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HANNIBAL

"The Wrath of the Lamb"

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Episode #313

Final Shooting Script

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HANNIBAL
"The Wrath of the Lamb"

TEASER

CLOSE ON COILS OF GLEAMING CELLULOID

Film canisters. 16-mm film. The strips of celluloid catching the low light.

PULL BACK SLOWLY

To reveal broken mirror shards glinting among them. These are the films Dolarhyde made of his killings. We are --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

And there is more Dragon paraphernalia with them. The great ledger. Reproductions of Blake's iconic paintings. The page from *Time* that we first saw in Ep. #308. Grandmother's teeth.

This is Dolarhyde's Dragon shrine. The fragments of his fantasy. Something makeshift about it, as if he has thrown it all together. Like kindling.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Stands in front of the altar. Looming over it.

ULTRA-CLOSE ON A MATCH IGNITING SLO-MO

Flame slowly engulfing the match head.

DOLARHYDE'S FACE

His eyes fixed on the flame. Haunted.

And he drops the match. It falls through the air...

Onto the celluloid. Which instantly catches fire.

CLOSE ON THE CELLULOID IGNITING

The flames lick over it like liquid. The mirror shards and the rest of the paraphernalia are bathed in flame.

The Blake paintings crisp and burn.

LINGER ON Grandmother's teeth beginning to darken and burn.

The Dragon's GUTTURAL VOICE can be detected faintly over the crackling of the flames.

DOLARHYDE

As he faces the fire, the foundation of the house seems to RUMBLE.

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - GRANDMOTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON REBA McCLANE, the shotgun blast reverberating in her ears, face slick with blood and brain matter. (NOTE: A reprise of the final action of Ep. #312.)

The remains of a head falling THROUGH FRAME in front of her.

ON REBA as the assault of the shotgun blast fades from her ears and is replaced by the CRACKLE of the building fire. She wipes at the gore on her face.

CLOSE SHOTS -- as fire licks up the walls and furniture around her.

CLOSE ON REBA as smoke drifts under her nose. She smells the smoke and fights instant panic.

CLOSE ON a sense memory of her hand holding the key... how it felt against her fingers... slipping it back over Dolarhyde's neck.

REBA

Drops to her knees, coughing now, moving with urgency. She gropes on the floor. Finds...

A FOOT

Frantically feels her way up the leg, the torso, until... her hands touch a squelching wetness.

THE NECK STUMP

She palpates the gore for the cord Dolarhyde wore around his neck. The sounds of the building fire assault her and she has to force herself to concentrate.

HER FINGERS

As they find the slick, bloody cord and slide along it until they reach the key. She pulls it free, tugging it through the ruined flesh.

Smoke makes her rack with a sudden cough.

CLOSE IMAGES -- the elements of the room now firmly ablaze.

Curtains burn.

Fibers crisp and curl.

Wallpaper blackens and then blooms in flame.

Thinking quickly, Reba feels for the bed and pulls off the blanket. She moves to the flowers, grabbing vases, plucking out the flowers and dumping the water onto the blanket, soaking it. She pulls on the blanket, wrapping it round her head, staying well below the smoke gathering near the ceiling.

ON REBA

A sudden CLATTER and ROAR behind her as heavy debris falls, our focus on her, the damage more felt than seen.

With her face covered, Reba moves for the door.

Flames roll across the ceiling behind her.

CUT TO:

REBA'S FEET

As they moves across the floor, fire raging around her.

CLOSE ON REBA'S FACE -- her total concentration. Trying to find something. So aware of the fire around her. She is now --

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She picks out what she is looking for -- there -- the TICKING of the clock. She can use the sound to lead her out.

She begins to crawl, disoriented, but determined. CLOSE ON her hands and knees as they cross the rug, and then the hardness of the wood floor.

CLOSE ON the ticking clock -- Reba using it like sonar.

CAMERA moves up from her to find -- behind her --

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE!

In a black gas mask.

DOLARHYDE'S POV -- THROUGH THE GAS MASK

We can hear his breathing.

Dolarhyde moves with her toward the door, tense. Through the gas mask, we see the anxiety in Dolarhyde's eyes. He wants Reba to make her escape.

Reba moves down --

THE HALLWAY

Flames climbing the walls like the tendrils of some alien plant eager to grasp her. Dolarhyde stalks behind her...

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Nearly staggering with smoke inhalation, Reba moves through the spreading fire and holds out the key -- and unlocks the front door. Racked with coughs.

Just as she gets to her feet in the doorway, though, Reba swoons and nearly collapses.

Dolarhyde moves to pick her up...

But Reba rights herself just before he reaches her, and he backs off as she makes her way out on her own two feet.

EXT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Reba staggers and falls through the front door and lies, gasping the clean fresh air, pulling the blanket from her head, as behind her, the ROAR increases and the fire devours all within...

She gets half to her feet again and moves away from the doorway, urgent, wanting distance. Not heeding her path now.

CAMERA pulls away ahead of Reba as she staggers away. She trips, sprawls and then gets up again.

CUT WIDE to see Reba silhouetted against the raging inferno that is now Dolarhyde's house...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

CLOSE ON ICE MELTING IN A BOWL

Fingers come in and pick up a chunk, water running down them. The ice cube is lifted to Reba McClane's parched lips. She sucks on the ice. Swallows painfully. We are --

INT. HOSPITAL - REBA MCCLANE'S ROOM - DAY

Reba lies in her hospital bed. Exhausted. Recovering from smoke inhalation and burns. Will Graham sits beside her bed, a female POLICE OFFICER in the room with them.

REBA MCCLANE

A man had tried to slap me once. I was quiet and he couldn't find me -- he couldn't see either. This one could see. He was crazy. Crazy, all right. That's it: crazy.

Reba's hand brings more ice to her lips.

WILL GRAHAM

Crazy is a fearsome word.

REBA MCCLANE

He shot himself in the face. I put my hand in it. He set fire to the house. He shot himself. I put my hand in it. He was on the floor...

She trails off, trying to contain her emotions.

WILL GRAHAM

I won't put you through this again, but I'd like to come back by. Just to say hi and see how you're doing.

REBA MCCLANE

How could you help it? A charmer like me.

Bitterness and self-reproach evident in her voice. Will won't let her go there.

WILL GRAHAM

Would you excuse us for a minute, officer?

The officer leaves the room, then Will takes Reba's hand.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

In the end, he couldn't kill you
and he couldn't watch you die.

(then)

The people who study this kind of
thing say he was trying to stop.

REBA MCCLANE

Why?

WILL GRAHAM

Because you helped him. That
probably saved some lives.

REBA MCCLANE

I drew a freak.

WILL GRAHAM

You didn't draw a freak. You drew
a man with a freak on his back.
Nothing wrong with you, don't let
yourself believe there is.

REBA MCCLANE

I know there's nothing wrong with
me. In making friends, I try to be
wary of people who foster dependency
and feed on it. I've been with a
few. The blind attract them.

WILL GRAHAM

Not just the blind.

(then)

I'm coming back to see you in a day
or so. I have to look at cops all
the time, and I need relief; try to
do something about your hair there.

She grins a little. Will quietly leaves.

CUT TO:

GOLDEN GATES

CAMERA pushes toward them as Will Graham steps into his own
point of view. We are --

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - DAY

CAMERA follows Will inside the chapel. Standing at the
altar, with his back toward Will, is Hannibal Lecter lighting
candles. Lighting one candle after another.

Will turns to the rows of votive candles behind him and lights a stick to ignite a candle's wick.

A VOTIVE CANDLE

It's lit. A subtle visual echo of Dolarhyde setting his shrine on fire in the Teaser.

WILL GRAHAM

Ding-dong, the Dragon's dead.

Hannibal's smile fades, genuinely disappointed by that news, but finding some possible shred of hope:

HANNIBAL

Are congratulations in order?

CAMERA reveals we are now --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

Will approaches Hannibal behind his glass wall.

WILL GRAHAM

I didn't kill him. Suicide.

HANNIBAL

Then he wasn't as strong as the Dragon after all.

WILL GRAHAM

He was trying to stop.

HANNIBAL

I was rooting for you, Will. It's a shame. You came all this way and you didn't get to kill anybody. Only consolation is Dr. Chilton.

(then)

Congratulations for the job you did on him. I admired it enormously. What a cunning boy you are.

WILL GRAHAM

Are you accusing me of something?

HANNIBAL

Does the enemy inside you agree with the accusation? Even a little bit?

WILL GRAHAM

I came back to stop the Dragon. He's stopped.

HANNIBAL

Your family was on his itinerary.
Safe now. You can go home again.
If there's any point.

(then)

Is there any point?

WILL GRAHAM

I like my life there.

HANNIBAL

It won't be the same. You'll see
it's not the same. The unspoken
knowledge will live with you, like
unwanted company in the house.

WILL GRAHAM

Molly and I want it to be the same.

HANNIBAL

Mutual assurances you try to
exchange in the dark and in the day
will pass through some refraction,
making them miss their mark. When
life becomes maddeningly polite...

(then)

...think about me. Think about me,
Will, don't worry about me.

WILL GRAHAM

You turned yourself in so I would
always know where you are. You'd
only do that if I rejected you.

(then)

Good-bye, Hannibal.

Will turns and walks away, the doors BUZZING open.

HANNIBAL

Will...

(Will turns)

Was it good to see me?

WILL GRAHAM

Good? No.

And Will exits, the double doors closing behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Establishing. The hotel, lonely in the night, lights burning
orange. Like an Edward Hopper painting.

INT. HOTEL - WILL GRAHAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will enters the dark hotel room, weary.

As he turns to close and lock the door, a SHADOW moves in the darkness behind him.

He senses the movement just an instant too late. FOOTSTEPS rush up behind him. As he turns --

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

Seizes Will from behind and clamps a chloroformed washcloth over his mouth.

Will kicks the door, propelling them both backward.

Dolarhyde staggers, but maintains his vise-like grip.

Will thrashes violently in Dolarhyde's powerful arms. Kicking over a bedside table. Kicking against any surface. His struggles growing wilder, less coordinated.

Will's legs flying up into the air, perpendicular, but Dolarhyde is so strong that he remains upright, absorbing Will's energy.

They smash into a mirror on the wall, crazing the glass, and, for a moment, both men are reflected side by side in the broken shards -- shattered and incomplete.

CLOSE ON WILL'S EYES

Will's eyes are wide -- panicked and furious.

Gradually growing unfocused.

Until they glaze as the chloroform does its work.

WILL'S LEGS

Kick feebly, then go limp.

Will's eyes close, Dolarhyde's face right behind his. As Will slides into unconsciousness, Dolarhyde relaxes his grip.

Dolarhyde holds Will's limp body. Breathing heavily from the struggle. There is something subtly postcoital about it.

OFF this terrible lovers' embrace...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

WATER

It cascades through space in SLOW MOTION until...

SPLASH -- it washes over Will's face. He groggily and jerkily blinks into consciousness. A dry towel is tossed INTO FRAME.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Are you all right?

WILL GRAHAM
Uhhhh...

We are --

INT. HOTEL - WILL GRAHAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will's slumped in his hotel chair, eyes peeling open. Blurry shapes shuddering into focus...

Dolarhyde stands over him, his silenced pistol in his hand.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Breathe deeply.
(then)
Do you think you can sit up? Try
to sit up.

Will scoots up in the chair, propping himself up on elbows.

WILL GRAHAM
You didn't break my back.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Not today.

Dolarhyde stares at Will a moment, studying him, then:

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
Your face is closed to me.

WILL GRAHAM
If I can see you, you can see me.

Dolarhyde is amused by Will in a curious way.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
You think you understand, don't you?

WILL GRAHAM

"I understand that blood and breath
are only elements undergoing change
to fuel your Radiance."

(off his look)

Hannibal said those words. To me.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

I tried to share with Lecter, and
Lecter betrayed me.

WILL GRAHAM

He betrayed me, too.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

I would like to share.

WILL GRAHAM

You shared with Reba.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

I shared with Reba a little, in a
way she could survive.

(then)

She had one flash of my glory.

WILL GRAHAM

You didn't change her.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

I choose not to change her. I
thought, "Dare I? Of course I do."
I'm stronger than the Dragon now.

WILL GRAHAM

Dr. Chilton was just an annoyance
to you and so am I, but Hannibal
Lecter is who you need to change.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE

I want to meet Lecter. I want to
tell him important things.

(then)

How could I manage that?

OFF Dolarhyde and Will's cabal...

CUT TO BLACK.

FROM BLACK

CAMERA PULLS OUT of the savaged remains of what is presumably
Francis Dolarhyde's face, seemingly shotgunned and
incinerated beyond identification.

REVERSE to reveal CLOSE ON JIMMY PRICE'S EYES.

We are --

INT. BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - DAY

ZELLER and Price have the last remains of Francis Dolarhyde, and evidence from the house, laid out on tables.

CLOSE ON a burned partial dental plate -- several distinct snagged teeth still in place -- as Brian Zeller retrieves it from the skull.

BRIAN ZELLER

The only teeth we found in the skull were Grandma's dentures.

Jimmy nonchalantly holds the buckled and twisted shotgun by its charred grip.

JIMMY PRICE

The upper part was made of vulcanite instead of acrylic like they use now. Nobody's made vulcanite plates in fifty years.

BRIAN ZELLER

Dolarhyde had a new acrylic pair just like them made to fit him. Chinese manufacture. The new ones were on his body. Grandma's yucky old ones were in his mouth.

JIMMY PRICE

Not his mouth, per se. We think it's a guy named Arnold Lang -- he's missing. Worked at a service station near Dolarhyde. Found his car, but it had been wiped down.

BRIAN ZELLER

Dolarhyde snuffs Lang and takes his body to the house, gives the blind lady this and that, you know, "Will I kill you?"/"Will I not kill you?"

Cutting Zeller off to land the plane:

JIMMY PRICE

"I can't stand to see you burn," he says, boohoo, and blows Lang's head off with a twelve-gauge.

Reveal Jack Crawford is their audience.

JACK CRAWFORD

The routine about the key hanging around his neck was to make sure she felt the body. So she could tell us she certainly felt a body.

Jack turns his head, and only now do we see Will Graham stands alongside him, seemingly taking this in.

WILL GRAHAM

The Great Red Dragon lives.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. BAU - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EVIDENCE PROCESSING - DAY

Jack and Will confer quietly in the hall as Zeller and Price work over the charred corpse in the background.

WILL GRAHAM

The obvious thing is to try to get him to come to us. Bait him with something he wants more than me.

JACK CRAWFORD

He'd be an idiot to go for it.

WILL GRAHAM

I know. Want to hear what the best bait would be?

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm not sure I do.

WILL GRAHAM

Hannibal would be the best bait.

JACK CRAWFORD

Why in God's name would anybody want to meet Hannibal Lecter?

WILL GRAHAM

To kill him, Jack. The Dragon could absorb him that way, engulf him, become more than he is.

JACK CRAWFORD

You sound pretty sure.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not sure. Who's sure? I'm not even sure Hannibal would draw the Dragon. I say it's the best shot.

JACK CRAWFORD

Set up how?

WILL GRAHAM

It would be hell to do, I know that. We'd take Hannibal into federal custody.

JACK CRAWFORD

Because Alana would never sit still for what you're about to suggest?

WILL GRAHAM

We fake an escape.

HARD CUT TO:

CLOSE ON BEDELIA DU MAURIER

She sits motionless, staring into middle distance, absorbing what she's just been told. We are --

INT. BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

After a moment, she crosses to the bar cart by the window and chooses a drink, her mind spinning as she pours:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

We assign a moment to decision, to dignify the process as a timely result of rational and conscious thought. Yet what you propose is so thoughtless, I find it difficult to imagine that moment exists.

She crosses back to her chair, not offering Will a drink.

WILL GRAHAM

Decisions are made of kneaded feelings. They're more often a lump than a sum.

Bedelia sits down, glass in hand.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER

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

WILL GRAHAM

There is no advantage. It's all degrees of disadvantage.

Bedelia fixes Will with a piercing stare.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
"Who holds the Devil, let him hold
him well. He will hardly be caught
a second time."

WILL GRAHAM
I don't intend Hannibal to be
caught a second time.

Bedelia studies Will. Sensing where he might be going.
Hoping she is wrong. A flicker of alarm plays in her eyes.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Can't live with him. Can't live
without him. Is that what this is?

WILL GRAHAM
I guess this is my Becoming.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
What you're "becoming" is
pathological.

WILL GRAHAM
Extreme acts of cruelty require a
high degree of empathy.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
You found religion. Nothing more
dangerous than that.

WILL GRAHAM
I'd pack my bags if I were you,
Bedelia. Meat's back on the menu.

Bedelia is enraged in a way we've never seen.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
You righteous, reckless, twitchy
little man. Might as well cut all
our throats and be done with it.

WILL GRAHAM
Ready or not. Here he comes.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

CLOSE ON FLESH

On fire and sizzling, it bubbles, blackened, then heals, the flame rolling in upon itself. TIME IS MOVING IN REVERSE.

CLOSE ON FLAME

It shrinks into an ignition point of a flaming match, collecting its flame and rising into the air.

CLOSE ON THE MATCH

Still burning, it rises off the flesh into the air.

CLOSE ON DR. CHILTON

Naked and lipless, mouth open in a silent scream as gasoline rises off of him -- the REVERSE OF IT BEING POURED.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BURN CENTER - DR. CHILTON'S ROOM - DAY

A high-tech hospital room dominated by a hyperbaric chamber in its center. Lighting is low within the room, but brighter inside the chamber.

Frederick Chilton lies within. Flat on his back. Under his minimal bandaging, his body is a mixture of hard burned skin and red wet-looking patches of skin graft.

A shadow falls across him and he looks to one side and sees --

ALANA BLOOM

Standing beyond the glass, carrying a floral arrangement. She takes in his ruined body, unflinching. (NOTE: Chilton does not have lips and does not pronounce *Bs* or *Ms.*)

DR. CHILTON

Dr. Bloom. You finally broke down and came to visit. Were you hoping I'd die before you had to see me?

ALANA BLOOM

I've been wrestling with that hope.

DR. CHILTON

You were very good. Your face didn't change at all when you first looked at me. Shock in seeing me is usually delayed.

ALANA BLOOM

Yes. It is.

DR. CHILTON

Shock comes with the recognition that this is a human face with a mind behind it. The articulation of the jaw, the turning of the eye to see you. See your normal face.

ALANA BLOOM

I wanted to see you, Frederick. I wanted to remind myself what Hannibal is capable of.

DR. CHILTON

What Hannibal is capable of. What Will Graham is capable of.

(then)

What you're capable of.

ALANA BLOOM

That, too.

DR. CHILTON

You were the roper. Too bad there wasn't enough rope to hang yourself with. Just enough to hang me.

ALANA BLOOM

If I had known--

DR. CHILTON

You did know. That's why I'm in here and you're not. Who does Will Graham have you roping now?

ALANA BLOOM

Hannibal.

A brief, pained laugh.

DR. CHILTON

Dithers if I had them, I would burn the man alive... though maybe I would rather have his skin. I've been getting grafts. Donated by the dead. Oh, how I would love to count Hannibal among my donors.

Alana's eyes wander down Chilton's scarred body, noticing the patches of skin grafted onto his body.

ALANA BLOOM

You were never comfortable in your own skin, Frederick. You won't be comfortable in Hannibal's.

DR. CHILTON

Are you?

OFF Alana as she considers the question...

CUT TO:

ALANA BLOOM

We are --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - NIGHT

The large white aquarium of Hannibal's cell. Alana stands silhouetted in front of the glass, Hannibal behind it.

ALANA BLOOM

There's a deal for you, Hannibal. Or there could be.

HANNIBAL

A deal? With whom?

ALANA BLOOM

The FBI.

HANNIBAL

Jack couldn't ask me himself?

ALANA BLOOM

Jack doesn't know you as well as I do. He thought if he asked you for help, you would just torment him.

HANNIBAL

Quite right, too. How wise of Jack.

ALANA BLOOM

The Red Dragon faked his death.

An almost-imperceptible reaction from Hannibal, then:

HANNIBAL

Did he? Good for him.

ALANA BLOOM

Jack wants to fake your escape. I release you into police custody. And Jack uses you as bait.

Hannibal considers, then:

HANNIBAL
Was it Will's idea?

ALANA BLOOM
Yes.

HANNIBAL
That worked out so well for
Frederick Chilton.
(then)
Do please tell Frederick, if you see
him, I wish a speedy convalescence
and hope he won't be very ugly.

ALANA BLOOM
I've been on the phone for hours on
your behalf, this is what you get--

HANNIBAL
Any rational society would either
kill me or give me my books.

ALANA BLOOM
If you cooperate in the capture of
Francis Dolarhyde, you'll get your
books, your drawings. Your toilet.
All privileges will be restored.

HANNIBAL
You trust Will with my well-being?

ALANA BLOOM
As much as I trust you with his.

HANNIBAL
You trust me with yours? You intend
to release me into police custody.
Police are not as wise as you are.

ALANA BLOOM
Police are accustomed to handling
criminals.

HANNIBAL
They're inclined to use leg irons and
handcuffs. Handcuffs and leg irons
open with a handcuff key. There's
always one close by. I may escape in
earnest and come to kill you.

ALANA BLOOM
The first chance you get, I assume.

HANNIBAL

You died in my kitchen when you chose to be brave. Every moment since is borrowed. Your wife... your child... they belong to me.

(closer)

We made a bargain for Will's life, and then I spun you gold.

ALANA BLOOM

I'm on my honor to look after you, Hannibal, and I do it.

HANNIBAL

No personal considerations entered into our clinical relationship?

ALANA BLOOM

Only personal experience.

HARD CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE ON MOLTEN AMBER

In a SERIES OF SHOTS, the amber splashes against icebergs as CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are inside a whiskey glass.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal three whiskey glasses. Three conspiratorial hands reach INTO FRAME and each claims a glass.

We are --

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

After hours, dimly lit, Alana Bloom, Jack Crawford and Will Graham have gathered to plot against Hannibal.

ALANA BLOOM

Hannibal has tentatively agreed to the deal, as proposed.

JACK CRAWFORD

What will make him less tentative?

ALANA BLOOM

He wants Will to ask him.

(to Will)

He wants you to say "please."

WILL GRAHAM

I'll say "pretty please."

JACK CRAWFORD

We will have a stampede when people think Lecter is out.

WILL GRAHAM

Let them stampede. Authenticity. And let them think I helped Hannibal escape.

JACK CRAWFORD

Authenticity?

WILL GRAHAM

Someone has to be close. When the Dragon comes.

ALANA BLOOM

And then?

WILL GRAHAM

How do you behave when you know the conventional honors have no value?

ALANA BLOOM

Is it possible to behave well then?

WILL GRAHAM

Desirable to behave well?

JACK CRAWFORD

There is a wisdom longer than considerations of honor. We kill Dolanhyde. Then we kill Hannibal.

ALANA BLOOM

He has to die. He has to.

WILL GRAHAM

To the Devil his due.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - DAY

CAMERA cruises between rows of chairs filled with nondescript MOURNERS to find Will and Hannibal sitting across from each other, whispering to each other over the aisle:

HANNIBAL

I thought you said your good-byes.

WILL GRAHAM

We've one last good-bye between us.

HANNIBAL

You didn't just say good-bye, though, did you? That little extra bit at the end. What was that you said?

WILL GRAHAM

You wouldn't have turned yourself in unless I rejected you.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL

HANNIBAL

Yes. That extra bit.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are now --

INT. BSHCI - HANNIBAL LECTER'S CELL - DAY

CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK as Hannibal continues:

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I believe that's what they call a "mic drop." You dropped the mic, Will, but here you are having to come back and pick it up again.

CAMERA reveals Will is inside the glass as Hannibal is being strapped to his vertical wheelchair by a PAIR OF NURSES.

Will stares, then manages a small smile at getting called out as only a good friend can do.

WILL GRAHAM

I knew you would keep running if I kept chasing you. I knew you wanted me to know exactly where I could find you. When I needed you.

HANNIBAL

And you did.

WILL GRAHAM
I need you, Hannibal.

HANNIBAL
Ding-dong. The Dragon's not dead.

WILL GRAHAM
He told you he wanted to meet you.
Maybe that's a serious invitation.

HANNIBAL
Somehow, I don't think he was just
being polite.

WILL GRAHAM
After the big escape, you send the
Dragon a message in the personal
ads, you ask him for a rendezvous.

HANNIBAL
He won't go near a mail drop.

WILL GRAHAM
But he might be curious enough to
look at one to see if you sold him.

HANNIBAL
If he could do it from a distance.

WILL GRAHAM
We picked a drop that can be
watched from only a few places a
long way off, and we'll stake out
the observation points.

Hannibal studies Will, then:

HANNIBAL
It sounds weak to you, even as you
say it.

Will doesn't blink.

WILL GRAHAM
Secret Service has a setup they've
never used. They'll let us have it.
You're our best shot, Hannibal.
(then)
Please.

OFF Hannibal's smile at the magic word, the mask comes down...

CUT TO:

INT. VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

From behind, CLOSE ON Alana and MARGOT as they move toward the exit. The light coming in silhouettes them against the doorway.

As they move away from CAMERA, we reveal they each hold a hand of their three-year-old SON.

As they step outside, we --

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSKRAT FARM - DAY

And the world gets bigger. The three of them continue down toward the expansive lawns.

Two bodyguards are in close attendance by the doors, wary, earbuds relaying information to them.

Two more bodyguards are walking with large, expensive suitcases toward a helicopter which squats on the lawn like an insect, rotors spinning.

The two bodyguards usher Alana, Margot and their three-year-old son down toward the lawn. Margot's and Alana's hands wrapped tightly round the child's.

Their faces are set and tense. The bodyguards form up protectively around them.

ON ALANA AND MARGOT as they share a look over the head of their son.

Alana pulls her hand away, and as Margot continues toward the helicopter, Alana turns to take one last, wistful look at the house...

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A country road, between ditches, leading down to green fields, bounded by graphic lines of pylons stacking to the horizon.

A lead police cruiser comes INTO FRAME, followed by a prison transport van, and then a rear cruiser completes the convoy.

As they come up and past CAMERA...

INT. PRISON TRANSPORT VAN - DAY

A single cage inside, Hannibal securely shackled within. A bench seat outside the cage runs along the van's side, ending at a bulkhead separating them from the front cabin. A VAN DRIVER and VAN GUARD can be seen through a meshed window.

Will Graham and an FBI AGENT sit on the bench, Hannibal in profile to them. The FBI agent holds a pump-action shotgun.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A third cruiser is accelerating up on the convoy. As it gets close, its lights begin to flash and it pulls out to overtake the convoy.

INT. PRISON TRANSPORT VAN - DAY

Will Graham and the FBI agent exchange a glance as the blue lights of the cruiser register in the back compartment. Hannibal turns to hold Will's gaze.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The cruiser pulls level with the lead cruiser. As the driver looks across, we see that Francis Dolarhyde is behind the wheel! Dolarhyde raises his gun through the open passenger window and fires.

INT. PRISON TRANSPORT VAN - DAY

Will and the FBI agent are thrown violently sideways as the van swerves, and then more shockingly, they are hurled forward against the bulkhead as the van dips alarmingly down into a ditch and SMASHES TO A HALT.

Hannibal slams against the sides of his cage, but the enclosure saves him from the beating Will and the FBI agent take.

The compartment is left angled upward, Will and the FBI agent sprawled at the bottom, toward the window, dazed and bruised. POP-POP, blood sprays against the windshield and through the meshed window as both men in the transport van cabin take bullets to their skulls.

Will and the FBI agent struggle to right themselves, the agent reaching for his shotgun --

As the rear doors are thrown open. Silhouetted in the doorway, Dolarhyde shoots the FBI agent in the head as he raises his shotgun.

Dolarhyde removes the keys from the FBI agent, unlocks Hannibal Lecter's cage and tosses the keys onto his lap. Dolarhyde gives Will one last glance and climbs out.

Hannibal quickly unlocks his bindings and follows.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Hannibal pulls himself from the van and surveys the scene. Dolarhyde is already in his stolen police car, ahead of the wreckage and driving away.

There's a police car skid to a stop behind the transport van, inside are TWO DEAD POLICE OFFICERS shot execution-style.

ON THE TRANSPORT VAN

Will Graham climbs out of the back, surveys the damage.

ON HANNIBAL

He crosses to the police car. He opens the door and pulls the dead driver from the vehicle.

WILL GRAHAM

What are you doing?

HANNIBAL

You know, Will, you worry too much.
You'd be so much more comfortable
if you relaxed with yourself.

WILL'S POV

The lead cruiser -- sideways in the road. Blood splashed on it. TWO MORE BLOODY DEAD MEN in their seats.

He hears a car engine start up and turns to see the rear cruiser starting toward him from down the road. He sees --

HANNIBAL

Behind the wheel. The side window is smashed, blood splashed across the inside of the windshield. Hannibal pulls up alongside Will, opens the passenger door and shoves a dead police officer out of the vehicle. He leans across the seat:

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Are you coming?

(then)

He's not going to kill us here.
What he wants to do requires
something a little more private.

Will takes the gun off the dead cop, then holds Hannibal's gaze -- should he kill Hannibal right now himself? Will glances at the chaos and carnage around them and then tucks the gun into the back of his pants and climbs into the car.

Hannibal puts the car in drive and pulls away.

CAMERA cranes back high and wide as the car pulls away from the wreckage and heads for the horizon...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

The federal transport van that was carrying Will and Hannibal is in the ditch where we last saw it. A dead FBI agent hangs out of the back of the truck. The T-boned cop car left where it spun to a stop in the middle of the road.

Two dead cops on the ground twenty feet behind the transport van, two dead FBI agents in the cab of the van and two more dead cops in the T-boned cop car on the road.

An active crime scene as FBI AGENTS and POLICE OFFICERS collect evidence and take photographs.

CAMERA MOVES TO A CLOSE ON JACK CRAWFORD

Among the busy crime scene, furious and concerned.

CUT TO:

CAMERA TRACKS OVER A SEA

And up sheer, dizzying bluffs to find a low house perched on the very edge of the rocks, foundation exposed. Floor-to-ceiling windows look out onto the ocean, darkened. We are --

EXT. BLUFF-TOP HOUSE - SUNSET

Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter, still in his institutional overalls, approach the house. Will is drawn to the view.

HANNIBAL

The bluff is eroding. There was more land when I was here with Abigail. More land still when I was here with Miriam Lass.

WILL GRAHAM

Now you're here with me.

HANNIBAL

And the bluff is still eroding. You and I are suspended over the roiling Atlantic. Soon all of this will be lost to the sea.

Will lingers as Hannibal locates the spare key under a stone, opens the front door and disappears into the house.

CLOSE ON A DROP CLOTH

CAMERA underneath the cloth as it is whisked off revealing a beautiful chair.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL'S BACK

As CAMERA PUSHES IN, he shrugs on a jacket and smooths the sleeves. It feels good to be wearing fine clothing again.

CLOSE ON A SELECTION OF WINE BOTTLES

Hannibal pulls one from the rack.

CLOSE ON A CORKSCREW

It gleams menacingly and is scooped up.

EXT. BLUFF-TOP HOUSE - NIGHT

Lights burn warmly within. CAMERA PUSHES CLOSER to reveal Will Graham at the window, taking in the view.

INT. BLUFF-TOP HOUSE - NIGHT

Hannibal moves through the house, now dressed in his own clothes, carrying a bottle of wine and a wine opener. He notices Will at a window, staring out into the night.

HANNIBAL

You're playing games with yourself
in the dark of the moon.

Hannibal wipes down three wineglasses on a side table.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Wasn't surprising that I heard from
the Great Red Dragon. Was it
surprising when you heard from him?

Will hesitates. Hannibal does not miss a thing.

WILL GRAHAM

Yes and no.

HANNIBAL

You intend to watch him kill me?

WILL GRAHAM

I intend to watch him change you.

Hannibal takes that in, a sad smile as he fingers the corkscrew, contemplating killing Will with it. Instead, he uses the tip to cut the seal on the wine bottle.

HANNIBAL

My compassion for you is
inconvenient, Will.

WILL GRAHAM

If you're partial to beef products,
it's inconvenient to be
compassionate toward a cow.

HANNIBAL

Save yourself, kill them all?

WILL GRAHAM

I don't know if I can save myself.
And maybe that's just fine.

HANNIBAL

"No greater love hath man than to
lay down his life for a friend."

WILL GRAHAM

He's watching us now.

P-KEE

A low sound and a dull impact on glass. A bullet hole
appears in the large window, creating a spiderweb of cracks.

THE WINE BOTTLE

Shatters in Hannibal's hand.

ON HANNIBAL

He glances down and sees a wine stain on his sweater. A
beat, and then the window shatters around the bullet hole,
all at once, in SLO-MO.

Hannibal's wine bottle drops from his hand. We see now that
the large red wine stain on his sweater blossoms with blood.
He has been shot.

Glass shards fall through the air; beyond them, the patio is
black night.

And then, striding out of the blackness, as if a shadow made
human, comes Francis Dolarhyde.

HANNIBAL

Slides to his knees. Blood pumping from the gunshot wound in
his abdomen.

Will watches as Dolarhyde enters, his gun in one hand, a black duffel in the other. A knife in his belt.

Dolarhyde looks at Will as we RAMP BACK TO NORMAL SPEED.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
(to Will)
Don't run. I'll catch you.

Hannibal glances up from his belly wound:

HANNIBAL
Hello, Francis.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Hello, Dr. Lecter.

Dolarhyde pulls a tripod from his bag and tosses it to Will, then points the gun at Will's head. Will begins to set it up.

HANNIBAL
I'm so happy you chose life,
Francis. Suicide is the enemy.

Dolarhyde squats to look at Hannibal on his level.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
I had one rag of pride that Reba
McClane gave me. It told me that
suicide was a sorry end.

HANNIBAL
You were seized by a fantasy life
with the brilliance and freshness
and immediacy of childhood. It
took you a step beyond alone.

Dolarhyde pulls a 16-mm camera from his bag, hands it to Will who fixes it atop the tripod, at gunpoint.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
I'm going to film your death, Dr.
Lecter, as dying, you meld with the
strength of the Dragon.

HANNIBAL
It's a glorious and rather
discomfiting idea.

As Will backs away from the camera and tripod, he surreptitiously reaches for the gun tucked into the small of his back...

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
Watching the film will be
wonderful, but not as wonderful as
the act itself.

...and Dolarhyde suddenly slams a knife into Will's face.

CLOSE as the blade pierces Will's cheek.

Blood fills Will's mouth and pours down his face. He grasps at Dolarhyde's arms, trying to fight him off.

Dolarhyde lifts Will off the ground, driving the knife deeper. Will chokes on his own blood.

Dolarhyde picks Will up and bodily hurls him back through the broken window, onto the...

PATIO

Will lands and rag-dolls across the stones.

CLOSE ON Will's blood as it spatters in thick drops to the stone. He gets to his hands and knees.

Dolarhyde is coming, bearing down on Will.

FRANCIS DOLARHYDE
It'll be easy to break your back.
Better than killing you. Break
your back and twist it, just to be
sure. They'll have to roll you to
your next investigation.

Will pulls his gun out and Dolarhyde immediately disarms him, tossing the gun over the bluff.

Will pulls the knife free of his face and stabs it in Dolarhyde's leg. Dolarhyde pulls the knife out of his leg and slams it into Will's collarbone, using it as a handlebar to pull Will's shoulders until his back snaps.

Just as Dolarhyde is about to complete the "yank and snap," Hannibal, sans jacket, jumps on Dolarhyde's back, causing him to drop Will.

ON HANNIBAL as he tries to snap Dolarhyde's neck with his trademark swift twist, but the man's neck is too strong and Dolarhyde twists and swats at Hannibal, bucking to throw him off.

They stagger across the patio. Dolarhyde reaching behind him for purchase on Hannibal.

Dolarhyde tosses Hannibal off his back, like swatting a fly, and Hannibal clatters to the stones, rolling into the woodpile -- where he spies a rusted hatchet.

Will pulls the knife from his shoulder in a welter of blood.

And runs and stabs Dolarhyde in the back with the knife. Dolarhyde roars in pain and rage, turns on Will once more.

Hannibal drags himself to the hatchet. Comes behind Francis and slams it into his Achilles tendon and then his knee. Flesh and sinew rupture. A brutal and underhand move.

Dolarhyde is a bull, still charging despite his wounds. And he ignores Will's stabs as he beats on him.

Dolarhyde goes down on one leg, a falling giant.

Will and Hannibal watch him. This huge driven man, their enemy and also their equal. Dolarhyde bleeding from his many wounds -- his leg destroyed -- holds their gaze.

And then he struggles back to his feet.

ON DOLARHYDE

He staggers as Hannibal jumps on his back, his leg buckling, and, in that instant, he's already too late to halt Will's move.

There is a sudden sickening sound and Dolarhyde looks down to see Will Graham has stuck the knife into his abdomen.

And then Will jerks the blade downward and blood fountains onto him from Dolarhyde who bucks and arches, like a buffalo fighting off lions. He kicks Will away across the stones.

Dolarhyde reaches down and pulls the knife free of his own gut with a SCHLICK of innards.

And Hannibal --

Leans in and BITES OUT DOLARHYDE'S THROAT.

Dolarhyde arches back as blood fountains from his throat and belly. Will looks on as Hannibal falls from Dolarhyde's back and drops to the ground.

Dolarhyde staggers, blood fountaining from his throat. He stares up at the moon and drops to his knees, and then down onto his back.

CLOSE ON Dolarhyde's profile as he breathes and blood bubbles from his throat. His head turns and he stares at Will Graham as life slowly fades from his eyes.

CAMERA cranes up over Dolarhyde, pulling away till he is centered, the pooling, spreading blood on either side of him becoming red dragon's wings.

The terribly-injured Will and Hannibal drag themselves to their feet, looking at one another over the dead Dolarhyde.

SENSUAL SHOTS of the blood of both men as it drops from their wounds, the blood black in the moonlight.

WILL GRAHAM
It really does look black in
the moonlight.

Hannibal staggers toward the edge of the bluffs and regards the ocean a moment before turning back to face Will.

HANNIBAL
See. This is all I ever wanted for
you, Will. For both of us.

WILL GRAHAM
It's beautiful.

A moment as Will considers the brutal pack hunting he shared with Hannibal Lecter. He genuinely feels it is beautiful.

CLOSE ON WILL'S BLOOD-SPATTERED FACE

A single tear cuts through the blood.

WIDE

And Will lunges at Hannibal and PULLS HIM OFF THE BLUFF WITH HIM. A sudden shocking EMPTINESS OF FRAME -- they were there, and now they are gone.

CAMERA pushes out over the edge to see --

WILL AND HANNIBAL

Falling away to the sea.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NORMAN CHAPEL - DAY

Time-lapse establishing.

INT. NORMAN CHAPEL - DAY

CAMERA cruises the aisle as various TOURISTS explore and other PARISHIONERS pray.

CAMERA continues to prowl until it finds a man sitting by himself. As CAMERA PUSHES IN, we reveal the man is Jack Crawford, lying in wait.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE

POST CREDITS

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON BEDELIA DU MAURIER

Elegant. In a striking evening dress. As exquisitely coiffed as we've ever seen her.

PULL BACK SLOWLY to reveal...

Bedelia sits at a long dining table. We are --

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Warm candlelight fills the room, music is playing. We have the sense that Bedelia is the honored guest at some exceptionally-aristocratic dinner party.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a platter of oysters on the table in front of Bedelia; next to the platter, an oyster fork.

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK to reveal...

A WOMAN'S LEG

Pit-roasted on smoldering-hot lava rocks, on a bed of cane strips, surrounded by fresh fruits. Wrapped in crisp ti leaves. Bedelia steadies herself.

NEW ANGLE ON BEDELIA

We now see Bedelia in profile and, slowly, we PAN DOWN Bedelia's body to reveal...

One of her LEGS IS MISSING. The stump freshly, surgically bandaged. She covertly grabs the oyster fork and slips it under the table and waits for her host to return.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SEASON THREE!