

"THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS"

by

Ted Tally

Based on the novel by

Thomas Harris

FADE IN:

INT. GRUBBY HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

against
trim,
a
hand,
left

A woman's face BACKS INTO SHOT, her head resting
grimy wallpaper. She is tense, sweaty, wide-eyed with
concentration. This is CLARICE STARLING, mid-20's,
very pretty. She wears Kevlar body armor over a navy
windbreaker, khaki pants. Her thick hair is piled under
navy baseball cap. A revolver, clutched in her right
hovers by her ear. She raises a speedloader, in her
hand, locks it into her cylinder, twists and reloads.

CLOSE ON

its
and

A guest room door, with a small, wired pack attached to
knob. Suddenly, with a sharp CRACK!, the knob explodes,
the door bursts open.

WITH CLARICE - MOVING SHOT

She
gun at

as she runs around a corner, through a cloud of smoke.
shoulders aside the shattered door and rushes inside,
the ready in both hands...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

the
gagged,
startled
with a

CLARICE'S POV - MOVING - as she first sees, sitting on
edge of a bed - a FEMALE HOSTAGE. Black, late 20's,
hands behind her back. Then, SWIVELLING... she sees a
MALE SUSPECT, white, mid-20's, standing by a window
rifle in his hands. He is turning towards her...

shouts. Clarice drops into a combat crouch, gun extended, and

CLARICE

Freeze! FBI!

CLARICE'S POV - SLOW MOTION

with all natural SOUND suspended - as the Suspect faces her
his a strange, pleading expression. The rifle is rising in
not hands, but oddly enough, it is held across his chest,
pointing. Then another puzzling detail registers...

THE SUSPECT'S HANDS

couldn't use are taped to his gun, away from the trigger; he
which it even if he tried. Suddenly we hear a metallic CLICK,
reacts, registers with unnatural amplification, as - Clarice
drops to the floor, rolling sideways, and -

THE "HOSTAGE"

SLOW pulls a revolver out from behind her back, still in
repeatedly, MOTION, raising it in her untied hands. She fires
roar flames leaping from the muzzle; the SOUND is an echoing
in these close quarters, but -

and is Clarice has come up on one knee, beside an armchair,
send - already firing back herself, two quick SHOTS, which

THE "HOSTAGE"

still pitching over the bed, backwards, to shudder and lie
one in a haze of gunsmoke. Clarice rushes to her, clamping
case knee down on her gun hand, still keeping her covered in
shrill of movement. HOLD for a few beats... then we hear the
normal blast of a WHISTLE from somewhere, off screen, as
ACTION and SOUND are restored.

BRIGHAM (O.S.)

Okay, people, good exercise...

Clarice relaxes, lowering her gun. The lights brighten.

PULLING BACK

"hotel
BRIGHAM
ex-
Instructor /

we see that we're in some sort of auditorium, with the
room" and its "corridor" built as a training set. JOHN
walks onto this set, thumbing a stopwatch. Mid-40's,
Marine. His T-shirt's lettering says "Firearms
FBI Academy."

BRIGHAM

Starling's reaction time was
excellent. Let's break. Critique in
five.

sexes,

A class of about forty young FBI trainees, of both
begins to rise from their seats, mingling and chatting.

Her

Clarice nods amiably to the "Suspect", then gives her
"Hostage" a hand up. It's ARDELIA MAPP, her roommate.

both

broad, clever face breaks into a big smile, as they

of

remove ear plugs. Clarice's voice has just a soft trace
southern accent.

ARDELIA

Damn, Clarice, how'd you make me?

CLARICE

(indicating her gun)
Never cock. Just squeeze.

ARDELIA

(grins)
I love it when you talk dirty.

pupil's

As Brigham joins them, Clarice can't resist a star
little smile of pride. He frowns good-naturedly.

BRIGHAM

What're you laughin' at, Junior G-
Man? She got off four rounds to your
two.

her

He takes out a steel-coiled grip flexer, drops it onto
palm.

BRIGHAM

(continuing)
One hundred reps, each hand, every
day. Now tidy up, the Section Chief
wants to see you.

smile

He nods a direction, then moves off. Clarice, with her

finally fading, looks out into the auditorium.

SPECIAL AGENT JACK CRAWFORD

He sits on the top step of the aisle, looking down at her.
through is 53, strongly built. He rises impassively, exits
one the back door. He carries a thick manila envelope under
arm.

proof Ardelia who is helping Clarice unbuckle her bullet-
vest, follows her worried gaze.

CLARICE

What'd I do?

ARDELIA

Stay cool. Just remember to call him
"God."

CUT TO:

EXT. FBI ACADEMY GROUNDS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA - DAY

range, Crawford is watching a group of trainees on the firing
master as Clarice joins him. He looks tired, haunted. Between
and student, we sense a subtle, muted tug of sexuality.

CRAWFORD

Starling, Clarice M., good morning.

CLARICE

Good morning, Mr. Crawford.

CRAWFORD

Your instructors tell me you're doing
well. Top quarter of the class.

CLARICE

I hope so. They haven't posted
anything.

CRAWFORD

A job's come up and I thought about
you. Not really a job, more of - an
interesting errand. Walk me to my
car, Starling.

trainees They begin to cross the academy grounds. A group of
jogs by, in matching sweats, following a p.e. coach.

CRAWFORD

We're trying to interview all of the
serial killers now in custody, for a

psychobehavioral profile. Could be a big help in unsolved cases. Most of them have been happy to talk to us. They have a compulsion to boast, these people... Do you spook easily, Starling?

CLARICE

Not yet.

CRAWFORD

You see, the one we want most refuses to cooperate. I want you to go after him again today, in the asylum.

CLARICE

Who's the subject?

CRAWFORD

The psychiatrist - Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

Clarice stops walking, goes very still. A beat.

CLARICE

The cannibal...

Crawford doesn't respond, except to study her face.

CLARICE

Yes, well... Okay, right. I'm glad for the chance, sir, but - why me?

CRAWFORD

You're qualified and available. And frankly, I can't spare a real agent right now.

He walks on again, at a faster clip. She hurried to
keep up.

CRAWFORD

I don't expect him to talk to you, but I have to be able to say we tried... Lecter was a brilliant psychiatrist, and he knows all the dodges.

(hands her the manila envelope)

Dossier on him, copy of our questionnaire, special ID for you... If he won't talk, then I want straight reporting. How's he look, how's his cell look, what's he writing? The Director himself will see your report, over your own signature - if I decide it's good enough. I want that by 0800 Wednesday, and keep this to yourself.

cigarette,
says
door.
His
They're reached his car. His driver stamps on a
climbs in behind the wheel. BURROUGHS, his assistant,
something into a walkie-talkie, then opens the back
But Crawford pulls her aside, a hand on her shoulder.
intensity is scary.

CRAWFORD

Now. I want your full attention,
Starling. Are you listening to me?

CLARICE

Yes sir.

CRAWFORD

Be very careful with Hannibal Lecter.
Dr. Chilton at the asylum will go
over the physical procedures used
with him. Do not deviate from them,
for any reason. You tell him nothing
personal, Starling. Believe me, you
don't want Hannibal Lecter inside
your head... Just do your job, but
never forget what he is.

CLARICE

(a bit unnerved)

And what is that, sir?

CHILTON (V.O.)

Oh, he's a monster. A pure
psychopath...

CUT TO:

THE
INT. CHILTON'S OFFICE - BALTIMORE STATE HOSPITAL FOR
CRIMINALLY INSANE - DAY

photo,
CLOSE ON an ID card held in a male hand. Clarice's
official-looking graphics. It calls her a "Federal
Investigator."

CHILTON (O.S.)

It's so rare to capture one alive.
From a research point of view, Dr.
Lecter is our most prized asset...

little
card
DR. FREDERICK CHILTON looks up from her card. A smarmy
peacock, behind a vast desk; he's conceived an instant,
hopeless lurch for Clarice. He smiles, stroking her
with his beloved gold pen.

CHILTON

You know, we get a lot of detectives here, but I must say, I can't ever remember one so attractive...

NEW ANGLE - REVEALS CLARICE

coiled,
now wearing a more feminine skirt suit. Hair neatly elegant shoulder bag, briefcase. He has rudely left her standing.

CHILTON

Will you be in Baltimore overnight...? Because this can be quite a fun town, if you have the right guide.

him.
Clarice tries, unsuccessfully, to hide her distaste for

CLARICE

I'm sure it's a great town, Dr. Chilton, but my instructions are to talk to Lecter and report back this afternoon.

CHILTON

(pause, sourly)

I see.

(beat)

Let's make this quick, then. I'm busy.

CUT TO:

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

behind
her.
Clarice flinches as a heavy steel gate CLANGS shut her, the bolt shooting home. Chilton walks ahead of

CHILTON

Lecter carved up nine people - that we're sure of - and cooked his favorite bits. We've tried to study him, of course - but he's much too sophisticated for the standard tests. And my, does he hate us! Thinks I'm his nemesis... Crawford's very clever, isn't he? Using you.

CLARICE

How do you mean, Dr. Chilton?

CHILTON

A pretty young woman, to turn him on? I don't believe Lecter's ever seen a woman in eight years. And oh, are you ever his "taste" - so to speak.

CLARICE

I graduated magna from UVA, Doctor.
It's not a charm school.

CHILTON

Good. Then you should be able to
remember the rules.

CUT TO:

INT. DIFFERENT CORRIDOR - LOWER FLOOR - DAY

lights.
briskly.

A darker, even grimmer area. Heavy grids over the
Distant SLAMMINGS and faint, hoarse SHOUTS. They walk

CHILTON

Do not reach through the bars, do
not touch the bars. You pass him
nothing but soft paper - no pens or
pencils. No staples or paperclips in
his paper. Use the sliding food
carrier, no exceptions. Do not accept
anything he attempts to hold out to
you. Do you understand me?

CLARICE

I understand.

CHILTON

I'm going to show you why we insist
on such precautions... On the
afternoon of July 8, 1981, he
complained of chest pains and was
taken to the dispensary. His
mouthpiece and restraints were removed
for an EKG. When the nurse bent over
him, he did this to her...

it,

He hands Clarice a small, dog-eared photo. Looking at
she is stopped in her tracks. This pleases Chilton.

CHILTON

The doctors managed to re-set her
jaw, more or less, and save one of
her eyes. His pulse never got over
eighty-five, even when he ate her
tongue.

(pauses, he smiles)

I keep him in here.

open,
an

He turns, pushes a button. A steel door BUZZES slowly
and BARNEY - a big, impassive orderly - awaits them in
anteroom. On its walls: restraints, mouthpieces, Mace,
tranquilizer guns.

CLARICE

(quickly blocking him)

Dr. Chilton - if Lecter feels you're his enemy - as you've said - then maybe I'll have more luck by myself. What do you think?

CHILTON

(annoyed)

You might have suggested that in my office, and saved me the time.

CLARICE

But then I would've missed the pleasure of your company.

She holds out the photo. A beat. He grabs it, jaw twitching.

CHILTON

When she's finished, bring her out.

He turns on his heel, goes. Barney smiles reassuringly.

BARNEY

Hi, I'm Barney. He told you, don't get near the bars?

CLARICE

(shaking his hand)

Clarice Starling. Yes, he did.

BARNEY

Okay. Past the others, it's the last cell. Stay to the middle. I put out a chair for you.

Sensing her tension, he indicates a nearby security monitor.

BARNEY

I'm watching. You'll do fine.

Clarice nods gratefully. She looks down the long corridor, takes a deep breath, walks into it. He watches her go.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. LECTER'S CORRIDOR - DAY

MOVING SHOT - with Clarice, as her footsteps ECHO. High to her right, surveillance cameras. On her left, cells. Some are padded, with narrow observation slits, others are normal, barred... Shadowy occupants pacing, MUTTERING... Suddenly a

her,
hisses.

dark figure in the next-to-last cell hurtles towards
his face mashing grotesquely against his bars as he

DARK FIGURE

I c-can sssmell your cunt!

Clarice flinches momentarily, but then walks on.

DR. LECTER'S CELL

wall
bolted-
walls,
European

is coming slowly INTO VIEW... Behind its barred front
is a second barrier of stout nylon net... Sparse,
down furniture, many softcover books and papers. On the
extraordinarily detailed, skillful drawings, mostly
cityscapes, in charcoal or crayon.

clears

Clarice stops, at a polite distance from his bars,
her throat.

CLARICE

Dr. Lecter... My name is Clarice
Starling. May I talk with you?

pajamas,
face
except for
smoothly,
voice

Dr. Hannibal Lecter is lounging on his bunk, in white
reading an Italian Vogue. He turns, considers her... A
so long out of the sun, it seems almost leached -
the glittering eyes, and the wet red mouth. He rises
crossing to stand before her; the gracious host. His
is cultured, soft.

DR. LECTER

Good morning.

CUTTING BETWEEN THEM

as Clarice comes a measured distance closer.

CLARICE

Doctor, we have a hard problem in
psychological profiling. I want to
ask for your help with a
questionnaire.

DR. LECTER

"We" being the Behavioral Science
Unit, at Quantico. You're one of
Jack Crawford's, I expect.

CLARICE

I am, yes.

DR. LECTER

May I see your credentials?

Clarice is surprised, but fishes her ID card from her bag, holds it up for his inspection. He smiles, soothingly.

DR. LECTER

Closer, please... Clo-ser...

Lecter's nostrils lift, as he gently, like an animal, tests the air. Then he smiles, glancing at her card.

DR. LECTER

(continuing)

That expires in one week. You're not real FBI, are you?

CLARICE

I'm - still in training at the Academy.

DR. LECTER

Jack Crawford sent a trainee to me?

CLARICE

We're talking about psychology, Doctor, not the Bureau. Can you decide for yourself whether or not I'm qualified?

DR. LECTER

Mmmmm... That's rather slippery of you, Officer Starling. Sit. Please.

She sits in the folding metal desk-chair. He waits politely till she's settled, then sits down himself, faces her happily.

DR. LECTER

Now then. What did Miggs say to you?

(she is puzzled)

"Multiple Miggs," in the next cell. He hissed at you. What did he say?

CLARICE

He said - "I can smell your cunt."

DR. LECTER

I see. I myself cannot. You use Evyan skin cream, and sometimes you wear L'Air du Temps, but not today. You brought your best bag, though, didn't you?

CLARICE

(beat)

Yes.

DR. LECTER

It's much better than your shoes.

CLARICE

Maybe they'll catch up.

DR. LECTER

I have no doubt of it.

CLARICE

(shifting uncomfortably)

Did you do those drawings, Doctor?

DR. LECTER

Yes. That's the Duomo, seen from the
Belvedere. Do you know Florence?

CLARICE

All that detail, just from memory...?

DR. LECTER

Memory, Officer Starling, is what I
have instead of view.

A pause, then Clarice takes the questionnaire from her
case.

CLARICE

Dr. Lecter, if you'd please consider -

DR. LECTER

No, no, no. You were doing fine,
you'd been courteous and receptive
to courtesy, you'd established trust
with the embarrassing truth about
Miggs, and now this ham-handed segue
into your questionnaire. It won't
do. It's stupid and boring.

CLARICE

I'm only asking you to look at this,
Doctor. Either you will or you won't.

DR. LECTER

Jack Crawford must be very busy indeed
if he's recruiting help from the
student body. Busy hunting that new
one, Buffalo Bill... Such a naughty
boy! Did Crawford send you to ask
for my advice on him?

CLARICE

No, I came because we need -

DR. LECTER

How many women has he used, our Bill?

CLARICE
Five... so far.

DR. LECTER
All flayed...?

CLARICE
Partially, yes. But Doctor, that's an active case, I'm not involved. If -

DR. LECTER
Do you know why he's called Buffalo Bill? Tell me. The newspapers won't say.

CLARICE
I'll tell you if you'll look at this form.

(he considers, then
nods)
It started as a bad joke in Kansas City Homicide. They said... this one likes to skin his humps.

DR. LECTER
Witless and misleading. Why do you think he takes their skins, Officer Starling? Thrill me with your wisdom.

CLARICE
It excites him. Most serial killers keep some sort of trophies.

DR. LECTER
I didn't.

CLARICE
No. You ate yours.

A tense beat, then a smile from him, at this small
boldness.

DR. LECTER
Send that through.

She rolls him the questionnaire, in his sliding food
tray.
He rises, glances at it, turning a page or two
disdainfully.

DR. LECTER
Oh, Officer Starling... do you think you can dissect me with this blunt little tool?

CLARICE
No. I only hoped that your knowledge -

Suddenly he whips the tray back at her, with a metallic
CLANG

that makes her start. His voice remains a pleasant
purr.

DR. LECTER

You're sooo ambitious, aren't you...?
You know what you look like to me,
with your good bag and your cheap
shoes? You look like a rube. A well-
scrubbed, hustling rube with a little,
taste... Good nutrition has given
you some length of bone, but you're
not more than one generation from
poor white trash, are you Officer
Starling...? That accent you're trying
so desperately to shed - pure West
Virginia. What was your father, dear?
Was he a coal miner? Did he stink of
the lamp...? And oh, how quickly the
boys found you! All those tedious,
sticky fumbblings, in the back seats
of cars, while you could only dream
of getting out. Getting anywhere -
yes? Getting all the way - to the
F...B...I.

His every word has struck her like a tiny, precise
dart. But she squares her jaw and won't give ground.

CLARICE

You see a lot, Dr. Lecter. But are
you strong enough to point that high-
powered perception at yourself? How
about it...? Look at yourself and
write down the truth.

(she slams the tray
back at him)

Or maybe you're afraid to.

DR. LECTER

You're a tough one, aren't you?

CLARICE

Reasonably so. Yes.

DR. LECTER

And you'd hate to think you were
common. My, wouldn't that sting!
Well you're far from common, Officer
Starling. All you have is the fear
of it.

(beat)

Now please excuse me. Good day.

CLARICE

And the questionnaire...?

DR. LECTER

A census taker once tried to test
me. I ate his liver with some fava
beans and a nice chianti... Fly back

to school, little Starling.

as
hesitates,
as
He steps backwards, then returns to his cot, becoming
still and remote as a statue. Frustrated, Clarice
then finally shoulders her bag and goes, leaving the
questionnaire in his tray. But after just a few steps,
she passes -

MIGG'S CELL

her.
She sees that creature at his bars again, hissing at

MIGGS

I b-bit my wrist so I c-can diiiieeee!
S-ee how it bleeeeeeeeds?

and -
The dark figure suddenly flings his palm towards her,

CLARICE

with
touching her
tissue.
is spattered on the face and neck - not with blood, but
pale droplets of semen. She gives a little cry,
fingers to the wetness. Stunned, near tears, she forces
herself to straighten up and walk on, fumbling for a
From behind her, Dr. Lecter calls out, very agitated.

DR. LECTER (O.S.)

Officer Starling... Officer Starling!

front of -
Clarice slows, stops. She shudders, but makes the very
difficult choice to turn, walk back, stand again in

DR. LECTER

opens,
composed
Who's shivering with rage. For an instant his face
and we catch a glimpse into hell itself. Then he's
again.

DR. LECTER

I would not have had that happen to
you. Discourtesy is - unspeakably
ugly to me.

CLARICE

Then please - do this test for me.

DR. LECTER

No. But I will make you happy...
I'll give you a chance for what you
love most, Clarice Starling.

CLARICE
What's that, Dr. Lecter?

DR. LECTER
Advancement, of course.
(beat)
Go to Split City. See Miss Mofet, an
old patient of mine. M-O-F-E-T...
Now go. Go.
(a smile)
I don't think Miggs could manage
again so soon, even if he is crazy -
do you?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Clarice
for,
The grim gothic pile of the asylum looms overhead as
rushes out the front doors. She is badly shaken, almost
stumbling, as she rubs at her face. She looks around
and finally, with some relief, spots -

HER CAR

BLUR...
an old Pinto, parked nearby. This image begins to

CLOSE ON

AROUND
her face, fighting tears, as the CAMERA begins to WHIRL
her, almost dizzily. She is seeing, in her mind's eye -
IN FLASHBACK

10-year
the
to -
a screen door banging open, on a wooden porch, and a
old girl - the young Clarice - rushing outside, down
front steps, and running joyfully across her front yard

MOVING ANGLE - THE GIRL'S POV

MAN,
handsome,
grins,
a car - late 60's vintage - parked in the dirt road. A
Clarice's father, is just climbing out. He's tall,
and has a marshal's badge pinned on his dark suit. He
seeing her, and spreads his arms wide as...

THE YOUNG CLARICE

spinning
rushes into them, and he sweeps her up in a hug,

capturing her around, the CAMERA SPINNING with them, and
- both their laughing faces, before we abruptly return to

THE ADULT CLARICE
face alone in the parking lot, sagging against her car. Her
UPCUT - is buried in her arms, she shoulders shaking. SOUND
a steady, rapid series of GUNSHOTS, as we

CUT TO:

INT. FBI ACADEMY FIRING RANGE - DAY
muffling Clarice, in a combat stance, and wearing a sound-
headset, is squeezing off ROUND after ROUND at
A MOVING TARGET
shots, The silhouette of a man, approaching along a track. Her
target tightly grouped, are all finding the center chest. The
stops, quite close to her, still swaying.
Clarice stares at it, deftly working her speedloader.
Then she puts a final, emphatic shot right through THE
FIGURE'S FOREHEAD.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI ACADEMY LIBRARY - NIGHT
Dr. CLOSE ON a microfilm monitor - a grainy newsphoto of
("New Lecter, scrawling past, with an accompanying story
Horrors in Cannibal Trial"), dated 1980.
trainees Clarice is punching keys on the terminal. Other
study at nearby tables.
by, She pauses, jotting a note on her pad, as Ardelia comes
carrying an armful of books.

ARDELIA
Phone call, Clarice. It's God.

CLARICE
Thanks, Ardelia.

MOVING ANGLE

Ardelia as Clarice rises, grabbing her notebook, and follows past high metal bookstacks.

ARDELIA

You missed Fourth Amendment law.
Unlawful seizure, real juicy stuff.
Where were you all afternoon?

CLARICE

Pleading with a crazy man, with come
all over my face.

Ardelia stares at her, figures it's a put-on, laughs.

ARDELIA

Damn. Wish I had time for a social
life.

resting Clarice grins, as Ardelia indicates a phone receiver
up. on the check-out desk, then moves on. Clarice picks it

CLARICE

(on phone)
Mr. Crawford?

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWFORD'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

book- Crawford, in a cardigan, sits in a wing chair in the lined study of his suburban home. He turns the pages of Clarice's memo as they talk. His tone is sharp.

CRAWFORD

I've read your interim memo on Lecter.
You sure you've left nothing out?

INTERCUTTING

CLARICE

It's all there, sir, practically
verbatim.

CRAWFORD

Every word, Starling? Every gesture?

CLARICE

(a bit heatedly)
Right down to the kleenex I used.
(he is silent)
Sir, why? Is something wrong?

CRAWFORD

He mentioned a name, at the very

end. "Mofet..." Any followup on her?

CLARICE

I spent all evening on the mainframe. Lecter altered or destroyed most of his patient histories, prior to capture. No record of anyone named Mofet. But "Split City" sounded like it might have have something to do with divorce. I tracked it down in the library's catalogue of national yellow pages.

(glancing at her notes)

It's a mini-storage facility outside Baltimore, where Lecter had his practice.

She pauses, expecting some soft of approval for her cleverness.

CRAWFORD

Well? Why aren't you there right now?

CLARICE

Sir, that's a field job. It's outside the scope of my assignment. And I've got a test tomorrow on -

CRAWFORD

Do you recall my instructions to you, Starling? What were they?

CLARICE

To complete and file my report by 0800 Wednesday. But sir -

CRAWFORD

Then do that, Starling. Do just exactly that.

CLARICE

Sir, what is it? There's something you're not telling me.

CRAWFORD

(beat)

Miggs has been murdered.

CLARICE

(startled, upset)

Murdered...? How?

CRAWFORD

The orderly heard Lecter whispering to him, all afternoon, and Miggs crying. They found him at bed check. He'd swallowed his own tongue... Chilton is scared stiff the family will file a civil rights lawsuit, and he's trying to blame it on you.

I told the little prick your conduct was flawless.

(beat)

Starling...?

CLARICE

I'm here, sir, I just - I don't know how to feel about it.

CRAWFORD

You don't have to feel any way about it. Lecter did it to amuse himself. Why not, what can they do? Take away his books for awhile, and no jello...

(a bit softer)

I know it got ugly today. But this is your report, Starling - take it as far as you can. On your own time, outside of class. Now carry on.

ANGLE ON CLARICE

stares as we hear the loud CLICK of Crawford hanging up. She at her receiver, stung by his abruptness.

CLARICE

Well God damn it! You old creep. Creepo son of a bitch. Let Miggs squirt you and see how you like it.

She slams her receiver into its cradle.

ANGLE ON CRAWFORD

leaves as he flips aside her memo, then rises, wearily. He his study, flicking off the lamp, and pads away in his slippers.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWFORD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

chart, A private nurse, in white, stands marking a clipboard as Crawford enters his tidy bedroom.

CRAWFORD

I'll take over, Patricia. You get some rest.

glances at The nurse nods, hands him the chart, and goes. He it, then sets it aside. He crosses to -

BELLA CRAWFORD

oxygen who lies in an elevated hospital bed. Nearby are an

shallow,
for a
into
UPCUT -
tank and mask, floral arrangements. Her breathing is
very labored. Crawford looks down at his comatose wife
long moment, tenderly brushes a strand of her hair back
place, then bends over to kiss her forehead. SOUND
THUNDER and RAIN...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. "SPLIT CITY MINI-STORAGE" - DUSK (RAINING)
An orange neon sign, streaked with rain, identifies out
location. It looms over a hurricane fence, topped with
barbed
sheds.
wire. Inside, row on row of garage-sized, cinderblock

MR. YOW (V.O.)
Unit 31 was leased for ten years.
Pre-paid in full... The contract is
in the name of "Miss Hester Mofet."

CUT TO:

EXT. STORAGE UNIT NUMBER 31 - DUSK
Clarice, kneeling before a closed, roll-up metal door,
takes
fat,
looks
a FLASH photo of its sealed padlock. EVERETT YOW, a
60ish Chinaman, holds an umbrella over them both. He
unhappy.

CLARICE
So no one's been in here since -
1980?

then
She opens the padlock, using a fat ring of tagged keys,
sets aside both keys and lock.

MR. YOW
Not to my knowledge. Privacy is a
great concern to my customers. But,
if you say this is an FBI matter...

CLARICE
I won't disturb anything, Mr. Yow, I
promise. Be gone before you know it.

handle,
good. Mr.
Slinging her camera over a shoulder, she tugs at the
but the door won't budge. Another tug, harder - no

stuck. He

Yow stoops to help, puffing hard, but it's firmly
sighs.

MR. YOW

We could return tomorrow, with my
son. Or perhaps some workmen...?

reaches
sudden
and
floor

Clarice crosses to her Pinto, which faces the shed,
in to turn on her headlights. Mr. Yow blinks in the
brightness. Then she opens her truck, rummaging inside,
returns with a bumper jack, a flashlight, and a rubber
mat.

CLARICE

Would you hold these, please?

on
the
door
rubber
then

She gives him her flashlight and camera, drops the mat
the ground, then sets the bumper jack in place, under
center of the door. She pumps on the jack handle as the
SQUEALS slowly up, but it won't go higher than about 18
inches, despite all her exertions. She spreads out the
mat on the cement, takes the flashlight from Mr. Yow,
lies on the mat.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STORAGE SHED - DUSK (VERY DARK)

makes
-

Clarice, backlit, peers under the door. She reaches in,
a sweep with her flashlight. We catch shadowy outlines
boxes, then the flattened tires of a car...

small

SOUND of rain on the tin roof, and other noises, too -
RUSTLINGS. Mr. Yow's chubby face appears down beside
Clarice's.

MR. YOW

It smells like mice... I think I
hear them, too - don't you?

door.

Clarice turns onto her back, starts squirming under the

MR. YOW

You're going in there?

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. STORAGE UNIT NUMBER 31 - DUSK

her
Clarice pulls her head back out again, reaching to take
camera from him. She hands him a card, trying to appear
nonchalant.

CLARICE

Mr. Yow, if this door should fall
down -ha ha! - or anything else -
would you be kind enough to call
this number? It's our Baltimore field
office. They know you're here with
me... Do you understand?

MR. YOW

Might I suggest tucking your pants
into your socks? To prevent mouse
intrusion.

CLARICE

(beat)
Good idea.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. STORAGE SHED - DUSK (VERY DARK)

opening. As
metal
flashlight
Clarice squirms, on her back, through the narrow
she squeezes all the way in, she snags one thigh on the
edge of the door. She curses softly, shining her
on her ripped khakis - there's a small streak of blood.

MR. YOW (O.S.)

Okay, Miss Starling?

CLARICE

Okay, Mr. Yow...

She shines her light around. In its narrow beam, we see
-

CLARICE'S POV - UPWARD, SHIFTING

boxes...
long
scurrying
spiderwebs, everywhere... high stacks of cardboard
a few dusty pieces of furniture... the big car, oddly
and tall, covered with a tarp... Suddenly there's a
of loud MUSICAL NOTES. Clarice turns, scared, her beam
capturing... an old upright piano.

MR. YOW (O.S.)

You're playing a piano, Miss Starling?

CLARICE

That wasn't me.

MR. YOW (O.S.)

Oh.

stand,
away
arm,
ending
shoulder,
resulting

Clarice crawls a bit further. There's hardly room to but she finally manages to wriggle upright, clawing cobwebs, next to the car. Holding her light under one she takes several FLASH photos of the shed's interior, with the car. Then, slinging her camera over the she folds back the tarp, resting it on the roof. The clouds of dust make her cough.

THE CAR

despite
compartment,

is an antique beauty, a 1931 Packard. It's very dusty, the tarp. Curtains close off the back passenger but there's a narrow gap in them. More mousy RUSTLINGS.

CLARICE

peers in through the gap, aiming her flashlight.

HER POV - SHIFTING

seat...
crumpled
shiny,
satin

as the thin flashlight beam picks out: the broad back as open album of lacy, old-fashioned Valentines... a lap rug, on the floor... and then a pair of women's high-heeled pumps... Above these, the hem of a fancy evening gown - and a pair of pale, stockinged legs. Clarice recoils, alarmed, then steadies herself.

CLARICE

Mr. Yow? Oh Mr. Yow...? It looks like somebody is sitting in this car.

MR. YOW (O.S.)

Oh my! Oh my... Maybe you better come out now, Miss Starling.

CLARICE

Not yet! - just wait for me.
(under the breath)
Maybe in about two seconds.

the

She leans down with her camera, takes a FLASH through

front
tangle
brac.
bends

gap, then tries the door handle. Locked. So is the door. She looks around, aiming her light, and locates a of coat-hangers, sticking out of a carton of bric-a-brac. She pulls out one of these, straightens it quickly, the tip into a hook.

CLOSE ANGLE

back
the

as she jams this tool inside the join at the top of the passenger window, then fishes around till she can snag inside door latch, pulling up. A satisfying CLICK.

won't
her

Clarice opens the door - it hits stacked boxes, and open far - then very cautiously leans inside, aiming flashlight.

HER POV - MOVING LIGHT BEAM

in
other
strands
white

revealing more of the evening gown... a pair of hands, white, elbow-length gloves - one rests on the lap, the atop a large, beaded, drawstring evening bag... thick of costume pearls over the breasts... and finally the neck stub of a female mannequin. No face or head.

CLARICE

then
it by
eases
SQUEAK

sighs with relief. She takes a couple more FLASHES, very carefully lifts out the Valentine album, holding the corners, and setting it atop the car. Then she herself inside, onto the back seat, as the springs loudly.

thigh.

ONE GLOVED HAND slides off the lap, brushing Clarice's

hard.
synthetic
jumpiness, as
evening

Clarice starts a bit, then pokes at the gloved arm, She peels back a bit of glove, revealing the white, elbow. She smiles, shaking her head at her own she reaches over the mannequin's lap to loosen the bag's drawstring.

A SEVERED HUMAN HEAD stares back at her, as the beaded material slides away.

heart-
more
Clarice lurches back, gasping loudly, and several long, pounding moments pass before she can make herself look closely.

laboratory
transformed,
wig,
smeared
The head bobs gently in a pool of alcohol, in a specimen jar. It is a man's head, but grotesquely by the addition of heavy makeup, earrings, and a sodden into a woman's face. Over the years the makeup has badly, and the pupils have gone almost milky white.

CLARICE

herself
staring at this terrible thing, is pleased to find quickly regaining control. She murmurs to herself.

CLARICE

Well, Toto, we're not in Kansas anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUINN'S HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT (RAINING)

illuminates
runs
guard
A loud clap of THUNDER, as a flash of LIGHTNING the eerie towers and barred windows of the asylum.
MOVING ANGLE on Clarice as she climbs from her car, through heavy rain towards the main entrance, where a admits her.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. LECTER'S CELL AND CORRIDOR - NIGHT (DIM LIGHT)

his
On a noiseless TV screen, an evangelist rants, waving arms. Behind him, a swaying choir in gaudy robes.

CLARICE (O.S.)

It's an anagram, isn't it, Doctor?

sitting on
been
PAN TO Clarice, with her wet hair plastered flat, the corridor floor to one side of this TV, which has stationed so that Dr. Lecter cannot avoid seeing it.

CLARICE
Hester Mofet... "The rest of me."
Miss The-Rest-of-Me... Meaning, you
rented that place.

HER POV

he's lost in shadows; we can't see him. He doesn't
respond.

CUTTING BETWEEN THEM

Clarice and the darkened cell - as she tries again.

CLARICE
You put those - things in there.
Paid for it in advance, ten years
ago... Why, Dr. Lecter?

The food carrier suddenly SWISHES out of the cell,
making
her jump up. In its tray is a clean, folded white
towel. She
hesitates, then crosses, takes this.

CLARICE
Thank you.

She sits again, rubbing her wet hair. When he finally
speaks,
he's on the floor, too - a deeper, hunching darkness in
the
light.
shadows, occasionally striped by the flickering TV

DR. LECTER
Your bleeding has stopped.

CLARICE
How did -
(she stops herself)
It's nothing. A scratch.

DR. LECTER
Why don't you ask me about Buffalo
Bill?

CLARICE
(surprised, a beat)
Why? Do you know something about
him?

DR. LECTER
I might if I saw the case file. You
could get that for me.

CLARICE
Why don't you tell me about "Miss
Mofet?" You wanted me to find him.
Or do I have to wait for the lab?

DR. LECTER

(sighs)

His real name is Benjamin Raspail. A former patient of mine, whose romantic attachments ran to, shall we say, the exotic...? I didn't kill him, merely tucked him away. Very much as I found him, in that ridiculous car, in his own garage, after he's missed three appointments. You'd have him under "Missing Person" - which, in poor Raspail's case, could hardly be more true.

CLARICE

If you didn't kill him, then who did?

DR. LECTER

Who can say...? Best thing for him, really. His therapy was going nowhere.

CLARICE

Wouldn't it have been easier to just leave him for the police to find?

DR. LECTER

And have them clomping about in my life? Oh dear, no... At that time I still had certain private amusements of my own.

(beat)

How did you feel when you saw him, Clarice? May I call you Clarice?

CLARICE

Scared, at first. Then - exhilarated.

DR. LECTER

Ahhh... Why?

CLARICE

Because you weren't wasting my time.

DR. LECTER

Do you have something you use, when you need to get up your courage? Memories, tableaux... scenes from your early life?

CLARICE

I don't know. Next time I'll have to check.

DR. LECTER

Jack Crawford is helping your career, isn't he? Apparently he likes you. And you like him, too.

CLARICE

I never thought about it.

DR. LECTER

Your first lie to me, Clarice. How sad. Tell me - do you think Crawford wants you, sexually? True, he's much older, but - do you think he visualizes... scenarios, exchanges...? Fucking you?

CLARICE

That doesn't interest me, Doctor. And it's the sort of thing Miggs would ask.

DR. LECTER

Not anymore.

(beat)

Surely the odd confluence of events hasn't escaped you, Clarice. Crawford dangles you before me. Then I give you a bit of help. Do you think it's because I like to look at you, and imagine how good you would taste...?

CLARICE

I don't know. Is it?

DR. LECTER

Or doesn't this all begin to suggest to you a kind of... negotiation? There's something Crawford can give me, and I want to trade for it. I even wrote to him, offering my help. But he hates me, so he won't deal directly.

his
Gone
seat.
Dr. Lecter slowly turns up the rheostat in his cell. As lights rise, we see that the cell's been stripped bare. are his books, drawings, mattress - even his toilet seat. She stands, too, startled. They face each other.

DR. LECTER

Punishment, you see. For Miggs. Just like that gospel program. When you leave, they'll turn the volume way up. Chilton does enjoy his petty torments.

CLARICE

Who killed Raspail, Doctor...? You know, don't you?

DR. LECTER

I've been in this room for eight years, Clarice. I know they will never, ever let me out while I'm alive. What I want is a view. I want

a window where I can see a tree, or even water. I want to be in a federal institution, away from Chilton - and I want a view. I'll give good value for it. Crawford could do that for me, but he won't. You persuade him.

CLARICE

(almost a whisper)

Who killed your patient?

DR. LECTER

Oh, a very naughty boy. Someone you and Jack Crawford are most anxious to meet.

CLARICE

Buffalo Bill...?

(incredulous)

Bill killed him, all those years ago...? That's impossible.

But Dr. Lecter only smiles, enigmatically.

DR. LECTER

Who is he stalking right now, Clarice? I wonder, don't you? How many more young women will have to die, before you trade with me...?

As Clarice stares at him, unsure how to respond -

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHERINE MARTIN'S APARTMENT - MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

-

NIGHT

She is
brown
they're

CATHERINE MARTIN takes a long toke from a bong pipe.
21, a tall, big-boned, rather fleshy girl with long
fair. Her head is on the lap of her boyfriend, CODY;
sprawled on a couch in the den of her well-furnished
apartment. The TV in on, with low SOUND.

CATHERINE

This stuff's givin' me the munchies.
Where's that bag of popcorn?

CODY

Shit. Left the groceries in the car.

He starts to rise, but she pushes him back.

CATHERINE

'S okay, I'll go.

She rises, goes out the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - THE APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

shutting
Catherine straightens, with her bag of groceries,
her car's back door. She sees, a short distance away -

A MAN

His
standing at the open rear door of a brown panel truck.
right forearm is in a cast and sling; he is struggling,
unsuccessfully, to hoist an armchair into the truck.
Parked
nearby, other cars, RVs, a boat on a trailer. A thin,
breast-
high fog fills the lot; arc lights make yellow pools.
Catherine hesitates, then crosses towards the man.

CATHERINE

Help you with that?

MAN

Would you? Thanks.

on
His voice is odd, strained, very soft. A fog lamp, set
end on the ground, distorts his features from below. We
can't
get a good glimpse of his face, but his body is plump,
above
average height; he's in his mid 30's. She sets down the
bag,
then together they easily lift the chair into the
truck.

MAN (O.S.)

Let's slide it up, you mind?

CUT TO:

INT. THE PANEL TRUCK - NIGHT

winch,
He climbs inside the truck, ducking under a small hand
and grabs the chair. She hesitates again, but climbs in
after
him; together they slide the chair forward, behind the
seats.

MAN

Are you about a size 14?

CATHERINE

(surprised)

What?

back of
sliding
his
truck,
shut.

Suddenly, in the shadowy dark, he clubs her over the
her head with his cast. She moans, slumps unconscious,
off the armchair to lie on her stomach. He pulls off
cast and sling, tosses them aside, then hops out of the
grabs his lamp, climbs back inside, and pulls the door
shut.
He bends over her face with the lamp.

We hear her shallow BREATHING.

MAN

Good.

size

He peels back the collar of her blouse, reading the
tag.

MAN

Good.

of
no
happily.

He carefully slits her blouse up the back, with a pair
bandage scissors, peeling apart the two halves. There's
bra strap. He strokes her bare skin delicately, very

MAN

Gooood...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

blouse
starting.
bag,
bag...

LOW ANGLE - CLOSE - on Catherine's grocery bag, as her
is tossed out beside it. SOUND of the truck's motor
The truck backs up, one rear wheel knocking over the
partly squashing it. Then it drives away, taillights
shrinking, as a lone orange rolls slowly away from the

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FBI ACADEMY CLASSROOM - QUANTICO - DAY

gradually

CLOSE ON a large video screen, where a BLURRY image
sharpens, resolving into two separate pieces of fabric.

INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)

Electron microscopy reveals fiber

"signatures" that are nearly as
distinct as fingerprints...

Ardelia
background.
but
Clarice sits at a long table, with other trainees.
is beside her. Other tables and students in the
Each trainee has his own microscope. Clarice is tired,
straightens, hearing -

INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)

Both of these blouses were worn by
victims of Buffalo Bill. They were
found in two different states, and
four months apart. He always slits
them up the back, like a funeral
suit...

ON THE SCREEN

until we
cuts
successively CLOSER VIEWS of the cut fabric edges,
are seeing individual threads, big as tree limbs. The
match.

INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)

The bunching you see - this
compression - is characteristic of
scissor cuts, rather than a single
blade. And, as you see - Bill always
uses the same pair...

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

head in.
as John Brigham, the gunnery instructor, sticks his

BRIGHAM

Clarice Starling! Are you in here?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CLASSROOM BUILDING - DAY

other
Clarice and Brigham walk briskly down the hall, passing
trainees. He carries a small canvas bag.

BRIGHAM

Get your field gear, take stuff for
overnight. You're goin' with Crawford.

CLARICE

Where?

BRIGHAM

Some fishermen in West Virginia found
an unidentified girl's body. It's a

Buffalo Bill-type situation. Been in the water about a week, and Jack needs somebody that can print a floater. Think you can handle it?

CLARICE
(thinking quickly)
I'll need the big fingerprint kit... and the one-to-one Polaroid, the CU-5, with film packs and batteries.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIGHAM'S JEEP CHEROKEE - DAY (DRIVING)

Brigham steers as they pass hangars, parked planes, an airstrip. Clarice holds a big fingerprint kit and a bag.

BRIGHAM
Jack's pretty tough on you, isn't he? Impatient...

CLARICE
Sometimes.

BRIGHAM
He's got a lot on his mind besides Buffalo Bill... His wife, Bella, is real sick. Comatose... I'm tellin' you about it now, 'cause he may never.

Clarice absorbs this in silence as they stop near an ancient, rather dilapidated Beechcraft. Its door is open, the twin props and beacons already turning. Brigham turns to her, holding out his small canvas bag.

BRIGHAM
You're goin' in the field, so you gotta have full kit. Take this - it's my own...

Clarice opens the bag, stares at the big blue gun nestled in its shoulder holster. She looks up at him, touched.

BRIGHAM
Wear it, don't ever leave it in your purse. Dry fire it whenever you get the chance. And do your exercises.

CLARICE
I will... I promise.

BRIGHAM
Listen, I hope you never need a thing

I've taught you. But you've got something... Jack sees it, I do too. If you ever need to, you can shoot.

They're She nods, climbs out. Then she looks back in at him.
embarrassed. both moved by this rite of passage, but a little

BRIGHAM
Bless you, Starling...

CUT TO:

INT. BEECHCRAFT PLANE - DAY (FLYING)

landscape far CLARICE'S POV - Out the plane's window, at the
below. Wisps of cloud, a quilt of farms.
in Clarice turns from the window, looks at a think folder
Clarice her lap. The cover reads "Case File: / BUFFALO BILL."
file, is moody, distracted. She hesitates, then opens the
begins to scan.

INSERTS - HER POV

catch Police forms, some handwritten... Typed lab reports; we
Analysis"... words, phrases: "Autopsy Protocols", "Histamine
one, Grainy enlargements of bullet slugs, showing matched
body, grooves... And then a stack of victim photos. The first
litter. taken from a good distance away, shows a nude female
face down on a pebbly riverbank, surrounded by bits of
Clarice hesitates again, then flips this photo to look
at the next. It makes her flinch, just slightly. Quickly
she turns through several more photographs, trying hard to
concentrate.

CRAWFORD (O.S.)
He keeps them alive for three days.

NEW ANGLE

plane's shows Crawford standing over her, swaying with the
back. motion. Behind him, the open cockpit door, the pilot's
Crawford sits, removing sunglasses. He rubs his eyes.

CRAWFORD

Why, we don't yet know... There's no evidence of rape or physical abuse prior to death. All the mutilation you see there is post-mortem.

(a beat; he glances at her)

I'm hot, are you hot? Bobby, it's too damned hot back here...

The pilot adjusts a valve. Crawford turns to her again.

CRAWFORD

So. Three days. Then he shoots them, skins them - usually just the torsos - and dumps them. Each body in a different river, in a different state, downstream from an interstate highway. The water leaves us no fingerprints, fibers, DNA fluids - no trace evidence at all. That's Fredrica Bimmel, the first one...

A COLOR PHOTO - IN CLARICE'S HANDS

school

shows a pretty, plump-cheeked brunette, in her high graduation cap and gown. She smiles at us with touching optimism.

CRAWFORD (O.S.)

A big girl, like all the rest. Went about 160... Her corpse was the only one he took the trouble to weight down, so actually, she was the third girl found. After her, he got lazy...

NEW ANGLE

pulls

central

markings.

as Clarice stares at the girl's face, moved. Crawford a map from the file, spreads it out. It shows the and eastern U.S., with widely-spaced, hand-drawn

CRAWFORD

Blue square for Belvedere, Ohio, where the Bimmel girl was abducted. Blue triangle where her body was found - down here in Missouri. Same marks for the other four girls, in different colors. This new one, today... washed up here.

(he marks with a Flair pen)

Elk River, in West Virginia, about six miles below U.S. 79. Real boonies.

CLARICE

There's no correlation at all between

where they're kidnapped and where they're found...?

(he shakes his head)

What if - what if you trace the heaviest-traffic routes backwards from the dump sites? Do they converge at all?

CRAWFORD

Good idea, but he thought of it, too. We've run simulations, using different vectors and the best dates we can assign. You put it all in the computer, and smoke comes out. No, this one is different. This one has seen us coming...

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY (DRIVING)

Crawford steers, following a highway patrol car along a winding mountain road. Clarice has the file open on her lap.

He glances at her, inscrutable behind his sunglasses.

CRAWFORD

Talk about him, Starling. Tell me what you see.

CLARICE

(choosing her words carefully)

He's a white male... Serial killers tend to hunt within their own ethnic group. And he's not a drifter - he's got his own house, somewhere. Not an apartment.

CRAWFORD

Why?

CLARICE

What he does with them - takes privacy... Time, tools... He's in his 30's or 40's - he's got real physical strength, but combined with an older man's self-control. He's cautious, precise, never impulsive... This won't end in suicide, like they often do.

CRAWFORD

Why not?

CLARICE

He's got a real taste for it now. And he's getting better at his work.

CRAWFORD

(a beat; impressed)
Maybe you've got a knack for this...
I guess we're about to find out.

CLARICE
(quietly, evenly)
Like I have a "knack" for Dr. Lecter?

He studies her a few moments, measuring her anger.

CRAWFORD
Okay, Starling. Let's have it.

CLARICE
You haven't said a word today about
that garage. Or what I found there.

CRAWFORD
What should I say? You did fine work.
We'll wait on the lab.

CLARICE
You knew. You knew from the start
that Lecter held the key to this...
But you weren't up front with me.
You sent me in to him naked.

CRAWFORD
(beat)
Are you finished?

CLARICE
He starts this - buzzing in me, in
my head. He makes me feel violated...
You used me, Mr. Crawford.

A shadow of regret passes over his face, but he answers
sternly.

CRAWFORD
Number One. Maybe there's a
connection, maybe not. Lying and
breathing are the same thing to
Lecter. Number Two. If I'd sent you
in there with something to hide from
him, he'd have known it, instantly.
He'd never have trusted you.

She starts to answer, then is silent. He is right.

tree-
mountains in
By now the two cars are entering a tidy little town -
lined streets, wooden houses, one-story shops,
the background. They slow, turn.

CRAWFORD
Number Three, I didn't bring you
along today just because you can do
first-rate forensics. If Lecter is
becoming part of this case, you've

got the most current read on him.
And Number Four - you don't have to
like me, or the way I do things. But
you do have to keep a cool head.
Especially now... Because from here
on out, you'll know everything I do.
Are we straight on that?

she's Clarice nods, silently; it's as close to an apology as
likely to get. She stares out the windshield.

JUST AHEAD OF THEM

other the highway patrol cruiser noses into a curb, next to
reads police cars, facing a big white frame house. Its sign
her, "Potter Funeral Home." Two troopers climb from the car.
Crawford parks too, then kills the engine. He turns to
removing his sunglasses, gestures to the case file.

CRAWFORD

(softly)

You think about him long enough, you
get a feel for him... Then, if you're
lucky, out of all the stuff you know,
one little part of it tugs at you,
tries to get your attention... You
let me know when that happens,
Starling. Live right behind your
eyes, today. Don't try to impose any
patterns on this guy. Just stay open
and let him show you...

hat, One of the troopers, impassive in his sunglasses and
him, peers in through Crawford's window. Crawford nods to
then turns back to Clarice.

CRAWFORD

School's out, Starling.

CUT TO:

DAY EXT. SIDEWALK OF THE FUNERAL HOME - POTTER, WEST VA. -

fingerprint SOUND of organ music, as Clarice, carrying her
seeing - kit, mounts some steps to the sidewalk. She stops,

COUNTRY PEOPLE

service. in their somber best, filing into the mortuary for a

issuing
glance

The music - "Shall We Gather At The River?" - is from the open double doors. Several of the mourners over at her curiously.

ANGLE ON CLARICE

sense

staring back at the mourners, hearing the music, as a memory is triggered in her...

IN FLASHBACK - LOW ANGLE, MOVING

open
from

as we approach, down the aisle of a country chapel, an wooden coffin. Sad country faces turn, looking at us the flanking pews. The b.g. organ hymn is "Shall We Gather...?"

THE SAD, 10 YEAR-OLD CLARICE

casket.
matrons.

in her best dress, is reluctantly approaching the Her hands are held by the plump hands of unseen

CHILD'S POV

finally
folded,

on the looming coffin... closer and closer... until she can see, lying inside it... her dead father, arms his marshal's badge still pinned to his lapel.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Starling...?

NEW ANGLE (PRESENT DAY)

Crawford.

as the grownup Clarice turns towards the impatient Like her, he carries a large case.

CRAWFORD

We're around back.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - BACK CORRIDOR - DAY

are
cluttered
sewing

A young deputy, several state troopers, and a SHERIFF all waiting, as Crawford and Clarice enter. The dim, corridor doubles as storage space - there's a treadle machine, a soft-drink machine, a tricycle. The MUSIC is closer. Crawford shakes hands with the sheriff.

CRAWFORD
Sheriff Perkins? Jack Crawford, FBI...
This is Officer Starling. We
appreciate your phoning us.

SHERIFF
(grim, unsociable)
I didn't call you. That was somebody
from the state attorney's office...
'For you do a thing else, I'm gon'
find out if this girl's local. It
could just be somethin' that outside
elements has dumped on us.

He casts a sidelong, unhappy glance at Clarice.

CRAWFORD
Well sir, that's where we can help.
If -

SHERIFF
I don't even know you, Mister... Now
we'll extend you ever courtesy, just
soon as we can, but for right now -

CRAWFORD
Sheriff, this, ah - this type of sex
crime has some aspects I'd rather
discuss just between the two of us.
Know what I mean?

hesitates,
He indicates Clarice with his eyes. The sheriff
nods, then lets Crawford guide him into a small office,
closing the door behind them. Muffled WORDS from there.

troopers, who
bit
holster.
CLARICE
burning at this slight, is left alone with the
peek at her with shy curiosity. She pulls her blazer a
tighter, self-conscious about her bulging shoulder

emerge.
deputy.
ANGLE ON THE OFFICE DOOR
as, after a few more moments, the sheriff and Crawford
The sheriff, still not very happy, addresses his

SHERIFF
Oscar, run fetch Dr. Akin from the
chapel. And tell Lamar to come on
when he's done playin' that music.

CUT TO:

INT. EMBALMING ROOM - DAY

Litton
low
speak

Crawford, in one corner of the room, has set up a Policefax fingerprint transmitter. SOUND of many men's voices, in background. He is on the phone, and has to loudly.

CRAWFORD

I need a six-way linkup! Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Atlanta, and Dallas... What?... Can you hear me...?

atmosphere.

He looks around, frustrated by the noisy circus

CLARICE

voice,

is pulling on a pair of surgical gloves. She raises her turning up her natural accent by several notches.

CLARICE

Gentlemen. You officers and gentlemen! Listen here a minute, please. There's things I need to do for her...

WIDER ANGLE

deputies
her.

as we see that the small room is very crowded with and troopers. They gradually fall silent, looking at

CLARICE (O.S.)

Y'all brought her this far, and I know her folks would thank you if they could. Now please - go on out and let me take care of her... Go on, now.

begin
go, a
lying on
modern
cabinets

The men look at one another, a little bashfully, then to to file out, whispering among themselves. As they bright green body bag is REVEALED, tightly zipped, a porcelain embalming table. It is almost the only object in this Victorian room, with its glass-paned and faded wallpaper, decorated with cabbage roses.

FAVORING CRAWFORD

Men

as he looks at Clarice with a new degree of respect.

a
mortician.
nostrils

brush by him, till finally only two are left: DR. AKIN,
family g.p., and LAMAR, a lean, whiskey-reddened
SOUND of the door closing. Lamar dabs around his
with Vicks VapoRub.

CRAWFORD

(on phone)

We're starting. Tell everybody to
stand by for fingerprint transmission.

CLARICE

fingerprint
ZIPPER

at a side counter, has turned back to her open
kit. She is lifting out a camera when she hears the
of the body bag being slowly opened, behind her...

One gloved hand flies to her mouth as she reacts,
involuntarily, to the sudden smell. She blinks at her
reflection in the cabinet glass, then steels herself to
turn,
look at the corpse.

CLARICE

(pause; softly)

Bill...

FLASH

She steadies herself by raising her camera, takes a
photo.

LOW ANGLE - LOOKING UP, FROM BENEATH TABLE

arms.
snagged
look.

as Dr. Akin gently lifts aside one of the dead girl's
A piece of fishing line, with multiple hooks, is still
around it, dangling. Crawford leans in for a closer

DR. AKIN

Wrongful death... She'll have to go
to the state pathologist at Claxton
when you're done.

(Crawford nods)

I better - get on back for the rest
of that service. Lamar'll help you.

(shaken)

Lord almighty...

photo.

He leaves, and Clarice leans INTO SHOT, taking another

CRAWFORD

What do you see, Starling?

CLARICE

Well, she's not local. Her ears are pierced three times each, and she's wearing green glitter nail polish. Looks like town to me...

CLOSE ANGLE

trails the on the calf of one of the girl's legs, as Clarice inside of her bare wrist along the skin.

CLARICE (O.S.)

She waxed her legs, I think... A big girl, just like the others - but she was careful about her appearance...

UPWARD ANGLE AGAIN

as Lamar joins them for a closer look.

CLARICE

Two of the fingernails are broken off, and there's - dirt or grit under the others. She tried to claw her way through something... I'll scrape out samples after I've printed her.

She takes another FLASH, then quickly reloads film.

LAMAR

Them fishhooks are set too close together. No wonder the Franklin boys was scared to say they found her.

CLARICE

Think they were runnin' a trotline?

Crawford and Lamar both look at her curiously.

CLARICE

(to Crawford)

It's a Fish and Game violation. Like poaching. There's a big fine.

LAMAR

Right... Are you from around here?

CLARICE

They do it lots of places.

CRAWFORD

Get photos of her teeth. Then we'll fax her fingerprints to Washington, try to trace her through Missing Persons.

SIDE ANGLE - CLOSE ON THE DEAD GIRL'S FACE

staring blue eyes, short reddish hair. Clarice sets the

face,
camera

Polaroid, with its special attachments, against the
while Lamar gently retracts the lips. Each time the
FLASHES, there's a bright glow inside the cheeks.

NEW ANGLE - CHEST HIGH

as Clarice examines a developing print.

CLARICE

She's got something in her throat.

it, as

She hands the print to Crawford; he and Lamar look at
she searches in her kit.

LAMAR

When a body comes out of the water,
alots of times there's like, leaves
and things in the mouth.

Crawford,
after a
cylindrical

Clarice holds up a pair of forceps. She glances at
who nods. She bends over, partially OUT OF SHOT, and
few moments reappears, holding up a small, brown
object. She turns this in the air, as they all stare.

CRAWFORD

What is it - some kind of seed pod?

LAMAR

Nawsir, that's a bug cocoon. But how
come that to get way down in there?
'Less somebody shoved it in...

Clarice and Crawford exchange a glance.

CRAWFORD

She'll be easier to print if we turn
her over. Lamar, will you give me a
hand?

LAMAR

Yessir, I will. Clarice takes a jar
from her kit, carefully drops the
cocoon inside.

body,
cocoon.

SOUND of the men's heavy efforts as they turn over the
off screen. She seals the jar, staring into it at the

CRAWFORD (O.S.)

Starling - what do you make of these?

She turns to look.

HER POV

low on the corpse's back, over the shoulders, two neat, triangular patches of skin are missing.

NEW ANGLE - TWO SHOT

as Clarice looks at Crawford.

CLARICE

I don't know. I didn't see those on any of the other girls...

CRAWFORD

They weren't there. Get close-ups.

Clarice raises her camera, leans in for another FLASH.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK STEPS OF THE FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Clarice sits outside, with her head on her knees, drained. She looks up wanly as Lamar appears, offers her a can of Coke.

CLARICE

Thanks, I'm not thirsty.

LAMAR

No, hold it under your chin, there, and on your temples. Cold'll make you feel better. It does me.

She smiles, touched, and takes the can. When Lamar sees Crawford coming outside, he tactfully departs. Crawford sits beside her; there's a brief silence. She soothes herself with the can.

CRAWFORD

When I told that sheriff we shouldn't talk in front of a woman, that really burned you, didn't it?

(she is silent)

That was just smoke, Starling, I had to get rid of him. You did well in there.

CLARICE

It matters, Mr. Crawford... Other cops know who you are. They look at you to see how to act... It matters.

CRAWFORD

(beat)

Point taken.

She looks at him a moment, then offers the can. He opens it.

CRAWFORD

When we get back, I want you to run that bug by the Smithsonian, see if they can identify it. Maybe it's got some limited range, or it only breeds at certain times of year... You found it, Starling, you deserve the credit.

CLARICE

I'm wondering if he's done that before - placed a cocoon, or an insect. It would be easy to miss in an autopsy, especially with a floater... Can we check back on that?

CRAWFORD

(shakes his head)

The other girls are in the ground. Exhumations are upsetting for the families. I'll do it if I have to, but -

CLARICE

Then have the lab check Raspail's head.

(he looks at her)

Dr. Lecter's patient - have them probe his soft-palette tissues... They'll find another cocoon.

CRAWFORD

You seem pretty sure of that.

CLARICE

Raspail was killed by the same man who's killing these girls. And Lecter knows him. Maybe even treated him... You think so, too, don't you? Or you'd never have sent me to that asylum.

He looks at her for a moment, then sips again.

CRAWFORD

Before we caught him, Lecter had a big psychiatric practice in Baltimore. But he traveled all over the country - teaching, consulting... Christ, even testifying in murder trials. Who knows how many potential psychos he turned loose, just for the fun of it...?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (DIM LIGHT)

the
his
Bill."

A shadowy male figure looks down at us, leaning over
edge of a deep hole. He holds a little white poodle in
arms, stroking it. This is MR. GUMB, aka "Buffalo

MR. GUMB

(softly)

Rub the cream on your skin. Rub it
in goood...

CATHERINE MARTIN

of the
pit
bucket,
She's
bottle

looks up at him. She is standing on the cement bottom
pit, or oubliette, about 15 feet below floor level. The
is bare, except for a futon and a plastic toilet
from which a thin string rises up to the basement.
soaking wet, in an orange jumpsuit, and holds a squeeze
of skin lotion. She struggles to sound calm.

CATHERINE

Mister... my family will pay cash.
Whatever ransom you're askin' for,
they -

REVERSE ANGLE - UP TOWARDS MR. GUMB

MR. GUMB

Rub it in! Or you'll get the hose
again.

The little dog squirms in his arms, BARKING excitedly.

MR. GUMB

Yes, it will, Precious, won't it? It
will get the hose!

SIDE ANGLE - AT PIT BOTTOM

as Catherine kneels, turning slightly away from him.

CATHERINE

(under her breath)

Oh God... oh God...

of the
it on.

She unzips her jumpsuit, part-way, then squeezes some
lotion onto a palm. She reaches inside her suit, rubs

CATHERINE

Mister, if you let me go, I won't
press charges, I promise. You've
only had me here a couple days, and -

MR. GUMB (O.S.)
No. Just one day...

CATHERINE
Is that all...? See - see, my mom is
a real important woman... Well, I
guess you already know that. She'll
pay you, no questions asked. Whatever
cause you represent - Iran, Palestine -
she'll see that -

looks up,
A sudden blinding glare of light silences her. She
shielding her eyes.

HER POV

a floodlamp is descending, attached to a small basket.

MR. GUMB
Put the bottle in the basket. No
funny business, or you'll be sorry...

NEW ANGLE - CATHERINE

slips
fringe
begins to
hand
on
as the basket stops, and she steadies it. But as she
the bottle in, she sees something, O.S., just at the
of the light. She hesitates, looks closer... then
scream, hysterically, again and again. Her outflung
hits the lamp, and in its swaying glare, we see - high
the concrete walls, all around her -

BLOODY FINGER TRACKS

hands...
dried now, brownish - left by many pairs of frenzied

CUT TO:

INT. CLARICE'S DORM ROOM - FBI ACADEMY - DAWN

the
book.
Clarice is at her desk, exercising her right hand with
grip flexer, while simultaneously studying a thick law
Ardelia sticks her head in the door, excited.

ARDELIA
You better come see this.

CUT TO:

INT. RECREATION ROOM - FBI ACADEMY - DAWN

Martin. CLOSE ON a TV screen, filled with a photo of Catherine

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)

...was listed at first simply as a missing person, but is now believed to have been kidnapped by the serial killer known only as "Buffalo Bill."

himself. The photo disappears, replaced by the TV ANCHOR

TV ANCHOR

Memphis Police sources indicate that the missing girl's blouse has been identified, sliced up the back, in what has become a kind of grim calling card. Young Catherine Martin, as we've said, is the only daughter of U.S. Senator Ruth Martin -

CLARICE

drifting looks at Ardelia, surprised. Other trainees are
Clarice into the rec room, some whispering among themselves.
stares back at the TV intently.

TV ANCHOR (O.S.)

...the Republican junior senator from Tennessee. And while her kidnapping is not at this point considered to be politically motivated, nevertheless it has stirred the government -

BACK ON THE TV ANCHOR

TV ANCHOR

...to its highest levels, the president himself being said to be, and I quote, "intensely concerned." Just moments ago, Senator Martin made this dramatic personal plea...

SENATOR MARTIN (TV FOOTAGE)

speaks to fills the screen, in a halo of lens flare, as she
strong, a jostling crowd of reporters on the front steps of her
Georgetown home. A tall woman, late 40's, with a
taut face.

SEN. MARTIN

I'm speaking now to the person who is holding my daughter. Her name is Catherine... You have the power to let Catherine go, unharmed. She's very gentle and kind - talk to her

and you'll see. Her name is
Catherine...

all
Clarice is moved by what she sees. Other trainees are
around her.

CLARICE
(whispers)
Boy, is that smart...

ARDELIA
Why does she keep repeating the name?

CLARICE
Somebody's coaching her... They're
trying to make him see Catherine as
a person - not just an object.

ON THE TV AGAIN

SEN. MARTIN
You have a chance to show the whole
world that you can be merciful, as
well as strong. Please - I beg you -
release my Catherine...

NEW FOOTAGE

are
as we see (NIGHT, TELEPHOTO) - a taped-off section of
Catherine's parking lot. Technicians, with instruments,
kneeling by the crushed grocery bag.

2ND TV ANCHOR (V.O.)
Meanwhile. in Memphis, the
investigation continued throughout
the night, as state and local
authorities were joined at the kidnap
scene by agents of the FBI...

MOVING ANGLE (STILL TV FOOTAGE)

door of
agents.
back.
as Jack Crawford is seen striding towards the front
Catherine's apartment, followed by Burroughs and other
One of them moves quickly towards the CAMERA, waving it

REC ROOM ANGLE - FAVORING ARDELIA

But
Clarice.
as the other trainees send up a brief, ironic cheer.
Ardelia turns sympathetically towards the troubled

ARDELIA
I don't know whether to say "I'm
sorry," or "Congratulations." But
girl? - you just went prime time.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMITHSONIAN - MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY

Avenue.
Clarice quickly mounts the steps, carrying a small
plastic
box.

CRAWFORD

I don't think he knew that she's a
Senator's child. She's a big girl,
Starling, like all the rest. We're
going on the theory she was randomly
targeted by size...

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR - DAY

through an
with
Clarice, now accompanied by a museum guard, walks
eerie landscape of dinosaur bones - crouching skeletons
blank eye sockets, gaping fangs.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

By now, Bill's had her for 36 hours.
That leaves us just 36 more, before
he kills her... But maybe, just maybe,
Starling, we caught a real break
this time - thanks to you.

(beat)

We found another bug, in Raspail's
head.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM OFFICE - DAY

weaves
finally
CLOSE ON an live, enormous, rhinoceros beetle, as it
its clumsy way among the men on a chessboard, before
stepping off the edge, onto a lettuce leaf.

RODEN (V.O.)

Time, Pilch! My move.

PILCHER (V.O.)

No fair! You lured him with produce.

WIDER ANGLE

board.
shows two entomologists, both 30ish, hunched over the

handsome. RODEN is a pudgy redhead; PILCHER is lean, quite

RODEN
Tough noogies! It's still my turn.

CLARICE (O.S.)
If the beetle moves one of your men,
does that count?

Both They look up, delighted to see Clarice in the doorway.
men are hopelessly smitten by her.

RODEN
Of course it counts. How do you play?

PILCHER
(grins)
Officer Starling. Welcome back.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTOMOLOGY CORRIDOR - DAY

a MOVING ANGLE as Clarice and the two men go briskly down
hall lined with mounted insects, in all shapes and
sizes. Roden peers at Clarice's new cocoon, in its box.

RODEN
Where the hell did this one come
from? It's practically mush.

CLARICE
You really don't want to know.

PILCHER
Your West Virginia specimen gave us
quite a bit of trouble, but I finally
managed to narrow his species through
chaetaxy - studying the skin.

RODEN
I'm the one who found his perforating
proboscis! Are you wearing a gun,
right now?
(Clarice nods)
Ooh, cool! Can I see it? Can I?

PILCHER
Just ignore him. He's not a Ph.D.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Roden
VERY CLOSE (MAGNIFICATION) on the sliced cocoon, as
uses tweezers and a dental probe to ease out the sodden
chrysalis.

RODEN (O.S.)
The whole trick is to remove the
chrysalis without destroying it...
The wings are just like wet tissue
paper...

square
curiously.
better
on
THE TWO MEN
are hunched over a formica table, peering through
magnifiers into stainless trays. Clarice watches
Of their two specimens, Pilcher's moth is in much
condition - a big brown creature, its wings outspread
towel paper.

PILCHER
(without looking up)
What do you do when you're not
detecting, Officer Starling?

CLARICE
I try to be a student, Dr. Pilcher.

PILCHER
Ever get out for cheeseburgers and
beer? The amusing house wine...?

CLARICE
(smiles)
Not lately. But maybe someday.

between
He looks up at her, shyly. A little moment passes
them, before Roden straightens, exultant.

RODEN
Positive match!

CLARICE
You're sure?

RODEN
(points with his dental
probe)
West Virginia... Baltimore. Officer
Starling, meet Mister Acherontia
Styx.

Pilcher's
He moves aside for Clarice to get a closer look at
specimen. She leans forward, intently.

HER POV (MAGNIFICATION)

right

- is

the wide, furry, brown back of the moth. And there,
between the wing bases - wonderful and terrible to see
nature's perfect reproduction of a ghostly human skull.

RODEN (O.S.)

Better known to his friends as the
Death's-head Moth...

PILCHER (O.S.)

The Latin name comes from two rivers
in Hell. Your man - he drops these
girls into rivers, every time. Didn't
I read that?

FAVORING CLARICE

trembling.

as she looks up at him, awed, excited, almost

CLARICE

And there's no way - no natural way -
these could've wound up in the bodies?

PILCHER

(shakes his head)

They live in Malaysia. In this
country, they'd have to be specially
raised, from imported eggs.

CLARICE

(pause, then softly)

Dr. Lecter...

UPCUT -

As the two men stare at her, puzzled, we hear a SOUND
the wail of police SIRENS - and...

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. ROUTE 95 - DAY (AERIAL SHOT)

highway

An awesome armada of police vehicles swings through an
intersection, while normal traffic is held back by
patrol cruisers.

freeway -

The lead cars turn off, hit the entrance ramp to the
SIRENS going, tires SQUEALING, red flashers...

CLOSER ANGLE

a

on a speeding surveillance van, with long antennas and
small satellite dish, near the head of the motorcade.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Maybe we can trace how he buys the bugs, starting with U.S. Customs...

CUT TO:

INT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY (DRIVING)

The van is crammed with an impressive array of hi-tech equipment, all CLICKING and HUMMING. Burroughs is quietly on a scrambler phone, while another agent works a computer.

CRAWFORD (O.S.)

Maybe we can locate some of Raspail's old lovers. Maybe, someday...

CLARICE AND CRAWFORD

Clarice sit in swivel seats at the rear, by a big window. Clarice can't resist an occasional peak at the trailing motorcade, awed and a bit thrilled to be the center of so much attention.

CRAWFORD

But for Catherine Martin, it all comes down to you and Lecter. You're the one he talks to.

CLARICE

He's already offered to help... What would happen if we just showed our cards - asked him for Bill?

CRAWFORD

He offered to help, Starling, not to snitch. That wouldn't give him enough chance to show off. Remember, Lecter looks mainly for fun. Never forget fun.

CLARICE

But if he knew we have so little time -

CRAWFORD

If we act too anxious, he'll make us wait. He'll let the Senator keep hoping, day after day, until Catherine finally washes up. That'd be the most fun of all.

CLARICE

I think he means it, this time. I think he'll deal.

CRAWFORD

What would it take?

CLARICE

Transfer to a new prison. With a view of trees, he said, or even water... Can we swing that?

CRAWFORD

(shakes his head)

State to federal jurisdiction... We can do it - eventually - but we'll never get all the clearances in time. Can you convince him a deal's already in place?

CLARICE

You'll back me up with some paperwork?

(he nods)

Then I'll try. But wouldn't this have more weight coming from the Senator herself?

CRAWFORD

(hesitates)

She doesn't know what we're up to. And we can't afford to let her find out.

Clarice looks at him, surprised.

CRAWFORD

She's the mother, Starling. She can't possibly comprehend what Lecter is. She'd make the mistake of pleading with him. Begging him... He'd feast on her pain till the last second of that girl's life...

CUT TO:

DAY

INT. BALTIMORE STATE HOSP. FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE -

the

Chilton approaches, walking briskly down a corridor in administration wing. He looks quite agitated.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

We can't trust Frederick Chilton, either. He's greedy and ambitious. If he knew about Lecter's link to Bill, he's go straight to the newspapers...

briefcase.

Chilton falls into step beside Clarice, who has her

He points his gold pen at her accusingly.

CHILTON

What you're doing, Miss Starling, is

coming into my hospital to conduct an interview, and refusing to share information with me. For the third time!

CLARICE

Dr. Chilton, I told you - this is just routine follow-up on the Raspail case.

CHILTON

He's my patient! I have rights!
(grabs her arm,
stopping her)

I'm not just some turnkey, Miss Starling. I shouldn't even be here this afternoon. I had a ticket to Holiday on Ice.

go. She stares at him, with pity and distaste, till he lets

CLARICE

I'm acting on instruction, Dr. Chilton.

(handing him a card)

This is the U.S. Attorney's number. Now please - either discuss this with him, or let me do my job.

and She walks away, leaving him speechless with frustration
hostility. He clicks his pen, watching her go.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. LECTER'S CELL AND CORRIDOR - DAY

Dr. Lecter sits at his table, languidly sketching with charcoal on butcher paper.

He uses his own hand and forearm as a model. His other drawings, books, and bedding have been restored.

DR. LECTER

Wouldn't you say, Clarice, that for a United States Senator, you're an odd choice of messenger?

papers Clarice, sitting again at the desk-chair, is taking
from her briefcase.

CLARICE

I was your choice, Dr. Lecter. You chose to speak to me. Would you prefer someone else now? Or perhaps you don't think you can help us.

DR. LECTER

That is both impudent and untrue...
Tell me, how did you feel when you
viewed our Billy's latest effort?
(beat; he smiles)
Or should I say, his "next-to-latest"?

CLARICE
By the book, he's a sadist.

DR. LECTER
Life's too slippery for books,
Clarice. Typhoid and swans came from
the same God.
(beat)
Tell me, Miss West Virginia - was
she a large girl?

CLARICE
Yes.

DR. LECTER
Big through the hips. Roomy.

CLARICE
They all were.

DR. LECTER
Mmm. And what else...?

CLARICE
She had an insect deliberately
inserted in her throat. That hasn't
been made public yet. We don't know
what it means.

DR. LECTER
Was it a butterfly?

CLARICE
(pause; staring at
him)
A moth... How did you predict that?

DR. LECTER
I'm waiting for your offer, Clarice.
Enchant me.

collect
Clarice looks down at her papers, taking a moment to
her thoughts. She looks up at him again, evenly.

CLARICE
If you help us find Buffalo Bill in
time to save Catherine Martin, the
Senator promises you a transfer to
the V.A. hospital at Oneida Park,
New York, with a view of the woods
nearby. Maximum security still
applies, but you'd have reasonable
access to books.

He is silent. She rises, moves closer, carrying papers.

CLARICE

Best of all, though - one week a year you'd get to leave the hospital and go here.

(points to a map)

Plum Island. Every afternoon of that week you can walk on the beach or swim in the ocean for up to one hour. Under SWAT team surveillance, of course...

food

His face remains neutral. She puts the papers in his tray.

CLARICE

Copy of the Buffalo Bill case file, copy of Senator Martin's terms. Her offer is final and non-negotiable.

If Catherine dies -

(she slides his tray through)

You get nothing.

looks

A measured beat, before he rises smoothly, crosses, and down at the papers, without touching them.

DR. LECTER

"Plum Island Animal Disease Research Center." Sounds charming.

CLARICE

That's just part of the island. It has a very nice beach. Terns nest there.

DR. LECTER

Terns... If I help you, Clarice, it will be "turns" with us, too. Quid pro quo. I tell you things, you tell me things. Not about this case, though - about yourself. Yes or no?

(she is silent)

Yes or no, Clarice. Catherine is waiting. Tick-tock, tick-tock...

uncomfortably

She looks at him. A beat. They are standing close.

CLARICE

Go, Doctor.

DR. LECTER

What's your worst memory of childhood?

(she hesitates)

Quicker than that. I'm not interested in your worst invention.

CLARICE

The death of my father.

DR. LECTER

Tell me. Don't lie, or I'll know.

Clarice cannot bear the feverish excitement in his eyes. She looks past him, hesitating again.

CLARICE

He was a town marshal... one night he surprised two burglars, coming out the back of a drugstore... They shot him.

DR. LECTER

Killed outright?

CLARICE

No. He was strong, he lasted almost a month. My mother - died when I was very young, so my father had become - the whole world to me... After he left me, I had nobody. I was ten years old.

DR. LECTER

You're very frank, Clarice. I think - it would be quite something to know you in private life.

CLARICE

Quid pro quo, Doctor.

DR. LECTER

The significance of the moth is change. Caterpillar into cocoon into beauty... Billy wants to change, too, Clarice. But there's the problem of his size, you see. Even if he were a woman, he'd have to be a big one...

CLARICE

(puzzled)

Dr. Lecter, there's no correlation in the literature between transsexualism and violence. Transsexuals are very passive.

DR. LECTER

Clever girl. You're so close to the way you're going to catch him - do you realize that?

CLARICE

No. Tell me why.

DR. LECTER

After your father's death, you were orphaned. What happened next?

(Clarice drops her gaze)

I don't imagine the answer's on those second-rate shoes, Clarice.

CLARICE

I went to live with my mother's cousin and her husband in Montana. They had a ranch.

DR. LECTER

A cattle ranch?

CLARICE

Horses - and sheep...

DR. LECTER

How long did you live there?

CLARICE

Two months.

DR. LECTER

Why so briefly?

CLARICE

I - ran away...

DR. LECTER

Why, Clarice? Did the rancher fuck you?

CLARICE

(angrily)

No.

DR. LECTER

Did he try to?

CLARICE

No...! Quid pro quo, Doctor.

DR. LECTER

Billy's not a real transsexual, but he thinks he is. He tries to be. He's tried to be a lot of things, I expect.

CLARICE

You said - I was very close to the way we'd catch him.

DR. LECTER

There are three major centers for transsexual surgery: Johns Hopkins, the University of Minnesota, and Columbus Medical center. I wouldn't be surprised if Billy has applied for sex reassignment at one or all

of them, and been rejected.

CLARICE

On what basis would they reject him?

DR. LECTER

The personality inventories would trip him up. Rorschach, Wechsler, House-Tree-Person... He wouldn't test like a real transsexual.

CLARICE

How would he test?

take
movement
tray.

Suddenly Dr. Lecter snarls, loudly, stretching. Clarice a sharp step backwards before he smiles, turning his into an elaborate yawn. He gathers the papers from his

DR. LECTER

That's enough, I think. Happy hunting. Oh, and Clarice - next time you will tell me why you ran away. Shall I summarize?

CLARICE

(shaken)

Yes, Doctor. Please.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY

living
and

VERY CLOSE ON a cocoon, split along its back, as a Death's-head Moth wriggles torturously free. Trembling damp, the new creature clings to a sprig of nightshade.

DR. LECTER (V.O.)

You should try to obtain a list of males rejected from all three gender reassignment centers...

PULLING BACK

They
incongruous

we see a big wire cage, holding several of the moths. crawl over the humus floor or feed at honeycombs, wings pumping lazily. In the distant background, the SOUND of show music.

DR. LECTER (V.O.)

Check first the ones rejected for lying about criminal records...

CONTINUOUS MOVING ANGLE

TRAVEL

at about knee level, as we leave the cage, and begin to
through this eerie, dimly-lit warren of a cellar.

the
loom
table...
gleaming

As we go - occasionally TURNING corners, or skirting
dark openings of unexplored passages - various objects
briefly INTO VIEW, overhead - a stainless-steel work
a big sink... jars of chemicals... neat racks of
knives...

DR. LECTER (V.O.)

Among those who tried to conceal
their past, look for severe childhood
disturbances, associated with
violence... Possibly you'll find a
childhood incarceration... Then go
to their personality tests...

wearing
various
Chinese
jaunty

We pass a row of female mannequins, some nude, some
colorful leather jackets, designer knockoffs, in
stages of completion... then a huge maroon armoire, in
lacquer; its double doors are slightly ajar... The
background.

Bye

MUSIC is growing even louder: Fats Waller singing "Bye
Baby." And now we hear something else, too - the rapid
CLICKING of a sewing machine...

DR. LECTER (V.O.)

Study their drawings, especially.
Billy's house drawings will show no
happy future... No baby carriage,
out in the yard. No pets, no toys,
no flowers, no sun...

As we
old-
working a
female
and a
feet.

We TURN another corner, and there is Mr. Gumb himself.
APPROACH, his wide back is to us; he's hunched over an
fashioned sewing machine, humming cheerfully, and
piece of material that we mercifully cannot see. A
wig rests near him on a head form. He wears a hairnet
beautiful kimono, and pumps the treadle with his bare

DR. LECTER (V.O.)

His females will be more crudely
sketched than his males - but he'll

compensate by adding exaggerated
adornments... jewelry, big breasts...
And his tree drawings - oh, his trees
will be frightful...

the
ankles.
panting
corridor,
Next to Mr. Gumb is an antique phonograph - source of
MUSIC. His little dog, Precious, perches by his plump
As we PASS Mr. Gumb, Precious scurries away from him,
happily, and we FOLLOW the little dog down another
the music starting to fade behind us...

DR. LECTER (V.O.)
Billy hates his own identity, he
always has - and he thinks that makes
him a transsexual. But his pathology
is a thousand times more savage...
He wants to be reborn, Clarice. He
will be reborn...

into a
and in
oubliette.
tail
ghostly
At the end of this final corridor, the cellar widens
low-ceilinged chamber, with two additional doorways,
the center of this is the gaping circle of the
Precious sniffs her way over to the edge - excited,
wagging - than BARKS happily as we hear a hoarse,
moan from below.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
Pleeeeeeease.....!

DISSOLVE TO:

which
his
are
a
INT. DR. LECTER'S CORRIDOR - DAY
MOVING ANGLE - CLOSE ON Dr. Lecter's slippered feet,
rest on the shelf of a rolling hand truck. RISING along
tilted form, we see that his ankles are linked by steel
restraints... his legs, waist, upper torso, and arms
bound by heavy canvas webbing... beneath the webbing is
strait-jacket... and over his face is a hockey mask.

CHILTON (V.O.)
Bad news, Hannibal...

pushed
WIDER ANGLE
shows that Dr. Lecter, on the handtruck, is being

cell. down his corridor by Barney, and back into his open

CHILTON (V.O.)
Gourmet magazine has rejected your
recipe for braised kidneys...

CUT TO:

INT. DR. LECTER'S CELL - DAY

his Chilton lounges on Dr. Lecter's cot, casually reading
notations large stack of private correspondence, and making
the with his gold pen on a little pad. Another orderly mops
floor.

CHILTON
Perhaps you should have been less
specific about what kind.
(to Barney)
Stand him by the toilet. Then leave
us.

orderlies Barney props the hand truck into position, then both
go. Chilton finishes another letter, sighs happily.

CHILTON
Such a lot of correspondence! I can
hardly wait to analyze it in more
detail... But first things first.

into the Tossing letters onto the cot, he rises, crosses out
from corridor, and bends to remove a small tape recorder
at Dr. underneath Clarice's desk. He waggles it triumphantly
Lecter.

CHILTON
I thought she might be looking for a
civil rights violation in Migg's
death, so I bugged you... Not a word
to me in all these years, Hannibal.
Then Crawford sends his bit of fluff
over here, and you just turn to jelly.
It's too pathetic.

SIDE ANGLE - TWO SHOT

the as Chilton, back in the cell, leans tauntingly close to
front of Dr. Lecter's mask.

CHILTON
You still think you're going to walk

on some beach, and see the birdies?
I don't think so, Hannibal... I called
Senator Ruth Martin, and she never
heard of any deal with you. She never
heard of Clarice Starling, either.
They scammed you, Hannibal...

slits.
CLOSE ON Dr. Lecter's glittering eyes, behind their

CHILTON

When Crawford gets through milking
you, he's giving you to Baltimore
Homicide for the Raspail murder. And
they're preparing some special
surprises for you right now, in my
electroshock room.

DR. LECTER'S POV (FRAMED BY EYE-SLITS)

to
first looking at Chilton's moving lips... then LOWERING
his soft, white, inviting throat...

CHILTON

The Starling bitch wants you to rot
here, in this little box, till your
teeth fall out and you're soiling
diapers. You've seen the old ones,
Hannibal. They weep when their stewed
peaches get cold. That'll be you,
too. Unless - you trade with me.

FAVORING CHILTON

as he sits chummily on the table.

CHILTON

There never was a deal with Senator
Martin - but there is now. I've been
on the phone for hours, Hannibal, on
your behalf. Here's what you get: if
you identify Buffalo Bill, and the
girl is found in time, Senator Martin
will have you transferred to Brushy
Mountain State Prison, in Tennessee...

CLOSE AGAIN ON DR. LECTER'S EYES

suddenly
as they shift restlessly, away from Chilton - then
lock onto something. They widen with interest.

CHILTON (O.S.)

The Governor has already agreed. You
get books, a view of the woods, and
plenty of exercise time...

DR. LECTER'S POV - EXTREME CLOSEUP

under
pen.
On the cot, carelessly left there, lying half-hidden
the letters and the rumpled sheet... is Chilton's gold

CHILTON (O.S.)
And best of all, you'd be out of
Jack Crawford's reach, forever. The
Senator will verify these terms on
the phone, and guarantee them in
writing...

BACK ON DR. LECTER

his
clicking.
as he stares a moment longer at the pen, then shifts
eyes towards Chilton. We can almost hear his brain

CHILTON (O.S.)
In exchange, I get your full
cooperation in publishing a
professional account of this - my
successful interviews with you. You
publish nothing. And I get exclusive
access to any material from Catherine
Martin... So. Do you accept my
demands?

(pause)
Answer me, Hannibal.

INTO
agitated.
A beat. Dr. Lecter is silent. Chilton sticks his face
SHOT, almost intimately close to the mask. He is

CHILTON
You'll answer me now, or by God,
you'll answer to Baltimore Homicide.
Who is Buffalo Bill?

DR. LECTER
(pause; then softly)
I'll tell the Senator herself. But
only in Tennessee...

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNS HOPKINS - GENDER IDENTITY CLINIC - DAY
MOVING ANGLE - as the very impatient Crawford,
clutching a
early
they
pass.
50's, severe, in a lab coat. Nurses, doctors, glance as

DR. DANIELSON
I'm not having a witch hunt here,

Mr. Crawford! Our patients are decent, non-violent people with a real problem.

CRAWFORD

Dr. Danielson, the man we want was never your patient. It would be someone you refused because he tries to conceal a record of criminal violence. Please, Doctor - time is eating us up. Just show me the ones you've turned away.

gallery,
coffee.

Danielson enters a cramped, stainless steel nurse's with Crawford following, and pours himself a cup of

DR. DANIELSON

(adamantly)

Examination and interview materials are confidential. We've never violated an applicant's trust, and we never will.

CRAWFORD

You want to see a violation? This is a violation...

it
see it

He takes a black & white photo from his folder, slaps down in front of Danielson. From our angle, we can't clearly.

CRAWFORD

Her name is Kimberly Jane Emberg, she was just ID'd. I met her on a slab in West Virginia. And sometime tomorrow, or tomorrow night, he's going to do the same thing to Catherine Martin.

DR. DANIELSON

That's a childish, bullying stunt, Mr. Crawford. I was a battlefield surgeon, so you can put away your picture.

Burroughs sticks his head in, looking for Crawford.

BURROUGHS

Phone, Jack. Director Burke.

CRAWFORD

(snaps)

In a minute!

patience.

Burroughs hurriedly retreats. Crawford strains for

CRAWFORD

Look... search your own records, if you prefer. You can do it a lot faster than us, anyway. If we find Buffalo Bill through your information, I'll suppress it. Nobody has to know this hospital cooperated.

DR. DANIELSON

I doubt very much that the FBI or any other government agency can keep a secret, Mr. Crawford. Truth will out... And then what? Will you give Johns Hopkins a new identity? Put a big pair of sunglasses on this building, and a funny nose?

CRAWFORD

Oh, that's clever, Dr. Danielson. Very humorous. You like the truth? Try this.

(right in his face,
enraged)

He kidnaps young women and kills them and rips their skin off. We don't want him to do that anymore. If you don't help me, just as fast as you can, then the Justice Department is going to ask publicly for a court order, We'll ask twice a day, just in time for the morning and evening news. And each one of our press conferences will focus on Dr. Danielson, over at Johns Hopkins, and how we're still hoping for his cooperation. And every time there's any news on the case - when Catherine Martin floats, when the next one floats, and the next one - why, we'll just issue another press release about good ol' Dr. Danielson, over at Johns Hopkins - complete with all his humorous fucking remarks.

DR. DANIELSON

(pause; stiffly)

It may be that - I could confer with my colleagues on this. And get back to you.

CRAWFORD

Would you, Doctor? That would be so kind.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Crawford is on the scrambler phone. Burroughs watches silently.

CRAWFORD
(on phone; stunned)
Transferred...?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING - OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR - DAY

HAYDEN BURKE, the FBI Director, swivels in his big chair.
Lean, late 40's, very distinguished. His desk is flanked by flags.

DIRECTOR BURKE
(on phone)
Already airborne for Memphis. Senator Martin's meeting him at the airport.
(uneasily)
Jack - did you make some sort of promise to Lecter, in the Senator's name?

Listening to the answer, he looks uncomfortably across his desk at PAUL KRENDLER, the Deputy Attorney General - 40, very tanned, modish haircut. Krendler is irritable, impatient.

DIRECTOR BURKE
(on phone)
We're going to have to talk about this, Jack. The Senator's mad as hell. Paul Krendler's over here from Justice, she's asking him to take charge in Memphis... I know that... But you're still in command of the task force, and Lecter's plane can still be ordered back. It's your call, Jack - but I want it now.

CUT

BACK TO:

INT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Burroughs starts to make an objection, but Crawford stills him with a hand motion. He is taut, frustrated. Long pause.

CRAWFORD
(into phone)
Let him land.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARICE'S DORM ROOM - DOORWAY - DAY

just
She's

Clarice opens her door, stares out at Crawford. She's slipping on her blazer, over her shoulder holster. She's furious.

CLARICE

Chilton has killed her, hasn't he? That slimy little bastard! We were so close with Lecter - and now her last chance is gone.

CRAWFORD

Let's get some coffee and talk.

CUT TO:

EXT. FBI ACADEMY GROUNDS - QUANTICO - DAY

along a
trails

MOVING ANGLE on Clarice and Crawford, as they walk sidewalk, sipping from paper cups. The surveillance van trails them slowly, radios CRACKLING.

CLARICE

Are you in trouble over this, Mr. Crawford? Can Senator Martin do something to you?

CRAWFORD

I'm 53, Starling. If I found Jimmy Hoffa on national TV, I'd still have to retire in two years. It's not a consideration. But you are...

(beat)

You've done enough. If I keep you out of school any longer, you'll be recycled. Cost you six months, at least. I can guarantee you readmission here, but that's about it.

(he stops, looks at her)

Now's your chance, Starling. Go back to class. Leave Bill to me.

CLARICE

If you didn't want me chasing him, you shouldn't have taken me to that funeral home.

He looks at her steadily, then nods. They walk on.

CLARICE

Lecter is still the key, I know he is. Whatever he told me about Bill is just as good now as it was before.

CRAWFORD

Or just as worthless. But I want you in Memphis, close to him. Maybe when he gets tired of toying with Senator Martin, he'll talk to you again. There's a plane waiting for you now at the airstrip.

she's She smiles at this acknowledgment; he never thought
quit.

CLARICE

I lied to Lecter. I'll need some kind of peace offering... Can I get the drawings from his cell?

CRAWFORD

Good idea. Meantime, try to get a feel for Catherine Martin. Her apartment, her friends... how he might've stalked her. I'm going to the other two clinics, Minnesota and Ohio.

(he crumples his cup,
tosses it)

Now's the hardest part, Starling. Use your anger, don't let it keep you from thinking. Just keep your eyes on Catherine. We've got less than 30 hours.

CLARICE

(hesitates)

Mr. Crawford... can those cops down there handle Dr. Lecter?

CRAWFORD

(grimly)

They'll use their best men. But they better be paying attention...

CUT TO:

DAY INT. AIR NATIONAL GUARD HANGER - MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE -

searching CLOSE ON Dr. Lecter. Behind his mask, the alert,
eyes.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

He will...

OFFICERS PEMBRY AND BOYLE

checking two sturdy, well-armed, veteran prison guards - are
Dr. Lecter's restraints with clever, careful fingers.

BOYLE

Welcome to Memphis, Dr. Lecter. I'm Officer Boyle, this is Officer Pembry. We aim to treat you just as nice as you treat us. Act like a gentlemen, you'll get three hots and a cot.

PEMBRY

But we ain't pussy-footin' with you, buddy ruff. You get cute, try to bite somebody? - we'll tie your asshole in a knot. You savvy?

DR. LECTER

Oh yes, Officer Pembry. I certainly do.

The officers turn away, Boyle signing a clipboarded form.

PEMBRY

(under his breath)

Shit, he's just an ol' broke-dick. Won't be no trouble as all if he don't flip out.

BOYLE

Dr. Chilton...?

NEW ANGLE - WIDER

as we see that we're in a vast, dusty hangar. Parked to one side: an EMS ambulance and four highway patrol cruisers; a dozen troopers stand quietly chatting and smoking over there. Prentiss is pacing impatiently, casting anxious glances towards the open hanger doorway.

BOYLE

If you'll please sign right here, sir, we'll have us a legal transfer.

Chilton instinctively pats his shirt pocket for his gold pen; it's gone. He searches other pockets, with growing unhappiness.

BOYLE

Use mine.

PEMBRY

Here they come.

TWO BLACK STRETCH LIMOUSINES

agents glide smoothly into the hangar, stop. Secret Service pour out of the lead car, form a cordon. A driver opens the

followed rear door of the second car, and Krendler steps out,
as by the Senator's assistant, with a briefcase, followed,
she last, by the Senator herself. Barely glancing around,
strides towards Lecter.

NEW ANGLE - DR. LECTER AND SEN. MARTIN

but as she stops, struck by the bizarre spectacle of his
Dr. restraints. The others instinctively keep a distance,
Chilton, with theatrical relish, unstraps and removes
Lecter's mask.

CHILTON

Senator Martin, meet Dr. Hannibal
Lecter.

Senator They stare at one another for a long moment: the
poise. tense, almost haggard, the madman with his unearthly

SEN. MARTIN

Dr. Lecter, I've brought an affidavit
guaranteeing your new rights... You'll
want to read it before I sign.

form. He assistant unsnaps his briefcase, reaches for the

DR. LECTER

I won't waste your time and
Catherine's time bargaining for petty
privileges. Clarice Starling and
that awful Jack Crawford have wasted
far too much already. I only pray
they haven't doomed the poor girl...
Let me help you now, and I'll trust
you when it's all over.

SEN. MARTIN

You have my word. Paul?

Krendler raises a pad, poised to take notes.

DR. LECTER

Buffalo Bill's real name is William
Rubin. I met him just once. He was
referred to me in April or May, 1980,
by my patient Benjamin Raspail. They
were lovers, but Raspail had become
very frightened. Apparently Rubin
had murdered a transient, and - done
things with the skin. He thought if
I could cure Billy, then Billy'd be
safe from the police, and he's be
safe from Billy... Obviously, he was

wrong.

KRENDLER

We need his address, a physical descr-

DR. LECTER

Did you nurse Catherine?

SEN. MARTIN

(pause; startled)

What...?

DR. LECTER

Did you breast-feed her?

He flicks his tongue obscenely.

KRENDLER

You son-of-a -

The Senator stills him with a hand. She is trembling.

SEN. MARTIN

Yes... I did.

DR. LECTER

Toughened your nipples, didn't it...?

(a beat; then rapidly,
bored)

Six foot one, strongly built, about
190 pounds. Hair brown, eyes pale
blue. He'd be about 35 now. He said
he lived in Philadelphia, but may
have lied. That's really all I can
remember, Senator - but if I think
of any more, I'll let you know.

SEN. MARTIN

(to the others)

Let's go with it.

They start towards the car, but he calls out, stopping

her.

DR. LECTER

Senator Martin...! You can't trust
Jack Crawford or Clarice Starling.
It's such a game with these people.
They're determined to get the arrest
for themselves. The "collar," I think
they say.

SEN. MARTIN

Thank you, Doctor. I'll keep it in
mind.

DR. LECTER

Oh, and Senator...? Love you suit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S BASEMENT - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

on the
dinner.
CLOSE ON scraps of food - peas, chicken bones - lying
cement floor of the pit, near the foil tray of a TV

CATHERINE (O.S.)
(muttering, feisty)
Close enough to fuck is close enough
to fight...

bucket
string.
CATHERINE
is hunched over in concentration. The plastic toilet
is on her lap, and she has yanked down its cotton

CATHERINE
Get my legs round your neck, you
goddamn creep, I'll send you home to
Jesus...

it
to her
HER FINGERS
are tying a chicken bone to the bucket's handle, where
meets the string. The other end of the string is tied
wrist.

bucket
basement
SHE STANDS
gathers the coiled string in one hand, and swings the
by its handle, calculating this distance up to the
floor.

CATHERINE
Okay, Precious. Time for a treat...

She hurls the bucket upwards.

inside.
AT THE LIP OF THE OUBLIETTE
the bucket sails out, bounces LOUDLY, then falls back

cocks
investigate.
ANGLE ON THE DOG, PRECIOUS
who is elsewhere in the basement, worrying a toy. She
an ear, making a low GROWL, then sets off to

DOWN IN THE PIT

Catherine swings the bucket again, trying another cast.

THE BUCKET LANDS

two feet beyond the pit's edge, rolls a bit, stops.

PRECIOUS TROTS UP

then pauses, staring curiously towards...

VERY LOW ANGLE (DOG'S POV)

as
towards
the pit.

the enticing chicken bone, six feet away. It twitches
Catherine tugs on the string, edging the bucket back

suspicious.

Precious with her tail wagging, BARKS - greedy but

CATHERINE

string.

staring upwards, pulls again, even so gently, at the

CATHERINE

(softly)

Preeeeecious...! C'mon, boy, nice
yummy bone... c'mon, you little
shit...

PRECIOUS

seizing
but
like
stop.

edges reluctantly closer... then suddenly rushes in,
the bone in her teeth. She tries to run away with it,
Catherine is pulling her towards the hole, working her
a hooked fish. Her toenails scrabble as she tries to

CATHERINE

stares desperately, unable to see how she's doing.

CATHERINE

Hang on, boy... hang on...

PRECIOUS

rocks
battle...
momentarily
over

still fights for the bone, GROWLING, as the bucket
precariously on the edge of the pit. A long, seesaw
until finally, when one of her forelegs slips
into the hole, she panics and lets go. The bucket flops
the edge.

CATHERINE

her. crouches, covering her head as the bucket bounces off

CATHERINE

Nooooo...!

THE LITTLE DOG

furious, BARKS down at her, then trots away in disgust.

CLOSE ON CATHERINE

foil as she sinks to the cold cement. She slaps aside the tray, the scraps of food, sobbing in utter despair...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHERINE MARTIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

held on CLOSE ON a framed photo of Sen. Martin and Catherine, in Clarice's cotton-gloved hands. Powdered fingerprints the glass.

at - Clarice glances up from the photo, smiles disarmingly

chair. He A young STATE TROOPER sitting in Catherine's easy smiles back at her, then relaxes, returns to his newspaper. He also wears gloves.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Clarice closes the refrigerator door, glances around.

new A big REEL-TO-REEL TAPE RECORDER has been set up on the breakfast counter, attached to Catherine's phone. Two red phones are hooked up as well.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

looks inside. She reaches in, pokes carefully amongst the lotions.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC CRAWL-SPACE

Clarice,
around. A ceiling hatch bangs open, sending up dust clouds.
lit from underneath, pokes her head through, looking

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Catherine's
bed. She sits up, brushing dust from her face and hair.
Flat on her back, Clarice wriggles out from under

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

atop a
jewelry. CLOSE ON an open, multi-tiered jewelry box, resting
bureau, as Clarice's fingers pick through costume

figure
cries Clarice closes the box, and is just turning away when a
suddenly looms INTO SHOT, giving her a bad start; she
out softly.

suspiciously. Senator Martin is revealed, staring at her

SEN. MARTIN

Who are you, please? I thought the
police were through in here.

CLARICE

I'm Clarice Starling, Senator. FBI.

SEN. MARTIN

(softly, very angry)

Clarice Starling...

(calls out)

Paul? Would you come in here,
please...?

Krendler enters from the hallway, looks at Clarice.

SEN. MARTIN

Miss Starling, you may know the Deputy
Attorney General, Mr. Krendler. Paul,
this is the trainee that Jack Crawford
sent to Lecter... She lied to him,
pretending to have my authority, and
thus jeopardized this entire

investigation. Now she has the further gall to invade my daughter's privacy, again without permission. If her little games have killed my baby...

door
Overcome, she hurries from the room. Krendler shuts the door behind her, points sternly at Clarice.

KRENDLER
You're out of line, Starling, and you're off this case. Back to Quantico.

CLARICE
Sir, Mr. Crawford instructed me -

KRENDLER
Your instructions are what I'm giving you now. Jack Crawford answers to the Director, and the Director answers to me. My God, Crawford's losing it...! He shouldn't even be on this, with his wife sick as she is... How the hell did you get in here, anyway? He gave you - what? Some kind of special ID? Let's have it.

CLARICE
(stubbornly)
I need the ID to fly with my gun. The gun belongs in Quantico.

KRENDLER
Gun. Jesus. Turn in the ID as soon as you get back. The gun, too. Be on the next plane, Starling, there's one in 90 minutes.

Clarice, burning, starts for the door, then turns back.

CLARICE
Mr. Krendler... Dr. Lecter trusts me. Or at least, he used to. If I could just -

KRENDLER
Lecter has already named Buffalo Bill.

computer
reads.
Clarice reacts, surprised. Krendler takes a folded sheet from his pocket, shoves it at her. She takes it,

KRENDLER
He gave us a perfectly good description, and we're on it now, so we won't be needing your little novelty act any longer - or his, either. He's under close guard at

the courthouse, pending a prison transfer. The next plane, Officer.

CLARICE

Sir, doesn't this "William Rubin" strike you as - I don't know - kind of vague?

Krendler moves in very close to her, pale with anger.

KRENDLER

Do you need a police escort, Starling? Or do you think you can find the airport by yourself?

CLARICE

Yes sir. I can find it by myself.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHELBY COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

The old courthouse is a massive Gothic stronghold, with an armada of police cruisers parked at the curb.

Clarice climbs from her rented car, SLAMMING the door angrily.

Holding a rolled-up pile of papers - Dr. Lecter's drawings - she starts determinedly up the steps. A nearby commotion makes her pause.

Dr. Frederick Chilton in a sea of interviewers and mini-cams, is preening grandly.

Clarice carefully avoiding his gaze, slips up the steps and inside.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

SGT. TATE, a Memphis policeman, is studying Clarice's ID. He looks up at her from his command desk, a bit doubtfully.

SGT. TATE

Are you with Mr. Krendler's people?

CLARICE

I just left him.

SGT. TATE

Access to Lecter is strictly limited.

We've been getting death threats.
(hesitates again)
Log in, and check your weapon.

Clarice He picks up a phone, murmurs into it. As he does so,
glances around this main ground floor lobby.

HER POV

shotguns The building looks like an armed fort. Cops with
of the guard the front door, both ends of the hall, the foot
and stairs, the single elevator. More of them are coming
going.

MURRAY (V.O.)
Shoot, we haven't had this kinda
security since the President came
through town...

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - MOVING

in an Clarice and OFFICER MURRAY, a young patrolman, ride up
excited. old-fashioned, CREAKING, metal-cage elevator. He is

MURRAY
Every cop in Tennessee wants a look
at this guy. 'Sit true what they're
sayin' - he's some kinda vampire?

CLARICE
(beat)
I don't have a name for what he is.

CUT TO:

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY ROOM - 5TH FLOOR

the Pembry, at a desk by the door, looks up from examining
unrolled pile of Dr. Lecter's drawings.

PEMBRY
You know the rules, ma'am?

CLARICE
Yes, Officer Pembry. I've questioned
him before.

now. He waves her on her way, but retains the drawings for

MOVING ANGLE - WITH CLARICE

as she crosses the big, spare, white octagonal room. A massive, temporary iron cage has been installed;

Officer
moving

Boyle sits facing its barred door. He rises, nods, away to allow her privacy.

INSIDE THE CAGE

a
at the
file.
player

a cot and a small table, each bolted to the floor, and flimsy paper screen, hiding a toilet. Dr. Lecter sits table, his back to her, studying the Buffalo Bill case. He now wears a green prison jumpsuit. A small cassette is chained to the steel table.

DR. LECTER
(without turning)
Good afternoon, Clarice.

bars.
She stops at a striped police barricade, before his

CLARICE
I thought you might want your drawings back... Just until you get your view.

DR. LECTER
How very thoughtful... Or did Crawford send you here for one last wheedle - before you're both booted off the case?

CLARICE
Nobody sent me. I came on my own.

smile.
He spins in his swivel chair, stops neatly. A coy

DR. LECTER
People will say we're in love.
(beat)
Pity you tried to fool me, isn't it?
Pity for poor Catherine. Tick-tock...

He spins again in his chair, playfully.

MOVING ANGLE - FAVORING CLARICE

sight.
as she circles the cage, trying to keep his face in

CLARICE
Dr. Lecter, you find out everything.
You couldn't have talked with this "William Rubin", even once, and come

out knowing so little about him...
You made him up, didn't you?

DR. LECTER

Clarice... you're hardly in a position
to accuse me of lying.

CLARICE

I think you were telling me the truth
in Baltimore - or starting to. Tell
me the rest now.

DR. LECTER

I've studied the case file, have
you...? Everything you need to find
him is right in these pages. Whatever
his name is.

CLARICE

Then tell me how.

DR. LECTER

First principles, Clarice. Simplicity.
Read Marcus Aurelius. Of each
particular thing, ask: What is it,
in itself, what is its nature...?
What does he do, this man you seek?

CLARICE

He kills w-

DR. LECTER

(sharply, as he stops)

No! That's incidental.

ignorance,
CLOSE ANGLE - TWO SHOT as he rises, pained by her
and crosses to the bars.

DR. LECTER

What is the first and principal thing
he does, what need does he serve by
killing?

CLARICE

Anger, social resentment, sexual
frus-

DR. LECTER

No, he covets. That's his nature.
And how do we begin to covet, Clarice?
Do we seek out things to covet? Make
an effort to answer.

CLARICE

No. We just -

DR. LECTER

No. Precisely. We begin by coveting
what we see every day. Don't you
feel eyes moving over your body,

Clarice? I hardly see how you couldn't. And don't your eyes move over the things you want?

CLARICE

All right, then tell me how -

DR. LECTER

No. It's your turn to tell me, Clarice. You don't have any more vacations to sell, on Anthrax Island. Why did you run away from that ranch?

CLARICE

Dr. Lecter, when there's time I'll -

DR. LECTER

We don't reckon time the same way, Clarice. This is all the time you'll ever have.

CLARICE

Later, listen, I'll -

DR. LECTER

I'll listen now. After your father's murder, you were orphaned. You were ten years old. You went to live with cousins, on a sheep and horse ranch in Montana. And - ?

CLARICE

And - one morning I just - ran away...

bars.
She turns from him. He presses closer, gripping the

DR. LECTER

Not "just," Clarice. What set you off? You started what time?

CLARICE

Early. Still dark.

DR. LECTER

Then something woke you. What? Did you dream...? What was it?

IN FLASHBACK

dawn.
window,
The 10-year old Clarice sits up abruptly in her bed, frightened. She is in a Montana ranch house; it almost
Strange, fearful shadows on her ceiling and walls... a
partly fogged by the cold; eerie brightness outside.

CLARICE (V.O.)

I heard a strange sound...

DR. LECTER (V.O.)

What was it?

THE CHILD RISES

crosses to the window in her nightgown, rubs the glass.

CLARICE (V.O.)

I didn't know. I went to look...

HIGH ANGLES (2ND STORY) - THE CHILD'S POV

Shadowy men, ranch hands, are moving in and out of a
nearby
barn, carrying mysterious bundles. The mens' breath is
steaming... A refrigerated truck idles nearby, its
engine
adding more steam. A strange, almost surrealistic
scene...

CLARICE (V.O.)

Screaming! Some kind of - screaming.
Like a child's voice...

THE LITTLE GIRL

is terrified; she covers her ears.

DR. LECTER (V.O.)

What did you do?

CLARICE (V.O.)

Got dressed without turning on the
light. I went downstairs... outside...

THE LITTLE GIRL

in her winter coat, slips noiselessly towards the open
barn
door. She ducks into the shadows to avoid a ranch hand,
who
passes her with a squirming bundle of some kind. He
goes
into the barn, and she edges after him reluctantly.

CLARICE (V.O.)

I crept up to the barn... I was so
scared to look inside - but I had
to...

THE LITTLE GIRL'S POV

as the open doorway LOOMS CLOSER... Bright lights
inside,
straw bales, the edges of stalls, then moving
figures...

DR. LECTER (V.O.)

And what did you see, Clarice?

A SQUIRMING LAMB

is held down on a table by two ranch hands.

CLARICE (V.O.)

Lambs. The lambs were screaming...

bloody
A third cowboy stretches out the lamb's neck, raises a
knife. Just as he's about to slice its throat -

BACK TO THE ADULT CLARICE

the
studying
staring into the distance, shaken, still trembling from
child's shock. We see Dr. Lecter, over her shoulder,
her intently.

DR. LECTER

They were slaughtering the spring
lambs?

CLARICE

Yes...! They were screaming.

DR. LECTER

So you ran away...

CLARICE

No. First I tried to free them... I
opened the gate of their pen - but
they wouldn't run. They just stood
there, confused. They wouldn't run...

DR. LECTER

But you could. You did.

CLARICE

I took one lamb. And I ran away, as
fast as I could...

IN FLASHBACK

- the
a vast Montana plain, and crossing this, a tiny figure
little Clarice, holding a lamb in her arms.

DR. LECTER (V.O.)

Where were you going?

CLARICE (V.O.)

I don't know. I had no food or water.
It was very cold. I thought - if I
can even save just one... but he got
so heavy. So heavy...

the
The tiny figure stops, and after a few moments sinks to
ground, hunched over in despair.

CLARICE (V.O.)

I didn't get more than a few miles

before the sheriff's car found me.
The rancher was so angry he sent me
to live at the Lutheran orphanage in
Bozeman. I never saw the ranch
again...

DR. LECTER (V.O.)
But what became of your lamb?
(no response)
Clarice...?

BACK TO SCENE

eyes.
more.
as the adult Clarice turns, staring into his feverish
She shakes her head, unwilling - or unable - to say

DR. LECTER
You still wake up sometimes, don't
you? Wake up in the dark, with the
lambs screaming?

CLARICE
Yes...

DR. LECTER
Do you think if you saved Catherine,
you could make them stop...? Do you
think, if Catherine lives, you won't
wake up in the dark, ever again, to
the screaming of the lambs? Do you...?

CLARICE
Yes! I don't know...! I don't know.

DR. LECTER
(a pause; then, oddly
at peace)
Thank you, Clarice.

CLARICE
(a whisper)
Tell me his name, Dr. Lecter.

DR. LECTER
Dr. Chilton... I believe you know
each other?

NEW ANGLE

seizes
grim.
as Clarice turns, startled, and the fuming Chilton
her elbow. Pembry and Boyle are beside him, looking

CHILTON
Out. Let's go.

PEMBRY
Sorry, ma'am - we've got orders to

have you put on a place.

Clarice struggles, pulling free of them for a moment.

DR. LECTER

Brave Clarice. Will you let me know
if ever the lambs stop screaming?

CLARICE

(moving closer to the
bars)

Yes. I'll tell you.

DR. LECTER

Promise...?

(she nods. He smiles)

Then why not take your case file? I
won't be needing it anymore.

He holds out the file, arm extended between the bars.

She

hesitates, then reaches to take it.

VERY CLOSE ANGLE - SLOW MOTION

as the exchange is made, his index finger touches her

hand,

and lingers there, just for a moment.

DR. LECTER'S EYES

widen, crackling at this touch, like sparks in a cave.

DR. LECTER

Good-bye, Clarice.

CLARICE

hugging the case file to her chest, stares back at him

as

the men crowd in on her, pushing her away.

HER POV - MOVING

as Dr. Lecter, head cocked in a smile, slowly

recedes...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GARMENT SWEATSHOP - DAY

MOVING ANGLE - MR. GUMB'S POV as he pushes a rolling

rack of

completed leather garments, each wrapped in plastic,

down as

aisle. SOUND of many sewing machines, all clattering at

once,

as he passes row on row of work tables. The

seamstresses,

quickly mostly black or Hispanic, glance up as he passes, then
avert their eyes, his presence disturbing them in some
nameless way.

approaching. He A thin FOREMAN in a flowery shirt, sees him
rises from his desk and comes over cheerfully, as the
rack rolls to a stop.

FOREMAN
Hello, dear! Punctual as always. And
what have you brought us today?

plastic He seizes one of the dangling jackets, pulling up the
wrapper. He examines it, stroking the sleeve.

FOREMAN
Oh, marvelous... You know, I always
say you're the Leonardo of leather.

MR. GUMB (O.S.)
(a harsh whisper)
Oil.

FOREMAN
Pardon...?

MR. GUMB (O.S.)
You're leaving oil on the skin.

The foreman quickly releases the jacket.

FOREMAN
Of course... You'll be wanting your -

envelope Mr. Gumb's hand reaches INTO SHOT, snatching an
from him. The foreman is watching him walk away, as a
seamstress comes over to take the rack of garments. The
strokes foreman is vaguely troubled, but shakes it off. He
the jacket again, admiringly.

FOREMAN
(to seamstress)
I wish we had a dozen like him...

SOUND UPCUT - Glenn Gould playing Bach's Goldberg
Variations...

CUT TO:

INT. MEMPHIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - LOUNGE AREA - DUSK

slowly Clarice, in a line of other passengers, is moving

window,
shoulder at

towards a departure ramp. Through a huge plate glass
we can see her plane. She glances back over her

arms

A pair of UNIFORMED COPS brawny and impassive, their
folded, waiting to make sure she board the flight.

The

Clarice sighs, turning wearily back towards the jetway.
BACH CONTINUES, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SHELBY CO. COURTHOUSE - HISTORICAL SOCIETY ROOM -
NIGHT

carried

CLOSE ON a steaming, rather elegant dinner tray, being
by Pembry, as he approaches Dr. Lecter's cell.

PEMBRY
(shouts)
Ready when you are, Doc!

IN THE CELL

it, on
one is
Clarice.
behind

the BACH is issuing from the cassette player. Beside
the table, the pile of Dr. Lecter's drawings. The top
an accurate, sensitive portrait, from memory, of
Beyond the table, we see Lecter's shadowy form, seated
the paper screen. He calls out from there.

DR. LECTER (O.S.)
Just another minute, please!

handing
fastens
ring

Pembry grunts, sets the tray down. Boyle joins him,
him a riot baton and a Mace cannister, which Pembry
to belt clips. Boyle is similarly armed, and carries a
of keys.

PEMBRY
Sumbitch demanded lamb chops for
dinner, extra rare.

BOYLE
(laughs)
What you reckon he'll want for
breakfast - some fuckin' thing from
the zoo?

INSIDE THE SCREEN

Dr. Lecter sits fully clothed on the toilet - swaying slightly, eyes closed, lost in the music, tongue working in his cheek. Suddenly, like magic, a little shiny piece of metal protrudes from his lips. He plucks it out, opens his eyes.

IN EXTREME CLOSEUP

he is holding the pocket clip from Prentice's disassembled collar pen - a straight, thin strip of metal, with a circular at one end, a square edge at the other.

DR. LECTER

lines up his thumbnail just shy of the square edge, then braces it against the stainless steel toilet rim. He pushes down, hard, using both hands for leverage. After a moment he smiles, holding up the result, and twirling it before his eyes.

IN EXTREME CLOSEUP

the straight end of the clip now forms a tiny right angle, and the circular end anchors nicely between his fingers.

OUTSIDE THE CELL

Pembry and Boyle turn as the toilet FLUSHES, and Dr. Lecter reappears, looking jaunty.

PEMBRY

Okay, Doc, grab some floor. Same drill as lunchtime.

Dr. Lecter sits on the floor, legs straight, then wriggles backwards. He stretches his arms behind him, hands and wrists through the bars, with two bars between them, and clasps his hands.

DR. LECTER

I'm ready when you are, Officer Pembry.

Lecter. He
his
nods
around.
door, and
from
clear
makeshift
middle
finds
towards
darts
grinning
sideways, and
natural
distinctly, and

Pembry comes around the cell to squat behind Dr.
tugs his hands farther out, rather roughly, handcuffs
wrists. He shakes the cuffs, making sure of them, then
to Boyle.

NEW ANGLE - AT CELL DOOR

as Boyle picks up the dinner tray, and Pembry crosses
Pembry takes the keys from Boyle, unlocks the cell
pushes it inward. Boyle goes inside with the tray.

DR. LECTER

watches as Boyle approaches the table, above five feet
him. Boyle has to set his tray down on the floor to
off some of the mess of drawings. The MUSIC plays on.

VERY CLOSE ON

...Dr. Lecter's hands, outside the bars, as the
key, held between the tips of his right index and
fingers, searches for the keyhole of the cuffs. And
it.

NEW ANGLE - FAVORING BOYLE

as he finishes clearing the drawings, then turns back
Dr. Lecter, stooping to pick up the tray.

BOYLE'S RIGHT HAND

is just inches from the tray when Dr. Lecter's hand
INTO SHOT, snapping a handcuff onto his wrist.

BOYLE

looks up, astonished, to find himself right in the
face of Dr. Lecter - who just as quickly rolls
snaps -

THE OTHER CUFF

around the bolted leg of the table. And suddenly all
SOUND and MOTION are suspended, as the MUSIC soars much
louder, each separate note of it now echoing

we see...

VARIOUS ANGLES - EACH BLURRING INTO STOP-ACTION

baton...

Pembry starting into the cell, reaching for his riot

into

Dr. Lecter smashing against the cell door, driving it

Pembry, pinning him across the chest, against the door frame...

his

Boyle, on one knee on the floor, digging desperately in pants pocket for his handcuff key...

he

Pembry's hand, mashed against his body by the door, as

strains frantically to reach the baton at his waist...

Pembry's eyes, widening in horror as he stares at...

Dr. Lecter's bared teeth, flashing towards him...

it

Dr. Lecter gripping Pembry's face in his jaws, shaking

like a dog shakes a rat...

Boyle finding his key, but in his terror dropping it...

dazed

Dr. Lecter yanking the mace can and riot baton from the

clubbing

Pembry's belt, spraying him in his bloody face, then

him to his knees...

again,

Boyle, mouth open in a silent scream, finding his key

unlocking the handcuff, but then, as he starts to rise, seeing...

raised

Dr. Lecter standing over him, with the riot baton

high; he swings it viciously down, again and again and again...

Then normal SOUND and MOTION are restored as we go to -

CLOSE ANGLE ON

now

the cassette player, and the portrait of Clarice, both

hear

flecked with blood. In addition to the Bach, we now

background.

soft PANTING, close by, and whimpering SOBS in the

ANGLE ON DR. LECTER

eyes closed, lost in a favorite passage of the music.

His

breathing
looks
bloody fingers drift airily with the notes, as his
slows to normal. He opens his eyes, sighs contentedly,
down.

HIS POV

spilled
pocketknife.
By the sprawled legs of Boyle lie various objects that
from his pants pocket - coins, a comb, a big

DR. LECTER

four-
screen,
picks up the pocketknife, examines it happily. About a
inch blade. He becomes aware of the WHIMPERING, off
turns.

LOW ANGLE ON PEMBRY

command
determined.
as he crawls, with torturous slowness, towards the
desk, and the phone. He is crying, but frantically

PEMBRY'S POV - PARTIALLY BLURRED, THEN CLEARING

Above the desk, hanging from pegs, are his and Boyle's
holstered revolvers...

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - NIGHT

then
indicates a stop there, at the top floor.
The bronze arrow above the elevator swings towards "5,"

FAVORING SGT. TATE

Another
a
idling in
at his command desk, as he stares at the indicator.
cop, JACOBS, sits on the desk's edge, flipping through
magazine; many more cops can be seen beyond them,
the lobby.

SGT. TATE

What is this shit...? Did somebody
go up to five?

(Jacobs shakes his
head)

Call Pembry, ask him what -

ones,
A GUNSHOT, and then, moments later, TWO MORE quick

feet,
and
echo down the nearby stairwell. Sgt. Tate jumps to his
grabs a radio mike, as the other cops stir, confused
noisy.

SGT. TATE
(into mike)
CP, shots fired on five! Repeat,
shots fires on five! Outside posts
look sharp, we've got a... Ho-ly
shit.

THE BRONZE ARROW

has begun to descend. Down to 4, then past 4...

BACK ON SGT. TATE

full
as he reacts. The other cops, behind him, are now in a
uproar, shouting, pulling out guns.

SGT. TATE
(to the others)
SHUT UP...! Guard mount, double up
on your outside posts. Bobby, get
the vests. Rainey, Howard, cover
that fucking elevator if it comes
all the way to -

A COP (O.S.)
It stopped!

THE BRONZE ARROW

microphone
has, indeed, frozen at 3. Sgt. Tate lifts the
again.

SGT. TATE
(into mike)
Seal off a ten-block radius. Get me
the SWAT team and an ambulance, double
quick. We're going up.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT (DIMLY LIT)

all in
but
with
a
HIGH ANGLE on Sgt. Tate as he leads a five-man squad,
bulletproof vests, up the stone stairs. They move fast
carefully, covering each other from landing to landing
drawn revolvers, shotguns. The distant Back MUSIC makes
ghostly echo in here...

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT (DIMLY LIT)

elevator
A thin rectangle of light on the floor from the open door. We can't see inside. The MUSIC sounds closer.

SGT. TATE

behind
checking the
approaches very cautiously, gun aimed. The other cops, him, fan out silently to set up angles of fire, various office doors - all locked - as they creep up.

MOVING ANGLE - OVER TATE'S SHOULDER

spins
as he reaches the side of the elevator, hesitates, then to point his gun inside. It's empty. He backs away.

SGT. TATE

(shouts at ceiling)

Pembry? Boyle...?

CUT TO:

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY ROOM - NIGHT (BRIGHTLY LIT)

on
ANGLE on the door, from inside, its lettering reversed the frosted glass. The Bach is VERY LOUD.

for
moving
doorframe.
After a moment the door is shouldered open, hard enough the glass to shatter, Tate following his gun inside, low, then other cops appearing behind him in the doorway. They all freeze, staring in utter horror.

SGT. TATE

Oh no... no...

THEIR POV

bodies, one
the
everywhere.
is a brief snapshot from hell. The two uniformed sprawled on its back near the door, the other still in the cell, have been savaged by a knife. Blood and gore everywhere. The faces are unrecognizable.

SGT. TATE

around
struggles for control, as the other cops move grimly

belt. him, into the room. He pulls his walkie-talkie from his

SGT. TATE
(into mike)
Command post... Two offi-
(a beat; clears his
throat)
Two officers down. Prisoner is
missing. Repeat, Lecter is missing...
He's stripped the bed, might be making
a rope, check all windows. Where the
fuck is my ambulance?

IN THE CELL

his a cop angrily punches OFF the music. Jacobs kneels with
fingers on Boyle's neck.

JACOBS
Boyle is dead, Sarge. His gun's
gone...

AT THE OTHER BODY

Murray,
to the
GROANS,
a cop gently removes a revolver from the bloody fist.
the young patrolman, brings his ear reluctantly close
gory face. A bloody bubble appears there; the wreckage
very softly.

MURRAY
This one's alive!

green. Tate crosses, kneels to see for himself. Murray looks

SGT. TATE
Take ahold of him where he can feel
your hands, son. Talk to him.

MURRAY
What's his name, Sarge?

SGT. TATE
It's Pembry, now talk to him, God
dammit.
(into radio, looking
around)
Boyle's dead, Pembry's read bad.
Lecter is missing and armed - he
took Boyle's gun...

holds The other cop, checking the cylinder of Pembry's gun,
up one finger to Tate.

SGT. TATE

(into radio)

Pembry got off one round - there's a chance Lecter was hit. We heard a total of three shots fired, so he's got four left... He's got a knife, too.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

VARIOUS ANGLES on a floodlit scene of barely controlled pandemonium. Flashing red lights, men shouting

commands,

SIRENS in the distance. SWAT members, in full gear,

leap

from a black van... fan out... swarm up the steps...

EMS

orderlies unload a gurney from an ambulance... Cops

kneel

for cover behind cars, aiming guns and rifles up at the windows...

CUT TO:

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY ROOM - NIGHT

A trio of EMS orderlies work fast over the body,

already

strapped on its gurney. They bandage a big plastic

airway

into place, over the butchered face, checking for a

pulse at

the neck. Young Murray crouches, sickened, gripping a

bloody

fist.

MURRAY

You're just fine, Pembry, lookin' good, buddy, you're gonna make it...

One orderly massages the heart. Another is popping a

plasma

bag, ready to insert the needle, when the body starts convulsing.

ORDERLY

Downstairs - let's go!

Quickly the gurney is elevated, wheeled out of the

room,

with cops rushing forward to open the doors, help push,

SWAT

men are running by in the hall, automatic rifles at the ready...

CUT TO:

INT. THE ELEVATOR - DESCENDING - NIGHT

Sgt. Tate, riding down with Jacobs, has his radio out.

SGT. TATE

(into mike)

Ten-four, Lieutenant. I'm on the elevator, bringing it down. Pembry and Boyle are both cleared, top three floors secured, main stairwell secured. He's somewhere on -

A spot of blood falls on his cheek. He and Jacobs stare at each other. Another spot hits his shoulder. They look up.

THEIR POV

Blood is dripping slowly from the corner of the service hatch.

Sgt. Tate motions for silence, as both men draw their guns.

SGT. TATE

(into mike)

Uh, we're pretty sure he's somewhere on two, sir... That's all for now, over.

CUT TO:

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator doors open, and Tate and Jacobs hurry out, stepping quickly to the side. Tate reaches back in and

-

CLOSE ANGLE

Locks the elevator into position, with its doors open.

OTHER COPS are rushing up to them, curious, as Tate frantically pushes them aside, gesturing for silence.

SGT. TATE

(whispers)

He's on the roof of the elevator!

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Two SWAT officers, PETERSON and KUBELL, turn a key, unlocking and opening this floor's elevator doorway. The shaft is dark.

a
Lying prone, they inch up to the edge, Peterson extends
mirror, on a long pole, out into the shaft.

IN THE MIRROR (DISTORTED BY THE ANGLE)

on
near one
Is a distant figure, in a green prison jumpsuit, lying
his stomach, atop the elevator. A shiny revolver is
hand.

PETERSON

assault
edge.
whispers into a radio, as Kubell carefully tips an
rifle, with a flashlight taped to its barrel, over the

PETERSON

I see him... There's a weapon by his
hand. He's not moving...

RADIO VOICE

Can you get the drop?

PETERSON

We got the drop.

RADIO VOICE

One warning. Then take him out.

flashlight, as
Peterson nods to Kubell, who switches ON the
Peterson shouts down the shaft.

PETERSON

Quinn!! put your hands on your head!!

IN THE MIRROR

the green figure shows no movement.

ANGLE ON THE COPS AGAIN

as Peterson mutters to Kubell.

PETERSON

Put one in his leg.

VERY CLOSE ON

hugely
leg.
The figure below, as Kubell's gunshot ROARS, echoing
in the shaft, and a slug rips through the jumpsuited
The figure doesn't stir.

PETERSON

staring down the shaft, raises his mike again.

PETERSON

No movement.

RADIO VOICE

Okay, Johnny, hold your fire...

CUT TO:

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - NIGHT

doorway,
COMMANDER.
A small army of cops is now covering the elevator
from both sides. Tate crouches next to the SWAT

SWAT COMMANDER

(into radio mike)

We're coming into the car, we're
opening the hatch. Watch his hands.
Any fire will come from us. Affirm?

PETERSON'S VOICE

Got it.

looks
The SWAT commander hands his radio to another cop, then
at Tate. A long, tense moment. Then he waves a signal.

MOVING ANGLE

body
the
sets
big
as we follow a picked team of four SWAT cops, in full
armor, rushing into the elevator car. Two men move to
corners, aim assault rifles at the ceiling. A third man
a stepladder in place, and the fourth man, armed with a
Colt, hurries up the ladder and unclips the hatch.

CLOSE ON

and a
caught
...the service hatch, as the hinged cover drops open,
body tumbles through, dangling head first, until it's
at the waist. We see the back of the head.

SGT. TATE

turns
shoulders through the SWAT cops for a closer look. He
towards the SWAT commander, astonished.

SGT. TATE

That's Pembry!

CUT TO:

INT. EMS AMBULANCE - MOVING

against
his
SOUND
In the rear chamber, a young EMS ATTENDANT is braced
the vehicle's sway. Behind him, the stretched form of
patient, and, through a curtained opening, the driver.
of the siren.

ATTENDANT

(into radio mike)

He's comatose, but his vital signs
are good. Pressure's 130 over 90...
Yeah, 90! Pulse 85...

figure
Behind him, in slightly BLURRED FOCUS, the bloody
sits slowly upright...

ATTENDANT

His convulsions have stopped, but
he's got so much loose skin on his
face, it's hard to tell if -

He
Suddenly he stops, becoming aware of a strange HISSING.
turns, puzzled...

THE POCKETKNIFE BLADE

in Lecter's fist, flashes high in the air...

CUT TO:

EXT. SIX-LANE FREEWAY - NIGHT (ARC LIGHTS)

normally,
make
MOVING ANGLE on the EMS ambulance, as it races along
its SIREN blazing, the heavy flow of traffic parting to
way for it.

lanes,
side-ways.
Then suddenly it begins to weave erratically, changing
before drifting dangerously to a full stop, almost
Cars swerve to avoid hitting it, HONKING angrily...

CLOSER ANGLE

the
Then
starts
increasing
on the stopped ambulance. After a long, still moment,
wind-shield wipes come on, incongruously, then stop.
the SIREN is shut OFF, and the flashers. The ambulance
rolling again - at first jerkingly, then with

passes - speed. We follow it for several more moments, until is
and we LINGER on...

BIG GREEN INTERSTATE SIGN

miles." ...that reads "Memphis International Airport / 2

CLOSE ANGLE - THROUGH AMBULANCE WINDSHIELD

across it Dr. Lecter's face is slowly REVEALED, as he wipes
with a fistful of gauze, tossing it aside...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MONTANA PLAIN - DUSK - (IN FLASHBACK)

prairie, MOVING ANGLE, rushing with dizzy swiftness over the
at over waving grasses... a long passage... before we come
hunched in last to the girl Clarice, sitting with her lamb,
from despair. She rises, her face tear-stained, and turns
came... us. Holding the lamb, she starts back the way she

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY DIRT ROAD - NIGHT - BRIGHT MOONLIGHT

last MOVING ANGLE, very rapid, down this road... coming at
lamb, is to a stopped highway patrol car. Clarice, with her
towards standing in the car's headlights. She starts wearily
the sheriff...

CUT TO:

EXT. RANCH BARNYARD - NEAR DAWN

towards CRANE ANGLE - sweeping rapidly DOWN into the barnyard
to the arriving highway patrol car, as it stops... RUSHING
lamb. the little girl as she steps from the car, holding the

roughly The dark figure of the rancher ENTERS FRAME. As he
face - takes the lamb from her, we HOLD on a CLOSEUP of her
stunned, blank. She EXITS FRAME...

CUT TO:

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

open
revealed,
table. His
CAMERA,
of Dr.
Clarice...

MOVING ANGLE - CLARICE'S POV as she walks towards the barn doorway... It looms CLOSER... The rancher is a shadowy figure, pinning the lamb on the killing knife hand sweeps up high, then holds... He turns TO his face breaking into the light - and it is the face of Lecter. He smiles his terrible smile at the young

CUT TO:

INT. FBI DORM - PAY PHONE IN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Clarice's

MOVING ANGLE - coming in very CLOSE on the adult face - shocked, devastated - as she stands alone by the dangling receiver...

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER STALL - FBI DORM - NIGHT

Clarice

CLOSE ON a shower head, as water suddenly blasts out. moves INTO SHOT, as she scrubs her face and hair compulsively, almost desperately, unable to get clean...

ARDELIA (V.O.)
They found the ambulance...

CUT TO:

INT. CLARICE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

wet.
her

Clarice is hunched on her cot, in a bathrobe, her hair The Buffalo Bill case file, a thick bundle, rests by feet. Ardelia hovers anxiously nearby.

ARDELIA
In the parking garage at Memphis airport. The crew was dead. He killed a tourist, too. Got his clothes, cash... By now he could be anywhere.

Clarice looks up. Her eyes are red-rimmed with exhaustion, and something close to despair. She reads Ardelia's thought.

CLARICE

No. He won't come after me.

ARDELIA

Why not?

CLARICE

(bitterly)

It would be rude. And he wouldn't get to ask any more questions...

Ardelia sits beside her, touches her arm.

ARDELIA

Clarice - you did the best anybody could have for Catherine Martin. You stuck your neck out for her and you got your butt kicked for her and you tried. It's not your fault it ended this way.

CLARICE

The worst part - the thing that's making me crazy - is that Bill is right in front of me. Only I can't see him...

(touching the case file)

Lecter said, everything I need to catch him is right here, in these pages...

ARDELIA

Lecter said a lot of things.

CLARICE

(shakes her head)

He's here, Ardelia.

Ardelia stares back at her.

SOUND UPCUT - the low throb of a washing machine...

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - ACADEMY DORM - NIGHT (VERY LATE)

Clarice has spread out the case file across two washing machines. Ardelia, cross-legged on a dryer, studies another pile of forms. Nearby is their laundry basket, detergent box.

ARDELIA

(surprised)
Hey, is this Lecter's handwriting?
She holds up the map, with its
location markings for the kidnapping
and body dump sites. Clarice takes
it, looks.

INSERT - THE MAP

with newly inked words in Dr. Lecter's precise, elegant
hand.

DR. LECTER (V.O.)
Clarice, doesn't this random
scattering of sites seem overdone to
you? Doesn't it seem desperately
random - like the elaborations of a
bad liar? Ta... Hannibal Lecter.

NEW ANGLE - TWO SHOT

as Clarice looks up at Ardelia, puzzled but excited.

CLARICE
"Desperately random." What does he
mean?

ARDELIA
Not random at all, maybe. Like there's
some pattern here...?

CLARICE
But there is no pattern. There's no
connection at all among these places,
or the computers would've nailed it!
They're even found in random order.

ARDELIA
Well, except for the one girl.

CLARICE
(beat)
What girl?

ARDELIA
The one that was weighted down. Where
is she...? Fred something.

graduation
They search among the inserts. Clarice finds the
photo.

CLARICE
Fredrica Bimmel, from Belvedere,
Ohio. The first girl taken, but the
third body found... Why?

ARDELIA
'Cause she didn't drift. He weighted
her down.

CLARICE

But why? He didn't weight the others.

Clarice moves, on fire, unable to keep still.

CLARICE

The first, what the hell did Lecter say about... "First principles," he said. Simplicity... What does this guy do, he "covets." How do we first start to covet? "We covet what we see -"

She stops, turns. She grabs the photo of Fredrica from Ardelia, stares at it. She looks up, trembling.

CLARICE

"- every day."

ARDELIA

(softly)

Hot damn, Clarice.

CLARICE (V.O.)

He knew her...!

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING - OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR - DAY

Burke,
Krendler

Clarice and Crawford are seated in front of Director who's at his desk. Another chair is empty, because is pacing. All four are nearing their boiling points.

CLARICE

Maybe he lives in this, this Belvedere, Ohio, too! Maybe he saw her every day, and killed her sort of spontaneously. Maybe he just meant to... give her a 7-Up and talk about the choir. But then -

KRENDLER

Starling -

CLARICE

But then he had to cover up, make her seem just like all the rest of them. That's what Lecter was hinting!

KRENDLER

The market in Lecter hints is way down, today, okay? I've got two good men dead in Memphis, and three civilians. I've got -

CRAWFORD

Who the hell's fault is -

KRENDLER

- a U.S. Senator who's half out of her head because her daughter's going to be murdered today! And all because of your mind games with fucking Lecter!

CRAWFORD

If you hadn't interfered, he'd still be in custody in Baltimore!

BURKE

Jack -

KRENDLER

You sent in a green recruit, with a phony goddamn offer -

CRAWFORD

You're just trying to cover your ass for letting him escape!

BURKE

THAT'S ENOUGH! All of you...

A long silence, as they all struggle to regain composure. Crawford, who was at the point of striking Krendler, finally retakes his seat. Burke looks sadly at Crawford and Clarice.

BURKE

(very reluctantly)

Starling, I'm afraid I have no choice. You're suspended from the Academy.

(Crawford starts to interrupt)

Not another word!

(to Clarice)

This is pending a reevaluation of your fitness for the service. I promise you'll get a fair hearing.

(pause)

Jack... you're ordered to take compassionate leave. You'll spend the rest of the day briefing the AG's office, then transfer command of the task force, effective by 1800 hours.

(beat)

I'm sorry, Jack... Go home. Take care of Bella.

Clarice and Crawford stare back at him, drained. A long and very painful silence. Not even Krendler looks happy.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE FBI BUILDING - DAY

Clarice and Crawford walk out slowly, stand there a moment, not knowing what to say, not wanting to face each other.

CLARICE

All his victims are women... His obsession is women, he lives to hunt women. But not one woman is hunting him - except me. I can walk in a woman's room and know three times as much about her as a man would.

(beat)

I have to go to Belvedere.

CRAWFORD

You heard them. I don't have that authority anymore.

CLARICE

You do until six p.m.

He stares at her sadly. He looks, for the first time, defeated, old beyond his years.

CRAWFORD

Ohio is cold ground. Picked over, ten months ago. Our people worked it, so did the locals.

CLARICE

But not from this angle. Not thinking he knew her. You've got to send me!

CRAWFORD

I'm Bureau for 28 years, Starling. I won't disobey orders, not even now.

CLARICE

But I just became a private citizen. I can go anywhere I want to.

CRAWFORD

With ID and a gun...? Impersonating a federal agent is a felony.

CLARICE

He's going to kill her, Mr. Crawford. This morning, or maybe at noon, but today, and Belvedere's our last chance. I'm flying there, right now, unless you stop me. You want my ID? Here - take it...

Clarice's
it.

He stares at her, a long moment. Catherine's life. passion, and future. His loyalty to the Bureau. Call

CRAWFORD

(pulls out his wallet)
There's about \$300 here... And a
hotline code number. They'll patch
you through to me, wherever I am.

face, or
card.
She raises her hand to him. She wants to touch him
his neck, but can't. Finally she takes his money and
card.

CLARICE

Thank you.

away,
van.
He watches, frightened for both of them, as she backs
smiles, then turns, racing towards the surveillance
van.

SINGING,
as we...
SOUND UPCUT - the scratchy recording of Fats Waller
as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (DIM LIGHT)

record,
as Mr. Gumb's fingers lift away. MUSIC continues in
background.
CLOSE ON the needle of the Victrola, on the spinning
as Mr. Gumb's fingers lift away. MUSIC continues in
background.

MR. GUMB (O.S.)

(calling out)

Preeeeecious...!

through
The
adult
moths flutter out.
CLOSE ON the moth cage, as Mr. Gumb's fingers search
the humus, and find a plump new cocoon, lifting it out.
The
adult
moths flutter out.
door of the cage is left open, and one or two of the
moths flutter out.

MR. GUMB (O.S.)

Precious, come on Precious! Busy
busy day today...

gently
knives.
CLOSE ON a clean towel, beside the sink. The cocoon is
placed in readiness alongside four shiny skinning
knives.

MR. GUMB (O.S.)

Momma's gonna be sooo beautiful!

CLOSE ON a stainless steel Colt Python, with a six-inch
barrel, as the cylinder is spun, and the hammer gets a

note
practice cock. The metallic CLICK is deep and loud. A
of alarm has entered Mr. Gumb's voice.

MR. GUMB (O.S.)
You come here this minute, you little
scamp!

through
LOW ANGLE on Mr. Gumb, wearing the kimono, as he walks
his sewing workroom. His back is to us; he is looking
anxiously under the furniture. He stops, straightens.
Genuinely scared.

MR. GUMB
Precious...?

LOW ANGLE - OVER THE PIT OPENING

the
shadows.
Towards Mr. Gumb, as he stops at one of the doorways of
oubliette chamber. He stares inside; his face in

MR. GUMB
Sweetheart...?

voice.
From the distant bottom of the pit, we hear Catherine's

CATHERINE (O.S.)
She'd down here you sack of shit.

the
with
Mr. Gumb's fist flies to his mouth, and he sags against
doorframe. A little groan escaped him; the dog answers
a series of YIPS.

UPWARD ANGLE, FROM THE PIT BOTTOM

edge.
as Mr. Gumb's dark shape leans cautiously over the

MR. GUMB
Precious, are you all right?

REVERSE ANGLE ON CATHERINE

Seeing
crouched to one side, clutching the dog to her chest.
Mr. Gumb, the dog squirms frantically, BARKING.

CATHERINE
Get me a telephone. Lower it down to
me. Do it now, mister! I don't want
to have to hurt this little dog.

UPWARD ANGLE

from
on Mr. Gumb, as, with a cry of fury, he whips the Colt
inside his kimono. The muzzle gleams as he takes aim.
Catherine yanks the dog up, into his line of fire,
screaming
at him.

CATHERINE
You shoot motherfucker you better
kill me quick or I'll break her
fucking neck, I swear to God!

MR. GUMB (O.S.)
(wails)
Nooooooooo!

twisting
Tucking the dog under one arm, she grabs its muzzle,
the head. The dog WHINES piteously.

CATHERINE
Back off, you son of a bitch! Back
off!

UPWARD ANGLE

scream
as Mr. Gumb cries out again - a terrible, inarticulate
of rage and anguish. But then he slowly lowers his gun.

REVERSE ANGLE

On Catherine, as she maintains her grip.

CATHERINE
That's better... Now get me a live
telephone. Get a long extension and
lower is down here... And you better
do it fast, too, 'cause I think her
leg's broken. She's in pain, mister,
she needs a vet.

MR. GUMB

stares down at her, a long beat, breathing heavily.

MR. GUMB
You think she's in pain? You don't
know what pain is. But you're going
to find out...

rushing
And abruptly he vanishes. SOUND of his footsteps,
off.

CATHERINE
begins shaking, hands and arms twitching
uncontrollably. She

in hugs the little dog tight to her chest, buries her face
its fur, sobbing...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - BELVEDERE, OHIO - DAY
HIGH ANGLE as a rented sedan pulls up to the curb,
stops.
Double- After a moment Clarice climbs out, a bit stiffly.
street checking this address, she glances up from a folded
map to -

AN OLD, THREE-STORY WOODEN HOUSE
in a row of similarly shabby homes, all backing onto a
narrow river. A path of boards, laid over mud, leads back
along this house towards the brown water. SOUND of hammering
from there.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIMMEL HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY
An awesome huddle of pigeon coops sprawls by the
brackish water. The birds' COOING mixes with the HAMMERING. A
tall, gaunt man in a knit cap is obsessively pounding nails
into a new coop.

CLARICE
approaches him, and the man lowers his hammer. He has
red-rimmed eyes of watery blue. His face is deeply seamed.

CLARICE
Mr. Bimmel...?

He stares back at her, warily.

CUT TO:

INT. BIMMEL HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY
HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN as Mr. Bimmel leads Clarice
up a steep flight of steps. The bannister is worn, sags a
bit.

MR. BIMMEL

I don't know nothin' new to tell ya.
The police been back here so many
times already... Fredrica went into
Columbus on the bus to see about a
job. She left the interview OK. She
never come home.

photo:
hopeful
Clarice pauses, at the landing, to look at a framed
the familiar graduation portrait. Others pictures show
Fredrica as a young girl, toddler, infant - plump and
at each age.

MR. BIMMEL

Her room's how she left it. Just
shut the door when you're done.

CUT TO:

INT. FREDRICA'S BEDROOM - DAY

chintz
bed,
sewing
CLARICE'S POV - MOVING SLOWLY as she takes in flowery
curtains... posters of Madonna and Blondie... a twin
with worn, stuffed animals on the pillow... a big
machine in the corner.

CLARICE

echo
shrill
turns, absorbing nuances. There is loneliness here, an
of desperation under this steeply pitches ceiling. A
MEOW, and she looks down...

BIG TORTOISESHELL CAT

is rubbing against her ankles.

CLARICE

glances up.
picks up the cat, scratches behind his ears. She

IN A FULL-LENGTH MIRROR

she and the cat stares back at their own reflection...

CUT TO:

CLARICE

sitting at the desk, turns the pages of a high school
yearbook. The cat is curled on her lap...

CUT TO:

CLARICE

LPs kneeling by the old Decca record player, flips through
and singles. The cat has wandered off...

CUT TO:

CLARICE

surprised pulling a string to light up the closet. She is
from and intrigued to see an extensive wardrobe, groaning
sewing the rod. A shelf above the rod is stacked high with
hanging supplies, in clear plexiboxes. She flips through the
closer clothes, pulls out one dress, on its hanger, for a
look.

THE DRESS

of is very big, to fit Fredrica, but beautifully cut. Some
sees a the seams still look unfinished. She turns it around,
back. blue tissue dressmaker's pattern still pinned to the

FAVORING THE SEWING MACHINE

on as Clarice turns, looks towards it. She hangs the dress
She the closet door knob, crosses to sit at the machine.
cool takes off its dust cover. She runs one hand over the
metal, as a taunting memory forms in her mind.

DR. LECTER (V.O.)

Billy wants to change, too, Clarice.
But there's the problem of his size,
you see...

Suddenly she She turns, looks again at the unfinished dress.
straightens, her attention riveted by something...

CLARICE'S POV

outlined On the printed pattern, down at the lower back of the
there dress, are two bold black triangles. We RUSH CLOSER to
shapes, before jumping back to -

CLARICE

who stares at them, starting to tremble.

DR. LECTER (V.O.)
Even if he were a woman, he'd have
to be a big one...

IN FLASHBACK

back, in

those missing triangles of skin on the dead girl's
the funeral home in West Virginia...

CLOSE ON CLARICE

as she jumps to her feet, with a fierce joy.

CLARICE
Sewing darts. You bastard.

CUT TO:

INT. BIMMEL PARLOR - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

Clarice paces, in an exuberant rush, amidst the worn
furniture.

CLARICE
(into phone)
He's making himself a "woman suit,"
Mr. Crawford - out of real women!
And he can sew, this guy, he's really
skilled. A dressmaker, or a tailor -

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Starling -

CLARICE
That's why they're all so big -
because he needs a lot of skin! He
keeps them alive to starve them awhile -
to loosen their skin, so that -

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Starling, we know who he is! And
where he is. We're on our way now.

CLARICE
(pause; surprised)
Where?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI TURBOJET - FLYING - DAY

Burroughs,
Crawford sits at a communications console, with

cabin
WHIRRING.

in headphones, by his side. This forward section of the
is crammed with hi-tech equipment, all lit up and
Through a window we see clouds, part of the jet's wing.

CRAWFORD
(into speaker phone)
Calumet City, edge of Chicago. I'll
be on the ground in 45 minutes with
the Hostage Rescue Team. I'm back in
charge, Starling. He's mine.

INTERCUTTING

with
as Clarice reacts; her happiness for Crawford is tinged
disappointment at being so suddenly out of the hunt.

CLARICE
(on phone)
Sir, that's great news. But how -

CRAWFORD
Johns Hopkins finally came up with a
name for us. We fed him into Known
Offenders, and he came up cherries.
(takes a paper from
Burroughs)
Subject's name is "Jamie Gumb," AKA
"John Grant." Lecter's description
was accurate, he just lied about the
name.

INSIDE THE JET - MOVING ANGLE

the
armor,
weapons -

from the rear of the cabin forward, as we slowly PASS
twelve-man HRT. They're seated in full gear, hardshell
quietly checking and rechecking their bulging cases of
silencer automatics, shotguns, stun grenades...

CRAWFORD (O.S.)
This Gumb's a real beauty. Slaughtered
both his grandparents when he was
twelve, and did nine years in juvenile
psychiatric. Where, Starling, he
took vocational rehab, and learned a
useful trade...

INTERCUTTING

CLARICE
Sewing...

CRAWFORD
Take a bow. Customs had some paper
on his alias. They stopped a carton
two years ago at LAX - live

caterpillars from Surinam. The addressee was "John Grant." Calumet Power & Light's given us two possible residences under that alias. We're hitting one, Chicago SWAT's taking the other.

CLARICE

(eagerly)

Chicago's only about 400 miles from here. I could be there in -

CRAWFORD

No, Starling, there isn't time. And you've still got crucial work to do in Ohio. We want him for murder, not kidnapping. I'm counting on you to link him to the Bimmel girl, before he's indicted.

Clarice tries hard to swallow her disappointment.

CLARICE

Yes sir... I'll do my best.

CRAWFORD

(pause; gently)

Starling - you've earned back your place in the Academy. We never would've found him without you, and nobody's ever going to forget that. Least of all me.

CLARICE

Yes sir. Thank you, sir...

CRAWFORD

him, switches off, feeling bad for her. On the console near the fax machine starts to CHATTER. He turns, looks.

BURROUGHS (O.S.)

Here he comes, Jack.

CLOSE ON

see an emerging sheet, as Gumb's face is printed out. We just his hair, then the top of his forehead, before we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BIMMEL BACK YARD - DAY

this Clarice walks slowly across the yard, absorbing all her news, before suddenly leaping into the air and pumping

fist in triumph, with a happy yelp. Then she sees -

MR. BIMMEL

staring at her in surprise. He sits by his coops,
smoking.

CLARICE

somewhat embarrassed, crosses over to him.

CLARICE

Mr. Bimmel... did Fredrica ever
mention a man named Jamie Gumb, from
Calumet City? Or John Grant?

(he shakes his head)

Did she know any men that sew?

MR. BIMMEL

She sewed for everybody. Stores,
ladies, whatever. I don't know about
men.

CLARICE

Who was her best friend, Mr. Bimmel?
Who'd she hang out with?

CUT TO:

EXT. AN ISOLATED RUNWAY - O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

The FBI turbojet is parked, its gangway down. Crawford,
Burroughs, and the HRT squad, carrying their bags of
weapons,

CLATTER rapidly down the metal steps...

STACY (V.O.)

Freaked me out. Get your skin peeled
off, is that a bummer...?

CUT TO:

INT. SAVING & LOAN - BELVEDERE - DAY

STACY HUBKA - short, perky, early 20's - sits nervously
at
her desk, talking to Clarice, who jots in her notebook.

In
the background. beyond them, bank tellers, lines of
waiting
customers, MUZAK.

STACY

They said she was just rags, like
somebody -

CLARICE

Stacy, did Fredrica ever mention a
man named Jamie Gumb? Or John Grant?

(Stacy shakes her head)

Do you think she could've had a friend you didn't know about?

STACY

No way. She had a guy, I'da known, believe me. Sewing was her life, she was really great at it. Poor Freddie.

CLARICE

Did you ever work with her?

STACY

Oh sure, me'n Pam Malavesi used to help her do alterations for old Mrs. Lippman. Lots of people worked for her, she had the business from all these retail stores? But she was like, totally old, it was more'n she could handle.

CLARICE

Where does Mrs. Lippman live? I'd like to talk to her.

STACY

She died. She went to Florida to retire, like two years ago? She dies own there.

Clarice reacts, disappointed at the ending of this trail.

STACY

(beat; shyly)

Is that a pretty good job, FBI agent?

CLARICE

I think so.

STACY

You get to travel around and stuff? I mean, better places than this?

CLARICE

Sometimes you do.

STACY

Freddie was so happy for me when I got this job. This - toaster giveaways, and Barry Manilow on the speakers all day - she thought this was really hot shit. What did she know, big dummy...

Suddenly she's fighting tears. Clarice reaches to hug her.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CALUMET CITY, ILLINOIS - DAY

ordinary
houses.

WIDE ANGLE on what appears to be, at first, a calm, neighborhood of working class two- and three-story houses. But the street is strangely quiet, deserted.

armed,
shrubs
appearing

After a few moments, we become aware of movement - dark-clad figures creeping swiftly and in silence from to garage corners, from parked cars to porches, and then disappearing...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (DIM LIGHT)

red
his

CLOSE ON Mr. Gumb, as he settles a big pair of infra-night-vision goggles over his eyes. Moths flutter past his face. His mouth is set in a grim line...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CALUMET CITY - FRONT YARD - DAY

HRT
both

An HRT cop, prone beneath a hedge, is joined by a 2nd Cop, who throws himself to the grass beside him. They take aim with their scoped rifles at -

TELEPHOTO ANGLE (WITH RIFLE CROSSHAIRS)

The front door of a big, nearby, split-level house...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (DIM LIGHT)

switch.
cellar

CLOSE ON a fuse box, as Mr. Gumb reaches in, flips a switch. The lights go out. SOUND of a second switch, and the is bathed in a green glow...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CALUMET CITY - NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

suddenly

A little boy, riding his tricycle in his driveway, is

startled to find himself staring into the grim face of

-

A MEMBER OF THE HRT

little crouched by his garage, armed to the teeth. As the boy starts to cry, the cop pulls him into the shadows, covering his mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (GREEN LIGHT)

through Mr. Gumb, in his kimono and goggles, creeps silently his workrooms - knees bent, painted toes places ever so delicately, the Colt held aloft - as more moths flutter past him in the eerie light...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CALUMENT CITY - DAY

street A florist's van turns the corner, comes slowly down the and stops at the curb in front of the split-level. The driver, in a gray deliveryman's uniform and cap, climbs out of the cab, walks briskly to the panel door, on the street side of the van, and slides it open. He leans in, comes out with a long, thin red-ribboned floral box, starts calmly towards the house...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (GREEN LIGHT)

oubliette, a MR. GUMB'S POV - MOVING ANGLE on the top of the glowing green circle in the dark, as it draws closer and closer... and then Catherine comes INTO VIEW, at the bottom of the pit. She is crouched, exhausted, staring straight up at him - but she can't see him in this infra-red darkness. Precious is curled into her stomach, asleep. The futon is up to Catherine's waist, but there's a clear shot at her head and neck.

MR. GUMB

Looking down at her, smiles...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CALUMET CITY - SUSPECT'S HOUSE - DAY

MOVING ANGLE on the "deliveryman," seen from behind, as he mounts three steps to the split-level's front porch. Tucked into the small of his back is a 9 mm. automatic.

CRAWFORD AND BURROUGHS

now, have slipped out of the van, and are crouched behind it with drawn guns, watching tensely as -

THE "DELIVERYMAN"

reaches settles the floral box in the crook of his left arm, out with his right hand towards the buzzer...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (GREEN LIGHT)

Colt, Slowly, savoring the moment, Mr. Gumb aims the big which is already cocked, using both hands... He is just about to squeeze the trigger, when we hear his DOOR BUZZER, surprisingly loud and close by. He turns, startled, and sees -

DUSTY BLACK METAL BOX

is the extension buzzer, mounted high on the wall, which but making the hideous, grating JANGLE. It finally stops, BARKING, not before waking Precious, who starts frantically off screen, as -

MR. GUMB

raises his gun again, spinning back towards -

HIS POV - THE PIT BOTTOM

quickly where Catherine, hearing but still not seeing him, Instantly the yanks the futon over both herself and the dog.

two of them become one squirming, indistinguishable
mass.

MR. GUMB

bites his lip, his aim wavering, as he can't decide
where to safely place his shot. The maddening BUZZER sounds
again, even more insistently, and he cries out with
frustration and fury. But as the BUZZER continues, he reluctantly
uncocks his gun, looking up angrily towards his front door...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

The door opens, on a chain, and Clarice peers in,
smiling.

CLARICE

Good afternoon... I wonder if you
could help me. I'm looking for Mrs.
Lippman's family?

Mr. Gumb frowns out at Clarice. For the first time
ever, we get a well-lit view of his bland, pale-eyed moon of a
face.

MR. GUMB

They don't live here anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF SUSPECT'S HOUSE - CALUMET CITY

The "deliveryman" yanks a 12 lb. sledgehammer from the
floral box, swings it with all his might against the door
knob,
blowing it through as -

MOVING ANGLE

Crawford and Burroughs race towards the door, guns
up...

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. GUMB'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Mr. Gumb starts to close the door, only to have Clarice
push back against it, politely but firmly. She holds up her
ID.

CLARICE
Excuse me, but I really do need to
talk to you. This was Mrs. Lippman's
house. Did you know her?

MR. GUMB
(beat)
Just briefly. What's the problem,
Officer?

CUT TO:

INT. SUSPECT'S HOUSE - CALUMENT CITY - DAY

shot
black-
across
A bedroom window disintegrates as a flash grenade is
through it, EXPLODING on the floor. An instant later, a
clad HRT cop dives through the shattered glass, rolls
the floor, comes up on one knee swiveling his sawed-off
shotgun...

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. GUMB'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

the
Clarice and Mr. Gumb, still eyeing each other through
door crack...

CLARICE
I'm investigating the death of
Fredrica Bimmel. Who are you, please?

MR. GUMB
Jack Gordon.

CLARICE
Mr. Gordon, did you know Fredrica
when she worked for Mrs. Lippman?

MR. GUMB
No. Wait... Was she a great, fat
person? I may have seen her, I'm not
sure...

CUT TO:

INT. SUSPECT'S HOUSE - CALUMET CITY - DAY

and
with his
cops.
MOVING ANGLE as Burroughs moves quickly down a hallway
enters the living room, where Crawford is standing,
gun held down by his side, surrounded by several other

Burroughs shakes his head: Nothing here...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Gumb glances briefly over his shoulder, towards his kitchen, then turns back to Clarice with a smile.

MR. GUMB

Mrs. Lippman had a son, maybe he could help you. I have his card somewhere. Do you mind stepping inside, while I looks for it?

CLARICE

Thanks.

ANGLE FAVORING THE COLT PYTHON

the
which rests on a counter, just inside the open kitchen doorway. THROUGH this doorway, we watch as Mr. Gumb, at end of his front hall, slips the chain. Clarice enters, closing the door behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD OF SUSPECT'S HOUSE - CALUMET CITY - DAY

HRT
their
MOVING ANGLE - towards the front door, as frustrated cops file out of the empty house, rifles slung across shoulders.

WE PICK OUT CRAWFORD

once
intuition.
walking across the grass towards the van, when all at he stops in his tracks, shaken by a sudden flash of

CAMERA RUSHES VERY CLOSE

on his stricken face...

CRAWFORD

Clarice.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S PARLOR - DAY

glances
Clarice, pulling her notebook from her shoulder bag, around the musty-looking room.

MR. GUMB (O.S.)
That horrible business, I shiver
every time I think about it...

onto
through
desk,
cubby

Overstuffed furniture, porcelain figurines. One archway
the front hall, another onto a dining alcove, and
there, the kitchen. Mr. Gumb is crossing to a rolling
raising the top. He bends over, begins poking through
holes. His tone is casual, neutral.

MR. GUMB
Are they close to catching somebody,
do you think?

CLARICE
I think we may be, yes.

her,

Mr. Gumb stiffens, almost imperceptibly. His back is to
as he continues opening drawers, rustling papers.

CLARICE
Mr. Gordon, did you take over this
place after Mrs. Lippman died?

MR. GUMB
Yes. I bought the house from her,
two years ago.

CLARICE
Did she leave any records here? Tax
or business records? Maybe a list of
employees?

CLOSE ON MR. GUMB'S BACK

as he continues his rummaging.

MR. GUMB
No, nothing at all. Has the FBI
learned something? Because the police
here don't seem to have the first
clue...

Moth.
wings.

Out of the folds of his kimono crawls a Death's-head
It creeps slowly to the center of his back, raising its

MR. GUMB
Do you have his description yet, or
some fingerprints...?

CLARICE

unaware, is still glancing around the room. For several

but
beat of
calm.

agonizing moments, we think she won't see the moth -
then she turns, does see it, and her eyes freeze. A
pure fear. A tremendous struggle to keep her voice

CLARICE

No... no, we don't.

bag,
brushes

Very carefully, she drops her notebook back into her
lowers the bag to the floor. With her fingertips she
back the edge of her blazer, loosening its drape.

MR. GUMB

business

turns back towards her cheerfully, holding out a
card.

MR. GUMB

Ahhh. Here's that number.

CLARICE

keeps her distance. They are about ten feet apart.

CLARICE

Good, thank you. Mr. Gordon, do you
have a phone I can use?

MR. GUMB

behind
He

is about to reply when the moth suddenly flies up from
him, flutters past his face. He turns, looking at it.
looks back at Clarice, his mouth still open.

HER EYES

are unmoving, locked on his.

HIS EYES

stare back at her, widen. And they know each other.

MR. GUMB

(softly)

In the kitchen. I'll show you.

CLARICE

whips her gun out, gripping it in both shaking hands.

CLARICE

Freeze!

MR. GUMB

slowly tilts his head to one side, smiles at her.

CLARICE

tries to force more authority into her voice.

CLARICE

Okay... Okay, Mr. Gumb, you're under arrest. Down on the floor, hands and legs spread, move it.

MR. GUMB

gone,
turns, then all at once, in two quick steps, he is disappearing into his dining alcove, then kitchen.

CLARICE

back -
hesitates, just a split second, to shoot him in the and then it's too late.

CLARICE

Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S KITCHEN - DAY

Clarice hurries inside, moving low, swivelling her gun.

HER POV - MOVING

shuddering
The kitchen is empty. To one side, a door still on its hinges...

CLARICE

aiming
rushes to this - pauses - then elbows the door aside, her gun down -

AN EMPTY STAIRWELL

the
brightly lit, leading to the cellar. Two doors facing bottom, both open. No sign of Mr. Gumb.

CLARICE

to do:
hates this, hates this, which door, it's a trap, what she is very scared, but suddenly hears -

there
The distant SCREAM of Catherine Martin, somewhere down in that killing maze.

CLARICE

rushes through the doorway, and down the stairs.

space;
BEHIND HER, ON THE KITCHEN COUNTER there's an empty
the Colt Python is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY

More
Clarice
over-
incandescent;
comes
again to
MOVING ANGLE - WITH CLARICE - hurrying down the steps.
SCREAMS; they seem to be coming from the left door.
goes that way, entering a brick-walled passage - pipes
head, naked bulbs. The lighting, though dim, is
Mr. Gumb has switched off his infra-red system. Clarice
to a T-shaped intersection, stops. Another SCREAM,
her left, and the BARKING of a dog...

CLARICE

follows her gun around the corner, looking right.

EMPTY PASSAGEWAY

any of
of
but doors opening off it - he could be lurking behind
them. She looks left... sees an opening onto some kind
chamber. The noises are LOUDER, coming from there.

CLARICE

moves cautiously towards this chamber...

CUT TO:

INT. OUBLIETTE CHAMBER - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

Clarice moves in, hugging the wall, gun swivelling...

HER POV - MOVING

doorways,
either
pit,
the open top of the pit... beyond it, the other two
opening onto this room - Jesus, he could come through
one of them, or come up behind her... She moves to the
looks down, very briefly, sees Catherine SCREAMING,
hysterical, and a little white dog BARKING...

CLARICE

cover
doing
kneels, staring up from one door to another, she can't
them all, she's totally exposed - and what's a dog
there?

CLARICE

FBI, Catherine, you're safe.

CATHERINE

Safe, SHIT, he's got a gun! Getmeout.
GET ME OUT!

CLARICE

You're all right! Where is he?

CATHERINE

Get me out!

CLARICE

I'll get you out! Just be quiet so I
can hear. Shut that dog up.
(still swivelling)
Is there a ladder? Is there a rope?

CATHERINE

I don't know! Get me out!!

CLARICE

Catherine. Listen to me. I have to
find a rope. I have to leave this
room, just for a minute, but -

CATHERINE

NOOOOO! You fucking bitch don't you
LEAVE ME down here, DON'T YOU - YOU

CLARICE

Shut UP!
(then, louder)
The other officers will be here any
minute! you're perfectly safe now!

backs
into it
Ignoring Catherine, whose shouts turn to sobs, she
away, turns, picks one of the other doorways, moves
quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW PASSAGEWAY - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

new
sound
CLARICE'S POV - MOVING down this passageway, towards a
room... pausing at the doorway, straining to hear... no

except Catherine's CRYING, not in the background, and Clarice's own RAPID BREATHING. Then she crouches -

LOWER ANGLE - bursts forward, through the doorframe, sidestepping...

CUT TO:

INT. WORKROOM - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

back
in...

Clarice weaves back and forth, half-crouched, gun out, to the wall. Her face glistens with sweat, as she takes

HER POV - MOVING NERVOUSLY

old
bulbs,
behind

Mr. Gumb's sewing machine... his swivel chair... the Victrola... Big moths are crashing into the light overhead; they're everywhere. Suddenly, from just her, a CLICK and a HUM, and -

CLARICE

spins, almost shoots, before seeing -

A SMALL REFRIGERATOR

with its thermostat just switching ON.

CLARICE

slashing

gasps for breath, fighting for calm. She turns again, her free hand at the moths, moving quickly on...

CUT TO:

INT. SKINNING ROOM - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

now...
shoot
several
its
knives...

Clarice moves past the mannequins, all of them naked then quickly past the huge Chinese armoire, ready to into it. Its doors yawn open; it is empty except for padded hangers... She moves on, past the big sink, with DRIPPING faucet... the counter, with its gleaming the rows of chemical jars. At the end of this room is A CLOSED DOOR

around,

Clarice starts to open it, then hesitates. Looking

know,
thus she seizes a wooden chair, wedges it under the door
sealing off this section of the cellar. With her back
defended, she turns, softly retracing her steps.

CUT TO:

INT. WORKROOM - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

seeing a
previously
sound
She
her gun
Passing again through the workroom, Clarice pauses,
half-curtained door, to one side, that she had
skirted. She crosses to the door, listens and hears no
inside, takes a deep breath and reaches for the knob.
twists it, and, as it turns, shoves hard and follows
inside, all in one quick move...

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY (BRIGHTLY LIT)

and a
suspended
An old-fashioned bathroom: tiled floor, sink, toilet -
big, free-standing tub. An opaque shower curtain,
from an oval ring, hides whatever might be inside.

CLARICE

yanks
Something
centers her gun on the curtain, at chest height, and
it aside with her left hand. No one standing there.
lower down catches her eye.

at
She leans in, stares more closely, not understanding,
first, that she's seeing -

FEMALE HAND AND WRIST

red-purple
polish
sticking up from the tub, which is filled with hard
plaster. The hand is dark and shriveled, with pink nail
and a dainty wristwatch. As -

CLARICE

out, to
glow
is reacting with horror to this sight, the lights go
be replaced, a split-second later, by the eerie green

turns
hand
darkness.
Clarice
clutches

of Mr. Gumb's infra-red system. Clarice cries out,
blindly, reaching for the door, can't find it, free
clawing desperately into what is, for her, utter
SOUND of Catherine KEENING again, in the far distance.
stumbles, goes to her knees, rights herself, finally
the door frame...

CUT TO:

arms
level of
nerved
HUM of
terrified
Moths
then
following
-

INT. MR. GUMB'S WORKROOM - DAY (GREEN LIGHT)

Clarice emerges from the bathroom in a half-crouch,
out, both hands on the gun, extended just below the
her unseeing eyes. She stops, listens. In her raw-
darkness, every SOUND is unnaturally magnified - the
the refrigerator... the TRICKLE of water... her own
BREATHING, and Catherine's faraway, echoing SOBS...
smack against her face and arms. She eases forward,
stops again, listens... She eases forward again,
her gun, and creeps directly in front of, and then past

like a
arms,
completed
him - a
back.
his

MR. GUMB

who has flattened himself against a wall, arms spread
high priest, Colt in one hand. He wears his goggles and
kimono, and under that - draping down over his naked
like some hideous mantle - his terrifying, half-
suit of human skins. This is an exquisite moment for
ritual of supreme exaltation. He smiles at Clarice as,
completely unaware, she moves beyond him, exposing her
Very slowly and quietly he steps out behind her, taking
gun in both hands, aiming...

the
and -

CLOSE ON

the Colt Python as - in SLOW MOTION - his thumbs cock
hammer, the SOUND registering as a LOUD METALLIC CLICK,

CLARICE

her spins, still in SLOW MOTION, flame already leaping from
gun muzzle, as we see -

THE TWO FIGURES

FLASH
Clarice,
deafeningly - almost at point-black range, guns ROARING hugely, one
from Mr. Gumb, and one two three four FLASHES from
overlapping his, and then, as the ECHOES crash

CLOSE ON CLARICE - LOW ANGLE -

hits the with NORMAL SPEED RESTORED, as the side of her face
flames; floor, and she is gasping, stunned by the noise and
but there is blood on her cheek, and an ugly powder burn,
her she ignores them, twisting to yank her speedloader from
cylinder, jacket pocket, locking it blindly onto her gun's
onto her reloading, right in front of her face, then rolling
dazzled stomach, aiming her gun upward again, blinking her
is eyes, straining to locate him in the darkness... Where
hears he, where...? Then, as the ECHOES finally fade, she
perhaps something else - a tortured, sucking, WHISTLE from
eight feet away...

MOVING ANGLE - WITH CLARICE

gun, as she crawls forward, on her elbows, following her
on until it bumps against Mr. Gumb's shoulder. He is lying
against his back, chest a bloody mess. She slides her muzzle
lips his head, hard, but he doesn't move; another shot isn't
reaches needed. He stares upwards, through his goggles, bloody
hand working. He tries to speak, but cannot. One hand
neck, slowly upwards, the fingers twitching, as if to seize
herself to something, overhead... Then a final, ghastly groan, his
drops, he is dead. Clarice feels for a pulse at his
making sure. Then, and only then, does she permit
roll over, collapsing onto her back beside him.

OVERHEAD ANGLE

lovers
that
onto -
down at the two faces - intimately close together, like
on their pillow. Then, as we PULL SLOWLY AWAY, we see
her staring eyes, and his dead gaze, are both locked

A DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH -

pumping
slowly.
perched on an infra-red bulb, overhead, its wings

we...
SOUND UPCUT - wailing SIRENS, many excited VOICES, as

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MR. GUMB'S HOUSE - DUSK

in a
and
reporters,
ineffective
as
The front porch of the tall Victorian house is bathed
glare of TV lights, police and ambulance flashers. Cars
vans and even a firetruck choke the street; cops,
EMS workers and curious civilians swarm around the
barricades. The BUZZ of their voices goes even higher

CLARICE

walking
gurney.
dazed, her face bandaged - comes out of the house,
protectively beside Catherine, who is wheeled on a

firemen
confusion,
her
sways
at
them,
They are followed out by uniformed cops, then two
with an extension ladder. Catherine, blinking in
is still clutching the little dog, and refuses to give
up even as she's trundled into an ambulance. Clarice
with exhaustion; everyone seems to be shouting at her
once, pulling her sleeve. She tries to fight free of
desperate for a familiar face.

AN OHIO HIGHWAY PATROL CAR

seat.
He makes his way anxiously through the press of bodies,
stopping when he sees Clarice.
pulls up, stops, and Crawford climbs out of the back

THEY LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER

with
any
for a long moment, Crawford choked with pride for her,
sorrow for her ordeal, with love, but unable to find
words. And then he does.

CRAWFORD

Starling... your father sees you.

And then all at once she is sobbing, her knees giving
way,
fiercely.
but he is there to catch her, he is hugging her

HOLD ON them for a long beat.

DIRECTOR BURKE (V.O.)

(over loudspeaker)

Congratulations! You are now officers
of the Federal Bureau of
Investigation...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GROUNDS OF THE FBI ACADEMY - WEEKS LATER - DAY

Their
then
mounts.
stands
The forty members of Clarice's class, resplendent in
best dark suits and dresses, rise, cheering themselves,
turn happily to wave to their audience, as APPLAUSE
Beyond them, on a gaily tented platform, the Director
behind his podium.

CLARICE AND ARDELIA

fists,
She is
thin
towards
turns,
she
look at one another solemnly. Ardelia holds up both
in a power shake, and Clarice taps them with her own.
radiantly beautiful in a navy dress and pearls, the
scar on her cheek almost healed. Ardelia turns, waving
the crowd, the Clarice's thoughts are elsewhere. She
searching among the dignitaries on the platform, till
locates

CRAWFORD

little
who smiles back at her with quiet pride, and offers a
salute.

CLARICE

turns to
grins - more happy than we've ever seen her - then
wave towards the crowd with the others.

MOVING ANGLE

them,
over the admiring sea of spectators, several hundred of
still rising from their folding chairs, APPLAUDING in
perfect, celebration of these special young people, this
sunlit day.

SOUND UPCUT - rock music, laughter - as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ACADEMY DORM - REC ROOM - THAT NIGHT

new
through
her
scientists.
A LOUD party is underway - food, beer, dancing - as the
grads celebrate ferociously. Ardelia weaves her way
the crowded room, reaches Clarice, who is flanked by
special guests - Pilcher and Roden, the two ardent
Ardelia has to shout at Clarice over the din.

ARDELIA

Agent Starling! Telephone!

CLARICE

(surprised)

Agent Mapp! Thank you!

happily
She nods to Pilcher, leaves them. Roden, who is quite
drunk, grabs the startled Ardelia around the waist.

RODEN

Hel-lo, gorgeous! Let's get down.

Ardelia looks at Pilcher, confused.

PILCHER

Just ignore him. He's not a Ph.D.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

happily.
Clarice picks up the dangling pay phone, speaks

CLARICE

Starling.

DR. LECTER (V.O.)
Well, Clarice, have the lambs stopped
screaming...?

turns,
She freezes, stunned by the familiar voice. Then she
waving frantically towards

ARDELIA

hall,
who is just inside the rec room door, at the end of the
glances
lost in conversation with Pilcher and Roden. Ardelia
back.
at her briefly but misunderstands, waves cheerfully

DR. LECTER (V.O.)
Don't bother with a trace, I won't
be on long enough.

CLARICE

turns back, gripping the phone more tightly.

CLARICE
Where are you, Dr. Lecter?

CUT TO:

EXT. A CLEAR NIGHT SKY

Very beautiful, glittering with countless stars.

DR. LECTER (O.S.)
Where I have a view, Clarice...

MOVING DOWN

anchor,
we see a rolling lawn, a curving bay. Boats ride at
lights shimmering...

DR. LECTER (O.S.)
Orion is looking splendid tonight,
and Arcturus, the Herdsman, with his
flock...

DR. LECTER

with a
glasses,
smiles into his mobile phone. He is stretched out on a
lounger, on a tiled patio, languidly paring an orange
penknife. His appearance is quite altered - a beard,
lighter hair. He's has some cosmetic surgery, as well.

DR. LECTER
(into phone)

Your lambs are still for now, Clarice, but not forever... You'll have to earn it again and again, this blessed silence. Because it's the plight that drives you, and the plight will never end.

CLARICE

Dr. Lecter -

DR. LECTER

I have no plans to call on you, Clarice, the world being more interesting with you in it. Be sure you extend me the same courtesy.

CLARICE (V.O.)

You know I can't make that promise.

DR. LECTER

Goodbye, Clarice...
(and then, softly)
You looked - so very lovely today, in your blue suit.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Clarice reacts, the full weight of his words sinking in.

CLARICE

Dr. Lecter... Dr. Lecter...!

But only a DIAL TONE comes from the phone. She is still staring at her receiver, in shock, as we -

CUT

BACK TO:

EXT. THE MOONLIT PATIO

Dr. Lecter sighs, sets his phone down, then rises. Popping an orange section into his mouth, he turns towards the brightly lit house. Stepping delicately over the sprawled body of a uniformed security guard, he walks in through open french doors.

CUT TO:

INT. A BOOKLINED STUDY

In a swivel chair, amidst the wreckage of his papers and

The books, is the writhing figure of Dr. Frederick Chilton.
own extreme intricacy of his bindings recalls Dr. Lecter's
over former restraints. His screams are muffled by the tape
trapped in his mouth; he stares at Dr. Lecter like a rabbit
headlights.

DR. LECTER

little Considers him for a genial moment, then raises the
pen-knife. His eyes are twinkling.

DR. LECTER

Well, Dr. Chilton. Shall we begin?

FADE OUT

THE END