

HANNIBAL

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Based on the Characters Created by
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FIRST DRAFT
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HANNIBAL
"Aperitif"

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. VARIOUS PIECES OF EVIDENCE surround him: a DIGI-PIC of a woman's neck marred by a bloody boot heel footprint; a SMALL EVIDENCE BAG CONTAINING TERRYCLOTH FIBERS; INCIDENT REPORTS.

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.

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

He walks backward past the LEGS OF DOZENS OF POLICE OFFICERS and OFFICIALS, between the TIRES OF POLICE CARS.

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.

THE PENDULUM

It continues to rhythmically FWUM-FWUM-FWUM through the scene giving GLIMPSES between OMNISCIENT P.O.V. and WILL'S P.O.V.

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 carotids 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 her blood. The flow is much less dramatic than it was with her husband. Regardless, she drops to the floor like a rag doll, instantly paralyzed.

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 DDT 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 --

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.

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

He surveys the lecture hall for social appearances. The
Trainee's 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:

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. A ROW OF SIGNS mounted on a post read: "Hurt," "Agony," "Pain," "Love it," "Pride."

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

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.

The FIRING RANGE ERUPTS into a BARRAGE OF GUN SHOTS.

INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - DAY

Jack and Will move through a maze of TRAINEES in matching khakis and polos assembling and disassembling their firearms. They continue into a CORRIDOR, where Jack calls call an ELEVATOR by tapping the DOWN ARROW BUTTON, which illuminates.

INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE SERVICES - DAY

The ELEVATOR OPENS and as Will follows Jack through the corridor, he notices the entire demographic of the Academy has changed. Gone are the matching khakis, polos, and sweats of the TRAINEES. Everyone down here is wearing a suit.

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 Emily Nichols to Will.

WILL GRAHAM

Number eight?

JACK CRAWFORD
Emily Nichols. St. Cloud State
University on the Mississippi.

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 Emily 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 Emily Nichols' photo next to the EIGHTH BLUE SQUARE.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Or none of them. And it's about a
girl who hasn't been taken yet.

JACK CRAWFORD
He's warming up for his special gal
or reliving whatever he did to her.

WILL GRAHAM
Special gal 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 eyes him for a moment, then:

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

WILL GRAHAM
You have Heimlich at Harvard and
Bloom at University of Chicago.
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.

INT. ST. CLOUD STATE UNIVERSITY - DORM COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

Will Graham and Jack Crawford address a DOZEN MINNESOTA GIRLS. The pleasant, wind-chaffed milquetoast young ladies are gathered around a sectional couch, sitting and standing. Among the most vocal are DIEDRE, MARLA, STEPH, and BECKY.

A CHRYON tells us we are:

ST. CLOUD STATE UNIVERSITY, ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA

STEPH

They said she didn't leave campus. Not alive anyway. Or on her own violation or whatever you call it.

MARLA

I was here when she left the floor. I saw her get in the elevator.

WILL GRAHAM

Volition.

BECKY

Her car's still in the parking lot. It was here all weekend.

DIEDRE

She was supposed to leave Friday night. She was going to house-sit for her parents. Feed their cat.

Will has a subtle reaction to that.

BECKY

This is making my throat close up.

WILL GRAHAM

I know, right?

Jack clocks Will speaking in a striking, yet subtle mirroring of the girl's youthful cadence that he quickly suppresses.

JACK CRAWFORD

Emily Nichols didn't just disappear into thin air somewhere between this elevator and the parking lot. It was orchestrated. It was planned and probably rehearsed.

That seems to focus the Minnesota girls for the moment.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Did Emily ever mention meeting someone or being approached? Did you see her with anybody unusual?

DIEDRE

I'm her suite mate. I've only ever seen her studying and frying Spam. I know she didn't have a boyfriend.

MARLA

Do you know what he's doing with them? The girls he's taking?

STEPH

("duh")

He's raping and murdering them.

JACK CRAWFORD

We have no evidence of that.

MARLA

It could be a sex slave ring.

STEPH

That's still rape and murder.

JACK CRAWFORD

We believe this is an individual.

BECKY

Like Ted Bundy?

WILL GRAHAM

Like Willy Wonka. Every young woman he takes is a candy bar. But hidden amongst all those candy bars is the one, true intended victim, which if we follow through on the metaphor, would be our Golden Ticket. We identify the Golden Ticket, we can identify Willy.

Jack stares at Will then clarifies to the young women:

JACK CRAWFORD

This man is very good at what he does. He will do it again.

BECKY

He already took a girl from St. Cloud's so the rest of us are safe.

WILL GRAHAM

Not if you're the Golden Ticket.

The young woman stares a perplexed moment before her face crumples like an old apple doll, emotionally confused.

EXT. MR. AND MRS. NICHOLS' HOME - NIGHT

Establishing. A CHYRON tells us we are --

DULUTH, MINNESOTA

ON MR. AND MRS. NICHOLS

Emily'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...

We are --

INT. MR. AND MRS. NICHOLS' HOME - NIGHT

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 Emily 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? Emily 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 mulls that a moment.

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.

WILL GRAHAM
Can I see your daughter's room?

MRS. NICHOLS
Police were up there this morning.

EMILY 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 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.

EMILY 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.

EMILY 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 unbreathing bosom are immediately evident to Will. Sadly, Mr. Nichols fails to notice. Blinded by hope, he steps forward.

MR. NICHOLS
Emily?

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.

CUT TO BLACK.

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. EMILY NICHOLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The CRIME-SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures. JIMMY PRICE (50s, frail, focused) dusts the window for fingerprints. BEVERLY KATZ (30s, bright-eyed yet weary) combs for hairs and fibers. BRIAN ZELLER (late 20s, hair thinning) shines a light under Emily's box spring, exposing a cracked bed board. Jack Crawford herds Price, Katz and Zeller out the door.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

EXT. EMILY 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 Emily 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 Emily Nichols' Bedroom Window. The neighborhood is quiet and empty. No Police. No Police Cars. No Ambulance.

He looks through the face-less reflection of himself in the window glass to Emily Nichols sleeping soundly in her bed. Will quietly opens the window and climbs inside.

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

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

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

Emily 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, Emily dies.

OMNISCIENT P.O.V. as CAMERA REVEALS Beverly Katz has not left the room, as instructed. She's standing over Emily 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 (CONT'D)
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?
 Too unstable to carry a gun?

Will shows her his shoulder holster with gun tucked inside.
 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
 Emily 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 special gal?

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 Bufferin?

INT. AIRPORT CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Will slaps several Bufferin packs and cash on the counter.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Will Graham stands at a GATE COUNTER. The AIRLINE ATTENDANT winces reading her monitor, smiling as she breaks the news:

AIRLINE ATTENDANT
I'm sorry your flight is delayed.

WILL GRAHAM
How delayed?

AIRLINE ATTENDANT
Significantly delayed.

He PLOPS into an uncomfortable stainless steel lounge chair, cracks open his Bufferin sample package and swallows them.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - NIGHT

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

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT TRAM - NIGHT

Will PLOPS into an uncomfortable plastic bus bench seat, opens another Bufferin package and tosses them back.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S CAR - AIRPORT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Will PLOPS into his luxurious by comparison car seat as the AIRPORT TRAM pulls away in the BACKGROUND. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out several empty Bufferin 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.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Under the horrible glare of cost-effective neon light, Will Graham slaps A BAG OF HOTDOGS and some CASH on the counter.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

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

Then CAMERA REVEALS the Dog is trotting past Will sitting on the bumper of his car, unwrapping a BAG OF HOTDOGS.

The Dog stops.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S CAR - NIGHT - DRIVING

Will already seems lighter in spirit. He glances at the mangy Dog securely fastened into the passenger seat and asks:

WILL GRAHAM
What do you want from me?

The Dog stares.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S BATHROOM - 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 the tub as Will massages a SOAPY LATHER through his furry coat and around the bald patches. Dead fleas float in the soapy water while others hop and die.

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 - ENCLOSED PATIO - NIGHT

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

WILL GRAHAM
Winston. This is everybody.
Everybody. This is Winston.

CAMERA REVEALS A DOZEN FORMALLY STRAY DOGS staring at Winston in the safety of his new dog kennel. Winston is not an isolated incident. Will Graham 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.

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 - ENCLOSED PATIO - NIGHT

The entire pack is huddled together sleigh-dog style surrounding Winston's dog kennel. Inside the kennel, Winston twitches as he dozes through fitful doggy dreams.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will's breathing is the only sound in the room. Moonlight-cast tree branch shadows stretch along the walls and across the ceiling. Then there's a second 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:

EMILY 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, in an effort to confirm or deny her reality, the ANTLER-LIKE TREE BRANCH SHADOWS shift and stretch, piercing Emily through her wounds, re-impaling her and pulling her into the DARKNESS.

Emily slowly recedes into the SHADOWS and disappears.

ON WILL GRAHAM

He jolts awake in his bed, soaking wet with perspiration. Emily Nichols was lying next to him only in a dream. His shirt and underwear cling indiscriminately as he throws back the sheets and climbs out of damp 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.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

UNDERWATER

SPLOOSH. A BODY breaks the surface in a FLURRY OF BUBBLES. The body sinks TOWARD CAMERA, filling THE FRAME. It's Will. Water and bubbles wash over his face...

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

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.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm fine. Just an unfortunate head space. Never fun but you get so you can function. Shaking it off.

He washes down a pair of Bufferin tablets with a wince.

JACK CRAWFORD

Do you respect my judgement, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

(cautious)

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

He couldn't honor her. He has guilt and remorse. 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. Emily 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.

(MORE)

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

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 Emily Nichols back into bed.

WILL GRAHAM

I think he knows that.

JACK CRAWFORD

What else does he know?

WILL GRAHAM

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

JACK CRAWFORD

Tell me one way.

WILL GRAHAM

If he was more worried about Emily Nichols than being careful.

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 Emily 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 REAMER

It turns around the metal shaft, removing burrs from the cut pipe as more OIL drips and lubricates the threads.

A CAR DOOR SHUTS and CAMERA REVEALS we are --

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

CAMERA FINDS the car, from which we can see a Minnesota girl getting out, milquetoasted and wind-chaffed. She is of the same hair color, eye color, weight and height as Emily Nichols and the seven young women before her.

Her name is ABIGAIL HOBBS.

DIRTY HANDS

They wipe away oil and shavings from the newly threaded pipe.

ON 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. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO - DAY

An academic atmosphere with ivy-covered neo-Gothic buildings, populated with DOZENS OF STUDENTS, milling about, studying.

A CHYRON tells us we are --

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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

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

I've 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

Petersen upstairs wanted the study.

ALANA BLOOM

You're the one who asked for it.

JACK CRAWFORD

Seemed a shame not to take advantage, academically speaking.

ALANA BLOOM

Anything scholarly on Will Graham would be published posthumously.

JACK CRAWFORD

After you or after Graham?

ALANA BLOOM

(ignoring his question)
Will wants to think of this as a purely intellectual exercise, and in the narrow definition of forensics, that's what it is.

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. What you don't mention on the big boys side of the playground.

JACK CRAWFORD

Don't worry about telling me he's afraid. I won't think he's not a stand up guy. I'm not an asshole.

ALANA BLOOM

You're not a total asshole.

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. Come back to Quantico with me.

ALANA BLOOM

No. Jack, you really don't want me commenting on this in any official capacity. It wouldn't reflect well on you. Sorry you wasted the trip.

Jack heaves a frustrated breath and exhales:

JACK CRAWFORD

So am I.

ALANA BLOOM

Promise me something, Jack. Don't let him get too close. I think it would kill him to have to fight.

JACK CRAWFORD
 He won't have to fight. I can
 promise you that.

CUT TO:

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.

A PENDULUM

It swings in the darkness. FWUM. FWUM.

EMILY 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.

FWUM.

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.

He removes the liver and examines the organ more closely.

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.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

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 BENJAMIN. He tries to find dignity in his tears as he reaches out...

BENJAMIN

Please...

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

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

I hate being this neurotic.

Benjamin wipes his eyes and nose.

HANNIBAL

If you weren't neurotic, Benjamin,
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 Benjamin, who gathers his emotions.

A CHRYON tells us we are --

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

HANNIBAL

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

He eyes the tissue Benjamin 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 Benjamin 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 Benjamin.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I'll see you next week, Benjamin.
(to Jack Crawford)
Unless of course this is about him.

JACK CRAWFORD

Oh, no, this is all about you.

Hannibal blinks and forces a flat smile.

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.

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.

QUICK POP TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A beautifully prepared and presented human heart on a plate.
Hannibal cuts a bite-sized piece and pops it in his mouth.

BACK TO:

INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

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

JACK CRAWFORD

Are these your's, 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 lighting were about to strike.

JACK CRAWFORD

You were referred to me by Alana
Bloom in the psychology department
at the University of Chicago.

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

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.

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.

WILL GRAHAM

I think of him as one of those pitiful things that are sometimes born in hospitals. They feed it, and keep it warm, but they don't put it on the machines and they let it die. This cannibal is the same way in his head, but he looks normal, nobody can tell what he is.

CAMERA REVEALS we are --

INT. DINER - DAY

Bright and clean. Will Graham sits at a booth with Hannibal Lecter and Jack Crawford over their nearly completed meals. No plate in front of Hannibal a thermos of his own coffee.

A CHRYON tells us we are --

Quantico, Virginia

WILL GRAHAM

I can't tell what he is. Or who he is. He's got no face for me.

JACK CRAWFORD

We could spend a lot of time looking for people we've invented while he takes the next girl.

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 Emily Nichols' body with their phone and shared it with a few close friends. Freddy Lounds ran it on Tattler.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
You must prefer the company of
animals. I suspect a dog lover?

WILL GRAHAM
They're okay.

Will is momentarily distracted by TWO WOMEN, apparently mother and daughter, arguing at a table near the door. They speak in low voices, anger red in their faces. Hannibal notices Will looking flushed on his face and neck.

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.
 (then)
 I'm going to get some air.

He scoots out of the booth and crosses to the door steering a wide berth around the angry mother and daughter.

AT THE CASH REGISTER

Hannibal stands near Crawford as he pays the CASHIER. Will Graham can be seen outside through the plate glass windows.

JACK CRAWFORD

Keep poking him like that and those Get Smart doors are going to come down faster than you can say "Boo."

HANNIBAL

During intense conversations, does he adopt your cadence of speech?

He does and Crawford has definitely noticed it before.

JACK CRAWFORD

I thought it was a gimmick to get the back-and-forth going.

HANNIBAL

It's involuntary. He couldn't stop himself if he tried.

(then)

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.

JACK CRAWFORD

If that tool can save somebody's
life, I'm going to use it.

Hannibal reads Jack Crawford in one slow blink.

HANNIBAL

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

CLOSE ON - HANNIBAL'S NOSE

A larger PROSTHETIC NOSE is placed over it.

CLOSE ON - FACIAL HAIR APPLIANCE

The hair affixed to a net is secured to Hannibal's jaw.

CLOSE ON - A WIG

The expensive wig is pulled down and fastened like a cap.

POP WIDE TO REVEAL

Hannibal is completely transformed into a MAN with a beard
and thick shock of hair whose frame is slightly different
than his own. He puts on glasses.

A COVERED CAR

The blanket is whipped off the vehicle in one move. We are --

INT. YOURSELF STORAGE - STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

The car is indistinct in every way, as common as a Toyota
Camry. DISGUISED HANNIBAL at the rear bumper, removes the
Maryland license and affixes a false Pennsylvania plate.

EXT. YOURSELF STORAGE - STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

The garage door rolls up unceremoniously and the indistinct
in every way automobile slowly emerges. Disguised Hannibal
steps out of the car and pulls the storage unit door closed.

EXT. MINNESOTA STATE LINES - NIGHT

A monumental STATE SIGN reads "MINNESOTA WELCOMES YOU." The
INDISTINCT CAR with the PENNSYLVANIA PLATES drives past.

CUT TO:

CAMERA FLOATS HIGH ABOVE, LOOKING DOWN AT:

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA - FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA MARCHING BAND is performing its half-time rendition of *Fleetwood Mac's TUSK*.

CONCESSION STANDS AND RESTROOMS

Bustling with HUNDREDS OF FACULTY, STUDENTS, PARENTS and VISITORS. The Marching Band can be heard in the background.

CAMERA FINDS CASSIE and ALICE, two attractive young MINNESOTA GIRLS. They move through the crowd heading toward...

DISGUISED HANNIBAL

He stands politely away from the crowd, a smoking cigarette dangling from his gloved fingertips. As the girls approach:

CASSIE

Doesn't use them. Rolls up toilet paper in tight little wads. Her family is really poor. It's gross.

ALICE

Too poor to buy tampons?

CASSIE

Maybe it's an OCD thing.

HANNIBAL

OCD is something else altogether.

She shoots him a look, but sees his cigarette and wants one.

CASSIE

You got another cigarette?

Hannibal fishes through pockets for the box of cigarettes.

HANNIBAL

(playful)

I have to ask you to start over. I simply cannot reward rude behavior. It's unspeakably ugly to me.

CASSIE

Yawn. Just give me the cigarette or I have to make you hate me.

HANNIBAL

Don't do that.

CASSIE

I have qualities.

HANNIBAL

That make people hate you?

Hannibal shakes a cigarette out of the box and offers it.

CASSIE

I can be very judgemental. There's a fat girl on my floor and she's a vegetarian and that pisses me off.

She takes the cigarette and he lights it.

HANNIBAL

The fat or the vegetarian?

CASSIE

Both. Existing in one entity. I guess there's no meat in a Twinkie.

HANNIBAL

No. None at all.

CASSIE

Aren't you gonna watch the game?

HANNIBAL

I know very little about the sport.

CASSIE

Then why are you here? Piss off.

Cassie heaves an exhausted, annoyed sigh as she casually blows smoke in Hannibal's face before turning away.

Hannibal smiles. Then coughs.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

CASSIE'S DEAD BODY

She has similar WOUNDS across her torso to the ones seen on Emily 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?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DINER/TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

A couple of flannel-wearing, down-vest-sporting HUNTERS mosey across the parking lot toward their gun-rack-equipped TRUCK. CAMERA REVEALS the HEADLESS STAG strapped to its hood.

The TWO HUNTERS stop short, jaws falling slack.

HUNTER

Holy sh --

SMASH BACK TO:

EXT. MINNESOTA FIELD - MORNING

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 stands out of the tall grass nearby.

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. At its leisure.

WILL GRAHAM
 Sounds about right.

JACK CRAWFORD
 Is he self-destructing?

WILL GRAHAM
 If he were self-destructing he
 wouldn't be so meticulous.

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 Emily 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 KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hannibal charmingly beats the air out of the lungs with a mallet to the strains of Strauss, pounding the lungs flat. He dabs his pinky into the raw lung tissue and tastes.

HANNIBAL
Pre-smoked.

POP BACK TO:

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.

JACK CRAWFORD
What do they call it when the copy
cat is crazier than the original?

WILL GRAHAM
You have the "Evil Minds" museum.
(then)
Our cannibal loves women. He
doesn't want to destroy them. He
wants to consume them. Keep some
part of them inside him. This
girl's killer that she was a pig.

Will takes in the open field, considering the stage.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
The cannibal who killed Emily
Nichols had a place to do it and no
real interest in field Kabuki. He
has a house, maybe two, or a cabin.
Something with an antler room.

JACK CRAWFORD
We're already looking at Minnesota
steamfitters and plumbers and
people with hunting licenses.

WILL GRAHAM
He would have a daughter. Same age
as the other girls. Same hair color,
same eye color, same height, same
weight. She would be an only child.
She's leaving home.

(MORE)

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 He can't stand the thought of losing
 her. She's his Golden Ticket.

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.

POP BACK TO:

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

Jack Crawford and Will Graham stare at the horrible tableau.

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.

THE MISSING LUNGS - HANNIBAL LECTER'S DINING ROOM

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

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY ROAD - EARLY MORNING

A syrupy MORNING FOG blankets the road. Will Graham,
 completely naked, stumbles INTO FRAME, dazed. He glances up
 just as HEADLIGHTS cut through the mist, blinding him.

Then...

Will is suddenly, brutally TRAMPLED/GORED by a LARGE STAG
 COVERED WITH BLACK CROW FEATHERS. OFF the IMPACT of the
 FEATHERED DEER KNOCKING Will OUT OF FRAME...

CUT TO:

A CLOSED DOOR

A distorted image of SOMEONE KNOCKING rolls across the fish-eye lens of the PEEP HOLE. KNOCK-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, blinking away the last images of the Feathered Deer haunting his half-asleep mind.

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.

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

It's no secret he has an agenda for you. This morning's last minute deposition reeked of convenience.

WILL GRAHAM

("sure did")

You have all day to gain my trust.

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 think we're going to catch him. The original Shrike.

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.

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 trying to understand their visit.

DIXIE

We have a strict policy of not hiring drifters or anyone who has a history of trouble with the law.

WILL GRAHAM

We're not looking for anyone like that, ma'am. Just general demographic information on hires.

HANNIBAL

Any employee correspondence you might have? Recommendations, complaints, anything in writing?

DIXIE

I got a whole stack of resignation letters. Plumbers union requires them whenever members finish a job.

STACK OF RESIGNATION LETTERS

Will and Hannibal are leafing through pages as Dixie talks on the phone in an ineffective hushed tone.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

(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

He's one of our pipe threaders.

(to phone)

I'll call you back.

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

WILL GRAHAM

Phone number. No address.

(then)

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.

WILL GRAHAM

You have an address for Mr. Hobbs?

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER OFFICE - DAY

Will, Hannibal and Dixie haul file boxes from the make-shift
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 Emily Nichols and the rest.

A CHYRON tells us we are --

ST. PAUL, 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 work.

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

JACOB

Hello.

INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Hannibal speaks simply and clearly into the disposable 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

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'S 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 --

EXT. HOBBS'S HOUSE - CAR - DAY

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

Will pops a Bufferin 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'S 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'S 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'S 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.

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.

GARRETT HOBBS

See? See?

Will's are eyes 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.

EXT. MINNESOTA WILDERNESS - RUSTIC HUNTING CABIN - DAY

A CHYRON tells us we are --

CHIPPEWA NATIONAL FOREST, MINNESOTA

Jack Crawford is the first in a bevy of FBI AGENTS moving toward the Cabin door. He nods to the BIG AGENT beside him.

SMASH! One kick sends the door off its hinges.

INT. RUSTIC HUNTING CABIN - DAY

Jack takes in the morbid sight with measured composure. The faces on the Agents around him are decidedly less composed.

ANTLERS cover LITERALLY EVERY INCH OF THE ENTIRE ROOM.

Brittle horns CRACK beneath their feet and dangle like skeletal stalactites from above. The most impressive specimens, on the walls, protrude from the tangle of bony knobs behind them, obfuscating any hint of the wood behind.

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 have to fight.

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