

ACT THREE

JACK CRAWFORD

UNDERWATER

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

MATCH CUT TO:

WILL GRAHAM

He stands over a sink, splashing water on his face, rattled.

CAMERA REVEAL we are --

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - BATHROOM

SC. 2

Will pats his face dry with paper towels as Jack ENTERS, impatient, having been looking for Will for some time.

JACK CRAWFORD

START -> What are you doing in here?

WILL GRAHAM

I enjoy the smell of urinal cake.

JACK CRAWFORD

Me, too. Lets talk.

An AGENT ENTERS to use the facilities. Jack holds the door.

JACK CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Use the ladies room.

The Agent abruptly turns and EXITS. Will eyes Jack closing the door, realizing he's not getting by without conversation.

WILL GRAHAM

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

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

JACK CRAWFORD

Do you respect my judgement, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

(cautious)

Yes.

HANNIBAL

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# HANNIBAL

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JACK CRAWFORD

We have a better chance of catching this guy if you're in the saddle.

WILL GRAHAM

I'm in the saddle. Just confused which direction I'm pointing. I don't know this kind of psychopath. ~~Never read about him.~~ I don't even know if he's a psychopath. He's not insensitive. He's not shallow.

JACK CRAWFORD

You could tell something about him or you wouldn't've said this was an apology. What's he apologizing for?

WILL GRAHAM

He couldn't honor her. He has guilt and remorse. He feels bad.

JACK CRAWFORD

Feeling bad defeats the purpose of being a psychopath, doesn't it?

WILL GRAHAM

Yes. It does.

JACK CRAWFORD

Then what kind of crazy is he?

WILL GRAHAM

He couldn't show her he loved her so he put her corpse back where he killed it. Whatever crazy that is.

JACK CRAWFORD

You think he loves these girls?

WILL GRAHAM

He loves one of them, and I think by association, he has some form of love for the others.

JACK CRAWFORD

There was no semen or saliva. Emily Nichols died a virgin and that corpse kept her promise.

WILL GRAHAM

That's not how he's loving them. He wouldn't disrespect them that way.

(MORE)

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# HANNIBAL

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WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

He doesn't want these girls to suffer. He kills them quickly and, to his thinking, with mercy.

JACK CRAWFORD

The sensitive psychopath. He risked getting caught to tuck Emily Nichols back into bed.

WILL GRAHAM

I think he knows that.

JACK CRAWFORD

What else does he know?

WILL GRAHAM

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

JACK CRAWFORD

Tell me one way.

WILL GRAHAM

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

**STOP**

CUT TO:

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - HAIR AND FIBER - DAY

A small, enclosed work space in a sealed, clean room.

ON BEVERLY KATZ

She has Emily Nichols' NIGHTIE suspended from a hanger over a table covered with white paper. Working under bright lights in the draft-free room, she brushes the nightie with a metal spatula, working with the wale and across it, with the nap and against it. Something falls through the still air:

A TINY CURL OF METAL

It falls to the paper. Beverly studies it with bright eyes:

BEVERLY KATZ

I got you.

CUT TO:

9/12

# HANNIBAL

## A METAL PIPE

It is secured in a vise positioned against the PIPE CUTTER'S JAWS. The cutter's knurled handle turns as a small amount of CUTTING OIL is applied to the blade, seeping over it.

## EXTREME CLOSE UP

The cutter is rotated and the blade is tightened, cutting into the pipe, shaving curls of metal as THREADS are carved.

## A TINY CURL OF METAL

It falls in similar fashion as it did in the crime lab. Instead of white paper, it lands on a pile of metal shavings.

## A REAMER

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

A CAR DOOR SHUTS and CAMERA REVEALS we are --

## EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

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

Her name is ABIGAIL HOBBS.

## DIRTY HANDS

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

## ON ABIGAIL HOBBS

She offers a small wave to the PIPE THREADER. One dirty hand offers a small wave in return. She knows her killer.

CUT TO:

## EXT. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO - DAY

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

A CHYRON tells us we are --

## UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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

10/12

TRANNNIBAL

START →

JACK CRAWFORD

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SC. 3

JACK CRAWFORD  
Graham likes you. He doesn't think you run any mind games on him.

ALANA BLOOM  
I don't. I'm as honest with him as I'd be with a patient.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Been observing him during your guest lectures at the academy?

ALANA BLOOM  
I've never been in a room alone with Will. I want to be his friend. And I am. You already asked me to do a study on him. I said no.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Petersen upstairs wanted the study.

ALANA BLOOM  
You're the one who asked for it.

JACK CRAWFORD  
Seemed a shame not to take advantage, academically speaking.

ALANA BLOOM  
Anything scholarly on Will Graham would be published posthumously.

JACK CRAWFORD  
After you or after Graham?

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

JACK CRAWFORD  
Why aren't you ever alone with him?

ALANA BLOOM  
Because I have a professional curiosity about him.

JACK CRAWFORD  
If he caught you peeking, he'd snatch down the shades?

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ALANA BLOOM

Normally I wouldn't even broach this, but what do you think one of Will's strongest drives is?

Jack knows exactly what she's getting at.

JACK CRAWFORD

Fear. He deals with huge amounts of fear. Comes with imagination.

ALANA BLOOM

It's the price of imagination. What you don't mention on the big boys side of the playground.

JACK CRAWFORD

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

ALANA BLOOM

You're not a total asshole.

JACK CRAWFORD

I wouldn't put him out there if I couldn't cover him -- if I couldn't cover him eighty percent.

ALANA BLOOM

I wouldn't put him out there.

JACK CRAWFORD

He's out there. And I need him out there. And I need you to make sure he's not left out there. Come back to Quantico with me.

ALANA BLOOM

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

Jack heaves a frustrated breath and exhales:

JACK CRAWFORD

So am I.

ALANA BLOOM

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

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HANNIBAL

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

~~END.~~

CUT TO:

A BLACK BODY BAG

~~A HAND reaches into FRAME and begins to UNZIP.~~

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Beverly Katz and Brian Zeller hover over the examination table as Jimmy Price continues to UNZIP the BODY BAG, all wearing gloves, aprons and splash visors.

JIMMY PRICE  
Tried her skin for prints. Of course, nothing. We did get a hand spread off her neck.

BEVERLY KATZ  
Report say anything about nails?

BRIAN ZELLER  
Her fingernails were smudged when we took scrapings. The scrapings were where she cut her palms with them. She never scratched him.

BEVERLY KATZ  
Curly piece of metal is all we got.

Beverly sneaks a flirtatious smile as CAMERA FINDS Will.

WILL GRAHAM  
(absently)  
We should be looking at plumbers, steamfitters, tool-workers.

Will is also outfitted in gloves, an apron and a splash visor (perched on top of his head). He flips the visor down and his breathing is amplified in his ears as it fogs his vision.

He takes a breath and forces himself to look in the bag.

CAMERA MOVES INTO THE BODY BAG

There is no body, only darkness. And the SOUND of WILL'S BREATH bouncing off the splash visor.

A PENDULUM

It swings in the darkness. FWUM. FWUM.

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