

"FREDDIE LOUNDS"

SCENE
1

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 1

Freddie's on the other end ██████████, sitting at her computer, going over records and crime scene photos on her hard drive.

START →

FREDDIE

Freddie Lounds. I'm a journalist. We spoke once briefly, just after your sister Cassie's funeral.

ANGLE ON SCREEN to see CRIME SCENE PHOTO of Cassie's corpse as it was found - propped up like a table top on antler legs. (NOTE: Although we know from the Pilot that Cassie was Hannibal's victim, the Media and general public believe she was killed by Garrett Jacob Hobbs.)

ON NICK, remembering her faintly and with some disdain.

NICK

Oh. Yeah. Look, I'm kinda busy here... Not really anything left to say--

FREDDIE

-- I just thought you'd wanna know that Abigail Hobbs has come out of her coma.

Nick takes in that news, silently, though his expression has shifted somewhat.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Since your sister was the only one of Garret Jacob Hobbs' victims found, I was wondering if you had any comment on that?

NICK

(after a beat)

No.

FREDDIE

Uh huh. Well, I just received information from a well-placed source that Abigail intends to return to her hometown, resume her life there.

NICK

So...?

FREDDIE

So how do you feel about the daughter of the maniac who cannibalized your little sister returning to the scene of the crimes. Do you harbor resentment that she survived, while Cassie was mutilated, her lungs cut out of her --

HANNIBAL

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"FREDDIE LOUNDS"

2.

NICK

(cutting her off)

-- There's been enough pain and suffering. I'm trying to move on. If I see Abigail Hobbs... I'd welcome her home, wish her well, and be done with it.

ON FREDDIE looking somewhat skeptical.

FREDDIE

Do you think the community--

NICK

-- I gotta go.

END

HANNIBAL

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"FREDDIE LOUNDS"

SCENE
33
2

33

INT. VAN - NIGHT 2

Inside, Freddie finds herself face-to-face with

JACK CRAWFORD, who stares silently at her. She remains cool as a cucumber under his gaze. At length:

START

FREDDIE LOUNDS

I appreciate the pageantry, Agent Crawford, but you can't arrest me for writing an article.

JACK CRAWFORD

You're putting Will Graham in a lot of danger.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

All due respect, sir, but you took a teacher out of his classroom and threw him into a serial killer's path. Barely a day later, you've got the poor guy hunting down a mass murderer. Not exactly a fine how do you do.

Jack studies her again. A small drip of perspiration is barely visible on her hairline.

JACK CRAWFORD

You're sweating, Freddie. Your mouth could learn a thing or two from that white liver tremble you're trying to hide.

Freddie smiles, trying to cover her nerves with charm.

FREDDIE LOUNDS

You're obviously very good at your job. And I'm glad, because that means the world is a whole lot safer. But you had to start somewhere and so do I.

JACK CRAWFORD

Most somebody like you can hope for is being best of the worst. You're a bottom-feeder and if you come after my people again, I'll have you indicted for obstructing justice and locked up so fast you'll wish you never learned to type.

HANNIBAL

END 3/4

(CONTINUED)