

HANNIBAL

"Beondegi"
(Silkworm Soup)

Spec Script

written by

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"Beondegi" takes place in the second half of the first season. Will Graham is the F.B.I.'s Violent Crimes profiler, where he is able to enter the mind of the killer to understand their tactics.

BRIAN ZELLER

Blood Splatter Specialist for Crawford's team. He has a reputation for butting heads with Will Graham. While they remain professional, their unresolved tension motivates Zeller to become an informant for Tattler Reporter, Freddie Lounds, as seen in Episode 102 "Amuse-Bouche".

FREDDIE LOUNDS

Tabloid reporter for the Violent Crimes section of the Tattler. Whether by tainting crime scenes or writing exposé articles questioning Graham's sanity, Lounds tends to stick her nose where it doesn't belong. She uses Zeller's intel against Graham with little regard for Zeller's job security. Crawford threatens Lounds to never write another article about Graham again, which she complies.

CHESAPEAKE RIPPER

We are first introduced to the Ripper in the pilot, when a body turns up in Minnesota, impaled on top of a set of antlers. The F.B.I. are quick to deduce it as being the "Minnesota Shrike" until Graham notices a different method, and even the Ripper's tendency to take a "trophy"-a missing parts of the victim's body. As Graham and Crawford investigate different serial killers, it soon becomes apparent that the Ripper has close connections between both agents. The Chesapeake Ripper is none other than Graham's advisor and Crawford's confidant, Hannibal Lecter.

RAVEN FEATHERED STAG/WENDIGO

Both are used to personify Will's Subconscious state. On one end, the Stag represents Will. Strong, unique, yet fragile, given its fur is replaced with raven feathers. When he is subdued, either while he is profiling or his autoimmune encephalitis, the Stag visits him to keep him alive, or to reveal a paradigm shift in the investigation.

The Wendigo, however, is Will's interpretation of the Chesapeake Ripper. Will's hallucinations connect Hannibal to the Wendigo. In Native American folklore, the Wendigo is a demon that feeds on human flesh.

"Beondegi" debates if pain can ever be truly forgiven, even after we make amends. From bullying in high school or workplace, holding grudges only keeps us in the past, which prevents us from discovering our true potential.

TEASER

ESTABLISHING SHOT - MAGNOLIA CHARTER HIGH SCHOOL - EVENING

A school's drop off zone, an idle line of cars. Valet Boys run towards them, opening doors and assisting the drivers and their passengers. From gowns to suits, the guests are dressed to kill. Parent-teacher conference, right?

Wrong. Over the school's main entrance, a BANNER reads:
WELCOME BACK CLASS OF '95.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Alumni reunite with former cliques to gawk at each other's weight gain, hot boyfriend, or secret handshake. A smorgasbord of nostalgia.

Speaking of, a PROJECTOR SCREEN splashes images of yesteryear, from Cheer to Varsity football. Hell, even the Chess Club gets an obligatory nod.

Among the rejoining cliques, one WOMAN stands alone. She stands by the Magnolia High School mascot. The Alaskan Husky.

CLOSE ON - MIDDLE AGED WALLFLOWER

Otherwise known as RHEE O'HARA, late-30's, three-strong-drinks-in pretty. Her glory days in high school might've been spent listening to Garbage and sporting her newest choker necklace.

In fact, she's wearing one now, hidden behind her wet-draped hair. She revels in silence, twenty years, still the social recluse. She searches the crowd. For whom?

The FORMER FOOTBALL CAPTAIN, HARRIS, ageless with his flawless skin, still the hot jock with age-defiant looks. He's standing by the open bar, occupied in an argument with a Woman we'll later know as Misty.

Rhee watches like some sadistic voyeur. Relishing when Misty slaps Harris' drink up, splashing vodka on his face and shirt, before leaving him to his dripping wet vices.

He tries to play it cool, but the Alumni are still privy to a good laugh.

Emerging from his right, Rhee produces some napkins and offers them to him. Harris exchanges a brief glance with Rhee before taking them.

HARRIS

Just when I was going to suck the vodka from my shirt. Thanks.

Harris notices her wet hair.

HARRIS

(re:hair)

Hope it didn't get you.

He sloppily wipes his face dry. Then offers the remaining napkins to Rhee.

RHEE O'HARA

No, I'm fine, thanks, Harris.

Harris gets a better look at Rhee. He's buzzed. Does she look familiar? Before he can ask, she beats him to the punch.

RHEE O'HARA

We weren't friends, but we had homeroom Senior year.

HARRIS

Algebra two?

RHEE O'HARA

Yes. You asked to switch spots with me so you can sit next to Misty.

HARRIS

Ha. I married her.

RHEE O'HARA

How nice.

HARRIS

It was.

Rhee notices Harris' glass. Empty.

RHEE O'HARA

What're you drinking?

Harris shakes his head, declining.

RHEE O'HARA

It's an open bar.

Harris relents, cracking a drunk smile.

HARRIS

I guess that's why there's Uber.
Vodka soda, please.

She leaves his side to go to the open bar behind them. Harris saunters over to the table.

He finds an OPEN YEARBOOK. He thumbs through and stumbles across a PHOTO.

It's Algebra 2 with young Harris, arm in arm with Misty. In the shadowy background, a LANKY BOY looks into the camera.

The CHATTER AROUND HIM DIES, growing EERIELY QUIET. He looks up to the PROJECTION SCREEN above. A MEMORIAM of the late HENRY WESTERFIELD: 1978-1995. The SAME BOY from the PHOTO. NOTE: In high school, his nickname was Dot.

Next slide, an ANNOUNCEMENT! COMING THIS FALL: HENRY WESTERFIELD CARE FACILITY. The Alumni APPLAUD, their CHATTER returns, almost relieved.

To Harris, Henry looks just like...

RHEE O'HARA (O.S.)
Here you go.

Rhee hands him his drink. She looks up to see the Clinic.

RHEE O'HARA
So he had to die to make that possible?

HARRIS
So others like him can get help.

RHEE O'HARA
Sad that someone has to die so others can be heard.

Harris raises his glass. Her glass meets his.

HARRIS
You live around here?

RHEE O'HARA
Just moved back. So much as changed on campus.

HARRIS
Like what?

RHEE O'HARA
For starters, the locker rooms got a face lift.

HARRIS
Can it explain your wet hair?

RHEE O'HARA

Had to test the showers in the girls. Now let's check out the boys.

HARRIS

I don't know.

RHEE O'HARA

C'mon, it wouldn't be the first time you snuck a girl in.

Harris, considers, reminiscing, for a beat, before he relents.

HARRIS

There's something about you. Can't put my finger on it.

RHEE O'HARA

Play your cards right. You will.

By the food table, Misty's beading eyes follow Rhee and Harris exit the gymnasium. Then returns her gaze back to her friends dotting over a girls' engagement ring.

INT. MAGNOLIA HIGH - LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harris stumbles into a room submerged in STEAMY CONDENSATION. The DRONING RUSH of DISTANT RUNNING SHOWERS. Harris looks around while Rhee drifts from his reach.

HARRIS

Hard to see what's changed. My son would know.

RHEE O'HARA

Ah, yes, Taylor, right?

HARRIS

How'd you know?

RHEE O'HARA

I'm his guidance counselor. He stops by my office weekly.

Curious, he follows Rhee, who's now playing with a COMBINATION DIAL to an OLD LOCKER.

HARRIS

I don't know why admin keeps Dot's locker here. You couldn't open it.

RHEE O'HARA

What's your wager if I can?

HARRIS

I'll hit the showers.

Rhee continues playing with the dial, turning it with cautious haste. Harris' face appears haunted.

RHEE O'HARA

Fond memories of this place?

HARRIS

Not really. Having a kid changes you. Makes me wish I could take it all back.

Rhee's fingers continue turning the DIAL. Left, then right.

RHEE O'HARA

Take back your glory days? Or when you held a boy down against his will?

HARRIS

If only dot could see...wait, what?

CLICK! She pulls down the LEVER and OPENS the DOOR.

LOCKER DOOR swings open, a PENDULUM of AMBER LIGHT before...

PWUM!

INT. MAGNOLIA HIGH - LOCKER ROOM - WILL'S P.O.V.

WILL GRAHAM now looks inside the LOCKER, where HANDCUFFS rest next to a BRAID of HAIR.

WILL GRAHAM

Tonight, Magnolia will see what I've become. Twenty years, trapped in a cocoon.

Will Graham reaches for the handcuffs and twirls them on his finger.

WILL GRAHAM

I will spread my wings and fly. But first, I must catch my prey.

He closes the locker as the PENDULUM SWINGS...

INT. MAGNOLIA HIGH - LOCKER ROOM - SAME MOMENT

...back to RHEE, whose eyes glisten, proud of proving Harris wrong.

She straddles him, undoing her blouse. Harris, entranced, leans back. She takes his wrist and slaps a CUFF onto Harris. The other cuff? It goes around her own.

RHEE O'HARA

So you don't try to run off.

Rhee kisses Harris. With his free hand, he reaches around her waist, trying to unhook her bra.

BEHIND HER BACK, WE SEE a BUTTERFLY BLADE, clinging to her bra strap. A couple of centimeters more, and Harris would have touched it. But he's in luck. For now.

She dismounts and sashays away. He's gotta earn it. Her gaze promises a few more moments. With her cuffed hand, she takes his hand and leads him to the showers.

PWUM! The PENDULUM SWINGS, leaving behind EVIDENCE MARKERS around the LOCKER, BENCH, and HARRIS' DRINK.

INT. MAGNOLIA HIGH - LOCKER ROOM - SHOWERS - CONTINUOUS

Curtains of rising steam, Rhee pins Harris against the wall, kissing aggressively. Water cascades over their heads, down their wet bodies.

Rhee undoes her HANDCUFF. Harris watches, intrigued and excited. She slaps her HANDCUFF to one of the SHOWERPIPES.

RHEE O'HARA

You think Henry got off on this?
When you tied him to that bench?

HARRIS

No one knows about that. We made a
pact.

Hand now free, she gets on her knees. Disappearing from view, until Harris MOANS, surrendered.

He reaches down and unhooks her bra, she starts to rise when...PWUM!

INT. MAGNOLIA HIGH - LOCKER ROOM - SHOWERS - WILL'S P.O.V.

Will Graham comes up, dragging the BUTTERFLY BLADE along Harris' skin. Shirtless, he tugs on Harris' dick. Eyes closed, Harris WINCES, smiling.

WILL GRAHAM
Keep 'em closed.

HARRIS
Ease up on the grip, it's attached.

After a couple more tugs, Harris opens his eyes and sees a Man's LANKY CHEST. His last exchanged glance is one of complete clarity. Only this time, with Will Graham staring him down.

HARRIS
Dot?

SCHWING! The BLADE SLICES off Harris' penis! Harris collapses to his knees. Dark pools of BLOOD FLOOD the tiles, fading to pink hues as the water guides the blood down the drain.

Harris watches his blood's path, only to find another trail, this one smaller, more dilute, meeting his own.

He follows it to see TWO CORPSES we'll later identify as DREW and STEPHEN.

WILL GRAHAM
I make sure they die still showing school spirit.

Harris looks up to Will Graham, who now stands over him.

WILL GRAHAM
This is my homecoming. This is my design.

PWUM!

INT. MAGNOLIA HIGH - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Will Graham stands over two bodies. BOTH NAKED, except for the helmet over their heads. Both in a football starting position, reaching for the same football between them, covered in their own skin.

On their backs, numbers are carved into their skin. Football Jersey FONT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. MAGNOLIA HIGH - LOCKER ROOM - LATER

FLASH! BRIAN ZELLER'S CAMERA snaps a photo of the open locker. With GLOVES, BEVERLY KATZ reaches inside to grab the BRAID. She studies it.

BEVERLY KATZ
(re:braid)
It sure looks real.

JIMMY PRICE dusts for prints on the BENCH and GLASS.

JIMMY PRICE
You sure it's not...what do you
call it...an extension?

BEVERLY KATZ
Please, I wore extensions in high
school to look less Asian
violinist. This was chopped off.

She places it into an evidence bag.

BRIAN ZELLER
How long before "boy
interrupted"...?

BEVERLY KATZ
You'll get your glam shots soon
enough. Let's dust for prints.

Brian returns to his camera. Beverly looks to the showers,
where...

INT. MAGNOLIA HIGH - LOCKER ROOM - SHOWERS - WILL'S P.O.V.

Graham's eyes closed, tune out their conversation in the next
room.

WATER DROP

falls from the shower head and lands on the tiles. The
DROPLET turns from clear to BLOOD RED. A SHALLOW, ECHOED
PLUNK! He focuses on the

PENDULUM

in his mind. The AMBER LIGHT cuts through the DARKNESS.

SHOWERS

spray to life. Streams of water burst, an avalanche of steam rushes in when...

INT. MAGNOLIA HIGH - LOCKER ROOM - SHOWERS - CONTINUOUS

FLASH! from Brian's CAMERA, which jolts GRAHAM out of his profile state. GRAHAM, whose face is akin to a toddler upon waking, is instantly cranky.

FLASH! You'd think the corpses were posing for the ESPN Body issue with all these photos.

BRIAN ZELLER

You've been in here for nearly fifteen minutes. Losing your touch?

WILL GRAHAM

I wasn't finished.

BRIAN ZELLER

Too bad. We are on borrowed time with these bodies.

Will Graham snatches the camera from his hand and smashes it against the tile. The LENS CRACKS. Zeller, Price, even Katz watch with a paralyzed dismay.

Before Zeller can open his mouth...

JACK CRAWFORD (O.S.)

Zeller, it would be in your best interest to remain calm.

Jack stands at the head of the showers. He saw it all unfold, unbeknownst to them.

JACK CRAWFORD

Not a wise choice, Will.

WILL GRAHAM

I can't be interrupted, Jack. We all know that.

Zeller exits the showers. Upset. Crawford, Price, and Katz watch him leave, before returning to Will.

JACK CRAWFORD

What did you see, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

Karma. These two weren't exactly innocent. It was revenge.

JIMMY PRICE

(re: corpses)
So much for M.V.P.

Jack Crawford exits the room. Time to check on Zeller.

INT. MAGNOLIA HIGH - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Crawford walks out and finds Zeller finishing up a phone call.

BRIAN ZELLER

...you won't get a word until you send me what was owed last time.

Brian hangs up the phone, irritated. Then looks up to see Crawford standing behind him. He tries to play it off.

BRIAN ZELLER

My lease is up on my condo.

JACK CRAWFORD

Ready to go back inside?

BRIAN ZELLER

Not with my broken camera.

JACK CRAWFORD

We'll get you a new camera. I need you to respect each other's limits.

BRIAN ZELLER

For our prima donna?

JACK CRAWFORD

For the team.

Brian nods his head then saunters back to the room. After a BEAT, CRAWFORD'S PHONE RINGS.

JACK CRAWFORD

I'm right behind you.
(on phone)
Crawford.

VOICE (V.O.)

We tapped Freddie Lounds' account,
there's a suspicious transaction
between her checking and a Paypal
account.

JACK CRAWFORD

Can you trace it?

VOICE (V.O.)

It's going to be awhile.

JACK CRAWFORD

Do what you can.

He hangs up and re-enters the locker room.

INT. MAGNOLIA HIGH - LOCKER ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Crawford walks in, business as usual. Beverly Katz holds a
file in her hands.

BEVERLY KATZ

Victims are Steven Peterson and
Drew Castillo, here for their
twenty-year high-school reunion,
found one hour ago by the school
janitor.

Jimmy looks down on the floor.

JIMMY PRICE

Must have been one helluva janitor.
No blood on the tiles.

JACK CRAWFORD

Janitor said the showers were this
clean when he arrived.

Beverly observes the flayed skin marks along Drew's back.

BEVERLY KATZ

Skin's cauterized.

Will looks up to the ceiling and walls. Tiny beads of dewey
condensation.

WILL GRAHAM

Cauterized from steam and hot
water.

JIMMY PRICE

Hot water in every shower? Urban legend when I was in school.

BRIAN ZELLER

High school in the forties must have been tough.

Beverly pulls out a THERMAL SCANNER and checks the corpses' temperature.

BEVERLY KATZ

Body temp in the low nineties. They've been here a while.

BRIAN ZELLER

So what about the missing genitalia?

Crawford and Will studies the corpses' crotches. They're gone.

WILL GRAHAM

Cuts are jagged, unkind.

BRIAN ZELLER

And the football? And using someone's own skin...

WILL GRAHAM

It was theirs.

Beverly pulls out a FLASHLIGHT from her side and shines it towards the DRAIN. With her other free hand, she grabs TWEEZERS to pull out a long strand of black hair.

BEVERLY KATZ

We got a girl in the boys' locker room, gents.

JIMMY PRICE

Hell hath no fury. Which could also explain the third set of prints on the glass.

JACK CRAWFORD

Get them back to the lab.

Crawford's phone FLASHES. He answers it.

JACK CRAWFORD

That was quick.

VOICE (V.O.)
We got bigger problems.

JACK CRAWFORD
Humor me.

Jack's face darkens as he hears bad news.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - FBI HQ - DAY

A Woman in sweats runs across the green grass and into the forest on this otherwise beautiful day.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Graham enters, Crawford stands by a glass window. On the other side, Misty is seated in an empty room, anxious and distraught.

WILL GRAHAM
Is this our witness?

JACK CRAWFORD
Misty Bernell. Her ex-husband went missing on the night of the reunion.

WILL GRAHAM
Ex-husband. That's good a motive as any.

JACK CRAWFORD
She's convinced a ghost is out to kill her next.

WILL GRAHAM
I think she contacted the wrong F.B.I. Department.

JACK CRAWFORD
Just try to work an angle with her. Not sure what to make of all this.

WILL GRAHAM
And its urgency?

JACK CRAWFORD
You know those prints Price found? They match her husband.

Will walks to the door before stopping himself.

WILL GRAHAM

The bodies?

JACK CRAWFORD

Being brought over as we speak.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A room with a table, an empty chair waits across a distraught woman with a butchered haircut. It would be a cute pixie cute if she went to the right stylist.

Will greets her with a silent nod, before taking a seat across from Misty.

WILL GRAHAM

Hello Misty, I'm Special Agent Will Graham.

MISTY

It's him, isn't it?

Will appears confused. What does she know? Misty continues shedding tears.

MISTY

Harris. Henry killed him.

WILL GRAHAM

You sure your husband...

MISTY

Ex...we've been divorced for two years.

WILL GRAHAM

On what grounds?

MISTY

Infidelity.

(beat)

He comes to the house every morning to take our son to football practice. Today, he didn't show up.

WILL GRAHAM

Why do you think someone's after your hus--ex-husband?

MISTY

For what we did to Dot...

(beat, correcting herself)

...Henry. We used to call him Dot.

WILL GRAHAM
Who's Henry? Or Dot?

MISTY
Some kid in high school way back
when. Tried asking me to Prom. I
turned him down, told Harris...

She trails off; her voice warbles. Will is intrigued.

MISTY
Dot...Henry. We cornered him in the
showers.

Misty bows her head, ashamed, crying.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Crawford continues watching through the looking-glass. Brian
Zeller enters and stands next to him.

BRIAN ZELLER
This just got posted.

Brian unlocks his PHON where the screen projects the mobile
page.

TATTLER

with the bold heading: "MAP MY MURDER" and the shape of an
"A" across a MAP.

Crawford sighs, another headache, thumbing down the screen.
He hands the phone back.

JACK CRAWFORD
Tell Bev to send the team out.

BRIAN ZELLER
We'll be on the road in five.

JACK CRAWFORD
No. You're coming with me. Give you
a chance in the spotlight.

Crawford pulls out his own phone, taps his screen, and puts
the phone to his ear.

JACK CRAWFORD
I need a twenty on Lounds.

OFF ZELLER, who looks viscerally uneasy. He looks into the
looking glass, watching Graham and a sobbing Misty.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will reaches his hand out to Misty. Using empathy to help Misty open up.

MISTY

Do you know anyone who talked to him last night at the reunion?

MISTY

The better question is who didn't talk to him. He went from football star to small-town celebrity.

(beat)

I'm next, you know.

WILL GRAHAM

You don't know that.

MISTY

I do, actually.

Misty opens her purse. At first, it looks like she's grabbing tissues, until she pulls out a FOLDED PAPER.

She slides it across the table. Will takes it and opens it.

FOLDED PAPER

It's a MASH BOARD. A square drawn in the center with the words D.M.A.S.H. On the top. Around the perimeter, tick marks around the perimeter, followed by small trivial descriptors from cars and numbers. The "S" and "D" are crossed off.

MISTY

You gotta protect me.

OFF Will, who studies the document, then Misty.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. MALL FOOD COURT - AFTERNOON

A PACKED PATIO, good luck finding a spot. Crawford storms through the sea of umbrellas and passing patrons. Looking for something more than just an open seat?

Yup. There she is. FREDDIE LOUNDS, her frizzy ginger hair beams under the sun. She is perched at a corner table, engrossed in her laptop.

Focused, she is oblivious to Crawford's arrival until he clamshells her laptop. She doesn't bother looking up, she knows who it is.

FREDDIE LOUNDS
Enjoy my article? It felt like...

JACK CRAWFORD
...A cry for help.

FREDDIE LOUNDS
It's my bread and butter.

JACK CRAWFORD
Then might I recommend going on a
gluten-free diet?

Freddie can't help but smirk. Real cute, Crawford.

FREDDIE LOUNDS
I'm not going to apologize for what
I wrote.

JACK CRAWFORD
I wasn't expecting it.

FREDDIE LOUNDS
So what do I owe the pleasure of
your company?

JACK CRAWFORD
I'd like to know who your informant
is at the F.B.I..

Freddie seems to be selective with her words, as all she can muster for the moment is to simply stare back.

She looks to Zeller, then back to Crawford, smirking.

FREDDIE LOUNDS
Isn't that why you brought him
along with you?

Crawford looks to Freddie, then turns his head to see Zeller,
cheeks red with guilt.

EXT. BALTIMORE FOREST - AFTERNOON

Graham walks from his car to Beverly, who's leaning against a
cop car.

BEVERLY KATZ
We gotta stop meeting like this.

WILL GRAHAM
Got any other suggestions?

BEVERLY KATZ
A walk in the woods?

Beverly and Graham walk together down a dirt trail.

BEVERLY KATZ
Victim is Aaron Hilton. Thirty-
eight. His wife reporting him
missing two hours after he went on
a run.

WILL GRAHAM
Whatever happened to forty-eight-
hours to report missing persons?

BEVERLY KATZ
He was a Magnolia High School
Alumnus.

Beverly pulls out a tablet. Aaron Hilton's Facebook profile
pops up with his recent history.

BEVERLY KATZ
Aaron goes running and posts his
run on Facebook.

The TABLET SCREEN shows a MAP of his run, in the shape of an
"A" across the map.

WILL GRAHAM
Does he do this on all his runs?
Leave his initials?

BEVERLY KATZ

Apparently not. According to his wife, he runs three miles and back home. Same route, same time.

(beat)

Today, he ran fourteen. Check out his pace.

She scrolls down the screen to show his pace and split-pace intervals. After two miles, his pace increases from 6.5 minutes per mile, to 2.

WILL GRAHAM

So he was picked up?

JIMMY PRICE

Or he's Speedy Gonzales.

Will is engrossed in the screen, he doesn't look up until WE SEE

a man hanging upside down, wrapped in cellophane, like a cocoon. Blood seeps through the wrappings like cheap meat.

JIMMY PRICE

Same M.O. as the other victims. Not the hanging, but the flayed skin and missing genitalia.

BEVERLY KATZ

Hanging like a bat.

WILL GRAHAM

More like a butterfly.

JIMMY PRICE

What makes you so sure?

WILL GRAHAM

Butterflies, like the black swallowtail, are protandrous. They change from male to female as they mature.

BEVERLY KATZ

The victim's encased in a cellophane cocoon, then.

JIMMY PRICE

And the killer is performing post-mortem sex change operations, why?

WILL GRAHAM

Penance for his high school days.
His own...metamorphosis.

BEVERLY KATZ

So he transitions into a woman?
Transgendered females are easy to
spot, right?

JIMMY PRICE

After three murders? Apparently
not.

WILL GRAHAM

How did we get wind of this lead?

BEVERLY KATZ

Would you believe me if I said it
was the Tattler?

WILL GRAHAM

Guess we have friends in low
places.

The Body descends to the floor. Katz, Price and Graham
assist.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - DAY

Jack Crawford storms through the hallway. No good news can
tame him now. Even Brian's pleads as he tries to catch up.

Crawford turns around and confronts Zeller.

JACK CRAWFORD

Answer me this. Why?

BRIAN ZELLER

I'm tired of being someone's backup
singer, Jack. Boy Wonder gets
V.I.P. while I am stuck reading
blood splatter.

JACK CRAWFORD

At least, I can rule out which one
of you became Effie.

(beat)

Of all people, I am still
dumbfounded by your ignorance.

BRIAN ZELLER

Look, what can I do?

Jack looks inside the Forensic Lab, where Graham, Price, and Katz are observing the bodies.

JACK CRAWFORD

We have a killer out there and I need all hands on deck. So you and Will are going to buddy up.

Brian nods his head. It's all he can do.

JACK CRAWFORD

Now go in there and pretend you weren't almost fired.

He leaves Jack's side to enter the lab like some disciplined child.

INT. FORENSIC LAB - DAY

Aaron, Steve, and Drew's bodies lay on slabs, looking like sleeping children tucked under their plastic sheets. Aaron and Steve are still wearing their helmets.

Beverly's hands press into the skin, feeling for abnormalities. Jimmy and Will remove the helmets from the two victims.

JIMMY PRICE

The prodigal analyst has returned.

BRIAN ZELLER

Couldn't let you have all the fun without me.

BEVERLY KATZ

Spoken like a true middle child. Never wants to be forgotten.

JIMMY PRICE

What a way to remember a reunion, right?

BRIAN ZELLER

All the girls fawned when I mentioned I worked for the F.B.I..

Brian grins as he watches Graham study the helmet.

BRIAN ZELLER

You look like you'd be the life of the party at your reunion.

WILL GRAHAM

I never got invited. Homeschooled.

BRIAN ZELLER

Explains the outgoing personality.

Jack Crawford enters. Brian Zeller clears his throat.

JACK CRAWFORD

Let's cut small talk.
(beat, to Beverly)
Price, how did they die?

With a tug from Jimmy's victim, the helmet releases from Harris' head. The mouthpiece still remains clasped over the body's mouth. Coated with dried blood.

JIMMY PRICE

Hard to tell. From the victim's pupils, there's stress, so that could be anything between blood loss, castration, or asphyxiation.

JACK CRAWFORD

The skin? Did it match the victims?

JIMMY PRICE

Yes, including our missing Harris. His prints were on the glass and skin on the ball.

JACK CRAWFORD

So where is he?

BEVERLY KATZ

A living trophy?

JACK CRAWFORD

Perhaps.
(to Beverly)
What about the hair sample?

BEVERLY KATZ

From the drain? One-hundred percent polyester. A wig.

JACK CRAWFORD

And the braid from the locker?

WILL GRAHAM

Misty Bernell. Can explain her botched haircut.

JACK CRAWFORD

Do you think she was spared?

BEVERLY KATZ

She might be saved for last?

WILL GRAHAM

I think the killer visited her
first and struck a deal.

Beverly's hands touch Steve's throat. Texture appears firm,
as if there's something lodged there. Beverly grabs some
FORECEPTS, and pries the MOUTH GUARD out.

She remains pensive, before looking to Brian.

BEVERLY KATZ

Hand me some pliers.

Brian does now aiding her side. Jack moves in while she
continues pressing her fingers on the throat.

BEVERLY KATZ

Throat feels funny, can you open
his mouth wide?

Brian grabs the jaw and pulls down as Beverly's pliers go in,
deeper and deeper, until her fingers clamp down.

BEVERLY KATZ

I got something.

Beverly pulls the pliers out, slowly. Everyone leans forward.

She pulls out some jagged flesh, soaked in blood. She sets it
on the slab, next to Harris' body

It's the missing penis.

BRIAN ZELLER

At least we can rule out trophies.

JIMMY PRICE

Talk about deep throat.

BEVERLY KATZ

Why would they want to do something
like this?

WILL GRAHAM

To keep him from screaming.
Mouthguard keeps it in place.

JACK CRAWFORD
Misty talked about that student.

WILL GRAHAM
Yes, Henry.

BEVERLY KATZ
Do we know anything about him?

JACK CRAWFORD
Died of an overdose on his way home
from school, their senior year.

JIMMY PRICE
So what's the common denominator?
Were they fighting over the same
woman?

WILL GRAHAM
I don't think a woman would be
capable of this.

BEVERLY KATZ
You forget I'm in the room, right?

WILL GRAHAM
I don't mean it like that. Women
have finesse.

Jack Crawford shifts his steps, uneasy.

JACK CRAWFORD
And how is he selecting his
victims?

WILL GRAHAM
Henry was sexually assaulted in a
locker room. He castrates his
victims as a reminder.

BRIAN ZELLER
There was also something in the
blood splatter.

Everyone in the room looks towards Zeller. All eyes on him.
Brian hands a PHOTO to Crawford. For his eyes only, except he
can't understand it.

BRIAN ZELLER
This was shot using a U.V. Lens.
The one you cracked, Graham.

Crawford passes it around the room. Graham looks first,
before passing it to Beverly.

WILL GRAHAM

Misty got one of these sent to her home.

Graham pulls out the FOLDED PAPER.

BEVERLY KATZ

We used to play this game growing up. It's a fortune-telling game.

JACK CRAWFORD

Meaning?

BEVERLY KATZ

It was a game of chance that determined the fate of who you would marry and such. We would use it to tease one another by marrying our friends to ugly people.

PHOTO

It's the same D.M.A.S.H. Board, only GLOWING OUTLINE is around the drain. Little takes on three sides. Followed by the same letters. A, S, D, have been crossed off the U.V. Image.

JACK CRAWFORD

Aaron, Steve, Drew. This would mean.

WILL GRAHAM

Harris is still alive.

BRIAN ZELLER

Or we haven't found him yet.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HANNIBAL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

HANNIBAL LECTER cuts off the top part of the onion's bulb. Then dices them up in to small pieces, before throwing them onto a hot pan.

Will Graham pops the cork from a WINE BOTTLE and POURS. CLOSE ON the RED WINE spilling into a glass. Deep red streams fall, crashing into the curved wine glass.

ONIONS

sautéed on a stainless steel pan. They sweat bright green hues, nearly surreal in luminosity. Hannibal, with a grip on the pan, tosses the onions in the air, where they catch fire.

Meeting the elements, an ETHERIAL yet DISTANT HUM of an OPERATIC VOICE. Everything moving with a HAUNTING GRACE, like you can cut it out of the air.

Will listens to the MUSIC, it's an ARIA sung from an unnatural sounding SOPRANO.

WILL GRAHAM

(re:music)

What is this piece.

HANNIBAL LECTER

Lamento del Castrato. The voice is a counter-tenor, a male soprano.

WILL GRAHAM

(morose)

Ironic.

HANNIBAL LECTER

It is why I chose it.

(beat)

The Vatican once used castration on their altar boys.

WILL GRAHAM

As a means of controlling them?

HANNIBAL LECTER

More as a means of keeping their boys pure, preserved.

WILL GRAHAM

So are we looking for a man with an unusually high voice?

Hannibal sets the pan down, then opens up a nearby drawer.

HANNIBAL LECTER
You aren't looking for a man at
all.

He pulls out a MEDICAL FOLDER and sets it in front of Graham.

NAME ON FRONT: HENRY WESTERFIELD.

Lecter opens his fridge to pull out a Pyrex CONTAINER with
MEAT MARINADING in juices. Graham sets down his wine glass,
intrigued, and opens the file.

WILL GRAHAM
(re: folder)
How did you get this?

HANNIBAL LECTER
I had a former colleague for
dinner.

He throws the MEAT onto the pan, which SIZZLES in PROTEST.
SCREAMING.

HANNIBAL LECTER
Westerfield had Androgen
Insensitivity Syndrome. Developed
breast tissue and underdeveloped
reproductive organs.

WILL GRAHAM
So he was a hermaphrodite.

HANNIBAL LECTER
The more suitable term is intersex.

Will Graham flips through the medical file and comes across
IMAGES of HENRY'S BREAST TISSUE.

WILL GRAHAM
It would explain why his classmates
called him Dot.

HANNIBAL LECTER
Kids can be intolerably cruel. I'm
sure you can recall some examples
of your own?

WILL GRAHAM
My childhood was spent on a boat.
Pondering life's problems between
tides.

HANNIBAL LECTER

Imagine it would be hard to find
much interaction.

Hannibal flips the meat over.

WILL GRAHAM

My dad encouraged me to go out and
interact, even dropping me off at a
church while he did some soul-
searching in a bottle of whiskey.

HANNIBAL LECTER

I'm sure you had a more positive
result than your father.

WILL GRAHAM

I found myself at a humane society
next door to the church.

(beat)

Animals are more patient, only ask
for companionship.

HANNIBAL LECTER

It seems you and Henry might have
something in common.

Graham raises his eyebrow, curious.

HANNIBAL LECTER

To be understood even when words
are unnecessary.

Will Graham turns the page to Henry's DEATH CERTIFICATE. It
is worn around the edges.

HANNIBAL LECTER

Don't bother with that. Like our
butterflies, our souls seek
rebirth. Into something new.

Hannibal plates the two dishes. Once set, he saunters towards
the dining room.

HANNIBAL LECTER

Shall we retreat to the dining
room?

Graham grabs their wine glasses and follows him out of the
kitchen.

INT. MAGNOLIA HIGH - ADMIN OFFICE - DAY

Rhee walks past the front desk to her office. The title GUIDANCE COUNSELOR displayed under her name on the door. Once she opens it, she finds...

INT. MAGNOLIA HIGH - GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...Hannibal reading one of her books. Star-struck, Rhee knows exactly who he is.

RHEE O'HARA
Doctor Lecter.

Hannibal turns around to face her, nodding his head.

RHEE O'HARA
I devoured your studies on gender identification in college.

HANNIBAL LECTER
I can say the same of your ambitions. But we have other pleasures to discuss.

Rhee appears confused.

RHEE O'HARA
How may I assist you?

HANNIBAL LECTER
Henry, I've come to warn you. It won't be long until the F.B.I. finds you.

Rhee's smile disappears from her face.

RHEE O'HARA
So it's important you listen to me very carefully.

Rhee closes the door and takes a seat.

INT. MISTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Misty's hand breaks through the blinds to peek at the front yard. Still the quiet, peaceful morning in suburbia.

Until a CAR rolls into her DRIVEWAY, Rhee exits the car and walks towards the front door. Misty remains unphased, sipping from her mug, as if she's been expecting her.

Rhee enters the house to find Misty at the window.

RHEE O'HARA
Surprised you're not dressed.

MISTY
I'm not going to my mother's. Just Taylor.

RHEE O'HARA
Where is he?

MISTY
Upstairs, probably still getting ready. Want some tea?

Rhee stands up and inches towards Misty, who still looks through the blinds.

RHEE O'HARA
By tea, you mean money?

MISTY
Do you think I'd pay you for a half job? The cops only found Steve and Drew. Not Harris.

RHEE O'HARA
I have a plan for your ex.

MISTY
Go live out your high school fantasies, dear. But no money until I see Harris' dick on a silver platter.

RHEE O'HARA
Then you owe me for this impromptu chauffeur request.

MISTY
Oh, I'm sorry, are we running low on estrogen? In know they don't come cheap.

(beat, then)

TAYLOR!

(sighs)

Teens sure love their headphones.

Misty steps away from the blinds and trots upstairs.

Rhee stands up and walks to the blinds. Only when she looks she sees TWO F.B.I. SUV's parking on their street. Will and Beverly are walking up the driveway.

EXT. MISTY'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Will and Beverly walk side by side.

BEVERLY KATZ

Remember back when I walked in while you were doing your Jedi mind trick?

WILL GRAHAM

I don't like being interrupted, Bev.

BEVERLY KATZ

Right, well I don't like people who don't play well with others. We're a team. And you're paying for his camera.

WILL GRAHAM

Certainly didn't feel like a team today.

BEVERLY KATZ

You know why? You two are overly zealous. He's the middle child, trying to make himself fit in.

WILL GRAHAM

Could've fooled me.

BEVERLY KATZ

Isn't that why you two butt heads? One and the same and all?

Will stops walking. Beverly stops with him.

WILL GRAHAM

Miss Bernell has only one car.

BEVERLY KATZ

Guess the ex-hubs made it home in time for brunch.

Will looks back to the Agents assembling out their cars.

WILL GRAHAM

Check parameters

The Agents head into the backyard. Will and Beverly, plus two agents, walk to the front door.

INT. MISTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Misty comes back down the steps and finds Rhee now looking through the blinds.

RHEE O'HARA
You called the F.B.I.

MISTY
I pulled the damsel card. Sue me.
Better than being a suspect.

Will only KNOCKS TWICE before Misty opens the door. She clutches her robe, changing her expressions to forlorn and insecure, really playing up the damsel card.

The two Agents enter, mumbling into their ear-pieces.

TAYLOR, 15, burdened with grief, trods down the stairs. Misty stands by her son and holds him close.

MISTY
Are all these men really necessary?

TAYLOR
They're in the backyard, Mom.

Beverly and Will notice Rhee standing among their company.

MISTY
Oh, sorry, this is Rhee. Taylor's guidance counselor at his school. She's taking him to my mother's while school's shut down.

Will's isn't so convinced. He continues studying Rhee. In return, Rhee looks him up and down. Delicious.

RHEE O'HARA
Go wait by the car, Taylor. I'll be there.

Empathetic, Misty kisses her son's head as Rhee hands Taylor his backpack before he exits.

RHEE O'HARA
What does this killer want with Misty and Harris?

Misty glares at Rhee.

WILL GRAHAM
A chance to be heard. Unresolved pain, perhaps by everyone involved.

RHEE O'HARA

What did they do?

WILL GRAHAM

I think that's best left for your friend to tell you. But we appreciate you're coming to Misty aid.

Rhee smiles, trying to catch Will's eye. When he continues to avert any further eye contact, she turns to hug Misty.

RHEE O'HARA

Anything for a friend.

Rhee hugs Misty with the same reluctance as hugging a cactus. Misty hams it up, clutching Rhee, digging her nails into her sides. Then she exits.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD / INT. RHEE'S CAR - LATER

Her car is quaint, clean, the perfect little space for a single person. Taylor, who rides passenger, is lost in worry.

Rhee hands her phone to Taylor.

RHEE O'HARA

Pick some music.

Taylor looks at the phone. He scrolls down the screen with his thumb. Idle, then selects CARRY ON MY WAYWARD SON by STARSHIP.

But the tunes do nothing but make Taylor more bummed.

TAYLOR

This was dad's favorite song.

RHEE O'HARA

He'll turn up soon. He prolly just lost his way.

Taylor sets down the phone.

TAYLOR

Yes. I just wish I could've told him the truth, you know? About me?

RHEE O'HARA

What if you could?

TAYLOR

I'd give anything.

Rhee grips the wheel, making an abrupt lane change. Taylor's wish is Rhee's command.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack Crawford sit across from Brian Zeller. Neither parties speaking a single word.

Will Graham enters the office.

WILL GRAHAM

You wanted to see me, Jack?

JACK CRAWFORD

Yes. Please have a seat.

Graham moves to the seat next to Zeller. They both exchange brief glances, the kind you give to a frenemy at a church function.

JACK CRAWFORD

Until further notice, you two are going to be joined at the hip.

WILL GRAHAM

Does he have to take me to my sessions with Hannibal?

JACK CRAWFORD

Will, you're an anomaly. But I think it's time we learn to play better with others.

BRIAN ZELLER

Do we get any say in this?

JACK CRAWFORD

None whatsoever, especially from you.

WILL GRAHAM

Is there something I should know?

JACK CRAWFORD

No. So get back to work.

Brian looks to Crawford, whose gaze is returned with daggers. Graham, dumbfound, gets up and leaves the office.

JACK CRAWFORD

Don't make me handcuff you two together.

Zeller gets up and follows after Graham, like a boy forced to take his younger brother out to play.

INT. MISTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

F.B.I. Agents, kick back in Misty's living room. Just little vagabonds taking up space. Misty is in the kitchen, standing in front of a large pot.

She dumps VEGETABLES into a pot of STEW, stirs it around. She covers it when...RING! The PHONE. She answers it.

Everyone is on high alert. The AUDIO TAP AGENT in the living room puts headphones on and sits at his computer. Now clutching the phone, Misty answers.

MISTY
Hello? Hey mom.

A BEAT for Misty's expression to go from release to menacing concern.

MISTY
What do you mean he never showed
up? I asked Rhee...
(voice trails off)

Her voice gets lost in her own thoughts. Nothing but a streak of dismay, then she makes a glance to the F.B.I.

She subconsciously takes out her aggression out on the stew, stirring vigorously. Still on the phone, she fakes laughter, which sounds more manic than genuine.

MISTY
I'm sure Rhee dropped him off at a
friend's. I'll call her right now.
Thanks Mom, bye.

Misty leaves her stew, grabs a knife, and goes to the counter, where some cilantro bunches await on a cutting board.

AUDIO TAP AGENT
Are you okay, Miss Bernell?

Knife in hand, she chops the shit out the cilantro.

MISTY
Absolutely, just putting the
finishing touches and your supper
will be ready.

AUDIO TAP AGENT

I meant your son. He never showed up.

She stops chopping. Her eyes stare at the knife in her hand. A Woman on the Verge, only masked with more manic laughter.

MISTY

He does this all the time!

WE SEE a SNEAKY AGENT enter the kitchen, behind Misty, who's still busy lying to the Audio Tap Agent.

MISTY

Impromptu LAN parties with the boys.

The Sneaky Agent taps her from behind. She spins around.

MISTY

WHAT?

She's unaware the knife is still in her hand, pointed directly at the Sneaky Agent.

SNEAKY AGENT

Miss Bernell, your friend, Rhee is here.

Misty laughs, manic, then out of relief. She sets the KNIFE DOWN, gently, pulls her hair back behind her ear. As calm as she can muster without flipping out.

MISTY

Thanks, I'll be right there.

Misty wipes her hand on a dishrag and exits to find...

INT. MISTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rhee is standing at the door, shit-eating grin. Misty appears pleasant, but her FEET STAMPER, STORMING towards Rhee.

RHEE O'HARA

In a cooking frenzy?

Misty is about to speak, but catches herself, considering the F.B.I. Agents around the house.

MISTY

(calm)

Who knew I could feed a whole F.B.I. Squad?

Misty walks past her, no hug this time. She opens the door to the garage.

MISTY
Step into my office.

As they both enter, Misty checks the room for any nearby Agents.

INT. MISTY'S HOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Now that they're alone in a cluttered garage. Rhee hands her a MANILA ENVELOPE.

MISTY
What the hell is this?

RHEE O'HARA
Deadly Nightshade. Berries. There's been a change of plans.

MISTY
Where's my son?

Rhee's smile says it all. Proud to have the upper hand once again. Misty drifts backward, clutching a woodshop counter to catch her fall.

MISTY
No. Why are you doing this? We're in this together.

RHEE O'HARA
Twenty years, alone. Did you forget I'm out for blood?

MISTY
Not my son's.

RHEE O'HARA
The F.B.I. Found the braid, which means they'll find you. A damsel peched in your own tower-turned-prison.

Rhee points to the berries.

RHEE O'HARA
I'm nice enough to show you the way out.

RHEE O'HARA
What then, huh?

RHEE O'HARA

Someone will be here to rescue you.
Assuming you send me the money.

Rhee makes her exit, but Misty's not done with her. She latches onto Rhee's Arm.

MISTY

Where are they? My son? Harris?

RHEE O'HARA

Where it all began.

MISTY

Where are you going?

RHEE O'HARA

To prey.

Rhee exits.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - MAGONLIA LUTHERAN CHURCH - DAY

A church on the hill that stares down at the village below. The Church sign, MAGNOLIA LUTHERAN, with an inspirational quote: THE MOST POWERFUL POSITION IS ON YOUR KNEES.

Underneath, the Church Parishoner's name: FATHER WESTERFIELD.

INT. MAGNOLIA LUTHERAN CHURCH - CHURCH OFFICE - DAY

FATHER WESTERFIELD'S focus is devoted to the Bible behind his desk. His name is plated between a praying hands statuette and a cross.

The DOOR CREAKS OPEN. Father Westerfield pays no mind.

FATHER WESTERFIELD

I'll pass on lunch today Beatrice.

RHEE O'HARA (O.S.)

Forgive me, Father. For I have sinned.

Father looks up to see Rhee with her hands outstretched. Both hands and blouse are covered in blood. He gets up from his desk. The studies will have to wait.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. WILL'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT

PROJECTOR SCREEN

shows MAGNOLIA HIGH YEARBOOK COVER "WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN."
Faces upon faces, memories, signatures, flash in a blur
before settling on the

ALGEBRA 2 HOME ROOM PHOTO

The same one Harris studied in his buzzed state.

NEXT SLIDE: HENRY'S DEATH CERTIFICATE.

JACK CRAWFORD

So Henry faked his death? Why?

WILL GRAHAM

To transform. To cocoon.

BRIAN ZELLER

Hence, his butterfly analogy?

WILL GRAHAM

She feels like her own
transformation isn't complete.

BEVERLY KATZ

Henry never went through gender
reassignment.

Will clicks his remote. NEXT SLIDE: an ARTICLE from the local
paper. WESTERFIELD CLINIC BREAKS GROUND WITH FOUNDING
MEMBERS!"

The Founders? Misty, Harris, Drew, Aaron, Steve, and Father
Westerfield. Each one with a golden shovel, breaking ground.

WILL GRAHAM

Revenge is a dish best served cold.

INT. MISTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Or in Misty's case, best served as a garnish. Misty sprinkles
the dried BERRIES over each bowl of hot stew.

MISTY

Who's hungry?

The Agents storm the kitchen without hesitation. Bon Apetit.

INT. MAGNOLIA LUTHERAN CHURCH - CHURCH OFFICE - SAME MOMENT

Father Westerfield wrings a WHITE RAG from a glass bowl and wipes the blood off Rhee's feet. After a couple swabs, he still can't find the source of the blood.

FATHER WESTERFIELD
Where's the wound?

They exchange glances, then Rhee shakes her head. It's not her blood.

RHEE O'HARA
I couldn't let go. I wanted them to know how much they hurt me.

Father Westerfield drops the rag, slowly, back into the water. The blood seeps from the rag, infecting the once-clear water with deep red hues.

FATHER WESTERFIELD
You're the one murdering the founders of the Mental Center.

RHEE O'HARA
They needed to pay for killing Henry.
(beat)
Killing me.

FATHER WESTERFIELD
Henry's dead.

Rhee shakes her head.

RHEE O'HARA
Resurrected.

FATHER WESTERFIELD
Impossible. I conducted Henry's memorial at the high school.

RHEE O'HARA
Mom wanted me to be happy. It's why she left you. SO she could raise me into the woman I am today.

FATHER WESTERFIELD
An abomination.

Rhee shakes her head once more, drawing the butterfly knife from her purse.

RHEE O'HARA

A new creation. The old has gone,
the new has come. Second
Corinthians, dad, remember?

OFF Father Westerfield's confused gaze. Then looking down at
the knife.

WILL GRAHAM (PRELAP)

Misty struck a deal with the
killer.

INT. WILL'S CLASSROOM - LATER

Will clicks his remote. SLIDE shows teen Misty with a somber
teen Henry.

WILL GRAHAM

Misty mentioned Harris has a hefty
inheritance. Wanna guess the
beneficiary?

BEVERLY KATZ

She offered the killer a share of
the inheritance to kill Harris.

JIMMY PRICE

And the braid's the collateral?

JACK CRAWFORD

It's more than that.

One more remote click to reveal a newspaper article with RHEE
O'HARA'S FACE.

WILL GRAHAM

This was taken two weeks after the
groundbreaking ceremony. What's the
best way to keep in touch with the
Alumni?

BRIAN ZELLER

Facebook?

JIMMY PRICE

I mean, I hardly add people I don't
know.

One final click. Rhee's face alongside Henry Westerfield.

WILL GRAHAM

Through their children. I pulled their records, she has regular meetings with each of the founder's children.

BEVERLY KATZ

She was at Misty's house this morning!

JACK CRAWFORD

(to Zeller)

Call the Agents! I want Bernell arrested on the spot.

Zeller jumps on his phone.

INT. MAGNOLIA LUTHERAN CHURCH - CHURCH OFFICE - LATER

Rhee stands over her father, who's now on his knees.

RHEE O'HARA

You considered my orientation to be a test of your faith.

FATHER WESTERFIELD

You chose this lifestyle.

RHEE O'HARA

I chose to live!

FATHER WESTERFIELD

What can I do?

RHEE O'HARA

Pray.

INT. MISTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A house full of dead Agents. In each hand, a bowl of half-finished soup. The only sound is an AGENT'S PHONE RINGING!

Misty walks over the bodies. Reaches into one of their pockets, and pulls out the phone.

JACK CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Arrest Bernell pronto.

MISTY

You expect me to cuff myself, Agent?

JACK CRAWFORD

Misty. Put one of the agents on the phone, please.

MISTY

They're a bit indisposed at the moment. I gotta go.

JACK CRAWFORD

Where is she? Rhee?

MISTY

She said she was going to pray.

JACK CRAWFORD

Stay in the house, Misty.

MISTY

I would if I could, but I have a date with destiny.

Misty hangs up the phone, steps over more dead Agents, and walks out the door.

EXT. MISTY'S HOUSE / INT. SUV - MOMENTS LATER

And into an F.B.I. Agents' SUV. The Driver is none other than Hannibal, wearing a three-piece suit underneath a clear plastic parka.

She takes a quick look at him. Not impressed, but fakes some gratitude.

MISTY

Expecting rain or something?

HANNIBAL LECTER

Just something.

His tone, dark, is unsettling to Misty. But it's too late now. They drive off into the night.

EXT. MAGNOLIA LUTHERAN CHURCH - LATER

F.B.I. Agents jettison off trucks. Getting into formation outside church doors. Will Graham and Brian Zeller pull up to the scene and meet the Agents.

INT. MAGNOLIA LUTHERAN CHURCH - SANCTUARY - CONTINUOUS

BOOM! DOORS FLY OPEN! Graham and Zeller step through, the fading sunlight heralds their entrance and pierces through the church.

The late Father Westerfield kneels at the altar, hands in solemn prayer. On the altar's surface, a GOLDEN GOBLET, filled to the brim with the FATHER'S BLOOD.

Guns DRAWN, Graham and Zeller walk down the aisle.

BRIAN ZELLER

Still think this is about
butterflies?

Will pays him no mind. His attention is drawn to what stands past the victim.

WILL GRAHAM

Hands up!

In front of the mosaic glass window of Abraham and Isaac, a SILHOUETTE watches them. Slowly, her hands raise as she steps into the light. It's Rhee.

EXT. MAGNOLIA LUTHERAN CHURCH - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jack Crawford exit the church. The white paint reflects the flashing BLUE and RED COP LIGHTS around them.

He walks towards Graham, Zeller, Katz, and Price. Pensive, dumbfounded.

WILL GRAHAM

She knows where Harris is.

BRIAN ZELLER

Only she wants Graham to escort
her. Alone.

JACK CRAWFORD

Out of the question, we all know
what happens when we put killers on
a leash.

BRIAN ZELLER

But you don't want this to be over?

JACK CRAWFORD

I have four dead agents in some
home, four victims, and two missing
persons.

JACK CRAWFORD
Forgive me if my patience is
wearing thin.

BRIAN ZELLER
I don't think...

JACK CRAWFORD
I don't want to discuss this with
someone who leaked info to Lounds'
just to spite Graham and the
F.B.I..

WILL GRAHAM
What?

Jack bites his lip. Instant regret. But he stands firm.

JACK CRAWFORD
You go together.

EXT. HILLTOP AVENUE - NIGHT

An SUV sits on top of a hill, looking down on the flashing
Blue and RED lights from the FBI Vehicles at the church
below.

Next to the SUV, Hannibal's silhouette. HANNIBAL'S PHONE
RINGS. He steps out of the car, removes his GLOVES, and
answers the phone.

HANNIBAL LECTER
Hello Jack, quite the ungodly hour.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MAGNOLIA LUTHERAN CHURCH - PARKING LOT - SAME MOMENT

Jack Crawford stands on his own, next to the car.

JACK CRAWFORD
Sorry Doctor. I had a situation
come up that requires your aid.

HANNIBAL LECTER
How can I help?

JACK CRAWFORD
I put a tracker on Graham's car.
Can't explain it right now, but I
need you to go to him.

HANNIBAL LECTER
Everything all right?

JACK CRAWFORD
Yes, just got tied in with a lead
on my own.

HANNIBAL LECTER
Very well, Jack.

JACK CRAWFORD
I'll send you the link to follow
his signal. Thanks again.

Jack hangs up.

EXT. ROAD / INT. GRAHAM'S CAR - NIGHT

Three in the car. Brian in passenger and Rhee in the
backseat. Will is driving. Pensive.

WILL GRAHAM
Where will we find Harris?

Rhee cracks a helpless smirk. Still has the upper hand.

RHEE O'HARA
Where it all began. There's a
shortcut if you take a right.

Will obeys and turns right. Down the street, where they
approach Hilltop Avenue.

WILL GRAHAM
Homeroom? What will we find?

RHEE O'HARA
A father teaching his son how to
fly.

Will Graham peers over to Zeller.

WILL GRAHAM
You've been sharing war stories
with Lounds?

BRIAN ZELLER
She used me.

WILL GRAHAM
Can't rape the willing.

Rhee O'Hara laughs. Zeller glares at her in the backseat.

EXT. HILLTOP AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

HANNIBAL'S PHONE JINGLES. He opens it up to a MAP, which displays Graham's location. Hannibal looks down the hill.

His street will intersect with Hannibal's before they get to the school. Graham's car will pass the intersection and be right at the School's Student Rear Drop-Off.

Hannibal heads back towards the SUV. This time to the passenger side, where he pulls MISTY'S LIMP BODY from the seat over to the DRIVER'S SIDE. Her dress dyed to match the blood still pouring out of her neck.

Her dazed eyes meet Hannibal's. He looks past her, and turns the keys in the ignition. He grabs the clutch to put the SUV...

...to NEUTRAL. Then it coasts downhill.

EXT. ROAD / INT. GRAHAM'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Will nods his head. Unaware of the approaching headlights.

WILL GRAHAM
I envy you, you know.

BRIAN ZELLER
How?

WILL GRAHAM
You know your place, can charm a room with a joke. While I remain...

RHEE O'HARA
The ever-lonely wallflower.

BEAT. Will's car stops at Hilltop Avenue. They acknowledge the SUV's approach down the hill, but coast forward. Unaware that the DRIVER in the INTERSECTING LANE is dead.

MISTY'S SUV races downhill, running the stop sign.

OFF WILL'S FACE, the WHITES of HIS EYES VISIBLE AS THE SUV SLAMS...TIME SLOWS DOWN...GLASS FLIES, cutting Zeller's face.

TIME RESUMES. The CAR SOMERSAULTS where everything GOES BLACK.

JUST THE SOUND OF CRASHING METAL.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

GLASS SHARDS SHIMMER across the asphalt like the moon over a quiet sea. Graham's car is overturned, in a ditch, but as unconscious as its passengers.

The RAVEN-FEATHERED STAG crosses the accident. Its HOOVES CLOD against asphalt. It bends down to an unconscious Graham and HUFFS air over his head. Graham stirs, slowly coming to. His world, like the glass, is a blurry SHIMMER.

NOTE: RAVEN-FEATHERED STAG APPEARS throughout the series. It's a totem to Will's subconscious state.

Will notices Rhee is gone.

Graham crawls out of the vehicle. The Stag moves onward, as if showing him the way. He follows after it, staggering like a drunk.

Along the way, he passes by the other SUV. Inside, a BODY, Some bleached blonde with a terrible haircut. Misty.

The Stag guides Graham to the school, which awaits beyond a field draped in fog.

INT. MAGNOLIA HIGH - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

A shirtless Harris slouches on top of a DESK CHAIR. Neck bound in a NOOSE, barely conscious. Blood pools on the floor from his crotch and back. Both still unhealed.

Across the classroom, Taylor stands on his tippy toes. Also bound in a noose. With the same rope.

The rope bonding both victims is united via HOOKS and PULLEYS, creating a morbid scale. Taylor's life relies on Harris' balance and consciousness.

HARRIS

I'm sorry, son.

TAYLOR

(straining)

Not your fault.

RHEE O'HARA (O.S.)

If you only knew, boy.

Rhee O'Hara emerges from the shadows. Her face merely bruised from the accident.

INT. MAGNOLIA HIGH - HALLWAY - LATER

Will Graham drudges down the hall. He's concussed, so his movements are sluggish. His vision doubled. But hanging on the Stag's tail, who still guides him through.

Despite his hazed state, Graham pulls out his gun. Ready for action.

INT. MAGNOLIA HIGH - CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rhee stands between Harris and Taylor. The sick composer to this tragic opera.

HARRIS

Dot, let my son go. He's not involved in this.

RHEE O'HARA

He's yours, isn't he? I brought him here to talk about our history. And what he's learned about himself.

TAYLOR

Miss O'Hara.

RHEE O'HARA

Shhh. It's important for you to not deny yourself this moment. Trust me, it'll feel like a weight is lifted off you.

Harris leans forward. He's lost a lot of blood. It's all over the floor. Even keeping his eyes open is a challenge.

Rhee slaps Harris on the back. His JERSEY NUMBERS are CARVED onto his back. He arches upward, before kneeling. Taylor's feet lift off the ground!

RHEE O'HARA

Where are your manners? He can't speak with you slouching!

Harris looks up to see Taylor hanging a foot above ground, kicking, choking, struggling for life. He stumbles to his feet. Taylor's feet touch the ground once more.

In the corner, Hannibal enters with the poise of some strict disciplinarian.

HANNIBAL LECTER

This was not in our agreement, Miss O'Hara. Taking an innocent life. Very rude.

RHEE O'HARA

What about my life? Was mine not innocent?

HANNIBAL LECTER

It was unfortunate, but the choices you are making taint the legacy you leave behind.

RHEE O'HARA

I can't just let them go.

HANNIBAL LECTER

You will do exactly that.

Rhee considers, before she kicks the DESK CHAIR from under Harris! Taylor flies into the air once more!

Harris' feet extend out, kicking violently.

The door opens. Graham fumbles through, poking his head like a nervous child.

RHEE O'HARA

Ah, enter the darkly dreaming detective.

Graham opens the door wider. He wields the gun with both hands. With Will's compromised state, he hardly looks intimidating.

Will looks up to see, behind Rhee, is the WENDIGO. NOTE: WENDIGO is WILL'S INTERPRETATION HANNIBAL, the NORSE GOD of CANNIBALISM. His ANTLERS POINT UPWARD. To the PULLEY.

WILL points and SHOOTS! BANG! He shoots straight for the PULLEY. Harris and Taylor fall to their feet. It also lands right on Rhee's head.

Taylor and Harris look for each other. Then crawl to be closer. With his lingering strength Harris holds his crying son.

TAYLOR

I'm gay, dad.

Harris brushes his son's hair. Nothing but love and relief to see his son alive and breathing.

HARRIS

I love you all the more.

Harris' eyes roll back and collapses to the floor. Taylor shakes him. The Boy is terrified!

TAYLOR

Please help him!

Hannibal approaches Will, who is equally dazed.

HANNIBAL LECTER

Hand me the gun, Will.

Will obeys, just before Hannibal body-slams Will into a bookshelf. The books bury him. He's unconscious. He straightens his suits, it's creased, then turns back to see Taylor trembling.

Taylor's gaze is miles away for a BEAT, before meeting Hannibal's deep stare.

TAYLOR

My dad. He still loves me.

HANNIBAL LECTER

One can only be so fortunate.

HANNIBAL LECTER

You are very brave, Taylor.

Taylor smiles before nudging his father once again. Hannibal puts his fingers against Harris' neck for a pulse.

HANNIBAL LECTER

Your father won't die. He's still alive. I'll call an ambulance.

Hannibal pats Taylor's shoulder before grabbing Rhee. He hoists her over his shoulder, Tarzan-take-Jane style.

TAYLOR

Don't leave me here alone.

HANNIBAL LECTER

Help is on the way.

Hannibal walks into the shadows, and out of the classroom.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Will Graham wakes up on a hospital bed. Zeller is by his side.

BRIAN ZELLER

Lucky I found you all when I did.

WILL GRAHAM

How's Harris?

BRIAN ZELLER

Recovering. In I.C.U. Undergoing skin grafts, blood transfusions, and whatever you do for castrations.

WILL GRAHAM

And you waited for me to wake up?

BRIAN ZELLER

Don't tell anyone. I don't want to show I have a soft spot for a rain man.

WILL GRAHAM

Your secret's safe with me. About your camera, whatever damage I did, I'll pay for it.

BRIAN ZELLER

And I'll pay for your next therapy session with Doctor Lecter.

WILL GRAHAM

Just swear never to go to Lounds again.

BRIAN ZELLER

Deal. Jimmy and I go out for drinks every week, maybe you can tag along.

WILL GRAHAM

Let me recover first.

BRIAN ZELLER

Right. And don't worry about your dogs. I'll give Alana the night off.

WILL GRAHAM

Aren't you allergic?

BRIAN ZELLER

Nothing a pill can't cure.

Brian pats Graham's shoulder. He's about to leave when...

WILL GRAHAM

Was Hannibal there? In the classroom?

BRIAN ZELLER

Just Harris, Taylor, and you. You know hallucinations are a side effect to concussions, right?

WILL GRAHAM

And Rhee?

Brian shrugs his shoulders.

BRIAN ZELLER

We found her body in the cemetery. Missing organs. Sound familiar.

WILL GRAHAM

Chesapeake Ripper strikes again.

BRIAN ZELLER

We'll keep you posted, just rest.

Brian exits the room. Will bends down to his remote and presses a blue button. The one that pages the nurse.

INT. HANNIBAL'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Hannibal emerges from the kitchen. A savory skirt steak on a bed of seared greens. Elegant. Picturesque. He sets it down in front of Jack Crawford.

HANNIBAL LECTER

I'll warn you. Tonight's meat selection has been exposed to hormones.

Crawford covers his lap with a napkin. Ready to eat.

JACK CRAWFORD

As long as it's from an ethical butcher.

HANNIBAL LECTER

It gave of itself willingly.

JACK CRAWFORD

How is that possible? Did it walk into a slaughterhouse?

HANNIBAL LECTER

More or less.

INT. HANNIBAL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rhee sits on a chair. Her arm tied to a table. She slowly wakes up to the MUSIC of TU TU PICCOLO IDDIO from MADAMA BUTTERFLY.

HANNIBAL LECTER
The last aria of Madama Butterfly.

Rhee tries to free herself from the restraints. Then notices a razor conveniently placed next to her hand.

RHEE O'HARA
Does it really have to end like this?

HANNIBAL LECTER
We discussed this back in your office, Miss O'Hara. It's why I helped you. So you can fly.

RHEE O'HARA
But what about my story? People need to know.

HANNIBAL LECTER
I will see to it that your death will be a savory one.

Rhee picks up the razor. Tears flow down her cheeks. She holds it close to her skin as...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HANNIBAL'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack Crawford cuts into the steak. Blood spills into the seared greens. As always, Hannibal's culinary skills nearly precede his medical practice. He SIGHS, won over.

JACK CRAWFORD
Hormones, be damned.

Jack Crawford raises his glass, which Hannibal returns the gesture before drinking.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW