

HANNIBAL

Screenplay by  
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From the Novel by  
Thomas Harris

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INT MIDWIVES OFFICE DAY.

FAIRLY RUNDOWN OFFICE. OLD AND DIRTY HEALTH NOTICES TACKED TO A BULLETIN BOARD. "COMMON SENSE FOR NURSING MOTHERS," ET CETERA.

A LOWER-CLASS WOMAN, PREGNANT, WITH A SMALL CHILD IN TOW, OPENS THE DOOR, AND ENTERS. SHE IS SWELTERING, AND MOPS HER BROW AS SHE WALKS TO THE REGISTRATION DESK.

**MOTHER**

It's hotter inside than it is outside...  
with the air conditioning.

**REGISTRAR**

Would you sign in here, please..? You know,  
we're closing in half an...

**MOTHER**

I just came to drop off my payment....

**SHE DROPS AN ENVELOPE ON THE DESK.**

**AS SHE LEAVES WE SEE THE DOOR OPEN, AND THE DREARY SUBURBAN SPRAWL PARKING LOT BEHIND. CAMERA PANS HER PAST CLARICE STARLING, WHO IS SITTING, VERY HOT AND PREGNANT, ON A BENCH. THE MOTHER EXITS, AND EVELDA DRUMGO, A VERY BEAUTIFUL AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN, HOLDING A NEWBORN, ENTERS. SHE LOOKS AROUND, GOES TO THE REGISTRAR, AND SIGNS IN.**

**REGISTRAR**

...that'll just be a minute.

**DRUMGO SITS, SHE AND STARLING EXCHANGE A LOOK.**

**BEAT.**

**STARLING**

S'hotter inside than it is outside...even with the air conditioning.

**(SHE LOOKS AT HER WATCH, THEN UP AT THE WALLCLOCK.)**

**DRUMGO**

You nervous...?

**STARLING**

Evone tells me: I shoul'da been in, fi, six, months ago.... thizz my first checkup.

**DRUMGO**

Gonna be fine. You ask your momma.

**STARLING MUTTERS.**

**DRUMGO (cont'd)**

...what...?

**STARLING**

....I didn't realize I said it out loud.

**DRUMGO**

Said what?

**STARLING**

I'm an orphan.

**DRUMGO**

Well, then, you're a lucky girl, cause

that baby's gone to be your family.  
(TO THE RECEPTIONIST)  
...I've got an appointment....

THE RECEPTIONIST IS GONE, DRUMGO GOES TO PEER OVER THE RECEPTION DESK.

ANGLE ON STARLING

STARLING

That is a lovely thing to say.

DRUMGO

Waal...

STARLING

It gets, um... it gets so lonely sometime.

DRUMGO

(SITS. COMFORTS THE CHILD)

What'd you say, hon...?

STARLING

I said sometime it gets so...

DRUMGO

Well, don't you worry, cause that baby's  
gone take care of that.

SHE BRUSHES BACK THE HAIR FROM THE SIDE OF HER FACE.

ANGLE INS.

ON A BARRETTE IN HER HAIR. WHICH WE SEE BEARS A SMALL MICROPHONE.

ANGLE ON STARLING, AS SHE HITCHES HERSELF UP IN HER SEAT, AS IF TO FIND A COMFORTABLE POSITION.

ANGLE INSERT.

ON THE BACK OF HER DRESS. WHERE WE SEE THE PRINT OF A SQUARE BOX, AS STARLING'S HAND MANIPULATE A SMALL KNOT THROUGH THE DRESS. NEXT TO IT WE SEE THE PRINT OF A PISTOL UNDER THE DRESS.

ANGLE

ON STARLING AND DRUMGO.

STARLING, AS SHE FIDDLES WITH THE BARRETTE ONCE AGAIN.

STARLING (cont'd)  
I wonder if you could just, sit down,  
talk with me a moment...

**ANGLE XCU ON STARLING, HOLDING THE BARRETTE, AS SHE SPEAKS TO DRUMGO.**

STARLING (cont'd)  
Cause, you know, I'm sitting here all  
alone. Do you know what I mean?

**(PAUSE)**

Cause I feel it's getting late for  
me... do you know...? That I've Waited  
Too Long...

**ANGLE ON DRUMGO, AS SHE STANDS IN THE EMPTY RECEPTION AREA,  
AND LOOKS AT IT AND THEN BACK TO STARLING .**

**DRUMGO**

**(PAUSE)**

Waited too long, hon...?

**(PAUSE)**

**(SHE LOOKS AT STARLING )**

**STARLING**

How's your child?

**STARLING STANDS, AND MOVES TO LOOK OUT OF THE WINDOW.**

**ANGLE XCU ON DRUMGO, AS SHE LOOKS AT STARLING.**

**ANGLE, HER POV**

**THE DRESS, STUCK BY SWEAT, TO STARLING'S BACK, REVEALS THE  
PISTOL AND TRANSMITTER.**

**ANGLE**

**ON STARLING, AS SHE SITS DOWN AGAIN.**

**DRUMGO**

...what?

**STARLING**

I said how's your baby...?

**DRUMGO**

You want to hold him...?

**STARLING**

Waal...

**DRUMGO**

'bout time you learned...

**SHE HANDS THE BABY TO STARLING.**

**SHE GOES INTO THE CHILD'S DIAPERBAG AND TAKES OUT A PISTOL, AND LEVELS IT AT STARLING, AS SHE MOVES TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW.**

DRUMGO (cont'd)

...where's your friends...?

**SHE MOVES TO STARLING, AND FRISKS HER, AND REMOVES HER PISTOL, AND THE TRANSMITTER FROM THE BELT AT HER BACK...**

DRUMGO (cont'd)

...you're here all by yourself, honey....

**STARLING**

Give it up, Evelda.

**DRUMGO**

Well, you know my name, honey, but I don't know yours...

**STARLING**

Give it up.

**DRUMGO**

Hey, you know, I never thought of that...

**SHE STARTS GETTING INTO THE NURSES GARB.**

DRUMGO (cont'd)

Ain't this a picture, though, cause you know you ain't the first girl, ever got lef, in a position, waiting at the doctor's. You can't trust men, child, don't you know that.... old as you are...?

**SHE WALKS BACK TOWARD STARLING, SCOOPS UP HER CHILD, PEEKS OUT THE WINDOW, AND STARTS FOR THE DOOR.**

DRUMGO (cont'd)

Cause, see, they'll always let you down. Terrible thing, to do to an orphan...

**SHE LEANS BACK TOWARD STARLING, GRABS HER HAIR, AND PULLS HER BACK AND KISSES HER ON THE LIPS, AND RETIRES AND EXITS.**

ANGLE

ON STARLING, AS SHE LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW. AT A CAR, WHICH IS IN THE FAR END OF THE PARKING LOT, IT ACCELERATES, AND SCREECHES UP TO THE DOOR, AND EVELDA, CARRYING HER CHILD, GETS IN TO THE STILL MOVING CAR, WHICH STARTS TO TAKE OFF.

ANGLE EXT THE MIDWIVES CENTER.

STARLING, CROUCHING AT THE DOOR, RETRIEVES A BACKUP WEAPON FROM HER ANKLE HOLSTER. SHE EMERGES FROM THE DOORWAY.

ANGLE

IN THE PARKING LOT, DRUMGO AND CHILD, GETTING HAULED INTO THE CAR. A FIGURE IN THE BACKSEAT OF THE CAR, SHOOTING OVER THE ROOF, APACHE STYLE, FIRES AT STARLING, AS THE CAR PEALS OUT OF THE PARKINGLOT.

STARLING TAKES COVER.

BEAT.

STARLING, ALONE, WALKS INTO THE NOW EMPTY PARKINGLOT. SHE SITS ON A LOW CONCRETE DIVIDER. HOLD. A VAN PULLS IN. FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER CAR, AND TEN SWAT CLAD COPS PILE OUT, AND APPROACH STARLING.

STARLING SLOWLY LOOKS UP.

STARLING

....where were you...?

(SHE LOOKS AT HER WATCH. )

SWAT OFFICER

(AS SEVERAL OTHER OFFICERS  
MOVE INTO THE MIDWIVES  
CENTER.)

...we, we didn't hear the go-ahead.

STARLING

(AS SHE HANDS HIM THE SMALL  
RADIO TRANSMITTER)

Yeah, well, you didn't get it cause your  
radio went dead. The backup plan was,  
17.45, you guys are the Cavalry...

SHE GETS UP AND WALKS AWAY FROM THE DOORSTEP, TO A SEDAN, WHICH IS PULLING UP. AS SHE GOES, SHE TAKES OFF THE FAKE BELLY SHE HAS BEEN WEARING.

ANOTHER SWAT AGENT TAKES THE RADIO AND LOOKS AT IT.

**SECOND SWAT OFFICER**

...what'd you do, sweat it out, short out the leads...? Got a little hot in there.....?

**SHE FLINGS THE FAKE STOMACH AT HIM.**

**SECOND SWAT OFFICER (cont'd)**

...what happened to Right to Life...?

**(HE LAUGHS)**

**STARLING ROUNDS ON HIM, HITS HIM SEVERAL TIMES, AND THROWS HIM TO THE GROUND.**

**STARLING**

What happened to Right to Life? What happened to right to my life...? I'm in there, carrying the mail for all you drugstore cowboys, si'in in a van playin with each other's Velcro...

**(THE OFFICER STARTS TO GET UP)**

You wanna get up, you wanna get up?

Here I am...

**TWO FBI TYPES GET OUT OF THE NEWLY ARRIVED SEDAN.**

**FBI TYPE**

What happened to the girl...?

**STARLING**

**(AS SHE GETS INTO THE SEDAN)**

Get me out of here...

**INT CONFERENCE ROOM FBI HEADQUARTERS DAY.**

**STARLING IS NOW DRESSED IN A T-SHIRT AND JEANS. SHE HAS CLEANED HERSELF UP. KRENDLER, A CLEAN-CUT STUDENT COUNCIL TYPE AROUND FORTY IS HOLDING FORTH. AROUND THE CONFERENCE TABLE ARE THE FATHERLY JACK CRAWFORD, AND VARIOUS OTHER POLITICOS.**

**KRENDLER GESTURES AT THE TABLE, WHICH HOLDS THE BURNT OUT RECEIVER, THE FAKE "PREGNANT" STOMACH WORN BY STARLING, AND A PHOTO, HE HOLDS THE PHOTO. WE SEE IT IS DRUMGO, A SURVEILLANCE PHOTO.**

**KRENDLER**

And you let her get away.

**STARLING**

Sir, with all due respect....

**CRAWFORD**

Just a moment. Starling didn't...

**KRENDLER**

Well, well, well, well, well, she went in there, to apprehend a Dangerous Felon. Went in there with her gun, Came out, without the Felon, without the gun...

**STARLING STARTS TO SPEAK, AND CRAWFORD STILLS HER.**

**CRAWFORD**

I had... one moment, I had an agent in there, waiting for backup from...

**KRENDLER**

...she couldn't act on her own..? Where is the FBI's vaunted Initiative, where..?

**STARLING**

Sir:

**CRAWFORD**

Shut up, Starling...

**STARLING**

I could have acted on my own. I was told...

**CRAWFORD**

Starling, I've ordered you to shut...

**STARLING**

..I was instructed that this was a Joint Task Force, the FBI, BATF, and the Mayor's Special...

**KRENDLER**

You find something objectionable to working in partnership with....

**STARLING**

Sir, I'm in Law Enforcement, I was out there, dealing with an armed and dangerous...

**KRENDLER**

You were given backup....

**STARLING**

THEN WHERE WAS IT? I'm sent out

there... I'm told that the arrest must be a joint...

**KRENDLER**

I'm saying: ... and what's wrong with that.

**STARLING**

And I'm telling you: You wanna throw a Birthday Party: Every kid gets a Chance to Play, that's fine, but...

**KRENDLER**

No, I don't get you...

**STARLING**

Due respect, you don't, sir, your precious Joint Operation. FBI, ATF, DC SWAT, it's alphabet soup, we don't have the same Radio Freqs, we don't...

**KRENDLER**

Oh, is this your political position, you're opposed to Joint...

**STARLING**

I'm opposed to being part, Your Rainbow Coalition. Evelda Drumgo? I could of took her down in a snap of the fingers-- But-- I'm out there, and my Rules of Engagement...

**MAYOR'S REP**

The Rainbow Coalition, what is that, excuse me...

**KRENDLER**

And what are you, our Token Woman?

**STARLING**

I don't mind being the token woman, what I'm suggesting, send me out there with a token man... who are these Warriors, Your cobbled together Strike Force? I'm in the room with a fugitive felon...

**CRAWFORD**

Starling...?

**STARLING**

One moment, and they're at the Seven-Eleven. They botched the fallback plan, they...

**KRENDLER**

And, fine, alright, and fine... what are youdoing, this whole time?

**STARLING**

Sir, I was, as instructed, waiting for the Arrival of the Strike Force.

{PAUSE}

**CRAWFORD**

I think that's...

{HE STARTS TO RISE, AND THE MEETING BEGINS TO BREAK UP}

Starling, I'm sure these gentlemen...

**KRENDLER**

And how did she get close enough to disarm you?

**ANGLE TIGHT ON STARLING, AS SHE BEGINS TO EXIT, MUTTERING.**

**STARLING**

...spend some time on the streets. Ask me then...

**KRENDLER**

Thank you, that's not responsive. How did our Miss Drumgo get...

**ANGLE EXT THE CONFERENCE ROOM. A CORRIDOR AT FBI HQ. VARIOUS MEMORABILIA IN GLASS CASES, GLASS CASES HOLDING FIREARMS. STARLING AND CRAWFORD EXIT. AS THEY DO, A GROUP OF TWENTY MEN AND WOMEN WEARING NAMETAGS WALKS BY, ESCORTED BY A GUIDE.**

ONE GOOD-LOOKING MEDITERRANEAN TYPE (PAZZI) TRIES TO LOOK AT STARLING AS THE GROUP GOES PAST.

**ANGLE CU ON PAZZI.**

**WE SEE HIM, AND READ THE NAMETAG. (C. PAZZI. INTERNATIONAL POLICE ACADEMY. ITALY) .**

**GUIDE**

(VO)

....a compendium of the Bureau's most celebrated cases. Which you have in your Course Study Guide. Now; This afternoon...

**ANGLE, ON THE GROUP AS THEY OPEN THEIR BLUE COURSE STUDY**

GUIDE.

STARLING AND CRAWFORD TURN A CORNER. PAZZI LOOKING AFTER THEM, HE THEN, RELUCTANTLY, TURNS AWAY, BACK TO THE GROUP HE IS PART OF.

ANGLE ON STARLING AND CRAWFORD, AS THEY DRAW AWAY FROM THE CONFERENCE ROOM GROUP.

CRAWFORD

(SOTTO)

...how'd you let her get that close to you...?

IN THE B.G. WE SEE AN AIDE COME UP TO KRENDLER, AND HAND HIM A FILE. STARLING WAVES OFF CRAWFORD'S QUESTION.

CRAWFORD (cont' d)

...how'd she get next to you?

STARLING

(AS IF TEARING OFF THE  
BANDAID )

...she gave me her baby.

KRENDLER, AND THE AID WALK TOWARD CRAWFORD. THE AIDE WHISPERS SOMETHING TO KRENDLER.

KRENDLER

(TO CRAWFORD)

She threw a punch at a man on the team.

CRAWFORD

Well, you know, that happens, on the street.

KRENDLER

What is that supposed to mean...?

CRAWFORD

I think its meaning is clear.

KRENDLER

What, you're saying she was overwrought.

CRAWFORD

That could be.

KRENDLER

Because that's understandable, because. She blew the raid.

**CRAWFORD**

She was there, alone, sir, she was in a burning building, waiting for your folks to come through the wall. And...

**STARLING STARTS AWAY, IN DISGUST.**

**KRENDLER**

One moment, I'm not done with you...

**(TO CRAWFORD, AS KRENDLER  
MOTIONS HIS AIDE TO HAND HIM  
A FILE)**

Give him the file...

**AIDE**

I thought it was going to go down the line, to....

**KRENDLER**

No, no, no, I want the girl to do it...

**THEY GO INTO A HUDDLE, AND STARLING MOVES AWAY, WAITING. SHE LOOKS AROUND, AND SHE AND WE DISCOVER SHE IS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE "LECHTERIANA" SECTION OF THE FBI DISPLAY. THE GUIDE IS ADDRESSING THE VISITING FOREIGN COPS.**

**GUIDE**

Of the apprehension of Hannibal Lechter. Here we have a WANTED poster...

**AS THE GUIDE SPEAKS WE CUT BETWEEN STARLING, HOPING TO HEAR HER FATE, AND THE MEN TALKING ABOUT HER.**

GUIDE (cont'd)

**(VO)**

Offered by an Unnamed Source, Three million Dollars for information leading to the apprehension of Hannibal Lechter. It is, of course, a bounty poster, the only one of its kind, it was never distributed, the contact number was disconnected, and the trail of the person offering the reward was covered so skillfully, that...

**PAZZI**

**(VO)**

**(IN A CULTURED ATTRACTIVE  
ITALIAN ACCENT)**

...would you be so kind...?

**STARLING TURNS TO PAZZI, HOLDING A CAMERA. SHE HESITATES,**

THEN REALIZES HE WANTS HER TO TAKE HIS PHOTO IN FRONT OF THE POSTER.

**STARLING**

Yeah, sure.

PAZZI MOVES IN FRONT OF THE POSTER. WE SEE THE REFLECTION IN THE GLASS FRONTING THE POSTER, AND STARLING MOVES TO ELIMINATE IT .

**GUIDE**

(VO)

....Of the Hannibal Lechter Case. Lechter is, as you know, still at large. Here we see the implements used in his escape from Prison. If you will turn to your course syllabus, Page....

**ANGLE**

ON STARLING, AND THE GUIDE, BEYOND HER, AS THE STUDENTS AGAIN TAKE UP THEIR BLUE BOOKS, AND TURN TO THE PAGE INDICATED BY THE GUIDE.

PAZZI COMES BACK TO STARLING.

SHE HANDS HIM THE CAMERA.

**PAZZI**

....a lovely perfume...

**STARLING**

Glad you like it.

**GUIDE**

(HE TAKES US TO A DISPLAY OF A PHOTOGRAPH OF LECHTER'S HAND, WHICH SHOWS SIX FINGERS, AND AN X-RAY, WHICH, SIMILARLY SHOWS SIX FINGERS.)

....of Dr. Lechter's left hand. His left hand, which had a sixth, vestigial, fully formed sixth finger. You would think that a man with a mark so easily identifiable, would...

**THE GUIDE SPOTS STARLING.**

GUIDE (cont'd)

...and, speaking of the Lechter Case.

THE GUIDE MOVES, AS IF TO INCLUDE STARLING IN THE TOUR.  
ANGLE ON STARLING WHO GIVES THE GUIDE THE WAVE OFF.  
STARLING RETREATS AS THE GUIDE CHANGES GEARS.

GUIDE (cont'd)

And, speaking of the Lechter case, I would like to complete our tour of the gallery with three other instances of Criminals Still At Large. To complete our tour, and....

(HE CHECKS HIS NOTES)

Oh, and to complete your Course of ..Study, by...

WE SEE THE GROUP OF KRENDLER, CRAWFORD, ET ALL, BREAK UP,  
AND BEGIN TO MOVE TOWARD STARLING. SHE APPROACHES THEM,  
TO HEAR THEIR NEWS.

KRENDLER

(TO CRAWFORD)

Your girl's a menace. Here, givver this... Getter off the street and teach her some humility.

(OF THE FILE)

CRAWFORD

(LOOKING AT THE FILE)

I don't think so...

KRENDLER

Well, then, you have insufficient information. I'm grateful for this opportunity to set you straight.

HE LEAVES CRAWFORD LOOKING AT THE FILE, AND WALKS OFF,  
TOWARD STARLING, WHO LOOKS HIM IN THE EYE, AS HE PASSES.  
HOLD.

KRENDLER (cont'd)

(TO STARLING, IN PASSING)

Yeah, get on to your sea-daddy, Starling. Old as you are... ain't you ashamed, still lookin' for your Pappy...?

STARLING WALKS UP TO CRAWFORD, WHO IS LOOKING AT THE FILE.

CRAWFORD

...what has he got against you?

STARLING

Why would you say that? Because he sent me in there to be killed...?

(OF FILE)

What is this...?

CRAWFORD

...what's he got against you?

STARLING

(AS SHE TAKES THE FILE)

(ABSENTLY)

He once made me an improper suggestion.

INT GYMNASIUM DAY

JOHN BRIGHAM, A BUFF AND ROUGH AND TOUGH MARINE TYPE, IS  
LECTURING TO A GROUP OF RECRUITS.

BRIGHAM

Big man, little man... Fair fight, the  
good Big Man's gonna win. But we don't  
mean to send you out there to fight  
fair...

BRIGHAM LOOKS UP. ANGLE HIS POV. A DOOR IN THE BACK OF A  
SMALL RAISED BLEACHER SECTION OPENS, AND STARLING COMES IN,  
HOLDING THE FILE, SHE LOOKS DOWN TOWARD BRIGHAM.

ANGLE

ON BRIGHAM, AS HE NODS AT STARLING, AND THEN RETURNS TO  
ADDRESS HIS GROUP OF STUDENTS.

BRIGHAM (cont'd)

And, in a gunfight, what just happened  
to the Big Man? He's at a disadvantage.  
Inney?

HE MOVES TO THE GROUP OF STUDENTS, AND APPROACHES A RATHER  
LARGE YOUNG MAN.

BRIGHAM (cont'd)

Stand up.

(THE MAN DOES SO, AND TAKES  
HIS PLACE ON THE MAT, IN FRONT  
OF BRIGHAM)

Big man, now, he's just a bigger target.  
Let's turn it around. Pull your  
sidearm.

(THE YOUNG RECRUIT TAKES OUT A  
BRIGHT YELLOW, OBVIOUSLY  
RUBBER PISTOL FROM HIS  
HOLSTER)

ANGLE ON STARLING, AS SHE PERUSES THE FILE. SHE SHAKES HER HEAD IN DISGUST. SHE LOOKS DOWN AT BRIGHAM AND MOUTHS, "I NEED TO SEE YOU..."

ANGLE, ON BRIGHAM, ON THE MAT, ADDRESSING THE PUPIL, HE NODS BACK, AT STARLING, AND TOUCHES HIS WATCH, AND MIMES, "LATER, FOR DRINKS."

BRIGHAM (cont'd)

(TO THE STUDENT)

Now, an arrest? You aim to shoot me, or you just playing show and tell. You don't want to shoot me, you just deprived yourself of one of your hands. You fool, I got two hands, you got one. So: what's the gun good for? Force? No. It's good for control. You can control through force, but you can also control through....

ANGLE, ON STARLING, AS SHE EXITS, THROUGH THE BACK OF THE GYM.

ANGLE. HOLD ON BRIGHAM, ADDRESSING THE STUDENT, WHO LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER TOWARD THE DIRECTION OF BRIGHAM'S GAZE.

BRIGHAM (cont'd)

Misdirection....

(HE MOVES TO THE STUDENT AND  
THROWS HIM TO THE GROUND)

Misdirection, My Friend. You're pointing a gun at me, looking in the oth'direction, WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE...?

ANGLE, ON STARLING, BACK IN THE CORRIDOR, AS SHE OPENS THE FILE, AND LOOKS AT IT AGAIN, AND SHAKES HER HEAD.

INT PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE DAY.

STARLING IS TALKING TO A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN.

WOMAN

(PSYCHIATRIST)

..that you went into police work to control your rage....

STARLING STARTS TO LAUGH.

STARLING

Well, that would be a poor choice, wouldn't it...

**PSYCHIATRIST**

Tell me why...?

**STARLING**

**(SHAKES HER HEAD, STILL  
LAUGHING)**

I'm sorry, I don't mean to be impolite.  
Because, you know, you can't understand.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

Then tell me.

**STARLING**

Well, you know, you know, you know, the  
point is: I can't tell you. Cause you  
haven't been there. You haven't done it.  
And that's all there is.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

**(PAUSE. SHE CHECKS HER NOTES)**

...and to have done it, means, can mean  
to accept, not only danger, but  
betrayal...?

**STARLING**

....that's right.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

..and humiliation? What is this new  
job they've...?

**STARLING**

No. That's right. That's all part of  
it.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

Then, that being so, why is today  
special? Why have you come back to see  
me? Is it that new file they gave you?

**STARLING**

I don't think so.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

Then what brings you back?

**STARLING**

I don't know. Do you know...?

**PSYCHIATRIST**

Yes. I think I do.

(PAUSE. STARLING LOOKS AT  
HER, AS IF TO SAY, THEN,  
PLEASE, REVEAL IT)

I think it is a phrase you used with  
that woman. You told her you were an  
orphan.

(STARLING STARTS SHAKING HER  
HEAD)

You used, to your mind, your most  
private fears.

STARLING

...no...

PSYCHIATRIST

...you called up memories of your father  
to...

STARLING

...no...

PSYCHIATRIST

...barter with her. To appeal to her,  
and you feel that...

STARLING

No, I don't think so...

PSYCHIATRIST

It is you who have betrayed...

STARLING

...no.

PSYCHIATRIST

Your father. It is not they, who...

STARLING

Well, no...

(SHE LOOKS AT HER WATCH)

That's... I appreciate your help, but...

(SHE RISES)

INT COPBAR NIGHT.

STARLING IS DRINKING WITH ARDELIA MAPP, A CONTEMPORARY, AND  
ARDELIA'S BOYFRIEND, JIM. THERE ARE VARIOUS EMPTY BOTTLES  
IN FRONT OF THEM.

STARLING IS LOOKING DOWN AT THE FILE WE SAW EARLIER, AND  
SCOWLING.

MAPP AND JIM LOOK ON. A WAITRESS COMES BY.

MAPP

You want another drink, honey...?

STARLING

I want the same drink. Cause it did me  
good... but I already drunk it, so,  
barring that, yes, I would like another.

THE WAITRESS EXITS.

STARLING (cont'd)

B'cause it's one of the few things, in  
the world, which are effective  
an'predictable.

MAPP

What's that, Baby?

STARLING

Alcohol. Where both its life-enhancing  
And its life destroying qualities...

(SOUND OF CHEERING, THEY LOOK  
TO THE SIDE)

...not unlike some Hindu God...

MAPP PICKS UP THE FILE, AND LOOKS AT IT.

MAPP

I guess the only thing is Suck it  
Up...

STARLING

Well. Excellent... I'm...

THERE IS A SOUND OF RENEWED CHEERING, AND HEADS TURN.

ANGLE THEIR POV.

A TABLE OF THE "INTERNATIONAL POLICE SCHOOL" STUDENTS,  
DRINKING, AND WEARING "GIMME CAPS," WHICH ARE PASSED OUT BY  
AN ARRIVING JOHN BRIGHAM.

ANGLE.

BRIGHAM, BEING CONGRATULATED AND THANKED BY THE VARIOUS  
FOREIGN COPS.

BRIGHAM PASSES OUT CAPS WHICH ARE BLAZONED "FBI ACADEMY,  
QUANTICO, VIRGINIA."

WE SEE BRIGHAM NOTICE STARLING, ET AL, AND EXCUSE HIMSELF.

ONE OF THE FOREIGN COPS CALLS AFTER HIM.

FOREIGN COP

Semper Fi.

BRIGHAM

...truer words were never spoken...

CAMERA TAKES HIM TO THE STARLING TABLE, WHERE STARLING,  
DRUNK, IS LOOKING THROUGH THE FILE.

STARLING

Our Mister Frendler to, to, to humiliate  
me, though....

MAPP

What else's he goin to do with his day,  
he can't work, and he won't steal...

BRIGHAM SITS, AND KISSES STARLING.

STARLING

Oh baby, oh baby....

BRIGHAM

Bad beat today.

STARLING

Hey, I'm fine. Whaddizit, you, how's  
your day, our gallant International  
Neighbors...?

MAPP

Look what they put her on...

SHE TAKES THE FILE FROM STARLING AND HANDS IT TO BRIGHAM.

STARLING

No, that is code-word material, that's  
what that is....

ANGLE ON BRIGHAM AS HE PICKS UP THE FILE. IT CONTAINS A  
CATALOGUE FROM AN AUCTION HOUSE, AND WE READ: FROM A  
COLLECTOR: DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES BY HANNIBAL LECHTER:  
THESE NEVER-BEFORE OFFERED ITEMS WERE ORIGINALLY IN THE HIGH-  
SECURITY CELL OF THE MASS KILLER... (ETC.)

AND, BELOW, WE SEE VARIOUS ARCHITECTURAL SKETCHES.

ANGLE ON STARLING, BRIGHAM, AND SO FORTH.

**MAPP**

They got her cleaning out the privvies.

**BRIGHAM**

(OF THE AUCTION CATALOGUE)

What does this mean?

**MAPP**

Slap her wrist, they got her, chasing down the auction houses, drawings of Mr. Lechter, come up for sale.

**BRIGHAM**

Why's she chasing 'em down...?

**MAPP**

Find out: is he selling 'em, he needs the money, o'r'izzey buying them, f'Old Times sake...

**BRIGHAM**

That's weak. The man's long gone, he's not coming back, buy up a drawing...

**STARLING**

No, but that is the Will of the Institution. To instill a proper Probity, Humility, deference, in the prideful Individual.....COULD I, DOES ANYONE THINK, HAVE ANOTHER BEER...?

**JIM**

This Jackal Krendler, trine a shame her, cause they botched the raid.

**BRIGHAM**

Evelda Drumgo.

**STARLING**

COULD I GET A DRINK,

(TO BRIGHAM)

N'I don't care, you see, what all they got me doin, for I'd rather be doin' makework, than be doin' pub'l'relations with THE DIRTY DOZEN, one Hispanic, one Librarian, one Jew, and One from Column A, and One from Column...

(A DRINK IS SET BEFORE HER,  
SHE REACHES FOR IT. SHE  
LOOKS UP.)

Thank you.

**PAZZI IS BRINGING HER A BEER.**

**PAZZI**

An Honor. Carlo Pazzi....

**STARLING**

No, y'know, I never doubted it...

**PAZZI**

You were kind enough, today, to take my photograph.

**STARLING**

Well, that's you see, what I am, kind and feeling.

**MAPP**

You should get Married.

**STARLING**

That's what I should do. Tell me why?

**MAPP**

Because, baby, you're looking to find love in an institution, that's your only chance....

**STARLING**

Yeah, but who would marry friendless me...

**(TO PAZZI)**

Howabout you, Romeo...?

**PAZZI**

**(SHOWS HIS WEDDING RING)**

...sadly...

**STARLING**

Hey, lost again.

**PAZZI**

But perhaps, there is some, some less radical solution.

**STARLING**

I'm sure there is, but my young Friend here, would kill you.

**(SHE GESTURES AT BRIGHAM)**

**PAZZI**

His feelings do him honor. And I have

come, simply, to pay my respects to the great Clarice Starling...

(HE BENDS OVER TO KISS HER HAND.)

**STARLING**

The great and beautiful...

**PAZZI**

Is it necessary to say of the sea that it is salt, that the stars are far, that...

**STARLING**

No, I get it, this is my Cavalier. This gents my Italian Knight. Take this...

(SHE REMOVES A SCARF FROM HER NECK AND HANDS IT TO HIM)

For this shall be my gage, and you can take it into battle.

**PAZZI**

Thank you.

**STARLING**

Or clear your windshield with it.

**PAZZI**

(SMELLS THE NECKERCHIEF)

...what a lovely perfume.

**STARLING**

Waal, you c'n only get it in one shop in Alexandria Virginia, n'that's where I'm going, cause I'm goin home, f'i can get n'y'one, Of That Nature, to take her there...

**BRIGHAM**

C'mon, pal.

**STARLING**

All y'got to do is ask...

(SHE REACHES FOR HER PURSE, AND KNOCKS THE FILE OFF OF THE TABLE)

ANGLE INS.

IT FALLS TO THE FLOOR, WE SEE VARIOUS AUCTION CATALOGUES, AND AN X-RAY OF A HUMAN HAND. PAZZI STOOPS AND GATHERS THE FILE UP.

BRIGHAM TAKES THE FILE, AND STARLING TAKES IT FROM HIM.

ANGLE IN.

WE SEE A DRAWING OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE A STATUARY. A LION'S HEAD, THE LION HOLDING A BIRD IN ITS MOUTH.

ANGLE ON STARLING AS SHE HOLDS THE DRAWING.

**STARLING**

...this one is my favorite. It has not title. They should call it "fetch," whaddaya think...?

**PAZZI**

I know it well.

**STARLING**

Do you. What does that mean?

**PAZZI**

It is a gravestone in the cemetery of \_\_\_\_\_ in my native Florence.

MAPP LOOKS AT THE PICTURES IN THE CATALOGUE.

**MAPP**

Yeah, we got all sort of "funeray Sculpture," here, I guess they mean statues in Graveyards. Brazil, the Tomb of Karl Marx, London, Here's one in Scandinavia...

**PAZZI**

Florence, as you may not know, is famed for...

**STARLING**

Yeah, I'm sure it's famed for lotsa things, and you're one'a'them...

**PAZZI**

...but: this particular statue...

STARLING DOWNS A BEER, AS BRIGHAM BEARS HER AWAY.

**STARLING**

Waal, you hold fast to that thought, as I'm sure, that's a "clue"...

**PAZZI**

....this is perhaps an inappropriate time... but, I would like to say, it is an honor to meet the Woman who solved the celebrated Hannibal Lechter...

**STARLING**

I din't solve it, I didn't 'solve it'. I just sat a dance out with him. Facts, facts, facts. Facts, close the case, cavalier.

**PAZZI**

...a case, so, so fascinating, so...

**STARLING SURREPTITIOUSLY SIGNALS BRIGHAM THAT HE MAY REMOVE PAZZI.**

**BRIGHAM**

It was all of that, SON...

**PAZZI**

..what makes a man ... what makes him... Eat Human Flesh...?

**STARLING**

Yeah, well, they solved that: turns out, he'uz a cannibal...

**MAPP**

Show'm the FBI Handshake...

**STARLING**

I am no going to show you the secret handshake!

**(SHE STARTS TO STAND)**

**BRIGHAM**

**(AS HE LEADS PAZZI OFF)**

C'mon, pal, I'm gone to buy you a drink...

**HE WALKS PAZZI OFF, STUFFING SOME MONEY IN PAZZI'S JACKET POCKET.**

**HE LEAVES PAZZI AMONG HIS FOREIGN COHORTS.**

**ANGLE ON MAPP, STARLING, AND JIM, AT THEIR TABLE.**

**MAPP**

Yeah, well, it's a raw wound, innit, you're gonna bump it, every time you turn around... but you know what the

trick is...?

STARLING

...not to turn around.

BRIGHAM RETURNS, AND STARTS TO LEAD STARLING, THROUGH THE KNOT OF DRUNKEN COPS.

IN THE BG WE SEE PAZZI, AT HIS TABLE, POINTING OUT STARLING, THEY TURN TO LOOK AT HER, WE SEE ONE OF THE FOREIGN COPS, LEAN OVER TO ASK MORE INFORMATION OF PAZZI, AND, THEN, TURN BACK, TO DO A DOUBLETAKE AT THE RETREATING STARLING.

ANGLE

ON BRIGHAM, HELPING STARLING.

BRIGHAM

You want to get married...?

STARLING

You tol me you wuunt ask me again til I'm ready....

BRIGHAM

You're ready now.

STARLING

I'm not.

BRIGHAM

That's what you think...

EXT STARLING'S APARTMENT BUILDING NIGHT.

BRIGHAM AND STARLING WALKING UP, STARLING SWAYING A LITTLE, HE HOLDS OUT HIS HAND FOR THE KEY, AND SHE GIVES IT TO HIM.

STARLING

...mos kind...

WE HEAR A CAR COMING UP THE STREET BEHIND THEM.

BRIGHAM OPENS THE DOOR.

THERE IS A FLASH OF LIGHT FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE. AS STARLING IS ABOUT TO ENTER. SHE PUSHES BRIGHAM OFF TO THE SIDE OF THE DOOR, AND UNHOLSTERS HER PISTOL.

BEAT.

STARLING LOOKS AT BRIGHAM WHO LOOK UNCOMPREHENDING. ANOTHER CAR IS HEARD COMING UP THE ROAD, AND WE SEE ITS HEADLIGHT SHINE ON AND REFLECT FROM A MIRROR INSIDE STARLING'S DOOR.

BRIGHAM LEADS STARLING INTO THE HOUSE.

HE CLOSES THE DOOR, AND TAKES HER TO THE SOFA.

SHE SITS, AND PICKS UP A PHOTOGRAPH IN AN EASELFRAME FROM THE COFFEETABLE.

STARLING (cont'd)  
Hey, now, what was I afraid of... I'm  
shooting at shadows...

BRIGHAM  
Is that what you're afraid of...?

ANGLE INS ON THE PHOTOGRAPH, SHOWS A TALL HANDSOME MAN IN WESTERN HAT, WEARING A BADGE, HIS HAND ON THE SHOULDER OF A YOUNG BLONDE GIRL.

ANGLE ON STARLING, AS SHE PUTS THE PHOTO DOWN.

STARLING  
Then you tell me, then.

BRIGHAM  
You want me to solve all your problems tonight...?

STARLING  
I feel...  
(SHE STARTS TO LAUGH)  
I feel they're Out to Get Me...

BRIGHAM  
And who is "they?"

STARLING  
...they're sending me. Out to get  
Shot. Hounding me.... they're...  
(PAUSE)

BRIGHAM  
...the whole world's out to get you...

STARLING  
How crazy is that.

BRIGHAM  
Well, you wanna shoot back, it give you a

big target...

STARLING

(SLEEPILY)

How crazy is that....

ANGLE, INS. ON THE LECHTER FILE, AND THE PHOTO OF HANNIBAL LECHTER.

WE SEE BRIGHAM PUT IT DOWN ON THE TABLE NEXT TO THE PHOTO. HOLD, LIGHTS GO OFF.

BEAT. STARLING'S HAND COMES INTO THE FRAME, SWEEPS THE LECHTER PHOTO AND FILE ONTO THE FLOOR, AND REPLACES IT WITH THE PHOTO OF THE WESTERN GARBED MAN AND THE LITTLE BLONDE GIRL.

BEAT.

THE LIGHT GOES ON AGAIN.

WE SEE STARLING SWING TO A SITTING POSITION ON THE COUCH. SHE SIGHS. SHE SHAKES HER HEAD TO CLEAR IT, AND SHE PULLS THE HANNIBAL FILE TO HER. SHE PICKS UP A PENCIL, AND A PAIR OF READING GLASSES FROM THE TABLE, AND BEGINS MAKING NOTES ON THE FILE.

ANGLE INS.

THE AUCTION CATALOGUE, AN FBI FILE, READING, "SALE OF STOLEN HANNIBAL LECHTER MATERIAL."

EXT VIRGINIA HIGHWAY DAY.

STARLING'S FBI SEDAN SPEEDING PAST, ON AN EMPTY COUNTRY ROAD.

THE CAR PULLS OVER ONTO THE SHOULDER.

ANGLE INT THE CAR.

STARLING, TAKING OUT A MAP. SHE LOOKS AT THE MAP. LOOKS AROUND. SHE THROWS THE CAR INTO REVERSE, AND REVERSES SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS QUICKLY.

ANGLE INT THE CAR.

STARLING LOOKS FROM THE MAP ACROSS THE ROAD.

ANGLE HER POV.

A BARELY DISCERNIBLE BREAK IN THE FOLIAGE, BEAT, THEN STARLING'S CAR PULLS ACROSS THE ROAD, AND INTO THE POV AND

ENTERS THE BREAK.

ANGLE EXT THE CAR.

EMERGING FROM A THICK WOODS, THE CAR IS HINGED BY THE CAMERA ONTO THE PARK OF A COUNTRY ESTATE, THE CAR DISAPPEARS INTO A SMALL DIP IN THE LANDSCAPE.

ANGLE EXT THE CAR, AT A GATEHOUSE, PREVIOUSLY HIDDEN BY THE CONTOUR OF THE LAND. WE SEE A SMALL DECREPIT GATEHOUSE IN STONE, AND, BEYOND IT, A FLIMSY AND ANCIENT BARRICADE, AN OLD GAMEKEEPER TYPE IN TWEEDS COMES OUT OF THE GUARDHOUSE. HE IS CARRYING A MUG OF COFFEE AND HAS A NAPKIN TUCKED INTO HIS COLLAR. HE REMOVES THE NAPKIN AND APPROACHES THE CAR.

STARLING FLASHES HER CREDENTIALS TO THE OLD MAN, WHO HOLDS A CLIPBOARD.

STARLING

Special Agent Clarice Starling, to see  
Mason Verger.

THE MAN AMBLES BACK INTO THE GATEHOUSE.

ANGLE INT THE GATEHOUSE, THE OLD MAN ENTERS, AND CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SHOW, IN A ROOM OFF THE MAIN ROOM, THE FIT BODYGUARD TYPES, WATCHING STARLING ON A TV MONITOR. THERE IS A RAFT OF ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT IN THE ROOM, AND A RACK WITH SEVERAL ASSAULT RIFLES ON IT. ONE OF THE GUARDS IS TYPING ONTO A COMPUTER TERMINAL. HE LOOKS AT THE RESULT, AND GLANCES UP AT STARLING, ON THE SCREEN, AND NODS "OKAY" TO THE OLD MAN. THE OLD MAN AMBLES OUT TO THE BARRIER, HAVING PICKED UP AN OLD CLIPBOARD AT WHICH HE SQUINTS.

THEN, SATISFIED, HE RAISES THE BARRIER, AND STARLING'S CAR GOES THROUGH.

EXT A MAGNIFICENT COUNTRY ESTATE HOUSE.

A POTATOCHIP VAN IS PARKED TO ONE SIDE IN THE WIDE DRIVE. AN OLD RETAINER HOLDS OPEN THE DOOR FOR STARLING, AS SHE EXITS FROM HER SEDAN, AND HE SHOWS HER INTO A LARGE OPEN MORNING ROOM, IN WHICH WE FIND TWENTY YOUNG CHILDREN OF VARIOUS RACES, ROMPING ON A SELECTION OF NEW TOYS.

CAMERA TAKES STARLING THROUGH A MODERN KITCHEN, WHERE SEVERAL WHITE UNIFORMED COOKS ARE WORKING HAPPILY, ONE IS OPENING A VAST TIN OF POTATOCHIPS. ONE OF THEM IS REMOVING A TRAY OF COOKIES FROM THE OVEN, SEVERAL TYKES WAIT HAPPILY NEARBY. THE COOK WITH THE TRAY OF COOKIES GIVES STARLING A WIDE GRIN.

THE RETAINER TAKES STARLING PAST THE KITCHEN, TO A DOUBLE DOOR, WHICH HE OPENS TO REVEAL A CORRIDOR BEYOND, AND A LARGE FIT MAN IN HIS THIRTIES, WEARING AN ORDERLY'S WHITES, COMING TOWARD THE CAMERA.

**CORDELL**

Agent Starling, would you come with me...?

CORDELL BOWS TO THE OLD RETAINER, WHO RETIRES.

CORDELL AND STARLING WALK DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

**STARLING**

The children...?

**CORDELL**

...they're from Baltimore....

**STARLING**

I've never heard that he...

**CORDELL**

It's not something he wants to publicize, Ma'am. It's just something he does.

**BEAT.**

**STARLING**

I won't take much of his time.

**CORDELL**

He's glad to help. ...it's just a question of his physical condition. You Understand...

CAMERA TAKES STARLING DOWN A CORRIDOR LINED WITH HUNTINGPRINTS. AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR AN OLD WOMAN SITS IN A WOODEN CHAIR, KNITTING.

THEY HAVE STOPPED. WAITING FOR THE WOMAN TO LOOK UP. STARLING'S GAZE IS DRAWN BY AN OLD, CREWEL-WORK "SAMPLER" FRAMED ON THE WALL BY THE OLD WOMAN'S CHAIR. AND OBVIOUS ANTIQUE. IT READS:

"DO NOT GIVE INTO ADVERSITY. DO NOT TRUST TO PROSPERITY."

ANGLE ON CORDELL AND STARLING, AS STARLING LOOKS AT THE SAMPLER, AND THE OLD WOMAN LOOKS UP FROM HER KNITTING.

SHE SITS IN FRONT OF A HALF-OPENED DOOR, WHICH WE SEE IS

THE DOOR TO A LINEN CLOSET.

CORDELL (cont'd)  
...y'get enough breakfast, Rosie...?

BEAT. XCU ON THE OLD WOMAN, AS SHE LOOKS AT STARLING, AND THEN NODS TO CORDELL, AS IF TO SAY, "THAT IS THE CORRECT CODE."

ANGLE INS.

HER HAND DROPS TO THE BACK OF THE WOODEN CHAIR, AND PRESSES A BUTTON CONCEALED IN THE LEG.

ANGLE

THE GROUP IN THE CORRIDOR, THE "LINEN CLOSET," OPENS, TO REVEAL, BEYOND IT, WHAT APPEARS TO BE A SURGICAL FACILITY, OR HIGH-TECH HOSPITAL ROOM.

INT THE HIGHTECH ROOM.

THERE IS A NURSE, SITTING AT A STATION, MONITORING VARIOUS LIFESIGN DISPLAYS. SHE LOOKS UP BRIEFLY, AS CORDELL AND STARLING ENTER .

NURSE  
(TO CORDELL)  
Five minutes...

CORDELL NODS, AND TAKES STARLING DEEPER INTO THE ROOM. WE BEGIN TO HEAR THE SUSURRUS OF A MECHANICAL BREATHING APPARATUS. CAMERA GOES WITH STARLING INTO THE ROOM, WHERE WE SEE A HOSPITAL BED, WITH A SCREEN IN FRONT OF IT, AND VARIOUS TELEVISION DISPLAYS ABOVE IT, ANGLED TO BE SEEN FROM THE BED.

STARLING APPROACHES THE BED, AND LOOKS DOWN AT THE FIGURE IN IT. WE SEE HER FACE, BUT THE FIGURE IS SCREENED. THE FIGURE, VERGER, SPEAKS BREATH BY BREATH, WITH AN OBVIOUS ELECTRONIC ENHANCEMENT.

VERGER  
Aren't they beautiful, Miss Starling...

STARLING LOOKS UP AT THE CHILDREN PLAYING.

ANGLE HER POV.

ONE OF THE CHILDREN FALLS OFF A SMALL PLASTIC SLIDE, AND CRIES, A NURSE RUNS TO HIM.

VERGER (cont'd)

Well, now, you see, one of them's hurt.  
And what will make it better? Love.  
Isn't that odd.

**(PAUSE)**

He think's he's hurt his knee--but the  
assurance, the assurance, the assurance  
that someone cares (WHEEZE WHEEZE)  
Suggests the hurt was elsewhere.

**STARLING**

Mr. Verger, thank you for your time.

**VERGER**

For the worst hurt, of course, that  
which will not heal, is the conviction  
no one cares.

**STARLING**

I've come to see you, sir, about an  
Auction...

**SHE HOLDS UP THE CATALOGUE TO HIM.**

**ANGLE INS**

**"DRAWINGS AND MEMORABILIA RELATING TO THE SERIAL KILLER,  
HANNIBAL LECHTER."**

**ANGLE**

**ON CORDELL, AS HE COMES CLOSE, DONNING SURGICAL GLOVES, AND  
TAKES THE CATALOGUE, AND HOLDS IT TOWARD VERGER.**

**VERGER**

Ah, yes, ah yes. Our Doctor Lechter...  
And have they sent you, once again to  
capture him? How terrible for you...

**STARLING**

No, sir, it's not my job to capt... why  
do you say how terrible?

**VERGER**

Because we must leave the past in the  
past. (WHEEZE WHEEZE)

**(CORDELL TURNS A PAGE)**

Ah. And here we have artifacts of, yes,  
my own encounter with him...

**CORDELL TURNS THE PAGE QUICKLY.**

VERGER (cont'd)

No, no. That's alright. Yes. Lechter's drawings of me. Before... and, of course, after... Now: you are not sent to pursue him. Then your visit baffles me.

**STARLING**

Sir, various drawings, done by Dr. Lechter, while in prison, stolen from the prison after his escape, have surfaced and are being sold at auction. Several large reserve bids have been placed on them. I have to ask if you've placed those bids.

**VERGER**

Because?

**STARLING**

Because if it was not you, then, perhaps it was Dr. Lechter, trying to reclaim his own property.

**VERGER**

And why would you suspect me, of this ghouliness?

**STARLING**

Because, sir, you are the only one of his victims who lived. And because you have large resources.

**VERGER**

Large resources, Starling, which I prefer to devote elsewhere....

**STARLING LOOKS UP, AS WE SEE THE IMAGE ON THE TELEVISION CHANGE TO THE CHILDREN EATING THE COOKIES, AND THE IMAGE CHANGES AGAIN TO SHOW A SMALL DISPENSARY, AND THE KNEE OF THE CHILD WHO FELL BEING BANDAIDED BY A NURSE.**

**STARLING**

Due respect, sir...

**SHE PRODUCES A COPY OF THE WANTED: HANNIBAL LECHTER POSTER WE SAW AT THE FBI.**

STARLING (cont'd)

Due respect, after your, after your...

**VERGER**

My encounter.

**STARLING**

Someone offered three million dollars bounty on Dr. Lechter's head.

(PAUSE)

**CORDELL**

The identity of the person offering the bounty was never established.

**VERGER**

Yes, but we know who it was, and I will tell you, Agent Starling, what you know to be true. I offered the bounty. It was illegal, and, worse, it was wrong. And I thank God every day that I did not compound my sinful life by the stain of a murder. Do you (WHEEZE) Agent Starling: do you know God?

(PAUSE)

**STARLING**

...sir...?

**VERGER**

Isn't it funny? You can look on my face (WHEEZE WHEEZE) which you would grant me, is the most hideous sight you will see in what I hope is a long life. You can look at me. Which shows (WHEEZE) a Strength which must come from strong (WHEEZE) strong convictions. (WHEEZE) But you shy when I say the name of God.

**THE NURSE COMES UP, HOLDING THE TAPE OF A LIFESIGNS MACHINE, SHE NODS TO CORDELL AND INDICATES THE MONITORS.**

**NURSE**

(TO STARLING)

...I'm sorry..

(MEANING, YOU MUST GO.)

**STARLING**

Yes, then, you're saying that you haven't bid upon these drawings.

**VERGER**

I have not, I would not. For life (WHEEZE) life goes on Starling. And, wait, wait, I wish to talk to you...

I'm... (WHEEZE) (TO THE NURSE, WHO IS TAKING STARLING'S ARM) One moment. I was afflicted, do you see, but my affliction was not in my meeting with your Dr. Lechter. I was afflicted before. Before. Do you see? In my arrogance. Do not (WHEEZE) Do not curse God when you are humiliated. Listen to me: embrace it, and you embrace life.... Listen, and you hear the word of God...

STARLING IS LED AWAY BY THE CONCERNED NURSE. CORDELL LINGERS BEHIND, AT AN UNSEEN BEHEST OF VERGER.

THE NURSE STARTS PREPARING A HYPO AT HER STATION.

STARLING

...will he be alright...?

THE NURSE, DISTRACTED, NODS, AND RETREATS TOWARD VERGER WITH THE HYPO.

CORDELL COMES OUT TO STARLING.

INT CORRIDOR, COUNTRY HOUSE, DAY. STARLING AND CORDELL ARE WALKING, BEYOND THEM, WE SEE VARIOUS CHILDREN PLAYING UNDER ADULT SUPERVISION. A CARETAKER TYPE IS HOLDING A SMALL GOAT, WHICH THE CHILDREN ARE PLAYING WITH.

CORDELL OPENS THE GLASS DOOR, AND HE WALKS STARLING THROUGH THE SCENE OF THE CHILDREN AND THE GOAT.

CORDELL

Mr. Verger wanted me to give you this...

(HE HANDS HER A SMALL PRINTED CARD)

ANGLE ON STARLING, AS SHE GLANCES AT THE CARD.

ANGLE INS THE CARD READS:

"DO NOT GIVE INTO ADVERSITY..."

SHE GLANCES AT IT, AND, DISMISSIVELY, PUTS IT IN A POCKET.

CORDELL (cont'd)

And he has asked me to ask you something.

STARLING

What would that be?

**CORDELL**

**(PAUSE)**

He... would consider it a favor if he could make a donation. To a charitable institution of your choice.

**(PAUSE)**

**STARLING**

Now, why in the world would he do that?

**CORDELL**

I... think... he was.... he was touched, by your reaction. To his appearance.

**STARLING**

What reaction?

**CORDELL**

Exactly.

**STARLING**

**(AS SHE HANDS HIM A CARD)**

Please, I do not... I don't want to trouble him. But if you or he have any notion, who would be buying Dr. Lechter's...

**CORDELL**

Do you know the seller?

**STARLING**

We've subpoenaed the Auction House's records.

**CORDELL**

Try Barney Clark.

**STARLING**

**(TAKING OUT A NOTEBOOK)**

He is...?

**CORDELL**

He was the orderly, during Dr. Lechter's stay in Prison.

**STARLING**

And how would you know that?

**CORDELL**

Before "The Change," Mr. Verger was... he made quite a study.

**(PAUSE. STARLING MAKES A NOTE.  
SHE LOOKS AROUND.)**

**STARLING**

You should get the kids a dog...

**CORDELL**

....I hardly think so... after "The Incident"...

**STARLING**

No, no, of course not.

**SHE STARTS TO GET INTO HER CAR.**

**CORDELL**

...Mr. Verger would be pleased to make a contribution, to the charitable...

**STARLING**

Tell him to give it to an orphanage.

**STARLING CLOSSES THE CAR DOOR.**

**HOLD. ON STARLING, WATCHING THE CHILDREN FOR A MOMENT. THEN SHE TAKES THE CARD FROM HER POCKET AND GLANCES AT IT.**

**IT READS :**

"DO NOT GIVE INTO ADVERSITY, DO NOT TRUST TO PROSPERITY. BE AWARE OF FORTUNE'S HABIT--SHE WILL DO JUST AS SHE PLEASES. NONE OF THIS IS IN YOUR CONTROL. BE HAPPY. BE KIND.

**ANGLE**

**ON STARLING, AS SHE STARTS TO PUT THE CAR IN GEAR, PUTTING DOWN THE NOTE. THEN SHE HESITATES, AND BEGINS TO CRY. LOWERING HER HEAD, BEYOND HER WE SEE THE POTATOCHIP VAN, PARKED IN THE DRIVEWAY, AND THE CHILDREN ROMPING WITH THE GOAT.**

**INT PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE DAY.**

**STARLING IS TALKING TO A KINDLY OLDER WOMAN PSYCHIATRIST.**

**PSYCHIATRIST**

...that you could ~go beyond the institution."

**STARLING**

Yes.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

What does that mean?

**STARLING**

**(PAUSE)**

I saw a man today, a man so hideously deformed who'll spend his life in a hospital bbb...

**PSYCHIATRIST**

Yes, so you said. But what does that mean: to go beyond The Institution.

**STARLING**

**(TAKES A TISSUE FROM A BOX ON THE DESK)**

If he could overcome... his need for... for self-ratification...

**PSYCHIATRIST**

...would you use a small word?

**STARLING**

For approval.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

What's wrong with approval?

**(PAUSE)**

You admired that man.

**STARLING**

Yes.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

How do you think that made him feel?

**(AFTER A PAUSE. SHE CHECKS HER NOTES)**

What does that mean, "to go beyond the institution...?"

**(PAUSE)**

**STARLING**

I told that woman I'm an orphan.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

...you are an orphan.

**STARLING**

But... but....but.... you're right. I used it. To bargain. For her sympathy... I used it--to "whore myself out"--

**(PAUSE)**

**PSYCHIATRIST**

Welcome to the human race.

**(STARLING SHAKES HER HEAD IN  
NEGATION. PAUSE)**

Do you know, there are people who admire  
you? Reasonable people.

**(PAUSE)**

Why don't you find them...?

**PAUSE. STARLING LOOKS UP, AT THE NEW CONCEPT.**

**INT FBI HEADQUARTERS DAY.**

**STARLING, WALKING DOWN A CORRIDOR. CAMERA HINGES HER TO  
"BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE." SHE STICKS HER HEAD IN, AND ASKS,  
OF AN AIDE:**

**STARLING**

Y'see John Brigham...?

**AIDE**

...I...

**CRAWFORD STICKS HIS HEAD OUT OF HIS OFFICE, HE PUTS HIS  
PIPE ASIDE, AND CALLS TO STARLING... SHE COMES IN, AND HE  
HOLDS UP AN X-RAY.**

**CRAWFORD**

Look at this:

**STARLING**

You seen John Brigham...?

**CRAWFORD**

This just came in, over the transom.  
Fella, works for a Plastic Surgeon,  
Argentina. Look here:

**STARLING**

...what'm I looking at...?

**CRAWFORD**

A fellow with five fingers.

**STARLING**

...standard issue...

**CRAWFORD**

Not for our Doctor Lechter. This...

**(HE GLANCES AT NOTES)**

Purports to be an x-ray of the hand of

a ...white male...mmmm....mmmm...., after  
the removal of a vestigial sixth digit.  
Left Hand. It purports to be the x-ray  
of Dr. L...

**STARLING**

Am I on that case, sir...?

(PAUSE)

**CRAWFORD**

No.

(PAUSE)

**STARLING**

Well, then--I wouldn't want to be taken  
for a hobbyist...

**THE AIDE COMES IN, HOLDING A PHONE.**

**AIDE**

Agent Brigham is in the Library.

**STARLING**

(TO CRAWFORD)

Excuse me...

(THE AIDE AND CRAWFORD

EXCHANGE A SURPRISED LOOK)

**SHE EXITS**

**INT LIBRARY DAY**

**BRIGHAM, IN THE LIBRARY, BENT OVER A LAWBOOK.**

**A NOTE IS SLIPPED OVER THE BOOK. IT READS, "YES, I WILL  
MARRY YOU."**

**ANGLE**

**ON BRIGHAM, AS HE READS THE NOTE.**

**BRIGHAM**

This isn't signed.

**STARLING**

(VO)

Hard up as you are, at your age? Whadda  
you care? Surrender.

**BRIGHAM**

~Don't shoot, G-Men..."

STARLING SITS DOWN NEXT TO HIM. BEAMING.

BRIGHAM (cont'd)

Why?

STARLING SMILES AND STARTS TO MAKE A PERT ANSWER. SHE GETS A BIT TEARY, AND BRIGHAM LEADS HER OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

ANGLE, A BALCONY OFF THE LIBRARY.

STARLING HANDS BRIGHAM THE CARD SHE GOT FROM VERGER.

STARLING

(AS BRIGHAM READS)

You know what, he's right. Fella: had his life taken from him, by a maniac. Fella. He's laying there, he'll never get off that bed. He can't move, a Monster...

(SHE SHAKES HER HEAD, AND  
LEANS INTO BRIGHAM. TIGHT TWO  
SHOT)

...a monster fed his face to the dogs.

(BEAT)

N'he said that it saved his life.

(SHE STARTS TO LAUGH)

He's spend'n his life helping Children. How corny is that...? But, you know what: I give up. Let's get married and spoil a buncha Kids...

(THEY EMBRACE.)

ANGLE INT THE LIBRARY

BRIGHAM AND STARLING ENTER, AS HE GOES TO GATHER UP HIS MATERIALS.

AN AGENT HURRIES THROUGH.

AGENT

Starling: They got a x-ray. They think, they might have a lead on Lechter.

STARLING

Wherever he is, that's fine with me...

AGENT

They...

STARLING

Yeah, I know.

THE AGENT LOOKS AT HER WONDERINGLY, AND, THEN, AS IF SHE HAS NOT UNDERSTOOD.

AGENT  
(AS HE PRODUCES A XEROX OF AN  
X-RAY)

They got a Radiologist Assistant, Buenos Aires, guy, amputation of a Sixth Finger...and it seems to've left a scar, uh oh....

STARLING

That ain't my case. They assigned me, go do some legwork, Theft of Government Property. Tha's what I'm gonna do, and then go home and burn the roast. How the hell about that--I'm gonna swim with the current, and I don't care where he is.

AS BRIGHAM IS GATHERING HIS STUFF, HE DROPS THE CARD STARLING GAVE HIM, ON THE FILE WHICH WAS STARLING'S. WE READ: "NONE OF THIS IS IN YOUR CONTROL. BE HAPPY. BE KIND." AND, AS BRIGHAM'S HANDS COME INTO THE FRAME TO GATHER THE MATERIAL UP, WE SEE THE AUCTION HOUSE CATALOGUE, AND THE PHOTO OF THE DRAWING, AND STARLING'S NOTES: LION AND BIRD, MARBLE SCULPTURE \_\_\_\_\_ CEMETERY, FLORENCE, ITALY.

INT ALITALIA AIRLINER DAY.

ANGLE INS.

AN ITALIAN PASSPORT, A DEBARKATION CARD, SEVERAL SNAPSHOTS, SHUFFLED INTO THE GROUP, BY A MAN'S HANDS. WE SEE THE SNAPSHOT OF PAZZI IN FRONT OF THE MASON VERGER WANTED POSTER. SNAPS OF PAZZI, IN SWAT GEAR, ON THE RANGE AT QUANTICO, WEARING A FBI "GIMME" HAT, A POSTCARD OF THE LINCOLN MONUMENT, V.O. AN ITALIAN VOICE URGING ALL PASSENGERS TO REMAIN SEATED UNTIL ET CETERA.

ANGLE INT THE CABIN OF THE AIRLINER.

THE ITALIAN STEWARDESS IS USHERING FOLKS OFF THE PLANE. WE SEE PAZZI PUTTING ALL HIS PAPERS TOGETHER, AND HE REACHES DOWN A FLIGHTBAG FROM THE OVERHEAD, AND JOINS THE LINE OF EXITING PASSENGERS.

ANGLE

IN THE JETWAY, AN ARMED SOLDIER, HIS SMG SLUNG IN FRONT OF HIM, IS READING AN ITALIAN NEWSPAPER.

AS THE JETWAY PULLS UP TO SNUGGLE WITH THE JET, THE SOLDIER DROPS THE PAPER ONTO THE STOOL BEFORE HIM, AND COMES TO ATTENTION.

ANGLE

IN THE PLANE, THE STEWARDESS OPENS THE DOOR, THE PASSENGERS EXIT, SHE AND PAZZI EXCHANGE A BRIEF, WHISPERED FLIRTATION AS HE PASSES. AS HE MOVES PAST HER, SHE GIVES A SMALL WHOOP IN RESPONSE TO SOME CLANDESTINE CARESS OF HIS.

A WHISPERED CONFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO.

STEWARDESS

...is that the way for a Public Official to act?

PAZZI

(SHRUGS)

You represent Italy. Call it an inspection...

STEWARDESS

Shouldn't that be carried out in Depth?

PAZZI

...I have to get back to my wife...

HE SHRUGS SADLY, AND MOVES PAST HER.

CAMERA TAKES PAZZI INTO THE JETWAY, WHERE WE NOW SEE TWO PLAINCLOTHES COP TYPES, WAITING, AS PAZZI COMES THROUGH THEY NOD TO HIM, AND THE GROUP STARTS TO EXIT OUT OF THE SIDE WALKWAY OF THE JETWAY.

PAZZI (cont'd)

...what's up...?

ONE OF THE MEN REACHES FOR THE PAPER, WHICH THE SOLDIER HAS DROPPED, AND TAKES IT WITH HIM.

ANGLE EXT THE JETWAY.

THE GROUP OF THREE DESCENDS ONTO THE TARMAC UNDER THE JETWAY, WHERE THERE IS A CAR WITH A BLUELIGHT ON IT, WAITING.

THEY GET INTO THE CAR, AND ONE OF THE COPS HANDS THE PAPER TO PAZZI.

ANGLE INT THE CAR, AS IT PROCEEDS THROUGH THE AIRPORT. PAZZI TURNS TO THE PAGE INDICATED.

**COP ONE**

How was America?

**PAZZI**

**(LOOKING AT THE PAPER)**

Bad coffee, and women with excessive ankles.

**COP ONE**

...nightmare.

**PAZZI**

What's up...?

**COP ONE**

**(POINTING TO PAPER)**

Doctore Carlo Fanelli, curator of the Pallazo Capponi, 2 months missing.

**PAZZI**

Yeah, so where is he?

**COP ONE**

Somewhere where his family are offering a thirty grand reward for Information, so on.

**PAZZI**

They got that kind of money?

**COP ONE**

Their family owns...

**HE SPEAKS, BUT THE NOISE OF A JET RUNNING UP WASHES OUT HIS INFO. PAZZI'S EYES, HOWEVER, GROW WIDE.**

**PAZZI**

Well, let's find him...

**COP ONE**

...buya lot of pasta for your wife.

**COP TWO**

She don't eat pasta, that's how come she's so slim.

**COP ONE**

Heresa file onnaguy, you got a meeting, the Palazzo Capponi, at four thirty.

**PAZZI**

I can't even go home and change...?

**COP TWO**

What'd you bring me...?

**THE CAR IS STOPPED AT A BARRIER. A GUARD COMES OUT, AND THE COP DRIVING FLASHES OFFICIAL LOOKING INFO AT HIM.**

**INT THE CAR.**

**PAZZI DISTRIBUTES TWO FBI ACADEMY HATS, TO THE TWO COPS.**

**THE CAR PASSES THROUGH THE BARRIER. CAMERA TRACKS WITH IT THROUGH THE "ARRIVALS" ROUNDABOUT. AND WE SEE TWO BILLBOARDS, THE FIRST ANNOUNCES, THE FLORENCE BALLET, WITH APPROPRIATE DATES AND INDUCEMENTS. THE SECOND, SHOWS A GUILLOTINE, AND ANNOUNCES: INSTRUMENTS OF ATROCIOUS TORTURE. NOW THROUGH OCTOBER, ET CETERA.**

**INT THE CAR.**

**PAZZI**

What else did I miss...?

**ONE OF THE MEN GESTURES AT THE "TORTURE" POSTER.**

**COP ONE**

Atrocious Torture. Hit of the Season, you want, I know a guy can get you a ticket.

**PAZZI**

...are they hard to get?

**COP ONE**

Impossible.

**PAZZI**

**(SHAKING HIS HEAD SADLY)**

...what a world.

**INT PAZZI'S APARTMENT DAY.**

**A NICE MODERN SMALL APARTMENT. ANNA PAZZI, A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN OF AROUND THIRTY IS STANDING IN THE HALL, AS PAZZI ENTERS.**

**HE BEGINS KISSING HER, AND CAMERA MOVES THEM INTO THE BEDROOM.**

**ANNA**

What's the rush? What's the rush...?

**PAZZI**

Aren't you glad to see me?

**ANNA**

Tell me about your trip... what did you  
bring me...?

**HE STOPS, AND RUMMAGES IN HIS CASE, AND BRINGS OUT A BOTTLE OF PERFUME. HE GIVES IT TO HER. SHE LOOKS DISAPPOINTED.**

ANNA (cont'd)

...and?

**PAZZI**

I brought you my passion and my wish that  
this afternoon will be for you an  
experience of ecstasy...

**SHE FENDS HIM OFF.**

PAZZI (cont'd)

...what?

**ANNA**

I can't think.

**PAZZI**

...you don't have to think.

**ANNA**

We have to talk about money...

**PAZZI**

I'm on the track of a reward, which...

**ANNA**

A reward...

**PAZZI**

I'm going to tell you later....

**ANNA**

A reward for what?

**PAZZI**

Some museum director disappeared.

**ANNA**

And?

**PAZZI**

They're offering...  
(AS HE MOVES HER TOWARD THE  
BED)

**ANNA**

...you haven't found him yet.

**PAZZI**

What is this, a whorehouse, or are you  
my wife?

**ANNA**

You've gone off to America, on your  
Vacation...

**PAZZI**

...I was working...

**ANNA**

...please...

**PAZZI**

I swear to you...

**ANNA**

...and I want to talk to you about your  
promotion..

**PAZZI**

Yes? My promotion...?

**ANNA**

I want to talk to you about your salary.  
Because I can't...

HE TAKES OFF HIS JACKET, HE TAKES THE PERFUME BOX FROM HER,  
AND THROWS IT INTO THE OPENED SUITCASE. HE MOVES HER TOWARD  
THE BED.

ANGLE

ON THE SUITCASE, WHERE WE SEE THE PERFUME HAS LANDED IN  
THE VERY SCARF WHICH STARLING GAVE TO PAZZI EARLIER, ALSO IN  
THE STILL-LIFE IS PAZZI'S PASSPORT CASE, OUT OF THE TOP OF  
WHICH WE SEE PEEKING A BIT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE  
WANTED POSTER "THREE MILLION DOLLARS REWARD FOR THE  
WHEREABOUTS OF THE MONSTER, HANNIBAL LECHTER."

THEY CONTINUE TO TALK, AS THE AUDIENCE READS THE INFORMATION  
IN THE INSERT.

PAZZI (cont'd)

(VO)

(CONCLUDING)

I need you, y'understand, I need you...

ANNA

(VO)

...everybody needs something...

WE SEE THE LIGHT GO OUT IN THE ROOM (I. E. ON THE INSERT SHOT)  
PUTTING THE ROOM INTO SEMI-DARKNESS.

EXT PALLAZZO VECCHIO DAY.

THE SEDAN WITH PAZZI AND COP ONE COMES TO A HALT.

COP ONE THROWS A POLICE PASS ON THE DASHBOARD, AND THEY GET  
OUT, COP ONE HURRYING.

PAZZI

(FOLLOWING, AS HE TIES HIS TIE)

Hold up a minute...

COP ONE

You spend the afternoon in Bed?

PAZZI

First things first.

COP ONE

You take this much time over everything?

PAZZI

That's why my wife adores me.

INT PALAZZO VECCHIO, VARIOUS RECONSTRUCTION AND RENOVATION  
GOING ON.

PAZZI AND COP ONE MOUNT THE STAIRS.

COP ONE

Carlo Fanelli, Dottore, missing two  
months. He was the Director of the  
Museum. Which, since his absence...

THEY HAVE ARRIVED ON A LANDING. VARIOUS RESTORATION CREWS  
ARE AT WORK. PROFESSOR RICCI, A CONTEMPORARY OF PAZZIS,  
COMES UP TO HIM.

RICCI

Ah, Pazzi. How was America...?

THEY TURN THEIR HEADS. AT THE SOUND OF SHOUTING.

ANGLE THEIR POV.

A LARGE SALON, ITS DOUBLE DOOR OPEN, AND TEN CHAIR ARRANGED AROUND A TABLE, ALL FULL OF SEATED OLDER MEN, OF WHOM SEVERAL ARE EXPOSTULATING WITH ANOTHER FIGURE, UNSEEN.

ANGLE ON RICCI, PAZZI, ET AL.

RICCI (cont'd)

We may need you to stop bloodshed.

PAZZI

What're they on about?

RICCI

They're grilling the applicant for the Vacant Post.

PAZZI

Speaking of the Vacant Post.

RICCI

Dottore Fanelli...

COP

He hasn't, by any chance, wandered back in?

AS COP ONE TALKS WITH RICCI, CAMERA GOES OVER THE SHOULDER OF PAZZI, WHO, GINGERLY ENTERS THE SALON, TO THE SIGHT AND SOUND OF THE OLD MEN ARGUING WITH EACH OTHER.

ANGLE, HIS POV. THE OLD MEN AT THE TABLE.

SOGLIATO, A FELLOW IN HIS SEVENTIES, IS HOLDING THE FLOOR.

SOGLIATO

Now: our applicant holds in his hand, in his Non-Italian-Hand, a note, from Dante Aligheri himself. Would he recognize it, I think not...

ANOTHER OLD MAN

You want the job for your nephew.

SOGLIATO

Indeed I do. Because he is my Nephew?  
No. Because he....

A THIRD OLD MAN

Let him read the note...

**SOGLIATO**

Yes, fine, of course he can read the note. His Italian is admirable, for a straniero. But is he familiar with...

**ANGLE**

ON THE MAN, PREVIOUSLY UNSEEN OF WHOM THEY ARE TALKING. THE MOVEMENT OF THE POV REVEALS HIM, STANDING ALONE, BACK TO CAMERA, BEFORE A HALF CLOTH-COVERED TAPESTRY, DRESSED IN A MAGNIFICENT SUIT, USING HALF-GLASSES TO LOOK DOWN AT A NOTE IN HIS HAND.

SOGLIATO (cont'd)

(VO)

The personalities of pre-Renaissance Florence? I think not.

THE MAN (HANNIBAL LECHTER/DR. FELL) STILL SEEN FROM THE REAR-- STILL LOOKING AT THE NOTE--NODS TO INDICATE HE HAS HEARD.

**ANGLE HIS POV**

THE TABLE OF OLD MEN, AND BEYOND THEM, PAZZI.

RICCI APPEARS AT PAZZI'S SIDE, AND SPEAKS IN WHISPERS.

**RICCI**

(SOTTO)

...a Dr. Fell. A Brazilian, I think. Applying for Fanelli's post.

**PAZZI**

(VACANTLY)

Brazilian.

(RICCI HANDS SOME FORMS TO PAZZI)

**RICCI**

It would seem.

**SOGLIATO**

(VO)

What if he came upon a note in, the Capponi Library, this great Italian Institution, which he now graces us with his bid to Direct, a note from Guido de Cavalcanti. Would he recognize it, I think not.

ANGLE ON DR. FELL, STILL SEEN FROM THE REAR, AS HE TAKES A SILK SQUARE FROM HIS BREAST POCKET, AND CLEANS HIS HALF-

GLASSES, THEN FOLDS THEM AND PUTS THEM AND THE SQUARE BACK IN HIS POCKET.

SOGLIATO (cont'd)

(VO)

Would you care to address that, Dr.  
Fell...?

BEAT. DR. FELL TURNS TO CAMERA, STILL HOLDING THE NOTE.

HE TAKES SEVERAL PACES, TO LOOK AT THE NOTE IN A SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT.

HE IS STANDING BESIDE THE STATUE OF JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES. HE NODS AT THE NOTE, AS IF CONFIRMING SOMETHING. THEN HE LOOKS UP.

DR. FELL

Cavalcanti replied publicly to Dante's first sonnet. Do you know it, Professor Sogliato? I believe it's worth your time: Listen to the way he makes an instrument of the Italian vernacular, which he called the vulgari eloquentia-- the eloquent voice of the people: Allegro me sembrava amor tenedo/Meo core in mano, e ne la braccia avea/Madonna involta in un drappa dormedo/Poi la svegliava a d'esto ardeno/Lei paventosa umilmente pascea/Appreso gir lo ne vedea paingendo. If Dante had written to a Cavalcanti, it would, of course, have been to Andrea, the most literary of his brothers....

SOGLIATO

...why do you want this job?

DR. FELL

In the hope, that someday, I should come across such a note. I thank you gentleman for your kind attention, and hope you will consider...

THE MEETING IS ABOUT TO BREAK UP, THE OLD MEN ARE RISING, FELL HANDS BACK THE NOTE, WHICH IS ENCASED IN A PROTECTOR, RICCI COMES FORWARD WITH PAZZI, AND BEGINS INTRODUCING HIM TO THE COMMITTEE.

RICCI

...investigating the disappearance of  
Dottore Fanelli...

**PAZZI**

Who, can you think, who would want to harm Dr. Fanelli, did he have any enemies, that...

**COMMITTEE MEMBER**

...I have never met a man who was so well beloved.

**PAZZI**

...he was wealthy...

**COMMITTEE MEMBER**

He had nothing. He lived in a garret. His work was his life, he...

**PAZZI**

...his family has offered a large reward.

**ANGLE ON FELL, WHO GOES TO THE PEDIMENT OF THE STATUE OF JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES, AND PICKS UP A SMALL SKETCH BOOK, WHICH IS OPENED AT A SKETCH OF THE STATUE, HE PUTS THE BOOK UNDER HIS ARM. ANGLE ON PAZZI AND THE COMMITTEE MEMBER.**

**COMMITTEE MEMBER**

His older brother offers the reward, Fanelli had nothing, he....

**ANGLE.**

**PAZZI HALF TURNS HIS HEAD, TO SEE SEVERAL COMMITTEE MEMBERS CONGRATULATING DR. FELL, WHO IS PUTTING ON HIS COAT.**

**COMMITTEE MEMBER (cont'd)**

...will have, of course to be examined by the Studiolo, to confirm the appointment, but I think I can assure you, that the Committee...

**DR. FELL**

...you are most kind...

**ANGLE, ON PAZZI, WHO IS STILL BEING TALKED AT BY THE COMMITTEE MEMBER.**

**COMMITTEE MEMBER**

..who would benefit from his disappearance? No one. No one has but lost by it...

**ANGLE**

**PAZZI STARTS TOWARD DR. FELL.**

**PAZZI**

**(TO THE COMMITTEE MEMBER)**

...would you excuse me...?

**ANGLE EXT THE SALON, ON THE LANDING, FELL IS BEING ADDRESSED BY RICCI.**

**RICCI**

...will have to face the Studiolo, in their meeting next week. And I, for one, wish you the best.

**FELL SHAKES HIS HAND, AND STARTS DOWN THE STAIRCASE.**

**CAMERA GOES WITH HIM, WE HEAR PAZZI VO.**

**PAZZI**

Dottore...

**FELL TURNS, AND PAZZI COMES TO CATCH UP WITH HIM.**

**PAZZI (cont'd)**

Pazzi, Rinaldo, Commendatore, Prefatura...

**FELL**

Of course, Commendatore...

**CAMERA TAKES THEM DOWN THE STAIRS, AS THEY TALK.**

**PAZZI**

Could you tell me: did you ever meet your predecessor, Dottore Fanelli...?

**FELL**

I never met him. I knew him only from his writings.

**PAZZI**

I know that the officers who first investigated his disappearance searched for a note, a farewell note, a suicide note...

**FELL**

...yes.

**PAZZI**

You have taken over his offices, is that not so?

**FELL**

It is only temporary, until my confirmation by...

**PAZZI**

Of course, in his offices, if you come across anything, any personal papers of his, anything, however trivial, would you contact me, please... Are his personal effects still at the Palazzo?

**FELL**

Yes. Packed and with an inventory.  
(HE HESITATES, AND LOOKS AT PAZZI)

**PAZZI AND FELL WALK OUT OF THE MUSEUM.**

**ANGLE EXT THE MUSEUM.**

**PAZZI**

I'll have them picked up.

**PAZZI GESTURES TO HIS COLLEAGUE.**

**PAZZI (cont'd)**

May we drop you?

**FELL**

Thank you, I am most happy to walk in this most magnificent of cities.

**FELL STARTS PULLING ON HIS GLOVES, HE HANDS HIS SKETCHBOOK TO PAZZI FOR A MOMENT. PAZZI LOOKS DOWN.**

**ANGLE PAZZI'S POV**

**FELL'S LEFT HAND, HAS A SCAR ON THE BACK IN THE SHAPE OF A 3.**

**PAZZI**

May I ask you a personal question, Dr. Fell?

**FELL**

If your duty requires it.

**PAZZI**

You have a recent scar on the back of  
your hand.

**FELL**

And you have a new wedding ring on yours?  
La Vita Nuova?--

**(HE SMILES.)**

**PAZZI**

You looked oddly at me, back on the  
landing.

**FELL**

Yes, it must be hard to be a policeman.  
Is it hard? Must one, then, be  
constantly suspicious?

**PAZZI**

Why did you look at me that way?

**FELL**

**(SMILES)**

I saw a man in disheveled clothing, but  
clean. Just dressed--in the middle of  
the...

**FELL SHAKES HIS HEAD, ASKING TO HAVE THE QUESTION  
WITHDRAWN.**

**PAZZI**

...please...

**FELL**

**(SHRUGS, SMILES)**

I saw a man, somewhat fatigued.  
Quickly dressed, a bit dishevelled. In  
the middle of the day.

**(SMILES)**

An old story. And then I saw the  
clothing was fresh--therefore: a man who  
dressed at home. And then I remarked  
the new wedding ring. And so: the  
story gave me pause. A lovely story. A  
new, and a beloved wife. I wish you joy.

**(FELL STARTS TO EXIT)**

**PAZZI WALKS WITH HIM.**

**PAZZI**

You assemble this, on the instant, from  
these few observations?

**FELL**

**(SHRUGS)**

I'm a historian. It is our task to assemble the seemingly unconnected into the obvious.

**PAZZI**

...your scar..?

**FELL**

My scar is a war-wound.

**PAZZI**

How so?

**FELL**

Carpal-tunnel syndrome. From a life of typing. Commendatore. History, a hazardous profession.

**FELL AND THEN PAZZI STOP.**

FELL (cont'd)

You are a Pazzi of the Pazzim are you not?

**PAZZI**

Yes. How did you know?

**FELL**

You resemble a figure from the Della Robia Rondels, in your family's chapel at Santa Croce.

**PAZZI**

It was Adresa de Pazzi, depicted as John the Baptist. You have seen the chapel?

**FELL**

I have had the honor.

**(HE BOWS AND STARTS OFF.**

**PAZZI GOES AFTER HIM.)**

**FELL TURNS TO HIM.**

FELL (cont'd)

I wondered that an officer of your exalted rank should come, so late, into the case.

**PAZZI**

And? Then?

**FELL**

I wonder no longer. You were out of the country.

**PAZZI**

How could you know?

**FELL**

I sense...

**(HE TOUCHES HIS NOSE)**

The faintest whiff of a perfume, whose base, whose base, whose base is "Hamamelis" ... it is witch-hazel--such a clean scent. No, not a European scent. I would say it is a scent of the New World. I would say, you have been in America. Have I struck home?

**PAZZI**

You know America?

**FELL**

...you have brought this perfume... brought this perfume. Back. Back from America. To your New Wife...

**(HE PICKS UP HIS HAND, AND  
GLANCES DOWN AT PAZZI'S  
WEDDING RING.)**

You have given it to her, and some of...

**(HE SMILES)**

Some of 'her perfume' has found its way back onto you. Lucky man. Lucky man, indeed.

**HE BOWS, AND STARTS TO TAKE HIS LEAVE, FROM THE STARTLED PAZZI. PAZZI COMES TO HIS SENSES, AND HANDS A CARD TO FELL.**

**PAZZI**

Should you come across anything which...

**FELL**

You will be the first I call.

**FELL TURNS TO LEAVE, TURNS BACK, AND TAKES HIS HAND AND, GENTLY RUBS IT ON THE LAPEL OF PAZZI'S SUITJACKET, HE THEN, DELICATELY, HOLDS THE HAND UNDER HIS NOSE, AND NODS, AS IF IN AGREEMENT WITH HIMSELF.**

**HE NODS, AND WALKS OFF INTO A PARK.**

**ANGLE ON PAZZI, WHO LOOKS AFTER FELL. HE WALKS BACK TOWARD**

THE CAR. HE TURNS, TO LOOK AFTER FELL, AND WE SEE HE IS  
STANDING BY A LINE OF PEOPLE, A QUEUE, UNDER A BANNER WHICH  
PROCLAIMS, "ATROCIOUS INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE."

PAZZI SHAKES HIS HEAD, AS IF TO CLEAR IT, AND STARTS TOWARD  
HIS CAR, WHERE COP ONE OPENS THE DOOR FOR HIM.

ANGLE

ON FELL, AS CAMERA TAKES HIM INTO THE PARK, WHICH, WE SEE,  
IS A CEMETERY.

HE SITS ON A BENCH, AND TAKES OUT HIS SKETCHBOOK, AND BEGINS  
TO DRAW.

ANGLE HIS POV.

A PIECE OF FUNERARY STATUARY, THE LION, HOLDING THE BIRD IN  
HIS MOUTH.

ANGLE ON DR. FELL, SKETCHING. TIGHT.

HE SKETCHES, HE RAISES HIS HAND TO HIS NOSE AND INHALES, AND  
NODS AGAIN.

ANGLE, FROM THE SIDE, WE NOW SEE THE STATUE AND FELL'S  
DRAWING. HE IS DRAWING, NOT THE STATUE, BUT A SKETCH OF  
CLARICE STARLING.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT MARYLAND MISERICORDIA HOSPITAL DAY.

VARIOUS UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE, ENTERING THE HOSPITAL; LEAVING  
THE HOSPITAL, A VAST GIANT OF A MAN, SHRUGGING HIMSELF INTO  
AN ARMY FATIGUE JACKET OVER ORDERLY'S WHITES. (BARNEY)

ANGLE

STARLING, STANDING AT A BUSSTOP, READING A PAPER.

ANGLE INS.

IN THE PAPER IS SECRETED A PHOTO OF BARNEY, ON FBI XEROX  
FORM, WITH HIS NAME, AND DESCRIPTION.

ANGLE

STARLING WAITS AT THE BUSSTOP. BARNEY PASSES IN FRONT OF  
HER, AND CONTINUES WALKING. STARLING FOLDS THE PAPER AND  
GOES AFTER HIM.

ANGLE

RUNDOWN RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD, DAY.

BARNEY, NOW HOLDING A SMALL BAG OF GROCERIES, CROSSES THE STREET.

WE SEE STARLING IN THE BG.

BARNEY STOPS, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD. WE SEE HE IS LOOKING UP OVERHEAD.

ANGLE INS HIS POV.

A DOVE, CIRCLING IN THE SKY.

ANGLE XCU.

BARNEY LOOKING UP, PUZZLED, AND THEN HE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE HIS POV.

IN THE ROAD AHEAD, A DEAD DOVE.

BARNEY WALKS INTO THE POV, PICKS UP THE DOVE, AND WALKS TO A SMALL RATTY VERGE OF PARK. HE PUTS THE DOVE DOWN, LOVINGLY IN THE GRASS, AND WE WATCH, AS THE OTHER DOVE LANDS ON A FENCE, NEARBY.

BARNEY STARTS TO WALK TOWARD THE LIVE BIRD.

ANGLE

OVER THE BIRD, ONTO BARNEY, WITH STARLING WALKING UP BEHIND HIM.

BARNEY HESITATES, HIS BACK STILL TO STARLING.

BARNEY

Are you attracted by Death?

(PAUSE)

It is the one great mystery, is it not?  
Anyone who would say otherwise must be a  
hypocrite. Don't you think...?

HE TURNS FOR THE FIRST TIME AND LOOKS AT HER.

BARNEY (cont'd)

...or are you only attracted by power...

(HE CHANGES HIS TACK AND TONE.)

How are you, Agent Starling?

**STARLING**

Ah, Barney: you've got a good mernory.

**BARNEY**

You know why that is? Because there are so few things I need to forget. Would you agree, for the record, that I have not been read my rights?

**STARLING**

I have not read you your rights.

**BARNEY**

Would you mind saying that into your bag...?

**STARLING STARTS TO OPEN HER BAG, AND SPEAKS INTO IT.**

**STARLING**

I hereby acknowledge that...

**BARNEY**

And now I have "dociled" you, have I not? By forcing your obedience.

**STARLING**

**(SMILING)**

Then why did you chose to inform me of it...?

**BARNEY**

To show...

**(PAUSE)**

in my ability to squander. What one might deem an advantage... that my strength is greater than yours...

**STARLING**

Oh yeah? Wanna arm wrestle...?

**BARNEY**

If you'll come down the street I will make you a cup of coffee.

**INT BARNEY'S APARTMENT DAY.**

**AS THEY ENTER, THE APARTMENT WITH MANY DEADBOLTS. STARLING ENTERS WARILY AND TAKES A SEAT WITH HER BACK TO THE WALL, IN THE SMALL STUDIO.**

**AS BARNEY BEGINS MAKING COFFEE.**

**BARNEY**

You almost took down EVELDA Drumgo.

**STARLING**

Well. Word gets around.

**BARNEY**

...what hindered you...?

**STARLING**

It wasn't my day.

**BARNEY**

Perhaps you did not have the support you required.

**STARLING**

It's a poor workman who blames his tools.

**BARNEY**

Or, perhaps...

**STARLING**

...how are things at the Hospital?

**BARNEY**

It's a growth business.

**STARLING**

What have they got you doing?

**BARNEY**

Orderly.

**STARLING**

I would have figured you an R.N. by now, or, maybe Med School.

**BARNEY**

I prefer to stay in the Less Frivolous professions.

**STARLING**

**(TAKES OUT A NOTEBOOK)**

You lasted eight years, as Orderly, in Dr. Lechter's prison ward.

**BARNEY**

Yes, I presumed it was about him.

**STARLING**

...you...

**BARNEY**

I'm struck by your phraseology. I did not last with him. I was privileged to enjoy his company during that time.

**STARLING**

(GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS, AS SHE TAKES OUT A PENCIL.)

I'm looking for...

**BARNEY**

He said, and these were his words, he valued our time together, because I was civil.

**STARLING**

Did you ever think, did you think, after he escaped, he would come after you?

**BARNEY**

He told me, he preferred to Eat the Rude. Or: "natural composting." Do you think he'd come after you...?

**STARLING LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW.**

**ANGLE HER POV**

**OUT THE WINDOW, SE SEE THE DOVE CIRCLING THE DEAD DOVE ON THE RATTY PIECE OF GRASS.**

**STARLING**

(TURNING BACK)

What...?

**BARNEY**

I asked you how you like your coffee...? We have black and bitter. As the Soul of Man. Or light and sweet, as the world-view of the self-delusive.

**STARLING**

We got a bunch of materials, coming up at auction. Materials which disappeared from Dr. Lechter's cell, drawings he made, his books.

**BARNEY**

Yes?

**STARLING**

And I'd like your help, determining who's bidding for their purchase.

**BARNEY**

Why me?

**STARLING**

Waal, because your selling'em... Two years ago, his annotated Dictionary of Cuisine, by Alexander Dumas, went for sixteen thousand dollars. Seller's affidavit of ownership, signed Cary Panz. P.A.N.Z. Sounds to me like an Orderly. Whadja clear on the book? Ten, twelve grand?

**BARNEY**

...very good.

**STARLING**

Here's what they want you to do: we want the rest of the stuff you stole from his cell.

**BARNEY**

...why?

**STARLING**

Let's just say they got a passion for collectibles...

**BARNEY**

You said "here's what they want you to do..." Why?

**STARLING**

Now, whyn't you help us?

**BARNEY**

That would adversely impact my income.

**STARLING**

Not as much as being jailed for theft of Government Property, or for failure to pay income tax, on undisclosed income.

**BARNEY**

We could skip the Gavotte.

**STARLING**

Say it in English.

**BARNEY**

Lechter's not buying up his Memorabilia.  
He keeps it all in his "mind," do you  
see...?

**STARLING**

Then who's buying it?

**BARNEY**

(SHRUGS)

There's one or two freaks, and, for a  
"Pass," I'll rat them out to you...

(HE TAKES A PENCIL, AND PUTS A  
COUPLE OF NAMES IN HER BOOK,  
LEANING OVER HER)

**STARLING**

That's the spirit...

**ANGLE, BARNEY AS HE LEANS OVER, LOOMING OVER STARLING.**

**BARNEY**

...aren't you afraid of me...?

**STARLING**

You want me to be?

**BARNEY**

I'd prefer it...

(HE FINISHES WRITING)

But it's just a vacant exercise.

**HE AND STARLING FINISH THEIR COFFEE. HE BEGINS TO WALK HER  
OUT.**

**ANGLE EXT BARNEY'S APARTMENT, AS THEY EXIT.**

**STARLING**

A vacant exercise, why...?

**BARNEY**

You said "here's what they want you  
to do." Aren't you part of them  
anymore...? Aren't you part of the FBI?  
'No Girl's Allowed,' or what? Have you  
transgressed...?

**STARLING**

Let's keep it to business, shall we?

**BARNEY**

...why have they stuck you on this silly

little roust?

**STARLING**

...they did it for a lark.

**BARNEY**

Oh, Good. The ornithological  
leitmotif...

**HE TAKES HER OVER TO THE DEAD BIRD. HE PICKS UP THE DEAD  
BIRD, AND SMOOTHS ITS FEATHERS. HE ADDRESSES THE CIRCLING  
DOVE.**

BARNEY (cont'd)

Off you go. You've grieved enough.  
Anything more would be self-indulgence.

**STARLING**

**(AS SHE LOOKS AT HER BOOK OF  
NAMES)**

Who are these guys...?

**BARNEY**

Rich, comic book freaks.

**STARLING**

And why is it a vacant exercise?

**BARNEY**

Because we both know who's buying the  
Lechteriana.

**STARLING**

Who would that be.

**BARNEY**

**(AS IF STATING THE MOST  
OBVIOUS FACT.)**

Mason Verger. For he cannot be free.  
Dr. Lechter refashioned his body so it  
mirrors his soul, what an impossible  
injustice. Can you be free....?

**STARLING**

No, you're wrong about Verger.

**BARNEY**

Oh, yes. He's found Peace.

**STARLING**

Well, if he hasn't, I'm vastly  
mistaken.

**BARNEY**

(PAUSES, AND LOOKS AT HER  
INTENTLY)

And have you found Peace..?  
(PAUSE)

**ANGLE, ON BARNEY, AS HE STARTS PUTTING THE DEAD BIRD IN  
HIS POCKET.**

**STARLING**

What'll you do with the bird...?

**BARNEY**

Pluck it, and eat it. It was so good to  
see you..

**BARNEY GOES BACK INTO HIS APARTMENT BUILDING.**

**INT FBI HEADQUARTERS DAY.**

**STARLING IS COMING INTO THE READYROOM AREA, AND PASSES JOHN  
BRIGHAM.**

**BRIGHAM**

How you doin?

**STARLING**

M'I gonna see you tonight?

**BRIGHAM**

That's right.

**STARLING**

Then I'm doing fine.

**BRIGHAM**

What's new onna street?

**STARLING**

All Quiet Along the Potomac...

**A TECHNICIAN WALKS BY AND STARLING RIPS A PAGE OUT OF HER  
NOTEBOOK AND HANDS IT TO HIM.**

**STARLING (cont'd)**

Can we run this guy down?

**TECHNICIAN**

Who is he?

**STARLING**

His job description? He's a comic book freak.

**TECHNICIAN**

Whadda we want him for...?

**STARLING**

Insufficient Animation. Just get me his vital signs, will you...?

**(TO BRIGHAM)**

Catcha later...

**(SHE WALKS ON.)**

**ANGLE INS.**

THE X-RAY MARKED HANNIBAL LECHTER. NEXT TO IT, A SKETCH OF THE BACK OF THE HAND, WITH A SCAR, IN THE SHAPE OF A NUMERAL 3 ON IT.

**A TECHNICIAN IS DISCUSSING THE MATERIALS WITH CRAWFORD.**

**TECHNICIAN**

Which would, of necessity, have left this scar in the shape of the number "3."

**CRAWFORD**

Why a Three?

**TECHNICIAN**

It requires two flaps to close the area between the...

**STARLING PASSES.**

**CRAWFORD**

Starling: come look at this: did you see this?

**STARLING**

Yes sir, I saw it.

**(HE HANDS HER A COPY OF THE X-RAY.)**

**CRAWFORD**

**(NODS)**

We have a memo here, from your friend Mr. Krendler at the Justice Department.

**STARLING**

I am all attention.

**CRAWFORD**

He requests your presence, once again,  
as part of...

**HE HANDS HER THE MEMO.**

**INT FBI CAFETERIA DAY.**

**STARLING COMES DOWN THE STEAMTABLE LINE WITH A TRAY. CAMERA  
TAKES HER TO MAPP, WHO IS EATING LUNCH, STARLING SITS.**

**STARLING**

Just the person I'm looking for.

**MAPP**

And why would that be...?

**STARLING SITS AND STARTS TO EAT. MAPP PICKS UP THE MEMO  
FROM THE SMALL FOLDER ON STARLING'S TRAY.**

**STARLING**

Because you're going to help me plan a  
party.

**MAPP**

You're going to do that?

**STARLING**

I'm going to do it, and you're going to  
catch the bouquet.

**MAPP READS THE MEMO.**

**MAPP**

The Multi-Jurisdiction Task Force: read  
alphabet soup, for the continued  
pursuit, and in preparation for the  
apprehension of the fugitive, Evelda  
Drumgo. The man's hazing you.

**STARLING**

My daddy would say: accept with glee the  
things you cannot change.

**MAPP PICKS UP THE X-RAY.**

**MAPP**

I'll tell you what: I should go in  
there, volunteer to fill up his Female  
Quota.

**(OF THE X-RAY. SHE HOLDS IT  
UP, SEEKING INFORMATION)**

**STARLING**

Mr. Crawford asked my opinion. Here we've got a purported x-ray, Dr. Lechter's surgery. Do we keep it secret, or broadcast it?

**MAPP**

Saying what, "Look out for a guy with ten fingers...?"

**STARLING**

Yeah, that's too Hip for the Room.

**MAPP**

**(OF THE NOTE)**

You stay offa this Alphabet Soup Detail, all this half-baked, cowboy stuff, till after you get your mind cleared.... you don't wanna go out there a half-step slow...

**STARLING**

I don't wanna go out there at all...

**MAPP**

What do you want to do? You want to jam up that sonofabitch Krendler.

**STARLING**

No. I want to buy a dog.

**(PAUSE)**

**MAPP**

What broke you free, Girl?

**STARLING**

I met a man, and His Troubles Were Greater Than Mine...

**SHE EXTRACTS THE SMALL CARD VERGER HAS GIVEN HER. AND WE SEE IT, AS SHE LOOKS AT IT.**

**"DO NOT GIVE IN TO ADVERSITY. DO NOT TRUST TO PROPERTY. NONE OF THIS IS IN YOUR CONTROL. BE HAPPY. BE KIND."**

**INT VERGER'S MANSION--PLAYROOM--DAY.**

**HAPPY SMALL CHILDREN PLAYING. ONE SMALL BOY, SMILING, IS APPROACHED BY A LOVELY YOUNG NURSE, DRESSED IN WHITE. SHE WHISPERS TO HIM AND HE SMILES AND NODS, AND TAKES HER HAND, AS THEY WALK OFF.**

ANGLE INT VERGER'S MEDICAL FACILITY.

WE SEE THE YOUNG CHILD, FRANKLIN, BEING LED OFF ON A TV SCREEN. WE SEE HIS PROGRESS ONTO ANOTHER SCREEN SHOWING THE HALL, AND THE OLD WOMAN, ROSIE, KNITTING.

ANGLE

CORDELL, STANDING BY VERGER'S BED. CORDELL HOLDS A FOLDER MARKED "DEPARTMENT OF CHILD WELFARE. CITY OF BALTIMORE."

HE IS FINISHED READING IT.

CORDELL

"...and age-appropriate large and small motor skills. His unfortunate home situation has made it necessary for Franklin to form immediate attachments with adults, which we understand to have contributed to many instances of his abuse."

SOUND OF A "WHOOSH," AS A DOOR OPENS, CORDELL CLOSES THE FOLDER. HE LOOKS TOWARD THE DOOR.

ANGLE

IN THE BED, VERGER, HIS FACE OBSCURED BY A TELEVISION MONITOR. WE HEAR THE WHIR OF A TV CAMERA.

WE SEE THE CAMERA, ABOVE VERGER'S BED, MOVING.

ANGLE

ON A TV SCREEN, WE SEE THE CAMERA TRACK, AND TAKE THE FRIGHTENED FRANKLIN, AND THE NURSE STANDING NEXT TO HIM, THE NURSE MOTIONS FRANKLIN FORWARD.

ANGLE, ON CORDELL, LOOKING DOWN AT VERGER. (NB THROUGHOUT, VERGER SHOULD NEVER BE SEEN. HE IS INFERRED THROUGH THE REACTIONS OF THOSE AROUND HIM. AND HE, AND IN PARTICULAR, HIS FACE SHOULD ALWAYS BE OBSCURED--A TEASE--BY THIS OR THAT INTERVENING OBJECT.)

CORDELL NODS, AS IF IN RESPONSE TO A SIGN FROM VERGER. HE LAYS THE HOSPITAL FOLDER ON A SORT OF XEROX MACHINE.

ANGLE ON VERGER'S ELECTRONIC DISPLAY. THE VARIOUS TV SCREENS, THE HOSPITAL FOLDER, NOW COMING INTO VIEW ON A SCREEN ON WHICH WE READ THE LOGO OF THE BALTIMORE CHILD WELFARE, AND "JAMES, FRANKLIN, BORN JUNE 5, 1991," AND A PHOTO OF HIM. ON THE ADJACENT SCREEN WE SEE THE YOUNG BOY

COMING FORWARD AT THE URGING OF HIS NURSE. HIS EYES  
GROWING WIDE WITH FEAR.

ANGLE

FROM BEHIND FRANKLIN, AS HIS BODY OBSCURES OUR VIEW OF  
VERGER, AND WE HEAR THE ELECTRONICALLY ENHANCED VOICE OF  
VERGER CONVERSING WITH HIM.

VERGER

Are you Franklin ?

FRANKLIN

...Franklin.

VERGER

Where do you live?

FRANKLIN

With Mama and Shirley and Stringbean.

ANGLE SHIFT TO OVER VERGER, ONTO THE FRIGHTENED BOY. IN THE  
BG WE SEE THE NURSE BEATING A STRATEGIC RETREAT TO THE DOOR,  
AND AFTER HER EXIT, WE SEE HER APPEAR ON THE SCREEN WHICH  
SHOWS THE CORRIDOR, TAKING A CHAIR ACROSS FROM "ROSIE," WE  
SEE HER SIT AND TAKE OUT A BOOK AND READ. AS VERGER TALKS  
WITH FRANKLIN, WE SEE THE INFORMATION ON THE "TEXT" SCREEN  
SCROLL, WHICH NEW INFO WE SEE REFLECTED IN VERGER'S  
QUESTIONS.

FRANKLIN (cont'd)

But Stringbean, he in and out.

VERGER

In and out. Yes. And Mama... and Mama,  
is not your real Mama, is she Franklin?

FRANKLIN

She my foster.

VERGER

She's not the first foster that you've  
had. Is she?

FRANKLIN

No.

(THE CHILD LOOKS AROUND, AND,  
FINDING NO SUPPORT, LOOKS  
BACK AT VERGER.)

VERGER

Do you like it at your home, Franklin?

**FRANKLIN**  
**(FRIGHTENING)**

We got KittyKat...

**VERGER**

Yes.... yes...

**FRANKLIN**

...and Shirley, let me sleep with her  
sometime.

**VERGER**

Yes. Franklin, you can't live there  
anymore. With Mama and Shirley and  
Kittykat. You have to go away.

**FRANKLIN**

...who say...?

**VERGER**

The government says. Mama has lost her  
job, so she can't be your foster  
mother. The police found a marijuana  
cigarette in your home. You can't see  
Mama anymore. Or Shirley. Or Kitty  
Cat. That's what the Government says...

**ANGLE XCU ON FRANKLIN.**

VERGER (cont'd)

...or perhaps they just don't want you  
anymore. Could that be? And, do you  
know what will happen to Kitty Cat? When  
you go away. The police will take her,  
and they'll give her a shot. With a  
shiny needle. They'll give Kitty Cat a  
shot. And it will hurt her. And then  
she will die.

**FRANKLIN TAKES THE TAIL OF HIS SHIRT FROM HIS PANTS AND  
HOLDS IT TO HIS EYES.**

**ANGLE**

**ON VERGER'S BED, AND ON CORDELL BEHIND HIM, GLANCING THROUGH  
A FILE.**

**CORDELL LOOKS UP AT THE WAILING OF FRANKLIN.**

VERGER (cont'd)

Come here...

(BEAT.  
FRANKLIN COMES FORWARD, HIS  
FACE SCREWING UP IN TERROR AS  
THE DETAIL OF VERGER BECOME  
MORE APPARENT. HE STOPS  
MOVING FORWARD.)

Do you know how you keep kittycat from  
getting a shot? Franklin? No? Do you  
know. Then come here...

FRANKLIN COMES FORWARD.

VERGER (cont'd)  
You can keep Kitty Cat from  
getting a shot if...

ANGLE

ON CORDELL, WHO REACTS TO SOME SIGN FROM VERGER, AND NODS,  
AND TAKES A SMALL PACKAGE FROM A POCKET IN HIS COAT.

ANGLE

ON CORDELL, WHO GIVES THE PACKAGE TO FRANKLIN.

VERGER (cont'd)  
If you give him this...

ANGLE ON FRANKLIN, AS HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE PACKAGE IN HIS  
HANDS.

ANGLE INS:

IT IS A PACKAGE OF RAT POISON.

ANGLE

ON FRANKLIN, HOLDING THE POISON, HE LOOKS UP AS VERGER  
TALKS.

VERGER (cont'd)  
You can keep her from getting the shot,  
if you give her that rat poison  
yourself...

ANGLE, HOLD ON FRANKLIN, WHO BEGINS TO WEEP COPIOUSLY.

ANGLE, ON THE VIDEO SCREEN SHOWING FRANKLIN, AS WE HEAR A  
SERVO MOTOR, AND THE SCREEN ZOOMS IN TO SHOW A TEAR.

ANGLE

ON CORDELL, WHO IS NOW AT A SMALL WETBAR, MIXING VODKA AND VERMOUTH AND POURING THEM INTO A MARTINI SHAKER.

HE GLANCES OVER, AND NODS.

ANGLE

ON CORDELL, AS HE PUSHES A BUTTON ON A CONSOLE. ON THE SCREEN OVER VERGER'S BED WE SEE THE NURSE IN THE HALL REACT. SHE PUTS HER PAPERBACK BOOK INTO HER POCKET, AND RISES, AND WE SEE HER ENTER VERGER'S ROOM, AND STAND BY THE DOOR.

VERGER (cont'd)  
Goodbye, Franklin.

CORDELL WALKS FRANKLIN TO THE DOOR.

VERGER (cont'd)  
...remember what we talked about.

WE HEAR VERGER'S ELECTRONICALLY AMPLIFIED BREATHING BECOME EXCITED, AND ON THE LIFESIGNS SCREENS, WE SEE HIS VITAL SIGNS BECOME MORE AGITATED, AND THE NURSE, AND CORDELL START TOWARD THE BED.

VERGER (cont'd)  
(AS HIS BREATHING QUIETS)  
No, I'm fine...

WE SEE CORDELL START BACK INTO THE ROOM, AND THEN, AT THE SOUND OF VERGER'S VOICE TURN AWAY AGAIN.

ANGLE, AT THE DOOR, CORDELL SIGNS TO THE NURSE, AND STOOPS TO THE CRYING FRANKLIN.

CORDELL TAKES A STERILE PLASTIC BAG FROM HIS POCKET, HE REMOVES FROM IT A CLAMP, IN THE JAWS OF WHICH ARE A SMALL SQUARE OF COTTON GAUZE. HE STOOPS TO FRANKLIN, AND CAREFULLY TAKES ONE OF FRANKLIN'S TEARS ONTO THE GAUZE. HE NODS TO THE NURSE, WHO EXITS WITH FRANKLIN.

HE DISAPPEARS FROM THE SHOT.

ANGLE ON VERGER.

VERGER (cont'd)  
..what have we heard from our friend at the FBI...?

ANGLE ON CORDELL, AS HE TAKES AN ENVELOPE, AND EXTRACTS A XEROX OF AN X-RAY AND PUTS IT ON THE SCREEN, WE SEE IT IS

THE "BRAZILIAN" X-RAY OF LECHTER'S HAND. WE SEE AN IMPRINT AT THE TOP OF THE X-RAY--THE PATIENTS NAME AND THE LAB NAME RIPPED AWAY--ALL THAT REMAINS ARE THE WORDS "...DO BRAZIL."

**CORDELL**

Most current information shows the result of an operation for the removal of a sixth digit, the left hand of a man.

**VERGER**

Can we identify it as Dr. Lechter?

**CORDELL**

Not with any certainty we...

**VERGER'S BREATHING AGAIN BECOMES EXCITABLE.**

**VERGER**

Why did he come back?

**CORDELL**

Our operatives in Brazil have been empowered to offer a reward of....

**VERGER**

...WHY DID HE COME BACK? WHY DID THE BOY TURN BACK...?

**CORDELL**

...are you alright, sir...?

**VERGER**

HE TURNED BACK INTO THE ROOM. Where have we Seen it Before.

**CORDELL**

Seen what, sir..?

**VERGER**

The puppy comes back. If you lie on the ground. The Puppy will return. Why? Do you know why...? TO KILL YOU. IT THINKS YOU HAVE FALLEN AND ARE POWERLESS. IT COMES BACK TO TEAR YOUR THROAT. THAT'S WHY THE CHILD TURNED BACK. As Lechter will return back. You see? To the sight of his oppressor wounded. He will return to savage our beloved Miss Starling. Bring me a drink.

**CORDELL TURNS, BACK TO THE CONSOLE.**

WE SEE CORDELL TURN, AND APPROACH THE BED, HOLDING THE MARTINI ON A TRAY.

HE PUTS THE TRAY DOWN ON THE BEDTABLE.

ANGLE INS.

WE SEE, ON THE SMALL METAL HOSPITAL TRAY, THE MARTINI SHAKER, THE MARTINI GLASS, AND A SMALL BEAKER, IN WHICH IS THE CLAMP WHICH BEARS THE GAUZE PAD WHICH BEARS FRANKLIN'S TEARS.

CORDELL SHAKES THE SHAKER, POURS IT INTO THE GLASS, AND DROPS THE GAUZE PAD INTO IT, AND HANDS IT TO VERGER.

CORDELL

Your drink, sir.

VERGER

It's time to step up the pressure on our Sweet Miss Starling. ...call our friend at the F.B.I. And, instead of finding Lechter, let's help Him find us.

ANGLE

ON ONE OF THE VIDEO SCREENS, WE SEE A SHEET LABELLED "CONFIDENTIAL FBI NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION." AND WE SEE, IN VARIOUS SQUARES BELOW, THE DRAWINGS BY LECHTER, THE VARIOUS FUNERAY SKETCHES.

CAMERA COMES IN ON ONE OF THE MIDDLE, LEFT, WHICH SHOWS THE LION WITH A BIRD IN ITS MOUTH.

EXT FLORENCE PARK NIGHT.

THE STATUE OF THE LION HOLDING THE BIRD. A COUPLE WALKING PAST.

PAZZI

...the purpose of the exercise... is it because they are expensive...

MRS. PAZZI

They aren't expensive, you got them through your connections.... speaking of which:

PAZZI

Fine, thank you, but

MRS. PAZZI

Speaking of which, I want you also to get us tickets for the Opera...

**PAZZI**

...whatever is within my power...

**MRS. PAZZI**

...and that is what you need to expand.

**PAZZI**

I don't understand.

**MRS. PAZZI**

**(SHE STOPS AND ADDRESSES HIM)**

We are here on sufferance. I am here...

**PAZZI**

...why are we here in the first place...?

**MRS. PAZZI**

Because it is exclusive... because everyone will be here...

**CAMERA TAKES THEM PAST A SIGN ANNOUNCING "EXHIBITION INSTRUMENTS OF ATROCIOUS TORTURE," AND A VELVET ROPE, AND VARIOUS WELL DRESSED PEOPLE WAITING TO GET IN.**

**PAZZI WALKS TO THE HEAD OF THE LINE, AND SHOWS HIS TICKETS, AND IS ADMITTED.**

**ANGLE INT. THE EXHIBIT HALL.**

**AN IRON MAIDEN. A COFFIN SHOWING SPIKES ON ONE SIDE, THE OTHER SIDE EMPTY, IS AN IMPROVISED ENTRY TO THE EXHIBIT. PAZZI AND HIS WIFE ENTER, SHE STOPS TO GOSSIP WITH A WELL DRESSED COUPLE.**

MRS. PAZZI (cont'd)

Mrs. Demetrio, how good to see you...

**ANGLE ON PAZZI, AS HE DRIFTS AWAY. WE SEE HIM STARING AT VARIOUS THUMBSCREWS, A RACK, A GUILLOTINE. HE STOOPS TO READ A PLACARD. HIS WIFE COMES UP BEHIND HIM.**

MRS. PAZZI (cont'd)

You see, that is my point.

**PAZZI**

...my love...

**MRS. PAZZI**

...they asked us to dinner. How can we

accept if we cannot return the...

**PAZZI**

I am on the track of...

**MRS. PAZZI**

Yes, yes, yes, your thirty thousand dollars reward, which you would have to split with your team, which, if you get it, will not buy me a new watch...

(SHE STOPS TO GREET ANOTHER COUPLE)

**PAZZI**

...what do you expect me to...

HE STOPS, AND TURNS AWAY, WHEN HE SEES THAT SHE IS ENGROSSED. HE IS NOW LOOKING AT A TORTURE WHEEL. HE STOPS AND LOOKS INTENTLY INTO THE GLOOM OF THE ROPED OFF EXHIBIT.

ANGLE HIS POV

INSIDE THE EXHIBIT, IN A DARK CORNER, THE FIGURE OF A MAN. SKETCHING.

ANGLE XCU ON FELL, LECHTER, IN THE GLOOM, SKETCHING.

WE SEE A GOOD SKETCH OF THE WHEEL, ON WHICH HE HAS ADDED ARCHITECTURAL NOTES ON ANGLES AND DISTANCES. HE TURNS, FEELING SOMEONE LOOKING AT HIM.

ANGLE HIS POV.

PAZZI, BEYOND THE VELVET ROPE. PEERING INTENTLY, RETURNING FELL'S GLANCE.

DOUBLECUTTING: WE RETURN TO PAZZI, STARING, WE SEE HIM MAKE A QUICK ADDENDUM TO THE SKETCH OF THE TORTURE WHEEL. AND THEN RETURN TO PAZZI, LEANING OVER TO PEER MORE CLOSELY INTO THE GLOOM.

**MRS. PAZZI**

So, the question: as always, Rinaldo, the question is one of mmm...

ANGLE

ON MRS. PAZZI, AS FELL APPEARS AT THEIR SIDE, SHE TURNS TO HIM.

**FELL**

Commendatore would you do me the honor of

introducing me.

**PAZZI**

Darling, Dr. Fell. My wife Madame Pazzi.

**FELL**

**(HE BENDS TO KISS HER HAND)**

Enchante.

**GUIDE**

The exhibit is closing. The exhibit is closing in Ten Minutes... please make your way to the...

**MRS. PAZZI**

Dr. Fell. You are not Italian.

**FELL**

Sadly, no. And I find that birth is one of the few things in life which study and a pleasant attitude can not amend. What do you think?

**MRS. PAZZI**

And how do we account for the interest of such a charming man, an interest in Torture?

**PAZZI**

Dr. Fell is studying for his examination by the Studiolo.

**FELL**

Indeed I am. And the connection, between Dante, and, in fact, between your illustrious forebears... if you'd come with me, I could show you...

**HE HOLDS UP THE ROPE, AS TO LEAD THEM BACK INTO THE EXHIBIT.**

**PAZZI**

But the exhibit is closing.

**FELL**

How unfortunate.

**PAZZI STARTS TO HELP HIS WIFE ON WITH HER WRAP.**

FELL (cont'd)

May I...?

HE TAKES THE WRAP, AND BEGINS TO DRAPE IT AROUND HER SHOULDERS.

ANGLE EXT THE EXHIBIT. ON THE STREET, THE CURIOUS ARE EXITING.

FELL CONCLUDES PUTTING THE WRAP ON MRS. PAZZI.

FELL (cont'd)  
What a lovely perfume. I believe I recognize it, do I not...?

MRS. PAZZI  
My husband brought it to me from America.

FELL  
A wonderful country...

AN OLDER MAN CALLS PAZZI AWAY.

MRS. PAZZI  
You know it?

FELL  
I have had many excellent meals there.

MRS. PAZZI  
And yet, they are not know for their cuisine.

FELL  
(SMILES)  
...should love to correct your error.  
(PAUSE)

MRS. PAZZI  
Well, perhaps sometime we...

PAZZI REJOINS THE GROUP.

PAZZI  
Darling...

FELL  
Well, if you will excuse me. Madame.  
What a pleasure.

HE MOVES AWAY.

PAZZI  
The commissioner is going round the

Cafe...

**MRS. PAZZI**

...did he invlte us...?

**PAZZI**

No. Invite us? No, he simply...

**MRS. PAZZI**

Then we cannot go.

**PAZZI**

Because...?

**MRS. PAZZI**

Because we cannot pay...

**HE LEADS HER OFF, THE TWO OBVIOUSLY HAVING A FIGHT.**

**ANGLE**

**IN THE GLOOM, LECHTER-FELL, LOOKING AT THEM APPRAISINGLY.**

**INT PAZZI'S APARTMENT NIGHT.**

**PAZZI SITTING IN SHIRTSLEEVES, HIS TIE UNDONE, A HALF FULL GLASS OF WHISKY IN FRONT OF HIM, AT HIS DESK. HIS DESK FULL OF PAPERS. HIS WIFE IN A HOUSEDRESS. RANTING.**

MRS. PAZZI (cont'd)

...constant humiliation. And why?

**PAZZI**

"Because we don't have any money."

**MRS. PAZZI**

....because we don't have any mmm...

**PAZZI HOLDS UP A FOLDER.**

**PAZZI**

The Case that I am working on...

**MRS. PAZZI TAKES THE FOLDER AND FLINGS IT DOWN.**

**MRS. PAZZI**

It's a joke. You're a joke. You're a joke. You don't know what money is-- your idea of money...

**(SHE PICKS UP ANOTHER FILE ON THE DESK, AND TAKES OUT THE**

SCARF GIVEN TO PAZZI BY  
STARLING)

...spend it on a whore on your 'business trip.' That is the fine limit of your ambitions...

ANGLE

ON PAZZI, REARRANGING THE FILE. WE SEE, IN AN INSERT, THE SCARF, THE "MAN WANTED" POSTER, AND FBI CASE STUDY ON HANNIBAL LECHTER, AND WE HOLD ON THE "THREE MILLION DOLLARS REWARD."

ANGLE ON THE TWO, HIS WIFE STORMING OUT.

MRS. PAZZI (cont'd)  
And if you do not find some money.  
Soon. I'm leaving you.

(BEAT)

And I want tickets to the Opera.

SHE CLOSSES THE DOOR OF HIS STUDY.

INT FELL'S STUDY NIGHT.

FELL, IN A SMALL ELEGANT CHAMBER OF A PALAZZO. PLAYING A CLAVIER. HE STOPS TO ADJUST A PAGE ON THE MUSIC STAND IN FRONT OF HIM. HE RESUMES PLAYING.

ANGLE HIS POV

THE MUSIC STAND. IT HOLDS NOT MUSIC, BUT THE SKETCH WE SAW HIM DO EARLIER OF STARLING. WE SEE HIS HAND ADJUST THE PAGES ONCE AGAIN, AND THE SKETCH OF STARLING IS HALF-OBSCURED BY THE SKETCH WE SAW FELL MAKE OF THE TORTURE WHEEL. AT THE TOP OF THE SKETCH WE SEE THE ADDED FACES OF PAZZI AND MME PAZZI, SKETCHED BY FELL AT THE EXHIBIT.

ANGLE

FRONTAL ON FELL, AS HE STOPS PLAYING. HE PICKS UP A GLASS OF WINE WHICH HAS BEEN RESTING ON THE CLAVIER, AND TAKES ONE OF THE SKETCHES AND GAZES INTENTLY AT IT.

HE SHIVERS SLIGHTLY, AND TURNS UP THE COLLAR OF HIS JACKET.

ANGLE, AS HIS POV.

SNOW BLOWING ACROSS A SMALL WINDOW, THE WINDOW RATTLING.

THE SNOW BLOWS THE SHADE. INSIDE THE WINDOW WE SEE

BEARDED SOLDIERS, COOKING OVER A SMALL FIRE MADE ON THE FLOOR OF THE DISHEVELLED HOME.

ANGLE

ON A SMALL DARK BOY, DRESSED IN RAGS, IN THE BLOWING SNOW, LOOKING INTO THE WINDOW.

ANGLE HIS POV.

WE SEE THE SOLDIER COME TOWARD THE WINDOW AND FASTEN IT AGAINST THE WIND.

ANGLE

THE BOY, BACKING ACROSS A SMALL COURTYARD INTO THE OPEN DOOR OF A SMALL FACTORY BUILDING.

INT DARK FACTORY BUILDING NIGHT.

STARLING IS MOVING THROUGH THE BUILDING, AGAINST THE WALL, HUGGING THE WALL. SHE HEARS A SOUND, AND TURNS. SHE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE HER POV--A SMALL BADGE WITH A BULLETHOLE IN IT, LYING ON THE FLOOR. SHE LOOKS UP TO THE SOUND OF RUNNING, AND SEES A FIGURE FLITTING ACROSS AN OPENING.

ANGLE

STARLING RAISES HER PISTOL AND PULLS THE TRIGGER.

NOTHING HAPPENS. SHE LOOKS AT THE PISTOL. IT IS JAMMED, SHE TRIES TO CLEAR IT QUICKLY, WE SEE A HAND ON HER SHOULDER, SHE TURNS.

ANGLE HER POV

IT IS THE FACE OF LECHTER.

STARLING RAISES THE PISTOL AND FIRES. WE SEE THE PISTOL EXPLODE.

WE HEAR SCREAMING.

ANGLE INT STARLING'S BEDROOM. STARLING, SITTING UP IN BED, SCREAMING. MAPP BURST IN TO THE ROOM. FOLLOWED BY HER BOYFRIEND, JIM, WHO CARRIES A GUN, AND SWEEPS THE ROOM. MAPP SITS BY STARLING.

SHE QUIETS STARLING.

MAPP

What was it.

(STARLING SHAKES HER HEAD)

What was it, honey?

ANGLE XCU ON STARLING, WHO MUTTERS.

STARLING

...something about my father...?

MAPP

...what?

STARLING

(AS SHE SHAKES HER HEAD TO  
CLEAR IT, AND RISES)

Do you think you could make a cup of  
coffee, cause I'm going to work.

ANGLE ON JIM. HE LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW, AT THE DAWN. HE  
LOOKS AT HIS WATCH, AND AT MAPP. HE SHRUGS.

INT VERGER'S ROOM, NIGHT.

VERGER'S VARIOUS VIDEO SCREENS, SHOWING HALF-SEEN PICTURES OF  
CHILDREN PLAYING.

VERGER

(TO CORDELL)

Show me the pigs.

CORDELL COMES AND STANDS BY THE BED. HE PICKS UP A  
TELEPHONE, AND TOUCHES SOME BUTTONS ON THE CONSOLE. WE SEE  
ONE OF THE VIDEO SCREENS COME TO LIFE, AND WE SEE A BARN,  
AND A COUPLE OF RATTY LOOKING GENTLEMEN WITH COFFEECUPS.

VERGER (cont'd)

Good morning, Gentlemen.

THEY TUG THEIR FORELOCKS.

CORDELL

...may we see it, please?

GENTLEMAN

(WITH A THICK MIDEUROPEAN  
ACCENT)

We have them trained the two things: to  
come on the whistle, and to attack the  
figurine.

WE SEE THE OTHER GENTLEMEN BRING FORWARD A SCARECROW.

GENTLEMAN (cont'd)  
...can you see the pig...?

**WE SEE THE CAMERA SCAN, AND WE SEE TWO LARGE WILD BOARS IN A PEN.**

**WE SEE THE ONE MAN PUT THE SCARECROW OVER A FENCE.**

GENTLEMAN (cont'd)  
We stuff the figure with mean scraps, at first, of course, the pigs is...

**VERGER**

Do it...

**CORDELL**

...Let's see the pigs, please.

**THE GENTLEMAN BLOWS HIS WHISTLE. THE PIGS RUN AT THE FIGURINE AND STOP. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF HUMAN SCREAMS.**

**GENTLEMAN**

We tape the screams, to get them used to the

**(HE MUMBLES, LOOKS TO HIS FRIEND FOR HELP)**

**SECOND GENTLEMAN**

...distraction.

**GENTLEMAN**

...as you recommend,

**(SHRUGS)**

I think they like it. They will eventually.

**VERGER**

Make them eat the figurine.

**GENTLEMAN**

They will, sir. We train them, to the figurine, eventually, they consume a man, say, 80 kilos, say, in...

**VERGER**

**(TO CORDELL)**

...tell them...

**CORDELL**

We don't want the man consumed. No. We want to put the man's feet through the

bars, and have the pigs... and have the pigs eat his feet.

**GENTLEMAN**

**(NODS)**

...they eat his feet...

**VERGER**

Yes. It's all a question of bait--isn't it...?

**ON THE TV SCREEN WE SEE THE PIGS NOSING THE DUMMY.**

VERGER (cont'd)

...make them eat the dummy.

**GENTLEMAN**

...they eat the dummy, sir, they eat the man... I keep them hungry. When... when do we think this man arrives.

**VERGER**

Is it necessary to know?

**GENTLEMAN**

Well, I don't want to starve them too long. They die.

**VERGER**

Oh, no, no. It won't be that long.

**THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON THE PIGS. IN AN UPPER SCREEN WE SEE A CHICKEN WANDERING OUTSIDE THE PEN. THE CHICKEN WANDERS INTO THE PEN. ON THE FIRST SCREEN WE SEE ONE OF THE PIGS TURN, AND RUN BLINDINGLY QUICKLY ACROSS THE ENCLOSURE, AND IN A CU WE SEE THE FEW FEATHERS THAT ARE THE REMAINDER OF THE CHICKEN.**

**ANGLE**

**ON VERGER AND CORDELL.**

VERGER (cont'd)

No, I don't think it will be too very long at all.

**(TO CORDELL)**

Please call our friend at the FBI.

**SOUND OF A PHONE HIGH SPEED DIALED.**

VERGER (cont'd)

**(TO PHONE)**

Hello. Do you know who this is? I think it's time to finish the preparation of our friend. Miss Starling. I'm fine, how are you...?

**INT PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE DAY.**

**STARLING IS TALKING TO A KINDLY OLDER WOMAN PSYCHIATRIST.**

**ANGLE INS**

**STARLING HOLDS THE CARD READING, "BE KIND, BE HAPPY."**

**ANGLE ON STARLING SPEAKING:**

**STARLING**

...to, to... to be in control of my... my emotions.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

Yes, but no one is in control of their emotions.

**(PAUSE)**

that's all we have time for today...

**(SHE STARTS TO RISE)**

**STARLING**

**(PAUSE)**

I don't understand.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

You said: that you have "decided." That your... your feelings of persecution, as you put it are a "self-indulgence," and you are going to put them aside. And get on with your job.

**STARLING**

That's right.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

And you have decided to accept... to accept this "emotion," as you put it, to the ... the "sweepings. of the Lechter case.

**STARLING**

Yes.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

And you've decided to get married.

**(PAUSE)**

You've decided a lot of things.

**(PAUSE)**

But, in spite of your decisions--you are still "nagged" by feelings of: despair, of failure of... you still have the nightmare, you...

**STARLING**

What is your point?

**PSYCHIATRIST**

That if decision were a useful tool, you wouldn't be here.

**(PAUSE)**

Why are you here...?

**STARLING**

I..

**PSYCHIATRIST**

...yes...?

**STARLING**

**(AS SHE RISES)**

I want to do something positive...

**PSYCHIATRIST**

You want some advice.

**STARLING**

Yes.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

Your life has been defined by institutions. The Orphanage where you were raised, the FBI Academy, the Bureau. If the Institution is your life, accept it. Ask to be reinstated on the "Drumgo" task force. Play their game.

**STARLING**

...why?

**PSYCHIATRIST**

Because it's the game you've chosen. That's really all we have time for.

**INT ITALIAN POLICE DETECTIVE SQUAD HQ FLORENCE.**

**A HATRACK WITH THE "GIMME" CAP FROM THE FBI INTERNATIONAL POLICE ACADEMY ON IT.**

**PAZZI ENTERS, AND HANGS HIS HAT ON THE HATRACK, HE IS SPEAKING WITH HIS SUPERIOR.**

**PAZZI**

...a liaison position...

**SUPERIOR**

And what does that mean?

**PAZZI**

...I feel that...

**SUPERIOR**

"A liaison position with the Opera."

**(PAUSE)**

**THE SUPERIOR TAKES PAZZI INTO A SMALL OFFICE AND CLOSSES THE DOOR.**

SUPERIOR (cont'd)

Rinaldo, what happened to you?

**(PAUSE)**

You want me to reach out for tickets to the Opera. Say so. What is that young girl doing to you...?

**PAZZI**

Could you get me tickets to the Opera.

**SUPERIOR**

She must be something special After Dark.

**PAZZI**

I can't remember.

**(PAUSE. THE SUPERIOR NODS**

**SAGELY)**

I've got to make some money.

**SUPERIOR**

**(PICKS UP A FILE)**

Thirty thousand dollars reward. In the whereabouts of Il Dottore Fanelli, or the apprehension of his...

**PAZZI**

...yes, yes, yes....

**HE SIGHS, HE TAKES THE FILE, AND LEAVES THE OFFICE.**

PAZZI (cont'd)

Could you help me with tickets to..

**SUPERIOR**

The short term problem is the tickets--  
The long-term problem is your wife.

**PAZZI SHAKES HIS HEAD.**

**ANGLE**

**PAZZI AT HIS DESK. WE SEE THE FILE LABELLED: DISAPPEARANCE  
OF DOTTORE ENNIO FANELLI.**

**ANGLE PAZZI AT HIS DESK.**

**A COLLEAGUE COMES BY.**

**COLLEAGUE**

Naldo, you want Opera Tickets...?

**PAZZI**

Can you help me?

**COLLEAGUE**

No, but I'm going. If you like, I'll  
tell you what you missed.

**THE COLLEAGUE LEAVES.**

**THE SUPERIOR RETURNS.**

**SUPERIOR**

And the related problem is your job.  
Aha. And here it all comes together. To  
get a promotion you must keep your job. To  
keep your job you must solve this  
case. Solve the case, and the reward  
may help you keep your wife. In short,  
the solution to all your problems lies in  
This File: The Disappearance of Il  
Dottore Fanelli.

**THE SUPERIOR POINTS TO A FILE ON PAZZI'S DESK.**

**PAZZI NODS, AND PICKS UP THE REPORT.**

**ANGLE INS. THE REPORT:**

....identified by the following: acute anesthesia or a hyper-  
acute sense of smell. Capable of distinguishing quantities  
of substance by smell.

**ANGLE ON PAZZI, AS HE LEAFS THROUGH THE REPORT, WONDERINGLY.**

**ANGLE INS, THE REPORT.**

...phenomenal capacity for languages. Known perfect fluency in Russian, German, Spanish, French, and Italian. In addition...

**ANGLE ON PAZZI, AS HE LEAVES THROUGH THE REPORT AGAIN.**

**ANGLE THE REPORT.**

...notable in all scenes of abduction: 1) The condiments were missing from the Kitchen Area. 2) ...

**ANGLE THE REPORT**

...of indeterminate sexuality. But remarkably attractive to women. This "Hyper-charm" \*\* Sudonis, et al: PSYCHOPATHOLOGY of the serial killer, is most pronounced in...

**THE PAGES RIFLE, AND WE READ:**

...knowledge of the Italian Renaissance, with a particular emphasis on Architecture (see: LECHTER, THE ARTIST) and Literature. During his first recorded incarceration, he confounded the Prison Psychiatrist By Quoting Dante on...

**ANGLE ON PAZZI. AS HE LOOKS AT THE REPORT.**

**ANGLE HIS POV: THE REPORT ON THE DISAPPEARANCE OF FANELLI, STILL LYING ON THE DESK. ANGLE, ON THE REPORT HE IS HOLDING, HE TURNS TO THE COVER, WE READ IT IS: FBI INTERNATIONAL POLICE ACADEMY. CASE BOOK.**

THE PSYCHOPATHIC KILLER. #3: HANNIBAL LECHTER.

**ANGLE**

**ON PAZZI, AT HIS DESK. HE PUTS DOWN THE FBI REPORT, AND PICKS UP THE FANELLI REPORT, AND LEAFS THROUGH IT.**

**ANGLE INS: HIS POV. THE REPORT, WE READ:**

...apartment was untouched, showing no signs of his departure, hurried or otherwise. Note: his housekeeper did testify that "all the condiments had been removed from the kitchen," but this was discounted as fanciful and...

**ANGLE**

**ON PAZZI, AS HE PUTS DOWN THE REPORT.**

**HE LOOKS AT THE TWO REPORTS SIDE BY SIDE, A COLLEAGUE COMES UP BEHIND HIM.**

**COLLEAGUE**

Commendatore, if you're looking for Opera Tickets....

PAZZI WAVES HIM AWAY, HE OPENS HIS DESK, AND TAKES OUT AN ENVELOPE OF SNAPSHOTS. HE LEAFS THROUGH THEM AND WE SEE PAZZI ON THE RANGE AT QUANTICO, IN A CLASSROOM, IN FRONT OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL, AND IN FRONT OF THE WANTED POSTER, FOR LECHTER.

ANGLE XCU, THE NUMBER ADVERTISING A THREE MILLION DOLLAR REWARD.

ANGLE, ON PAZZI AS HE STARTS TO PICK UP THE PHONE, THEN HESITATES. HE RISES, AND GOES TO THE HATSTAND TO TAKE HIS HAT.

EXT FLORENCE STREET.

ANGLE INS.

THE SNAPSHOT, THE WANTED POSTER, SOUND OF A PHONE BEING DIALED.

ANGLE

PAZZI IN THE PHONEBOOTH. WE HEAR A RECORDED ANNOUNCEMENT: WE'RE SORRY, THIS NUMBER IS NO LONGER IN SERVICE. IF YOU FEEL YOU HAVE DIALED IN ERROR....

PAZZI HANDS UP THE PHONE. HE STARTS TO WALK AWAY. AS HE DOES SO, THE PHONE RINGS, HE GOES BACK TO THE TELEPHONE.

PAZZI

(ON HIS PHONE)

Hello....?

VOICE ON PHONE

...what did you want?

(PAUSE)

PAZZI

I know where he is.

VOICE ON PHONE

I'm sure I don't know who you mean.

PAZZI

I know where he is.

VOICE ON PHONE

And why should we believe you?

PAZZI

I know something no one knows.

**(PAUSE)**

He has had his finger removed. On his left hand.

**(PAUSE)**

It left a scar.

**(PAUSE)**

**VOICE ON PHONE**

What shape is the scar?

**PAZZI**

I want the money.

**VOICE ON PHONE**

What shape is the scar?

**PAZZI**

The shape of a Three.

**INT VERGER'S ROOM. CORDELL IS ON THE PHONE.**

**CORDELL**

**(ON PHONE)**

...on positive identification. And the remainder of the Reward, upon his apprehension by the appropriate Legal Authorities.

**(HE HANGS UP)**

**ANGLE**

**ON THE VIDEOS ABOVE VERGER'S BED. THEY SHOW THE PIGS BEING FED.**

**VERGER**

Where was the call from.

**CORDELL**

Somewhere in Italy.

**VERGER**

Make plans for Lechter's abduction.

**CORDELL STARTS AWAY, THEN TURNS BACK.**

**CORDELL**

...then we won't need to tether Miss Starling as our lure.

**VERGER**

That operation has begun. Are we God, that we would Meddle with it...? No, on

the other hand...

INT OPERA HOUSE NIGHT.

STARLING, DRESSED IN FINERY. SHE IS WATCHING A WESTERN BALLET A LA AGNES DE MILLE, THE DANCERS ARE DRESSED IN COWBOY GARB.

NEXT TO HER WE SEE A VERY FAT WOMAN ASLEEP. BEHIND THE OLD WOMAN TWO OPERAGOERS ARE WHISPERING THEIR DISPLEASURE.

STARLING EXCHANGES A LOOK WITH HER DATE. WE DO NOT SEE HIM, ONLY HER ACROSS HIS SHOULDER. SHE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE HER POV

ON THE FLOOR WE SEE HER FEET AND HIS FEET IN COWBOY BOOTS.

STARLING BENDS DOWN AND RETRIEVES A BADGE CASE, SHE OPENS IT IN THE INSERT AND REVEALS IT IS A WATCHMAN'S BADGE WITH A HOLE IN IT, SHE HANDS THE BADGE TO THE MAN, WE SEE HE HOLDS, ON HIS LAP, A WESTERN HAT, WITH A BULLETHOLE IN THE CROWN.

OPERAGOER

How can she sleep at a time like this?  
How can she...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT SWAT VAN

WE SEE THE SWAT COPS WE SAW IN THE FIRST SEQUENCE. THEY ARE STUFFED INTO A VAN IN FULL ASSAULT GEAR. ONE OF THE COPS IS TALKING ABOUT SOMETHING JUST OUT OF SHOT.

TAPED TO THE WALL OF THE VAN IS A LARGE GRAINY BLOWUP OF EVELDA DRUMGO.

COP

...sleep at a time like this...?

BRIGHAM

(ALSO IN ASSAULT GEAR)

She's resting. She's conserving her strength, perhaps you should do the same.

WE SEE HE IS TALKING ABOUT STARLING WHO IS, INDEED, ASLEEP, SITTING IN THE VAN.

TEAM LEADER

Stand by.

**BRIGHAM NUDGES STARLING, WHO WAKES UP.**

**ANGLE EXT THE VAN. IT IS PULLING UP OUTSIDE A FISH MARKET, ALONGSIDE THE RIVER. VARIOUS WORKERS ARE HOSING DOWN THE FISH ON ICE. WE SEE THE VAN, A US POSTAL SERVICE VAN, COMING AROUND THE CORNER.**

**ANGLE INT THE VAN.**

TEAM LEADER (cont'd)  
...Starling...

**HE DEFERS TO HER, SHE MOVES TO THE CENTER OF THE CROWDED VAN AND PEEKS THROUGH THE PERISCOPE.**

**ANGLE HER POV**

**THE SCENE JUST SEEN FROM OUTSIDE THE VAN. A LOWRIDER CAR PULLING UP.**

**STARLING**

Yeah, it looks clear outside the... wait a moment..... we got... it's a gunship...

**BRIGHAM NUDGES HER ASIDE AND LOOKS THROUGH THE EYEPiece OF THE PERISCOPE.**

**HE HOLDS A SHORT CONVERSATION WITH A WALKIE TALKIE.**

**BRIGHAM**

Brigham. Go.

**(PAUSE)**

Affirmative.

**(PAUSE)**

Okay, Happiness is a Green Light. We've got Evelda in the kitchen, cooking. The dope's D.E.A.

**(HE NODS TO ONE OF THE MEN IN THE VAN.)**

We want her on Interstate Transportation of some firecrackers. Starling: you've got Drumgo, you know her from before.

**STARLING**

I know her by the Back.

**BRIGHAM**

...these guy'll back you up.

**OFFICER**

We're gonna be your Couch Potatoes.

**STARLING**

Pray that it may be so. She will fight. Last time, she had a nine mil, three magazines, mace in her purse, a Razor round her neck, and a shank in her hair. She will walk over you, you give her a chance. I'm gonna asker to give it up, she balks, I want some real help. Nevermind Watching my Back, I want some weight on her.

**OFFICER**

You got it.

**TECHNICIAN**

We've got some action, coming out of the building.

**STARLING**

I don't want you Huskies stand'n around, watching us Mud Wrestling.... Drurngo is HIV positive, and I don't wanna be in there, swap spit with her...

**ANGLE. ON THE RIVER. A BOAT, CRUISING.**

**A SWAT OFFICER IS TALKING ON A WALKIE.**

**SWAT OFFICER**

I've got you, three hundred yards from the Factory. We're going in the back door.

**HE LOOKS OUT.**

**ANGLE, HIS POV. VARIOUS SMALL FISH FACTORY SHEDS, AND WE SEE THE PHONE VAN, MOVING SLOWLY, BETWEEN THEM.**

**ANGLE**

**IN THE VAN.**

**STARLING MOVES TO THE BACK. SHE IS OBSERVING THE STREETSCENE THROUGH THE SMOKED GLASS IN THE REAR OF THE VAN.**

SWAT OFFICER (cont'd)

...how we looking back there?

**ANGLE, STARLING'S POV**

THE FISH STALL, A WORKER, HOSING DOWN THE ICED FISH.

WE SEE A SMALL METAL DOOR, IN THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING OPEN,  
AND A HEAVYSET MAN COMES OUT, CARRYING A BASKET IN HIS  
ARMS.

STARLING

Heads up!

ANGLE, STARLING'S POV.

HE IS FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER MAN, CARRYING A RAINCOAT, AND WE  
SEE A GLIMPSE OF A WOMAN BEHIND THEM.

BRIGHAM

(ON THE RADIO)

Strike one to all units; Evelda  
Drumgo's coming out behind two shooters.  
Showdown Showdown Showdown. Put em on  
the ground, as quietly as we can.  
Boat's due in thirty seconds, let's do  
it.

ANGLE EXT THE VAN.

THE SWAT TEAM COMES OUT, LED BY STARLING. EVELDA STEPS  
FROM BETWEEN THE TWO MEN.

ANGLE, ON STARLING, AS SHE ADVANCES. WE SEE BRIGHAM BEHIND  
HER.

BRIGHAM (cont'd)

...make sure you...

STARLING MOVES AWAY FROM BRIGHAM, TOWARD EVELDA AND HER  
GOONS AS STARLING ADVANCES WE SEE EVELDA BEYOND HER, AND THAT  
SHE CARRIES A BABY IN A SLING, IN HER ARMS.

STARLING

(TO THE MEN BEHIND HER)

Wait Wait Wait!

STARLING CAREFULLY HOLSTERS HER PISTOL AND RAISES HER HANDS.

STARLING (cont'd)

Evelda! Give it up! Come to me, Baby!

(OUT OF THE SIDE OF HER  
MOUTH, TO THE MEN BEHIND  
HER.)

...give her a place to go... give her a  
place to go.... Come on Evelda. Nothing

to it. I swear to god.

WE HEAR A SQUEAL OF TIRES.

ANGLE XCU ON STARLING, AS HER FACE SCREWS UP, AND HER HEAD TURNS FRACTIONALLY TOWARD THE DIRECTION OF THE SOUND.

STARLING (cont'd)

Ev...

STARLING'S EYES GROW VERY WIDE.

ANGLE HER POV.

EVELDA HAS PRODUCED A SMALL SMG FROM BEHIND HER BABYSLING, AND IS SPRAYING THE STREET.

ANGLE, ON STARLING, AS SHE LOOKS AROUND. BRIGHAM FALL, HIT, BY HER SIDE. AND SEVERAL OTHER SWAT MEMBERS BEGIN RUNNING FOR COVER. THE MAN WITH THE RAINCOAT DROPS IT, TO REVEAL A SAWED OFF SHOTGUN. HE FIRES AT STARLING. SHE GOES DOWN IN THE STREET.

ANGLE ON STARLING IN THE STREET.

AS SHE PICKS HERSELF UP FROM THE PAVEMENT, AND CRAWLS TOWARD THE SAFETY OF A PARKED CAR.

A CADILLAC SEDAN IS COMING DOWN THE STREET, THE SAME APACHE STYLE SHOOTER WE SAW PREVIOUSLY IS SHOOTING OVER THE ROOF, AT THE POLICE. THE CAR SCREECHES INTO A FISHTAIL, AND EVELDA, STILL SHOOTING, GET INTO THE BACKSEAT. THE CAR BURNS RUBBER, TRYING TO ACCELERATE.

STARLING EMERGES FROM HER COVER AND FIRES AT THE CAR. THE WINDSHIELD SPATTERS, AND A TIRE BLOWS OUT. THE CAR CRASHES INTO A FISH STALL.

SOUND OF A HELICOPTER.

TWO SHOOTERS TRY TO SLITHER OUT OF THE CRUSHED CAR. STARLING, ADVANCING TOWARD THEM, SHOOTS THEM BOTH.

ANGLE, HER POV.

EVELDA, AND THE BABY, IN THE BACKSEAT. THE BABY CRYING.

STARLING ADVANCES ON THEM.

STARLING (cont'd)

(TO THE COPS)

SECURITY SECURITY! WATCH THE FISH HOUSE

DOOR BEHIND ME. GET MY BACK. Evelda.  
Evelda. Put your hands out of the  
window.

**ANGLE**

**ON BRIGHAM, ON THE GROUND. TWITCHING. HE IS SHAKING HIS  
HEAD, DAZED.**

STARLING (cont'd)  
Evelda. Show me your hands. Come on.  
Please. Show me your hands.

**ANGLE, ON EVELDA.**

**EVELDA**  
Well, it's you, chile. It's my friend  
the orphan...

**STARLING**  
Give it up, Evelda.

**EVELDA**  
You said you din' have no friends--but  
I'm your friend-- I understand you....

**STARLING**  
Think about the baby... show me your  
hands.... Evelda? Show me your hands...

**EVELDA**  
F'that's the thing to do...

**SHE WITHDRAWS A HAND FROM THE BABYSLING, SHOWING A SMALL  
PISTOL, WHICH SHE LEVELS AT STARLING.**

**ANGLE**

**ON STARLING AS SHE FIRES AT EVELDA. SHE RUNS FORWARD, AND  
TAKES THE SCREAMING BABY FROM EVELDA'S ARMS. THE BABY IS  
COVERED IN BLOOD.**

**STARLING RUNS TO THE STILL RUNNING HOSE WHICH THE FISH  
WORKER DROPPED, AND SLUICES DOWN THE BABY.**

**SOUND OF HELICOPTER.**

**ANGLE**

**ON STARLING, AS SHE LOOKS UP.**

**ANGLE HER POV.**

THE HELICOPTER SHOWS A CAMERAMAN HANGING OUT OF THE DOOR ON A SLING, AND THE LOGO WCTU, TV 10.

ANGLE

A TELEVISION SCREEN, SHOWING THE SHOT FROM THE HELICOPTER. SCREEN BEARS THE SMALL LOGO, SUPERED IN THE LOWER RIGHT CORNER:

TV 10, NEWS LIVE.

WE SEE, FROM ABOVE, STARLING, HOSING DOWN THE BABY, AND WALKING INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF AN AMBULANCE, AND THE HELICOPTER SHIFTS TO AN AMBULANCE SCREAMING AROUND THE CORNER.

ANGLE

BACK ON THE STREET. STARLING, HOLDING THE BABY, IS WALKING THROUGH THE SCENE OF THE CARNAGE. SHE SEES BRIGHAM, RAISING HIMSELF TO AN ELBOW, AND HE MOUTHS, "I'M ALRIGHT..."

STARLING WALKS ON, PAST THE CAR, WITH THE DEAD BODIES. PARAMEDICS COME OUT OF THE STOPPED AMBULANCE, AND ONE OF THEM TAKES THE INFANT FROM THE DAZED STARLING.

STARLING HELPS BRIGHAM TO HIS FEET. HE STANDS WOOZILY, HE BEGINS TO UNBUCKLE THE KEVLAR PROTECTIVE VEST HE WEARS.

BRIGHAM

I...

STARLING

What, What, I can't hear you...

BRIGHAM

Are you alright...?

THEY ARE SCREAMING OVER THE SOUND OF THE HELICOPTER.

STARLING

I almost shot the baby...

BRIGHAM

Who called the TV CREWS...?

ANGLE

ON STARLING, STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET. BRIGHAM CALLS ANOTHER COP OVER.

BRIGHAM (cont'd)  
Sergeant...

AN OFFICER, FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER, COMES UP TO BRIGHAM. THE THREE ADVANCE TOWARD THE SCENE AT THE PARKED CAR.

STARLING TURNS TOWARD THEM.

STARLING  
Security!!!

WE SEE THE SECOND OFFICER PICK UP THE SHOTGUN FROM THE ARMS OF THE "RAINCOAT" MAN.

BRIGHAM  
(TURNING BACK, TO RESPOND TO  
STARLING, HE DRAWS HIS HAND  
ACROSS HIS THROAT)  
They're dead... standdown, it's alr...

ANGLE

ON THE OFFICER PICKING UP THE SHOTGUN. IT DISCHARGES.

ANGLE ON BRIGHAM, AS HE FALLS, FELLED BY THE SHOTGUN BLAST.

ANGLE

ON STARLING, AS SHE TURNS, TO LOOK AT THE SCENE, OF THE DYING BRIGHAM.

SHE STARTS TO TAKE A STEP TOWARD HIM, AND STOPS.

SHE LOOKS UP AT THE HELICOPTER.

ANGLE

THE TV IMAGE, WITH THE LOGO ON IT, WE SEE IT ZOOM IN ON STARLING LOOKING UP, SHE THEN WALKS, DAZEDLY, TOWARD THE OBVIOUSLY DEAD BRIGMAN, AND SITS, SEVERAL FEET FROM HIM. WE SEE SEVERAL OFFICERS COMING FORWARD TOWARD HER.

VERGER  
(VO)  
...you forgot to cancel the plan.

ANGLE

WE SEE THE TELEVISION IS IN VERGER'S ROOM, AND WE ARE SHOOTING OVER VERGER'S FORM, WE SEE THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, AND, BEYOND HIM, CORDELL.

**CORDELL**

...sir...?

**VERGER**

Waal, Nobody's Perfect... What do we hear  
from our songbird in Switzerland?

**INT SWISS LAWYER'S OFFICE DAY.**

**A JOLLY FAT SWISS BANKER, SMILING, A LOVELY HEIDI-ESQUE  
MOUNTAIN SCENE VISIBLE IN THE WINDOW BEHIND HIM.**

**ANGLE**

ON PAZZI, STANDING IN FRONT OF A VAULT. THE VAULT IS FULL  
OF CURRENCY...A SMALL CLERKTYPE, IS FINISHING FILLING UP A  
**SMALL VALISE WITH CURRENCY. HE GLANCES AT THE FAT BANKER,  
AND NODS.**

**THE FAT BANKER COMES FORWARD, AND MOTIONS AT THE BAG.**

**BANKER**

One hundred thousand dollars, Signori.  
The remainder of the three million.

**(HE MOTIONS TO THE VAULT)**

Upon the person-in-question's  
apprehension. Would you prefer a  
cheque...?

**ANGLE, ON PAZZI, GRINNING AT THE MONEY.**

**PAZZI**

No, no thank you, I...

**PAZZI GLANCES BACK TOWARD THE DOOR, CLOSING ON THE VAULT.**

PAZZI (cont'd)

...and the Remainder, you said. ..?

**BANKER**

After you have, in the words of our  
friends, the Americans, Put him On the  
Spot.

**PAZZI**

But is that necessary...

**BANKER**

**(SHRUGS)**

It is necessary, if you wish the  
remainder of the money.

**(HE NODS TO HIS CLERK, WHO**

CLOSES THE DOOR ON THE  
VAULT)

Shall we drive you to the airport...?

PAZZI  
(STILL LOOKING AT THE CLOSING  
VAULT, SHYLY)

I...I thought I'd do some shopping...

INT FLORENCE OPERAHOUSE NIGHT.

APPLAUSE IS DYING OUT, THE CURTAIN IS FALLING, SPECTATORS  
ARE STANDING TO LEAVE.

IN THE HOUSE, HEADS TURN AT THE SIGHT OF A VERY BEAUTIFUL  
WOMAN. IT IS MME PAZZI IN A COUTURE DRESS, AND JEWELS  
BACKING. SHE IS ACCOMPANIED BY PAZZI, WHO IS DRAPING HER  
SHOULDERS IN A FURCOAT.

PAZZI BOWS THIS WAY AND THAT, TO ADMIRING COUPLES, AS THEY  
MAKE THEIR WAY UP THE AISLE.

MRS. PAZZI  
(TO PAZZI)

...how can I thank you?

PAZZI

Ask me when we get home.

MRS. PAZZI

Oh, my program...

PAZZI TURNS BACK, HE IS WALKING AGAINST THE PRESS OF EXITING  
OPERAGOERS, AND IS HAVING DIFFICULTY.

ANGLE

ON DR. FELL, WHO IS WALKING TOWARD HIM.

FELL

Ah, Commendatore... you, too, admire  
Mozart.

PAZZI  
(PAUSE)

Who does not?

FELL

If such there breathe, I'm sure you  
could unearth him...

(PAUSE)

Your reputation does you honor.

(PAUSE)

**PAZZI**

I've left my program...

**FELL**

Take mine.

(HE HANDS HIS PROGRAM TO  
PAZZI, AND THEY START UP THE  
AISLE)

Ah. And is that your wife...

(THEY GAIN THE SIDE OF MME.  
PAZZI.)

Signora.

(HE BENDS TO KISS HER HAND)

Can it be that you are lovelier, even,  
than at our last encounter...?

**MRS. PAZZI**

My mother told me to ignore the  
blandishments of charming men.

**FELL**

Then, she, herself, possessed some  
knowledge of the Greater World...How  
pleased am I to see you looking so  
well...

**PAZZI IS CALLED AWAY, BY AN EXITING OPERAGOER, AND HE  
LEAVES RELUCTANTLY, LOOKING BACK, WITH APPREHENSION, AT FELL  
AND HIS WIFE.**

**THE TWO, CHATTING, JOIN HIM.**

FELL (cont'd)

Commendatore, your wife tells me you are  
taking her away on Vacation.

**PAZZI**

...long overdue.

**FELL**

(AS THEY EXIT, ONTO THE STREET  
IN FRONT OF THE OPERA, AND  
MANY CARS AND LIMOS, PULLING  
UP TO RECEIVE THE EXITING, ET  
CETERA.)

Back to America...?

(PAUSE)

(WHILE PAZZI LOOKS ON WITH  
CONSTERNATION)

When first we met you'd just returned

from America.

**MRS. PAZZI**

How wonderful of you, to hold that information in your busy mind...

**FELL**

...how so?

**MRS. PAZZI**

...you told me you were studying for your examination by the Studiolo...

**FELL**

And how good of you to remember it. Then, this trip, then, is not a return to America...

**MRS. PAZZI**

No, this is pleasure...

**FELL**

And what was the trip before...?

**MRS. PAZZI**

That, that was business...

**PAZZI TRIES TO MANEUVER HIS WIFE AWAY FROM FELL. CAMERA TAKES THEM AROUND A CORNER, TO A "NO PARKING, LOADING ZONE," SIGN, IN WHICH WE SEE A POLICE SEDAN, AND ONE OF PAZZI'S MEN. HE IS WEARING THE GIMME HAT PAZZI BROUGHT BACK FROM THE STATES.**

**ANGLE ON FELL, AS HE LOOKS OVER AT THE DRIVER.**

**ANGLE HIS POV.**

**THE HAT, "FBI INTERNATIONAL POLICE ACADEMY, QUANTICO VIRGINIA."**

**THE DRIVER TAKES OFF THE HAT, AND OPENS THE DOOR TO THE SEDAN FOR THE PAZZIS.**

**ANGLE, ON FELL, AS HE TAKES HIS LEAVE.**

**FELL**

Business. Yes. How much better. To travel for the Pure Enjoyment of the thing, of the variety of the world....yes...

**(PAUSE)**

Just to Get Away.

**(PAUSE)**

I'm surprised they can spare you, in the midst of your investigation.

**(PAUSE, PAZZI LOOKS BACK)**

of the disappearance of my predecessor...

**ANGLE, AS MRS. PAZZI PULLS PAZZI INTO THE CAR.**

**MRS. PAZZI**

**(WHISPERING TO HIM)**

Take me home and make love to me...

**ANGLE, ON FELL, AS PAZZI WAVES TO HIM, THROUGH THE CAR WINDOW GLASS, AND THE CAR PULLS AWAY, LEAVING FELL STANDING IN THE ALLEYWAY. BEAT. HE NODS, AS IF CONFIRMING SOMETHING TO HIMSELF.**

**HE STARTS BACK OUT OF THE ALLEYWAY, INTO THE PRESS OF HUMANITY.**

**MAN'S VOICE**

**(VO)**

Time to get something to eat...

**ANGLE XCU**

**ON FELL, AS HE LOOKS AFTER THE DEPARTING CAR.**

**FELL**

**(TO HIMSELF)**

Yes, quite...

**ANGLE, THE MAN SPEAKING TURNS, AND IS STARTLED TO SEE FELL.**

**MAN**

I beg your pardon.

**FELL**

You suggested it was time to get something good to eat.

**MAN**

I thought that you were...

**(HE SEES ANOTHER MAN APPROACHING HIM)**

Ah! Where shall we eat...?

**(THE TWO WALK OFF)**

**FELL**

**(TO HIMSELF)**

...where shall we eat. And what shall we eat.

INT PAZZI'S APARTMENT.

HALF SEEN, THROUGH A PANNING SHOT OF A HALFOPEN DOOR, PAZZI AND HIS WIFE MAKING LOVE. WE HEAR PAZZI CALLING:

PAZZI

...Laura...Laura...Laura...

ANGLE

ON FELL, IN THE SHADOWS, AS HE CLOSSES THE FRONT DOOR SOUNDLESSLY BEHIND HIM. HE STANDS FOR A MOMENT, LOOKING, CAMERA THEN TAKES HIM INTO THE APARTMENT WHERE HE FINDS THE KITCHEN.

INT THE KITCHEN, FELL TAKES A KNIFE FROM A MAPLE BLOCK, TRIES ITS EDGE, REPLACES IT, TAKES OUT A CLEAVER, AND NODS. HE LOOKS ABOVE, AND TAKES DOWN A COPPER SAUCEPAN FROM THE POT RACK. HE OPENS THE REFRIGERATOR, GLANCES BRIEFLY INSIDE, AND NODS, IN SATISFACTION, AND CLOSSES IT.

HE PICKS UP A DISHTOWEL, TRIES IT BETWEEN HIS HANDS, TESTING ITS STRENGTH.

HE PUTS IT DOWN, DISSATISFIED.

HE BEGINS TO PROWL THROUGH THE APARTMENT, HE PASSES ANOTHER HALF OPEN DOOR, AND WE SEE PAZZI AND HIS WIFE, HALF GLIMPSED, BEYOND, FELL MOVES INTO A SMALL STUDY.

ANGLE

THE BACK OF THE DESK CHAIR, HOLDS A MAN'S SPORTCOAT, AND A TIE.

FELL MOVES TOWARD THE CHAIR, PUTS HIS CLEAVER DOWN ON THE DESK, AND TRIES THE TIE BETWEEN HIS HANDS, TESTING HIS STRENGTH.

HE NODS, SATISFIED, AND PICKS UP THE CLEANER.

ANGLE INS

THE CLEANER, WHICH IS LAYING ON TOP OF THE FILE REGARDING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF DOTTORE FANELLI, BENEATH IT, HALF COVERED, IS THE FBI LOGO.

WE SEE FELL'S HAND RAISE THE FIRST FILE, TO LOOK AT THE SECOND, AND WE READ: "FBI REPORT, THE PSYCHOPATHOLOGY, ETC, OF HANNIBAL LECHTER."

ANGLE CU.

ON FELL, AS HE NODS TO HIMSELF, HE THEN LOOKS DOWN AT SOMETHING ELSE.

ANGLE HIS POV.

A SCARF, PEEPING OUT OF THE HALF-OPEN DESK DRAWER.

ANGLE INS.

FELL'S HAND DRAWS OUT THE SCARF. NESTLED IN THE SCARF IS THE PHOTO OF PAZZI IN FRONT OF THE WANTED POSTER.

ANGLE ON FELL, AS HE LOOKS AT THE PICTURE. HE THEN BEGINS TO PEER VERY CLOSELY AT IT. HE PICKS UP THE MAGNIFYING GLASS FROM THE DESK, AND WE SEE, IN A HUGE INSERT, THAT HE IS MOVING THE MAGNIFYING GLASS TO ATTEMPT TO MAKE OUT THE FIGURE REFLECTED IN THE GLASS COVERING THE WANTED POSTER, ID, THE FIGURE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER, IS STARLING.

ANGLE XCU

INS THE JUST SEEN OUTLINE OF STARLING, HOLDING THE CAMERA.

ANGLE

FELL, LOOKING AT THE PHOTO. HE THEN GLANCES AT THE SCARF, PICKS IS UP, AND, QUESTIONINGLY, SNIFFS IT ONCE, AND THEN AGAIN. HE HOLDS THE SCARF TO HIS FACE. HE RUBS IT BETWEEN HIS HANDS, AND SMELLS HIS HANDS.

ANGLE PAZZI BEDROOM.

MRS. PAZZI

...and then, we're going to Greece...

PAZZI

Yes, but the important thing, as I've said...

MRS. PAZZI

...get me a cigarette.

PAZZI GETS UP FROM THE BED, AND WRAPS HIMSELF IN A SHEET, AND PROCEEDS INTO THE STUDY.

PAZZI

The essential thing. The essential thing, is that we must be absolutely quiet about...

HE PULLS OPEN THE DESK DRAWER, AND TAKES OUT A PACK OF CIGARETTES.

HE LOOKS WONDERINGLY, AT THE DRAWER, BEAT. HE SHRUGS, HE IS ABOUT TO START BACK INTO THE BEDROOM, HE GLANCES AT THE CURTAINS, BLOWING IN THE OPEN WINDOW, HESITATES.

MRS. PAZZI

...what is it?

HE LOOKS INTO THE DESK, SHAKES HIS HEAD. BEAT.

AND THEN RETURNS INTO THE BEDROOM.

MRS. PAZZI (cont'd)

...you've forgotten the cigarettes.

PAZZI TURNS, AND LOOKS BACK TOWARD THE OPEN WINDOW, AND THE BLOWING SHADES.

EXT FLORENTINE PARK NIGHT.

A YOUNG WOMAN WALKS PAST THE CAMERA. SHE TAKES US TO FELL, WHO IS SITTING ACROSS FROM THE STATUE OF THE LION AND THE BIRD, HE IS PICKING HIS TEETH, AND, VERY DELICATELY, TAKES OUT A SCARF, AND WIPES HIS MOUTH. WE SEE IT IS THE SCARF WHICH HE STOLE FROM PAZZI, HE TAKES OUT THE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WANTED POSTER, AND LOOKS AT IT, AS HE WALKS THROUGH THE PARK.

CAMERA TAKES HIM OUT OF THE PARK, PAST THE YOUNG WOMAN, WHO, WE SEE, HAS RETURNED TO A STROLLER, WHICH IS EMPTY, SHE IS TALKING TO A UNIFORMED POLICEMAN, AND GESTURING, "ABOUT THIS HIGH..." SHOWING THE HEIGHT OF HER CHILD. HE AND THE WOMAN START LOOKING IN THE BUSHES.

ANGLE

ON FELL, LEAVING THE PARK, HE WALKS PAST AN APPLIANCE STORE, IN THE WINDOW OF WHICH WE SEE, TEN SILENT TV SCREENS, AND A TALKING HEAD ANNOUNCER.

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO THE HELICOPTER FOOTAGE OF STARLING.

WE SEE PHOTOS DISPLAYED OF STARLING, NEXT TO THE PEOPLE SHE SHOT IN THE SHOOTOUT, AND A VISBO PROCLAIMS, "KILLER OF FIVE, THE DEATH ANGEL: CLARICE STARLING."

EXT STARLING'S HOUSE, DAY.

STARLING, MAPP, AND JIM, MAPP'S BOYFRIEND, ARE COMING OUT OF THE HOUSE WITH CRAWFORD, ESCORTED TOWARD SEVERAL CARS OF

WHAT IS OBVIOUSLY A FUNERAL CORTEGE.

A SEDAN PULLS UP, AND KRENDLER GETS OUT.

**KRENDLER**

I came to pay my...

**STARLING**

...get outta my way, you sonofabitch...

**KRENDLER**

I realize, you're under a lot of....

**STARLING**

You put my friend in the ground, with your mickeymouse TaskForce... Izsat the kind of Headlines that Preserve and Promote, you, sir?

SHE STARTS PUSHING HIM, AND CAMERA PANS, TO A GROUP OF NEWSVANS, CORDONED OFF, AROUND THE CORNER, AND HELD IN BAY BY VARIOUS POLICE. STARLING IS BEING SUBDUED BY CRAWFORD ET AL.

STARLING (cont'd)

(AS SHE PUSHES AT KRENDLER)

Izzat the kind of publicity will aid Our Run for Congress? You swine, you...

**KRENDLER**

(SHRIEKING AT HER)

You're out she's out...

SHE IS BEING DOCILED, AND LED AWAY.

KRENDLER (cont'd)

(SHOUTING AFTER HER)

You country Cornpone BITCH--hey, you Trailer Trash BITCH, you still looking for your Daddy, Beat you up, to show he Loves you?

ANGLE. ON STARLING, STANDING BY THE LINE OF CARS. SHE SEES SOMETHING, AND TURNS.

ANGLE XCU STARLING AS SHE LOOKS. KRENDLER CONTINUES HIS HARANGUE.

ANGLE HER POV.

ON THE REAR DECK OF A CAR, A STETSON HAT, WITH A BULLET THROUGH IT, AND AN OLD SQUARE POLICEBADGE, WITH A BULLETHOLE

THROUGH IT .

KRENDLER (cont'd)

(VO)

Looking for your Daddy, fuck you and  
mark you up, an...

ANGLE

ON STARLING, AS SHE BLINKS, AND SHAKES HER HEAD TO CLEAR  
IT.

THE SEDAN DRIVES OFF, AS SHE STRAINS TO LOOK AFTER IT.

KRENDLER (cont'd)

Well, here I am, you...

STARLING SHAKES HER HEAD AGAIN, FINDS HERSELF FACING  
KRENDLER, AND PUNCHES HIM IN THE STOMACH. KRENDLER GOES  
DOWN. STARLING IS SUBDUED BY HER COMFORTERS. SHE STRAINS  
TO LOOK AFTER THE DEPARTING CAR.

INT VERGER'S ROOM.

ON THE TV STARLING, BEING PULLED OFF OF KRENDLER.

ANGLE, OVER VERGER, ONTO CORDELL.

VERGER

Quod videt monumentum, circumspice.  
Need I translate?

CORDELL

If you would see him monument, look  
around you.

VERGER

Show me the Pigs.

THE VIDEOSCREEN CHANGES, TO SHOW THE PIGS, ATTACKING THE  
DUMMY MAN.

CORDELL

Telephone call. From Switzerland, sir.

VERGER CONVERSES IN GERMAN, WITH THE SWISS. HE IS TOLD  
THAT THEY CAN HAVE A DATE, AND THAT A PACKAGE WILL BE  
COMING HIS WAY SOON.

ANGLE. ON VERGER, LOOKING AT THE PIGS.

EXT FLORENTINE PALAZZO. NIGHT.

PAZZI, WALKING DOWN THE STREET. NERVOUSLY ADJUSTS HIS SCARF.

ANGLE

A BRIGAND, LOUNGING BY A VAN, NODS IMPERCEPTIBLY, AT PAZZI, WHO CONTINUES WALKING.

THE BRIGAND GOES INTO THE BACK OF THE VAN.

ANGLE INT THE VAN.

THERE IS ANOTHER BRIGAND INSIDE. THERE ARE SEVERAL FIREARMS IN A RACK, AND A HOSPITAL GURNEY WITH HEAVY RESTRAINTS. THE SECOND BRIGAND IS LOADING AN ODD LOOKING SHOULDER WEAPON.

SECOND BRIGAND

I hit him with the beanbag gun, you stand  
by: he's still flopping...

THE FIRST BRIGAND NODS, AND TAKES A CAPPED HYPODERMIC SYRINGE FROM THE SECOND MAN.

SECOND BRIGAND (cont'd)

Just make sure he's alive, because I've  
already spent the bonus...

THE FRUIT MAN NODS TO THE SECOND, AND WE SEE PAZZI PROCEEDING UP THE STAIRS INTO THE PALAZZO.

INT A SALON AT THE PALAZZO, NIGHT.

A WORKER IS MOVING A FLOOR POLISHER ACROSS THE MARBLE FLOOR OF THE SALON, IN AN ANTEROOM BEYOND WE HEAR FELL LECTURING. THE WORKER NODS DIFFERENTIALLY, AT SOMEONE OFF SCREEN.

WE SEE HE HAS NODDED AT PAZZI, WHO TAKES US TO THE DOOR OF THE SALON.

HE WIPES HIS HANDS NERVOUSLY, HE MOPS HIS BROW, HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

HE LOOKS INTO THE SALON.

ANGLE HIS POV

FELL, IN FRONT OF A LECTERN. A SLIDE MACHINE IS SHOWING A PAINTING OF A HANGED FIGURE ON A HUGE DRIPCLOTH AT THE BACK OF THE SALON.

ANGLE, ON PAZZI, AS HE MOVES TO THE SIDE, IE, OUT OF THE DOORWAY TO THE SALON, HE GLANCES OVER HIS SHOULDER, TO MAKE

SURE HE IS OUT OF THE SIGHT OF THE WORKMAN WITH THE FLOOR POLISHER. HE SEES THE WORKMAN TURN THE POLISHER OFF AND BEGIN COILING THE LONG ELECTRIC CORD. PAZZI TAKES A SMALL FLAT AUTOMATIC FROM A HIP HOLSTER. CHECKS THE CHAMBER, AND SLIPS IT INTO HIS JACKET POCKET. HE PROCEEDS BACK TO THE DOORWAY, WHERE WE AND HE SEE FELL, BEYOND, LECTURING TO A COMPANY OF SIX MEN, IN THE SALON.

FELL  
(LECTURING)

Della vigna was disgraced and blinded for his betrayal of his emperor's trust-through avarice. Avarice and hanging

(HE GESTURES TO THE PAINTING)  
are linked in the ancient and the madeadeval mind.

ANGLE ON PAZZI, AS HANNIBAL (FELL) SPEAKS, HE MOVES TO A WINDOW, AND WIPES HIS HAND AGAIN, AND WE SEE HIM LOOK DOWN AT THE VAN IN THE STREET, AND WIPE HIS HANDS, MUCH OF THIS SPEECH PLAYS AS VOICE-OVER AS HE DOES SO.

FELL (cont'd)  
Judas and Pier Della Vigna are linked in Dante by the avarice he saw in them, and their subsequent deaths by hanging. Ah Commendatore Pazzi...

ANGLE ON FELL, AS HE SPEAKS TO PAZZI, HALF-SEEN IN THE DOORWAY.

FELL (cont'd)  
You are welcome. Since you are closest to the door, would you close the door, to improve the quality of the image.  
(PAZZI DOES SO)  
You will be interested in this, Commandatore, as there are two Pazzi's already in Dante's inferno...

ANGLE ON FELL, AS HE WALKS FORWARD, BETWEEN THE CHAIRS OF THE SIX OLD MEN (THE STUDIOLO) WHO SIT LISTENING TO HIS LECTURE. A FEW TAKE NOTES.

FELL (cont'd)  
(TO THE OLD MEN)  
Camicion de Pazzi, as you know, murdered a kinsman, and rests in hell awaiting the arrival of a Second Pazzi. But it's not you: it's Carlino, who will rest forever in hell for the crime of Treachery.

ANGLE XCU, ON FELL, LOOKING AT PAZZI.

ANGLE ON PAZZI, UNDER THE WITHERING STARE. BEAT.

FELL (cont'd)  
(AS HE CONTINUES BACK TO HIS  
LECTERN)

Avarice, and Hanging, then.

(HE GESTURES TO THE PHOTOGRAPH  
OF THE PAINTING)

On the next occasion, you might like to discuss the matter of Chewing. Chewing in Dante: Count Ugolino, chewing the back of the archbishop's head--Satan, with his three Faces, chewing Judas, Brutus, and Cassius... all three traitors. Is it not? Thank you all for your kind attention.

THE SCHOLARS APPLAUD HIM, TWO STAND, AND TAKE HIM BY THE HAND.

ANGLE ON PAZZI AT THE DOOR. HE OPENS THE DOOR, AND THE OLD MEN OF THE STUDIOLO EXIT, CHATTERING HAPPILY ABOUT THE LECTURE. FELL COMES OUT, THE LAST OF THE SALON.

FELL (cont'd)  
Would you say that I've preserved my job, Commendatore?

PAZZI

I'm not a scholar, Dottore. But it seemed as if they, as if they...

FELL

Yes, I think I amused them. To what do I owe...?

PAZZI

I require...

FELL

...yes, yes, yes...

HE FOLLOWS FELL BACK INTO THE ROOM, WHERE FELL BEGINS PUTTING AWAY HIS MATERIAL IN THE DIRTY SALON.

FELL (cont'd)  
...the effects of my predecessor.

PAZZI

I'd like to walk home with you, and...

**FELL**

Yes, of course, and we'll collect them.  
I won't be a minute...

**ANGLE ON PAZZI AS HE WALKS UP TOWARD FELL.**

**HE PUTS HIS HAND IN THE JACKET POCKET.**

**ANGLE INS**

**THE HAND, SEEN THROUGH THE CLOTH, GRIPPING THE AUTOMATIC PISTOL.**

**ANGLE**

**ON FELL, AS HE BEGINS TO PACK UP THE SLIDE PROJECTOR, AND THEN HESITATES.**

FELL (cont'd)

Ah, no. I should have shown them this one..

**(HE TAKES OUT A SLIDE AND PUTS IT IN THE PROJECTOR)**

This one will interest you: let me see if I can improve the focus...

**WE SEE THE IMAGE OF A HANGED MAN APPEAR ON THE DROP CLOTH. THERE IS A PLAQUE DRAPED AROUND THE NECK OF THE HANGED MAN.**

**FELL (CONT'D)**

Can you make it out, can you make out the name on the plaque?

**FELL WALKS UP TO THE IMAGE DISPLAYED ON THE DROP CLOTH, PAZZI WALKS BEHIND HIM.**

FELL (cont'd)

**(LOOKING AT THE IMAGE)**

It says Pazzi. Pazzi. And a rude, a very rude poem, this is your ancestor. Francesco, hanging outside the Palazzio Vecchio. Outside These Very Windows.

**HE TURNS AND FIXES PAZZI WITH HIS GAZE.**

**ANGLE, FELL, HIS FACE SEEN IN THE DARK, IN THE BEAM OF THE SLIDE PROJECTOR.**

**HOLD.**

FELL (cont'd)

On a related subject Signor Pazzi, I must confess to you: I'm giving serious thought to eating your wife.

FELL JERKS THE DROP CLOTH DOWN OVER THE TWO OF THEM.

ANGLE XCU, ON PAZZI'S FACE AS HE SEES THE CLOTH COMING DOWN.

ANGLE INS

HIS HAND, GOING INTO HIS POCKET, AS HE TRIES TO BRING OUT THE PISTOL.

ANGLE

ON THE FACE OF FELL, AS HE ADVANCES, UNDER THE CLOTH, ON PAZZI, FELL TAKES A SMALL SPONGE AND A BOTTLE FROM HIS POCKET, AND DUMPS LIQUID FROM THE BOTTLE ONTO THE SPONGE, AND GRABS PAZZI BY THE HAIR, PUTS HIM INTO A CHOKEHOLD, AND HOLDS THE SPONGE TO PAZZI'S FACE.

ANGLE EXT, THE DROP CLOTH, AS WE SEE THE EFFECTS OF THE STRUGGLE, AND HEAR THE SMALL PISTOL GOING OFF.

ANGLE EXT THE PALAZZO.

THE LAST MEMBER OF THE STUDIOLO, COMING OUT, A WORKMAN FOLLOWS HIM, AND BEGINS LOCKING THE DOOR.

ANGLE

ON THE BRIGANDS, AT THEIR VAN, THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, ONE CHECKS HIS WATCH.

ANGLE INT THE SALON.

THE FLOOR POLISHER. MOVING, AS IF OF ITS OWN VOLITION, ACROSS THE FLOOR.

ANGLE

ON PAZZI, TIED TO THE PODIUM, HIS MOUTH GAGGED.

ANGLE

ON LECHTER, AS HE COILS UP THE LONG ORANGE CORD OF THE FLOOR POLISHER, DRAWING IT TOWARD HIM.

FELL (cont'd)

Yes. Your Wife. Laura. L'Orange, which is the topnote of her skin, wouldn't you say? Or do I grow too personal? but

that is what I think of, when I think of her. And how could I but think of her? I haven't had a bit all day. The kidney and the liver would be sultable for a dinner tonight. But the rest of the meat should hang for a week, in these cool conditions. Wouldn't you say? Nod once for yes.

**(PAUSE)**

If you tell me what I need to know, then it would be convenient for me to leave without my meal. And Mrs. Pazzi will remain unscathed. I'll out the questions to you, and we'll see: I saw at the theatre you had betrayed me. And, when the police didn't come, it was clear you had sold me out. Was it to Mason Verger? Blink one for yes.

**ANGLE ON PAZZI. BEAT. THEN HE BLINKS ONCE.**

FELL (cont'd)

Thank you. And now: Are his hit men waiting outside?

**(PAZZI BLINKS ONCE)**

Was that a single blink? Yes. Thank you.

**FELL FINISHES HIS COILING OF THE ROPE, AND WE SEE HE HAS FASHIONED A HANGMAN'S NOOSE.**

**FELL TAKES OUT A STILETTO, AND IT OPENS. HE ADVANCES TOWARD PAZZI, WHO TRIES TO RECOIL.**

FELL (cont'd)

No, no. I'm going to take the tape off. Please do not scream. Do you think you can keep from screaming?

**(HE TAKES THE TAPE OFF)**

...would it help if I were to cut your BOWELS OUT...?

**WE SEE HIM MAKE A SWIPE AND HEAR PAZZI START TO SCREAM.**

**FROM OUTSIDE THE WINDOW OF THE SALON, WE SEE PAZZI, TAPED TO THE PODIUM, BEING IMPELLED, SCREAMING, TOWARD THE WINDOW.**

**ANGLE**

**ON THE LIGHTED PIAZZA OF THE PALAZZO, TOURISTS LOOK UP AT THE SCREAMING.**

BEAT.

ANGLE XCU, ON THE CONTORTED FACE OF PAZZI, LOOKING DOWN, AN ORANGE NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK, AS THE PODIUM TILTS THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW.

ANGLE

THE TWO BRIGANDS AT THE VAN. REACTION TO THE SOUND OF THE SCREAMING, RUN AROUND THE CORNER. THEY LOOK UP TO SEE PAZZI, STILL TAPES TO THE PODIUM, HANGING BY THE ORANGE CORD.

ANGLE, ON THE VILLAINS, STANDING UNDERNEATH, AS GOUTS OF BLOOD FALL ON THEM.

BRIGAND ONE

...cover the backdoor. If he comes out,  
Kill him.

BRIGAND TWO

...the bonus was for...

BRIGAND ONE

Kill him, and cut him.

HE RUNS TO THE FRONT OF THE PALAZZO, HOLDING HIS SHOULDER ARM DOWN ALONGSIDE HIS SIDE.

HE RUNS PAST THE LOCKED FRONT DOOR, AND TOWARD AN ALLEYWAY.

WE HEAR THE SIRENS OF POLICE CARS. BRIGAND ONE SLOWS HIS WALK, AND PROCEEDS INTO THE ALLEYWAY. HE SEES A SMALL DOOR, IN THE SIDE OF THE PALAZZO, AND A LIGHT BEYOND.

ANGLE INT THE DOOR.

A SMALL STAIRCASE. THE BRIGAND ENTERS, HE LOOKS UP.

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF RAPIDLY DESCENDING FOOTSTEPS. THE BRIGAND MOUNTS THE STEPS, HOLDING HIS RIFLE BEFORE HIM. THE SOUND OF THE FOOTSTEPS CONTINUES.

ON THE SECOND FLOOR, THE BRIGAND SHELTERS HIMSELF IN A ROOM, OFF THE LANDING. THE SOUND OF THE DESCENDING FOOTSTEPS CONTINUES.

ANGLE ON THE BRIGAND, HIDING BEHIND THE DOOR. THEN HE TURNS HIS HEAD.

ANGLE, HIS POV.

WE ARE IN A LAUNDRY ROOM.

THE SOUND OF THE FOOTSTEPS IS, IN FACT, A CLOTHESDRYER. IN ITS GLASS DOOR IN THE SIDE, WE SEE A MAN'S SHOE GOING AROUND.

ANGLE THE BRIGAND, AS HE LOOKS, THEN TO THE SIDE.

ANGLE, HIS POV, IN THE SIDE OF THE ROOM, THE LEGS OF A DEAD MAN PROTRUDE FROM A CLOTHES HAMPER, HE WEARS ONLY ONE SHOE.

ANGLE XCU

ON THE BRIGAND, AS HE TURNS.

ANGLE

OVER HIM WE SEE HANNIBAL, SMILING, AS HE ADVANCES.

ANGLE

ON THE STILETTO, AS IT ENTERS THE BRIGAND'S BELLY.

ANGLE EXT THE PALAZZO.

SEVERAL COP CARS PULLING UP, AN AMBULANCE, A NEWSTRUCK.

A BOY ON A MOTO.

HANNIBAL

Young man...

THE BOY TURNS. HANNIBAL IS STANDING NEXT TO HIM.

HANNIBAL (cont'd)

Young man, I am desperate. If I am not at the Piazza Bellosguardo in ten minutes, it is the end of marriage.

(HE HANDS A BUNDLE OF NOTES  
TOWARD THE BOY)

Do you think you could help me....?

ANGLE

IN THE PIAZZA, THE BODY OF PAZZI IS BEING LOWERED, IN THE BG WE SEE HANNIBAL, RIDING ON THE BACK OF THE MOTO, AND AWAY.

INT VERGER'S ROOM, NIGHT.

A SMALL CHILD IS EATING POPCORN OUT OF A CROCKERY BOWL. WE SEE HIS FACE, SMILING, IN THE GLOW OF A TELEVISION.

ANGLE OVER VERGER AND THE CHILD.

VERGER

...how do you like it?

CHILD

It's real funny.

CORDELL COMES UP HOLDING A PHONE. BEAT.

VERGER

Tell me the good news.

CORDELL

He escaped...

VERGER

Have the child taken to bed.

CHILD

I wanna see more...

CORDELL PUSHES A BUTTON ON HIS CONSOLE, AND WE SEE, ON THE VIDEO, MONITORS, A NURSE LEAVING THE HALLWAY AND ENTERING VERGER'S ROOM. AS CORDELL TAKES THE CHILD TO HER WE SEE THAT VERGER AND THE CHILD HAVE BEEN WATCHING THE PIGS ATTACK THE MAN-SIZED DUMMY, WHICH THEY NOW DO WITH ALACRITY.

CORDELL

What do you want me to do?

VERGER

Follow Starling, stake out Starling.  
Increase the pressure on Starling. He  
will come to her.

INT STARLING'S HOME DAY.

STARLING IS SITTING, AFFECTLESS, IN FRONT OF A FULL CUP OF COFFEE AT HER KITCHEN TABLE.

CRAWFORD SITS OPPOSITE HER.

CRAWFORD

And I brought this for you...

STARLING

What is it?

HE PRODUCES A SHOEBOX, SHE OPENS IT, IT CONTAINS VARIOUS MEMORABILIA OF BRIGHAM. A PHOTO OF HIM IN THE ARMY, TWO SERVICE PISTOLS, HIS BADGE.

**CRAWFORD**

Out of John Brigharn's Locker...

**SHE NODS.**

**CRAWFORD** (cont'd)

Waal...

**STARLING**

I know you did what you could.

**HE SHRUGS. SHE STARTS TO WALK HER OUT.**

**CRAWFORD**

I'm going to work for your  
reinstatement...

**STARLING**

Reinstatement to what? There ain't  
nobody there...

**HE OPENS THE DOOR, AND THEY ARE ASSAULTED BY FLASHBULBS, AND  
A SCAD OF NEWSPEOPLE, WHO HAVE BROKEN THE BONDS, AND ARE  
PUSHING HER UP TO THE FRONT DOOR.**

**NEWSIE**

Starling, Agent Starling: what do you  
have to say to the New Accusations...?

**STARLING**

New...?

**NEWSIE**

You've been accused of...

**ANGLE, TELEVISION SET, TRAVEL OFFICE DAY.**

**IT SHOWS STARLING, BEING HOUNDED BY THE NEWSIES.**

**NEWSIE** (cont'd)

...leaking information to the Press,  
which resulted in the botched...

**ANGLE, THE STRICKEN FACE OF STARLING.**

**SECOND NEWSIE**

Agent Starling: what was your reaction  
to your indictment...?

**BRIGHAM**

...indictment...?

**SECOND NEWSIE**

The district attorney today...

**STARLING AND CRAWFORD LOOK AT EACH OTHER. HE SHEPHERDS  
HER BACK INTO THE HOUSE.**

**ANGLE**

**A DISGUISED HANNIBAL LECHTER, GOT UP AS A RETIREEE, IS  
SITTING IN AN ENGLISH TRAVEL AGENT'S OFFICE. POSTERS OF  
TOURS ON THE WALL, A SIGN READING 'BRITTOURS.' AN OLD TRAVEL  
AGENT IS FILLING OUT FORMS.**

**TRAVEL AGENT**

Majorca, Greece.... oh, Aaand Turkey....  
Mr. Bates, you're treating yourself to a  
Holiday you'll remember for...

**SHE LOOKS UP, TO SEE HANNIBAL, LOOKING AT THE TELEVISION.**

**ANGLE HIS POV**

**THE STRICKEN FACE OF STARLING, AS SHE IS SHEPHEARDED BACK  
INTO HER HOUSE. A TALKING HEAD COMES ON AND SPEAKS WITH A  
BRITISH ACCENT.**

**TALKING HEAD**

Of the American FBI agent, Clarice  
Starling, shown here, in her dramatic gun  
battle, last week, with...

**THE FOOTAGE COMES ON OF THE GUN BATTLE.**

**TRAVEL AGENT**

Mr. Bates...? Mr. Bates...?

**TALKING HEAD**

Dismissed from the FBI, she, it seems,  
is under criminal indictment for...

**ANGLE ON HANNIBAL, AS HE TURNS BACK.**

**HANNIBAL**

Could I, do you believe, change my  
Destination...?

**TRAVEL AGENT**

Well...well...what did you have in  
mind...?

**INT FBI HEADQUARTERS DAY.**

CRAWFORD AND KRENDLER BOTH LOOKING AT CNN.

CNN NEWSIE  
(AS WE SEE ANOTHER REPLAY OF  
THE SHOOTOUT)

...criminal indictment.... in quite a  
surprising move, against agent, that is,  
Former Agent...

ANGLE ON CRAWFORD, AS HE LOOKS AT KRENDLER, SNORTS IN  
DISGUST, AND WALKS AWAY.

INT VERGER'S ROOM, DAY.

SOUND OF A RINGING PHONE. CORDELL COMES OVER AND HOOKS IT UP  
FOR VERGER

CORDELL  
...it's the F.B.I.

VERGER  
Yes. Good. No. He will come. He will  
come. Do not let up on our Angel  
Starling. No. Now you must keep a  
constant watch on her. Use your toys--A  
transmitter in her car, a.... keep her  
in your sight... Do not let up, and he  
will come back for the wounded bird.

(PAUSE)

He will find a way.

ANGLE. HIS POV. THE TELEVISION SET.

A WILD BOAR THRASHING HIMSELF AGAINST HIS BARS.

ANGLE, ON ANOTHER SCREEN, THE SCENE FROM A WIDER ANGLE, WE  
SEE HIS KEEPER, HOLDING A SLAB OF RAW MEAT, AND WAVING IT AT  
THE BOAR, JUST BEYOND THE BARS. THE BOAR THROWS HIMSELF  
AGAINST THE BARS, AND THE MAN RECOILS, AND RETIRES WITH THE  
MEAT.

INT JETLINER TOURIST SECTION NIGHT.

A FAT MAN WEARING A BRITTOURS BUTTON, COMES DOWN THE AISLE,  
HOLDING A PLASTIC CUP FULL OF BEER.

HE MOVES SLOWLY THROUGH THE FULL AISLE, SOME PASSENGERS  
STANDING, CHATTING THE OTHERS UP. THE STEWARDESS,  
DISTRIBUTING MINUTE PLASTIC CONTAINERS OF FOODS. HOLD ON  
HIS BUTTON, WHICH HE WALKS INTO CLOSE UP.

IT READS: BRITTOURS, CANADA, US, MEXICO, PERU! HI. MY NAME IS PHIL!

ANGLE

ON A YOUNG WOMAN ASLEEP, A BABY AT HER BREAST. THE STEWARDESS COMES BY OFFERING THE SANDWICHES, SHE IS SHHSHED BY THE OLD MAN SITTING NEXT TO THE YOUNG MOTHER, HE INDICATES "SHE IS SLEEPING," SHE OFFERS THE SANDWICHES TO THE MAN (DR. LECHTER) AND HE DECLINES.

THE DISTRACTED STEWARDESS PASSES HIM ONE IN ANY CASE.

HE TAKES IT, AND PUTS IT NEXT TO A MAGAZINE HE IS READING.

HE SIGHS, HE TURNS OUT HIS LIGHT, AND PULLS DOWN THE SHADE. LEANING OVER THE SLEEPING FORM OF A YOUNG BOY WHO HAS THE WINDOW SEAT.

HANNIBAL REACHES OUT HIS TRAVEL BAG FROM UNDER HIS SEAT, AND REMOVES A HALF-BOTTLE OF WINE, AND A TIN OF PATE. HE LOOKS AROUND TO SEE HE IS UNOBSERVED. HE LOOKS BACK.

ANGLE INS.

THE YOUNG BOY HAS SHIFTED, AND HIS ARM LIES ACROSS THE TIN OF PATE. HANNIBAL'S HAND PICKS UP THE YOUNG BOY'S ARM.

ANGLE XCU.

HANNIBAL LOOKING AT THE ARM.

ANGLE HIS POV.

HIS HAND, CIRCLING THE SKINNY ARM.

INT BOMBED OUT BUILDING DAY--SEEN THROUGH A SNOWY WINDOW.

A YOUNG TATTERED GIRL, HER ARM HELD BY A VAST SOVIET SOLDIER, IN A FILTHY UNIFORM.

HE NODS TO A GROUP OF FIVE OF THE COMRADES, WHO ARE STANDING AROUND A FIRE, MADE IN THE CORNER OF THE BUILDING.

ONE MAN ENTERS BEARING WOOD, AND STACKS IT NEXT TO THE FIRE, HE SMILES OVER AT THE GIRL AND LICKS HIS LIPS.

THE MAN HOLDING THE GIRL EXTRACTS A VERY WORN AND SHINY BAYONET FROM HIS BELT SCABBARD, AND STARTS DRAGGING THE GIRL AWAY.

SOUND OF SCREAMS.

ANGLE EXT THE BURNTOUT BUILDING.

A YOUNG BOY, IN THE SHADOWS, SHIVERING, WATCHING THE SCENE.

ANGLE HIS POV.

THE SOLDIER, LEADING THE YOUNG GIRL OFF, SOUNDS OF SCREAMS.

YOUNG GIRL

Let go, let go, let go.

ANGLE

ON HANNIBAL IN THE PLANE. THE WOMAN NEXT TO HIM IS HISSING:

YOUNG MOTHER

What are you doing to my son? Let  
him go!

THE STEWARDESS COMES UP.

YOUNG MOTHER

He's...what is he doing to my SON?

HANNIBAL

I beg your pardon, Madame, I was  
replacing his...

HE MOVES TO PUT THE BOYS ARM BACK, AND HIS EYES MEET THE BOY'S.

ANGLE, THE BOY, CU STARING AT HANNIBAL.

ANGLE CU.

HANNIBAL, STARING AT THE BOY.

HANNIBAL (cont'd)

(TO THE TWO WOMEN)

I was trying...

STEWARDESS

...he was trying not to wake him.

HANNIBAL

I beg your pardon, if I caused you any  
Consternation.

THE WOMAN GIVES HIM A "DON'T DO IT AGAIN," LOOK, AND TURNS  
BACK TO HER NOW BAWLING INFANT.

HANNIBAL TURNS BACK TO LOOK AT THE SOMBER BOY. BEAT. OF HIS

DELICACIES.

HANNIBAL (cont'd)  
...would you like some...?

HE STARTS TO OPEN THE TIN.

ANGLE ON THE BOY, WHO LOOKS AT THE TIN, AND THEN OVER AT HIS MOTHER.

HANNIBAL (cont'd)  
(AS HE INTERPRETS THE BOY'S  
LOOK)  
Your mother would disapprove. Of your  
taking food from a stranger.  
(PAUSE. THE BOY NODS)  
Ah. But she's asleep..  
(THE BOY SEES THE LOGIC OF THE  
ARGUMENT, AND SMILES.  
HANNIBAL BEGINS TO OPEN THE  
TIN.)  
(AS HE LEANS IN TOWARD THE  
BOY, CONSPIRATORIALLY)  
And it's important, as I'm sure she's  
said, to Eat New Things!

XCU ON HANNIBAL SMILING AT THE CHILD

HANNIBAL (cont'd)  
(TO HIMSELF)  
so important...

EXT. FARM AREA. VERGER ESTATE. DAY.

THE ROMPING KIDS, PLAYING WITH THE GOAT. CAMERA GOES WITH CORDELL, WHO WAVES AT THE CHILDREN AND THE NURSES.

ANGLE, A GARAGE. A POTATOCHIP VAN. AS CORDELL APPROACHES, TWO MEN IN POTATOCHIP DELIVERY UNIFORMS DESCEND FROM THE VAN.

CORDELL APPROACHES THEM, AND HANDS THEM EACH A COUPLE OF SHEETS OF PAPER.

HE CONVERSES WITH THEM, WHILE THE NURSE AND THE KIDS AND THE GOATS FROLIC IN THE FOREGROUND.

ANGLE INT THE VAN.

THE TWO MEN, AS THEY CLOSE THE DOORS, AND START OFF. WE SEE THEM AS THEY PULL OUT, WE SEE CORDELL WALKING THROUGH THE STABLE AREA. WE SEE THE VAN SLIDE THROUGH THE VERGER ESTATE TOWARD THE OLD GATEHOUSE.

ON THE DASHBOARD, ONE HAS SPREAD ONE OF THE SHEETS OF PAPER,  
AND WE SEE IT IS OF STARLING, THE NEXT SHEET IN AN OLD PHOTO  
OF HANNIBAL.

MAN ONE

...be easier if we just kill him.

MAN TWO

Be easier on everyone but us...

THE OTHER MAN NODS HIS AGREEMENT.

EXT. PIG AREA DAY.

TWO BOARS GO INSANE AT THE ADVENT OF CORDELL. WE SEE HIM  
THROUGH THE STOUT BARS OF THEIR ENCLOSURE.

CAMERA TAKES HIM INTO THE PIGBARN, WHERE THE GENTLEMAN, THEIR  
TRAINER, IS SEEN CONSTRUCTING A NEW ENEMY.

GENTLEMAN

(LOOKING UP AT CORDELL)

It's going to be long...?

CORDELL SHRUGS

GENTLEMAN (cont'd)

Is going to be much longer, we should  
feed them...

CORDELL

Mmm. Is it going to work?

THE GENTLEMAN MOVES TO A TAPE PLAYER, AND TURNS IT ON, AND WE  
HEAR A SCREAM. HE NODS AND TURNS IT OFF.

GENTLEMAN

The problem, if it is: the tape is not  
the true scream, an' the dummy, of  
course, is not the true man. BUT. Yes,  
yes, I think, is close enough....

CORDELL

So: the two problems are: they should  
be fed, and they should practice on a  
real...

THE GENTLEMAN TURNS HIS BACK ON CORDELL AND IS MOVING THE  
TAPE MACHINE.

ANGLE ON THE GENTLEMAN, WITH CORDELL BEHIND HIM.

**GENTLEMAN**

Yes. You could say, that the two, the  
two prob...

**ANGLE**

XCU ON THE GENTLEMAN, AS HE TURNS TO CAMERA, LOOKING AT  
CORDELL, HE OPENS HIS MOUTH TO SCREAM.

**ANGLE EXT PLAY AREA.**

THE CHILDREN WITH THE GOAT, PLAYING, WE HEAR A BRIEF, FAR OFF  
SCREAM.

TWO CHILDREN LOOK AT EACH OTHER, PAUSE, SHRUG, AND GO BACK TO  
THEIR GAME.

**INT STARLING' S BEDROOM DAY.**

STARLING, DISHEVELLED, SITTING ON HER BED. IN THE DARK  
ROOM.

SHE IS LOOKING AT A PHOTO OF THE TEXAN AND THE LITTLE  
GIRL.

ANGLE, THE SHOEBOX, HOLDING BRIGHAM'S MEMORABILIA,  
STARLING'S HAND DRAGS IT ACROSS THE BED.

**ANGLE**

ON STARLING, AS SHE TAKES OUT BRIGHAM'S CREDENTIALS AND BADGE  
HOLDER.

SHE LOOKS AT HIS PHOTO ON THE CREDENTIALS. LOOKS AT HIS  
PHOTO IN THE MARINES, LOOKS AT THE PHOTO OF THE TEXAN AND  
THE LITTLE GIRL. SHE TAKES BRIGHAM'S USMC HATBADGE, THE  
EAGLE AND FOULED ANCHOR, AND LOOKS AT IT, AND PUTS IT IN HER  
POCKET.

SHE TAKES OUT BRIGHAM'S SERVICE PISTOL, DROPS THE MAG, CHECKS  
THE CHAMBER.

**MAPP**

(VO)

Sad day.

**STARLING**

...what...?

**MAPP**

N'not that sad.

**ANGLE ON STARLING, LOOKING AT MAPP, WHO HAS JUST ENTERED THE ROOM.**

MAPP (cont'd)  
Problem with suicide, y'know what they say?

**STARLING**  
No.

**MAPP**  
Every suicide kills two.

**STARLING**  
Yeah. Well. They're a talkative buncha commentators.

**MAPP**  
You got a lot of people love you, Starling.

**STARLING**  
Trouble is, they all seem to die.

**MAPP**  
Y'want to gimme Brigham's pistol?

**STARLING**  
What would you guess, Ardelia?

**MAPP**  
You goin to shoot yourself?  
**(PAUSE)**

**MAPP SHRUGS, GETS UP, GOES TO THE DOOR, TURNS BACK.**

**MAPP**  
Don't shoot yourself.

**STARLING**  
Why?

**MAPP**  
Cause I'm tired, cleaning up after you.  
**(STARLING GIVES A WAN GRIN)**  
Why dontcha gimme the gun?

**STARLING SHAKES HER HEAD.**

MAPP (cont'd)  
Gimme the rounds...

STARLING THINKS, HANDS HER THE MAGAZINE AND THE SPARE ROUND.

MAPP (cont'd)  
Whyn'tcha go see that Headshrinker nobody  
knows you're seeing...? N'you make her  
earn her keep...

STARLING SIGHS, AND RISES FROM THE BED.

MAPP (cont'd)  
(EXITING.)  
...you brush your hair first...

EXT STARLING'S APARTMENT BUILDING DAY

STARLING EXITS, THE STREET IS QUIET, ACROSS THE STREET. AN  
OLD MAN IS FINISHING LOADING HIS OLD PUSH-MOWER ONTO THE  
BACK OF A TRUCK.

STARLING WALKS TO HER CAR, AND GETS IN.

ANGLE INT THE POTATOCHIP VAN.

THE TWO MEN IN FRONT. ONE NODS TO THE OTHER, THEY TAKE  
OFF, MOVING PAST THE OLD LAWCARE MAN AND HIS TRUCK.

INT PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE DAY.

THE BOX OF TISSUES. A HAND TAKES A TISSUE.

ANGLE STARLING, HAVING TAKEN THE TISSUE, SITTING ACROSS  
FROM THE KINDLY OLD PSYCHIATRIST.

PSYCHIATRIST  
(CHECKING HER NOTES)  
...the dream of your Father.

STARLING DABS HER EYES WITH THE TISSUE. SHAKES HER HEAD.

PSYCHIATRIST (cont'd)  
Well, you're a courageous woman. Have  
courage, and tell me.

STARLING  
He was shot...he was shot. On his  
rounds. And... and...

PSYCHIATRIST  
That's when you went to the Orphanage...

EXT PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE. PARKING LOT DAY.

STARLING'S CAR.

THE LAWNMOWER MAN'S TRUCK PULLS UP NEXT TO IT. WE SEE THE OLD MAN HOBBLE OUT, AND PROCEED TO STARLING'S TRAVERSED DOOR, HE TAKES OUT A PICK AND PICKS THE LOCK.

ANGLE INT THE CAR.

WE SEE THAT IT IS LECHTER. HE PUTS HIS FACE ON THE LEATHER-COVERED STEERINGWHEEL, AND SMELLS THE AROMA. HE SMILES. HE TAKES A SMALL PACKAGE FROM THE BOSOM OF HIS OVERALLS. WE SEE IT IS A BUNCH OF VIOLETS. HE TAKES THE SCARF OFF HIS NECK, AND WRAPS THEM AROUND THE VIOLETS, AND PLACES THE BOUQUET ON THE DASHBOARD.

HE SITS IN THE CAR.

HE GETS OUT, AND WE SEE HIM GO TO THE TAILBED OF HIS TRUCK AND BEGIN TO REMOVE THE LAWNMOWER.

INT PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE DAY.

STARLING, A TISSUE TO HER FACE.

**STARLING**

And all he left us: the Country brought back his hat, and his badge... both with a bullethole in them. An' that's what he left us. That's what I said.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

And you have been dreaming... dreaming about this Hat, and...

**STARLING**

(WAVES HER OFF, AS IF THIS IS NOT THE IMPORTANT POINT)

And. I always said, he was a P'lice officer.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

...yes...?

**STARLING**

But. He was a night watchman. That's what he was. N'They brought back, his hat, his badge, an his timeclock.

(SHE LAUGHS)

N'then they took me off.

(THE PSYCHIATRIST MAKES A NOTE)

I saw... I saw. Clear as day, do you, do

they call it a delusion? His hat an his badge. Clear as day, bulletholes and all.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

When?

**STARLING**

But they were not there. Yesterday. Is that called a Delusion...?

**SHE STARTS TO CRY. THE PHONE RINGS. THE PSYCHIATRIST PICKS IT UP.**

STARLING (cont'd)

B'cause, you know, whatever it is, I can't take it anymore...

**PSYCHIATRIST**

**(COVERING THE PHONE)**

I'm sorry. I'll have to take this in the other room.

**THE PSYCHIATRIST EXITS, HOLDING THE PHONE. STARLING SITS FOR A MOMENT CRYING. SHE GOES TO THE TISSUEBOX ON THE PSYCHIATRIST'S DESK. SHE FINDS IT EMPTY, SHE SEES THE EDGE OF A NEW BOX IN THE DESKDRAWER. SHE OPENS THE DRAWER.**

**ANGLE IN THE DRAWER.**

**A FILE ON STARLING: MARKED 'TALKING POINTS,' AND A PHOTOCOPY OF HER FATHER'S BADGE WITH THE HOLE THROUGH IT.**

**ANGLE ON STARLING, AS SHE LOOKS FROM THE FILE, AND THEN PROCEEDS TO THE DOOR TO THE NEXT ROOM, WHICH SHE OPENS QUIETLY.**

**ANGLE HER POV**

**THE PSYCHIATRIST ON THE PHONE. TALKING SOFTLY.**

PSYCHIATRIST (cont'd)

Not too far from a complete breakdown. Well, several things would--you've done the Badge, I suggest...

**THE PSYCHIATRIST, SENSING A PRESENCE, TURNS. SHE SEES STARLING, AND STARTS TO RUN OUT AN EXIT DOOR.**

**ANGLE, IN THE HALL, STARLING PURSUING THE PSYCHIATRIST.**

**ANGLE EXT THE PARKINGLOT.**

HANNIBAL IS MOWING THE GRASS, LOOKING AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PSYCHIATRIST'S BUILDING, SOME HUNDRED YARDS AWAY.

ANGLE INT THE POTATOCHIP VAN.

ONE OF THE MEN IS TALKING ON A WALKIE.

MAN

...got her staked out. Yeah, she's still in with the...

WE HEAR THE BUZZ OF THE LAWNMOWER.

MAN (cont'd)

I said: she's still in with the...

HIS SPEECH IS DROWNED OUT BY THE LAWNMOWER. HE TURNS TO ROLL UP HIS WINDOW, AND SIGHS, AND GLARES IN THE DIRECTION OF THE LAWNMOWER MAN.

ANGLE HIS POV.

LECHTER, AS HE TAKES OFF HIS HAT TO WIPE THE SWEAT FROM HIS EYES.

ANGLE INT THE VAN.

THE POTATOCHIP MAN, STARING AT LECHTER, AND THEN PICKING UP THE PHOTO OF LECHTER WHICH IS ON HIS DASHBOARD.

MAN (cont'd)

(INTO WALKIE)

One moment...

ANGLE, EXT THE PSYCHIATRIST BUILDING DAY.

STARLING CATCHES UP WITH THE PSYCHIATRIST, SHE STARTS TO SHAKE HER.

STARLING

...who paid you... who...

ANGLE ON LECHTER, AS HE IS WATCHING THE TWO. HE SENSES SOMETHING, AND BEGINS TO TURN.

ANGLE

ONE OF THE POTATOCHIP ABDUCTORS, SINKS TO ONE KNEE, AND RAISES AN ODD LOOKING RIFLE, AND FIRES.

ANGLE

CU LECHTER, AS HE PUSS A SMALL RED DART FROM HIS NECK, AND BEGINS TO SLUMP.

ANGLE

ON STARLING, AND THE PSYCHIATRIST, AS STARLING SPOTS SOMETHING OVER THE OLDER WOMAN'S SHOULDER.

ANGLE HER POV.

TWO MEN, MANHANDLING THE FALLEN LAWNMOWER MAN INTO THE POTATOCHIP VAN.

ANGLE ON STARLING, AS SHE RELEASES THE PSYCHIATRIST, WHO FALLS, STARLING ADVANCES TOWARD THE VAN.

ANGLE

AT THE BACK OF THE VAN, LECHTER STARTS TO COME TO LIFE. HE KICKS OUT, AS HE IS BEING PUT INTO THE VAN, AND DISLODGES A SMALL OBJECT ON THE FLOOR.

ANGLE

ON ONE OF THE MEN, AS HE PULLS LECHTER OFF THE FLOOR OF THE VAN, AND ADMINISTERS ANOTHER SHOT.

ANGLE

ON LECHTER'S FEET, AS THEY CLEAR THE BACK OF THE FLOOR OF THE VAN, AND THE BACK GATE COMES DOWN ON THE VAN. A PACKAGE OF POTATOCHIPS FALLS, DISLODGED BY LECHTER.

ANGLE

ON STARLING, AS SHE RUNS TOWARD THE DEPARTING VAN, WHICH PEELS OUT OF THE PARKINGLOT.

SHE IS NOW STANDING BY HER CAR. SHE LOOKS INTO THE CAR.

ANGLE, INT THE CAR.

STARLING'S HAND, REMOVES THE BOUQUET, SHE REMOVES HER SCARF.

CAMERA TAKES HER TO THE SPOT WHERE THE VAN STOOD. SHE LOOKS DOWN AT THE ASPHALT.

ANGLE HER POV. THE BAG OF POTATOCHIPS.

ANGLE. ON STARLING, AS SHE BENDS DOWN TO RETRIEVE THE BAG OF CHIPS.

ANGLE INT CONVENIENCE STORE DAY.

THE STORE FRONTS ON THE PARKINGLOT, WE SEE STARLING, HER CAR BEYOND HER, RUNNING INTO THE STORE.

STARLING (cont'd)  
FBI where's your phone...?

SHE GOES BEHIND THE COUNTER, PICKS UP THE PHONE AND DIALS.

STARLING (cont'd)  
(INTO PHONE)  
Mapp. Get me Ardelia Mapp. Well. Get in touch with her. Tell her...

CONVENIENCE STORE OPERATOR  
...could I see some I.D.?

STARLING  
Tell her that....

CONVENIENCE STORE OPERATOR  
...you're really going to need to show me some identification.

WE SEE THE CONVENIENCE STORE OPERATOR MOVE TOWARD A CORNER OF HIS COUNTER AND THE BUTT OF A BARELY CONCEALED PISTOL.

ANGLE, ON STARLING.

STARLING  
..this is Clarice Starling..  
(PAUSE)  
...this is not a personal message...I...  
(PAUSE)  
I...

SHE HANGS UP THE PHONE.

ANGLE INT STARLING'S ROOM. DAY.

INSERT, ONTO THE BED, WE SEE THE BOX OF MEMORABILIA. WE SEE STARLING PRODUCE THE PISTOL, RUMMAGE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOX, COME UP WITH A SPARE MAGAZINE, AND SEAT IT IN THE GUN.

ANGLE, INT. THE KITCHEN OF STARLING AND MAPP'S APARTMENT, WE SEE THE DOOR CLOSING BEHIND STARLING, AND A NOTE TAPED TO THE DOOR.

THE NOTE READS: MAPP. MASON VERGER SNATCHED LECHTER. I'VE

GONE AFTER THEM.

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE CAR ENGINE STARTING UP OUTSIDE.

INT VERGER'S ROOM NIGHT.

THE CHILD WE SAW EARLIER, STILL ASLEEP ON THE SOFA, HIS BACK TO CAMERA.

VERGER

(VO)

Yaaasss...

RACK FOCUS TO A PREVIOUSLY OUT OF FOCUS TV SCREEN IN THE FOREGROUND, WHERE WE SEE,

ANGLE INS

A TV PICTURE OF A MEDICAL TEXTBOOK, SHOWING A MULTICOLORED PLATE, THE ANATOMY OF THE FEET.

VERGER (cont'd)

Yaas. Turn the page, please....?

ANGLE

IN THE ROOM, WE SEE A MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCE TURN THE PAGE. VERGER IS IN HIS BED. ON ANOTHER SCREEN WE SEE THE PIGS, AND CORDELL WALKING PAST THEM, AND INTO THE BARN.

ANGLE INT THE BARN.

CORDELL WALKS PAST A CAMERA, AND NODS TO IT.

ANGLE INT THE ROOM.

THE SAME SEEN ON THE TV SCREEN.

VERGER (cont'd)

..and how is our prize...?

ANGLE

LECHTER, SHACKLED TO A BEAM OF WOOD, TWO FEET OFF THE GROUND. EYES CLOSED.

CORDELL COMES UP TO HIM. HE NODS TO THE TWO POTATOCHIP MEN, WHO RETIRE.

CORDELL

...thank you...

(TO LECHTER)

And how are you this evening, Doctor?  
No, we know that you're awake...

**VERGER**

**(VO)**

Good evening, Dr. Lechter. Thank you for coming. I am sorry that we could not meet under more pleasant circumstances.

**ANGLE XCU ON LECHTER, AS HE LOOKS UP.**

**ANGLE HIS POV, A SMALL TV CAMERA SET NEAR THE CEILING, ITS RED LIGHT ON.**

VERGER (cont'd)

**(VO)**

But you will recall what the last time we met, you drugged me, and induced me, in that state, to scrape my face off and FEED IT TO THE DOGS. DID THAT DIVERT YOU? TELL HIM WHAT WE ARE GOING TO DO **TO RECIPROCATE!!!**

**CORDELL**

...the bad news is: we're going to stick your feet through those bars tomorrow, and feed them to our pigs.

**VERGER**

**(VO)**

Thank you, Cordell.

**LECHTER**

**(SPEAKING GROGGILY)**

...but will that satisfy you?

**VERGER**

Why should you care?

**LECHTER**

It is not that I care for you--but that I possess an enquiring mind. What will you do when I am gone? When you have nothing to occupy your thoughts, save the memory of your own folly, and, more to the point, stupidity.

**VERGER**

ARE YOU DONE?

**LECHTER**

(PAUSES TO THINK, THEN, AS IF  
SURPRISED)

Yes.

**VERGER**

You don't wish to beg...?

**LECHTER**

Would that add to your mirth?

**VERGER**

Explain in depth the plan we have for  
him. Until tomorrow.

**ANGLE ON LECHTER, AS HE LOOKS UP AT THE TV CAMERA.**

**AS CORDELL SPEAKS, HE REMOVES A KNIFE, AND BEGINS CUTTING  
AWAY THE LEGS OF LECHTER'S PANTS, REMOVING HIS SOCKS AND  
SHOES ET CETERA.**

**ANGLE HIS POV**

**THE LIGHT IN THE CAMERA FLIPS OFF.**

**ANGLE**

**ON LECHTER AND CORDELL.**

**LECHTER**

One would have thought he'd keep me  
under observation. To savor his  
triumph.

**CORDELL**

No, I think he proffers to spend his  
happy hours with his playmates.

**LECHTER**

...young boys, still...?

**CORDELL**

...here's to child abuse!

**LECHTER**

Mmm...

**CORDELL**

...and then, he'll be coming down.

**LECHTER**

You said the bad news...

**CORDELL**

Yes, I did.

**LECHTER**

I believe that your tone implied that there was some good news.... and, do you know... there might be good news for you...

**CORDELL**

Oh, yes, what? You'd bribe me, to, to, to, "release" you...?

**LECHTER**

I can make you rich.

**CORDELL**

And I expect you to.

**(HE LEANS CLOSER TO HANNIBAL)**

Let's talk like two medical men

**(HE PRODUCES A SMALL CASE,  
WHICH HOLDS TWO HYPODERMICS)**

**LECHTER'S HEAD STARTS TO SWAY.**

**CORDELL**

Come on, stay with us. Look here: I could get behind you, and give you a spinal, tomorrow, you wuunt feel anything down there, a l'il pulling is all. N'I'll tell you what, after he's got his jollies, ten, f'teen minutes, I'll come down here, give you a shotta this

**(HE TAKES A VIAL FROM HIS  
POCKET)**

stop your heart, an that's you done, an there's an end to it. What do you say...?

**(CORDELL REMOVES A CELLPHONE  
FROM HIS POCKET)**

I know you got lotsa money, evabody says so. I know how that stuff works, take it out, move it around...

**(LECHER'S HEAD BEGINS TO DROOL)**

...stay with me now, fuss with it... Whatsay we call your banker now, tell him a code... move that money to me, he confirms it, and I fix you up Right Now...

**(HE HOLDS UP THE SYRINGE AND  
SQUIRTS IT)**

Whatsay?

**LECHTER**

(MUMBLING)

..suitcase...locker...

**CORDELL**

Come on, Doctor, then you can sleep...

**LECHTER**

(MUMBLING)

...unmarked hundreds....

**CORDELL**

....what...?

(HE LEANS FORWARD. FROM THE  
BACK WE SEE LECHTER'S HEAD  
COME UP AND MOVE TO BIT  
CORDELL)

ANGLE EXT THE BARN.

A SOUND OF SCREAMING, THE TWO POTATOCHIP MEN RUN IN GUNS  
DRAWN, TO SEE CORDELL. HOLDING HIS HAND TO HIS BLOODY  
FACE.

**MAN ONE**

...you wan me to shoot im?

**CORDELL**

That's the last think I want...

(TO LECHTER)

Our other option is to beat you for a  
while, with this axe handle, here. I  
suppose this is what it feels like.

ANGLE

ONE OF THE ABDUCTORS (THE POTATOCHIP MEN) GOES TO A CONSOLE  
AND TURNS ON THE SOUND OF RECORDED SCREAMING. HE LOOKS DOWN  
AT THE PIGS WHO, HEARING THE SCREAMING, COME TO THE SIDE OF  
THE PEN. HE LOOKS BACK TOWARD THE DIRECTION OF CORDELL, AND  
LECHTER, AND WINCES.

HE RAISES THE AXE HANDLE AND PREPARES TO STRIKE.

INT VERGER'S ROOM.

THE SHAPE OF VERGER ON THE BED.

VERGER IS SEEN IN THE FLICKER OF THE TV SCREEN.

**VERGER**

Oh yes. Oh, yes, come here... Come  
here...Up Lad, When the Journey's Over,  
they'll be time enough for Sleep...

**WE SEE THE FORM RISE FROM THE BED, AND RISE AND WALK TOWARD  
VERGER.**

VERGER (cont'd)

Yes. Come here. For what good is  
Television, Educational as it may be,  
if it is not also entertaining.....come--  
have some popcorn...

**WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE AXE HANDLE HITTING SOMETHING.**

VERGER (cont'd)

**(TO THE TV)**

Make it last, make it last, for  
godsave, make it last....don't "hurt"  
him...!

**ANGLE EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, NIGHT.**

**STARLING'S CAR, COASTING DOWN THE HILL. THE OLD GATEHOUSE TO  
VERGER'S PROPERTY, SEEN IN THE MOONLIGHT.**

**ANGLE**

**STARLING, MOVING THROUGH THE MOONLIT NIGHT, THROUGH THE  
WOODS.**

**WE SEE THE MUSTANG, BEHIND HER, COVERED WITH BOUGHS, IN THE  
WOODS, AND BEYOND THAT, BELOW HER, THE GUARDHOUSE.**

**CAMERA TAKES HER UP TO A BARBEDWIRE FENCE, CAMOUFLAGED, WITH  
BRUSH WOVEN INTO IT. A LARGE TREE STANDS NEXT TO THE FENCE,  
WITH A BOUGH RUNNING FROM THE NEAR SIDE TO THE FAR SIDE.**

**ANGLE, STARLING LOOKS AT IT, AND SMILES. SHE WALKS FORWARD,  
LOOKING INTENTLY AT THE GROUND.**

**ANGLE, HER POV. A SMALL TRIPWIRE, SUSPENDED SIX INCHES OFF  
THE GROUND, COVERS THE AREA IN FRONT OF THE SO-ATTRACTIVE  
TREE. STARLING FOLLOWS THE TRIPWIRE DOWN, PARALLEL TO THE  
FENCE. SHE STEPS OVER THE TRIPWIRE AND PROCEEDS DOWN,  
WATCHING THE FENCE, LOOKING INTENTLY.**

**SHE GOES INTO A GULLY WHERE WE SEE THAT A RUNOFF OF A STREAM  
IS ERODING A HOLE UNDERNEATH THE BARBEDWIRE FENCE.**

**ANGLE, ON STARLING, AS SHE GETS DOWN ON THE GROUND, TAKES A**

STICK AND PROBES IN THE FLOW OF WATER UNDERNEATH THE FENCE. SHE NODS, SATISFIED, AND BEGINS TO USE THE STICK TO ENLARGE THE OPENING UNDER THE FENCE.

INT VERGER' S ROOM. NIGHT.

CORDELL (cont'd)  
Mr. Verger...?

VERGER  
I'm awake. Oh. Is it Time!

CORDELL STARTS TO PUSH THE GURNEYBED OUT OF THE ROOM.

VERGER (cont'd)  
Oh, yes, one waits so long, and then, and then ...ALMOST BY MAGIC...Yes, proceed.  
Please.... proceed...

CORDELL STARTS TO EXIT.

CAMERA SEES THE GURNEY BED, WITH VERGER ON IT, A SMALL COUCH, ON WHICH IS A YOUNG BOY, ASLEEP, IN FRONT OF A SILENT TELEVISION, A BOWL OF POPCORN BY HIM.

EXT THE PIGBARN. DAWN.

ANGLE ON STARLING, ADVANCING FROM THE WOODS, PISTOL IN HAND. SHE HEARS SCREAMING. SHE HESITATES, THEN MOVES CLOSER.

ANGLE, HER POV.

ONE OF THE ABDUCTORS, TEASING THE PIGS, PUSHES A PAIR OF STUFFED DUNGAREES THROUGH THE ENCLOSURE.

ANGLE ON STARLING, WHO TURNS HER HEAD.

HER POV:

AT THE MAIN HOUSE, BY THE POTATOCHIP VAN, THE GURNEY EMERGES, WHEELED BY CORDELL. IT MOVES TOWARD A FORKLIFT TRUCK.

ANGLE AT THE GURNEY.

CORDELL  
..It won't be long now, sir...

VERGER  
OHFORGODSAKE, get ON with it.

CORDELL MOVES TO THE FORKLIFT, STARTS IT, AND IT MOVES

TOWARD THE GURNEY.

ANGLE ON STARLING, AS SHE WATCHES THE FORKLIFT GENTLY PICK UP VERGER IN THE GURNEYBED. THE SOUND OF SCREAMING STOPS.

SHE SEES THE ABDUCTOR TURN OFF THE MUSIC, AND RETREAT INTO THE BARN.

ANGLE

STARLING, MOVING ALONGSIDE THE PIG'S ENCLOSURE.

SHE MOVES TO A WALL OF THE BARN.

ANGLE HER POV IN THE BARN. LECHTER, MANACLED AND BOUND TO A BEAM.

SHE SEES AN ABDUCTOR MOVING TOWARD HIM. LOWERING HIS BEAM TO THE GROUND, AND THEN MOVING OFF, INTO THE TACKROOM, OFF.

ANGLE IN THE BARN.

STARLING BURSTS INTO THE TACKROOM.

STARLING

(TO THE ABDUCTOR)

On the ground, on the ground...

SHE MOVES TO HIM, AS HE COMPLIES, AND REMOVES HANDCUFFS, AND CUFFS THE MAN AROUND A POLE. HE STARTS TO REMONSTRATE, AND SHE HITS HIM ON THE HEAD WITH HER GUNBUTT. SHE EXITS THE TACKROOM, AND ENTERS THE BARN AND ADVANCES ON THE MAULED AND BEATEN FORM OF LECHTER.

LECHTER

Good morning, Clarice.

STARLING

Can you walk? Are your legs working...?

LECHTER

Perhaps... shall we see...?

STARLING

I'm going to cut you loose. With all due respect, Doctor, if you fuck with me, I'll shoot you dead, do you understand...? Do right and you'll live through this.

LECHTER

Spoken like a Protestant.

STARLING TAKES OUT A KNIFE, AND BEGINS TO CUT THE DOCTOR LOOSE.

LECHTER (cont'd)  
I'll do the rest, if you give me the  
knife.

SHE LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER, AT THE FORKLIFT COMING DOWN THE  
HILL.

STARLING  
No, I don't think so.

LECHTER HAS FREED HIMSELF, AND IS CHAFING HIS LIMBS TO  
RESTORE CIRCULATION.

STARLING (cont'd)  
(AS SHE POINTS TO THE FORKLIFT)  
I'm going to subdue our friends, coming  
down the hill, and I want you to cuff  
em, and to put em inside with the other  
fella... My car is  
(SHE GESTURES BACK AT THE WOODS)

LECHTER  
Other fellow? There should have been  
two of them...?

ANGLE

ON THE SECOND ABDUCTOR, IN THE LOFT OF THE BARN, HOLDING HIS  
DARTGUN. HE FIRES.

ANGLE CU

ON STARLING, WHO EXTRACTS A DART FROM HER BICEP. SHE LOOKS  
AROUND, AND FALLS, DAZILY. HER PISTOL FALLS THROUGH THE BARS  
INTO THE PIGPEN.

ANGLE

ON THE MAN IN THE LOFT, AS HE RELOADS, AND SIGHTS ON  
LECHTER, WHO IS KNEELING BY STARLING. WE SEE LECHTER PICK UP  
HER PISTOL, AND FIRE AT THE MAN IN THE LOFT.

ANGLE. THE MAN IN THE LOFT, HE FALLS AGAINST A RAILING, HE  
DROPS HIS DARTRIFLE.

IT DROPS INTO THE PIG'S PEN.

HE DROPS, DEAD, INTO THE PIG'S PEN.

ANGLE. ON THE PIGS, AS THEY GO WILD, TRYING TO EAT THE RIFLE.

ANGLE

ON THE FORKLIFT AND THE GURNEY, AS IT ENTERS THE BARN.

ANGLE

ON CORDELL DRIVING THE FORKLIFT.

VERGER

What's happening, would you please...?

ANGLE

ON LECHTER, AS HE MOVES TO STARLING, AND PULLS HER AWAY FROM THE PIGPEN, HE TRIES TO REACH THROUGH THE BARS FOR HER PISTOL, BUT IT IS JUST OUT OF REACH.

HE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE

ON VERGER AND CORDELL, APPROACHING LECHTER.

CORDELL

Stop there, would you, please, Doctor...?

LECHTER

The girl could use some help.

VERGER

You're free...

LECHTER

...which of us is free...?

VERGER

Yes, to cease to Hope is the Greatest Crime. The Greatest crime. Perhaps the only crime. I never ceased to hope!

LECHTER

The girl needs help.

VERGER

And what would be of Greater Help, than to release her, from the bonds of this sordid earthly existence. DON'T YOU THINK? IN WHICH THE INNOCENT ARE TORTURED IN WAYS WHICH WOULD MAKE THE

**ANGUISH OF THE DAMNED SEEM TAME AND UNIMAGINATIVE, DON'T YOU THINK? BLIND HIM AGAIN, AND PREPARE HIM AND HER FOR THE PIGS!**

**(CORDELL, HOLDING A GUN, ADVANCES ON LECHTER)**

**LECHTER**

...might I make a suggestion...?

**VERGER**

...after you' re dead. AND WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, do you understand...when I give the word...

**ANGLE**

**ON LECHTER, BEING BOUND, AND HOISTED UP, AGAIN, ON THE BEAM.**

**CORDELL**

...fraid, that's about it, Doctor.

**LECHTER**

Let the girl go.

**CORDELL**

Why?

**LECHTER**

For a consideration.

**CORDELL**

'fraid it's too late.

**VERGER**

...when I...

**(PAUSE)**

**CORDELL CONTINUES THE FINAL PREPARATIONS OF LECHTER.**

**LECHTER**

...what has she done to harm you...?

**CORDELL**

Yes, do you know, you're right...

**(HE PAUSES)**

...Mr. Verger...?

**(PAUSE)**

Mr. Verger, Sir? He's ready...

**(PAUSE)**

**ANGLE ON CORDELL, AS HE LEAVES THE TRUSSED LECHTER, STEPPING**

OVER STARLING, AND PROCEEDS BACK TOWARD THE GURNEY, WHICH IS HALF HIDDEN BY THE PIGPEN.

ANGLE

HIS POV. AS HE COMES AROUND THE CORNER, THE CHILD FRANKLIN HAS THE BOWL OF POPCORN, AND IS SEEN FEEDING POPCORN TO VERGER.

ANGLE CORDELL'S POV.

THE LIFESIGNS DISPLAY OF VERGER. A SINGLE BLIP, A LONG PAUSE, ANOTHER IRREGULAR BLIP. A LONG PAUSE.

ANGLE CORDELL, AS HE ADVANCES ON THE CHILD.

CORDELL (cont'd)  
Hey, Franklin. Hey. Tell you what, if you'd just stop doing that, I'm going to give you something nice.

**FRANKLIN**  
He don't like popcorn.

**CORDELL**  
No. And...

**FRANKLIN**  
I like Popcorn...

**CORDELL**  
...yes, if you'll, just step away...

**FRANKLIN**  
You give me whatever I want...?

**CORDELL**  
Yes. You know I will. That's right.

**FRANKLIN**  
Awright.

FRANKLIN STEPS AWAY. AND CORDELL RUNS UP TO VERGER AND TRIES TO REVIVE HIM.

ANGLE

ON FRANKLIN, AS HE MOVES AROUND THE PEN, AND PULLS A LEVER WHICH OPENS THE GATE.

ANGLE

ON THE PIGS, AS THEY START TO MOVE INTO THE AREA OCCUPIED BY CORDELL AND VERGER.

ANGLE

ON FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN (cont'd)  
You know what I want...?

ANGLE

ON CORDELL, BENT OVER VERGER, AS HE LOOKS BACK.

ANGLE ON FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN (cont'd)  
I WANT KITTYKAT!!!

ANGLE

ON CORDELL, AS HE SEES THE PIGS APPROACHING, HE STARTS TO SCREAM.

ANGLE

ON FRANKLIN, AS HE CLIMBS UP TO THE AREA WHERE WE SEE LECHTER.

LECHTER  
Let me down, son, let me down.

FRANKLIN  
What'll you do for me?

LECHTER  
I'll take you home.

FRANKLIN  
Ain't got no home.

LECHTER  
Then what would you like...?

FRANKLIN COMES OVER AND WHISPERS TO HIM.

ANGLE

ON HANNIBAL, AS HE RECOILS. BEAT. THE SOUND OF SCREAMING STOPS.

PAUSE

HANNIBAL

(PAUSE)

Yes. You shall have it...

FRANKLIN

Then you goin to hell...

HANNIBAL

...that's right...

FRANKLIN LOOSES THE ROPE WHICH HOLDS LECHTER, AND LECHTER ENTERS THE PIGPEN. WE SEE THE PIGS, AT THE FAR END, SAVAGING WHAT WE ASSUME TO BE THE FORMS OF VERGER AND CORDELL.

ANGLE

ON HANNIBAL, AS HE STOOPS TO THE FORM OF STARLING, AND GATHERS HER UP. THE PIGS ADVANCE ON HIM, AND THEN STOP... HE STEPS THROUGH THEM, AND OUT OF THE BARN.

ANGLE EXT THE BARN.

STARLING, PUT DOWN IN THE GRASS. BEAT. SHE STIRS. SHE HALF-OPENS HER EYES.

ANGLE, HER POV LECHTER, WALKING TOWARD HER, BEHIND HIM THE VERGER ESTATE BURSTING INTO ROARING FLAMES.

ANGLE

ON FRANKLIN, STANDING BY THE FLAMES, LOOKING AT LECHTER, AS HE WALKS UP TOWARD STARLING.

ANGLE

ON LECHTER, AS HE PICKS UP STARLING, WE SEE A SECURITY CAR COMING DOWN THE DRIVE, AS LECHTER AND STARLING FADE INTO THE WOODS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT SUMPTUOUS, ELEGANT DININGROOM.

STARLING, IN A DECOLLETE EVENING GOWN, STANDING IN FRONT OF A PERFECT PRESENTATION OF BACCARAT AND LIMOGES.

ANGLE HER POV.

LECHTER, IN A TUXEDO, STANDING AGAINST THE BALCONY OF THE ROOM, WHICH LOOKS OUT ON THE SEA. HE SMILES AT HER.

**LECHTER**

You look lovely.

**STARLING**

Thank you.

(SHE MOVES TO SIT, AND  
LECHTER COMES UP AND HOLDS  
HER CHAIR FOR HER)

No, I know you'd prefer "I'm glad you  
find me so..."

**LECHTER**

I'd prefer you to say what you feel.

**STARLING**

What is that that smells so wonderful.

**LECHTER**

I hope you'll find it so.

(HE POURS HER A GLASS OF  
WINE)

Yes. It's good to see you regaining  
your strength...

**STARLING**

Thanks to you...

**WE SEE LECHTER EXCUSE HIMSELF, AND RETIRE INTO THE KITCHEN.  
WE SEE HIM TAKING DOWN SAUCEPANS, AND MIXING WHAT APPEARS TO  
BE A MARINADE.**

**LECHTER**

Now, what were we last speaking of...?

**STARLING**

We were speaking of my father...

**LECHTER POURS THE MARINADE INTO A PAN, LIGHTS THE FLAME IN  
THE STOVE, WIPES HIS HANDS, AND RETURNS TO THE DININGROOM.**

**LECHTER**

...I'm sorry....?

**STARLING**

...we were speaking of my father...

**LECHTER**

Indeed we were.

**STARLING**

...and my need for The Institution...

**LECHTER**

Freud, do you know...? Freud  
psychoanalyzed patients in One Afternoon.

**STARLING**

And how did he do that?

**LECHTER**

He saw the truth, and spoke it...

**STARLING**

I'm afraid, this wine is making me  
woozy...

**LECHTER**

...you have to eat...

**LECHTER RETURNS TO THE KITCHEN, INDICATING "ONE MOMENT."**

LECHTER (cont'd)

**(AS THE CAMERA TAKES HIM TO  
THE KITCHEN, AND WE HALF-SEE  
THE TORSO OF A MAN SITTING  
IN A KITCHEN CHAIR)**

You've sought out The Institution all  
your life, as you wish it to replace your  
Father. This is obvious. Less obvious  
is this: that you require the  
institution not to support you, but to  
FAIL. FOR THIS KEEPS YOUR FATHER ALIVE.

**ANGLE**

**ON STARLING, SITTING, NODDING, AS SHE DRINKS HER WINE. SHE  
PUTS THE GLASS DOWN, A TRIFLE WOZZY.**

LECHTER (cont'd)

...as this keeps your father alive. The  
truth is two-fold, and the truth is one:

**THE WIND FROM THE OCEAN BLOWS A STRAND OF HAIR ACROSS HER  
EYES, SHE BRUSHES IT BACK.**

LECHTER (cont'd)

**(VO)**

That every man is fallible, that every  
institution, being made of men, cannot  
but be corrupt...

**ANGLE ON STARLING, LOOKING DOWN AT HER HAND.**

ANGLE HER POV.

THE HAND IS COVERED WITH MUD AND BLOOD.

ANGLE, STARLING, LOOKING PERPLEXED, AT THE KITCHEN WHERE WE SEE THE FORM OF LECHTER, MOVING ACROSS THE KITCHEN.

ANGLE

ON LECHTER.

AS WE SEE, HE CARRIES A SCALPEL, HE MOVES TOWARD THE HALF-SEEN FORM OF THE MAN IN THE CHAIR.

HE BENDS DOWN OVER THE MAN, AND WE SEE THAT HE CARRIES A SCALPEL AND A SMALL MEDICAL SAW...

LECHTER (cont'd)  
...the only art in this dish, of course,  
is that it must be fresh...

ANGLE

ON STARLING, IN THE ROOM, AS SHE PICKS UP A SMALL ROSEBUD FROM THE CUT CRYSTAL BUDVASE IN FRONT OF HER.

SHE LOOKS AT IT WOZILY, AND IT FALLS FROM HER FINGERS. SHE BENDS DOWN.

ANGLE, HER POV, THE FLOOR.

THE ROSEBUD, ON A FILTHY, TORN LINOLEUM FLOOR, HER LEGS ENCASED IN THE MUDDY PANTS WE SAW HER IN AT VERGER'S FARM.

ANGLE

ON STARLING, AS SHE STRAIGHTENS, HOLDING THE ROSE. WE SEE A LOOK OF CONSTERNATION ON HER FACE. HER FACE IS BLOODY, AND COVERED IN MUD, WE SEE SHE IS NOT IN A SUMPTUOUS DININGROOM, BUT IN A SLUM.

ANGLE HER POV

LECHTER, IN THE KITCHEN, IN TUXEDO, MOVING PAST THE DOORWAY.

ANGLE INT THE KITCHEN.

LECHTER, AS WE NOW SEE, IN THE FILTHY KITCHEN OF A SLUM. COOKING ON A HOTPLATE. DRESSED IN WORKCLOTHES, CAMERA TAKES HIM, FROM BEHIND, TO THE SLUMPED FORM OF THE MAN, CAMERA CUTS OFF AT THE MAN'S SHOULDERS, WE SEE LECHTER, FROM THE BACK, LIFTING SOMETHING FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE MAN'S HEAD, AND

CARRYING IT BACK TO THE FILTHY TABLETOP, WHERE, AS HE SPEAKS, HE BEGINS KNEADING IT WITH FLOUR, WE SEE THE PAN SIZZLING ON THE HOTPLATE.

ANGLE

IN THE SLUM ROOM. STARLING, DAZED, AND LECHTER, REENTERING.

LECHTER (cont'd)  
That the institution cannot but be corrupt, and, therefore, it cannot be but an act of complicity to seek to appease it.

HE MOVES BACK INTO THE KITCHEN, PUTS THE BREADED PIECES OF CUTLET INTO THE PAN, THE FIRE SHOOTS UP.

LECHTER (cont'd)  
So many civilizations eat their slain enemies... what do you think...? How much better to devour a person physically, than to devour his spirit. Which is, of course, the purpose of the institution.

HE REMOVES THE MEAT FROM THE PAN, AND FORKS IT ONTO A TIN PLATE.

LECHTER (cont'd)  
(REENTERING THE DININGROOM)  
:and that is the especial surprise, I've prepared for You!

STARLING  
I feel weak...

LECHTER  
(NODDING)  
...you must eat.

SHE LOOKS DOWN AT THE TABLE. SHE PICKS UP HER FORK.

ANGLE HER POV

THE LOVELY LINEN TABLE, THE STEAMING MEAT ON THE LIMOGES PLATE.

A HUGE COCKROACH, SCURRYING ACROSS THE TABLECLOTH.

ANGLE

ON STARLING, AS SHE RISES, UNSTEADILY, IN HER MUDDY

CLOTHES...

STARLING

...I don't understand...

SHE WALKS TOWARD THE BALCONY WINDOW, LOOKING OUT AT THE OCEAN.

ANGLE HER POV.

OUT THE WINDOW, A SQUALID CITY STREET, SEEN FROM THE THIRD FLOOR.

A COUPLE OF CARS STOPPING AT THE END OF THE STREET.

ANGLE, ON STARLING, AS SHE TURNS BACK TOWARD LECHTER.

LECHTER

(IN THE KITCHEN)

The gift, of course is not the meal--  
but the identification--which of us does  
not need help? The identity, of your  
true enemy...?  
...for you always sought to befriend, to  
wish the love of those who wished you ill.

ANGLE, ON LECHTER, STANDING BEFORE THE FIGURE TIED TO THE CHAIR.

LECHTER (cont'd)

Come here--he is in no pain, there are  
no nerves in the brain, come here...

ANGLE, LECHTER'S POV THE FIGURE OF CRAWFORD TIED TO THE CHAIR.

LECHTER MOVES TO HIM AND EXTRACTS FROM HIS UPPER POCKET, A XEROX OF THE PHOTO OF THE BADGE WITH THE HOLE IN IT.

LECHTER (CONT'D)

Come here, I'm going to cure you.

ANGLE HIS POV.

STARLING, IN THE SLUMROOM, LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW.

ANGLE

STARLING, DAZED, LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW, LECHTER COMES UP BEHIND HER, AND LOOKS OUT.

ANGLE HIS POV.

THE SLUM STREET, A VAN NOW PULLING UP, A SQUAD OF SWAT OFFICERS APPROACHING A PARKED CAR.

ANGLE

ON LECHTER AND CLARICE.

LECHTER APPROACHES HER.

ANGLE HIS POV,

STARLING, IN THE BEAUTIFUL GOWN, HE MOVES AS IF TO CARESS HER BREAST.

ANGLE ON STARLING, AS SHE LOOKS DOWN. WE SEE SHE IS NOW CLOTHED IN HER FILTHY CLOTHES, AND LECHTER IS FRISKING HER.

ANGLE

LECHTER, FRISKING THE FILTHY STARLING, TAKES OUT THE MARINECORP HATBADGE, WHICH WE SAW EARLIER, HE BREAKS IT OPEN, AND REVEALS A MICROTRANSMITTER.

LECHTER (cont'd)

Oh, no. Oh, NO. They've put a beeper on you. How careless of me. How finally careless, Do you think? Have I erred on Purpose? Eh? Or am I just unlucky? Could one not say that's the essential question of Philosophy...?

ANGLE ON STARLING, DAZED, LOOKING ON.

STARLING

Might I have some more of the wine...?

ANGLE ON LECHTER, AS HE MOVES TO A BACK WINDOW.

STARLING, AS SHE RISES, AGAIN, IN HER BALLGOWN.

STARLING (cont'd)

Because, I find I like the effects. You may say that it's inebriation, but it seems

(SHE SMILES)

This lovely evening, in particular.... it seems to reward me with clarity...

(SHE LAUGHS)

THERE IS A SOUND BEHIND HER. THE BEAUTIFUL FRENCHDOORS

OPEN AND ADMIT A HAPPY COTERIE OF GOWNED WOMEN AND FORMAL DRESSED MEN, THEY ARE ALL CHATTERING THEIR JOY AT SEEING HER.

STARLING (cont'd)  
...or perhaps, it is just the heat... I  
was just saying to the Doctor...  
(SHE GESTURES)

ANGLE HER POV THE OPEN WINDOW, THE SHADES BLOWING.

CAMERA COMES BACK TO STARLING, WHO IS IN HER RAGS, WITH THE SWAT TEAM ENTERING THE ROOM.

STARLING (cont'd)  
But, do you know, do you know, I'm not  
feeling altogether....

SHE SWOONS. A SWAT MAN CATCHES HER.

SWAT MAN  
...I've got her...

ANGLE

IN THE SLUMROOM, WE SEE THAT A SWAT TEAM HAS ENTERED. ONE OF THEM HAS CAUGHT THE FAINTING STARLING IN HIS ARMS. THE SEVERAL MEN PROCEED TOWARD THE BACK OF THE KITCHEN.

STARLING  
(AS WE SEE SHE IS IN  
KRENDLER'S ARMS)  
...may be the heat....

KRENDLER  
Let's get her out of here....

SWAT OFFICER, FROM THE KITCHEN. AS HE GAZES IN THE DIRECTION OF CRAWFORD.

STARLING  
But as my father used to say...

SWAT OFFICER  
(IN KITCHEN)  
...ohmiGod.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT TEXAS GRAVEYARD DAY.

A NEW MARBLE HEADSTONE BEING LOWERED ONTO A GRAVE. IT IS

ORNATE AND SOLID, AND READS: JAMES RANDALL STARLING, HUSBAND AND FATHER. DIED 1975.

ANGLE

STARLING STANDING BY THE GRAVE, HOLDING FLOWERS, BEHIND HER STAND MAPP AND HER BOYFRIEND. BEHIND THEM STAND AN OFFICIAL LOOKING MAN, WHO HOLDS HIS STETSON, REVERENTLY, IN FRONT OF HIM. IN THE BG WE SEE A TRUCK MOVING SLOWLY DOWN THE DUSTY CEMETERY ROAD.

ANGLE

ON STARLING, AS SHE KNEELS, AS THE STONE IS PLACED, PUTTING A SMALL BOUQUET OF FLOWERS NEXT TO IT. AS SHE KNEELS, AND CAMERA CRANES DOWN, WE READ THE BOTTOM OF THE INSCRIPTION: "DIED 1975. HE WILL NEVER KNOW HOW HE WAS MISSED."

ANGLE

ON STARLING, AS SHE STANDS, AND MAPP COMES, AND PUTS HER ARM AROUND HER.

MAPP

That's why it's a stone, you know, It means Don't Come Back.

STARLING NODS, AND THEY TURN AWAY, AND WALK AWAY FROM THE GRAVE. IN THE BG WE SEE ANOTHER GROUP OF MOURNERS, WEARING WESTERN GARB. STARLING AND HER GROUP CROSS A SERVICE ROAD, IN FRONT OF THE OLD TRUCK.

STARLING

Well. No. He can't come back.

MAPP

Baby, that's the beginning of wisdom.

MAPP PUTS HER ARM AROUND STARLING, AS THEY WALK OFF. STARLING NODS, THAT SHE UNDERSTANDS, AND LAYS HER HEAD ON MAPP'S SHOULDER.

WE SEE SEVERAL GRAVEDIGGERS SITTING ON THE BACK. THE MAN IN THE PASSENGER SEAT, WEARING A STRAW WESTERN HAT, TURNS, TO LOOK AT STARLING AND THE GROUP. IT LOOKS LIKE LECHTER.

ANGLE ON STARLING, AND HER GROUP, AS THE MAN IN THE TRUCK MOMENTARILY CATCHES HER EYE.

ANGLE

ON STARLING, AS SHE WALKS THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD.

A GLINT OF LIGHT PLAYS ACROSS HER FACE, AND SHE SQUINTS.

ANGLE HER POV.

THE LIGHT HITTING THE SHOVEL OF THE GRAVEDIGGER IN THE STRAW HAT. THE GRAVEDIGGER IS HALF HIDDEN BY THE GROUP HE WALKS WITH.

ANGLE

OVER MAPP, WHO IS TALKING, AND ONTO STARLING, AS SHE STARES AT THE GRAVEDIGGER, WHO IS APPROACHING HER.

ANGLE

ON HER BODY, AS SHE REACHES TO HER BELT FOR A SIDEARM.

ANGLE

TIGHT ON THE TWO WOMEN, AS STARLING LEANS IN.

STARLING

(SOTTO)

Give me your gun...

ANGLE

ON MAPP, AS SHE LOOKS AT STARLING.

MAPP

...what...?

ANGLE

ON STARLING, AS SHE LOOKS AT THE APPROACHING FIGURE.

ANGLE HER POV

THE GRAVEDIGGER, AS HE EMERGES FROM THE GROUP. WE SEE HE IS A NONDESCRIPT LABORER.

ANGLE

ON STARLING AND MAPP.

MAPP (cont'd)

...what, what did you say...?

ANGLE

ON STARLING, AS SHE SHAKES HER HEAD.

ANGLE

ON THE LABORER, AS HE PASSES BY AN ARRIVING, OLDER LIMOUSINE, STARLING AND MAPP IN THE BACKGROUND.

ANGLE

ON STARLING AND MAPP, AS MAPP AND JIM TAKE THEIR LEAVE FROM STARLING, WHO IS INDICATING, "I JUST WANT TO BE ALONE FOR A WHILE."

WE SEE MAPP NOD, AS SHE AND JIM GET INTO THEIR CAR.

ANGLE ON STARLING, AS SHE WALKS BACK TOWARD HER FATHER'S GRAVE PAST A SMALL BLACK CLAD FAMILY, WHO ARE EMERGING FROM THE LIMO.

ANGLE XCU

ON STARLING, AS SHE LOOKS AT THE OFFENDING FIGURE.

ANGLE HER POV.

THE MAN TURNS MORE TO CAMERA, AND WE SEE HE IS A NONDESCRIPT LABORER.

ANGLE

ON STARLING, AS SHE TAKES HER LEAVE OF MAPP AND MAPP'S FRIEND, WE SEE THEM PASS BY ANOTHER SMALL FUNERAL, SEVERAL BLACK CLAD MOURNERS AND AN OLD LIMOUSINE, AT THE GRAVESIDE.

STARLING CHATS WITH MAPP FOR A MOMENT, OBVIOUSLY SAYING SHE, STARLING, WANTS TO STAY ON AT THE GRAVE. MAPP NODS, AND SHE AND HER FRIEND GET INTO THEIR CAR AND DRIVE AWAY.

ANGLE

ON STARLING, AS SHE PASSES BY THE OTHER FUNERAL, BACK TOWARD HER FATHER'S GRAVE.

ANGLE INT THE LIMO. WE SEE, THROUGH ITS WINDSHIELD, STARLING CROSS, AND MOVE OUT OF FRAME.

WE SEE THE BLACK COATED ARM OF THE LIMO DRIVER MOVE. HIS HAND COMES UP TO THE REARVIEW MIRROR, AND WE SEE STARLING IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR, AND WE SEE THE DRIVER'S HAND HAS THE SMALL SCAR IN THE SHAPE OF THE NUMERAL THREE.

FADE OUT.

