

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



HANNIBAL

"Potage"

Written by
Jennifer Schuur

Directed by
Peter Medak

Based on the characters created by
Thomas Harris

Prod. #104/Unaired

Final Shooting Script

PROPERTY OF:
GAUMONT INTERNATIONAL TELEVISION LLC

©2012 CHISWICK PRODUCTIONS LLC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NO PORTIONS OF THIS SCRIPT MAY BE PERFORMED, OR REPRODUCED BY ANY MEANS, OR QUOTED, OR PUBLISHED IN ANY MEDIUM WITHOUT THE PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF GAUMONT INTERNATIONAL TELEVISION LLC.

HANNIBAL
"Ceuf"

TEASER

CLOSE ON - A POT ROAST

SLICED yet UNTOUCHED. Dusted with MOLD. A common HOUSEFLY BUZZES into frame. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL we are --

1

INT. TURNER HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY 1

1

A grim family dinner. A POT ROAST turned rancid. BUGS crawling in the POTATOES. And the TURNER FAMILY - MOTHER, FATHER, and TWO CHILDREN - pitched forward onto the table from GUNSHOT WOUNDS to their heads. Resultant poolings of DRIED BLOOD read like inky shadows on the dining table. BLOOD sprays a FAMILY PORTRAIT on the wall.

At the head of the table sits WILL GRAHAM. He takes a breath, exhales, then closes his eyes.

A PENDULUM

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

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

His eyes are closed. The PENDULUM is now outside his head. It arcs in front of the grim family dinner, that PALE DEATHLY PALLOR of those seated at the table become flush with color.

The PENDULUM arcs smoothly across frame - FWUM - shooving insects from pot roast. FWUM. Aromatic STEAM now rises from the roast as though it had been set down a moment before.

The PENDULUM swings across the table and the pool of blood in front of Mrs. Turner SHRINKS and RECEDES back toward her head. FWUM.

The pendulum swings in front of the table and the Turners begin to shift, blood receding, slowly sitting up one by one. FWUM. The BLOOD flies off the FAMILY PORTRAIT.

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

Will Graham opens his eyes, sitting at the table watching the Turner Family motionless in the TABLEAU before their deaths.

Will inhales, able to smell the homemade meal. FWUM. FWUM. The PENDULUM STOPS SWINGING, snapping into place.

(CONTINUED)

Each member of the Turner Family has a full plate in front of them. In front of Will, an empty place setting.

WILL GRAHAM

Table has been set. Family dinner.
I wasn't invited. I take my seat
at the empty plate. My seat. My
place setting, next to Mrs. Turner.
(then)
I am the guest of honor.

The YOUNGEST TURNER holds a fork in her hand with a small stalk of broccoli impaled on its tines.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

No one has taken a bite of their
dinner. Except the youngest.
(to Youngest Turner)
Unless you eat your growing foods,
you won't get any dessert.

The Youngest Turner pops the broccoli in her mouth.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

No one is bound. No one leaves the
table. All afraid to move. Even
the little ones behaved themselves.
(then)
I brought my new family to this
home invasion, controlling the
Turners with threats of violence.

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

He stares dispassionately into middle distance.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Threats that turned to action.

THREE SIMULTANEOUS GUN SHOTS ring out in the dining room.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

The Turner Family is executed
simultaneously with the exception
of Mrs. Turner. Who dies last.
(then)
This is my design.

POP WIDE - **WILL'S P.O.V.**

The Turner Family is now face down in their plates, with the exception of Mrs. Turner -- who stares directly at Will.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I shoot Mrs. Turner, gun against
the canvas of her forehead.
Looking her directly in the eye
when I pull the trigger.

ON THE BACK OF MRS. TURNER'S HEAD - **WILL'S P.O.V.**

BANG. It rocks violently back TOWARD CAMERA before swinging
forward into her plate, CLEARING FRAME and REVEALING Will
leaning across the table holding a smoking gun.

OMNISCIENT P.O.V.

CAMERA REVEALS JACK CRAWFORD standing in the dining room
doorway, watching Will -- who now wears rubber gloves and is
no longer holding a gun, but his arm is still raised.

A moment, then:

JACK CRAWFORD
What do you see, Will?

WILL GRAHAM
Family values.

JACK CRAWFORD
Whose family values?

OFF Will unable to answer that question...

CUT TO:

2 INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - DAY 1 2

Will's pack of misfit DOGS sniff and wander the house.
Suddenly, they all go still. Tails motionless, heads turns
to observe an OFFSCREEN PRESENCE with curious interest.

ON HANNIBAL LECTER

He appears at the front door, Will's house lit up behind him.
Holds up LINKS OF SAUSAGES. Dinner time.

3 INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - LATER 3

Dogs occupied, Hannibal stands before a cluttered BOOKSHELF.
He scans the bindings, pulls one out for a better look: an
instruction manual on fly fishing. He raises an eyebrow.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON - A DRESSER

A DRAWER glides open. Hannibal inspects a pile of OLD T-SHIRTS looking for clues to Will's past -- instead he only finds white t-shirts, a dozen of them neatly folded.

Telling in its own way.

CLOSE ON - A BOAT MOTOR

Unceremoniously displayed in a partially disassembled state. Through Will's glasses, Hannibal picks up the pieces of the disassembled BOAT MOTOR and puts them together effortlessly.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - OFFICE - LATER

Hannibal enters to find Will's FLY TYING GEAR arranged on the table. There is a RACK of COMPLETED FLIES. A VICE, LAMP, MAGNIFYING GLASS, YARNS, THREADS, FEATHERS, and HOOKS.

Hannibal sits at the station, admires Will's handiwork, such delicate lures for catching fish.

Hannibal applies himself to tying off an incomplete SALMON FLY, expertly using the TOOLS of Will's hobby -- THREAD, BOBBIN, SCISSORS, PLIERS. His surgeon's precision in play.

Having completed his work, Hannibal admires the FLY and HOOK. He presses his THUMB gently against the pointed BARB, and keeps the pressure on until he draws a drop of BLOOD.

Without lingering on his act, Hannibal sucks the lone DROP from his thumb-tip. The sound is not unlike a quick KISS.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - EVENING 1 5

The sprawling grounds of an elegant, self-funded psychiatric hospital. A CHYRON tells us we are --

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

6 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - ABIGAIL HOBBS' ROOM - EVENING 1 6

A private patient suite with many of the comforts of home.

ON ABIGAIL HOBBS

She gazes in the mirror. The bandages on her neck have been removed and we see her fresh, angry SCARS above her white slip. She runs her fingers across the wound before tying a scarf around her neck to conceal it from the world.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)

I can hide what happened to me. All
I need is a scarf to pass. Or a
turtleneck, the right high collar.

7 EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - GROUNDS - EVENING 1 7

Abigail walks with ALANA BLOOM, a casual therapy session.

ALANA BLOOM

Part of the process of recovery.
And hiding what happened to you
defeats the purpose of being here.
Sharing will help normalize.

ABIGAIL

I'm not normal. Not anymore.

ALANA BLOOM

What happened to you isn't normal.

ABIGAIL

Some of these women aren't even
sharing. They speak in little girl
voices telling everyone what was
done to them and how they hurt
without saying a word about it.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA BLOOM

Certain traumas can arrest vocal development. Victims can sometimes broadcast victimhood involuntarily.

ABIGAIL

(adjusts her scarf)

Not me.

ALANA BLOOM

That's not necessarily true. Your victimhood has a high profile, thanks to Freddie Lounds.

ABIGAIL

I'm a celebrity victim. Someone here asked me if I kept my stained clothes. Like I was that girl who did oral with President Clinton.

ALANA BLOOM

How did that make you feel?

ABIGAIL

Like I wanted to go home. But I don't have a home anymore, do I?

ALANA BLOOM

You will. I'll help you find it.

ABIGAIL

Would've been my mom's birthday yesterday. We were gonna climb Eagle Mountain to celebrate. Highest point in Minnesota, but it's not really that high. Less than three hours to summit. You can see Lake Superior from there.

ALANA BLOOM

We could go there and scatter your mother's ashes, if you like.

ABIGAIL

I would like that.

ALANA BLOOM

Abigail, I want you to give the support groups another chance.

ABIGAIL

Support groups are sucking the life out of me through a narrow straw.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA BLOOM

Isolating yourself can suck just as hard and through an even narrower straw. You have to find someone to relate to in this experience.

ON HANNIBAL LECTER

He scribbles in a PATIENT NOTEBOOK. We are --

8 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 1 8

Hannibal looks up as the BUZZER on his desk RINGS.

9 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 9

Hannibal OPENS the door to find Alana Bloom waiting for him.

ALANA BLOOM

Hi.

HANNIBAL

(wry)

Do you have an appointment?

ALANA BLOOM

Do you have a beer?

10 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 10

Alana clinks her beer bottle to Hannibal's wine glass.

HANNIBAL

Interesting day with Abigail?

ALANA BLOOM

The grief work, the trauma intervention, it's all on course.

(MORE)

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)
But I think she may be wrestling
with a low-grade depression.

Drolly eyeing the large swig Alana takes of her beer --

HANNIBAL
She?

ALANA BLOOM
Nothing wrong with a little self-
medication, right, Doctor?
(then)
Professional neutrality be damned,
it's hard to see such a bright,
young girl go so adrift.

HANNIBAL
One can certainly lose perspective
tucked away for weeks in an ivory
tower. Perhaps it's time Abigail's
released from clinical treatment.

ALANA BLOOM
Released where? Back into the wild?

HANNIBAL
Spending each day immersed in
tragedy may be doing more harm than
good. Abigail should be out in the
world finding her footing, giving
her the confidence to move forward.

ALANA
Abigail is in no condition to
tackle real-world issues like where
she's going to live, what to do
about school, hell, where her next
meal is going to come from.

HANNIBAL
I'm not suggesting abandonment.

ALANA BLOOM
You and Will both feel responsible
but do you really think it's wise
to insert yourselves in her life?

HANNIBAL
I am qualified to help her.

ALANA BLOOM
You're the sanest man I know.

HANNIBAL

I would agree.

ALANA

You saved her life. But it doesn't change the fact that Abigail's been through what she's been through.

HANNIBAL

Was there when she went through it.

ALANA

I can't tell you what to do. But if you insist on taking a personal interest in her welfare, then you'd better understand, you can't walk away, no matter what the outcome.

HANNIBAL

We break it, we buy it?

ALANA

This is a girl who was very attached to her parents. Overly so, in fact. You stepping in as a surrogate would only be a crutch. Abigail needs to work things out for herself in a safe, clinical environment. *That* will give her the confidence to move forward.

Seeing Alana isn't about to budge, Hannibal bows his head.

HANNIBAL

I defer to the passion of my esteemed colleague.

ALANA

Have soapbox, will travel.

HANNIBAL

Passion's good. Gets blood pumping.

OFF Hannibal appreciating the flush in Alana's cheek...

11

INT. TURNER HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 1

11

Jack Crawford strides past the few LOCAL POLICE who control the scene as his TEAM gathers evidence --

A CHYRON reminds us we are --

BANGOR, MAINE

-- Jimmy Price stands, PHOTOGRAPHING the dinner table of death. Brian Zellar is in a CROUCH, checking WOUND ANGLES. Beverly Katz collects FINGER PRINTS from a GLASS of SUNNY-D.

Jack finds Will at a remove, looking at FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS.

JACK CRAWFORD

Karen and Roger Turner. Childhood sweethearts. Owned a successful Real Estate business. Pillars of the community. Three children.

WILL GRAHAM

Minus one.

JACK CRAWFORD

A son, Jesse, disappeared last year. Last confirmed sighting had him boarding an RV at a rest area on route forty-seven. Possible runaway, probable abduction.

WILL GRAHAM

Or both.

JACK CRAWFORD

Hundreds of tips, but not a single one held up past lunchtime. When misery rains, she pours.

This sentiment is counter to the SMILING FACES in the PHOTOS.

WILL GRAHAM

Holidays, vacations, milestones... never reveals the whole picture.

JACK CRAWFORD

Who wants to fill their scrapbook with arguments and dirty laundry?

WILL GRAHAM

False faces in family portraits. Layers and layers of lies betrayed by a sad glint in a child's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON JIMMY PRICE

He SNAPS a PHOTO of the DINNER TABLE, commenting --

JIMMY PRICE
Norman Rockwell with a bullet.

JACK CRAWFORD
Any signs of forced entry?

BEVERLY KATZ
Perimeter is clean of scoring and
rupture. No broken windows or torn
screens. It's all sealed up tight.

JACK CRAWFORD
They probably rang the doorbell.

BEVERLY KATZ
I've got bullet holes on the upper
sections of the wall and ceiling.

JACK CRAWFORD
Pull the slugs for ballistics.

BEVERLY KATZ
If they aren't frangible, it
shouldn't be a problem.

BRIAN ZELLER
Those elevated termination points
match what I see on these bodies --

Zellar moves toward the table, indicating what he means --

BRIAN ZELLAR
-- angled cranial impacts, coupled
with acute exit wounds and conical
spray, the shooter was firing from
low to high, probably crouched.

JIMMY PRICE
Or maybe they were Hobbits.

This odd information strikes a chord of epiphany for Will, he
MOVES BACK toward that collection of FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS.

WILL GRAHAM
How long since Jesse was abducted?

JACK CRAWFORD
Just over a year.

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED: (2)

11

Returning to the stack of photos, Will stops on one in particular: a much younger version of the missing boy.

THE PHOTO

Six-year-old JESSE TURNER holds a STUFFED OCTOPUS, one of its dangling arms in his mouth. His mother sweetly looks on.

The PHOTO CLEARS FRAME REVEALING we are now --

12

INT. B.A.U - MORGUE - DAY 2

12

The CORPSES of MOTHER TURNER, FATHER TURNER, and their TWO CHILDREN (in body bags or covered in sheets) are presented on slabs for inspection.

Jack faces Zellar, Price, Katz, and Graham. He's like a demanding father, presiding over his children as they present what they've just learned at school. Will stands slightly apart, not quite fitting into this surrogate family.

BRIAN ZELLAR

I'm glad we didn't have guns in my house. I would've shot my sisters to get them out of the bathroom.

BEVERLY KATZ

I liked having a big family.

JIMMY PRICE

My parents gave me a gift. A twin. Why wouldn't you want two of me?

BRIAN ZELLER

(to Will)

Must've been an only child.

WILL GRAHAM

Why do you say that?

BRIAN ZELLER

Family friction is a catalyst for personality development.

An odd remark, but Beverly swoops in to take the sting away.

(CONTINUED)

BEVERLY KATZ

I was the oldest, so all the friction rolled down hill.

JACK CRAWFORD

The attention and responsibilities given to firstborn children prime them for future success.

BEVERLY KATZ

Here I am. Livin' the dream.

WILL GRAHAM

Any favoring of another sibling could undermine the oldest's ability to handle stress.

BEVERLY KATZ

My baby sister got away with murder. She had 'em all fooled.

JIMMY PRICE

I thought middle were the problems.

BRIAN ZELLAR

The middle is the sweet spot.

WILL GRAHAM

Always trying to figure out where they fit in. Forces them to use different strategies navigating up and down developmental spectrums. They can be great politicians.
(then)
Or lousy ones.

Jack Crawford, who has been studying the crime scene photos as he looks over each of the bodies, observes:

JACK CRAWFORD

All of the victims have defensive wounds. Except for Mrs. Turner.

Jack hands Will the crime scene photos of Mrs. Turner.

WILL GRAHAM

There's acceptance in her body position. Forgiveness, even.

Will realizes that he missed something that Jack didn't.

JACK CRAWFORD

(prodding)

What kind of victim forgives her
killer at the moment of her death?

Never taking his eyes off Jesse's mother --

WILL GRAHAM

A mother.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

13

Hannibal sits opposite Will, smiling warmly before asking:

HANNIBAL

Tell me about your mother.

WILL GRAHAM

That's some lazy psychiatry, Dr. Lecter. Low hanging fruit.

HANNIBAL

I suspect that fruit is on a high branch, very difficult to reach.

WILL GRAHAM

So's my mother. I never knew her.

HANNIBAL

An interesting place to start.

WILL GRAHAM

Tell me about your mother. Let's start there. Quid pro quo.

A fan of the language, Hannibal enjoys Will's use of Latin.

HANNIBAL

Both my parents died when I was very young. The proverbial orphan until I was adopted by my Uncle Robertas when I was 16.

Will considers that, understanding Hannibal a little more clearly than before -- or so he thinks.

WILL GRAHAM

You have orphan in common with Abigail Hobbs.

HANNIBAL

I think we'll discover you and I have a great deal in common with Abigail. She's already demonstrated an aptitude for the psychological.

(then)

Quid pro quo.

Will is unwilling to return the volley.

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM

There's something so foreign about family. Like an ill-fitting suit. Never connected to the concept.

HANNIBAL

You created a family for yourself.

WILL GRAHAM

I created a pack of strays. Thanks for feeding them while I was away.

Hannibal nods his "you're welcome," then:

HANNIBAL

I was referring to Abigail Hobbs.

Hannibal lets Will get used to that idea, then:

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Tell me about the Turner Family. Were they affluent? Well to do?

WILL GRAHAM

They lived like they had money.

HANNIBAL

Did your family have money, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

We were poor. I followed my father from the boat yards in Biloxi and Greenville to lake boats on Erie.

HANNIBAL

Always the new boy at school? Always the stranger?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

HANNIBAL

Harboring a half-buried grudge against the rich?

WILL GRAHAM

Aren't we all.

HANNIBAL

What grudge was Mrs. Turner's killer harboring against her?

(CONTINUED)

WILL GRAHAM
Motherhood.

HANNIBAL
Not motherhood, a perversion of it.

A BEAUTIFUL PLATTER OF BLOOD SAUSAGE

We are --

INT. HANNIBAL'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 2

Hannibal dishes a generous portion of sausage onto Jack Crawford's plate. Jack fills his lungs with the aroma.

HANNIBAL
A modified Boudin Noir from Ali-Bab's Gastronomie Pratique.

JACK CRAWFORD
Ali-Bab?

HANNIBAL
An engineer who, after losing his sense of appetite, spent the remainder of his life cooking for his brother. He developed a theory that great cultures meet their ends solely as a result of their cuisines becoming too decadent.

JACK CRAWFORD
You'll meet your end if my wife catches you fattening up my liver.

HANNIBAL
Perfect for foie gras.
(then)
You promised to deliver your wife to my dinner table.

JACK CRAWFORD
We've got to polish our act. Can't have you diagnosing our marital problems in one fell swoop.
(then)
What am I about to put in my mouth?

HANNIBAL
Rabbit.

JACK CRAWFORD
(digging in)
Should have hopped faster.

HANNIBAL
Yes, he should have. But
fortunately for us, he did not.

Jack takes a bite and savors the rich taste of blood sausage.

JACK CRAWFORD
Our friend Will seemed haunted
today. More than usual. Thought
maybe it was the nature of the
case. A murdered family.

HANNIBAL
I doubt the age and relationship of
the victims he's investigating
would affect his professionalism.

JACK CRAWFORD
Then what would?

HANNIBAL
We don't know what nightmares lie
coiled beneath Will's pillow.

JACK CRAWFORD
We don't? You should.

HANNIBAL
The first small bond to a killer
itches and stings like a leech,
that may be the distraction.

JACK CRAWFORD
Maybe it's not such a small bond.
Children killing other children.
Not an unfamiliar notion for Will.

HANNIBAL
You still suspect Abigail Hobbs in
her father's crimes.

JACK CRAWFORD
Doesn't matter what I suspect. It
matters what I can prove. Ms. Hobbs
has been absolved of any crime.

HANNIBAL
Yet?

JACK CRAWFORD

The nightmare under Will's pillow
may be that he was wrong about her.

HANNIBAL

A more innocuous theory.

JACK CRAWFORD

Please.

HANNIBAL

Children transport us to our
childhoods. Will may feel the tug
of life before the FBI, before you.
Simpler times in boat yards with
dad. That life is an anchor
streamed behind him in heavy
weather. He needs an anchor, Jack.

ON A PAIR OF BOYS' SNEAKERS

They have WELL-WORN SOLES, a DUCT-TAPED RIP in the canvas
upper, a DOODLE on the rubber toe cap. We are --

INT. B.A.U. - FORENSICS LAB - DAY 3

BEVERLY KATZ inspects the sneakers. Jimmy Price dusts for
prints at a nearby table, everything from VIDEO GAME
CONTROLLERS to a FLUSH HANDLE from a toilet. He's currently
dusting a SODA POP can collected from an evidence crate.

JIMMY PRICE

Got the blurred print of a nose off
a soda-pop can. Someone could use
a Biore blackhead strip.

BEVERLY KATZ

One pair of size-six sneakers from
the Turner house. Tread on left
indicates uneven leg length.

JIMMY PRICE

Is that unusual?

INCLUDE THE MORGUE BAY

Brian Zeller works on the FOUR BODIES of the TURNER FAMILY,
discreetly covered by sheets.

BRIAN ZELLER

Not in a 12 year-old. Growth plates
are all out of whack.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN ZELLER (CONT'D)

One foot's bigger than another.
One leg is longer. Puberty is in
full effect.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY PRICE

I'll say. Lived in the Turner's house for a week after they were dead. Ordered pizza and Pay Per View Movies. Porn. Lots of porn.

BEVERLY KATZ

There's a strong bond of aggressive and sexual drives that occurs in sadists at an early age.

BRIAN ZELLER

I didn't turn out to be a sadist.

BEVERLY KATZ

How did Jesse Turner turn out? No one has seen him in almost a year.

BRIAN ZELLER

I've extrapolated present height and weight from abduction stats.

Brian Zeller measures the corpses of the other Turner kids.

BRIAN ZELLER (CONT'D)

Even with the usual growth spurt between eleven and twelve, he'd be at most around four-and-a-half feet tall. Maybe eighty pounds.

Jimmy dusts a VIDEO GAME CONTROLLER from an EVIDENCE BOX, pulling prints and scanning them into the COMPUTER.

JIMMY PRICE

God's gift to trace analysts. Gorgeous fingerprints all over these things. No matches, but they're gorgeous. Nothing forecasts violence like a first person shooter.

BEVERLY KATZ

Isolated 7 pairs of shoe prints, filtered out the Turners, including Jesse's, so we're down to three UNSUBS. Sneakers are a size 7, a 3-and-a-half and a boy's 11.

BRIAN ZELLER

The Lost Boys.

(CONTINUED)

Jimmy Price studies the POINT COMPARISON of the FINGER PRINT he just fed into the COMPUTER. Several DOTS of SIMILARITIES light up across the print grid -- a match.

15

CONTINUED: (4)

15

JIMMY PRICE
Just found one of them.

16

OMITTED.

16

17

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

17

Will Graham stands in front of a classroom full of F.B.I. TRAINEES, mid-lecture on an as-yet unexplored killer.

WILL GRAHAM
Most of the time in sexual assaults
the bite mark has a livid spot in
the center, a suck bruise. In
certain cases, they do not. For
some killers, biting may be a
fighting pattern as much as sexual
behavior.

Jack Crawford ENTERS crossing to the front of the hall.

JACK CRAWFORD
Class dismissed. Everybody out.
(off their hesitation)
What did I just say?

(CONTINUED)

The F.B.I. TRAINEES gather their books and quickly EXIT.

WILL GRAHAM

You're making it difficult to provide an education, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

We found a match for a set of prints pulled from the Turner house. They belong to Connor Frist, a 13 year-old from Huntsville.

WILL GRAHAM

Another kid?

JACK CRAWFORD

Another missing kid. Vanished 10 months ago. Case never solved.

WILL GRAHAM

Good news, Mr. and Mrs. Frist. Your son's alive. Bad news, he's a suspect in four murders.

JACK CRAWFORD

Four so far.

WILL GRAHAM

How many kids in the Frist family?

JACK CRAWFORD

Three. Same as the Turners.

WILL GRAHAM

Oh, god.

JACK CRAWFORD

We're ready when you are. And you're ready right now. Let's go.

WILL GRAHAM

We're ready?

JACK CRAWFORD

We have a Gulfstream standing by at Andrews Airforce Base. Borrowed it from Interior. The basic lab stuff will be on it. We'll be there within the hour if we leave now.

WILL GRAHAM

You expecting a crime scene?

A CHRISTMAS CARD

A Norman Rockwell-style Holiday Greeting Card featuring the FRIST FAMILY gathered around the Christmas Tree.

BURL IVES (NEEDLE DROP)
Have a holly, jolly Christmas.

The CHRISTMAS CARD lowers, clearing FRAME REVEALING we are --

18

INT. FRIST HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY 3

18

Unseasonably decorated for the Christmas holiday. Through the artificially frosted windows, there is a flurry of movement... armed, DARK-CLAD FIGURES creeping in swiftly and silently, moving along the outside of the house.

BURL IVES (NEEDLE DROP)
It's the best time of the year. I don't know if there'll be snow...

CLOSE ON - MP3 PLAYER

A GLOVED FINGER ENTERS FRAME and hits the PAUSE BUTTON, silencing Burl Ives and his misplaced holiday cheer.

POP WIDE

Jack Crawford has turned off the music, surveying the scene with Will Graham, Zeller, Price and Katz at his side as DARK-CLAD FBI AGENTS fan through the home, weapons at the ready.

REVERSE

A well-decorated and colorfully illumined CHRISTMAS TREE reaches to the high ceiling. DOZENS OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS ring the bottom of the pine. Most have been roughly unwrapped and hastily opened, shredded by feral kinder. Several other scattered presents have remained untouched.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the FRIST FAMILY, MOTHER, FATHER and TWO CHILDREN gathered around the tree in their PAJAMAS and ROBES, partially concealed by tattered and torn gift wrap. All dead. And have been for some time.

The FAMILY DOG trots out from behind the Christmas tree, carrying a chewed-off arm in its mouth. The dog drops the arm at Will's feet.

WILL GRAHAM
Merry Christmas.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

CLOSE ON - MR. FRIST'S CORPSE

Brian Zeller casually examines the partially eaten tissue of Mr. Frist's throat.

BRIAN ZELLER

At least the dog didn't starve.

We are --

19

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

19

CAMERA FINDS Will Graham, Zeller, Price and Katz examining the DEAD FRIST FAMILY, Mother, Father and two children (discreetly covered) as Jack Crawford looks on.

JACK CRAWFORD

Mr. Frist and the children killed first... Mrs. Frist saved for last. Same as the Turner's.

WILL GRAHAM

Not exactly the same. The boys didn't stay. Something went wrong.

BEVERLY KATZ

Not a single present under the tree for Mrs. Frist. Who doesn't buy their mom a Christmas present?

WILL GRAHAM

Took her presents, took her motherhood.

JACK CRAWFORD

Who was the additional corpse in the fireplace?

INCLUDE THE EDGE OF A CHARRED SKULL, FEATURING --

INCINERATED FABRIC, FEATHERS in the ashes around the skull.

WILL GRAHAM

(without looking)

I'd say Connor Frist.

ON MRS. FRIST'S CORPSE

Zeller and Katz inspect. Just below her hairline, a puckered entry wound stands out against her smooth, pale skin.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN ZELLER

Angled cranial impact means the shooter fired from low to high.

JACK CRAWFORD

Shooting her once wasn't enough.

Zeller uses his gloved hands to part Mrs. Frist's hair above the entry wound revealing dried, matted blood.

BRIAN ZELLER

Bullet deflected off the curvature of her skull, and travelled beneath the scalp to its final resting spot at the base of her neck.

JACK CRAWFORD

It didn't kill her.

BEVERLY KATZ

Hydrostatic shock of shell hitting skull would've caused brain damage.

WILL GRAHAM

Her body went into convulsions. Conner Frist went into a panic. He had been prepped to shoot his mother, but not watch her suffer.

Zeller turns Mrs. Frist's head to the side revealing another entry wound that is clearly bigger.

BRIAN ZELLER

Shot her again to put her out of her misery. Different gun.

BEVERLY KATZ

Larger caliber.

JIMMY PRICE

So someone else shot Connor's mom.

JACK CRAWFORD

Connor couldn't put his panic back in the bottle. So he was shot too.

WILL GRAHAM

In anger. By the different gun. With the larger caliber. A gun that wasn't used at the Turner house where everything went as planned.

Beverly moves to the burnt corpse and pulls a charred feather from his skull.

BEVERLY KATZ

Goose down. There was a pillow under his head.

Jack tries to puzzle it out.

JACK CRAWFORD

Connor Frist is murdered because he can't bring himself to finish off his mother, but afterwards he's treated with compassion and given a ceremonial send-off to the hereafter.

WILL GRAHAM

Whoever shot him... disowned him.

INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - EVENING 4

The DOOR OPENS and Hannibal smiles warmly and greets Will:

HANNIBAL

Good evening. Please come in.

INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Hannibal studies Will and the WRAPPED GIFT on his lap.

HANNIBAL

Has Christmas come early? Or late?

Will stares, then shakes off the murderous association.

WILL GRAHAM

It was for Abigail.

HANNIBAL

Was?

WILL GRAHAM

Thought better of it. Wasn't thinking clearly. I was upset when I bought it. Maybe still am.

HANNIBAL

You bare gifts when you're angry?

WILL GRAHAM

Better gifts than teeth.

HANNIBAL

What is it?

WILL GRAHAM

Magnifying glass. Fly tying gear.

HANNIBAL

Teaching her how to fish. Her father taught her how to hunt.

WILL GRAHAM

That's why I thought better of it.

HANNIBAL

Feeling paternal, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

Aren't you?

HANNIBAL

Yes. Our good friend Dr. Bloom has advised against taking too personal an interest in Abigail's welfare. You break it, you bought it.

WILL GRAHAM

Can't break what's already broken.

HANNIBAL

Can't you?

(then)

Tell me. Why were you so angry?

WILL GRAHAM

I'm angry about these boys. I'm angry cause I know when I find them, I can't help them. I can't give them back what they gave away.

HANNIBAL

Family.

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

HANNIBAL

Freddie Lounds has coined these young killers the Blood Brothers.

WILL GRAHAM

We call them the Lost Boys.

HANNIBAL

Abigail is lost, too. Perhaps it is our responsibility, yours and mine, to help her find her way.

A22

INT. DINER - DAY 5

A22

EVA sits at a back booth with four boys - C.J. LINCOLN (14), JESSE TURNER (12), and CHRIS O'HALLORAN (10). Each boy has ordered a MILKSHAKE, but unlike the others, Chris hasn't touched his. Eva seems distant, distracted.

C.J. LINCOLN

Don't be sad about Connor.

EVA

Connor didn't choose us. He tried but I guess I didn't do a very good job being his mother.

C.J. LINCOLN

It's not your fault.

EVA

I couldn't make him understand. The family you're born into isn't really family. Those are just people you didn't choose. You have to make family. That's what we're doing. We're making our family.

Chris O'Halloran works up the courage to ask:

CHRIS O'HALLORAN

What happened to your family?

C.J. LINCOLN

We're her family.

CHRIS O'HALLORAN

I meant your other family.

EVA

I had a brother like you boys have brothers. He showed me that the family you think is family is just a stepping stone to real family.

C.J. LINCOLN

You have to step on that stone.

(CONTINUED)

EVA

And then you have to step over it.
Like C.J. did. And Jesse. But
Connor, he couldn't make the leap.

(then)

You feeling okay, sweetie?

C.J. LINCOLN

He's fine.

EVA

C.J.

With C.J. put back in his place, Eva looks around at her
little brood and smiles brightly at Chris O'Halloran.

EVA (CONT'D)

You should be excited to go back
home. Even if it is to say goodbye.
We're your family now, Christopher.
And you can only have one family.

CUT TO:

A LAPTOP COMPUTER SCREEN FILLS FRAME

TWO AMBER ALERT PHOTOS appear side-by-side on screen: one of
Jesse Turner, the other of Connor Frist -- the first time
we've seen an image of the second boy. We are --

Will sits alone at the table in front of the room. Beverly
enters. Studying the photos of the two boys, Will doesn't
look up. Not much can distract him when he's concentrating.

BEVERLY

Ever heard of Willard Wigan? He's
this artist who does micro
sculptures, like putting the Obamas
in the eye of a needle. He's so
focused that he can work between
beats of his heart. I guess
archers do that too, right?

WILL

Hm?

BEVERLY KATZ

What are you looking at?

Beverly moves around to see what has captured Will's
attention. It's only now that he acknowledges her presence.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

(re: the boys' photos)
These kids are both small.
Underweight for their age.

BEVERLY KATZ

You think there's a connection?

WILL

I'm thinking possible ADHD
diagnoses for both boys. Ritalin,
Focalin, any medication containing
methylphenidate can affect appetite
and slow long-term growth in kids.

A beat as both co-workers inspect the two photos. Then --

BEVERLY KATZ

Another thing about Willard Wigan?
He had a lonely childhood. He used
his tiny sculptures as an escape.

WILL

Who's Willard Wigan?

Beverly smiles.

BEVERLY KATZ

Price got a hit from the ballistics-
matching program he's been running
on the two family murders. The
bullet that put Mrs. Frist out of
her misery matches three used in a
murder in Fort Smith, Arkansas a
year ago. Mother of a 13-year-old
boy shot to death with her own gun.

WILL GRAHAM

13-year-old milk carton material?

AN AMBER ALERT PHOTO OF C.J. LINCOLN

He's dark-haired, thin, and wears a smirk.

JACK CRAWFORD

C.J. Lincoln disappeared six months
before his mother's murder and
hasn't been heard from since.

We are --

The picture of C.J. Lincoln is displayed on a MONITOR, along
with his JUVENILE RAP SHEET. Jack, Will, Zeller, Price and
Katz are gathered around the monitor studying C.J. Lincoln.

WILL GRAHAM

He has none of the characteristics
of a sociopath or a sadist.

JACK CRAWFORD

No shoplifting, no malicious
destruction of property, no assault
and no battery. He was kind to
animals for god's sake.

WILL GRAHAM

But the firearm says we're looking
at Peter Pan to our Lost Boys.

JACK CRAWFORD

It requires a sophisticated level
of manipulation to convince boys to
kill their families in cold blood.

WILL GRAHAM

Kindness to animals doesn't suggest
that kind of sophistication.

JACK CRAWFORD

He's older, been out in the world.
Could've picked up a few tricks.

C.J. Lincoln watches a WOMAN in her 40s named EVA with her
YOUNG BOY of about 10 named CHRIS. Chris is distant and
numb, perhaps a developmentally challenged child. Eva
fumbles through her purse standing at the CHECK-OUT COUNTER.
Chris turns to see he is being watched.

C.J. Lincoln's cold, dead stare cuts right through Chris, who
shrinks from the other boy's gaze. After a moment, Eva looks
up from her purse and realizes:

EVA

Oh, honey.

Eva begins clutching napkins off the counter next to the
spinning hot dog warmer, sopping up the urine from the floor
as she apologizes profusely to the CONVENIENCE STORE CLERK.

EVA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. He's never done this
before. I'll pay for the napkins.

CONVENIENCE STORE CLERK

Don't worry about it.

Eva feels Chris's forehead, putting her cheek to his cheek to
check his temperature.

EVA

Are you feeling okay? You have a
fever? You don't feel warm.

Clerk hands her a plastic bag for the urine-stained napkins.

EVA (CONT'D)

Thank you. I'm so embarrassed.
(to Chris)
But you shouldn't be embarrassed.
This happens with little bladders.

24 CONTINUED: 24

He doesn't talk but his eyes drift back to C.J. Lincoln, who is no longer standing in the Convenience Store.

25 OMITTED. 25

A26 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - ABIGAIL HOBBS ROOM - DAY 5 A26

Abigail studies Hannibal as he waits by the door.

ABIGAIL

I don't think I'm allowed to leave after I climbed the fence.

HANNIBAL

I've made arrangements. You could say I'm one of your guardians.

ABIGAIL

Where are we going?

HANNIBAL

Home. My home. I thought you might enjoy it if I cooked for you. I'll have you back before bedtime.

ABIGAIL

Can I spend the night? I don't like sleeping here. I have bad dreams.

HANNIBAL

You have to sleep in your own bed.

ABIGAIL

This isn't my bed.

HANNIBAL

Tell me about your bad dreams.

ABIGAIL

I had one where Marissa is sending me picture texts. Like crime scene photos. Of Nicholas Boyle, gutted.

HANNIBAL

How you left him.

ABIGAIL

Even though she's dead, I'm afraid Marissa's gonna tell everyone I killed him and they'll think I'm just like my dad. Sorry. I can't really talk about this in group.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

There are people here who open
their mouths and every sin against
them can come tumbling out. You
don't have that luxury, Abigail.

Abigail tosses the book on her bed and looks for her coat.

ABIGAIL

I just have to get used to lying.

HANNIBAL

You must only lie about one thing.
And when you're with me, you don't
have to lie about anything.

ABIGAIL

In the dream, I wonder how I'd live
with myself knowing what I did.

HANNIBAL

And when you're awake?

She shrugs on her coat, thoughtful.

ABIGAIL

And when I'm awake, I know I can
live with myself. I know I will
just get used to what I did.

Hannibal studies her with a sense of paternal pride.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Does that make me a sociopath?

HANNIBAL

No. It makes you a survivor.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

CLOSE ON - STEEPING TEA

Mushrooms bound like a flower in a crystal cup blossom and open in the piping hot water.

26

INT. HANNIBAL'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY 5

26

Tomatoes roast as Hannibal cuts potatoes in perfect half-inch cubes, tossing them into a pan with whole unpeeled garlic gloves and thyme. He grinds fresh meat, which also is tossed into the sizzling pan as Abigail Hobbs looks on from nearby.

HANNIBAL

It's important to know when it's time to turn the page. Have you thought about applying to schools?

ABIGAIL

My dad killed girls at all the schools I applied to.

HANNIBAL

Perhaps that can wait then.

ABIGAIL

I want to work for the F.B.I.

Hannibal's face cracks into a warm grin.

HANNIBAL

I would certainly feel safer if you were in the hallowed halls of the F.B.I. protecting my interests.

ABIGAIL

They wouldn't let me, would they? Because of what my dad did.

HANNIBAL

Only if they believe that is in your nature, too.

ABIGAIL

Nature versus nurture.

HANNIBAL

We don't invent our natures, Abigail. They're issued to us, with our lungs and pancreas and everything else. Can't fight it.

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL

I don't know what my nature is.

HANNIBAL

You are not your father's daughter.
Not anymore.

ABIGAIL

What would've happened to my dad if
you guys didn't kill him?

HANNIBAL

We live in a primitive time,
Abigail. Neither savage nor wise.
He'd be exactly where he is now.

(then)

Be grateful for your scars.

ABIGAIL

Grateful.

HANNIBAL

Our scars have the power to remind
us that the past was real. Anchors
us. We all need to be anchored.

Abigail goes quiet.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

What if it weren't so painful
anymore to think of him?

ABIGAIL

My dad?

HANNIBAL

Have you ever taken psilocybin?

ABIGAIL

Mushrooms? That's what's in the
tea?

HANNIBAL

(nods)

There are those psychiatrists who
believe altered states could be
used to access traumatic memories.

ABIGAIL

I have all the access to traumatic
memories I need. Unlimited access.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

Which is why we need to supplement
them with positive associations.
No more bad dreams, Abigail.

ABIGAIL

You want me to do drugs?

HANNIBAL

I want you to do this drug. With
my supervision. Where it's safe.
(offers her cup)
Do you trust me?

INT. B.A.U. - JACK'S OFFICE - NIGHT 5

Jack, Zeller, Katz, and Price hover around the CASE BOARD
that bears the PHOTOS OF EACH OF THE BOYS they've identified
as taking part in the family killings.

It also includes a TIME LINE of their respective abductions,
the dates of the murders they participated in, and a MAP
pinpointing where each of the murders took place.

Jack twists a PUSH PIN into the map at Bangor, Maine.

JACK CRAWFORD

Bangor, Maine. Stamford,
Connecticut. And most recently,
Reston, Virginia.

JIMMY PRICE

That places each of the murders
approximately five hundred miles
from the one before it.

BRIAN ZELLER

You're trying to attach a
geographical pattern to murders
that took place weeks apart.

WILL GRAHAM

Other patterns too. Our shooters
are minors. Middle children from
traditional affluent families.

BEVERLY KATZ

They're not traveling by Greyhound.

JIMMY PRICE

I drove my dad's car when I was 14.

JACK CRAWFORD

They're moving southbound, we're looking somewhere on the border of Georgia and North Carolina.

He CIRCLES the area on the map.

BRIAN ZELLER

(exasperated)

There's hundreds of towns in this area. Off every freeway ramp.

JACK CRAWFORD

Got a better idea?

BRIAN ZELLER

Throw darts.

He wilts under Jack's gaze.

WILL GRAHAM

There's a pattern. Less to do with geography than psychology.

JACK CRAWFORD

What kind of kid would do this?

WILL GRAHAM

And what kind of kid would follow a kid who did this?

BEVERLY KATZ

The shepherd and his flock.

JIMMY PRICE

When a sheep ran away, the shepherd used to break its leg to keep it from running away again. It forced the sheep to rely on the shepherd.

BEVERLY KATZ

Cruel-to-be-kind.

WILL GRAHAM

Animals remember the voice of a trusted, familiar person. They also remember people who inflict abuse on them.

JACK CRAWFORD

There's no indication these kids
came from abusive families.

WILL GRAHAM

Capture-bonding. A passive,
psychological response to a new
master. It's been an essential
survival tool for a million years.
Bond with your captor, you survive.
Don't, you're breakfast.

JACK CRAWFORD

Get files on every missing boy
within 200 miles of North Carolina.

Off Jack --

CLOSE ON - EMPTY TEA CUP (VFX)

It shifts and distorts at first slightly, then more
aggressively, appearing to DEMOLECULARIZE as a hand PASSES
THROUGH IT. A SHATTERING CRASH of china REVEALS we are --

INT. HANNIBAL'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT 5

Abigail stares at the shattered tea cup on the floor.

INCLUDE ABIGAIL'S P.O.V. - HANNIBAL

His voice and movements are thick, plodding.

ABIGAIL

Doctor Bloom said this was okay?

HANNIBAL

Not at all. We often have a
difference of opinion.

ABIGAIL

Another secret for us.

HANNIBAL

You and I will have many secrets.

(then)

Infusing psilocybin into the
bloodstream before psychotherapy
can elicit a positive, even
spiritual, experience for patients.

ABIGAIL

I'm not your patient.

HANNIBAL

No, you're my guest.

(then)

Psychological trauma is an affliction of the powerless. I want to give you your power back.

ABIGAIL

I don't feel good.

HANNIBAL

That feeling will pass. Allow it to wash over you, through you. Let me be your guide, Abigail.

Abigail eyes the food Hannibal's preparing and the orange juice dripping into a glass from a Philippe Starck juicer.

ABIGAIL

You're making breakfast for dinner?

HANNIBAL

Not just breakfast. High Life eggs. A chef in Spain called Muro claims he invented it in the 19th century.

Hannibal throws an egg in the air, catches it on the edge of a knife, cracking it and holding it in place as the contents drool onto a slice of brioche with a hole already in a pan. The sausage sizzles and crackles in its own pan, almost done.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Taste is not only biochemical, it's also psychological, evoking memories of places and experiences.

ABIGAIL

Eggs and sausage was the last meal I was having with my parents.

HANNIBAL

I know. It's also the first meal you're having with me.

Will, Beverly and Alana sit at a conference table with many discarded file folders of missing or abducted kids. There are FOURTEEN PICTURES arrayed in view, a range of faces.

ALANA BLOOM

If we're looking for our next
Trilby, are we assuming C.J.
Lincoln is in the Svengali role?

BEVERLY KATZ

Sounds like me at fourteen.

ALANA BLOOM

Without the interference of a
leader, these kids would never
consider violent action.

BEVERLY KATZ

A fuse yet to be lit.

ALANA BLOOM

A buried darkness. An inkspot on
their soul. It takes a catalyst to
bring that to the surface.

The conversation makes Will uncomfortable. He paces the
table, studying in turn the fourteen pictures.

WILL GRAHAM

Our Trilby's a boy, a paradox in
the midst of a normal family, an
outsider who doesn't look like one.
He'd be good at a vocation,
something inventive or mechanical.

Will leafs through files, discarding ones that don't fit.

ALANA BLOOM

(to Will)

Would've been a perfect candidate.

WILL GRAHAM

I would have.

(moving on)

He'd have hobbies that require hand-
eye coordination, that are off the
beaten path... that link up to what
his father does for a living.
Something that consumes him so as
to keep him engaged.

BEVERLY KATZ

The devil makes work for idle hands
kind of thing.

She's skimming the files, tossing ones aside. Beverly holds
up a photo; it's the urinating boy Chris.

BEVERLY KATZ (CONT'D)

Here's one. Family moved from
Biloxi, to Charleston to
Fayetteville in the last three
years. He won Junior High award
for his work on pretty
sophisticated computer circuitry.

WILL GRAHAM

Chris O'Halloran.

ALANA BLOOM

Why do you think these kids are
susceptible to C.J. Lincoln?

WILL GRAHAM

Because he may have a brother, but
their ages or interests set them
apart. A brother without a brother.

ALANA BLOOM
Brothers looking for a mother.

The simplicity of that strikes Will like a bullet.

A30

INT. B.A.U. - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT 5

A30

As Will enters, Jack looks up from his computer.

WILL GRAHAM
It's not just C.J. Lincoln. There's
an adult with some formative sway.
It's a woman. A mother figure.
She's looking to form a family.

JACK CRAWFORD
Family can have a contagion effect
on the alienated. You adopt the
same attitudes, the same behaviors.

WILL GRAHAM
I never got bit by that bug.

JACK CRAWFORD
I managed to avoid it myself.

WILL GRAHAM
Whoever this woman is, she wants
these children to... burst with
love for her. And she needs to
erase their families to do that.

JACK CRAWFORD
She abducts them, convinces them no
one can love them like she does.
Then makes absolutely sure of it.

Will hands Jack the file on Chris O'Halloran.

WILL GRAHAM
Security camera from a convenience
store in Alexandria, Virginia
captured surveillance footage of
Chris O'Halloran this morning. He
was with an unidentified woman.

JACK CRAWFORD
Where's this kid's family?

WILL GRAHAM
Fayetteville, North Carolina.

CLOSE ON - CHRIS

(CONTINUED)

A30 CONTINUED:

A30

The urinating child seen earlier at the Convenience Store being menaced by C.J. Lincoln. CAMERA REVEALS we are --

30 EXT. O'HALLORAN HOME - NIGHT 5

30

Chris stands alone on the doorstep of his family's home. We HEAR FOOTSTEPS approaching to answer the door.

A CHYRON tells us we are --

FAYETTEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

The front door opens and Chris's mother, MARCY O'HALLORAN (40s) gasps to find her missing son suddenly returned to her.

MARCY

Christopher? Oh my god, Chris!

She throws her arms around the boy. A MOMENT OF TRUE JOY AND ELATION. But when she looks in Chris's eyes she sees SOMETHING THAT FRIGHTENS HER. His eyes are dead.

C.J. LINCOLN

He steps out of the darkness, handing him a gun.

C.J. LINCOLN

Your turn, Chris.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

31 EXT. O'HALLORAN HOME - NIGHT 5 31

WIDE SHOT, featuring an elegant, A-frame house oozing with lazy, Magnolia-scented Carolina charm. A CHYRON reads --

FAYETTEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

A FLORIST DELIVERY VAN quietly pulls up in front of the A-Frame. Jack Crawford emerges from the sliding side doors as F.B.I. AGENTS and ARMED SWAT MEMBERS swarm toward the house.

32 INT. O'HALLORAN HOME - MOMENTS LATER 32

A SWAT GUY with an air-ram blasts open the door. Jack leads our team behind the front guard of SWAT...

CAMERA MOVES through the house, following the SWAT TEAM, followed by Will, Zeller, Price and Katz, guns drawn and at the low ready. They sweep through the house, splitting off to cover various rooms, balletic in movement...

ON JACK, cautiously bringing up the rear. Weapon at the ready, he carefully steps toward the back of the house.

JACK'S P.O.V. - THRU THE WINDOW

The backyard. Where the O'Hallorans were in the process of a barbecue lunch. But something's gone wrong.

JACK CRAWFORD
F.B.I., Drop the weapon!

He motions Will and the others forward.

33 EXT. O'HALLORAN HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT 5 33

A BARBECUE TABLEAUX played all over America every weekend of the year. Weber grill. A-One steak sauce. Burgers and dogs cooking red hot. Only one thing wrong...

THE LOST BOYS (C.J. Lincoln, Jesse Turner, and Chris O'Halloran, along with TWO OTHER BOYS) are formed in a semi-circle around the terrified O'Halloran parents (Dad, Mom, a boy and a girl). C.J. holds a gun to the O'Halloran Father.

JACK CRAWFORD bursts into the yard. SWAT is there in various positions. Will, Zeller, Price and Katz bring up the rear.

C.J. tenses his finger on the trigger to fire at Mr. O'Halloran. BLAM! In a split second miscalculation, C.J.

(CONTINUED)

misses his dead-to-rights shot of the back of Mr. O'Halloran's head and instead takes off a portion of his ear.

A SECOND SHOT RINGS OUT and C.J. is hit in the head.

BARBECUE GRILL ANGLE (INSERT ON STAGE)

Looking up through the grill, C.J. Lincoln face-plants on the grill, cheek seared at 400 degrees.

Chris O'Halloran BOLTS. A SWAT MEMBER raises his gun, but Will takes off after the young boy.

WILL GRAHAM

I got him.

STAY TIGHT ON JACK

WIDENING, to reveal C.J. sprawled dead, everyone else frozen in shock. Zeller pulls C.J. off the grill, his body slumping to the ground. Mr. O'Halloran clutches his bloody ear, alive. SWAT MEMBERS cuff Jesse Turner and the other boys.

NEW ANGLE - DEEP BACK YARD

WILL sprints in pursuit along with several other SWAT GUYS. EMTS rush to Mr. O'Halloran.

ON JACK CRAWFORD

The SWAT TEAM cuff and remove Jesse Turner and the two ND young boys. Jack moves to the O'Halloran children (ages 8 and 12). His manner with them is gentle --

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm Jack Crawford. I'm with the F.B.I. We're here to help you. You guys okay?

They nod. Zeller and Price move quickly to help Mr. O'Halloran and guide he and his wife inside.

Jack speaks gently to the O'Halloran children.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Your Dad's going to be alright. So are you. Give me your hands. I'm going to take you inside.

His calmness works. The daughter (8) reaches out to CLASP his OUTSTRETCHED HAND. Jack looks at her with compassion.

34

EXT. O'HALLORAN HOUSE - GAZEBO - SAME TIME

34

ON CHRIS O'HALLORAN, running for his life.

WILL GRAHAM

Chris, stop.

Chris pulls up short. He turns around. And we see that in his hand is a GUN.

WIDENING, to reveal Will and several SWAT GUYS taking positions ten yards away from Chris.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(to SWAT)

Don't shoot.

(to Chris)

You don't have to worry about C.J. anymore. It's okay. You're home now. Put down the gun, Christopher.

Chris shuffles on his feet, eyes welling. And this is when Will has a realization --

WOMAN'S VOICE

Shoot him, Christopher.

ANOTHER FIGURE emerges from the shadows. It's Eva, the woman seen at the end of Act Three. She too has a gun in her hand, but it's at the back of Christopher's spine.

EVA

Shoot him for me.

(to Will)

Drop your gun. For my boy.

WILL GRAHAM

You're his new mother.

EVA

I am. And I love him, but I will do what I have to do for my family.

WILL GRAHAM

You abducted these boys. Your "son" C.J. killed your other "son" Connor. You burned his remains to honor him as his mother.

She studies Will, how dare he question her motherhood.

(CONTINUED)

EVA

I'm honoring them like their other mothers wouldn't. They're not invisible anymore. I can see them. I see who they are and love them.

WILL GRAHAM

Be Christopher's mother now. Protect him. Don't murder him.

EVA

The most loving mothers commit murder with smiles on their faces. They force us to destroy the person we are. A subtle kind of murder.

Will lets the gun FALL TO THE GROUND.

EVA (CONT'D)

Shoot him, Christopher. Like I showed you.

Chris's traumatized glance pierces Will's heart.

WILL GRAHAM
Christopher, please.

She raises her gun. **BLAM!**

The shot is so immediate and unexpected that Will checks his stomach to see where the bullet hit. It takes a moment for Will to realize he hasn't been hit at all.

Eva spins, her shoulder erupting in a cloud of arterial spray as she is hit. Chris's arm goes limp at his side.

REVERSE TO REVEAL BEVERLY KATZ, gun outstretched, smoke issuing from the barrel. Will kneels in front of Chris, gently taking the gun from his hand. Will watches as Beverly moves in and almost motherly guides Chris away.

Will crosses to fallen Eva on the ground; she takes sharp breaths, tensing through the pain. As the SWAT TEAM surrounds her, Will stares down at her. Condemnation at what she's done to these boys...

A35 INT. F.B.I. TACTICAL VAN - NIGHT 5

A35

Chris O'Halloran sits on a bench, alone. After a moment, the back doors OPEN, blasting daylight and silhouetting Jack Crawford as he ENTERS. He sits opposite the small boy, who does not look up at the imposing man studying him. Finally:

CHRIS O'HALLORAN
Can I go home now?

JACK CRAWFORD
No. You might not get to go home for a long time...
(then)
You came here to kill your family. That's all anybody knows. That's all anyone may ever believe.

CHRIS O'HALLORAN
I wasn't going to do it.

JACK CRAWFORD
You're going to talk to a lot of people who will try to understand exactly what you were going to do.

CHRIS O'HALLORAN
Am I going to jail?

(CONTINUED)

JACK CRAWFORD

I don't think you have the capacity to plan and execute murder. The civilized thing to do with you would be counseling and rehabilitation, not prison.

CHRIS O'HALLORAN

She told me they weren't my family. That we had to make our own family.
(then)
Do you have a family?

JACK CRAWFORD

I don't have children, no.

CHRIS O'HALLORAN

Then you don't know what it's like.

JACK CRAWFORD

I wish to god you hadn't gone with that woman, but you did. All of that can't just suddenly be undone. But in time, if you trust me, we can start undoing what we can.

CHRIS O'HALLORAN

Can I talk to my mom? My real mom?

JACK CRAWFORD

In a little while, but right now I need you to talk to me.

35

INT. HANNIBAL'S HOME - FOYER - NIGHT 5

35

Hannibal holds the door open as Alana Bloom ENTERS, annoyed with him and searching for the words to express it.

ALANA BLOOM

As someone who makes such a big deal about common courtesy, I'm a little taken aback, slash a lot taken aback, that you would check my patient, my patient, out of the hospital without permission. I'm not a professional scold. Don't put me in this position ever again.

HANNIBAL

I'm sorry.

ALANA BLOOM

Rude, Hannibal. Shockingly rude.

(CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL

You have every right to be upset
with me. I overstepped my bounds.

ALANA BLOOM

Where is she?

HANNIBAL

She's in the dining room.

Alana moves toward the dining room, but Hannibal puts a gentle hand on her shoulder to slow her down.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Alana, you were right.

ALANA BLOOM

Often am. Have to be more specific.

HANNIBAL

She wasn't ready to leave the hospital. She experienced a bit of anxiety so I gave her a sedative.

ALANA BLOOM

A sedative?

HANNIBAL

Half a valium. She may be a little hazy.

Hannibal and Alana ENTER to find Abigail sitting at the table with food and teacup in front of her.

ABIGAIL

Hi, Doctor Bloom.

ALANA BLOOM

(re: third place setting)

You were expecting me?

HANNIBAL

In the interest of honesty, we were expecting Will Graham. But my phone calls went unreturned.

(pulling out chair)

Please. Sit down.

Alana does as instructed.

ABIGAIL

Are you hungry? Hannibal made breakfast for dinner.

ALANA BLOOM

I could eat.

Hannibal notices Abigail smiling and he and Alana.

HANNIBAL

What is it? What do you see?

ABIGAIL'S P.O.V.

Alana Bloom and Hannibal BLUR and LOSE FOCUS before slowly regaining focus. As Alana Bloom and Hannibal become clear again, we realize they are now LOUISE and GARRET JACOB HOBBS.

ABIGAIL

I see family.

OMNISCIENT P.O.V.

Hannibal smiles at Alana, who is more thoughtful, unsure how to feel about Abigail's admission. Nevertheless, off that artificial family tableau, we...

INT. JACK CRAWFORD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 5

Jack lies in bed by himself, reading. After a moment, his wife, BELLA CRAWFORD, beautiful in her late 40s, ENTERS.

JACK CRAWFORD

Hello.

BELLA CRAWFORD

Hello.

He watches silently as she disrobes and crawls into bed.

JACK CRAWFORD

Is it too late for us to have kids?

Bella Crawford pauses briefly and considers the question before curling onto her side, back to Jack.

BELLA CRAWFORD

It is for me.

She shuts off the light on her night stand leaving Jack and his side of the bed half in light, half in dark.

After a moment, Jack turns off his own light.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT 5

Will lays in his bed watching as the last of his dogs finally settle and go to sleep, his own children happy in their beds.

He smiles and closes his eyes.

THE END