

Hannibal

"Contorno"

By Eli Edelson

Spec Script

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OPEN TEASER:

INT. AUCTION HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE on a gavel slamming down. The war for ownership begins. We pull out to a dimly lit, wooden hall filled with WEALTHY PATRONS.

AUCTIONEER

The bidding begins at ten thousand.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Two GNARLED OLD WOMEN raise their bidding tags, intensely focused.

B) The auctioneer continues, face growing red from shouting. We don't hear what he's saying.

C) The luminous back of the painting being auctioned.

D) More tags raise up. COMPETING BIDDERS grit their teeth, frenzied.

E) The gavel slams again. People sit down.

AUCTIONEER

Sold to Mr. Edward Halloran.

Cut to the painting, seen up front for the first time. A nightmare of color and darkness contained within a large leather frame.

The bastard child of Goya and Munch: a frayed figure in the act of painting, the subject wears an impressionistic face of agony. It's similar to Van Gogh's "Self Portrait in Front of the Easel" in terms of framing and content.

The painting is packaged and hauled off.

END TEASER.

EXT. HALLORAN'S MANSION - EVENING

The sun sets as two cars pull up in front of a small urban mansion with a large garden and high wooden fences.

TEXT INSERT: Ellicott City, Maryland.

JACK CRAWFORD and WILL GRAHAM exit one car.

Crawford's detective entourage: JIMMY PRICE, BEVERLY KATZ, and BRIAN ZELLER exit the other vehicle.

Will knocks on the door. Not a moment later it opens. A BUTLER, 60s, gaunt, stands at the threshold.

BUTLER

Thank you for arriving on time.
Please come in.

They enter.

INT. HALLORAN'S MANSION - EVENING

Tastefully and darkly decorated, the house is clearly home to Halloran alone.

They turn a corner to find EDWARD HALLORAN, 40s, sly, in knit home-wear, standing besides the painting which is bathed in light. He talks with a wisp of accented Irish.

EDWARD HALLORAN

"Extrication." That's the title of this piece.

JACK CRAWFORD

And you extricated forty five thousand dollars for it. Is that right?

EDWARD HALLORAN

Yes it is. Jack Crawford, nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

JACK CRAWFORD

(wanting to move this along)
Mr. Halloran, Will Graham.

Beat.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Tell us about the work.

SUPER CLOSE ON THE PAINTING as Halloran describes its components.

EDWARD HALLORAN (V.O.)

Starting with the foundation, the construction is exquisite. Whoever painted it spent just as much time creating the frame and canvas. The leather is meticulously treated.

The leather is smoothed, dark burgundy.

EDWARD HALLORAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The paint retains a deep iron red, one I've never seen before. Except of course, in his other paintings. To be honest, I've been eagerly waiting for some time to attain his next release.

The red is bright and rich; it has dried in three-dimensional waves that reach off the canvas. It's almost as if the subject is washing away in blood.

EDWARD HALLORAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He used a homemade medium that gives the red a three dimensional weight...

Beat. PULL OUT to them all standing close to it, looking in.

EDWARD HALLORAN

(true lament in his voice)

It is a shame I had my authenticator take a look. Not that I doubted it was his, I just like to know everything about what I own.

Jimmy starts photographing the piece.

BRIAN ZELLER

Off our initial analysis: it's about ninety percent composed of human parts. Bone for the frame, blood for paint, and fat for the medium. The canvas itself is the usual fabric, but there's something else there.

JIMMY PRICE

Seems organic. Bits of powder mixed in with the "paint."

EDWARD HALLORAN

It was the leather that gave it away. We thought it was reproduction, till the tests came back. Turns out it was just our first time analyzing human skin.

JACK CRAWFORD

And this artist has sold other paintings?

EDWARD HALLORAN

About a dozen over the past couple years. Kept totally anonymous of course, which is not unusual. It's easy enough to go through different brokers, people he'd never have to meet.

WILL GRAHAM

We don't have his real name yet. What's his pseudonym?

BEVERLY KATZ

Richard Dadd.

WILL GRAHAM

A painter.

EDWARD HALLORAN

A fantastic 19th century painter, of the orient and the supernatural. Although quite troubled. While travelling on a boat in Egypt one day he believed he was attacked by the god of the underworld himself - Osiris. Being dragged into the river... they pulled him out. After, he was brought home to England by his parents. There, he decided his father was none other than the devil and stabbed him to death. He moved around a bit after that, then wound up in Broadmoor... an institution not unlike our own Baltimore State Hospital which you both know so well.

JACK CRAWFORD

(getting impatient)

Ok people, let's clear the room.

BRIAN ZELLER

(hushed to Beverly, as he nods to Will)

Always clearing the room. Like he's Batman or something...

Everyone leaves except Halloran, who lingers at the periphery.

Will becomes meditative: closes his eyes, exhales. A heavy resonance clears his mind.

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK. A GOLD PENDULUM swings in front of us.

CUT TO A SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Will's POV of the painting in the light

FWUM. The pendulum sweeps, a golden ray across the screen.

B) The painting stands in a nondescript art studio. Concrete walls surround.

FWUM.

C) A blurry projection of a PERSON in the background, beside the painting. The person writhes as the drawn figure in the painting hums and rattles impossibly.

FWUM.

D) The person becomes less blurry, their pained face almost clear, as the paint starts to melt off the canvas. The art destroyed.

We feel the fury of Will's assumed P.O.V. Imagined screams from O.S.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HALLORAN'S MANSION - EVENING

Will gasps, opens his eyes; jarred, confused. He notices Halloran's presence in the background.

WILL GRAHAM
Mr. Halloran.

Halloran reluctantly approaches, not sure if he is to be shamed.

WILL GRAHAM
Tell me about his process. How do you think he paints?

EDWARD HALLORAN
(thrilled)
Well, I believe violent impressionism such as this can go one of two ways. Either the artist improvises entirely, the brush *dripping* as he goes. Or, he sketches out the forms with pencil or charcoal. A blueprint ready...to

(MORE)

EDWARD HALLORAN (CONT'D)
 accept the passion of the paint, so
 to speak. The greats have dozens of
 charcoal sketches, planned to
 perfection.

WILL GRAHAM
 Thank you.

Beat.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 Will you please leave the room now?

Halloran hesitates, leaves & closes the door.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S IMAGINATION

The canvas stands: bright, blank, bone white.

The murder scenario has now been decriminalized in Will's
 mind.

A maroon curtain hangs in the background. Will, as the
 killer in a painting smock, approaches and pulls it to
 reveal: an unconscious NAKED MAN, nondescript, on the
 ground. Chains hang from the ceiling.

WILL GRAHAM
 Before me lies my palette,
 untouched and untainted. Ready to
 be prepared for the canvas.

Will hoists the chains around the man.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 The subject will appear exactly as
 I imagined him for the work.

Will walks over to his canvas and pauses, unsatisfied. He
 returns to the victim.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 And for that to happen he
 must *feel*... as I feel.

Will smacks the victim, he awakens with a horrified
 expression. From his smock, Will reveals a pack of torture
 blades.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
This is my design.

The victim starts thrashing about. Will watches impassively.

WILL GRAHAM
The subject must feel terror, but
remain a model.

Beat.

WILL GRAHAM
Life becomes art as it meets death.

Will injects the victim with something. Slowly, he loses control of his limbs but his eyes show he's very much aware. He's re-positioned in the original "painter's pose."

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
This is my design.

Will returns to the blank canvas and starts sketching the victim. It becomes clear this will serve as the foundation for the original crime scene painting.

FADE THROUGH HIS SKETCHING TO:

INT. HALLORAN'S MANSION - EVENING

Will opens his eyes, grounded. He releases his breath.

INT. HALLORAN'S FOYER - EVENING

Jack, Halloran, and the rest gather in the foyer. A taxidermied hawk hovers above them.

JACK CRAWFORD
Brian, Beverly - I need you to
track down every painting by "Dadd"
that's ever been sold. Bring them
to the lab. Jimmy, start in on this
one immediately.

Will jarringly opens the door.

WILL GRAHAM
How can you paralyze someone while
keeping them entirely conscious?

Jack looks at him, curious.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

He needs to draw them alive and frozen. To feel their terror, but not let it interrupt his practice.

BRIAN ZELLER

I thought he painted with their body parts? How could he do that if they're still posing for him?

WILL GRAHAM

He sketches them as they await their death and when he's ready... he pulls them apart, transfers them to the canvas. But they need to feel every moment of his process.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A framed reproduction of Van Gogh's "Torso of Venus" sketch. HANNIBAL LECTER sits, admiring it. Will Graham stands behind him, throws the painting a sideways glance.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm starting to believe that every killer thinks he's an artist.

HANNIBAL LECTER

There are several qualities that align between psychopaths and visionary painters. They both conjure designs beyond what society can imagine. And they are revered for it.

Will sits down on his usual therapy seat, tired.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't know if society reveres psychopaths.

HANNIBAL LECTER

"Re-vereri" is the Latin origin; it means fear. Is there anyone we fear more than those men?

Hannibal gathers two tumblers of scotch. Sits opposite him, makes an expression that conveys his reluctance to say what he's about to say as he hands him the drink.

WILL GRAHAM

Yes, Dr. Lecter?

HANNIBAL LECTER

Will, what is the difference, psychologically speaking, between what you do and what our artist does?

WILL GRAHAM

You mean our painter-killer?

HANNIBAL LECTER

I suppose "painter-killer" will have to do until Freddy Lounds lends a better nom-du-assassiner.

WILL GRAHAM

Psychologically, the difference is human life is my greatest priority. For this "artist," it's peripheral.

HANNIBAL LECTER

That may be true, but imposed priorities aren't the same as one's nature. Kahlo once said, "I never paint dreams or nightmares. I paint my own reality--"

WILL GRAHAM

(irritated)

You think what I do to catch these men is the same as painting a picture out of human parts?

HANNIBAL LECTER

I'm not suggesting you're as detached as a murderer Will, actually the opposite. But if the way you paint reality is keeping you from experiencing real life-

WILL GRAHAM

Because I reconstruct murders in my mind?

HANNIBAL LECTER

They bleed off the canvas. They stain everything else. Don't they?

WILL GRAHAM

It sounds like you've already made up your mind.

HANNIBAL LECTER
Humor me, for a moment.

Hannibal gets up and opens a large cabinet, returns with a sketchbook, charcoal stick, blindfold. Gives it to Will.

HANNIBAL LECTER (CONT'D)
Please.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT, LATER

Will sits blindfolded at Hannibal's desk, stick in hand.

HANNIBAL LECTER
I'll play something as long as you
feel the impulse to draw. When you
stop, I'll stop.

Hannibal rolls out a theremin, an electronic instrument that operates without physical contact but by interfering the antenna's signal.

He begins to play expertly, sliding his hands in and out of the ether. A mesmerizing, violin-like sound pours into the room. Beautiful and eerie.

Will reacts to the music. He starts to draw, hesitant, as we:

FADE IN TO:

INT. WILL'S IMAGINATION - CONTINUED

Will walks alone in a field. A stream is heard O.S. Slowly, the theremin music seeps in - overwhelms the sound of the water.

As it grows cacophonous, Will notices something at his periphery. He chases after it. The music increases in tempo and volume as he leaves the field into the tree line.

The canopy makes the world dark. Will gets caught in brush as he continues the chase. He finds himself outside a cave, a jet-black STAG stands at the mouth.

The music seems to pour from inside. Will follows the stag through the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT, CONTINUED

Hannibal slyly flips a switch on the theremin, while continuing to play. He removes his hand, the music continues to sound on its own.

Hannibal silently walks over to Will, watches him draw.

INTERCUT BETWEEN REALITY IN HANNIBAL'S OFFICE AND WILL'S VISION:

Will wanders into the cave, following the stag's breath.

Hannibal watches Will blindly draw a rough sketch of the stag on the paper, its massive antlers cross off the paper - onto the wooden desk.

Will loses sight of the stag. The music vibrates off the stone walls. He turns behind suddenly - a cave wall where there wasn't one before. Then in front, a wall has appeared impossibly. He's boxed in.

His hand stops drawing. The theremin keeps playing as Hannibal, by perfect sleight-of-hand, removes Will's drawing and replaces it with another one from his drawer. We do not see the new drawing just yet.

Will feels crushed between stone walls, when suddenly he sees an opening and runs towards it, the primal light of a fire. He turns onto a scene -

-as Hannibal hides Will's drawing and walks back to the theremin, takes over the music again.

Will's dream POV: a black skinned, anthropomorphic stag creature (in the likeness of Hannibal, as seen in past episodes) stands beside an illuminated cave wall.

The creature holds a dripping palette, looks at Will intently, before turning to paint the wall of the cave. Will tries to see its painting as -

-Hannibal stops playing, turns the theremin off. Will catches his breath as he returns to reality.

Will looks down at "his" drawing, charcoal still in hand. In surprising detail, it displays a man painting a canvas with his own entrails. Will is utterly horrified.

WILL GRAHAM
I drew this.

HANNIBAL LECTER

Is that what you saw, as the music played?

WILL GRAHAM

No. It wasn't quite like this.

HANNIBAL LECTER

We can say then, that there is a disconnect between your mind and the reality you try to create. That disconnect can be destructive, Will.

WILL GRAHAM

(gesturing to the drawing)

What does *this* mean, though?

HANNIBAL LECTER

Literally, that you are tearing yourself apart in order to paint your visions of the crime scene.

Will gets up, frustrated. He finishes his scotch without pleasure, gathers his things.

HANNIBAL LECTER (CONT'D)

When you next go to the lab, and look at all his paintings brought together...

Will turns, listens intently.

HANNIBAL LECTER (CONT'D)

... don't analyze the images as they appear, like momentary visions from a shadow projector. Understand the place from which they have sprung, understand the light. Painting is about light. To recreate each piece on its own could push you to a breaking point Will.

Will pauses, pensive.

WILL GRAHAM

Why did you continue to play, after I had stopped drawing?

HANNIBAL LECTER

(a slight smirk)

Even *I* can get caught up in the act of creation, Will.

Beat. Hannibal offers up the sketch to Will.

WILL GRAHAM

Keep it.

Will leaves. Hannibal sits at his desk, looks at the drawing, reminisces.

ZOOM IN on the image. We slowly drift to the bottom right corner. As Hannibal moves his thumb away, it comes into focus.

A subtle white outline of where the initials "R.D." used to be before they were erased.

FADE TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

FAMILIES and COUPLES stream in and out of the heavy stone, Greek building.

We CLOSE IN on a MAN, 50s, weathered features, nondescript beige pants & tucked in white t-shirt. Our artist.

He scans the peopled landscape, searching. THROUGH HIS EYES we see the crowd, glowing with a dull grey aura. They all blend in.

Then, a bright red body appears, brilliantly different - in the form of a YOUNG WOMAN, groomed, Hispanic, 20s.

The artist does not hesitate - he stands up, nonchalantly follows her amidst the crowd entering the museum.

INT. BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART - CONTINUED

The woman enters a large viewing room, white walled and peaceful. She looks at a painting by Chardin, "The Game of Knucklebones;" in which a bourgeois woman gaily tosses some dice in the air.

Other PATRONS shuffle out of the room leaving her alone. Our artist wanders in, approaches to her right.

THROUGH HIS EYES again the walls vibrate, a charred gray. The woman stands in an orb of red while the painting's colors appear as they do in reality, but in sharpened focus.

He compares the woman and the painting's subject. The woman leaves the room. Our artist studies the painting alone, intensely; its realistic colors make it the only normal thing to us, through his lens.

FADE INTO THE PAINTING, THROUGH TO:

INT. FBI LABORATORY - DAY

Ten paintings are laid out on metal tables in the lab. A slew of angry blacks and reds, each one strongly alludes to another famous piece: Fuseli's "The Nightmare," Blake's "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," Delacroix' "Death of Desdemona" and others.

Brian, Beverly, and Jimmy all inspect different frames.

BRIAN ZELLER

(musing)

Forgive my scientific mind for asking, but why don't any of these psychos ever *just* murder people? Why make a whole show of it? A painting, a totem pole, whatever. If they like murdering people, just murder them!

BEVERLY KATZ

(has more important things to focus on)

Because then they wouldn't feel like God.

Pause, Brian waits for the explanation.

BEVERLY KATZ (CONT'D)

If it's just you and the victim, who will know how powerful you are once they're dead? This is their only way to show the world.

JIMMY PRICE

If it's any consolation Brian, for every one of these "performances," there's probably a dozen guys who do - *just* - murder people.

Brian is hardly comforted. But his rebuttal gets cut off when Crawford and Graham walk into the room.

JACK CRAWFORD

OK. First, tell me how he avoids identification from his dealers. Second, tell me about the only non-human substance in these paintings.

BRIAN ZELLER

Only two dealers have ever sold his stuff. Both of them received the works in the mail, with instructions to sell, and bank accounts to wire the funds to - that are now defunct of course.

JACK CRAWFORD

Both dealers sold several paintings for this man without ever meeting him?

JIMMY PRICE

It's not that rare. The mystique helps drive the sale.

Will meanwhile transfixes on the paintings, he circles around all of them - trying to see the bigger picture.

BEVERLY KATZ

As for number two, the substance: curare. It was not only mixed into the medium as powder, but trace amounts were found in the blood itself.

BRIAN ZELLER

The stuff is old school. It's a plant, South American. Hunters would coat their arrows with it.

BEVERLY KATZ

And it fits Will's theory. It's one of those terrible natural chemical compounds - it causes complete paralysis in the victim without dulling the senses whatsoever.

WILL GRAHAM

So they'll keep posing for him even as he tears them apart; they'll watch themselves turn into his art.

Will takes a deep breath, looks at all the paintings together.

JACK CRAWFORD

Ok. But why is the powder mixed into the medium? It doesn't change the consistency, is there any aesthetic effect?

WILL GRAHAM

The artist just wants to prove his integrity.

JIMMY PRICE

What?

WILL GRAHAM

He's owning up to the pollution of the materials. That substance must be used on the subject, so he uses it in the painting as well. He wants us to know his process.

BEVERLY KATZ

How symbolic.

BRIAN ZELLER

Well it's all symbols after all, right? That's kind of the whole point of painting, Beverly.

JACK CRAWFORD

How does he pick the victims?

Will has a light bulb moment: Fuseli, Blake, Delacroix, Van Gogh...

WILL GRAHAM

Not how he picks the victim... it's how he picks the painting.

SLOW FADE TO:

INT. THE ARTIST'S HOME - DAY

A lush, carpeted apartment filled with art books, painting supplies, sculptures, etc. Fire in the fireplace.

Our artist sits by his window, smoking a cigarette, as he sketches Chardin's "The Game of Knucklebones." He holds up an art history photo book with an image of it, for reference.

He sketches it wildly, angry. Then tears out the sketch and throws it in the fireplace, starts up a new sketch immediately.

WILL GRAHAM (V.O.)

At the end of the day, this man is a reproduction artist. All these paintings are famous works, distorted through his mind.

The man tears up another sketch, we follow it into the flames. He starts up another one. A knock at the door.

The artist glances over, curious. He silently wades across his apartment, looks through the key hole to see THE WOMAN FROM THE MUSEUM. He opens the door cordially.

THE WOMAN

Hello, Mr. Reznicek. Good to see you again.

OUR ARTIST

Hello, Ms. Dicembre.

MARIE DICEMBRE

Oh, please - it's Marie.

OUR ARTIST

Then, call me Pavol. Why don't you come in.

She breathes in his home, enjoys it.

PAVOL REZNICEK

May I get you a drink?

MARIE DICEMBRE

No, thank you.

Marie heads to the sketch set up, admires the image of the painting.

Suddenly in REZNICEK's POV: he takes in the woman and the painting next to each other. A vastly different visual landscape: the colors of the painting vibrate out of the page - the image seems to pull Marie into it.

WILL GRAHAM (V.O.)

Somehow the painting and the subject become interconnected.

She is glowing bright red all over. Her hand touches the image and it's like she's getting sucked into it - as if it's a black hole, but of bright colors. The red aura seeps through her hand, draining into the image.

REGULAR POV. Pavol stands relatively calm in contrast to what we just saw through his eyes.

MARIE DICEMBRE

So, you had mentioned you won't be doing any painting today?

PAVOL REZNICEK

No. The painting will be at my studio at your earliest convenience. I always prefer to talk to the subject first.

MARIE DICEMBRE

What do you want to talk about?

PAVOL REZNICEK

The painting of course. My subjects must be drawn to what I am creating. The more I understand why, the truer it will be.

MARIE DICEMBRE

I think I see... So, you're going to paint your own version of "Knucklebones?"

Beat. It's hard to tell Pavol's reaction.

WILL GRAHAM (V.O.)

Once the connection is made between the victim and the painting, his plans are set. The victim is not so much a person, but materials waiting to be used. Their emotions, the emotions they cause in him - those are all colors for his palette.

PAVOL REZNICEK

No. I will transform it. With your help.

A knock at the door. Pavol appears slightly worried, and frustrated.

MARIE DICEMBRE

Expecting someone else? I don't have competition do I?

PAVOL REZNICEK

No Ms. Dicembre, you don't.

Pavol walks over to the door, peeps in.

PAVOL REZNICEK (CONT'D)

Who is this?

HANNIBAL LECTER (O.S.)
I am a great admirer of your work.

Pavol hesitates. Looks through the key hole. HIS POV again:
black emanates around the already distorted image of
Hannibal, like ash pouring off a charred body.

Pavol hesitates, rechecks the vision in the key hole, and
thinks. For the first time, we see a genuine reaction on his
face: morbid curiosity.

He opens the door.

INTERCUT BETWEEN REZNICEK'S HOME AND THE CRIME LAB:

At the crime lab.

JACK CRAWFORD
So he picks a painting, then a
victim. He could do that anywhere.
How do we track him down?

Beat.

WILL GRAHAM
Somehow, we need to draw him out.

At Reznicek's, Hannibal greets Marie.

HANNIBAL LECTER
So, you are to be a model for the
artist?

MARIE DICEMBRE
I suppose so. Not my normal line of
work, I'm a psychology graduate
student at Johns Hopkins.

Hannibal notes this.

HANNIBAL LECTER
And how do you know Mr. Reznicek?
By his work?

MARIE DICEMBRE
No actually, I must admit I've
never seen his paintings. But the
way he talked about his process
when he first approached me, I knew
he was a legitimate artist. I was
excited at the prospect!

Beat.

MARIE DICEMBRE (CONT'D)
Pavol, may I see some of your work?

PAVOL REZNICEK
I prefer my subjects not be exposed
until their painting is complete.
It corrupts the transformation.

MARIE DICEMBRE
(to Hannibal)
You see, he's a purist! A real
artist after all. Well, I'll leave
you both to catch up.

PAVOL REZNICEK
I will be in touch regarding the
studio session, Ms. Dicembre.

MARIE DICEMBRE
Please, call me Marie. Goodbye!

Hannibal and Pavol eye each other. Hannibal turns to the
sketch pad and art book, amused.

PAVOL REZNICEK
How do you know me?

HANNIBAL LECTER
We know each other actually.

Hannibal draws something from his coat, Pavol tenses
reflexively.

HANNIBAL LECTER (CONT'D)
We corresponded, for a time.

Hannibal hands him a folded letter. On one side, a drawing
not unlike the one we saw in Hannibal's office earlier, used
to deceive Will. The other side is covered in lush
handwriting.

PAVOL REZNICEK
Ah. You're him.

Pavol takes the letter, not without emotion. Walks over to
the fire place, hangs his head.

PAVOL REZNICEK (CONT'D)
Why did you stop sending me
letters?

HANNIBAL LECTER
Because you started selling your
paintings.

Pavol dangles the letter above the fire. It starts to singe and curl.

HANNIBAL LECTER (CONT'D)
And you and I both knew it would
lead to your capture.

PAVOL REZNICEK
I couldn't keep the world from
knowing. What other purpose would I
have if none can share in my work?

HANNIBAL LECTER
I would have appreciated it
alongside you. And you would know
one day you'd be immortal, while
getting to act like God in the
meantime. But you became impatient.

PAVOL REZNICEK
So, when you sensed my end
approaching - you severed ties.

HANNIBAL LECTER
But I'm here aren't I?

Pavol drops the letter in the fire.

PAVOL REZNICEK
You shouldn't be though. Now that
Marie's seen you.

Pavol suddenly lunges at Hannibal with terrifying speed, wielding a fire poker. Hannibal barely dodges, the prong tearing his jacket. Deft hand to hand combat ensues until -

- Hannibal chops the poker out of his hands. Pavol elbows him to the ground, grabs a palette knife, makes for Hannibal's eyes before he's deflected.

Hannibal prepares a defensive stance. Just as Pavol lunges, Hannibal drops a scalpel into his hands, previously hidden in his sleeve. He draws a long, slim cut across Pavol's chest. Pavol wavers, grabs at the wound.

SWITCH TO PAVOL'S POV: We see Hannibal much like in Will's vision, a looming black creature. All the colors in the room stream like an eddy around him, sucking into him, a black hole.

PAVOL REZNICEK (CONT'D)

What are you?!

HANNIBAL LECTER (IN MONSTER FORM)

I am your mentor, still.

SWITCH BACK TO REGULAR POV: Pavol loses control of his limbs, falls beside the easel. Hannibal sits in the painter's chair, thumbs the image of the painting in the photo book.

HANNIBAL LECTER

Do you remember where the curare came from?

PAVOL REZNICEK

(struggling to speak)

I received it an envelope from you. You wrote, "Put a little on your tongue, see what you can accomplish-"

Pavol paralyzes: lies prostrate, cannot speak. Hannibal allows himself a full bodied smile.

HANNIBAL LECTER

Pavol, you have gone your own way and now, as your mentor, I fear for you.

Pavol's eyes are very much alive and listening, filled with anger and terror.

HANNIBAL LECTER

You've learned to efficiently create your art, but how to avoid the critics? They will draw you out. So, how do you prove a critic wrong?

Beat. Hannibal looks to the fire place.

HANNIBAL LECTER

Surprise them.

CUT TO:

In the lab again, Will and Jack sit facing each other - the paintings lie between them illuminated.

WILL GRAHAM

Who do we know that excels at driving mad men even madder?

Jack doesn't look so pleased at this conclusion.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 She'll need help though. An expert
 who has some... clout with our
 painter. To drive the point home.

JACK CRAWFORD
 Freddy Lounds' first op-ed?

Will can't help but smirk.

Cut to CLOSE UP on Hannibal, at Reznicek's.

HANNIBAL LECTER
 To surprise them, you need
 imagination. For a successful
 artist, you have surprisingly
 little.

Pavol is infuriated, he struggles with all he has left to
 speak.

PAVOL REZNICEK
 I...have...too...much.

Hannibal kneels close to Pavol's face, lays his palm on his
 cheek.

HANNIBAL LECTER
 No. You have only replicated
 other's creations, Pavol. Morphed
 their works. You need utter
 originality. You will need to find
 inspiration unlike any you've felt
 before...if you want to achieve
 true greatness.

Pavol stares at Hannibal in disbelief, a glimmer of the
 question: how?

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Will sit at Hannibal's impressive hardwood table.
 We can hear Hannibal preparing dinner in the kitchen, O.S.

JACK CRAWFORD
 Alana stopped by my office earlier.

Will tries not to react.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Whatever has happened between you
two, it doesn't seem to have
changed her in any visible way -

Jack cuts himself off as Edward Halloran enters, ostensibly
returning from the restroom.

EDWARD HALLORAN
Well, thank you again for inviting
me to this dinner. Many in my
circle have dined with the infamous
Dr. Lecter, I've yet to have the
pleasure.

JACK CRAWFORD
You're in for a treat.

EDWARD HALLORAN
(hushed tone)
So, I understand... I am to be a
consultant in this investigation?

JACK CRAWFORD
Not exactly a consultant, but
you'll play a key role.

EDWARD HALLORAN
Are you sure we should discuss all
this in Dr. Lecter's presence?
Rather confidential for him to be
involved, isn't it?

WILL GRAHAM
Hannibal is a consultant for many
of these cases. He works closely
with me.

EDWARD HALLORAN
A bit odd though, a therapist for
the elite of Baltimore moonlighting
as an analyst of the criminally
insane.

JACK CRAWFORD
The similarities would surprise
you.

HANNIBAL LECTER (O.S.)
It's no more odd than an art
professor and critic lowering
himself to the level of Tattle
Crime, so he may aid in the capture
of a psychopath.

Hannibal says this as he walks in with wine and glasses. He pours for everyone, leaves the bottle.

HANNIBAL LECTER
The dish is almost complete.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL'S KITCHEN - CONTINUED

Hannibal prepares a darkly colored meat, not unlike roast beef. He artfully transfers it from a vat of boiling water to a sizzling fry pot.

He douses it all with spices that jump vibrantly in the fat. He prepares small toasted rolls with the meat, Fontina d'Aosta cheese, pickled vegetables.

INT. HANNIBAL'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The guests look on expectantly as Hannibal comes in and serves them small plates as he describes the meal.

HANNIBAL LECTER
It's called Pani Ca Meusa. A small Sicilian dish from Palermo. Veal spleen and lungs are boiled, then fried in their own fat. Traditionally street food, and a side dish. I hope to have elevated it slightly for your pleasure here.

EDWARD HALLORAN
It looks magnificently transformed, Hannibal. Albeit a bit excessive, no?

HANNIBAL LECTER
When you are raising a young calf to be slaughtered for its soft meat, I tend to believe anything you do after its death is irrelevant. It was their life that was excessive.

WILL GRAHAM
Fried in their own fat.

JACK CRAWFORD
Rather practical. All the materials in one place.

HANNIBAL LECTER

I had to coordinate very closely
with the butcher on this one. Buon
appetito.

EDWARD HALLORAN

I'll try my best!

Hannibal allows himself a heavy glance at Halloran.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT, CONTINUED

The meal winds. They sip port. Outside, rain comes down.

EDWARD HALLORAN

Hannibal, I must say - this dish,
the dinner overall - delicious.
You've won me over.

HANNIBAL LECTER

I aim to please.

Beat. Halloran's tone changes.

EDWARD HALLORAN

Gentleman, I won't lie. This plan
makes me a bit worried for my own
safety.

JACK CRAWFORD

We will provide you the utmost
protection until the killer is
apprehended.

Head lights shine through the windows.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

That must be Freddy. She's been
involved in this sort of baiting
situation before, always come out
alright.

HANNIBAL LECTER

She is of quite a tough stock.

Will and Hannibal share a look before Hannibal exits to let
her in. The men all listen to the footsteps coming up the
stairs before FREDDY LOUNDS enters the room.

FREDDY LOUNDS

I see you've enjoyed dinner without me.

HANNIBAL LECTER

I'm afraid your strict vegetarianism would've excluded you from the meal.

FREDDY LOUNDS

Would've? I would say you have *already* excluded me.

Beat.

FREDDY LOUNDS (CONT'D)

Mr. Halloran, pleasure to meet you.

EDWARD HALLORAN

(awkwardly rises to greet her)
Likewise.

JACK CRAWFORD

Ms. Lounds, thanks for coming.
Please, sit down.

Lounds takes Hannibal's seat at the head of the table.
Hannibal moves by Jack and Will.

FREDDY LOUNDS

(to Halloran)

I think what you're doing is
incredibly brave.

EDWARD HALLORAN

(forced humor)

Or incredibly stupid.

FREDDY LOUNDS

You're working to save a life. That
is never stupid. Tell me a bit
about your background.

EDWARD HALLORAN

(much more comfortable talking
about himself)

I'm on the board of selection for
the Baltimore Museum of Art. I run
a private salon from my home, a
group dedicated to supporting the
dialogue about modern art. I also
collect and trade in the top works
of the region.

FREDDY LOUNDS
Your wealth?

EDWARD HALLORAN
Uh, inheritance.

FREDDY LOUNDS
(to Jack and Will)
And you'd like to have Edward write
an official critique of our
killer's portfolio through Tattle
Crime?

WILL GRAHAM
You can frame it as a psychological
analysis through his artwork, if
you like.

FREDDY LOUNDS
If it's a psychological analysis,
why don't I just put you down on
paper Will? You're the expert. You
can relate.

WILL GRAHAM
I don't have clout in the eyes of
the man we're looking for. He's an
artist who trades his paintings in
the world where Edward lives, and
also knows that Edward purchased
his most recent work. It will cause
a reaction.

FREDDY LOUNDS
But what sort of reaction?

JACK CRAWFORD
His paintings have garnered nothing
but critical success until now.
With this article, not only will he
realize he's been found out as a
killer but the merit of his work
will fall apart.

FREDDY LOUNDS
And his reaction will somehow allow
you to catch him?

WILL GRAHAM
He will break his pattern, either
out of anger or he'll feel the need
to redeem himself. There will be
mistakes because of it.

FREDDY LOUNDS
But you don't know what exactly.

Halloran stands up, starts pacing.

EDWARD HALLORAN
Will he go after me then?

FREDDY LOUNDS
Will he go after Mr. Halloran for
this scathing critique?

WILL GRAHAM
I'm not an oracle Ms. Lounds, I'm a
psychologist.

FREDDY LOUNDS
Oh, good to have that finally
clarified.

JACK CRAWFORD
Halloran will be under protection.

HANNIBAL LECTER
Edward, you will be putting
yourself at risk regardless. That
is a fact. You must decide for
yourself whether that is worth the
risk to prod the bull and enter the
ring, if it means saving lives.

Halloran keeps pacing, finds himself staring at the framed
"Torso of Venus" sketch. He sighs, we can see the decision
made on his face.

FREDDY LOUNDS
Since I'm publishing this after
all, may I ask... why would the man
who fought to acquire a painting
suddenly criticize its value? Seems
a little phony to me. It probably
will to the killer too.

EDWARD HALLORAN
I didn't know it was made out of a
person when I purchased it! That
isn't critique enough for you?

WILL GRAHAM
For us, yes of course. But to him
you'd just be pointing out the
obvious.

FREDDY LOUNDS

So?

JACK CRAWFORD

So, leave the content up to us Ms. Lounds. Meanwhile, you can reap the benefits with your readership.

PAN BACK TO Halloran, anxious but still entranced by the painting in front of him.

QUICK FADE TO:

INT. FREDDY LOUNDS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dark, minimally decorated apartment; white walls and gray carpet mostly. Lounds sits in front of her laptop, by the window.

She types efficiently, then pauses. Rewinds a tape recorder, plays it. Will's voice issues forth:

WILL GRAHAM (V.O.)

(rancor in his tone)

To use someone's physical body to morph someone else's art is pathetic, a gimmick. Forget compunction, it lacks creativity. This "painter" may be a ghoul but worse, he's a base replicator.

EDWARD HALLORAN (V.O.)

But...why did I originally buy his painting then? What do I see now I didn't before?

Long beat. Freddy stares at the tape recorder expectantly.

HANNIBAL LECTER (O.S.)

After being involved in the investigation, you had the misfortune of seeing all his paintings side by side. It was only then that you realized not a one was original, just a murder with a pre-existing frame. The only consistent aspect of the painter's work...red.

WILL GRAHAM (V.O.)

No longer a brave creator, but a cowardly destroyer.

Lounds stops the recorder. Looks out the window into the darkness, a hint of real fear on her face. It dissipates, and she returns to typing.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Will's face, harshly illuminated by his computer screen. He steps away and we see Tattle Crime on the browser. The new article published.

CLOSE ON sections of text:

"*Will Graham* and Edward Halloran pooled resources...analyze the true worth of the Red Painter's art...has sold successfully to elite circles around the U.S. for the past eight years."

He shuts his laptop, rubs his temples.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUED

Will, bourbon in hand, gets a fire going. He finds a pencil and paper, puts the graphite to the page and stares. Moments pass. Nothing happens. Keeping his hand in drawing position, he looks at the fire. Then closes his eyes, meditates.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S IMAGINATION - CONTINUED

Back in the cave of his previous vision. Just Will and the fire. Calm. Then a dripping sound. He looks around, can't locate the source. Footsteps trickle from O.S.

Then Will notices the wall in front of him. Almost as if it issues from the rock itself, blood seeps down in such a way as to resemble antlers.

The steps grow louder. Liquid flows downwards, starts to form a face. Will gets closer: is it his face? The monster's?

WILL GRAHAM

No!

Will tries to wipe away the manifesting vision, blood covers his hands and splashes onto his chest as he violently palms the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUED

Will snaps the pencil against the paper. He returns from his imagination, disturbed. He inspects the paper: totally blank except the marking he just left in breaking the pencil.

He downs his bourbon, tosses both the pencil and paper into the fire, and pulls out his phone. He pulls up the contact: Alana. But decides to put his phone away.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DUSK

Dim light as the sun sets. Pavol traverses a bleak urban landscape: large gray industrial buildings and huge empty streets. He carries a large satchel, and looks perturbed.

INT. EMPTY FACTORY ENTRANCE - CONTINUED

Pavol enters the large space, dirty and barren. He goes up a large open-sided staircase.

INT. EMPTY FACTORY STUDIO ROOM - CONTINUED

The artist's room. Already brightly lit when he comes in, an immaculate space. A canvas, much larger than any of his previous works, and a section of laid out plastic sheets on the floor.

Pavol opens the satchel: a plastic bowl, knives, brushes, and a recognizable scalpel. He goes into an adjoining room O.S.

He comes out with an unconscious Marie Dicembre on an old wheelchair covered in plastic and a small wooden table he places beside her.

PAVOL REZNICEK
(explosive)
Wake up! Wake up!

Marie stirs before coming to, terrified.

PAVOL REZNICEK (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. Never before have I forgotten materials in coming to a studio session. Tardy and... unacceptable.

Pavol reveals in his hand a syringe, filled with opaque liquid. Marie squirms but is stilled by Pavol's intense gaze. He injects her. She stiffens.

Pavol adjusts her body to the likeness of the painting: her right hand up in the air, left hand flat on the table, and he presses a little smirk on her face before walking back to the canvas.

PAVOL REZNICEK (CONT'D)

Everything you feel will become
part of this painting. For someone
who cares for art such as you do,
it is the richest fate imaginable.

Marie's eyes show that she's still present and terrified.

SWITCH TO PAVOL'S POV: Marie emanates a deep red aura, the room is weighted with dark grey, the canvas is pure, electric white.

Pavol starts to sketch her face, he becomes mesmerized. The image looks beautifully accurate.

Then, miraculously, the image of "Game of Knucklebones" begins to rise like a landscape out of the canvas - in the same red tones that surround Marie.

Pavol, excited, goes to the bag and draws the scalpel. He carries the canvas over to Marie, and goes to cut her.

BUT before he gets to her, he stops, turns to the canvas. The vision of the painting starts to sink away till there's only his sketch left.

Pavol goes close to the canvas, horrified. The sketch starts to resemble Hannibal's face, and black fills the frame.

PAVOL REZNICEK (CONT'D)

No! No you can't!

Pavol impulsively stabs the canvas with the scalpel, then draws it up and down - shredding it to ribbons.

SWITCH BACK TO NORMAL POV: Pavol stops, looks at the scalpel, drops it.

An afterthought, he glances at Marie. Then runs out of the room - leaving his things behind, and Marie paralyzed but unbound, left hand still in the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALLORAN'S MANSION - NOON

Will parks outside the gate, as the driveway is filled with squad cars. Several POLICEMEN crowd out front, agitated. They eye Will angrily as he walks into the house.

INT. HALLORAN'S MANSION, FOYER - CONTINUED

Jack stands in the foyer, grim faced.

JACK CRAWFORD
Remember Will, this isn't just on
you. You're not alone.

Will tries to keep calm. He moves past Jack into the show room.

INT. HALLORAN'S MANSION, SHOWROOM - CONTINUED

Another grisly sight: a DEAD POLICE OFFICER sits at a table, throat slashed, his hand nonchalantly rests on the table.

Halloran lies prostrate on the ground in front of a canvas. His chest and stomach agape with gore, the canvas shows a poor drawing of the police officer and the table - in his blood.

Beverly, Brian, and Jimmy wait on the side of the room, eyes to the floor. Jack walks in.

JACK CRAWFORD
I didn't want the possibility of
them interrupting.

WILL GRAHAM
Because this crime scene is too
important for me to fumble.

Will turns away from the scene, to Jack.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Jack, I don't know if I can go
there.

JACK CRAWFORD
Not an option.

WILL GRAHAM
I caused this man's death!

JACK CRAWFORD
No, the man you've been trying to
stop caused his death.

WILL GRAHAM

We led him to Halloran's doorstep.

JACK CRAWFORD

You're right, we underestimated him. Now Halloran's dead, and a cop too. But Will... you were right.

A look of disgust on Will's face.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

He did something unpredictable, at least now maybe we can catch him.

Beat.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Now everyone clear the room!

Everyone leaves except Will. He closes his eyes, breathes heavily. Opens his eyes, stares at Halloran - whose own eyes were left open in death.

Will breathes heavier, forces his lids shut.

WILL GRAHAM

Goddammit!

Will leaves the room through another door just as Jack comes back in.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLORAN'S MANSION, HALLWAY - CONTINUED

Will exits a bathroom, face dewy with splashed-on water. He unwittingly bumps into THE BUTLER from the opening scene.

BUTLER

It seems you arrived too late this time.

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

Awkward beat.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I am sorry that Edward was ever involved in this.

BUTLER

I suspected this all might lead to his end. Mr. Halloran had an unchangeable nature, drawn to the intensity of others, their art.

WILL GRAHAM

Did he ever try to change his nature?

BUTLER

No, I think instead he chose to lose himself in it.

Beat.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Now he really is lost.

WILL GRAHAM

I am sorry for your loss.

Will hastily leaves.

EXT. HALLORAN'S MANSION - CONTINUED

Will exits the mansion, starts down the driveway. Just as the door closes Jack bursts out after him.

JACK CRAWFORD

Will!

WILL GRAHAM

Leave me alone Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD

You need to get over this guilt--

Will turns to face Jack.

WILL GRAHAM

It's not my guilt. I just can't create the scene in my mind.

JACK CRAWFORD

What's stopping you?

WILL GRAHAM

I can't explain... I'm confusing the images in my mind and the... causes in reality.

Jack stares, worried.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 The reality in *there..* is beyond
 me. It's like I've lost my vision.

They stand at the threshold of the driveway, near Will's
 car. Freddy Lounds appears.

FREDDY LOUNDS
 Gentlemen. For once, I really hope
 my sources have been lying to me.
 Is it true?

JACK CRAWFORD
 (hardly concealed anger)
 Is what true, Freddy?

FREDDY LOUNDS
 That you let the Red Painter kill
 Edward Halloran the night my
 article was released.

WILL GRAHAM
 The Red Painter.

JACK CRAWFORD
 Will. We need you back in there.

Will looks to Jack, then realizes Freddy studying the
 situation - panic grows.

Then, a car pulls up. ALANA BLOOM gets out but leaves the
 engine running.

ALANA BLOOM
 (to Will)
 Are you alright?

Will is at a loss for words, awkward.

FREDDY LOUNDS
 Dr. Bloom, are you assisting in
 this investigation as well?

ALANA BLOOM
 No.
 (directly to Will)
 Should we go?

JACK CRAWFORD
 Alana, I called you just now so you
 could help Will get back to normal,
 not so you could take him away from
 the job.

ALANA BLOOM
Doing this job *isn't* normal--

From the mansion, Brian opens the door and calls out.

BRIAN ZELLER
Jack! We found something, you need
to take a look.

JACK CRAWFORD
Take the afternoon if you
absolutely have to Will, but I need
you back tomorrow. The whole you.

Jack unceremoniously leaves towards the house. Freddy
follows after him.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
(to officers, nodding to
Freddy)
Don't let her in.

INT. ALANA BLOOM'S CAR - CONTINUED

Alana and Will ride in silence for some time before she
speaks.

ALANA BLOOM
We've let some time pass, huh?

WILL GRAHAM
Since I got in the car?

ALANA BLOOM
No, since last time we talked.

Will stares out the window, eyes flickering as he looks at
everything else.

WILL GRAHAM
I'm sorry.

ALANA BLOOM
Why?

WILL GRAHAM
I admitted some things, and
might've backed you into a corner.

ALANA BLOOM
Will, I don't feel trapped by you.
I'm more worried you're...slipping
off somewhere else you won't come
back from.

Beat. It starts raining. Will looks to her finally.

WILL GRAHAM

It's silly, but I can't *draw* anymore. Never used to really draw, or paint or anything, but now I sit down to try and it feels like all the horror I've ever seen comes crashing down at once-

Will's voice falters. Alana looks at him, he's clearly very upset. Beat.

ALANA BLOOM

It's almost your birthday, isn't it?

WILL GRAHAM

Uh. Yes, in few weeks.

ALANA BLOOM

I have a present for you, might make you feel better. It's at my apartment.

WILL GRAHAM

Ok.

Will lets his head back, closes his eyes. The rain gets louder.

INT. ALANA BLOOM'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

They step into Alana's apartment, damp from the rain. The place is a wood floored loft, large windows let in gray light from the storm outside. Family photos and intricate quilts line the walls.

Alana leads Will to the dining table. There is a box, wrapped with simple brown paper.

ALANA BLOOM

Haven't written a card yet, but it might be better for you to open it now.

Alana smiles warmly, Will hesitantly opens the box. Inside is a complete lure building kit, plastic compartments contain hooks, colored threading, chenille, feathers, etc.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)

These are supposed to make "Dry Lures."

WILL GRAHAM
That's right. Perfect for where I
fish near Wolftrap.

ALANA BLOOM
I'm glad.

Beat. Will has let himself get physically closer to Alana.
Alana looks at him closely, then pulls out a chair.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)
I think you should try making one
now. I'll go make some tea.

Alana starts to leave, pauses. Will watches her.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)
Oh.

She rushes over to a closet, rummages, and comes back with a
needle nosed pliers.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)
You need these, right?

Will smiles, genuine and long overdue.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)
Tea time.

Alana leaves O.S. Will sits down. Looks at the rain on the
large windows, then turns to the materials.

CLOSE UP: Will, intensely focused, wraps a red thread around
his finger - holding it secure. It starts to cut off
circulation in the tip of his finger.

He pulls the other end around the hook's stem. Then he
delicately slides a black feather on top. It's as much a
work of art as a practical tool.

His face shows some measure of peace in creating the lure.

Alana returns with two mugs of tea. Will shows her the
completed lure.

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)
It's beautiful. Who needs to draw
when you can do that?

WILL GRAHAM
Thank you for this. It's
necessary... for me to know I can
(MORE)

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
create something else. Something
simple, useful.

ALANA BLOOM
Is this a specific type of lure?

WILL GRAHAM
I modeled it after an Elk Hair
Caddis. Created by a very famous
Pennsylvania fly tier - Al Troth.

ALANA BLOOM
(stifling a giggle)
I didn't realize there were famous
fly tiers.

WILL GRAHAM
(smiling as well now)
Troth modeled it after another
famous lure, called the Little Red
Sedge -

ALANA BLOOM
An imitation lure imitating another
lure? Sounds kind of absurd...

WILL GRAHAM
What's absurd is Troth would hunt
elk, and use their hair to tie his
lures. He would actually kill an
animal, to make an artificial lure.
It's too far, isn't it?

Beat. Will has become upset.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
But they worked. And he was
considered a pioneer for it...
death to create art.

Alana's face falls, disappointed that his mind goes there
even now. She pulls back a little, he does not notice.

A cell phone rings, piercing the ambient patter of the rain.
Will answers.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Hello?

Beat.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 Ok...ok. Not the lab?
 (to Alana)
 I have to go.

He puts the lure in the box, starts to leave.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 I'll come back for it all soon?

ALANA BLOOM
 Of course. Happy early birthday.

WILL GRAHAM
 Thank you.

Beat.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 Really. Thank you.

Will struggles.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 I won't let so much time pass
 again.

He leaves, into the rain. Alana sits, looks at the steaming mug of untouched tea.

INT. JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL LOBBY - EARLY EVENING

A giant white atrium, spotless, and quietly bustling with VISTORS and STAFF. Will enters, spots Jack. They move towards the elevator together.

WILL GRAHAM
 We have a victim?

JACK CRAWFORD
 Marie Dicembre. Graduate student.
 It sounds like she has a lot to
 give us.

WILL GRAHAM
 She escaped.

They wait for the doors to open.

JACK CRAWFORD
 She was *let go*.

INT. JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL HALLWAY - EARLY EVENING

Jack and Will stand outside Marie's hospital room, peeking in. She sits up in the bed, rigid posture, still in shock.

The men speak softly.

JACK CRAWFORD

Minimal bodily harm as far as we can tell. Light ligature marks on the wrists, and a micro puncture wound on the arm.

WILL GRAHAM

A syringe?

JACK CRAWFORD

We think she was bound, paralyzed-

WILL GRAHAM

He was ready to start painting. Then he didn't.

Jack and Will chew the question over silently before entering the room.

INT. MARIE DICEMBRE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUED

Marie makes eye contact, doesn't move from her spot.

JACK CRAWFORD

Ms. Dicembre, I'm Jack Crawford-

MARIE DICEMBRE

I know who you both are.

They stop at the foot of her bed.

MARIE DICEMBRE (CONT'D)

And I know you've read my statement. What else do you need to catch him?

WILL GRAHAM

Why do you think he couldn't go through with it?

Marie doesn't hesitate in her answer.

MARIE DICEMBRE

Because someone stopped him.

JACK CRAWFORD
 Someone else was there in his
 studio?

MARIE DICEMBRE
 He saw someone. On the canvas.
 That's why he cut it up. Instead of
 me.

JACK CRAWFORD
 Did he say anything as he reacted?

MARIE DICEMBRE
 "No."

Beat. They misunderstand her, look to each other before she
 completes Pavol's statement.

MARIE DICEMBRE (CONT'D)
 "No, you can't!"

Beat.

MARIE DICEMBRE (CONT'D)
 And then he disappeared.

She finally leans back into the bed, shuts her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUED

They close her door quietly.

WILL GRAHAM
 I don't know what this means, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD
 It means you were right and your
 critique saved her life.

WILL GRAHAM
 No. The timing doesn't make sense.
 This man reads Tattle Crime,
 reacts, kills Halloran and the cop,
 then tries to paint Marie Dicembre
 - but can't go through with it?

JACK CRAWFORD
 Halloran wasn't a work of art
 though, was it?

WILL GRAHAM
 No, that was something else.
 Mockery, maybe.

From the corner a shock of bright red appears, Freddy Lounds.

FREDDY LOUNDS
 You boys seemed to be obsessed with
 mockery. Look how far it's gotten
 you.

JACK CRAWFORD
 We need to go, Pavol's physical
 description is about to go wide.
 And something tells me he's not
 slowing down now.

Jack pushes past Freddy, who turns to Will.

FREDDY LOUNDS
 Congratulations. Your strategy
 traded two men's lives for one
 woman's. Fair trade?

Beat. Will holds her gaze, stoic.

FREDDY LOUNDS (CONT'D)
 You really think it was your
 article that drove the Red Painter
 to this?

WILL GRAHAM
 Off the record?

FREDDY LOUNDS
 Sure.

WILL GRAHAM
 I think you should stop asking me
 what I think.

Will starts walking past.

FREDDY LOUNDS
 It's easier than asking how you
 feel about it. If you feel anything
 at all!

Will takes the stairs down, he stomps away.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL'S HOME - NIGHT

The sound of quiet footsteps up the stairs O.S. Hannibal opens the door, walks in to his living room carrying a bag of groceries.

He goes O.S. into the kitchen. We pan around the room. Stop on the "Torso of Venus" sketch, it's very much askew.

Hannibal comes back into view, examines the off kilter frame closely - annoyed.

Suddenly, Pavol bursts from beneath his desk and slams Hannibal over the head with a colorful paperweight. He goes out cold.

INT. HANNIBAL'S OFFICE - LATER

Hannibal comes to, tied up to his analyst's chair. Pavol sits across in the patient's spot, looking very distraught.

PAVOL REZNICEK

My purpose...all of it...is to create something universal. To allow people to see each other, as I see them. To feel as I feel, and in doing so... my art shows them their own darkness. It doesn't matter if they catch me, if I die. That is irrelevant to true art.

Pavol looks to Hannibal, angry. Hannibal calmly sizes up his captor.

PAVOL REZNICEK (CONT'D)

You know this. At least you did. But now you have shown me true darkness. Everything in this world exists to be consumed by you, doesn't it? My art is for the all to share! But you bleed all over it! Drown it in pitch oil!

Pavol stands up, throws his chair at the wall. It smashes the picture frame.

PAVOL REZNICEK (CONT'D)

And then you consumed that joke, Halloran. I know it was you. But now they... think of me as a petty street busker, painting for their praise.

HANNIBAL LECTER

Then that is your fault, Pavol. You care how they see you, more than how they experience your art.

Pavol rushes back to confront Hannibal, face to face.

PAVOL REZNICEK

You think that critique really got to me? My creations are the only thing that matters!

HANNIBAL LECTER

And yet you don't really create do you? Not by true inspiration. You merely wait to feel a connection between some original work and a hapless victim.

Pavol draws a buck knife from his jacket, brings it to Hannibal's throat.

HANNIBAL LECTER (CONT'D)

I have found a true visionary, who far surpasses you. That's why I ceased writing to you, and then delighted in seeing him stop you!

Beat. Pavol holds the knife close under Hannibal's jaw. Hannibal grows louder, excited.

HANNIBAL LECTER (CONT'D)

He saw your work and understood you immediately. That is far more connection to the world than you could ever hope to achieve! Who do you think wrote that critique? Halloran?!

Hannibal suddenly stops, a sudden realization of his "folly." And then "fear." Pavol smiles, draws the knife away.

PAVOL REZNICEK

You took my purpose away from me. It will be easy to do the same to you.

Beat.

PAVOL REZNICEK (CONT'D)

You think I didn't know which dog they'd set after me? I just hadn't

(MORE)

PAVOL REZNICEK (CONT'D)
realized until now that he belonged
to you.

Pavol abruptly leaves. The room is quiet, wrecked. Hannibal replaces his apparent fear with his usual nonchalant calm.

He undoes the ropes, takes the paperweight off the floor and puts it back on the desk. Then follows after Pavol.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S HOME - LATE EVENING

We follow Will into his home. The dogs greet him boisterously as usual. He looks ragged, but happy to be home.

Will wanders over to his lure crafting station. Turns the work lamp on. Several lures are lined up, halfway to completion. He sits, touches them, picks one up.

A few moments pass before Will looks over to his phone, pensive. He sighs, looks out the window, stares at his reflection - unsure what to do.

Finally, he puts the lure down and picks up the phone, dials. Will's face lights up a little.

WILL GRAHAM

Hey-

In a flash, Pavol bursts through the window in front of Will. Glass fragments fly everywhere as Pavol knocks the work station over. The two men collide as the dogs go crazy.

A close grapple ensues. Pavol starts to choke Will before the momentum shifts. Punches are traded. The dogs bark and scamper, terrified.

Finally, Pavol slams Will down - chest to the floor. He locks his arm around him from behind and starts to suffocate Will. Will's fingers search for anything to help.

After almost too long, he finds one of his lures on the floor. In a flash, Will jerks the hook back and rakes it across Pavol's face. Pavol screams as he loses his hold.

Will regains his footing just as Pavol charges. Will deflects and throws him to the window, where Pavol lands on a giant piece of upright glass. The shard sticks through Pavol's sternum. He dies.

As Will pulls himself together, we track through the window, over Pavol's corpse. A few feet away, by the trees, Hannibal is standing, hidden, very much enjoying the show.

INT. WILL GRAHAM'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUED

Hannibal knocks at the door.

HANNIBAL LECTER

Will? As I was driving up I heard a crash. Are you okay?

Hannibal knocks again, then opens the door. He feigns surprise at the sight of destruction.

Will stares at him, coming down from the adrenaline. They both look to Pavol's corpse.

FADE TO:

EXT. FOREST TRAIL, WOLFTRAP VA - EVENING, DAYS LATER

Will runs with his pack of dogs, he's gliding through the forest as the sun sets. He comes out of a clearing, his house in the B.G., to find Jack Crawford waiting for him.

JACK CRAWFORD

Morning, Will.

WILL GRAHAM

Hey, Jack. Something happen?

JACK CRAWFORD

For once, no.

They start walking back to the house together, the dogs run ahead.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Alana wanted me to check in with you.

WILL GRAHAM

Didn't want to come by herself?

JACK CRAWFORD

I think she does actually. But not my place to speculate. I also wanted to let you know... that afternoon when she whisked you away. Halloran.

Beat. Will stops walking.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Well, he was missing his liver.

The weight of this registers on Will's face. The Chesapeake Ripper was yet again somehow involved.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

We have some more work to do.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL'S DINING ROOM - EVENING

Marie Dicembre, still looking shaken, sits at Hannibal's immaculate dining room table. Hannibal appears with a bottle of Pinot Noir.

HANNIBAL LECTER

Thank you again for being brave enough to come here tonight. With all you've survived recently... you are impressive.

MARIE DICEMBRE

I don't feel impressive. But I'm glad you reached out. I had no idea who you were when I met you originally, but I've actually read much of your work. If anyone might help me-

HANNIBAL LECTER

I will do my best. And to reiterate, we keep all this confidential, yes? As I do with all my patients.

MARIE DICEMBRE

Of course.

Beat.

HANNIBAL LECTER

I'm as shocked as you were about Mr. Reznicek. When I heard what had happened, my first thought was - maybe I can help Marie Dicembre. Maybe then, I can forgive my own lapse in judgment.

MARIE DICEMBRE

I don't think you're in need of forgiveness Dr. Lecter.

HANNIBAL LECTER
You'd be surprised. Now, I'll go
fetch the first course.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE