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HANNIBAL

"...and the Woman Clothed with the Sun"

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Final Shooting Script

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HANNIBAL
"...and the Woman Clothed with the Sun"

TEASER

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHES IN on the wall of secure glass, DRIFTING THROUGH one of the many holes that dot its surface, to find:

HANNIBAL LECTER.

He lies on his cot, asleep, his head propped on a pillow against the wall. Alexandre Dumas's *Grand Dictionnaire de Cuisine* is open on his chest.

Eyes still closed, he takes a long slow breath through his nose, smelling the current of air that the CAMERA traveled.

He opens his eyes.

HANNIBAL
That's the same atrocious
aftershave you wore in court.

Hannibal rises from the bed and approaches the wall as CAMERA reveals he is now standing face to face with WILL in profile; the thin line of glass between them makes it look as if they are disparate reflections in a mirror.

WILL GRAHAM
Hello, Dr. Lecter.

HANNIBAL
Hello, Will.
(then)
Did you get my note?

WILL GRAHAM
I got it. Thank you.

HANNIBAL
Did you read it before you
destroyed it? Or did you simply
toss it into the nearest fire?

WILL GRAHAM
I read it. And then I burned it.

HANNIBAL
And you came anyway. I'm glad you
came. My other callers are all
professional. Banal psychiatrists
and grasping second-raters.
(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Pencil-lickers trying to protect their tenure with pieces in the journals.

WILL GRAHAM

I want you to help me, Dr. Lecter.

HANNIBAL

Yes, I thought so. Are we no longer on a first-name basis?

WILL GRAHAM

I'm more comfortable the less personal we are.

Hannibal regards Will. His nostrils flare as he takes in the scents coming through the holes in the glass.

HANNIBAL

Your hands are rough. I smell dogs and pine and oil beneath that shaving lotion. It's something a child would select, isn't it? There a child in your life, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

I'm here about Chicago and Buffalo. You've read about it, I'm sure.

HANNIBAL

I've read the papers. I can't clip them. They won't let me have scissors, of course. You want to know how he's choosing them.

WILL GRAHAM

(re: the case file)

Thought you would have some ideas.

HANNIBAL

You just came here to look at me. Came to get the old scent again. Why don't you just smell yourself?

WILL GRAHAM

I expected more of you, doctor. That routine is old hat.

HANNIBAL

Whereas you are a new man. Are you a good father, Will?

Before Will can reply, Hannibal continues:

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Let me have the file. An hour, and
we can discuss it like old times.

Will pushes the file through the document tray, into the
cell. Hannibal comes close to collect it.

WILL GRAHAM

Thank you.

HANNIBAL

Family values may have declined
over the last century, but we still
help our families when we can.

(then)

You're family, Will.

ON WILL. A moment of sudden emotion for Hannibal he cannot
name washing over him. He swallows it down and walks away.

ON HANNIBAL

CAMERA moves around him, and as it does...

THE SPACE GOES DARK

ABIGAIL HOBBS (V.O.)

(pre-lap)

How many people have you killed?

CAMERA moves off Hannibal, into the darkness of --

INT. HOBBS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FROM EP. #112)

And we move out of the shadows here to find Abigail Hobbs
staring at Hannibal, awareness dawning.

HANNIBAL

Many more than your father.

Quiet tears stream as she realizes what she only dares ask:

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Are you going to kill me?

He gently strokes her cheek, then:

HANNIBAL

I'm so sorry, Abigail. I'm sorry I
couldn't protect you in this life...

OFF her look of fear...

CLOSE ON A NEEDLE

It plunges under the skin to a blue vein. CAMERA follows the needle into an attached tube down the length of a pale arm.

HANNIBAL

...but I can protect you in the
life we create for you.

CLOSE ON THE END OF THE TUBE

It drips, then streams, filling a medical jar. We are --

INT. HOBBS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The curtains are drawn. ABIGAIL sits on the floor, watching the blood snake out of her arm, through the tube and into a medical jar. Hannibal stands and works, rigging a small air cartridge onto a nozzle as Abigail fills the jar with blood.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Blood rituals involve a symbolic
death and then a rebirth. As with
all things in the natural world,
you'll adapt now and mutate later.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Evolve or die.

HANNIBAL

Even if you know the state of who
you are today, you can't predict
who you will be tomorrow. You are
defined up to now, not beyond.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

How would you have done it? If you
were going to do it?

HANNIBAL

How would I have murdered you?
(off her nod)
I would have cut your throat like
your father did.

An almost-imperceptible shudder rolls down her spine.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

But you're not my father.

HANNIBAL

You accepted your father. Would it
be so difficult to accept me?

ABIGAIL HOBBS

I don't know if it would be smart.

HANNIBAL

We don't get wiser as we get older, Abigail, but we do learn to avoid or raise a certain amount of hell, depending on which we prefer.

(then)

I'll need to collect some flesh. Not a pound. Only a piece. Something you can live without.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

You mean, like a finger?

Hannibal takes her hands, gently, fatherly.

HANNIBAL

I couldn't bear to take your fingers, not even one. They're so lovely. I was hoping to teach you how to play the harpsichord.

Hannibal notices the medical jar is nearly full of blood.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

That's enough for now.

A last drop of blood splashes into the jar and Hannibal removes the needle and bandages the crook of Abigail's arm.

CLOSE ON THE MEDICAL JAR

It is sealed and affixed with the nozzle and the small cartridge of compressed air.

ON ABIGAIL

Hannibal pulls her to her feet, placing the nozzle connected to the medical jar filled with blood at neck height.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

This will approximate the amount of pressure. Blood leaves the body at a gallop and then a stumble.

(then)

Are you ready to die, Abigail?

ON ABIGAIL staring into middle distance. Hannibal moves INTO FRAME behind her. He pulls her hair back and away from her ear.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Yes. Can I push the button?

Hannibal allows her to push the button on the nozzle.

CLOSE ON THE NOZZLE

Great gouts of blood stream across the room in SLOW MOTION.

CLOSE ON THE BLOOD

Through the crimson beads, Abigail watches her life fly.

CLOSE ON THE POOL OF BLOOD

Abigail's reflection stares back, Hannibal behind her.

HANNIBAL

Abigail Hobbs is dead.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Long live Abigail Hobbs.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

HIGH ANGLE

Hannibal sits at the table, carefully looking over the file spread across the surface. We are --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

CAMERA PULLS UP through the oculus in the ceiling, revealing TWO GUARDS on a gantry directly above Hannibal.

INT. BSHCI - ALANA BLOOM'S OFFICE - DAY

ALANA and Will take seats in the "living area" of her office.

ALANA BLOOM

It's good to see you looking so well, Will. But I can't help wishing you weren't here.

WILL GRAHAM

Wishing and hoping.

ALANA BLOOM

How did it feel to see him again?

WILL GRAHAM

Like Hannibal was looking through to the back of my skull. Felt like a fly flitting around in there.

Alana understands all too well.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I had the absurd feeling that he walked out with me. Had to stop outside the doors and look around, make sure I was alone.

ALANA BLOOM

I know that feeling. At least Jack Crawford's pleased.

WILL GRAHAM

He showed me pictures of the families. I looked at Molly and Walter and couldn't say no.

ALANA BLOOM

And Jack was counting on it.

WILL GRAHAM

Are you still with Margot?

ALANA BLOOM

Yes. We have a baby. A Verger baby. A son.

WILL GRAHAM

Good for Margot.

ALANA BLOOM

Good for me. I carried him. He's my son. He's the Verger heir.

WILL GRAHAM

Then what are you doing here?

ALANA BLOOM

There are only five doors between Hannibal and the outside. And I have the keys to every one of them.

(then)

Hannibal has never been great with boundaries. "He who sups with the Devil needs a long spoon."

WILL GRAHAM

I am not letting him in, Alana. Don't worry about me.

ALANA BLOOM

Last time, it didn't end with you.

ON WILL

Bars CLANG behind him as he walks toward a pair of elegant double doors. A BUZZER sounds and the doors open automatically and dramatically to reveal we are --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

CAMERA follows Will as he approaches the cell wall. Beyond it, Hannibal sits at his plain, bolted-down desk, studying the files, centered in the otherwise-empty room. MUSIC playing.

ON HANNIBAL

He looks up at Will beyond the glass, waiting.

HANNIBAL

This is a very shy boy, Will. I'd love to meet him.

On the other side of the glass, Will is now standing in --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Hannibal is dressed in a plaid three-piece suit, standing above his desk, across from Will Graham, as though we have returned to Season One. The glass wall between them gone.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm sure you would.

HANNIBAL

Have you considered the possibility that he's disfigured? Or that he may believe he's disfigured?

WILL GRAHAM

That's interesting.

HANNIBAL

That's not interesting. You thought of that before.

WILL GRAHAM

(nods)

He smashed all the mirrors in the houses, not just enough to get the pieces he wanted. The shards are set so he can see himself. In their eyes. Mrs. Jacobi and Mrs. Leeds. And their families.

Hannibal pulls a picture of dead MRS. JACOBI from the file.

HANNIBAL

Could you see yourself in their eyes, Will? Killing them all?

CLOSE ON MIRROR SHARDS

Will's image reflected inside. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the mirror shards have been placed in Mrs. Jacobi. We are --

INT. JACOBI HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Mrs. Jacobi lies in blood-soaked sheets pooling around her to create the billowing shapes of angel wings and flowing robes that were painted gold in Blake's *The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed with the Sun*, but here are crimson.

CAMERA adjusts to find Will and Hannibal standing over Mrs. Jacobi in her bed, taking the position of the Great Red Dragon in the aforementioned Blake illustration.

HANNIBAL

The first small bond to the killer
itches and stings like a leech.

Hannibal and Will glance at the broken mirrors of the bedroom
-- Will looking at himself in the fractured shards.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Like you, Will, he needs a family
to escape what's inside him.

ON WILL

His face a patchwork of broken pieces. One falls away and
Will watches it drop to the ground.

ON THE FALLEN SHARD

It now reflects Hannibal as he looks down at it. We are --

INT. JACOBI HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Mirrors are broken and bloody footprints mark the floor as it
was after the murders. Will regards the room as Hannibal
picks up the fallen shard of mirror, examining it.

HANNIBAL

You know a fair amount about how
these families died. How they
lived is how he chooses them.

WILL GRAHAM

How is he choosing them?

HANNIBAL

How did you choose yours? Ready-
made wife and child to serve your
needs. A stepson or daughter --
(off his look)
-- a stepson absolves you of any
biological blame. You know better
than to breed. Can't pass on those
terrible traits you fear the most.

Hannibal moves to the glass as if he might step through it.
Will stares holes at the back of his head.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Why are there no descriptions of
the grounds? I see floor plans,
diagrams of the rooms where the
deaths occurred, no mention of the
grounds. What were the yards like?

EXT. CHICAGO, IL - JACOBI HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Will and Hannibal now in the moonlit backyard.

WILL GRAHAM

Big, fenced, with trees. Why?

HANNIBAL

If this pilgrim feels a special relationship with the moon, he might like to go outside and look at it before he tidies himself up.

(then)

If one were nude, say, it would be better to have outdoor privacy for that sort of thing. One must show some consideration for the neighbors, hmmm?

Hannibal turns his gaze from Will to the moon.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Have you ever seen blood in the moonlight, Will?

Will raises a hand so that it's silhouetted against the moon.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

It appears quite black.

When Will lowers his hand again...

IT GLISTENS WITH BLACK BLOOD

WIDEN to find Will naked. Mouth and torso streaked in blood, facing the full moon -- the same pose Francis Dolarhyde struck in Ep. #308. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Will alone.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BALTIMORE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - DAY

Will Graham exits the building and comes down the stairs, files tucked under his arm. Head down. Deep in thought.

As he passes the hospital's main sign, he is frozen as a camera shutter CLICKS.

REVERSE to find FREDDIE LOUNDS, bundled against the cold, smiling past a long lens.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

Hannibal's hands are through the hatch and shackled. Alana is in the cell behind him, at the table, glancing through the drawings. TWO ORDERLIES stand nearby.

HANNIBAL

Have you come to wag your finger?

ALANA BLOOM

I love a good finger-wagging.

HANNIBAL

Yes, you do. How is Margot?

Alana allows the remark to glance off her without a flinch, glancing at the picture of her as Botticelli's *Fortitude*.

ALANA BLOOM

Your cogs are turning, Hannibal. I can hear them clicking.

HANNIBAL

Click, click, click, boom.

ALANA BLOOM

I don't know what you're planning with Will Graham. But you're planning something. Why wouldn't you be? You've already cracked the lid, can't resist peeling it back.

HANNIBAL

Will came to me.

ALANA BLOOM

Yes, he did.

HANNIBAL
I advised him against it.

ALANA BLOOM
I'm sure.

HANNIBAL
Are you suggesting I don't have
Will's best interests in mind?

ALANA BLOOM
I'm stating it as fact.

HANNIBAL
You've got Will dressed up in moral-
dignity pants, nothing's his fault.

ALANA BLOOM
I've been courteous and you've been
receptive to courtesy. But these
niceties are conditional. And the
conditions are nonnegotiable.

HANNIBAL
I must behave myself.

ALANA BLOOM
I know what you're afraid of. It's
not pain or solitude. It's
indignity. You're like a cat that
way. I'll take your books, I'll take
your drawings, I'll take your toilet.

The orderlies safely out of the cell, Alana steps forward and
unshackles Hannibal's wrists.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)
You'll have nothing but indignity
and the company of the dead.

ON HANNIBAL watching Alana walk away. As he turns back to
his cell...

MATCH CUT TO:

HANNIBAL

His hair longer, wearing a three-piece suit. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Hannibal stands over Abigail who is seated in the therapy
chair traditionally used by his patients. She is
blindfolded, wearing a sleeping mask of sorts.

HANNIBAL

We have a basic affinity for our family, we can detect each other from smell alone. Children are very good at distinguishing their parents from stepparents this way.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

I can smell you.

HANNIBAL

What else can you smell? The dead and the past can be far more alive to us than the breathing here and now. They shape our lives unless we absorb them. Old resentments still flammable as resin.

Hannibal holds out a HUNTING KNIFE, the hilt made of an antler, smooth and well used.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

You recognize this?

ABIGAIL HOBBS

My father made it. Out of bone.

HANNIBAL

Your father never wished for anything but your happiness.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

My father cut my throat.

HANNIBAL

Out of love.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

That wasn't love.

HANNIBAL

Every family loves differently. Every love is unique. You deny your love for your father because of what it might mean about you. Can you smell him here, Abigail?

She pulls air through her nostrils.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Yes.

Hannibal removes the blindfold over Abigail's eyes and we reveal the moldering corpse of GARRET JACOB HOBBS is propped in one of the chairs, opposite Abigail. Sodden in his burial suit. Preserved by embalming fluid and an icy grave.

Hannibal moves behind him and holds Abigail in his gaze. Knife in hand, she moves forward, stands before her father.

HANNIBAL

This is what your father is, this is all of him now. This is what death has reduced him to.

Abigail stares at her father's corpse. Tears slide unbidden from her eyes. Her hand grips the knife.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

All that's left is honesty. Can you be honest now with me?

A huge moment for Abigail. Of release.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

He was as good to me as he knew how to be. Hunting with him was the best time I ever had.

HANNIBAL

Yes. A fine definition of love. You have to allow yourself to love him the way he loved you.

Abigail looks at her father and then at Hannibal. He smiles encouragement. Abigail moves forward and slashes the corpse's throat with the knife, watches with unfeeling eyes.

ON THE CORPSE as embalming fluid pours from the wound. Hannibal steps to Abigail and puts a hand on her shoulder.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

What you need of your father is here, in your head, and subject to your judgment, not his. Never be ashamed of who you are, Abigail.

ABIGAIL'S POV

The grinning corpse sat upright in the chair.

MATCH CUT TO:

AN ELDERLY WOMAN

In an outdated-but-elegant dress: her hair and features bearing a marked resemblance to George Washington on the dollar bill.

She looks down a long dining table, the GUESTS to either side are all elderly and infirm. She smiles and we see she has terrible snaggletoothed teeth. We've seen them before.

We are --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

This is DOLARHYDE'S GRANDMOTHER. CAMERA KEEPS PULLING BACK to reveal the back of a SMALL BOY, eight years old, at the opposite end of the table, his face is hidden in shadow.

GRANDMOTHER'S POV

When we REVERSE, it is the full-grown FRANCIS DOLARHYDE who sits opposite her.

ON ADULT DOLARHYDE living a memory. But beneath the table, a small boy's legs and shoes swing...

DOLARHYDE'S POV

IMPRESSIONISTIC IMAGES: the infirm patients of the nursing home. Play all of this through the veil of subjective memory.

A patient mumbles, loud and unintelligible. Grandmother smiles as if it were polite conversation.

It is a dinner of the damned, and again we see an adult Francis Dolarhyde sitting at the head of the table, looking at his grinning grandmother, cadaverous and looming.

DOLARHYDE'S POV

Grandmother's lips moving.

ON THOSE TEETH

And then the image starts to FLICKER and STUTTER as if it were film being projected and coming to an end.

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Sits in the dark, a movie projector rolling beside him.

The reflected images play across his face -- reds and blacks and whites. The content isn't clear, but enough for us to know he is watching his own crimes.

CAMERA moves around Dolarhyde and transitions us to --

WILL GRAHAM

INT. JACOBI HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Will stands in the now-empty bare room, watching an iPad with Jacobi home movie footage.

WILL'S POV - DAY

The great room -- furnished -- as if happening before him:

MR. JACOBI and his SON sing "Happy Birthday" to the DAUGHTER in a party hat, a CAT on her lap. Mrs. Jacobi sweeps in with cake.

OMNISCIENT POV - NIGHT

Will Graham in the empty, ghostly room.

WILL'S POV - DAY

The family sings. Now we ROTATE to find Will Graham in the room, observing the party as if he were there. Their buoyant energy elicits a smile from Will.

OMNISCIENT POV - NIGHT

Will Graham alone, iPad held before him.

WILL GRAHAM'S POV - DAY

MRS. JACOBI

Alive, on the family video, serving cake to her kids as Will stands by and watches.

SUDDEN MATCH CUT TO:

MRS. JACOBI

Dead. Shards of mirror already in her eyes.

Dolarhyde watches intently, absorbed.

ON DOLARHYDE'S SCREEN

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON MRS. JACOBI'S EYE

Francis Dolarhyde reflected within it. We are --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

This image reflected across Dolarhyde's face.

PULL BACK to reveal his naked tattooed back as he leans forward in his seat -- the screen OUT OF FOCUS beyond him. His back flexes, making the Dragon undulate and stir...

ON DOLARHYDE

Euphoric at what's unfolding on-screen, even as --

A HUGE SCALE-STUDED RED TAIL

Swishes back and forth beneath him, as if growing from the tattoo on his back. It moves with idle power, like that of a contented cat.

And the film ends, the projector reel flapping: WHACK, WHACK, WHACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

CLOSE ON GRANULES OF DIRT

They float into the air, off of a mound of soil, rising above CAMERA toward a beautiful blue sky.

CLOSE ON THE MOUND OF DIRT

The granules of soil continue to rise toward CAMERA until a buried shoebox is revealed, a string tied in a granny knot holds the lid on. "Kate" is written in a childish hand.

MATCH CUT TO:

THE SHOEBOX

Dirt falls off the string as it is untied. We are --

INT. BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - NIGHT

JACK CRAWFORD, JIMMY PRICE, BRIAN ZELLER and Will Graham surround the shoebox. Zeller lifts the lid revealing a DEAD CAT wrapped in a towel, a dead flower between its paws.

BRIAN ZELLER

Found it behind the Jacobis' garage. Flower between its paws, wrapped in a dish towel, strangled.

JIMMY PRICE

The sonofabitch.

BRIAN ZELLER

You're more upset by the cat than the children.

JIMMY PRICE

I am particularly fond of cats, and not particularly fond of children.

WILL GRAHAM

What about the Leeds' dog?

BRIAN ZELLER

It had a puncture wound in its abdomen. Vet operated and the dog's all right. He thought it was shot at first, but they didn't find a bullet. Thinks it was stabbed with an ice pick or an awl.

JIMMY PRICE

The sonofabitch.

WILL GRAHAM

He feels compelled to hurt the victims' pets before he comes to kill the family.

JACK CRAWFORD

Eliminates an early-warning system.

(then)

He's not just getting off a bus. He's got a plan. He stays in town overnight. He knows where he's going a day or two ahead. He's got some kind of idea. Case the place, kill the pet, then the family.

WILL GRAHAM

If the killer read a warning in the newspapers, he would probably change his method of casing a house.

(then)

We should send a private bulletin to veterinarians and animal shelters, asking for immediate reports on animal mutilations.

JACK CRAWFORD

Buffalo and Chicago are four states apart. And nothing has been found to link these two families.

WILL GRAHAM

They were both happy.

EXT. JACOBI HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Will stands in the backyard. Looking for something, but not sure what, following an instinct. Hannibal's words playing on his mind.

Will notes the door to the garage, deadbolted, heavy and secure. He turns and looks down the private backyard. Something nagging at his mind.

He slowly walks toward the trees. Climbs over the wire fence, into the trees beyond. Steps back among them. Watching the ground carefully.

He sees --

An APPLE CORE gnawed to the core. Withered. Amid a denser stand of brush.

He steps carefully around it, pushes branches back to reveal a hollow in the brush: like a hunting blind. In there is a rotted log lying on one side.

He pushes his way into the hunting blind and bags the partially frozen, rotting apple.

He sits on the log and looks through the foliage at the Jacobi house.

Will sees the nub of a branch has been cleanly cut away to better reveal a view of the Jacobi house.

Sitting where the killer sat, Will sees a patch of bark on a tree trunk where bark has been shaved away, size of a playing card. Centered in it:

A CRYPTIC CARVED SYMBOL (mah-jongg symbol of the Red Dragon)

A rectangle with a vertical line through the middle. Done carefully with a sharp knife.

WILL GRAHAM

I sat here. And I watched them...

Movement catches his eye, a FLASH OF COLOR, and he sees:

FREDDIE LOUNDS.

Will, carrying the apple core in an evidence bag, intercepts Freddie. He meets her at the wire fence.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Now are you just keeping America clean or is that evidence?

WILL GRAHAM

You're trespassing, Freddie.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I was trespassing before the blood dried. When did they call you in?

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not talking to you.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

We're coconspirators, Will. I died for you and your cause.

WILL GRAHAM

You didn't die enough.
(off her look)

(MORE)

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You came into my hospital room while I was asleep. You flipped back the sheets and shot a picture of my temporary colostomy bag.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Covered your junk with a black box. A big black box. You're welcome.

WILL GRAHAM

You called us "murder husbands."

FREDDIE LOUNDS

You did run off to Europe together. How does the Tooth Fairy compare to Hannibal Lecter? Haven't seen anything like this since the Massacre at Muskrat Farm.

(then)

Funny thing about that massacre. Not only did Dr. Bloom survive, she got rich. Lecter's living in the lap under her care. What kind of arrangement you suppose they have?

WILL GRAHAM

A complicated one.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Couldn't be more complicated than your relationship with Hannibal. You paid him a visit? Before you lie, know that I know that you did.

WILL GRAHAM

Good-bye, Freddie.

Will starts to walk away. She calmly starts narrating the article she's writing, to keep his attention:

FREDDIE LOUNDS

"Federal manhunters, stymied in their search for the Tooth Fairy, have turned to the most savage killer in captivity for help. 'It takes one to catch one,' a federal official told this reporter."

WILL GRAHAM

"Takes one to catch one"? You referring to me or Hannibal Lecter?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I'll let my readers decide.

(then)

If you're smart, you'd use me. All psychopaths are narcissists. They love to read about themselves.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A STILL OF WILL GRAHAM

The words "Criminally Insane" hewn into stone over his head. Freddie's shot from outside the BSHCI.

PULL OUT to see this is a page of *TattleCrime* magazine. We are --

INT. GATEWAY - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Dolarhyde sits alone, reading the issue of *TattleCrime*.

CLOSE ON THE ARTICLE

Titled: "INSANE FIEND CONSULTED IN MASS MURDERS BY AGENT HE TRIED TO KILL." There are two pictures above the sidebar. One shows Hannibal Lecter pinned against the side of a state trooper's car at the time of his arrest. The other is the picture of Will Graham, taken by Freddie Lounds outside the BSHCI. A small photograph of Freddie Lounds runs beside her byline.

ON DOLARHYDE

He stares at the pictures a long time.

ON HIS FINGERTIP

He runs his finger over the pictures of Will and Hannibal, in a figure eight, sensitive to the rough newsprint. He finally turns his finger over and stares at the ink smudge.

ON DOLARHYDE

He licks the smudged fingertip with his tongue and wipes it on a tissue, leaving darks smear. He cuts out the article from the *TattleCrime* magazine and puts it in his pocket.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

CLOSE ON A SIGN

Under a Gateway logo it reads: "Infrared Sensitive Materials in Use. NO Safelights, NO Smoking, NO Hot Beverages."

UTTER DARKNESS

Hands move through it, efficiently unspooling infrared film and clipping it to stainless-steel developing rings.

D-76 developing fluid is poured into trays and film laid into them by the same hands.

We are --

INT. GATEWAY - DARKROOM - DAY

Watching the work of REBA McCLANE, 30s, strong and resilient. Self-confident. She is blind, but we don't know that yet.

But, in here, she sees better than anyone.

CUT TO:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Standing in a darkroom light trap, a red light on above the warning signs.

He KNOCKS on the door.

REBA McCLANE (O.S.)
Come on in.

Dolarhyde pushes through the door...

And is assailed by the darkness.

DOLARHYDE'S POV

Blackness, in which he can only hear Reba move. It feels like confinement and he doesn't like it.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
I'm Francis Dolarhyde.

REBA McCLANE
(mouth full)
Just finishing my lunch.
(then)
Same Mr. D who sends the rockets
when the requisitions are wrong?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

The very one.

REBA MCCLANE

Put your back against the door.
Come forward three steps, until you
feel the tile under your feet.
There'll be a stool on your left.

Dolarhyde listens and hears a cabinet close with the HISS of a vacuum lock. Covers his upper lip with a knuckle.

REBA MCCLANE (CONT'D)

There we go. I'll just put this
stuff in the black hole.

A switch CLICKS on and the room floods with light. Dolarhyde takes in Reba. Sees her white stick. And lowers his hand.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Do you think I could have a plum?

There are several plums in a bowl on the counter.

REBA MCCLANE

Sure. They're really good.

Reba reaches without looking, grabs the bowl and offers it to Dolarhyde. He studies her, taking a plum.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

I have to ask a favor.

REBA MCCLANE

In addition to the plum?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

In addition to the plum.

(then)

I need some infrared movie film.
Hot, sensitive up around one
thousand nanometers.

REBA MCCLANE

Better off shooting digital.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

I'm not a fan of the format.

She smiles, eyes staring into middle distance.

REBA MCCLANE

Nobody around here is. You have to keep it in the freezer and put it back in the cold after you shoot.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

I know. I'm shooting at maybe eight feet. I want to photograph the nocturnal animals at the zoo.

He enjoys watching Reba, the fact that she cannot see him.

REBA MCCLANE

The more sensitive the film, the meaner it is to handle. You get into coolers, dry ice, all that. Do you plan to process it yourself?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Yes.

REBA MCCLANE

Got to be total darkness. Can't even wear infrared goggles. They'll give off radiation and cloud the film.

(a smile)

I'm happy to do it for you, if you want. Privacy guaranteed.

Reba's eyes are half-closed, staring in Dolarhyde's direction with no focus, yet direct and warm and alive.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Thank you for the offer.

REBA'S POV

At the center of a kaleidoscope, a darkened, subjective version of Dolarhyde's face, the mouth marred and indistinct.

The kaleidoscope of light becomes prismatic, blurring and then coming INTO FOCUS as...

Headlights cut through the night.

EXT. GATEWAY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dolarhyde's black van sits inside the Gateway parking lot.

INSIDE DOLARHYDE'S VAN

Dolarhyde peers across the street to --

A FIGURE UNDER A BUS STOP

Spotlighted amid the surrounding darkness. Breath frosting the cold air. A white cane in her hands. Reba.

Dolarhyde watches her, making a decision.

EXT. GATEWAY - BUS STOP/STREET - NIGHT

ON REBA as Dolarhyde's van pulls alongside her.

He calls out the window:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Miss McClane.

She brightens as she recognizes the voice.

REBA MCCLANE
Mr. D.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Can I give you a ride?

REBA MCCLANE
Thanks, but I take the bus all the time, you don't need to worry about--

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
I'm not worried. Ride with me...
(searches for a reason)
...for my pleasure.

Reba pauses at that. Well then.

INT. DOLARHYDE'S VAN - NIGHT

Dolarhyde steals glances at the woman beside him. Reba sits relaxed, face painted by the glow of passing streetlights.

REBA'S POV

Kaleidoscope lights, a dark mass at her side where Dolarhyde sits... his face, as she imagines it, at the center.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. REBA MCCLANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Van in the driveway, Dolarhyde puts it in park.

REBA MCCLANE
Come in and I'll give you a drink.

Francis follows Reba to the door as she unlocks it and enters. Dolarhyde lingers on the threshold... what will he do? And then follows her into the dark building.

CUT TO:

A KNIFE

Francis Dolarhyde's reflection in the blade. We are --

INT. REBA MCCLANE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Where Reba is now free, her environment known to her. Dolarhyde sits, glass of water before him, watching her bring a pie out of the refrigerator to serve.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
How long have you been at Gateway?

REBA MCCLANE
Three months. Didn't you know?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
They tell me the minimum.

At the counter, she turns the pie tin and, hands pointing down, she spreads her fingers along the edge of the pie tin until its circumference tells her middle fingers are at nine and three o'clock. She touches thumbs, brings them to the crust to find the center, which she marks with a toothpick.

REBA MCCLANE
I trained newly-blind people for ten years after I finished school. This's my first job on the outside.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Outside of what?

REBA MCCLANE
The inside. I was training people to live in the sighted world. I didn't live in it myself. Thought I'd get out, knock around a little.

Dolarhyde is sweating a little. Conversation is hard. She puts the middle finger of her left hand on the toothpick, her thumb on the edge of the tin and cuts a slice of pie, guiding the knife with her left index finger.

REBA MCCLANE (CONT'D)

I wanted to go into speech therapy,
for speech-and-hearing-impaired
children. I expect I'll go back to
that, one of these days.

Dolarhyde involuntarily covers his lip with his knuckle.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Um-hmmm.

She places a slice of pie in front of him, along with a fork.

REBA MCCLANE

Do you cook?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Um-hmmm.

REBA MCCLANE

How about coffee?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Uh-huh.

REBA MCCLANE

Let's talk about something for a
minute and get it out of the way.

(off his silence)

You haven't said anything since I
mentioned speech therapy. I
understand you fine because you
speak very well and because I
listen. People don't pay
attention. If you don't want to
talk, okay. But I hope you will
talk. Because you can, and I'm
interested in what you have to say.

Dolarhyde is struck nearly speechless.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Ummm. That's good.

REBA MCCLANE

It's nice to spend time with
someone with the courage to get his
hat or stay as he damn pleases, and
who gives me credit for the same.

Dolarhyde doesn't respond, just marvels.

REBA MCCLANE (CONT'D)

May I touch your face?

Dolarhyde is struck by this.

REBA MCCLANE (CONT'D)

Just want to know if you're smiling
or frowning. I want to know
whether to just shut up or not.

As Reba lifts a hand, reaching for his cheek... his hand snaps
up to catch her wrist, her fingers inches from his face.
Dolarhyde's face reflects the emotions roiling inside him.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Trust me. I'm smiling.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. HOTEL - WILL GRAHAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA ON WILL as he lies back into bed, SLOW MOTION, his breathing in synchronicity with the ringing phone he's just dialed. He stares at the ceiling. RIIIIING. Will blinks.

When he opens his eyes, Will is lying in darkness. RIIIIING. The phone CLICKS as someone picks up on the other side.

MOLLY (V.O.)
Hello, hotshot.

Will blinks and we are --

INT. FISHING CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will lies in bed as he was lying in the hotel room, only now he's home and MOLLY sits on the edge of the bed.

MOLLY
Doing some good?

WILL GRAHAM
None you'd notice. I'm lonesome.

MOLLY
Me, too. I'm feeling Randy.

WILL GRAHAM
Me, too.

MOLLY
Randy's our new dog.

CAMERA reveals A DOG lying on the other side of Molly.

WILL GRAHAM
Oh, hell.

MOLLY
Randy's got huge balls.

WILL GRAHAM
Never mind about his balls.

MOLLY
They almost drag on the ground. He has to retract them when he runs. Can you retract yours?

WILL GRAHAM
I retracted them once when I was a kid. Had to clear a barbed-wire fence, carrying a stolen watermelon.

MOLLY

A criminal mind even at that age.

In a blink, we are now --

INT. HOTEL - WILL GRAHAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will lies on the bed, alone again. A copy of *TattleCrime* magazine lies near him. His likeness on the cover.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't have a criminal mind.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Of course you don't.

Will brushes past it before it gets awkward.

WILL GRAHAM

We have a new... new dog.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Newer than Randy?

CAMERA reveals A DOG lying on the couch, staring at Will.

WILL GRAHAM

Belonged to one of the families.
There was no one left to claim her.
So I claimed her. I'm not worrying
about her, just taking care of her.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FISHING CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

MOLLY

You're a very sweet man. I love
you and I miss you and you're doing
the right thing. It's costing you,
too, I know that. I'm here. I'll
be here whenever you come home.

WILL GRAHAM

Good night, Molly.

Said to an empty room. He hangs up and looks to the ceiling.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. FISHING CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT(MARE)

Will wakes and turns, seeing the other pillow silhouetted and Molly lying beside him, bitten and torn, mirrored eyes and blood over her temples and ears.

Like Mrs. Jacobi, Molly lies in blood-soaked sheets pooling around her to create the billowing shapes of angel wings and flowing robes that were painted gold in Blake's *The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed with the Sun*, the mirrors in her eyes and mouth reflecting a FANTASTIC GLOW.

CAMERA adjusts to find Will naked, standing over Molly, taking the position of the Red Dragon in the Blake illustration, covered in blood. Blood-soaked sheets give him great wings.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - WILL GRAHAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

A soaked Will Graham bolts awake, startled by the wetness, throwing back the sheets which appear to be blood-soaked until he turns on the lamp next to the bed, revealing...

...the sheets are only damp with perspiration. The Leeds' dog stares back at him inscrutably from the couch.

Will rises from the bed, his heart pounding, peeling off his damp T-shirt as he crosses into:

INT. HOTEL - WILL GRAHAM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

He throws the wet T-shirt into the bathtub and grabs a towel, catching a glimpse of himself in the mirror. His face appears broken, but the glass is smooth, and we reveal it is Will's face that is FRACTURED and CRACKED. A blink and Will's face is normal, nothing cracked but his mind.

INT. HOTEL - WILL GRAHAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will puts the dry towel on the side of the bed where he had sweated and lies down on it, propped against the headboard, with a stiff drink of whiskey in his hand. He swallows a third of it. And then the Leeds' dog hops down from the couch and up into the bed, curling up beside Will and lying down.

Will pets the dog as he throws back the rest of his booze.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON JACK CRAWFORD

He walks purposefully toward CAMERA. REVERSE to reveal the doors leading to Hannibal's cell. Jack pauses, glances over his shoulder and the doors BUZZ and open. We are --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

Hannibal stands behind his worktable as Jack approaches.

HANNIBAL

As I live and breathe. I thought
I'd seen the last of you, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

Dr. Lecter.

HANNIBAL

You're dressing younger. Have you
taken up some sport you enjoy with
a new partner? Tennis, maybe?

JACK CRAWFORD

You've taken up your sport with an
old partner.

HANNIBAL

I wrote Will a note warning him
you'd come calling.

JACK CRAWFORD

I read your note before my office
forwarded it to Will.

HANNIBAL

To whet his appetite or yours?
You've placed him back in the pot
and you're letting him cook.

JACK CRAWFORD

We're all in this stew together.

HANNIBAL

How did you keep the satisfaction
off your face when you went to him?

JACK CRAWFORD

With the same care I chose the site
of our conversation.

HANNIBAL

Home, where the heart is, I'm sure.
(then)

(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

It would be more honest if you ate his brain right out of his skull.

JACK CRAWFORD

And you're nothing if not honest.

HANNIBAL

I try to be.

(then)

This shy boy has already seen Will. He already knows his name. Are you chumming the waters, Jack?

JACK CRAWFORD

It takes one to catch one.

HANNIBAL

It takes two to catch one.

JACK CRAWFORD

Will has never been as effective as he is with you inside his head.

HANNIBAL

Oh, I agree. But don't think you can persuade me to play along with appeals to my intellectual vanity.

JACK CRAWFORD

I don't think I'll persuade you. You'll either play or you won't.

HANNIBAL

Bella used to say your face was all scars, if you knew how to look. There's always room for a few more. How much room does Will have, Jack?

CLOSE ON A BLADE

It whisks across the surface of a sharpening stone with wooden handle. In the blur of blade reflections, we see --

HANNIBAL.

CLOSE ON VEGETABLES

They are laid out like surgical tools, preparing for an operation, each of them glistening. We are --

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

It's raining outside. The phone RINGS and Hannibal answers.

HANNIBAL

Hello?

WILL GRAHAM (V.O.)

They know.

Hannibal hangs up the phone and CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Abigail Hobbs is on the other side of the island.

HANNIBAL

They're coming.

Hannibal doesn't move, just considers.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Are we going?

HANNIBAL

We're waiting for Will. It's important that he sees you. I want you two to be together.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

They'll catch us if we stay.

He places reassuring hands on her shoulders.

HANNIBAL

I'm on my honor to look after you, Abigail. You have to look after me, too. We have to protect each other in these new lives we create. I want you to go upstairs and wait.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

For what?

HANNIBAL

Hunting with your father was the best time you've ever had. But now you're going to hunt with me.

CUT TO:

A TELEPHONE RECEIVER

In the hand of an ORDERLY. The receiver cord leads to an old-school office phone she cradles as she makes her way down to:

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - NIGHT

The orderly stops at Hannibal's tray slot. CH-CHUNK -- she pushes the receiver through.

ORDERLY

It's your attorney.

HANNIBAL

Rises from his bed and walks to the phone. The call is unexpected, but he conceals the fact.

HANNIBAL

Thank you.

The orderly and cell GUARDS retreat, allowing attorney-client confidentiality.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Hello?

A muffled silence on the other end...

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (V.O.)

Hello, Dr. Lecter. I wanted to tell you I'm delighted that you have taken an interest in me. I don't believe you'd tell them who I am, even if you knew.

Hannibal realizes who it is on the other end of the line. He takes a long moment, contemplating his response. Then:

HANNIBAL

What particular body you currently occupy is trivia.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (V.O.)

The important thing is what I am Becoming. I know that you alone can understand this.

HANNIBAL

Tell me. What are you Becoming?

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (V.O.)

The Great Red Dragon.

OFF Hannibal taking in his new patient...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE