

Executive Producer: Bryan Fuller
Executive Producer: Martha De Laurentiis
Executive Producer: Steve Lightfoot
Executive Producer: Chris Brancato
Consulting Producer: Jesse Alexander



HANNIBAL

"Naka-choko"

Teleplay by
Steve Lightfoot

Story by
Steve Lightfoot
and
Kai Yu Wu

Directed by
Vincenzo Natali

Based on the characters created by
Thomas Harris

Episode #210

Final Shooting Script

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HANNIBAL
"Naka-choko"

TEASER

WILL GRAHAM

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON him as a look of realization washes across his features. We are --

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Will stands in front of his window.

WILL'S POV -- SLOW MOTION

The BLACK STAG CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW.

ON WILL

He scrambles out of the way.

THE BLACK STAG

Lands in Will's living room, shaking glass off its ebony hide. The room is dark with shadow.

It sees Will...

AND CHARGES.

CLOSE ON WILL as he tries to hold it back, but is driven backward to the wall.

Its ANTLERS slam into the wall on either side of Will and pierce it. CAMERA reveals the black stag is now the MAN STAG. They are terrifyingly face to face for a moment. A man and his nemesis.

And then Will --

HEAD-BUTTS the man stag, hard and sudden, in the face, and it staggers back as Will drives it to the ground.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He rains heavy blows on the man stag beneath him. We see only Will as he punches and punches.

BLOOD flecks his face. ON WILL panting with effort.

As his fists PUMMEL the man stag, we see, in brief FLASHES, HANNIBAL LECTER staring back at Will, grinning a bloody grin.

Will grabs the antlers of the man stag and, with huge force, twists them. A LOUD CRACK as the neck breaks.

ON WILL -- gasping, looking down on what he has done.

REVERSE TO --

RANDALL TIER now lies beneath Will, his face bloody and battered, head twisted at a strange angle.

ON WILL contemplating his actions --

CAMERA MOVES OFF WILL, INTO BLACKNESS

Comes around and now finds Hannibal Lecter amidst shadows.

We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Hannibal is facing Will across the dining table.

RANDALL TIER'S CORPSE

Lies across the table. His head lolling at an unnatural angle.

A piece of paper is pinned to his chest. On it is written: "Return to Sender." Finally Will steps out of the shadows:

WILL GRAHAM

I'd say this makes us even. I sent someone to kill you, you sent someone to kill me. Even-steven.

HANNIBAL

Consider it an act of reciprocity. One positive action begets another.

WILL GRAHAM

Polite society normally puts such taboos on taking a life.

HANNIBAL

Without death, we'd be at a loss. It's the prospect of death that drives us to greatness.

(then)

Did you kill him with your hands?

Will holds up his bloody, bruised knuckles.

WILL GRAHAM

It was very intimate.

HANNIBAL

It deserves intimacy. You were
Randall Tier's final enemy.

EXTREME CLOSE ON A PORCELAIN PAN

It's filled with warm water and Epsom salts. Will's bloody,
bruised hands are submerged, tinging the water pink.

ON WILL AND HANNIBAL

They sit at one end of the dining room table, Randall Tier's
body still splayed across it. Hannibal removes Will's hands
from the Epsom salts bath, drying them. Will stares absently
as Hannibal treats his wounds. Hannibal clocks the retreat.

HANNIBAL

Don't go inside, Will. You'll want
to retreat, you'll want it as we
want to jump from balconies, as the
glint of the rails tempts us when
we hear the approaching train.

Hannibal applies salve to the cuts and bruises on Will's
hands, gently rubbing the ointment into his open wounds.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Stay with me.

Hannibal carefully wraps gauze bandages around Will's hands.

WILL GRAHAM

Where else am I going to go?

HANNIBAL

You have everywhere to go. As long
as you buttress your mind against
detering forces like guilt. You
should be quite pleased. I am.

Will stares at Randall Tier's body on the table before him.

WILL GRAHAM

Of course you are.

HANNIBAL

When you were killing Randall, did
you fantasize you were killing me?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

That makes Hannibal smile.

HANNIBAL

Most of what we do, most of what we believe, is motivated by death.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't think I've ever felt more alive than when I was killing him.

HANNIBAL

Then you owe Randall Tier a debt.
(then)
How will you repay him?

OFF Will considering that...

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DINOSAUR ROOM - NIGHT

The large room is dark.

Overhead lights begin to FLICKER to life, and the CAMERA moves along the floor as the exhibits come into view.

Moving through the long-dead fossils, FASTER AND FASTER --

Until we find DROPS OF BLOOD, thick and viscous, on the floor.

CAMERA TRAVELS UPWARD to reveal --

RANDALL TIER'S HEAD or, more specifically, the top of it. It has been taken off at the TOP JAW.

And placed atop the skull of the SABERTOOTH CAT Randall was building in Ep. #209.

A nightmarish form of a man's head, EYES STARING, with the savage fangs and lower jaw of the great predator.

CAMERA MOVES around the body and reveals that the creature is now a nightmarish hybrid.

The cat's skeletal torso meets Randall's arms and legs, which have been used to replace the cat's limbs.

The BLOODY FLESH at odds with the bare ivory of the bone.

A grotesque amalgam of man and beast, of long-dead bones and recently-living flesh...

Reveal this to be the POV of a grim-faced JACK CRAWFORD.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DINOSAUR ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA PULLS BACK from the Randall-tooth display, revealing Will Graham taking it in as he approaches. Jack Crawford and Hannibal Lecter follow close behind Will.

JACK CRAWFORD

His killer chose not to dispose of his body, but to display it.

HANNIBAL

A jarring reminder of death's informality.

JACK CRAWFORD

Randall Tier was denied a respectable end that he himself denied others.

HANNIBAL

Dissection is disgrace. This is a humiliation, a final indignity.

WILL GRAHAM

He isn't mocking him. This isn't disdain. He's commemorating him.

HANNIBAL

This killer has no fear for the consequences of what he's done.

WILL GRAHAM

No guilt.

Will Graham approaches the Randall-tooth display, leaving Jack and Hannibal behind. The ORGANIC HUM of his CIRCULATORY SYSTEM grows loud in his ears.

HE CLOSES HIS EYES.

A PENDULUM swings in the BLACKNESS of his mind. FWUM. FWUM.

ON WILL as his eyes open --

The museum is now dark, FALLING AWAY TO BLACKNESS, a void beyond the Randall-tooth and Will.

WILL GRAHAM

Hello again.

A DISEMBODIED VOICE, both in the room and in Will's head:

RANDALL TIER (V.O.)
Come closer.

Will takes a step closer, but evidently not close enough.

RANDALL TIER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Closer. I want to see you.

WILL'S POV -- PUSHING IN CLOSE on the Randall-tooth's face, the freakish maw, into the eyes as they OPEN.

ON WILL

He reacts to a heavy sound, something is moving in the darkness around him. An unseen beast's FOOTSTEPS circle him.

RANDALL TIER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Can you see you?

WILL GRAHAM
Clearer and clearer.
(then)
You forced me to kill you.

RANDALL TIER (V.O.)
I didn't force you to enjoy it.
(then)
You made me a monument.

Will moves around the Randall-tooth, movement in the shadows opposite whatever is circling, tracking his movements. CAMERA reveals it is Randall Tier (no mauling suit), naked, primal, in the shadows, a haunting silhouette.

WILL GRAHAM
You're welcome.

RANDALL TIER (V.O.)
The monument is not to me. It's to you. This is pride.

WILL GRAHAM
I gave you what you want. This is who you are. What you feel finally matches the reality of what I see.

RANDALL TIER (V.O.)
This is my becoming.

Randall Tier finally steps out of the shadows, revealing mandible-like tusks hang where his jaw should be. A nightmare inverse of the Randall-tooth, in human form.

RANDALL TIER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And yours.

Will shakes his head, this is not his becoming.

WILL GRAHAM

This is my design.

MATCH CUT TO:

WILL GRAHAM

The lights are once more bright on the crime scene. Jack and Hannibal step INTO FOCUS behind him, like the angel and devil on his shoulders. We are back --

INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DINOSAUR ROOM - NIGHT

Will turns to Jack and Hannibal.

WILL GRAHAM

He knew his killer. There is a familiarity here. It was someone who met him, understood him. It was someone like him. Different pathology, same instinct.

JACK CRAWFORD

His killer empathized with him?

WILL GRAHAM

Don't mistake empathy for understanding, Jack.

(then)

If there's anything, it's envy.

JACK CRAWFORD

Envy?

WILL GRAHAM

Randall Tier came into his own much easier than whoever killed him.

HANNIBAL

This is a fledgling killer. He's never killed before, not like this.

WILL GRAHAM

No, not like this.

(re: the Randall-Tooth)

This is the nightmare that followed him out of his dreams.

OFF Hannibal inscrutably fascinated with his subject --

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hannibal sits still in the chair as Will Graham moves around him, picking things up, putting them down. Amped somehow. An athlete after the race, adrenalin still coursing his system.

HANNIBAL

You're playing a dangerous game.

WILL GRAHAM

We once caught a killer who went to his victims' funerals just so he could console their loved ones.

HANNIBAL

Jack Crawford is no grieving widow. Not so long ago, we were both suspects for crimes just like this.

Will turns to Hannibal:

WILL GRAHAM

That's why I can't be a suspect this time. Or you. When you framed Chilton, you exonerated me and yourself. He was the broom that swept our tracks.

Hannibal does not react to this. Instead:

HANNIBAL

Why didn't you dispose of the body? It was the prudent course.

WILL GRAHAM

Randall deserved to be seen.

HANNIBAL

Randall, or your work on him?

WILL GRAHAM

You called it "artistry." Is that how you see your own efforts?

HANNIBAL

I also called it "savagery." You mutilated the body. Displayed it.

WILL GRAHAM

The bird is leaving the nest, Dr. Lecter. Spreading his wings.

HANNIBAL

A newly-fledged bird is at his most vulnerable. Still relies on his parents for food. He can fly, but he has to learn to hunt.

WILL GRAHAM

And they learn via imitation. There is a mantra in medical tuition you must know: watch one, do one, teach one. I've seen plenty, Dr. Lecter.

Hannibal doesn't answer to that. Instead:

HANNIBAL

How did it feel? To manipulate what was a living man into a message all of your own.

WILL GRAHAM

Like I wasn't finished till I had.

Hannibal absorbs this.

HANNIBAL

Did you take a trophy too, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

A memento of my first rodeo? What do you think?

HANNIBAL

I think it would be the act of a serial killer.

WILL GRAHAM

By definition, one body doesn't make me a serial killer.

OFF Hannibal.

CUT TO:

HOoves MOVE AT PACE

The flanks of a beautiful HORSE, booted feet in stirrups. The horse's proud head as it is galloped. Hands urging at the reins. And then the reins are slackened and the horse slows, his breath misting the air and a gallop becomes a trot and we reveal he is ridden by MARGOT VERGER.

EXT. MUSKRAT FARM - STABLES - DAY

Margot, in full riding gear, walks the horse toward a large, handsome brick structure.

INT. MUSKRAT FARM - STABLES - DAY

The LARGE DOORS OPEN dramatically as Margot walks her horse inside. STABLE HANDS work in the background.

Margot unbridles the horse, puts on its halter and removes its saddle. She brushes the horse, stroking it as she grooms. Behind her, someone clears their throat.

MASON VERGER

He smiles a dazzling smile. He is good-looking, wears his wealth and power easily. He holds a SUCKLING PIG in his arms like a baby. Margot turns back to her horse grooming.

MASON VERGER

Have a good ride?

Margot sighs, hands her horse's reins to a VALET.

MARGOT VERGER

Walk him back.

The valet walks the horse to its stall and secures it.

MARGOT VERGER (CONT'D)

(to Mason)

What do you want?

MASON VERGER

I want to share something with you.

EXT./INT. MUSKRAT FARM - PIG BARN - DAY

Mason leads Margot through wooden doors and into a church-like space with a LARGE METAL CAGE-LIKE STRUCTURE.

MASON VERGER

After Papa died, I had a Christmas epiphany. I've seen exotic pigs from all over the world. What would happen if I brought together the best of all I had seen.

He's excited. CAMERA reveals a large square metal structure, slatted -- with an open central area. A MAZE.

MARGOT VERGER
(not bitchy)
You built a maze. Shudder to think.

CARLO DEOGRACIAS works at a table to one side of the platform. Stag's tooth flicking in and out of his mouth. We see his work: He is stuffing ground meat, chickens and vegetables into the legs of an EFFIGY. A smart suit tied at the wrists and bulging with food. A meatloaf for a head.

MASON VERGER
I feel like Stradivarius
approaching his worktable. Our
father was a pioneer of livestock
production. I think he'd have been
proud of all my efforts.

Carlo finishes stuffing the effigy and ties off the last leg with string. Incongruously, he squirts the effigy with scent from a bottle of perfume.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)
A pig is not like other animals.
There is a spark of intelligence and
a terrible practicality in pigs.

Mason nods at Carlo who hoists the effigy in his arms and walks past them, onto the roof of the maze, and attaches the effigy to an overhead hook.

MARGOT VERGER
You have an unparalleled
understanding of piggishness.

MASON VERGER
Your mouth gets rough when you're
scared, Margot. Tough as a livery
pony who is resentful of the bit.

Carlo is now using a winch to lower the effigy. Upright, it resembles a man much more. Meat oozing round the bindings.

Carlo pulls a lever and there is a sudden rush of feet, and something huge enters the maze. Through the slats we can see glimpses of a herd of terrible SWINE. They SQUEAL in excitement and hurry toward the center.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)
The structure is designed to excite
and antagonize the pigs.

Margot looks horrified.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

Taken awhile to find the perfect mix. Any pig will eat a dead man, but to get him to eat a live one, some education is required.

Mason respectfully indicates Carlo.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

Carlo is experienced in this field and actually fed a man to pigs in Tuscany twenty years ago.

Margot recognizes the clothes on the effigy.

MARGOT VERGER

That's one of my suits.

MASON VERGER

I'll buy you a new one. We stuff clothes with meat, scent it with human smells. Play screams every time they're fed. Come the real thing, we won't need the recording.

Mason presses a button and Margot starts as the sound of SCREAMS plays on hidden speakers. Mason beams at her.

Mason nods to Carlo and he starts lowering the meat-headed effigy toward the clamoring pigs.

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

It's not just about making Papa proud. It's about us. It's about family. I want you to be proud of me too, Margot. You're all I have.

(then)

And I'm all you have.

The effigy starts shaking as its lower half is torn apart. Margot is managing her horror. Mason grins at her:

MASON VERGER (CONT'D)

This little piggy went "eee-eee-eee," all the way home.

PUSH IN ON MARGOT. All we can hear is the LOUD FEEDING OF THE PIGS...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Hannibal sits with Margot Verger.

HANNIBAL

You know you will have to kill him,
Margot. You've known it for years.

MARGOT VERGER

I may have missed my opportunity.
Mason hired a stocky, florid man in
an alpine hat. I'm told a leading
practitioner in the profession of
making people disappear.

HANNIBAL

Was that the nature of your
brother's threat?

MARGOT VERGER

In no uncertain terms, I'm to behave
myself or I'll be fed to the pigs.

Hannibal studies her a moment, then:

HANNIBAL

Do you know why you failed to
murder your brother, Margot?

MARGOT VERGER

Poor planning.

HANNIBAL

You failed to murder your brother
because you still love him.

That strikes Margot harder than she would have thought.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

In love, you take leave of your
senses, but in hatred, you must be
present to calculate your actions.

MARGOT VERGER

I'm present.

HANNIBAL

Then allow yourself to hate him.

Margot goes silent, contemplative.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Do you think Mason will just give you what you want? You'll be begging him the rest of your life. Did begging help when he tore you? Same thing as taking his chocolate and letting him have his way.

MARGOT VERGER

I thank God I didn't kill him.
(off his look)
Papa's will was very clear. Upon the passing of his beloved son Mason, in the absence of a legitimate male heir, the sole beneficiary shall be the Southern Baptist Convention. Not me.

HANNIBAL

Even in death, Mason would take everything from you.
(then)
One of the most-powerful forces that shapes us as human beings is the desire to leave a legacy. What legacy will you leave behind?

MARGOT VERGER

I don't get a legacy.

HANNIBAL

Unless you make one.

As CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Margot...

CUT TO:

CAMERA MOVES OVER PICTURES, ARTICLES, REPORTS

A collage of research. Will Graham, Hannibal, FREDERICK CHILTON and Jack Crawford are prominent. Long-lens photos of them all, caught unawares.

TRAVEL off this to a hotel room desk beneath, where FREDDIE LOUNDS sits, typing up from a scrawled pad of notes. We are --

INT. FREDDIE LOUNDS'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A KNOCK at the door and she saves and closes the laptop. Stands and checks herself in the mirror. Primps. And then goes to the door.

Opens it to find Will Graham. She smiles.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. FREDDIE LOUNDS'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Freddie now sits at the table, opposite Will, checking her recorder as Will scans the wall.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I raised the ante on my publishing deal. There's been movie interest. Hollywood is a fine place for the obnoxious and wealthy.

WILL GRAHAM

You're not wealthy, Freddie.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I will be.
(then)
I'm a pariah among journalists because I took a different faith. But I'm putting that faith in you.

Will finally sits at the table and she presses "record."

FREDDIE LOUNDS (CONT'D)

Let's talk Chesapeake Ripper. Frederick Chilton. Who knew?

WILL GRAHAM

Who knew.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

No one did. Nobody would. Not even you. You were so certain the Chesapeake Ripper was Hannibal Lecter, you tried to kill him.

Will takes that in stride, calmly correcting her:

WILL GRAHAM

You neglected to say "allegedly."

FREDDIE LOUNDS

No, I didn't.
(then)
Dr. Lecter's your psychiatrist again. What's up with that?

WILL GRAHAM

I was wrong about him. That's what's up with that.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Maybe you were. Maybe you weren't.

WILL GRAHAM

Chilton was the Chesapeake Ripper.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

The Chesapeake Ripper had surgical skills Frederick Chilton did not.

WILL GRAHAM

They have the same profile.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Except Dr. Chilton was a woeful surgeon. Dangerous, even. I've been chatting with his old medical school chums. They say he fled to psychiatry to avoid embarrassment.

Will stares at her, considering her, then:

WILL GRAHAM

My story with the Chesapeake Ripper already has an ending, Freddie.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Mine doesn't. Do you really think Dr. Chilton killed Abigail Hobbs?
(off his silence)
I don't. Even if I let this story go, I'll never let that go.

WILL GRAHAM

Trust me, Freddie. Neither will I.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

It's too bad Dr. Chilton was shot in the face. He's not exactly in the position to defend himself. Yet somehow, here you are in the position to defend Hannibal Lecter.

Freddie studies Will, curious what he's hiding...

CLOSE ON AN ANTENNA

A very subtle ELECTRIC HUM vibrates across the surface of the antenna. CAMERA reveals fingertips reaching INTO FOCUS, creating an unsettling electric tone.

We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alana sits at the foot of the bed, wincing at the sounds she's manipulating from a sleek wooden box with dials and an antenna at one end and a metal loop at the other. A THEREMIN. Alana draws an even-more-ugly tone out of the instrument, winces.

ALANA BLOOM
Sounds like I'm killing it.

HANNIBAL
Don't kill it.

Hannibal sits behind her, straddling her. He slides his hands down her arms until he is cupping her hands in his. He guides her hands to the antenna, creating a sustained note.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
A theremin is an instrument which can create exquisite music without ever needing to be touched.

He nuzzles his head on her shoulder, kissing her neck.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
But it requires the rare gift of perfect pitch to play properly.

He smiles, his hands drift from hers, one moving along her thigh, the other over her stomach.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Smaller movements. Feel the vibration move through you.
(then)
Feel it here.

His hand moves between her breasts, pressing her sternum. CLOSE ON Alana's hands as she moves them over the instrument and softer, eerier notes are played.

ALANA BLOOM
Like composing in thin air.

HANNIBAL
Thin air is a musician's canvas.

ALANA BLOOM
It's a very psychological instrument.

Alana delights in the music, but more in Hannibal's touch, his hand disappearing in a caress between her thighs.

HANNIBAL

As therapists, we work with people
the same way. Never touching, but
finding wavelengths and frequencies
to affect change. Guiding them
from dissonance toward composition.

Alana tries to focus beyond Hannibal's erotic touch.

ALANA BLOOM

People are not instruments.
Whatever it is you're playing,
Hannibal, you have to listen very
carefully to what you're creating.

Alana surrenders to Hannibal's nimble hands playing her.

HANNIBAL

I am listening. I'm listening to
you. You and I went so long in our
friendship without ever touching,
yet I always felt attuned to you.

As Hannibal turns Alana's head and pulls her into a kiss...

CUT TO:

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A KNOCKING at the door. Move through the house with Will to
find --

MARGOT VERGER

At the door. She looks gorgeous, demure and softer than usual.
Will smiles and lets her in. She waves a bottle of whiskey.

MARGOT VERGER

I've come to replenish your stores.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Margot and Will by the fire, drinking the whiskey.

MARGOT VERGER

Reasoning makes us human, but
questioning the nature of our
humanity makes us miserable.

WILL GRAHAM

I'll drink to that.

MARGOT VERGER

What happened to your window?

WILL GRAHAM

A stag got lost in the storm. Came through the window. Got a few scratches getting him out.

MARGOT VERGER

Are you scarred?

WILL GRAHAM

More than I probably know.

MARGOT VERGER

Show you mine if you show me yours.

WILL GRAHAM

I have the wrong parts for your proclivities, Margot.

MARGOT VERGER

It's not about proclivities, it's about trust.

WILL GRAHAM

It's good to trust. Better not to.

MARGOT VERGER

My optimal level of trust is usually zero. But I trust you.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't trust you.

MARGOT VERGER

I don't need you to "trust" me.

WILL GRAHAM

What do you need?

She begins to unbutton her blouse and Will gently takes her hands and stops her. He then starts to unbutton her blouse himself, removing it, revealing a recent SURGERY SCAR across her shoulder. Below it, other scars blemish her skin.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Who did this to you?

MARGOT VERGER

My brother.

As Will runs his fingers over her scars, she unbuttons his shirt, revealing the raw, red gouges from Randall Tier's claws. Her hand moves across his chest to the jagged button scar where Jack Crawford shot him.

MARGOT VERGER (CONT'D)

Who shot you?

WILL GRAHAM

A friend.

And with that, Will kisses Margot.

WILL GRAHAM'S BED

Will lies back into bed, Margot on top of him amidst the ruffled sheets. She bends to kiss him and Will rolls her over so that he is on top.

ON WILL, REVERSE TO HIS POV

And it is now ALANA BLOOM he sees beneath him. He bends to kiss her passionately. Her arms circling his shoulders, drawing him closer to her.

ON ALANA

She pulls Will into another kiss and CAMERA reveals it is HANNIBAL who comes INTO FRAME and kisses her as they make love in HANNIBAL'S BED. CAMERA reveals we are --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Hannibal pulls back OUT OF FRAME, we follow his movement, but it is now WILL that we see, darkness of the room behind him. Beneath him, Alana; they kiss passionately, rolling onto their sides. Will opens one eye, looking beyond Alana to Hannibal watching him intently as he makes love to her.

Alana turns away from Will and embraces Hannibal in a kiss, as if they were all three in the same bed together. Alana turns from Hannibal, back to Will, rolling on top of him.

WILL'S POV -- ALANA

She arches her back in climax and then collapses on Will, heaving with satisfied exhaustion. She rolls onto her back.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Alana FLANKED by Will and Hannibal in a psychological ménage à trois.

CLOSE ON WILL. He lies on his side, postcoital. Smiles. Alana leans INTO FRAME from the left and kisses him. Turns her back to spoon. FRAME moves with her and now she is face to face with Hannibal -- as if they were all three sharing the same bed. She kisses Hannibal. Sleepy. Happy.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will lies on his side, the other side empty. He is watching silently as Margot quietly dresses, lit by shadow and moonlight. Will watches and says nothing as she leaves...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Margot is with Hannibal.

MARGOT VERGER

I had sex with one of your patients. Will Graham.

(then)

How does that make you feel?

HANNIBAL

Curious.

(off her look)

Will Graham is not a lesbian.

MARGOT VERGER

He sure made a go at it.

Hannibal smells the air, processing what he breathes in.

HANNIBAL

Was Will aware of your intention to get pregnant, Margot?

MARGOT VERGER

Wasn't it your intention for me to get pregnant, Dr. Lecter?

Hannibal studies her a moment, then:

HANNIBAL

Your life's been threatened. We experience a greater desire to have children when reminded of death.

MARGOT VERGER

The more we think about dying, the more we focus on what matters?

HANNIBAL

What matters to you, Margot? After you fought your brother so long.

MARGOT VERGER

You may not believe this, but it's not just the money. Well, it is a little bit, but I do want a child. It would be nice to have some small part of me get away from him.

Hannibal looks at Margot in a new light, curious.

HANNIBAL

Much of what men do can be attributed to a desperate need to immortalize themselves. Women, however, can take a more direct route and create new life.

MARGOT VERGER

It's one way to have a legacy.

HANNIBAL

It's one way to get what you need. You require an heir, Margot. If you were to have a boy...

MARGOT VERGER

I would find a way to kill Mason and take everything back.

HANNIBAL

I know you would, I like that about you. You're much more interesting, more capable than your brother.

(then)

Professionally, this is the sort of catharsis I have to recommend.

OFF Hannibal...

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Time-lapse establishing. A CHYRON tells us we are --

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, DC

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY - DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHIATRY - NIGHT

An impressive stone facade. A SMALL GROUP OF STUDENTS crowd out of large wooden doors, onto the street.

A moment behind them, Alana Bloom steps onto the street, holding a winsome smile that falls like a stone as she mutters a soft "Ugh" sound upon seeing:

FREDDIE LOUNDS

She loiters on the street, evidently waiting for Dr. Bloom.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I've always admired teachers. Moulding impressionable young minds. But you can only learn so much and live.

ALANA BLOOM

No one likes a know-it-all.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Hannibal Lecter taught you when you were an impressionable young mind.

ALANA BLOOM

Your book's about Will Graham, Freddie, it's not about me.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Were you sleeping with Dr. Lecter when you were his student? Or is that a recent development?

Alana shoots Freddie a look.

FREDDIE LOUNDS (CONT'D)

You are sleeping with him. I was just guessing. Figured you had to be sleeping with one of them. Maybe that's why you can't see it.

ALANA BLOOM

See what?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Will Graham was right about Lecter. And I was right about Will Graham.

ALANA BLOOM

I'm not having this or any other conversation with you, Freddie.

Alana turns to walk away.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Hannibal Lecter has had four patients die while under his care. Three former patients die after his care. Then there's Will Graham.

Alana stops, turns back.

FREDDIE LOUNDS (CONT'D)

All that fuss about Dr. Lecter. Will even tried to kill him. Now they're back in therapy together. And another former patient is dead.

ALANA BLOOM

Will understands that Hannibal Lecter can help him.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Maybe what Will understands is, if
you can't beat Dr. Lecter, join him.

OFF Alana...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. MUSKRAT FARM - PIG BARN - DAY

Hannibal Lecter arrives, stepping out of his blue Bentley and taking a deep breath. Carlo waits by the dramatic doors.

INT. MUSKRAT FARM - PIG BARN - DAY

Mason Verger watches his pigs with rapt attention. Behind him, a figure moves toward him. Slowly coming INTO FOCUS.

HANNIBAL LECTER

For a moment this looks ominous, but then Mason turns and smiles broadly at his visitor.

MASON VERGER

Dr. Lecter. I'm Mason Verger. So very nice to meet you. Thank you for accepting my invitation.

Hannibal shakes his hand. Carlo loiters behind Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

I'm prone to old-world politeness. Would have seemed rude to say no.

MASON VERGER

Since I'm paying for Margot's therapy, I thought I should at the very least meet her psychiatrist.

HANNIBAL

I enjoy putting a face to the name.
(re: the pigs)
I've never seen pigs like these.

MASON VERGER

They're a special breed. Product of many years and many litters.

Hannibal peers through the slats in the steel maze, asking:

HANNIBAL

Your ground note?

MASON VERGER

Started with the giant forest pig. Six teats and thirty-eight chromosomes, a resourceful feeder and an opportunistic omnivore.

HANNIBAL

Just like man.

(re: the pigs)

You bred the forest pig with a European wild boar.

MASON VERGER

Among others. You know pigs as well as you know people.

HANNIBAL

I do know pigs.

MASON VERGER

Papa would've loved you. He could feel the face of a hog and tell by the bone structure its genetic makeup. Breeding was very important to our father. Margot really pissed him off with all her button stitching. No breeding there.

(then)

Do you have a sister, Dr. Lecter?

HANNIBAL

I had a sister.

MASON VERGER

Then you must understand my need to protect Margot. Mostly from herself. She's pathological. I'm sure she's told you horrible things that I've done. She distorts reality to maximize her martyrdom.

HANNIBAL

A charade for her resentments?

MASON VERGER

I have always been the favorite. That's why Margot tried to kill me.

(then)

Does she confess her plots to you?

HANNIBAL

I can't tell you what Margot's confessed to me. Fortunately for you, I can't tell anyone else.

Mason stares at Hannibal a moment before smiling.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Even the worst of us needs someone to talk to, Mason. Have you ever considered therapy for yourself?

MASON VERGER

Maybe I should.

(then)

Can I have Carlo slaughter you a hog? A token of my appreciation for all that you do for Margot.

HANNIBAL

Please, but I must insist on selecting my own pig. Always do.

Mason smiles at Hannibal who does not respond.

CUT TO:

THE SUCKLING PIG

It emerges from the shadows -- a magnificent shining ROAST PIG, complete with apple in mouth, sat atop a garlanded platter.

CAMERA reveals Hannibal carrying the platter. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Hannibal places the pig on the table between Will Graham and Alana Bloom sitting on either side of Hannibal's chair.

HANNIBAL

Brined and roasted whole suckling pig. A gift from a friend.

He pours wine into glasses before taking his own seat.

WILL GRAHAM

Your friend, not the pig's friend.

Hannibal begins to carve, not sure if he agrees with Will.

HANNIBAL

There are those that raise livestock who have a genuine affection for them. The farmer who hand rears lambs loves them and sends them to slaughter.

ALANA BLOOM

They love and kill what they love.

HANNIBAL

A paradox.

ALANA BLOOM

Freddie Lounds thinks the two of you are a paradox. She sees something no one else sees.

WILL GRAHAM

What's that?

ALANA BLOOM

That neither of you is the killer she's writing about, but together, you might be.

HANNIBAL

(to Will)

Freddie Lounds must consider you a bland interview subject if she's already resorted to fiction.

ALANA BLOOM

She won't be fenced in by something as malleable as the truth.

(then)

Freddie has no boundaries.

WILL GRAHAM

A person with no boundaries is a psychopath. Or a journalist.

ALANA BLOOM

Freddie isn't the only one without boundaries. Your relationship doesn't seem to know many. Patient and therapist. Friend and enemy.

HANNIBAL

Crossing boundaries is different than violating them.

ALANA BLOOM

Boundaries are always subject to negotiation. It's just hard to know where you are with each other.

WILL GRAHAM

We know where we are with each other. Shouldn't that be enough?

Alana can see that she is bumping into her own boundaries. Hannibal makes light of the exchange, offering simply:

HANNIBAL

Better the devil you know.

Hannibal smiles and takes a bite, and we...

CUT TO:

INT. FREDDIE LOUNDS'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The room is dark, privacy blinds drawn against the sunlight outside. Slivers of light from around the edge are just enough to illuminate --

A DESK

On it are reports and articles, pictures of Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Abigail Hobbs, Bedelia Du Maurier. The police file on Bedelia's attacker. Scribbled notes on a legal pad.

CAMERA keeps moving around the chaos of Freddie's temporary base of operations. Papers and charts everywhere. She is an obsessive when on the hunt.

CAMERA moves around, into the shadows, to finally reveal --

HANNIBAL LECTER

Unmoving, waiting with the patience of a python in his PLASTIC SUIT.

CUT TO:

TIRES CRUNCH TO A HALT

We are --

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY

DOLLY OUT to see Freddie Lounds exiting her car with a bag. Will's house in the background.

PRE-LAP -- KNOCKING on a door --

TIME CUT TO:

Freddie stands on Will's veranda, peers through the door. Can see THE DOGS, but no Will Graham.

She KNOCKS again. She tries the door, pushes. It doesn't open. Freddie moves off the veranda, peers through windows. Looks under the house. An opportunity she may not get again.

FREDDIE'S POV -- the shed.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - SHED - DAY

Freddie Lounds now stands in front of the large doors. A hefty PADLOCK on the bolt. She pulls LOCK PICKS from her bag and deftly starts to work the lock.

A SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS:

THE LOCK PICK slides into the lock with a TENSION WRENCH.

INSIDE THE KEYWAY the lock pick maneuvers around WARDS.

THE LOCK PINS are adjusted into position.

THE LOCK turns.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - SHED - DAY

Light floods in as the doors open and Freddie Lounds steps in, silhouetted against the light behind.

She moves into the shed, bag over her shoulder. Old carpentry wood, a stack of firewood logs, boxes of ancient fishing tackle. Ancient machinery. And RANDALL TIER'S MAULING SUIT. It hangs like a skinned animal from a beam.

Without thinking, Freddie absently pulls out her camera and takes a few pictures. In the BURST OF LIGHT from her flash, Freddie notices something. She studies the bones closer. The bear skull glowering at her, the claws hang on either side, bloody and stained. She glances around the room and continues taking pictures of every detail of the space.

AN INDUSTRIAL FREEZER

Freddie examines the lock and retrieves her lock pick kit.

INSIDE THE FREEZER

The door OPENS revealing Freddie looking inside.

FREDDIE'S POV

A DOZEN PAPER-WRAPPED FISH fill the freezer. A HORSESHOE-SHAPED PAPER-WRAPPED FISH catches Freddie's eye. Unlike the other fish, it's in a plastic bag.

Freddie opens the bag and retrieves the horseshoe-wrapped fish, unwrapping it and revealing it is a HUMAN JAW.

The DOOR OPENS BEHIND HER, flooding the room with light. Freddie startles, turning to see Will silhouetted behind her.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - SHED - DAY

Freddie stares at Will in horror as he calmly closes the door behind him, blocking her way out. Freddie goes for the revolver in her bag. Pulls it free, points.

WILL GRAHAM

There really is a very good explanation for all of this.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I don't want to hear it.

Will takes a menacing step closer.

WILL GRAHAM

You're not the least bit curious?

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Get away from the door.

WILL GRAHAM

I can't let you go, Freddie. Not without hearing what I have to say.

(takes another step)

I know you're scared. Only have to be scared just a little bit longer.

(raises his hand)

Give me the gun.

He takes a final step and Freddie FIRES. BANG. The bullet raises SPLINTERS off the wall, narrowly missing Will.

Will CHARGES, violently slamming into Freddie.

BANG-BANG-BANG, Freddie keeps firing until Will wrenches the gun from her hand. She chops her foot hard down his instep and scrambles away. Will bolts after her, slamming into the wall as he slips on the cold floor.

Freddie is nearly to the door as Will grabs her by the back of the head, snatching a fistful of red hair.

Freddie's hand comes from her bag with PEPPER SPRAY. She blasts Will with it. Will lets go of her, hands to his eyes...

CUT TO:

EXT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - SHED - DAY

FREDDIE LOUNDS

As she comes bursting from the shed. Running for her life.
Toward her car. Cell phone in one hand.

Freddie CLICKS her keys and the car opens and she dives inside.

TIGHT ON FREDDIE trying to control her panic as she CLICKS
the doors locked. Her cell phone to her ear as she starts
the car as we hear her call get connected --

VOICE MAIL (V.O.)
Jack Crawford.

BEEP.

FREDDIE LOUNDS
Ja-AHHHHHH.

SMASH!

The side window bursts inward at Freddie, spraying broken
glass and revealing Will swinging an IRON BAR.

Freddie SCREAMS as she is YANKED violently out of the car.

PAN DOWN from Freddie, as she's dragged screaming from the
car, to the cell phone, call timer counting the seconds...

CUT TO BLACK.

FREDDIE'S SCREAMING

We are --

INT. BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

As Jack Crawford plays the recorded message for Alana,
Hannibal and Will.

They listen grimly to the sound of ragged breath, the car
door, the smash and then the scream.

JACK CRAWFORD
Freddie Lounds left this message
for me three hours ago. Her cell
signal's dead now. Last call was
traced to the nearest phone tower.
(looks to Will)
In Wolf Trap, Virginia. We have
her on security cameras at a gas
station, filling her car.
(to Will)
Six miles from your farm.

WILL GRAHAM

Freddie was supposed to interview me. She never showed up.

Alana is looking at Will closely. Hannibal is watching Alana.

JACK CRAWFORD

Why are you granting interviews to Freddie Lounds?

WILL GRAHAM

I owed her one.

HANNIBAL

Surely, Freddie Lounds has more enemies than Will.

JACK CRAWFORD

Not in Wolf Trap, Virginia.

WILL GRAHAM

I live in the middle of nowhere, Jack. If someone wanted to take her, it'd be a good place to do it.

Alana looks at Will and Hannibal. Decides she has to speak.

ALANA BLOOM

Freddie was investigating a story about Will and Hannibal committing murders together. There's no reason to believe her, but someone believed Freddie was a threat.

OFF Alana truly wondering what she believes --

CUT TO:

A WAX PAPER-WRAPPED PACKAGE

Is placed on a worktop, unwrapped, revealing two beautiful LOINS OF MEAT. We are --

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Will Graham is organizing his groceries on the counter as Hannibal looks on. Onions, assorted bell peppers, garlic cloves, tomatoes, potatoes and ginger are ready for prep.

WILL GRAHAM

I provide the ingredients, you tell me what we should do with them.

HANNIBAL

What's the meat?

WILL GRAHAM

What do you think?

Hannibal smiles at that. Cuts the string and unrolls the paper to reveal a LOIN OF MEAT. Long and slim. He bends and smells it. Hannibal looks up at Will with a smile. Because he knows what this is. He looks proud.

HANNIBAL

Red meat, but only just. Veal?
Pork, perhaps?

WILL GRAHAM

She was a slim and delicate pig.

HANNIBAL

I'll make you a pork *lomo saltado*.
We'll make it together.

Hannibal hands Will a knife and nods to the chopping board. Will grabs the ginger root among the ingredients.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

You slice the ginger.

Hannibal looks at Will closely now. Intent.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Will and Hannibal at the table -- beautifully-presented plates before them. Hannibal smiles, watches Will as he raises a forkful of the meat and eats it.

Hannibal is satisfied.

Takes a mouthful himself and savors it. He knows the flavor. No hiding it. He looks at Will.

HANNIBAL

The meat has an interesting flavor.
It's bracing. Notes of citrus.

Will savors the flavors of the dish.

WILL GRAHAM

My palate isn't as refined as yours.

HANNIBAL

Apart from humane considerations,
it's more flavorful for animals to
be stress-free prior to slaughter.
This animal tastes frightened.

WILL GRAHAM

What does "frightened" taste like?

HANNIBAL

It's acidic.

WILL GRAHAM

The meat is bitter about being dead.

Hannibal is amused by that notion.

HANNIBAL

This meat isn't pork.

WILL GRAHAM

It's long pig.

Will takes a bite. Hannibal watches him intently, proud.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You can't reduce me to a set of
influences. I'm not the product of
anything. I've given up good and
evil for behaviorism.

HANNIBAL

Then you can't say that I'm evil.

WILL GRAHAM

You're destructive. Same thing.

HANNIBAL

Evil's just destructive? Storms
are evil, if it's that simple. And
we have fire, and then there's
hail. Underwriters lump it all
under "Acts of God."

(re: the pork)

Is this meal an act of God, Will?

Hannibal takes a final bite and we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE