haven't seen him before. Looser, longer hair; a little rougher; a man free of responsibilities.

INT. PARIS PARTY VENUE - NIGHT

PALE YELLOW LIQUID fizzes into a glass flute. A hand takes the champagne and moves from a bar, and we go with it, revealing --

A PARTY CROWD -- under a banner: "Bon Voyage, Roman Fell."

It is a well-heeled leaving party for DR. ROMAN FELL, a tall, lean man of 50, sporting a fine academic's beard. He holds court in the center of the room. He loves the attention of a crowd of young acolytes and well-wishers.

We move through the throng, toward him. As people part in front of us, we REVERSE to reveal this is Hannibal Lecter's POV.

His eyes fixed on Roman Fell.

STAY ON Hannibal as he moves lithely through the crowd, bodies between him and us, he is there and then gone -- like a tiger moving through the long grass. His eyes never leaving his prey. Appraising, calculating...

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN crosses his path, makes eye contact. Hannibal returns it. Raises his glass.

She smiles, but Hannibal inclines his head and passes on the invitation to linger. Steps around her.

ANTONY DIMMOND, 40s, tall, lean, somewhat louche-looking -- his clothes expensive, but old and worn -- darts suddenly at a WAITRESS with a tray of champagne, snaffles two glasses. He tosses one back quickly, then notices Hannibal noticing.

ANTONY DIMMOND
(re: his two glasses)
It's a double-fisted kind of bash.
(then)
Antony Dimmond. I'd offer a hand,
but--

HANNIBAL
It's a double-fisted kind of bash.

ANTONY DIMMOND
Do you know Roman well?

Dimmond clocks Hannibal's eyes wandering back toward Dr. Fell amid a circle of people.

ANTONY DIMMOND (CONT'D)
You were staring with the thinly-veiled disdain of a man who does. I was his TA at Cambridge. He was insufferable even then.

Dimmond finishes the second flute of champagne and puts it on a passing tray. Grabs two more and hands Hannibal one of them.

ANTONY DIMMOND (CONT'D)
Have you read his books? They're terrible. You know they're terrible, but you're too polite to say. Blink if you agree.
(off his blink)
See.

Dimmond pulls a weathered paperback from his coat pocket.

ANTONY DIMMOND (CONT'D)
That doesn't stop him squatting over a keyboard and depositing a fresh one every six to eight months. It has taken me six to eight months to write one line.

HANNIBAL
Why?

Dimmond stares at Hannibal a moment, as if the answer is abundantly clear, then:

ANTONY DIMMOND

Poetry is hard. Was too hard for Roman. Easier for him to slide into academia and dissect the efforts of others than stand by his own words.

HANNIBAL

One can appreciate another's words without dissecting them. Though, on occasion, dissection is the only thing that will do.

OFF Hannibal's glance in Dr. Fell's direction...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

Dr. Roman Fell walks home, merrily drunk, excited by the prospect of his new adventure.

Behind him, our Bonneville idles slowly across the street. As Hannibal is putting on his helmet:

HANNIBAL

Bonsoir.

DR. FELL

Bonsoir.

Dr. Fell is reflected in the black maw of Hannibal's visor as Hannibal slowly follows him, then passes him by. CAMERA follows Dr. Fell as Hannibal's Bonneville speeds away.

EXT./INT. DR. FELL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dr. Fell enters his building and heads up the stairs. He stops short when he sees Hannibal standing outside his door.

HANNIBAL

Bonsoir.

DR. FELL

Bonsoir?

CUT TO:

INT. DR. FELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BLOOD RED WINE SPLASHES up the sides of a glass.

Hands place an OPERA RECORD on a turntable. CLOSE ON the needle as it drops.

BUTTER melts in a pan.

LIVER is tossed in with a sizzle... a dash of brandy is added and flares into flame.

CLOSE ON Hannibal's knife and fork as it slices through the liver on his plate.

A blush of blood STAINS the juices on the plate. He brings it to his lips. Chews.

Delicious.

CUT TO:

PUSH IN OMINOUSLY

On the inside of the closed apartment door.

CLOSER and CLOSER till the handle turns and it opens toward us -- and a stylishly-dressed woman enters.

MRS. FELL!

She hears the opera and smiles.

Moves toward the dining room.

She halts in the doorway.

CAMERA moves around her to register the cause of her confusion.

MRS. FELL'S POV

Hannibal Lecter sits at the table, linen and cutlery immaculately placed. Savoring his food, a nice Bordeaux and the music.

Hannibal smiles up at her.

HANNIBAL

Bonsoir.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

DARKNESS

A REFLECTIVE SHAPE moves toward CAMERA. It is --

A LARGE SILVER DOME.

It covers a sizeable serving platter that is moving through a darkened room until, finally, the REFLECTION OF ABEL GIDEON bows across its surface. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

ABEL GIDEON sits at the beautifully-appointed table; he has a drip in one arm and a chest monitor. Under the table, we see that Gideon is now missing both legs at the thigh. (NOTE: This takes place between Eps. #206 and 207.)

The silver dome turns and Gideon watches his reflection SLIDE DOWN the length of the platter. The platter is lifted from the sidecar and placed in the middle of the dinner table.

The large silver dome rises off the platter as if by unseen hands floating somewhere in the darkness. Underneath the dome and further unveiled by a SILKY CLOUD OF SMOKE:

GIDEON'S LEG

From hip to ankle, beautifully roasted with SUGAR CANE QUILLS sticking out of the flesh in a pleasing grid pattern. It's mounted on a plank, like a long whole ham.

DR. GIDEON

You really are the Devil.
Certainly seem to enjoy it. You
have a click in your hoof.

FROM GIDEON'S POV -- HANNIBAL

He appears to MATERIALIZE out of the THINNING MIST rising off the bed of smoking sprigs of thyme.

HANNIBAL

The Devil has been a yoke on the
neck of humanity since we first
began to think and dream.

(then)

I for a much shorter time.

Gideon takes a deep, appreciative breath.

DR. GIDEON

You admit the yoke.

(then)

Smells like candy apples. And
thyme. You smoked me in thyme.

HANNIBAL

Smoked. Glazed. Slow-cooked.
Served on a sugar cane quill. You
will be falling off the bone.

Hannibal plucks a sugar cane quill, pulling out a MEDALLION
OF MEAT from Gideon's severed leg, like a Popsicle stick, and
placing it on his guest's plate.

DR. GIDEON

Well, of course.

(then)

And with these rarified dishes you
so thoughtfully prepare...

(then)

...do we all taste different?

HANNIBAL

Everyone has their flavor.

Gideon's eyes narrow, not giving Hannibal the satisfaction of
seeing him impressed one way or another.

DR. GIDEON

Cannibalism was standard behavior
among our ancestors. Missing link
is only missing because we ate him.

HANNIBAL

This isn't cannibalism, Abel. It's
only cannibalism if we're equals.

DR. GIDEON

It's only cannibalism if you eat
me. But you feel this is just the
natural order of things? Everybody
gets it?

HANNIBAL

Be he fat or be he lean.

DR. GIDEON

My last leg standing across the
table from me, and I still wrestle
with the urges to fight or flee.

HANNIBAL

It's called "terminal restlessness."
The body fills with adrenaline and
feels compelled to go-go-go.

DR. GIDEON

"Go-go-go"? I've already got up
and gone. This is posthumous.

HANNIBAL

You're not dead yet, Abel. You
still have to eat.

DR. GIDEON

No, I don't.

Gideon takes a bite of the medallion of meat before him.
It's truly something special, but once again, he doesn't give
Hannibal the satisfaction. Hannibal smiles, regardless.

Gideon is about to take another bite, but pauses to glance
around the beautifully-appointed room and at his devilish host.

DR. GIDEON (CONT'D)

At this point, there is absolutely
nothing I have to do. But I don't
want to spoil the fairy tale, do I?
You and your gingerbread house.

HANNIBAL

Let it be a fairy tale, then.
(then)
Once upon a time...

OFF Hannibal...

GRAND MUSIC begins to rise, taking us to --

INT. FLORENCE BALLROOM - NIGHT

A dazzlingly-dressed couple as they sweep ACROSS FRAME in a
stylish waltz.

It could be a scene from Cinderella's dreams... The glitter
of jewelry and champagne. The dash of black tie and
ballgowns; the dance floor filled with couples sweeping in
graceful patterns across it.

CAMERA moves through the dancing figures to find a
particularly-elegant couple and stays with them as they swoop
across the floor... They waltz around CAMERA, faces hidden
from us as they move in perfect union, until the music comes
to an end and the man dips his partner low to the ground --

Revealing Hannibal and a stunning BEDELIA DU MAURIER... a prince and his princess. He smiles down at her, both somewhat breathless.

A beat, and then he pulls her back to him.

HANNIBAL

Bellissima.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Grazie.

Hannibal snags them both champagne off a passing tray.

SOGLIATO (O.S.)

Dr. Fell, I hope you translate as well as you waltz.

SOGLIATO is a smooth, oily Italian, late 30s. Impeccably dressed. An academic who wears his ego like armor. Sogliato kisses Bedelia's hand and then shakes Hannibal's. He stands with SIGNOR and SIGNORA ALBIZZI -- president of the museum's governing board.

SIGNOR ALBIZZI

Our new appointee was confirmed by the board after close questioning.

SOGLIATO

You've examined him in medieval Italian, and I will not deny his language is admirable.

Bedelia watches this exchange. Intrigued. Aware others in the crowd are observing. As is Sogliato...

HANNIBAL

Thank you.

SOGLIATO

For a *straniero*.

Sogliato smiles at the audience now ear-wiggling shamelessly. Bedelia is watching Hannibal, the way his eyes go dead for a second at the insult before he smiles.

SOGLIATO (CONT'D)

Are you familiar with the personalities of pre-Renaissance Florence? I think not.

(a smile for Bedelia)

(MORE)

SOGLIATO (CONT'D)

Dr. Fell might hold in his hand --
in his non-Italian hand -- a note
from Dante Alighieri himself. Would
he recognize it? I think not.

Bedelia intercedes:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

*Professor Sogliato, would you do me
the honor of a dance?*

Bedelia offers her arm. Keen to lead him away. Hannibal
noting her intention. As they turn away:

HANNIBAL

*"Allegro mi sembrava Amor tenendo /
meo core in mano, e ne le braccia
avea / madonna involta in un drappo
dormendo. / Poi la svegliava, e
d'esto core ardendo / lei paventosa
umilmente pascea; / appreso gir lo
ne vedea piangendo."*

Some of those listening applaud loudly at this stirring
recital. Sogliato hates it. Bedelia smiles at Hannibal.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Dante's first sonnet. It
fascinated Cavalcanti. The eating
of the heart is a powerful image.

Hannibal doesn't have to be smug; Signor Albizzi is smug for
him. Off that smugness:

SOGLIATO

If he's such an expert on Dante,
let him lecture on Dante, to the
Studiolo. Let him face them.

(then)

Extempore.

The reaction of the crowd says this is a strong challenge.
Hannibal merely inclines his head.

HANNIBAL

I'm happy to sing for my supper.

He holds Sogliato's gaze. Battle met.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Professor Sogliato.

Bedelia looks to Sogliato who takes her hand to dance.

Hannibal smiles at Bedelia who doesn't return his smile.

EXT. FLORENCE - NIGHT

CAMERA moves across the city as the evening gathers and the streets empty, the fan pattern of the cobbles shining in a drizzle. CAMERA finds A SILHOUETTED MAN on a balcony.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL

As we watch, his face becomes washed with amber, as if under liquid, flowing and indistinct.

We are now --

INT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

STAY ON this Hannibal in amber, framed within the proscenium arch of his balcony, looking out over Florence...

HANNIBAL

We are among the palaces built six hundred years ago by the merchant princes, the kingmakers and connivers of Renaissance Florence.

...until Bedelia reaches for the glass of brandy he is offering her and breaks the illusion.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

As connivers of modern Florence.

Hannibal looks out over the city, considering its romance.

HANNIBAL

I've found a peace here that I would preserve. I've killed hardly anybody during our residence.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You created the vacancy at the Palazzo Capponi by removing the former curator.

HANNIBAL

A simple process requiring a few seconds' work on the old man and a modest outlay for two bags of cement.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You no longer have ethical problems, Hannibal. You have aesthetical ones.

(re: her zipper)

Could you?

She turns and Hannibal stands behind her and slowly unzips her dress, revealing her bare back.

HANNIBAL

Ethics become aesthetics.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You seem more concerned with making appearances than maintaining them.

HANNIBAL

If this is about my position at the Palazzo, once the path was cleared, I won the job fairly. On my merits.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Yes, even the most-contentious Florentines can't resist the verse of Dante ringing off frescoed walls.

HANNIBAL

One contentious Florentine can.

Bedelia crosses into:

INT. HANNIBAL'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY/BEDELIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A large, freestanding CAST-IRON BATH in there. Bedelia enters and turns the ornate taps. Water thunders out. She turns to see Hannibal in the doorway.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Have you given serious thought to eating *Professor Sogliato*?

HANNIBAL

My killing Sogliato now would not preserve the peace.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Your peace is without morality.

HANNIBAL

Morality doesn't exist. Only morale.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

How you feel today.

HANNIBAL

How do you feel today?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I still believe I'm in conscious control of my actions. Given your history, that's a good day.

OFF Bedelia's soft, polite smile...

CLOSE ON A RUSHING TAP

It is turned off and the steaming torrent becomes a DRIP. The drip sends RINGS spreading to the deep sides of the bathtub.

Bedelia lies back and IMMERSSES herself under the water. The surface six inches from her mouth. Like Ophelia lying under the surface of the lake... HOLDING HER BREATH -- A SINGLE BUBBLE escapes her lips and slowly pops on the surface. She stares upward. Slowly, her eyes close.

Around her, the water DARKENS TO BLACK, as if the bottom of the bath has fallen away to reveal an ENDLESS DEPTH. And now Bedelia is SLOWLY SINKING, horizontally sliding downward into the Stygian dark...

BEDELIA'S POV -- amid the darkness, GNARLED ROOTS clamber around one another, slick and wet amid the water...

LOWER and LOWER she sinks, beyond this level, into the next.

Until finally she comes to the BOTTOM and her body comes to rest in a black silt that RISES AROUND HER in SWIRLS and WISPS, as if welcoming her into its grasp.

ON BEDELIA'S CLOSED EYES

Another SOLITARY BUBBLE rises from her lips, and we RISE AWAY from her to follow its progress.

EXT. FLORENCE STREETS - DAY

An area of ARTISAN FOOD STORES -- the streets thronged with shoppers. CAMERA finds Bedelia among them, moving through the crowd, a distant focus in her eyes.

CLOSE ON BEDELIA

A POLICE CONSTABLE comes down the street toward her. He smiles, tips his hat to the beautiful lady. She nods, her smile fading the moment he passes.

INT. VERA DAL 1926 - DAY

An elegant Florentine fine grocer filled with fine wines and exotic cheeses. Bedelia approaches the CLERK at the counter:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
*Due bottiglie di Bâtard-Montrachet
e li tartufi bianchi, per favore.*

CUT TO:

EXT. FLORENCE TRAIN STATION - DAY

Bedelia sits on a bench, her shopping bag from Vera dal 1926 next to her. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal...

...she sits on the platform of a train station.

A CCTV camera sits above her, covering the length of the platform. Bedelia looks up at it and then back to the TRAIN which is about to depart. Its open carriage doors are an invitation... Will she take it?

OFF Bedelia...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BEDELIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CAMERA PUSHES IN as headlights roll up the driveway and across the siding of the house as a car approaches.

INT. BEDELIA'S HOUSE - FOYER/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CAMERA moves through the darkened hall until FRAMING AN EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON THE FRONT DOORKNOB.

The SOUND OF A KEY in the door --

Breaks the quiet. LIGHT SPILLS in as the door opens.

Bedelia enters.

She turns to the living room as CAMERA reveals almost every piece of her furniture is beneath a drop cloth, protected against dust for an indefinite period of time -- just as she left it before she fled Hannibal and the FBI.

(NOTE: Bedelia has just come from the FBI's interrogation room, as seen in Ep. #212, "Tome-wan.")

Bedelia takes in the shroud of the chairs, walking the room's periphery, searching for some sense of herself. She pauses.

AN EMPTY CHAIR

Where she left a glass-cut perfume bottle for Hannibal weeks earlier. It's gone. She considers its absence, then:

CLOSE ON THE SPIKE OF A CORKSCREW

It TWISTS through the cork in a bottle of wine. We are --

INT. BEDELIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Bedelia opens the bottle of wine and pours herself a glass. She reacts, twists the bottle upward to stem the flow. One last drop of wine falls into the glass and she listens.

CAMERA FOLLOWS BEDELIA

She moves into the hall as a distinct sound grows louder and louder until she recognizes it. The shower is running.

INT. BEDELIA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

She moves into her bedroom, toward the open door of her bathroom through which she can see bloody clothes strewn across the floor and a MAN IN HER SHOWER.

HANNIBAL

He stands naked in Bedelia's shower, blood thinly streaming from his various cuts and wounds as water washes them clean. He twists the pressure valve closed until the water only drips.

Hannibal steps out of the shower, allowing the water to bead off of him, before grabbing a towel to dry himself.

There is a familiar CLICK of a gun cocking and Hannibal realizes he is no longer alone.

HANNIBAL'S POV -- THE SHADOWS

He slowly pushes the bathroom door open, casting light into the bedroom and finally illuminating Bedelia sitting calmly, holding a gun in one hand and a glass of wine in the other.

BEDELIA'S POV -- HANNIBAL

He stands naked, silhouetted in the doorway.

HANNIBAL
May I get dressed?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
You may.

Hannibal lets his towel drop and pulls on his underwear.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER (CONT'D)
What have you done, Hannibal?

HANNIBAL
I've taken off my person suit.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
You let them see you.

HANNIBAL
I let them see enough.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
How does that feel? Being seen?

Hannibal shrugs on his shirt and buttons it.

HANNIBAL
You're not in a position to ask,
Dr. Du Maurier. You ended our
patient-psychiatrist relationship.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
I lacked the appropriate skills to
continue your treatment.

HANNIBAL
I never found you to be lacking.

She studies him a moment, then:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
I'm sorry I didn't leave you with a
suitable substitute for therapy.
(then)
Is Will Graham still alive?

Hannibal goes still. A quiet moment as he curbs his emotions.

HANNIBAL
Will Graham was not a suitable
substitute for therapy.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
What was he?

HANNIBAL
Is this professional curiosity?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Almost entirely.

HANNIBAL
Do you trust me?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Not entirely.
(then)
Trust is driven by an emotional
sense of what to do, and a very
conscious sense what not to do.

HANNIBAL
Are you taking into account my
beliefs about your intentions?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
My intentions?

HANNIBAL
Human motivation can be little more
than lucid greed.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Greed and blind optimism.

HANNIBAL

You're optimistic I won't kill you.

OFF Bedelia as she smoothly un-cocks the gun in her hand, sets it aside and takes a sip of wine.

PRE-LAP A SUDDEN SQUEALING --

EXT. FLORENCE TRAIN STATION - DAY

The hurly-burly of the Paris train about to depart. Last-minute PASSENGERS jumping aboard.

CONDUCTORS make their last calls.

Train doors SLAM.

The SIGNAL LIGHTS change.

The Paris train pulls out of the station slowly, revealing Bedelia still sitting on her bench, watching it go...

CCTV -- looking down on Bedelia as she looks up at the camera... looking anything but optimistic.

MUSIC RISES over her, taking us to --

INT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - SALON - DAY

A darkened room. The music plays as Hannibal works on his speech to the *Studiolo*, rapt and transported.

CLOSE ON Hannibal's face and hands, light flickering over them as he works with slides and a projector.

Hannibal studies paintings and poems, writing notes, struck by their power. Absorbed in a world of beauty and intellect.

Happy.

INT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - CORRIDOR - DAY

ON HANNIBAL

Smiling, happy with life, as he walks down a vaulted corridor, light and shadow alternating on his face as he passes the windows...

INT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - STAIRWAY/FOYER - DAY

He comes down a wide flight of stone stairs and into the foyer.

Bright sunlight shines in from the outside.

Hannibal walks toward it, the LENS FLARING as he becomes a silhouette, his face going to darkness as the bright sunlight of the doorframe envelopes him.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - DAY

As Hannibal emerges onto the steps and looks across the busy square.

ANTONY DIMMOND (O.S.)
Hello! *Bonjour!*

Hannibal does not realize this is directed at him, but as he heads down the stairs, a hand grabs his arm.

ON HANNIBAL -- for a second his eyes threaten violence -- but then he turns to see:

ANTONY DIMMOND

Sporting stubble and wild hair. He seems absentminded, but his eyes are sharp.

ANTONY DIMMOND (CONT'D)
We met in Paris a few months back.
Sorry, didn't mean to startle you,
but here I was and then, there you
were... I never forget a face...

HANNIBAL
Antony Dimmond.

Dimmond beams with pleasure.

ANTONY DIMMOND
Nice to be remembered.

HANNIBAL
You're hard to forget.

ANTONY DIMMOND
What are you doing in Florence?
Are you working with Roman?

HANNIBAL
Dr. Fell?

ANTONY DIMMOND
I heard he took an appointment at
the Capponi library.

ON HANNIBAL -- Dimmond is astute beneath his manner. Doesn't miss much, it seems.

HANNIBAL

Yes, he's the new curator and translator of the Palazzo Capponi.

ANTONY DIMMOND

Evidently, the last one eloped with a woman or someone's money or both.

Hannibal is cool.

HANNIBAL

That's the commonly-held belief.
(then)
You just missed Roman.

Dimmond looks crestfallen.

ANTONY DIMMOND

Did I? Was hoping to take the piss.

Hannibal studies Dimmond a moment, then:

HANNIBAL

Spare the piss for the time being.
If you're free, my wife and I would love to have you for dinner.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

CLOSE ON A SNAIL

It moves at a snail's pace across a slick, fleshy surface.
CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal it is one snail among dozens.

We are --

INT. COCHLEAR GARDEN - DARK (FLASHBACK)

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK until it reveals a plump snail feasting on the tip of a human finger.

The snails are crawling across the flesh of an arm resting in a pool of wine marinade, also consumed by dozens of snails.

Fingers of the living reach INTO FRAME and pluck the plump snail from the fingers of the marinating severed arm.

CLOSE ON A PLUMP SNAIL

CAMERA RACK FOCUSES onto Hannibal studying the snail as it crawls across his fingers. He's dressed in a three-piece plaid suit and an apron, harvesting his cochlear garden.

HANNIBAL

Listen.

He holds his breath for a moment and we hear dozens of little RASP-LIKE TONGUES CHEWING on Gideon's severed arm.

Reveal Gideon.

He is listening, but not as impressed as Hannibal -- as it is his flesh the snails are chewing. He sits on a motorized wheelchair. His left arm is missing below the shoulder. The fresh amputation wound is tightly dressed.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

They prefer eating in company.

Hannibal plucks snails from their moist roosts, collecting them in an elegant glass cylinder.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I've kept cochlear gardens since I was a young man, fattening snails on herbs and vine leaves. Like all of us, what they eat greatly influences and enhances their flavor.

DR. GIDEON

When I'm not eating myself, you wish me to be eating oysters. Drinking sweet wines, snacking on acorns. All to make me tastier?

HANNIBAL

Oh yes.
(re: the snails)
And you are making them tastier.

DR. GIDEON

And I you. Imagine what you must taste like. Won't be long before someone takes a bite out of you.

Hannibal notes Gideon's tone.

HANNIBAL

When agitated, sea snails produce a purple dye. Its color won't fade. Becomes brighter with weathering.
(then)
You're becoming brighter, Abel.
Dying hasn't dulled you one bit.

Gideon politely turns his attention back to the snails:

DR. GIDEON

The snails are certainly having a lovely experience, fattened on me in a red-wine marinade. They have no idea they're going to be eaten.
(then)
We do.

CLOSE ON AN OYSTER SHELL

CAMERA crawls across its surface. A SHUCKING BLADE ENTERS FRAME and splits the shell, at its hinge, with a twist, removing the lid and revealing the oyster.

The oyster in its cup is placed on a bed of ice, SPINNING to reveal it is joining a dozen oysters fanned across a platter. A woman's hand ENTERS FRAME and takes an oyster.

CAMERA follows the oyster to reveal Bedelia. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bedelia sits with Hannibal and Antony Dimmond at the table. She is hiding her fears well, surrounded by a tray of oysters and nuts. Hannibal at ease, a platter of meats between him and Dimmond, who enjoys the hospitality, pours himself more wine.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
(to Dimmond)
How well do you know the Fells?

She shoots the oyster in her imperceptibly-trembling hand.

ANTONY DIMMOND
As well as anybody. Which'd be not
really. Lydia a friend of yours?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Not really.

ANTONY DIMMOND
I'd be surprised to hear she had
one. We share a mutual detestation.
She disapproves of my disapproval.

HANNIBAL
What do you disapprove of?

ANTONY DIMMOND
Roman, mainly. Lydia isn't quite
bright enough to see I'm just
intimidated. Roman does, of course.
How he loves to strike fear.

HANNIBAL
Dante wrote that fear is almost as
bitter as death.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Dante wasn't dead when he wrote it.

HANNIBAL
Are you traveling alone, Antony?

The question sends a shudder down Bedelia's spine.

ANTONY DIMMOND
It's the only way I travel.

HANNIBAL
Roman is speaking to the *Studiolo*
Friday. On Dante. You should come.

If Bedelia had been chewing, she would have choked.

ANTONY DIMMOND
Sounds appropriately hellish.

Dimmond clocks Bedelia as she reaches for another oyster.

ANTONY DIMMOND (CONT'D)

Are you avoiding meats?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I'm trying not to eat anything with
a central nervous system.

Dimmond calls out the food in her corner of the table:

ANTONY DIMMOND

Oysters, acorns and Marsala. That's
what ancient Romans would feed
animals to improve their flavor.

Bedelia does her best to hide her realization, steadies
herself. Hannibal watches her very closely as she digests.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

My husband has quite a
sophisticated palette. He's
particular about how I taste.

Bedelia shoots another oyster back. Hannibal stares. An
uncomfortably-long beat as Dimmond considers that. Finally:

ANTONY DIMMOND

Is it that kind of party?

HANNIBAL

It is not that kind of party.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

No, it really isn't.

ANTONY DIMMOND

Shame. You were both suddenly so
fascinating.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Dimmond stands in the open doorway, shrugging on his coat as
Hannibal and Bedelia see him out.

ANTONY DIMMOND

Buonasera.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Buonasera.

HANNIBAL

Buonasera.

Hannibal closes the door as Dimmond walks away.

A moment, then:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
(curious)
You let him go.

HANNIBAL
What would you have me do, Bedelia?

As Bedelia ponders Hannibal's question...

EXT. FLORENCE STREETS - DAY

Bedelia walks down the street.

CAMERA follows her from across the street, keeping pace.

ANGLE ON ANTONY DIMMOND

Also walking the streets. Moving through the crowds,
following Bedelia.

INTERCUT their progress.

Bedelia moves with purpose. Resolved. Anxious.

Dimmond moves with greater freedom, not a care in the world.
Is he stalking her?

Bedelia crosses the street, narrowly avoiding a car that
screeches to a halt before it would have run her down.

Dimmond turns to the sound to see Bedelia disappearing into:

INT. VERA DAL 1926 - DAY

Navigating her way through the pastas and hams, Bedelia
approaches the clerk at the counter:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
*Due bottiglie di Bâtard-Montrachet
e li tartufi bianchi, per favore.*

As the clerk prepares the order, Antony strides across the
grocery store, directly toward Bedelia.

ANTONY DIMMOND
Florentines say Vera dal, with its
wealth of cheeses and truffles,
smells like the feet of God.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Hello, Mr. Dimmond.

ANTONY DIMMOND

I don't know if it's you, me or God,
but there's something in the air.

The clerk hands Bedelia her bag.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Grazie.

ANTONY DIMMOND

Dinner was lovely. I must confess
to a certain abstract curiosity
about your husband... Mrs. Fell.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

(stares, then)

Good-bye, Mr. Dimmond.

Bedelia takes the bag and exits. Dimmond follows.

EXT. FLORENCE STREETS - DAY

CAMERA leads Bedelia out of Vera dal 1926 as Dimmond stands
in the doorway behind her, watching her go a moment, then:

ANTONY DIMMOND

I asked one of the scholars at the
Palazzo to point me in the
direction of Dr. Fell. He raised
one craggy old finger and pointed
it directly at your husband. I
thought the old codger made a
mistake, but there was no mistake.

Bedelia keeps walking. Dimmond quickens his pace to catch up.

ANTONY DIMMOND (CONT'D)

Even in the teeth of evidence,
you're just going to walk away.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Those aren't the teeth you should
be concerned about.

Bedelia tries to control the tremble building inside her.

ANTONY DIMMOND

Where are Roman and Lydia?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I don't know.

ANTONY DIMMOND

Does your husband know?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

He's not my husband. He is something entirely Other.

ANTONY DIMMOND

The man is curating an exposition of Atrocious Torture Instruments.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

The essence of the worst of the human spirit is not found in the iron maiden or the whetted edge. Elemental ugliness, Mr. Dimmond, is found in the faces of the crowd.

(then)

However you think you're going to manipulate this situation to your advantage, think again.

ANTONY DIMMOND

Bluebeard's wife. Secrets you're not to know, yet sworn to keep.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

If I'm to be Bluebeard's wife, I would prefer to be the last one.

(then)

Unless you believe you are beyond harm, go to the police.

ANTONY DIMMOND

You want to be caught.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Will you help me?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

CLOSE ON BEDELIA DU MAURIER (FLASHBACK)

CAMERA PULLS BACK to find her lying flat on her back, covered in blood. She's breathing heavy, trembling.

There is a faint gurgling, choking sound that slowly begins to register on her conscious mind through the sharp HUM of her ringing ears and THUMPING of her circulatory system. She turns and CAMERA reveals, lying on the floor next to her, is...

A DYING MAN

He's dazed, choking on the blood overflowing from his mouth, eyes rolling back until only the whites are visible.

He stiffens. After a long, horrible moment, he dies.

Bedelia stares, her jagged breath rattles in her ears, heart racing. She sits up, unable to take her eyes off the dead man lying next to her.

She raises a hand to brush the matted hair from her face, and stops. Her hand looks like it has been dunked in a bucket of blood up to her mid-forearm.

QUICK CUT TO:

MERE MOMENTS EARLIER

Bedelia straddles her PATIENT, holding him by the collar of his shirt with one hand, the other hand is jammed down his throat up to the mid-forearm. His eyes bulge.

BACK TO:

BEDELIA

She rises INTO FRAME, standing over her dead patient, and CAMERA reveals Hannibal standing in the hallway behind her.

HANNIBAL

Bedelia.

Bedelia barely startles, turning to see Hannibal behind her.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

He attacked me.

HANNIBAL

Is that your blood?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

No.

Hannibal crouches next to the dead patient and examines his hands -- they're clean, free of blood or tissue.

HANNIBAL

You were... defending yourself?

A slow, guilty nod.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I was reckless. Reckless violence is a poor survival mechanism.

HANNIBAL

This wasn't reckless violence. It was a controlled use of force.

Bedelia is haunted by the truth, tries to reassure herself:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I'm not confused. My imagination isn't filling in the gaps. I know what happened here.

HANNIBAL

Do you?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

He was your patient before he was mine, Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

He died under your care.

(then)

Aggression can be an effective means of maintaining order when dealing with an unruly patient.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I'm not an aggressive person.

HANNIBAL

I'm sure you reacted with a level of aggression that was uniquely appropriate for this encounter.

(then)

But you weren't defending yourself.

Hannibal stares, seeing right through her.

A SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS ON -- BEDELIA:

She unbuttons her bloody blouse, slipping it off her shoulders and peeling it down her abdomen, exposing her bloodstained undergarments. We are --

INT. BEDELIA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM/BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Bedelia is silhouetted in the doorway, much like Hannibal was. CAMERA reveals Hannibal watching her from the shadows of the bedroom, much like Bedelia was watching Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

I can help you tell the version of events you want to be told. I can help you, if you ask me to.

She opens the shower door and turns the nozzle. The showerhead sprinkles and surges to life.

Bedelia raises her bloodstained hand to the shower stream, allowing the red to wash away in rivulets down her arm.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Will you help me?

As Hannibal's helpful grin starts to dawn...

ON BEDELIA

She stands under the shower, the water washes over her. STREAMS OF WATER from the showerhead slow until they become BEADS SUSPENDED IN MIDAIR above Bedelia's upturned face.

MATCH CUT TO:

SCATTERED MOTES OF DUST

They float through the SLANT OF LIGHT cutting through the darkness over Bedelia's upturned face. We are now --

INT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - SALON - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Bedelia is beautifully coiffed and elegantly dressed. She sits among the "dragons" of the *Studiolo*, dozens of the most-renowned medieval and Renaissance scholars in the world. They sit in rows of folding chairs, surrounded by DOZENS OF TORTURE INSTRUMENTS, all in various states of restoration.

Hannibal's voice creeps into Bedelia's consciousness:

HANNIBAL (O.S.)

In accord with my own taste for the pre-Renaissance...

The SLANT OF LIGHT over her head projects an IMAGE on a large drop cloth suspended from the ceiling like a screen.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF SATAN

His three faces, half-immersed in ice, chewing on Brutus, Cassius and Judas Iscariot, while weeping. Hannibal is a dark figure pacing the aisles as he speaks:

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

...I present the case of Pietro della Vigna, whose treachery earned him a place in Dante's Hell.

ON HANNIBAL

He steps into the light, in front of the illustration of Satan, its horns peeking out from behind his head.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

He was disgraced and blinded for betraying his emperor's trust.

He presses the switch in his palm and the illustration behind him is now depicting Dante's nine levels of Hell.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Dante's pilgrim finds him in the seventh level of the *Inferno*, reserved for suicides. Like Judas Iscariot, he died by hanging.

Hannibal paces the aisle, slowly approaching Bedelia.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Judas and Pietro della Vigna are linked in Dante's *Inferno*.

Hannibal places a gentle hand on Bedelia's shoulder.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Betrayal and hanging, then, linked since antiquity, the image appearing again and again in art.

An ART SLIDE appears on the drop cloth. Hannibal begins pacing again, taking his hand off Bedelia's shoulder.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

This is the earliest-known depiction of the Crucifixion, carved on an ivory box in Gaul about A.D. four hundred.

(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

It includes the death by hanging of Judas, his face upturned to the branch that suspends him.

NEW ANGLE

A NEW SLIDE appears as CAMERA reveals Antony Dimmond quietly listening to Hannibal's lecture from the back of the room.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

On the doors of the Benevento Cathedral, we see Judas hanging with his bowels falling out.

Hannibal squeezes the remote and ANOTHER SLIDE appears.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

And here, from a fifteenth-century edition of *The Inferno*, is Pietro della Vigna's body hanging from a bleeding tree. I won't belabor the parallels with Judas Iscariot.

ON BEDELIA

Her eyes wander until they find Mr. Dimmond listening intently. Her face goes slack.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Betrayal, hanging, self-destruction.

Hannibal addresses Bedelia almost directly without singling her out in the audience, all with a glance.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

"Io fei gibetto a me de le mie case."
(translating)
"I make my own home be my gallows."

Bedelia averts her eyes just as Hannibal notices Dimmond. His composure only falters for a brief moment.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Mr. Dimmond. Welcome. Please join us. We were just about to discuss the matter of chewing in Dante.

Dimmond smiles politely, then takes a seat. Hannibal glances at Bedelia, but her chair is now vacant.

INT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Bedelia hurries away from Hannibal's presentation as APPLAUSE erupts from the *Studiolo*.

INT. PALAZZO CAPPONI - SALON - NIGHT

The dry-yet-enthusiastic applause trickles to a stop as Hannibal nods his thanks to the *Studiolo* as they stand and filter out of the hall.

HANNIBAL

Thank you for your kind attention.

Sogliato is gathering his belongings as Hannibal approaches.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Would you say I secured my position, *Professor Sogliato*?

SOGLIATO

The *Studiolo* seems satisfied.

Dimmond waltzes up, joining Hannibal and Sogliato.

ANTONY DIMMOND

Satisfied? That applause was downright enthusiastic in its soft and dusty way.

SOGLIATO

Dottor Fell is a friend of yours?

ANTONY DIMMOND

I've only known him a short time. Still, the tales I could tell.

SOGLIATO

Please do.

ANTONY DIMMOND

What kind of friend would I be?

SOGLIATO

What kind of friend, indeed.

(to Hannibal)

Dottore.

Without another word, Sogliato moves off, suppressing an eye roll, joining the *Studiolo* as they exit. Dimmond eyes the various torture instruments surrounding them:

ANTONY DIMMOND

An exposition of Atrocious Torture Instruments appeals to connoisseurs of the very worst in mankind.

HANNIBAL

Now that ceaseless exposure has calloused us to the lewd and the vulgar, it is instructive to see what still seems wicked to us.

ANTONY DIMMOND

What still slaps the clammy flab of our submissive consciousness hard enough to get our attention?

HANNIBAL

What wickedness has your attention, Mr. Dimmond?

Hannibal and Dimmond circle a BREAKING WHEEL as they assess each other's intentions.

ANTONY DIMMOND

Yours, "Dr. Fell." I have no delusions of morality; if I had, I would've gone to *la polizia*.

(then)

I'm curious what fate befell Dr. Fell to see you here in his stead.

Hannibal studies Mr. Dimmond a moment, then:

HANNIBAL

You may have to strap me to the breaking wheel to loosen my tongue.

ANTONY DIMMOND

No torture was required to loosen your wife/not-your-wife's tongue.

(off Hannibal's look)

She overestimated my affection for the genuine Dr. Fell. Clearly, you found him as distasteful as I did.

HANNIBAL

On the contrary.

ANTONY DIMMOND

We can twist ourselves into all manner of uncomfortable positions just to maintain appearances, with or without a breaking wheel.

HANNIBAL

Are you here to twist me into an
uncomfortable position?

ANTONY DIMMOND

I'm here to help you untwist... to
our mutual benefit.

INT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Bedelia has donned a coat and is carrying a small suitcase,
hurrying toward the door. She reaches for the doorknob and
stops short. It's starting to turn...

The door opens and Hannibal ushers Antony Dimmond inside. He
averts his eyes away from Bedelia's gaze.

POV FROM THE HALL

As Hannibal slowly shuts the door on anyone's escape.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

CLOSE ON BEDELIA DU MAURIER -- SLOW MOTION

VIOLENT SHADOWS dance across her face. We are in the fog of Bedelia's experience, her hearing numbed by the wash of her circulatory system and a HIGH-PITCHED RINGING intermittently broken by STACCATO BURSTS of a terrified heart.

CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK

The violent shadows continue their SLOW DANCE across Bedelia and the wall behind her as Hannibal brutally and efficiently dispatches Antony Dimmond to the afterlife. Her suitcase is next to her, her coat draped over her chair. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bedelia is unflinching despite jagged breaths rattling at the back of her throat. Hannibal stands over Dimmond's corpse.

HANNIBAL

Observe or participate.

The words don't immediately land with Bedelia, still stunned at what she has witnessed. She slowly looks at Hannibal:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

What?

HANNIBAL

Are you, in this very moment,
observing or participating?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Observing.

The corners of Hannibal's lips curl ever so slightly.

HANNIBAL

If you can see me, I can see you.

Hannibal leans over Dimmond's broken corpse in a FRAME reminiscent of him leaning over Bedelia's dead patient.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

You say you're observing, but this,
this is participation, Bedelia.

(off her look)

Did you know what he would do when
you asked him to help you? I'd
prefer you answer honestly.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

This always goes better if one of us is honest.

HANNIBAL

Have you been honest with yourself?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I was curious.

HANNIBAL

You were curious what would happen.
You were curious what Mr. Dimmond would do. What I would do.

(then)

Did you anticipate our thoughts?
Counter-thoughts? Rationalizations?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Yes.

HANNIBAL

(re: Dimmond's body)

Is this what you expected?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

(a moment, then)

Yes.

HANNIBAL

That's participation.

Hannibal crosses to Bedelia's suitcase, picking it up.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

What've you gotten yourself into,
Bedelia?

(off her silence)

Shall I hang up your coat?

Bedelia absently hands him her coat. Hannibal moves into the bedroom. Through the open door we can see him place Bedelia's suitcase on the bed and begin to unpack it.

OFF Bedelia staring at Mr. Dimmond's body...

CLOSE ON A BEAUTIFUL VINTAGE LEATHER STEAMER TRUNK

CAMERA reveals TWO PORTERS carry the trunk toward...

EXT. FLORENCE TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

Hannibal ENTERS FRAME behind the two porters and the trunk en route to the awaiting TRAIN CAR. Dressed in an elegant travel coat, he strikes a dashing figure as he boards the train.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

Hannibal shares a private compartment with his steamer trunk. As CAMERA PUSHES IN, Hannibal's gaze drifts to the window as a stunning Italian landscape blurs past...

SNAILS

They topple into a hot pan, a brandy flambé erupts around them. As the fire starts to fade, a shower of white wine douses the flame and we EXTINGUISH TO BLACK.

CAMERA PULLS OUT OF A LARGE AFRICAN SNAIL SHELL

The tiny snails from the cochlear garden are tumbling out onto the dinner table, beautifully cooked. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK to reveal Hannibal and Gideon at the table, flanking the large snail shell. Surrounding the mouth of the shell are various oysters in the half-shell.

HANNIBAL

Would you rather I extended you the same kindness as the escargot?

DR. GIDEON

Eating me without my knowledge? I find knowing to be much more powerful than not knowing. Why do you think I'm allowing this?

Hannibal studies his dinner companion, appreciating his bite.

HANNIBAL

Why do you think I'm allowing this?

DR. GIDEON

Snails aren't the only creatures who prefer to eat in company.

Gideon forks a snail in its shell, which is secured decoratively so he can use one arm, and pops it in his mouth.

DR. GIDEON (CONT'D)

I'm fascinated to know how you will feel when all this... happens to you.

EXT. PALERMO - NORMAN PALACE - DAWN

Time-lapse establishing.

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - DAWN

Ornate, inspiring and severe.

Morning light glances down from the stained-glass windows, casting colored pools and dense shadows.

CAMERA prowls the aisles between the rows of pews and finds A GARGANTUAN HUMAN HEART -- not the organ itself, but a representation, skillfully molded from the CORPSE OF ANTONY DIMMOND.

The torso is tucked into a fetal position, hands and feet have been cut off mid-forearm/mid-shin. The arms and legs broken and bent to mimic the ventricles and aorta. Dimmond's head has been removed.

The dark red blood streaking the body and the pallor of the dead skin create the purplish hues of a recently-removed organ.

The "heart" is pierced by three swords pushed through the body at angles, to both secure the organic sculpture in place and provide a tripod to lift it from the ground.

It almost appears to be a horrifying brazier awaiting flame.

As the sun rises, the multicolored shafts of light beaming through the stained-glass windows spotlight Hannibal's creation in all its glory...

OFF the tableau, placed amid the gorgeous light, in a monument to God and man's adulation of him, we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE