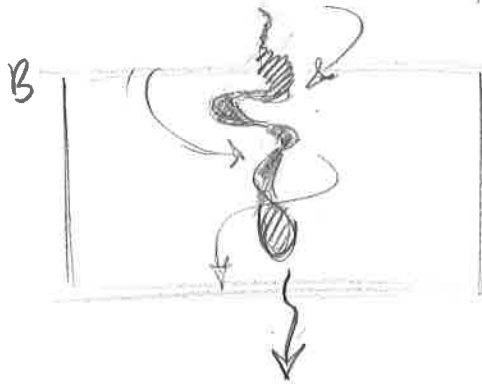


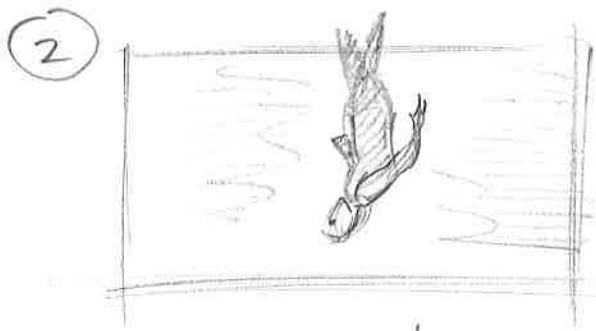
HANNIBAL

306

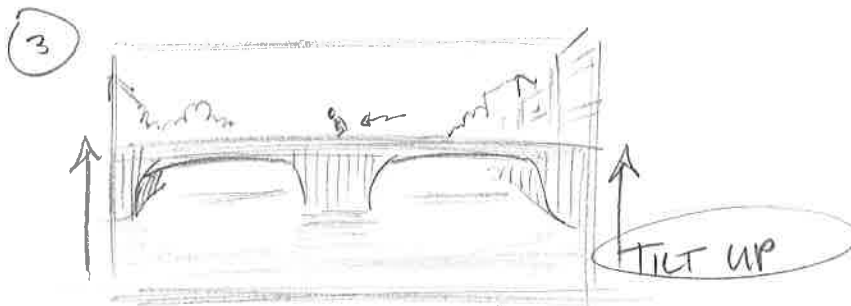
306 sc. ① - ⑥



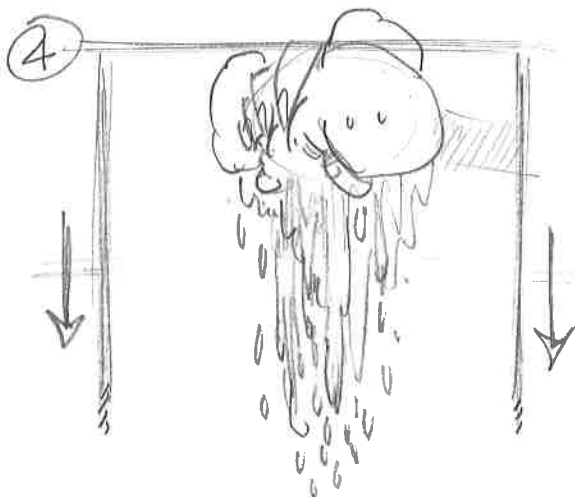
SLOW-MO DROP
OF BLOOD
FALLS INTO LIQUID



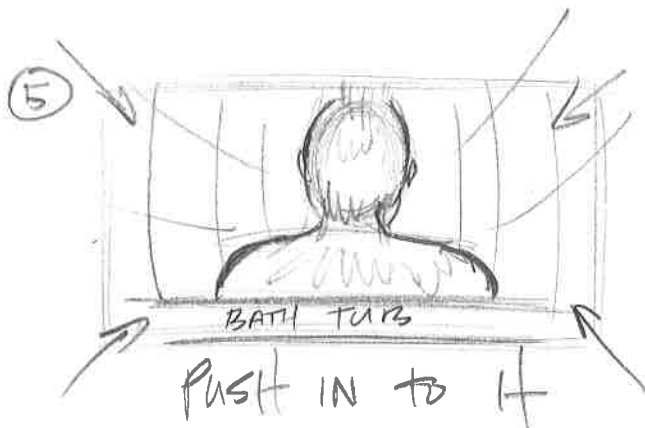
... BECOMES H. REFLECTED
IN THE ARNO RIVER.



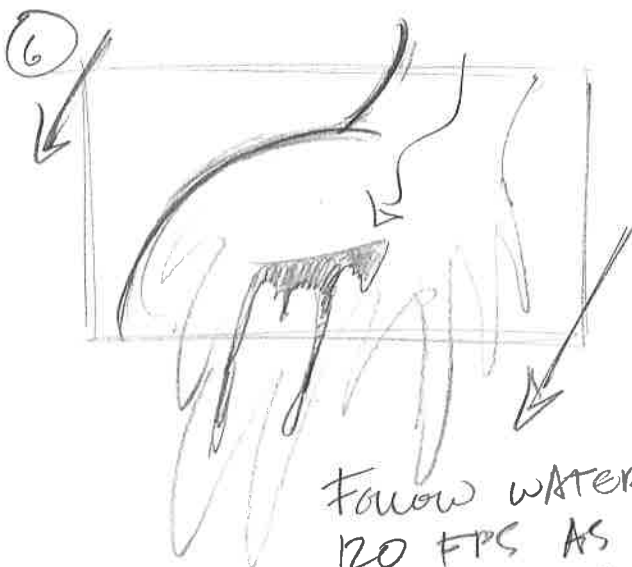
PRE-DRAW: H. CROSSES BRIDGE.
SLOW TILT UP = FROM WATER TO BRIDGE.



120 FPS TILT DOWN
FROM SPONGE AS
WATER DRIPS OUT.

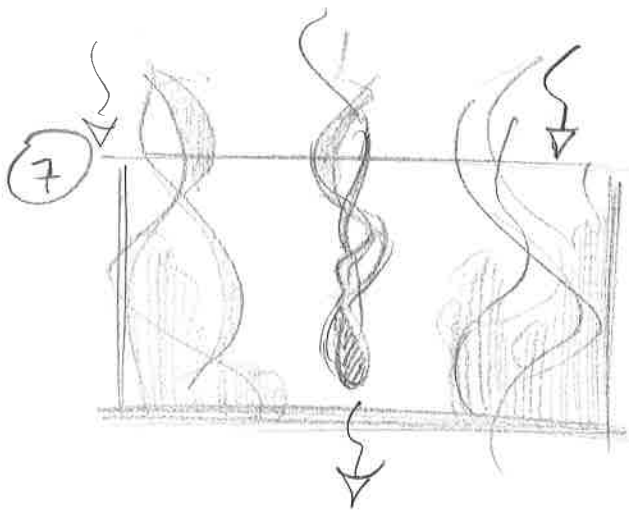


PUSH IN TO IT
120 FPS WATER DRIPS
DOWN ON HIM.

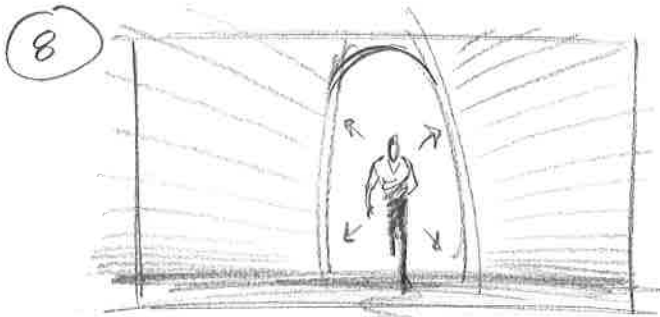


FOLLOW WATER
120 FPS AS IT
MANGLES WITH BLOOD

30G ← (1) - (6)



More power into
water...

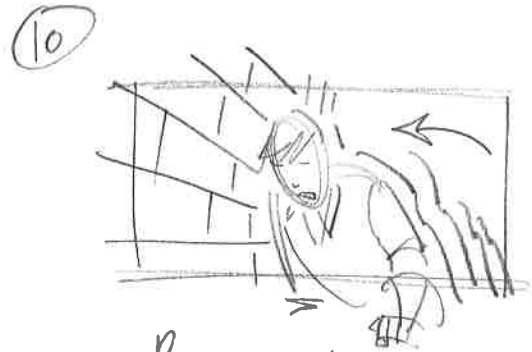


.. Becomes a STUMBLING
THRU ARCH-WAY.



It BUMPS INTO WALL
LEAVING 'GHOST TRAIL'
(Like 'ALTERED STATES')

48 FPS



.. BOUNCES
AGAINST OTHER
WALL

⑪



48 FPS

H STUMBLERS & FALLS
OUT OF SHOT
LEAVING GHOST
TRAIL.

⑫



H'S HEAD RISES INTO
SHOT 120 FPS.
WATER POURS DOWN.

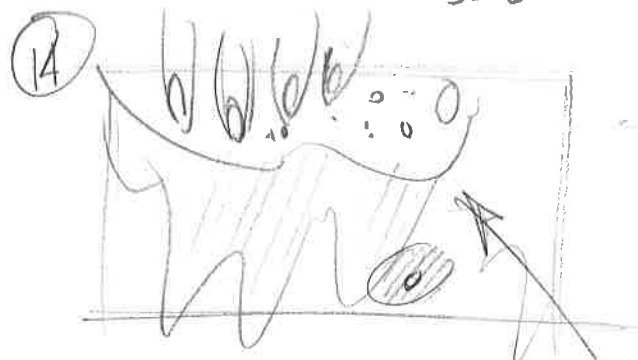
⑬



SPONGE PASSES
OVER WOUND.

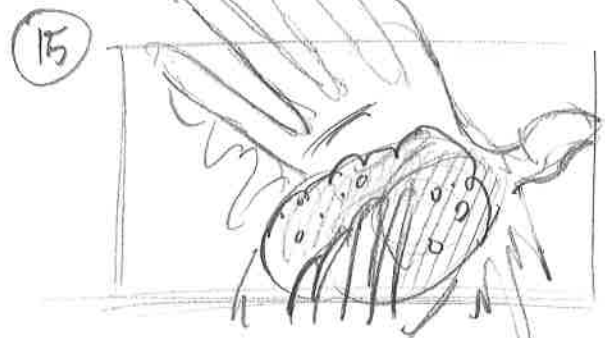
120 FPS

306 Su (1)-(6)



120 FPS

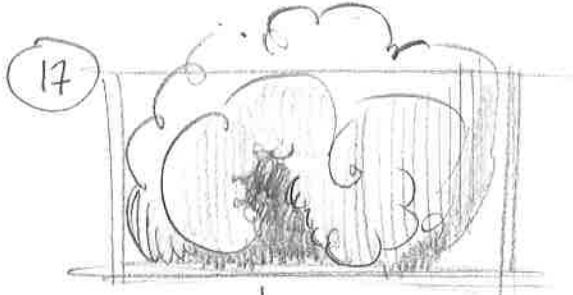
SPONGE PASSES
OPPOSITE DIRECTION
(PAST NIPPLE)



SPONGE PASSES
OVER STYGMATA-LIKE
WOUNDS ON PALM.



B REFLECTED IN
BLOODY BATHING
WATER.



BATHWATER TURNS
WOOLY - RED,
(120 FPS)

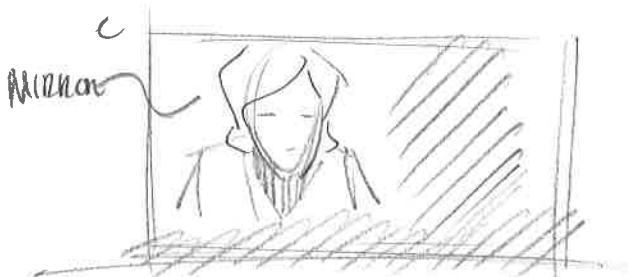
DISS TO =



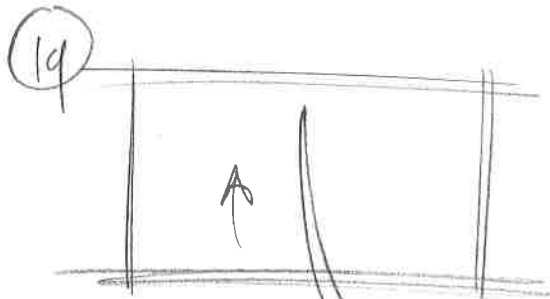
ON H



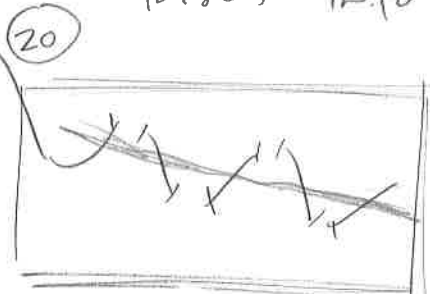
LOOKS UP AT...



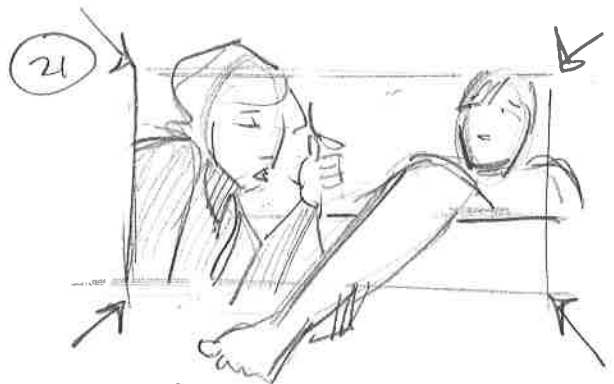
RACE FOCUS TO B
IN MIRROR.



SURGICAL NEEDLE
PUSHES INTO SKIN



EW B STITCHES
WOUND.



PUSH IN AS B
STITCHES H.
HE WATCHES.

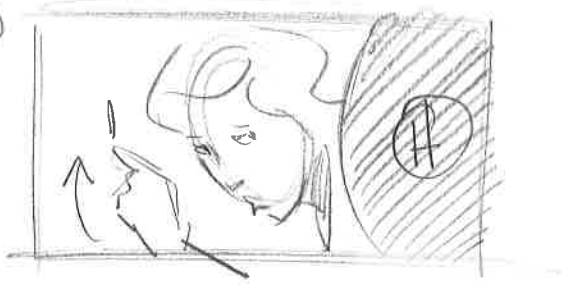


OVER B TO
H WATCHING
ADMIRINGLY.

206

Sec. (1) - (6)

(23)



OVER H to B.
As she FINISHES

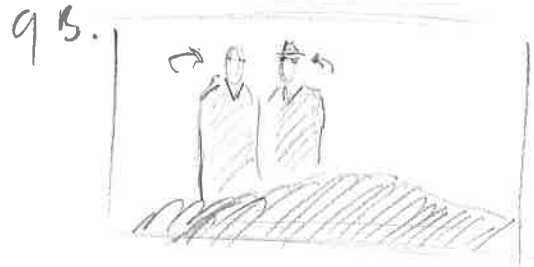


SCISSORS COME
IN TO SWIP THROAT.

306 - Sn. (7)



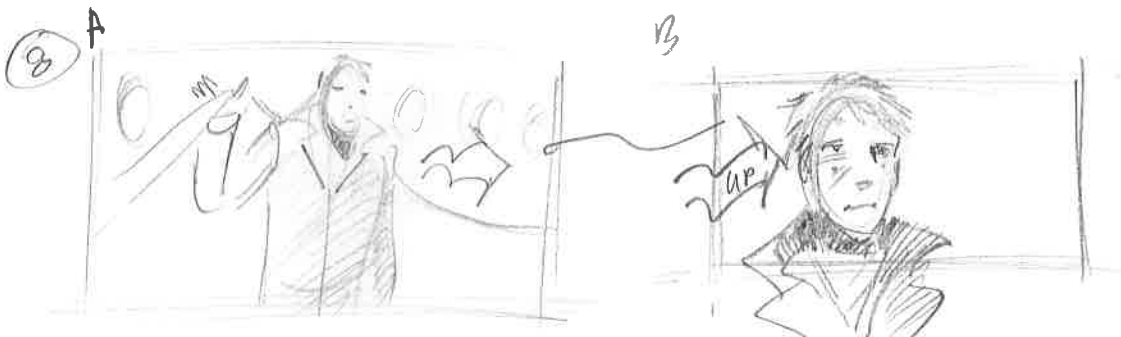
ANGLE OVER J
TO W (BELTINO
POLICE TAPE)



9B.
W + J turn
to PARRI'S BODY
- BACK FOCUS TO
IT IN FG.

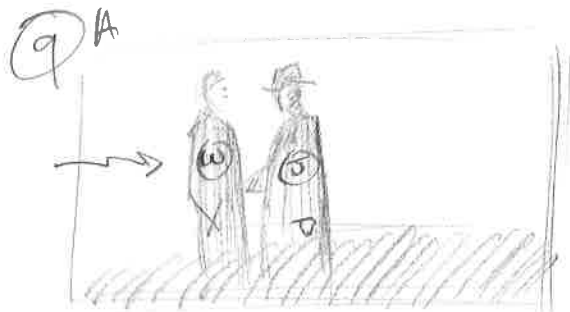


ON J HAPPY TO
SEE W.



TIGHTEN ON W
STEPING UP TO J.

W STOPS CLOSER
AND WE SEE HIS
BRUISES.



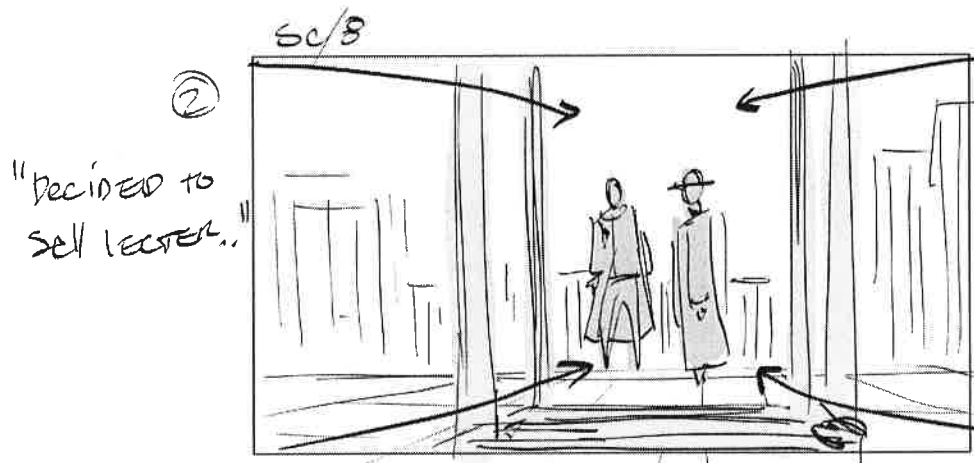
W COMES UP TO
J.



WIDE ON ROOM
-FLASH!
Forensics in F.G.
"I LIKED
PAZZI."



"HE WAS A
good man"
Ⓦ+Ⓝ
ENTER
BG

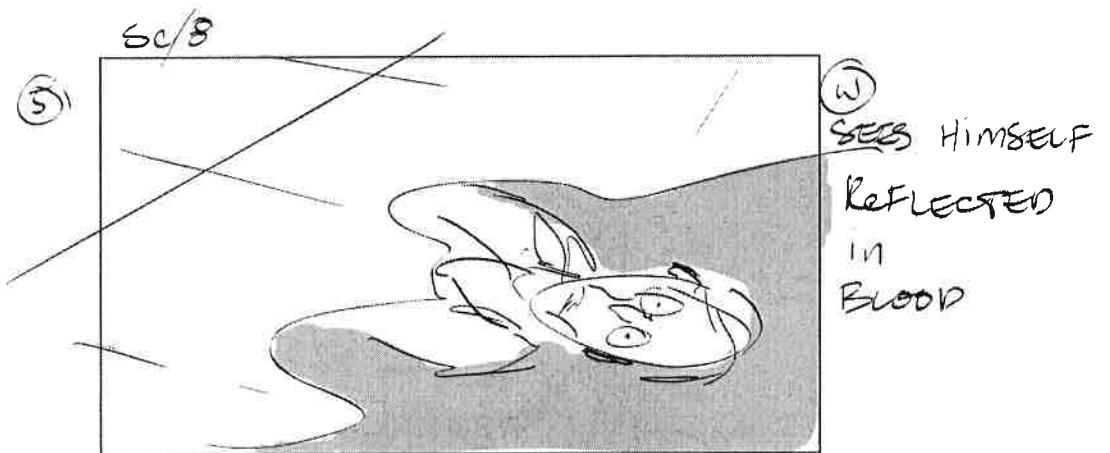


"Decided to
sell LECTER."

Room THROUGH
Broken
Display
to Ⓦ+Ⓝ

Hannibal

Episode 306

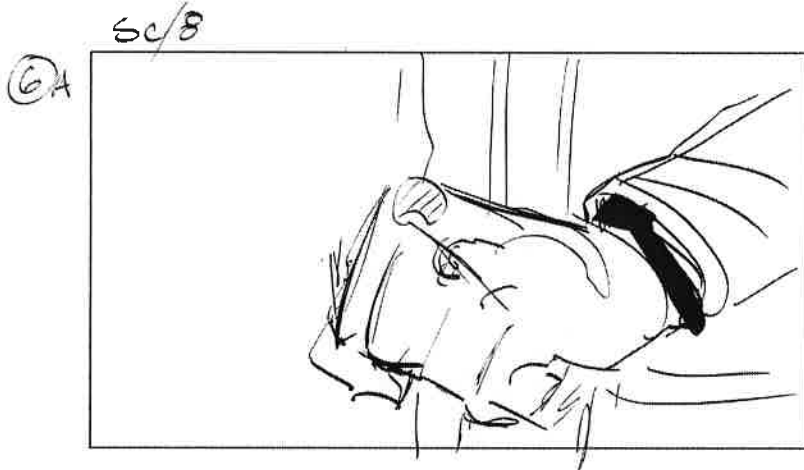


Coverage



W
You're looking for me...

J
I WAS SCARED...



ON
TO/S
knuckles

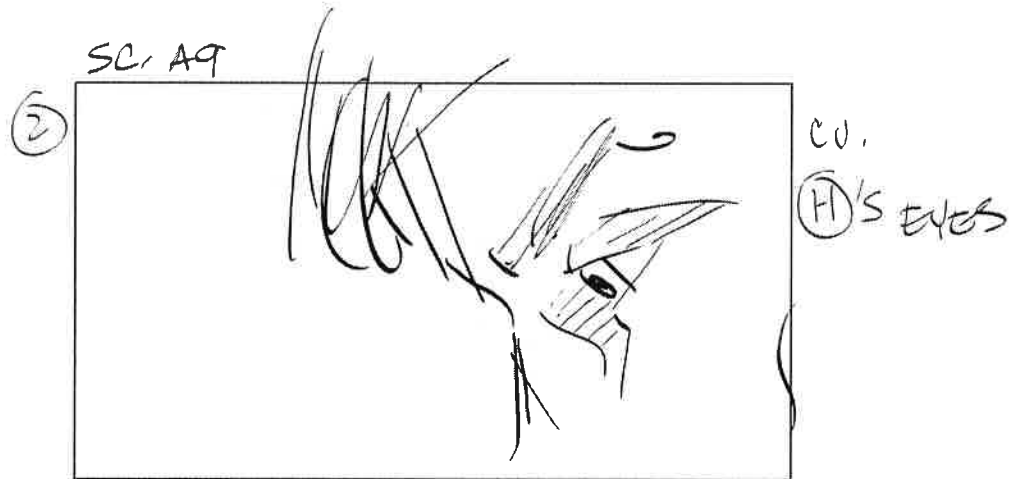
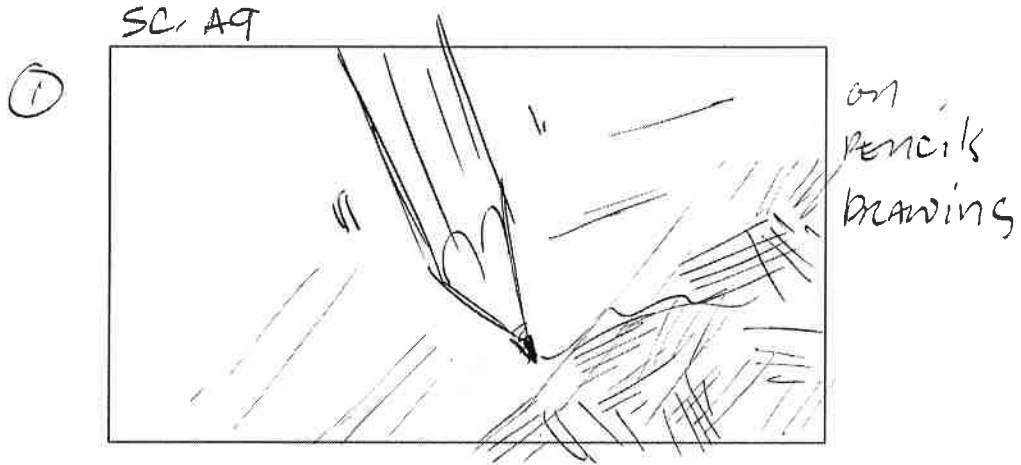


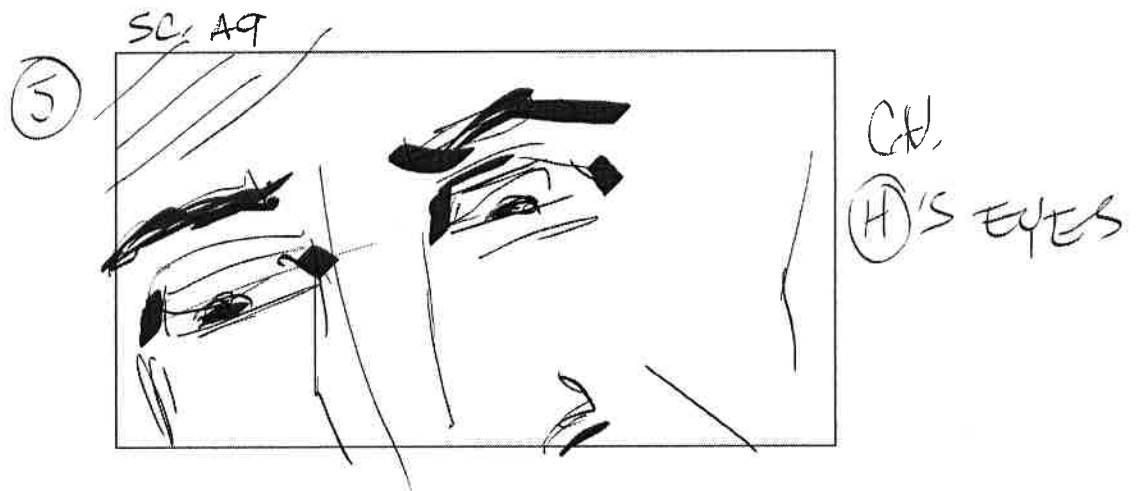
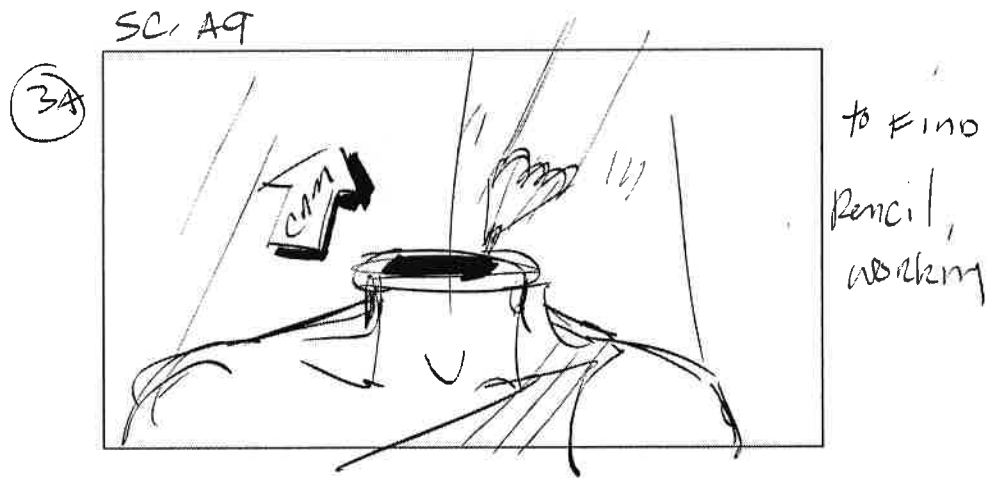
OVER J TO W
W
looks like you got...

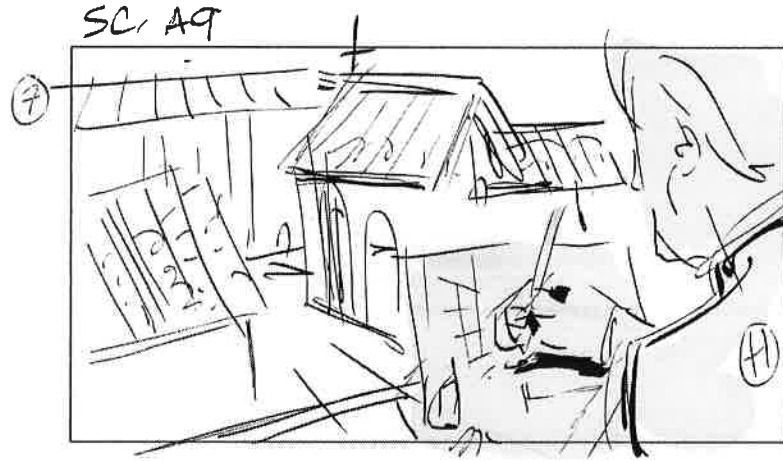
J
I HAD him, will,



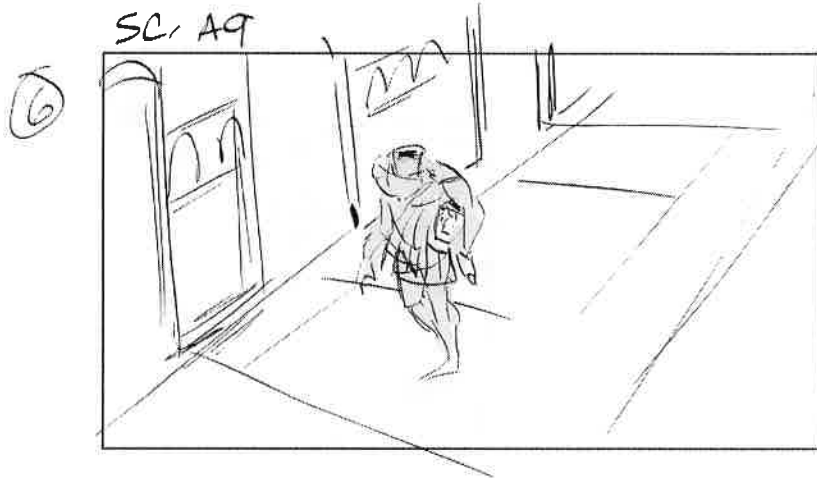
END SCENE



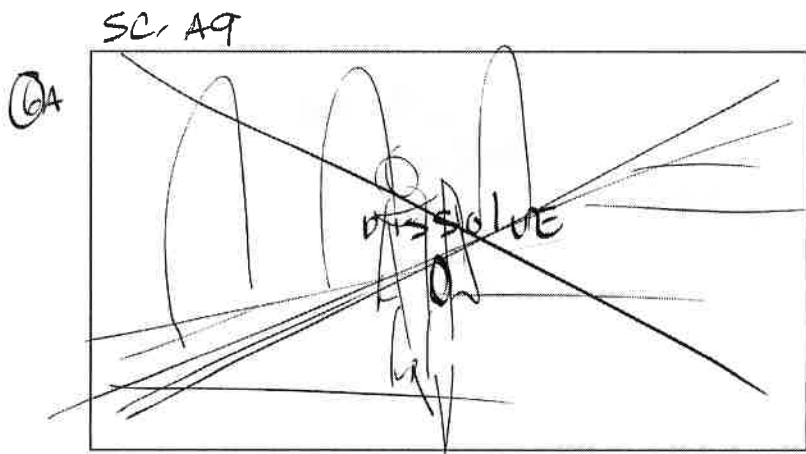


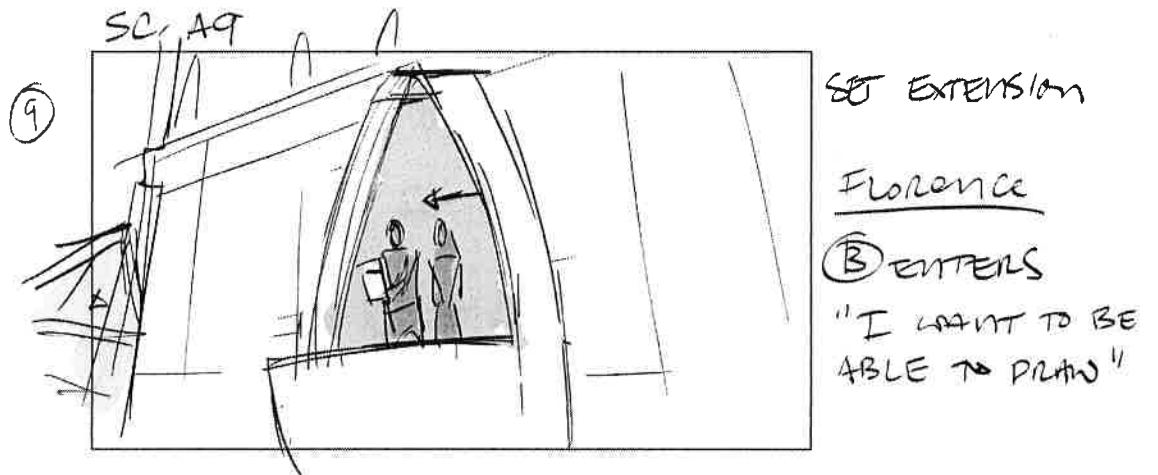
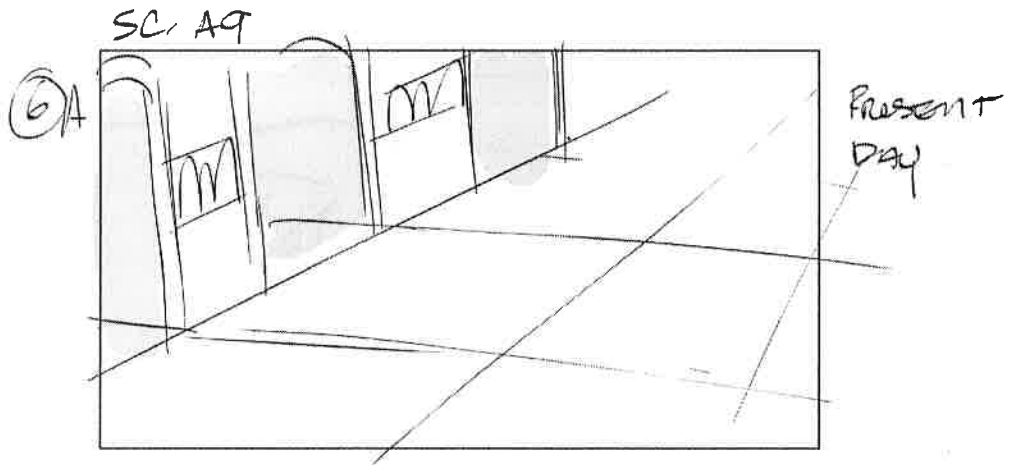


OVER (H) TO
STREET.
DRAWING



DRAWING
↓
TRANSITIONS
TO
↓
STREET



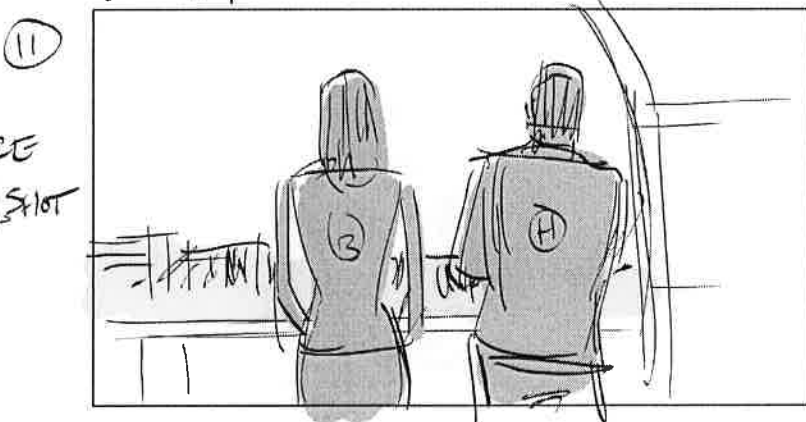


SC. A9



"HIS BODY PASSED -"

SC. A9



FLORENCE
PLATE SHOT

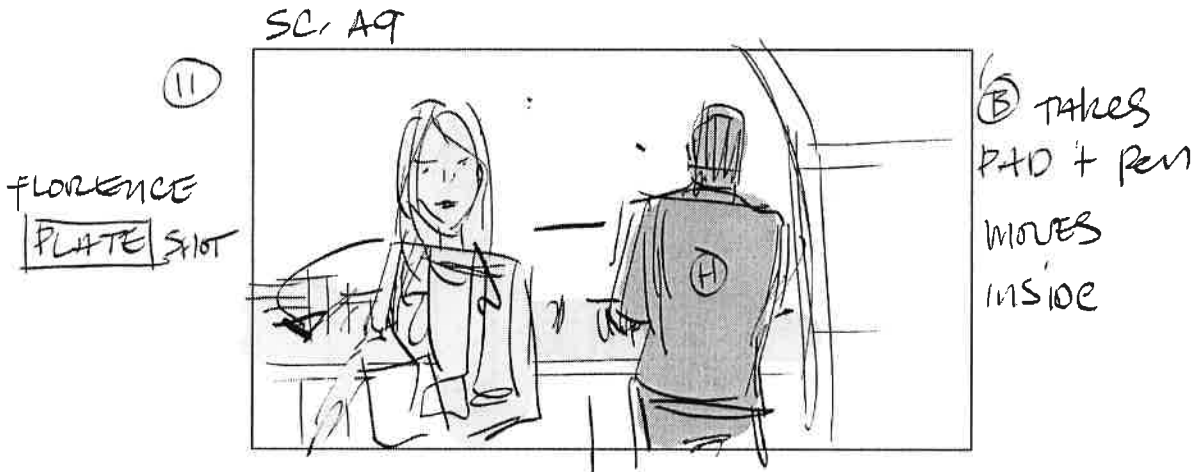
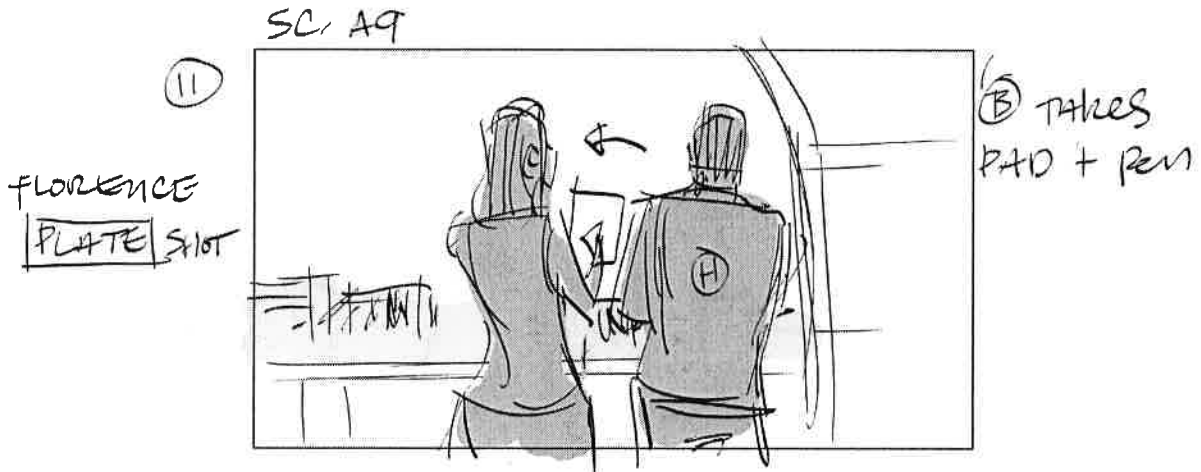
"I WANT TO BE
ABLE TO DRAW THE
PALAZZO"

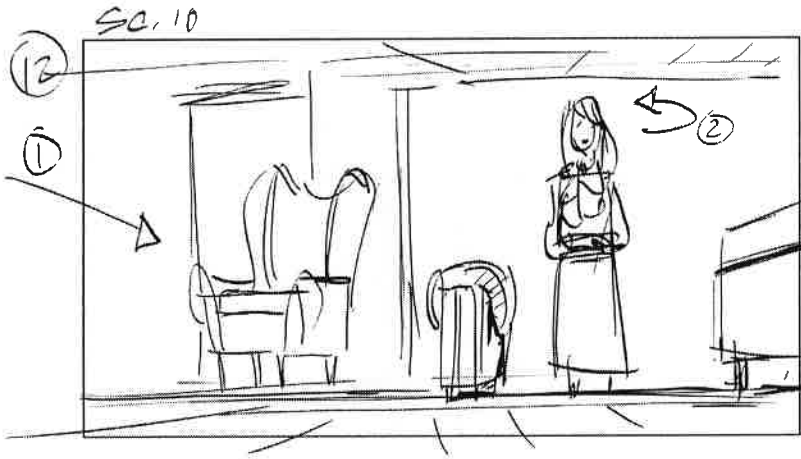
"YOU WON'T BE
COMING BACK"

SC. A9

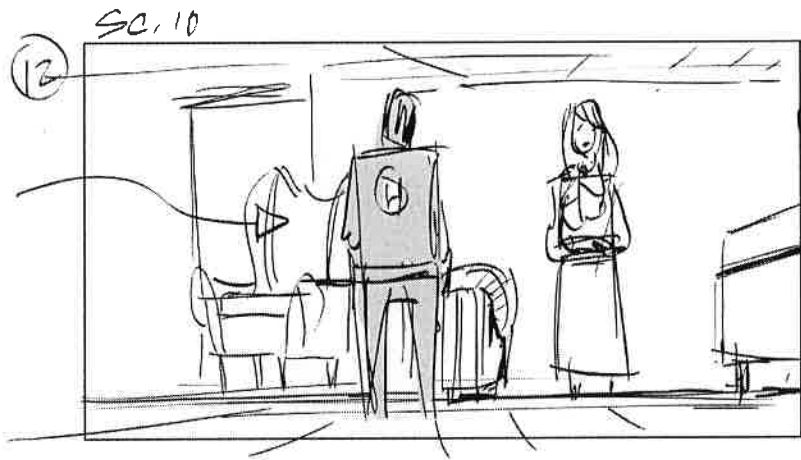


"MEMORIES OF
FLORENCE -"





③ ENTERS ROOM
 TURNS IN B6.
 ④
 BAG + COAT
 ⑤
 "ALL OF OUR ENDINGS"



④ =
 "You packed
 LIGHTLY"
 ⑤
 "I PACKED
 FOR YOU"

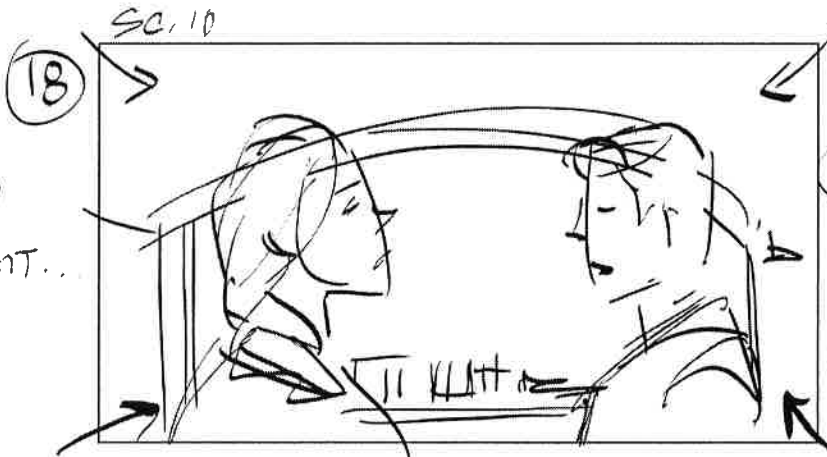


⑤
 "This is where I
 LEAVE YOU..."



17

H THIS IS HOW I INTENDED....



18

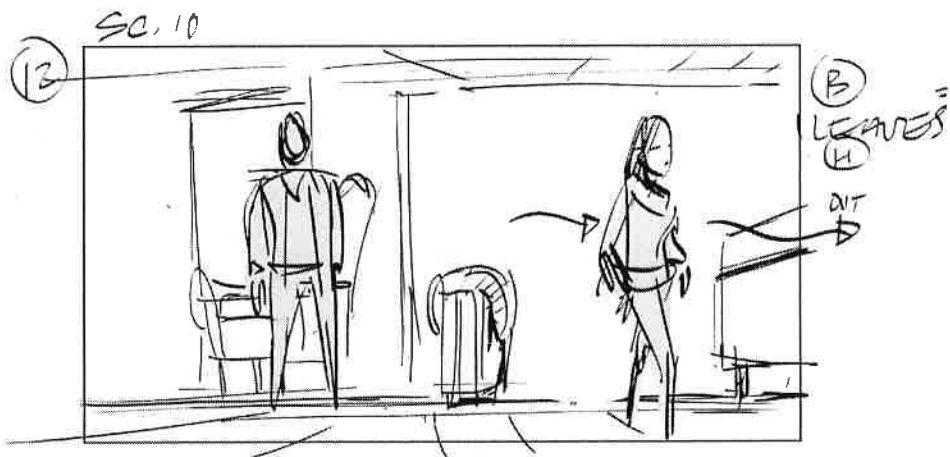
B I DIDNT..

JUMP THE LINE
CAM PUSH IN
SLOW 50/50
H DIDNT YOU?

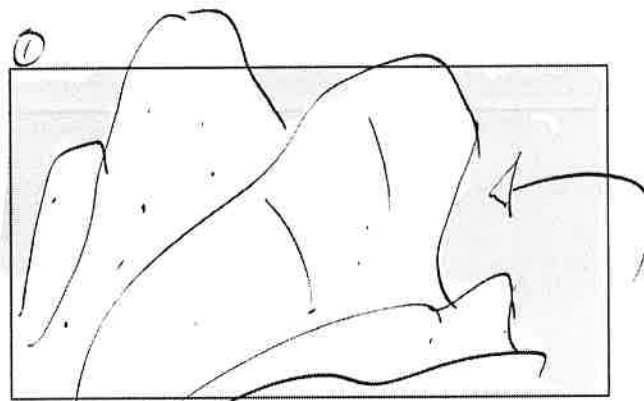


19

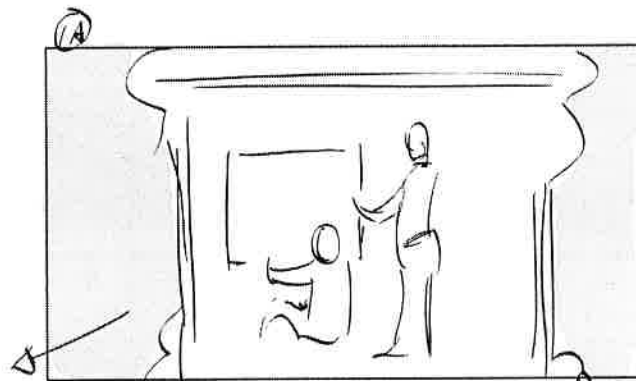
B "YOU MAY MAKE A MENTAL..."
CU. B KISSING H



SCENE # 11



NADKIN UNFULLED - SLO-MO



CONT - REVEALING PAINTING
"AFTER THE BATH."

EP. 306

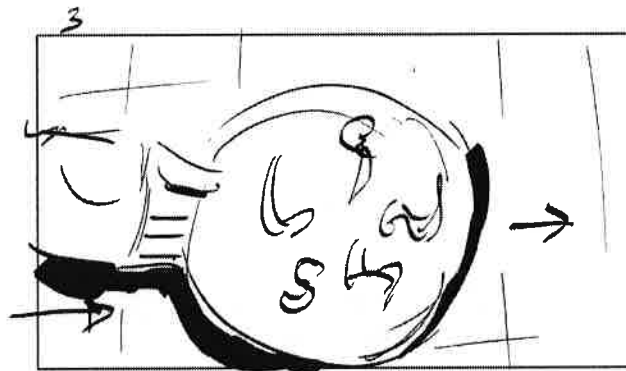
"Dolce"

STORYBOARDS

Sc.11, 12



BACK ON (M)'S HEAD, HANDS FASTEN NAPKIN.



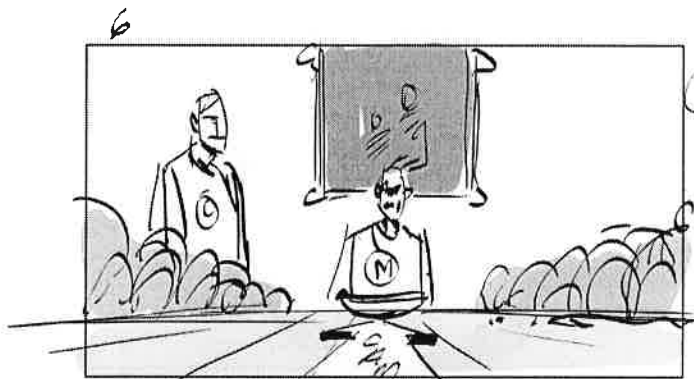
HIGH ANGLE - (C) SLIDES PLATE INTO VIEW - "PIG TAILS"



ECU - (C) "CUT INTO SECTIONS TO..."

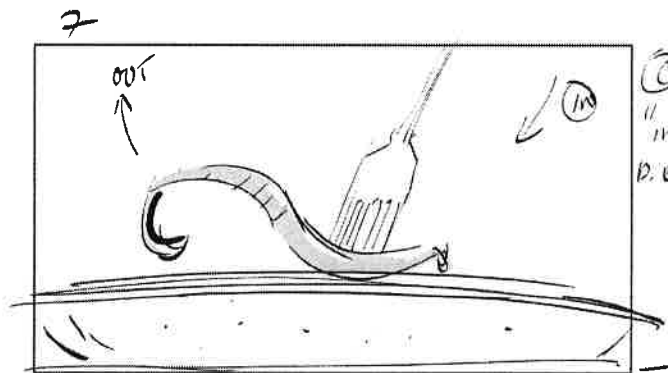


ECU - (M) "Finger Food!"



(C) "HANDS ARE HOW WE..."

WIDE SHOT - PUSH IN BETWEEN FLOORS. (PRISM)



(C) "IMAGINE WHAT D.E. LECTER..."



(M) "POETRY, CONPELL"



(M) SUCKS TEETH



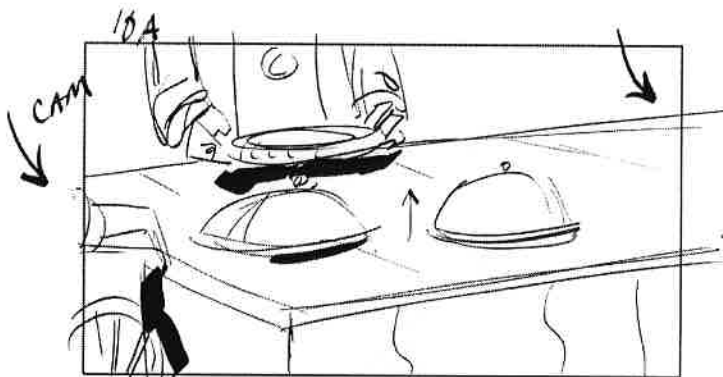
SOURS "HERE IT IS FERMENTED"



19
(M) "I PREFER GINGER"



19
(CAM) DOWN TO TABLE



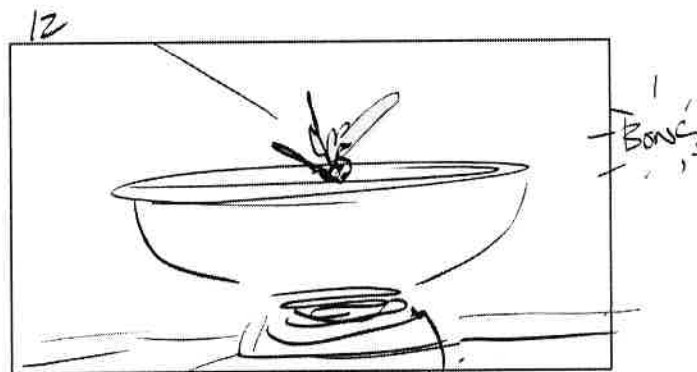
19A
CONT.



© "no, no. spit"



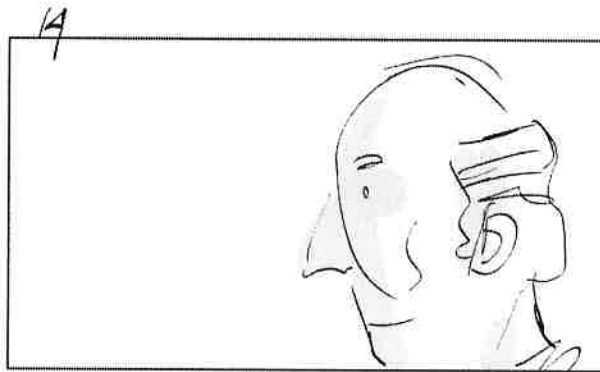
⑪ spits



INSERT: BOWL



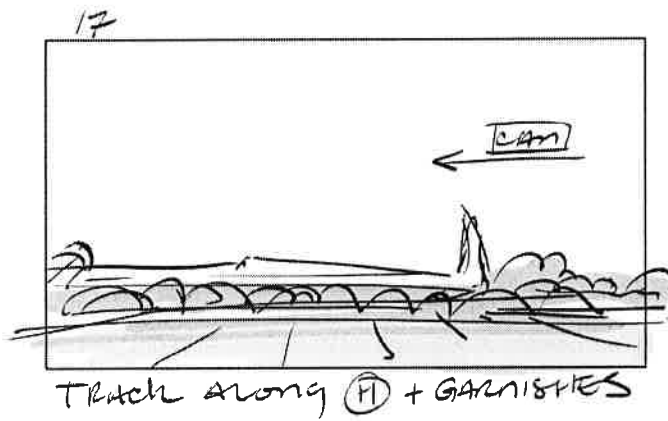
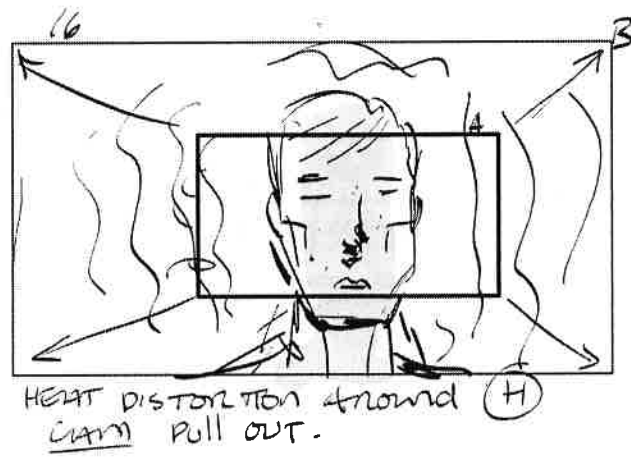
Low angle: (11) "PAPA ALWAYS SAID MEAT IS..."

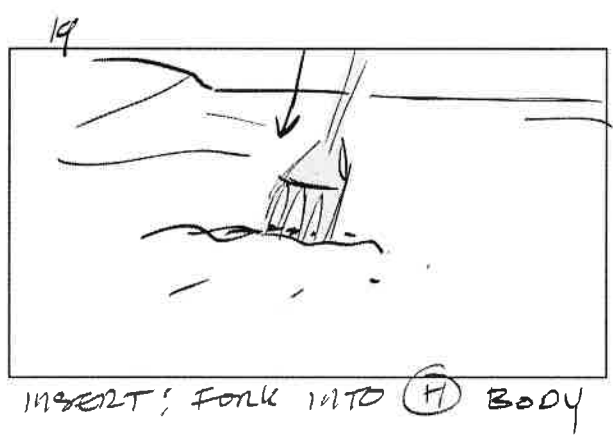
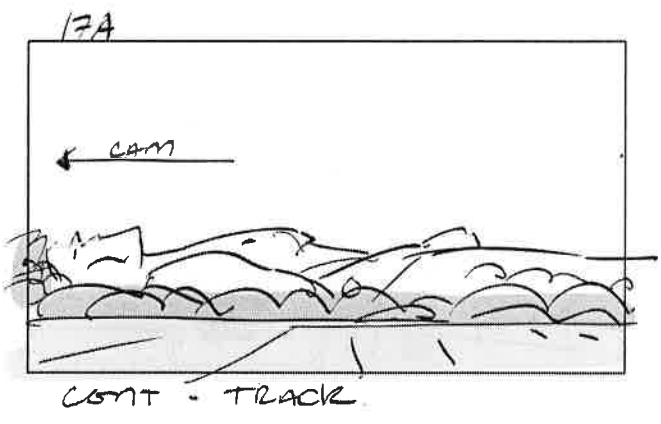


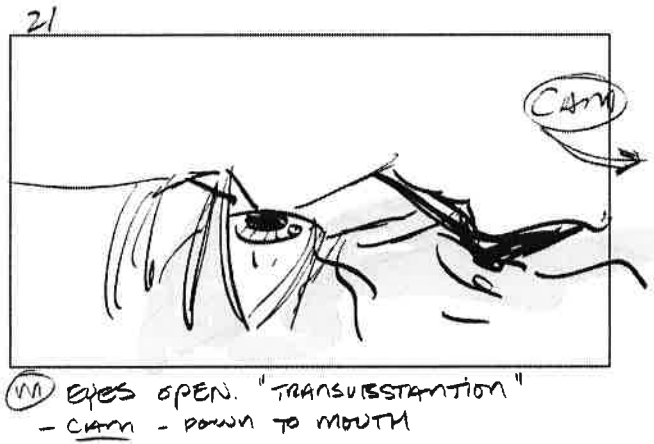
(11) "WE COULD BEKING ROCK HIM"

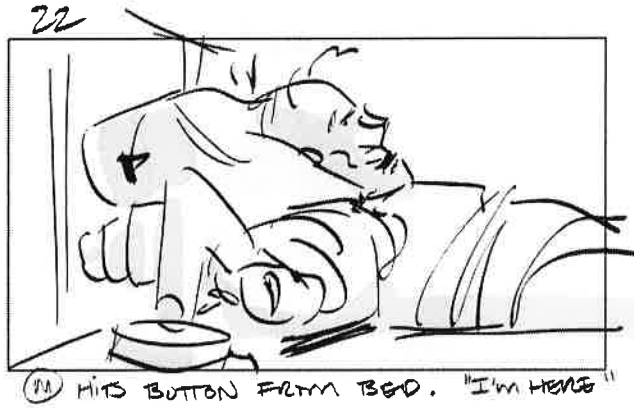


(11) "Then ROAST until CRISPY"



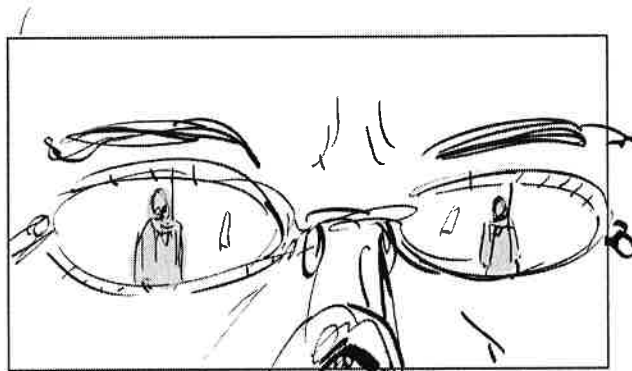






END SCENE

SCENE #12

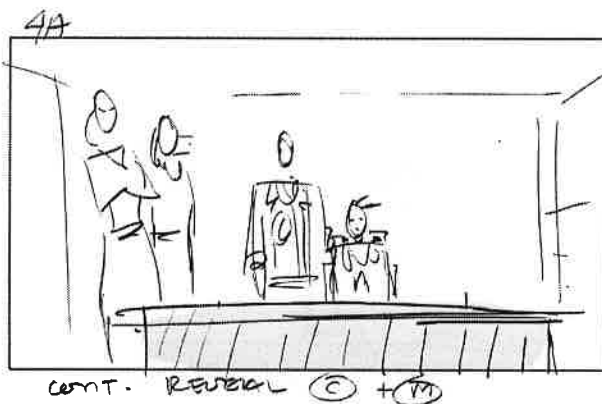
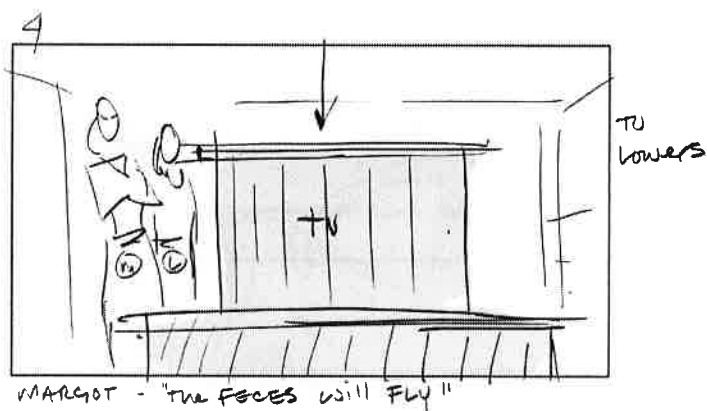


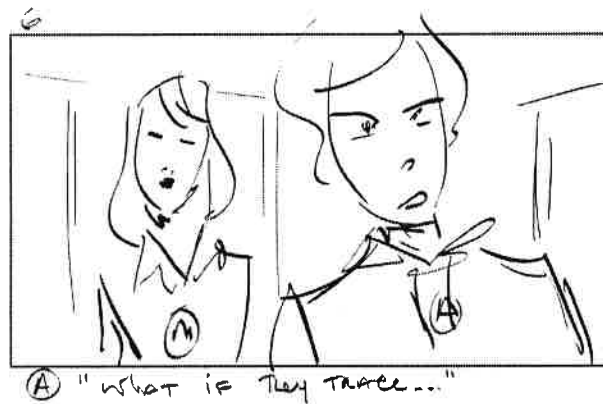
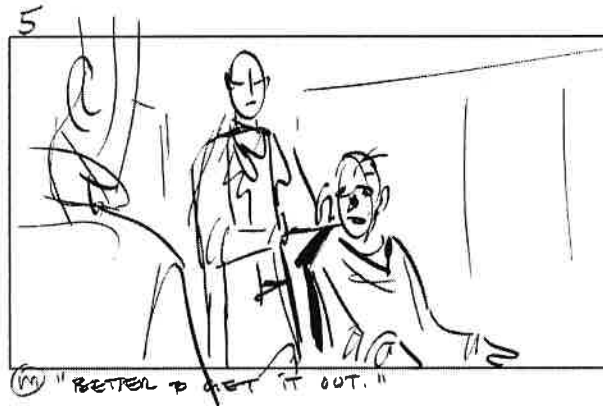
REFLECTION OF DERA PAZZI



CAM - PUSH IN ON ITALIAN NEWS. TV

Director: Vincenzo Natali







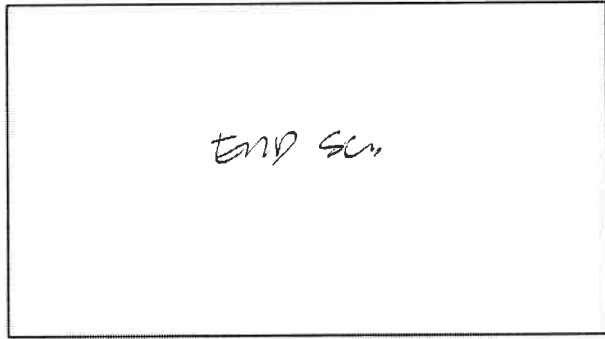
CU (A) "YOU TOOK CARE OF PAZZI"



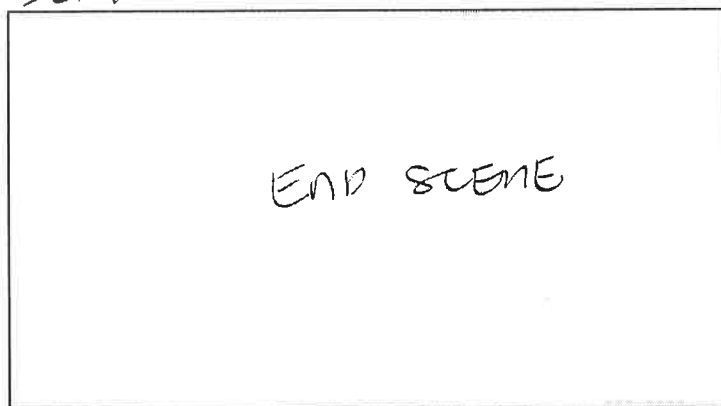
(A) "HANNIBAL CAN DISAPPEAR"
OTS (C)



END ON ECU (M)

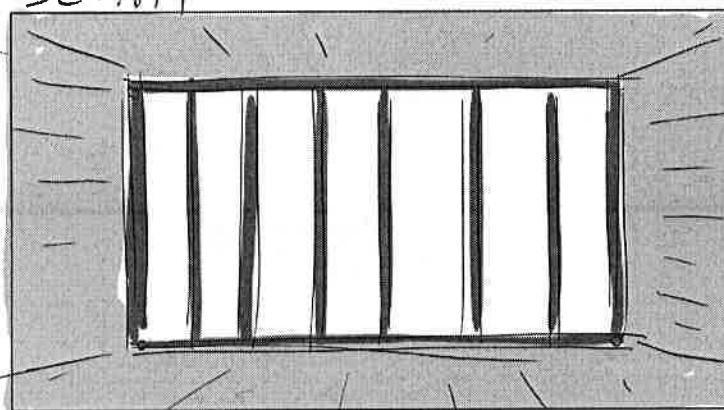


SC. 10



SC. A14

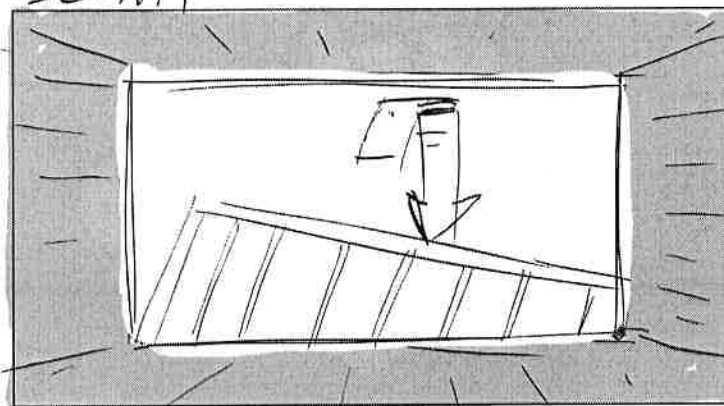
①



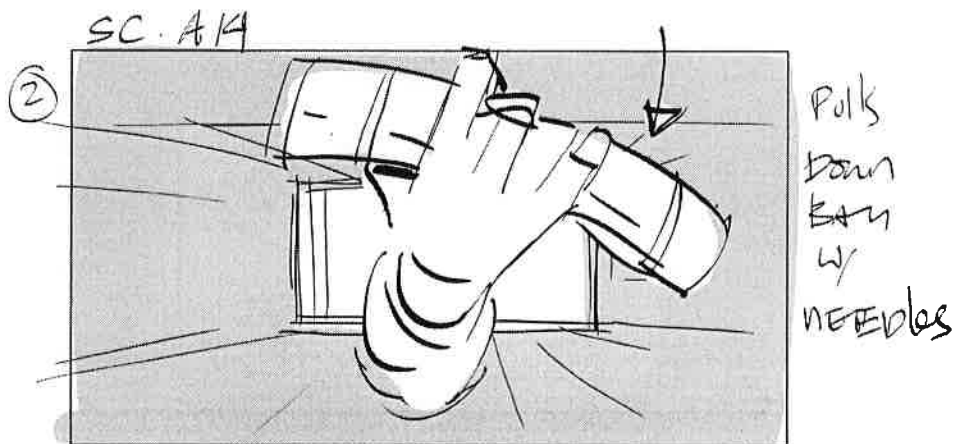
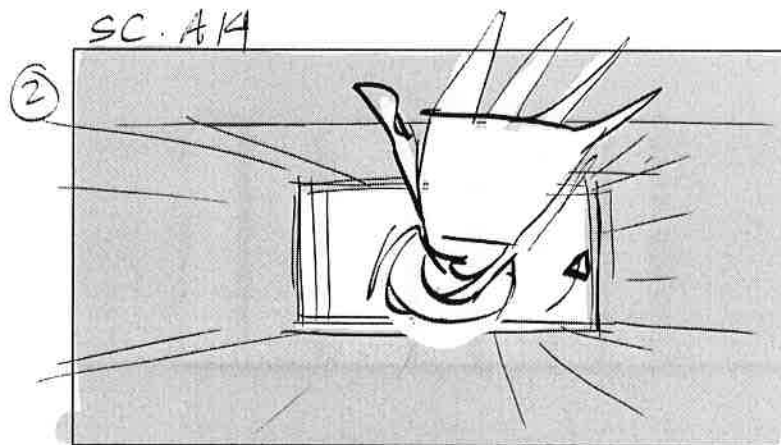
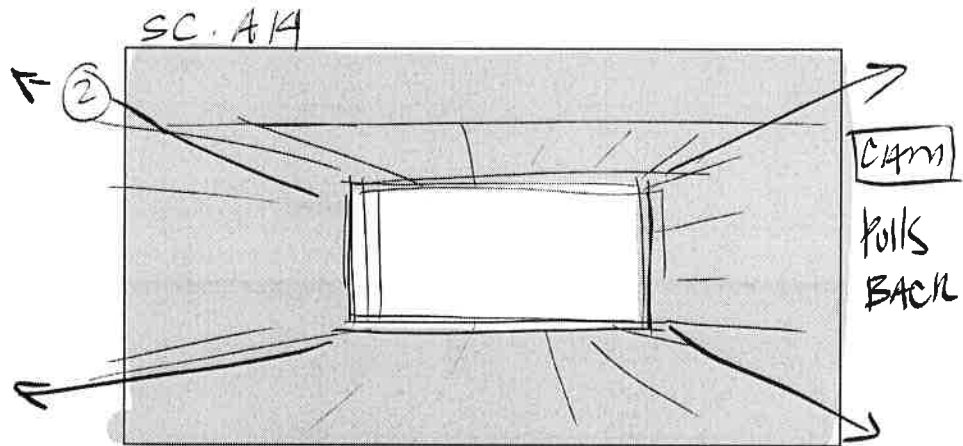
on
pent
grill
sound
of
screws

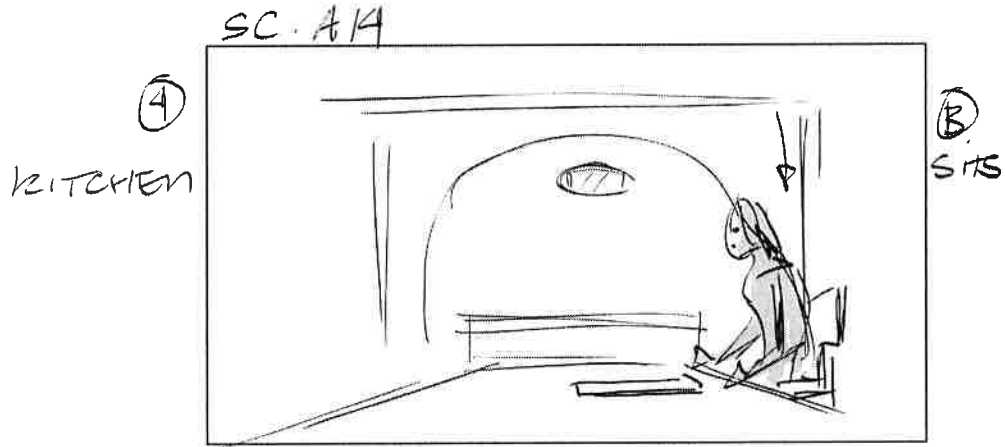
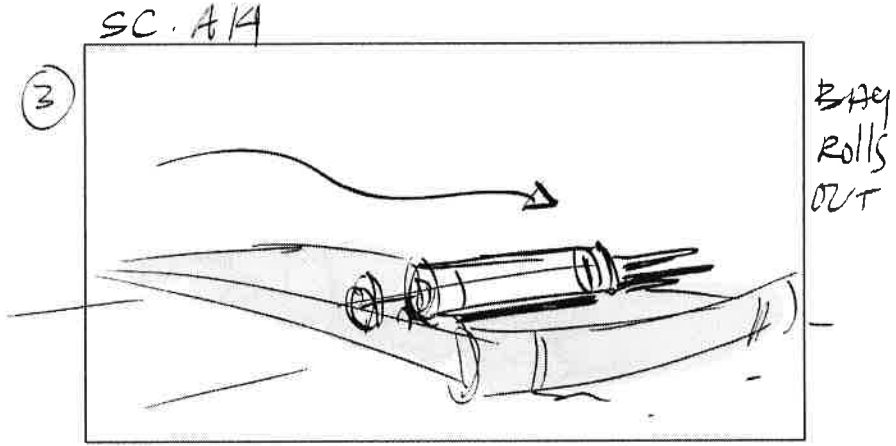
SC. A14

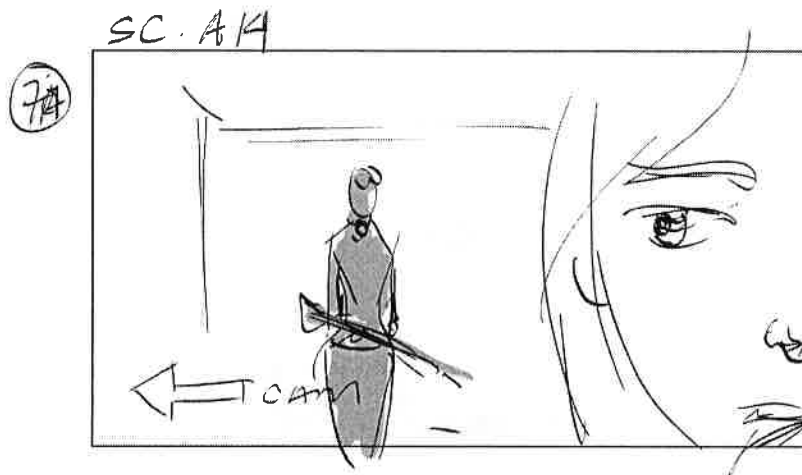
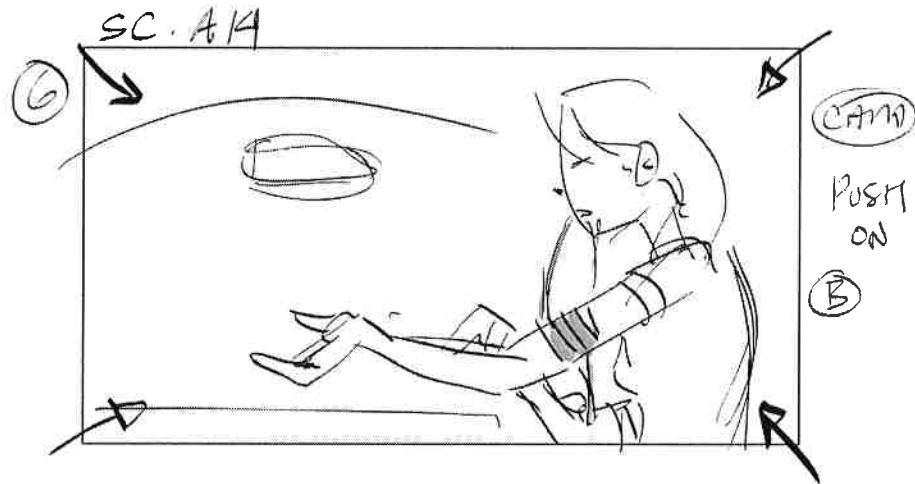
①
4

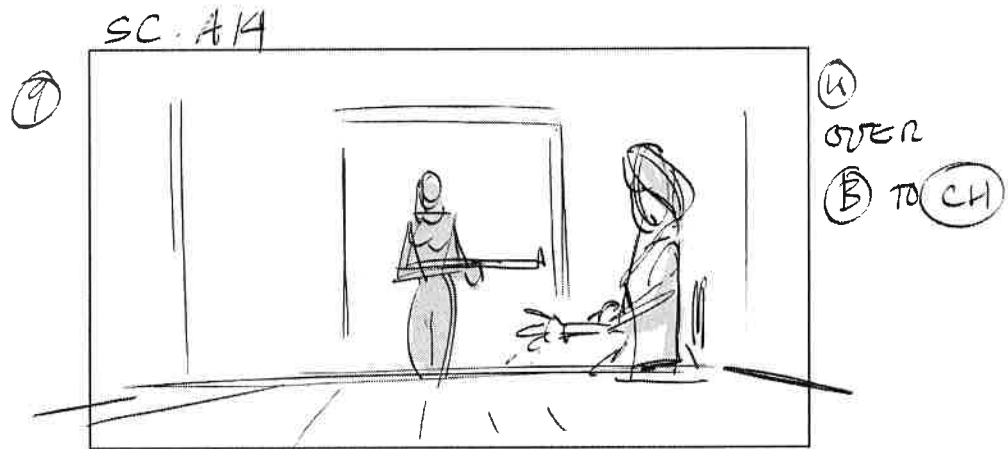


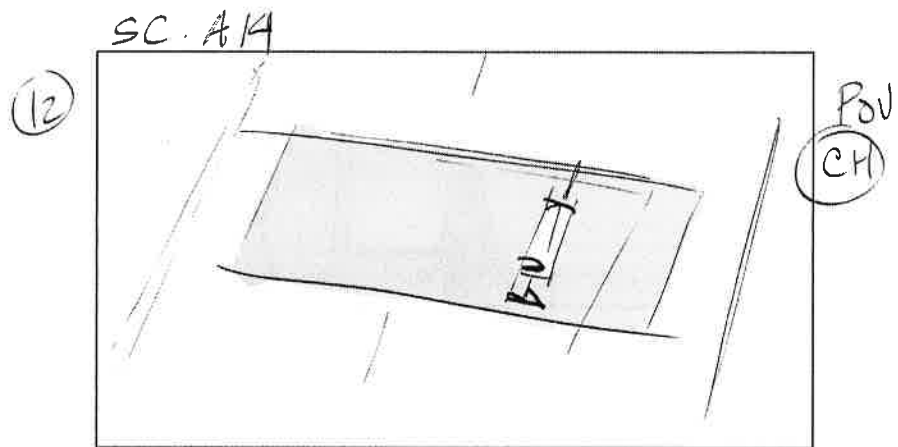
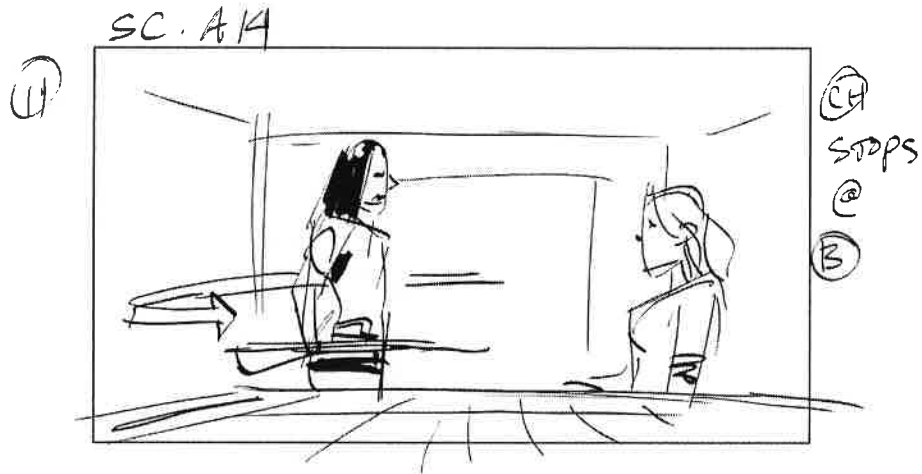
pulled
out





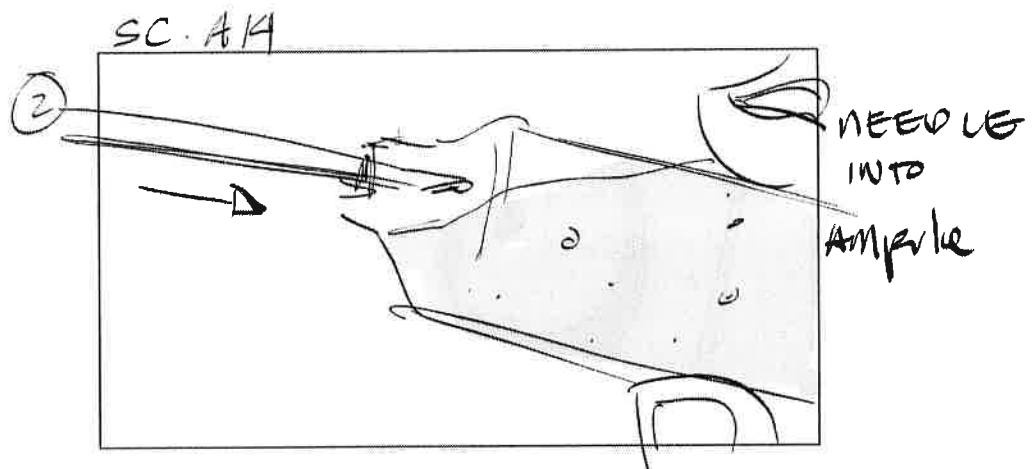
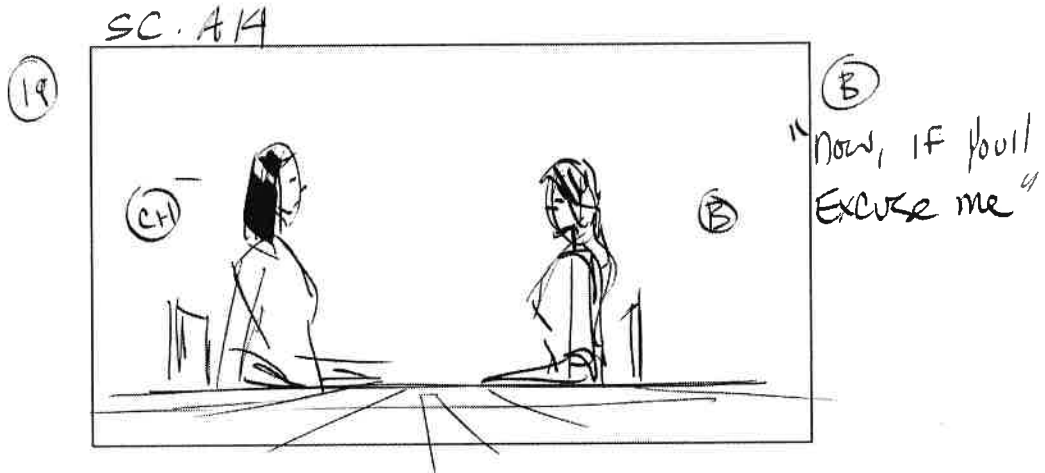


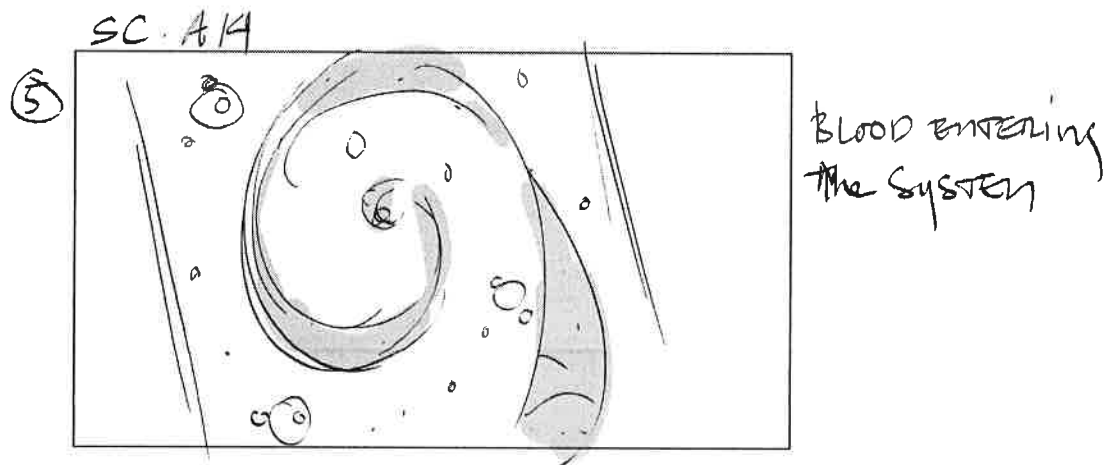
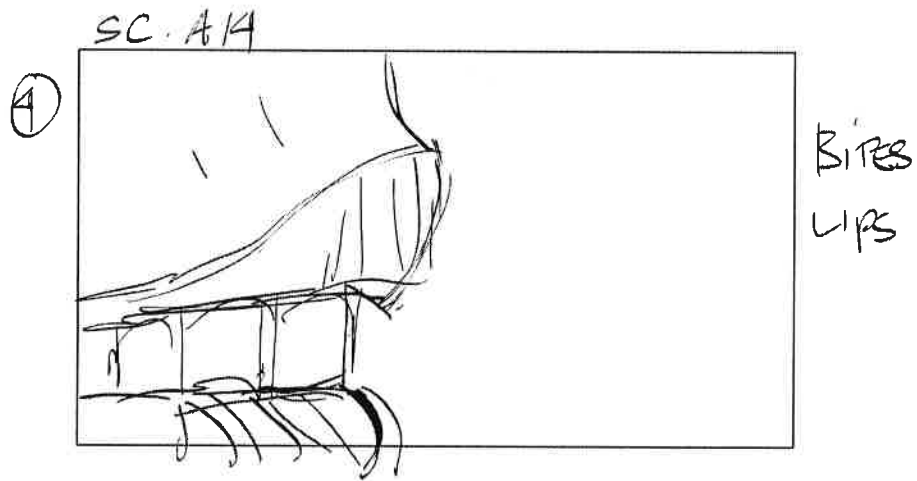
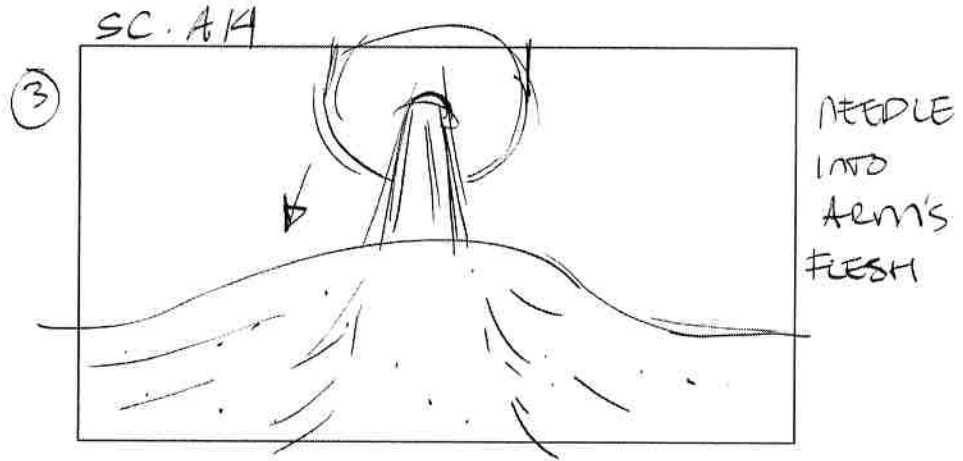


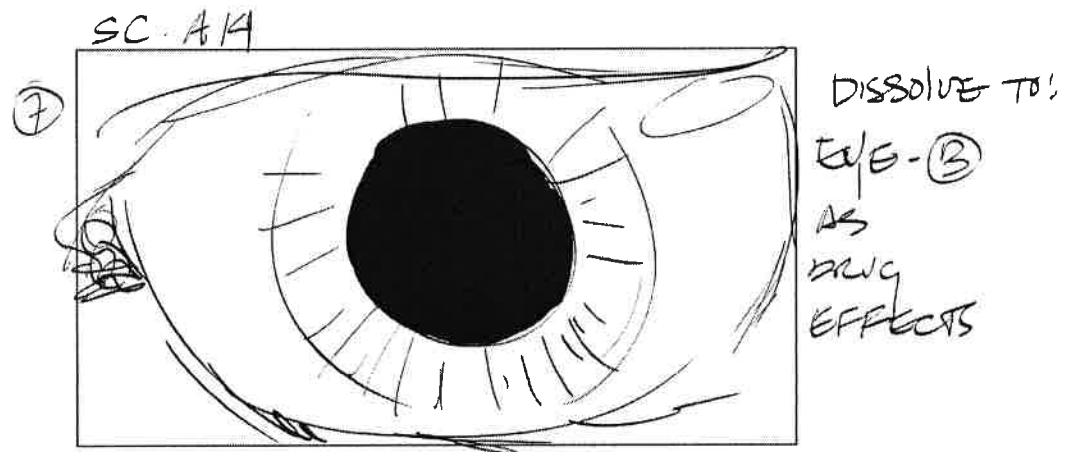
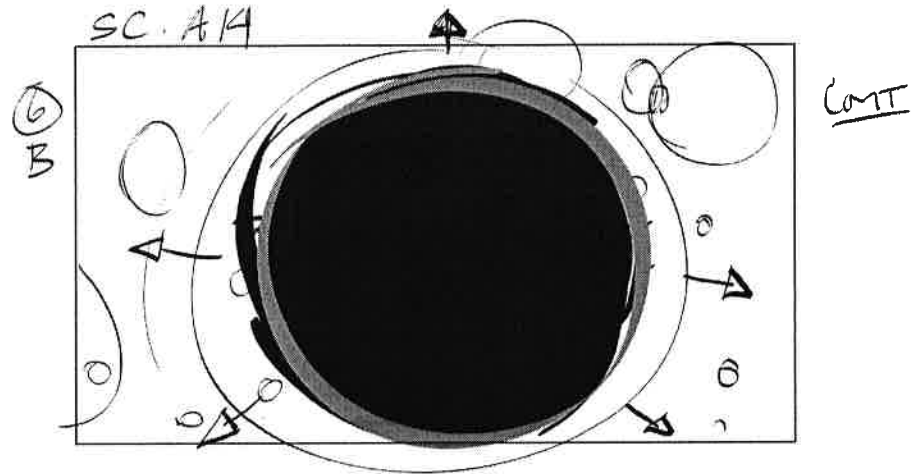
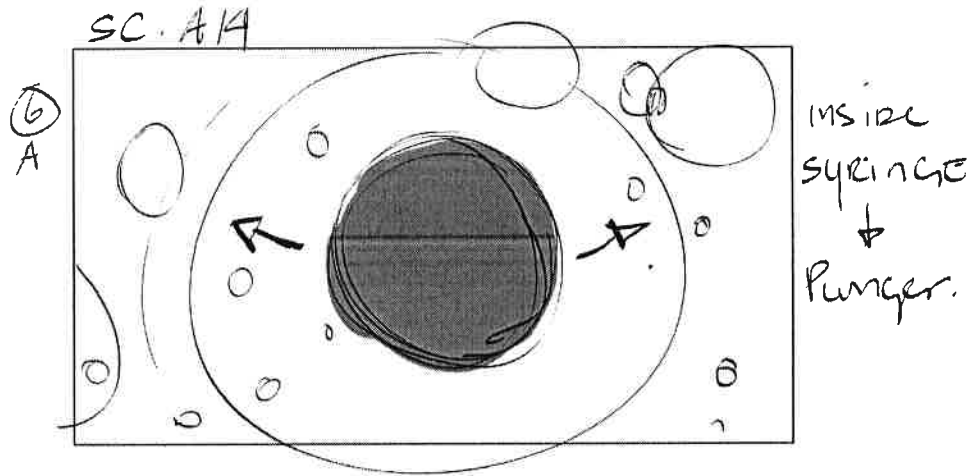


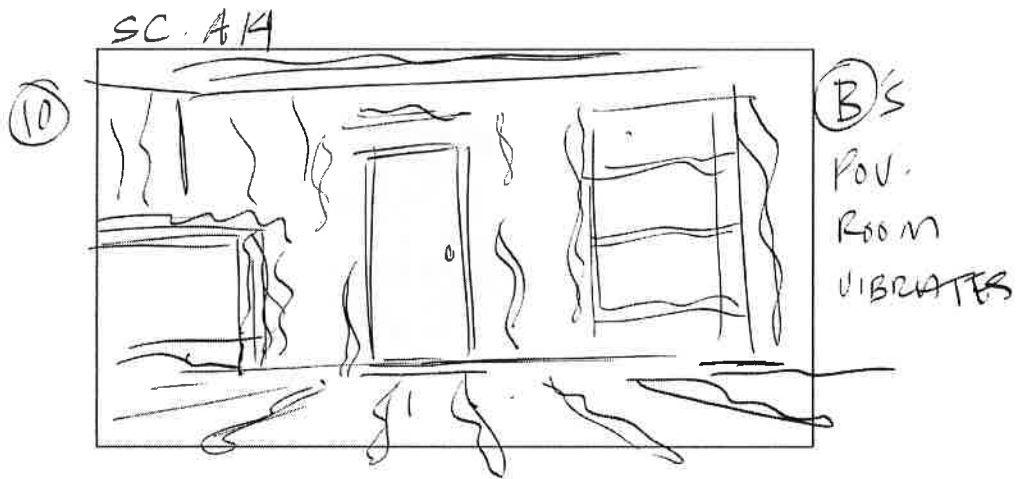


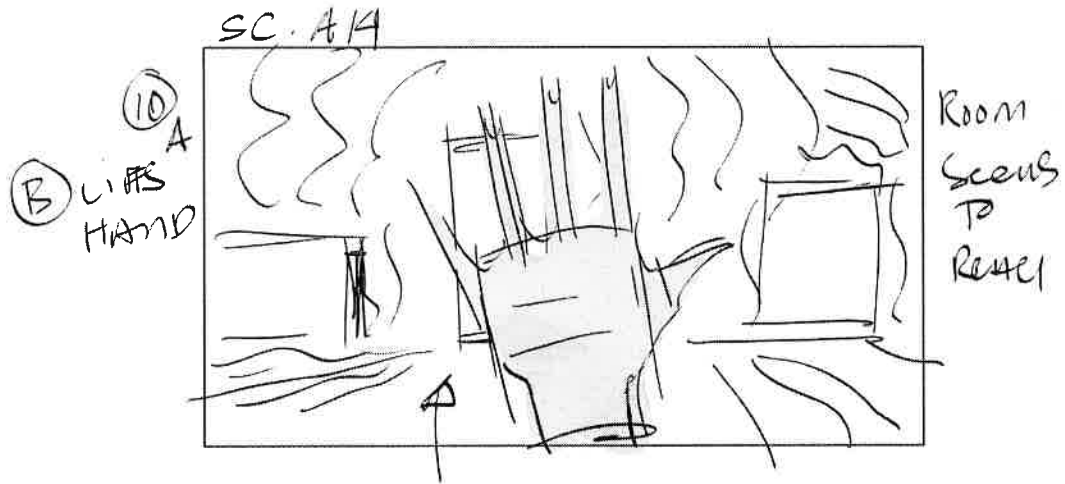


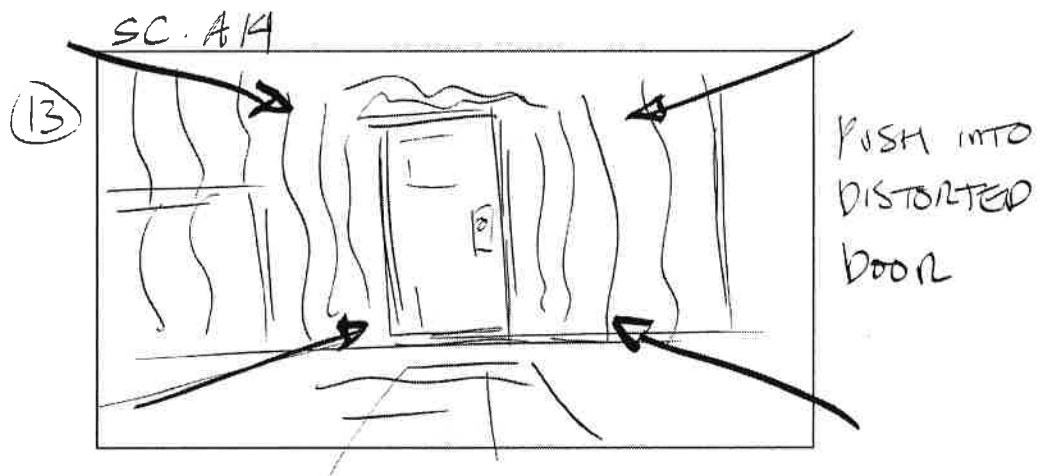


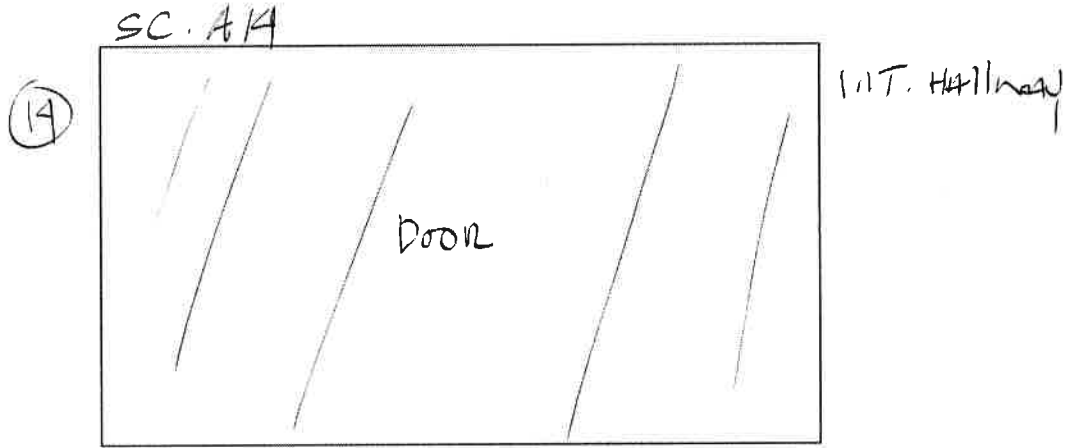












SC. A14

16

NO
DISTORT.

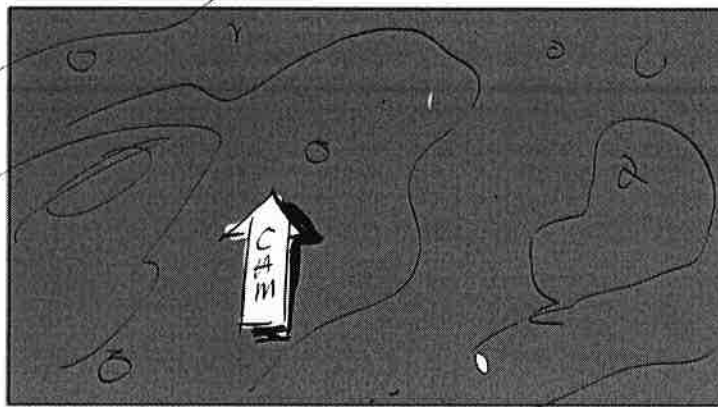


"MRS. FEIL..."

SC. 11

①

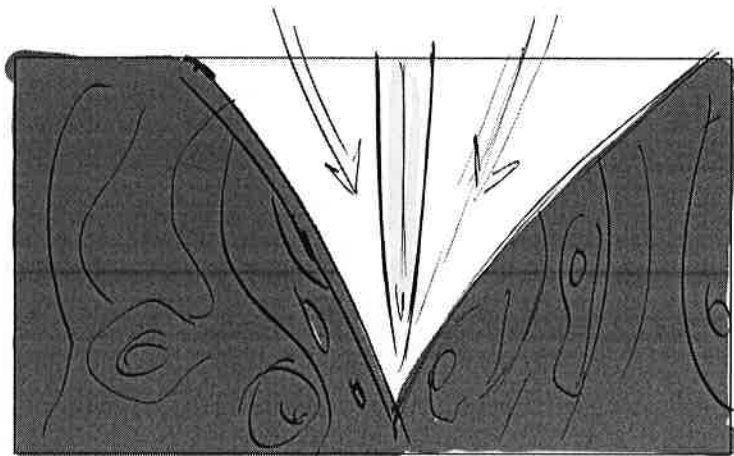
WHITE
GLOWING
BACKGROUND



CAM
OVER
MEAT

①A

WHITE
GLOWING
BACKGROUND



knife
SPLITS
MEAT

ACT TWO

19 CLOSE ON ROWS OF AMPOULES

CAMERA moves slowly along the tiny bottles through which we can see the DISTORTED image of Jack and Will. We are

INT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bedelia sits opposite Jack Crawford who pulls out one of the ampoules, studying it, while Will observes behind her.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
My husband's a doctor. He's treating my condition.

JACK CRAWFORD
What condition is that, Mrs. Fell?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
I get confused.

WILL GRAHAM
Please.
(off her look)
You need to get over yourself, whatever self this is. Bedelia.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
My name is Lydia Fell.

BEDELIA'S POV -- WILL

His image FLUTTERS in fits and starts as the room around him continues to PULSE and VIBRATE.

WILL GRAHAM
You expect us to believe you somehow got lost in the hot darkness of Hannibal Lecter's mind? That Lydia Fell is some construct?

OMNISCIENT POV

Jack pulls out his cell phone and calls up an image he shows to Bedelia: a MISSING-PERSON poster displaying her likeness. She steps through it.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
Now I'm very confused.

Balcony

(CONTINUED)



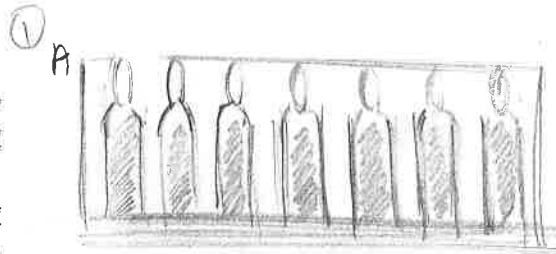
over W + J to B
4 SLOW PUSH IN
CEILING.



WIDE PROFILE: W STEPS UP TO B.



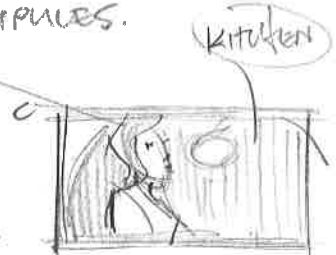
CU B = "MY NAME IS LYDIA FELL"



SLIDE PAST AMPOULES.



JACK'S HANDS IN PICKS IT UP.



BACK FOCUS TO B.



J. EXAMINES AMPULE



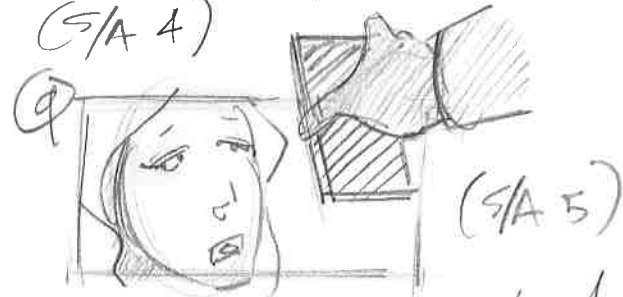
DRUGGY POV OF W.



J HOLDS UP PHONE.
(S/A 4)



INSERT: B ON PHONE.



CU B = "Now I'm very CONFUSED."

Will leans in close to Bedelia and, in a distorted reprise of her words to him in Ep. #202, he mockingly whispers:

WILL GRAHAM
I don't believe you.

JACK CRAWFORD
You're not confused, Bedelia.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
That's not my name.

WILL GRAHAM
You know who you are and what you are doing, and you know exactly how you're going to wiggle out of it. (re: the ampoules)
What is this? Sedatives? Hypnotics? Ethanol? Scopolamine? Mescaline?

JACK CRAWFORD
Same cocktail Dr. Lecter served Miriam Lass? You've been freebasing your allies (then)
I'm not even mad at you. In fact, I'd say I'm fairly impressed.

WILL GRAHAM
Mostly because you're still alive. When this fog of yours clears, I'd love to hear how you managed that.

Bedelia maintains her front, but there is an almost-imperceptible glint in her eye. She turns to Jack:

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
You say my husband murdered a Chief Investigator of the Florentine Questura. Where are the polizia? Shouldn't they be questioning me?

JACK CRAWFORD
They will.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
They sure are taking their time. What could possibly be the delay? (then)
I have an idea. Do you?

10 A



B



W LEANS IN CLOSE TO B

11



(CONTINUED)

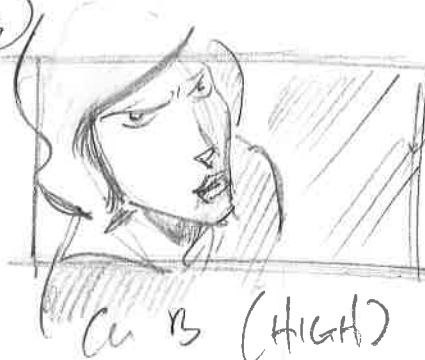
12

LOW RISE UP



cu J. (Low)

13



cu B (High)

SLOW DROP DOWN

Vincent Natali

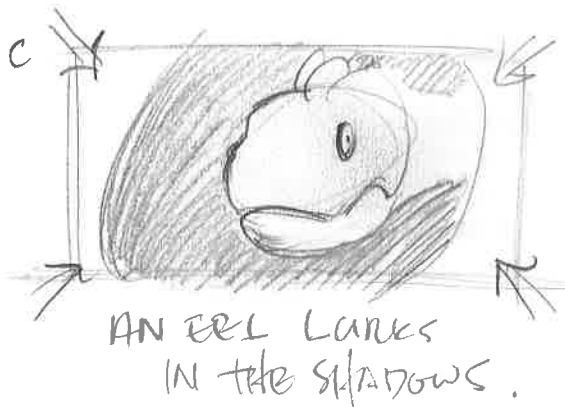
sc B20



MOVING UNDERWATER THROUGH CORAL.



...MOVE UP TO A DARK HOLE



AN EEL LURES IN THE SHADOWS.



STOPS INTO AN.

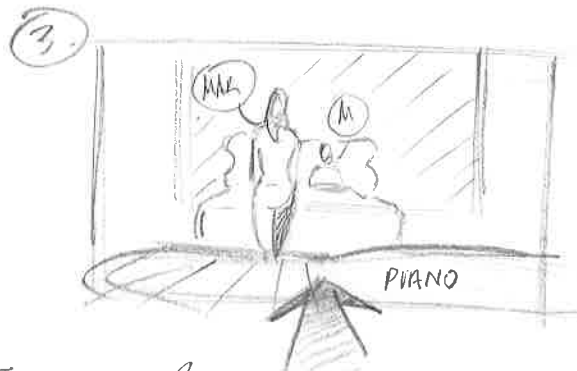


END TIGHT, WATERY LIGHT PLAYS ON HER FACE.

"I'VE MADE NEW FRIENDS IN ITALY."



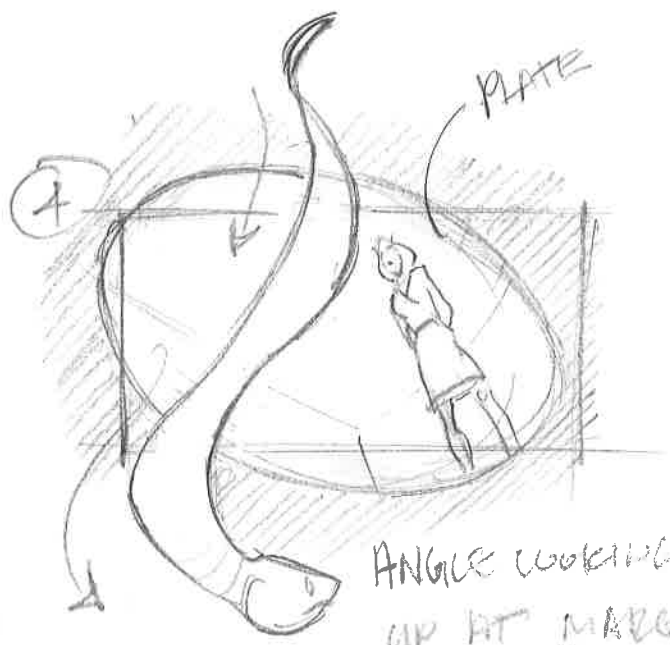
DISS. TO EMERGING FROM DARKNESS



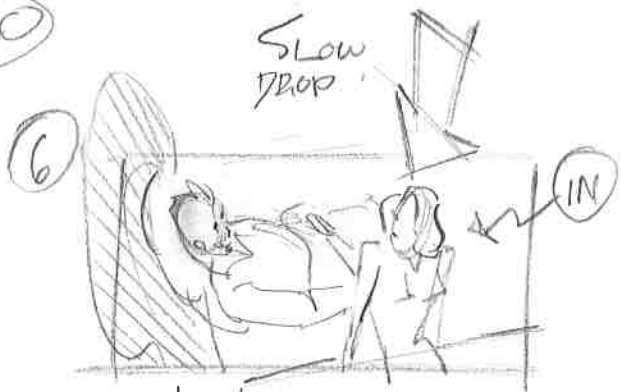
ROOM OVER PIANO TO MASON'S BODY

"THEY'RE CLEANING UP AND STARTING OVER..."

Sc (320)



ANGLE LOOKING UP AT MARGOT FROM THE TANK.



HIGH ANGLE: MAR SITS

"You know what I want."

"All you need to concern yourself with now is what happens when Dr. Lector is in your hands!"



OVER MARGOT TO MASON.

"My biggest regret..."



MASON PUTS THE BED

"You've worked so hard to give me what I want..."

"...SIT ON SANTA'S LAP."



OVER MASON TO MARGOT

"ADoption is a good thing to do."

Sc 1320

9



on MARGOT

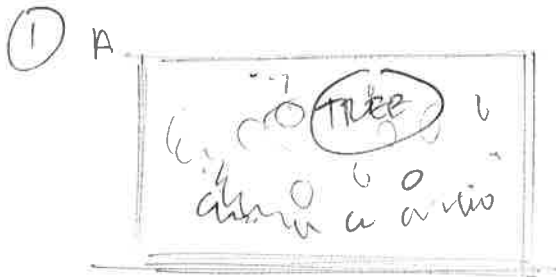
"WHAT ARE YOU
UP TO, MASON?"

10

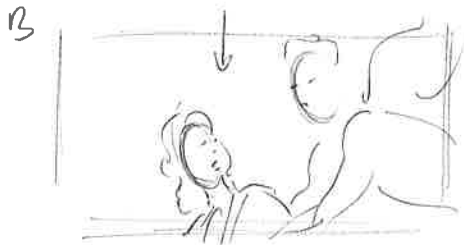


on M.

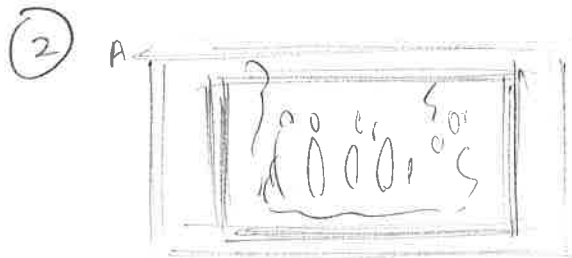
"LET'S FIND A
WAY TO BE
FAMILY
AGAIN."



ANGLE ON TREE + FRUIT



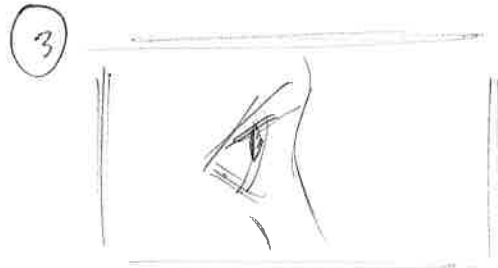
TILT DOWN TO ZEPHYR & NYMPH



ANGLE ON PAINTING



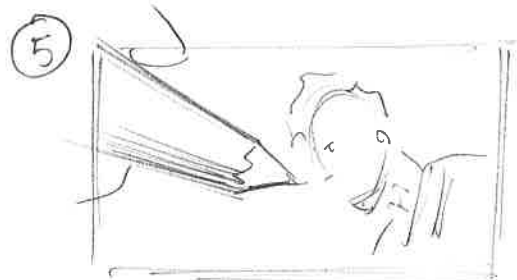
PAN BACK TO INCLUDE H



OBSLIQUE ANGLE HIS EYE SKETCHING



ERM PENCIL



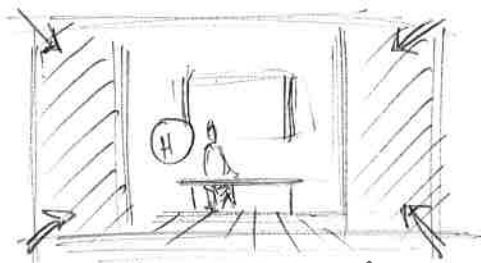
ZEPHYR KNOWS TO RESEMBLE W.



NYMPH RESEMBLES ZEPHYR

Sc (2)

7



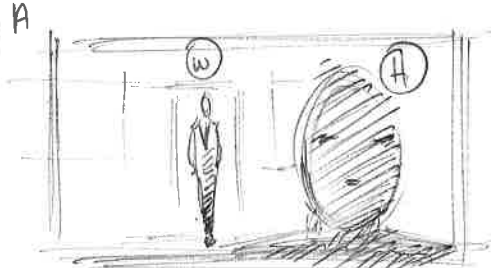
ANGLE MOVING
THRU DOORWAY (W'S POV)

9



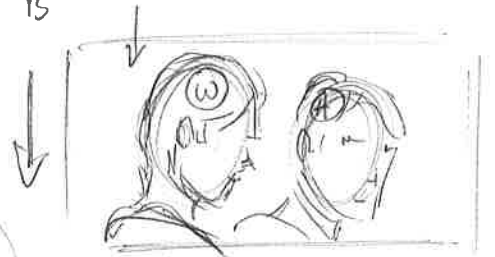
CLOSE PROFILE W.
STANDING.

8



OVER A (OUT OF FOCUS)
TO W.

B



SIT DOWN AS W
TAKES A SEAT.

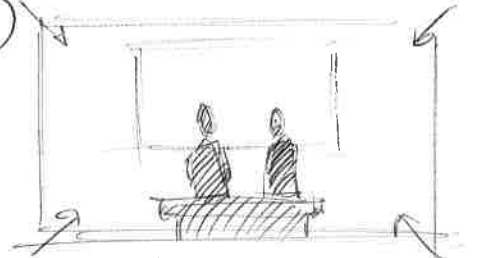
All
Dir

B



W COMES UP NEXT
BEHIND A.
WUG SEAT...
...TENSION...

10



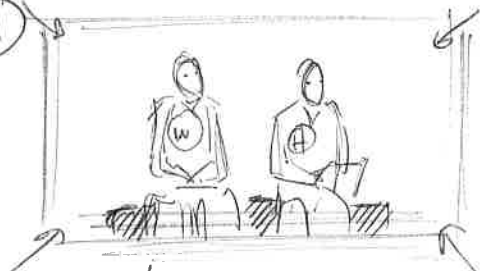
PUSH IN PAINTING
IN BG ⊕ DIR

C



W GENTLY TESTS A
HAND ON H'S
SIPONOR

11



PUSH IN REVERSE

See
DIR

12



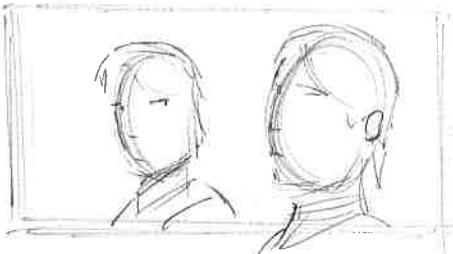
H looks to W.

13



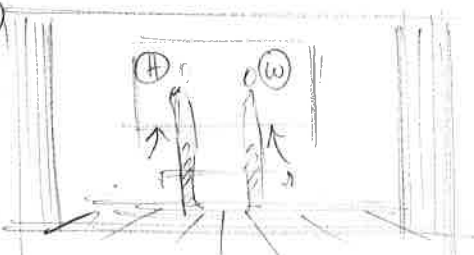
W looks to H

14



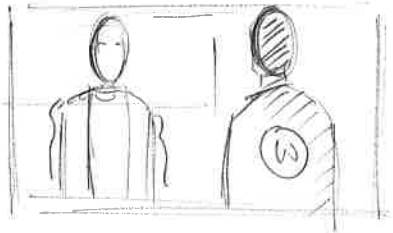
OVER H TO W.

15



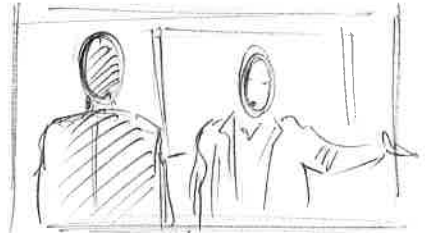
H + W STAND

16



OVER W TO H
A BEAT

17



over H TO W
"AFTER YOU."

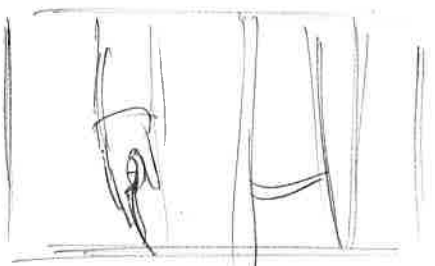
18 A



H HEADS OUT OF
GALLERY

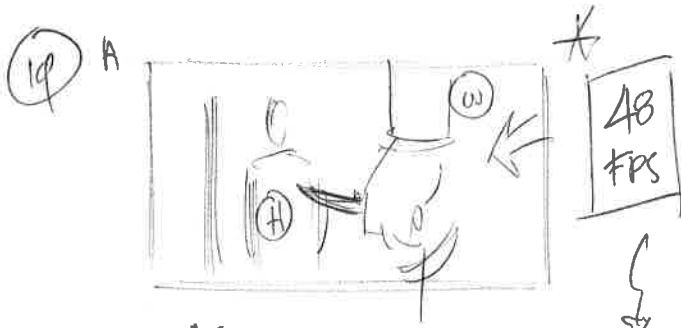
*
48
FPS

B
↓



SIB DOWN = WE SEE HIM
FROM KNIFE AS HE
PASSES.

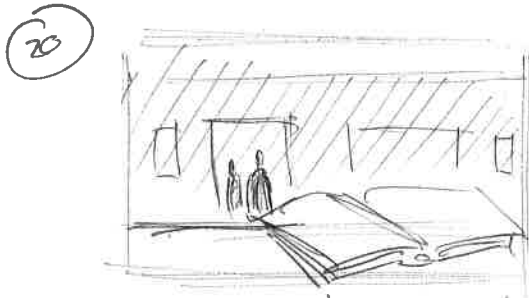
sc (21)



AS W PASSES WE
SEE HIM PULL OUT
HIS OWN KNIFE
FROM HIS POCKET.



... AND FOLLOWS H
OUT.



OVER HIS SHOULDERS
TO THE BOYS DEPARTING

Hannibal looks up at Will and smiles -- pleased to see him. Will sits beside Hannibal on the bench in front of the glorious painting.

A moment as they absorb.

HANNIBAL

Familiar with Botticelli, Will?

WILL GRAHAM

Recently made a study of this one. I was introduced to it by a mutual acquaintance of ours.

HANNIBAL

Commendator Pazzi. He and I too met here once. The *Primavera* is a favorite. Many scholars cite it as an expression of the ideal of Neoplatonic love -- the love that rises above all earthly sin.

WILL GRAHAM

The love between true friends.

Will glances at Hannibal's sketch; it's a remarkable facsimile of the *Primavera*, except for a single differentiating detail: the winged male at the upper right -- the model for *il Mostro's* male victim twenty years ago -- here bears Will's face.

Will can't help but smile.

WILL GRAHAM (CONT'D)

It's good to see you, Dr. Lecter.

HANNIBAL

(looking up at Will for the first time)

I always wanted to show you Florence.

Will studies Hannibal's bruised, weary face.

WILL GRAHAM

I don't think we'll have time. Jack won't be so careless next time.

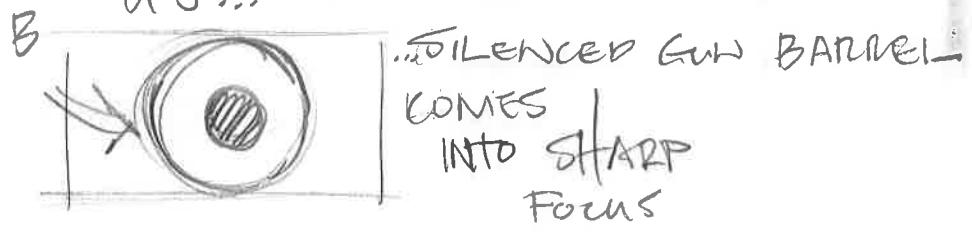
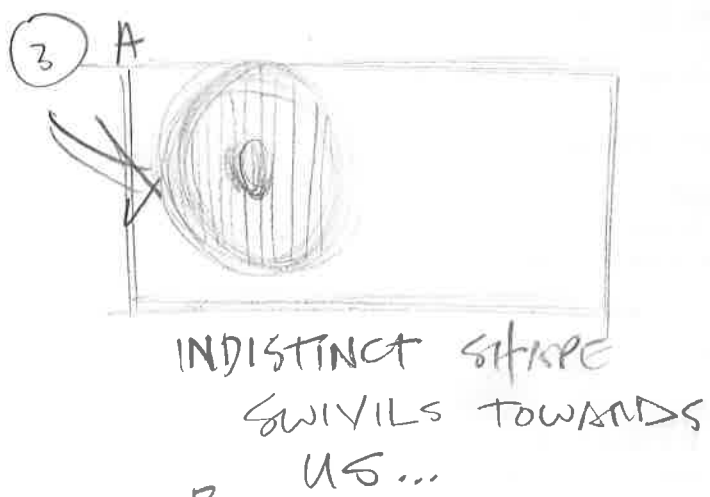
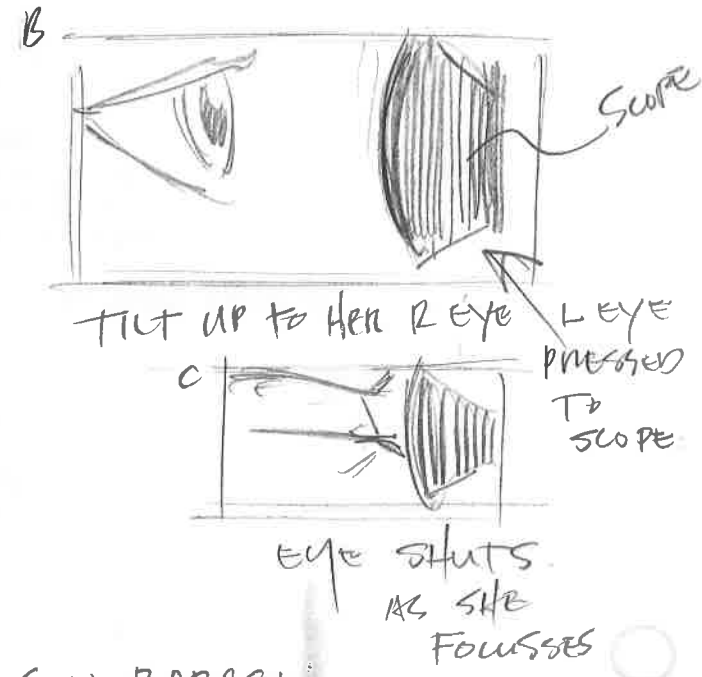
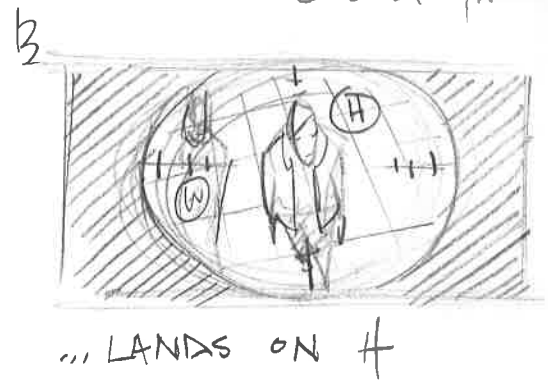
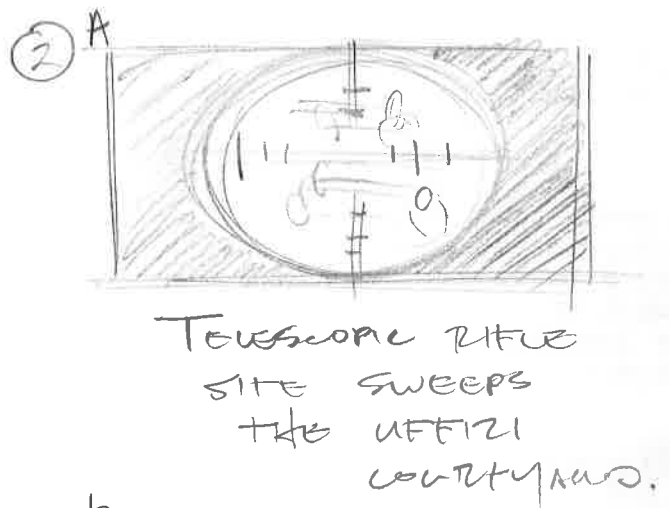
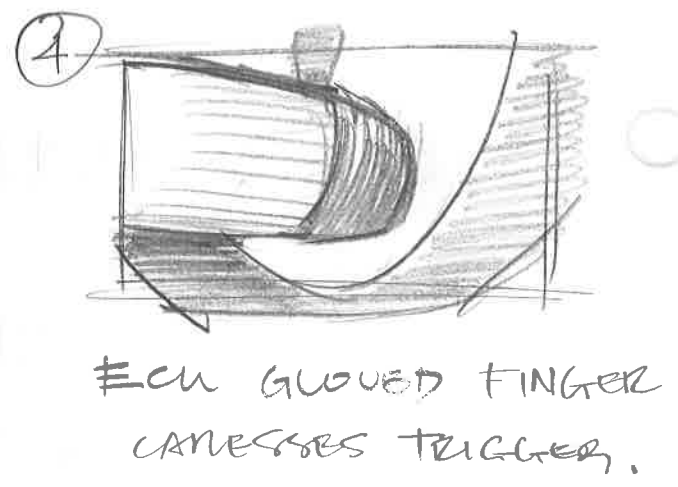
HANNIBAL

You know where he is.

WILL GRAHAM

I left him with Dr. Du Maurier. He believes we are allies once more.

(CONTINUED)



HANNIBAL

Then history repeats itself.

WILL GRAHAM

What can happen will happen.

HANNIBAL

Last time we tried to change history,
it did not end well for us, Will.

WILL GRAHAM

I was torn then. I'm not now.

HANNIBAL

You know what you want.

WILL GRAHAM

Yes.

HANNIBAL

Have you really forgiven me?

WILL GRAHAM

The only one I can't seem to
forgive is myself.

HANNIBAL

It is said that it is easier to
forgive an enemy than a friend.

WILL GRAHAM

I've always been my own worst enemy.

HANNIBAL

And I have always been your friend.

WILL GRAHAM

Come with me?

Will rises; Hannibal smiles at him. Follows suit. Will
leads him out of the gallery.

22 EXT. UFFIZI GALLERY - COURTYARD - DAY

22

Will and Hannibal emerge from the museum, out into the
bustling courtyard.

CUT TO:

23 A TELESCOPIC RIFLE SIGHT FROM THE ROOF

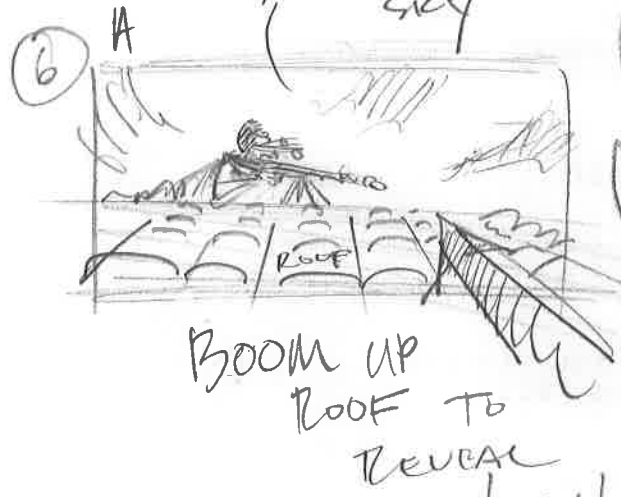
23

Finding Hannibal in its CROSSHAIRS...

CUT TO:

303 (22) - (28)

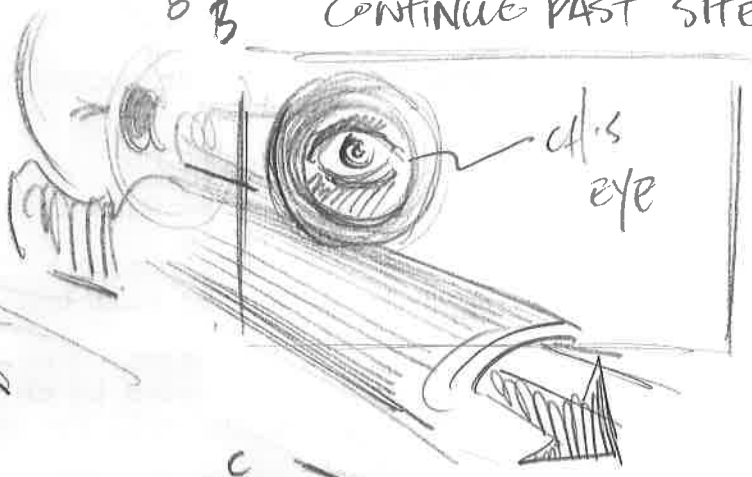
DRAMATIC SKY



BOOM UP ROOF TO REVEAL

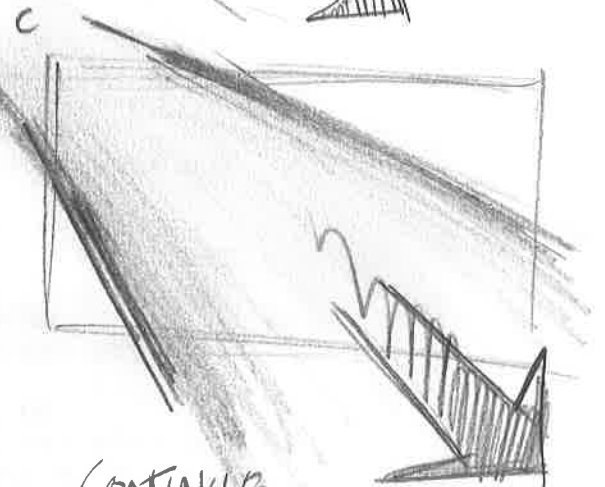
CHYCH @ SNIPER RIFLE

B B CONTINUE PAST SITE



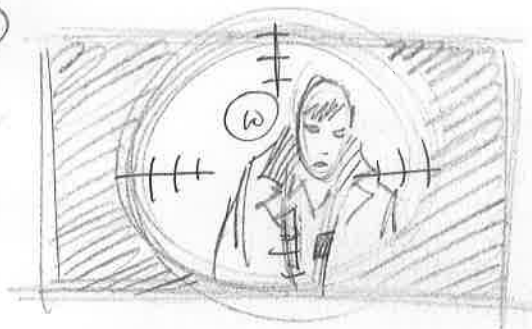
ch's eye

B



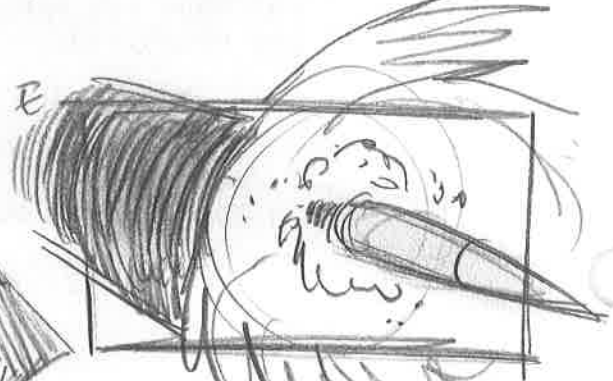
CONTINUE ALONG BARREL

(7)



RIFLE POV: SHIFTS TO W. (GUD IN HIS COPT)

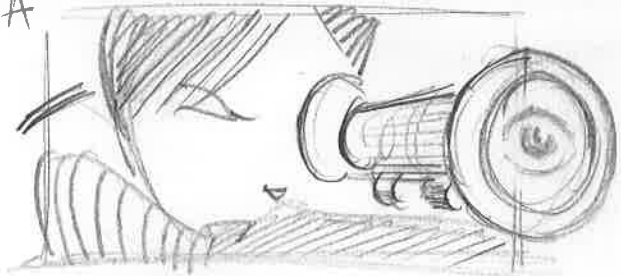
TO END OF MURDER



W/CH SLO-MO FIRES!

A

(8)

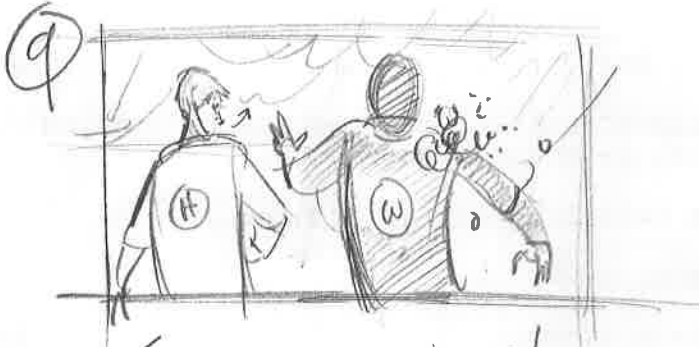


in ch = pull out

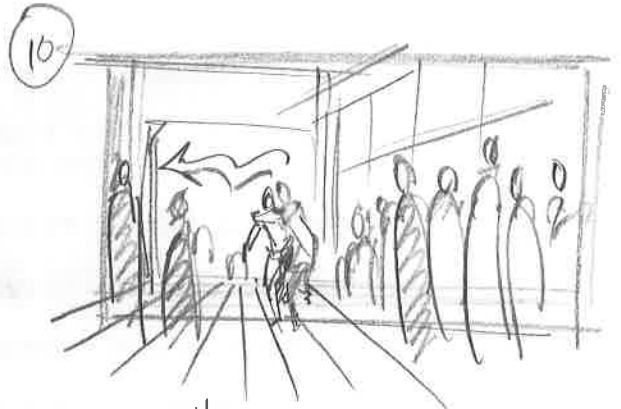
- 24 EXT. UFFIZI GALLERY - ROOF - DAY 24
CLOSE-UP -- the rifle's SILENCED BARREL, its opening resembling the entrance to a dark tunnel pregnant with danger...
CLOSE-UP -- a gloved FINGER twitching on the trigger...
Reveal it belongs to Chiyoh --
- 25 HER POV THROUGH THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT 25
The Beretta Bobcat under Will's coat.
Deliberately moving from Hannibal to Will...
- 26 BACK TO CHIYOH 26
As she pulls the trigger and FIRES.
Causing a flock of PIGEONS to burst into frightened flight...
CUT TO:
- 27 EXT. UFFIZI GALLERY - COURTYARD - DAY 27
As WILL IS HIT IN THE SHOULDER.
And is thrown off balance, against Hannibal who catches him.
Holds him up as if Will is drunk or faint.
Hannibal looks around quickly and then throws an arm around Will, dazed and bleeding, and quickly hustles him through the courtyard, toward the riverfront.
- 28 EXT. UFFIZI GALLERY - ROOF - DAY 28
Chiyoh takes a moment to consider what she has done.

END OF ACT TWO

303 (22) - (28)



9
Sec-mo: w spot
thru right shoulder



10
H wanders w out
of the uffizi

B



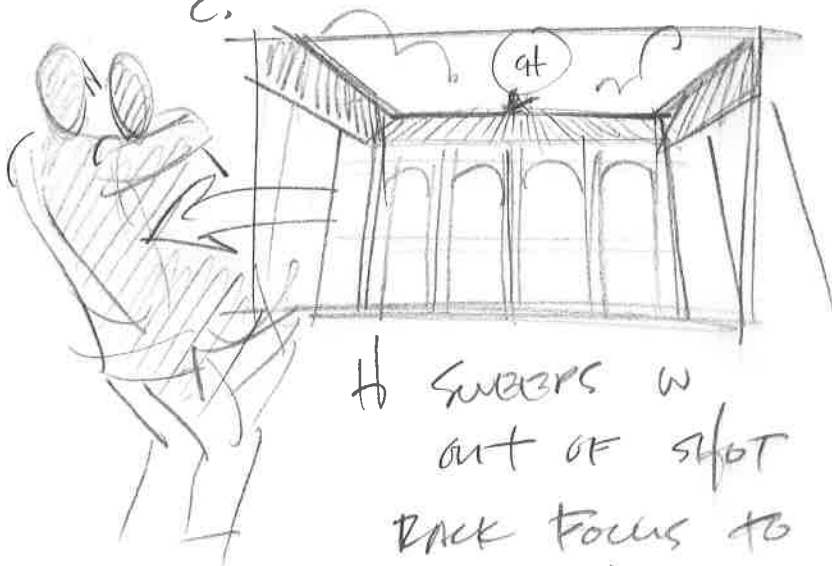
B
Handman
catches w.

11

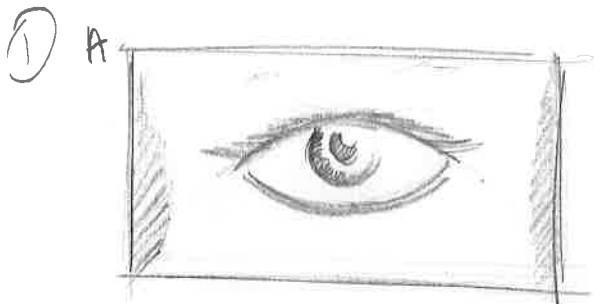


11
H retreats
from roof.

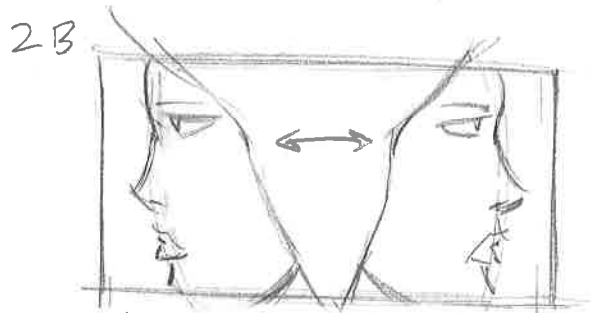
C.



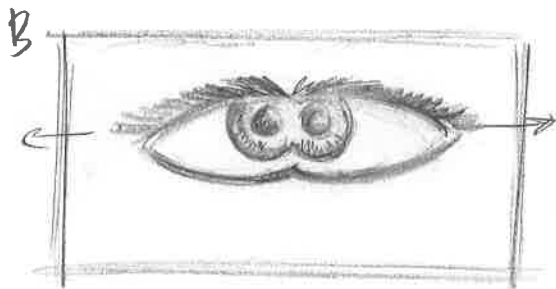
C.
H sweeps w
out of spot
Back focus to
at w uffizi
Roof



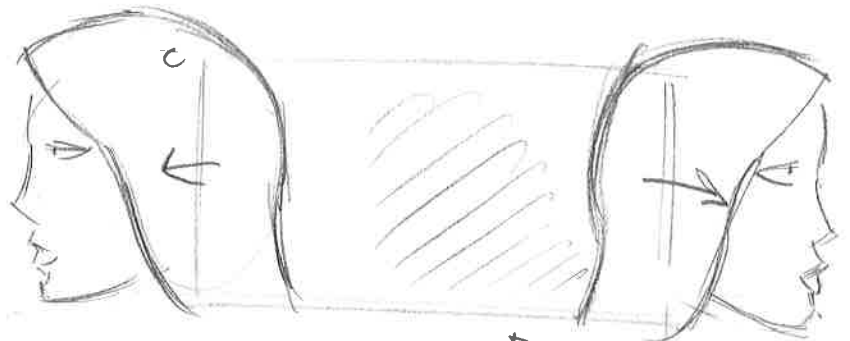
CLOSE ON M'S EYE



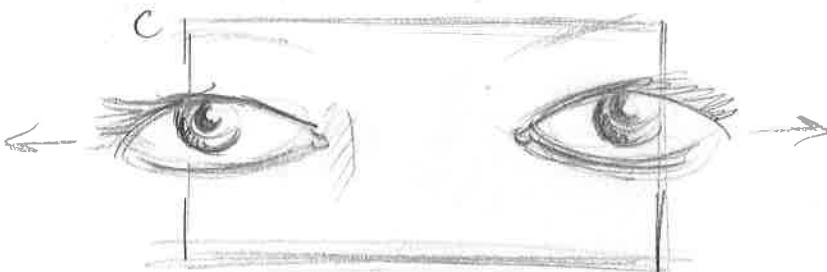
HER FACE 'SPLITS' AS SHE TURNS



EYES SPLIT LIKE CELLS DIVIDING



EXITS... LEAVING EMPTY FRAME.



...TO BECOME TWO



MARGOT & HER 'TWIN' ENTER SHOT AND...

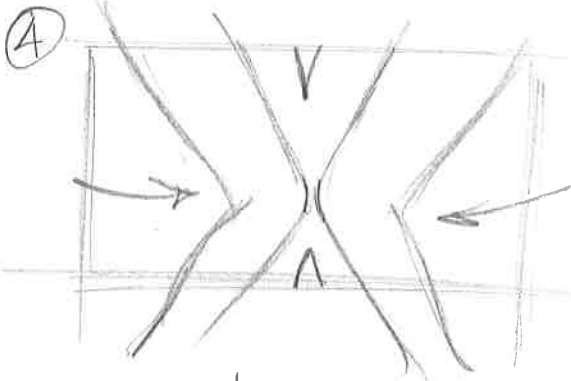


DISS. TO MARGOT



... "KISS"

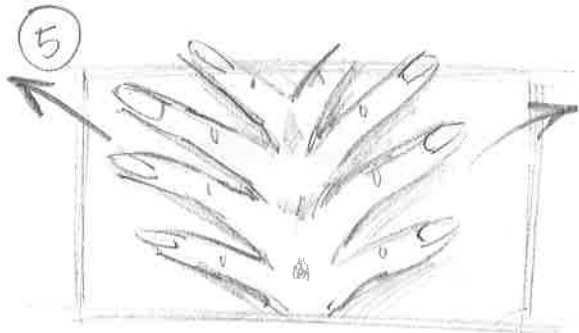
sc (2d)



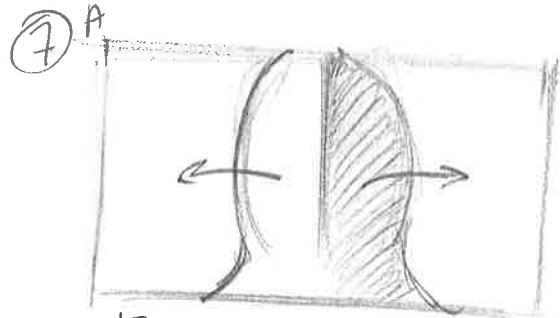
LEGS 'SUSSON'



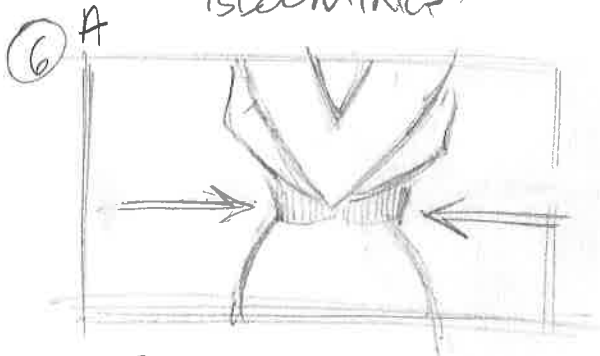
... INTO NOTHING



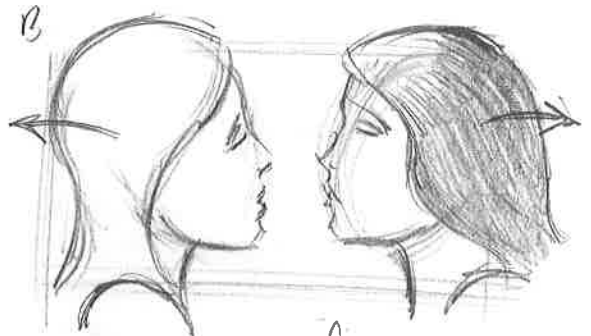
FINGERS ON FLESH
'BLOOMING'



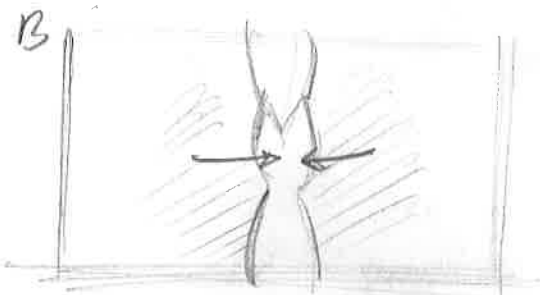
FROM NEUTRAL SPACE
SOMETHING EMERGES...



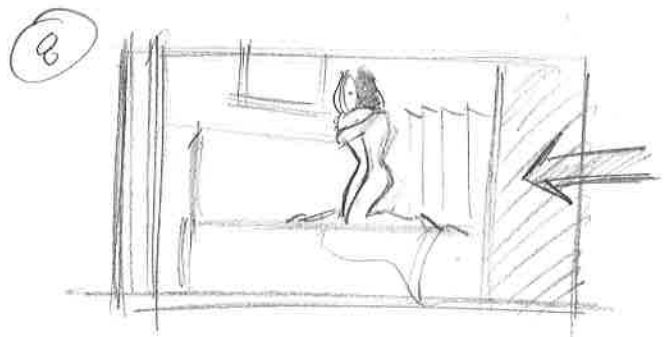
2 BODIES PRESSED
TOGETHER



... MARGOT & KIANA



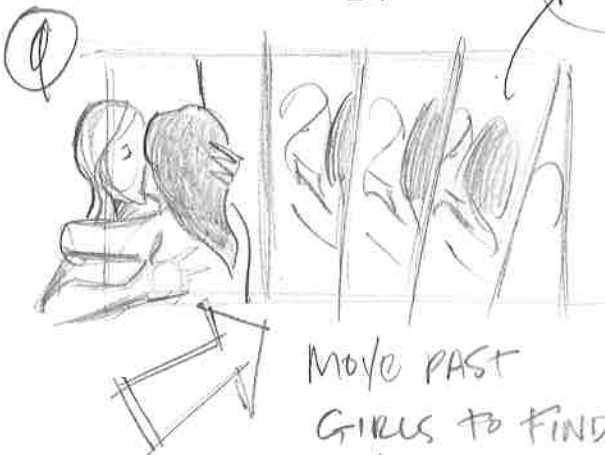
... COMPRESS ...



COMES OFF WITH TO
FIND M & A ON
BED. (CONTEXT SHOT)

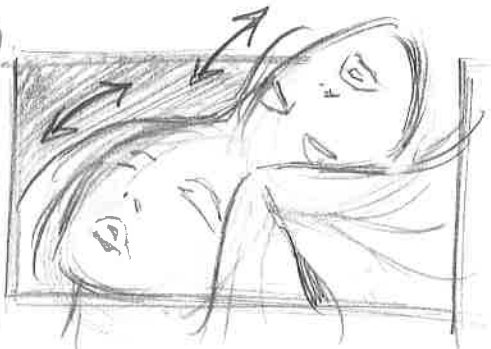
Sc (29)

MIRROR



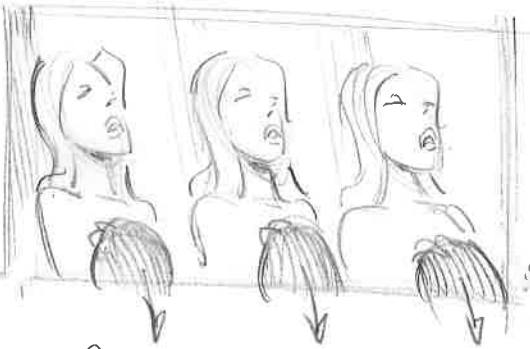
MOVE PAST
GIRLS TO FIND
THEIR REFLECTIONS

12



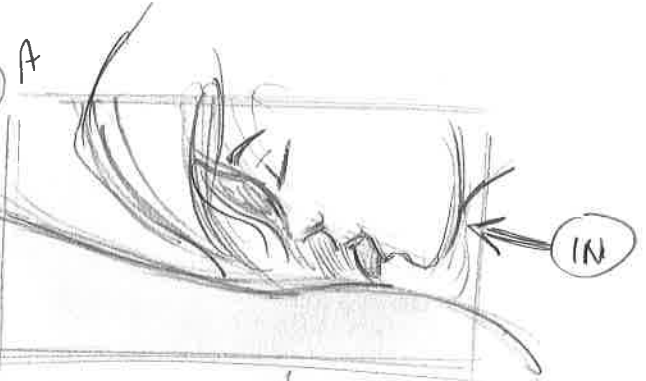
M ROCKS IN EROTIC
PULSING RHYTHM.

16



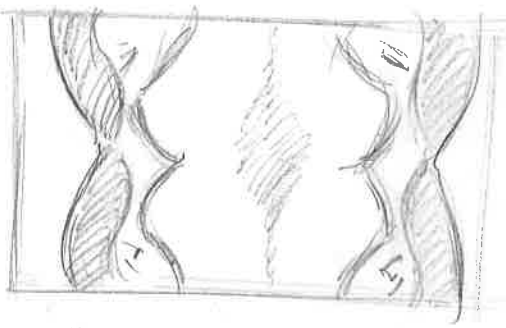
AIANA SLIDES DOWN
MARGOT'S BODY.

13



M RUNS HER TONGUE
ALONG AIANA'S NECK

11



A MOVES PAST
M'S BREAST

15



REACHING A'S SHOULDER

17



...CONTINUING
LOWER.

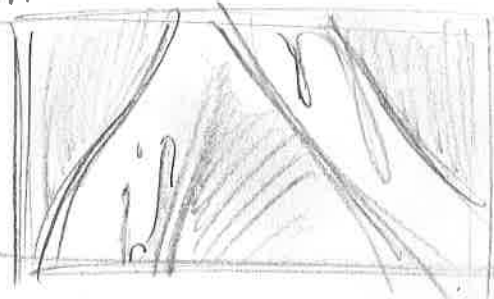
14



THEY KISS

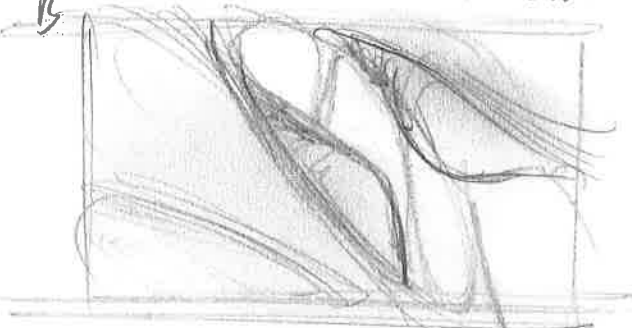
Sc (29)

(12) A



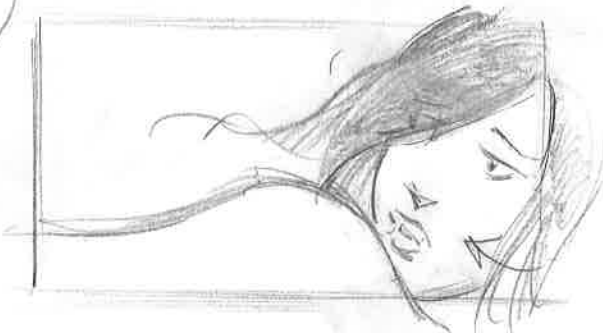
... ABSTRACT EROTIC FORMS...

B



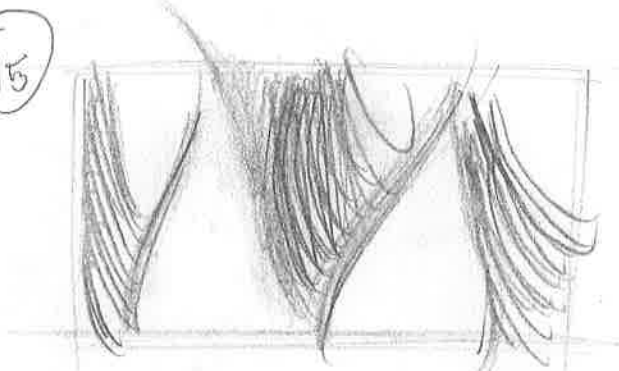
... FINGERS ... FLESH ... FLUID ...

(15)



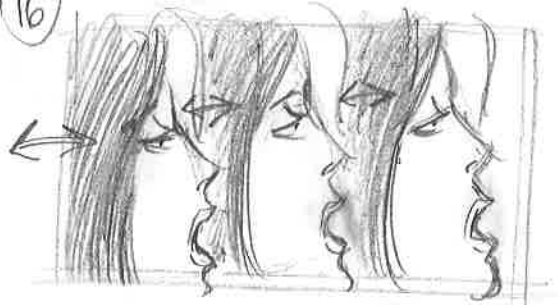
ALANA TURNS AND LOOKS BEHIND HER

(15)



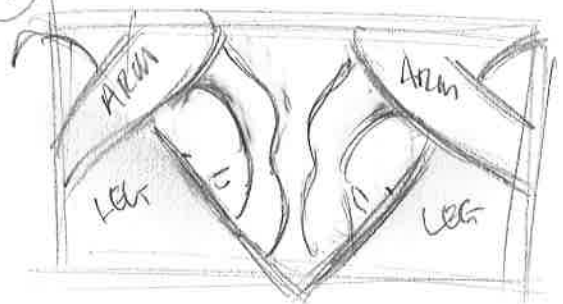
MORE ABSTRACT EROTIC ART. (FINGERS than HAIR)

(16)



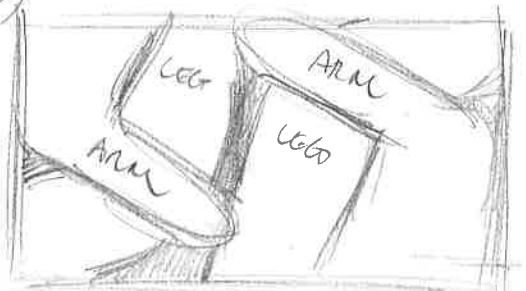
ALANA ROCKS BACK AND FORTH.

(17)



MARGOT PRESSED AGAINST ALANA'S LEG

(18)



ARMS AND LEGS

(19)



MIXTURE OF MISC A'S MOUTHS AND HAIR.

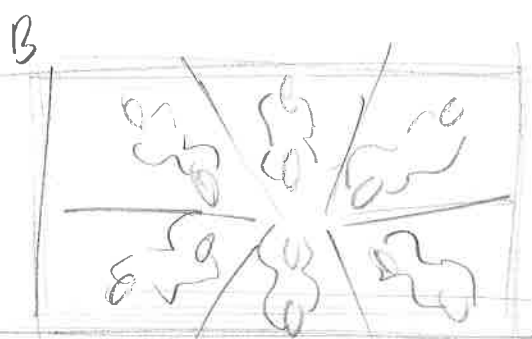
sc (20)



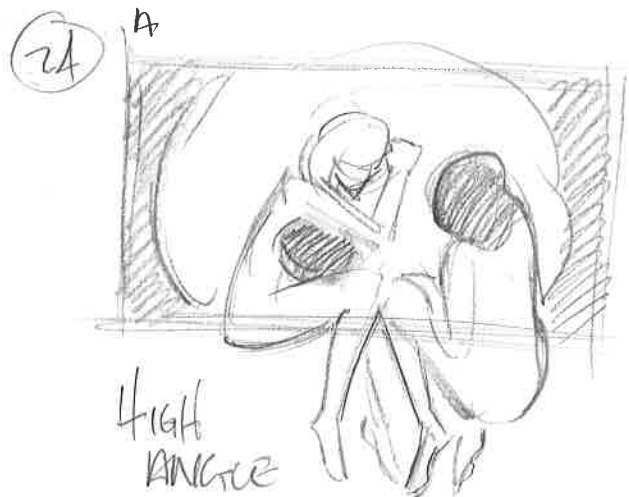
THIS IMAGE
DUPLICATED MANY
TIMES TO CREATE...



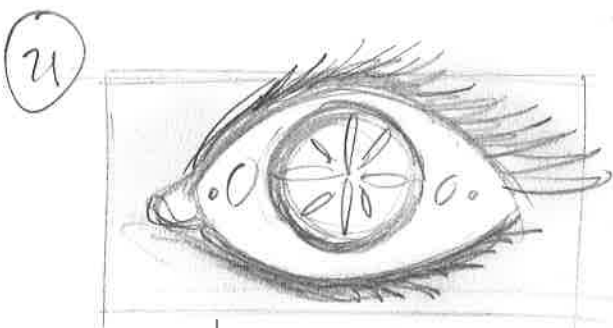
PROTIVE: THEY SPIT
APART AND DRIP
OUT OF FRAME.



A KALEIDOSCOPE
OF WHITING M & A'S



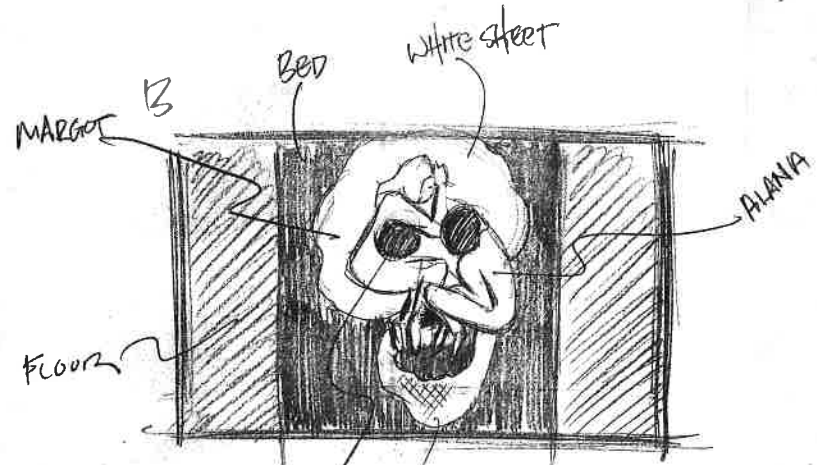
HIGH
ANGLE
M + A IN REPOSE



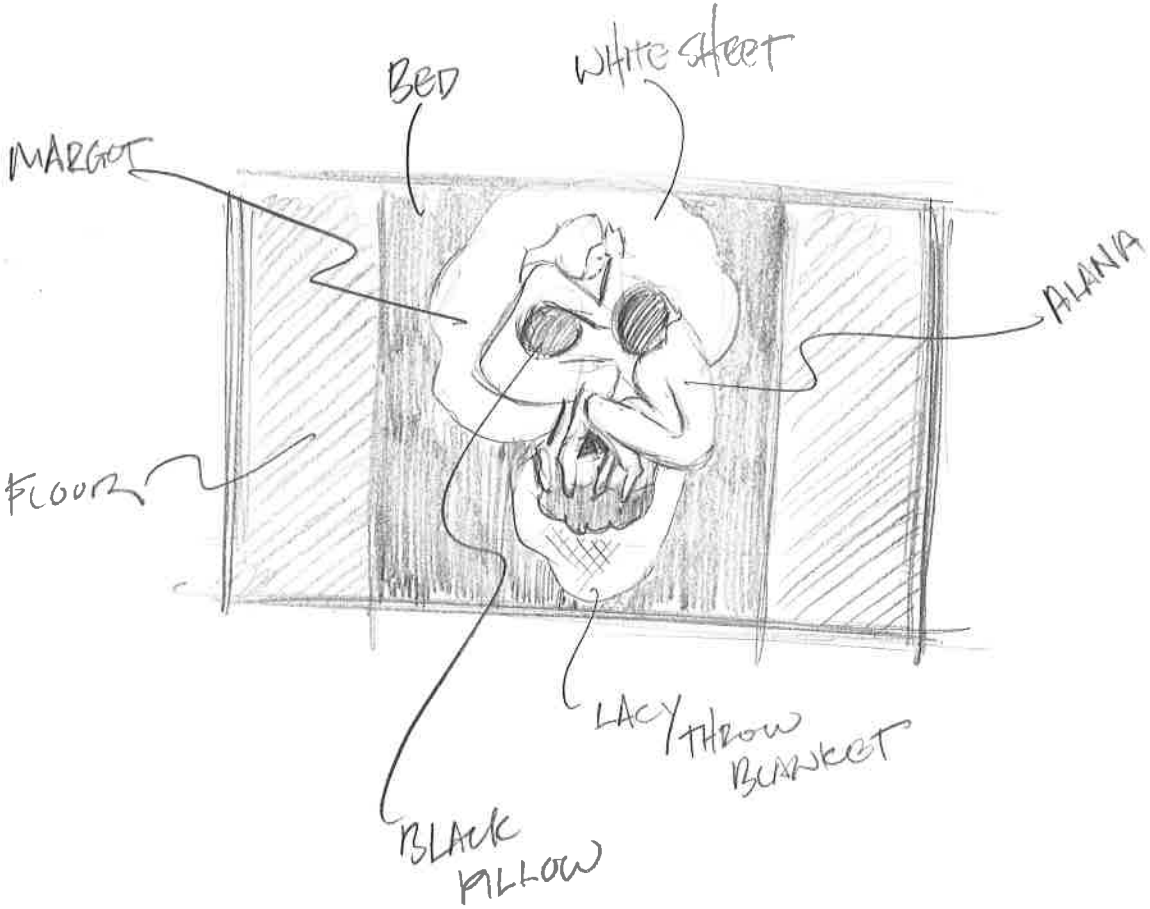
... WHICH IS SEEN
IN AN EYE AS...

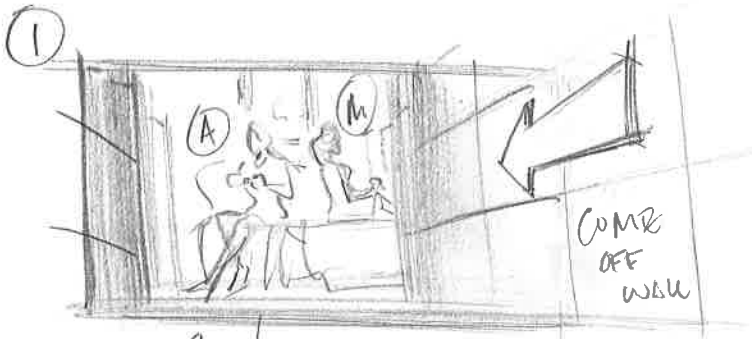


... THEY ORGASM
THEIR FACES MERGE INTO ONE



PULL BACK
TO REVEAL
THEY FORM A SKIN ON
THE BED.
BLACK
PILLOW
LACY THROW
BASKET





PUSH IN FROM THE
HALL INTO THE BEDROOM

ALANA & MARGOT DRESS
"OWING TO MONTHS OF PERSISTENT
EFFORT..."



...CONTINUE IN TO CU
"I DO. ONCE HE
HAS HAD WING"



ALANA ZIPS UP MARGOT.
"... THE PURSUIT OF HAWKING
LECTER."



"MASON HAS NO
INTENTION OF
SHOWING HIS LEAD..."



CU M
TURNS TO FACE A
"ANY EXPERIENCE
HAWKING
SPERM?"

33 CONTINUED:

ALANA BLOOM (CONT'D)
Twenty milligrams of Ambien in his
nightcap to make sure he's sound
asleep. Then it's just a matter of
the judicious application of a
cattle prod.

MARGOT VERGER
You make it sound so easy.

FLASHBACK

Margot is now on top of Alana, the latter's face transported
by ecstasy. Over this we hear:

ALANA BLOOM (V.O.)
Good deeds are best committed in
secret.

MERGE THE TWO WOMEN'S FACES IN DISSOLVES.

As they arch back in climax.

35 BACK TO SCENE

MARGOT VERGER
You don't know what the hell you're
doing. I like that about you.

CUT TO:

36 INSPECTOR BENETTI

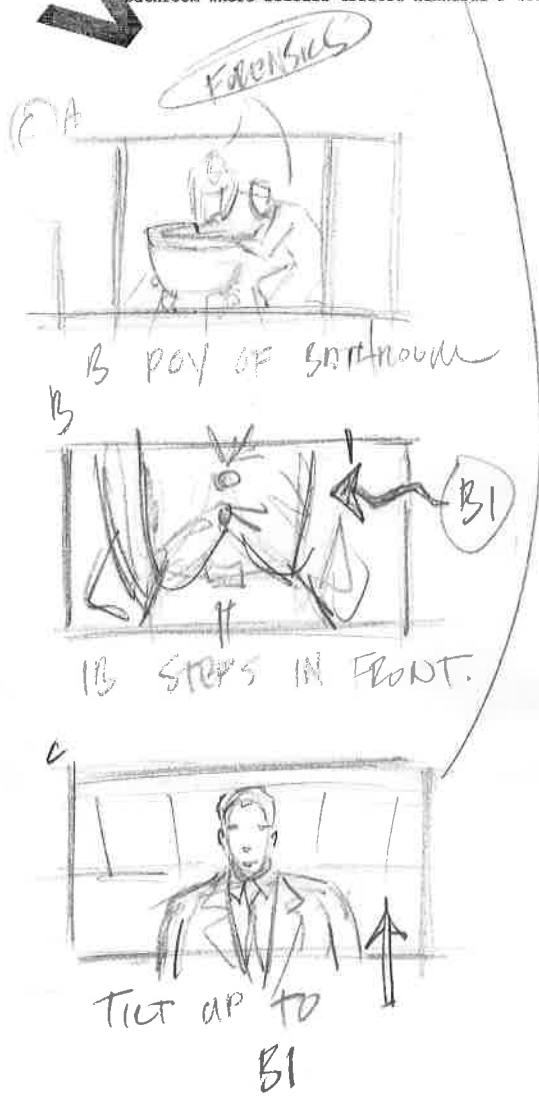
Late 30s, smooth and cool. Flanked by the imposing presence
provided by TWO ADDITIONAL FLORENCE COPS.

INSPECTOR BENETTI
We cannot locate Dr. Fell. Close
attention has been brought to bear
on him. We have eyewitness
accounts of a bloody figure,
matching his description, running
from the scene.

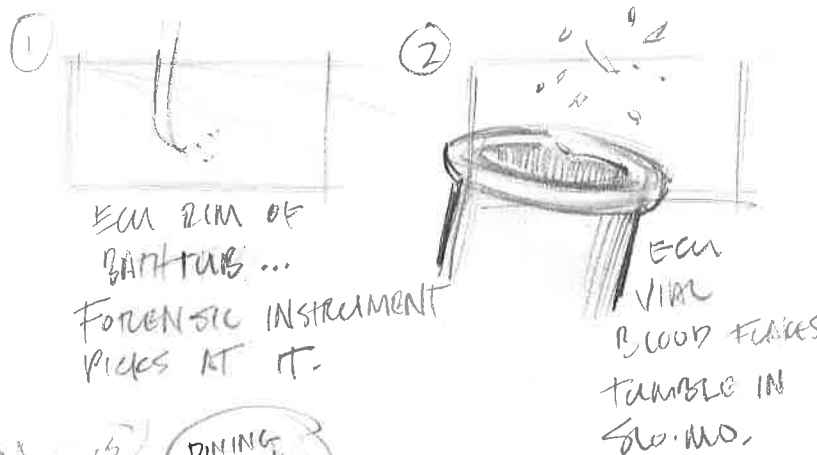
CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are --

INT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hank and Bedelia sit as Inspector Benetti and the Florence
police stand over them. SEVERAL ITALIAN POLICE work in the
background, taking fingerprints and blood samples from the
bathroom where Bedelia treated Hannibal's wounds.



(CONTINUED)



INT. BATHROOM:
Forensics pull
samples.

BACK FOCUS TO
B.



slow push IN
WIDE: FORENSICS +
POLICE SEARCH
IN FLO.
"LOCAL RADIO REPORTED ...
IN ADDITION TO HANGING
HIMSELF."

JACK CRAWFORD
Local radio reported Pazzi had committed hara-kiri with a knife.

INSPECTOR BENETTI
Many are eager to believe Pazzi killed himself, binding his own hands in the manner of jail suicide.

JACK CRAWFORD
In addition to hanging himself.

INSPECTOR BENETTI
We know it was murder. And perhaps most poetically, the Italian public have already decided *il Mostro* has killed Rinaldo Pazzi. A twenty-year-old debt finally paid.

JACK CRAWFORD
The Italian public is right.

INSPECTOR BENETTI
Il Mostro died in prison. (then) Commandator Pazzi had been assigned to investigate the disappearance of two men from the *Pantere-Capponi*.

BEDELIA DE MAURIER
Professor *Sogliato*. One of the missing men. My husband knew him. We've been to his home many times.

That last sentence was directed solely at Jack.

INSPECTOR BENETTI
We believe your husband was responsible for the disappearances, and murdered Commandator Pazzi when he came to the same conclusion.

Bedelia remains allowing tears of confusion to flow. Jack continues to be impressed by her performance.

JACK CRAWFORD
If you haven't already, access the VICAP database at Quantico, you will find Dr. Fell on the Most-Wanted page. He's flanked by a bomber and an arsonist, under the name Hannibal Lecter. The fingerprints you pull from the coils of Pazzi's noose will be his.

(CONTINUED)

Vincent
Matali



ANGLE ON J.

SLOW DIAG
PUSH IN

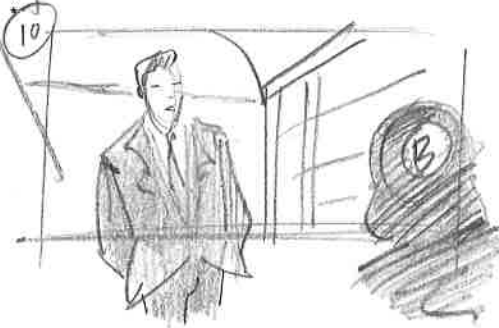


REVERSE = TO B1

SLOW RIGHT
PUSH IN



B TURNS TO J.



OVER B TO B1



CU B:
TEAR UP
(J IN BG)

INSPECTOR BENETTI
If you knew Dr. Fell to be Hannibal
Lecter, why didn't you bring it to
the attention of the Questura?

JACK CRAWFORD
There's a price on his head. Pazzi
knew. He tried to sell him. That
kind of money, can't say I blame him
(then)
Can you?

A tense moment as Benetti decides to ignore the challenge.

INSPECTOR BENETTI
You've already been questioned
regarding Rinaldo Pazzi's murder,
Signor Crawford. Since you're not
in Florence on official FBI
business, that will be all.

Jack stands and, shortly thereafter, Bedelia stands and
starts to follow him out.

INSPECTOR BENETTI (CONT'D)
Not you, Signora Fell. You stay
right where you are.

Jack glances back at Bedelia who sits down again, surrounded
by Florentine police.

Jack leaves. As the DOOR CLOSES...

MATCH CUT TO:

37 A DOOR OPENS AWAY FROM CAMERA

Into a room that slides IN AND OUT OF FOCUS.

BLOOD runs down FINGERS and DROPS in thick SPATTERS onto a
polished floor.

OUR POV jumps forward, CANTED at an angle.

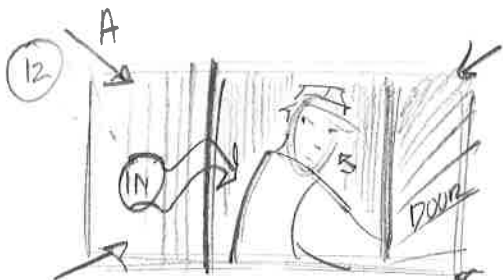
Reveal this to be Will Graham's POV. We are --

INT. BEGLIATO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

As Hannibal brings Will into the room.

Will's shirt beneath his coat is soaked with blood. It runs
down his sleeve and drips from his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

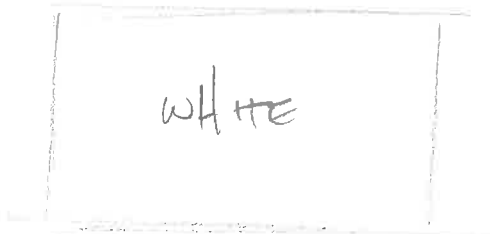


FROM DOORWAY
J LOOKS BACK



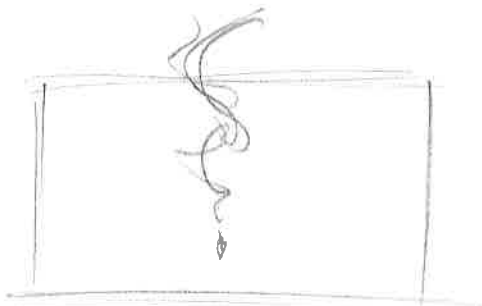
DOOR SHUTS.

A



BEGIN W. A BLANK WHITE SCREEN

B



A DROP OF BLACK LIQUID ENTERS

C



MORE DROPS ENTER

D



... TAKE ON THE ASPECTS OF WILL IN PROFILE.

E



HE SPEAKS:
"I CAN ALMOST TASTE THE BUTTER."

F



WILL'S FACE BEGINS TO DISINTEGRATE AS HAN'S FACE APPEARS 'TWINNING' WILL.

G



"TASTE AND SMELL ARE THE OLDEST SENSES..."

H



HAN, DISINTEGRATES
AS HE CONTINUES TO
SPEAK:

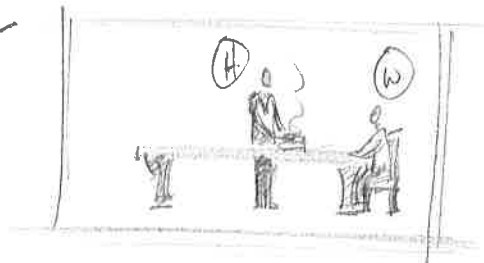
"... AND CLOSEST TO
THE CENTER OF THE
MIND."

K



"... OF THE MIND..."

L



"... HAN, COOKING
FOR WILL AT HIS
DINING ROOM TABLE.

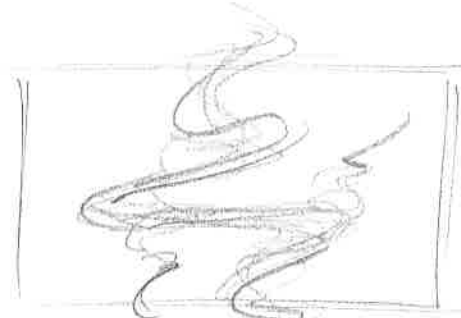
"... THAT PROCEEDS PITY
AND MORALITY."

I



"... BECOMES THE SMOKE
RISING FROM A PAN.

M



DISINTEGRATES

J



"... WHICH REFORMS TO
BECOME ...

"... HOUSED IN THE PART ..."



... REFORMING INTO HAND WITH A PLATE

"AT THE SAME TIME PULSING IN THE DOME OF THE CORTEX..."



HE WALKS UP TO CAMERA

"... LIKE MIRACLES ILLUMINATED ON A CHURCH CEILING..."



CONTINUES FORWARD

"... ARE THE CEREMONIES..."



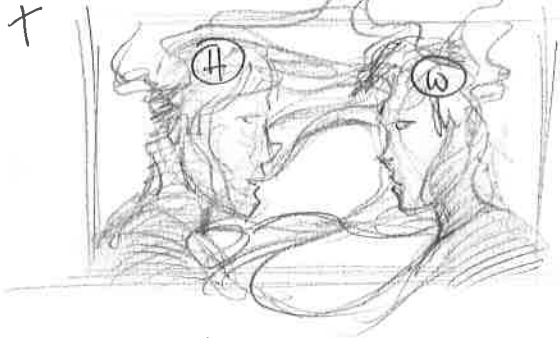
... FOR AN INSTANT BECOMING THE WENDIGO "... AND SIGHTS..."



"... ANY EXCHANGES OF DINNER..."

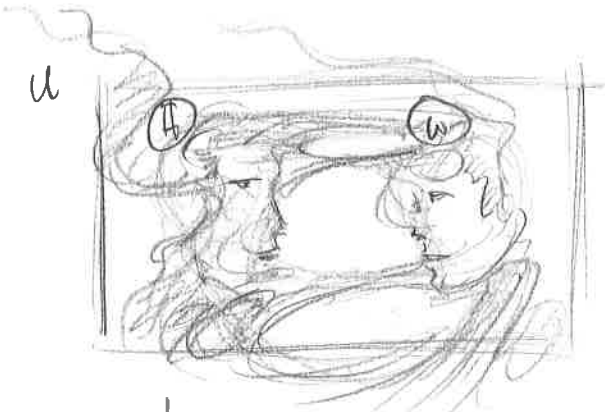


... THE FACE SPLITS INTO TWO STRANDS...



in which BECOME HAND,
 & WILL. FACING EACH
 OTHER.

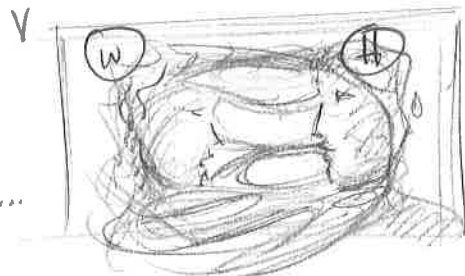
"...IT CAN BE MORE
 ENGAGING THAN THEATER."



THEIR FACES CONTINUE
 CIRCULATE AND EXCHANGE
 MATTER...

"WHAT PLAY ARE WE WATCHING
 TONIGHT?"

"TURNING INTO
 ONE ANOTHER
 AND BACK AGAIN..."



"ONE in."

W



THEIR FACES BECOME
A VORTEX

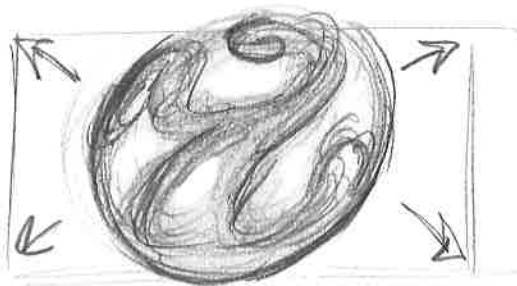
"... YET TO BE WRITTEN."

X



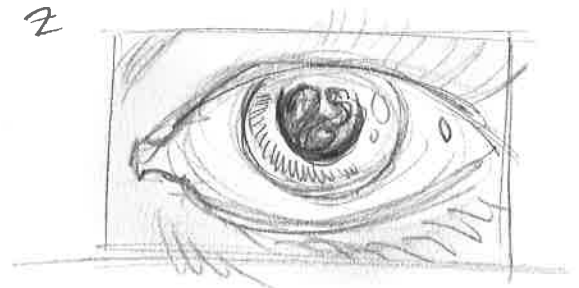
...TURNING INTO A
SPIRAL ...

Y



ONE VIEW WIDENS

Z



... TO REVEAL THIS
IS WITHIN W'S
EYE.

(THIS IS OUR
TRANSITION
SHOT TO
WILL AT THE
TABLE IN THE
NEXT SC.)

*Not Roman
Gaborste*

Hannibal moves out of sight and we STAY ON Will. Doped.
Room blurring around him.

*

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
I would have liked to have shown
you Florence, Will.

*Will
Will
Will*

*

*

Hannibal raises a straw to Will's lips. Will sips.

WILL GRAHAM
The soup isn't very good.

*Will
Fate*

*

HANNIBAL
It's a parsley and thyme infusion,
and more for my sake than yours.
Have another sip, let it circulate.

*POST
ACCEPTANCE*

*

*

Will does so. Pliable to Hannibal's wishes. Will notes
THIRD PLACE SETTING at the other end of the table.

See it

PIWOW

WILL GRAHAM
Are we expecting company?

CUT TO: SEASON 2

40 INT. SOGLIATO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY/ELEVATOR - NIGHT 40

Jack enters through the front door.

END OF PINE

Checking a directory displayed on the wall, he finds
"SOGLIATO -- 7B."

But

Then he gets into an elevator.

ACCEPTANCE

41 INT. SOGLIATO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT 41

Jack presses the button marked "7."

As the door begins to slide shut, a hand suddenly reaches in
to stop it.

CHIYOH

Steps into the elevator, standing right beside Jack, both of
them looking straight ahead.

16



H GIVES W A STRAW

19



2 SHOT:
"AND MORE FOR MY
SAKE THAN YOURS.
HAVE ANOTHER SIP.
LET IT CIRCULATE."

17



TILT UP FROM
TUBEN TO W,
SUCKING

"THIS SOUP ISN'T
VERY GOOD."

20



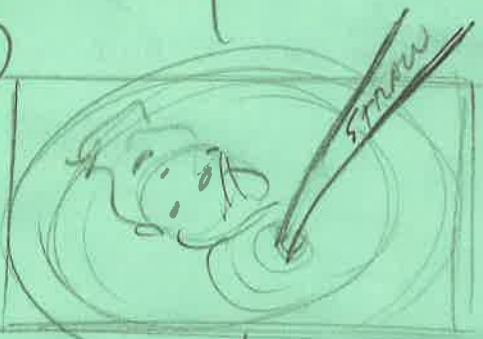
W DOES AS TOLD.

B



THEN LOOKS UP, NOTICING..

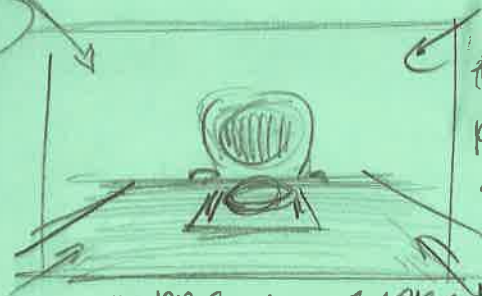
18



ANGRY H REFLECTED
IN THE SOUP.

"IT'S A PANSLEY AND
TACINE INFUSION..."

21



THIRD
PLACE
SETTING

"ARE WE EXPECTING COMPANY?"

Not now with

sunrise is quiet 12/26/14

39 INT. SOGLIATO'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (REALITY) 39 *

Will Graham's eyes open and he looks to where Hannibal can be seen, only feet away, yet it seems a great distance. His image GHOSTS in a conscious replaying of Hannibal in Scene 2. Both men are battered and bruised. *

Will sits in front of Sogliato's fine white linen, china and silver, leaving GHOSTLY IMAGES of his slow progress behind. *

Hannibal produces a fine SYRINGE and injects Will's arm once more. Will SWOONS, and Hannibal uses a strap already fastened to the chair back to pinion Will to the chair. *

WILL'S POV

As the room swims and Hannibal's face MORPHS into WILL'S OWN FACE and then back again. *

HANNIBAL

I do not indulge much in regret, but I am sorry to be leaving Italy. There were things in the Palazzo Capponi I would have liked to read. *

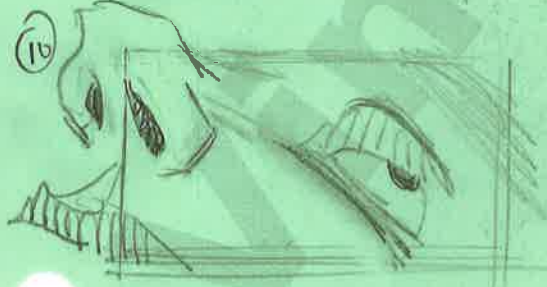
meibodan
WHW Som
SADNESS *

Hannibal returns and places a small tureen in front of Will. *

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I would have liked to play the clavier and perhaps compose. I might have cooked for the Widow Pazzi, when she overcame her grief. *

They only
to stay
Ghosts
SITTING SWEET *



(CONTINUED)

12



"I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO PLAY THE CLAVIER AND PERHAPS COMPOSE."

H FASTENS W TO HIS CHAIR

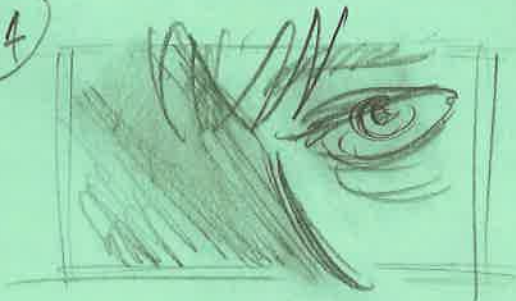
13



"I MIGHT HAVE LOOKED FOR THE WINDOW PAZZI, WHEN SHE OVER-CAME FOR GRIEF."

H GETS TURNED IN FRONT OF W. (SA 4)

14



W'S EYE GOING IN + OUT OF FOCUS.



15



"I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SHOWN YOU FORTRESS, WILLY."

W & H'S FACES EXCHANGING/MELDING

ACT FOUR

38 INT. HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (FANTASY) 38

As MUSIC plays softly in the background -- Glenn Gould's Bach *Goldberg Variations* -- we see:

A burner ignites in BLUE FLAME with a sudden WOOMPFF.

Savory BUTTER SIZZLES in a bronze saucepan.

Fresh SHALLOTS are getting minced with a sharp KNIFE, the warm glow of candlelight REFLECTED in the silvery blade.

Will is seated eagerly at the beautifully-laid table, while Hannibal busies himself at a sideboard, sautéing the butter over a portable burner, and chopping the shallots.

Both men look handsome in coats and ties, neither battered nor bruised. This is Will's DRUG-INDUCED FANTASY. *

WILL GRAHAM

I can almost taste the butter.

*Fears like
A dream they
ARE BEST
BURBIBS. →*

HANNIBAL

Taste and smell are the oldest senses, and the closest to the center of the mind.

WILL GRAHAM

Parts that precede pity and morality.

*Fear like
SEASON ON/C
BETTER H
HIS REVEREND
HINTSELF. **

HANNIBAL

They play in the dome of our skulls, like miracles illuminated on a church ceiling. The ceremonies and sights and exchanges of dinner can be far more engaging than theater.

Will looks apprehensive.

WILL GRAHAM

What's for dinner?

HANNIBAL

Never ask. Spoils the surprise.

The scene DARKENS inward from the corners, like a closing lens.

The soft music continues playing as we...

CUT TO:

TRANSITIONS

① A



CLOUDS BECOME

B



W'S EYE

②



DISS TO WIDER

③



DISS = WIDER... ④

... WIDER TO SEE
WIM IS AT TABLE

⑤



TABLE
W. POV = H "GHOSTS"
TOWARDS HIM.

⑥



SPLITSUBSCREEN
FOCUS FG
+ BG = H GHOSTS
OVER AND...

⑦



H TAKES OUT
SYRINGE

⑧



INSERT H INSECTS W.

⑨



W FALLS FORWARD
H CATCHES HIM
AND...

Sw (41)

① A



BOOM OVER
RAILING TO
DISCOVER
JACK

③



SEG INTO 7B
INFORM = J'S FINGER
ON NAME.

RND/000

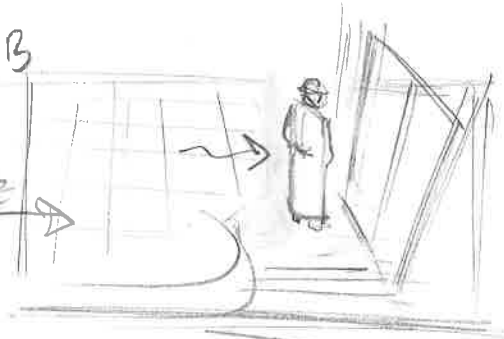
② A



TRACK JACK AS HE
ENTERS.

B

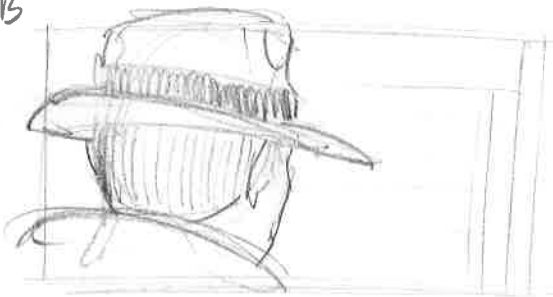
SLIDE



J Keros

④ ELEVATOR

B

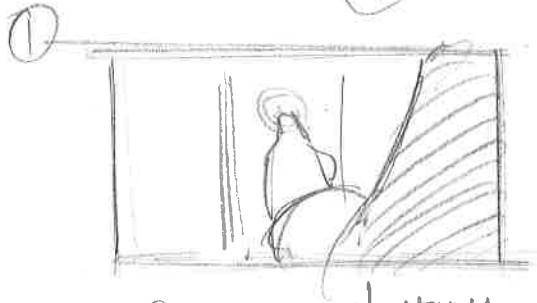


COMES UP TO
DIRECTORY

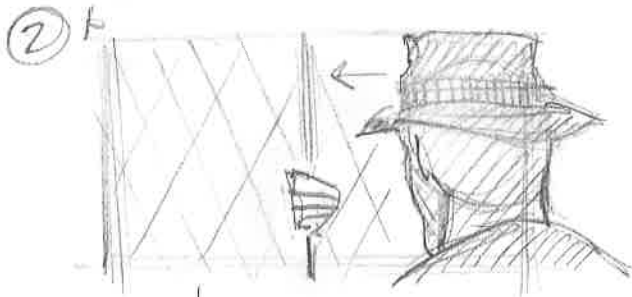


TURNS TO
ELEVATOR
+ EXITS.

su (41)



PU 5 HITTING
7TH FLOOR BUTTON



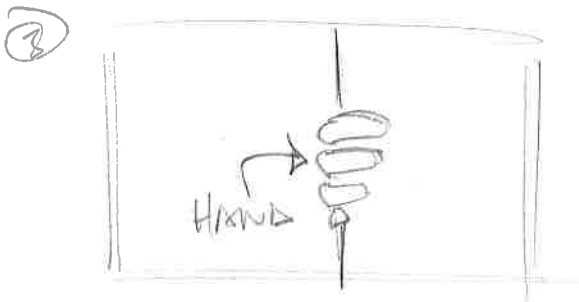
cf STOPS ELEVATOR
DOOR SHUTTING



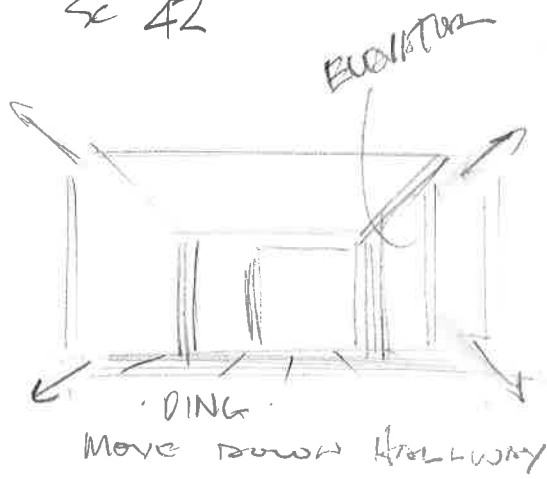
REVEAL cf

also GET

access + tablet



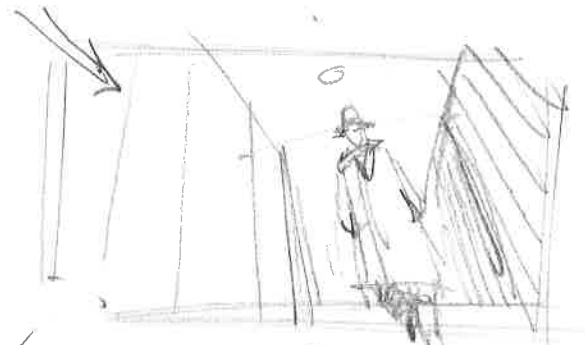
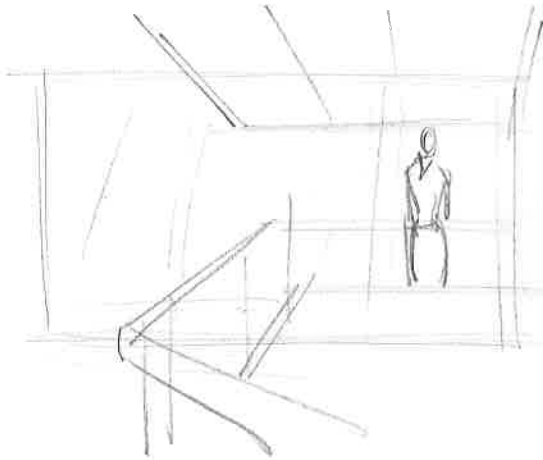
Sc 42



ELEVATOR ARRIVES & HOOKS DOOR FOR CH.



CH EXITS



THINK (O) SIDE UNTIL HE COMES TO DOOR.

CH MAY BE LEADS US.

ACT FIVE

44 INT. HANNIBAL'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bedelia sits primly upright. Benetti has pulled a chair close to her and sits uncomfortably close. His clasped hands so close to her knees. He's holding several documents.

INSPECTOR BENETTI
Your husband left you behind.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
There was no reason for me to run. I've done nothing wrong.

INSPECTOR BENETTI
I hold in my hands the photographs taken for Dr. Fell's staff work permit, attached with the *permesso di soggiorno* to his *permesso di soggiorno*. I also have his French work papers.

Bedelia glances at the French papers featuring the ORIGINAL DR. FELL last seen alive in Ep. #301.

INSPECTOR BENETTI (CONT'D)
Looks different with a beard, no?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
That's not my husband.

INSPECTOR BENETTI
This is Roman Fell.
(then)
And this is Lydia Fell.

He shows Bedelia a copy of the ORIGINAL MRS. FELL's passport.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
I am Lydia Fell.

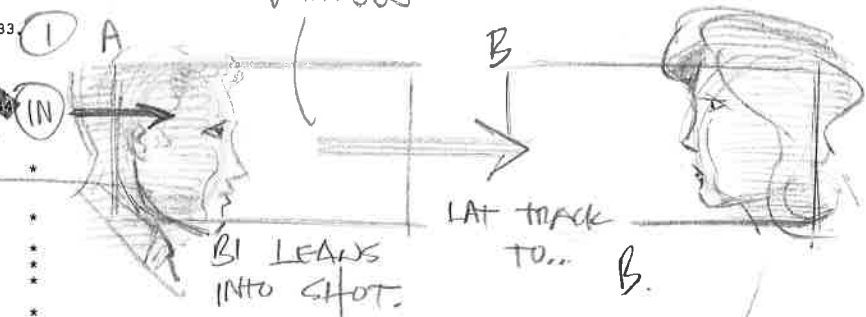
INSPECTOR BENETTI
Did you murder her with your husband? Or did you just watch?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
I am Lydia Fell.

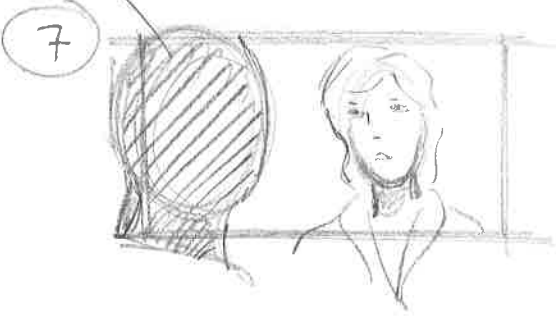
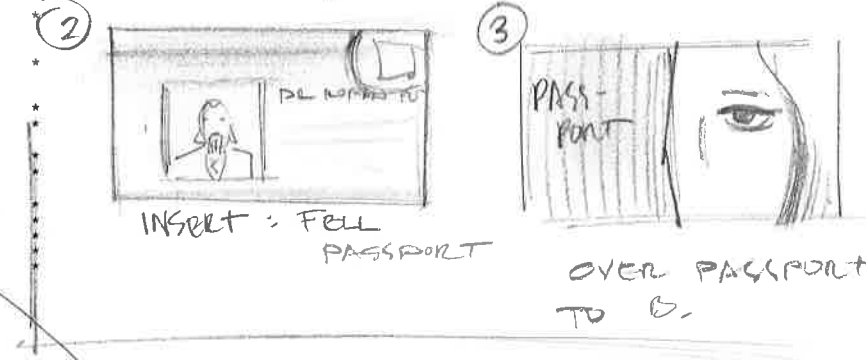
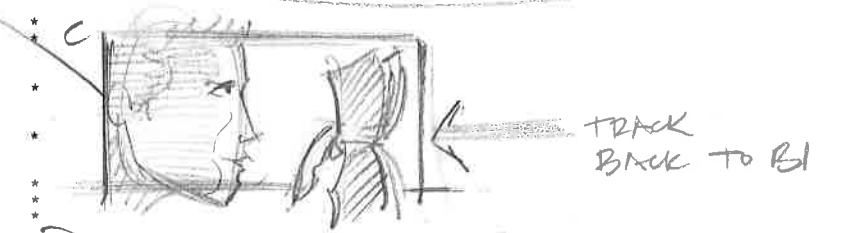
INSPECTOR BENETTI
I don't care who you are. I don't care if you're in your right mind or your wrong mind. Understand? Those things are inconsequential.

(CONTINUED)

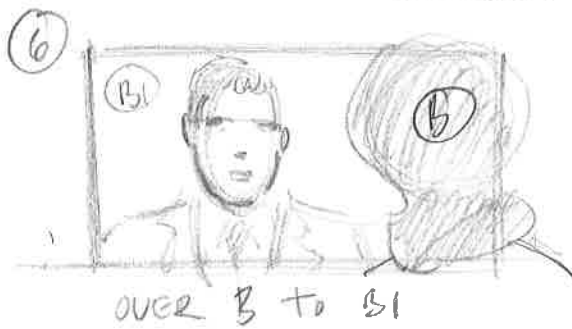
WINDOW



B1 LEANS INTO SHOT.



50/50 = B1 UNCOMFORTABLY CLOSE.



BEDELIA DU MAURIER
I understand, in this moment, you
are not working for the Questura.

INSPECTOR BENETTI
That's a good thing to understand.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
I don't want to be seen as
uncooperative.

INSPECTOR BENETTI
How you are seen is entirely up to
you. Rescued by the brave
Questura... or apprehended.

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
I've never considered myself in
need of rescuing until now.

INSPECTOR BENETTI
Is your husband still in the city?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
My husband was hoping to meet a
friend before he left Florence.

INSPECTOR BENETTI
Where?

BEDELIA DU MAURIER
The nature of their meeting
requires privacy. They'll be
somewhere no one's supposed to be.

CUT TO:

45 INT. SOGLIATORE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 45

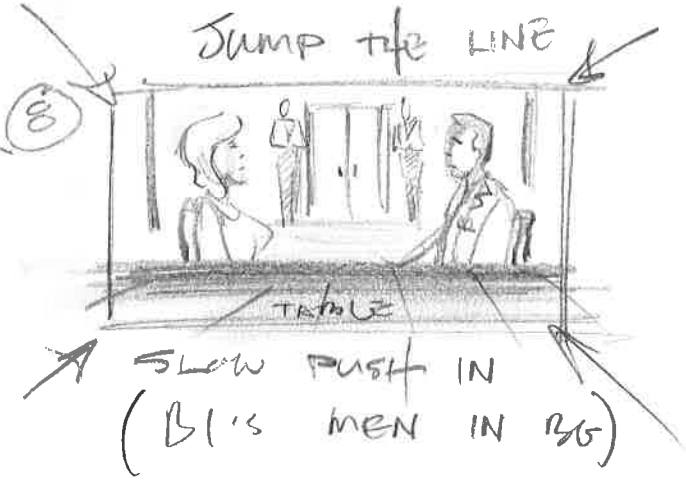
The music is still playing softly as Jack comes round to find
himself seated way down at the opposite end of the table from
Will.

Not far from Jack, Hannibal is busy at his burners, scraping
minces over berries into the sizzling pan.

Jack makes to move and his face falls in frustration and then
sudden fear as he realizes he cannot move.

JACK CRAWFORD
What have you done?

(CONTINUED)



END ON C.A.S

VINO Natali

INSPECTOR BENETTI
You are wanted for questioning in connection with the death of Rinaldo Pazzi. However, in the spirit of cooperation which has long prevailed between our departments, I would be satisfied with a written statement. Unless you insist otherwise.

Jack realizes he has no choice. He heads for the door, then pauses, turning back to Bedelia, now flanked by Benetti and his men.

Jack leaves. As the DOOR CLOSES...

MATCH CUT TO:

37 A DOOR OPENS AWAY FROM CAMERA

37

Into a room that slides IN AND OUT OF FOCUS.

BLOOD runs down FINGERS and DROPS in thick SPATTERS onto a polished floor.

OUR POV jerks forward, CANTED at an angle.

Reveal this to be Will Graham's POV. We are --

INT. SOGLIATO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

As Hannibal brings Will into the room.

Will's shirt beneath his coat is soaked with blood. It runs down his sleeve and drips from his fingers.

Hannibal manhandles Will onto the couch, where Will lies back. Dazed and dizzy from blood loss.

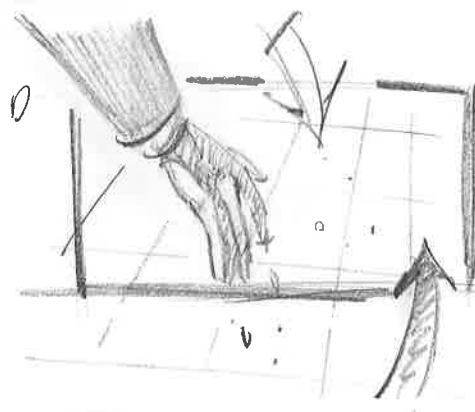
WILL'S POV

HAZY -- as Hannibal moves away and comes back with water in a glass.

He tenderly holds it to Will's lips.

CLOSE ON Will as he sips...

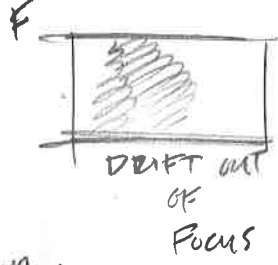
HANNIBAL
The bullet is still in there, Will. This will hurt, I'm afraid.



TILT DOWN TO our BLOODY HAND AS WE CONTINUE DOWN THE HALL.

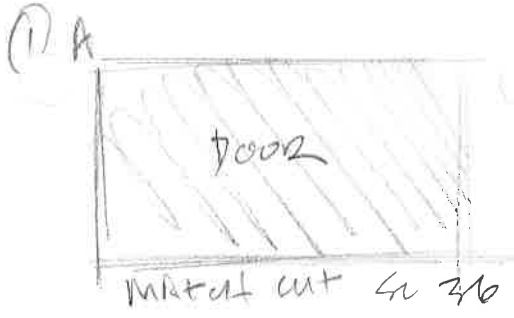


THEN TILT UP TO OUR SAVIOR = H.



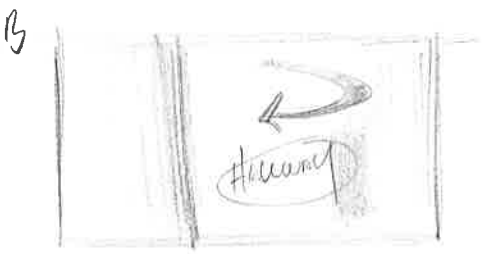
DRIFT OUT OF FOCUS

(CONTINUED)

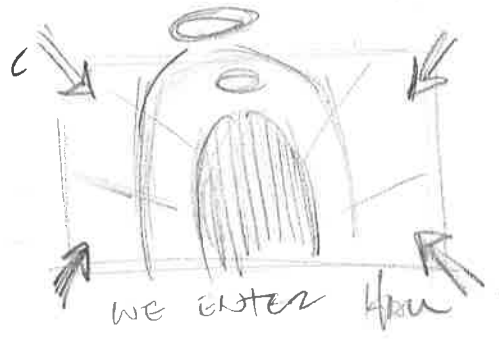


30 FPS

Match cut to 30



W POV Door opens to reveal Hannibal.



WE ENTER HERE



DRIFT INTO FOCUS W COLLAPSES ON THE COUCH.



W'S BLURRY POV.



H COMES INTO FOCUS (W) GLASS OF WATER

He pulls Will forward and strips Will's coat from his shoulders, exposing the BULLET WOUND and also effectively trapping Will's arms...

Hannibal sees the gun Will carries and says nothing.

Again, Will watches as Hannibal moves away and comes back with a leather bag. In it, medical equipment.

WILL GRAHAM
 You're well prepared.

HANNIBAL
 A former colleague's place. He no longer needs it. The view is less impressive, but it will do.

He cuts Will's shirt away and we see the ugly bullet wound. Still oozing blood.

Will endures the pain beneath Hannibal's touch. The intimacy is striking.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
 For whom do we think Chiyoh meant this bullet?

WILL GRAHAM
 We both know the answer to that.

HANNIBAL
 I have never known her to miss.

WILL GRAHAM
 She did not want me to find you.

HANNIBAL
 She was always fiercely protective, even as a child. She grew up to be a lioness. Did she kill the man in the cage or did you?

WILL GRAHAM
 I left her no choice.

HANNIBAL
 You wanted to set her free.

Will says nothing.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
 As you'd free yourself.
 (then)
 (MORE)



7 INSERT ~ W'S GUN EXPOSED

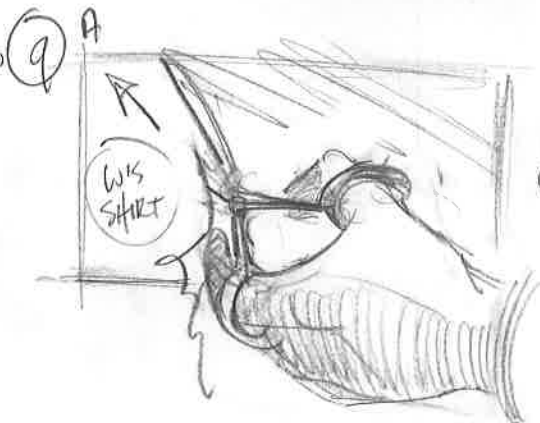


8 H catches this

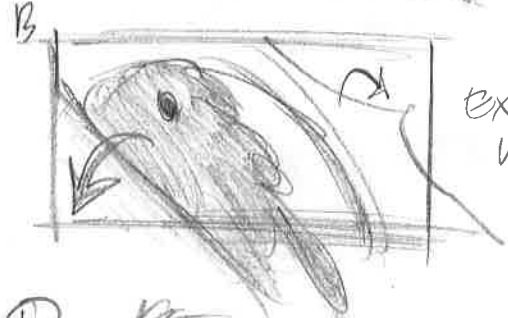


H FEEDS W WATER
 "the bullet is still in there WILL. THIS WILL HURT + M AFRAID."

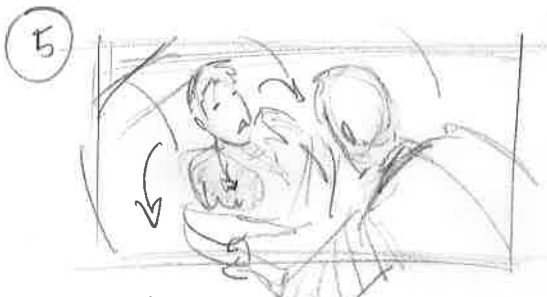
(CONTINUED)



cu H cuts W'S SHIRT



EXPOSING BLOODY WOUND.



H PULLS DOWN W'S COAT (TRAPPING W'S ARMS.)



OVER H to W.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry that remaining loyal to her principles has caused Chiyoh so much pain. I admire her strength.

WILL GRAHAM
It's caused me a lot of pain, too.

HANNIBAL
The pain is almost over, Will. For both of us. I promise.

They look at one another for a tense moment.

Will furtively glances down, and then he goes for the gun...

At the same moment, Hannibal pierces Will's bare arm with a sharp needle, giving him an injection.

The effect is instantaneous: Will drops the gun neatly into Hannibal's waiting hand.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Just a mild sedative, Will. I have to remove the bullet.

Will's eyelids flutter; we hear the THUM-THUM of his circulatory system as the drug courses through his veins.

WILL'S POV

As Hannibal looms IN AND OUT OF FOCUS, his voice slow and low.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Give that a moment.

Getting up, Hannibal moves through an archway, into the kitchen, where he starts unpacking a grocery bag.

WILL'S DRUGGED POV

Of Hannibal in the kitchen, the perspective fluttering ominously.

BACK TO WILL

As he touches his brow, unsteady, experiencing the first flush of fear.

WILL'S DRUGGED POV

As Hannibal approaches again, a shimmering giant looming overhead.

14



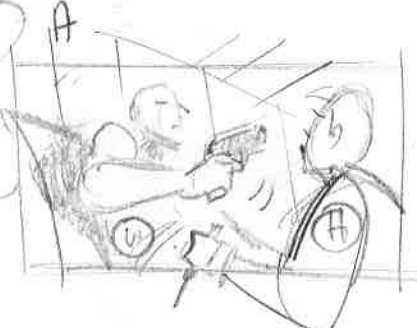
LOW ANGLE = W
GOES FOR HIS GUN.

15



REVERSE
W TURNS
BUT H
ALREADY
HAS THE
NEEDLE IN
HIM.

16



* RAMP SPEED
TO 48 FPS

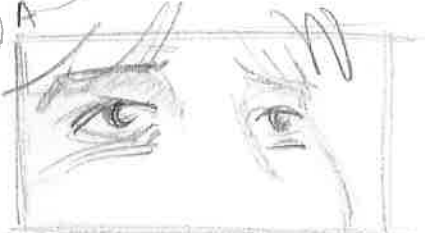
11



TIGHT
50/50

(CONTINUED)

12



BEH W EYES

B



W GLANCES DOWN
AT HIS GUN.

B



H CATCHES THE GUN.

13



H CATCHES IT

17



* 48 FPS

W IS OVERCOME
BY THE DRUG.
(IN + OUT OF
FOCUS)
+ 48 FPS.

Hannibal's face MORPHS -- WENDIGO and back again. Too fast to track.

ON WILL -- as his eyes slowly close...

END OF ACT THREE

Vincenzo Natali



H walks away
Picking up
bag.



PUSH IN

W tries to make
CALL BUT ... BECOMING HEAVY.



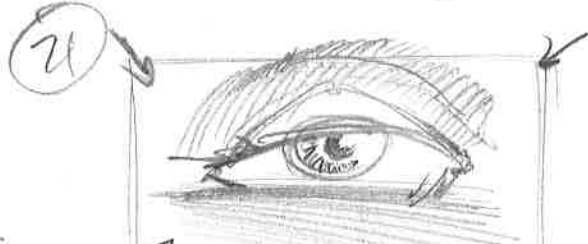
W POV OF H

"Give that a
moment."

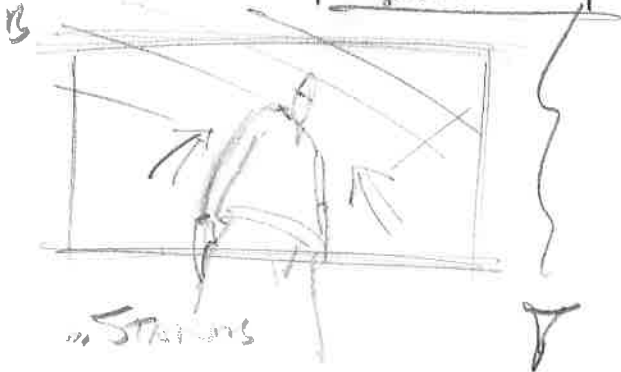
X (48 FPS) PRERECORDED
VOICE



W POV: H. UNPACKING
GROCERIES. AT TABLE
— 48 FPS —



Ecu W'S EYE
EYELID DROOPING

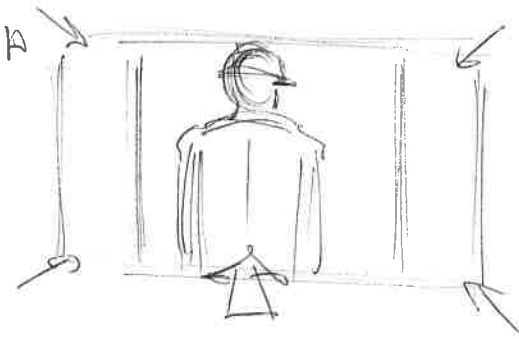


STAYING

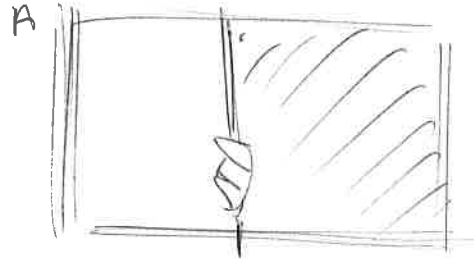


H IS FOR AN INSTANT
THE WENDIGO

Sc 41



J STEPS INTO ELEVATOR



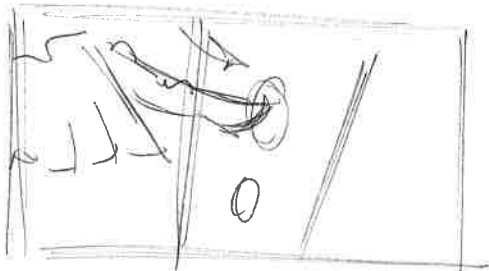
INSERT: HAND STOPS IT.



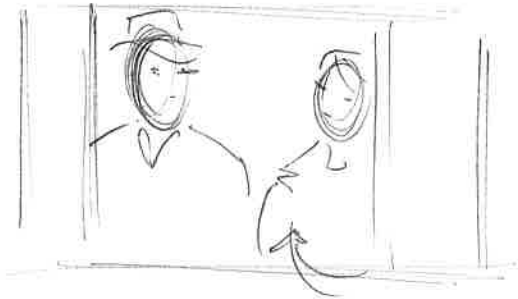
SHUTS GRATE



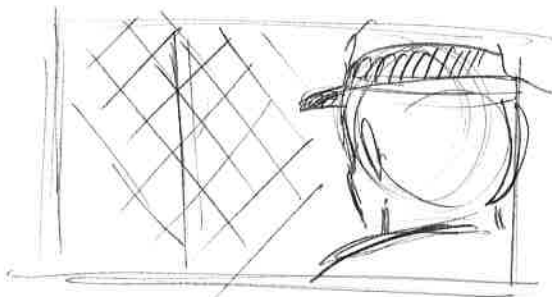
CHRYOT!



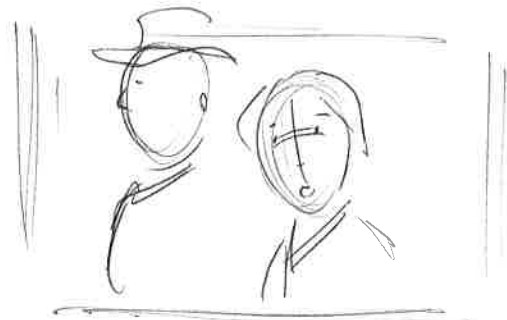
PUSHES '7'



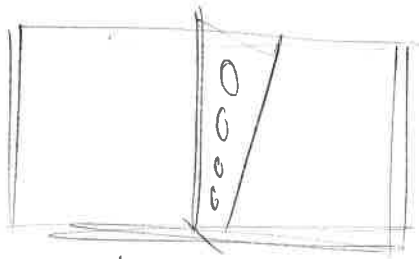
CH STEPS IN



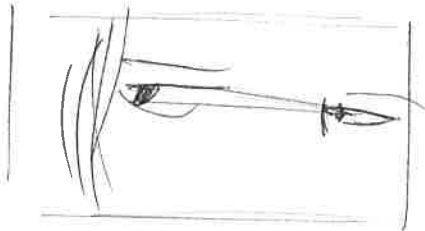
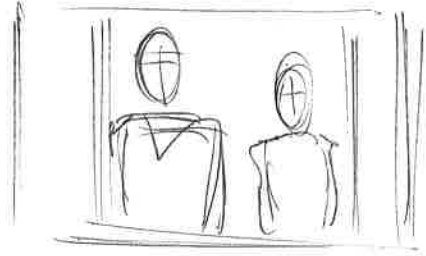
OVER J. DOOR STARTS TO SHUT



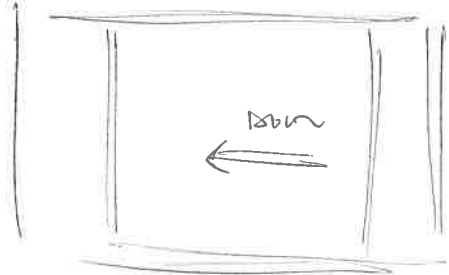
PROFILE 2. SHE COOKS



CH POV OF
NUMBERS
7 SELECTED



LOOKS TO JACK



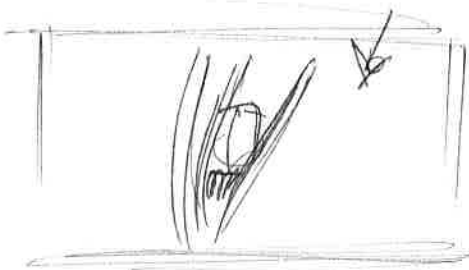
DOOR SHUTS



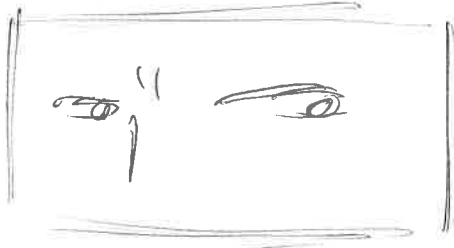
CH POV OF J



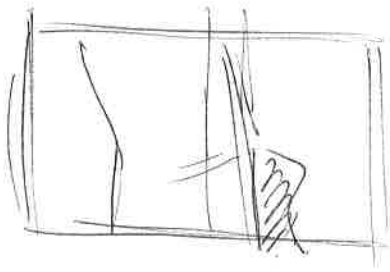
ELEVATION IN MOTION
GORSO LIGHT OF FACES



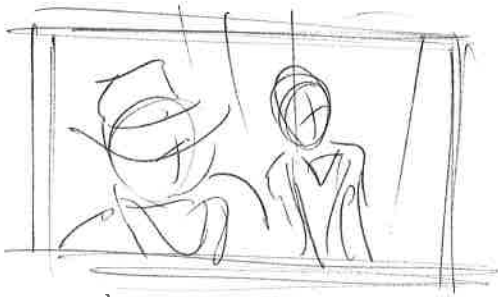
TILT DOWN TO GUN
IN HIS SACKET



EVEN JACK CHANGES
AT CH.



5 POV OF
GUN CRASH



HIGH ANGLE AS
THEY CONTINUE
TO RISE

Jack goes to Sogliato's door.

He touches the door... which swings open. He sneaks inside...

43 INT. SOGLIATO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT 43

Jack enters, careful. Draws his gun.

Hearing the soft music coming from the kitchen, he heads through the archway...

The sight of Will sitting at the table -- drugged and bound and sucking on the straw -- stops Jack cold.

Will smiles at him.

WILL GRAHAM
He's behind you, Jack.

Jack whirls... too late, as Hannibal CRACKS him on the head with the gun he took from Will.

JACK'S POV

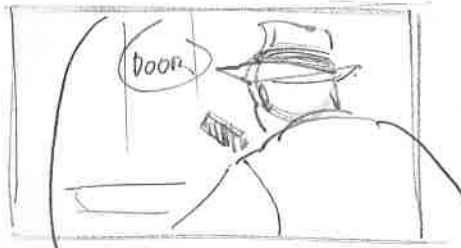
As the FRAME slowly TOPPLES SIDEWAYS to the floor.

As Jack's POV darkens, Hannibal looks down at him pleasantly.

HANNIBAL
I see you got my invitation.

END OF ACT FOUR

④



J ROUNDS CORNER + REACHES DOOR

⑤



J STEALS HIMSELF

⑥ A



J POV: DOOR OPENING TO REVEAL:



" WILL AT END OF TABLE SUCKING STRAW "

push thru door

⑦



J IN DOORWAY CONFUSED.

①



DOOR CRACKS OPEN TO REVEAL J ECU.

MUSIC PLAYS

②



J ENTERS, DRAWING GUN, STEADICAM.

③



LEAD J. STEADICAM.

SC 43 CONT'D

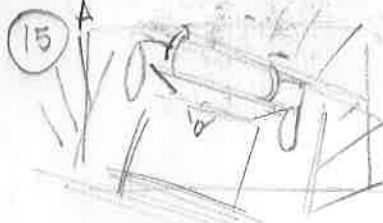
STAKE HANDS SLO-MO.



W LOOKS UP TO J.



"He's BEHIND you, JACK."



J'S POV = UPSIDE DOWN W. TIC TO H.



"I SEE YOU GOT MY INVITATION."



BACK TO J. STARTS TO TURN...



REVERSE = J TURNS.



J POV = HE IS RIGHT THERE!



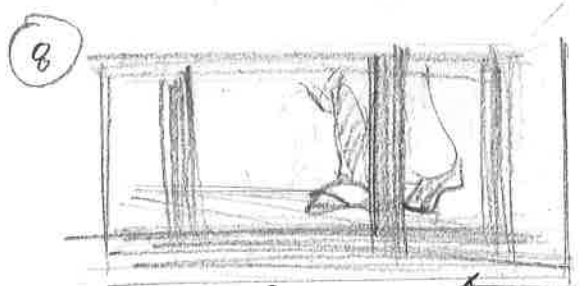
H WHACKS J W BUTT OF W'S GUN.



ROOM SPINS

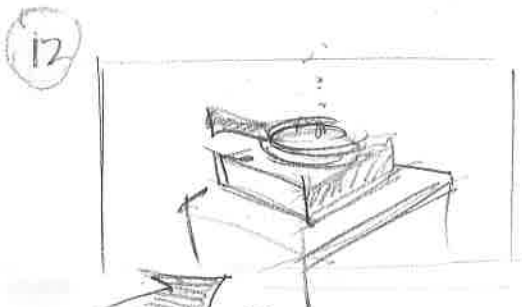
J'S POV.

Sc 42 - 43



8 PAN (w) J'S FEET thru the stuff.

JACK STOPS UP TO CAM. AND...



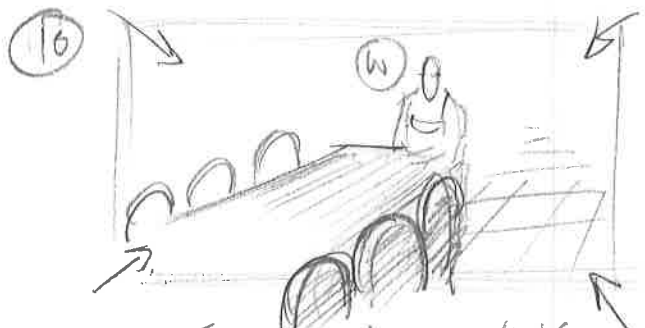
12 J'S POV OF SIZZLING BUTTER A H'S COOKING STATION



9 ...WE WALK JACK INTO ROOM HE OFFERS AN ANGLER (S/A 7)



13 OVER SHOOKING BUTTER TO J.



16 J'S POV MOVING UP TO WIN DRUGS.



14 HIGH ANGLE TIME PERMITTING BOOM DOWN



11 VERY CLOSE UP ON JACK WHOING J. (S/A 7)

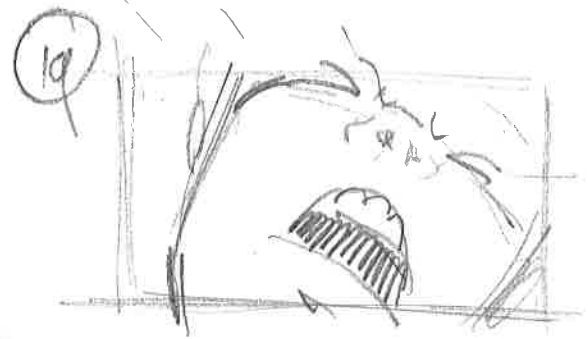


10 J PUTS HANDS ON W'S SHOULDER

SC 42-43



W LOOKS UP
DRUGGED



J CRIES OUT

"He's gonna be there
Jack."



HIGH ANGLE:
J DROPS
BUBBLING



LOW ANGLE: H'S HANDS
FOOTS
OUT.



INSERT: KNIFE
CUTS THRU
ACHILLES HEEL

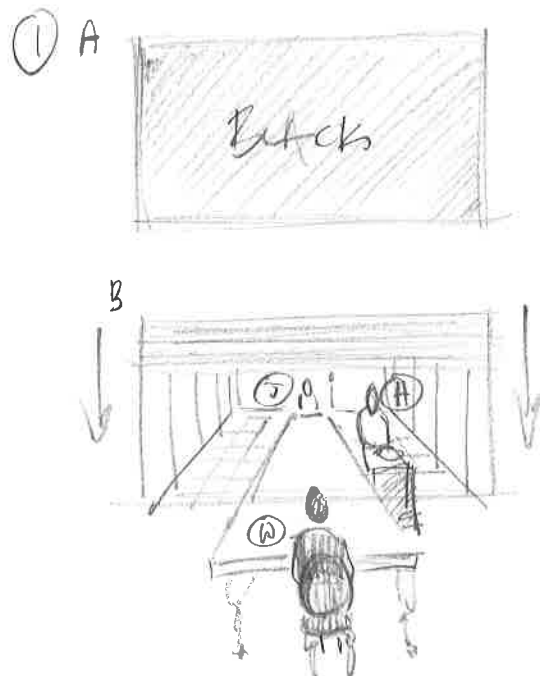


LOW ANGLE:
J TO H
EMERGING FROM
DARKNESS UNDER
TABLE.



INSERT = HIGH ANGLE HEEL CRUSH!

Sc 45



DROP FROM RAFTERS
TO FIND J, W & H



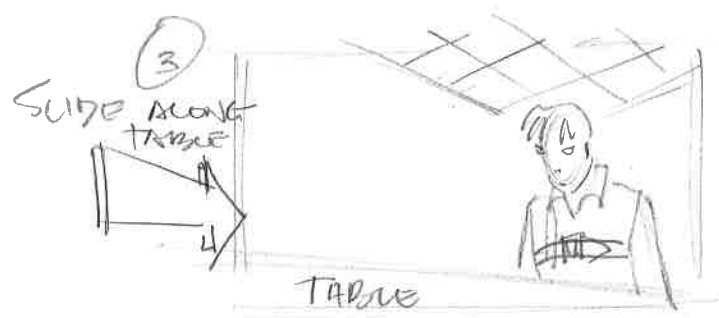
JIB UP + PUSH IN
TO H. COOKING
"I'VE TAKEN THE
LIBERTY OF GIVING
YOU SOME THINGS TO
RELAX..."



LOW ANGLE = J AT
TABLE, PARALLEL,
... LOOKS TO W.



OVER J TO H.
"... A DIFFERENT KIND OF
EVIL MINDS MUSEUM."



COMPLEMENTARY
ANGLE W.
LOOKS TO JACK



HIGH ANGLE ON J.
"NOT SO DIFFERENT."

7 BIG WIDE PROFILE (LAST SUPPER)



H crosses to W.
to pour wine

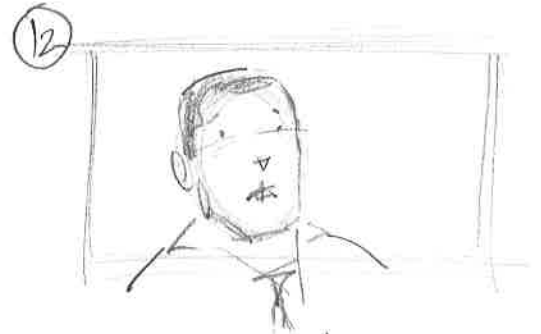
"the
PROMOTERS
AND FAMED
TAXIDERMISTS
..."



W SIPS WINE



GIVES WINE TO W.



J WATCHES AMAZED



LENS BABY W
(PURE AN EYE-LINES
FOR SC.)



FINE FUES COME
OUT OF W'S MOUTH.



DRUNKERD POV = WINE
(LENS BABY) GLOWS.

48 FPS

SC (45)



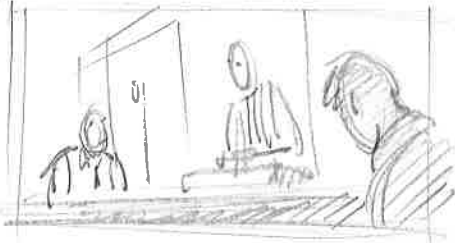
H LOOKS ON, PLEASED
"THE THINGS THAT
BRING PEOPLE
TOGETHER."

17



HAND HOLD 48 FPS
DRUGGABO W POV FOR
REST OF SC.
TRADE BETWEEN
H & J.
(SHOOT EMPTY PASTE)

15



OVER W TO H + J
'WE WERE SUPPOSED
TO SIT TOGETHER
BACK IN BALTIMORE.'

"...THE THREE OF US."
"YOU WERE TO BE THE
GUEST OF HONOR."

16



LENS ROCK W.
WATCHING

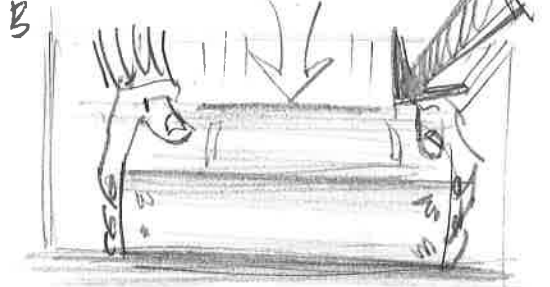
"BUT THE MENU
WAS ALL WRONG."

18



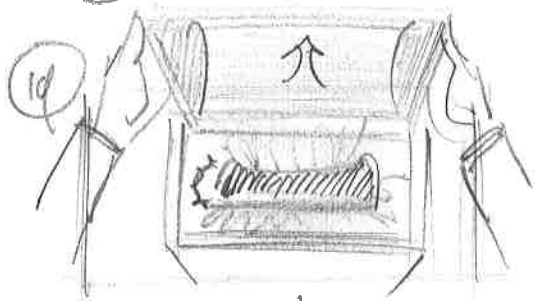
"YES, IT WAS"

PUSH IN TO H

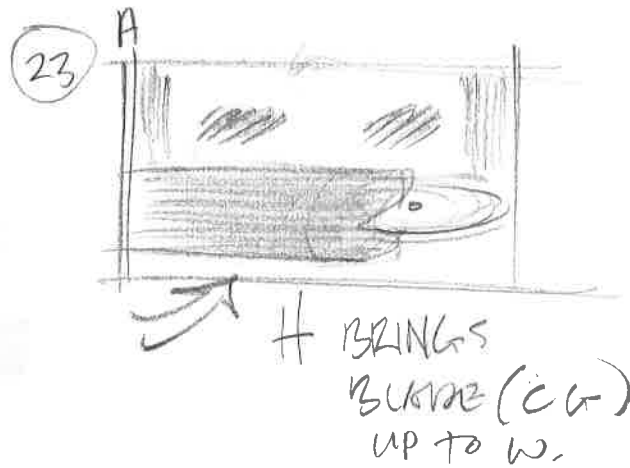


... AND DROP DOWN
TO BOX.

SC (45)



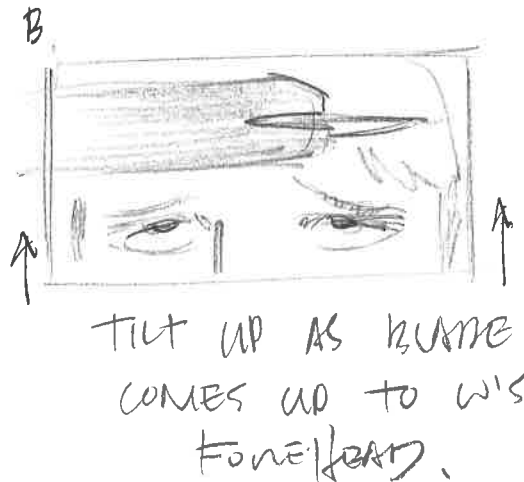
INSERT: HIGH ANGLE
REVEAL BONE SAW
INSIDE BOX.



H BRINGS
BUNGE (CG)
UP TO W.



PULL BACK (W)
H AS HE
MOVES TO W.



TILT UP AS BUNGE
COMES UP TO W'S
FOREHEAD.

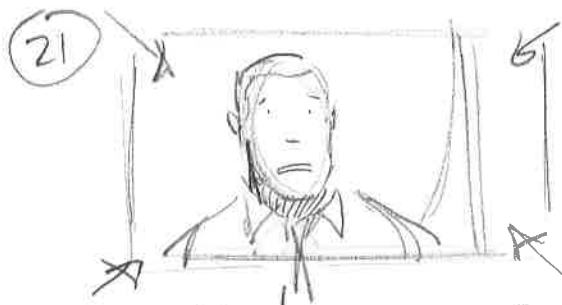
"JACK WAS THE FIRST
TO SUGGEST GETTING
INSIDE YOUR HEADS...
...CHIEFERS FIGURATIVELY
+ UTOMATICALLY."

(S/A 11?)

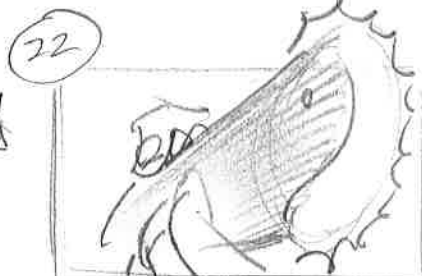


OVER TOP OF W'S
HEAD TO H AS
SAW MAKES CONTACT!

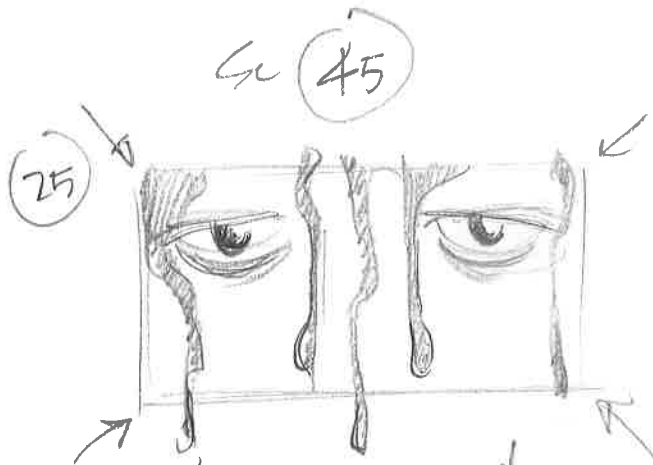
BLOOD SHOTS
OUT!



PUSH INTO J
"HANNIBAL..."
(S/A 12)



INSERT: SAW TURNS ON.



48 FPS PUSH-IN
A BLOOD COMES
DOWN AND W
LOOKS TO J.
(CALM)

SOUND DROPS OUT

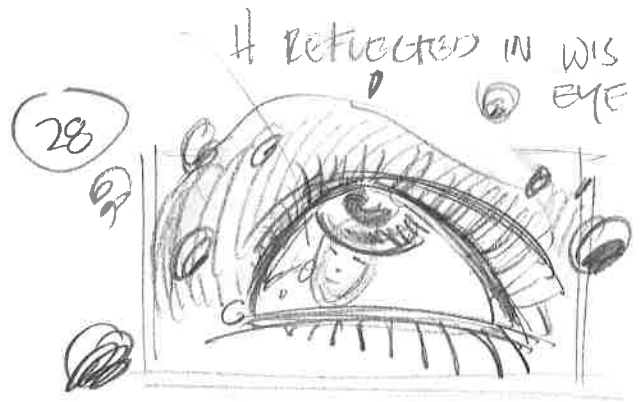


72 FPS JACK
SCREAMING



W POV OF H
WORKING AWAY
FG BLOOD
FLIES.

72 FPS

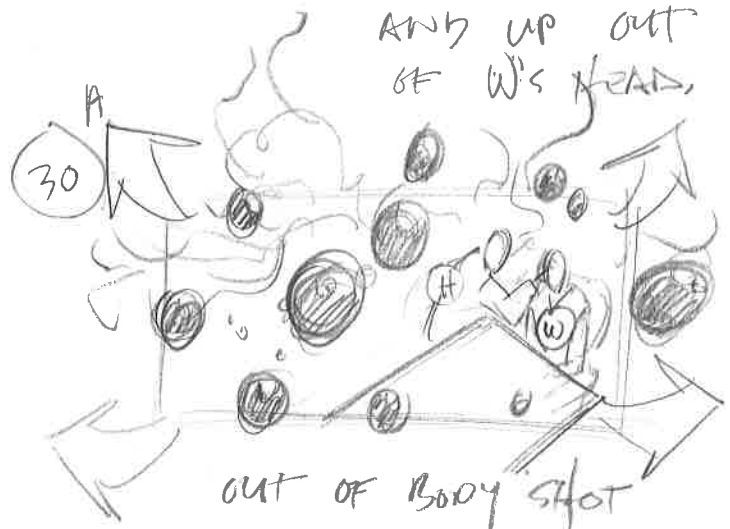


INSERT: BU W'S BU
LOOKING UP

300 FPS FG
BLOOD DROPLETS



BLOOD
FLOATS OUT
AND UP OUT
OF W'S HEAD.

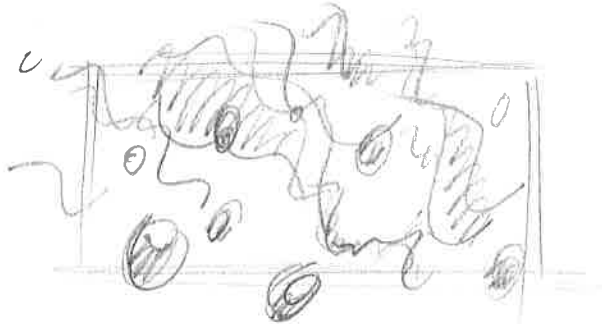


OUT OF BODY SHOT
RISING UP
FOCUS ON FG,
FLOATING BLOOD.

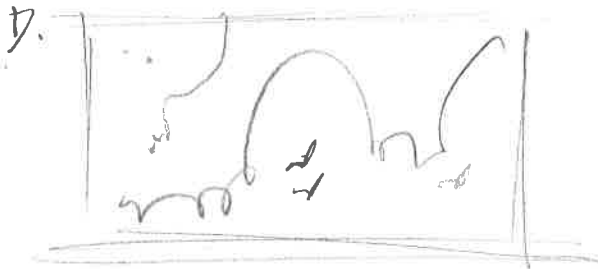
30 B
C 45



BLOOD DRIP FLOATS
AWAY FROM US
REVEALING WE WERE
LOOKING AT A
REFLECTION.



BLOOD FLOATS UP
↳ TO THE FINNAMENT
AND AS WE FOLLOW IT

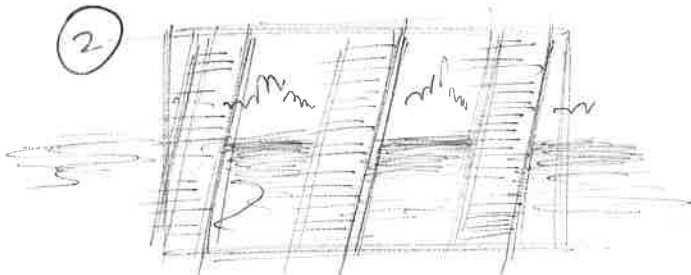


IT BECOMES CLOUDS
SET AGAINST
BLUE SKY

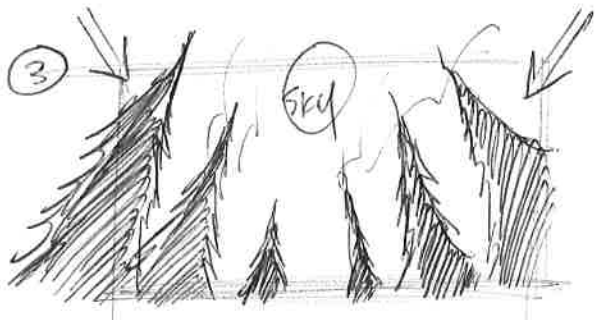
Sc 46 - 50



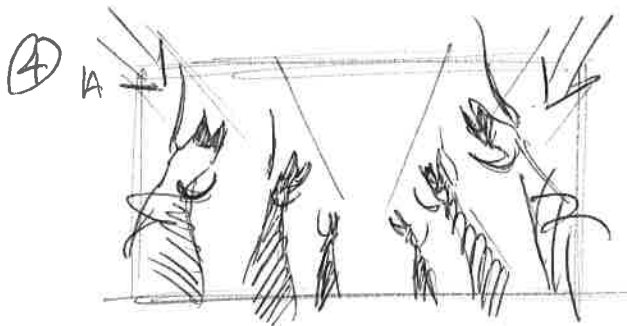
sky



VIEW OF FROZEN LAKE
THRU TREES.

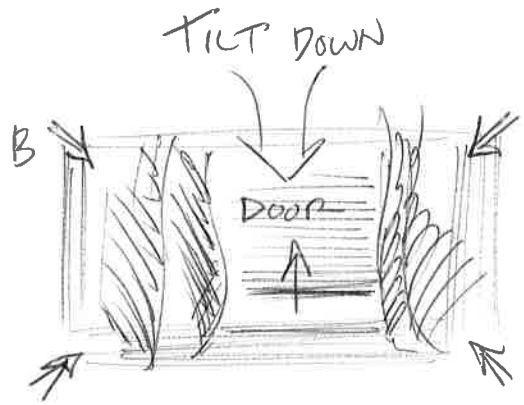


TRUCK PAST TREES



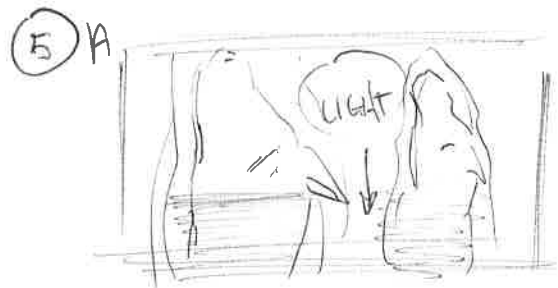
TRUCK PAST HOOBED
PIGS' FEET

HEAR RUMBLE OF TRUCK



SOUND OF TRUCK COMING
TO A STOP.

DOOR CRACKS OPEN.
BRIGHT LIGHT!



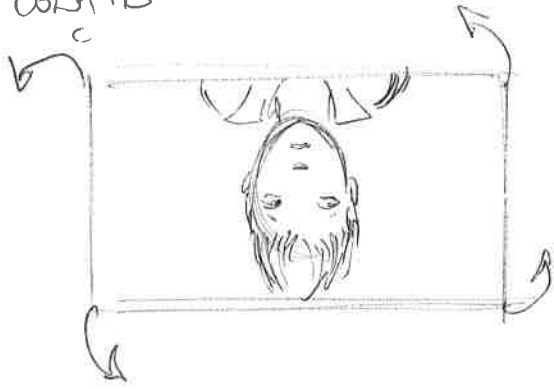
LIGHT ILLUMINATES
PIG FACES



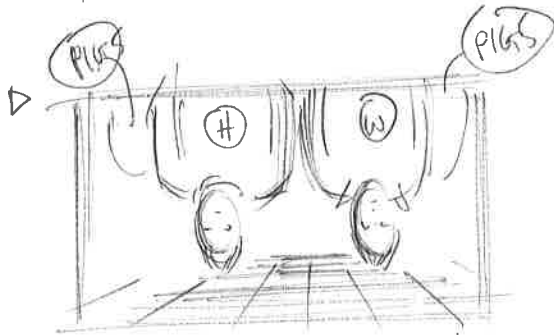
PAN TO WILL
AS HE WAKES

sc 50

5 CONT'D



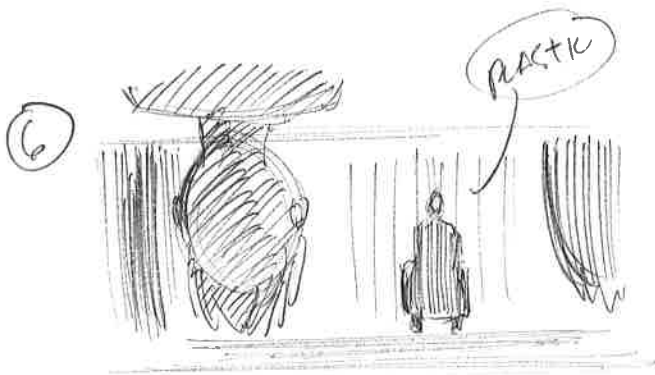
CLM PULLS OUT
+ ROTATES 180°



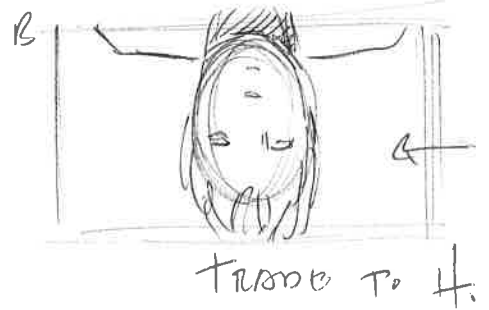
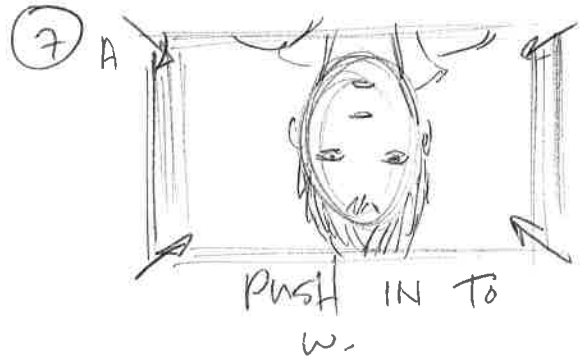
... REVERING HE
IS SUSPENDED NEXT
TO H.



... REACT TO SOUND



SLIDE W TO REVER
MASON'S SILHOUETTE
ROLLING PLASTIC



WIFE ON
MASON APPROACHING
"GENTLEMEN..."



"WELCOME TO MUSE RAT
FARM."