



# HANNIBAL

Episode 101: "Aperitif"

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Based on the Characters  
Created by  
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*Photo by Robert Trachtenberg*

TEASER

CLOSE ON - WILL GRAHAM

A handsome, haunted man with a naive focus. REFLECTIVE LIGHT flashes across his face, lighting up his eyes. All SOUND IS DULLED as if his ears were blocked, the AMBIENT NOISE of Will's circulatory system provides an organic hum. He stares into middle-distance as CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL we are --

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arterial spray splashes a wall near a blood-soaked carpet. Through the windows we see DOZENS OF OFFICERS and as many POLICE CARS. A CRIME-SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures. A team of CORONERS remove TWO BODIES -- THERESA and THOMAS MARLOW, both 30s/40s. A tableau of horrible violence.



Will Graham sits serenely amongst the carnage on a yoga mat. A POLICE OFFICER and SUITED DETECTIVE herd the Crime-Scene Photographer and the remaining team of Coroners out the door.

Will Graham takes a breath, exhales, then closes his eyes.

A PENDULUM

It swings in the darkness of Will Graham's mind, keeping rhythm with his heart beat. FWUM. FWUM. FWUM.

ON WILL GRAHAM

His eyes are closed. The PENDULUM is now outside his head. It swings behind Will, wiping away in its wake the gush of arterial spray from the wall. FWUM. The PENDULUM swings on the other side of the window, wiping away the OFFICERS and POLICE CARS in front of the house. FWUM. The PENDULUM swings across the stained carpet lifting the blood. FWUM. The PENDULUM swings across the blood spattered SECURITY KEY PAD and the rust-colored dried drops vanish. FWUM.

(NOTE: The PENDULUM is a stylistic device, our REVERSE METRONOME rewinding Will to a TIME BEFORE THE MURDERS.)

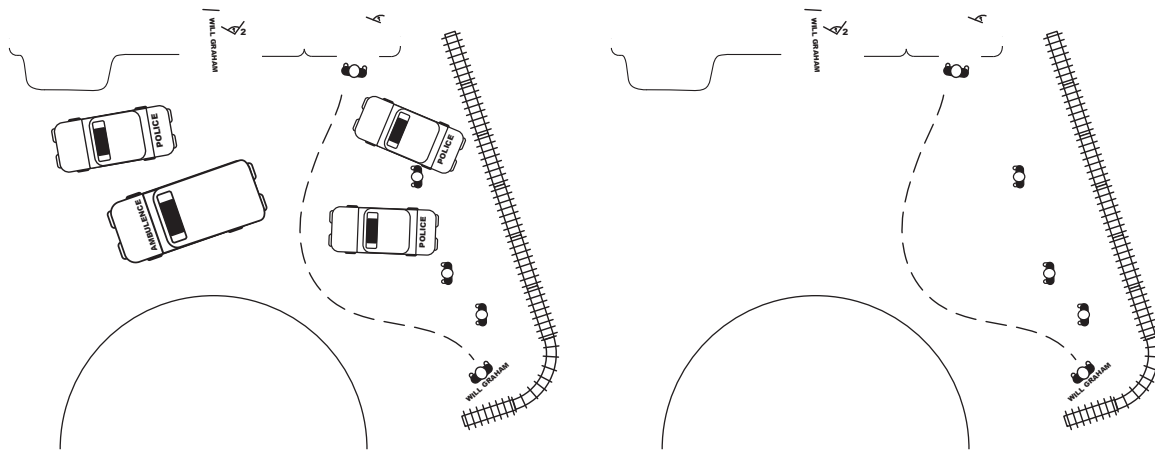
The crime scene has now been decriminalized in Will's mind.

Will Graham opens his eyes and stands, turns and walks BACKWARDS toward the front door (which shows signs of a violent forced entry), opening it behind him, back-stepping outside before closing it again. CAMERA REVEALS THE DOOR IS NOW PRISTINE, PRE-FORCED ENTRY.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS - WILL'S P.O.V.

Will walks backward out the front door, across the lawn, over the sidewalk. He is alone in the neighborhood in his P.O.V.

## MARLOW HOUSE



### POP WIDE - OMNISCIENT P.O.V.

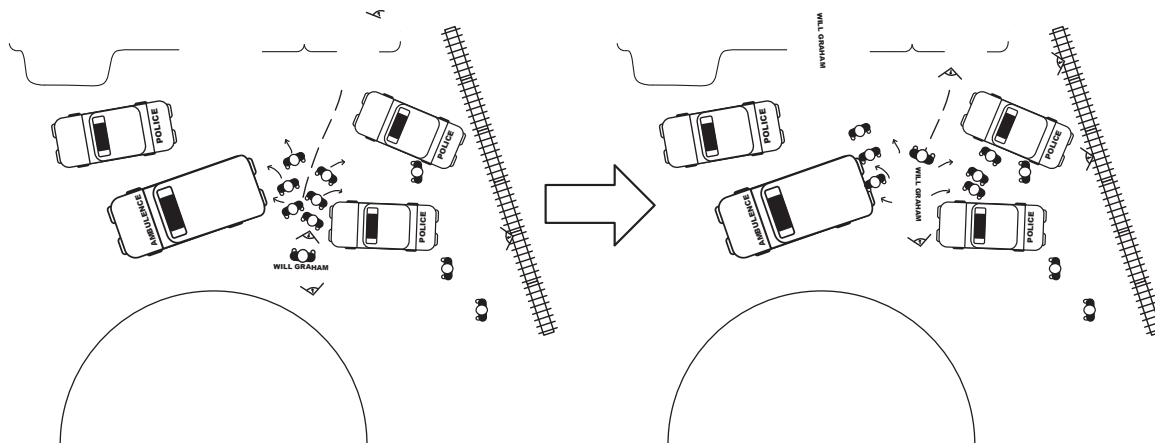
The Police Officers, Detectives, Coroners and Crime-Scene Specialists all part or stand by, averting their eyes as they intentionally avoid looking at Will Graham backwards walking through them toward the shadowy yard across the street.

A Police Officer breaks protocol and sneaks a peek at Will. A SUPERIOR OFFICER snaps and points at the Officer, who quickly fixes his gaze on the ground in front of his feet.

### ON WILL - WILL'S P.O.V.

The street is empty. The PENDULUM STOPS SWINGING, snapping into place as Will snaps into focus. He watches the quiet house (he just back-walked out of) from across the street. Through the partially curtained windows, he can see the silhouettes of (still living) Theresa and Thomas Marlow.

Will watches them for a long moment, taking in their domesticity, then walks with purpose for the front door.



OVERHEAD SHOT - OMNISCIENT P.O.V.

The crowd of Officers, Detectives, Coroners and Specialists parts to allow Will Graham a direct path.

ON WILL - WILL'S P.O.V.

He marches to the front door and VIOLENTLY KICKS IT IN. The HOME SECURITY ALARM BLARES. Thomas Marlow rushes down the stairs, two steps at a time, moving to intercept Will.

Will raises a TOWEL-WRAPPED ARM. Thomas realizes too late that it's concealing a GUN. Will SHOTS HIM TWICE THROUGH THE NECK. The FIRED SHOTS, ENTRY WOUNDS, EXIT WOUNDS, and PLUMES OF TERRYCLOTH DEBRIS are all QUICK CUT SLOW MOTION.



WILL GRAHAM

I shoot Mr. Marlow twice, severing jugulars and cartoids with near surgical precision. He will die watching me take what is his away from him. This is my design.

Theresa Marlow is frantically pushing the panic code into the HOME SECURITY KEY PAD when Will SHOTS HER expertly THROUGH THE THROAT, missing her jugular, BREAKING HER NECK and peppering the KEY PAD with blood. She drops to the floor.



WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I shoot Mrs. Marlow expertly through the neck. This is not a fatal wound. The bullet misses every artery. She is paralyzed before it leaves her body. Which doesn't mean she can't feel pain. It just means she can't do anything about it. This is my design.

Will finishes punching in "OFF" on the ALARM CODE and the BLARING HOME SECURITY ALARM is mercifully silenced. The PHONE IMMEDIATELY RINGS. Will picks it up.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

This is DDX Security. Who am I speaking with?

Will hangs up the phone, breaking character as he asks:

WILL GRAHAM

I need the Incident Report from the Home Security company.

CAMERA REVEALS Will is now holding the Incident Report.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(perusing the report)

This was recorded as a false alarm. There was a false alarm last week.

(then)

He tapped their phone.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - TELEPHONE POLE - NIGHT - OMNISCIENT P.O.V.

A PHONE COMPANY REPAIRMAN has climbed to the top of the telephone pole and is examining an open CUSTOMER SERVICE BOX.

PHONE COMPANY REPAIRMAN

Yup.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - WILL'S P.O.V.

As before, Will holds the land line in one hand and his own smart phone in the other.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

This is DDT Security. Who am I speaking with?

Will holds his SMART PHONE to the phone receiver as he watches Theresa Marlow bleed to death, paralyzed by the shot through her neck, unable to say a word. He presses a button:

SMART PHONE THERESA

Theresa Marlow.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

Can you please confirm your password for security purposes.

SMART PHONE THERESA

(another button)

Tea kettle.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

Thank you, Mrs. Marlow. We detected a front door alarm.

SMART PHONE THERESA

(another button)

Yes, that was me. That was my fault. Sorry about that.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

Is there anyone in the house with you at this time, Mrs. Marlow?

SMART PHONE THERESA

(another button)

I'm just here with my husband. It's all good. We're good.



VOICE ON TELEPHONE  
Do you require any further  
assistance at this time?

SMART PHONE THERESA  
(another button)  
No. Thank you so much for  
calling. Sorry about the false  
alarm.

Will hangs up and looks sympathetically at Theresa  
Marlow.

WILL GRAHAM  
And this is where it gets truly  
horrifying for Mrs. Marlow.

INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - LECTURE HALL - DAY

Will Graham lectures a CLASSROOM OF F.B.I. TRAINEES. A  
CHRYON tells us we are --

are --



*Photo by David Slade*

#### F.B.I. ACADEMY, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

WILL GRAHAM  
Everyone has thought about  
killing someone one way or  
another. Be it your own hands  
or the hand of God. Now think  
about killing Mrs. Marlow.

A SERIES OF MARLOWE HOME CRIME SCENE PICTURES are  
projected on the screen behind Will.

WILL'S P.O.V. - THE TRAINEES

He surveys the lecture hall for social appearances. The  
Trainees' eyes are always OUT OF FRAME, at most we  
glimpse brows, lids, the occasional lash -- but never  
eye contact.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Why did she deserve this? Tell  
me your design. Tell me who  
you are.

INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - HALLWAY - ON JACK CRAWFORD'S BACK

He walks down the corridor toward Will Graham's lecture  
hall.

INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - LECTURE HALL - DAY

JACK CRAWFORD (weathered, austere, strongly built late  
40s) ENTERS as the TRAINEES file out of the classroom.  
There are scattered SMITTEN GLANCES tossed Will Graham's  
direction, who is naturally oblivious because he is  
actively avoiding eye-contact with everyone, even as he  
warns his exiting students:

WILL GRAHAM  
The sad, dull truth of these  
crimes is they can usually be  
reduced to a male penetrative  
control issue. I am expecting a  
higher level of scrutiny.

The last of the TRAINEES EXITS and Will notices he's  
alone in his lecture hall with the weathered, austere  
man.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Mr. Graham.

Will quickly puts on a pair of glasses as Jack  
approaches.

INCLUDE: WILL'S P.O.V. - JACK CRAWFORD

The TOP RIM OF WILL'S GLASSES are strategically  
positioned to BLOCK JACK'S EYES and prevent direct eye-  
contact.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)  
I'm Special Agent Jack Crawford.  
I lead the Behavioral Science  
Unit.

WILL GRAHAM  
We've met.

Jack knows full well they've met but didn't intend to  
broach.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Yes, we had a disagreement about  
the museum when we opened it.





WILL GRAHAM  
I disagreed with what you named it.

JACK CRAWFORD  
The Evil Minds Research Museum?

WILL GRAHAM  
It's a little hammy, Jack.

Jack likes Will's directness and returns the favor:



*Photo by David Slade*

JACK CRAWFORD  
You've hitched your horse to a teaching post. I understand it's not easy for you to be sociable.

WILL GRAHAM  
I'm just talking at them. I'm not listening to them. It's not social.

Jack gently pushes Will's glasses up the bridge of his nose so he's forced to make fleeting eye contact.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Where do you fall on the spectrum?

Will picks up the rhythm and syntax of Jack's voice:

WILL GRAHAM  
My horse is hitched to a post closer to Aspergers and Autistics than narcissists and sociopaths.

JACK CRAWFORD  
But you can empathize with narcissists and sociopaths.

WILL GRAHAM  
I can empathize with anybody. Less to do with personality disorders than an active imagination.

Jack smiles at that, leans in, then:

JACK CRAWFORD  
Can I borrow your imagination?

EXT. F.B.I. ACADEMY GROUNDS - QUANTICO, VIRGINIA - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS Jack Crawford leading Will Graham across a field of TRAINEES on a FIRING RANGE as another GROUP OF TRAINEES in matching sweats jogs by.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Eight girls from eight different Minnesota campuses abducted in the last eight months.



*Photo by David Slade*



WILL GRAHAM  
I thought there were seven.

JACK CRAWFORD  
There were.

WILL GRAHAM  
When did you tag the eighth?

JACK CRAWFORD  
About three minutes before I  
walked into your lecture hall.

WILL GRAHAM  
You're calling them "abductions"  
because you have no bodies?

JACK CRAWFORD  
We have nothing. No bodies.  
No parts of bodies. Nothing  
that comes out of a body. We  
have lonely swabs in used  
evidence kits.

WILL GRAHAM  
Then those girls weren't taken  
from where you think they were  
taken.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Where were they taken from?

WILL GRAHAM  
I don't know. Someplace else.





A MAP OF MINNESOTA

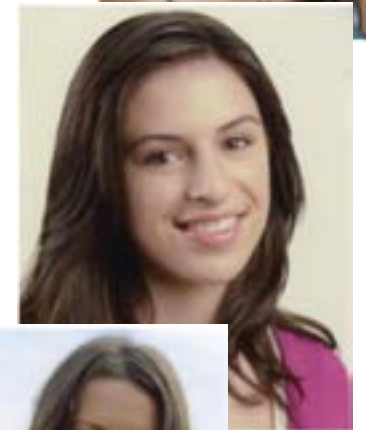
SEVEN BLUE SQUARES dot the map corresponding with SEVEN GRADUATION or CASUAL PICTURES of the SEVEN MISSING GIRLS.

JACK CRAWFORD'S VOICE

All abducted on a Friday so they're not reported missing until Monday. However he's covering his tracks he needs the weekend to do it.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL we are --

INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY



Jack TACKS an EIGHTH BLUE SQUARE to the map and hands a SENIOR PROM PORTRAIT of Elise Nichols to Will.

WILL GRAHAM  
Number eight?

JACK CRAWFORD  
Elise Nichols. St. Cloud State on the Mississippi. Disappeared Friday. Supposed to house sit for her parents over the weekend. Feed their cat. Never made it home.

WILL GRAHAM  
One through seven are dead, don't you think? He's not keeping them around. Got himself a new one.

JACK CRAWFORD  
(agreeing)  
We're focusing on Elise Nichols.

Will takes in the smiling hopeful faces next to BLUE SQUARES.

WILL GRAHAM  
They all look like Mall of America. That's a lot of wind-chaffed skin.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Same hair color. Same eye color. Roughly same age, height, weight. What is it about all these girls?

WILL GRAHAM  
It's not about all of these girls. It's about one of them.

He pins Elise Nichols' photo next to the EIGHTH BLUE SQUARE.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
He's like Willy Wonka. Every girl he takes is a candy bar. Hidden amongst all those candy bars is the one, true intended victim, which if we follow through on the metaphor, would be your Golden Ticket.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Warming up for his Golden Ticket or reliving whatever he did to her.

WILL GRAHAM  
Golden Ticket wouldn't be the first taken and she wouldn't be the last. He would hide how special she is. I mean, I would. Wouldn't you?

JACK CRAWFORD  
I'd like you to get closer to this.

WILL GRAHAM  
You have Heimlich at Harvard and Bloom at Georgetown. They do the same thing I do.

JACK CRAWFORD  
That's not really true, is it? You have a specific way of thinking.

WILL GRAHAM  
Has there been a lot of discussion about the specific way I think?

JACK CRAWFORD  
You make jumps you don't  
explain.

WILL GRAHAM  
The evidence explains.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Then help me find some  
evidence.

Will studies the beautiful milquetoast faces on the map.

WILL GRAHAM  
That may require me to be  
sociable.

EXT. NICHOLS' HOME - NIGHT

Establishing. A CHYRON tells us we are --

**DULUTH, MINNESOTA**

INT. NICHOLS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elise's PARENTS. They are sick with worry. Mr. Nichols  
is rationalizing while Mrs. Nichols seems almost  
resigned.

MR. NICHOLS  
She could have gone off by  
herself. She was a very  
interior young woman. She  
didn't like living in a dorm. I  
could see how the pressure of  
school might have gotten to her.  
She likes trains. Maybe she  
just got on a train and...

Will Graham and Jack Crawford sit opposite Mr. and Mrs.  
Nichols as he trails off. Hard to convince even  
himself. Will continues to avoid eye contact with the  
Nichols.

MRS. NICHOLS  
She looks like the other  
girls.

JACK CRAWFORD  
She fits the profile.

MR. NICHOLS  
Could Elise still be alive?

JACK CRAWFORD  
We simply have no way of  
knowing.

A previously silent Will Graham offers an odd question:

WILL GRAHAM  
How's the cat?

MRS. NICHOLS  
What?

WILL GRAHAM  
How's your cat? Elise was  
supposed to feed it. Was the  
cat weird when you came home?  
It didn't eat all weekend.  
Must have been hungry.

The Nichols are initially unsure how to respond, then:

MR. NICHOLS  
I didn't notice.

WILL GRAHAM  
He took her from here.  
(off Jack's look)  
She got on a train. She came  
home. She fed the cat. And  
he took her.

Jack doesn't hesitate to pull out his phone and dial.



JACK CRAWFORD  
(to phone)

The Nichols house is a crime scene. I need ERT immediately. Zeller, Katz, Jimmy Price, a photographer.

The Nichols are trying to wrap their minds around the quick flurry of action and what it means to their little girl.

MR. NICHOLS  
Why is it now a crime scene?

WILL GRAHAM  
Can I see your daughter's room?

MR. NICHOLS  
Police were up there this morning.

INT. NICHOLS' HOME - ELISE NICHOLS' CLOSED BEDROOM DOOR

Mr. Nichols leads Will, who pulls on gloves as they approach. Will warily eyes the CAT pawing at the door eager to go inside. Will stops Mr. Nichols from reaching the door knob.

WILL GRAHAM  
I'll get that. Mr. Nichols, would you put your hands in your pockets and avoid touching anything please?

MR. NICHOLS  
We've been in and out of here all day.

WILL GRAHAM  
You can hold the cat if it's easier.

Mr. Nichols picks up the cat as instructed. Will wraps a gloved hand around the knob and opens the door.

ELISE NICHOLS' BEDROOM

The light from the hallway streaks across the floor and up the wall as Will ENTERS. He stands just inside the door, immediately noticing the OPEN WINDOW. He flicks on the light switch, illuminating the room. He stares.

ELISE NICHOLS

She lays coffin-style in her bed, dressed in pajamas as if she had JUST gone to sleep. The gray pallor of her skin, the clean PUNCTURE WOUNDS visible under her pajamas, and her un-breathing bosom are immediately evident to Will. Sadly, Mr. Nichols fails to notice. Blinded by hope, he steps forward.

MR. NICHOLS  
Elise?

Will raises a gloved hand, stopping Mr. Nichols.

WILL GRAHAM  
I need you to leave the room.

Realizing the worst, Mr. Nichols abruptly drops the cat.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

ON WILL GRAHAM

Jack Crawford steps INTO FRAME, speaking quietly:

JACK CRAWFORD

You're all wired. You talk it out to us when you feel like it, don't say anything when you don't feel like it. Take as long as you want. We will come in when you tell us.

Will nods. Jack stands and EXITS FRAME.

REFLECTIVE LIGHT flashes across Will's face, lighting up his eyes. All SOUND IS DULLED as if his ears were blocked, the AMBIENT NOISE of Will's circulatory system provides an organic hum. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL we are --

INT. ELISE NICHOLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The CRIME-SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures. JIMMY PRICE (50, solid, focused) dusts the window for fingerprints. BEVERLY KATZ (30s, bright-eyed yet weary) combs for hairs and fibers. BRIAN ZELLER (early 30's, handsome) shines a light under Elise's box spring, exposing a cracked bed board. Jack Crawford herds Price, Katz and Zeller out the door.

INT. NICHOLS' HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Will scoops up water in his hands from the faucet in the sink to wash down the last two Aspirin from his now empty bottle. He splashes water on his face, dries it with his shirttail.

EXT. ELISE NICHOLS' BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR WINDOW

Will Graham has climbed out the window onto the porch roof. He sits on the gritty shingles. He hugs his knees, his damp shirt pressed cold across his back. He snorts the night air to cleanse the smell of Elise Nichols death from his nose.



From his vantage point, he can see POLICE OFFICERS, POLICE CARS and other CRIME SCENE SPECIALISTS assembled on the lawn. Mr. and Mrs. Nichols are treated in the back of an Ambulance.

Will Graham takes a breath, exhales, then closes his eyes.

A PENDULUM

It swings in the darkness of Will Graham's mind, keeping rhythm with his heart beat. FWUM. FWUM. FWUM.

ON WILL GRAHAM - WILL'S P.O.V.

He OPENS HIS EYES and he is standing outside Elise Nichols' Bedroom Window. The neighborhood is quiet and empty. No Police. No Police Cars. No Ambulance.

He looks through the window glass to Elise Nichols sleeping soundly in her bed. Will quietly opens the window.

INT. ELISE NICHOLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT - WILL'S P.O.V.

Will stands over Elise Nichols, very much alive. He watches her for a quiet moment. Tears well in Will's eyes, then...

Will bears down on Elise's chest with his knee, cracking ribs as he simultaneously squeezes her throat shut with his hands. It's sudden and horrible and violent. Elise is immediately startled out of a deep sleep into terror.

Elise struggles, her face swelling with pressure, capillaries in her skin and the whites of her eye WRINKLE and BURST. Tears stream down her cheeks as she tries to scream but cannot. The bed board finally SNAPS and with it, Elise dies.

OMNISCIENT P.O.V. as CAMERA REVEALS Beverly Katz has not left the room, as instructed. She's standing over Elise Nichols' dead body, which she exposed by peeling back sheets.

BEVERLY KATZ  
You're Will Graham.

WILL GRAHAM  
You're not supposed to be in here.

BEVERLY KATZ  
You wrote the standard monograph  
on time of death by insect  
activity.

She indicates her tweezers and what's between them.

BEVERLY KATZ (CON'T)  
Found velvet in two of the wounds.  
(then)  
You're not real F.B.I.?

WILL GRAHAM  
I'm a special investigator.

BEVERLY KATZ  
Never been an F.B.I. Agent?

WILL GRAHAM  
Strict screening procedures.

BEVERLY KATZ  
Detects instability. You  
unstable?

Jack Crawford hurries in, as annoyed with Beverly as Will.

JACK CRAWFORD  
You're not supposed to be in  
here.

BEVERLY KATZ  
Found antler velvet in two of  
the wounds. Like she was  
gored. Was looking for  
velvet in the other wounds  
but I was interrupted.

CAMERA REVEALS Brian Zeller is now standing next to Will.

BRIAN ZELLER  
Deer and elk pin their prey,  
put all their weight on the  
antlers and try to suffocate  
them. That's how they would  
kill a fox or a coyote.

Will very subtly retreats from the conversation.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Elise Nichols was strangled  
and suffocated. Ribs were  
broken.

BRIAN ZELLER  
It's not rutting season. Male deer aren't competing for female deer this time of year.

WILL GRAHAM  
Antler velvet is rich in nutrients. It actually promotes healing. He may have put it there on purpose.

JACK CRAWFORD  
You think he wanted to heal her?

WILL GRAHAM  
He was trying to undo as much as he could, given he already killed her.

JACK CRAWFORD  
He put her back where he found her.

WILL GRAHAM  
Whatever he did to the others, he couldn't do it to her.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Is this his Golden Ticket?

WILL GRAHAM  
No. This is an apology.

The "apology" catches in Will's throat and hangs in the air. He runs his hand over his forehead and takes a deep breath.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Does anyone have any Aspirin?

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - NIGHT

Will PLOPS into an uncomfortable Coach Class Seat, cracks open another Aspirin sample pack and swallows them.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S CAR - NIGHT

Will PLOPS behind the steering wheel. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out several empty Aspirin packs.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S CAR - CITY ROAD - NIGHT

Will stares into middle distance as he drives, hypnotized by the pavement unfurling ahead of him. HEADLIGHTS reflect off of SOMETHING in the distance moving down the empty road.

Will squints over the steering wheel as he approaches the certain SOMETHING and finally realizes what it is...

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S CAR - CITY ROAD - NIGHT

Will slows considerably as he pulls along side A DOG. A rope around its neck suggests it was once tied to something. No collar, matted fur, nevertheless it trots with determination, barely acknowledging Will as he rolls down his window.

WILL GRAHAM

Hello.

The stray Dog stops and allows Will to drive past. Will slows to a stop and gets out of his car, at which point the dog abruptly turns around and heads the opposite direction.

Despite being absolutely exhausted emotionally and physically, Will gets back in his car and u-turns on the road to pursue the dog who is keeping a steady pace trotting away.

Will goes around the Dog, blocking both lanes of the road ahead of it Police Car style. The Dog trots around his car in a half-circle, continuing down the road on the other side.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The Dog with the rope around its neck continues its sojourn into the night, undeterred by anything up until this point.

CAMERA REVEALS the Dog trotting past Will sitting on his car, unwrapping a BAG OF HOTDOGS from a CONVENIENCE STORE BAG. The Dog stops and accepts Will's bribe.

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

The Dog stands patiently as Will SHAVES off clumps of matted hair with an ELECTRIC TRIMMER, tossing them in a woolly pile.



TIME CUT TO:

The Dog stands patiently in a tub as Will massages a SOAPY LATHER through his furry coat and around the bald patches.

TIME CUT TO:

The Dog stands patiently as Will gently towel-dries and simultaneously blow-dries him next to a SPACE HEATER.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Dog stands patiently in his kennel looking up at Will.

WILL GRAHAM

Winston. This is everybody.  
Everybody. This is Winston.

CAMERA REVEALS EIGHT FORMALLY STRAY DOGS staring at Winston in the safety of a new dog kennel. Will is a dog collector.

An ALPHA DOG steps forward and growls at Winston. Will quickly corrects the aggressive mutt with a sharp look and a:

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Tsssst.

Alpha steps back into line, sits, then lays down obediently.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

That's right.



- A**
- 1 Est Wide
  - 2-4 Close ups dog groom incl macro of clippers.
  - 5 Will gets rid of water - 2x cams

- B**
- 1 A/B Drying Winston
  - 2 cams + lens change

- C**
- 1 From house est wide
  - 2 From Back wide
  - 3 Track in on growler
  - 4 Will reaction
  - 5 Insert Winston cu

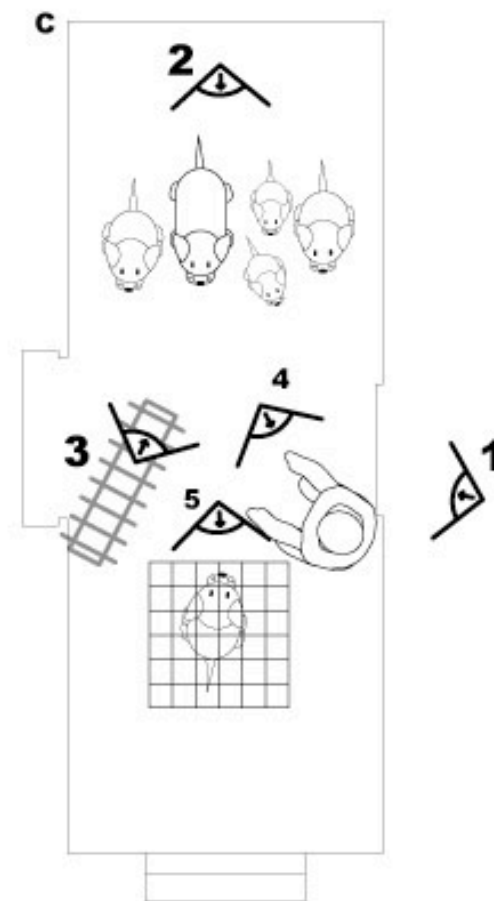
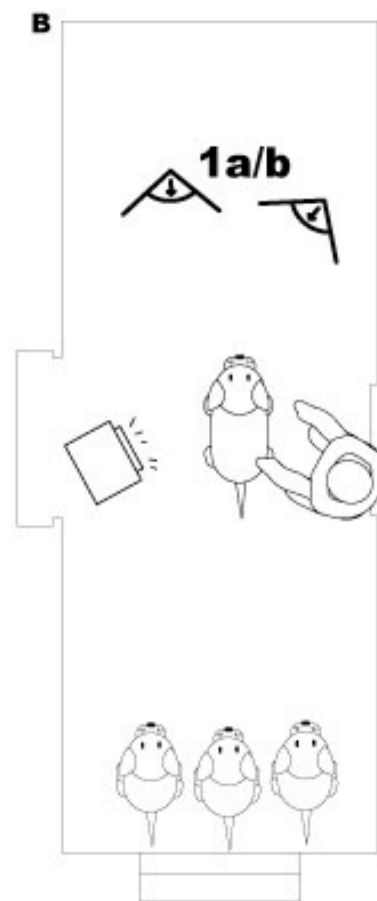
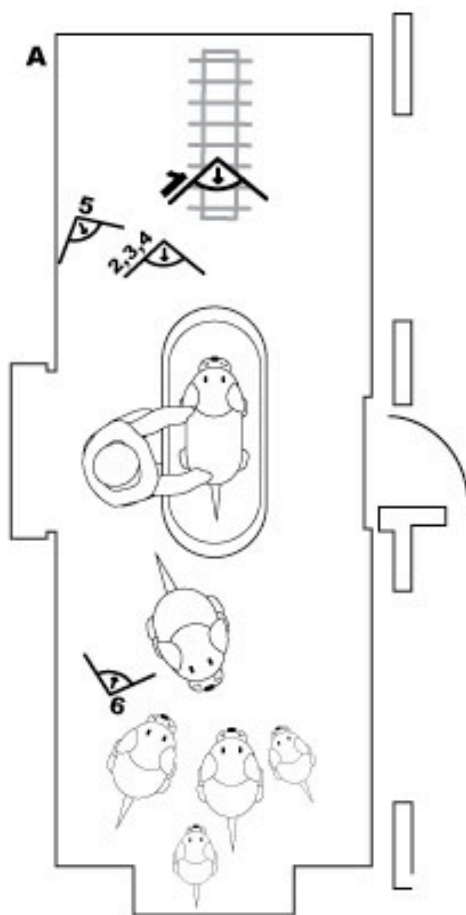


Illustration by David Slade



INT. WILL GRAHAM'S BATHROOM - SHOWER - NIGHT

Will lets the hot water wash over him, surrounded by steam. The steam GROWS MORE DENSE and then slowly and only slightly, THINS REVEALING Will is now STANDING IN THE MISTY FOREST OF THIS MIND. He is deep in thought, barely noticing the STAG walking through the misty forest fog only 20 feet away.

SNAPPING BACK TO THE SHOWER, Will shuts off the water.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The entire pack is huddled together sleigh-dog style surrounding Winston's dog kennel. Will sleeps quietly in his bed on the other side of the room. Moonlight-cast tree branch shadows stretch along the walls and across the ceiling. Then there's another breathing in the room.

Will calmly opens his eyes, holding his own breath as he listens for the second breather. The mysterious breathing continues as Will turns to see laying in bed next to him:

ELISE NICHOLS

She's wearing the nightie Will found her in, appearing exactly as she did in her own bed, but now she's in his.

As Will reaches out to touch her, the ANTLER-LIKE TREE BRANCH SHADOWS shift and stretch, piercing Elise through her wounds, re-impaling her and pulling her into the DARKNESS.

Elise slowly recedes into the SHADOWS and disappears.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He jolts awake in his bed, soaking wet with perspiration. Elise Nichols was lying next to him only in a dream. His shirt and underwear cling indiscriminately as he throws back the damp sheets and climbs out of bed. He EXITS peeling off clothes like a wet bathing suit that then slaps to the floor.

Will ENTERS, pulling on a dry t-shirt and underwear, lays a beach towel down on the wet bed, then crawls inside. He pulls the sheets back over himself, heaving a deep sigh.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

UNDERWATER

SPLOOSH. A FACE breaks the surface in a FLURRY OF BUBBLES, sinking TOWARD CAMERA, filling THE FRAME. It's Will.

MATCH CUT TO:

WILL GRAHAM

He stands over a sink, splashing water on his face, rattled.

CAMERA REVEAL we are --

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - BATHROOM - NEXT DAY

Will pats his face dry with paper towels as Jack ENTERS, impatient, having been looking for Will for some time.

JACK CRAWFORD

What are you doing in here?

WILL GRAHAM

I enjoy the smell of urinal cake.

JACK CRAWFORD

Me, too. Lets talk.

An AGENT ENTERS to use the facilities.

Jack holds the door.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Use the ladies room.

The Agent abruptly turns and EXITS. Will eyes Jack closing the door, realizing he's not getting by without conversation.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Do you respect my judgement, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

JACK CRAWFORD

We have a better chance of catching this guy if you're in the saddle.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm in the saddle. Just confused which direction I'm pointing. I don't know this kind of psychopath. Never read about him. I don't even know if he's a psychopath. He's not insensitive. He's not shallow.





JACK CRAWFORD

You could tell something about him or you wouldn't've said this was an apology. What's he apologizing for?

WILL GRAHAM

Couldn't honor her. He feels bad.

JACK CRAWFORD

Feeling bad defeats the purpose of being a psychopath, doesn't it?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes. It does.

JACK CRAWFORD

Then what kind of crazy is he?

WILL GRAHAM

He couldn't show her he loved her so he put her corpse back where he killed it. Whatever crazy that is.

JACK CRAWFORD

You think he loves these girls?

WILL GRAHAM

He loves one of them, and I think by association, he has some form of love for the others.

JACK CRAWFORD

There was no semen or saliva. Elise Nichols died a virgin and that corpse kept her promise.

WILL GRAHAM

That's not how he's loving them. He wouldn't disrespect them that way. He doesn't want these girls to suffer. He kills them quickly and, to his thinking, with mercy.

JACK CRAWFORD

The sensitive psychopath. He risked getting caught to tuck Elise Nichols back into bed.

WILL GRAHAM

He has to take the next girl soon. He knows he's going to get caught. One way or the other.



CUT TO:

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - HAIR AND FIBER - DAY

A small, enclosed work space in a sealed, clean room.

ON BEVERLY KATZ

She has Elise Nichols' NIGHTIE suspended from a hanger over a table covered with white paper. Working under bright lights in the draft-free room, she brushes the nightie with a metal spatula, working with the wale and across it, with the nap and against it. Something falls through the still air:

A TINY CURL OF METAL

It falls to the paper. Beverly studies it with bright eyes:

BEVERLY KATZ

I got you.



CUT TO:

A METAL PIPE

It's secured in a vise positioned against the PIPE CUTTER'S JAWS. The cutter's knurled handle turns as a small amount of CUTTING OIL is applied to the blade, seeping over it.

EXTREME CLOSE UP

The cutter is rotated and the blade is tightened, cutting into the pipe, shaving curls of metal as THREADS are carved.

A TINY CURL OF METAL

It falls in similar fashion as it did in the crime lab. Instead of white paper, it lands on a pile of metal shavings.

A CAR DOOR SHUTS and CAMERA REVEALS we are --

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

CAMERA FINDS the car, a Minnesota girl gets out. She is of the same hair color, eye color, weight and height as Elise Nichols and the seven young women before her.

Her name is ABIGAIL HOBBS.

She offers a small wave to the PIPE THREADER. One dirty hand offers a small wave in return. She knows her killer.

CUT TO:



EXT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - DAY

CAMERA FINDS Jack Crawford walking with DR. ALANA BLOOM, a beautiful Psychology Professor in her 30s.

A CHYRON tells us we are --

**F.B.I. ACADEMY, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA**



JACK CRAWFORD  
Graham likes you. He doesn't think you run any mind games on him.

ALANA BLOOM  
I don't. I'm as honest with him as I'd be with a patient.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Been observing him during your guest lectures at the academy?

ALANA BLOOM

Never been in a room alone with Will. I want to be his friend. And I am. You already asked me to do a study on him. I said no.

JACK CRAWFORD

Seemed a shame not to take advantage, academically speaking.

ALANA BLOOM

Anything scholarly on Will Graham would be published posthumously.

JACK CRAWFORD

Why aren't you ever alone with him?

ALANA BLOOM

Because I have a professional curiosity about him.





JACK CRAWFORD

If he caught you peeking, he'd snatch down the shades?

ALANA BLOOM

Normally I wouldn't even broach this, but what do you think one of Will's strongest drives is?

Jack knows exactly what she's getting at.

JACK CRAWFORD

Fear. He deals with huge amounts of fear. Comes with imagination.

ALANA BLOOM

It's the price of imagination.

JACK CRAWFORD

I wouldn't put him out there if I couldn't cover him -- if I couldn't cover him eighty percent.

ALANA BLOOM

I wouldn't put him out there.

JACK CRAWFORD

He's out there. And I need him out there. And I need you to make sure he's not left out there.

ALANA BLOOM

You really don't want me commenting on this in any official capacity. It wouldn't reflect well on you.

Jack heaves a frustrated breath and exhales:

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

Promise me something, Jack. Don't let him get too close.

JACK CRAWFORD

He won't get too close. I can promise you that.

A BLACK BODY BAG

A HAND reaches into FRAME and begins to UNZIP. We are --

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Beverly Katz and Brian Zeller hover over the examination table as Jimmy Price continues to UNZIP the BODY BAG, all wearing gloves, aprons and splash visors.

JIMMY PRICE

Tried her skin for prints. Of course, nothing. We did get a hand spread off her neck.

BEVERLY KATZ

Report say anything about nails?

BRIAN ZELLER

Her fingernails were smudged when we took scrapings. The scrapings were where she cut her palms with them. She never scratched him.

BEVERLY KATZ

Curly piece of metal is all we got.

Beverly sneaks a flirtatious smile as CAMERA FINDS Will.

WILL GRAHAM

(absently)

We should be looking at plumbers, steamfitters, tool-workers.

Will is also outfitted in gloves, an apron and a splash visor (perched on top of his head). He flips the visor down and his breathing is amplified in his ears as it fogs his vision.

He takes a breath and forces himself to look in the bag.

CAMERA MOVES INTO THE BODY BAG

There is no body, only darkness. And the SOUND of WILL'S BREATH bouncing off the splash visor.

ELISE NICHOLS

She stands naked in that darkness, a deathly pallor. ANTLERS SPROUT LIKE BRANCHES from her WOUNDS. Tiny CRIMSON STREAMS defy gravity, climbing antlers and floating upward in beads.

Will SNAPS BACK TO:

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

As before. Zeller, Katz, Price continue their examination.

BRIAN ZELLER

Other injuries were probably but not conclusively postmortem.

(to Beverly Katz)

She wasn't gored.

BEVERLY KATZ

She has lots of piercings that look like they were caused by deer antlers. I didn't say the deer was responsible for putting them there.

WILL GRAHAM

She was mounted on them. Like hooks. She may have been bled.

Beverly and Jimmy glance at Will. Brian Zeller is too distracted by his investigation of the abdominal wound.

BRIAN ZELLER

Her liver was removed. He took it out and put it back in. See.

JIMMY PRICE

Why cut out her liver if he was just going to sew it back in again?

All muscle tone in Will's face goes slack.

WILL GRAHAM

Something was wrong with the meat.

Zeller looks up from the liver -- how did Graham know?

BRIAN ZELLER

She has liver cancer.

The facts briefly ricochet around Will's mind, then:

WILL GRAHAM

He's eating them.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

To the strains of Goldberg Variations by Bach, CAMERA CRAWLS across a well-appointed dining room table with place settings for one serving a beautifully prepared and presented liver. As fork and knife respectfully cut meat...

...CAMERA REVEALS a handsome, professorial man in his 40s. Erudite and as well appointed as his dining room. He cuts a piece of liver, skewering it with his fork before applying a balance of garnishes with his knife. He takes a bite.

Meet HANNIBAL LECTER.

END OF ACT THREE



*Photo by David Slade*

EPISODE 101 HANNIBAL PILOT FOOD SCENES

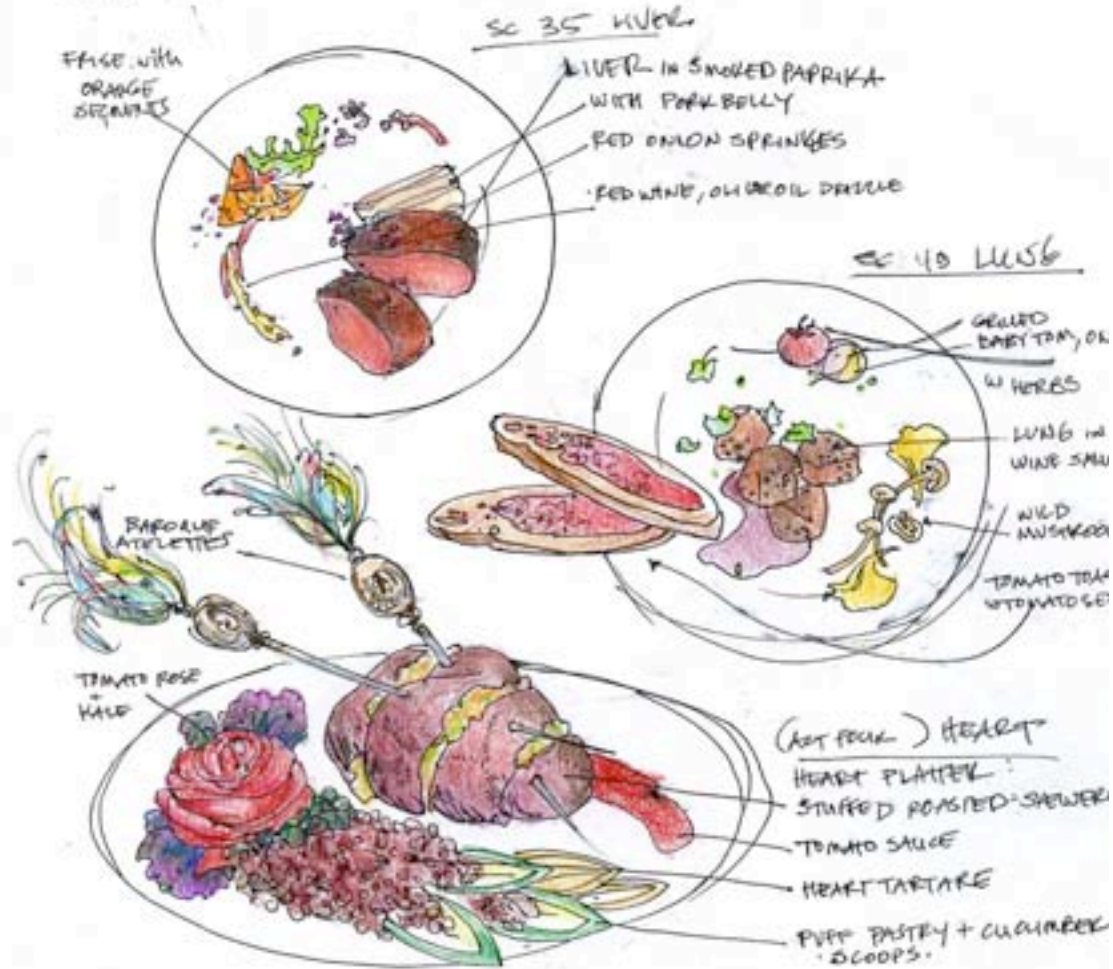


Illustration by Janice Poon



*Illustration by Patti Podesta*



ACT FOUR

BLACK

The sound of a grown man's quiet sobbing.

ON HANNIBAL

He watches the OFF-SCREEN SOBBING MAN inscrutably for an uncomfortably long moment, studying him.

THE SOBBING MAN

A handsome, well-groomed gent in his 30s named FRANKLYN. He tries to find dignity in his tears as he reaches out...

FRANKLYN

Please...

Hannibal hands him the box of tissues he is reaching for.

FRANKLYN (CONT'D)

I hate being this neurotic.

Franklyn wipes his eyes and nose.

HANNIBAL

If you weren't neurotic, Franklyn, you would be something much worse.

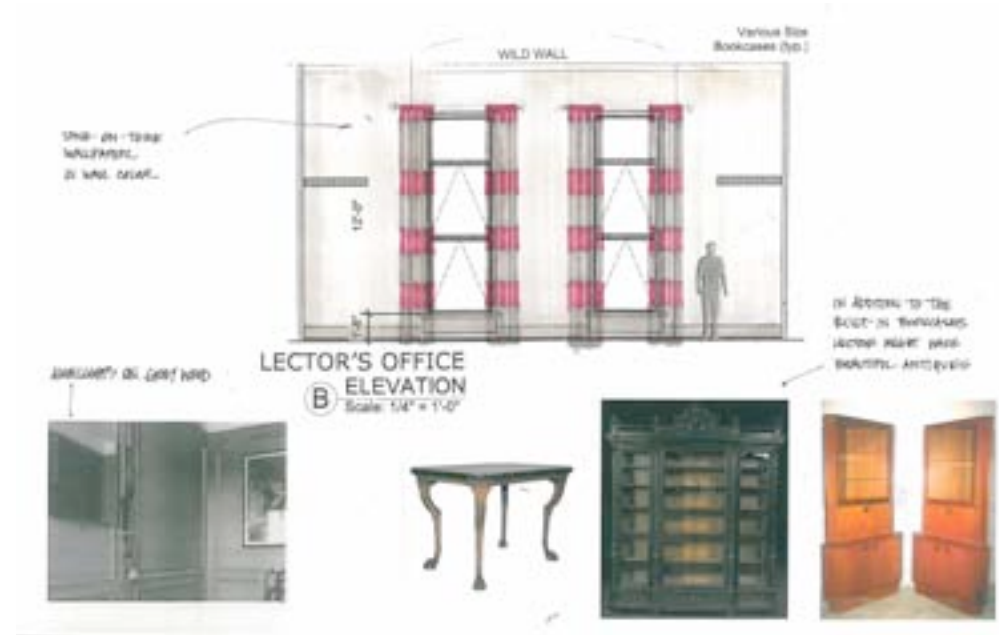
CAMERA POPS WIDE TO REVEAL we are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

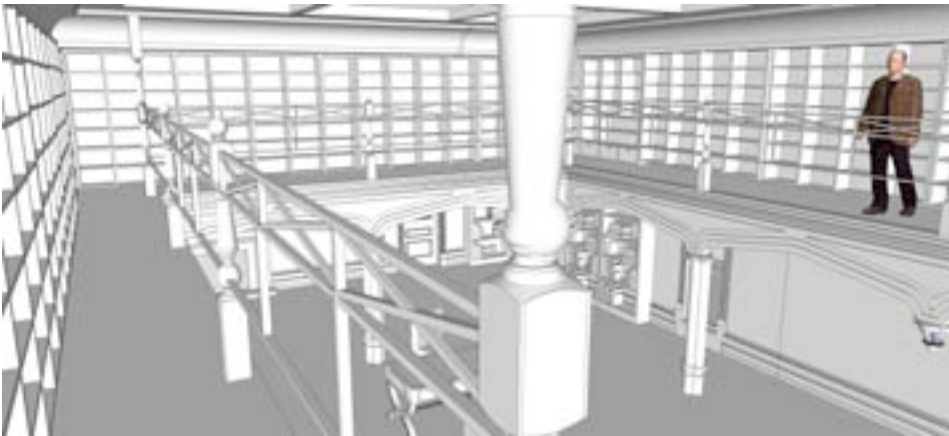
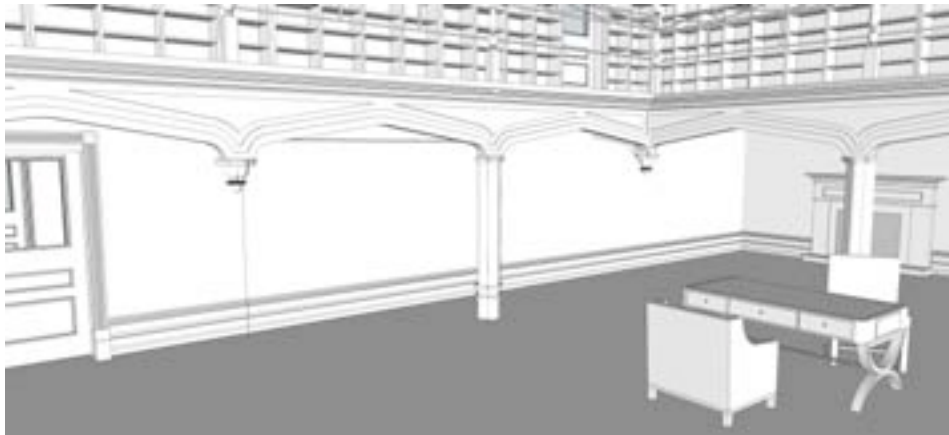
Immaculate, filled with antiques and artifacts and a gallery of books in the fashion of Sir John Soane. Hannibal sits in an arm chair across from Franklyn, who gathers his emotions.

A CHRYON tells us we are --

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND



Illustrations by Patti Podesta



*Illustrations by Patti Podesta*

HANNIBAL

Our brain is designed to experience anxiety in short bursts, not the prolonged foamy lathers of duress your neuroses seem to enjoy. It's why you feel as though a lion were on the verge of devouring you.

He eyes the tissue Franklyn tosses on the side table.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

You have to convince yourself the lion is not in the room. When it is, I assure you, you will know it.



THE DOOR

Hannibal opens it to usher Franklyn out and finds JACK CRAWFORD waiting patiently on his doorstep.

JACK CRAWFORD

Doctor Lecter?

HANNIBAL

I hate to be discourteous, but this is a private exit for my patients.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm Special Agent Jack Crawford with the F.B.I. May I come in?

HANNIBAL

You may wait in the waiting room.

Hannibal eyes his credentials, then dismisses Franklyn.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I'll see you next week, Franklyn.

(to Jack Crawford)

Unless of course this is about him.

JACK CRAWFORD

Oh, no, this is all about you.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Jack Crawford cools his heels, idly picks up a magazine. The door opens and Hannibal steps into the doorway.

HANNIBAL

Please. Come in.

Hannibal blinks and forces a flat smile.

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack surveys Hannibal's collection of books and artifacts, admiring his art, as the doctor follows him in.

HANNIBAL

May I ask how this is all about me?

JACK CRAWFORD

You can ask. But I do need to ask you a few questions first.

(then)

Are you expecting another patient?

HANNIBAL

We're all alone.

JACK CRAWFORD

No secretary?

HANNIBAL

Was pre-dispositioned to romantic whims. Followed her heart to the United Kingdom. Sad to see her go.

Hannibal dangerously alone with Jack Crawford, who studies framed meticulous pencil drawings of Parisian landscapes.

JACK CRAWFORD

Are these yours, Doctor?

Hannibal indicates an immaculate rendering of a school.

HANNIBAL

Among the firsts. My boarding school in Paris when I was a boy.

JACK CRAWFORD

Incredible amount of detail.

Hannibal picks up a pencil and cuts a point with a scalpel, blowing the shavings off the tip to reveal its sharpness.

HANNIBAL

Learned very early a scalpel cuts better points than a pencil sharpener.

Hannibal sits down the pencil, but not the scalpel. He listens to Jack, eyes drifting to the F.B.I. Agent's jugular.

JACK CRAWFORD

I understand your drawing got you an internship at Johns Hopkins.

As we become aware of the steady rhythm of Hannibal's heartbeat, his nostrils flair and his eyes dilate, as he exhales a very calm observation.

HANNIBAL

I am beginning to suspect you are investigating me, Agent Crawford.

An eerie stillness as if lightning were about to strike.

JACK CRAWFORD

You were referred to me by Alana Bloom in the psychology department at Georgetown.

Hannibal's demeanor changes ever so slightly.

HANNIBAL

Most psychology departments are filled with ham radio enthusiasts and other personality-deficients. Dr. Bloom would be the exception.

JACK CRAWFORD

You mentored her during her residency at John Hopkins?

HANNIBAL

I learned as much from her as she learned from me.

JACK CRAWFORD

Showed me your paper in The Journal of Clinical Psychiatry. Evolutionary Origins of Social Exclusion.

HANNIBAL

And?

JACK CRAWFORD

Very interesting, even to a layman.







*Photos by David Slade*

HANNIBAL

A layman? So many learned fellows going about in the halls of Behavioral Science at the F.B.I. and you consider yourself a layman?

JACK CRAWFORD

I do when I'm in your company, Doctor. I'd like you to help me with a psychological profile.

OFF Hannibal's piqued interest...

CLOSE ON - WILL

The FRAMES OF HIS GLASSES strategically positioned to block eye contact, yet giving the impression of looking at someone.

CAMERA REVEALS we are --

INT. F.B.I. - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Will Graham sits with Hannibal Lecter and Jack Crawford.

A CHRYON tells us we are --



F.B.I. Academy, Quantico, Virginia



HANNIBAL

Tell me then, how many confessions?

JACK CRAWFORD

Twelve dozen last time I checked. None of them knew details. Until this morning. Then everyone knew details. Some genius in Duluth PD took a picture of Elise Nichols' body with their phone and shared it with a few close friends. Freddy Lounds ran it on Tattlecrime.com.

WILL GRAHAM

Tasteless.

HANNIBAL

Do you have trouble with taste?

WILL GRAHAM

My thoughts are often not tasty.

HANNIBAL

Nor mine. No effective barriers.

WILL GRAHAM

I make forts.

HANNIBAL

Associations come quickly.

WILL GRAHAM

So do forts.

Hannibal notices Will avoiding looking anyone in the eye.



HANNIBAL

Not fond of eye contact,  
are you?

Will unapologetically continues to avoid eye contact.

WILL GRAHAM

Eyes are distracting. You see  
too much. You don't see enough.  
And it's hard to focus when  
you're thinking those whites are  
really white or they must have  
hepatitis, or is that a burst  
vein? So I try to avoid eyes  
whenever possible.

Hannibal isn't deflected from making his observations.

HANNIBAL

I imagine what you see and learn  
touches everything else in your  
mind. Your values and decency  
are present yet shocked at your  
associations, appalled at your  
dreams. No forts in the bone  
arena of your skull for things  
you love.

Hannibal has just described Will Graham to a letter, but  
he is not about to give him the satisfaction of knowing  
it.

WILL GRAHAM

Whose profile are you working on?  
(to Jack)  
Whose profile is he working on?

HANNIBAL

I'm sorry, Will. Observing is  
what we do. I can't shut mine  
off any more than you can shut  
yours off.

Will doesn't appreciate the intrusion into his psyche.

WILL GRAHAM

(to Jack)

Please don't psychoanalyze me.  
You won't like me when I'm  
psychoanalyzed. Now if you'll  
excuse me, I have to go give a  
lecture on psychoanalyzing.

He scoots out of his chair and EXITS, leaving Hannibal  
and Jack Crawford alone in the office.

JACK CRAWFORD

Maybe we shouldn't poke him  
like that doctor. Maybe use a  
less direct approach.

HANNIBAL

What he has is pure empathy.  
And projection. He can assume  
your point of view, or mine --  
and maybe some other points of  
view that scare him. It's an  
uncomfortable gift, Jack.  
Perception's a tool that's  
pointed on both ends.

Hannibal studies the PHOTOS of the Minnesota murder  
victims.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

This cannibal you have him  
getting to know... I think I  
can help good Will see his  
face.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR





*Illustration by Patti Podesta*

ACT FIVE

CASSIE'S DEAD BODY

She has similar WOUNDS across her torso to the ones seen on Elise Nichols, as well as TWO LARGE PUNCTURES on her chest. The ANTLERS she is impaled on tastefully mask her nudity, along with the small MURDER OF CROWS gathered around her.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL...

A HORRIFIC TABLEAU

Cassie's body is mounted like a TABLE TOP on ANTLER TABLE LEGS belonging to the SEVERED HEAD of a TROPHY STAG. The CROWS give the impression of guests at a dinner table.

We are --



EXT. MINNESOTA FIELD - MORNING

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK under the POLICE TAPE, which Jack Crawford and Will Graham are presently stepping over.

WILL GRAHAM  
I feel like I'm dreaming.

JACK CRAWFORD  
The head was reported stolen last night about a mile from here.

WILL GRAHAM  
Just the head?

Brian Zeller, Beverly Katz, and Jimmy Price are combing the immediate area for forensic evidence. Jack and Will stare as Beverly and Brian Zeller attempt to shoo the crows away.



JACK CRAWFORD

Minneapolis homicide has already made a statement. They're calling him the "Minnesota Shrike."

WILL GRAHAM

Like the bird?

JIMMY PRICE

Shrike's a perching bird. Impales mice and lizards on thorny branches and barbed wire. Rips their organs right out of their bodies. Puts them in a little birdie pantry and eats them later.

JACK CRAWFORD

Can't tell if it's sloppy or shrewd.

WILL GRAHAM

He wanted her to be found this way. It's the homicidal equivalent of fecal smearing. It's petulant. I almost feel like he's mocking her.

(then)

Or he's mocking us.

JACK CRAWFORD

Where'd all his love go?

WILL GRAHAM

Whoever tucked Elise Nichols into bed didn't paint this picture.

Brian Zeller looks up from Cassie's mounted corpse.

BRIAN ZELLER

He took her lungs. I think she was still alive when he cut them out.

QUICK POP TO:

THE MISSING LUNGS

Raw and cleaned. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hannibal charmingly massages the air out of the lungs to the strains of Strauss, pressing the lungs flat.



EXT. MINNESOTA FIELD - MORNING

Will has finally turned away to give his soul some relief. Jack Crawford and Brian Zeller stand over the table that is CASSIE'S BODY. Beverly Katz and Jimmy Price work nearby.

WILL GRAHAM

Our cannibal loves women. He doesn't want to destroy them. He wants to consume them. Keep some part of them inside. This girl's killer thought she was a pig.

JACK CRAWFORD

You think this is a copy cat?



*Photo by David Slade*

Will takes in the open field, considering the stage.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't know. Cannibal who killed Elise Nichols had a place to do it and no interest in field Kabuki. He has a house or two, or a cabin. Something with an antler room.

QUICK POP TO:

THE MISSING LUNGS - HANNIBAL LECTER'S KITCHEN

Hannibal dunks the offal into a gently simmering wine stock.

Hannibal fries the meat with onions and tomatoes.



EXT. MINNESOTA FIELD - CASSIE'S DEAD BODY - MORNING

Jack Crawford and Will Graham stare at the horrible tableau.

WILL GRAHAM

He has a daughter. Same age as the other girls. Same hair color, same eye color, same height, same weight. She's an only child. She's leaving home. He can't stand the thought of losing her. She's his Golden Ticket.

JACK CRAWFORD

What about the Copy Cat?

WILL GRAHAM

An intelligent psychopath, particularly a sadist, is hard to catch. There's no traceable motive. There'll be no patterns. He may never kill like this again.

Will turns and crosses under the POLICE TAPE, tossing back:

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Have Dr. Lecter work up a psychological profile. You seem to be impressed with his opinion.

QUICK POP TO:

THE MISSING LUNGS - HANNIBAL LECTER'S DINING ROOM

Hannibal takes a bite and washes it down with a sip of wine.



CUT TO:

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - FIELD - NIGHT

Will stands underneath the sky considering the stars. An eerie moment of silence, then a subtle crunching of grass indicates Will is not alone. He glances over to see...

A RAVEN-FEATHERED STAG

It walks quietly through the meadow toward Will, who holds his breath, taking in the surreal vision of this beast. The RAVEN-FEATHERED STAG stops and watches Will. Then a SUDDEN KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCKING startles the stag and it BOLTS.

A CLOSED DOOR

It DISTORTS and COMES INTO FOCUS as KNOCK-KNOCK. We are-

INT. MINNEAPOLIS MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Will wraps a robe around himself as he shuffles to the door wiping the fresh sleep out of his eyes. He opens the door REVEALING Hannibal Lecter standing outside holding two cups, a thermos and a small thermal food storage bag.

HANNIBAL

Good morning, Will. May I come in?

Will stares at him.

WILL GRAHAM

Where's Crawford?

HANNIBAL

Deposed in court. The adventure will be yours and mine today.

(then)

May I come in?

CLOSE ON SMALL TABLE

A beautifully presented breakfast for two served on tupperware containers on top of place settings. Freshly brewed coffee is poured into the two cups Hannibal carried.

POP WIDE as Hannibal peels lids off the tupperware dishes.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I'm very careful about what I put into my body. Which means I end up preparing most meals myself. A little protein scramble to start the day. Some eggs, some sausage.

Hannibal watches Will take a bite of his breakfast scramble.

WILL GRAHAM

It's delicious. Thank you.

HANNIBAL

My pleasure.

He is genuinely amused and successfully hides it.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I would apologize for my analytical ambush but I know I will soon be apologizing again and you'll tire of that eventually so I have to consider using apologies sparingly.

WILL GRAHAM

Just keep it professional.

HANNIBAL

Or we could socialize like adults, god forbid we become friendly.





*Photo by David Slade*



WILL GRAHAM

I don't find you that interesting.

HANNIBAL

You will.

("changing the subject")

Agent Crawford tells me you have a knack for the monsters.

WILL GRAHAM

That's a superstition.

HANNIBAL

I called your good friend Dr. Bloom about you. She wouldn't gossip, not a word. She's very protective of you. Smitten, I would say. She asked me to keep an eye on you.

Will studies Hannibal, then decides to keep it to business.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't think the Shrike killed that girl in the field.

HANNIBAL

The devil is in the details. What didn't your Copy Cat do to the girl in the field? What gave it away?

WILL GRAHAM

Everything. It's like he had to show me a negative so I could see the positive. That crime scene was practically gift-wrapped.

HANNIBAL

The mathematics of human behavior. All those ugly variables. Some bad math with this shrike fellow. Are you reconstructing his fantasies? What kind of problems does he have?

WILL GRAHAM

He has a few.

Almost with a wink:

HANNIBAL

Ever have any problems, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

No.

HANNIBAL

Of course you don't. You and I are just alike. Problem free. Nothing about us to feel horrible about.

(then)

I think Uncle Jack sees you as a fragile little tea-cup, the finest china used for only special guests.

WILL GRAHAM

How do you see me?

HANNIBAL

The mongoose I want under the house when the snakes slither by.

(then)

Finish your breakfast.

INT. RENT-A-CAR - DAY

Will throws the car into park and begins to unbuckle his seat belt when he notices Hannibal smiling.

WILL GRAHAM

What are you smiling about?

HANNIBAL

Peeking behind the curtain.  
Curious how the FBI goes about its business when it isn't kicking in doors.

WILL GRAHAM

We're lucky we're not doing house to house interviews.

(then)

We found a little piece of metal in the clothes Elise Nichols had on. A shred from a pipe threader.

HANNIBAL

Jack Crawford wants me to make sure you're of sound mind and body... to look for metal pipethreaders?

Will can't help but smile himself.

WILL GRAHAM

That's between you and Jack.

HANNIBAL

Must be hundreds of construction sites all over Minnesota.

WILL GRAHAM

Certain kinda metal. Certain kinda pipe. Certain kinda pipe coating. So we're looking at construction sites that use that kinda pipe.

HANNIBAL

And what are we looking for?

WILL GRAHAM

At this stage, anything really.  
But mostly anything peculiar.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter step out of their rental car and cross toward a CAMPER TRAILER OFFICE.

INT. CAMPER TRAILER OFFICE - DAY

A flustered, mildly suspicious secretary named DIXIE stares at Will and Hannibal leafing through pages as she talks on the phone in an ineffective hushed tone.

DIXIE

(to phone)

Two fellas from the F.B.I.  
They're going through drawers now. Putting papers in file boxes. Yes. They're taking things. No. They didn't say whe -- Yes, they can.

(to Will and Hannibal)

What did you say your names were?

Just then, Will finds a resignation letter of note.

WILL GRAHAM

Garret Jacob Hobbs.

DIXIE

One of our pipe threaders. Those are all the resignation letters. Plumbers union requires them whenever members finish a job.

(to phone)

I'll call you back.

Dixie hangs up the phone and scoots out from around her desk.

WILL GRAHAM

Did Mr. Hobbs have a daughter?

DIXIE

Might have.

WILL GRAHAM

Eighteen or nineteen, wind-chaffed? Plain but pretty? She would have auburn hair. About this tall.

DIXIE

Maybe. I don't know. I don't keep company with these people.

HANNIBAL

(to Will)

What is it about Garret Jacob Hobbs you find so peculiar?

WILL GRAHAM

Left a phone number. No address.

HANNIBAL

Therefore he has something to hide?

Will shrugs, not putting too much weight on the matter.

WILL GRAHAM

Everyone else left an address.

(then, to Dixie)

You have an address for Mr. Hobbs?

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER OFFICE - DAY

Will, Hannibal and Dixie haul file boxes from the makeshift office building to the trunk of their rental car.

Hannibal allows himself to knock a box out of the trunk, scattering papers. Will and Dixie stoop to pick them up.

WILL GRAHAM

I got it.

As Will and Dixie pick up the pages, Hannibal returns to:

INT. CAMPER TRAILER OFFICE - DAY

Hannibal waits as the door hinges closed and latches with a CLICK, watching Dixie and Will clean up the mess he made. Satisfied, Hannibal picks up the phone with his sleeve.

INT. HOBBS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING

A bright, intelligent young woman, ABIGAIL HOBBS (seen earlier), answers the PHONE her mother LOUISE (40s) and father JACOB (40s) are preparing breakfast in the background. Abigail is a Minnesota girl like Elise Nichols and the rest.

A CHYRON tells us we are --

**BLOOMINGTON, MINNESOTA**

ABIGAIL

Hello? Just a second.

(to her father)

Dad. It's for you.

JACOB

Who is it?

ABIGAIL

Caller i.d. said it was blocked.

She hands Jacob the phone and he presses it to his ear.

JACOB

Hello.

INT. CAMPER TRAILER OFFICE - MORNING

Hannibal speaks simply and clearly into the office phone:

HANNIBAL

Mister Garrett Jacob Hobbs?

JACOB

Yes.

HANNIBAL

You don't know me and I suspect we'll never meet. This is a courtesy call. Listen very carefully. Are you listening?

JACOB

Yes.

HANNIBAL

They know.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE



*Photo by David Slade*



ACT SIX



CLOSE ON - WILL GRAHAM

REFLECTIVE LIGHT flashes across his BLOOD-SPATTERED face, illuminating his eyes. His clothes are also BLOOD-STAINED. Something horrible happened since the last time we saw Will.

ALL SOUND IS DULLED and the AMBIENT NOISE of Will's circulatory system provides an organic hum. He stares into-middle-distance as CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL we are --

EXT. HOBBS HOUSE - DAY -- ESTABLISHING

A cozy, well-kept tract home stands unobtrusively amongst aesthetically similar homes. BLOOD-SPATTERED Will leans against his rental car idling across the street.

A circus of AMBULANCES, PARAMEDICS, POLICE CARS and OFFICERS.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He takes a breath, exhales, then closes his eyes.

A PENDULUM

It swings in the darkness of Will's mind. FWUM. FWUM. FWUM.

ON WILL GRAHAM

His eyes are still closed. The PENDULUM is now outside his head. It swings in front of his eyes, wiping away the POLICE CARS and OFFICERS. FWUM. The PENDULUM swings across his bloodied face and the horrible streaks of madness vanish.

Will opens his eyes. We are --



*Photos by David Slade*

EXT. HOBBS HOUSE - CAR - DAY

The crime scene has now been decriminalized in Will's mind.

Will pops an Aspirin behind the wheel of the rental car. Lector unbuckles his seatbelt on the passenger side. Will thinks a moment before getting out.

Hannibal smiles, a hint of excitement.

EXT. HOBBS HOUSE - DAY - SLOWER MOTION

Will walks purposefully to the front door, trying his best not to look uncomfortable. Hannibal purposefully lags behind. Will is halfway to the door when it suddenly opens:

LOUISE HOBBS

Bleeding and wheezing, she is shoved down the porch steps in a heap, the door slamming shut behind her.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He rushes to DYING LOUISE HOBBS. Her alabaster skin in sharp contrast to the crimson pouring out of it. Multiple wounds puncture her torso and arms. She grasps haltingly for Will, streaking him with her blood.

Her cold hand clutches his wrist as her body spasms. She's already gone and Will knows this.

He pries her slick, red fingers from his wrist, trying not to see the last flickers of pain and fear exciting her face.

THE DOOR

Will smashes into it with everything he's got. It's hard to say whether the sickening crack was from his shoulder or the its wood frame. He gives it a well-placed kick, and another, splintering it little-by-little until he can stumble INSIDE.

ON HANNIBAL LECTOR

He strolls casually up the walk, barely glancing at the lifeless body of Louise Hobbs stepping deliberately over it.

He pauses in the broken doorway, listening closely.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. HOBBS HOUSE - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

The wild-eyed contrast to Dr. Lector, WILL GRAHAM works his way from room to room, gun first. Adrenaline allows him to ignore the splatters of blood defacing the walls and floors.

WILL GRAHAM

Garret Jacob Hobbs? F.B.I.

Will stops cold at the sight before him as he moves into:

INT. HOBBS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Garrett Jacob Hobbs behind his DAUGHTER, ABIGAIL, slashing at her throat. The wide-eyed girl has her weight against him, chin tucked down, gasping for air.

TIME SLOWS TO A CRAWL as the SOUND YIELDS to the AMBIENT NOISE of Will's circulatory system.

Will raises his pistol. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. He fires into Hobbs's exposed upper chest, one after another. Hobbs doesn't go down. He keeps slashing. Will keeps shooting.

BLAM. BLAM.



*Photo by David Slade*



With one last deep cut, Hobbs finally falls. Hannibal steps into the kitchen, his inscrutable expression suddenly registering genuine pity and regret as he sees:

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Her struggle to breath underscored by the WHEEZE of air through her slashed wind-pipe. Will applies pressure to the wounds, scooping Abigail onto his lap. He looks up to see:

GARRET JACOB HOBBS

He hisses at Will Graham through dying, jagged breath.

JACOB

See? See?



Will's eyes are glazed. He's shutting down. Behind him:

ON HANNIBAL

He moves swiftly to Abigail, addressing her wounds as she stares at her dying father even as her own life ebbs. Will gently raises her glassy eyes to his own as Hannibal works.

Will doesn't look away.

MATCH CUT TO:

BLOOD SPATTERED WILL GRAHAM

He leans against the rental car staring at the CRIME SCENE CIRCUS. He watches as PARAMEDICS haul Abigail into the back of their AMBULANCE. Hannibal continues to hold her hand, crawling in beside her as a PARAMEDIC pulls the doors shut.





*Photo by David Slade*



CUT TO:

INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - HALLWAY - MORNING

CAMERA FOLLOWS JACK CRAWFORD down the corridor toward Will Graham's lecture hall. But when he gets to the door he notices instead of Will Graham at the front of the class, it's Dr. Alana Bloom mid-lecture. Crawford knocks to get her attention. She crosses to the door and opens it a crack.

JACK CRAWFORD

Where's Graham?

She considers Crawford and how to answer him best, then:

ALANA BLOOM

You said he wouldn't get too close.

Before Jack can respond, she as respectfully as possible closes the door in his face and returns to her lecture.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Will walks under the horrible glare of hospital fluorescents, passing HOSPITAL SECURITY as he rounds a corner turning into:

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - MORNING

Will ENTERS to find Abigail Hobbs integrated into an elaborate weave of life-saving technology. CAMERA REVEALS sleeping in a chair next to her bed is HANNIBAL LECTER.

He's holding her hand, offering a tiny comfort.

Will Graham quietly sits in the empty chair next to Lecter watching his unconscious care for the girl they both saved.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END

