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# HANNIBAL

"Trou Normand"

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Prod. #109/Air #109

Final Shooting Script

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HANNIBAL  
"Trou Normand"

TEASER

1 EXT. HOBBS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 1

The REFLECTION OF POLICE LIGHTS dance across the window Abigail is looking through as Hannibal drives toward Abigail's home, Alana Bloom in the passenger seat. Abigail, Alana and Hannibal get out of the car. Abigail glances back at the CROWD OF REPORTERS and CAMERA MEN.

*(This sequence is a reprise of scenes we saw in Return to Minnesota episode 103, recapping the events of that night.)*

Abigail and her escorts walk toward the Hobbs Residence, while their eyes regard the Police Line. They finally look away just as Marissa's Mother pushes her way through the crowd. A POLICEMAN awkwardly tries to hold her back.

Like a paternal shield, Hannibal eases Abigail toward Alana and steps to intercept Marissa's Mother. He bars her path, grips her arms, his hands soft but firm.

MARISSA'S MOTHER

Why come back? Why did you come  
back here? Why did you come back?

Abigail can't find her words. Marissa's Mother is so wracked with grief she can barely stand. A Policeman arrives behind her as Alana moves in, easing her from Hannibal's hold.

Freddie steps out of the shadows near the garage.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Abigail.

HANNIBAL

Miss Lounds, you're on the wrong  
side of the police line.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

This is my tale to tell. I've been  
covering the Minnesota Shrike long  
before you got involved.

But Hannibal and a POLICE OFFICER are already approaching.

The Police Officer grabs Freddie by the elbow, ushering her away from the Hobbs House and Abigail. She calls out:

(CONTINUED)

FREDDIE LOUNDS (CONT'D)  
I want to help you tell your story.  
You need me now more than ever.

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
I want to talk to her.

ALANA BLOOM  
No, you don't. Go inside.

2 INT. HOBBS RESIDENCE - RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 2

Abigail sits on the couch, crying quietly, emotionally exhausted from the horrors of the day.

INCLUDE A HANDMADE PILLOW

Embroidered across the surface, an image of a DEER walks across a plane, trimmed in pelt. She clutches it to her stomach, needing something to hold. Then it dawns on her.

Abigail's hands gnarl as she begins pulling at the fabric of the pillow, digging her fingernails into it. The pillow begins to rip at the seams and Abigail tears it open.

She begins to shake before CAMERA REVEALS she's removed the pillow's stuffing. WADS and WADS and WADS OF HUMAN HAIR. Abigail's heartbeat POUNDS IN HER EARS, filling her head with a rhythmic, oppressive TONE. She begins to tremble.

As Abigail reels from this horror, there's A BLUR OF MOTION unbeknownst to her in front of the sliding glass doors.

A slight BREEZE blows through Abigail's hair and SOUND RETURNS TO NORMAL. She looks up to see the sliding glass doors are NOW OPEN. Standing in front of her: NICHOLAS BOYLE.

NICK BOYLE  
I'm not going to hurt you. I got to talk to someone. I didn't kill that girl. I swear I didn't.

Abigail instinctively goes still. Then BOLTS. Nick Boyle grabs her, spins her around and forces her against the wall, his hand over her mouth.

NICK BOYLE (CONT'D)  
I didn't -

Nick stiffens suddenly, eyes going wide as CAMERA REVEALS Abigail has plunged a kitchen knife into him at his sternum. She pulls it down, gutting him in one horrible motion.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL - PROD. #109 - DBL PINK Collated 4/27/13 3.  
2 CONTINUED: 2

Just like her father showed her.

Nick stumbles back, already glassy eyed, and the AWFUL WET SOUND that follows can only be his entrails.

3 EXT. HOBBS RESIDENCE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 3

Hannibal and Alana return from the MEDIA CIRCUS down the street, crossing the Police Line surrounding the Hobbs house.

4 INT. HOBBS RESIDENCE - FOYER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 4

Alana and Hannibal ENTER through the front doors, moving toward the kitchen.

ALANA BLOOM

Abigail?

Before Alana can reach the kitchen, she sees a BLOODIED Abigail walking up the stairs, shell-shocked.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

Abigail?

Before Alana can get out another word... WHAM. Hannibal palms the side of her head from behind, SLAMMING her into the wall in one move. Alana is instantly knocked out, collapsing into Hannibal's arms as he gently lies her on the ground.

Abigail is stunned by Hannibal's sudden brutality but he reassures her:

HANNIBAL

She'll be alright.

(then)

Show me what happened.

5 INT. HOBBS RESIDENCE - RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 5

Hannibal cautiously ENTERS, Abigail behind him, to find the disemboweled corpse of Nick Boyle slumped in the room.

Abigail doesn't weep, she doesn't appear victimized and broken. She simply stares, inscrutably. Hannibal squats besides her, putting a steady hand on her shoulder as if to rouse her out of a deep sleep. His voice is gentle, fatherly.

HANNIBAL

Abigail?

Abigail is terrified, traumatized by the blood on her hands.

(CONTINUED)

5

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
He was going to kill me.

HANNIBAL  
Was he? This isn't self defense,  
Abigail. You butchered him.

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
I didn't...

HANNIBAL  
They will see what you did and they  
will see you as an accessory to the  
crime of your father.

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
I wasn't...

HANNIBAL  
I can help you, if you ask me to.  
At great risk to my career and my  
life. You have a choice. You can  
tell them you were defending  
yourself when you gutted this  
man... or we can hide the body.

OFF Abigail, her mind spinning...

CUT TO BLACK:

THEN CAMERA moves from BLACK -- off the back of someone's  
head, and we ARE looking at Abigail Hobbs as she sits in --

6

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - GROUP THERAPY - DAY 1 6

Abigail Hobbs is speaking to the group. Her voice is  
emotional, raw, no evasion or defences here.

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
Every day I wake up and I hear my  
dad's voice. Like he was kneeling  
next to my bed. I hear him whisper  
what he told me... he told me he  
killed girls... again and again...  
so he wouldn't have to kill me.

CAMERA PANS around the back of the others in the circle--

ABIGAIL HOBBS (CONT'D)  
I wish he was still alive so I  
could ask him... what did I make  
him feel? What was so wrong with  
me that he wanted to kill --

(CONTINUED)

6

YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE  
He should have killed you.

She looks ACROSS THE CIRCLE.

To where ELISE NICHOLS (*the final Minnesota Shrike victim*) sits in the circle. She wears her white nightdress, dried blood-stained ANTLER WOUNDS evident. She looks at Abigail.

ELISE NICHOLS  
So he wouldn't have killed me...

And now we realize the CIRCLE is made up of MINNESOTA SHRIKE VICTIMS. The next girl says:

SHRIKE VICTIM  
So he wouldn't have killed me...

They all BEGIN TO SAY IT. To Abigail's mounting horror it becomes a chorus, a CHANT, overlapping, harmonizing:

SHRIKE VICTIMS  
So he wouldn't have killed me... So  
he wouldn't have killed me...

Abigail puts her hands to her ears to drown them out. Closes her eyes. A still beat of silence and she slowly pulls her hands away from her ears. She OPENS HER EYES and NICK BOYLE sits across from her, the only other person in the circle. His clothes bloodied and dirty. He stares INTO HER.

NICK BOYLE  
He should have killed you... so YOU  
wouldn't have killed me -

HARD CUT TO:

7

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - ABIGAIL'S ROOM - NIGHT 1 7

Abigail JERKS AWAKE in the darkness of her room. Gasping. Sweating. Freaked out by this vivid dream.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

8 EXT. BEACH - DAY 2

8

WILL GRAHAM walks across chilly winter beach, past LOCAL POLICE closing off the CRIME SCENE, toward Jack Crawford, Beverly Katz, Jimmy Price and Brian Zeller.

They are looking up at a grotesque TOTEM POLE, a crazily artistic vertical display made up of HUMAN BODY PARTS (from a lot of bodies). Dried dead faces mark it at regular intervals getting FRESHER and FRESHER as they reach the top.

The HEADPIECE is the BRUTALIZED BODY of a recently murdered MAN (*we will come to know him as JOEL SUMMERS, 40*). His bones and joints have been broken, so that his legs SPREAD out from either side like WINGS. His head and torso lean forward like a HAWK, ready to pounce with dead eyes.

A CHYRON tells us we are --

**Grafton, West Virginia**

Around the TOTEM POLE, the field shows SEVEN RECENTLY DUG SHALLOW GRAVES, like dark earthen wounds in the sand. BLOOD SPLATTER marks the base of the TOTEM POLE.

Will pulls ASPIRIN from his pocket and chews two.

BEVERLY KATZ

I got ten heads and counting...

BRIAN ZELLER

The world's sickest jigsaw puzzle.

JIMMY PRICE

Where are the corners?

(off their looks)

My mom always said start a jigsaw with the corners...

BRIAN ZELLER

I guess the heads are the corners?

Beverley circles the TOTEM POLE, counting body parts.

BEVERLY KATZ

We've got too many corners. Seven graves. Way more heads.

WILL GRAHAM

It's a totem pole.

(CONTINUED)

8

JACK CRAWFORD

The headpiece is the only recent victim. The others are years, even decades old. At least seven of them were buried on the beach.

WILL GRAHAM

Whoever dug them up knew exactly where they were buried.

JACK CRAWFORD

Killing them once wasn't enough. He came back to defile his victims.

WILL GRAHAM

These graves weren't desecrated, Jack. They were exposed.

9

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

9

Katz, Price and Zeller herd back the INTRIGUED LOCAL OFFICERS. Jack watches Will Graham from across the field as he continues to stare upwards at the TOTEM POLE.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He exhales, then closes his eyes.

A PENDULUM

Swings in the darkness of Will Graham's mind. FWUM.

The PENDULUM now swings outside Will's head. As it swings the POLICE PRESENCE is wiped from the field. FWUM. Now only the TOTEM POLE remains. The PENDULUM swings again and the TOTEM POLE now lies flat on the ground with its horrific decoration. FWUM. The PENDULUM swings across the TOTEM POLE and the blood is lifted from the snow.

The PENDULUM STOPS SWINGING, snapping into place.

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

ON WILL GRAHAM

He opens his eyes, WALKS FORWARD and KNEELS in the SNOW.

We see his raw material - laid out around him in the SNOW. CORPSES. The oldest have rags of cloth and dried-out flesh, and they get FRESHER along the line.

(CONTINUED)



WILL GRAHAM

I planned this moment... this  
monument with precision. Collected  
all my raw materials in advance.

He is WIRING BODY PARTS in an intricate pattern to one end of  
the horizontal wooden pole. He attaches a SKULL.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I position the bodies carefully,  
according each its rightful place.  
Peace in the pieces disassembled.

As Will works, we FIND JOEL SUMMERS bound and gagged, lying  
terrified in the SNOW. STRUGGLING against his BONDS. Wrists  
BLOODY from his efforts. Smearing the snow with red.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

My latest victim I save for last.  
I want him to watch me work. I  
want him to know my design.

Now Will kneels by Joel Summers and RAISES a HUNTING KNIFE.  
Will's murderous face is REFLECTED large in Joel Summers'  
terrified EYE, and he brings down the KNIFE, hard and fast  
into JOEL SUMMERS' heart.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Your death is my crowning glory.

BLOOD seeps into the surrounding sand.

ON WILL GRAHAM --

CAMERA TOWERS over Will as the HORRIBLE HEAD PIECE that is  
the corpse of JOEL SUMMERS rises INTO FRAME, looming above.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

This is my resume. My body of work.

WILL looks UP as a SOLITARY DROP OF BLOOD falls towards his  
face. He BLINKS SLOWLY and we're --

INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY 2

ON WILL GRAHAM, finishing the BLINK --

But now he sits in the waiting room.

HANNIBAL

Will?

Will glances up to FIND Hannibal at the office door.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)  
I wasn't expecting you.

On Will, his fear, because he has no answer to that question.

11 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - DAY 2

11

Will PACES, AGITATED. Hannibal sits, hoping his calm will bring Will to him.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't know how I got here.

HANNIBAL

Your car is outside. So we know you drove. Safely it would seem.

WILL GRAHAM

I was on a beach in Grafton, West Virginia... I blinked and then I was waking up in your waiting room. Except I wasn't asleep.

HANNIBAL

Grafton, West Virginia is three-and-a-half hours from here.

(then)

You lost time.

WILL GRAHAM

Something is wrong with me.

HANNIBAL

You're disassociating, Will. It's a desperate survival mechanism for a psyche that endures repeated abuse.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm not abused.

HANNIBAL

You have an empathy disorder. What you feel is overwhelming you.

WILL GRAHAM

I know.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

Yet you choose to ignore it. That is the abuse I'm referring to.

WILL GRAHAM

You want me to quit?

HANNIBAL

Jack Crawford gave you a chance to quit and you didn't take it. Why?

WILL GRAHAM

I save lives.

HANNIBAL

And that feels good.

WILL GRAHAM

Generally speaking, yes.

HANNIBAL

What about your life?

(then)

I'm your friend, Will. I don't care about the lives you save. I care about your life. And your life is separating from reality.

Will considers. It's difficult for him to admit, but he does.

WILL GRAHAM

I've been sleepwalking. I'm experiencing hallucinations. Maybe I should get a brain scan.

HANNIBAL

(intense)

Damnit, Will. Stop looking in the wrong corner for an answer to this.

Will is briefly startled by Hannibal's passionate concern.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

You were at a crime scene when you disassociated. Tell me about it.

WILL GRAHAM

It was a totem pole of bodies.

HANNIBAL

In some cultures, crimes and guilt are made manifest so that everyone can see them and see their shame.

(CONTINUED)

11

WILL GRAHAM

This isn't shame. It's celebration.  
He's marking his achievements.

HANNIBAL

And faced with this killer's  
achievements, your mind needed to  
escape and you lost time.

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

HANNIBAL

I'm worried about you, Will.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm worried about me, too.

HANNIBAL

You empathize so completely with  
the killers Jack Crawford has your  
mind wrapped around that you lose  
yourself to them. What if you lose  
time and hurt yourself or someone  
else? I don't want you to wake up  
and see a totem of your own making.

Will has nothing to say in return.

12

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - ABIGAIL'S ROOM - DAY 2 12

CAMERA DRIFTS THROUGH the FALLING SNOW to find Abigail Hobbs  
looking contemplatively out her window.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

They sold my parents' house.

13

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - ABIGAIL'S ROOM - DAY 2 13

Abigail turns to FREDDIE LOUNDS, who sits on her bed.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Murder houses don't fetch big money  
in today's real estate market.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Not that you'll get any of it.

(off her look)

The families of your father's  
victims filed wrongful death suits.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Wrongful death?

(CONTINUED)

FREDDIE LOUNDS

That means they get everything,  
Abigail. Every penny. What you  
have here is all you have.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Let them take all his money. I  
don't want any of it.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

You can make your own money.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

How much would I get if you wrote a  
book about me? About my dad?

Freddie treads carefully here.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Plenty.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Do you still want to tell my story?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I think you need to tell your own  
story. But I'm the one to help you  
tell it. Nobody knows more about  
what your father did than I do.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Not even Will Graham?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Will Graham is part of the story  
you tell, Abigail, not the person  
to help you tell it.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

He avoids me because I make him  
feel like my father.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Feeling like your father, makes him  
feel like a killer.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

It's like my dad walks beside us  
when we're together. People think  
I helped my dad kill those girls.

(CONTINUED)

FREDDIE LOUNDS

You can change what people think.  
We can change that together.  
Everyone will know the truth.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Okay. Let's tell my story.

Freddie allows herself a smile, but not too big.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

14 EXT. F.B.I - DAY 3 - ESTABLISHING 14

TIME LAPSE of FBI building.

15 INT. B.A.U. - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY 3 15

Jack Crawford is reading behind his desk. A KNOCK and he looks up to see Will Graham at the door.

WILL GRAHAM  
I'm sorry about yesterday.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Sorry about what?

Will is momentarily puzzled, but covers effectively.

WILL GRAHAM  
I wasn't feeling like myself.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Not feeling like yourself is the nature of what you do.

WILL GRAHAM  
Suppose so. I seemed fine to you?

Will stands there a moment, Jack studying him.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Something you want to tell me?

WILL GRAHAM  
No.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Then there seems to be something you don't want to tell me.

WILL GRAHAM  
I guess I just got a little lost yesterday, is all.

JACK CRAWFORD  
And where are you now?

WILL GRAHAM  
It got to me. All those bodies got to me. I thought it was more obvious than it was.

(CONTINUED)



15

JACK CRAWFORD  
If there's a problem, you need to  
tell me. And let me help you. Is  
there a problem, Will?

WILL GRAHAM  
Everything's fine.

OFF Jack scrutinizing Will's melancholy smile...

16 OMITTED. 16

17 INT. B.A.U. - MORGUE - DAY 3 17

Will Graham ENTERS to find the lab is groaning under the  
weight of the Totem Pole bodies. Body parts and re-assembled  
corpses on numerous tables.

A LARGE BLOW-UP PHOTO of the Totem Pole Crime Scene -- spaces  
marked for each VICTIM ID, corresponding to tags on the body  
parts. Jimmy Price, Beverly Katz and Brian Zeller are all in  
LAB COATS, hard at work on the jigsaw.

WILL GRAHAM  
How many bodies?

Brian Zeller goes to the wall and pulls out a BODY DRAWER -  
inside is JOEL SUMMERS' CORPSE. His LIMBS still TWISTED.

BRIAN ZELLER  
We got seventeen in total.

JIMMY PRICE  
(re: Joel Summers' body)  
Freshest one is Joel Summers.  
Forty years old, runs a cell phone  
store in Knoxville, Tennessee. Or  
did. Been missing for three days.

BRIAN ZELLER  
Single stab wound to the heart.  
All the other injuries are post  
mortem. Bones broken, hips and  
shoulders dislocated.

WILL GRAHAM  
He was special to him somehow. He  
held a place of honor.

JIMMY PRICE  
Seven bodies from unmarked graves  
at the crime scene - earth on the  
body parts matches the grave sites.

(CONTINUED)

17

BRIAN ZELLER  
Blunt force trauma, stabbings,  
strangulations. Wrongful deaths.

BEVERLY KATZ  
There are at least eight other  
bodies that are recent grave  
robbings from all across West  
Virginia. No crimes attributed to  
any of them. Accidental deaths.

Will shakes his head.

WILL GRAHAM  
They were all murders.

WILL GRAHAM

In DARKNESS, face LIT by EERIE LIGHT, which flickers and  
changes.

18

INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - LECTURE HALL - DAY 3 18

REVEAL he is at the lectern, MID LECTURE. The EERIE LIGHT  
comes from the screens where pictures of the TOTEM POLE are  
displayed. Will CLICKS through images as he speaks.

WILL GRAHAM  
...Anthony Lamb, 28, fatal car  
wreck, 1986.

IMAGE - a mangled car on the highway -- CLICK -- now a still  
of a LAUGHING WOMAN, 30s.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
...Francesca Bourdain, 42, suicide,  
pills, 1994.

CLICK

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Adrian Packham, 60, massive  
coronary, 2001.

CLICK

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Peter McGee, carbon monoxide  
poisoning in his home, 2006.

CLICK -- IMAGE of the GRAVES in THE SNOW:

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
And seven as-yet unidentified  
bodies buried near a beach.

He looks out at RAPT FACES of FBI TRAINEES as they listen and  
take notes.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Every death is different. Made to  
look like something else. No  
sadism, no torture. The method of  
these murders was less important to  
the killer than the simple fact  
that these people die.

CLICK -- The TWISTED BODY of JOEL SUMMERS --

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Joel Summers - killed by a single  
stab to the heart. Presented with  
great ostentation atop a display of  
all the previous victims. This  
killer's design was to never be  
discovered. A ghost. That is what  
excited him. Until now... Why is  
he coming into the light?

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Will?

Will shades his eyes from the PROJECTOR LIGHT.

ALANA BLOOM  
I don't want to interrupt if you're  
rehearsing...

GO WIDE to REVEAL ALANA stands in the entrance of the  
otherwise EMPTY and DARK lecture theatre.

Will is THROWN.

Will is ALONE in the lecture hall. No pictures on the  
screens, no students. Will LOOKS AT ALANA and REALIZES he  
has been hallucinating. Tries to hide his disorientation.

WILL GRAHAM  
No. No... it's okay.

She looks around the DARK SPACE.

ALANA BLOOM  
Very moody in here.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

That's me all over.

A smile between them. And a tension.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Come on in. I promise I won't try  
to kiss you again. Unless you  
stopped taking your own advice.

She smiles, grateful he hit it head on.

ALANA BLOOM

A doctor who treats herself has a  
fool for a patient. I regretted  
leaving your house the other night.

WILL GRAHAM

Regretted? Implying that you are  
no longer regretting? Or are you  
still in a state of regret?

ALANA BLOOM

I'm criss-crossing the state line.

WILL GRAHAM

What side of the line you on now?

ALANA BLOOM

I've got a foot planted firmly on  
both sides.

WILL GRAHAM

You telling me that to confuse me?

ALANA BLOOM

I'm telling you to be honest about  
how I feel. Don't want to mislead  
you but I don't want to lie either.

WILL GRAHAM

I won't lie if you won't.

ALANA BLOOM

I have feelings for you, Will. But  
I don't want to just have an affair  
with you. It would be reckless.

WILL GRAHAM

Why? It's not because you have a  
professional curiosity about me.

(CONTINUED)

18

ALANA BLOOM  
No, it's because I think you're  
unstable. And until that changes I  
can only be your friend.

A deafening silence.

WILL GRAHAM  
Thank you for not lying.

ALANA BLOOM  
Do you feel unstable?

He stares at her a moment, then slowly nods. She quietly  
crosses to him, puts arms around him and holds him tight.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)  
I can't be what I want to be for  
you. But I am here.

Will allows himself to be held long enough and then we...

CUT TO:

19 OMITTED. 19

20 OMITTED. 20

A21 INT. HANNIBAL'S CAR - DAY 3 A21

Hannibal and Will drive in silence. Hannibal allowing Will  
to stare out the passenger side window without distraction.

B21 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - COMMON ROOM - DAY 3 B21

ON ABIGAIL HOBBS --

WILL GRAHAM  
I'm trying hard to be understated  
when I say this is a bad idea.

REVEAL he is with Hannibal and Abigail at the hospital.

HANNIBAL  
Freddie Lounds is dangerous.

Hannibal watches all this in silence, letting it play out.

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
She said she wants me to talk about  
you guys in the book.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

You would be forfeiting your  
privacy and ours.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

My privacy's already been  
forfeited.

WILL GRAHAM

This. All of this will change.  
Whatever you're feeling now, it  
won't last. Things change.

ABIGAIL

Yes, things change. For instance,  
you're here. For a change.

WILL GRAHAM

Things are changing for me, too.  
Doing some accounting for what's  
important in my life and what  
isn't. You're important, Abigail.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Now that I'm writing a book.

HANNIBAL

Abigail.

WILL GRAHAM

I can't help feeling some  
responsibility for you.

ABIGAIL

Just because you killed my dad  
doesn't mean you get to be him.

Hannibal sees Will struggle with that and steps in.

HANNIBAL

We've been through a traumatic  
event, no one more traumatized than  
you, Abigail. But we went through  
it together. What you write you  
write about all of us.

ABIGAIL

I don't need your permission.

HANNIBAL

And you don't need our approval.  
But I hope it would mean something.

B21

Abigail considers that, her defiance softening. Finally:

ABIGAIL

I know what people think I did.  
They're wrong. Why can't I tell  
everybody they're wrong?

WILL GRAHAM

You have nothing to apologize for.

HANNIBAL

Yet.

Abigail glances at Hannibal.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

But if you open this door, Abigail,  
you won't control what comes  
through. Are you ready for that?

On Abigail as she holds Hannibal's gaze...

HARD CUT TO:

21

EXT. MINNESOTA WOODS - NIGHT 3

21

WIDE ANGLE - a black FIGURE swings a PICK AXE, silhouetted by  
a silver moon, beneath a distinctive gnarled tree amidst the  
white SNOW; it's like an illustration in an old book of fairy  
tales.

A PICK AXE hits frozen dirt.

ICY EARTH flies in chips under the assault as slowly the hard  
ground is broken. DARK EARTH stains pristine WHITE SNOW.

SLOWLY the frozen face of Nick Boyle is uncovered from under  
the SNOW.

His FACE - FROZEN with eyes still staring WIDE - is slowly  
REVEALED...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

22 INT. B.A.U. - MORGUE - DAY 4 22

Will Graham is watching Jimmy Price, Beverly Katz and Brian Zeller at work. They look EXHAUSTED. The BOARD now lists more NAMES and DETAILS of victims WRITTEN alongside a LARGE PHOTO of the TOTEM POLE. Brian Zeller writes another name against the middle of the TOTEM POLE.

Will Graham steps forward. A name is now at the base of the TOTEM POLE BOARD. "Fletcher Marshall"

WILL GRAHAM

The display was built in Grafton for a reason. Totem Poles commemorate special events. They tell the story of a life. If Joel Summers is his finale, then this lowest body on the pole will be our killer's beginning. His first.

BEVERLY KATZ

Fletcher Marshall. Murdered in 1973. Beaten to death right in Grafton. His grave was robbed five days ago.

Will takes that in.

WILL GRAHAM

No-one convicted of killing him?

JIMMY PRICE

Not yet.

WILL GRAHAM

Our killer got away with it forty years ago.

BRIAN ZELLER

So he kept on going.

WILL GRAHAM

There will be a connection between Joel Summers and Fletcher Marshall.

WILL turns as their GAZE goes past him to where Jack Crawford stands behind him.

JACK CRAWFORD

Will?

(CONTINUED)



HANNIBAL - PROD. #109 - DBL PINK Collated 4/27/13 23.  
CONTINUED: 22

22

He NODS him out into the CORRIDOR and goes. Will looks at the others and follows.

HARD CUT TO:

JACK CRAWFORD

JACK CRAWFORD  
Nicholas Boyle turned up in  
Minnesota --

WE ARE --

23-25 OMITTED. 23-25

26 INT. B.A.U. - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY 4 26

REVEAL Jack behind his desk. Hannibal, Will and Alana Bloom sit in chairs opposite.

JACK CRAWFORD  
-- Dead. He was found in the  
woods. Frozen. And then he thawed  
out pretty fast. They couldn't say  
if he died this week or six weeks  
ago. Or the night he disappeared.

They all look surprised. Hannibal hides his shock and concern. Alana speaks first.

ALANA BLOOM  
How did he die?

JACK CRAWFORD  
Knife wound. He'd been gutted.

Hannibal doesn't move but his senses are on high alert now.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)  
Had the body flown down here. I  
want Abigail Hobbs to identify it.

HANNIBAL  
You already have a positive i.d.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Not by Abigail Hobbs.

ALANA BLOOM  
You can't put her in a room with  
Nick Boyle's body. She already has  
nightmares about him.

(CONTINUED)

JACK CRAWFORD  
I'm curious why.

Hannibal follows this with interest.

WILL GRAHAM  
You can't seriously think she had  
anything to do with this?

JACK CRAWFORD  
I think she's the common  
denominator. Her father, Marissa  
Schuur, Nick Boyle, they all come  
back to her. My instinct is she's  
still got answers I haven't heard.

WILL GRAHAM  
What are the questions?

JACK CRAWFORD  
I'll start with where she goes when  
she climbs the walls at the  
psychiatric facility. Maybe she  
was meeting Nick Boyle. None of us  
know what was really between them.

Hannibal is tense; Will looks angry.

ALANA BLOOM  
I want to be on record as saying  
this is a very bad idea. Hannibal?

HANNIBAL  
Jack has the look of a man with no  
interest in any opinion but his own.

Jack stands up.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Alana. I'd like you to observe.

WILL GRAHAM  
If you're putting Abigail in a room  
with the body, I want to be there.

JACK CRAWFORD  
No. I'm not confident in your  
objectivity when it comes to  
Abigail Hobbs.  
(then)  
Alana.

Will and Hannibal watch Jack and Alana EXIT. After they're gone...

WILL GRAHAM

He could do Abigail irreparable damage, exposing her to this.

HANNIBAL

Perhaps Abigail is stronger than you think.

On Hannibal - the most to lose if Abigail isn't strong.

27 INT. B.A.U. - MORGUE - CORRIDOR - DAY 4 27

ON ABIGAIL HOBBS

Staring down.

JACK CRAWFORD

-- Miss Hobbs, I want you to look  
at this man and tell me if it's the  
same one who attacked you and Dr.  
Bloom and Dr. Lecter in your home?

GO WIDE to see Jack Crawford looms in front of her. Between them is a gurney with a covered CORPSE. Alana is by Abigail's side. Abigail's SENSES are attuned here. She fights the urge to flee. About to face her demons.

Jack pulls back the SHEET to reveal Nick Boyle's NAKED TORSO.

He is still recognizable but he has THAWED OUT and decomposition is setting in fast. LESIONS ON HIS FACE. A PINK FROTH is visible round his LIPS. The long UGLY WOUND in his abdomen is tattered and wide, the bone of his ribs is showing round the edges where decomposition has been quicker.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Is hyper-aware of everything around her. The silence. The LOUD TICKING of a WALL CLOCK. Her own BREATHING. Which she fights to control. She steps forward. The AMBIENT HUM around her grows. STARES at the man she killed.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

(simply)  
That's him.

Jack looks at her carefully.

JACK CRAWFORD

I've got a few questions I'd like  
you to answer.

Abigail looks at Jack and Alana. Moment of truth.

(CONTINUED)

On JACK CRAWFORD -

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)  
Have you seen this man since the  
night he attacked you?

ABIGAIL looks up at JACK. Holds his gaze. Then looks down  
at the CORPSE.

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
Could you cover him up?

JACK CRAWFORD  
I need you to answer the question.

When Jack doesn't move, Alana goes to pull the sheet over the  
body but Jack stays her hand. Eyes never leaving Abigail.  
She looks at them both. Eyes shining but her voice is flat.

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
No. I haven't seen him since... he  
attacked me.

Still staring down.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Nicholas Boyle was gutted. With a  
hunting knife. You knew how to do  
that? Your father taught you?

ALANA BLOOM  
Jack, I won't be party to this -

JACK CRAWFORD  
Then leave. You're here by  
invitation and courtesy, Dr. Bloom.  
Please don't interrupt again.

Alana is angered by this. Falls silent but doesn't go.

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
You think I did this?

JACK CRAWFORD  
Where do you go when you escape  
your hospital, Abigail?

27

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
Sometimes into the city. Sometimes  
into the woods. Sometimes just out.  
I go get away from this, to be  
alone where I can think... breathe.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Did you meet Nicholas Boyle? Did  
he know you before? Did he know  
your father?

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
No.

JACK CRAWFORD  
You know nothing about his death?

ABIGAIL  
I know he tried to kill me.  
(beat)  
And when he was trying to kill me,  
all I could think was I was going  
to die in that house after all...

ON ABIGAIL --

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
But I didn't. I survived.

Abigail looks at Alana Bloom.

ABIGAIL HOBBS (CONT'D)  
Dr. Bloom and Dr. Lecter saved my  
life. They saved me from him.

JACK CRAWFORD  
You haven't seen this man since?

Abigail looks at them both.

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
Only in my nightmares.

Jack says nothing.

28 OMITTED. 28

29 OMITTED. 29

30 INT. B.A.U. - CORRIDOR - DAY 4 30

Jack and Alana watch Abigail being led away.

(CONTINUED)

30

JACK CRAWFORD  
Do you believe her?

ALANA BLOOM  
I think Abigail Hobbs is damaged.  
There is something she's using  
every ounce of that strength to  
keep buried. But it's not the  
murder of Nicholas Boyle.

JACK CRAWFORD  
How can you be so sure?

ALANA BLOOM  
Because any reservations I have  
about Abigail don't extend to  
Hannibal Lecter. And he has no  
reason to lie about any of this.

31 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - ABIGAIL'S ROOM - DAY 4 31

Hannibal stares out the window, still wearing his coat, his  
back to Abigail, as she shrugs off her jacket.

HANNIBAL  
It can be a comfort to see the  
broken, bloated corpse of a monster  
and know it can never come back.

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
Nick Boyle wasn't a monster.

He finally turns to look at her.

HANNIBAL  
Were you?

ABIGAIL HOBBS  
I sometimes feel like one.

HANNIBAL  
Is that why you uncovered his body?

Abigail averts her eyes, her face growing still.

QUICK POP TO:

A32 EXT. MINNESOTA WOODS - NIGHT 3 A32

CAMERA REVEALS the black FIGURE uncovering the sandy soil to  
reveal the still FROZEN EYES of dead Nicholas Boyle.

BACK TO:

B32 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - ABIGAIL'S ROOM - DAY 4 B32

Hannibal stares at Abigail until she finally meets his gaze.

HANNIBAL

Would this be a chapter in your book, Abigail?

ABIGAIL HOBBS

No, neither would killing Nick, or you helping me hide his body.

HANNIBAL

There's always an addendum.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

FBI already asked their questions. I answered them. I passed.

HANNIBAL

With Jack Crawford's attention.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

You're right, I opened the door. I can't control what comes through, but this time I could control when. I'm not afraid of them finding Nick Boyle anymore. He's been found.

HANNIBAL

You betrayed my trust. You jeopardized my life as well as your own. I deserve more than that.

Abigail shies away from his gaze.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I need to trust you, Abigail. What if I can't?

And suddenly the threat is huge in the room. As Abigail looks up at Hannibal...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

32 OMITTED. 32

33 INT. B.A.U. - MORGUE - DAY 5 33

Jack Crawford and Will Graham are mid-conversation with Jimmy Price, Brian Zeller and Beverly Katz who are waiting, EXCITED.

BEVERLY KATZ

Joel Summers, the headpiece of our totem pole, was adopted after his parents died. Guess who dad was?

WILL GRAHAM

Fletcher Marshall. Joel Summers is Joel Marshall.

BRIAN ZELLER

Mother, Eleanor Marshall, died in a car accident four years after Fletcher was murdered.

JACK CRAWFORD

A genuine accident?

BEVERLY KATZ

If she was murdered, she would be on the Totem Pole.

WILL GRAHAM

Unless he loved her too much to disgrace her that way.

(then)

He was closing a circle. Whatever wrong Fletcher Marshall committed, his boy was just as guilty.

JIMMY PRICE

We did a DNA comparison between Fletcher Marshall and Joel Summers.

(hands report)

No match.

Will and Jack are surprised.

WILL GRAHAM

Marshall's son wasn't his son.

BRIAN ZELLER

Not biologically. But Marshall's name is on the birth certificate.

(CONTINUED)

33

Will is LEAFING through the paperwork.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Was anyone convicted for Fletcher  
Marshall's murder?

BEVERLY KATZ  
A man named Laurence Wells was  
questioned twice in 1973. Never  
charged and still lives in Grafton.

Will looks up from the paperwork.

WILL GRAHAM  
Is Laurence Wells color blind?  
(off their looks)  
Joel Marshall had anomalous  
trichromacy. Color blind in the  
green retinal receptors.

BRIAN ZELLER  
It's hereditary.

WILL GRAHAM  
Fletcher Marshall was a crime of  
passion. It had something none of  
the other murders had. Motive.

34 OMITTED. 34

A35 INT. LARRY WELLS' HOUSE - NIGHT 5 A35

A KNOCK on the door and it gently rolls open.

**CHYRON - 'Grafton, West Virginia'**

LARRY WELLS  
(off camera)  
It's open.

Jack looks at Will and they draw their hand guns and push  
open the door.

35 INT. LARRY WELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 5 35

Jack and Will enter, guns at the ready.

LARRY WELLS  
In here. I'm unarmed.

(CONTINUED)

Jack slides, gun first into the LIVING ROOM to FIND LARRY WELLS, 70, trim, lean, sitting in an armchair. Dressed in BLACK. He's a practical man, his life already packed up.

JACK CRAWFORD  
You were expecting us.

Larry Wells puts his hands on the arms of the chair. Smiles.

LARRY WELLS  
I had every faith you'd find me.

WILL GRAHAM  
And why is that Mr. Wells?

LARRY WELLS  
Because I let you. That last one was... let's just say it's a good thing it was the last one. I don't have the fight in me anymore.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Are you confessing to the murder of Joel Summers?

LARRY WELLS  
And Fletcher Marshall and fifteen others. I assume you got them all counted up by now.

WILL GRAHAM  
You killed Joel Summers just so you'd get caught.

LARRY WELLS  
Not just. I killed Joel Summers because he should have never been.

JACK CRAWFORD  
What reason did you have to kill the others?

LARRY WELLS  
I had every reason to kill them, they just had no reason to die.  
(then)  
No one ever saw me coming unless I wanted them to see me coming. I could smile and wave at a lady, chew the fat in church, knowing I'd killed her husband.

(MORE)

LARRY WELLS (CONT'D)

There's something beautiful about sitting in the ball of silence at a funeral, all of those people around you and knowing you made it happen.

JACK CRAWFORD

You're going to die in prison.

Larry Wells smiles.

LARRY WELLS

Do I look wealthy to you? Prison will be a luxury next to the sort of retirement home I can afford. And I certainly won't be forgotten there. I'm securing my legacy.

WILL GRAHAM

It's one way to be remembered. No children to tell your story. Did Joel Summers remember his father?

LARRY WELLS

Not anymore.

JACK CRAWFORD

Did you have an affair with Eleanor Marshall before you killed her?

(then)

I'll assume from your silent hesitation that is a yes.

WILL GRAHAM

He's your son. Joel Summers.

LARRY WELLS

What?

WILL GRAHAM

You thought the woman you loved was having Fletcher Marshall's baby when she should've been having yours.

JACK CRAWFORD

You were wrong.

WILL GRAHAM

Eleanor chose to raise him as Fletcher Marshall's child rather than yours. Maybe she saw what's in your heart.

(CONTINUED)

35

JACK CRAWFORD  
You didn't secure your legacy, Mr.  
Wells, you murdered it.

WILL GRAHAM  
Your only act as a father was to  
destroy your son.

Laurence Wells is silent, the truth of this hitting him hard.

36

INT. B.A.U. - MORGUE - NIGHT 5 36

The lights are low, the ROOM DARK, a curtain wrapped around  
the metal table displaying NICK BOYLE'S CORPSE.

WILL GRAHAM

He looks over the body, sees the bloodless gash in his torso,  
ribs poking out where decomposition has taken hold. Nick  
Boyle comes towards Will. His face grey and marked by  
LESIONS. Will then closes his eyes.

THE MORGUE

It darkens, the light reflected on the curtains shifts and  
changes tone. We are entering the landscape of WILL'S MIND.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He opens his eyes and watches as NICK BOYLE'S CORPSE sits  
upright and SWINGS his legs off the SLAB.

ON NICK BOYLE

His feet stretch to the floor, but they are now wearing  
boots. He is fully clothed, dressed as he was the night he  
died. He STANDS and is FACE-TO-FACE with WILL.

And then Nick Boyle looks AGONIZED. He and Will LOOK DOWN to  
see Will holds a KNIFE in Nick Boyle's wound.

WILL GRAHAM BLINKS SLOWLY

He LOOKS DOWN --

And we see that NOW THE KNIFE STICKS OUT OF WILL'S TORSO.  
HELD BY BLOODY HANDS.

He has reversed positions with Nick Boyle.

WILL looks up from the knife in his guts to FIND it is HELD  
BY ABIGAIL HOBBS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL STARES AT ABIGAIL --

He blinks. WE ARE BACK TO REALITY alone with Nick Boyle's  
body.

A37 EXT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 5 A37

TIME-LAPSE ESTABLISHING.

37 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE/WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 5 37

Hannibal watches Will Graham, who stares into middle-distance. An overwhelming sadness hangs over him, then:

WILL GRAHAM  
Abigail Hobbs killed Nick Boyle.

Hannibal HOLDS HIS GAZE.

HANNIBAL  
Yes, I know.

WILL GRAHAM  
Tell me why you know.

HANNIBAL  
I helped her dispose of the body.

WILL GRAHAM  
Evidently not well enough.

HANNIBAL  
Have you told Jack Crawford?

WILL GRAHAM  
No.

HANNIBAL  
Why not?

WILL GRAHAM  
I was hoping it wasn't true.

HANNIBAL  
Now you know the truth.

WILL GRAHAM  
Do I?

HANNIBAL  
Everything you know about that night is true. Except the end. Nicholas Boyle attacked us. Abigail's only crime was to defend herself and I lied about it.

WILL GRAHAM  
Why?

HANNIBAL

You know why. Jack Crawford would hang her for what her father's done. The world would burn Abigail in his place. That would be the story. That would be what Freddie Lounds writes.

(then)

Abigail is no more a killer than you are for shooting her father or I am for the death of Tobias Budge.

Will is moved but fights his instinct as a cop.

WILL GRAHAM

It's not our place to decide.

HANNIBAL

If not ours, then whose? Who knows Abigail better than you and I? Or the burden she bears? We are her fathers now. We have to serve her better than Garret Jacob Hobbs.

Hannibal crosses to his drawing table. Scalpel within reach.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

If you go to Jack, then you murder Abigail's future. If she is ever to have the life she deserves, then we have to tell no one.

Will nods his head, barely aware he's doing it.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Do I need to call my lawyer?

Will looks up. A long beat. Then he shakes his head.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

What we're doing here is the right thing, Will. For Abigail. In time, this will be the only story any of us cares to tell.

Will sits and Hannibal places a hand on his shoulder...

END OF ACT FOUR



ACT FIVE

A38 OMITTED. A38

B38 INT. HANNIBAL'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 6 B38

Three sets of CUTLERY SLICE through delicately GARNISHED plates of food, cutting MEAT that LEAKS red juices. A fourth KNIFE AND FORK works through SALAD LEAVES --

HANNIBAL

I feel terrible, Miss Lounds. Never entered my head you might be a vegetarian. A lapse on my behalf.

REVEAL Freddie Lounds sits next to Abigail at Hannibal's table. Hannibal is at the head with Will opposite Freddie. Abigail eats with her head down. Hannibal watches Will.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Or a subtle way to set the power dynamic for this little soiree. Research always delivers benefits.

WILL GRAHAM

And if it contradicts a good story, hell, just publish it anyway?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Are you still angry because I called you insane? The libel laws are clear, Mr. Graham.

WILL GRAHAM

Insinuation is such a grey area.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Insane isn't really black and white, is it? We're all pathological in our own ways.

WILL GRAHAM

You decide on the version of the truth that suits you and then pursue it pathologically.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Everybody decides their own versions of the truth. I'm here because I want to tell Abigail's version of the truth.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM  
(considers, then)  
See that you do.

ABIGAIL  
I don't have anything to hide.

FREDDIE LOUNDS  
Everybody has something to hide,  
but I'm not going to write about  
anything you don't want me to.

Will looks at her, bites his tongue.

HANNIBAL  
You must understand our concerns.  
We care about Abigail. Our only  
thought is to protect her.

Will looks at Hannibal and then looks at Abigail before  
looking down. Still struggling with his new knowledge.

FREDDIE LOUNDS  
She's already exposed. Her silence  
until now has been taken as guilt.  
This book is about her innocence.  
I want Abigail to have a future.

WILL GRAHAM  
That's what we all want.

FREDDIE LOUNDS  
Then we aren't so different after  
all, Mr. Graham.

HANNIBAL  
We all want what's best for  
Abigail.

He smiles at them all, Will looks down. Freddie leans back.

FREDDIE LOUNDS  
This is possibly the finest salad  
I've ever eaten in my life. Shame  
to ruin it with all that meat.

C38 INT. HANNIBAL'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT 6

C38

HANDS wash the DIRTY PLATES. Pass them across the sink --

GO WIDE to reveal Hannibal and Abigail washing the dishes in  
silence. Abigail dries and SIGHS. Deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL

Will knows, doesn't he?

HANNIBAL

He knows you killed Nicholas Boyle.

ABIGAIL

What am I going to do?

HANNIBAL

He will keep our secret.

ABIGAIL

You don't know that.

HANNIBAL

He will keep it because otherwise  
the one good thing in his life is  
tainted. He will lie to Jack  
Crawford about you just as he has  
lied to himself.

She SHUDDERS and silent TEARS fall. It's like all the  
adrenalin and tension is finally leaving her body.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

You're safe, Abigail. No-one will  
know what you did. And no-one will  
know the truth you're trying to  
avoid. The one you cannot admit  
even to yourself.

Hannibal waits. Abigail takes another plate. Dries it.  
Puts it down and then just leans against the sink, head down.

ABIGAIL

(whispers)

I helped him.

HANNIBAL

I can't hear you.

A SUDDEN SOB from Abigail.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

I helped him.

And then she starts to cry, a STORM of TEARS a long time  
coming. A wave of SELF-LOATHING and pent-up FEAR.

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL HOBBS

I knew what my father was. I knew  
what he did. I knew.

(quieter)

I was the one who met the girls,  
talked to them. Laughed and joked.  
Found out where they lived, where  
they were going, when they'd be  
alone. Girls who looked like me.  
They could have been my friends.

(looks up at Hannibal)

I couldn't tell him no.

Abigail is totally broken down here, the horror of what she  
was made to do hitting home.

ABIGAIL HOBBS (CONT'D)

I knew... I knew it was them or me.

She looks at Hannibal, pleading, raw, broken. And NOW he  
COMES to her and HOLDS HER. STROKES HER HAIR.

HANNIBAL

I wondered when you'd tell me.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

(stunned)

How long have you --

HANNIBAL

I always suspected.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

I'm a monster.

HANNIBAL

No. I know what monsters are...  
you're a victim and Will Graham and  
I, we're going to protect you...

38 INT. TRAIN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

38

As Abigail Hobbs stops at a table and smiles down at ELISE  
NICHOLS.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

Mind if I sit?

ELISE NICHOLS

Go ahead.

ABIGAIL HOBBS

I hate traveling by myself.

(CONTINUED)

38

ELISE NICHOLS  
I love it.

ABIGAIL  
Where you going?

They could be sisters.

As Abigail sits and they smile at each other, we PULL FOCUS to find Garret Jacob Hobbs sitting a few seats down the aisle...

TIME CUT TO:

39 EXT. TRAIN - DAY - (FLASHBACK) 39

The train rattles along and THROUGH THE WINDOW we see Abigail and Elise talking and laughing at the table.

40 INT. TRAIN - DAY - (FLASHBACK) 40

GARRET JACOB HOBBS

Watches them.

His eye catches Abigail's gaze for a second as Elise Nichols laughs, unaware of what awaits...

END OF SHOW