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HANNIBAL

"Secondo"

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Episode #303

Final Shooting Script

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HANNIBAL
"Secondo"

TEASER

DUST MOTES

A hand suspended in a SHAFT OF LIGHT -- coming from high windows, beaming down like the eye of God.

We are --

EXT. FLORENCE TRAIN STATION - DAY

HANNIBAL LECTER comes along the platform, pauses as the sunlight strikes his face. Looks up and smiles.

Reveal BEDELIA DU MAURIER --

Watching Hannibal from the platform, taking him in. Hannibal senses her gaze and meets her eye. She walks to meet him.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
How was Palermo?

HANNIBAL
I ran into Will Graham.

Bedelia hesitates in her step. Hannibal keeps walking, and we STAY ON Bedelia assimilating this information.

EXT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - BALCONY - DAY

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Hannibal and Bedelia's balcony, the light wind billowing at the drapes, as CAMERA moves into:

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

The attic space, windows flooding it with shafts of light. Hannibal is silent. Bedelia sips from a glass of red wine.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
You're ruminating the way most of us look for a lost object: we review its image in our minds and compare that image to what we see.

HANNIBAL
Or don't see.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Was it nice to see him?

HANNIBAL

It was nice. Among other things.
(then)
He knew where to look for me.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You knew where he would look.

HANNIBAL

He said he forgave me.

Bedelia stares, fascinated by the strange, complex relationship between these two men.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Forgiveness is too great and difficult for one person. It requires two: betrayer and betrayed. Which one are you?

HANNIBAL

I'm vague on those details.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Betrayal and forgiveness are best seen as something more akin to falling in love.

HANNIBAL

You cannot control with respect to whom you fall in love.

She studies him a moment, takes a sip of wine, then:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You're going to get caught. It's already been set into motion.

HANNIBAL

Is that concern for your patient or concern for yourself?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I'm not concerned about me. I know exactly how I will be navigating my way out of whatever it is I've gotten myself into. Do you?

HANNIBAL

I did.

Bedelia weighs the meaning of that.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Where is Will Graham going to be
looking for you next?

HANNIBAL
Someplace I can never go. Home.

MOVE OFF Hannibal to --

CLOSE ON WILL GRAHAM

ALL SOUND IS DULLED, the AMBIENT NOISE of his circulatory system provides a steady, rhythmic drone. He stares into middle distance as CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - NIGHT

Will Graham walks backward through the chapel, which is DIMMING around him, until he is surrounded by DARKNESS. CAMERA reveals the floor is no longer the marble of the Cappella Palatina, but the DEEP RED BLOOD FLOOR seen shattering a teacup in Ep. #302, "Primavera."

ON WILL

He continues to walk backward across the blood floor, and finally stops. He takes a breath and closes his eyes.

LIGHT BEGINS TO DAWN IN THE DARKNESS AROUND HIM

Casting detail on his surroundings. Will OPENS HIS EYES and starts walking forward as CAMERA reveals him on a dirt road, moving toward --

EXT. LECTER ESTATE - FRONT GATE - DAY

Will's car is off the side of a dirt road, near a high stone wall. He dons a backpack. Will inspects the sky -- gray, thick clouds. In the distance, a roll of THUNDER.

A WROUGHT-IRON GATE

In the high stone wall. Held shut with a thick chain. Padlock hanging on the inside. Will finds a handhold and begins to scale the gate. He pulls himself up and over.

As Will drops down and lands on the other side, great laden drops of rain begin to fall, hard and fast.

CAMERA FLOATS UP through the deluge, revealing a stone archway. On it is carved: "LECTER DVARAS."

MOVING WITH WILL

Hunched against the rain, up an overgrown gravel road flanked by encroaching forest. CAMERA rises to reveal...

CASTLE LECTER.

An imposing-but-crumbling castle, the woods around growing wild as if to engulf it. The woods seem to lean in toward Will, threatening. A knight approaching the dragon's lair.

EXT. LECTER ESTATE - HUNTING COTTAGE - DAY

In a meadow clearing, amid the woods, a small cottage stands, dwarfed by the castle's crumbling shadow. We watch as Will Graham walks toward it.

From a distance, we see Will peer in the windows as the rain smashes down.

WILL'S POV

Through the window, he looks into the rustic interior. He tries the door. And then -- seeing no one -- he moves on.

CUT TO:

AN ANCIENT LEANING STONE

Covered in moss and lichen. Slick with rain. CAMERA moves around it to find --

THE CASTLE LECTER CEMETERY

Slowly absorbed by undergrowth. Tombs and small mausoleums are overgrown with weeds and ivy, shrubs and saplings.

EXCEPT FOR ONE.

Will moves to the well-tended grave with its recent stone. Fresh-cut flowers lie at its foot --

MISCHA LECTER, BELOVED.

ON WILL

He stands alone, gazing at the grave.

WILL'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS -- THE HUNTING COTTAGE

Will watches the cottage from a safe distance. He lowers the binoculars and turns as CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal he is sitting in a THERAPY CHAIR.

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK to reveal Will is across from:

HANNIBAL

Well-coiffed, besuited, dry. Sitting in his THERAPY CHAIR. He's staring at the hunting cottage and the castle in the distance beyond it.

HANNIBAL

It's not healing to see your childhood home, but it helps you measure whether you are broken, how and why, assuming you want to know.

WILL GRAHAM

I want to know.

(then)

Is this where construction began?

Hannibal glances back at his childhood home.

HANNIBAL

On my memory palace? Its door at the center of my mind. And here you are, feeling for the latch.

Will regards Hannibal with something approaching a smile.

WILL GRAHAM

The spaces in your mind devoted to your earliest years... are they different than the other rooms?

The SKY DARKENS around them, like the instant onset of night, and this darkness becomes the shadowy interior of...

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Incongruously, rain falls in the office on Will (and Will only) still sitting opposite Hannibal who remains dry.

WILL GRAHAM

Are they different than this room?

HANNIBAL

This room holds sound and motion, great snakes wrestling and heaving in the dark. Other rooms are static scenes, fragmentary...

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL

He appears briefly to be composed of PAINTED SHARDS OF GLASS.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
...like painted shards of glass.

WIDE

WILL GRAHAM
Everything keyed to memories that
lead to other memories.

HANNIBAL
In geometric progression.

WILL GRAHAM
The rooms you can't bring yourself
to go. Nothing escapes from them
that causes you any comfort.

HANNIBAL
Screams fill some of those places.
But the corridors do not echo
screaming... because I hear music.

A GUNSHOT rings out, snapping us back to --

THE CASTLE LECTER GROUNDS

Will snaps out of his daydream. Another SHOT, then ANOTHER.
Will is up, heading toward the sound...

FOREST EDGE

Will keeps cover, scans the horizon with his binoculars.

BINOCULARS POV

Find a steel-eyed Japanese woman named CHIYOH, rifle at the
ready, moving along the tree line, toward Will. She stops.
Having heard something. Looking in our direction. Then:

In the foreground, PHEASANT EXPLODE from the brush, flying
upward. The woman follows with her rifle -- CRACK, CRACK!

Both the birds drop from the air in sudden, ungainly fashion.

Chiyoh brings the rifle down, aiming RIGHT AT US.

CHIYOH'S POV -- THROUGH A RIFLESCOPE

No sign of Will. She scans the vicinity through crosshairs.

ON WILL

He stands hidden in the tree line. Hooded, face in shadow.
A spectral presence in the forest. He does not move.

ON CHIYOH

She pauses, breath held, eyes searching the tree line for movement. Something is off in this place she knows so well.

WIDE

Another pheasant EXPLODES from the brush. Chiyoh swings the rifle and -- CRACK! She fires a shot. As quickly, she throws the rifle over her shoulder and the pheasant drops.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

CLOSE ON A FEATHER

Beautiful, colorful BARBS fan out from the RACHIS, fanning out into MULTIPLE FEATHERS, fanning out into a WING.

CLOSE ON FINGERS

ENTER FRAME, intertwining with the feathers and pulling.

CLOSE ON THE BIRD'S SKIN

It peaks, pulled by the quill, then retracts as it separates.

CLOSE ON FINE, COLORED FEATHERS AND DOWN

As they float within a beam of light. They move and sway in SLO-MO amid invisible air currents. We are --

EXT. LECTER ESTATE - HUNTING COTTAGE - DAY

Chiyoh plucks the feathers from a pheasant. Other birds -- glossy feathers reflecting in the light -- hang around her.

WILL'S POV -- THROUGH BINOCULARS

Chiyoh continues to work diligently in her perch, breaking down the birds, unaware that she is being observed.

WILL GRAHAM

He watches Chiyoh, almost predatory.

ON CHIYOH

The pheasant has been more or less plucked. With a cleaver, she removes its still-feathered main wing from its body with a succinct CHOP. A second CHOP for the other wing.

ON CHICKEN FEET

The upturned claws curl toward heaven, Chiyoh REFLECTED in the CLEAVER BLADE as it whisks through the air.

MATCH CUT TO:

A SEVERED ARM

Forearm to hand. Its upturned fingers curl toward heaven and -- WHACK! The hand is separated from the arm by a CLEAVER. This time, the cleaver REFLECTS Hannibal.

A HANDFUL OF SALT

The GRANULES DRIFT THROUGH THE AIR IN SLOW MOTION until they impact arm flesh, sensually being rubbed into skin.

THE ARM

It hangs over a heater, TIME-LAPSE DAYLIGHT RISING and FALLING as the flesh of the arm darkens and dries.

A PRECISION KITCHEN BLADE

It ENTERS FRAME, slicing back feather-shaped layers of meat onto the bone, transforming the arm into a bird wing.

CLOSE ON THE COMPLETED DISH

The arm, now reconstructed into its wing shape, is perfectly presented and garnished on a platter.

We are now --

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

CAMERA leads the meat-feathered arm on a platter into the room, revealing Bedelia carrying the dish. CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK as an ICE PICK CLEAVES THE FRAME.

ON A SLICK, CLEAR BLOCK OF ICE as Hannibal uses the ice pick, with brutal precision, to smash the ice to chips. PROFESSOR SOGLIATO relaxes as Bedelia places the meat-feathered arm platter on the table in front of him, next to a bowl of olives and other hors d'oeuvres. She watches him peel a feather of meat, like prosciutto, off the bone as Hannibal speaks:

HANNIBAL

The *Studiolo* is a small, fierce group. They have ruined a number of academic reputations.

SOGLIATO

Appearing before them is a peril.

HANNIBAL

You were very eager to see me discredited, *Professor Sogliato*.

SOGLIATO

You sang for your supper before the dragons at the *Studiolo*.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

And you sang very well.

SOGLIATO

First applause, and then by wet-eyed acclamation, the memberships affirmed you as master of the Palazzo Capponi.

Hannibal smiles, puts the ice into cocktail glasses. Pours PUNCH ROMAINE from a cocktail shaker.

HANNIBAL

Punch Romaine, a cocktail created by Escoffier.

Hannibal hands glasses to Bedelia and Sogliato.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Served to first-class guests on the *Titanic* during their last dinner.

Bedelia looks at Hannibal who gives nothing away.

SOGLIATO

(enjoying the cocktail)

Mmmmm.

(a toast)

The committees have a new curator, they do not miss the old one.

HANNIBAL

If my victory pleased the *professore*, I could not tell.

SOGLIATO

Then you weren't paying attention.

HANNIBAL

I pay lots of attention.

THUNK!

BEDELIA'S POV

Hannibal stuck the ice pick THROUGH Sogliato's forehead.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

But not in a wide-eyed, indiscriminate way.

TEMPLE TO TEMPLE -- bisecting the frontal lobe, impairing his speech and slowing motor skills. He stares, eyes unfocused.

Bedelia looks at Hannibal. A long beat.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

That may have been impulsive.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Been mulling that impulse since you decided to serve Punch Romaine.

SOGLIATO

I... I can't see.

His affect is flat, almost conversational.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You're not unspooling, Hannibal.
You're winding up.

HANNIBAL

I'm spiraling. Life spirals.

SOGLIATO

What's happening?

Sogliato's muttering continues, his hands fuss with his cutlery. A thin line of blood runs down one side of his face.

Bedelia picks up her napkin. Wraps it around the handle of the ice pick and pulls it out. Places it on the table.

Blood pours more freely from the wound on the side of Sogliato's head, and he slowly slumps face first into the bowl of olives.

HANNIBAL

Technically, you killed him.

CLOSE ON blood mingling with the olive oil in swirls...

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

No longer interested in preserving
the peace here you found?

HANNIBAL

You cannot preserve entropy. It
gradually descends into disorder.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Two men from the Capponi are dead.

HANNIBAL

I can only claim one. Technically.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

You're drawing them to you, aren't
you? All of them.

HOLD ON Hannibal, waiting for his response; instead, he smiles.

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - NIGHT

As JACK CRAWFORD, a scar on his throat -- largely hidden by a graying beard -- steps into the light and moves down the aisle toward the altar.

He reaches into his coat and pulls out a CRIME SCENE PHOTO of the DIMMOND HEART.

He stares at the space in which the body was displayed, and then looks up at the stained-glass windows; taking in the austere majesty of the space. Jack takes a deep breath, as if trying to catch a scent.

ON JACK -- on the hunt.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

CLOSE ON THE HUMAN HEART SCULPTURE

Antony Dimmond bent and twisted into Hannibal Lecter's valentine. We are --

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - NIGHT

CAMERA PULLS BACK from the heart sculpture to reveal the image is contained within the frame of a CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPH held by Jack Crawford.

HOLD ON Jack until CAMERA reveals a figure is moving up behind him, OUT OF FOCUS. RACK FOCUS bringing PAZZI into relief as he pauses on Jack's shoulder.

They stand before flickering candles. Two men, both with confessions to make. Jack is holding Pazzi's picture, of a younger Hannibal Lecter, alongside the CSI heart photo.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

As with his crimes in Florence, *il Mostro* collected anatomical trophies, but left no evidence, no body fluids, no fingerprints.

JACK CRAWFORD

Hannibal Lecter's careful. He will strike, but his needs don't force him to strike often.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

There were long periods when *il Mostro* didn't strike at all. This is the first in twenty years.

JACK CRAWFORD

Il Mostro's been busy abroad.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

To *Questura di Firenze*, he's been dead. At the age of sixty-five, Girolamo Tocca was declared *il Mostro* and got forty years at Volterra. Ten years into that sentence, he died. And that was the end of the Monster.

JACK CRAWFORD

You have new evidence.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

The window of the *Questura* laboratory is garlanded with garlic to keep out evil spirits. These are not people open to new ideas.

JACK CRAWFORD

Not from a very old soul writhing in ridiculous circumstance.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

My city mocks me. Among my colleagues, the knives are out. My hunt for *il Mostro* has let the crows peck at my heart.

(then)

How is your heart?

JACK CRAWFORD

Well pecked.

(then)

If he hasn't already, *il Mostro* will return to Florence.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Come back with me. We have a chance to regain our reputations, and enjoy the honors of our trade, by capturing the Monster.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm not here for the Monster. Not my house. Not my fire.

(then)

I'm here for Will Graham.

OFF Pazzi...

EXT. LECTER ESTATE - FOREST - NIGHT

The woods drip with the earlier rain. A LOW FIRE flickers at ground level, sending shadows through the crowding trees and undergrowth.

Will Graham hunches over it, wrapped against the cold and wet. Something moves beyond the dull circle of light, in the Stygian dark beyond, and Will strains to see what it is.

He pulls a FLASHLIGHT from his backpack and flicks it on. Darkness stares back.

WILL'S POV

Out of the bramble and branches, the WENDIGO can be seen, only faintly at first, then emerging from the forest.

ON WILL

He stares until the Wendigo recedes into darkness and disappears, then kicks the fire dead with his boot.

ON WILL

As he moves through the dark, primeval woods. Wet and alive.

A branch SNAPS -- and Will's head jerks around. He turns off his flashlight and listens. Is someone out here with him?

A tense, terrifying beat. Will stands, barely breathing, listening. Nothing. Only the night. Then another SNAP.

Will's heart is THUMPING in his chest. He doesn't move.

CAMERA breathes as it watches him -- is this a POV?

His own circulation THUMPS in his ears. In the dark, he hears noises -- is he being tracked?

OVERHEAD SHOT, looking down on Will from amid the branches, as he moves along the ground below -- an adventurer lost in the fairy-tale woods.

WILL'S POV

A FLASH OF LIGHT in the dark. There, and then gone. Then another and another, drifting upward and then disappearing. Will moves toward the direction of the light...

EXTREME CLOSE ON A FIREFLY IMAGO

It sheds its cocoon, spreads its new wings and takes to the sky, GLOWING. And another and another...

We are --

EXT. LECTER ESTATE - GARDEN CLEARING - NIGHT

Will steps from the trees near the forest's edge. Moonlight penetrates -- enough for Will to see he stands in a clearing, once carefully tended, with low walls and steps; now overcome with moss and lichen.

A SECRET GARDEN -- magically lit by A SWARM OF FIREFLIES. It's beautiful. Like a dream or a fairy tale. They rise in a tight spiral from the ground, like a loose tornado of orange motes.

Will moves toward the source of the fireflies. As he nears, his face glows brighter from their bioluminescence. He takes a knee for a closer look at A RAISED PEDESTAL covered in ivy and topped with a BRONZE ANGEL. Vine and bronze glisten with snail slime as HUNDREDS OF CEPHALOPODS move over the statue.

WIDER -- as a snail slimes down the stone bed. It passes the red-painted outline of a CHILD'S HAND. Will kneels -- the handprints ring the interior of the stone circle. Will traces one of them with his finger.

The fireflies dance and coalesce around him --

MATCH CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE ON A MATCHSTICK

The igniter tip drags across a surface and the match head ERUPTS into beautiful flame.

EXTREME CLOSE ON A LAMP WICK

The matchstick ENTERS FRAME and the lamp wick IGNITES.

We are --

INT. HUNTING COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chiyoh sits in the kitchen, her work lit by lamplight, as she pulls a roast pheasant from the oven and wraps it in parchment.

LONG SHOT -- CHIYOH

Seen through the window. Reveal this to be Will's POV -- watching her from the tree line.

She stands and disappears from his view.

And then, light slides across Will's face as Chiyoh comes out, a LANTERN in one hand. A package in the other. Shotgun slung over her back.

WILL'S POV

As she heads toward the brooding silhouette of the castle.

INT. HUNTING COTTAGE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

From within -- through the window -- Chiyoh's lantern can be seen bobbing down the field.

Will Graham steps INTO FRAME, watching her light. A window open behind him where he climbed through.

He moves through the cottage...

A spartan room. In one corner, A SHINTO SHRINE housing flowers, candles, an orange, bowls of salt, rice and water. In another, a WRITING DESK. A RACK holds hunting rifles, shotguns and bolt actions with scopes, all well tended.

He stands there a moment, quietly, in a room with its share of antlers, and cannot help feeling Hannibal's presence.

CAMERA slides off Will, into the darkness.

EXT. LECTER ESTATE - CASTLE LECTER ENTRANCE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the Lecter coat of arms carved into a large wooden door: a serpent devouring a man. It splits in two as the door CRRREEAKS open with a bone-chilling groan.

Chiyoh appears, pulls the door shut, WIPES FRAME, revealing --

Will -- hidden in the shadows of the castle. Watching as Chiyoh's light heads back up the hill.

INT. CASTLE LECTER - BASEMENT STAIRS - NIGHT

Will now stands atop stone steps which disappear into black below. Will is still for a moment, listening. He proceeds, senses alert. One foot, then another. Descending into --

THE BASEMENT

Will scans the room with the flashlight, revealing a dank, cavernous space with large glass vats and wine presses, bottled wine in racks. The ceiling drips from the recent rain. Water can be heard flowing beyond a large SEWER DRAIN. Snails are everywhere. Their GLISTENING TRAILS are like runes or incantations scrawled on the walls...

The flashlight kissing the entrance of the sewer drain, heavy RUSTING BARS cover the opening. Will stops. From inside, a RASPY VOICE in a foreign language. (NOTE: The man speaks in Lithuanian, without subtitles, so we are as lost as Will.)

CAGED MAN (O.S.)

Kas ten? Labas?

Will approaches, illuminating the cage's contents: a CAGED MAN, wan, covered in matted hair. He's tall and thin. Could be 40, could be 70. Hard to tell. He holds a cooked pheasant, mid-meal. The juices dampen his beard.

CAGED MAN (CONT'D)

Labas?

Will stays quiet as the man moves to the front of the cage, his face suddenly ghoulish in the flashlight. The bars are decorated with handmade trinkets and dolls made of bird bones, snail shells and twine. A bucket of shit in the corner. This man has been in here for years.

CAGED MAN (CONT'D)

(begging)

*Atsiliepk, kalbek prasau, prasau,
prasau.*

The man starts to cry. They seem to be tears of relief.

CAGED MAN (CONT'D)

*Ji su manimi nekalba. Ji niekada su
manimi nekalba! Prasau!*

He grows frustrated, desperate for something, but Will doesn't know what.

CAGED MAN (CONT'D)

Kalbek! Kalbek! Kalbek!

Suddenly, a HIGH-POWERED BEAM hits Will in the face. Blinding him. His hands come to his face. The caged man rushes to hide in the shadows of his cell.

Chiyoh stands behind the light, holding it against the barrel of her shotgun; a shadow among shadows.

CHIYOH

You're upsetting him.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

HOT WHITE LIGHT

It FLARES THE CAMERA, glancing over a snail, the eyes on the tips of its tentacles flex and turn away, finally finding...

WILL GRAHAM

Eyes shaded from the light piercing darkness. We are --

INT. CASTLE LECTER - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The shotgun is leveled at Will, his back to the cage. The caged man cowers. Chiyoh's eyes fixed to Will's. Anger and also exhaustion, and maybe even relief. The constant, distant flowing of water provides a surreal HUM.

CHIYOH

You're trespassing.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm a friend of Hannibal's.

The shotgun barrel dips slightly, either in hesitation or relief.

CHIYOH

He sent you?

WILL GRAHAM

(shakes his head)

I'm looking for him.

Her barrel rises.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

My name is Will Graham. I'm unarmed. May I lower my arms?

Will begins to lower his arms; she indicates with her barrel to keep them up where he had them.

CHIYOH

This trigger has a three-pound pull. I'm holding two of it.

Will's arms slowly regain their lost height.

CAGED MAN

Atsiliepk, kalbek prasau.

WILL GRAHAM

What's he saying?

CHIYOH

He wants you to look at him, speak to him, but you're not going to.

WILL GRAHAM

You've cast aside the social graces normally afforded to human beings.

CHIYOH

He's cast them aside. All he is allowed is the sound of water. It's what the unborn hear, it's their last memory of peace.

She moves around Will with her light and shotgun, and points him back up the stairs. Will doesn't move.

WILL GRAHAM

You're keeping him like an animal.

CHIYOH

I wouldn't do this to an animal.
(with her barrel)
There's room in there for two.

OFF that not-so-veiled threat...

CUT TO BLACK.

FROM BLACK

CAMERA PULLS OUT of the barrel of Chiyoh's shotgun to reveal Chiyoh marching toward CAMERA. CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK to reveal she is marching Will out the door of:

EXT. LECTER ESTATE - CASTLE LECTER - NIGHT

As Will exits the castle, Chiyoh a safe distance behind him:

WILL GRAHAM

What did he do?

The question forces images into Chiyoh's mind she would much rather not think about. Finally:

CHIYOH

He ate her.

WILL GRAHAM

Mischa.

Chiyoh reacts, hearing the name aloud. Will stops marching.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

How long has he been your prisoner?

CHIYOH

We've been each other's prisoner
for a very long time.

The weight of that gives Will pause.

WILL GRAHAM

How ever did you find yourself in
this situation?

Will turns to face Chiyoh and her gun, his arms still raised.

CHIYOH

The question applies to both of us.

WILL GRAHAM

And the answer's probably the same.

(then)

What's your name?

CHIYOH

Chiyoh. How do you know Hannibal?

WILL GRAHAM

One could argue, intimately.

CHIYOH

Nakama?

(off his look)

It's the Japanese word for a very
close friend, someone you share with.

Will considers the complexities of friendship with Hannibal.

WILL GRAHAM

Yes, we were *nakama*. Last time I
saw him, he left me with a smile.

With one hand, he carefully lifts up his shirt, revealing his
ABDOMINAL SCAR, its corners upturned in a vague smile.

He slowly lowers his arms; her gun remains pointed.

CHIYOH

All sorrows can be borne if you put
them in a story.

(then)

Tell me a story.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)

(pre-lap)

In Roman times...

A SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS -- MEAT:

Specifically, the SKINNED CARCASS OF SOGLIATO. (NOTE: We should only see meat and not any indication of Sogliato's identity.) A BUTCHER KNIFE begins to cut away CHUCK, RIB, ROUND and SHANK as Hannibal's voice guides:

HANNIBAL (V.O.)

...each carcass was divided: prime cuts went to nobility, second to the clergy, third to the bourgeoisie, fourth to the army.

A BLADE

It slices up slivers of LUNG, LIVER and HEART.

HANNIBAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The *quinto quarto* -- the offal -- went to the poor.

ON PURPLE ARTICHOKE

A KNIFE slices through the artichoke, REFLECTING Bedelia Du Maurier in its blade.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

The fifth quarter?

We are --

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

The table is set for five. Bedelia sits at one end. Hannibal stands over a pan on a hotplate, cooking as a centerpiece. SIGNOR and SIGNORA ALBIZZI -- president of the museum's governing board and his wife, 70s -- flank the table, watching Hannibal's performance. A fifth chair sits empty.

HANNIBAL

The innards of a carcass constitute roughly a quarter of its weight.

SIGNOR ALBIZZI

The *quinto quarto* evolved from necessity to become high tradition.

In the pan before him, the lungs begin to WHISTLE, hot air blowing through their delicate chambers, to amusement of Hannibal's guests and Bedelia's watchful eye.

HANNIBAL

Sibilo caratteristico. When the lungs whistle, the dish is done.

CLOSE ON A GLEAM OF SILVER, UNFOCUSED

It slides through meat and artichoke, FOCUS TIGHTENING to reveal it's a SILVER SKEWER.

A PLATTER OF SKEWERS

The single skewer joins the others.

ON HANNIBAL

He places the food before his guests, and then places a PLATTER OF OYSTERS before Bedelia.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Coratella con carciofi. Purple artichokes served with spring lamb's liver, lungs and heart.

SIGNOR ALBIZZI

Professor Sogliato doesn't know what he's missing. Rude of him to ignore your invitation.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

He sends his regrets.

SIGNORA ALBIZZI

It smells divine.

HANNIBAL

It is.

(as he serves)

I say that without ego. I don't require conventional reinforcement.

Totally charming.

SIGNORA ALBIZZI

Would you agree, *Signora Fell*?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

My husband's ego, like his intelligence and the degree of his rationality, is not measured by conventional means.

BEDELIA'S POV

SLO-MO -- CLOSE ON A FORK, filled with food, as it's lifted to Signora Albizzi's mouth. Her lips close around the fork.

WIDE

There's a silence around the table as Hannibal and Bedelia watch the Albizzis take their first bite. Their very subtle reactions, and a small glance between them, suggest they like.

HANNIBAL

I first prepared this dish in honor
of my sister when I was very young.

Bedelia raises an oyster shell to her lips...

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I'm sure you've perfected the
recipe over the years.

...and slides the oyster into her mouth as Signora Albizzi is savoring the flavors coursing across her own tongue.

SIGNORA ALBIZZI

The meat...

SIGNOR ALBIZZI

You have a very good butcher.

HANNIBAL

I do indeed. The lamb must be
newly slaughtered. The organs
cooked the same day. I always
oversee this process personally.

ON BEDELIA

She watches Hannibal take in the delight of his guests as they continue to devour the food.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON CHIYOH

Her heart THUDS in her ears, her CIRCULATORY SYSTEM racing. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal she's sitting across from Will who has just finished speaking. We are --

INT. HUNTING COTTAGE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

She bows her head, takes a breath.

WILL GRAHAM

Our minds can concoct all sorts of
scenarios when we don't want to
believe something. We construct
fairy tales. And we accept them.

CHIYOH

I accept what Hannibal has done. I understand why he's done it.

WILL GRAHAM

Mischa doesn't explain Hannibal. She doesn't quantify what he does.

CHIYOH

He does what was done to her.

WILL GRAHAM

How do you know it was your prisoner who killed Mischa?

CHIYOH

Hannibal told me he did.

As the words leave her mouth, she hears how damning they are.

CHIYOH (CONT'D)

Hannibal took someone from you, are you here to take someone from him?

The thought had crossed Will's mind.

WILL GRAHAM

I've forgiven him his trespasses, as he's forgiven me.

CHIYOH

You're *nakama*. Aren't you alike?

Will chews on that question, then:

WILL GRAHAM

If I were like Hannibal, I would've killed you already. Cooked you, ate you and fed what was left of you to him. It's what he would do.

CHIYOH

You've given that some thought.

WILL GRAHAM

Do you know where he is?

CHIYOH

Why are you looking for him after he left you with a smile?

Will glances down at his abdomen, unconsciously.

WILL GRAHAM

I've never known myself as well as
I know myself when I'm with him.

She considers that, recognizing the feeling.

CHIYOH

You won't find Hannibal here.
There are places on these grounds
he cannot safely go. Bad memories.

WILL GRAHAM

Memories lead to more memories.
What do these grounds hold for you?

CHIYOH

Hannibal wanted to kill that man
for what he did to Mischa. I
wouldn't let him take his life, so
Hannibal left his life with me. If
I turned him in, he'd go free. If
I let him go... he would kill me.
Wouldn't you?

Will doesn't respond.

CHIYOH (CONT'D)

The easiest path was to kill him.

WILL GRAHAM

Why didn't you?

CHIYOH

Because Hannibal wanted me to.

WILL GRAHAM

He was curious if you would kill.
I imagine he still is.

A BODY OF WATER

CAMERA moves across the surface until an UNFOCUSED IMAGE
TAKES SHAPE, revealing Bedelia. She is mostly submerged in a
bathtub full of soapy, opaque water. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL'S APARTMENT - BEDELIA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bedelia lies back in her deep bath. Lustrous hair hanging
over the edge.

She sighs and then slides deeper into the water. CLOSE ON her
hair as it slides across the porcelain and into the water.

PLINK. A deep red drop hits the water's surface.

CLOSE ON PINKISH SWIRLS

They curl and dissolve in the water.

ON THE WATER SURFACE

Bedelia slowly pushes her head out of the water. CAMERA reveals Hannibal sitting quietly behind her.

PLINK, PLINK -- the bath faucet continues to drip.

CLOSE ON BEDELIA

LARGE HANDS SLIDE THROUGH HER WET HAIR.

Onto her neck and shoulders. Pause there a moment, before they pull her hair back from her face.

Reveal Hannibal kneels behind her. He begins to massage shampoo into her hair. Both sensual and threatening.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

What were you like as a young man?

HANNIBAL

I was rooting for Mephistopheles
and contemptuous of Faust.

Bedelia mulls that a moment, then:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Would you like to talk about your
first spring lamb?

HANNIBAL

Would you?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Why can't you go home, Hannibal?
What happened to you there?

HANNIBAL

Nothing happened to me. I happened.

Hannibal's eyes soften.

EXT. LECTER ESTATE - GARDEN CLEARING - NIGHT

A rising cloud of FIREFLIES. At their heart is a shape: the black silhouette of a YOUNG GIRL. The fireflies COALESCE around it, giving her form from air.

INT. HANNIBAL'S APARTMENT - BEDELIA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hannibal continues sensually to massage shampoo through Bedelia's hair, fingers sliding through strands.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

How did your sister taste?

OFF Hannibal, his hands very still...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

A SNAIL

Slides along a damp wall, leaving behind a translucent wake.

A hand grasps the snail and pulls it off the wall, the foot puckering, horns receding as it slides into the shell.

We are --

INT. CASTLE LECTER - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dank, damp, dim. The caged man is pressed against his cage, arm extended through the bars, as it comes up holding the snail.

The caged man pops it in his mouth, shell and all.

CRUNCH. CRUNCH. CRUNCH. He stops chewing.

Listens.

CAGED MAN'S POV

Cavernous black beyond the bars.

From above, we hear the DOOR SLAM OPEN, letting light in. We hear fast FOOTSTEPS heading down the stairs, the light growing brighter as they approach. CRUNCH. CRUNCH. CRUNCH -- of snails under boot.

CAGED MAN (O.S.)

Kalbek!

STILL IN THE POV

Light spills into the cage as Will appears from the darkness, moving quickly.

As the flashlight momentarily blinds the caged man, we see that Will holds a TIRE IRON.

Caged man steps back as Will jams the tire iron between the RUSTING LOCK and the cage frame, and yanks with ferocious effort. Once, twice, three times. His effort violent and determined.

The lock GROANS and POPS.

Leaving Will standing in the now-open doorway, tire iron in hand, gasping. Like a man with violence in mind.

Caged man shrinks into a corner.

Will brandishes a BURLAP SACK.

Will comes forward and -- as he pulls the burlap sack over caged man's head, we --

SWIPE TO BLACK.

EXT. LITHUANIAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The burlap sack is removed from the caged man's head.

The sudden confluence of space and sky is too much.

Outside for the first time in twenty-five years, the man shivers with terror. Breath quickening, he begins to panic.

Will Graham stands behind him, still holding the tire iron. Forest and darkness all around.

CAGED MAN
(subtitled: "Who am I?")
Kas as? Kas as esu?

WILL GRAHAM
Go.

Will turns to go away and the caged man comes after him, grabbing at his leg. Will pushes him away.

CAGED MAN
Kas as esu?

Will walks away. Seeing him go, the caged man panics again, follows --

Will wheels, pressing the tire iron into his chest, pushing him back.

WILL GRAHAM
Go!

The caged man stumbles back, turns and runs, stumbling from Will, glancing back as he goes, as if seeing a monster.

ON WILL

He watches as caged man is absorbed into the night.

CAMERA LINGERS ON THE DARKNESS

Until a candle is lit. We are --

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - NIGHT

Jack blows out the long stick match that lit the candle, which stands in rows and rows of candles.

As Jack watches the candle flame flicker, CAMERA reveals Pazzi behind him.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Are you a believer, *Signor Crawford*?

JACK CRAWFORD

We're all born believers. Belief comes with imagination.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

Some believe the beeswax of that candle is Christ's body, the wick His soul and flame His divinity.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm not talking about religion. Religion isn't ingrained in human nature; curiosity is. And after curiosity comes belief.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

We are curious about beings greater than ourselves and we imagine them.

JACK CRAWFORD

We imagine the possibility that we all live on after we die.

(then)

Will Graham died. He was dead. I was dead. We didn't imagine that.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

What does Will Graham imagine now?

JACK CRAWFORD

I borrowed his imagination and I broke it. I'm not sure how he pieced it back together again.

INSPECTOR PAZZI

People come here to be closer to their god. Isn't that what Will Graham was doing?

JACK CRAWFORD

Will understands Hannibal. He accepts him. They accept each other. Who among us doesn't want understanding and acceptance?

EXT. LECTER ESTATE - HUNTING COTTAGE - DAY

We watch Chiyoh in the kitchen as she uses a large CHEF'S KNIFE to break down a roasted pheasant.

JUMP INSIDE

CLOSE ON a leg joint as it POPS. Juices dripping.

PHEASANT MEAT

As it's tied up in parchment.

EXT. LECTER ESTATE - HUNTING COTTAGE - DAY

Chiyoh emerges with her shotgun and the parchment package.

LONG SHOT as she walks away.

INT. CASTLE LECTER - BASEMENT STAIRS - DAY

CAMERA PULLS Chiyoh down the stairs. Bag over one arm, shotgun tucked under the other, she descends into --

THE BASEMENT.

CONTINUE PULLING her toward the cage behind us. We assume it's empty, but she doesn't react. As Chiyoh pushes past CAMERA, we REVERSE to reveal --

THE CAGED MAN BACK IN HIS CAGE!

She leans her shotgun against the wall.

Moves to the cage and slides the parchment package through a slot in the door, all as though nothing's changed. But it has...

The caged man GRABS HER WRIST.

Chiyoh looks him in the eyes, the first time she's done so in twenty-five years. His rage intensifies. Still holding his gaze, she doesn't notice --

THE LOCK -- undone.

And the man SLAMS the unlocked door into her face with a loud, metallic BAM.

Chiyoh crumples back, scattering bottles of wine, stunned.

CHIYOH'S POV

Blurred. Dazed. Bottles of wine hit the ground and SHATTER SPECTACULARLY IN SLOW MOTION as the caged man descends on her. Reaching for her throat.

NORMAL MOTION as Chiyoh sputters and gasps, grabbing at his hands, which tighten around her throat. She scratches at his face, but it's useless; his matted beard may as well be armor.

Chiyoh twists and turns, trying to gain leverage, but he has her well pinned. She gasps for breath.

CHIYOH'S POV

Losing consciousness, she uses her last bit of strength to dig her nails into the caged man's throat.

Her face is bulging and near blue, but still she reaches. Her eyes twisted, looking OUT OF FRAME.

The man senses she's almost finished, bears down.

CAGED MAN
(subtitled: "Speak to me.")
Atsiliepk, kalbek.

Then a moment of stillness washes over Chiyoh as she stares deep into her killer's eyes -- not as his victim, but as his guilty tormentor. She mutters through an airless whisper:

CHIYOH
I'm sorry.

She lets go of him, giving in.

CLOSE ON HER HAND

It slides off of the caged man, onto the ground, limp.

ON CHIYOH

As she appears to be surrendering to her death as we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

CLOSE ON A SNAIL, BLURRED

Reveal this is a REFLECTION in a red, reflective surface.

The snail comes INTO FOCUS as it tentatively moves BACKWARD onto the SLICK RED SURFACE -- which slides before it as the snail slides into it, pushing a small ripple in reverse.

It moves backward into the sticky redness, leaving a reverse wake, like a boat. PULL WIDER to reveal several snails moving backward amid the viscous liquid, like fishing boats.

We now see a staring face REFLECTED in the blood's surface.

ON CHIYOH

She's covered in blood, staring dead-eyed. An eerie, sad moment, then the BLOOD LIFTS off Chiyoh in SLOW REVERSE MOTION, like raindrops returning to the sky.

CAMERA follows the blood into the caged man's neck as the GEYSER IS STOPPED by Chiyoh's hand -- holding a JAGGED PHEASANT BONE, she REVERSE JAMS it into the caged man's neck.

CUT TO:

ON CHIYOH

NORMAL MOTION as she appears to be surrendering to her death, her hands falling away from the caged man's throat and landing limp at her sides next to a jagged pheasant bone. (NOTE: This is a direct pickup of the end of Act Four.)

CAGED MAN
(subtitled: "Speak to me.")
Atsiliepk, kalbek.

She mutters through an airless whisper:

CHIYOH
I'm sorry.

Her fingers wrap around the bone and JAM it into the front of his neck. He rears back; Chiyoh rolls on top of him.

She watches as he clutches his throat, blood pooling between his fingers around the bone.

ON CHIYOH

Caged man's hands grasp the bone to remove it and, making a decision, Chiyoh covers his hands with her own.

Holds the bone in place.

Panic fills his eyes and his hands struggle against hers.

Now resolute to what needs to be done, Chiyoh puts her weight to the bone. And slowly, despite the caged man's efforts, she forces it ever deeper.

BLOOD GURGLES in his throat. Blood spurts from the hollow end of the broken bone.

In one last burst of strength, the caged man rolls on top of Chiyoh, using his weight to squeeze the life out of her, until she pulls the jagged pheasant bone out of his neck, which spews a GEYSER OF BLOOD.

ON CHIYOH

She does what she has always resisted and deliberately kills the caged man. He slumps and falls off her.

She lies still for a moment, then lets out a SCREAM.

EXT. LECTER ESTATE - CASTLE LECTER - DAY

CAMERA finds Will reacting as Chiyoh's SCREAM rings.

INT. CASTLE LECTER - BASEMENT - DAY

Chiyoh sits on the floor opposite. Staring at his body.

Will Graham comes down the stairs and stops as he sees the scene within -- SHOCKED.

CHIYOH

You did this. You set him free.

WILL GRAHAM

You were who I wanted to set free.

CHIYOH

You said Hannibal was curious if I would kill. You were curious, too.

He was, if he is honest with himself.

WILL GRAHAM

I didn't want this.

CHIYOH

Yes, you did. You were doing what he does. He'd be proud of you.

(then)

His *nakama*.

WILL GRAHAM

Did you know? Some part of you?
At some level... you knew.

She studies him -- is he asking from experience?

CHIYOH

I traded feeling frightened for
feeling righteous.

Will picks up an unbroken bottle of wine, stabs a knife in the cork and pulls it out, offering the bottle to Chiyoh. She takes it and takes a tentative sip.

WILL GRAHAM

He created a story out of events
that only he experienced. "All
sorrows can be borne if you put
them in a story."

She hands the bottle back to Will who takes a swig.

CHIYOH

I never knew Mischa. I only knew
what Hannibal told me about her.
What he told me was done to her.
He wasn't lying about that, was he?

WILL GRAHAM

No.

CHIYOH

We swore promises on objects,
pledges at the altar and a blood
oath, pricking our fingers.
(then)
For Mischa. "M" is for Mischa.

Will watches her reel from the impact of what she's done.

She moves across the room and takes up her shotgun. A tense moment as she might turn it on Will. Then:

CHIYOH (CONT'D)

I'll help you find him.

WILL GRAHAM

Why would you help me?

CHIYOH

I have no reason to stay here. Not
anymore. You saw to that.

As Chiyoh disappears up the stone staircase, leaving Will alone, A PIANO begins to play, à la Erik Satie's *Gnossienne No. 1*, carrying us through the following sequence --

A NEEDLE

Puncturing skin, drawing through thick, black thread.

ON STRING

As it crisscrosses through the flesh of the caged man's arm and the skin of his torso, pulling limb tight to body.

CABBAGE LEAVES

Carefully wrapped around the caged man's body, like bandages mummifying a corpse. We are --

INT. CASTLE LECTER - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Snails slide across the cabbage leaf-wrapped body, as silent observers, as Will works in CLOSE-UPS:

FEATHERS and DOWN float in the air, like dust motes.

CLOSE ON FEATHERS

CAMERA moves across layers of feathers comprising a seemingly-massive wingspan.

CLOSE ON SNAIL SHELLS

ROWS and ROWS, dozens of shells composing a larger shell.

ON WILL

He stands above two long, low mounds of snail shells.

Will pulls hard on a chain.

Snails slide all around him, falling away, as --

The snail mounds lift into the air.

Once perpendicular, they separate revealing the corpse of the caged man, arms and legs stitched together, wrapped in cabbage leaves, giving him the appearance of a chrysalis.

The snail shells fan out like wing covers, the pheasant plumage like two pairs of wings beneath them.

The caged man is now a HUMAN FIREFLY, consumed by snails.

EXT. LECTER ESTATE - CASTLE LECTER - NIGHT

Will walks away from the castle. Chiyoh stands in the open field, watching Will approach.

As he reaches her, they share a moment of resolve, and he keeps walking. She joins him, walking a few feet behind.

Long, shivering shadows stretch out behind them.

A HAND

Fingers on a piano, dancing OUT OF FOCUS --

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

Hannibal and Bedelia sit amid rays of sunlight, in therapy, as he plays the piano.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

The standard psychological and sociological explanations about how one grows up and where don't apply.

(then)

What your sister made you feel was beyond your conscious ability to control or predict.

HANNIBAL

Or negotiate.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

I would suggest what Will Graham makes you feel is not dissimilar.

(then)

A force of mind and circumstance.

HANNIBAL

Love.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Love is a god.

HANNIBAL

He pays you a visit or he doesn't.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Same with forgiveness. And I would argue, the same with betrayal.

HANNIBAL

The god Betrayal. Who presupposes the god Forgiveness.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

We can all betray. Sometimes there
is no other choice.

HANNIBAL

Mischa didn't betray me. She would
influence me to betray myself.

(then)

But I forgave her that influence.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

If past behavior is an indicator of
future behavior, there is only one
way for you to forgive Will Graham.

ON HANNIBAL

HANNIBAL

I have to eat him.

He plays a final few notes on the piano, and we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE