

BEHIND THE MASK:

Young Hannibal

A Screenplay

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. LECTER CASTLE- SUNNY MORNING, LATE FALL

HANNIBAL LECTER, 8, sets his sister MISCHA, 3, on a horse cart in the stable yard. The horse CESAR, unhitched, is in a stall. Hannibal trickles grain from his hand to write a big letter M on the ground. Flocking pigeons whistle down to eat the grain. They form an M in living birds on the ground. Hannibal draws an M in the straw dust on the cart beside his sister. He draws an M in the palm of Mischa's hand.

HANNIBAL
M for Mischa!

The child is delighted, pats his face. He puts her on the ground. She runs to the letter made of pigeons and the birds fly up all around her.

THE MOAT

Black swans swimming on black water. The wall of the moat has crumbled over time to make a slope overgrown with plantings. Hannibal, 8, and sister Mischa, 3, throw bread to the swans. The male swan comes onto the bank to challenge them, black wings spread like coming death. Hannibal, calm, puts his sister behind him and, holding a feathery branch in each hand, extends his arms like wings. Mischa peeps around Hannibal's leg. Seeing Hannibal's wingspan is greater, the swan goes back in the water to peacefully feed. Mischa drops her piece of bread, picks it up muddled. When Hannibal bends to help her, she touches her muddy finger to his nose, laughs at the result. He looks at his reflection in the water and laughs with her. An EXPLOSION in the distance shivers the water and blurs their reflections. A NANNY comes running to shoo them back toward the house.

CUT TO:

THE FOREST

German tanks and infantry move through woods, artillery bursts in the trees.

SUPER TITLE: Lithuania 1944

CUT TO:

AERIAL VIEW. THE BLACK SWANS FLYING.

Black bursts of flak in the skies ahead of the birds. The SOUND OF AIRPLANES. A swan crumples and begins a long fall to earth.

CUT TO:

THE CASTLE COURTYARD

THE HORSE DRIVER, helper LOTHAR, and NANNY hurry to load necessities onto a spring wagon. Nanny carries a child's copper bathtub full of linens to the wagon.

INSIDE THE CASTLE, MOTHER LECTER'S BOUDOIR

Mother Lecter gathers her valuables quickly. Hannibal holds her jewelry case. She presses the lips of a face carved in the ornate molding and a hidden compartment opens. She scoops pearls and brooches into the case. In the compartment is a bundle of letters tied with ribbon and some photos. Before she can take them, the Nanny stops in the doorway carrying Mischa.

NANNY
Please, Madame!

Mother Lecter closes the compartment, leaving the papers.

THE CASTLE COURTYARD

FATHER LECTER boosts Hannibal into the back of the wagon and hands him Mischa. He looks into Hannibal's face and pats Hannibal's arms, which are around Mischa. The Nanny is beside them. Father Lecter helps Mother Lecter into the wagon.

FATHER LECTER
Col. Timka thinks the fighting
will be close to the roads.
Can't last more than a few days.
We'll be all right at the lodge.

THE FOREST

A steep, overgrown track through the woods is barely passable by the wagon. Lothar pushes from behind. The Horse Driver walks ahead, hacking the branches back, careful of the horse's face. ARTILLERY BURSTS in distant treetops. Snow begins to fall.

CUT TO:

A TORN FOREST BATTLEFIELD

German tanks and a mix of German troops and their Balkan allies skirmish with retreating Russian infantry

IN A CLEARING

A black swan walks around and around its crashed and crumpled mate.

CUT TO:

AN AMBULANCE STRETCHER on the ground.

Watches and wallets land on it. Some eyeglasses with gold rims bounce on the canvas.

PULLING BACK we see a shattered home on a battlefield. The stretcher is in the midst of dead soldiers, Russian, German, and a variety of Slavic uniforms. Papers are scattered around the dead, wallet pictures of village girls. LOOTERS rob the dead. The looters wear faded Lithuanian uniforms with medical armbands and insignia. GRUTAS, blond, wolfish, and DORTLICH carry a tapestry out of the house and throw it into a half-track truck with medical markings. MILKO, POT WATCHER, KOLNAS, GRENTZ, AND A DRIVER loot bodies. A WOUNDED GERMAN SOLDIER moves his mouth, tries to hold out his hand to Grentz, who takes his watch. A TALL LOOTER runs out the side door of the house carrying an ormolu clock. Grutas sees him.

GRUTAS

Who's that? Catch that son of a bitch.

The Tall Looter runs across the battlefield, hugging the clock, leaping over the dead. Kolnas and the Driver start in pursuit when a tank appears in the distance. Its machine gun stutters and the Tall Looter is hit. He falls, still clutching the clock. His face and the clock's face smashed by bullets. HEAR HIS HEART, HEAR THE CLOCK BONG. The clock bongs and stops with the looter's heartbeat.

GRUTAS

(continuing)

Get a body.

They start to pick up the wounded soldier.

GRUTAS

(continuing)

No, stupid. Get a dead one.

The turret of the approaching tank swings toward them. The looters throw a soldier's body on the stretcher covering the loot. Grutas waves a white cloth at the tank and points to the cross on the truck and to a medical armband he's wearing. The tank moves on.

THE MEDICAL TRUCK

Moving across the battlefield, running over the dead. The tailgate opens, the soldier's body is thrown out. The truck goes on.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HUNTING LODGE - DAY

The Lecter family and the cart have arrived at the lodge. The Horse Driver draws water from the well. Hannibal's Father starts to gather kindling.

HORSE DRIVER
I'll do that, Sir.

FATHER LECTER
It's all right. Go on-- Cook
will have everything packed by the
time you get back to the Castle.

The Horse Driver and Cart disappear back down the trail.

LATER INSIDE THE HUNTING LODGE

A handsome, high room hung with hunting trophies. A big fireplace and an iron stove. A fire is going. The Nanny has Mischa's bathtub filled near the fire. Nanny adjusts the temperature by adding hot water from a kettle. She makes suds and puts Mischa into the tub.

FATHER LECTER (to Hannibal's Mother)
We'll hide your best things.

Hannibal's mother opens her pouch, takes out a string of pearls. Mischa brightens at this and reaches for them. Mother Lecter looks up at the wall where a big boar's head is mounted. She smiles at her husband, raises an eyebrow.

MOTHER LECTER
Pearls before swine?

They are tired, but still they smile. Mischa frets in the tub. Hannibal takes off her baby bracelet, dips it into the water and blows bubbles for her. The bubbles burst over the fire. Mischa laughs and pats Hannibal's cheek.

CUT TO:

GERMAN TROOPS IN WINTER, a siege gun emplacement,
bitter cold.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HUNTING LODGE - DAY

The season has changed, snow blowing through bare limbs.

THE FOREST NEAR THE LODGE

The woods are filling up with snow. Lothar carries firewood, Father Lecter has a game bag, tail of a bird showing. Hannibal carries a bag of withered apples. Visibility is ten yards. Father Lecter stops the group. He knows the answer when he asks

FATHER LECTER
Which way home?

Lothar starts to answer. Father Lecter silences him with a gesture.

FATHER LECTER
(continuing)
Hannibal?

He hands Hannibal a pair of field glasses. A compass is inset in the glasses, between the tubes. Hannibal studies the compass, points a direction into the falling snow where nothing is visible. Father Lecter smiles and nods.

INSIDE THE HUNTING LODGE

In the larder, Nanny scrapes the last meat off a bone. There are a few withered potatoes left in a bin. In the main room, Hannibal's Father listens with earphones to a radio while Lothar cranks a generator by hand.

FATHER LECTER
(continuing)
The Germans are falling back from Leningrad. They're in full retreat, Starving and freezing.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HUNTING LODGE- BRIGHT DAY

A Soviet tank crashes through the brush and into the clearing. The cannon swings around to face the house. The TANK COMMANDER addresses the house through a bullhorn.

TANK COMMANDER
Everybody out.

Hannibal's Father, Mother Lecter, the Nanny and Lothar come outside.

TANK COMMANDER
(continuing)
We only want water. We will not hurt you. The children can stay in where it's warm. If a shot comes from the house, you all die.

TANK COMMANDER (to gunner)
 Cover them.
 (to crewman)
 Start the pump.

CUT TO:

A FLIGHT OF STUKA DIVE BOMBERS.

They peel off to bomb and strafe a Soviet column on the road. SIGNATURE SCREAM of the Stukas.

THE HUNTING LODGE

The Lecter Family in front with servants, children inside. The crewman puts a hose from the tank down the well. We HEAR A PUMP WHINING. The gunner on the tank looks at Mischa's face in the door. Maybe the gunner has a child-- he smiles at her. WHINE OF THE PUMP COVERS THE SCREAM OF A STUKA until the plane is close.

FLASH OF THE PILOT in helmet, goggles and scarf.

FLASH OF THE PILOT'S POV

The forest below, a column of chimney smoke coming up. The tank taking on water.

THE LECTER FAMILY, THE TANK AND CREW.

We HEAR the sounds of distant battle. The tank gunner hears the airplane coming, desperately elevates his muzzle and fires and suddenly the plane is upon them, its machine guns blazing.

IN THE HOUSE

Hannibal sees the bullets stitch across the earth, puts his hands over Mischa's head and covers her on the floor with his body.

FLASH OF THE PILOT. His windscreen smashed, his goggles filled with blood.

HANNIBAL raises his head to see.

HANNIBAL'S POV

The plane crashes and explodes, killing or wounding everyone in the yard. He sees his mother's dress on fire. He pushes Mischa down, makes her stay.

IN FRONT OF THE LODGE

Hannibal runs to his mother. Beats at the fire on her clothing. Holds her head. She is dead.

Explosions in the burning airplane as ammunition begins to cook off. Lothar, badly wounded, sees Mischa coming out amid the burning wreckage. Mischa runs toward Hannibal and her mother, screaming, arms wide. Random rounds are going off in the airplane's guns. Lothar tries to reach for the child.

THE STUKA PILOT IN BURNING SCARF AND GOGGLES, dead, his face burned to a death's head as his machine guns go off killing Lothar, blood spattered on the baby, she desolate standing with her arms spread crying to the sky. Hannibal running to her, bullets striking all around, and he scoops her into his arms and runs into the lodge.

CUT TO:

THE HUNTING LODGE NIGHTFALL

Heavy snow is falling as Hannibal walks among the dead, tries to drag the bodies but they are frozen to the ground. He stops at his mother's body. Sits and holds his mother's head in his lap, snow falling on her hair and eyelashes. Mischa, inside the lodge, peers through the open door. Hannibal gestures for her to stay inside. Wolves, dark shapes among the trees. Hannibal stands and yells at them, brandishing a shovel. Mischa holds out her arms to him. He has to decide. He goes inside to her. Moving shadows at the edge of the clearing in the high forest. A wolf drags something away.

THE PHONY MEDICAL TRUCK

The truck moves along in the tracks of the tank, up through the forest. Its lights catch the eyes of wolves. Inside the truck, the Driver, Grutas and Dortlich see in the headlights a wolf dragging something.

IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK

Grentz, Kolnas, Milko and Pot Watcher sitting on looted goods, listen to a scratchy military radio. We hear garbled Russian, and the sound of shooting.

KOLNAS

They're shooting looters.

GRUTAS

Stop and black out.

Grutas looks through binoculars. He sees smoke coming from the chimney of the hunting lodge. In the distance WE HEAR ARTILLERY.

INSIDE THE LODGE

At the hearth, Hannibal feeds Mischa from a bowl. The door bursts open. Grutas, Kolnas and Dortlich come in, sweep the room with their weapons, see the children are alone. Hannibal puts Mischa behind him and picks up a boar spear.

GRUTAS

(continuing)

Put it down or I will shoot her.

The men gather around the children. Hannibal puts his arms around Mischa. Like pack of dogs, the men fall on the children and subdue them. Grutas locks a chain around their necks, snapping the thick padlocks shut.

GRUTAS (to Dortlich)

Shut up about it. If a patrol comes by we "saved" them and their family's stuff.

Kolnas takes Mischa's bracelet and puts it into his pocket. Dortlich picks up Mischa's bowl and wipes the porridge into his mouth with his webbed hand. He goes to the door and signals with his flashlight. The half-track truck pulls up to the lodge.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HUNTING LODGE-NIGHT

Mischa's bathtub is on the stove. In the tub is the long bone from the larder, boiling along with a shriveled potato. Hannibal and Mischa, chained together, watch from a loft above. Hannibal takes a scrap of bread from his coat, softens it in his mouth, puts it in Mischa's mouth. Driver cranks a generator while Grutas listens on earphones. Grutas shakes his head.

GRUTAS

No. Roadblocks every five kilometers from here to Vilnius. We're stuck for now.

EXT. THE HUNTING LODGE - DAY

Snow blowing sideways, drifting higher against the lodge. The light is failing.

INSIDE THE LODGE

Hannibal and Mischa are chained together in a sleeping loft overlooking the main room downstairs. Trembling in the cold, they clutch a scorched blanket around them. Mischa's face is against Hannibal's neck. Her tears fall and freeze on the chain around his neck.

We hear a VIOLENT, UNINTELLIGIBLE ARGUMENT from the room below, the SOUNDS DISTORTED. Hannibal, gingerly moving Mischa, crawls to the railing to look.

HANNIBAL'S POV-- THE ROOM BELOW

Ragged men tend fires in the great fireplace and cooking stove. The front door opens with a bang, snow blowing in. Grutas and Milko pull a little deer into the room. They are pulling it by a rope around its neck. The deer is alive, stumbling on its feet. An arrow is sticking in it. Grutas picks up an axe. Grentz comes with a big bowl.

POT WATCHER
Not in here!

Grutas and Milko drag the deer outside. Grentz follows with a bowl. GROWLING, SCREAMING, THE SOUND OF BLOWS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE HUNTING LODGE - DAY

Furniture is burning in the fireplace. On the stove the little deer's horned skull is boiling, all the meat gone. The criminal looters are lethargic, eyes glazed. Snow is piled against the windows. They stir, look toward the fireplace. Grutas is gnawing a bloody bird skin. He flings it away. Blood and feathers are stuck to his face. He looks at the children, all the men look at them, heads turning at once like a pack of hyenas.

CLOSE ON GRUTAS

GRUTAS
We eat or die.

INSERT TITLES

SUPER TITLE: LITHUANIA 1948

EXT. THE CASTLE , LATE SPRING AFTERNOON

Black swans swim on the moat. A pair of swans is followed by two cygnets, still fluffy. A third cygnet rides on a parent swan's back. Pieces of bread fall among them and they begin to feed. Hannibal, 12, his head shaved and wearing an orphanage uniform, feeds the swans. Pieces of bread splash into the water. The mother swan eats some bread, the male hisses.

THE CASTLE GROUNDS

Platoons of BOYS in drab uniform, heads shaved, do calisthenics on the grounds.. A soccer game is in progress near the stables. The draft horse pulls a cart loaded with firewood up the drive, past trees splintered but still blooming. The Driver walks beside the horse.

THE OVERGROWN BANK OF THE MOAT

High on the bank THREE BOYS in orphanage uniform watch Hannibal below them feeding the swans. The boys are older and larger than Hannibal. The leader, BLOND BOY, looks like a young Grutas.

BLOND BOY
The dummy.

BLOND BOY shoots a slingshot.

HANNIBAL AND THE SWANS. Hannibal sees a rock splash and skip near the baby swans. He turns and looks up.

THE THREE BOYS. Blond Boy looks at Hannibal steadily, shoots again at the swans, shoots at Hannibal. The rock splashes mud on Hannibal's leg. Blond Boy shoots at swans again. Hannibal shoos the swans with hisses and waving arms.

THE BANK OF THE MOAT. Hannibal is gone. The swans are swimming out of range. A rock splashes behind them.

THE THREE BOYS turn from their fun high on the moat's bank. Suddenly Hannibal is before them swinging a clump of weeds with a ball of mud on the roots. The mud ball catches Blond Boy right in the face, he falls backward down the bank and Hannibal leaps after him.

AT WATERSIDE

Hannibal drags the stunned boy to the water's edge and holds his head under, bubbles come up in the black water. The other two boys are hesitant, they yell toward the castle and go down the bank. Hannibal holds the boy's head under the water banging the handle of the slingshot like a knife down on the back of his head and neck. This is deadly intent, not a child fighting. Hannibal HISSES like the swan, throws the slingshot into the water. The other two boys try to pull Hannibal off as FIRST MONITOR scrambles down the bank.

CUT TO:

EXT, THE CASTLE ORPHANAGE- EVENING

Lamplight glows through the windows of the castle. MUFFLED SINGING comes from inside.

INT. CASTLE ORPHANAGE DINING HALL- EVENING

A great hall, stripped of finery, A HUNDRED BOYS in grey uniform have just finished eating at plank tables. They stand behind their places SINGING A DREARY SONG about duty to the state. A big portrait of Stalin watches them. THE HEADMASTER stands at the head of the table beside a Communist flag. Behind him is a great fireplace bearing the Lecter coat of arms, a wild boar. Headmaster is an intelligent man caught in a machine. Slightly drunk, he directs the singing with his fork as two adult MONITORS IN UNIFORM walk along the ranks of boys.

MONITORS, moving along the rows of young faces. They pass the three boys who fought with Hannibal. Blond BOY's face is scraped and bruised. First Monitor's cuffs and boots are smeared with mud. Hannibal is the only one not singing. His eyes are wide, his gaze distant. Hannibal palms a fork off the table. First Monitor faces him across the table.

FIRST MONITOR

Let's hear you, Little Master!

When Hannibal does not sing, First Monitor reaches across and smacks Hannibal across the face with his clipboard.

SECOND MONITOR

Don't! He can't speak.

Hannibal does not open his mouth or raise his hand to his face. He looks at the First Monitor steadily. Drop of blood appears in the corner of his mouth. A TRICKLE OF BAROQUE MUSIC over the singing.

FIRST MONITOR

Too good to speak to us, Little Master? This is not your father's house any more-- it's the People's orphanage, and you're just one more orphan.

SECOND MONITOR

He's mute.

The SINGING STOPS and the First Monitor's voice suddenly seems loud in the silence as he says:

FIRST MONITOR

He's not mute at night. He can scream well enough. And by God he'll sing!

First Monitor swings a backhanded slap, Hannibal raises the fork in his fist and blocks the blow near his face, the fork tines digging into the back of First Monitor's hand. First Monitor starts around the table to get to Hannibal. Headmaster blocks his way.

HEADMASTER
(to Hannibal)
Go to my office.

HEADMASTER'S OFFICE

This was Mother Lecter's boudoir, now furnished with an army-style desk and two cot beds. Hannibal stands before Headmaster seated at the desk. Headmaster's spirit is broken; he knows Hannibal's is not.

HEADMASTER
(continuing)
Was this your mother's room?

Hannibal nods.

HEADMASTER
(continuing)
It must be difficult for you to live in this house.

No response from Hannibal.

HEADMASTER
(continuing)
You do not honor the human pecking order, Hannibal. You are always hurting the bullies. Cook will give you ice for your eye. And tell him to bring some ice to me. Go to bed.

CUT TO:

INT: CASTLE ORPHANAGE DORMITORY - NIGHT

Row on row of cots. Most boys are asleep. An older one masturbates under his covers. Many children have crude drawings or pictures pinned to the wall above their beds. Pinned to the wall above Hannibal's bed is a very good drawing of a baby's arm and hand, reaching out to pat. Mischa's bracelet is on the wrist. Hannibal sleeps fitfully. There is a bruise on his cheek. His eyelids move in REM sleep.

FADE TO BLACK

IN THE DARKNESS A TRICKLE OF BAROQUE COUNTERPOINT PIANO, THEN GRUNTS, SNUFFLING, THE SNICKERING SOUND OF HYENAS.

FADE IN

INT. THE HUNTING LODGE - NIGHT

The criminal looters have the children standing on the hearth, lit by firelight. The tops of their clothing are pulled down. Grutas and Dortlich feel the flesh on their arms.

HANNIBAL'S POV as the faces, distorted, lean closer, their voices distorted too. Grentz has his bowl. Grutas unlocks the chain around Mischa's neck. He whispers to Mischa. She coughs. Grutas cozens her.

GRUTAS
Come and play. Come and play.

DORTLICH
Come and play!
(sings child's song)
Ein Mannlein

KOLNAS AND DORTLICH
*Ein Mannlein steht im Walde ganz
still und stumm- Es hat von
lauter Purpur ein Mantlein um.*

Hannibal screams and bites at Grutas. Grutas raises a stick of firewood, beats at Hannibal, we hear Hannibal's arm break.

CUT TO:

THE ORPHANAGE DORMITORY

Hannibal screaming in his bed. First Monitor beats on the side of his bed with a stick.

HANNIBAL
Mischa! Mischa!

CUT TO:

EXT. A STORAGE SHED -NIGHT.

The First Monitor pushes Hannibal in and throws his bedclothes after him.

INT. STORAGE SHED - NIGHT

Hannibal stands in the middle of the floor holding his bedclothes.

Around him and hanging on the shed walls are lanterns, coils of rope and scaffolding, paint, tools.

FIRST MONITOR
Now scream all you please.

The First Monitor steps into the shed and lifts his stick. Hannibal picks up a sickle and waits for him, eyes wide, unafraid. First Monitor holds up his bandaged hand.

FIRST MONITOR
(continuing)
Every day, you will pay for this.
Every day. For the rest of your
short and nasty life.

The First Monitor steps back outside, slams the door and locks it.

CUT TO:

HEADMASTER'S OFFICE-- NIGHT

A vodka bottle on the desk is almost empty. Headmaster and First Monitor snore on the cots. Hannibal, armed with the sickle, moves silently across the room. He presses the lips of the face in the moulding. The secret compartment opens with a squeak. First Monitor coughs, sits up and scratches himself. Hannibal stands still, the sickle ready. First Monitor gets up, groggy, pees in the fireplace. He passes close to Hannibal on his way back to the cot. First Monitor's eyes close. He snores. Hannibal takes the bundle of letters and photos from the secret compartment. He stands over First Monitor for a moment, sickle in one hand, letters in the other. He holds the letters close to his face. The scent of the letters saves First Monitor's life. Hannibal takes First Monitor's flashlight.

THE STABLE- NIGHT

Hannibal climbs into the loft, moves some hay. Hanging from a nail in the hollow wall are his father's field glasses. He hangs the glasses from his shoulder and climbs down again. He tells the sleeping horse goodbye, kisses his neck.

CUT TO:

THE STORAGE SHED-- DAY,

First Monitor in a fury slams the splintered door of the shed.

CUT TO:

A BOXCAR DOOR SLAMS

INSIDE THE BOXCAR

Hannibal riding amid sacks of potatoes. He looks at the compass on his father's binoculars. It shows he's traveling West. He gets a raw potato from a sack and tries a bite raw. Spits it out.

A VILLAGE GARDEN PATCH

Hannibal, keeping an eye on the houses, uses a stick to dig up radishes and a turnip.

A FOREST NEAR THE BORDER-- DAY

Hannibal roasts the turnip and a potato on a spit. He has used dry wood-- there is little smoke and he fans the smoke away.

THE BORDER CROSSING-- DAY

From a tree, Hannibal looks at a border crossing through his binoculars, sees vehicles carefully searched, GUARDS demand papers from TRAVELERS. PASSENGERS have to get off a bus. High chain-link fence topped with barbed wire stretches off in both directions along the border. The guards have dogs.

THE BORDER CROSSING--TWILIGHT

As Hannibal watches, a hare runs along the fence and pauses to eat a radish. A guard dog spots the hare and pulls his leash from a guard's hand. The dog runs hard after the hare. The guard yells after him. The hare dodges, ducks, and pops under the fence at a brushy place. The dog digs at the spot. His handler catches up with him and pulls the dog away. Hannibal, watching through the binoculars sees the hare running free on the opposite side of the fence. He takes down his glasses and smiles. Hannibal eats a radish too.

CUT TO:

A VILLAGE POST OFFICE IN FRANCE--DAY

Hannibal goes through his papers. Among them is a photograph of his uncle in France, the COUNT, and his Japanese bride, Lady Murasaki. The Count is in tails, Lady Murasaki in a wedding dress. Hannibal shows the POSTAL CLERK the return address on one of the bundled letters. The clerk shows him the area on a map of France.

A ROAD INTERSECTION-NIGHT

Passing car lights show road signs with directional arrows "Paris 20 KM," and "Versailles 12 KM" Hannibal, dusty, trudges toward the lights of a Chateau a half-mile away.

THE CHATEAU COURTYARD-- NIGHT

The front door of the chateau has been blown away and the foyer is exposed. Facing out of the foyer is a German Tiger tank with a tread blown off. A few windows in the house are lit. Through a window hungry Hannibal sees CHEF barding a roast. A big dog, eating his supper, sees Hannibal and comes running at him barking. Hannibal stands his ground. The dog catches Hannibal's scent and stops, wags his tail. SERGE, strapping handyman, comes from his quarters in the gatehouse. He carries a short shotgun and a flashlight.

SERGE
Who is it there?
(to the dog)
Some help you are.
(to Hannibal)
Stand there, boy, don't you run
from me.

A casement window opens, LADY MURASAKI, a beautiful Japanese, and her attendant, CHIYOH look down at Hannibal.

LADY MURASAKI
What is it, Serge?

SERGE
A dirty boy. Who are you?
(shakes him)
Speak up.
(to the dog, wagging)
Whose side are you on?

LADY MURASAKI
If he's hungry, give him something
to eat.

Hannibal takes from his pouch the bundle of letters and holds them up, offering them to Lady Murasaki high in the window.

A BREAKFAST ROOM --NIGHT

Hannibal is eating. As much as he relishes the food, when Lady Murasaki comes into the room, he stops eating at once and stands. She gestures for him to resume and sits opposite him. Chef pours her tea. She puts the bundle of letters and the wedding photograph on the table.

LADY MURASAKI

(continuing)

This was my happiest day, when I married your uncle. Hannibal, Robert passed from us a month ago. This house is yours for as long as it is mine. You must rest. Chiyoh will see to you.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE ATTIC SHRINE

Lady Murasaki looks out an open dormer window, breeze ruffling her kimono. She sees the sun half-risen, huge. She turns her back to the window and faces the darkness of the attic, her face turned upward. The rays of the rising sun through the window shine red on the highest timbers of the vaulted attic. As the sun rises, the light moves slowly downward over a horned helmet, and down over the armor of a Samurai commander. Opposite the armor is a God Shelf with the wedding photograph Hannibal brought. Lady Murasaki speaks to her husband:

LADY MURASAKI

One by one,/ At day's end,/ the
birds take flight/ In all
directions--/ which could lead me
to you? *My Dear Robert.*

(she turns to the
armor)

Honored Ancestor, help me restore
the spirit of this child.

CUT TO:

THE ATTIC-- MORNING

Chiyoh takes clothing from a trunk and hangs it on a rack. She has to shove some large marionettes along the bar to make room. Hannibal looks scrubbed. His hair is wet and he wears a kimono. Chiyoh has brought flowers.

CHIYOH

Plus Fours. The Count wore these
to school when he was a boy. My
Lady's wedding dress is up here.
You may see it someday, when I
wear it myself.

CUT TO:

Chiyoh hands Hannibal some of the flowers as they approach the attic shrine. It is shadowy and dark until she opens the dormer. The enormous presence of the armor stops Hannibal in his tracks. The iron face mask is reminiscent of the mask Hannibal will have to wear years later in the asylum. The armor is seated on a low podium. In the hands of the armor is an iron war fan painted with a rising sun. The samurai's two swords and his dagger are displayed on sword stands before the armor. Hannibal stares at the armor. Chiyoh arranges her flowers on a God Shelf opposite the armor and directs Hannibal to do the same. Chiyoh turns Hannibal's attention to the God Shelf.

CHIYOH

Here is where Lady Murasaki prays
for you, and so do I. I strongly
recommend that you pray for
yourself.

She bows at the God shelf. Hannibal follows suit, but his attention remains on the armor. He goes to the rack which holds the samurai's weapons. He starts to touch them. Chiyoh raises a hand indicating he should not touch. As Chiyoh continues, her eyes grow big as though she is telling a ghost story. Hannibal is calm-- he finds nothing odd or frightening about it.

CHIYOH

(continuing)

This armor stood in the embassy in
Paris when Lady Murasaki's father
was ambassador. We hid it from
the Germans. It belonged to her
great great great grandfather,
Date Masamuni. Look--

Chiyoh picks up a scroll beside the armor and unrolls the first few panels. The panels show a Samurai head presentation-- a Samurai commander displaying to his overlord the heads of the enemy, each tagged with the name of the deceased.

CHIYOH

(continuing)

My family has served
her family for 800 years. This
is my own ancestor presenting the
heads to Masamuni-san after the
victory at Osaka Castle.

(whispers)

Awful, isn't it?

Chiyoh picks up a vial nearby.

CHIYOH

(continuing)

On his birthday Lady Murasaki oils the swords with camellia oil, and oil of cloves, a lovely scent.

Chiyoh removes a stopper and offers Hannibal a sniff.

CHIYOH

(continuing)

Lady Murasaki prefers the manners and customs of another time, as you will learn. She is Samurai to the bone.

CUT TO:

HANNIBAL'S ROOM-DAY

An envelope slides underneath the door into Hannibal's room. It is attached to a sprig of pussywillow. Hannibal picks it up, discovers it is pleasantly scented. Opens it.

CUT TO:

INT. LADY MURASAKI'S ROOM - DAY

Lady Murasaki and Hannibal sit at a tea table. He wears plus fours. Near the window is a needlework frame with needles and thread. Chiyoh PLAYS A JAPANESE LUTE. Water simmers in tea vessel over the fire, and soon it will boil. Cut flowers lie on the tea table, with a vase and a knife.

LADY MURASAKI

If you do not want French or English or Italian, we could use some Japanese words, like kieuseru. It means 'disappear.' My world of Hiroshima was gone in a flash. Your world was torn from you too.

She moves the flowers around for a beat, then looks into his eyes.

LADY MURASAKI

(continuing; serene and gentle)

Now you and I have the world we make-- together. In this moment. In this room.

Lady Murasaki places some flowers in the vase as part of an arrangement. OVER THE NOTES OF THE LUTE, WE HEAR THE RUSTLE OF THE LEAVES as the plants rub together.

When Hannibal is observing something, we see and hear it with great intensity. She holds out to him other flowers.

LADY MURASAKI
(continuing)
Where would you put these to best effect? Wherever you like.

A pause as Hannibal looks at the flowers.

LADY MURASAKI
(continuing)
When you were small your father sent us your drawings. You have a promising eye. If you prefer to draw the arrangement, there is a pad beside you.

Hannibal considers, picks up two flowers and the knife. He looks at her with the knife and the flowers in his hands. He cuts the stems off shorter and places them in the vase, adding a harmonious vector to the arrangement. He places the cut stems on the table. He still holds the knife.

LADY MURASAKI
(continuing; pleased)
Ahhh. We would call that *moribana*, the slanting style.
(hands him a chrysanthemum)
But where might you put this? Or would you use it at all?

As he thinks about it, we hear the SOUND OF WATER BOILING. Hannibal's face changes. He looks at the tea vessel, the boiling surface of the water.

CLOSE ON THE BOILING TEA WATER

FLASHBACK-- In Hannibal's mind he flashes on the boiling water in Mischa's bathtub on the stove at the hunting lodge, horned skull of the little deer in the water, BONES RATTLING as it boils.

LADY MURASAKI'S TEA TABLE IN PRESENT TIME. The head of the chrysanthemum, smeared with blood, tumbles onto the tabletop. The knife clatters beside it. Hannibal rises, masters himself. Holding his bleeding hand behind him, he bows to Lady Murasaki and starts to leave the room.

LADY MURASAKI
Hannibal.

He opens the door.

LADY MURASAKI
(continuing)
Hannibal.

She rises and goes to him. She extends her hand. They look at each other. She takes his bloody hand. The touch registers in his eyes.

LADY MURASAKI
(continuing)
You will need stitches. Serge can drive us to town.

Hannibal shakes his head, gestures with his chin toward the needlework frame. Lady Murasaki looks at him to be sure.

LADY MURASAKI (to Chiyoh)
(in Japanese)
Boil a needle and thread.

CUT TO:

CHIYOH lifts from the boiling tea vessel a needle and thread wrapped around an ebony hairpin. She takes it to Lady Murasaki at the window. On the ledge is an aloe plant. In the good light by the window, Lady Murasaki sews up his finger. Drops of blood fall onto Lady Murasaki's white silk breast. Hannibal does not react to the pain. Chiyoh cuts a piece of aloe leaf and puts it on the wound. Hannibal looks at Lady Murasaki steadily as she bandages the finger. He goes to the tea table, picks up a chrysanthemum, trims the stem and places it in the arrangement of flowers, adds the bloody chrysanthemum in an appropriate place, completing an elegant arrangement. He bows and leaves the room.

LADY MURASAKI'S BEDROOM

She stirs in her sleep, puts her hand on the side of the bed where her husband used to lie.

HANNIBAL'S ROOM

He tosses, eyes twitching under closed lids.

HANNIBAL'S NIGHTMARE, HIS POV

Hannibal and Mischa on the hearth in the Hunting Lodge. Grutas and Dortlich hold them. Grutas is licking a bloody birdskin. He flings it away, blood and feathers stuck to his face. Dortlich's hand has a healed burn and two of his fingers are webbed together. He tweaks Mischa's cheek, tweaks Hannibal's cheek to compare. Kolnas feels the fat of the children.

KOLNAS (distorted voice)
Take her. She's going to die
anyway. He'll stay freeeeesh a
little while.

GRUTAS, DORTLICH, THE CHILDEN AND IN B.G. KOLNAS, MILKO
AND GRENTZ.

Grutas unlocks the chain around Mischa's neck. He
whispers to Mischa.

GRUTAS
Come and play. Come and play.

DORTLICH
Come and play!
(sings child's song)
Ein Mannlein

KOLNAS AND DORTLICH
*Ein Mannlein steht im Walde ganz
still und stumm--*

Grentz, distorted, holds out his bowl. Kolnas and
Dortlich pick up Mischa by her arms, Hannibal screams
and flies at them.

KOLNAS AND DORTLICH
(continuing)
*Es hat von lauter Purpur ein
Mantlein um.*

Grutas swings his stick of firewood. We HEAR THE BLOW,
HEAR BONE CRACK.

CUT TO:

HANNIBAL'S ROOM IN PRESENT TIME

Hannibal is screaming and growling.

HANNIBAL
Mischa! Mischa!

Lady Murasaki and Chiyoh rush in. Hannibal thrashes on
the bed, he has torn the pillow with his teeth and
feathers are flying, feathers are stuck to his face,
his bandaged finger is bleeding. Blood and feathers on
his face. Chiyoh helps Lady Murasaki hold him. Lady
Murasaki holds Hannibal's nose until he opens his mouth
to gasp. She whips off the belt of her robe and gets
it between his teeth. Her robe falls open. She holds
his bloody face between her breasts.

EXT. ANALYST'S OFFICE-DAY

A narrow townhouse with a tiny garden. A discreet sign says: "Dr. Marcel Rufin, M.D., PhD., Psychologue."

INT. ANALYST'S OFFICE SUITE - DAY

THE WAITING ROOM

Lady Murasaki waits in a straight chair, along with A COUPLE OF SQUIRRELY-LOOKING WAITING PATIENTS. MADAME THE RECEPTIONIST, self-important, works at a desk. A CLOCK TICKS.

DR. RUFIN'S PRIVATE OFFICE

The office is Victorian-looking, a chaise, overstuffed armchairs, a desk, a fireplace. Dr. Rufin takes off his stethoscope and a reflector on a headband. Hannibal buttons his shirt. They sit.

DR. RUFIN

Physically you are sound,
Hannibal. I see the scar of a
chain around your neck.

No response.

DR. RUFIN

(continuing)

You scream your sister's name in
your sleep. Hannibal, do you know
what happened to her?

No response.

DR. RUFIN

(continuing)

When you are ready, you will
speak, and you can tell me
anything in the world. I will
never be dismayed or shocked or
blameful.

Hannibal smiles sadly, looks at Dr. Rufin with wisdom
beyond his years

DR. RUFIN'S CONSULTING ROOM

Lady Murasaki is standing to leave.

DR. RUFIN

(continuing)

He communicates nothing to me.
Amnesia, reticence I can't tell
yet.

(more)

DR. RUFIN (cont'd)
 He will remember at the rate his
 mind can stand it. The danger
 is, If he remembers too quickly he
 could freeze inside forever to get
 away from the pain.

INT. CHATEAU - THE MUSIC ROOM

Lady Murasaki plays a tune on a lute while we hear the
 Doctor V.O.

DR. RUFIN (V.O.)
 Time and your kind attention can
 heal him. Involve him in your
 family as much as you can. In the
 healing process he will grow more
 attached to you than you can
 imagine.

Hannibal tries the lute and hits a sour note. Chiyoh
 covers her mouth to suppress a laugh. Lady Murasaki
 winces and shows him the fret he should press, their
 hands close together on the lute. We see the lute and
 its case. We will hear this cracked melody again.

CUT TO:

A GARDEN WALL planted with flowers.

From beyond the wall we hear the sound of cane swords
 clashing. We HEAR CHIYOH'S LAUGHTER.

INSIDE THE GARDEN

Lady Murasaki and Hannibal are close together, cane
 swords crossed at the hilt.

CHIYOH (to Hannibal)
 You are quick, but uninformed.

LADY MURASAKI (to Chiyoh)
 Shhh. Quickness is the vital gift,
 the rest is learned.

Chiyoh instantly assumes a blank expression, offers
 towels. Hannibal and Lady Murasaki take off their
 casques, put them on the wall side by side. Seeing
 them, Lady Murasaki has a wistful moment, her hand
 around the girth of the sword.

LADY MURASAKI (continues)
 Robert and I loved to do this,
 when his heart was strong.

Her expression inclines us to think that, with her husband, the kendo might have been foreplay.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

A French village square on market day. Parked at the market is PAUL THE BUTCHER'S truck painted with his sign. His name is Paul Momund.

CHEESE MERCHANT'S STALL

Hannibal lags behind Lady Murasaki to watch a CHEESE MERCHANT slice a wheel of cheese. The merchant oils a length of piano wire and slices the cheese with the wire. The merchant offers Hannibal a small piece of cheese.

THE BUTCHER'S STALL AND, ACROSS THE AISLE, THE VEGETABLE VENDOR, called "Legumes Bulot."

Lady Murasaki and Chiyoh choose vegetables. The butcher stall has dead fowl hanging by the feet, still in their feathers with heads still attached. PAUL THE BUTCHER in a bloody apron sits in his stall cleaning poultry and throwing the unusable parts into a tub. Paul is thick with little eyes, red from drink. On his arm is a tattoo of a cherry, with the legend "Voici la mienne/ Ou est la tienne?" Butcher's Brother brings a goose to the table. Paul takes a swig of marc. Hannibal takes Chiyoh's marketing basket. Idly he looks into the butcher's case. On top of the case are hams and a leg of lamb. As we look at the pig's head we hear Paul's voice.

PAUL THE BUTCHER (V.O.)
Hey, Japonaise.

Lady Murasaki's expression does not change. She puts her hand on Chiyoh's arm. The vegetable dealer looks up sharply

PAUL THE BUTCHER (V.O.)
(continuing)
Japonaise!

VEGETABLE DEALER (protesting)
Monsieur!

CLOSE ON PAUL THE BUTCHER wiping his face with his hand, leaving blood and feathers on his face.

PAUL THE BUTCHER
 Hey, Japonaise. Tell me the
 truth, does your pussy run
 crossways? With a puff of straight
 hairs like a little explosion?

PAUL THE BUTCHER
 (continuing; loudly
 to his brother)
 I'll tell you, I had one in
 Marseilles one time that could
 take your whole---

Paul is interrupted by a leg of lamb whacked hard across his face, he goes over backward and Hannibal is on top of him, whacking, the leg flies out of Hannibal's hand and he grabs the goose carcass and smushes it into the butcher's face, they wrestle, the butcher pounding Hannibal's back and head with his great bloody hands. Hannibal's hand feels on the butcher's block for the poultry knife. Behind him Butcher's Brother kicks Hannibal in the back of the head. Chiyoh is knocked flying. The butcher's brother picks up a veal hammer. We hear LADY MURASAKI'S VOICE LOUD, a martial-arts kiai cry. The sounds freezes everybody. She holds a big butcher knife with both hands, arms out straight in a kendo position, the edge of the knife resting on the butcher block, and she is not kidding. She threatens no one person directly--her eyes are wide and fixed, taking in the whole scene. A POLICE WHISTLE.

LADY MURASAKI
 Be still, Monsieurs.

MORE POLICE WHISTLES. TWO FOOT PATROLMEN arrive and pull Hannibal and the butcher apart. Hannibal looks into the Butcher's face and speaks consciously for the first time.

HANNIBAL
 Beast.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

The CHIEF OF POLICE, world-weary, in civilian clothes, is seated behind his desk. The two foot patrolmen stand against the wall. Lady Murasaki, Hannibal and Chiyoh sit on the opposite side of the desk. On the desk is a bottle of the stomach remedy "Clanzoflat." The Chief offers Lady Murasaki a cigarette. She declines.

FIRST POLICEMAN (consults his notebook)
 Bulot of the Vegetables said the
 butcher tried to get the knife
 while stating that he would kill
 everyone, including all the nuns
 at the church.

The Chief of Police rolls his eyes to the ceiling,
 apparently searching for patience.

CHIEF OF POLICE (sighs)
 The butcher was Vichy, a
 collaborator with the German
 occupation. He is much hated and
 I can deal with him.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CAR IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE

The Chief of Police has walked Lady Murasaki and the
 children to the car. He opens the door for Lady
 Murasaki.

CHIEF OF POLICE
 We were all very fond of your
 husband, Madame.
 (to Hannibal)
 Young man, I never give more than
 a single pass. Flail no one else
 with meat, and don't let me see
 you in my office again.

CUT TO:

A PARLOR

Lady Murasaki sits with a LAWYER.

LAWYER
 For death duties, the state will
 supervise sale of the house and
 grounds, but furnishings can be
 sold at auction separately from
 the house.

CHATEAU BANQUET HALL

WORKMEN take down tapestries, the furniture is draped.
 Hannibal and Lady Murasaki watch. She shows no
 expression. Hannibal's voice is still faint with
 disuse.

HANNIBAL
 It will echo when it's empty.

CUT TO:

THE ATTIC SHRINE-- NIGHT

By candlelight Hannibal places on the God Shelf the wedding picture of his uncle and Lady Murasaki. He looks up at the armor's mask. The mask looks back.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON THE RIVER - LATE AFTERNOON

Paul the Butcher fishes. CRICKETS sing in his bait basket. Behind Paul the Butcher, in the woods on the riverbank, we HEAR A SOLEX MOTORBIKE.

A SMALL LANDING ON THE WOODED RIVER'S EDGE. We HEAR THE DISTANT SOUND OF CHURCHBELLS. Paul the Butcher's truck is in the BG.

CLOSE CLOSE ON A SPIDER MENDING ITS WEB.

A bug flies into the web and spider rushes over to bind its prey. WE HEAR THE LUTE, TWANGING AS THE STRANDS OF THE SPIDER WEB VIBRATE.

PAUL THE BUTCHER

He paddles toward the landing, ties up his boat and begins to clean his biggest fish. The other fish remain alive on the stringer in the water. We HEAR THE MUSIC OF A LUTE. SOME NOTES ARE MISSED. Paul, hearing it, puts his cleaned fish in a bag with some ice and hurries up the bank carrying his fileting knife. The butcher checks his van to see if it has been vandalized. Following the SOUND OF THE LUTE, Paul walks around some bushes to a little glade. There, seated on a stump is Hannibal. He is playing the lute, the case open nearby. With the case is a drawing pad. The lowering sun looks like a Japanese flag. Hannibal looks up from his music at the butcher standing before him. . .

HANNIBAL (hoarsely)
Paul Momund. Fine meats.

PAUL THE BUTCHER
If you pissed in my heater I'll
twist your head off. There's no
flic to help you here.

HANNIBAL
Nor to help you either. What you
have done is unforgiveable.

He puts his lute aside and, looking at the butcher, makes a small judicious adjustment in whatever drawing is on his pad, using his little finger as a smudge. Hannibal rises with his sketch pad.

HANNIBAL

(continuing)

You owe a certain lady a written apology.

Paul laughs. Hannibal turns the page of his sketch pad to a blank page and extends the pad to Paul.

HANNIBAL

(continuing)

You will write that you are sorry and you will never look at her or address her in the market again.

PAUL

Apologize to the Japonaise? Boy, you are crazy to come here. The first thing I'll do to you is throw you in the river.

(touches his knife)

Then maybe I'll slit your pants and give you something you don't want where you don't want it.

He advances toward Hannibal. Hannibal backs up as far as the lute case.

HANNIBAL

You inquired about her pussy. You speculated it ran which way?

Paul laughs coarsely, wipes his mouth, enjoying the insult to come.

PAUL THE BUTCHER

Is she your mother? Jap pussy runs crossways! You should fuck the little Jap and see.

As he speaks, Paul comes fast in a wrestler's crouch. Hannibal, in one movement, draws the Samurai sword from the lute case and slashes the butcher low across the belly.

HANNIBAL

Crossways like that?

The butcher screams, the scream echoing back across the water from the far side of the river. Birds fly with a rush. The butcher stops. He looks down at the wound, tries to hold himself together.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL

Hannibal looks at what he's done like a saint with a holy vision. He steps to the side and slashes Paul across the kidneys.

HANNIBAL (wonderment)
Or more tangential to the spine?

Paul the Butcher is bleeding badly. Hannibal slashes the butcher again. We HEAR AN ARTERIAL HISS. Blood spatter trickles down on Hannibal's lips. The butcher clutches himself, eyes wide in shock, a HOARSE SOUND FROM HIS THROAT. Blood courses down his legs. Hannibal whacks him behind the ankles. Paul's legs give way, he is propped against a stump. Hannibal's face is alight with joy as he gives the Butcher several additional whacks. The man cannot raise his arms. Paul looks down at himself in wonderment as Hannibal slashes him. The man's eyes are glazing. Paul bellows like a steer. Hannibal picks up his pad and flips to his drawing.

HANNIBAL
Do you see how your mouth stains
the air? I should add that to my
drawing. Would you like to see it?

He holds up his drawing for the dying man to see.

PAUL THE BUTCHER'S POV

Hannibal and the drawing. The drawing is Paul the Butcher's head on a platter with a name tag tied to his hair. The tag reads "Momund's Fine Meats." Paul's vision is darkening around the edges. Hannibal stands over him with the sword. Hannibal swings the sword. We HEAR THE SWISH AND THUD as Paul's vision shivers with the thud.

PAUL'S SEVERED HEAD'S POV, for an instant everything is sideways, then blood pressure is lost and we

GO TO BLACK

HANNIBAL (V.O.)
A passable likeness, if I do say
so myself.

FADE IN:

THE LANDING

Hannibal releases the crickets and the live fish on the stringer.

HANNIBAL
Go! Go!

He throws the chain into the water. Hannibal looks in the fish bag at the big, cleaned fish.

HANNIBAL
(continuing)

Yum.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE FUNERAL HOME - EVENING

A police car pulls up. The UNIFORMED POLICEMAN at the wheel hurries around to open the door for INSPECTOR POPIL, 35, good dark suit. The pupils of his eyes have the smudged look of intelligence. The policeman gives the Inspector a respectful salute. The Inspector returns a friendly nod. A POLYGRAPH OPERATOR remains in the car.

INSPECTOR POPIL (to driver)
Take the cases, I'll meet you at
your station.

Inspector enters the funeral home.

INT. THE EMBALMING ROOM, serving as a small -town morgue

The body of Paul the Butcher, still clothed, sans head, is on the embalming table. Long stripes of blood are on his shirt. The Chief of Police examines the body. The MORTICIAN and the MORTICIAN'S ASSISTANT attend him. The Mortician has a copy of Simenon's *Maigret Chez le Coroner*. We see only Paul the Butcher's feet as Inspector Popil comes in. The Chief of Police greets him with deference.

CHIEF OF POLICE
Inspector Popil, I am very happy
you could come. You won't
remember me but . . .

Inspector offers his hand.

INSPECTOR POPIL
Of course. You delivered De Rais
to Nuremburg and sat behind him.

CHIEF OF POLICE
I saw you bring the evidence.
It's an honor, Sir.

INSPECTOR POPIL
What do we have?

CHIEF OF POLICE
Paul Momund, or most of him. You
have his dossier.

INSPECTOR POPIL
Short and ugly. He shipped Jews
from Marseilles.

The Inspector picks up Paul's hand. The butcher's
rude tattoo is visible. The hand has fresh cuts on it,
defense marks, but when the inspector turns the hand
over there are half-healed cuts on the knuckles.

INSPECTOR POPIL
(continuing)
He fought recently.

MORTICIAN
And often, Last Saturday a bar
fight, he had many . . .

INSPECTOR POPIL
(to Chief)
A list please. His recent
opponents.

The Inspector leans over the blood stripes on the chest
area. He sniffs.

INSPECTOR POPIL
(continuing; to
Mortician)
You have done nothing to this body?

MORTICIAN
No, Monsieur, the Chief
specifically--

INSPECTOR POPIL
Is this the odor of anything you
use here?

MORTICIAN
I smell cyanide! He was poisoned
first!

INSPECTOR POPIL
Cyanide is a burnt-almond smell.

The assistant pipes up from the sink.

ASSISTANT
It smells like that toothache
remedy.

MORTICIAN
Cretin! Where are his teeth?

The Inspector sniffs again, recognizes the scent.

INSPECTOR POPIL
Oil of cloves. Let's have the
pharmacist and his books.

CUT TO:

INT. CHATEAU KITCHEN - EVENING

Chef takes the butcher's big fish from the oven.
Hannibal watches.

CHEF
Regard, Hannibal! The most
exquisite bits of the fish are the
cheeks. This is true of many
creatures. When carving at the
table, you give one cheek to
Madame, the other to the guest of
honor. Of course, if you are
plating in the kitchen you eat
them both yourself.

Serge comes in, carrying supplies. He starts unpacking
the shopping bag. Lady Murasaki comes into the kitchen
quietly, Serge does not see her.

SERGE (to chef)
They haven't found the butcher's
damned ugly head yet-- I thought
if Madame won't eat anything else,
she might take some ice cream--
and now they're questioning the
apothecary.

CLOSE ON LADY MURASAKI listening.

SERGE (V.O.)
-- the body was scented with--get
this--the toothache stuff-- oil
of cloves.

Lady Murasaki reacts to the words and quickly regains
her composure. Hannibal looks up and sees her. He
smiles calmly.

BACK AND FORTH, LADY MURASAKI AND HANNIBAL'S FACES

HANNIBAL
You really should eat something,
my Lady.

CUT TO:

LADY MURASAKI'S BEDROOM.

She puts her hand on the side of the bed where the
Count used to sleep. She closes her eyes, opens them.

THE ATTIC STAIRS

LADY MURASAKI in her kimono pauses at the attic door. She carries a candlestick and flowers. She touches her hair and goes into the attic.

THE ATTIC.

Lady Murasaki goes toward a light far down the attic in the direction of the shrine. A dark object on the altar is silhouetted by a single candle. As she reaches the altar, her candle lights the head of Paul the Butcher. It is about eye level with her. She stops. Turns and starts to run, bangs into the hanging rack of big marionettes, they clatter together, she bursts through them and there sits Hannibal cleaning the shorter sword. He looks up at her with a pleasant expression. She stops. Her eyes widen. Hannibal rises politely, sword in his hand, point down. Lady Murasaki's back straightens. She backs through the rack of marionettes, returning to the altar. Hannibal steps through the hanging figures and joins her.

HANNIBAL

Good evening, my Lady.

LADY MURASAKI

Hannibal. Good evening.

The Samurai mask watches. Lady Murasaki stands near the remaining sword. She could grab it if she had to. Lady Murasaki recognizes some resonance between herself and Hannibal. Her back straightens.

HANNIBAL

I hope you don't mind-- I would have used the butcher's knife, but the sword seemed so appropriate.

He gives the blade a final wipe and takes it to its place before the armor.

HANNIBAL

(continuing)

Not a nick in the blade, I promise you. The butcher was like butter.

Lady Murasaki looks at the head. For an instant her face reveals horror and repugnance. Paul's face is clean and pale. A little blood has leaked out of the butcher's mouth to puddle on a tray like water beneath a flower arrangement. There is a tag with his name attached to his hair. Lady Murasaki looks steadily at Paul's head. We see how much she despised him. She is aware of the armor watching her. She looks up at the Samurai mask.

LADY MURASAKI (Japanese, with subtitles)
 Good evening, Honored Ancestor.
 With respect, this is not exactly
 the help I had in mind. Please
 excuse this inadequate bouquet.

She turns and places the bouquet before the God Shelf,
 not beside the head. She composes her face.
 Reflexively she picks up a wilted flower and ribbon
 from the floor beside the altar and puts it into her
 sleeve, faces Hannibal again.

LADY MURASAKI
 You did not need to do this for us.

HANNIBAL
 Rudeness is epidemic, My Lady.
 Painting and drawing about it are
 not enough.

CUT TO:

INT. CHATEAU ATTIC - NIGHT

LADY MURASAKI AND HANNIBAL at the window see car lights
 and hear HONKING at the gate. DOGS BARK. Serge goes
 to answer. He swings open the gate and a police car
 comes in.

LADY MURASAKI
 They will call it murder.

HANNIBAL
 At worst a *crime passionelle*.

HANNIBAL AND LADY MURASAKI

She takes his hands, holds them close between their
 faces, scents the oil of cloves.

LADY MURASAKI
 Quickly! There are lemons for your
 hands in Chiyoh's laundry room.

Still holding her hands, Hannibal kisses Lady Murasaki
 on the lips, a direct, level, nose-to-nose kiss, almost
 chaste. Almost. They look into each other's eyes,
 faces an inch apart. From the courtyard CAR DOORS
 SLAM. The knocker sounds on the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The village square is deserted.

INSIDE THE POLICE STATION, A POLYGRAPH ROOM

Hannibal is attached to an old-fashioned tube-type polygraph. Inspector Popil and the Chief of Police observe while the POLYGRAPH OPERATOR asks questions.

CUT TO:

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
Do you have any guilty knowlege of
the death of Paul Momund?

The ink styluses run smoothly.

HANNIBAL
Guilty knowledge?

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
Limit your responses to yes or no.

HANNIBAL
No.

The ink lines are still smooth.

CUT TO:

INSPECTOR AND HANNIBAL seated, facing across a table.

INSPECTOR POPIL
The butcher was fishing but he had
no fish. He had blood and scales
on his knife . . .

No response from Hannibal.

INSPECTOR POPIL
(continuing)
Chef said you brought in a
splendid fish for dinner. Where
did you get the fish?

HANNIBAL
By fishing, Inspector.

INSPECTOR POPIL
Your boat was dry.

HANNIBAL
Following my uncle's practice, I
keep a baited line in the water
behind the boathouse. I'll show
you if you like.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A steep downhill leading into the village. We HEAR A MOTORBIKE. The bike enters the frame. The rider is in black, wearing a leather helmet, a scarf and goggles like those the Stuka pilot wore. A bundle is strapped onto the bike. Car lights appear behind the rider, who pulls into trees beside the road and waits as the car passes. The rider starts up again toward the village.

EXT. THE VILLAGE SQUARE - NIGHT

Two policemen meet at the police station having completed their rounds. One gives the other a cigarette. They go into the station.

THE INTERROGATION ROOM. Hannibal and the Inspector. The Inspector has the polygraph tape on the table. He looks at the lines of absolute calm on the tape, then looks up at Hannibal.

INSPECTOR POPIL

You were orphaned in Lithuania.

HANNIBAL

Yes.

Inspector appears to muse.

INSPECTOR POPIL

For a long time, Hannibal, my specialty has been war crimes. They do not end with the war. If you ever want to talk about . . . anything.

Hannibal shakes his head.

HANNIBAL

I was a little boy.

INSPECTOR POPIL

Lady Murasaki gave you a new life.

HANNIBAL

Yes.

INSPECTOR POPIL

I know what happened in the market. If you had done this, I could understand it.

The inspector reaches across the table and touches Hannibal's arm in the old interrogator's trick to establish a bond.

INSPECTOR POPIL

(continuing)

If you did this, you can tell me.
Dr. Rufin could join us and you
could talk to us both. Hannibal
did you kill the butcher?

Hannibal, fastidious as a cat, moves back deliberately
from the inspector's touch.

HANNIBAL

Paul Momund killed himself,
Inspector. He died of stupidity
and rudeness.

EXT. THE RIDER AND BIKE on the country road.

The rider putts forward to a running start. A gloved
hand shuts off the motor and the bike and rider rush
soundlessly downhill.

THE SQUARE

Silhouettes of the policemen on the windowshades of the
lighted police station. Silently, the rider in black
swoops through the square, pauses for an instant out of
sight behind a mail van parked in front of the post
office and continues, with the rider peddling hard to
move the motorbike along without starting the motor.

THE SQUARE

A MAN WALKING A DOG comes along in front of the post
office. He has on his undershirt under his suspenders.
He is a little tipsy. The dog stops to pee on the
slender pole supporting the mailbox.

MAN WITH DOG

(to dog)

You should have done your business
on the lawn of Georges. Peeing
here you could incur a fine.
Contain yourself.

The dog growls, pulls at its leash.

MAN WITH DOG

(continuing)

Come along!

The dog WHINES. Man looks up. The head of Paul the
Butcher is on the mailbox without the tag. The head
faces him. The man with the dog speaks to the head.

MAN WITH DOG

(continuing)

Good evening, Monsieur.

(to the dog)

What have you accomplished? Attend
you do not befoul Monsieur--

Man takes flashlight from his pocket, shines it on the dog. Then with his light he notices there are no legs supporting anyone on the other side of the mailbox. He raises the beam and shines it on the severed head of Paul the Butcher. The butcher has "Bosche" painted across his forehead.

MAN WITH DOG

(continuing)

Momund! My God, the Resistance
has killed him at last!

CUT TO:

EXT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

The silent motorbike coasts to an outbuilding containing the car. The rider pulls off the helmet and goggles. The rider is Lady Murasaki.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLACE DE VOSGES, PARIS- DAY

Serge is unloading household items from a van in front of a good residential building. Inspector Popil sees him, goes into the building. Inspector carries a small potted plant, blooming. Inspector sees Lady Murasaki having difficulty getting a bundle into the bird-cage elevator.

INSPECTOR POPIL

Welcome to Paris. Permit me,
Madame.

He helps her, they ride up together in the small elevator. They feel the proximity.

INSPECTOR POPIL

(continuing)

The Chateau was sold.

LADY MURASAKI

For death duties, yes.
Fortunately I have this.

The elevator stops. They go into a spacious apartment where the furniture and mirrors are draped. Lots of lacquer and Japanese antiques.

LADY MURASAKI

(continuing)

It hasn't been opened since my father was called home. I'll live here while Hannibal is in school, if I'm not deported.

INSPECTOR POPIL

My influence is limited, Lady Murasaki, but I will speak for you.
(proffers plant)

These do well on terraces in Paris.

LADY MURASAKI

Very thoughtful, Inspector. Let's put it out there now.

Lady Murasaki indicates the direction of the terrace. They pass through the next room and discover Hannibal. Hannibal has lifted from a case the Samurai mask, other objects--probably the swords-- are in the case but we do not see them. Inspector Popil takes a breath, perhaps he smells oil of cloves. The sight of Hannibal and the mask fascinates him. Hannibal does not turn his body to the Inspector, but turns his head like an owl.

HANNIBAL

Inspector Popil.

INSPECTOR POPIL

Do you ever put it on?

HANNIBAL

No, I have not earned it.

INSPECTOR POPIL

I wonder.

HANNIBAL

Your Legion of Honor is for finding war criminals, as well as valor, do you wear it?

INSPECTOR POPIL

Yes, when decorations are required. . . . You can always call on me, Hannibal. For any reason. If you should ever want to talk . . .

(seizes the moment to
go)

Lady Murasaki, I will keep in touch with you and your residency situation if I may.

Lady Murasaki sees Inspector Popil to the door.
 Hannibal holds the mask. He puts it on. Lady
 Murasaki returns to find him wearing it. He takes it
 away from his face.

HANNIBAL
 Inspector Popil likes you.

LADY MURASAKI
 Inspector Popil is more likely to
 be intrigued than attracted.

HANNIBAL
 I find him tedious, and so would
 you . . . Lady Murasaki, I want
 to stay here with you.

LADY MURASAKI
 No, Hannibal. We'll spend your
 holidays together, and Dr. Rufin
 will come to see you from time to
 time. And you will always feel
 my hand on your heart.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LADY MURASAKI'S APARTMENT-DAY

LADY MURASAKI
 You are peaceful and diligent.
 Far ahead of your class. The
 spirits of your family wish you a
 reward. Name it.

Hannibal considers.

HANNIBAL
 Date Masamuni's birthday is soon.

LADY MURASAKI
 On the day of the Fox.

HANNIBAL
 Let me take care of his armor.

She looks at him a long moment. Hands him a box with
 the oils, the sword-cleaning paper.

CUT TO:

LADY MURASAKI'S APARTMENT-EVENING

Hannibal, at 14, stands before the armor, now set up in
 the apartment. Ceremonial candles and incense burn,
 He puts the mask over his face.

When he takes it away he is 17 years old. The flowers are different. Inspector Popil's plant has grown big.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL SCHOOL - DAY

Double doors burst open and Hannibal in medical whites pushes a gurney with a draped body down a corridor. TWO FEMALE MEDICAL STUDENTS carrying books pass going the other way.

FIRST FEMALE STUDENT (softly singing)
Han-ni-bal.

SECOND FEMALE STUDENT
Medical school at 17! He'll be a
doctor by the time he's 21.

FIRST FEMALE STUDENT
He could examine me now.

HANNIBAL AND THE GURNEY

He pushes it through an anatomy laboratory into a medical theater. PROFESSOR DUMAS looks up from his papers.

PROFESSOR DUMAS
Monsieur Lecter, you've got a
delivery.

EXT. THE DELIVERY ENTRANCE to the Medical School.

Hannibal takes delivery of a body from an AMBULANCE ATTENDANT. They roll the body out of the Medical School Van. Dr. Rufin approaches. He has his briefcase. Hannibal greets him warmly.

HANNIBAL
Dr. Rufin! I have the whole
afternoon. Let me just take care
of this.

INT. MEDICAL SCHOOL

HANNIBAL AND DR. RUFIN walk down a corridor, Hannibal pushing the gurney with the body. They pass through swinging doors into the Cadaver Tank room. A high stone room with a circular stainless-steel cadaver tank set into the floor. The tank has numerous doors in the top and a chain hoist stands by to lift out bodies. Hannibal undrapes the body and prepares it to go into the tank. Meanwhile he and Dr. Rufin talk.

DR. RUFIN
 God, that formaldehyde takes me
 back. I'm proud of your marks,
 Hannibal.

Hannibal smiles at Dr. Rufin. He closes the corpse's eyes and lowers it into the formaldehyde and shuts the shiny lid.

CUT TO:

MUSEUM TURNSTILE INTO THE GALLERIES

Dr. RUFIN AND HANNIBAL are waiting to pass through the turnstile. TWO LADIES, apparently tipsy from lunch, laugh and poke one another. They reach the turnstile before Dr. Rufin and Hannibal.

DR. RUFIN
 A work scholarship leaves you
 little time for sleep. Do you
 sleep, Hannibal?

HANNIBAL
 Sometimes.
 (wants to change the
 subject)
 Chiyoh gets married next month in
 Japan, a diplomatic family.

DR. RUFIN
 Is Lady Murasaki going?

First Lady stops before the turnstile and waves the other through with mock courtesy.

FIRST LADY
 Age before beauty.

Second Lady sweeps through ahead of her.

SECOND LADY
 Pearls before swine.

The line ECHOES in Hannibal's head.

HANNIBAL'S MOTHER (V.O.)
 Pearls before swine.

DR. RUFIN AND HANNIBAL walk in a gallery hung with tapestries. Some are battle scenes, some biblical. Hannibal has a far-away expression.

DR. RUFIN
 Hannibal, is Lady Murasaki going
 to the wedding?

HANNIBAL
 Sorry- no she's managing it from
 here and shipping the dress.

VARIOUS AGONIZED FACES IN THE TAPESTRIES

HANNIBAL'S MOTHER (V.O.)
 Pearls before swine.

HANNIBAL AND DR. RUFIN stop before a tapestry depicting
 Abraham's sacrifice. Abraham holds the knife to the
 throat of his son Isaac, the angel waving him off.
 Hannibal, looking at the agonized faces, HEARS THE
 GRUNTS AND SCREAMING FROM THE HUNTING LODGE.

HANNIBAL
 Dr. Rufin, do you suppose God
 intended to eat Isaac? That's why
 he told Abraham to kill him?

DR. RUFIN
 Eat him? Of course not. The angel
 always intervenes in time.

HANNIBAL
 Not always.
 (beat)
 We had tapestries when I was a
 child.

Hannibal turns back the corner of the tapestry,
 revealing the back side, a maze of knots and loose
 strings.

HANNIBAL
 (continuing)
 I always preferred this side.
 All the knots and strings that
 make the image. Like the nerves
 behind the face.

Hannibal wheels on Dr. Rufin.

HANNIBAL
 (continuing)
 I would do anything to remember
 precisely what happened-- the
 names of the men who chained us.
 Remember what they called each
 other with their bloody mouths.
 Hypnosis doesn't work on me, I've
 read of drugs---

DR. RUFIN
 No! Not ever. You could destroy
 yourself.
 (more)

DR. RUFIN (cont'd)
Your mind will remember when it
can afford to remember.

HANNIBAL
You would not help me?

DR. RUFIN
I will always help you. Not that
way. You have fascinating
possibilities, Hannibal. Seize
them. Don't let the past pull
you down.

Hannibal looks at Abraham and Isaac, masters himself,
consults his watch, brightens by force of will.

HANNIBAL
Saki at six.

INT. MURASAKI APARTMENT TERRACE-THE LONG PARIS TWILIGHT

Dinner is finished. Lady Murasaki sees Dr. Rufin out.
She joins Hannibal on the terrace. White flowers
luminous in the fading light. BUMP OF THUNDER. Lady
Murasaki takes Hannibal's hand. A soft rain begins to
fall. They are caught in the moment, rain on their
faces.

LADY MURASAKI
You come and go, behind your eyes.
Izumi asks "Should I leave this
burning house of ceaseless thought
and taste the pure rain's single
truth falling on my skin?"

She turns his face up to the rain.

LADY MURASAKI
(continuing)
What should the answer be?

HANNIBAL
The answer should be yes. But it
is not.

The rain comes hard, drowns the candle flame. The
moment is shattered, they rush inside.

CUT TO:

HANNIBAL DRIVING THE MEDICAL SCHOOL VAN IN THE RAIN.

EXT. PARIS PRISON-RAINY NIGHT

The medical school van pulls up to the gate. Hannibal
is driving. The GATE GUARD waves him through.

INSIDE THE PRISON

Hannibal walks down a corridor pushing a gurney. On the gurney are a rubber body bag and a smaller rubber bag and some tourniquets. INTERIOR GUARDS let him through a wall of bars into Maximum Security. Hannibal enters a room without furniture. Near the door, a CLERK whispers to him.

CLERK
Sign here.

A PRISONER, strapped to a plank on a gurney is being questioned by Inspector Popil. A DOCTOR is in attendance. While the doctor inserts an IV in the prisoner's arm, the Inspector goes to Hannibal.

INSPECTOR POPIL
You came for . . .
(cuts his eyes toward
the prisoner)

HANNIBAL (softly)
The body. It's a work scholarship
after all.

The Inspector returns to the prisoner's side. The doctor pushes the plunger on a hypodermic, injects a little of a drug. The doctor nods to the Inspector. Inspector Popil leans over the prisoner.

INSPECTOR POPIL
How many others, Louis? The
barmaid at Orleans, Cecile
Mondelle? Tell me, Louis. What
can it matter now? Did you put
her body in the Loire?

THE PRISONER, face grey, sweating.

PRISONER
I only asked her to touch it, and
she laughed at me.

INSPECTOR POPIL
How did you kill her?

PRISONER
I can't stand to think about it.
I only did it to make the rhyiming
stop.

HANNIBAL WATCHING

INSPECTOR POPIL
You only have to stand it once
more. This will help you.

The doctor pushes more drug into his veins.

DISSOLVE TO:

PRISONER

. . . and then I put heavy
plowshares in the bags with her
and rolled her into the water
below the weir. But she was dead
then-- I would never drown her.

INSPECTOR POPIL

Thank you, Louis.

The Inspector closes his notebook. He nods to GUARDS who come forward. A guard opens the door to an adjoining room. Through the door we see a guillotine. A priest waits beside it. The condemned man wears a crucifix and chain around his neck. The guard takes the crucifix off and starts to put it in the prisoner's hand. The guard turns away. Prisoner shakes his head, lifts his chin and opens his mouth. The prisoner catches Hannibal's eye. Hannibal understands what he wants, and puts the chain and crucifix in the prisoner's mouth. The Inspector watches this with great interest. The guards turn the prisoner over, strapping him face down to the plank with his head extending over the end. They roll the prisoner into the guillotine chamber and close the door. The doctor remains with Hannibal. Hannibal unrolls his body bag. WE HEAR THUNDER. Lightning flashes from the window. The Inspector closes his notebook. He is leaving. At the door, he turns.

INSPECTOR POPIL

(continuing)

You knew at once what Louis
wanted, didn't you?

Hannibal does not reply.

INSPECTOR POPIL

(continuing)

He wanted his crucifix to remain
with his brain. Not his heart.

HANNIBAL

Where would you keep yours,
Inspector?

INSPECTOR POPIL

I don't have one, Hannibal. Do
you?

HANNIBAL

Crucifix or heart?

The Inspector leaves without replying.. At once Hannibal approaches the doctor.

HANNIBAL (indicates hypodermic)
Doctor, what is that?

DOCTOR
Thiopental sodium and two other
hypnotics.

HANNIBAL
We need to allow for it in our
blood work at the lab. May I have
the sample?

Doctor nods, and hands it over.

DOCTOR (taps the label)
The formula and the dosage are
there.

From the next room we hear a HEAVY THUD.

DOCTOR
I'd wait a few minutes if I were
you. Let Louis settle down.

CUT TO:

HANNIBAL'S ROOM

He has many books. A long-fanged Gibbon skull watches from a shelf as Hannibal lights several lamps. He has made drawings that resemble fragments of the scenes in his nightmares, and he puts them in view. He arranges in view the likenesses and medical drawings he has made of the criminal cannibals. He winds a gramophone with a big bell. He takes off his shirt. Loads a hypodermic from the prison drug vial. He squeezes a thin stream from a hypodermic and inserts it in the vein in his arm, jacking the blood back and forth a few times to make sure it will flow. He tapes the hypodermic to his arm. He turns on the gramophone.

CLOSE ON THE GRAMOPHONE NEEDLE

CLOSE ON THE HYPO NEEDLE

HANNIBAL pushes in the hypo plunger as we hear the SCRATCHY BEGINNINGS of children's folksongs. Sweat breaks out on his face.

FLASHES from the hunting lodge, the deserters examining the children, their faces lit by the fire, features blurred then clearing, we see the men's lips moving. In the scratchy gramophone sound we hear the song DAS MANNLEIN IM WALDE, the sounds distorted.

A webbed hand picks up an axe. Another hand picks up a bowl.

HANNIBAL in real time, looking wildy around the room at the images he has prepared. HANNIBAL SCREAMS, bends his arm, the hypodermic plunger goes all the way in.

THE SCREEN GOES TO BLACK. The GRAMOPHONE, PLAYING DAS MANNLEIN, WINDS DOWN TO SILENCE

FLASHES FROM THE HUNTING Lodge, Grutas and Dortlich picking up Mischa between them, each with an arm. Dortlich with the axe. Greutz following with his bowl.

Hannibal rushing toward them. Grutas swinging the stick of stovewood. Blurred images as Hannibal regains consciousness. The chain around his neck now has the open padlock on it where Mischa was removed from the chain. Then artillery shells exploding outside the lodge, splintering trees. Artillery shells explode in the yard. The lodge catches fire.

The deserters, desperate, pulling off their dog tags and putting them into Pot Watcher's satchel, along with a notebook. They put on medical jackets and armbands. Explosion, timbers falling, crushing Pot Watcher and his satchel as the others run out. Pot Watcher disappearing under falling timbers, his gold teeth showing in a rictus smile, his satchel clutched in his arms.

A FROZEN FOREST

We HEAR THE SOUND OF A CHAIN dragged over the snow and brush.

ADVANCING RUSSIAN TROOPS in a snowfall, some in white, some in dark uniforms. Tanks rumble forward.

HANNIBAL'S POV pushing through brush, we HEAR THE CHAIN TINKLING AS HE DRAGS IT. The padlock that had held Mischa is still attached to the chain. Brush moves above him as he struggles forward. Gunfire, bullets whipping overhead. We HEAR SHOUTED COMMANDS.

THE FOREST BATTLEFIELD

Hannibal, a little boy with a broken arm and a chain around his neck, faces oncoming armor and troops. His field glasses hang from his shoulder. A SOLDIER picks him up and backing, watchful, takes him to the back of a tank where there is heat from the tank radiator. SECOND SOLDIER opens a tool box on the tank and gets out some boltcutters. Hannibal clutches his field glasses against his chest.

HANNIBAL'S ROOM, PRESENT TIME

A guttering candle, burned far far down, grey dawn over the rooftops of Paris. Hannibal, hollow-eyed, stirs on his bed.

A TRAIN CHARGING ACROSS OCCUPIED WEST GERMANY-DAY

HANNIBAL in a day coach looks at his drawings of Grutas, Kolnas, Dortlich and Milko as the train passes German village signs, Allied military vehicles on the roads.

THE BORDER CROSSING

The train is halted. Sleepy passengers carrying bundles wait to be processed in a building beside the checkpoint.

HANNIBAL AND THE DESK OFFICER

DESK OFFICER checks Hannibal's papers. He looks at the picture on the passport. It is of a much younger Hannibal.

DESK OFFICER
French citizen.

HANNIBAL
Yes.

DESK OFFICER
You need a new photograph.

The officer waves Hannibal into a curtained photo booth, looks at Hannibal's papers and picks up the telephone, reads from Hannibal's papers into the phone.

DESK OFFICER
(continuing)
. . . cataloguing a library.

CUT TO:

INT. KAUNAS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Dortlich, in police uniform, jodpurs and jackboots, walking through the foyer where a SCRUFFY DRUNKEN MAN is being booked in front of a DESK SERGEANT. A SNEAKY OFFICER at an outer desk watches him. Dortlich goes into the telephone switchboard room, gestures for the SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR to get out, and closes the door. Through glass in the door we see him speaking into the phone.

INSIDE THE SWITCHBOARD ROOM, Dortlich listens.

VOICE IN DORTLICH'S EAR
 Watch him. Watch him yourself.
 He's come for something.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE ORPHANAGE, LITHUANIA -DAY

A truck comes to a stop on the high road at the end of the castle drive. Hannibal gets out with his bag. He gives the DRIVER a pack of American cigarettes, Fatimas.

HEADMASTER'S OFFICE

Headmaster and Dortlich watch as Hannibal crosses the moat, throwing a piece of bread to the black swans.

DORTLICH
 Cataloguing the library? I don't
 think so.

EXT. CASTLE ORPHANAGE GROUNDS- NIGHT

Torn clouds blow across a full moon. We see light around the cracks in the door of the storage shed where Hannibal was confined as a child. Hannibal emerges carrying a lantern, a short shovel, and a coil of rope which he stuffs in his bag. Hannibal crosses the grounds to the stable, where the empty horse cart stands. A shadow moves at the corner of our vision. Hannibal's eyes follow the movement, but he does not turn his head.

INT. STABLE - NIGHT

The great draft horse, older and fatter, dozes in his stall. WE HEAR THE HORSE SNORING. Hannibal pats his neck, blows in his nostrils.

HANNIBAL (whispers)
 Wake up! Cesar, wake up!

THE CASTLE ORPHANAGE GROUNDS

Dortlich hiding behind the storage shed. He gets out a carrot and starts to bite it, thinks better of it and puts the carrot away. He peers around the corner to see Hannibal leading the horse across soft ground. The horse wears a basic harness and a saddle blanket. The bag and the unlit lantern are fastened to the harness, along with the coil of rope.

DORTLICH
 (to himself)
 The lodge.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST -NIGHT

Hannibal and the great horse enter a forest cart road, heavily overgrown. A big tree has fallen across the trail. Hannibal has to dismount and lead the horse around it, pushing through brush and over uneven ground.

THE FOREST TRACK

Hannibal, riding, leans close to the horse's ear.

HANNIBAL
 How many times did you bring us up
 this road in the cart? Mischa and
 me and all of us?

THE EDGE OF THE FOREST

Dortlich's car approaches the beginning of the trail. He is driving with his wartime blackout lights.

DORTLICH'S POV

The great tree across the road. He takes out a map, shines his flashlight on it. Dortlich traces with his finger the power line cut through the forest. He taps a spot closest to the hunting lodge.

EXT. POWER LINE TRACK - NIGHT

Dortlich's Wartburg bounces along the track cut through the forest for a power line.

HANNIBAL AND CESAR on the trail.

DORTLICH stops his car. Shines his spotlight on a number plate on a pylon. He turns off the motor. Dortlich gets his day pack from the back of the car. Other clothing is in the car. Dortlich drops the clip out of a Tokarev pistol, checks it, shoves the clip back in. He does not jack a round into the chamber. Dortlich approaches the forest on foot.

EXT. HUNTING LODGE - NIGHT

The ruins of the lodge and the garden. The burned-out tank has a flowering vine hanging from its cannon. Vines fill the greenhouse canopy of the Stuka, tendrils growing through the pilot's skull, a flower in his eye socket. Hannibal emerges into the clearing on the horse. An owl SCREECHES. The horse snorts and shivers.

Hannibal slides off and ties the horse, using a length of rope so the horse can crop the grass. He approaches the dark lodge.

INT. HUNTING LODGE - NIGHT

Hannibal enters and stands in darkness. SCRAPE OF A MATCH STRIKING. He lights the lantern. The room is a ruin. A small animal races out. The glass eyes of hunting trophies reflect the light. The broken piano is in a corner. WE HEAR A PHRASE OF MUSIC. Fallen timbers block half the room, covering everything. Hannibal pries at the wreckage with his shovel, clears away loose debris.

EXT. HUNTING LODGE

Hannibal draws water from the well and gives it to Cesar. Hannibal runs water over his head and hands and drinks from his cupped hands. He gives Cesar a handful of oats in a feedbag. Cesar eats with a lot of CRUNCHING.

THE BLACK FOREST as a branch moves, a boot CRUNCHES on the forest mast.

AT THE WELL, Hannibal looks up at the sound. Looks around. An owl HOOTS. Hannibal takes the rope and reenters the lodge.

THE SKY OVER THE FOREST as dawn is coming up. Ravens call and fly.

INT. HUNTING LODGE - FIRST LIGHT

The big fallen timbers are piled like pick-up-sticks. Hannibal studies the pile, ties his rope around a timber and backs out the door, paying out a doubled length of rope.

EXT. HUNTING LODGE - BREAK OF DAY

Hannibal attaches the rope to Cesar's harness. He pads the harness over Cesar's shoulders with his jacket and the rolled-up bag. He pats the horse. Then he takes the horse's bridle in his hand and CLICKS IN CESAR'S EAR, A DISTINCTIVE CLICK-CLICK that we will hear again. The rope tightens.

INSIDE THE LODGE.

A timber moves, the whole pile tumbles forward in the room with much soot and dust rising. Hannibal comes in with his handkerchief over his nose and mouth. He holds his lantern high. He uncovers the singed trophy head of a boar. He looks at it for a beat. In his memory he hears:

HANNIBAL'S MOTHER (V.O.)
 Pearls before swine.

Still, he puts the boar's head aside and digs more urgently. He uncovers a scorched teddy bear, then Mischa's copper bathtub. As he lifts it from the rubble we can HEAR BONES RATTLING IN THE BATHTUB. Hannibal raises his lantern and looks inside the bathtub. He takes off the handkerchief covering his face. He gently covers the baby bones in the tub. He attacks the rubble, making a lot of noise as he uncovers a skeletal hand and arm and Pot Watcher's skull with gold teeth. He finds a charred courier pouch. It tinkles when Hannibal shakes it. Hurriedly Hannibal clears a space on the stove and dumps out the contents of the pouch. Assorted military collar brass-- Lithuanian police, Nazi SS lightning brass, Nazi Waffen-SS skull-and-crossbones cap device, Lithuanian aluminum police eagle, and Salvation Army collar brass--- and five scorched stainless steel ID dogtags fall out onto the stove, along with a notebook. Hannibal places the dogtags of the cannibal deserters in a precise line. He opens the notebook. It contains dates and places, lists of looted items. He picks up the boar's head, extracts the tongue and pours into his hand a string of pearls and assorted jewelry, a pair of large pear-shaped pearl earrings.

DORTLICH IN THE WOODS near the hunting lodge with binoculars.

DORTLICH'S POV, the glittering jewels through the binoculars.

INSIDE THE LODGE

Hannibal moves his finger down the line of dogtags, reading the names under his breath.

HANNIBAL
 Kolnas, Grutas . . .

A SOUND BEHIND HIM. Hannibal ducks as a pipe swishes beside his head to clang on the stove. Dortlich strikes again, Hannibal leaping back to fall in the rubble and roll away from the next hit. Dortlich has the pipe, Hannibal picks up the poker from the fireplace. They fight back and forth in the ruin. Dortlich, swinging at Hannibal, strikes the wrecked piano and the strings sound. Dortlich pulls his pistol, but must use both hands to jack a round into the chamber. Before he can finish, Hannibal catches him beneath the ear with the poker and Dortlich collapses.

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTING LODGE - LATER IN THE MORNING

Hannibal pokes through his mother's jewelry. A few strands of hair are caught in the clasp of his mother's pearls. Hannibal takes a brooch and walks outside.

EXT. HUNTING LODGE - DAY

The copper bathtub rests on the burned out tank amid tendrils of the flowering vine. Beside it are wildflowers Hannibal has gathered. BIRDSONG. an ortolan bunting. Hannibal gently lifts his handkerchief out of the tub and moves aside some flowers. Beneath the flowers we see some small bones, the top of a child's skull. Hannibal places the brooch among the remains and refills the tub with flowers. BIRDSONG. Hannibal carries the tub into a pleasant opening in the trees nearby, to a small open grave, the shovel standing beside it. Hannibal places the tub into the grave and stands at the foot. During the following we HEAR MUFFLED SOUNDS that might be Hannibal's sounds of grief. They are not. BIRDSONG.

HANNIBAL

Mischa, we take comfort in knowing there is no God. That you are not enslaved in a Heaven, made to kiss God's ass forever. What you have is better than paradise. You have blessed oblivion. I miss you every day.

Hannibal picks up his shovel to fill the grave.

DISSOLVE TO:

Hannibal turns from the covered grave. Dortlich is bound and slung across the horse's back. Dortlich makes sounds through a gag. Hannibal leads the horse into the woods away from the gravesite.

CUT TO:

HANNIBAL AND DORTLICH

Dortlich is seated against a tree, tightly bound to the tree and gagged. Hannibal settles himself on the ground by Dortlich and rummages through Dortlich's pack. He gets out Dortlich's lunch. He extracts Dortlich's wallet and compares it with a scorched dogtag.

HANNIBAL (solemnly and sincerely)

Herr . . . Dortlich, on behalf of myself and my late family, I want to thank you for coming. Your being here means a great deal to us.

Hannibal reaches over and pulls the gag from Dortlich's mouth.

HANNIBAL

I'm glad to have this chance to talk seriously with you about eating my sister. I want to help you work through that experience. Do you remember the bathtub bubbling on the stove?

DORTLICH

I swear to God she was dead. She was dead anyway, I swear it. You don't know what it's like to be starving.

HANNIBAL

I was there-- remember, Herr Dortlich? Starving. You felt our arms and our hams and you chose her. Why did you try to kill me today, Herr Dortlich?-- you have your lunch right here.

DORTLICH

I wanted the jewels. I would have just left you unconscious, a fallen timber, an accident in the ruins. I would have left you--

HANNIBAL

Dead, I think. Because I have the dogtags, and your little book of looting.

Hannibal has the feedbag on Cesar, who eats noisily. A scorched teddy bear is tied to Cesar's harness facing backward. Nearby a small fire burns with forked sticks stuck in the ground on either side to accept a spit. Hannibal harvests morels off a stump with his pocketknife. He smells them in his cupped hands.

HANNIBAL

(continuing)

Amazing! Morels are 250 francs a centigram in Paris!!

Hannibal roots through Dortlich's lunch. He finds a carrot, passes it on to Cesar. AN ORTOLAN BUNTING SINGS NEARBY. Hannibal takes a sandwich out of the pack and examines the contents.

HANNIBAL

(continuing)

So much mayonaise, Herr Dortlich!
I call you "Herr," but you aren't
German, are you? Or Lithuanian, or
Russian or anything-- you are your
own citizen-- a citizen of
Dortlich. Are the others alive?
Do you keep in touch?

DORTLICH

No. They were killed in the war.

There is a coil of rope on Cesar's back. Hannibal fastens the free end to Cesar's harness. The other end hangs out of sight on the other side of the horse. Now Hannibal takes hold of the rope and pulls into view the other end, which is a noose. Hannibal takes the bread covered with mayonaise and greases the noose, just as the cheese merchant greased the wire at the market. He puts the noose around Dortlich's neck, and walks the horse a little way, the coil of rope paying out on the ground.

HANNIBAL

Did you see Cesar move the
timbers, Herr Dortlich? Where are
the others?

DORTLICH

I don't---Yes! I know where one of
them is. Grentz. I know Grentz.

HANNIBAL

(reading from dogtags)

Grentz?

DORTLICH

In Canada. He got out on a
refugee boat from Bremerhaven.

HANNIBAL

What did he look like?

Dortlich has to think.

DORTLICH

Swarthy, they wouldn't have let
him in SS.

HANNIBAL

Ah, yes, he always provided the
bowl. I remember his singing.
He had a lovely voice.

HANNIBAL
(continuing)
And the others?

DORTLICH
All dead, all dead in the war.

HANNIBAL
Do you remember *Das Mannlein im Walde*, Herr Dortlich? Mischa loved that song. Let us sing for Mischa.

Hannibal whispers in Cesar's ear.

HANNIBAL
(continuing; to Cesar)
I don't want you to see this.
(to Dortlich)
Sing for slack, Herr Dortlich.
Mischa and I sang this a lot.
(singing)
Ein Mannlein steht im Walde ganz still und stumm--

Hannibal clicks in Cesar's ear. He and the big horse move forward. The rope to Dortlich's neck uncoils on the ground.

HANNIBAL
(continuing)
Sing for slack, Herr Dortlich. *Es hat von lauter Purpur ein Mantlein um.*

The rope rises from the ground, still slack.

HANNIBAL
(continuing)
You're not singing, Herr Dortlich.

DORTLICH watching the rope in the grass. He begins to sing along desperately.

DORTLICH (singing)
Sagt, wer mag das Mannlein sein

DORTLICH POV

Hannibal and the horse receding in the distance. The teddy bear facing backward toward Dortlich, bouncing as though it is waving goodbye. Both men are singing.

HANNIBAL AND DORTLICH
Das da steht im Wald allein . . .

CLOSE ON THE ROPE as it rises from the grass with tension.

DORTLICH

Porvik! We called him Pot
Watcher. Killed in the lodge. You
found him.

HANNIBAL

Milko?

DORTLICH

I don't know, I don't know. I
swear.

HANNIBAL

And now we come to your leader,
Grutas.

DORTLICH

You will never touch him. He will
kill you.

HANNIBAL

Where is he?

DORTLICH

I don't know.

HANNIBAL

What does he call himself?

DORTLICH

I don't know-- I don't!

HANNIBAL

What does he do?

DORTLICH

He buys and sells things. Sulfa
drugs, women.

HANNIBAL

You know his business, but not his
location. How do you get news of
him?

DORTLICH

I don't, it's rumors only. Let
me go and I will testify against
Grentz.

Hannibal leads the horse forward, the rope rises off
the ground.

HANNIBAL
A few more verses, Herr Dortlich.
(more verses)

Hannibal is singing, turning to Cesar's ear, sharing the song with him. Cesar's ears may turn backward when the shrieking starts, but Hannibal sings over it.

HANNIBAL
(continuing)
Mit dem purporroten Mantelein---

DORTLICH
(shrieking)
It's Kolnas! Kolnas deals with him. Grutas mixes up his name.

HANNIBAL
Where is Kolnas?

DORTLICH
France.

HANNIBAL
Where in France?

DORTLICH
Fontainebleau, I think. He sends packages to his mother from Fontainebleau. The kid was already dead! I swear to God she was dead. You are only alive because we gave you some

Hannibal turns and comes back to Dortlich, looks him in the face.

HANNIBAL
No, you did not.

Hannibal, staring into Dortlich's face, clicks to Cesar and the horse snorts with a sudden effort forward as Hannibal drowns out Dortlich's screams with singing

HANNIBAL
(continuing)
Mit dem purporroten Mantelein.

The rope tightens, HUMS with tension, a mist of dew flies off it as the tiny fibers on the rope stand up. Hannibal CLICKS IN CESAR'S EAR. AND-- CLOSE TOGETHER-- A WET CRUNCH, AN ARTERIAL HISS AND A THUMP as the section of the rope we can see falls to the grass, snapping back a little from its own elasticity.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL, arterial spray on his face.

HANNIBAL
 (continuing)
Mit dem purpurroten Mantelein.
 Indeed.

CUT TO:

Hannibal hunched over a fire, his back to us.

HANNIBAL
 No you did not. No you did not.

THE TRAIL BACK TO THE CASTLE

Hannibal examines the horse for abrasions, rubs him. Cesar eats oats. Hannibal takes the muzzle bag and bridle off and fastens them to the harness. He kisses the horse's neck.

HANNIBAL
 (continuing)
 Go home, Cesar! Go! Go Home.

He spanks the horse's rump with his hand. Cesar makes stately progress back down the trail toward the orphanage. Hannibal takes from Dortlich's pack the car keys and takes his pistol. He flings the pack into the brush.

CUT TO:

NEED A BORDER CROSSING, REMEMBER THE PEARL EARRINGS.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Police with dogs push through the brush. The Sneaky Officer is among them. A CRY echoes through the trees.

A GROUP OF POLICE stand in a semicircle. DOGS WHINE. They are halted before something.

DORTLICH'S HEAD.

The head is at eye level, on a stump. The head is cut off cleanly by the lubricated rope. Ants march up and down the stump. There is a trace of mayonaise on Dortlich's neck. A raven stands on Dortlich's head.

His cheeks are missing, though his lips remain. His teeth are visible on the sides. In the open mouth a scorched dogtag is wedged between the upper and lower teeth. Reflected in the raven's eye, we see police approaching. The raven flies as Sneaky Officer pushes forward. Sneaky officer looks around carefully, sees the stump where the mushrooms were harvested.

SNEAKY OFFICER
 He picked some morels.

Nearby is a crude spit made of a green stick and forked branches. It is over ashes.

SNEAKY OFFICER
(continuing)
And made a brochette. Morels and
cheeks.

Sneaky Officer feels the ashes,

SNEAKY OFFICER
(continuing)
Cold.

IN A TREE NEARBY the raven cries out once, and waits.

CUT TO:

THE BORDER CROSSING

A bus full of passengers is being processed. At last it is waved through. Hannibal, in Dortlich's uniform, demands from one of the guards.

HANNIBAL
You didn't look at his driver's
license!

The guard whistles for the bus to stop. Hannibal goes to the bus, bangs for the door to open, the driver to get out. Officer demands the driver's license. Looks at it, gets on the bus with the driver.

HANNIBAL
(continuing)
Haul ass.

SWITCHBOARD ROOM, KAUNAS POLICE STATION-NIGHT

Sneaky Officer tells the switchboard operator to get out and places a call himself.

EXT. CAFE D' ESTE - NIGHT

Diners eat on the terrace and inside. An aviary full of ortolan buntings is beside the terrace. The restaurant telephone rings.

INSIDE THE CAFE

A WAITER serves ortolans. The CUSTOMERS put their napkins over their heads to eat the little birds. The TELEPHONE RINGS. The MAITRE D' answers, summons Kolnas, owner of the cafe. Kolnas takes the call, makes notes. Kolnas goes to the cellar of the cafe, unlocks a cabinet, takes out another telephone and places a call.

Around him are crates marked "Sugrat" with a warehouse address.

CUT TO:

A WAREHOUSE ON A RIVER QUAY-NIGHT

Under floodlights in a layered fog, workmen unload trucks. Large crates stamped *U.S. Post Exchange Neuilly* are loaded onto canal barges. A PAINTER sprays over the crate markings.. In B.G., on the dark river, Grutas's houseboat, a Dutch double-ender, black, with gardens on deck. Telephone and power lines run to the boat. A GUARD watches the gangway. FIRST WOMAN CAPTIVE, a prisoner below decks, presses her agonized face against a porthole before she is dragged away. THE RING OF A TELEPHONE from aboard the boat.

ABOARD THE BOAT, a luxurious salon.

Grutas listens on the telephone. He hangs up. Milko stands by, along with TATTOOED THUG and MUELLER, a younger henchman. We hear MUFFLED CRIES from elsewhere in the boat. The men ignore the cries as they would ignore engine noise.

GRUTAS

Dortlich's dogtag was in his mouth. That means the boy has all the dogtags and Pot Watcher's inventory too.

MILKO

Dortlich searched those ruins before. You told him to do it..

GRUTAS

Poked around with his picnic fork, the lazy bastard. Dieter!

MILKO

Where is he, this poison little boy who kills Dortlich?

GRUTAS

A Paris schoolboy. Ivanov owes us a favor, his embassy security will flush little Hannibal for us. We'll do the rest. Where the hell is Dieter?

A PASSAGEWAY IN THE BOAT

Grutas bangs on a cabin door, opens it.

INSIDE THE CABIN

Four young frightened women are chained to their bunks. They each have a towel and a chamber pot. DIETER, 25, feral face, has FIRST WOMAN CAPTIVE by the hair, standing over her as she sits chained to her bunk. Hers is the face we saw in the porthole. For dominance as much as desire Grutas chooses the girl Dieter holds

GRUTAS

(continuing)

You bruise their face, split their lip, the money goes down. And that one, that one is mine for now. Eva!

EVA, a maid, looks into the room fearfully. She cowers. She has a patch over one eye and she is too old to sell.

GRUTAS

(continuing)

Clean that one up.

(to Tattooed Thug)

Take her up to the house, lock her in.

Dieter wears the keys on his belt. Eva gets the key from him to unlock the girl. TATTOOED THUG goes with Eva to control the girl.

THE SALON

Grutas, Milko, Dieter, and Mueller.

GRUTAS

(continuing)

Milko, I want you to go to Paris. Ivanov's men will spot the boy for you. Mueller, give him your Dragonov.

Mueller does not appear pleased, but moves to obey

MILKO

He doesn't want me to use his baby. Keep your rifle, I don't want it anyway.

GRUTAS

The boy most likely has Dortlich's pistol,

MILKO

They'll find it in his ass.

WALKING THROUGH THE WAREHOUSE

Grutas and Milko. Grutas pauses at the loading dock to look at an inventory. A separate grouping of crates, some opened, containing appliances, some furniture and a piano are all marked "Pour la maison" The piano is a modest upright. Grutas spots a British refrigerator.

GRUTAS

No! For my house I want
Kelvinator, Frigidaire, Magnavox,
Curtis-Mathis. I want all made-in-
America.

He stops at the piano and plays a few notes.

GRUTAS

(continuing)

This is a whorehouse piano. I
don't want it. Kolnas found me
a Bosendorfer. The best. Pick
it up in Paris, Milko . . . when
you do the other thing.

CUT TO:

THE OFFICE OF INSPECTOR POPIL

A POLICE SERGEANT brings him a packet with important
stamps and seals.

POLICE SERGEANT

Urgent from the Ministry, Sir.

Inspector Popil reads the message, touches his own
cheek.

INSPECTOR POPIL

Are you sure of this translation?

POLICE SERGEANT (shrugs)

From Lithuanian to German to
French?

INSPECTOR POPIL

Stand by with the car.

Police Sergeant leaves. A big fluffy cat comes in the
open window from the tiles, bringing Popil a dead rat.
Popil accepts the gift with grave courtesy, holding it
by the tail.

INSPECTOR POPIL

(continuing)

Excellent work, Madame.

He rubs the cat, puts the rat back outside on the roof
tiles. The cat follows.

INSPECTOR POPIL
 (continuing)
 You might enjoy this more al
 fresco.

He closes the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS, MEDICAL SCHOOL - DAY

Hannibal, carrying his pack, gets out of a taxi and goes into the building. From across the street a MAN WITH A BICYCLE takes his picture. BICYCLE MAN pedals to a telephone kiosk.

IN HANNIBAL'S ROOM

Part of the garret room is spare and Japanese. It has a little altar with Robert Lecter's pocket watch and small photo. There are photos of Hannibal's parents and Mischa and a few flowers and candles. The other half of the room is furious with images. A desk is piled with books. Hannibal's anatomical drawings dominate. Drawings of the criminal deserter's faces, some partially dissected. One is Dortlich. Another is Kolnas. Another is Grutas. A long-fanged Gibbon skull watches from a shelf. The skull has an articulated jaw. Hannibal looks at the faded, scorched faces of his family in the photographs. He lays out the dogtags before the altar, moves his finger from one to the next. He wads up the drawing of Dortlich. He quotes Basho:

HANNIBAL
 Nothing in the cry/ of cicadas
 suggests they/ are about to die.

One by one, he places the dogtags in the mouth of the Gibbon skull. A firm KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Hannibal answers.

INSPECTOR POPIL
 May I?

HANNIBAL
 Inspector Popil. Certainly.

They sit on cushions in the Japanese part of the room. Hannibal offers tea. Inspector Popil's eyes roll around the room. Among the sketches is a back view of a graceful Japanese lady at her bath. Popil fixes on the dissection sketches of Grutas.

INSPECTOR POPIL
Soviet Police Officer Dortlich,
Johann, beheaded in the forest
your family used to own. You
were there. Is there anything
you'd like to tell me, Hannibal?

HANNIBAL
No, Inspector.

INSPECTOR POPIL
Did you know him?

HANNIBAL
Do you have a photograph of him?

INSPECTOR POPIL
This is Dortlich.

Inspector Popil puts a service ID photo of Dortlich on
the tea table. He rises, goes to the sketches of
Grutas.

INSPECTOR POPIL
(continuing)
And this is the face of Klaus
Grutas, acquitted at Nuremburg
after a witness was murdered. you
know where he is?

HANNIBAL
No, Inspector.

INSPECTOR POPIL
He killed Jews and Gypsies in your
forest. Confront him and he will
kill you. Are you hunting war
criminals, Hannibal?

HANNIBAL
War crimes are your field,
Inspector.

INSPECTOR POPIL
The late Dortlich had a disguised
Waffen SS tattoo under his arm.
Odd for a Soviet Officer. Did he
and Grutas kill your family?

HANNIBAL
I don't remember.

INSPECTOR POPIL
If you know the names, tell me.
I can find them faster than you
can.

Silence from Hannibal.

INSPECTOR POPIL

(continuing)

Dortlich is a matter of indifference to me, but if you harm anyone in France I will seize you, Hannibal. Do we understand each other?

HANNIBAL

Certainly, Inspector.

INSPECTOR POPIL

If they kill you, I will have to tell Lady Murasaki and make an effort to appear distressed. Thank you for the tea. The Soviets are sending people to question you. Do not leave Paris.

The Inspector gets ready to leave. He pauses at the door.

INSPECTOR POPIL

(continuing)

The killer ate Officer Dortlich's cheeks and a luncheon-sized portion of his liver.

Hannibal smiles.

HANNIBAL

Ravens very likely. The forest is rife with them.

INSPECTOR POPIL

Ravens who constructed a shish kabob and built a fire . . .

For a moment Inspector Popil tries to look into Hannibal.

INSPECTOR POPIL

(continuing)

The Eastern Front was awful beyond imagining. But you know that, don't you? You were there.

CUT TO:

A PARIS STREET MARKET- MORNING

Lady Murasaki buys flowers. Bicycle Man takes her picture.

LADY MURASAKI'S APARTMENT -MORNING

Hannibal is finishing an exquisite flower arrangement. He hears Lady Murasaki's key in the door. He slips a bit of cucumber into a cricket cage. He rises as Lady Murasaki comes in with her flowers. They are warm toward each other, but formal. We HEAR THE BELL CHIME OF A SUZUMUSHI CRICKET.

LADY MURASAKI

I see you and the cricket sings in concert with my heart.

HANNIBAL

My heart hops at the sight of you, who taught my heart to sing.

Formal no more, he goes to her and holds her close. They stand together, holding each other's hands.

LADY MURASAKI

I feared for you. You did not go for books.

Hannibal holds out a pair of his mother's pearl earrings, big pear-shaped pearls.

HANNIBAL

I went for these.

He presses the earrings into Lady Murasaki's hands.

HANNIBAL

(continuing)

Come, I'll show you why I went.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROAD TO FONTAINEBLEAU- DAY

Hannibal and Lady Murasaki on a motorcycle pass a sign reading "Fontainebleau" and go into the town. Lady Murasaki wears a headband and has something of the Parisian Apache look. She does not wear the earrings. She is tight against Hannibal on the motorcycle.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE D'ESTE -DAY

Close to the terrace is an aviary full of ortolan buntings, many singing. Lady Murasaki and Hannibal pause to look at them.

HANNIBAL

Ortolans. He nets them on their way to Africa and serves them for lunch. These have the Lithuanian accent.

LADY MURASAKI
They're so small, so beautiful.

HANNIBAL
They're like us: They can smell
the others cooking and still they
try to sing. Come.

THE TERRACE

Hannibal and Lady Murasaki eat ice cream sundaes.
Hannibal walks in the direction of the toilets. A
waiter brings to a nearby table two dishes of ortolans.
Customers put their napkins over their heads and plates
to eat them. Other DINERS are doing the same. A
thuggish waiter HERCULE busses tables.

INSIDE THE RESTAURANT

Hannibal reads the name on the posted restaurant
license. He goes down the corridor toward the
toilets, tries a door in the hall marked "Prive." He
goes down steep steps to the wine cave and basement.
A new washing machine and dryer are in the basement,
partly uncrated, near hamper of dirty napkins and
tableclothes. On the the crates Hannibal finds "U.S.
PX" not quite obscured by paint. A freight slip reads
point of origin as SUGRAT, INC., and an address.
Hannibal holds the Grutas dogtag and the Kolnas dogtag
beside the label. He sees that "Sugrat" is "Grutas"
scrambled. Hercule, coming down the stairs with
dirty linens, finds Hannibal.

HERCULE
Why are you down here, what are
you doing? Can't you read
"Prive"?

HANNIBAL (affects British accent)
I thought it said privy. Terribly
sorry, I was trying to find the
bath room. Show me quickly, I'm
caught rather short.

THE TERRACE.

Hannibal returns to the table.

HANNIBAL
Kolnas is using the name "Kleber."
It's on the license. Monsieur
Kleber residing on the Rue
Juliana. Ahhh, regard . .

KOLNAS arrives with his WIFE and TWO SMALL CHILDREN, a
girl who is still a toddler, and a boy of about six.
Hannibal's eyes grow wide at the sight of Kolnas.

The CONVERSATION around him takes on a swoony sound. The Kolnas family are dressed for church. Kolnas is beefy now with a Rotary pin in his lapel, his family blonde and attractive, Germanic looking. Kolnas carries his son in his arms. The family waits at the edge of the terrace while Kolnas goes to the cash register.

HANNIBAL

(continuing)

Here he is, come by to check the till on his way to church. How neat he is, and plump, this war criminal.

The HEADWAITER greets Kolnas with respect, opens the reservation book for his inspection. A telephone is beside the reservation book.

HEADWAITER

Remember us in your prayers,
Monsieur.

Kolnas nods. He takes a Webley .455 revolver from his waistband, reaches through a curtain beneath the cash register and puts the gun on a shelf. Kolnas takes some coins from the till. Kolnas shows the boy a coin.

KOLNAS

This is your offering for church.
Put it in your pocket.

Kolnas wipes a shiny coin with his handkerchief and gives it to his little daughter.

KOLNAS

(continuing)

Here is your offering, liebchen!
Don't put it in your mouth. Put
it safe in the pocket!

Kolnas shows his son to SOMEONE AT THE BAR while his little daughter toddles between the tables. INDULGENT CUSTOMERS smile at her.. Hannibal takes the cherry from the top of his sundae. He holds it at the edge of the table. The child is attracted and comes to his table. She reaches for the cherry. She is wearing Mischa's bracelet. Hannibal is stunned for a second at the sight of the bracelet. He touches it with a finger. Hannibal sings to the little girl.

HANNIBAL

*Ein Mannlein steht im Walde ganz
still und stumm-- do you know that
song? Es hat von lauter Purpur
ein Mantlein um.*

While the child's attention is on the cherry and the song, Hannibal slips something into the pocket of her dress. Suddenly Kolnas is standing beside the table.

KOLNAS
She doesn't know that song.

Kolnas picks up the child.

HANNIBAL
You must know it-- you don't
sound French to me.

KOLNAS
Neither do you, Monsieur. We are
all French now.

Kolnas carries the little girl away.

LADY MURASAKI
Beautiful children.

HANNIBAL
Yes, she's wearing Mischa's
bracelet. Kolnas ate my sister.

WE HEAR CHURCH BELLS.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A communion service is underway. A BOY SOPRANO in a church robe SINGS IN LATIN. Light streams in through stained glass. The PRIEST offers communion. He holds up the wine. Hannibal and Lady Murasaki are in the darker area of the church. Lady Murasaki uses her scarf as a head covering. Kolnas and his wife, carrying the children, go forward to receive the Host. High above the altar is a particularly bloody representation of Christ on the Cross. The priest performs the communion ritual with wine and wafer. He holds up the wine.

PRIEST
Drink. This is my blood, shed for
the remission of your sins.

He holds up the wafer.

PRIEST

(continuing)

This is my body, broken for you,
sacrificed that you might not
perish, but have everlasting life.
Take, eat, and as oft as ye do
this, do it in remembrance of Me.

KOLNAS, carrying his daughter, turns from the altar
rail, the wafer dissolving in his mouth.

HANNIBAL, watching, closes one eye as though winking at
Kolnas.

HANNIBAL

Kolnas has no need for my
forgiveness or God's, My Lady --
he has forgiven himself.

The OFFERING BOX

Kolnas carries both his children in his arms. He
whispers to his son. The child takes a coin from his
pocket and puts in in the box. Kolnas whispers to his
daughter. She fumbles in her pocket and pulls out his
old scorched dogtag. Kolnas has to take it to a
stained-glass window to see what it is. When he
recognizes it, he turns and looks desperately around
the church. The pew where Lady Murasaki and Hannibal
were seated is empty. The priest drains the cup.

CUT TO:

EXT. MURASAKI APARTMENT TERRACE-THE LONG PARIS TWILIGHT

Hannibal drains a cup of sake, looking up at Sacre
Couer floodlit, high and far away. The remains of
dinner are on a sideboard. He hears Lady Murasaki's
voice from within the apartment. Hannibal hears Lady
Murasaki's voice from inside the apartment.

LADY MURASAKI

Hannibal?

He goes inside. Lady Murasaki has changed clothes, she
wears a dressing gown and her hair is down. She wears
carries a candle. Hannibal follows her to the sunken
bath. She lights candles and incense. A bowl of
fruit is beside the pool. She invites him to sit on a
cushion. She sits beside him. When she tosses back
her hair, he sees she is wearing the earrings.

LADY MURASAKI

(continuing)

Hannibal, I want to ask you something: soon I must return to Japan to help my father. You could come too. And be with me. They are desperate for doctors in Hiroshima. Our country house is lovely. We shelter radiation cases there. We could have a clinic . . .

Hannibal smiles at her.

HANNIBAL

But first you want me to . . .

LADY MURASAKI

Give Kolnas to Inspector Popil. Kolnas and the rest of them. He will punish them.

HANNIBAL

It's Kolnas' children isn't it?

LADY MURASAKI

We have both seen enough orphans,

Lady Murasaki takes an orange from a bowl beside the bath, She cups it in her hand. She cuts into with her fingernails to get the oil on her fingers. Lady Murasaki touches Hannibal's lips with the tip of her finger.

LADY MURASAKI

(continuing)

One real touch is better than the bridge of dreams.

She pushes the orange across the tiles with her finger, and it splashes into the warm water. With a sake cup, she snuffs one of the candles. She leaves the sake cup inverted on top of the candle, holding the candle a little longer than she has to. She unbuttons the top button of Hannibal's shirt. There she finds Grutas's scorched dogtag hanging on a chain around his neck. Her hand recoils from it.

LADY MURASAKI

(continuing)

Come with me to Japan. Give them up. Let it go. Promise me.

HANNIBAL

I cannot promise, my Lady.

LADY MURASAKI

My great-great uncle found
killing addictive. He perfumed
his own head each day so it would
make a nice trophy just in case he
lost a fight. Keep on, and you
will need to perfume yours.
Hannibal . . .promise me.

It is hard for him to refuse her. He swallows and says

HANNIBAL

No, my lady.

She dismisses him, suddenly cold.

LADY MURASAKI

When you can promise, come back to
me.

CUT TO:

THE STREET

Milko is in the alley with a Luger equipped with a
silencer. Hannibal comes out of Lady Murasaki's
building and starts his motorcycle. Milko has a good
shot at his back. A bus pulls up and blocks Milko's
view. Hannibal speeds away.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL SCHOOL-EVENING

It is the end of the workday. The last students are
leaving. Professor Dumas takes off his white coat and
hangs it on a coatrack. Hannibal dealing with some
X-rays, touches his own lips, hears Lady Murasaki's
voice in memory.

LADY MURASAKI (V.O.)

One real touch is better than the
bridge of dreams.

Professor Dumas's voice brings him back to reality.

PROFESSOR DUMAS

Autopsy theater at 8 a.m.
tomorrow. I'll need an injected
subject, the sternum reflected
when I start, and an enlarged,
stratified sketch of the
pericardeum, color keyed to the
injections. It's a lot to ask, I
know. Shall I ask Graves to stay?

HANNIBAL
I'll work alone, Professor.

PROFESSOR DUMAS
I thought so. Good night,
Hannibal.

HANNIBAL
Good night, Professor.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDICAL SCHOOL - NIGHT

THE NIGHT ENTRANCE

From outside, we see Hannibal close the door, we HEAR THE BOLT CLOSE. Windows go dark as he turns out lights. The lights remain on in his work area.

INT. THE CADAVER VAT ROOM

Hannibal turns on the exhaust fan. He pulls on some heavy rubber gauntlets and begins to hoist a body out of the cadaver vat. We see little of the body.

THE ANATOMY LAB

Hannibal works with heated injection dyes in big hypodermics, injecting a cardiovascular system for the class tomorrow. At the same time he is doing a pastel drawing of the system. Elegant work, not off-putting. We see little of the subject, but much of the chemical apparatus--bottles of reagents, a retort bubbles over a glass flame. Quiet in the lab, sound of the BUBBLES, HISS OF THE GAS FLAME, CLICK OF THE INSTRUMENTS. The corpse may groan. Hannibal has changed into surgical gloves, the heavier rubber gloves lie on the lab counter. Hannibal is puzzled about a detail in his work. He goes down a dark corridor to:

THE ANATOMY MUSEUM

The museum has glass jars and displays of various body parts and organs in clear alcohol. Hannibal switches on the display lights, selects a heart in a jar and takes it back to the anatomy lab. He leaves us in the anatomy museum, the display lights remain on, each jar lighted individually, the organs like holograms. While looking at a dissected ear, we hear from down the hall Hannibal using AN ELECTRIC AUTOPSY SAW. It covers the SOUND OF A WINDOW BEING PRIED near us in the anatomy museum. Through a lighted jar of hands we see distorted the face of Milko. He takes off his shoes. Milko leaves the window open. In his stocking feet he moves down the hall.

Milko's view is down the dark corridor through the doorway into the lighted anatomy lab. Hannibal works in the lab with his back to the corridor while he is dissecting. When he sits at his sketchboard only his hand and arm are visible to Milko. Milko advances, rests his gun on a door facing to take a shot at Hannibal's back. We see his sight picture. It wobbles, he needs to get closer. Sometimes Hannibal moves out of sight. Sometimes Milko can only see Hannibal's hand and arm on his sketchboard.

IN THE ANATOMY MUSEUM the window is still open. A draft moves the drapes.

IN THE CADAVER TANK ROOM the fan is going.

IN THE ANATOMY LAB The resulting draft moves Hannibal's papers. Hannibal's eyes widen slightly. He dips a hypodermic into the jar with the heart and draws into the syringe some alcohol. Hannibal picks up some papers and moves out of sight. Milko advances, HEARS THE AUTOPSY SAW, the saw sound stops, and Milko hears Hannibal coming into toward the corridor. Milko ducks into a side room, waits in the dark to kill him when he passes the door. Hannibal advances only a step into the corridor, seems to change his mind, and returns to the lab. Milko waits, waits. He cautiously peers into the corridor. He can see Hannibal's hand and arm resting on the sketchboard. He decides to end it, moves forward silently, quickly, closer, seeing the hand in the white lab coat sleeve. Raises his gun, steps through the door, it's a severed arm in the sleeve. Hannibal, behind Milko, plunges a hypodermic into the back of Milko's neck. Milko's eyes roll back in his head and he collapses. When we see Hannibal he has replaced the arm on the cadaver and is pulling up the drape, respectfully.

HANNIBAL

(to the cadaver)

Sorry.

CUT TO:

THE CADAVER TANK ROOM

Hannibal is facing away from the tank.

HANNIBAL

Grutas has a house?

THE TANK

Milko is in the tank in a chain corpse harness and connected to the electric winch used to lift out corpses. A cadaver hand is above the fluid near him, and the features of corpses are visible in the fluid.

Milko does not answer. Hannibal touches the switch on the winch and submerges Milko. He waits until a bubble comes up and raises him out again, spraying the formalin off his face and eyes with a hose. After this we don't see Milko, just Hannibal asking the questions and the answers coming in the echoing chamber.

HANNIBAL

(continuing)

I have difficulty hearing you.
He has a house?

MILKO (coughing)

Nearby, in Milly-le-Foret.

HANNIBAL

It was Grutas who sent you to kill me.

MILKO

No, not to kill you. To give you money. I have it in my truck.
Let me take you to it.

Milko's clothes, wallet and keys are on a counter. Hannibal pokes through Milko's things. He finds some house keys, and vehicle keys with a fob that reads "Diamond Reo." He takes Milko's clothes to an incinerator, opens the door and throws them in with Milko's shoes. Milko watches from the tank.

HANNIBAL

You killed so many, Milko. Many more than these. Do you feel them in the tank around you?

MILKO

We all felt badly, so badly. It was freezing hands and rotting feet. We ate her to live. You too-- we--

Hannibal slams his hand onto the winch switch and submerges Milko. We see Milko's hands clawing the air above the fluid. Hannibal lowers the metal lid on the tank.

HANNIBAL

No you did not. No you did not.

Hannibal works on his delicate task of dissection and illustration. Near him on the laboratory counter a rubber glove full of fluid is suspended above a heavy beaker containing a pinch of powdered chemicals. Beside the apparatus a timer TICKS..

Through the open door of the cadaver room come BANGS AND RATTLES against the lid of the cadaver tank as Milko struggles in the tank like a lobster in a pot. The heavy lid raises slightly and a hand appears, but slips back and the tank is silent. Near Hannibal, a frying sound as the acid filling the glove begins to eat through the tip of the glove's middle finger. A drop of acid falls from the fingertip onto a small amount of chemicals in the beaker, causing an immediate flash and curl of smoke. Hannibal looks up from his work and smiles. He clicks off the timer, makes a note of the time. Hannibal looks into the cadaver tank, ties a tag to Milko's toe, the only part of him visible. He carries Milko's boots to the roaring incinerator, opens the incinerator door. Milko's head is burning in there. His cheeks are gone. He looks like the Stuka pilot. Hannibal throws the boots, they smash into the burning face and dash it deeper into engulfing flames. He leaves with his lunchbox.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.

Hannibal walks around with Milko's keys. He spots a Diamond Reo truck covered with canvas. He unlocks the cab, and looks at the papers he finds inside. One of the papers is an invoice from a music company.

CUT TO:

GRUTAS'S MANSION, THE GATEKEEPER'S BOOTH

The GATEKEEPER's booth looks more like a wartime pillbox painted Provencal. It has a firing slit through which a machine gun can traverse the road. A windowbox of flowers is beneath the firing slit. Inside the booth is a machine gun on a tripod. On the inside wall of the gatehouse is a page from a school annual with Hannibal's picture circled. A truckload of CARPENTERS with some lumber arrive at the gatehouse. The Gatekeepers make all the workers get out of the truck and they check each one's ID. SECOND GATEKEEPER has a mirror on a long handle to look under the truck. Grutas's car roars up, Grutas's blond head visible in the passenger seat. FIRST GATEKEEPER raises a barrier, touches his cap as the car roars through without slowing. The gatekeeper has to jump back out of the way. In the BG is Grutas's mansion. The house is stark white Bauhaus with stains down its walls, like the streaks on stone faces exposed to the rain.

A NEARBY HILLSIDE

Hannibal, astride his motorcycle, watches through field glasses. He raises his glasses to the mansion. It is stark white Bauhaus with stains down its walls, like the streaks on stone faces exposed to the rain.

Hannibal is fixed on his enemy. He rides his motorcycle into concealing brush.

PIANO COMPANY LOADING DOCK--DAY

WORKERS load a piano onto Milko's truck. They put a piano bench in a case and nail down the lid. Hannibal watches. A WOMAN DRIVER backs a truck into the dock. She's in her 30's, not bad looking, streetwise in coveralls, with a lot of French flounce. Her hair is as short as Hannibal's. It is the end of her workday. She signs a clipboard, takes off her coveralls and puts them in the saddle bag of her scooter. She looks boldly at Hannibal with her gamin face. She takes out a cigarette. He lights it with a Zippo. He speaks to her. She smiles at him. They talk. We can't hear. She uses a lot of exaggerated eye movement and exaggerated smoking at first, very street-French. He looks into her eyes and turns it on. As she looks into his face the coquetry slows and stops. She looks back at him fascinated, mesmerized.

CUT TO:

GRUTAS'S GATEHOUSE- AFTERNOON

Milko's truck pulls up to the gate. The Gatekeepers start to wave it through, see that Milko isn't driving, wave it to a stop. The driver's face is averted. The Gatekeepers go to the cab of the truck. The driver turns to face them. It is the Woman Driver.

GATEKEEPER

Get out. Give us your
identification.

Second Gatekeeper looks in the back of the truck, finds her scooter, the piano and the piano bench crate. The bench crate now has a paper sign plastered on it reading "Pour la cave" and "Store in a cool place."

The Woman Driver is full of Gallic indignation.

WOMAN DRIVER

I give you a swift kick.

GATEKEEPER

Where is Milko?

WOMAN DRIVER

I don't know or give a damn. He
paid me to bring you this piano.
Get my scooter down.

She rides away on the scooter.

GATEKEEPER (envious)

Milko!

INSIDE GRUTAS'S MANSION

A dressy party is beginning, guests arriving. The salon is stark modern, cold. Crystal pieces on glass shelves. GUESTS are served drinks and canapes. A SINGER-PIANIST, skeletal in white tie, stands at the piano. There is no stool. Pianist questions TWO SERVANTS.

PIANIST

Vere am I to sit? Vere is the
piano bench?

GRUTAS in evening clothes greets his guests. Here is the BISHOP. Grutas kisses his ring.

GRUTAS

Bishop, I'm so glad you could come.

Introduces the Bishop to a POLICE COMMANDANT in dress uniform and his YOUNG ADJUTANT.

GRUTAS

(continuing)

You must know Commandant Klery of
the Prefecture Police.

The two servants have brought a chair for the pianist. It has arms that interfere with his playing. Grutas spots Ivanov and motions with his chin for Ivanov to come into his library. The pianist, playing with his elbows outside the chair arms, sings Cole Porter, but English is not his first language and he fakes some lyrics as he goes.

PIANIST

*Night and Day, you are the sun.
Only you benese the moon you are
the one.*

THE BASEMENT

Crates are stacked around. Some have been opened, sawdust packing scattered. MUSIC faintly from the party above. A CREAKING SOUND close to us as the lid of a crate is pried open from inside. The crate has a paper label plastered on it that says "Pour la cave" and "Store in a cool place."

THE PARTY

CLOSE ON THE PIANIST'S FAWNING FACE. He is almost skeletal, with a ravaged, saturnine face, and dark spaces between his teeth.

PIANIST

(continuing)

*Whether me or you depart, no
matter darling I'm apart, I think
of you Night and Dayyyy.*

Grutas and his guests are perfectly content with the music. Grutas moves through the crowd, pressing the flesh.

They root around briefly in the crates. They narrowly miss finding a fat rubber glove suspended over a dish of chemicals, pieces of wood and accelerants all around it and a lard tin with a fuse sticking out of it.

GRUTAS'S LIBRARY, stark modern.

I

IVANOV

The appliances for Moscow?

GRUTAS

Sixty refrigerators on the train
in Helsinki at this moment, from
the American PX. Kelvinator.

Grutas gestures impatiently to Ivanov to give him something. Ivanov takes photographs from his briefcase. He puts on the desk pictures of Hannibal, and Hannibal and Lady Murasaki at a market.

IVANOV

There is no jacket on him at the
Embassy.

Grutas

When this was taken?

IVANOV

Yesterday morning. He works at
night, sleeps over the medical
school. My man showed Milko-- I
don't want to know.

Grutas is concerned about Milko, but secretive. Grutas looks at his watch.

GRUTAS

You have seen Milko?

IVANOV

No.

Ivanov puts a picture of Inspector Popil on the desk.

IVANOV

(continuing)

This man called on Hannibal
Lecter. He is Inspector Popil,
do you know of him.

GRUTAS (lying)

No. Why should I?

IVANOV

I thought perhaps . . . you did.

Ivanov puts down a photo of Lady Murasaki at the market
and a picture of her building.

IVANOV

(continuing)

This is her apartment.

GRUTAS

What is she?

IVANOV

His stepmother, or something like
that. Beautiful. While I think
of it, I want an invitation to the
preview at the Antiquaires. You
know all the politicians. Get me
some.

GRUTAS

Social climber.

CUT TO:

THE SALON

The party is going on. Piano music, the pianist is
now seated on a boudoir stool. Dieter and Tattooed
Thug, with OTHER GUARDS in suits and ties, watch over
the crowd. Dieter upbraids Thug.

DIETER

Straighten your tie. Be a
gentleman. Tuck in your shirt.

Dieter pokes Thug's blousey shirtfront. A pistol
shows in his waistband. The pianist puts a bill in his
pocket and begins to play a tinkly version of Das
Mannlein im Walde.

PIANIST

*Ein mannlein steht im Walde ganz
still und stumm--*

Suddenly Grutas is beside him and presses his bass hand
down on the keys in a painful grip.

GRUTAS
That is not a song we play.

PIANIST
A gentleman asked me . .

Grutas looks around.

GRUTAS
Who?

PIANIST
One of the gentlemen.

A BEDROOM

A closet door eases shut just as a MAID enters. The belt of a robe sticks out beneath the door. She gets towels and takes them into a bathroom. The robe belt, like a snake, disappears into the closet. As she is about to leave the bedroom we HEAR THE TINKLE of clotheshangers from the closed closet. She pauses, someone V.O. calls for her, she leaves the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE GATEHOUSE- NIGHT

A last automobile full of guests is leaving. In the BG lights are going out in the mansion.

CUT TO:

THE MANSION BASEMENT

Servants carry a folded banquet table down the cellar stairs. They pass the opened piano stool crate. They do not see beneath the stairs a fat rubber glove, suspended over a dish of chemicals, wooden crates and accelerants all around it, and a lard tin with a fuse sticking out of it.

INT. THE MANSION, NIGHT

GRUTAS'S BEDROOM

A maid lays out silk pajamas and a nightie.

GRUTAS'S BATHROOM, oversize marble and tile.

Grutas is in the tub, all sudsy. The bathroom is white, as white as the snow was at the Hunting Lodge. The only color in this world is florid Grutas, pink, with orange feet, reclining in the tub. First Woman Captive shaves his leg with a prison safety razor. She is pale, bruised, joyless in a risque French maid's outfit, black and white.

On a tray is a shaving brush and mug and a seltzer bottle.

GRUTAS

After you do my chest I want some steam. Turn it on.

Adjacent is a steam room with translucent glass sliding doors, now closed. In the steamroom is a large clock with a red timer hand and beside it an equally big Celsius thermometer. Both instruments have big numbers readable in steam. First Woman Captive reaches into the steam room and turns on a valve. She slides the door shut and returns to shaving Grutas.

IN THE STEAM ROOM, all white tile.

A pile of white towels stacked in a corner on a bench and on the floor. One of the towels moves slightly. The clock is ticking, the minute hand moves.

THE BATHROOM

Through the translucent glass, the steam room appears to be an empty expanse of white. First Woman Captive shaves Grutas's chest. He puts his hands behind his head. On his inner bicep is the lightning SS tattoo. He makes the muscle quiver, the lightning jump.

GRUTAS

(continuing)

Boom! Donnerwetter!

The woman flinches.

GRUTAS

(continuing)

No, I won't hit you more. I like you now. I'm going to fix your teeth.

The steam room door slides open, Hannibal steps out of a cloud of steam with a cocked pistol. The pistol muzzle is covered with a rubber glove finger that points at Grutas's heart. In his free hand Hannibal holds a glass jar full of fluid. Grutas, a growl in his throat, goes into a fetal position in the tub. Hannibal speaks to the woman, gently, without taking his eyes off Grutas.

HANNIBAL

Wet your towel. Take it to the corner and sit down. Wet it. Sit down. Put it over your face.

He sets the jar on a vanity, takes from his pocket a Zippo lighter and puts it beside the jar.

We HEAR GRUTAS'S SKIN SQUEAK ON THE TUB as he pushes himself upright.

GRUTAS
I'm glad you're here. I've always
felt I owed you something.

HANNIBAL
I discussed that with Milko

GRUTAS
And?

HANNIBAL
He arrived at a solution.

GRUTAS
The money of course! I sent it
with him, and he gave it to you?
Good!

The First Woman Captive looks from one to the other.
She hisses to Hannibal.

FIRST WOMAN CAPTIVE
Kill him!

Neither man looks toward her.

IN THE BEDROOM, the maid brings a tray with a glass of
hot milk. Through the open bathroom door she can see
Hannibal's hand holding the gun. Soundlessly she
backs out of the room.

HANNIBAL
I thought you would be bigger. I
put your face on every bully I
ever hurt.

Grutas talks faster as a strategy occurs to him.

GRUTAS
See what I have in this house---
opportunities from the war! We
are alike! We are the New Men,
Hannibal! You-- Me-- the cream--
always floats to the top.

He lifts suds in his hand to illustrate floating

HANNIBAL
Dogtags don't float.

Hannibal flips Milko's dogtag into the bathtub. It
settles like a leaf to the bottom. Grutas starts to
bolt out of the tub.

Hannibal fires a shot, somewhat muffled by the rubber, the bullet cracks the tile close to Grutas's head. Grutas freezes. His cheek bleeds from a bit of flying tile.

HANNIBAL

(continuing)

Acetone floats.

He flings the jar of fluid, it breaks on the wall over Grutas and the fluid falls into the tub, showering Grutas. Hannibal picks up the Zippo and the clank of the lighter comes with the cocking of a gun at Hannibal's ear. Dieter and Tattooed Thug are behind Hannibal. They take away his lighter and gun. TWO MORE GUARDS come and help to hold Hannibal.

GRUTAS

No shooting, don't break more tile in here. I want to talk with him a little. Then he can die in a tub like his sister.

(to the woman)

Bitch.

Grutas gets out of the bath puts a towel around his waist. He gestures for the seltzer bottle. Desperate to please, the woman sprays him with the seltzer on his shaved body as he stands on a towel.

GRUTAS

(continuing)

Do you know how that feels, the fizzy water? Like being born again. In a new world with no room for you. I can't believe you killed Milko by yourself.

HANNIBAL

Someone lent me a hand.

GRUTAS

Hold him over the tub and cut him when I tell you.

They hold Hannibal's head and neck over the tub. Dieter opens a switchblade.

GRUTAS

(continuing)

Look at me and it won't hurt so long.

He twists Hannibal's head around as Abraham did Isaac. Grutas's face is close to Hannibal's. Through the open door of the steam room, Hannibal can see the clock. The minute hand moves toward the red marker hand.

IN THE BASEMENT

A frying sound as the acid eats through the glove finger, drips onto the chemicals. Flame spreads into the piled boxes, the fuse to the lard tin sizzles.

IN THE BATHROOM

GRUTAS

(continuing)

Answer this: Would you have fed me to the little girl? Because you loved her?

HANNIBAL

Yes.

Grutas tweaks Hannibal's cheek. Hannibal can see behind Grutas the clock's hand moving. It has almost reached the red marker hand.

GRUTAS

There. There you have it. Love. I love myself that much and I would never apologize to you. Looking for sympathy? You'll find it in the dictionary between shit and syphilis. Cut him.

An EXPLOSION shakes the bathroom. Water pipes break and spurt. The lights go out. Hannibal wrenches free, First Woman Captive leaps snarling into the fight. THIRD THUG lands in the tub. He shoots the woman and, in the dark, the muzzle flash ignites the acetone, catching THIRD THUG'S CLOTHING AFIRE. Third Thug runs into the steam room and turns on the shower, only a trickle comes out. The bathroom is lit by flame. Hannibal sees the woman is dead. Grutas and Dieter hunt Hannibal in the dark. GRUTAS'S HENCHMEN are visible outside. They come down the corridors in overwhelming force. They shoot at Hannibal from several directions in the smoke-filled corridors. One of the henchmen's bullets strikes near Grutas.

GRUTAS

(continuing)

Hold your fire! Make sure before you shoot, you'll kill each other.

AN OPEN WINDOW

THE GATEHOUSE

The gatekeepers stand by as the fire trucks roll in.

In BG we see the house is burning. Firemen go through the gate, stretching hoses down the driveway toward some unseen water source outside the grounds.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

A weary firefighter puts his helmet on the hood of a vehicle and splashes his face with water from a fountain. When he turns to get his helmet, he is puzzled to find it gone.

BESIDE A ROAD, a sign with an arrow pointing toward Paris. The helmet hangs on the sign. We HEAR HANNIBAL'S MOTORCYCLE speeding away.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MEDICAL SCHOOL

Hannibal signs a clipboard for First Female Student. She sniffs.

FIRST FEMALE STUDENT
When did you start smoking?

HANNIBAL
I'm trying to quit.

FIRST FEMALE STUDENT
Your eyebrows are singed!

She licks her thumb, smooths his eyebrow.

HANNIBAL
Careless lighting up.

CUT TO:

INT. LADY MURASAKI'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Lady Murasaki hears a knock at the door. She opens it on a chain. She hears a man's voice.

VOICE
Lady Murasaki? Inspector Popil
sent me for you. Monsieur Lecter
is to be held at the prefecture.
He has asked for you urgently.

Through the crack in the door we see the man hold up some kind of ID. We see that he is Dieter. Lady Murasaki opens the door.

LADY MURASAKI
Yes, a moment, let me get a wrap.

Dieter looks at her telephone.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK SEDAN -NIGHT

Bicycle Man is driving, the dog beside him. In the back seat are Dieter and Lady Murasaki and Tattooed Thug. Dieter takes a small bottle out of his jacket pocket and pours chloroform onto his handkerchief. Lady Murasaki reacts to the smell, becomes disturbed at their direction. Dieter puts her hand on his fly. She turns on him furious, he covers her face with a cloth.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE LADY MURASAKI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hannibal sits on his motorcycle, hesitates.

LADY MURASAKI (V.O.)
One real touch is better than the
bridge of dreams.

He puts his hand to his lips, remembering. He shuts off the motorcycle and runs up the stairs to her apartment. He uses his key to go in. The telephone is ringing. He stares at it, picks it up.

DIETER (V.O.)
We have the Jap. You want to hear
her squeal?

HANNIBAL
No.

CUT TO:

THE CAFE D' ESTE

Dieter talks on the telephone from the cafe kitchen. Near him is a cage of ortolans. A pot of boiling water to get their feathers off is on the stove. They are chirping. During the next speech we HEAR THE ORTOLANS CHIRPING AS DIETER SPEAKS.

DIETER
Bring everything you have, the
dogtags, the little inventory,
every fucking thing. I feel like
making her squeal.

HANNIBAL
Where?

DIETER
Shut up. Kilometer 36 on the
road to Trilbardou there is a
telephone kiosk.
(more)

DIETER (cont'd)

Be there at sunrise and you'll get
a call. If you are not there
you'll get her nose in the mail.
If we see a flic she's dead. If
you don't bring the stuff she's
dead.

HANNIBAL LISTENING. He HEARS ORTOLANS then the line
goes dead.

BEHIND THE CAFE D' ESTE

Dieter and Tattooed Thug hustle Lady Murasaki into a
van. Hercule changes the license plate on the car
Dieter and Tattooed Thug were using. The two
vehicles leave, Dieter driving one, Bicycle Man the
other.

LADY MURASAKI'S APARTMENT

Hannibal opens the chest containing the Samurai armor.
He takes the long Tanto knife in its case and slips it
down his collar at the back.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE D' ESTE - NIGHT, FULL MOON

Hannibal on the motorcyle is silhouetted against the
lit cafe. We can see Kolnas and his helper, Hercule.
There are a few customers on the terrace. In the
birdhouse the ortolans stir and murmur, restive under
the bright moon.

CUT TO:

EXT. KOLNAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Small house on a residential street in Fontainebleau.
Hannibal in shadow watches the lighted windows. Madame
Kolnas passes the window, and the tops of the
children's heads are visible just above the sill.

INT. KOLNAS'S HOUSE

THE KITCHEN. Madame Kolnas takes a towel from a
cabinet and leaves the room. A RADIO IS PLAYING GLEN
MILLER.

THE SCREEN DOOR of the kitchen, which opens onto the
back garden. The door is hooked. A tanto knife blade
punctures the screen, touches the hook and lifts it
out of the loop. Hannibal comes into the kitchen. We
hear SPLASHING from the bathroom. Hannibal moves down
a corridor, through the house. The bathroom door is
partly open. SPLASHING.

Madame Kolnas, her back to the door bathes the little boy. Hannibal pushes open another door. It is the children's room.

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM. Two beds. Toys, a large plush elephant. The little girl is sleeping. She wears Mischa's bracelet. Hannibal goes to the bedside, stands over the sleeping child, looking at her, blinks.
We HEAR HIS HEART.

MADAME KOLNAS (V.O.)
Come, time to dry off, Muffin.

CUT TO:

EXT. A QUAY BY THE RIVER-NIGHT

Grutas's houseboat, black and prophetic looking, tethered in layered fog. Lady Murasaki, bound and gagged, struggles as Dieter, and Tattooed Thug carry her to the boat.

A PASSAGEWAY IN THE BOAT

The passageway has a door in it, watertight and dogged, dividing the boat into watertight compartments fore and aft. Dieter has to spin a wheel to open it and there is some trouble passing Lady Murasaki over the sill.

AFT IN THE BOAT

Dieter opens the door of a cabin, looks inside. A bloody sheet is on the floor beneath a chair.

GRUTAS (to Lady Murasaki)
Sorry, your room isn't quite ready. I'll contact room service.
EVA!

They put Lady Murasaki in the salon. Grutas shouts again for the MAID.

GRUTAS
EVA!

Grutas opens the door to the captives' cabin. The young women captives shackled to their bunks. On the cabin deck between the bunks is the dead body of First Woman Captive corseted with chain. Eva is cleaning up blood.

GRUTAS
(continuing)
Do you see what happens when you don't obey?

The women look at him, hate in their faces.

GRUTAS

(continuing)

Eva, clean up the treatment room.

EXT. THE CANAL-- NIGHT

The black boat moving silently through mist. Tattooed Thug and Dieter strain to move the body of First Captive Woman to the rail. She is wrapped with chain. They lower her into the water, she sinks, dead eyes open, sinking into the dark water, looking up at us until she is out of sight. The boat moves on. Sewage blasts out of the boat's waste pipe just above the water line in an explosive flush.

IN THE TREATMENT ROOM

Lady Murasaki is tied to the chair. Her ankles are still bound together. A fresh sheet is spread on the deck beneath the chair. A marine toilet opens into the treatment room. The door is hooked open. Grutas stands in the toilet fastening his trousers. Folds a hand towel.

GRUTAS

(continuing)

I know your asshole will look just like a violet. Of course you'll be welcome to use the lady's room first. I left it neat for you.

CUT TO:

EXT. KOLNAS'S CAFE, FONTAINEBLEAU - LATE NIGHT

The lights go out in the front of the cafe. Lights are still on in the kitchen. Kolnas is visible inside doing final chores, adding up his accounts. Hercule is mopping.

INSIDE THE CAFE KITCHEN

Kolnas hangs a couple of pheasants and woodcocks to age. A rack of dead ortolans hang by the feet, feathers still on them. The live ortolans twitter in their cage on a sideboard. A large pot of water is on the stove. On the kitchen wall is a picture of Kolnas's son, six, with a soccer ball.

EXT. HANNIBAL'S MOTORCYCLE, cafe in the B.G..

CLOSE ON THE EXHAUST PIPE, a car passes, briefly lighting the scene. Raindrops hiss on the hot metal exhaust pipe, drops of blood cook on it.

INT. KOLNAS'S CAFE

Hercule dumps all the garbage in one can.

HERCULE
Bonnuît, Monsieur

KOLNAS (hardly looks up from books)
*Bonsoir, Hercule. On time
tomorrow, yes?*

Hercule carries the garbage out.

BEHIND THE CAFE, THE GARBAGE AREA

Hercule puts down the can and unlocks his bicycle. As he rides away, behind him Hannibal slips into the cafe. Hannibal carries a bulky object in a blood-stained bag.

IN THE CAFE KITCHEN.

Only the kitchen light is left burning. Kolnas comes into the kitchen. He takes the money from the cash register, opens a safe in the pantry and puts the money in. Kolnas puts his ledgers on the kitchen table. Looks at the dead ortolans, hanging by their feet, and the cage of live ones. He feels the water in the pot on the stove. Not hot enough to scald the feathers off.

KOLNAS
Imbecile Hercule.

He opens the wood-burning oven and pokes the fire, using a scoop through the open oven door. He opens the cage of live ortolans and grabs one. The bird's head pokes out of Kolnas's fist. It pecks at him.

HANNIBAL
Good Evening .

KOLNAS
What! Who the hell--

Kolnas lets go of the bird and reaches reflexively for his waistband. His gun is not there. He leaves the oven open and quickly turns on an overhead light. Hannibal lounges against the wall in the corner with a glass of wine.

HANNIBAL
*Monsieur Kolnas, you drink better
wine than you serve.*

KOLNAS
What do you want?

HANNIBAL

My name is Hannibal Lecter. Are you wearing the dogtag with your name, Herr Kolnas?

KOLNAS

I am a citizen of France. And I am about to call the gendarmes.

A telephone is on the counter beside the cash register. Hannibal lifts the receiver.

HANNIBAL

May I get them for you? The War Crimes Commissioners don't boil and stretch their rope before they hang you, or use the English drop. You bounce and dance. I pick up the bodies sometimes for the medical school. They look like giraffes.

KOLNAS (face changes)

What do you want from me? What did I do to you?

HANNIBAL

Aside from eating my sister, nothing.

KOLNAS

If that happened, I don't know about it. You get nothing from me. I won't pay you.

HANNIBAL (shrugs)

Let the authorities decide.

KOLNAS

Many people look like me. I am a type. I was a victim too. I was slave labor for the Nazis in the war, then a displaced person. I met my wife in the camp. Let me talk with you. May I talk with you? I need a drink.

Kolnas plays on Hannibal's manners, indicating that Hannibal already has a drink. He moves around Hannibal, warily. He goes to the bar and pours himself a drink.

UNDER THE BAR, a cutting board, fruit for garnish, and a sharp knife. Kolnas slides the knife in his sleeve.

HANNIBAL

Sit down, Herr Kolnas.

Kolnas sits at the table. Hannibal turns for a second to hang up the phone. Kolnas stares at the curtained shelf beneath the cash register. WE HEAR HIS HEART.

UNDER THE CASH REGISTER.

The big Webley revolver lies on the shelf, concealed by the curtain.

HANNIBAL AND KOLNAS

KOLNAS

We have made a life and a family, beautiful children. Ruining my life won't change anything.

HANNIBAL

My sister's name was Mischa. It still is Mischa. Say "Mischa."

KOLNAS

Mischa. Hannibal, I share your pain. Hannibal, I have suffered like you.

(hand creeps toward
his knife)

HANNIBAL

I want to be sure you understand my feelings.

KOLNAS

Yes, yes. How could I not understand--look at the picture of my son.

Hannibal does not turn his head. He finishes his wine, rises and moves to the kitchen counter. Kolnas is watchful, perhaps ready to spring. Hannibal looks at the picture of Kolnas's son and smiles.

HANNIBAL

To improve your understanding, I went by your home on the Rue Juliana. I went into the children's room with the big stuffed elephant, and I picked up something for your oven.

Hannibal puts the child's bracelet on the table. The bracelet spins around on the tabletop and stops. From behind the counter, Hannibal hoists a bloodstained bag and thumps it onto the kitchen table beside the bracelet. Kolnas's face contorts, he SCREAMS and tears at the bag. He finds inside a bloody rib roast of beef.

HANNIBAL

(continuing)

It's a beef roast, Kolnas.
Actually I got it at Les Halles.
Do you see how it feels?

Kolnas goes wild with fury, takes the knife from his sleeve and comes after Hannibal. Hannibal has a pot lid for a shield. Dortlich's gun is in Hannibal's waistband, but he does not draw it, he picks up a rolling pin. They grapple, Kolnas's hands are bloody from the roast. He grabs Hannibal's face smearing it with blood. They smash into the hanging fowl, feathers in the air. They go to the floor, come up on opposite sides of the table. Kolnas picks up a long-handled cleaver. Kolnas has the cleaver in one hand, the knife in the other. They circle the table. Hannibal overturns the table toward Kolnas, grabs the scoop and throws a scoopful of glowing coals into Kolnas's face and whacks him on the side of the head with a rolling pin. Hannibal pins Kolnas to the floor, kneeling on Kolnas's arms, and takes up the cleaver. He presses the edge of the cleaver across Kolnas's windpipe. Kolnas's face is singed, but his eyes are not injured. A small fire has started in the kitchen from the flung coals.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL'S FACE

Blood and feathers are on Hannibal's face, just like the face in his dreams. He looks down at Kolnas, and he has a demonic gleam in his eyes. Hannibal controls himself.

KOLNAS

Where is Katerina? What have you
done with her?

Hannibal almost croons to Kolnas. He nods with his whole upper body as he speaks as though he were dobbing over a holy book. But he keeps the weight off his arms, holding the cleaver across Kolnas' throat.

HANNIBAL

She is safe, Herr Kolnas. She is
unharmd, Herr Kolnas. She is
pink and perfect. You can see the
pulse in her temple. I will give
her back to you when you give me
Lady Murasaki.

KOLNAS

Who? What---

HANNIBAL

The child will wake alone, sealed into a small place. Not in her bedroom with her big elephant. She will cry, and crawl around in the dark and call for you until her strength is gone. Where is Lady Murasaki?

KOLNAS

If I do that I am a dead man.

HANNIBAL

No. They will be arrested. I will not remember your face. You get a pass for the sake of your children.

KOLNAS

How do I know Katerina is alive?

HANNIBAL

I swear on Mischa's soul you will hear your daughter's voice. Safe. Help me or I will simply kill you and not visit the child again. Where are Grutas and Milko? Where is Lady Murasaki?

Kolnas struggles with himself.

KOLNAS

Grutas has a houseboat, a canal boat, he moves around.

HANNIBAL

And where is the boat?

KOLNAS

In the Canal l'Ourcq west of Meaux. You gave your word. Where is my child?

Hannibal lets Kolnas up, holding the gun on him. Hannibal makes a telephone call. He gives Kolnas the receiver.

HANNIBAL

You say. "I have a surprise for you in the birdhouse." Then ask to speak to Katerina and she will tell you where she is.

CUT TO:

INT. KOLNAS'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Madame Kolnas hears the ringing phone, answers it, putting on her robe.

MADAME KOLNAS

Yes?

Hannibal urges Kolnas with a nod.

KOLNAS (V.O.)

I have a surprise for you in the
birdhouse--- Hello! Hello!
Astrid?? Check on the children!
Let me speak to Katerina! Just do
it.

KOLNAS'S HAND CREEPS TOWARD THE GUN on the shelf
beneath the cash register and telephone.

CUT TO:

INT. KOLNAS'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Madame Kolnas at the telephone holds the sleepy child.

MADAME KOLNAS

The children are fine.

CUT TO:

HANNIBAL AND KOLNAS AT THE TELEPHONE.

KATERINA (V.O.)

Hello?

MADAME KOLNAS (V.O.)

Where are you? What--

CUT TO:

Kolnas drops the phone. He does not hang it up.

KOLNAS

You tricked me, Herr Lecter.

HANNIBAL

I kept my word. I will spare your
life for the sake of your children.

Kolnas seizes the gun. As he spins around, Hannibal swings the cleaver, catches him across the bridge of the nose with a terrific blow and the gun goes off in between them. Hannibal hacks Kolnas's head in a fury as Kolnas goes down to the floor.

Hannibal splits Kolnas's skull with the cleaver and leaves it standing in his head. The telephone receiver swings on its wire. Hannibal discovers the tail of his jacket is smouldering, ignited by the gunpowder of the near-miss. He puts it out. Hannibal starts to take Kolnas's gun, looks at the bullet hole in his coat, puts the gun back in Kolnas's hand. Hannibal takes the ledgers and the money out of the safe. He takes the birdcage outside and opens the door.

OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT

HANNIBAL running. He stops at the aviary, opens the door and shoos out the birds, finally has to grab one and throw it into the sky, the birds circle under the bright moon and fly away.

HANNIBAL

(continuing)

Go! Go! Go to Africa. Stay the whole season.

Hannibal throws the sack of money into the birdcage and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

HANNIBAL ON THE MOTORCYCLE flat-out across the French Countryside, turns onto a road marked "Meaux."

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CANAL BOAT - NIGHT.

The boat is moving through the French countryside. A motorcycle is tied down on the deck.

INSIDE THE BOAT

Grutas is talking with Mueller. Tattooed Thug holds a buzzing tattoo needle. He is working on Grutas's SS tattoo, turning it into a rippled French Tricolor. Mueller holds an ugly sniper rifle, a Dragunov or similar. Mueller puts a handkerchief in the breech and looks down the barrel to check the bore.

GRUTAS

I ring the booth, he answers.
He'll want to hear her alive.
I'll ask him to read the numbers
off the dog tags into the
telephone and some items off the
inventory. You will be watching
him through the scope of your
beloved Dragunov.

(more)

GRUTAS (cont'd)

(to the tattooist)

Ouch! Didn't you get enough practice during the war?

(to Mueller)

As soon as you see he's brought the stuff, kill him at the telephone. Take the dogtags and the papers. When we hear the shot we'll put the Jap in the water.

DIETER

So soon? She's worth money in Tangier.

GRUTAS

You are so obvious, Dieter. She has to tell him truthfully she is unharmed.

(Pats Dieter's arm,
warmly avuncular)

Patience my young friend. After she's served my purpose, she'll serve your purpose. Then she goes in the water. You could get Eva's bucket, fill it with canal water, not from the tap. I'll drown her while you're fucking if you like.

THE CANAL BANK

Mueller rides away on the motorcycle taken from the boat. The case for the rifle strapped is strapped to the back.

THE CANAL BOAT TREATMENT ROOM

LADY MURASAKI sitting bound in the same chair the earlier victim occupied. Her ankles are bound together, her feet on the floor. Eva is giving her a drink of water. Dieter comes in. He takes off his shirt.

DIETER

Get out.

Eva leaves, cowering. Dieter stands before Lady Murasaki, his pelvis thrust forward.

DIETER

(continuing)

You look so sad. Cheer up!

Dieter has a lewd tattoo, a woman's legs splayed, one running down the inside of his arm from his armpit, with the other leg spread from his armpit toward his breast. Dieter raises his arm and licks the hair in his armpit.

DIETER

(continuing)

Your boyfriend ate Dortlich's face.

LADY MURASAKI

It must have been cleaner than yours.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CANAL BOAT-NIGHT

The boat in locks, the captain yelling at the lockmaster to hurry.

CUT TO:

HANNIBAL ON HIS MOTORCYCLE-DARK

Hannibal's headlight is on, he is dropping his inside knee and leaning the bike to the max around the curves.

CUT TO:

EXT. A STONE BRIDGE-DAYBREAK

The bridge crosses the canal, its arch barely high enough to clear the canal traffic. A shepherd herds goats across the bridge.

FROM THE BRIDGE we see the canal boat coming, running lights on. A French Tricolor is flying from a short flagpole on the cabin roof.

THE ROAD PARALLELING THE CANAL

Hannibal comes even with the Canal Boat, rides beside it for a moment. The windows are curtained, he cannot see inside. He sees a GUARD armed with a shotgun standing aft. Hannibal can see the CAPTAIN in the lit pilothouse. From the boat a floodlight, beginning to dim in the growing daylight, shines ahead on the water.

CLOSE ON THE GUARD as he turns, idly watching the motorcycle. As the guard watches, the motorcycle speeds ahead, out of sight.

AT THE BRIDGE

HANNIBAL parks the motorcycle out of sight, looks down the canal at the approaching canal boat.

He gets an oar from a rowboat tied near the bridge. Crouched behind the stone parapet, he watches the boat approach.

FROM THE BOAT

THE CAPTAIN'S POV as the searchlight shines white on the bridge. The bow passes under the arch. The guard, near the stern, is facing aft. As the boat passes under, the guard turns to face forward. We see the boat has companionways going below both fore and aft.

HANNIBAL has changed sides on the bridge. He faces in the direction the boat is going, counting as the front of the boat passes under him.

HANNIBAL

One, two, three, and-

He stands up and swings the oar overhand hard, catching the guard on the head. The guard falls as Hannibal jumps from the bridge onto the deck of the moving canal boat.

THE SHEPHERD sees the attack and runs among his sheep toward the nearest farmhouse yelling.

THE PILOTHOUSE

The Captain hears the thump, looks toward the stern, does not see the guard. He takes a pistol from his belt and comes aft as daylight breaks. Hannibal hides behind the smokestack.

CAPTAIN

Joel?

CUT TO:

ON THE BOAT

The captain, moving along the deck calls out again.

CAPTAIN

Joel?

The Captain looks ahead to check the position of the boat, sees it drifting toward the canal wall.

CAPTAIN

(continuing)

Merde!

Captain rounds the smokestack. Hannibal is not there.

HANNIBAL

He lies flat on the deck. His face is beside a deckhouse window-skylight. He can look down into the cabin below. He sees Lady Murasaki bound in the chair. Dieter stands before her licking his fingers.

THE CAPTAIN sees the boat about to hit the wall. He hurries back to the wheel. The boat bumps, begins to get sideways to the canal.

IN THE FORWARD SALON Grutas and Tattooed Thug feel the bump.

ON DECK

Hannibal tries the hatch to the rear companionway. It is locked from inside. In the wheelhouse the Captain curses, turns the wheel, reverses the propellor, looks aft. He sees Hannibal raise a heavy planter, smash it down through the skylight and leap after it.

THE SALON

Hearing the crash, Grutas and Tattooed Thug arm themselves. Grutas has a Colt .45, Thug has a revolver.

IN THE TREATMENT ROOM

Dieter lies on the floor in potshards and dirt, knocked out. Hannibal pulls the tanto knife from his collar, cuts Lady Murasaki's hands free, hears noise in the passageway. He draws his pistol and gives Lady Murasaki the knife to cut her ankles free. Hannibal looks into the passageway, a shot from Grutas barely misses him. He fires back and runs firing to close the watertight door in the passageway, turning the wheel lock while bullets clang against the other side of the door. Hannibal grabs a mop and sticks the handle through the spokes of the locking wheel. Runs to the room where women are confined, Eva cringes there.

HANNIBAL

Keys?

Eva gestures in direction of Dieter.

EVA

On his belt.

Hannibal gets the keys off Dieter, still unconscious. takes them to Eva.

IN THE TREATMENT ROOM

Dieter opens his eyes. Lady Murasaki works to cut her ankles free.

IN THE CORRIDOR

Hannibal looks into the cabin of captive women.

HANNIBAL (to Eva)
Can they swim?

Hannibal motions that they should go up the rear companionway and escape.

TREATMENT ROOM

Dieter rolls over, takes a pistol from the small of his back, crawls quickly to the door of the treatment room. He sticks his head outside. Dieter sees Hannibal's back. Still on hands and knees, he raises his pistol for a shot. His face convulses in agony as Lady Murasaki, coming up behind him, swipes him up the crotch and the crease of his buttocks with the tanto knife in a terrific slash. He rolls over, swinging the gun, strikes Lady Murasaki cutting her scalp, shoots into the ceiling and Lady Murasaki slashes across his wrist, the gun falls from his hand and with a cry she drives the knife into the soft place beneath his chin, the point exiting at the top of his head.

ON DECK

The Captain comes out of the wheelhouse with a shotgun. Captive women emerge from the rear companionway and go into the galley. One leaps overboard and swims for the canal bank. The Captain sees her, runs to the rail undecided whether to shoot and the other women, armed with kitchen knives, a barding needle, a cleaver fall on him like Harpies. Grutas and Tattooed Thug come onto the deck from the front companionway. One woman dives into the water, others take cover. Grutas and Thug split up, moving down opposite sides of the wheelhouse and cabins. Tattooed Thug holds his revolver too far out in front of him. As he passes the corner of a cabin, Hannibal around the corner, sees the gun and swings a boathook down on Thug's wrist, the gun falls to the deck, Hannibal shoots Thug, the breech locks open on his pistol, empty. Grutas shoots at Hannibal twice. Grutas's pistol is empty, he drops the clip out and feels his pockets for a fresh clip, does not find one. Hannibal gets on the roof of the cabin with the boathook, crouched, moving low beneath the flapping flag. Grutas moves around the deck behind him, picks up a boathook, hooks Hannibal's leg and Hannibal falls heavily, one arm smashing through a skylight. Grutas climbs onto the roof smashing down at Hannibal with his boathook. The hook is caught momentarily in the windowframe of the skylight and Hannibal rolls away. They get to their feet on the cabin roof, each armed with a boathook, and use the hooks like staves, swinging and blocking blows, maneuvering around the short flagpole in the center of the cabin roof.

The flag and its shadow ripples over them, ripples between them, gets in the way. As the flag momentarily covers Grutas's face, Hannibal drives the blunt end of his boathook into Grutas's midsection. He folds. Hannibal gets the flag around Grutas's neck and pulls him back against the flagpole. Hannibal leans back hard, pulling Grutas tight against the flagpole by his throat, choking him with the twisted flag and Grutas's face turns blue and he slumps. Hannibal holds the pressure, then stops, lets loose. Grutas is unconscious, his face slack.

HANNIBAL

Not so easy, my Mannlein.

He drags Grutas off the roof by his hair and disappears with him below decks.

THE TREATMENT ROOM

Grutas is bound in the chair where he and Dieter used to torment their victims. He is gagged, his head immobilized. He is conscious and his eyes roll fiercely. Hannibal stands before him. Lady Murasaki comes into the room. Women peep into the doorway behind her.

LADY MURASAKI

Hannibal, this one, the worst one. You have defeated him. His head is in your hands. You may be spared for the ones you killed in battle. The ones you killed saving me. But the battle is over. He is yours now.

She touches her finger to Hannibal's lips.

LADY MURASAKI

(continuing)

But so am I. You choose.

Lady Murasaki shoos everyone out of the cabin and up onto the deck. Hannibal stands looking at Grutas. Grutas twists out of his gag.

GRUTAS

Who do you think ate the broth?

HANNIBAL

Eva!

Hannibal whispers into Eva's ear. She smiles.

DOWNSTREAM ON THE CANAL

Inspector Popil's van slides to a stop at a t-junction. The police could turn either upstream or downstream on the road beside the canal. The boat is not in sight.

DRIVER

Which way, Inspector?

Inspector Popil sees the Captain's body floating by with various kitchen implements sticking in it.

INSPECTOR POPIL

Upstream from him.

THE TREATMENT ROOM

Eva comes in, face full of terrible anticipation. She bears a tray covered with a white towel. The captive women come in behind her.

GRUTAS

Eva, sweetheart. Eva! Come cut me loose.

Eva lifts the towel from her tray, offers it to the women captives as though it were a tea tray. On the tray are a chisel, a brace and bit, kitchen shears, a pruning loppers, a hammer, and Hannibal's tanto knife.

ON DECK

Hannibal touches Lady Murasaki's face.

HANNIBAL

An easy choice.

Hideous screams from below. Hannibal spreads his hands in puzzlement.

HANNIBAL

(continuing)

He was in perfect health when I left him.

The waste pipe from the boat belches blood and chunks of matter. From the rail, Hannibal can see a slick on the water.

HANNIBAL

(continuing)

Oh, he might have been a little flushed.

THE PORT OF LEHAVRE

Quayside at the boarding ramp of the S.S. United States. The ship is about to depart, the quay crowded. Inspector Popil pushes through the crowd.

He carries Hannibal's jacket and some flowers. The SHIP'S HORN SOUNDS. An Oom Pah band is playing. Lady Murasaki and Hannibal are at the ramp. They have two sets of porters, their luggage clearly his and hers.

LADY MURASAKI
A year. Oh, Hannibal.

HANNIBAL
I can do a residency in America quicker than here. A year at Johns Hopkins.

LADY MURASAKI
Sail with me in two days-- practice in Japan with the training you have. You would not be sorry.

Inspector Popil finds them. He presents Lady Murasaki the flowers and kisses her hand.

INSPECTOR POPIL
Lady Murasaki, I truly regret your departure and I hope you will return.

(to Hannibal)
I am here to punch your ticket out of France.

(for Lady Murasaki's benefit)
Regretfully of course. I will need to see your ticket. The prosecutor has released your coat from evidence.

Inspector Popil sticks his finger through the powder-burned bullet hole in the coat.

INSPECTOR POPIL
(continuing)
Do you think your head would fit through this bullet hole? It saved you from sticking your head in something else.
(remembers his manners)
Madame, I thank you for the wonderful package from Fauchon, an exquisite pate.

A blast from the band's tuba covers her puzzlement. She is anxious to speak with Hannibal alone.

LADY MURASAKI
Goodbye, Inspector. Thank you for coming.

Popil realizes he has been dismissed. He leaves.

LADY MURASAKI
(continuing)
What pate?

HANNIBAL
Actually it was more of a German
head cheese.

Lady Murasaki puts her hand on Hannibal's heart. She feels the dogtag hanging around his neck. She takes it out. It is the scorched dogtag of Grentz.

LADY MURASAKI
There are others in Canada and you
will hunt them.

HANNIBAL
Yes.

LADY MURASAKI
You can't stop, can you?

HANNIBAL
We will see. I love you, My Lady.

LADY MURASAKI
I know.

HANNIBAL AT THE SHIP'S RAILING. He waves, blows a solemn kiss. Lady Murasaki kisses a chrysanthemum, throws it. The blossom bobs in the widening water between them. She turns away into the crowd, unwilling to show her tears.

LADY MURASAKI (quietly, to herself)
If you live, and I live, I will
see you again, Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

He takes from his breast pocket a brochure called "Things to Do in Toronto." Clipped to it is a military ID mugshot of Grentz. Leaning against the rail, Hannibal reads the brochure with interest.

FADE OUT:

The End

