

HANNIBAL

ALANA BLOOM

A METAL PIPE

It's 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.

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.

ALANA BLOOM

START →

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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ALANA BLOOM

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

~~STOP~~

CUT TO:

A BLACK BODY BAG

A HAND reaches into FRAME and begins to UNZIP. We are --

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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INT. RUSTIC HUNTING CABIN - DAY

Jack takes in the morbid sight with measured composure. The faces on the Agents around him are decidedly less composed.

ANTLERS cover LITERALLY EVERY INCH OF THE ENTIRE ROOM..

Brittle horns CRACK beneath their feet and dangle like skeletal stalactites from above. The most impressive specimens, on the walls, protrude from the tangle of bony knobs behind them, obfuscating any hint of the wood behind.

CUT TO:

INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - HALLWAY - MORNING

CAMERA FOLLOWS JACK CRAWFORD down the corridor toward Will Graham's lecture hall. But when he gets to the door he notices instead of Will Graham at the front of the class, it's Dr. Alana Bloom mid-lecture. Crawford knocks to get her attention. She crosses to the door and opens it a crack.

JACK CRAWFORD

Where's Graham?

She considers Crawford and how to answer him best, then:

ALANA BLOOM

You said he wouldn't have to fight.

Before Jack can respond, she as respectfully as possible closes the door in his face and returns to her lecture.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Will walks under the horrible glare of hospital fluorescents, passing HOSPITAL SECURITY as he rounds a corner turning into:

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - MORNING

Will ENTERS to find Abigail Hobbs integrated into an elaborate weave of life-saving technology. CAMERA REVEALS sleeping in a chair next to her bed is HANNIBAL LECTER.

He's holding her hand, offering a tiny comfort.

Will Graham quietly sits in the empty chair next to Lecter watching his unconscious care for the girl they both saved.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END

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