

RED DRAGON

Screenplay
by

Ted Tally

Based on the Novel
by

Thomas Harris

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"...if you gaze long into an abyss,
the abyss will gaze into you."

-- Nietzsche

FADE IN:

EXT. WESTMINSTER CHURCHYARD. BALTIMORE. NIGHT.

A sculpted face, patinaed by time, stares at us from a white marble tomb. Across its base, the words "Edgar Allan Poe." On this drizzly winter's night, the sad, knowing eyes seem to weep with rain...

SUPER TITLE: BALTIMORE, MD. 1983.

INT. CONCERT HALL. NIGHT.

On a brilliantly lit stage, the Baltimore Philharmonic is struggling through the 3rd movement of Boccherini's Concerto in D Major ("Allegro piacere.") At center, a CELLO SOLOIST.

The CONDUCTOR frowns. Something's amiss in the wind section. As the SOLOIST nears the end of her passage, he jabs his baton with grim emphasis, indicating the winds' next entrance.

THREE of the FOUR FLAUTISTS, instruments already poised by their lips, come in precisely on cue. But the...

FOURTH FLAUTIST is daydreaming. Catching himself with a start, he lifts his flute, but now is hopelessly off the beat. As the others finish, then lower their instruments, he plays on alone for a few more notes before stopping. Then glares around with defensive belligerence.

TWO OBOISTS, nearby, exchange a glance. One rolls his eyes.

WE BACK AWAY, RISING SLOWLY, as if wafting up with the MUSIC, passing over well-dressed CONCERTGOERS, elaborate woodwork, gilded cherubs, crystal chandeliers... till we finally reach a private box, where a TUXEDOED PATRON sits alone, his face in shadows. Now he leans forward, into the light.

HANNIBAL LECTER, M.D. - noted psychiatrist, arts patron, connoisseur - is trim, very neat, with a quality of coiled stillness. His eyes are blue, strangely pale. CLOSER on him, CLOSER STILL, until, in a startling flash, we are actually...

INSIDE LECTER'S MIND -

The stage and its musicians are still there, as before, but now with all their colors, details, and textures enhanced, hyper-detailed. The effect is spooky, almost hallucinatory. Each note is heard separately and distinctly, as if slowed down, slightly echoey. At this extremely acute degree of sensitivity, when Lecter ISOLATES ON -

The Fourth Flautist, and the hapless man comes in late, yet again, his off-the-beat playing is physically excruciating, like a nail scoring glass.

Lecter's eyelids close, ever so briefly, in distaste. When they reopen, the pale irises are as fixed as a cobra's.

LECTER (V.O.)

"Think to yourself that every day is your last; the hour to which you do not look forward will come as a welcome surprise..."

INT. DINING ROOM. LECTER'S TOWNHOUSE. NIGHT.

A candlelit table, exquisitely set. Around this are seated the ten very elegant MEMBERS OF THE SYMPHONY BOARD, male and female, happily eyeing their hors d'oeuvres. Dr. Lecter circles the table, pouring wine for his guests.

LECTER

"As for me, when you want a good laugh, you will find me, in a fine state, fat and sleek, a true hog of Epicurus' herd."

Laughter at this, plus some mock-distressed "ooohs."

LECTER (CONT'D)

The poet Horace.

RED BOW TIE

Well, I must say, Hannibal, speaking for the rest of the herd -
(the others laugh)
I'm sorry, for the Symphony Board -
(more laughter)
- that these little soirees of yours are always the highlight of our year.

OTHER VOICES

Just so. Hear hear. Bravo!

LECTER

You're too kind. Reverend - more Montrachet?

REVEREND

Yes, please. It's drinking nicely.

TROPHY WIFE

I do feel a bit guilty, enjoying such a lovely evening while one of our musicians is still listed as a missing person.

Grave frowns at this, polite murmurs of concern.

TWEEDY BANKER

Yes, poor Raspail. Sad thing.

RED BOW TIE

Shall I confess something wicked? I can't help feeling just the tiniest bit - well, relieved.

(MORE)

RED BOW TIE (CONT'D)

That sounds awful, I know. But let's face it. So does the man's playing.

CHAIRWOMAN

His family's given millions to the endowment. It would've been almost impossible to fire him.

BLUFF CEO

Oh, he'll turn up somewhere. Count on it.

TWEEDY BANKER

He's probably not missing at all. Just late again.

Chuckles, laughter, one or two happy groans.

CHAIRWOMAN

Hannibal, confess. What is this divine-looking amuse-bouche?

LECTER

If I tell you, I'm afraid you won't try it.

More chuckles, hearty laughter. Taking his seat at the head of the table, Lecter snaps loose his napkin. Looking around at his eager, expectant guests, he smiles.

LECTER (CONT'D)

Bon appetit.

INT. LECTER'S BASEMENT. NIGHT.

Lecter, now in a cashmere cardigan, moves through a walk-in commercial-style cold storage room. He's carrying something in an aluminum pan, covered with damp cheesecloth. SOUND OF A BUZZER. He turns.

A small speaker on the wall. It BUZZES again.

Lecter considers this. Then he turns, calmly sets his pan down on a wire storage rack. As he leaves, he brushes past a dangling pair of pink naked legs.

INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR. NIGHT.

The opening door reveals a man in a dark overcoat and scarf, his breath steaming in the cold. WILL GRAHAM is pale, with dark watchful eyes. He's exhausted and never got a chance to shave this morning.

LECTER

Special Agent Graham. What an unexpected pleasure.

GRAHAM

Sorry to bother you again, Doctor. I know it's late.

LECTER

No bother. We're both night owls, I think. Come in, please.

As Graham enters, he passes a brass plaque that reads "HANNIBAL LECTER, M.D./ Psychiatric Consultations."

LECTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You look tired, Will...

INT. LECTER'S STUDY. NIGHT.

A handsome panelled room, decorated with primitive art, fragments of Greek sculpture, many books. To one side is a chaise longue. A fire blazes, its light flickering over the two men's faces. Lector is behind his desk.

LECTER

You ought to get more sleep.

Graham paces restlessly. Under his navy jacket, we catch a glimpse of his shoulder holster and Bulldog .44 Special.

GRAHAM

I'll sleep after this bastard is behind bars.

LECTER

You're part of a three-hundred man task force. No one expects you to catch the Chesapeake Ripper all by yourself. Have a seat, Will.

Graham drops into a chair. Leans forward urgently. Despite his weariness, his face is alive with fierce excitement.

GRAHAM

We've been on the wrong track this whole time, Doctor. You and I. Our whole profile is wrong.

LECTER

I don't understand.

GRAHAM

We've been looking at decertified doctors, med school dropouts, laid-off hospital or mortuary workers - anybody with a crazy grudge and some kind of anatomical knowledge.

LECTER

From the precision of the cuts, yes. And his choice of - souvenirs.

GRAHAM

But that's where we went wrong. He's not collecting body parts.

LECTER

Then why keep them?

GRAHAM

He's not. He's eating them.

Lecter looks at him. A pause. His voice remains soft.

LECTER

That's most intriguing. May I ask how you came to this conclusion?

GRAHAM

We were at Molly's parents' for New Year's. We were all in the kitchen, Josh's grandfather was carving a roasted chicken. And he said to my son, "The tenderest part of a chicken is the oysters." I'd never heard the expression before...

LECTER

Soft pads on the back. Yes.

GRAHAM

I had a sudden flash of the third victim, Darcy Chambers. She was missing those same pads. And then it hit me. Liver. Kidneys. Tongue. Thymus... Every single victim lost some body part used in cooking.

On Lecter's desk is his letter opener, an antique Venetian stiletto. Slender blade, diamond in section, with a blood groove. He toys with this idly.

LECTER

That's a rather amazing leap, Will. Have you shared this with the Bureau?

GRAHAM

I needed to see you first. But I know I'm right. I don't know how I know... I just do. Somehow I'm starting to be able to think like this guy. It's like I'm climbing inside his skull.

LECTER

And how does that make you feel?

GRAHAM

It scares the hell out of me.

LECTER

(pause)

Fascinating. And quite rare. I'd always suspected as much. You're a compulsive empath, Will.

(Graham is puzzled)

You see and share intensely the feelings of others. Almost involuntarily. It's a species of intuition. How I'd love to get you on my couch.

GRAHAM

One more thing that troubles me, Doctor... I'm just a cop. You're the best forensic psychiatrist in the country. And yet somehow, in all our time together, this idea never occurred to you.

A quiet moment, the two of them staring at each other.

LECTER

I'm only human, Will. Perhaps I've made a mistake.

Graham is silent. Lector's eyes gleam in the firelight.

LECTER (CONT'D)

If so, it pains me to think I might no longer enjoy your full confidence.

GRAHAM

I didn't say that. I don't know what I'm saying... I'm very tired.

LECTER

Of course. Look. Why don't you come back in the morning? I'll clear some time on my schedule, and we'll get started on revising our profile. Sound good?

Graham hesitates, then nods wearily. Lector smiles.

LECTER (CONT'D)

You rest here, then. I'll get your coat. Won't be a tick.

Lector goes out.

After a moment Graham rises, stretches his back. As he waits, he turns, glancing idly around. Something on a shelf catches his eye. He moves closer.

A Dogon tribal MASK, features contorted in rage or pain.

Graham is a bit disturbed. Not his idea of art. His gaze wanders...

A block of SHINY AMBER, with a SCORPION suspended inside. A squat TOLTEC FIGURINE, holding up a sacrificial blade. A beaded SIOUX QUIVER, with feathered arrows still protruding. And BOOKS... so many books. Some leather-bound, with worn, cracked spines, and very old. Some much newer.

Graham is interested. Looks closer at the titles...

Recettes Des Provinces De France... Die Lubecker Kuche... La Cuisine du Sacrifice en Pays Grec... Larousse Gastronomique. This last volume isn't pushed all the way back into place. And it has a red satin bookmark, noting a particular page.

Graham pulls out the Larousse, opens it to the marked page.

A recipe titled "Fantaisie de Ris de Veau." Beside which someone has written the word "Sweetbreads."

Graham stares at this...

VERY CLOSE ANGLE - "SWEETBREADS" -

Just the single word, inked in a fine, elegant hand.

Graham's eyes widen in a horrified leap of understanding. At almost the same instant he gasps, softly. Looks down...

The Venetian stiletto is buried to its hilt in his abdomen. Its handle is gripped by Lecter's right hand, while the Doctor's left forearm now flashes across Graham's throat, choking off his wind, forcing his head back. Blood spurts onto the books. Graham drops the Larousse.

Lecter's face looms over his shoulder as Graham struggles, crying out in this obscene embrace. But Lecter is immensely strong and has him pinned against the bookcase.

LECTER (CONT'D)

Such a clever boy. So curious. Perhaps I took our little game too far. Where were we? Ah yes. "Anatomical knowledge..."

Lecter jerks on the knife and Graham cries out. He's in shock and getting weaker by the moment.

LECTER (CONT'D)

That's your descending colon. Ooh, smell that? I'm going to be days tidying up in here...

Graham's right hand has somehow managed to grasp his .44. But his fingers are slick with blood; the gun slides from his grip, falling to the floor.

Lecter kicks it aside with one foot, then pushes against him, even harder. Objects tumble from the shelves, SHATTER. Blood is everywhere. The Doctor ignores the chaos.

LECTER (CONT'D)

You understand that a collector of my particular interests can't afford the attentions of a cleaning lady. Am I boring you, Will? You seem to be getting sleepy. Pay attention.

He jerks again. Graham cries out.

LECTER (CONT'D)

That's the mesentery. Then the gall bladder. A little higher up is your spleen. Oops. Oh well. You didn't much need that anyway...

Graham's eyes roll up. He's very close to passing out.

LECTER (CONT'D)

Remarkable boy. I do admire your courage, Will.

His lips are close to Graham's ear. A loving whisper.

LECTER (CONT'D)

I think I'll eat your heart.

Graham's eyes glaze over. He goes limp. Lecter grips him in both arms a few moments longer, making sure he's still, then eases his body to the floor, where it slumps like a rag doll's. Graham's eyes stare sightlessly, unblinking.

Lecter kneels beside him. He leans over Graham, tilts his chin back, raising the stiletto to slash his throat, when suddenly the Doctor himself emits a soft grunt. He looks down, surprised...

Half a dozen Sioux arrows, gripped in Graham's bloody fist, have been punched into his abdomen. Graham's eyes re-focus, staring directly into his. His face - sweat-drenched, contorted with pain - is very close to Lecter's.

GRAHAM

(whispers)

Eat that.

Lecter rises, shocked, lurching backwards as he tries to pluck out the arrowheads. But they're deeply imbedded, and his bloody stiletto interferes with his grip.

Graham pulls a second gun, a small .38 revolver, from an ankle holster, aims unsteadily, squeezes the trigger. The BOOM of the explosions, in this small room, is deafening.

NEW ANGLE - SLOW MOTION

as most of the slugs miss, smashing into the walls, but at least one catches Lecter in the upper chest, spinning him around, hurling him away.

The Doctor topples over his desk, knocking the phone off, before coming to rest on the floor, on his side, unconscious.

Graham, holding his spilling guts in with one hand, keeps squeezing the trigger even after his gun is empty. Finally his hand drops weakly, the gun CLATTERING on the floor. He stares at...

Lecter's unmoving body. Blood pools rapidly around him.

Graham, through his faintness, becomes aware of a strange new SOUND. Dully he turns his head...

Lecter's phone is lying on the floor, its receiver uncradled, humming a DIAL TONE. Just a few feet away, but it seems like a mile...

Graham grits his teeth, then, with a supreme effort, manages to topple slowly over in the direction of the phone, his face coming heavily to rest on the floor about a foot from the receiver. Very weakly he reaches out one bloody finger, smearing the "0" button. After a pause, we hear a VOICE.

VOICE

Operator.

GRAHAM

(whispers)

Seventeen... Chandler's Square...
Officer down... Help me... Please
help me.

His eyes roll up in his head. He faints...

FADE TO:

A MONTAGE of NEWSPAPER HEADLINES and PHOTOS, seen in GRAINY CLOSEUPS. Some soberly journalistic, others in the screaming tabloid style of The National Tattler. They are yellowed with age, and have been carefully taped onto the pages of a huge ledger: worn black leather with brass corners. Spidery, obsessive handwriting surrounds the photos. From time to time the IMAGES BLUR as a page is turned...

"Local Doctor Wounded, Under Arrest/ FBI Agent 'Extremely Critical'/ Details Unclear in 'Bizarre Bloodbath'..."

(File photos of Lecter at a charity event, then Will Graham's Bureau I.D. photo.)

"Dr. Hannibal Lecter is Chesapeake Ripper/ Chamber of Horrors Revealed"... "HANNIBAL THE CANNIBAL!!!"

(A photo of JACK CRAWFORD, Will Graham's FBI mentor, briefing a swarm of REPORTERS outside Lecter's townhouse.)

"FBI Agent's Condition Now 'Guarded'/ Chance of Recovery..."
"HERO COP'S GHASTLY WOUNDS/ EXCLUSIVE HOSPITAL PIX!..."

(A photo of Graham, unconscious, in his hospital bed, his body a mass of tubes and bandages, with a temporary colostomy bag. The accompanying story has a byline, "BY FREDDY LOUNDS," with a smaller photo of the reporter's grinning face...)

"TRIAL OF THE CENTURY BEGINS!/ FIEND SERVED HUMAN ORGANS TO GUESTS!!!"... "Symphony Chairwoman Faints in Court..."
 "Lector's Captor Released From Hospital/ FBI Agent Will Testify..."

(Graham in a wheelchair, being pushed by his wife, MOLLY, as Crawford and other AGENTS hold their hands up, trying to shield them from flashbulbs and shouted questions.)

"HANNIBAL GUILTY!!!"... "Lecter Sentenced to Nine Consecutive Life Terms"... "CANNIBAL TO BE CAGED FOREVER!!!"

(Photo of Lecter, heavily shackled and closely guarded, being frog-marched out of the courthouse.)

"TOP COP TO LOONY BIN!/ 'STRESS' CITED..."

(And then finally, in much smaller print:)

"Hero Fed Quits Bureau..."

A POWERFUL MALE HAND comes INTO FRAME, turning all the way back to the first page of the great ledger. Across this, in hand-illuminated letters, it reads "BeHold A GrEat RED DRAGON... ReVelations 12:3." The thick fingers rest for a moment on this title page, lightly. Lovingly...

FADE TO:

EXT. GRAHAM HOUSE AND BOATYARD. FLORIDA. DAY.

A cluttered boatyard, adjacent to a weathered gray beach house. Worksheds, trailered boats. In the distance, palm trees, turquoise water.

SUPER TITLES: MARATHON, FL./THREE YEARS LATER.

A 38 ft. Morgan sloop is propped up on blocks. MOLLY GRAHAM, in spattered jeans and a painter's mask, is brushing varnish on its teak trim. She glances up as

A white Ford rental car pulls into the yard, stops. JACK CRAWFORD gets out, stands looking up at her. His gray D.C. suit looks hot here, out of place.

CRAWFORD

Hello, Molly.

She pulls her mask off, staring down at him. Surprised to see him, then angry. And then scared.

MOLLY

He's not here. He's down on the beach with Josh.

CRAWFORD

I need to talk to him.

MOLLY

It's about that new one, isn't it?

(no response)

We've made a life here. He's getting better every day. He doesn't dream so much anymore... You're his friend, Jack. Why can't you leave him alone?

CRAWFORD

Because it's his bad luck to be the best.

She stares back at him, her face taut.

EXT. BEACH. DAY.

Will Graham and Crawford sit at a picnic table with glasses of iced tea. Beyond them, high dunes, dense with sea oats. In the distance, the Grahams' house and boatyard. Graham is darkly tanned, thin but fit. He's wary of Crawford.

CRAWFORD

How much do you know?

GRAHAM

Just what was in the Miami Herald and the Times. Two families killed in their houses a month apart. Birmingham and Atlanta. The circumstances were similar.

CRAWFORD

Not similar. The same.

GRAHAM

What've you kept out of the papers?

CRAWFORD

He smashes mirrors and uses the pieces. He's blond, right-handed and really strong. Wears a size eleven shoe. Also latex gloves, so we've got no prints.

GRAHAM

You said that in public.

CRAWFORD

He's not too comfortable with locks. Pried open a patio door in Birmingham and used a glass cutter in Atlanta. Oh, and his blood's AB positive.

GRAHAM

Somebody hurt him?

CRAWFORD

No. We typed him from semen and saliva. He's a secretor.

A brief silence. Crawford reaches into his jacket.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

If you want to just look at -

GRAHAM

No. No pictures.

He has spoken more sharply than he intended. He looks away, down the beach. A beat.

In the distance, JOSH GRAHAM, 8, is casting a surf rod. Molly stands watching him, hand on her hip, with spent waves around her ankles. Finally Graham trusts his voice again.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I don't think I'd be all that useful to you, Jack. I never think about it anymore.

CRAWFORD

Bullshit. You knew what this was. After the second family, you had to know.

GRAHAM

You've got all the people you need. You've got Dortmund up at Harvard, Bloom at the University of Chicago -

CRAWFORD

Yeah, and I've got you down here fixing fucking boat motors.

Graham is silent. Sips his tea.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Any technician can examine evidence. But you've got that other thing, too. Imagination, projection, whatever. I know you don't like that part of it.

GRAHAM

You wouldn't like it either if you had it.

Crawford dips into his jacket pocket with two fingers. Flips two photographs across the table, face down. Graham goes very still. Staring at the blank white squares.

CRAWFORD

If you can't look anymore, God knows I'd understand that.

GRAHAM

You get so you can function anyway,
as long as they're dead. The survivors -
they're the worst. Parents. Kids...
You have to shake it off and keep on
thinking... I couldn't do that now.

CRAWFORD

(gently)

These are all dead, Will.

He reaches out, turns the photos over, face up.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

All dead.

Graham looks at him a moment before picking them up.

Two snapshots. A pretty woman (MRS.LEEDS) followed by three children and a duck, carrying picnic items up a pond bank. Another family (the JACOBIS) stands happily behind a cake.

Graham stares at the faces, a long beat. A shadow passes over his heart. He turns his head, looking down the beach again, towards...

Molly and Josh, as she adjusts the boy's backswing. His son nods, then strides forward, frowning with concentration, and casts again.

Crawford knows he's played Graham well. But he's careful to keep any satisfaction from his face and voice.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Will, this freak seems to be in phase with the moon. He killed the Jacobis in Birmingham on Saturday night, June 28, full moon. He killed the Leeds family in Atlanta night before last, July 26. That's one day short of a lunar month. So if we're lucky we may have a little over three weeks before he does it again... Hell, I'm not the Pope, I can't tell you what to do. But Will, do you respect my judgement?

GRAHAM

Yes.

CRAWFORD

I think we have a better chance to catch him fast if you help. Saddle up and help us, Will. Go to Atlanta and Birmingham and look. Just look. Then help me brief the locals.

Graham doesn't reply. His eyes move back to the photos.

INT. GRAHAM HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Graham sits on the side of his bed, staring out towards the moon. Still almost full. Its cold light ladders the waves.

MOLLY (O.S.)

He's got a lot of other people. The whole damn government...

She comes and sits quietly beside him. After a moment she takes his hand.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

It doesn't have to be you this time.

GRAHAM

This kind of psychopath is very rare. He knows I've had... experience.

MOLLY

Yes, you have.

His denim shirt is unbuttoned. She sees the looping pink stiletto scars across his stomach. He follows her gaze. Then their eyes meet.

GRAHAM

This one will never see me or know my name, Molly. The police, they'll have to take him down if they can find him. Not me. Crawford just wants another point of view.

For a terrible instant her face crumples. Graham hugs her. She hugs him back fiercely.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Molly, I'll be at the back of the pack. I promise.

MOLLY

(tries to smile)

Never in your life. I know you.

INT. JOSH'S BEDROOM. DAY.

In early morning light, Graham stands looking down at his sweetly sleeping son. Reaches gently to smooth his hair. Before leaving the room, Graham sets something down on Josh's bedside table...

A wooden box, its lid hinged open. Resting inside, a big surf lure, beautifully handmade by Graham himself. A carved silver baitfish with three treble hooks.

EXT. GRAHAMS' YARD. DAY.

Graham embraces Molly, a last, long farewell. Then he picks up his overnight bag, trudges across the sandy yard, past the big sloop up on its blocks, towards a waiting taxi.

Watching him drive away, Molly hugs her upper body, as if a cold wind were suddenly rising...

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. ATLANTA. NIGHT.

A two-story brick home, set back from the street on a wooded lot. The windows are dark. One yard light burns.

SUPER TITLE: LEEDS HOUSE. ATLANTA, GA.

EXT. BACK PORCH. NIGHT.

Graham's flashlight beam shows a long porch, with lattice screening giving privacy to the back door. The beam picks out deck furniture, kids' bikes, a coiled hose. It passes over, then returns to... a wicker dog bed and plastic bowl.

Graham looks at these. Then takes a microcassette recorder from his pocket, holds it up to his lips. Flicks it on.

GRAHAM

Jack - where's the dog? Nobody heard barking. There's nothing about it in the case file.

He turns, aims his flash at the back door. Sees an Atlanta PD seal across it. Above this, the single glass pane is now missing, replaced by a plywood patch. Graham stares at this...

GRAHAM'S IMAGINATION - KILLER'S POV -

A plastic-gloved left hand holds a suction cup in place, while a gloved right hand circles it with a glass-cutter. Quietly removes a neat circle of glass. Then the right hand reaches stealthily down inside, through the hole...

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Night lights glow on the counters as Graham unlocks the door, comes in. The porch lattice, behind him, is a moonlit checkerboard. He removes his set of keys, softly shuts the door. Stands very still, taking in the house. Sensing madness like a bloodhound sniffs a shirt...

He crosses to the stove, turns on its vent hood light: cold neon bathes him. Then he sits at the center island, where he puts down a 3-ring binder and house keys. The binder has a Magic Markered title: "LEEDS," followed by a case number.

For a long moment Graham is very still. Gathering himself. Becoming blank. Finally he trusts himself to look around...

Gleaming copper bowls. Framed samplers. Kids' art under fridge magnets. Sports schedules. Happy snaps of the five dead: FATHER, MOTHER, TWO SONS, and the youngest, a DAUGHTER. All-American smiles. Mrs. Leeds was very beautiful.

There's a SUDDEN LOUD CLICK behind him. Graham starts at the noise. Turns quickly, eyes darting in fear...

On the wall, a thermostat has kicked in. Air conditioners begin to HUM, somewhere deep in the house.

Slowly Graham regains control of his breathing. His face is sweaty. Damp moons under his arms. He looks reluctantly at the thick binder. Finally he reaches out, opens it...

Diagrams of the house's layout, one map for each floor. On the second floor, each child's bedroom shows a red X. In the larger master bedroom, two red Xs.

INT. STAIRCASE. NIGHT.

Slowly, quietly, Graham climbs the stairs. He glances down at his right hand as it slides up the railing...

GRAHAM'S IMAGINATION - KILLER'S POV -

The right hand is now plastic-gloved, and bigger than Graham's. Its shiny fingers tap playfully along the wood.

EXT. UPSTAIRS HALL. NIGHT.

Graham stands in the dark hall outside the master bedroom. The door is ajar. He hesitates, then very softly pushes it open wider. Steps into the opening. Stares into the pitch black room. Raises his flashlight, switches it on...

GRAHAM'S IMAGINATION - KILLER'S POV -

In a beam of flashlight, MR. AND MRS. LEEDS, sleeping. Mr. Leeds turns over, disturbed by the glare. Still drowsy, blinking uncertainly...

Graham, in the present, hesitates again. Very scared. A long beat. He has to steel himself to reach in beside the door, turn on the wall switch...

Bloodstains shout at him from the walls, the mattress, the carpeted floor. Splatters over the headboard. Taped outlines of corpses on the soaked quilt. The very air has screams smeared on it.

Graham flinches, gasping. Jerks back into the hall, spinning away from the terrible sight. He sags to the floor. Fumbles out his tape recorder, gripping it like a lifeline. It takes him two tries to switch it on.

GRAHAM

The intruder cuts... oh God.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Cuts Charles Leeds' throat. Then shoots Valerie Leeds as she's rising. She's disabled but not... not killed outright. Then he goes down the hall. Towards the children's rooms.

Light from the open door shows great dark stains on the hall carpet. More splashes high on the walls.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Arterial spray patterns show that Leeds followed him... trying to fight. He dies with his daughter in her room. Each boy is killed in his own room, one shot each.

Graham shines his flash, looking more closely at the carpet. Matted slide marks, coming from each child's bedroom, join in a wide common trail that leads past where he's sitting, then goes into the master.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

He drags the bodies into the master. Keeps them in there awhile, before returning the children to their own beds. The blood evidence becomes very confused, with some of it still unexplained.

He turns, looking again reluctantly into the carnage of the master. A curious pattern catches his eye...

A row of three bloodstains slanting up and around a corner of the bedroom wall. Three faint stains on the carpet beneath.

Graham is puzzled. Keys his mike.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Why? Why move them? They were already dead. And none of them got the same... extra attention as Mrs. Leeds.

His eyes squeeze shut, his head sags onto his recorder.

IN FLASHBACK -

Lecter's face, grinning obscenely over his shoulder, as Graham's own blood spurts onto the bookshelves...

INT. MASTER BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Graham swallows three Bufferin, scooping up water in his hand from the faucet in the sink. Splashes more water on his face, some of it spilling on the floor.

When he straightens, he's looking at himself in the shattered mirror of the medicine cabinet. Several shards are missing. Traces of red fingerprint powder.

He reaches to the sink for his little recorder. Gathers himself again.

GRAHAM

Small pieces of mirror were inserted into the orbital sockets of the victims. These wounds were postmortem. However, serotonin and free histamine levels indicate Valerie Leeds lived as long as ten minutes after she was shot. During this time he used one of the bigger shards on her. Oh God. Oh Christ. I can't do this, Jack...

He lowers the recorder. Stares for a few moments at his own distorted image. Standing right where the killer stood.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I can't take this one.

EXT. OMNI HOTEL. ATLANTA. NIGHT.

A high-rise hotel, downtown. Stars twinkle beyond the glass towers. Only a few windows are still lit.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Graham hunches over a coffee table in his room, studying the case file. The binder is open and the photos, lab reports, sketches and charts have all been removed, spread out.

He rubs his eyes, exhausted. Reaches for a miniature bourbon. Empty. He rises, starting for the minibar, when a thought freezes him. He turns back, looks at the table. Then he kneels, searching quickly for a particular photo. Finds the one he wants...

That mysterious row of upright bloodstains on the master bedroom wall. Small, medium, large.

Graham stares at this for a moment. Then quickly locates, from the stack, a second photo...

The daughter's bedroom. Her small form facedown on her bed, mercifully obscured. Beyond that, a bureau. Atop the bureau a row of dolls, in various sizes, sitting lined up in a neat row. Their glass irises seem to look at Graham.

Graham starts to tremble. Seeing, in his mind's eye...

GRAHAM'S IMAGINATION - KILLER'S POV -

The three murdered Leeds children, lined up sitting against the wall in the master bedroom. Mirror shards make their eyes appear to gleam with life.

ANGLE SHIFTS QUICKLY, as we see, MUCH CLOSER, on the bed, the same mirrored eyes in Charles Leeds, who's propped up,

head canted, jaw slack. Next to him - BELOW US - is Valerie Leeds, her dead face on her pillow. In her upturned mirrored eyes, just for an instant, we catch the reflection of a shadowy male face.

Graham is stunned and exhilarated, both at once. He grabs his microcassette recorder.

GRAHAM

Jack. He wanted an audience. For him and Mrs. Leeds. The bastard wanted them all to be watching. The pieces of mirror made their eyes look alive... But why move them again? Why not just leave them that way?

He rises, pacing, on fire. His recorder is forgotten.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

There's something you don't want me to know about you. Something you're ashamed of. Or is it something you can't afford for me to know...? Mrs. Leeds was beautiful, wasn't she? It was maddening to have to wear gloves when you touched her. Touch. Touch.

He stops. Turns. Stares down at the photos.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Talcum... Talcum powder...

He drops to his knees, scrambling through the reports till he finds the one he needs.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

"Traces of talcum found on her right inner thigh..." But none was found in the house. None was found in -

Graham stops. Stares into some dark inner distance, seeing

GRAHAM'S IMAGINATION - KILLER'S POV -

The killer's left hand, still gloved, peeling the plastic glove off his right hand. A puff of powder drifts down onto the pale bare skin of Mrs. Leeds' leg...

Graham is shocked, exultant. And furious.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You took off your gloves, didn't you? DIDN'T YOU, YOU SON OF A BITCH! You touched her with your bare hands and then you put the gloves back on and you wiped her down. But while the gloves were off, DID YOU OPEN THEIR EYES?

In a rage he sweeps his arm across the coffee table, knocking the photos and reports in every direction.

INT. DIFFERENT BEDROOM. OMNI HOTEL. NIGHT.

In a dark bedroom, a RINGING PHONE awakens Crawford. He turns on his bedside lamp, glances at the red digits of his clock. 4:12. He picks up the phone, quickly alert.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Jack, this is Will. Is Jimmy Price still in Latent Prints?

CRAWFORD

Yeah. He doesn't get out in the field much anymore. He's working the single-print index.

INTERCUTTING -

GRAHAM

I think he better come to Atlanta.

CRAWFORD

Why? You said yourself the guy down here is good.

GRAHAM

He is good, but not as good as Price.

CRAWFORD

What do you want him to do? Where would he look?

GRAHAM

On the corneas of their eyes... I think he took his gloves off, Jack. I think he had to touch her.

Crawford's breath catches. He stares into the darkness.

CRAWFORD

Jesus. Price will have to gun it. The funeral is this morning.

EXT. ATLANTA POLICE HEADQUARTERS. DAY.

In the early morning light, TV vans are double-parked, with CAMERA CREWS and REPORTERS setting up shots, starting their remotes. A huge story unfolding.

DR. PRINCI (V.O.)

Gentlemen. Ladies. This is what the subject's teeth look like...

INT. SQUAD ROOM. DAY.

A large frontal view of a set of teeth, upper and lower, is tacked to a bulletin board.

DR. PRINCI, the chief medical examiner, moves in front of this photo enlargement. He holds up a white dental cast which matches the photo.

DR. PRINCI

The impressions came from bite marks on Mrs. Leeds, as well as a clear bite mark on a piece of cheese from the Leedses' refrigerator. This reconstruction was done at the Smithsonian in Washington, courtesy of our friends at the FBI.

There are about THIRTY DETECTIVES assembled here, sitting at schoolroom desks. Several heads now turn as they look back curiously, or with a hint of territorial hostility, at...

Crawford, sitting at the back. His face remains studiously neutral. Graham, beside him, is uncomfortable in this very public, emotionally charged setting.

DR. PRINCI (CONT'D)

As you can see, he has pegged lateral incisors - the teeth here and here...

Sitting to one side down front are the COMMISSIONER, a tough-looking black man, SIMPKINS, a p.r. officer, and BUDDY SPRINGFIELD, Chief of Police, a burly man in shirtsleeves.

DR. PRINCI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This degree of crookedness, plus the groove on this central incisor, make his bite signature unique.

SOMEBODY'S VOICE

Snaggletoothed son of a bitch.

ANOTHER VOICE

Fuckin' shark.

Some nervous LAUGHTER at this, MUTTERS among the cops.

SPRINGFIELD

Knock it off.

EXT. LOMBARD FUNERAL HOME. DAY.

An Atlanta PD patrol car SCREECHES to a halt in front of a funeral home, whose plump, dapperly attired owner, MR. LOMBARD, is waiting anxiously. He hurries over to the car, opening its back door.

JIMMY PRICE, a skinny old man, climbs out, lugging a heavy case, camera bag, and tripod. He's in a foul temper.

LOMBARD

Mr. Price? They called me from the airport to expect you.

(MORE)

LOMBARD (CONT'D)

But really, sir, this is most irregular. I've got a major funeral starting in just -

PRICE

This won't take a lot of time. I need one reasonably intelligent assistant, if you have one.

He shoves his tripod into the startled Mr. Lombard's arms, then walks grimly past him into the building.

SIMPKINS (V.O.)

Dr. Princi, this city's in a panic...

INT. SQUAD ROOM. DAY.

Simpkins glances uneasily at the Commissioner, beside him.

SIMPKINS

The press is going to ask why it took four days to get that dental representation you've got there. Would it be fair to say the delay was caused by the FBI lab and not by this department?

SPRINGFIELD

Simpkins, the last thing we need is to start a pissing contest with the FBI. They've got a lot of expertise in this area. In particular, Investigator Graham does. Isn't that right, Jack?

CRAWFORD

Yes, sir.

COMMISSIONER

Can you add anything, Mr. Graham?

Crawford raises his eyebrows at Graham, who looks uneasy.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

Would you come up to the front?

Graham stands, walks forward reluctantly. It seems a long way. As he passes the seated detectives, he hears their whispers - "Lecter... Guy that caught Lecter... Thought he died... Nah, but the sumbitch 'bout gutted him... "

When he turns to face them the detectives go very still. As if they can read in his eyes a map of the things he's seen.

GRAHAM

Mrs. Leeds and Mrs. Jacobi were the primary targets.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

The others were killed because they were there. I know that might be hard to accept... given what you saw. But this wasn't random. It wasn't some killing frenzy. He was never out of control.

The detectives watch him intently. The killer's enlarged teeth grin behind Graham, like those of a jack-o-lantern.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

These attacks are highly organized. The women carefully chosen... We don't know how he's choosing them, or why. They lived in different states and never met. But there's some connection. Some common factor. That's the key. Find out what that is, and we'll save lives... Because this one is going to go on and on until we either get smart or get lucky. He won't stop.

A WOMAN DETECTIVE in the front row speaks up quietly.

WOMAN DETECTIVE

Why not?

GRAHAM

He's got a genuine taste for it. It makes him God. Would you give that up?

She's disturbed by his intimacy with the killer's feelings.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(pause)

That's all I have.

A brief, uneasy silence, as he heads back to his seat. Springfield replaces him at the front of the room.

SPRINGFIELD

Okay. Airport and hotel details will make the rounds again today. Yes, again today. The rest of you, your assignments are on the sheets.

The detectives all start noisily rising, grabbing gear.

COMMISSIONER (O.S.)

One last thing...

His stern bass voice sinks them back into their seats.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

I have heard members of this command referring to the killer as the "Tooth Fairy." I had better not hear any police officer using that term in public. It sounds flippant.

(pause)

That is all.

SOUND UPCUT - the many NOISES of a busy police department, on full alert. RINGING PHONES, WHIRRING COPIERS, VOICES.

SPRINGFIELD (V.O.)

We don't have shit and we know it...

INT. CHIEF SPRINGFIELD'S OFFICE. DAY.

Springfield sits behind his crowded desk. Graham slumps in front of him, exhausted from his sleepless night.

GRAHAM

You're doing fine. Right by the book. You have a good crew.

SPRINGFIELD

They are. But this kind of thing is out of our usual line, thank God.

Crawford stands off to one side, MURMURING into a phone, jotting down his messages. Other COPS pass by in the hall outside. Springfield searches through some papers.

SPRINGFIELD (CONT'D)

You asked about the dog. Here's a sheet on that. Last night a vet here called Leeds's brother. He has the dog. Leeds and his oldest boy brought it in the afternoon before they were killed. It had a puncture wound in its abdomen. The vet operated and it may pull through.

GRAHAM

Was the dog wearing a collar with the Leeds's address on it?

SPRINGFIELD

No.

GRAHAM

Did the Jacobis in Birmingham have a dog?

SPRINGFIELD

No dog. They found a litter box in the basement with cat droppings in it. Didn't find any cat.

Crawford hangs up in time to see Graham consider this. His voice, when it comes, is soft, his mind ranging far away.

GRAHAM

If the cat was hurt, too, the children might not've found it in time. They may have buried it. Ask Birmingham to check the backyard, under the shrubs, behind any outbuildings... Tell them to use a methane probe, it's faster.

Springfield looks at him a moment, impressed, before his attention is pulled away by his RINGING phone.

SPRINGFIELD

(punches a button)

Yeah, what?

He listens. Looks at Crawford.

SPRINGFIELD (CONT'D)

For you.

Crawford comes over, takes the phone.

CRAWFORD

Crawford.

INT. LOMBARD FUNERAL HOME. RECEPTION ROOM. DAY.

Price stands by a big floral arrangement. Behind him, five gleaming bronze caskets, in pitifully different sizes. Lombard leans over a half-open lid, making fretful readjustments.

PRICE

(on phone)

Jack, I got a partial that's probably a thumb. It's a tented arch. Came off the oldest boy's left eye.

INTERCUTTING -

As Crawford's eyes meet Graham's.

CRAWFORD

Jimmy, you're the light of my life. Can you make an ID off it?

Graham turns, gazes out the window. His face is blank, closed like a lifer's. Springfield looks at him curiously.

PRICE

If he's in the index, maybe. That's a long shot. But it's good enough to eliminate suspects, Jack. Or to nail this bastard if you ever catch him. Tell Graham he's still aces.

CRAWFORD

Great work, Jimmy. Copies to Atlanta and Birmingham PD's, and the Bureau.

Crawford hangs up. Springfield looks at him, waiting.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Price found a print on the oldest boy's left eye. A partial thumb.

Springfield turns, staring at Graham with amazement, but also something very close to aversion. Graham can feel it.

SPRINGFIELD

That is by God spooky.

After a moment Graham rises abruptly, walks out. The big cop's troubled stare follows him all the way out the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK. DAY.

Graham slips out a side door. In the distance, on the front steps, REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, and TV CREWS, held back by manned barricades, are SHOUTING questions at the Commissioner and Simpkins, the harassed p.r. officer.

Graham turns, is striding away from all this fuss, when a SMALL MAN darts out of an alley ahead of him, SNAPS his picture. His face pops up from behind his camera.

LOUNDS

Will Graham! Remember me - Freddy Lounds? I covered the Lecter case for the Tattler. I did the paperback.

GRAHAM

I remember.

Graham keeps going. Lounds scuttles sideways ahead of him.

LOUNDS

When did they call you in, Will? What've you got? Think maybe the Tooth Fairy will be an even bigger story than Lecter? Hell, he's already beaten Lecter's score -

Graham moves swiftly, forcing Lounds up against the wall. His face is scary, but his voice stays low, very intense.

GRAHAM

Lounds, you write lying shit and The National Tattler is an asswipe. Keep away from me.

A hand grabs Graham's shoulder from behind. It's Crawford. He pulls Graham, with some effort, away from the reporter.

CRAWFORD

Get away, Lounds. Go on. Will, let's get some breakfast. Come on, Will.

They move away, down the sidewalk, walking swiftly. Lounds is undaunted. Stands there shouting after them.

LOUNDS

How 'bout an exclusive...? Hey! I can help you guys!

INT. COFFEE SHOP. DAY.

A MOTHER tries to soothe her restless TODDLER. At another table, A FAMILY eats pancakes. WAITERS come and go. Normal people, far from the world of slaughter.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

I'm not a freak, Jack.

CRAWFORD (O.S.)

Nobody said you were.

Crawford and Graham sit nearby, in a booth. Graham is watching the mother and child. He's still upset.

GRAHAM

The evidence was on the damn wall. It was right there for anybody to see.

CRAWFORD

But nobody else did.
(off Graham's look)
All I'm saying is, that was very good work you did last night.

GRAHAM

(shakes his head)
Last night I almost lost it. Alone, in that house... I wasn't the same, Jack. Whatever I once had, or you think I had, it's not there now.

CRAWFORD

Listen, when we catch this scumbag, that print plus his teeth will burn him. You did that, Will.

GRAHAM

Not good enough. Or fast enough. I'm no use to you if I can't get my edge back... It was already in the back of my mind. Lounds put it in the front. There's only one person we know that can sharpen me up in a hurry.

CRAWFORD

(pause)

Aw Christ, Will. No. You can't.
You're not ready for that.

Graham glances again at the family eating pancakes.

GRAHAM

Wait till the next full moon. Then
ask me how ready I am.

Crawford stares at him unhappily.

EXT. INSANE ASYLUM. DAY.

A grim Victorian pile of a building looms out of misty rain. Meshed and barred windows, razor wire-topped fencing, and a security checkpoint, manned by uniformed GUARDS.

SUPER TITLE: BALTIMORE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE.

CHILTON (V.O.)

As a research subject, Lecter has
proven most disappointing...

INT. DR. CHILTON'S OFFICE. DAY.

Perched behind his ornate desk, eyeing Graham greedily, is DR. FREDERICK CHILTON, the hospital's Chief of Staff.

CHILTON

He's simply impenetrable to
psychological testing. Rohrshach,
Thematic Apperception - he folds
them into origamis. As you see.

Graham glances politely at an elaborate paper swan.

CHILTON (CONT'D)

So you can imagine the stir your
little visit is causing among my
staff, Mr. Graham. If you'd care to
share some insights -

GRAHAM

Dr. Chilton, I'm sorry. But I've got
a 4:17 flight back to Atlanta.

CHILTON

(sniffs)

Of course.

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR. UPPER FLOOR. DAY.

A heavy steel gate CLANGS shut behind Graham, the BOLT shooting home. He's carrying a thick manila file. Chilton walks ahead, still peevish. He glances back at the file.

CHILTON

No paperclips in there? No staples, brads, or ring binders?

GRAHAM

I've read the security protocols, Dr. Chilton.

CHILTON

Then see that you observe them.
(a thin smile)

Though perhaps it's gratuitous to warn you, of all people, about how dangerous he can be.

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR. LOWER FLOOR. DAY.

They're descending into darker, danker regions. Sweating stone walls. Distant BANGINGS, forlorn, echoing CRIES.

CHILTON

Tell me, when you saw Lecter's murders, their "style," so to speak, were you able perhaps to reconstruct his fantasies? And if so, did you jot down any impressions?

Graham doesn't reply. Another steel gate CREAKS open and he goes through. Chilton follows, irritated.

INT. SECURITY STRONGHOLD. DAY.

Graham hands his .44 to a GUARD, as ANOTHER passes a wand over him, while a THIRD examines the contents of his manila folder. A FOURTH GUARD watches monitors. In locked cases are guns, mouthpieces, Mace, restraints, and padded gloves.

CHILTON

(lowers his voice)

Let me be frank, Mr. Graham. The first definitive analysis of Lecter will be a publisher's wet dream. I'd give you full credit, of course.

One guard nods to another, who pushes a button. A final, massive steel door WHOOSHES open, and Graham, after taking back his manila file, walks through into a dark corridor. Chilton can no longer contain himself.

CHILTON (CONT'D)

Damn it, man, you caught him. You must have some advice. What was your trick?

GRAHAM

I let him kill me.

The closing door erases Chilton's bewildered reaction.

INT. LECTER'S CORRIDOR, THEN CELL. DAY.

Graham turns, looks down the corridor. The cells to either side are dark; only at the far end is one lit.

Graham takes a breath, gathers himself. Then walks quietly in that direction. Shadowy FIGURES, low MUTTERINGS in the barred cells he is passing...

Lecter's is different: higher security. A thick barrier of plastic, with a pass-through tray. The door is keyless, with a computer touchpad. Inside, a bolted-down sink, toilet, table and bookcase, with many softcover books. Also a cot, on which the Doctor is lying, turned to the wall, apparently asleep. An issue of Italian Vogue lies open beside him.

Graham is looking at Lecter's back, trying to master his dread, when he's startled by the soft, abrupt VOICE.

LECTER

That's the same atrocious aftershave you wore in court.

GRAHAM

I keep getting it for Christmas.

LECTER

Christmas, yes.

He rolls over, opens his eyes. The pale irises rake Graham.

LECTER (CONT'D)

Did you get my card?

GRAHAM

I got it. Thank you.

LECTER

So nice of the Bureau's crime lab to forward that. It would help if I had your home address.

GRAHAM

Dr. Bloom sent me your article on surgical addiction in The Journal of Clinical Psychiatry.

LECTER

And?

GRAHAM

Very interesting, even to a layman.

Lecter picks up his magazine, then rises politely.

LECTER

A layman. Layman... Interesting term. So many learned fellows going about.

(MORE)

LECTER (CONT'D)

So many experts on government grants.
And you say you're a layman. But it
was you who caught me, wasn't it,
Will?

GRAHAM

I need your advice, Dr. Lecter.

Lecter crosses, returning his magazine to its tidy shelf.

LECTER

Yes, I thought so. Birmingham and
Atlanta. You want to know how he's
choosing them, don't you?

GRAHAM

I thought you'd have some ideas. I'm
asking you to tell me what they are.

LECTER

Why should I?

GRAHAM

There are things you don't have.
Research materials. Maybe even
computer access. I'd speak to the
Chief of Staff.

LECTER

Ah yes. Dr. Chilton. Gruesome, isn't
he? Fumbles at your head like a
freshman pulling at a panty girdle.
If you recall, Will, our last
collaboration ended rather messily.

GRAHAM

(pause)

You'd get to see the file on this
case. And there's another reason.

LECTER

I'm all ears.

GRAHAM

I thought you might be curious to
find out if you're smarter than the
person I'm looking for.

Lecter turns. Comes closer, staring into Graham's eyes.

LECTER

Then, by implication, you think you're
smarter than I am, since you caught
me.

GRAHAM

No. I know I'm not smarter than you.

LECTER

Then how did you catch me, Will?

GRAHAM

I'm a "compulsive empath." Remember?
And you had - disadvantages.

LECTER

What disadvantages?

GRAHAM

You're insane.

Something flickers and dies behind the strange pale eyes.

LECTER

You're very tan, Will. Your hands
are rough. They don't look like a
cop's hands anymore. That shaving
lotion is something a child would
select. It has a ship on the bottle,
doesn't it? How is young Josh? And
the lovely Molly...? They're always
in my thoughts, you know.

Graham doesn't flinch, though Lecter's eyes claw his.

LECTER (CONT'D)

You won't persuade me with appeals
to my intellectual vanity.

GRAHAM

I don't think I'll persuade you at
all. You'll do it or you won't.

LECTER

Is that the file?

GRAHAM

Yes.

LECTER

With photos? Let me keep those, and
I might consider it.

Graham is sickened by his sudden avidity.

GRAHAM

No.

LECTER

Do you dream much, Will?

GRAHAM

Good-bye, Dr. Lecter.

LECTER

You haven't threatened to take away
my books yet.

Graham walks away. Lecter raises his voice.

LECTER (CONT'D)

The entire file, then. Lend it to me. I'll tell you what I think.

Graham pauses. Then returns, looks at him.

LECTER (CONT'D)

I'll need an hour. And privacy.

After a moment Graham stuffs his file into the pass-through, SLAMS it in. Lecter looks at the folder a moment, then runs a finger lovingly across its cover. He smiles brightly.

LECTER (CONT'D)

Just like old times, eh, Will?

INT. SAME CORRIDOR AND CELL. AN HOUR LATER.

The file lies open on Lecter's table. He stares down at the pages, his eyes filmed with thought. A pause.

LECTER

This is a very shy boy, Will. I'd love to meet him... Have you considered the possibility that he's disfigured? Or that he may believe he's disfigured?

Graham, in the corridor, now sits in a folding chair.

GRAHAM

The mirrors.

LECTER

Yes. You notice he smashes all the mirrors in the houses, not just enough to get the pieces he wants. And of course those shards in their eyes - so he can see himself there.

GRAHAM

That's interesting.

LECTER

It's not "interesting." You'd thought of that before.

GRAHAM

I had considered it. What about the women?

LECTER

Dead, they're mere puppets. You need to see them living, Will. The way they caught his eye.

GRAHAM

That's impossible.

LECTER

Almost. Not quite. What were the yards like?

GRAHAM

Big backyards, fenced, with some hedges. Why?

LECTER

Because, my dear Will, if this pilgrim feels a special relationship with the moon, he might like to go outside and look at it. Have you seen blood in the moonlight, Will? It appears quite black. If one were nude, say, it would be better to have outdoor privacy for that sort of thing.

GRAHAM

You think the yard might be a factor when he selects victims?

LECTER

Oh yes. And there will be more of them, of course. You'll be wanting lots of these little chin-wags.

GRAHAM

I may not have time.

LECTER

I do. I have oodles.

GRAHAM

I need your opinion now.

LECTER

Yes? Then here's one. You stink of fear. Under that cheap lotion.

GRAHAM

Good-bye, Dr. Lecter.

LECTER

(his voice rising)

You stink of fear, Will...

Graham gets up abruptly, starting away.

LECTER (CONT'D)

But you're not a coward.

His words pin Graham in place. Each one drilling into his back, like tiny, precise darts.

LECTER (CONT'D)

You fear me, but still came here.
Fear this shy boy, yet still you
seek him out... Don't you understand,
Will? Without imagination, we'd be
just like all those other dullards.
Fear is the price of your instrument.
I can help you to bear it.

Graham turns, looks at him. Tries to steady his voice.

GRAHAM

Are you never afraid of anything,
Dr. Lecter?

LECTER

Yes, I fear being bored. In that
context you are less frightening
than I expected... And now if you'll
excuse me, good day.

He returns to his cot, reclines, shuts his eyes, and instantly
transports himself to Caravaggio's Rome.

Graham, staring, feels like his skin has been peeled off.

EXT. INSANE ASYLUM. DAY.

Hurrying out of the madhouse, too fast, Graham sways, has to
clutch a pillar for support. He gasps for breath, trying to
clear his brain. Lecter still crawls in there like a fly.

TELEPHOTO ANGLE on him, and the rapid WHIRR of a motordrive,
as a SERIES OF PHOTOS are SNAPPED: Graham leaning on the
pillar, then straightening, finally heading for his car.

LOUNDS (O.S.)

Whoa! Stop the presses...!

The little reporter is staked out behind a van in the parking
lot. He's with a PHOTOGRAPHER, who looks up from his camera.

LOUNDS (CONT'D)

I always wanted to say that. C'mon,
we're outta here.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Chilton's gonna want his five hundred
bucks.

LOUNDS

Fuck 'em. Give him fifty.

EXT. JET PLANE. FLYING. DAY.

An American Airlines jet banks away from us through golden-
pink clouds. Late afternoon, heading for Atlanta.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
You sure you're okay...?

GRAHAM (V.O.)
I'm okay, Jack.

INT. JET PLANE. FLYING. DAY.

Graham, in his seat, is looking at propped-up photos of the two families, Leeds and Jacobi. The JACOBI'S had three kids also: OLDER DAUGHTER, SON, YOUNGER DAUGHTER. MRS. JACOBI was very pretty, with a slight resemblance to Mrs. Leeds.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
What do you think he meant by "see them living?"

GRAHAM
(on phone)
I'm not sure. Maybe nothing. It's hard to separate his bullshit... Anything on your end?

INT. CRAWFORD'S OFFICE. FBI BUILDING. NIGHT.

Crawford is working late in his D.C. office. He wears reading glasses. On his wall, photos, notes, queries, and a map of the southeastern U.S., with airline routes highlighted between Birmingham and Atlanta, as well as other regional hubs.

CRAWFORD
(on phone)
We tried cross-matching airlines, car rentals, and motels in Birmingham and Atlanta, but came up empty...

EXT. LEEDS BACK YARD. ATLANTA. NIGHT.

Graham stands by a swimming pool, looking towards the latticed back porch. The kitchen door can't be seen from out here.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Same thing with the two families, plus their closest friends and relatives. We've got no linkage, Will...

INT. LEEDS GARAGE. NIGHT.

Graham turns on a light, stands looking at a ski boat, a station wagon, golf clubs, a trail bike. Toys of the rich.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Also, the Jacobi house is up for resale. Maybe you better get down there before some realtor changes everything.

INT. LEEDS DEN. NIGHT.

Graham, frustrated, shuts a drawer in Charles Leeds' desk. Looks around this cozy panelled room...

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Birmingham is a cold trail, Jack.
Almost five weeks old...

Plaid sofas, hooked rugs, bookcases, a model ship... and a big TV set, in a fancy wooden cabinet. Drawers beneath.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
First I need another pass at the Leedses.

Interested, Graham walks over. Kneels to open a drawer. Sees a jumble of videos - kids' movies, grownup classics - and a bulky padded mailer. When he tips this, small loose VHS-C tapes spill out. He flips through the handwritten titles...

"POOL PARTY 6/2/86"... "SUSIE'S DANCE RECITAL 2/9/86"..."
"BOBBY'S BIRTHDAY BASH 12/4/85."

There's also a full-sized VHS tape, in a handsome plastic container, mocked-up to look like a Hollywood movie. Graham lifts this for a closer look...

The title is "FOLLOW MY LEEDS!!!" Glossy photos of the family members, with each face outlined by a star. The dog, a gray Scotty, gets his own star, too. Lettering at the bottom reads: "A FEATURE-LENGTH VHS COMPILATION!"

INT. SAME. LATER.

On the TV screen, the tape's opening credits are just ending. Bouncy CANNED MUSIC underneath. Mom is listed as producer. Dad is the director. It's all corny but sweet. The opening shot is the little Scotty, asleep in a big leather chair...

Graham glances down. He's sitting in the same chair - the dead man's chair. He touches its arm. Then looks back at the TV screen...

SOUND of a door opening. The dog jumps up, his stump of a tail wagging, trots towards the kitchen. VIDEO CAMERA FOLLOWS him, UNSTEADILY. The back door opens and Mrs. Leeds comes in, carrying groceries. The latticed porch is behind her.

CHARLES LEEDS (O.S.)
Annnd... action!

She blinks and laughs in surprise, as the children come in behind her carrying smaller sacks. The girl, SUSAN, is six, BOBBY, eight, and CHARLES JR. is ten.

BOBBY
Oh, God. Dad's makin' another movie.

SUSAN
Don't say "God."

Mrs. Leeds, still laughing, sets her bag down on a counter.

VALERIE LEEDS
I am not ready for my closeup, Mr.
DeMille.

She leans over, shakes out her tousled hair, combing with her fingers, then straightens up, striking a mock-glamorous pose. The gesture is touching, oddly intimate.

Graham, watching, feels his heart pierced.

INT. GRAHAM HOUSE, FLORIDA. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Molly wakens to her RINGING phone. Picks it up, glancing at her clock. 12:34. Outside her window, the distant surf.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Hello, hotshot.

MOLLY
Hey, baby! Where are you?

INTERCUTTING -

as Graham watches the TV screen, where the SOUND is now MUTED. The Leeds boys are playing Ping-Pong in their basement.

GRAHAM
Atlanta. Birmingham tomorrow. Sorry
if I woke you.

MOLLY
No, no, are you okay?

GRAHAM
Yeah, I'm fine. I just needed to
hear your voice... How's Josh?

On the TV, a new scene, a pool party with family and GUESTS. KIDS silently splash, GROWNUPS silently chat, and the Scotty runs about, excited, silently barking.

MOLLY
He's good. He loves that new lure
you made him. Wanna have phone sex?

The VIDEO CAMERA SNEAKS UP on Mrs. Leeds, very sexy in a floral bathing suit, as she chats with a WOMAN FRIEND...

GRAHAM
I don't think I could stand it. I
think maybe we better not do that.

MOLLY

Okay. You don't mind if we think about it, though?

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on Mrs. Leeds' cleavage, BLURRING a bit, before she becomes aware of it. She laughs, getting up, and blocks the lens with her hand, saying something in protest.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(after a pause)

Baby? You still there...?

GRAHAM

Absolutely not. I mean, yeah... I don't mind if we think about it.

MOLLY

You're tired. Look, I love you and I miss you but you're doing the right thing. It's costing you too, I know that... I'm proud of you, Will.

GRAHAM

I love you, Molly.

MOLLY

I love you too, sweetheart.

Graham gently hangs up the phone.

Mrs. Leeds backs away from the lens, laughing, until her HUSBAND'S HAND APPEARS IN THE SHOT, catching her wrist. ANGLE SHIFTS, BLURS a moment, then AUTO-FOCUSES, as he extends the camera in one hand, pointed backwards, to catch the two of them kissing. Their guests silently laugh and applaud.

Graham stares at the TV screen, haunted by this image...

EXT. JACOBI HOUSE. BIRMINGHAM. DAY.

Graham, at the wheel of a rented Buick, CRUNCHES past a realtor's "FOR SALE" sign, then stops. He's looking at...

A big split-level, with small outbuildings, flanked by a white-fenced pasture. Behind the house, thick woods. A red van marked "SAFESHIELD" is parked in the gravel drive.

SUPER TITLE: JACOBI HOUSE. BIRMINGHAM, AL.

WORKMAN (V.O.)

Won't nobody get in through here again...

EXT. SIDE PATIO. DAY.

Graham, on a flagged patio, stands by a kneeling WORKMAN who is installing a wrought-iron security gate over a set of shiny new aluminum sliding glass doors.

WORKMAN

I'll guaran-damn-tee it. Not 'less they got a blowtorch.

Graham glances towards the front yard. Sees the entrance sign to the development ("STONEBRIDGE") and another big house, with good sightlines this way. He turns back, puzzled.

GRAHAM

Why didn't he break in down there?

The workman follows his gaze past some shrubbery to a set of concrete steps, leading down to a basement door well.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

It's more hidden.

WORKMAN

Hell, that door's flush steel, with deadbolts. Reckon he was in too big a hurry.

GRAHAM

(softly)

No. This one doesn't hurry.

The man gives him a curious glance, then looks at the murder house. He shakes his head, uneasy at being here.

WORKMAN

Helluva thing.

INT. JACOBI HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Graham stands at the center of an empty room, turning slowly. Bare floors and dead air, sliced by morning sunlight. No lingering vibrations of the killer.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM. DAY.

Folded dropcloths, an eight-foot ladder, leftover cans of paint. Nothing for him here, either. Graham glances into...

The master bath. Its over-the-sink mirror is new; it still has its manufacturer's sticker. He looks at himself.

EXT. BACK YARD. DAY.

Graham walks along the back fence, studying the big yard. He pauses by a garden shed, looking at the ground.

A small, shallow depression. The location is marked by a fresh triangle of yellow crime-scene tape, tied to sticks.

Graham kneels, studying this. Touches the earth. Looks towards the house, then again at the little grave. His expression changes as a new and disturbing thought comes to him...

GRAHAM'S IMAGINATION - KILLER'S POV -

From a distance, through a scrim of leaves, the three Jacobi children are seen standing in a solemn row, looking down at a shoe box laid in this freshly dug hole. The BOY (DONALD) is dwarfed by his shovel. The YOUNGER GIRL (LISA) stoops to lay a handful of daisies on the box, then rises again. The BIG SISTER (MAY) takes both her siblings by their hands, comforting them...

Graham's head snaps up from the awful intensity of this vision. Trembling, he pulls out his recorder, flicks it on.

GRAHAM

Jack. The pets are like - like
foreplay to him. He killed the cat,
then waited for the children to find
it. He had to see that if he possibly
could. But that meant waiting for
hours. Where...?

He turns slowly. Stares. Head-high brush runs out from the fence about thirty yards. To where the woods begin...

EXT. DENSE WOODS. DAY.

Graham has taken off his blazer. His shirt, under the leather shoulder rig, is drenched with sweat. He's on his hands and knees, exploring the dense carpet of pine needles and dead leaves. Something to one side catches his eye...

A thumb-sized branch, neatly severed. Brown withered leaves amid the bright green undergrowth.

Graham stares at this...

The white-faced end of the branch was clipped, not wind-broken. This needed some powerful tool, with leverage.

Slowly, slowly, Graham's eyes travel from the clipped-off branch to the elm tree behind it. Then up its trunk...

EXT. ELM TREE. DAY.

Climbing, already well up in the tree, Graham reaches for a thick limb just above him. Pulls himself up by it, gasping, then leans around the trunk...

Close by his cheek, the small stub of the clipped branch juts out. It was removed to improve the view.

GRAHAM

(whispers)

I love it. Oh, sweet Jesus, yes. You
were here, weren't you?

His eyes travel further up...

On the trunk, a patch of outer bark has been shaved away, exposing green inner bark. Centered in this is a curious carving; it looks like a stake piercing a hollow rectangle.

Graham stares at this, a long beat. Then hauls himself into a sitting position on the big limb, which juts out at a right angle. He turns, looks across the open air...

A clear view of the back and side of the Jacobi house. The cat's grave... the flagstoned patio, the sliding doors... and then, on the second floor, the master bedroom window.

As Graham looks at this, he is seeing, in his mind's eye...

GRAHAM'S IMAGINATION - KILLER'S POV -

Night. The moonlit house. A bright square of window. MRS. JACOBI, hair wet from her shower, walks across the room. Passing the window, she starts to slip off her bathrobe...

Graham, staring at the same window in daylight, whispers.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Are you ready for me? 'Cause I'm coming...

He looks again at the carving. Filled with grim exultation.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I'm coming for you. Climbing right into your skull. It's you and me now, sport...

CLOSER on the strange symbol, until it FILLS THE SCREEN...

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD. DAY.

A weathered sign CREAKS in the wind. A jagged crack down its middle makes it resemble the tree carving. Its peeling letters read "DOL--HYDE/ NUR--ING/ H-ME." Beyond this, a gravel road slithers through a neglected orchard, finally climbing a low rise to a big old country-Gothic house. There's a black van parked out front.

SUPER TITLE: ST.CHARLES, MO.

EXT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE. VERANDAH. DAY.

A wooden verandah surrounds the tall, once-grand house. Down its crumbling length, a row of ancient rocking chairs stir in the breeze, ridden by ghosts. MOVING ANGLE, past these, approaching the front door, as we hear a LITTLE BOY'S VOICE, oddly muffled, wet-sounding. Tearfully scared.

LITTLE BOY (V.O.)

Aayma. Aayma. Mleedse, Aayma...!

INT. FRONT HALL. DAY.

MOVING ANGLE, down the long dark hall, passing a LOUDLY TICKING tallcase clock. Ahead of us, an archway, opening off to the right. Down at the end of the hall, a grand staircase.

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)

(sleepily)

Whush the...? Oh! Oh! You durry boy.
I've never sheen... Whurs mah teef?

WE COME TO an oil portrait of a stern, gray-haired old woman - GRANDMOTHER DOLARHYDE - wearing a 1940's dress. Her features and hair style make her resemble George Washington on the dollar bill. Her crooked teeth, revealed in a grim smile, match the dental mold we saw in Atlanta.

The SOUND of dentures sliding from a glass, then a MOIST CLACKETY NOISE as she puts them in.

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've never seen a child as dirty and disgusting as you. Look at you. You're soaking wet...!

INT. BALLROOM. DAY.

MOVING ANGLE, through a former ballroom, later converted to a downstairs ward. Rows of dusty-sheeted cots, each with its bedpan still in place. Its pitcher and glass on a stand. A big TV set, a couch, and some armchairs down at one end, along with two or three old-fashioned wooden wheelchairs. We are becoming aware of a new SOUND - a RHYTHMIC THUMPING...

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)

Get out, get out of my bed. Upstairs.
Go on, now. Back up to your room...!

INT. STAIRCASE. DAY.

MOVING ANGLE, up the staircase. A frayed Victorian carpet runner, held by brass rods. Faded black-and-white photos, in gilt frames, society images from grander times...

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)

My daughter was a filthy whore, and you're no better.

LITTLE BOY (V.O.)

Aayma. Yur hurrnme!

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)

Shut up. Filthy little beast. I should've left you in an orphanage. Grandson or not.

The RHYTHMIC THUDDING is growing ever LOUDER, and now mixes with other SOUNDS - GASPS and GROANS...

INT. ATTIC HALLWAY. DAY.

MOVING ANGLE, down a long hall, towards the open doorway of a garret room. The room is lit reddish, with swirling points of light, as if it were in flames. The THUDS and GASPS are LOUDER, accompanied by a kind of FRENZIED WHIMPERING...

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)
Take off your nightshirt and wipe
yourself off. Hurry up...!

INT. GARRET ROOM. DAY.

MOVING ANGLE, past a lonely twin bed and nightstand. Then a shadowy alcove with an old roll-top desk, the doorway to a bathroom. Overhead, a mirror ball spins, firing off reflections from a red spotlight...

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)
Now. Give me my scissors from the
medicine chest...

WE COME AT LAST to a gym area - barbells, speedbag, and a weight bench, where a THICKLY-MUSCLED MAN, wearing only gym shorts, is flat on his back, pumping iron. He GASPS and WHIMPERS with the strain, punishing himself to some new standard of perfection. He wears a stocking mask, rolled down over his face. His sculpted physique is reflected back from tall standing mirrors.

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Take that filthy thing in your hand
and stretch it out. Do it now. Look
down... Do you want me to cut it
off?

(The boy WHIMPERS)
Do you?

LITTLE BOY (V.O.)
No, Aayma. No, Aayma.

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)
I pledge you my word, Francis, if
you ever make your bed dirty again
I'll cut it off. Do you understand?

LITTLE BOY (V.O.)
Yehn, Aayma. Mleeeeedse...!

Both the LITTLE BOY and the MAN on the bench CRY OUT, simultaneously. The man drops his barbell onto the uprights with a CLANK and lies there trembling, drenched with sweat.

On his nightstand, two squat glasses, each holding a set of dentures. One set is the crooked yellow teeth that were once Grandmother's. The second set is "normal". Powerful fingers RECAH INTO FRAME, scoop this second set from its glass.

INT. GARRET BATHROOM. DAY.

CLOSE ON a shattered mirror, over a medicine chest, with many shards missing.

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)
Look in this mirror. I said look!

SOUND of SHATTERING GLASS. The BOY'S VOICE CRIES OUT.

After a moment, the GROWNUP MAN steps in front of the mirror. He has rolled the stocking mask up to his nose; we see only his lower face, weirdly fragmented by the mirror's missing pieces. His cheeks look strangely hollow. He has a surgically repaired cleft palette.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

See that ugly mouth? That's the devil's mark... That's why no woman will ever love you.

His big hand covers his mouth for a moment. We hear a MOIST CLACKETY SOUND. When it comes away, he has inserted his good, "normal" dentures.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

Except for me, Francis. Only me. Never forget that.

The straight white teeth gleam, just for an instant, in an awful rictus of a smile.

INT. GARRET ALCOVE. DAY.

A semi-human dragon, on an art poster, looms over a reclining woman. In its niche above the old desk, lit by candles, this poster forms the centerpiece of a shrine. As we look at the fiercely-muscled dragon, the GRANDMOTHER'S VOICE morphs slowly into a DIFFERENT VOICE - the deeper, more spectral, MALE VOICE of the DRAGON Himself.

DRAGON'S VOICE

NOW GO BACK TO BED. AND NO MORE SNIVELLING.

LITTLE BOY (V.O.)

(sobbing)

Yehn, Aayma.

Seated below the poster, his back to us, is the muscular man. He's now wearing a silk kimono. He has close-cropped blond hair. He rolls open the desk top, REVEALING an impressive array of camera equipment, a 9 mm. Glock with a homemade silencer, a sawed-off shotgun, bundled sticks of dynamite - as well as his huge black ledger, already familiar to us. Carefully, reverently, he opens this...

Across the first page, in hand-illuminated letters, we see again the words "BeHold A GrEAt RED DRAGON..." Loose between the pages, a yellowed photo of a little boy, clinging to his Grandmother's skirt on the porch of this same house.

The man leans over, his face in shadows, and picks up a new clipping from a loose pile of newspapers on the floor. Carefully he presses this into place on a blank page...

Will Graham, in the photo snapped outside the asylum. Above this, Freddy Lounds, grinning in his by-line portrait, and the screaming Tattler headline, "INSANE FIEND CONSULTED IN 'TOOTH FAIRY' MURDERS/ BY SAME COP HE TRIED TO KILL!!!"

A red marker pen appears, angrily slashes out the words "TOOTH FAIRY," then circles Lounds' face. The offending page is turned, then a few more, before the thick fingers pause...

Hannibal Lecter, tuxedoed and suave, from an old pre-arrest society photo. There are many Lecter photos. He's an idol.

The man's thick fingers hover over this page for a moment, then touch the Doctor's face admiringly...

LECTER (V.O.)

He carved this on a tree...?

EXT. INSANE ASYLUM. EXERCISE PEN. DAY.

Lecter, in his prisoner's jumpsuit, walks along briskly. He's examining, with some interest, a photo of the curious symbol. It's startling to see the Doctor in sunlight, his pale flesh like a floater's.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

With a buck knife. Yes. The same one later used on Charles Leeds...

Lecter reaches the end of his asphalt pad, turns neatly, without looking up - years of practice - and starts back in the other direction. He's in a long, narrow pen, like a dog run; its high, heavy mesh bristles with electric coils. At one end, a closed steel hatch leads back into the asylum.

Graham, outside this pen, has to walk quickly to keep up with the Doctor's pace.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

He had a second tool, too. A bolt-cutter. He used that to clear his view.

LECTER

But...?

GRAHAM

But I don't think that's what he brought it for. It's too heavy. Too awkward. And he had to carry it a long way.

LECTER

Mm. And what do we make of this?

Still striding, he holds up the photo.

GRAHAM

I don't like to admit it, but we're stumped. Any thoughts?

LECTER

Do you take me for a child, Will?
Do you think I'm simple?

GRAHAM

All right. Asian Studies at Langley identified it as a Chinese character. It appears on a Mah-Jongg piece. It marks the Red Dragon.

LECTER

Red Dragon. Correct. This boy begins to interest me.

GRAHAM

Doctor, we don't know what greater meaning this symbol might have for him. If you could -

LECTER

Like my little cage, Will? My so-called lawyer is always nagging Chilton for better accommodations. I don't know which is the greater fool.

GRAHAM

We thought perhaps, with your insight -

LECTER

"A robin redbreast in a cage/ Puts all Heaven in a rage." Ever been a redbreast, Will? Of course you have. I'm only allowed twenty minutes out here, once a week. Get to the point.

He stops abruptly, turning towards Graham.

GRAHAM

I think he meant to use the bolt cutter to enter the house. But he didn't. Instead he broke in sloppily through the patio doors. The noise woke Jacobi and he had to shoot him on the stairs. That wasn't planned. It's not like him.

LECTER

We mustn't judge too harshly, Will. It was his first time. Have you never felt a sudden rush of panic?

Graham is pinned by his gaze. The steel mesh between them suddenly seems very flimsy. Lecter's voice is rapid, harsh.

LECTER (CONT'D)

You sensed who I was, that I was committing what you call my crimes.

GRAHAM

Yes.

LECTER

So you were hurt not by a fault in your perception or your instincts, but because you failed to act on them until it was too late.

GRAHAM

You could say that.

LECTER

But you're wiser now.

GRAHAM

Yes.

LECTER

Then you wouldn't make that same mistake again. In the unlikely event, let us say, that you should ever encounter this pilgrim.

GRAHAM

Probably not. I think not.

LECTER

Imagine what you would do, if you could go back.

GRAHAM

Put two in your head, before you could ever palm that stiletto.

LECTER

Ummm. Very good, Will. I believe we're making progress... I'd like to see that video of the Leeds family.

GRAHAM

No.

LECTER

Why not?

GRAHAM

It would be obscene.

LECTER

You don't make it easy, do you? Still, one aims to please. I'll call you if I think of anything else. Would you like to give me your home number?

Behind them, the DEEP RASP of the steel hatch sliding up. Graham turns his head, looks at it. Then back at Lecter, whose pale eyes have never left his.

GRAHAM

End of our session, I think, Doctor.

LECTER

For now.

(raises the photo)

This was only his first time. Already in Atlanta he did much better. Rest assured, my dear Will, this one...

He holds out the photo. When it touches the wires, there's a bright blue flash, then it bursts into flames.

LECTER (CONT'D)

...is no flash in the pan.

Graham turns angrily, walking away across the courtyard. As Lecter watches him go, his head tilts like a curious bird's.

GUARD (V.O.)

Go to the back of the cell, Dr. Lecter. Face the wall...

INT. LECTER'S CELL. DAY.

Lecter does as commanded, quite meekly, while behind him a PAIR OF TENSE ORDERLIES open his door and enter the cell. One levels a large-bore air rifle, while the other has a can of Mace and a phone, its long cord trailing down the corridor.

GUARD

If you turn around before you hear the lock snap, you'll get a dart. Understood?

LECTER

Oh, yes indeed.

The second guard sets down the phone, then they both back out quickly, eyes fixed always on Lecter, and SLAM his door.

GUARD

You've got ten minutes to talk to your lawyer.

LECTER

Thanks so much. You're too kind.

BOOKSELLER (V.O.)

"Robes... Robespierre... Robin."

INT. BOOKSTORE. DAY.

Graham is at an information desk, where a pretty young BOOKSELLER with a flash of green hair is studying a copy of Bartlett's. She runs her much-ringed fingers down a page.

BOOKSELLER

"Robin, call for..." "Robin, fainting..." Ta-da! "Redbreast in a cage." Four-oh-six point nine.

She flips pages quickly, finds the right quotation.

BOOKSELLER (CONT'D)

"A robin redbreast in a cage/ Puts all Heaven in a rage." William Blake. Auguries of Innocence.

GRAHAM

Do you have that?

BOOKSELLER

Should have. We've got a book of Blake's paintings, too. Want to see it?

INT. LECTER'S CELL. DAY.

Lecter lounges on his cot, cradling his receiver. We hear a WOMAN'S VOICE on the other end of his line.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Psychology Department. Dr. Bloom's office.

LECTER

(on phone)

Oh, hi, this is Bob Greer at Blaine and Edwards Publishing? Dr. Bloom asked me to send a copy of The Psychiatrist and the Law to Will Graham, and his secretary was supposed to give me the address and phone number, but darn it, she never did.

WOMAN ON PHONE

I'm just a graduate assistant, Linda will be in on Monday -

LECTER

Gosh, I have to catch FedEx in about five minutes, and I hate to bother Dr. Bloom about it at home because he told Linda to send it and I don't want to get her in hot water. It's right there in her Rolodex or whatever. I'll dance at your wedding if you'll read it to me.

WOMAN ON PHONE

I don't know, I'm really not -

LECTER

Be a darling and flip that little rascal and I won't take up any more of your time. Graham comma William?

WOMAN ON PHONE

All right, just a minute... It doesn't give the address of his house.

LECTER

What does it have, dear?

WOMAN ON PHONE

Federal Bureau of Investigation,
Tenth and Pennsylvania, Washington,
D.C. Oh, and let's see... P.O. Box
3680, Marathon, Florida.

LECTER

That's fine, you're an angel.

WOMAN ON PHONE

You're welcome.

The Doctor hangs up. Smiles thoughtfully.

INT. BOOKSTORE. DAY.

Strange, ethereal images slip past our eyes - angels and devils, feverish colors - as Graham sits at a table, flipping through a large book of Blake's watercolors. Until one especially startling image makes him stop, look closer.

The same painting as in Dolarhyde's shrine. A horned, winged, thickly-muscled man-dragon, with human legs and a tail. He's poised in sexual menace above a reclining, helpless woman; she is apparently wrapped in flames.

Graham's eyes travel down to the caption...

"The Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed with the Sun, c.1803-05/ Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum of Art."

As Graham stares at this, struck by its eerie power, the cute bookseller comes up, glances over his shoulder.

BOOKSELLER

Weird.

GRAHAM

Yeah.

BOOKSELLER

Looks like a pretty hot date, though.

She smiles, flirting a bit. Graham smiles back.

EXT. CHROMA-LUX INC. DAY.

A large, flat-roofed, dun-colored building, nearly identical to all the others in this vast industrial park.

SUPER TITLE: ST. LOUIS, MO.

INT. CHROMA-LUX INC. DAY.

A HUM of MACHINERY as WE FOLLOW a cropped blond head, broad shoulders in a white lab coat, through a labyrinth of corridors; we catch glimpses of rooms dense with some sort of hi-tech equipment. Other WORKERS, passing in the hall, glance briefly at the blond man's face, then away, out of respect or perhaps uneasiness.

INT. INFRARED LAB. DAY.

A sign beside a door reads: "INFRARED SENSITIVE MATERIALS IN USE. NO SAFELIGHTS. NO SMOKING. NO HOT BEVERAGES." The red light is on above this sign.

OUR THICK FOREFINGER reaches out, pushes a button. After a moment, the light turns green, and WE OPEN the door, ENTER the light trap, then RAP on an inner door.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Come.

WE ENTER into cool, almost absolute darkness. A GURGLE OF WATER, the slight CREAK of a desk CHAIR. Then, for the first time, we hear the blond man's SHY, CAUTIOUS VOICE. He doesn't like to speak to people; every word is a bit of a strain.

DOLARHYDE

I'm Francis Dolarhyde. I came for that package of infrared.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Oh, right. Put your back against the door, come forward three steps, until you feel the tile under your feet, and there'll be a stool just to your left.

Dolarhyde moves through the dark. SQUEAK of the stool as he sits. The RUSTLE of her LAB APRON. Very close to him.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

The same "Mister D." who's head of Tech Services over in the main plant. Am I right?

DOLARHYDE

The very one.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I'm Reba McClane.

(MORE)

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Just a second more and we'll get you
some light...

(a timer RINGS)

There we go. Okay. Lemme just put
this stuff in the Black Hole...

A DOOR CLOSSES on RUBBER SEALS. The HISS of a VACUUM LOCK.
Then the slight SQUEAK of her SNEAKERS as she passes him.
After a moment the lights come on.

REBA McCLANE stands by the door, smiling in his approximate
direction. She has a handsome prairie face, a page boy,
freckles. Her eyes make small, random, unseeing movements.

DOLARHYDE stares at her, surprised. We see his face clearly
for the first time, even as Reba cannot. A white scar line
runs from his upper lip to his nose, but his features are
otherwise unremarkable, even attractive, except for his wary,
predatory eyes. Hazel, almost yellow. They flash towards...

Her white cane, propped in a corner...

Then back to the woman herself. He can stare at her all he
wants. A strange and wonderful freedom.

REBA

What do you need the IR for?

Dolarhyde tries to avoid "S" words, but when he can't, he
says them very carefully.

DOLARHYDE

It's for the zoo... The World of
Darkness. They want to photograph
the nocturnal animals.

REBA

That's great. I love animals.

She crosses the lab unerringly, stops by a refrigerator,
opens it without fumbling, bends over to reach for something
on the back of a shelf.

REBA (CONT'D)

I gotta warn you, though, this stuff
is pretty hot. Sensitive up to around
one thousand nanometers. And the
more sensitive it is, the meaner it
is to handle.

She turns around with a small shrink-wrapped package, holds
it out in his general direction.

REBA (CONT'D)

But I guess I don't have to tell you
that.

Dolarhyde takes the package. Disturbed and aroused to be alone with her. So close, almost touching... SOUND of the DOOR, behind them. They both turn as a co-worker, RALPH MANDY, pokes his head in breezily.

RALPH

Hi, Reba. Yo, Mr. D. Whoa! I'm not interrupting anything, am I?

REBA

No, Ralph.

RALPH

Listen, Reeb, it's startin' to spritz out there. How 'bout I give you a lift home?

REBA

You ride a motorcycle, Ralph. How does that help me with the rain?

RALPH

(winks at Dolarhyde)

Yeah, well, I thought maybe we'd stop off somewhere for a little sundowner.

Spots of color appear in her cheeks.

REBA

I've already got a ride.

RALPH

Sure I can't change your mind?

REBA

I can manage very well, thank you.

RALPH

Hey, that's cool. No problemo!

Before going, he leers at Dolarhyde, tilts his head towards Reba, then pumps his forearm lewdly. Hot stuff, huh boss? The door BANGS shut behind him.

Reba crosses angrily, starting to collect her handbag, raincoat, headscarf and cane.

REBA

If there's anything I hate worse than pity, it's fake pity. Especially from a walking hard-on like Ralph Mandy. Sorry.

Dolarhyde is startled, uncertain how to respond.

DOLARHYDE

I have no pity.

Reba pauses, looks in his direction. Smiles gratefully.

EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

POV ANGLE, through a rain-streaked window, as Reba follows a concrete divider across the parking lot, tapping the edge with her cane, until she reaches a bus stop. She stands under the shelter waiting. Rain blows in on her.

Dolarhyde, a hundred feet away, watches her from behind the closed window of his van. His feelings make him uneasy; they're dangerous to him and Reba both. After a moment he makes an unprecedented, impulsive decision. Starts his van.

EXT. BUS STOP. NIGHT.

Reba looks up at the SOUND of the VAN as it splashes up beside her, then idles. The window WHOOSHES down.

DOLARHYDE

Ride with me.

REBA

Thanks, but I take the bus all the time.

DOLARHYDE

Mandy is a fool. Ride with me...
(what do men say?)
...for my pleasure.

She is surprised, then pleased by his unexpected chivalry.

EXT. DOLARHYDE'S VAN. DRIVING. NIGHT.

Dolarhyde eases up to the curb in front of a duplex in a quiet neighborhood. Glances at her mailbox to be sure he's got the right address. Then, gripping his steering wheel tensely, he stares straight ahead through his wipers.

Reba, beside him, measures his quiet as shyness.

REBA

Want to come in? I'll fix us a drink.

He turns, looks at her. Her pretty face. Her unseeing eyes, glowing like mirror shards in the dashboard lights. After a moment his silence makes her smile falter a bit.

REBA (CONT'D)

Okay, then. Maybe another time.

DOLARHYDE

I will - come in.

INT. REBA'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Reba stands her cane in a corner and is suddenly free. She moves about with amazing ease, hanging her coat in a closet,

dropping her bag on a chair, switching on lights. She's nervous, excited, not much used to men in here.

REBA

How 'bout a gin and tonic?

He watches closely, fascinated by her physical assurance.

DOLARHYDE

Tonic will be fine.

REBA

You're not a drinker?

DOLARHYDE

No.

REBA

I'll make us some coffee, then. And maybe a piece of pie? Karo pecan, it's dynamite.

DOLARHYDE

Fine.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Reba turns away from her refrigerator with a whole pie, sets it down on her center island, where Dolarhyde sits stiffly upright, on a stool. Nearby, she has started coffee.

REBA

When is the zoo project?

DOLARHYDE

Maybe next week. They'll call.

She goes to a wood block, removes a knife, testing its sharpness with her finger. She sets it down near Dolarhyde. He looks at the gleaming blade.

REBA

I love zoos. In fact, one of my earliest memories is seeing a cougar, when I was about five.

He stares at her with renewed wariness. She misreads his silence as tact, smiles appreciatively.

REBA (CONT'D)

I didn't lose my sight till I was seven. Piece of barbed wire flew up from a lawn mower and whacked me.

She spans the pie with her fingers, bringing her thumbs together to locate its center, then marks this with a toothpick. She puts the middle finger of her left hand on the toothpick, her thumb on the edge of the tin.

REBA (CONT'D)

Could you hand me that knife?

He picks up the knife, feeling its power. Looks at her.

She smiles. Extends her palm. Unguarded.

He makes himself reverse the blade, placing the handle gently on her outstretched palm.

She cuts him a piece of pie, guiding the knife with her left index finger. He watches her handle the bright blade. Snick snick. She sets his piece out on a plate.

REBA (CONT'D)

Anyway, I've always tried to hang on to what that cougar looked like. Although by now, to tell you the truth, what I see in my head is probably not the least bit like a cougar.

(laughs)

More like a donkey, or a goat.

She finds him a fork in a drawer, sets that by his plate.

REBA (CONT'D)

Sometimes I'm not so sure anymore I really saw him... You know? Like maybe he's just something I dreamed up.

She stops, suddenly self-conscious. Looks his way.

REBA (CONT'D)

You okay?

DOLARHYDE

Um-hmmm.

REBA

You don't say much, do you?

DOLARHYDE

Mm-mmm.

REBA

(hesitates)

Let's talk about something for a minute and get it out of the way, okay?

Silence. She moves closer to him. He's barely breathing.

REBA (CONT'D)

I can hear you've had some kind of soft palate repair. But I understand you fine because you speak very well.

(MORE)

REBA (CONT'D)

If you don't want to talk to me,
that's cool. But I hope you will...
And I know what it's like to have
people always thinking you're
different.

DOLARHYDE

Ummm. That's good.

REBA

May I touch your face? I want to
know if you're smiling or frowning.

(wryly, now)

I want to know whether to just shut
up or not.

She holds her hand out, waiting. He stares at her, astounded.
Then takes her wrist between his thumb and forefinger. A
living woman, strange feeling...

He brings her fingers close to his teeth. How easy it would
be to snap them off. Snick snick. He can't let her touch his
mouth. He cannot. But by a great effort of will, he spares
her life.

DOLARHYDE

Take my word that I'm smiling.

He holds her wrist away and releases it. Her hand settles to
the counter top, fingers trailing like an averted glance. A
silence, deeply weighted. She smiles, too brightly.

REBA

I think our coffee's ready.

DOLARHYDE

I'm going.

She nods, sadly. He rises, heads to the kitchen doorway.

REBA

If I offended you, I didn't mean to.

He turns, looking at her. Still furiously aroused, at war
with himself. But his voice is soft.

DOLARHYDE

No.

He goes out into the living room, and she listens for the
CLICK of the LOCK as he pulls her front door closed behind
him. She shakes her head wryly - what an idiot I am! Then,
after a moment, puts her fingertips gently on the stool where
he was sitting. Still warm. She smiles.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

I've been to their house, yeah...

EXT. FBI BUILDING. DAY.

The massive headquarters of the FBI looms over Pennsylvania Avenue as cars and taxis stream by. We hear OFFICE SOUNDS.

SUPER TITLE: J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

But I still don't have much sense of what the Jacobis were really like...

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE. DAY.

Graham is using a borrowed desk in a far corner of the special task force office. Walls and bulletin boards are covered with case photos, maps, lists, assignments. In the b.g., other AGENTS are also working phones or conferring.

GRAHAM

(on phone)

It would help if I could see some of their personal effects. Diaries, pictures, letters... Do you have those things, Mr. Metcalf?

INT. LAW OFFICE. BIRMINGHAM. DAY.

BYRON METCALF, an overweight good ol' boy, leans back in his leather desk chair, looking out his window.

METCALF

(on phone)

Sure do. Other than one or two little keepsakes that Niles Jacobi got.

INTERCUTTING -

as Graham glances down a file, ticking off the name.

GRAHAM

That would be... Mr. Jacobi's surviving son, by his first wife?

METCALF

That's right. As their executor, I keep all that stuff in lockboxes with the small valuables. Just till after probate. But Birmingham P.D.'s been all through it.

Crawford enters the task force room, spots Graham, hurries towards him, looking unusually tense and excited.

GRAHAM

Can you pack those effects and ship them up here?

(no response)

I hate to ask. It's a pain in the butt.

METCALF

Ah, hell. The probate judge is a golf buddy of mine. Just tell me you're gonna nail this sumbitch.

Crawford twirls a finger. Hang up, it's urgent.

GRAHAM

We're doing our best, Mr. Metcalf. Thanks... Thanks so much.

He hangs up. Looks at Crawford expectantly.

CRAWFORD

Will... a note, hidden in Lecter's cell. Sounds like a fan letter. It may be from the Tooth Fairy.

Graham stares at him. His mind already racing...

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

He wants Lecter's approval. He's curious about you. He's asking questions. I've already scrambled a chopper... Will?

GRAHAM

Does Lecter know we have the note?

INT. ASYLUM. LECTER'S CELL. DAY.

A uniformed CLEANING MAN is wiping down the sink with a wad of toilet paper. As he spins a new handful off the roll, two loose pieces of tissue come loose, settling to the tiles. He stares at the dense, spidery handwriting on them...

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Not yet. It was found during a routine cleanup.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Where's Lecter now?

INT. HOLDING CAGE. DAY.

Lecter sits on a metal bench, his back against a cinderblock wall. Quite relaxed, eyes shut, apparently daydreaming. His wrists are cuffed behind his back.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Still in the holding cage.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Can he see his cell from there?

Lecter's eyes open. Across from him, through the steel bars, is see a narrow band of corridor.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

No, but he's already been there almost half an hour. Pretty soon he'll start to wonder what's wrong.

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE. DAY.

The other agents fall silent, looking towards the huddled Graham and Crawford, picking up on their excitement. Three of them - BAKER, RANKIN, and WILLINGHAM - drift this way.

GRAHAM

We've gotta buy some time, Jack.
Create a diversion...

Crawford looks at him a moment, then grabs up a phone receiver. Punches one of the blinking orange buttons.

CRAWFORD

Dr. Chilton? Call your building superintendent or engineer, whoever's in charge. Tell him to pull the circuit breakers on Lecter's hall. Have the super walk down the hall past the holding cell carrying tools. He'll be in a hurry, pissed off, too busy to answer any questions - got it? And don't touch the note, okay? Graham's on his way.

He hangs up. Looks at the tense faces of his gathering team.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

We've got a note coming in on the fly, possibly from the Tooth Fairy. Number One Priority. It has to go back to Lecter's cell within the hour, unmarked. We'll need Hair and Fiber, Latent Prints, then Documents. I'll walk it through myself. Let's go, people!

EXT. WASHINGTON LANDSCAPE. DAY.

An FBI helicopter flashes by, with the Potomac below and the Washington monument in the distance.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)

"My dear Dr. Lecter. I wanted to tell you I'm delighted that you have taken an interest in me..."

EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD. DAY.

Graham climbs out the door of the helicopter, ducking his head against the heavy wash of air from the still whirling blades. He's carrying a document case.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)

"And when I learned of your vast correspondence I thought Dare I? Of course I do..."

He hurries towards Crawford and Baker, who's propping a door open. As Crawford grabs the case, Baker says something into his walkie-talkie.

INT. HAIR AND FIBER LAB. DAY.

The note, on two pieces of toilet paper, is now within a plastic sheath, clipped atop a light box. The top piece has a ragged hole where part of the text has been torn out. More of the text, near the tattered edge, has been inked over.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)

"I don't believe you'd tell them who I am..."

On the second piece of the note, below the signature ("AVID FAN"), are two deeply indented semi-circles: bite marks.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

"Besides, what particular body I currently occupy is trivial..."

A white-gloved technician, BEVERLY KATZ, squeezes a remote as her tripod-mounted camera FLASHES motordrive photos.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"The important thing is what I am Becoming. I know that you alone can understand this..."

Under a powerful magnifier, she reaches inside the plastic sheath with fine tweezers, removing a tiny piece of blond hair from the paper fiber. Carefully, with maddening precision, she places this hair in a glassine envelope.

Crawford, beside her, glances at his watch.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

"I have some things I'd love to show you. If circumstances permit, I hope we can correspond..."

Graham hands Katz a copy of the killer's dental mold. She holds this up to the impressions on the note. They match exactly. She looks at Graham and Crawford, excited.

INT. ASYLUM. HOLDING CAGE. DAY.

The holding cage and the corridor outside it suddenly go dark. Lecter looks up, interested.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)

"I have admired you for years and have a complete collection of your press notices. Actually, I think of them as unfair reviews. As unfair as mine..."

INT. LATENT FINGERPRINTS LAB. DAY.

Crotchety old Jimmy Price stares unhappily at the porous toilet paper as a TECHNICIAN scans it with a helium-cadmium laser. As the paper fluoresces, glowing smudges appear on it: oily stains, perspiration. No readable prints.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)

"They do like to sling demeaning nicknames, don't they? The Tooth Fairy. What could be more inappropriate...?"

The old man, frustrated, turns to Crawford and Graham, shakes his head. Nothing he can do for them.

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

The BUILDING SUPER, in overalls, strides down the shadowy corridor, carrying a toolbox and muttering irritably to himself, as instructed.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)

"It would shame me for you to see that if I didn't know you had suffered the same distortions in the press..."

As the super passes the holding cage, keeping well clear of the bars, Lecter's eyes follow him. The man's giving a pretty good performance, not overplaying it.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

The main thing, the first thing, is how Lecter was meant to reply...

INT. DOCUMENT LAB. DAY.

A new analyst, LLOYD BOWMAN, a thin, bespectacled black man, places the two parts of the note, with tweezers, between pieces of glass. Crawford and Graham hover nearby.

BOWMAN

How much longer do we have?

CRAWFORD

Ten minutes, max.

Bowman focuses a small TV camera on the note, then darkens the room till there's only the dull red glow of a lamp and the blue-green of his monitor screen.

BOWMAN

Instructions for answering were probably in the section Lecter tore out. Why didn't he just throw the whole thing away?

GRAHAM

It's full of compliments. He couldn't bear to part with them.

Bowman glances at him, intrigued. Graham rubs his temples.

BOWMAN

Now we can mash, just a little.

The tattered edges, smeared with ink, appear **MAGNIFIED** on his monitor. As he mashes the glass gently, these edges flatten, becoming less jagged. He's muttering to himself.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

You're so sly, but so am I...

Below the words "I HOPE WE CAN CORRESPOND..." we can now make out, through the vermilion ink smears, fragments of writing. The tops of letters.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

Aniline dyes in colored inks are transparent to infrared.

(pointing)

These could be the tips of T's here and here... On the end, that's a P, or possibly an R.

GRAHAM

Jack, there's only one safe way of carrying on a communication that's one-way blind.

CRAWFORD

Publication?

(Graham nods)

We know this sweetheart reads the Tattler. The stuff about you and Lecter was in there. I don't know of any other paper that carried it.

GRAHAM

Maybe the Tooth Fairy wants him to answer through the personal columns.

BOWMAN

Three T's and an R in Tattler.

Crawford and Graham stare at him. Yes.

CRAWFORD

The Tattler comes out this evening.

(MORE)

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

It's printed in Chicago on Mondays and Thursdays. We'll get proofs of the classified pages. Great work, Lloyd.

Graham snatches up the two pieces of the note, still sandwiched in glass, and puts them in the document case.

GRAHAM

Tell Chilton I'm on my way.

INT. HELICOPTER. FLYING. DAY.

Graham sits looking out a window at the Washington landscape as it flashes by below him. He holds the case on his lap.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)

"Investigator Graham interests me. Odd-looking for a flatfoot, isn't he? Not very handsome, but purposeful-looking. You should have taught him not to meddle..."

INT. ASYLUM. LECTER'S CELL. DAY.

Special Agent Rankin, whose face we recognize from the Task Force Office, kneels by Lecter's toilet. He wears the borrowed overalls of a maintenance worker, but with white cotton gloves. Very carefully he's replacing the two pieces of the note back onto Lecter's toilet roll, exactly as they were.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)

"Forgive the stationery. I chose it because it will dissolve very quickly if you should have to swallow it..."

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

Rankin slips out of the open cell door, slams it, peels off his gloves, then quickly grabs a mop from a bucket, just as Lecter appears at the end of the corridor, being wheeled back towards his cell on a hand truck, under full restraints.

The Doctor's masked face glides closer and closer, moving with eerie smoothness, as if he can fly...

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)

"If I hear from you, next time I might send you something wet..."

As Lecter passes him, Rankin averts his gaze. Lecter's eyes rake over him briefly... and catch sight of the white cotton gloves, bobbing from his back pocket.

INT. SECURITY STRONGHOLD. DAY.

Graham, Willingham, and Chilton watch on a MONITOR as Lecter's guards push him back into his cell, stand him upright, and

begin the careful unstrapping process. Rankin continues to mop nearby, moving gradually away from the cell.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)

"Until then, dear Doctor, I remain your most... Avid Fan."

Graham and Willingham exchange a tense glance. Did it work?

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

The Tattler got an ad order that's signed "666." Baltimore postmark on the envelope...

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE. DAY.

Crawford, on a phone, swivels towards Graham, who is just returning, accompanied by Bowman. Nearby, a fax machine is starting to CLATTER. Other AGENTS in the background are discreetly following this drama.

CRAWFORD

It's set to run this afternoon. Chicago field office is sending the text through now.

He hangs up and the three of them gather impatiently around the incoming fax. Finally Crawford rips it from the machine. He spreads the flimsy out on a desk. They huddle over it.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

(reads)

"Dear Pilgrim, You honor me..."

GRAHAM

That's it. That's it. Lecter called him a pilgrim when he was talking to me.

CRAWFORD

"...you're very beautiful." Christ. "I offer 100 prayers for your safety. Find help in John 6:22, 8:16, 9:1; Luke 1:7..."

GRAHAM

Code.

BOWMAN

Has to be.

CRAWFORD

We've got -

(looks at his watch)

- nineteen minutes to get a message in if we can break this. The Tattler can't hold its presses any longer.

Bowman sits down, aligns the fax precisely with the corners of the blotter. He studies it intently as Crawford calls over Baker, one of the other agents.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Tell Chicago to fax a second copy of this to the cryptography section at Langley. Then get on the horn with them and coordinate.

As Baker rushes to a phone, Crawford looks at Bowman.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Eighteen minutes.

BOWMAN

I understand.

(pause)

It's something simple. They only needed cover against casual readers... I'm guessing it's a book code.

CRAWFORD

Book code?

BOWMAN

The first numeral, "100 prayers," could be the page number. The paired numbers after that could be line and letter. But what book?

CRAWFORD

Not the Bible?

BOWMAN

No. He's got "Galatians 15:2" here. Galatians has only six chapters. Same with "Jonah 6:8" - Jonah has four chapters. He wasn't using a Bible.

CRAWFORD

Then the Tooth Fairy named the book to use. He specified it his note. In the part Lecter tore out.

BOWMAN

It would appear so. What about sweating Lecter? In a mental hospital I would think drugs -

GRAHAM

They tried sodium amytal on him three years ago trying to find out where he buried a Princeton student. He gave them a recipe for dip. Besides, if we sweat him we lose the connection.

CRAWFORD

If the Tooth Fairy picked the book, then it's something he knew Lecter would have in his cell.

BOWMAN

Can we get a list of his books?

GRAHAM

From Chilton, maybe... No, wait. Rankin and Willingham, when they tossed his cell, took Polaroids so they could get everything back in place.

Bowman is already stuffing the fax into his briefcase.

BOWMAN

Ask them to meet me with pictures of his bookshelves.

CRAWFORD

Where?

BOWMAN

The Library of Congress.

He hurries out. Crawford looks at his watch, shakes his head.

CRAWFORD

Will, we're left with three choices and we've got to decide right now. We can pull Lecter's message out of the paper and run nothing.

GRAHAM

That might trigger a timing alarm.

CRAWFORD

Yeah. Or we can substitute our own message in plain language, inviting the Tooth Fairy to some mail drop where we've set up a stakeout. Or -

GRAHAM

Or we can let Lecter's ad run as it is.

(Crawford nods)

I hate to put in a plain-language message, Jack. Lecter would probably never hear from him again.

CRAWFORD

Yeah, but I'm leery of letting Lecter's message run without knowing what it says.

They look at one another unhappily. A beat.

GRAHAM

I say, let this one run. Meanwhile, we keep working on the code. At least it'll encourage the Tooth Fairy to contact him again.

CRAWFORD

What if it encourages him to do something besides write?

GRAHAM

We'll feel sick for a long time. But Jack - it's our best shot.

Crawford finally nods. Reaches for his phone.

INT. TATTLER PRESSROOM. CHICAGO. DAY.

Copies of the tabloid RATTLE down a metal conveyor belt, dropping into open racks, where other machines bundle and wire them, then roll them along. Dust rises as PRESSMEN move about. The NOISE is THUNDEROUS.

SUPER TITLE: NATIONAL TATTLER BUILDING, CHICAGO, IL.

A hand reaches into the stream of descending newspapers, pulls out a copy. A PAIR of FBI AGENTS, wearing headsets against the din, ignore the front page news ("HEAD TRANSPLANT!", "ASTRONOMERS GLIMPSE GOD!!!"), flipping instead to the back pages, the classifieds, till they find...

Lecter's small boxed message, beginning "DEAR PILGIM..."

The agents exchange a grim nod. So far so good. They turn, watching the stream of newspapers as it heads towards...

Waiting trucks, where the bundles are being loaded. Some trucks are already pulling away, taking Lecter's coded message out into the world. The ROAR of the PRESSROOM now CROSSFADES to the RINGING of...

INT. CRAWFORD'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

...a TELEPHONE on Crawford's bedside table, waking him. He grabs the receiver, then takes a quick glance at his WIFE: still sleeping. He rolls away from her, murmurs.

CRAWFORD

(on phone)
Crawford.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. STUDY CARREL. NIGHT.

Bowman, exhausted, sits amidst books, scrawled legal pads, wadded papers, and propped-up Polaroids of Lecter's cell. He's staring at a copy of The Joy of Cooking.

BOWMAN

(on phone)

Jack, this is Lloyd Bowman. I solved the code. You need to know what it says, right now.

INTERCUTTING-

CRAWFORD

Okay, Lloyd.

BOWMAN

It says: "Graham home Marathon, Florida. Save yourself. Kill them all."

CRAWFORD

Goddammit.

BOWMAN

Yeah.

EXT. JW MARRIOTT HOTEL. WASHINGTON. NIGHT.

In the distance, beyond Graham's hotel, the White House is illuminated. Fountains splash on the Mall.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Will, Bowman just broke the code.

INT. GRAHAM'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Graham, in a tee shirt and boxers, sits up on the edge of his bed. He turns on a lamp, glancing at his clock: 1:23.

GRAHAM

(on phone)

What did it say?

INT. CRAWFORD'S HOUSE. DEN. NIGHT.

Crawford, still in pajamas and slippers, is now at the desk in his den. He's got on his reading glasses.

CRAWFORD

(on phone)

I'll tell you in a second. Now listen to me. Everything is okay. I've taken care of it, so stay on the phone when I tell you.

INTERCUTTING -

as Graham is abruptly on his feet. Staring, with horrified prescience, at his own face in the bedroom mirror.

GRAHAM

Tell me now.

CRAWFORD

It's your home address. Lecter gave
the bastard your home address. Wait,
Will.

Graham's receiver dangles, abandoned...

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY. NIGHT.

Five police cars and a van - Highway Patrol, Sheriff's
Department, and SWAT team - race across a bridge over the
Intercoastal Waterway, SIRENS SCREAMING and MARS LIGHTS
FLASHING...

EXT. OCEAN. NIGHT.

A U.S. Customs launch ROARS over calm seas, throwing big
white bow waves, as CREWMEN on its deck man a machine gun
and a rotating spotlight. This light flares at us as they
aim it through the dunes, casting eerie shadows...

EXT. GRAHAM YARD. NIGHT.

A SWAT TEAM, shotguns propped on their hips, has formed a
defensive cordon around the yard, as DEPUTIES emerge from
the house, shepherding the frightened Molly and Josh. Other
COPS, behind them, carry their hastily-packed suitcases.
Molly and Josh are still in pajamas and robes; they look
more like prisoners than people who've just been rescued.

Josh breaks away from the BIG COP who's holding his hand,
runs back inside. Molly tugs free from her own guard, goes
in pursuit of Josh, as deputies come after them both...

INT. JOSH'S ROOM. NIGHT.

The handcarved silver lure rests in its wooden box amidst
Josh's collection of treasures - sea shells, glass floats, a
dried starfish, odd bits of driftwood.

The boy rushes over to this box, grabs it, shutting the lid.
As he turns, clutching it to his chest, Molly is frozen in
his doorway. He stares at her with tears of defiance.

Heart-stricken, she looks back at her son...

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL. WASHINGTON. DAY.

Preceded by a PAIR OF FBI AGENTS, and trailed by TWO OTHERS
carrying their bags, Molly and Josh emerge from a jetway
into a lounge. Josh is still clutching the lure box.

Graham is waiting for them. His eyes meet Molly's. She stops.

The bodyguards ease a discreet distance away, eyes scanning
the passing faces, as Graham steps forward, a bit tentatively.
She looks him up and down and then comes to him with a light
kiss. Josh comes up beside his dad, a bit uncertainly. Graham
drops to one knee to hug his son.

From a distance, we watch as a stream of sun-reddened TOURISTS, returning from Florida, parts around the huddled little family. A few people look back curiously...

INT. LECTER'S CELL. BALTIMORE. DAY.

THREE BIG ORDERLIES are methodically stripping Lecter's cell of books, drawings, mattress, clothes - everything that isn't bolted down - and dumping these into a laundry cart.

Lecter, strapped on his hand truck but unmasked, is forced to watch from a corner. There's a curious grace about him, even in restraints.

At his desk, Chilton stirs some personal papers with his gold pen. Smirks at the Doctor, enjoying his humiliation.

LECTER

(quietly)

Beneath the yellow folder you'll find your latest rejection slip from the Archives. It was brought to me by mistake with some of my Archives mail, and I'm afraid I opened it without looking. Sorry.

Chilton reddens, staring at him. Then snaps at an orderly.

CHILTON

I think we'll remove Dr. Lecter's toilet seat, as well.

EXT. COTTAGE. CHESAPEAKE BAY. DAY.

AERIAL VIEW of a pleasant little whitewashed cottage, bordered by woods, with its rear yard sloping to the bay. Two unmarked SUVs parked out front. Golden light, almost dusk.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Is he after you now...?

EXT. BACK PORCH. DAY.

Graham and Molly sit on a glider. A silence.

GRAHAM

We've had no reason to think so. Lecter just suggested it to him.

(pause)

I hate this, Molly. I'm sorry.

MOLLY

It's a sick feeling.

GRAHAM

I know it is. But you'll be safe here. Crawford's brother owns this place. Nobody in the world knows you're here.

MOLLY

I'd just as soon not talk about Crawford.

She looks away. Josh is standing down by the water, where an AGENT is skipping stones with him. Graham follows her gaze.

GRAHAM

How much does he know?

MOLLY

Plenty. His buddy Tommy's mother had this trashy newspaper from the supermarket, and he saw it. It had a lot of stuff about you and Lecter. All pretty distorted. And that - place you were afterwards. That part really upset him, Will.

GRAHAM

God damned Freddy Lounds.

She looks at him, surprised by the cold fury in his voice.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Graham is helping Josh unpack his duffel, as the boy lines up his few salvaged treasures on a bureau. Something CLATTERS on the floor, and Josh picks it up hastily. A fish billy. He tucks the club under his pillow. Looks at his dad.

JOSH

Just in case.

Graham's eyes sting at the sight.

GRAHAM

You're both safe now, Josh. Nobody knows you're here.

JOSH

Why would he want me to be dead when he doesn't even know me?

Graham is immeasurably saddened. Takes a moment to answer.

GRAHAM

He's sick in the head, sweetheart. He can't help himself.

Josh digests this silently for a moment.

JOSH

Tommy's mother had this little newspaper. It said you were in a mental hospital, too. I never knew that. Is it true?

GRAHAM

Yes.

JOSH

You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to.

GRAHAM

No, I'm glad you asked. We should talk about that.

(pause)

What happened with me and Lecter, it bothered me a lot, Josh... Not just that he hurt me. That he fooled me so badly. I kept thinking there must be some way I should've known sooner. That maybe I could've saved lives. And then I quit feeling anything. I couldn't eat and I stopped talking to anybody. I got really depressed. So a doctor asked me to go into a special hospital, and I did. After awhile I got some distance on it. And finally I put it aside and came back to you and your mom.

(pause)

He's locked up forever, Josh. He's never going to hurt you, or Mommy, or me. Ever again.

Josh nods. He seems okay. Looks out at the water.

JOSH

Chesapeake Bay, huh? Pretty cool... Think there's any fish out there?

Graham is moved by his son's courage. Scoops him into his arms. Josh returns the hug gratefully.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Atlanta PD nailed him, Will. He had a fake Bureau ID and was trying to get ahold of the Leeds family autopsy photos...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. FBI BUILDING. DAY.

Freddy Lounds, seen through a two-way mirror, slouches at a bare formica table, smoking nonchalantly. Graham and Crawford stare in at him through the glass.

CRAWFORD

When they busted him, he tried an outright bribe. Said he'd pay extra for the children.

(MORE)

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

(Graham is silent)

It's a Federal beef, so Atlanta kicked him back to us. Personally, I'd like nothing better than to see this dirt sandwich pulling five at Leavenworth. But maybe there's a better way to play this.

GRAHAM

Yeah?

CRAWFORD

Yeah. I think we ought to give him a story.

Graham looks at Crawford, surprised.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING. WASHINGTON. DAY.

An old brick apartment building, in a mixed, partly commercial neighborhood. We FOCUS on the third-floor corner unit.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

The Tooth Fairy is ugly, and impotent with persons of the opposite sex...

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE. WASHINGTON. DAY.

Graham sits at a desk in a blandly furnished efficiency. He looks uncomfortable. Propped beside him is a hideous, brutish "artist's rendition" of the killer. Lounds, notepad at the ready, interviews him while a Tattler photographer records the event. Crawford watches laconically from the sidelines.

GRAHAM

Also, he, ah, sexually molests his male victims.

LOUNDS

While they're alive?

GRAHAM

Sorry, I can't go into details. We also speculate that he's the product of an incestuous home. No wonder this creep is such a loser.

He catches Crawford's eye. Crawford mouths: "Lecter."

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

That's one of the tips we got from Dr. Lecter, by the way.

LOUNDS

So it's true that Lecter is actually helping your investigation?

GRAHAM

Yes, he is. The Doctor is offended that such a bottom-feeding lowlife as the Tooth Fairy would consider himself in his same league.

Crawford drifts behind the photographer, craning his neck to study what he's framing. Lounds catches this move.

LOUNDS

Mm-hm, mm-hm. So, tell me about this place you've got here, Will. Your Washington hideaway.

GRAHAM

This? It's just an apartment I'm borrowing until the Fairy goes down in flames. I keep copies of all the evidence here so I can study it late at night.

CRAWFORD

Make sure the signs are in focus.

The photographer nods, FLASHING away...

PHOTO ANGLES: Behind Graham, down in the corner of the window, a restaurant sign ("HONG FAT NOODLE CO.") and street sign ("31st STREET NW.") clearly indicate our location. Graham and the telltale signs are caught together, FRAME after FRAME.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

This is the only place I can find solitude in the... the...

LOUNDS (O.S.)

"...carnival atmosphere of this investigation." How's that?

Crawford catches Graham's eye. Nods: the photos look good.

GRAHAM

That's great, Freddy. Just great.

LOUNDS

Okay. I got enough.

He waves for his photographer to pack up. Smirks at Crawford.

LOUNDS (CONT'D)

Just remember, I scratch your back, you scratch mine. If my story draws the Fairy into some kind of attack on Graham, and you nail the scumbag, I get an exclusive.

CRAWFORD

Fuck you, Lounds.

(MORE)

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

When we see the story in print, then
we'll consider quashing your sealed
indictment. No further deals.

LOUNDS

(grins, unimpressed)
Yeah, yeah. Pleasure doin' business
with you chumps.

He breezes out, followed by his photographer. Graham rises,
looking sourly at the artist's rendering. Shakes his head.

CRAWFORD

You okay with this?

GRAHAM

I feel like I need a shower.

CRAWFORD

I wish we had something better. But
there's only ten days till the next
full moon. We've got to rattle this
bastard's cage. So I'll ask you again:
are you okay with this?

GRAHAM

Better he comes after me than keeps
his mind on Molly and Josh. So yeah,
Jack... I'm okay with it.

Crawford looks at him searchingly. SOUND UPCUT - the SCREAM
of a JET on its landing approach...

EXT. ST. LOUIS AIRPORT. NIGHT.

A 737 swoops in low and disappears behind terminal buildings.
It's late at night, not much activity.

SUPER TITLE: LAMBERT ST. LOUIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

We'll stake out this apartment and
put snipers on the nearby rooftops...

EXT. AIRPORT NEWSSTAND. NIGHT.

At a sidewalk stand, bundled newspapers have been dumped
into a pile. The NEWSIE, in his apron, is sorting and checking
off his deliveries. His kiosk is still dark, shuttered.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Also, you'll have a moving box tail,
24/7, in your car, on the street,
wherever you go. You'll wear the
Kevlar at all times. No exceptions...

MOVING ANGLE on a pair of black zippered boots as they
approach the squatting newsie, stopping behind him.

The boots' owner stares down at...

The front page of the Tattler, quartered by twine: "TOOTH FAIRY IMPOTENT!!!/ TOP SLEUTH REVEALS HIS LURID SECRETS," above a smiling photo of Lounds and Graham. Graham's arm is around the reporter's shoulders: best of buddies.

The silent, looming presence makes the newsie uneasy.

NEWSIE

What is it?

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)

A Tattler.

NEWSIE

(twists, looks up)

You again. How many times I gotta tell ya, you'll have to wait till I open? Come back at 4 a.m.

A switchblade blooms in Dolarhyde's hand. Flashes down. The dealer stares, alarmed, as the twine on the bundle parts with a POP. A clean copy is plucked from the center, spilling the rest. Then Dolarhyde is walking away, as his silver dollar RINGS on the sidewalk. The newsie rises, flushed.

NEWSIE (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey, you! I told you -

In three strides Dolarhyde is back. Right in his face.

DOLARHYDE

What. You told me what?

NEWSIE

(pause)

You got - a quarter coming back.

Dolarhyde turns disdainfully, strides away, as the man's frightened gaze follows him.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

What about Lounds...?

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE. DAY.

Lounds, behind the wheel of his 280ZX, swoops down a ramp, then through the vast underground parking garage of the Tattler. He's evidently early; the lot is almost empty.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Chicago's been given instructions...

Lounds SCREECHES to a stop, staring in annoyance...

A big black van is in his parking space.

Lounds climbs out of his car, leaves it idling, and stalks over to the van. A shadowy figure can be seen inside.

CRAWFORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They'll cover his apartment, his office at the newspaper, anywhere he's known to hang out...

Lounds bangs rudely on the van's window, then points at the painted words on the wall: "MR. FREDERICK LOUNDS." The van's dark window powers down with a soft WHOOSH.

LOUNDS

Listen, dickhead -

A powerful left hand fires out, grabs the back of Lound's neck, jerks his face forward into a soaked rag held by the right hand. He struggles a few moments, then goes limp.

EXT. TATTLER BUILDING. DAY.

The black van emerges from the garage, turns sedately right, passing a fat SECURITY GUARD, smoking under the paper's big front sign. As the van starts up the long hilly block, away from the building, a gray sedan is approaching from the other direction...

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

By Tuesday morning, when this issue becomes nationally available, we'll have all our people in place.

The sedan pauses as the fat guard crosses the sidewalk to greet its occupants: TWO FBI AGENTS in dark suits. One of them flashes ID. Impressed, the guard points helpfully towards the garage's entrance, and the sedan continues that way.

FADE TO:

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE. BALLROOM. DAY.

Lounds is semi-conscious but oddly upright. His eyes flutter, then open. He's disoriented. Stares woozily...

The dusty old ballroom, later a ward, SWIMS INTO VIEW. Sheeted cots and bedpans. Tall draped windows darken the room...

Lounds tries to turn his head, cannot. Cries out softly as something tugs his hair. His eyes strain downwards...

He's wearing nothing but underpants. When he tries to lift his right arm, we see his skin stretch. From the soles of his bare feet to the back of his head, he has been glued into one of the old wooden armchairs. He's fighting panic, even before he hears SOFT FOOTFALLS, approaching from behind.

LOUNDS

Who's there...? Where am I?

The FOOTSTEPS STOP. Ominous silence. Lounds becomes shrill.

LOUNDS (CONT'D)

What am I doing here?

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)

Atoning, Mr. Lounds.

Lounds is confused, thinking fast. Tries to steady his voice.

LOUNDS

I haven't seen your face. I couldn't possibly identify you. The Tattler, I work for The National Tattler, would pay a reward... a big reward for me. Half a million, a million maybe. A million dollars.

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)

Do you know Who I am, Mr. Lounds?

LOUNDS

No. And I don't want to know, believe me.

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)

According to you, I'm a vicious, perverted sexual failure. A "bottom-feeding lowlife" who's about to "go down in flames."

(pause)

You know now, don't you?

LOUNDS

(whispers)

Yes.

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)

Why do you write lies, Mr. Lounds? Why do you say I'm crazy?

LOUNDS

When a person... when a person does things that most people can't understand, they call him...

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)

Crazy.

LOUNDS

They called, like... the Wright brothers. All, all through history -

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)

History. Do you understand what I'm doing, Mr. Lounds?

LOUDS

No, but I want to, and then, then all my readers could understand, too. But, but I have to tell you, man to man, that I'm scared. It's, it's hard to concentrate when you're scared.

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)

Man to man. Man to man. You use that expression to imply frankness. I appreciate that, Mr. Lounds. But you see, I am not a man. I began as one but by the Grace of God and My own Will, I am Becoming Other and More than a man. As you will witness.

The old chair CREAKS as it begins to turn.

LOUDS

No! I don't want to see you.

He squeezes his eyes shut as he slowly revolves.

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)

Oh, but you must, Mr. Lounds. You're a reporter. You're here to report. Open your eyes and look at me. If you won't open them yourself, I'll staple your eyelids to your forehead.

Lounds opens his eyes, very reluctantly, and finds himself blinking into a glow of white radiance...

Dolarhyde stands before him, starkly lit by the beam of a slide projector. He wears his stocking mask, pulled up to his nose, with his "normal" teeth inserted. Now he slowly turns his back on Lounds, dropping his kimono...

His great back muscles flex, rippling the fantastic tattoo that reproduces Blake's monster. Wing roots flare over his ribs. The brilliant tail drops along one leg, curling about his calf. The Dragon turns his head slowly, looks over his shoulder at Lounds, with his awful rictus of a smile.

LOUDS

Oh my dear God Jesus...

Dolarhyde pulls the robe back on as he moves OUT OF LOUND'S VIEW. A blank square of wall is left as a screen.

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)

Do you want to know What I Am?

LOUDS

M-more than anything. I was afraid to ask.

Dolarhyde raises a remote control, CLICKS it. Blake's Red Dragon fills the wall, beamed from a projector on a table near Lounds. Dolarhyde stands behind him.

DOLARHYDE

Do you see now?

LOUDS

I see. Oh God.

Dolarhyde begins to rapidly run through his other slides. CLICK. Mrs. Jacobi alive. Evidently a newspaper photo.

DOLARHYDE

Mrs. Jacobi, in human form. Do you see?

LOUDS

Yes.

CLICK. Mrs. Leeds alive.

DOLARHYDE

Mrs. Leeds, in human form. Do you see?

LOUDS

Yes.

CLOSE ON Lounds' horrified gaze, as more slides CLICK on, one after another. He is near tears.

DOLARHYDE

Mrs. Jacobi, Changing. Do you see?

LOUDS

Yes.

DOLARHYDE

Mrs. Leeds, Changing. Do you see?

LOUDS

Oh my God.

DOLARHYDE

Mrs. Jacobi, Reborn. Do you see?
Mrs. Leeds, Reborn. Do you see?

LOUDS

Please no.

DOLARHYDE

No what?

LOUDS

Not me.

DOLARHYDE

Why did you write lies, Mr. Lounds?

LOUNDS

Graham told me the lies. Graham.

DOLARHYDE

Will you tell the truth now? About Me? My Work. My Becoming? My Art, Mr. Lounds. Is this Art?

LOUNDS

Art.

Dolarhyde comes closer, hovers over him. Eyes flashing in cold fury through the mask's slits.

DOLARHYDE

I am the Dragon and you call me insane? My movements are followed and recorded as avidly as those of a Mighty Nebula. Before Me you are a slug in the sun. You are privy to a Great Becoming and you recognize nothing. You are an ant in the afterbirth. It is in your nature to do one thing correctly: before Me you rightly tremble.

A tape recorder sits beside the projector. Dolarhyde lifts its microphone, clips it onto the chair near Lounds' head.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

But fear is not what you owe Me, Mr. Lounds. You and the other pismires...

He squats, bringing his terrifying masked face very close.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

You owe Me awe.

Lounds is near fainting. Dolarhyde switches the recorder ON, then looks at him again.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

Now. Repeat after me...

EXT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Sunset; the sky over the old house is now a purple bruise.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)

That's all, Mr. Lounds. You did very well...

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE. BALLROOM. NIGHT.

Close by Lounds, the tape recorder is still running. He looks drained, but more hopeful. He always was a good talker.

LOUNDS

You'll let me go now?

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)

Soon. There's one more way I can help you to better understand.

LOUNDS

I want to understand. I do. And I'm really going to be fair from now on, you know that.

No response, except for an odd NOISE. We've heard it before. The MOIST CLACKETY SOUND of dentures being inserted...

LOUNDS (CONT'D)

...Hello?

The old wheelchair is abruptly spun about, and Lounds finds himself staring into the exposed face of Dolarhyde. The brown-stained, crooked smile of the Dragon. Who now lunges forward, his fangs parting to rip off Lounds's lips...

EXT. TATTLER BUILDING. CHICAGO. DAY.

The fat security guard is out front again, at his sidewalk post, munching a donut. It's very early, just after dawn, no traffic. He hears a STRANGE SQUEAKING NOISE, from somewhere in the distance. He looks around, sees nothing. Looks up the hilly block...

It seems to be coming from up there, over the brow of the hill. ECHOING off the nearby buildings. Getting LOUDER. And now the SQUEAKING is accompanied by a low whooshing ROAR, and something worse: shrill, high-pitched SCREAMING...

The guard's head cocks in puzzlement. What the...?

A human fireball appears, rolling down the middle of the street, bouncing on the potholes, trailing smoke and sparks and flames, blown back like wings. It veers, strikes a parked car, overturns in front of the Tattler building, one wheel spinning while flames leap through the spokes, enveloping the blackened figure of Freddy Lounds.

LOUNDS' VOICE

I have had a great privilege. I have seen... I have seen with wonder and awe... the strength of the Great Red Dragon...

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE. WASHINGTON. DAY.

The spools of a cassette tape turn slowly. The player rests on a table next to a padded mailing envelope. The envelope, sealed in a clear evidence bag, is addressed to "Will Graham, c/o FBI Headquarters, Washington."

LOUNDS' VOICE

He... has helped me to understand... His splendor and now... now I want to serve Him.

Crawford, his face dark, sits at the head of the table. Around it: Bowman, Katz, Price, Rankin, Willingham, and Baker.

LOUNDS' VOICE (CONT'D)

He knows you made me lie, Will Graham.
Because I was forced to lie, He will
be more... more merciful to me than
to you, Will Graham.

No one wants to look at Graham. He sits a little apart from the others, staring at his hands on the table, as if they belonged to someone else.

LOUNDS' VOICE (CONT'D)

There's much... much for you to dread,
Will Graham. From my... from my own
lips you'll learn a little more to
dread.

Crawford reaches out, punches the stop button.

CRAWFORD

That's enough.

GRAHAM

No. Let it play.

Crawford looks at him. Graham stares at the table. Crawford, expressionless, pushes fast forward, then after a moment punches play again.

LOUNDS' VOICE

...be fair from now on, you know
that.

(pause)

Hello...?

SOUND of the wheelchair CREAKING, then horrible, part-muffled SCREAMING. After a few seconds Price reaches out, turns it off. Even the old man, forty years on the job, looks shaken.

A long, awful silence. Finally Crawford clears his throat.

CRAWFORD

This was my operation and it went to
shit. I know that. So. We can brood
over this. Let it tie us up in knots.
Or we can learn from it. Maybe even
use it to catch the bastard.

A glance at Graham, still far away. The others shift uneasily.

BOWMAN

(quietly)

He had to have a van or a panel truck
to move Lounds around in that big
old wheelchair.

CRAWFORD

Go on. Anybody.

KATZ

He had to already have the wheelchair, too. Or know where he could get it, fast... It's an antique. Not the kind of thing you'd find around the house.

CRAWFORD

Exactly. Does it strike anybody that he set this up in a hell of a hurry?

They look at him. He rises, crosses to a wall map.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

The Tattler comes off the press Monday night. By Tuesday morning he's in Chicago, snatching Lounds. Either he lives in the Chicago area, or he's within a driving radius of - call it six hours.

He draws a big circle, in red marker, with Chicago at its center. Looks at Rankin, Willingham, and Baker.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Find out, within this area, where the Tattler was available for early distribution Monday night. Start with the airports and all-night newsstands. Maybe some newsie remembers an odd customer.

They nod, jotting notes. Crawford's energy, his ruthless determination, are lifting everyone's spirits a bit.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Lloyd, this cassette. Enhance the audio, maybe you can pick up something in the background. Beverly, Jimmy, that wheelchair. I want the maker, date, possible sources. Think about nursing homes, the VA. Also prints, fibers, and the type of gasoline he used to flame it. Graham and I will coordinate from Chicago. You all know the drill; let's hustle.

The others rise, with Bowman taking the evidence bag and tape player. Crawford and Graham are left alone. A beat.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

You okay?

GRAHAM

Sure, what the hell. My cover was on time.

Crawford waits. Graham shakes his head. Frustrated, bitter.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

This doesn't fit his pattern, Jack. Lounds was a bonus. A chance to show off... But the Leedses and the Jacobis are what he needs. The answers won't be in Chicago. But they might be in Baltimore.

CRAWFORD

(surprised)

After what he tried to pull? Will, you can't trust one word out of his fucking mouth.

GRAHAM

I think Lector picked up something in that missing part of the note. Not a name, but something. Enough to narrow the search.

CRAWFORD

Even if he did, he won't tell you.

GRAHAM

Not unless I can deal. But I don't have the chops for that. I have to be able to cut through Chilton's bullshit.

Crawford looks at him unhappily. A long beat.

LECTER (V.O.)

Congratulations, Will...

INT. LECTOR'S CELL AND CORRIDOR. DAY.

Lector smiles up through the plastic barrier. He's sitting on the floor, his back to the wall of his denuded cell.

LECTER

That was most artistic, the way you disposed of the annoying Mr. Lounds. What a cunning boy you are.

Graham sits on the corridor floor, close to the barrier.

GRAHAM

Your cell looks bigger with no books in it.

LECTER

Does it? I hadn't noticed.

GRAHAM

You will.

LECTER

I have other resources... Tell me, did you enjoy it? Your first murder?
(Graham is silent)

Of course you did. And why shouldn't it feel good? It must to God. He dropped a church roof on thirty-four of His worshippers in Texas last week, just as they were grovelling through a hymn. He won't begrudge you one journalist.

GRAHAM

Put me next to him, Doctor. The Red Dragon... You have the power to do that.

LECTER

You and some SWAT team? Will... Where's the fun in that?

GRAHAM

He'll have to take his chances, too. Roofs can fall on anybody.

LECTER

But not on Molly and Josh, I take it. Not yet, anyway. First he kills the pet, then the family. Freddy was your pet.

Graham's voice tightens. An enormous effort of control.

GRAHAM

They're safe now.

LECTER

Dear boy. Don't you know yet? No one will ever be safe around you.

(Graham is silent)

Clever work on his note, by the way. That blackout was an especially nice touch.

GRAHAM

What else was in it, Doctor?

LECTER

This and that.

GRAHAM

Put me next to him. That's what you've always wanted, isn't it? Give him the chance to succeed where you failed. Not once but twice... The chance to kill me.

Something moves behind the pale eyes, like sparks in a cave.

LECTER

Go on, then. Seduce me with your wares.

GRAHAM

Full restoration of your privileges. Plus computer access to the AMA archives and the Library of Congress. One hour per week. Under supervision, of course. This is a one-time offer. It expires the minute I walk out of here.

LECTER

Bit measly, don't you think?

GRAHAM

Turn it down, then. See what kind of terms you get from Chilton.

LECTER

Threats, Will?

GRAHAM

Choices. You owe the Dragon nothing. He failed to do what you wanted.

(pause)

I'm waiting, Doctor. Or maybe you've got nothing left to sell.

LECTER

A little sample, then. Why not? Seen the Blake, have you?

GRAHAM

Yes.

LECTER

No. You've looked, but not seen. Transformation is the key. The man-dragon, his ugliness transformed by power. He'll be a body-builder, of course. Look for a military record, with combat training. Look for extensive tattooing, and VA-sponsored corrective surgery, most likely to the face. And the woman, recumbent, clothed in flames... Look for childhood episodes of arson. He's a great believer, our Dragon, in the transforming powers of fire. Just ask Freddy.

GRAHAM

Thrift-shop material, Doctor. I want the real goods. How is he choosing the women?

LECTER

I've already suggested how. The answer was right in front of you. You looked, but didn't see.

GRAHAM

Dr. Lecter, just tell me -

LECTER

No. It's your turn. I asked you before for a small courtesy, and you responded rudely. Before I tell you anything more, you will make certain arrangements for me.

GRAHAM

What "arrangements?"

LECTER

Oh, nothing much. Shall we say... dinner and a show?

INT. DOLARHYDE'S VAN. DRIVING. DAY.

Reba sits next to Dolarhyde as he drives. His fingers tap playfully on the steering wheel. He's still high from Freddy.

REBA

Ready to tell me what kind of an "outing" this is?

DOLARHYDE

Nope.

She hears the smile in his voice. She's happy too.

REBA

You're just full of surprises, aren't you, D.?

DOLARHYDE

Yep.

INT. ZOO INFIRMARY. DAY.

DR. WARFIELD, a middle-aged black veterinarian, guides Reba across a tiled floor by one elbow. Dolarhyde is behind them.

WARFIELD

He's six feet away, can you smell him?

REBA

Yes.

WARFIELD

He's sound asleep, I assure you. Dr. Hassler is about to fix his broken tooth.

DR. HASSLER, in a lab coat and head mirror, turns away from his patient to smile at Reba.

HASSLER

Glad you could come, Ms. McClane.
We appreciate the film, by the way.

WARFIELD

Two more steps... I'll put your left hand on the edge of the table. There. He's right in front of you... Take your time.

She is excited, nervous. Turns her face, searching.

REBA

D.?

DOLARHYDE

I'm here. You go ahead.

Gripping the edge of a steel work table with her left hand, she reaches out slowly with her right hand till it encounters a thick coat of fur. She flattens her hand, then moves it gently, tentatively at first, across an orange- and black-striped pelt. She feels the awesome muscles beneath, the great ribs rising and falling...

Reba's face makes quick, jerky movements - blindisms - that she has spent years schooling herself against.

Warfield and Hassler see her forget herself and are glad.

She moves on, circling the table. Under hot lights, a drugged, sleeping Bengal tiger lies on his right side. Ten feet long, 815 pounds. Reba looks tiny beside him, so vulnerable.

Her hand trails down the tail, then over the furry testicles. Briefly she cups them, then moves on...

Dolarhyde, watching from the shadows, is tense with his own excitement. A bead of sweat trickles down his face.

Warfield lifts a great paw and puts it in her hands. She feels the roughness of the pads. When he presses a toe to make the claw slide out, she gently tests its sharpness.

The tiger's eyes are open. His tongue lolls wetly from his mouth, where we see a broken fang. Reba feels his ears, the width of the head, and then, very carefully, touches one of the incisors. Hot breath stirs the sleeve of her blouse. She is flushed, elated...

Dr. Warfield puts his stethoscope in her ears, then guides her fingers downward with the diaphragm.

Dolarhyde stares, transfixed, aroused by the great beast, the woman's living proximity to such power...

Her hands on the rhythmic chest, her shining, joyful face upturned, Reba is filled with the tiger heart's BRIGHT THUNDER...

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE. FRONT HALL. DAY.

...which now CROSSFADES INTO the LOUD TICKING of a CLOCK, as Reba's cane, exploring, taps along the hall. It passes the base of the tall clock, finds the edge of the ballroom's archway, then the open air beyond. She mutters to herself.

REBA

Nine steps from the front door to the clock. Three more to this room...

She pauses, turning her face back towards Dolarhyde.

REBA (CONT'D)

Sorry, force of habit.

He looks at her from inside the front door. Astounded at himself that he's let her come here. The CLOCK ECHOES a bit.

REBA (CONT'D)

It feels cool and tall... It's a big house, isn't it? How many rooms?

DOLARHYDE

Fourteen.

She brushes against a fringed lampshade and touches it with her fingers.

REBA

It's old. The things in here are old.

He glances up uneasily at Grandmother's portrait.

DOLARHYDE

Old people were here.

REBA

Not now, though.

DOLARHYDE

No.

SOUND UPCUT - Bix Beiderbecke's "Rockin' Chair," ECHOING slightly, as it is played on...

INT. BALLROOM. DAY.

...a wind-up gramophone, to one side of the vast room. Outside the tall windows, the light is failing. Almost dark.

Reba, in a big chair, sips beer from a bottle, listening to the old-timey jazz. Dolarhyde sits on a couch nearby, uneasily upright, facing the TV. His palms rub sweat on his thighs.

REBA

That beautiful tiger, this house...
this music. I don't think anybody
knows you at all, D.... Everybody
wonders about you, though.

He looks at her, his predator's eyes suddenly wary.

DOLARHYDE

Who?

REBA

Oh, you know. The whole gang down at
Chroma-Lux. Especially the women.

DOLARHYDE

Which women?

REBA

Some of them saw us getting into
your van the other day. Boy, were
they curious. All of a sudden I have
company at the Coke machine.

DOLARHYDE

What did they want to know?

She catches the edge in his voice; it puzzles her.

REBA

They find you very mysterious and
interesting. Come on, D, it's a
compliment.

He looks away. His reflection stares back at him from the
blank TV screen. This disturbs him.

DOLARHYDE

Did they tell you how I look?

REBA

I didn't ask them. But yeah, they
told me anyway. Want to hear?

His face darkens; he's dangerously silent. She senses it.

REBA (CONT'D)

They said you have a remarkable
body... That you're very sensitive
about your face and that you shouldn't
be. That you're different from most
guys, you're never a bullshitter.
But I already knew that... Oh, and
they asked me if you're as strong as
you look.

DOLARHYDE

And?

The MUSIC has STOPPED; the NEEDLE SCRATCHES. A tense pause.

REBA
I said I didn't know.

He rises uncertainly, starts towards the record player. She drains her bottle, then rises, too.

REBA (CONT'D)
Where the hell are you, D.?

She steps forward, brushing against him. He freezes, alarmed.

REBA (CONT'D)
Aha. Here you are. Want to know what I think about it?

She finds his mouth with her fingers and kisses him, quickly, lightly, before he can stop her. Then pulls away as he stares at her, astonished.

REBA (CONT'D)
Now, would you show me where the bathroom is?

INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

As the toilet FLUSHES, Reba turns away from the sink, locates a towel. Then she pats her hair, primping a bit. She can't see that the medicine cabinet's mirror has been removed.

As she feels her way out of the bathroom, her hip passes a small cupboard. On top of this, Grandmother's teeth wait in their squat glass. Blackened by freshly dried blood...

INT. BALLROOM. DAY.

As Reba navigates back into the room, the Beiderbecke is PLAYING AGAIN. Dolarhyde kneels by the TV, feeding a tape into the VCR. He rises, holding the remote, crosses to Reba, lets her take his arm. His voice sounds thick, almost frightened.

DOLARHYDE
I have to do a little work.

REBA
(disappointed)
Sure... If I'm keeping you from working, I'll go. Will a cab come out here?

DOLARHYDE
No. I want you to be here. I do.
It's just a tape I need to watch. It won't take long.

He's steering her towards the big chair. Instead she releases his arm, goes to the couch, sits. This unsettles him a bit.

REBA

Do you need to hear it, too?

DOLARHYDE

No.

REBA

May I keep the music?

DOLARHYDE

Um-hmmm.

He sits on the other end of the couch. Looks at her warily. Then switches ON his VCR remote. He MUTES THE TV SOUND, as the Beiderbecke CONTINUES TO PLAY...

On the TV, a home video. KIDS in a big hedged back yard having a water battle, pistols and a hose, circling and laughing. TWO BOYS and a YOUNGER GIRL. This family (the SHERMANS) is new to us. Behind them, a large handsome house. A dog runs about, barking silently.

CAMERA MOVES SHAKILY to catch MRS. SHERMAN as she comes outside, through a porch's screen door, carrying soda towards a picnic table. CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON HER... a beautiful woman in cutoff shorts and a skimpy halter top.

Reba slides closer to Dolarhyde on the couch. Their thighs brush together. He tenses. She smiles, snuggling closer.

REBA

What's it about?

In the video, the kids are ambushing their Mom, squirting her as she ducks and dodges, laughing silently. She drops her sodas, grabs the hose from her son, turning it on him. Her heavy breasts sway beneath the wet halter.

DOLARHYDE

Some people I'm going to meet.

Reba leans her soft weight against Dolarhyde's shoulder. He glances at her uncertainly, then back at the screen.

REBA

So, then - it's what? - a corporate promo? Some kind of homework?

DOLARHYDE

Homework. Yeah.

In the video, another day. DAD on the rec room sofa with a beer, looking a bit drunk. Rain outside the transom window. CAMERA PANS to Mom and the two younger kids, rummaging through an old trunk. Dress-up fun in front of a tall mirror. Boas, big shoes, a cowboy hat. The oldest boy must now be the cameraman...

Reba stretches up to nuzzle Dolarhyde's cheek, the side of his neck. Whispers into his ear.

REBA

Good idea. It's so important... to be prepared...

Her hand is moving, down below. She smiles wickedly.

REBA (CONT'D)

And my goodness... are you ever.

He's tense, incredibly aroused. Sits very still, forcing all his attention on the screen, as slowly, lingeringly, Reba's lips brush down his chest, then his abdomen, until her head moves OUT OF FRAME...

In the video, Mrs. Sherman, in a big garden-party hat, admires herself in the mirror. Turns, striking a pose for the CAMERA, her hand at the back of her neck. There's a cameo at her throat. Dolarhyde FREEZE-FRAMES this moment...

Staring at the TV, Dolarhyde trembles. Sweat trickles down his temple. His jaw tenses, his head arches back...

On the arm of the couch, his clenched fingertips pop through the upholstery.

ANGLE ON Mrs. Sherman's beautiful, frozen face, as the scratchy, swaggering JAZZ CONTINUES, and WE MOVE CLOSER AND CLOSER on her radiant, doomed smile...

FADE TO:

INT. BALLROOM. DAY.

Dolarhyde wakes up, puzzled for an instant because he's not in his garret bed. His eyes widen as he remembers. He smiles shyly. Turns his head to the pillow beside him. No Reba.

He sits up, naked under the twisted sheets of one of the ward-room cots. Her clothes are strewn across the floor, but she's not in the ballroom. His smile fades.

INT. FRONT HALL. DAY.

In a rising panic, wearing only underpants, Dolarhyde rushes out into the hall, looks up and down it. No Reba.

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)

Francis.

He turns with a start, looks at the old woman in the portrait.

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What have you done...?

He backs away from her, frightened, and then has a terrible thought. He turns, racing towards the stairs.

INT. STAIRCASE. DAY.

Dolarhyde pounds up the steps, whimpering a little as he flings himself around the turns.

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)

I've never seen a child as dirty and disgusting as you...

INT. GARRET ROOM. DAY.

He steps into the doorway, panting a bit...

She's not up here, either. His frightened face stares back at him from the workout mirrors.

He rushes across the garret to his shrine, yanks open the desk top. His great ledger, camera equipment, dynamite, shotgun and Glock are all neatly arranged, undisturbed. He backs away from the desk, wild-eyed, confused.

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)

Do you want me to cut it off?

DOLARHYDE

No, Aayma.

With a sudden ROAR, the voice becomes male, spectral.

DRAGON'S VOICE

DO YOU?

Dolarhyde looks up, wailing at the Dragon in the poster.

DOLARHYDE

Noooooo!

Covering his ears against the awful sound, he spins away, towards the window. Then he spots Reba, through the panes. She's down in the yard, wandering about, wearing his kimono.

DRAGON'S VOICE

SHE'S A FILTHY LITTLE WHORE, AND YOU'RE NO BETTER.

DOLARHYDE

No! Ees iiice.

DRAGON'S VOICE

"SHE'S NICE?" YOU WANT HER TO BE YOUR LITTLE BUDDY, DON'T YOU? YOU WANT HER TO BE 'FRIENDS.'

DOLARHYDE

No! Mleedse!

DRAGON'S VOICE

LIAR!

DOLARHYDE
Nyus mhor a niddow wyow.

DRAGON'S VOICE
"JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE?" YOU
SNIVELLING HARELIP, WHO WOULD BE
FRIENDS WITH YOU? KILL HER.

DOLARHYDE
No!

EXT. DOLARHYDE'S YARD. DAY.

Reba turns around and around, trailing her hands on the shrubs and overgrown wildflowers. Enjoying the grass under her bare feet, the sun's warmth on her smiling, upturned face.

DRAGON'S VOICE
SHE WILL BETRAY YOU. KILL HER.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)
No! Yur hurrnme!

DRAGON'S VOICE
SHE WILL STOP THE BECOMING. KILL
HER!

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)
No! Mleeedse!

DRAGON'S VOICE
SHE IS MINE...!

INT. GARRET ROOM. DAY.

Dolarhyde stares at Reba, the Dragon roaring in his head.

DRAGON'S VOICE
THEY'RE ALL MINE. LEEDS. JACOBI. NOW
THIS LITTLE WHORE. TAKE YOUR GUN AND
KILL HER!

DOLARHYDE
No! Eees iiiice!

Dolarhyde lurches to the desk, grabs the sawed-off shotgun, sticks the muzzle into his own mouth.

DRAGON'S VOICE
GO AHEAD, THEN, DO IT. DO IT!

He squeezes his eyes shut. His finger tightens on the trigger.

DRAGON'S VOICE (CONT'D)
WEAKLING. COWARD. YOU WOULD STOP THE
BECOMING? NOW, WHEN WE'RE SO CLOSE?

Dolarhyde hesitates, trembling violently. The Dragon's voice softens a bit, cunningly.

DRAGON'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 NO ONE WILL EVER LOVE YOU, FRANCIS.
 EXCEPT FOR ME. ONLY ME... NEVER FORGET
 THAT.

Dolarhyde lowers the shotgun, trembling. His face is drenched in sweat. Still terrified, he finds himself staring at the printed words across the bottom of his poster...

"...BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART."

INT. DOLARHYDE'S VAN. DAY.

Dolarhyde pulls up in front of Reba's duplex. His frenzy has passed but he's still tense, darkly brooding. Reba sits beside him in a hurt, puzzled silence. Finally she breaks it.

REBA
 I had a really terrific time last night, D. But this morning, you seem like a different person... I don't understand. Is something wrong?

He turns, looks at her. The Dragon whispers in his head.

DRAGON'S VOICE
 KILL HER...

DOLARHYDE
No!

She is stung. With an effort he controls his voice.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
 I have to go now. I have to go away.

REBA
 (surprised)
 Where?

DOLARHYDE
 On a trip.

REBA
 When will I see you again?

DOLARHYDE
 Don't know.

He looks at her yearningly, as fear strains his voice.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
 Reba, you have to get out. Get out
now.

Her jaw clenches. Angrily she opens her door, climbs out with her cane. As he drives away quickly, she stands on the sidewalk, her face turned after him, tears in her eyes.

METCALF (V.O.)

"Dear Mr. Graham..."

INT. FBI BUILDING. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

Resting on a long table are four big FedEx cartons, already opened. Some of the unpacked contents are spread out: letters, photo albums, datebooks, kids' school notebooks. We catch a glimpse of a silver-framed photo: the Jacobi family.

METCALF (V.O.)

"Here are the Jacobis' personal effects, as discussed..."

Graham, hunched over the table, searches obsessively through the last carton. Something near the bottom catches his eye. His expression changes.

METCALF (CONT'D)

"Hope these things might help you.
Good hunting... Byron Metcalf."

He lifts out of the carton a plastic ziplock bag. Holds this up, staring at the loose VHS-C tapes inside it...

SOUND UPCUT: Bach's Keyboard Concerto in F Minor, which CONTINUES UNDER the following...

INT. LECTER'S CELL. BALTIMORE. DAY.

Lecter carefully caresses some pear sauce onto a sliver of foie gras, then lifts this from its plate with a silver fork. Makes it hesitate by his lips, an exquisite self-torment, before his tongue emerges pinkly to savor it.

WIDER ANGLE REVEALS that his cell has been fully restored - and far more than that, at least temporarily. The Doctor is dining calmly at his table, which is now covered by fine cloth and exquisitely set with bone china, a glass of wine, even a vase of fresh-cut roses...

EXT. EASTERN PARKWAY. NEW YORK CITY. DAY.

Dolarhyde gets out of a taxi, then leans down, pays the CABBIE, who drives away, leaving him on a sidewalk. JOGGERS pass him, DOGWALKERS. He has a knapsack over one shoulder. He turns, staring up at...

A massive Greek Revival building, with botanical gardens.

SUPER TITLE: BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART, NYC.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Will - how many more times are we going to watch this...?

INT. FBI BUILDING. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

A TV set and VCR, on a rolling stand, have been pushed into the room. A videotape plays, with its SOUND MUTED. In the tape, 9-year old DONALD JACOBI blows out the candles on a birthday cake, as his sisters LISA and MAY watch. MRS. JACOBI leans over, her dark hair swinging, to scoop the family's CAT off the table. A time/date stamp reads "APRIL 14."

CRAWFORD (O.S.)

I've had reports from Cincinnati,
Detroit, a bunch from Chicago...
newsstands where the Dragon could've
gotten a Tattler so fast. We've got
a lot of weirdos to run down...

Crawford has joined Graham, as the two of them sit watching the tape. Graham grips the remote control, very intense, utterly focussed on the TV screen. Crawford is impatient.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Will, what I'm saying is, there's
better ways to use our time.

GRAHAM

"See them living," he said. "Right
in front of you," he said. "Looked
but didn't see." Jack, it's something
about these home movies. Lecter keeps
saying that, just not directly.

CRAWFORD

Lecter says a lot of things.

On the TV, the SCENE ABRUPTLY SHIFTS. Now the whole family is outside; Mom has the camera. The outside basement door swings open, and MR. JACOBI comes up the steps carrying a new ten-speed bicycle, festooned with balloons and ribbons. He sets it ceremoniously on the ground as Donald rushes over gleefully, hugging his Dad then wiggling the handlebars experimentally.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Sad damn thing. But we already knew
that. Will, we can't afford -

GRAHAM

No. Again.

Stubbornly he stabs the remote, rewinding. Crawford sighs.

MS. HARPER (V.O.)

Your dissertation must be nearly
finished by now, Mr. Crane...

INT. CORRIDOR. BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART. DAY.

Dolarhyde walks down a corridor, past massive American oils. He's carrying a notebook, a hardback biography of William

Blake, and has a special pass clipped to his shirt. No sign of his knapsack. He's accompanied by a docent, MS. HARPER, a sensible-looking woman, severely pretty.

DOLARHYDE

Nearly.

MS. HARPER

It's so nice to finally be able to connect a face with a name, after all our correspondence.

(smiles)

But you know, you don't look at all like I imagined you would.

DOLARHYDE

What did you think I'd look like?

Something in his piercing gaze unsettles her, just a bit.

MISS HARPER

Older.

INT. LECTER'S CELL AND CORRIDOR. DAY.

Outside Lecter's cell are a PAIR OF CATERERS, in chef's starched whites, with a stainless steel food cart. They're both very nervous. One of them warms veal on a chafing dish, while the other cautiously lowers the soup course into Lecter's pass-through. The BACH IS PLAYING from a portable stereo on a rolling cart nearby. This also holds a TV set and VCR...

The Doctor, as he rises to take the covered bowl, comes face-to-face for a moment with the frightened chef. Nods to him politely: Thank you.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

(excited)

There. Right there...

INT. FBI BUILDING. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

On the TV screen, Jacobi again brings the bicycle up the steps of the basement stairwell. The door swings closed behind him. A padlock hangs from it. Graham FREEZES THIS FRAME, then rises, crossing to point at the screen.

GRAHAM

That's what he wanted the bolt cutter for, Jack - to cut that padlock and go in through the basement...

Crawford looks over his glasses at the screen. He's got the Jacobi and Leeds case files spread open in front of him.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

But that's a different door... I don't get it. The one I saw was flush steel, with deadbolts.

CRAWFORD

Jacobi had a new door installed, sometime in April. The 24th, I think... it's in here somewhere.

Graham looks at him. Crawford's expression changes.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

You think he cased the Jacobi house while the old door with the padlock was still there?

GRAHAM

He brought a bolt cutter, didn't he? He was sure he'd need it.

CRAWFORD

My God, that's - two months before the Jacobis were hit. Why would he case it two months in advance? And then not check it again?

GRAHAM

I don't know. But he was ready with the bolt cutter... just like at the Leeds house - only there he was ready with a glass cutter.

CRAWFORD

He must've seen the pane of glass in the Leedses' kitchen door when he was walking through that neighborhood.

Graham's mind races. Something is teasingly out of reach.

GRAHAM

No... no, wait...

IN FLASHBACK -

Graham stands in the Leeds back yard, in the moonlight, looking towards the latticed back porch. The kitchen door can't be seen from here.

GRAHAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You can't see that door from the yard. There's a porch lattice in the way...

BACK IN THE PRESENT -

They stare at each other, as it hits them both at once.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Jack. He saw the inside of the houses.

INT. BROOKLYN MUSEUM. PAINTING STUDY AND STORAGE. DAY.

Dolarhyde stands at a counter-height work table as Ms. Harper reverently opens a flat black case in front of him.

MS. HARPER

Remarkable, isn't it?

They are alone except for a single elderly GUARD, drowsing on a corner stool. Dolarhyde is tense, almost trembling. They both look down at the case's contents.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)

Two hundred years old. And yet so fresh, so vivid...

The original Blake watercolor rests on black cloth. The Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed With the Sun. Small but powerful. Stunning in its color and detail. Like a glowing jewel...

Dolarhyde leans closer, transfixed. Ms. Harper glances at him, pleased by his passion. Then back at the painting.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)

He almost looks alive, doesn't he?

INT. LECTER'S CELL. DAY.

With intense pleasure, Lecter takes a sip of blood-red wine. He glances up, over the rim of his crystal goblet...

A security camera, high in the corner. Its light is on.

The Doctor raises his glass in a silent toast...

INT. SECURITY STRONGHOLD. DAY.

ON A MONITOR in the security stronghold, Chilton watches as Lecter smilingly mocks him. He turns away, furious, then storms out, as the guards try to stifle their smiles.

The BACH SOARS LOUDER AND LOUDER, MIXING now with...

INT. BROOKLYN MUSEUM. PAINTING STUDY AND STORAGE. DAY.

...the SPECTRAL ROAR of the DRAGON, inside Dolarhyde's head as he stares, sweaty and trembling, at the Blake watercolor.

DRAGON'S VOICE

FILTHY LITTLE BEAST. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE...?

Dolarhyde's hand slips inside his shirt...

DRAGON'S VOICE (CONT'D)
SHE WILL BETRAY YOU...

Ms. Harper's whole attention is on the painting...

DRAGON'S VOICE (CONT'D)
DO YOU WANT ME TO CUT IT OFF? CUT IT
OFF?? CUT... IT... OFF!!!

Dolarhyde pulls out a blackjack, slugs Ms. Harper over her ear. As she goes limp he catches her in his arms, eases her to the floor, then snatches up the watercolor, stuffs it into his mouth, chewing hard...

The guard is frozen in astonishment, as Dolarhyde turns, stares at him, still chewing. Then swallows. When the old man rises, fumbling for his walkie-talkie, Dolarhyde races out past him, shoving him hard. The guard topples over his stool, sprawling on the floor...

INT. BROOKLYN MUSEUM. CORRIDOR. DAY.

Dolarhyde runs down a corridor, past scattering, alarmed TOURISTS. He is exhilarated, joyous, invulnerable. Somewhere ALARMS ARE RINGING...

EXT. BOTANICAL GARDENS. DAY.

Panting, he glances around quickly to make sure no one's in sight. Then he kneels, drags his knapsack out from under a hedge, begins peeling off his shirt...

EXT. EASTERN PARKWAY. DAY.

Dolarhyde, now in a Brooklyn College T-shirt, gray shorts, and sneakers, runs out of the gardens with his knapsack slung over his shoulder. He soon blends in with the stream of other JOGGERS, SKATERS, and BIKERS, all merging into Prospect Park, as the first police cars race by, SIRENS WAILING...

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Mr. Metcalf, do you still have the
Jacobis' check stubs and credit card
statements...?

INT. FBI BUILDING. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

Crawford is on the phone, over in the corner of the room, while Graham continues to stare at the TV screen. The Leeds videotape is now playing.

CRAWFORD
(on phone)
We're looking for any kind of service
call or purchase that might've
required a stranger to come into the
house. A repairman, a delivery guy...

On the TV, the Leeds' gray Scotty perks up his ears, runs to the kitchen door. Valerie Leeds and the children come in carrying groceries. Through the kitchen door nothing but lattice is visible.

CRAWFORD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know we already checked that.
But now we've gotta go back much
further. All the way to April...
Yeah, but please hurry, it's urgent.

Graham is muttering obsessively to himself.

GRAHAM

No collar... no collar...

CRAWFORD

(covers the phone)
Metcalf says -

GRAHAM

Don't talk to me!

Crawford isn't offended. Senses Graham must be very close to some breakthrough. He is rocking slightly in his seat.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Dog had no collar... Neighborhood
full of dogs, but he knew which one
was theirs... Same with the Jacobis'
cat. No collar, but he knew.

Graham reverses the tape for a few seconds, starts it forward again. The Scotty runs to the kitchen. Mrs. Leeds and the children enter. The door is behind them.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(almost feverish)

He knew about the padlock... knew
about the pane of glass... knew the
layouts, how to get in... every
goddamn thing he needed to know was
right in... right in...

He picks up the plastic container that held the videotape: "FOLLOW MY LEEDS!" The family mocked up as Hollywood stars.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Oh my. Oh Jesus...

He clamps his hands on the side of his head to keep the thought from getting away. Crawford stares at him.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You still have Metcalf on the phone?

Crawford holds out the receiver. Graham rises, grabs it.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Byron, it's Graham. You said Niles Jacobi took "a few keepsakes." Do you have a list...? I need to know if one of the things he took was a home video. A full-length VHS tape, compiled from shorter tapes... Yes...? "Meet the Jacobis...?"

As Crawford follows Graham's thoughts, picking up on his excitement, his eyes grow narrow and bright.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Listen. Their credit card statements - look at May, or June. Who did they pay for that tape? Where was it made...?

Crawford picks up the plastic container. "Follow My Leeds!" Turns it over to read the manufacturer's label on the back:

"CHROMA-LUX, INC./FILM & VIDEOTAPE SERVICES/ST. LOUIS, MO. 63102."

Graham looks up from the receiver. Stares at Crawford like a man who's seen a ghost. His voice is hushed, awed.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

It's Chroma-Lux.

INT. LECTER'S CELL. DAY.

Lecter, in his cell, is like a spider at the center of his web, keen to every distant vibration. Now he watches as...

On the TV screen in his corridor, Valerie Leeds leans over, shakes out her tousled hair, then straightens, striking her mock-glamorous pose: that touching, oddly intimate moment that so fatally caught Dolanhyde's eye.

Lecter takes a tiny, delicious sip of her doom, sweeter than any sauterne. His eyes close slowly in ecstasy...

EXT. FBI LEARJET. FLYING. DAY.

A small jet races west, towards the setting sun.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

We've got a problem...

INT. FBI LEARJET. FLYING. DAY.

Crawford, looking worried, comes down the jet's aisle, drops into a seat next to Graham. Shows him a fax.

CRAWFORD

An incident at the Brooklyn Museum. Guy attacked two employees, and get this - ate the Blake painting.

Graham looks at him, startled, then takes the sheet.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

It was the Dragon, Will. Got to be. He was in New York, today... We could still re-route.

GRAHAM

No. He lives in St. Louis. He's got to come back there. I say we keep going.

A long, uncertain beat. Then Crawford nods. He takes back the fax, looks at it. Shakes his head.

CRAWFORD

I don't get it... If that picture meant so much to him, why destroy it? And why didn't he kill those two people at the museum? They both got a good look at him.

GRAHAM

Maybe he's trying to stop.

Crawford is surprised. Ponders this.

EXT. CHROMA-LUX. NIGHT.

In the parking lot of the factory complex, under sodium lights, Dolarhyde pays a TAXI DRIVER, who then departs. He has changed back into everyday clothes, and still carries his knapsack. Freed of the Dragon, he looks happier, more relaxed, than we've ever seen him. He starts across the lot towards his parked van, almost lightfooted. Then stops.

The buildings are mostly dark. The parking lot almost empty. There is no night shift. And yet... five or six cars are clustered near the loading dock, by the delivery vans. A woman - a SECRETARY - gets out of her car, hurries inside. Summoned here hastily - her hair in curlers under a scarf.

Dolarhyde hesitates, sensing some disturbance. Some unknown danger. Cautiously he follows the woman into the building...

INT. CHROMA-LUX. 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

Dolarhyde edges around a stairwell corner, looking down...

A long corridor. Lights on in one of the offices, behind a frosted glass door that reads "PERSONNEL DEPT." Inside this room, SHADOWY FIGURES. INDISTINCT VOICES.

As he's puzzling over this, another noise, nearby - RAPIDLY APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS - makes him pull back, out of sight.

The secretary from the parking lot comes by him, in a hurry, carrying a heavy armload of ledgers. She reaches the door of the personnel department, pecks on it with her toe.

Will Graham opens the door for her.

Dolarhyde freezes, stunned...

The woman goes in, the door closes behind her.

Dolarhyde backs away, then turns, his running shoes quiet as he rushes back downstairs towards the exit.

EXT. CHROMA-LUX. LOADING DOCK. NIGHT.

As he pauses in the shadows of the loading dock, Dolarhyde's heart is racing, his mind whirls. How the hell...? He shakes his head, forcing concentration. Scans the parking lot, till his eyes catch movement... there.

A MAN WITH A CLIPBOARD is walking slowly from parked car to parked car, jotting down the plate numbers...

Dolarhyde's eyes dart in another direction...

A SECOND MAN is standing by one of the delivery vans. He has a flashlight. Flicking something. He's dusting the outside mirror for fingerprints...

Dolarhyde turns, staring...

His own black van is some distance away, in a darker corner of the lot. Apparently they haven't reached it yet.

He takes a deep breath, eyes the men again, waiting till their backs are turned. Then he drops flat, rolls over the edge of the loading dock, and lopes silently away, in a semi-crouch, towards his van...

INT. DOLARHYDE'S VAN. NIGHT.

Dolarhyde leaps into the driver's seat, shuts his door, yanks his valise from under the seat, claws it open. Pulls out his Glock, jacks a round into the chamber. He's panting, almost frantic. Looks out his window.

No one coming...

He forces himself to take deep breaths. Then he lays his pistol on the console, covers it with a T-shirt. He starts his engine, drives slowly and quietly away.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

We want to find him, not spook him.
That's why we haven't called out the
cavalry yet...

INT. CHROMA-LUX. PERSONNEL OFFICE. NIGHT.

The Personnel Manager, MR. FISK, looks worriedly at Crawford.

CRAWFORD

If we can ID this guy tonight, we can take him outside the plant, maybe at his house, or tomorrow morning in the lot.

FISK

Mr. Crawford, all you've got is a hunch. But we've got 382 employees. And they have a union. I don't see how I can just turn the FBI loose on their files. Not without a court order.

His secretary, at her desk, is grimly guarding the pile of ledgers and time sheets. Graham hovers nearby, frustrated.

FISK (CONT'D)

There are privacy issues here. The company's exposure -

CRAWFORD

One of those employees may have already killed eleven people, Mr. Fisk. That we know of. If you let him get away tonight, what's the "company's exposure" on that?

Fisk looks back at him unhappily.

REBA (V.O.)

Thanks for dinner, Ralph. And thanks for letting me vent.

EXT. REBA'S DUPLEX. FRONT STEPS. NIGHT.

Reba's standing outside her front door, saying good night to Ralph Mandy. His motorcycle is parked at the curb.

RALPH

Hey, no problemo... Reba, listen. It's not my place to say this...

REBA

Go on.

RALPH

If Dolarhyde's really as moody as you say, maybe you oughta keep a little distance. I mean, what do you really know about the guy? What do any of us know?

REBA

I appreciate your concern, Ralph. Really. And I promise I'll give it some thought... Hey, have a great vacation.

RALPH

Goodnight, Reba. See you in a couple weeks.

Impulsively he leans forward, gives her a quick kiss on the cheek. Reba accepts this.

INT. DOLARHYDE'S VAN. NIGHT.

POV ANGLE, through a windshield, as they separate. Reba smiles. She turns, unlocks her door, as Ralph stands by...

Dolarhyde stares at the two of them from his parked van, his eyes turning hard. A grim new resolve is flooding into him. The Dragon, coming back to life, whispers in his head.

DRAGON'S VOICE

SHE HAS BETRAYED YOU...

EXT. REBA'S DUPLEX. FRONT STEPS. NIGHT.

Ralph waits gallantly while Reba closes her door, locks and bolts it from inside. Then he turns, starting towards his bike... and Dolarhyde is blocking his way.

RALPH

Mr. D.! What're you -

Dolarhyde shoots him in the face, two quick little PHUTTS from the silenced Glock. Ralph's body tumbles behind the shrubbery. Then Dolarhyde turns, calmly rings the doorbell. He waits. After a moment, SOUNDS of the door being UNLOCKED again. Reba opens it, annoyed.

REBA

Ralph, just because I'm feeling a little vulnerable -

Dolarhyde claps a chloroformed cloth over her face. She struggles briefly, trying to cry out, then goes limp. He catches her body as it sags.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

(impatiently)

Look - forget the files...

INT. PERSONNEL OFFICE. NIGHT.

Fisk looks tensely at Graham, as he breaks into the standoff.

GRAHAM

The man we're looking for is very strong. A body-builder. He's right-handed, has short blond hair. He drives a van, or a panel truck. And he missed work today. He called in sick, or left early.

Fisk and his secretary exchange a worried glance.

FISK

That sounds like Mr. Dolarhyde.

CRAWFORD

Who is Mr. Dolarhyde?

FISK

Our manager of technical services. He maintains the equipment we use for tape transfers... all our home videos go through his hands.

Graham and Crawford exchange a glance. Got him.

GRAHAM

Where does he live?

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE. BALLROOM. NIGHT.

A dripping towel rubs across Reba's unconscious face, which stirs, then shakes from side to side to escape the wetness.

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)

Reba... Reba, wake up.

Her eyelids flutter open. She's slumped on the couch, dazed, disoriented. Dolarhyde sits beside her, very distraught.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

You wandered around in the house while I was asleep, didn't you?

REBA

What... ?

DOLARHYDE

Last night. Or this morning. You went through the house, didn't you? Did you find something odd? Did you take it and show it to somebody? Did you do that, Reba?

REBA

D.? What is it? What's happening?

Abruptly she struggles to rise, but his big hands on her shoulders push her back. He hisses.

DOLARHYDE

Shhhh! Sit still, or He'll hear us!

REBA

Who will?

DOLARHYDE

He's right upstairs. I thought He was gone, but now He's back.

REBA

D., you're scaring me -

His palm covers her rising shriek.

DOLARHYDE

Shhhh...!

EXT. STATE ROAD 370. NIGHT.

A caravan of cars and vans streams across a Missouri River bridge, speeding west as quickly but silently as possible. St. Louis PD, St. Louis SWAT, FBI. Mars lights flashing to clear traffic, but no sirens. Once across the bridge, the caravan swings right onto North River Road...

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)

Reba, some remarkable events have happened in Birmingham and Atlanta...

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE. BALLROOM. NIGHT.

Dolarhyde still grips her mouth. He leans closer to her, his eyes blazing. Their faces almost touching.

DOLARHYDE

Do you know what I'm talking about?

She shakes her head.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

It's been on the news a lot. Two groups of people were Changed. Leeds. And Jacobi. The police think they were murdered. Do you know now?

She starts to shake her head again. Then she does know. Slowly she nods. He uncovers her mouth.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

Do you know what they call the Being that visited those people? You can say.

REBA

The Tooth -

He grips her face again, shutting off the sound.

DOLARHYDE

Think carefully and answer correctly.

REBA

It's Dragon something. Dragon... Red Dragon.

DOLARHYDE

(a feverish whisper)

He's right upstairs. He wants you, Reba. He always has. I didn't want to give you to Him. I did a thing for you today so He couldn't have you. I was wrong, Reba... You made me weak and then you hurt me. Now it's all over for me.

INT. LEAD CAR, POLICE CARAVAN. DRIVING. NIGHT.

In the lead car, TWO DEPUTIES are in the front seat; one driving and one consulting a map. The radio CRACKLES with low, urgent VOICES, coordinating the racing task force.

In the backseat, Graham is checking the load in his .44 Special. He looks at his fingers, discovers they are remarkably steady. He glances beside him at...

Crawford, who has caught this moment. Their eyes meet, briefly, then Crawford nods: You'll be okay. You're all the way back...

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE. BALLROOM. NIGHT.

A row of gasoline cans, their caps already removed. One by one, Dolarhyde's sneaker is kicking them over, as the liquid spills out, spreading over the floorboards...

DRAGON'S VOICE

SHE IS MINE!

Dolarhyde pauses, looking up sharply at his ceiling.

DOLARHYDE

No!

DRAGON'S VOICE

GIVE HER TO ME NOW!

DOLARHYDE

No! You can't have her!

He picks up a can, frantically splashing the cots, the drapes. Reba's head turns sharply, reacting to the smell.

REBA

Please, D. Please don't let Him have me. You won't, please don't - I'm for you. You like me, I know you do. Take me with you.

DOLARHYDE

Take you with me. Yes.

Suddenly he's beside her again, holding his shotgun.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

Put out your hand. Feel this. Don't grab it, feel it.

She touches the muzzle.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

That's a shotgun, Reba. A twelve-gauge magnum. Do you know what it will do?

She nods. Tears streaming down her cheeks.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

Take your hand down.

The cold muzzle now rests in the hollow of her throat.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)

(crying)

Reba, I wish I could have trusted you. I wanted to trust you... You felt so good.

REBA

So did you, D. I love it. Please don't hurt me now.

He sobs helplessly, great spasms racking his body.

DOLARHYDE

It's all over for me. I can't leave you to Him. Do you know what He'll do?

(bawling now)

He'll bite you to death. He'll hurt you so bad... I can't let that happen. I can't! Better if you go with me.

He's up again, lurching away from her, still gripping the shotgun as he fumbles with a pack of matches. He strikes one, tosses it...

And it lands with a WHOOSH as flames rise instantly. Thick black smoke begins to fill the air...

Reba, terrified, gets to her feet.

REBA

(screams)

D.! Where are you?

Dolarhyde sways in front of her, backlit by flames, in hellish torment. Slowly he raises the shotgun.

DOLARHYDE

(howls)

Oh, Reba. I can't stand to watch you burn!

CLOSE ON Reba's face, as she extends her hands pleadingly.

REBA

Deeee, nooooo...!

BOTH BARRELS of the shotgun EXPLODE at once. Blood spatters her face. She staggers back, stunned. Then hears the HEAVY THUMP of a BODY hitting the floor.

She turns to run, but stumbles choking into the couch. Smoke everywhere. She claws her hands through it, gasping. Backs away from the couch, turning helplessly. Which way out? Which way? She takes a few tentative steps, arms extended, then stumbles over something and falls to her hands and knees.

Her fingers trail across the floor till they encounter a dead hand, gripping the shotgun... then travel up the arm, the shoulder... finally sinking into the horrible mush of the face: pulp, bone splinters, a loose eye.

Gagging, choking, she falls backwards, then scrambles up again. Flames rise behind her, CRACKLING, shooting up the drapes, then licking across the ceiling. Flames and smoke everywhere. She turns desperately. Which way? Then a new sound: the BONG of the tallcase clock. BONG BONG...

Her head turns. BONG BONG. Where is it...? There. That way. BONG BONG... Crouching low, under the smoke, she feels her way across the ballroom, bumping into cots, righting herself, moving towards the archway, towards the sound. BONG BONG. Under her breath, a desperate chant...

REBA (CONT'D)

Left at the arch, three steps to the clock... clock to the door, nine more... Oh God. Oh God...!

INT. LEAD CAR, POLICE CARAVAN. DRIVING. NIGHT.

Through the windshield, passing fields, patches of woods - then a red glow in the distance, flickering against low clouds. The deputy with the map points excitedly.

DEPUTY

That's it! That's where it is!

The driver stomps his accelerator; the car ROARS forward. The other deputy hits the SIREN. Crawford grabs their microphone from the center console.

CRAWFORD

All units, that's his house burning. Watch it now, he may be coming out. Sheriff, we need a roadblock here.

Graham leans forward, between the two deputies, staring as the glow brightens and swells, coming closer...

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD. NIGHT.

The lead car ROARS past the nursing home sign, SIREN SCREAMING, then up through the old orchard, as the other cars and vans follow. The whole scene is eerily lit by their flashing mars lights, as well as by the rising flames...

INT. LEAD CAR, POLICE CARAVAN. DRIVING. NIGHT.

Suddenly a WOMAN looms in front of them, bathed in their headlights, lurching blindly into the car's path...

The driver, cursing, slams on his brakes as...

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD. NIGHT.

... the car skids to a stop, fishtailing, slewing gravel, and just misses smashing into Reba. The following cars and vans veer quickly into the fields to avoid a huge pileup, bouncing and swaying over the rough ground.

Then Graham and Crawford are out of their car, starting towards Reba, when suddenly...

The top of the house EXPLODES, the garret and center roof disintegrating in a vast fireball, as the ground shudders and the WHUMP of the shockwave rocks the police cars...

And knocks down Graham, Crawford and Reba. They scramble to their feet again, run to her, helping her up. Sparks rain down around them. Graham holds her arms, his face close to hers, red in the firelight.

GRAHAM

Francis Dolarhyde.

She's bloody, sooty, half-deafened. Her mouth is working, but nothing will come out. He shakes her gently.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Francis Dolarhyde, where is he?

REBA

He's in there... He's dead in there.

Deputies and SWAT cops are racing by them with drawn weapons. Graham and Crawford look at the burning house, then back at Reba, at her sightless eyes.

CRAWFORD

You know that?

REBA

I was with him.

GRAHAM

Tell us, please.

REBA

He shot himself in the face. I put my hand in it. He set fire to the house. He shot himself. I put my hand in it. He was on the floor. I put my hand in it can I, can I, can I sit down, please.

CRAWFORD

Yes.

He eases her onto the bumper of a police car, sits beside her, with his arms around her, while she sobs into his neck. As he soothes her, he glances up at...

The rocking chairs on the porch, moving eerily as flames take them. One last ride for the ghosts. Dolarhyde's van is ablaze; now its windows shatter as the gas tank EXPLODES. Trees burn, shrubs; the entire hilltop is a raging inferno.

Graham stands in the road, watching the house burn. Stands there for a long time, expressionless, before the reddish glow on his face starts to CHANGE, becoming...

FADE TO:

EXT. BEACH. DAY. A WEEK LATER.

... dazzling golden sunlight on ocean waves.

Graham and Molly stand together on the beach below their house, below the boatyard, watching Josh casting into the surf. They're in shorts, barefoot.

MOLLY

How she's doing? That young woman.

GRAHAM

Healing. She's a pretty amazing person... I think the worst of it is, she feels like she should've known.

MOLLY

What did you tell her?

GRAHAM

That whatever was still human in him was only kept alive because of her. That she probably saved lives... And that I've been there myself.

She looks at him a moment, tenderly, then kisses him.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

How 'bout I make us some sandwiches?
Grouper salad?

MOLLY

You're on.

INT. CRAWFORD'S OFFICE. FBI BUILDING. DAY.

Crawford, in his reading glasses, is taking down his task force maps and photos, putting them away in archival cartons. His PHONE RINGS and he picks it up.

CRAWFORD

Crawford.

INT. LATENT FINGERPRINTS LAB. DAY.

Jimmy Price, looking upset, clutches a receiver. Behind him, on a steel table, some charred bone fragments.

PRICE

(on phone)

Jack, those remains you found in the rubble. They're not Dolarhyde's.

INTERCUTTING -

As Crawford, startled, looks down at his desk. Resting there are Grandmother Dolarhyde's shattered, blackened dentures.

CRAWFORD

What are you talking about? His goddamn dentures were there.

PRICE

His teeth. Not his bones. Wrong DNA.

CRAWFORD

Then whose bones are they?

Price grabs for a fax, scans it.

PRICE

St. Louis PD is looking for a Chroma-Lux employee named Ralph Mandy. He was supposed to be on vacation, so nobody missed him for several days. And Jack - his motorcycle's missing, too.

Crawford turns, staring into the distance out his window.

CRAWFORD

Oh Jesus...

INT. GRAHAM HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY.

On the Graham's bedside table, their PHONE RINGS. Through the window we see Graham, in the distance, separating from Molly and Josh as he starts up into the dunes, coming this way. The PHONE RINGS AGAIN and AGAIN, with desperate, hopeless urgency...

EXT. DUNES, THEN BEACH. DAY.

Graham reaches the opening of a narrow path through scrub cedar, where he pauses to look back down at Molly and Josh. Hardly able to believe his good fortune. When he turns back, Dolarhyde is blocking his path.

The crazed yellow eyes stare into his. Dolarhyde smiles.

His Glock is rising, but Graham kicks it, strikes the muzzle as the flash EXPLODES; the pistol flies into dense brush...

Blood streaks Graham's tee-shirt; the bullet has creased his chest. He staggers, falls, sliding headfirst on his back down the dunes onto the beach...

Molly and Josh turn at the shot, are stunned to see...

Dolarhyde leaping high into the air, trying to land with both boots on Graham's stomach...

But Graham rolls aside, making him miss, then starts to rise...

Dolarhyde kicks him in the ribs. Graham CRIES out, tumbling onto his back again. Dolarhyde pins him with his knees, then whips out his buck knife, ignoring MOLLY'S SCREAMS. He raises the knife high, grunting as he slams it down...

Graham whips his head to one side, as the point misses his eye but slices open his cheek, CRUNCHING deep into the sand.

Dolarhyde rocks forward, pulling on the handle with both hands to free the blade. He's leering down at Graham when a SHRILL WHIRR sounds, and Josh's treble-hooked surf lure bites solidly into Dolarhyde's face, piercing his cheek deeply. Blood spurts out. Dolarhyde ROARS with pain and rage, turning towards...

Josh, forty feet away, pale with fear, straining at the other end of the line. Molly leaps to his aid, and together they give the rod a huge yank, bending it almost double, as...

Dolarhyde HOWLS again, brutally tugged. He rises from Graham's body, stumbling towards Molly and Josh, trying to ease the pressure. He grabs at his face, trying to pull off the lure, but the third hook snags his hand as well. With one hand gripping the knife, one hand hooked to his face, he starts after them, lurching over the sand.

Graham rolls over, gets to his knees, then his feet, his lower face a mask of blood. Sees Molly and Josh backing away from Dolarhyde, still trying to keep pressure on the line.

GRAHAM

RUNNN!

They hear him, drop the rod, then turn, run down the beach, their bare feet kicking up sand...

Dolarhyde hesitates - half-blinded by blood, maddened by pain - uncertain which target to pick. He rips his hand free from the lure, SCREAMING with rage. It still dangles from his face. When he turns back, looking for Graham...

Graham is already scrambling up the dunes onto the path.

Dolarhyde sets off after him, dragging the rod. After a few yards the reel buries itself in the sand, bringing him to a HOWLING stop again before he thinks to slash the line. Then he takes off, loping hard after Graham.

As Graham runs panting up the path, he can hear the CRASHING of the brush, close behind him. He's got perhaps forty yards on Dolarhyde. Then thirty-five. Thirty...

EXT. GRAHAM HOUSE AND BOATYARD. DAY.

Graham bursts out of the path at the edge of the boatyard, hesitates for an instant, gasping for breath.

Too far to the house. He'll never make it.

Spotting the work ladder propped against the hull of the Morgan sloop, he runs to this, scrambles up it to the deck. He turns, starts to yank the ladder up after him, but...

Dolarhyde dives across the sand, seizes the dangling end. An unequal tug-of-war develops, but Dolarhyde is appallingly strong, and gradually is winning the ladder...

Graham's eyes dart across the foredeck, desperately searching for some weapon. Bow pulpit, windlass, plow anchor - viciously pointed, but too heavy to lift...

Molly and Josh, gasping, run into the yard from another direction, closer to the house, see the struggle at the boat.

MOLLY

Get inside. Lock the door. Don't open it for anything.

JOSH

Mom -

MOLLY

Lock the door! Call 911.

Josh, with tears in his eyes, runs for the house. Molly turns back to the sloop, in an agony of helplessness...

Graham spots a brush, then an open can of spar varnish...

Abruptly he releases his grip on the ladder...

Dolarhyde, not expecting this, is momentarily thrown off balance. But now he controls the ladder...

Graham snatches up the can, hurls the varnish into Dolarhyde's face, shoulders, upper chest. Dolarhyde COUGHS, swiping at the thick, choking liquid...

Molly has seen this. Her mind is racing...

Graham throws the can as well, but it misses Dolarhyde's head, bouncing off his massive shoulder. With a ROAR of fury, he starts up the ladder...

Graham scrambles up to the boom, one hand on the mast, then starts to climb the mast, reaching for the cleats...

Dolarhyde grabs a stanchion, throws his leg over the lifeline, gains the deck...

Molly runs to a Zephyr inflatable, on a flat-bed trailer, leans over its gunwale, rips open the emergency stowage. Her fingers scrabble desperately inside: patch kit, first aid kit, spare lines... then locate a bundle of flares.

Graham gets his feet onto the spreader, with one hand on the mast and one hand gripping a shroud. Looks up: he can't go any higher. He's trapped. Looks down...

Dolarhyde is climbing hand over hand towards him. The knife gripped between his teeth, the lure still dangling grotesquely from his cheek. His eyes gleaming through a mask of blood and varnish. Confident now. Supreme. A relentless, hellish spectre...

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Will!

Graham looks down.

Molly stands by the keelblocks, below Dolarhyde, with a double handful of flares. Bending her knees for more leverage, she dips, jumps, hurling them upwards with all her strength...

IN SLOW MOTION the slim red tubes rise, twisting, turning end over end, a small, scattering, slowing cloud of them, passing Dolarhyde, some arcing back down uselessly, until...

Graham releases the shroud, straining out for a flare with his free hand - swaying, nearly losing his grip on the mast - his fingertips reaching, reaching... until he just manages to snag one, pulling it in to his chest.

In one motion he twists and pulls the cap, as WHITE-HOT SPARKS spit from the tube. He looks down at Dolarhyde, as, just for an instant...

Their eyes lock together. And Dolarhyde, too late, knows.

Graham throws the burning flare into his face.

Dolarhyde's head bursts into flames. His neck, shoulders, upper chest, all blazing, his mouth a dark, amazed circle at the center of the corona, as his knife tumbles away, then his hands lose their grip, then he's falling backwards, away from Graham, falling and falling, his arms windmilling, as if he might fly, as if he were truly a Dragon at last, trailing smoke and fire all the way down to the deck...

Where he's impaled on the point of the plow anchor.

Molly drops to her knees in the sand, sobbing in relief.

Graham sags weakly, his bloody cheek hugging the mast. His eyes squeezing shut in pain...

LECTER (V.O.)

"My Dear Will. Are you very ugly now? I hope not..."

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

Graham sits propped against pillows, with an IV drip, his chest and cheek wounds heavily bandaged. He stares out his window, past the tops of palms, towards distant water.

LECTER (V.O.)

"But what a collection of scars you have! Perhaps you should consider exhibiting yourself in the FBI museum..."

INT. LECTER'S CELL. DAY.

Lecter sits at his desk, writing a letter. His cell has been restored to its former appearance: books and drawings, bedding and toilet seat; no trace of his fine meal remains.

LECTER (V.O.)

"Never forget who gave you the best of them. And be grateful, Will. Our scars have the power to remind us that the past was real. In fact, it's not even really the past. Is it...?"

EXT. SAILBOAT. DAY.

Graham stands by the lifeline of a sloop, under easy sail. He's bearded now, his hair longer; he looks older. He's reading Lecter's letter.

LECTER (V.O.)

"Even after all these years, I think of you often. And of course dear Molly and Josh. Do tell them that one day I'm still planning to pay my respects in person. Until then...? Your old friend, Hannibal Lecter."

Graham drops the letter overboard, watching for a few moments as it swirls away in the boat's wake. Then he turns, walking back along the deck to rejoin Molly and Josh at the wheel, as the sloop sails gracefully away, over perfect gin-clear waters...

CHILTON (V.O.)

Hannibal? There's someone here to see you...

INT. LECTER'S CELL. DAY.

Lecter, still composing his letter, ignores Dr. Chilton, who hovers gloatingly out in the corridor.

CHILTON

Wants to ask you a few questions. I told her you'd probably refuse.

Lecter becomes very still. His back remains turned.

CHILTON (CONT'D)

Yes, I thought that might get your attention. A young woman, says she's from the FBI. Though she's far too pretty, if you ask me.

(a cruel sigh)

What fun it would've been, to see you writhing while she was just out of reach! Still, we can't get everything we want. I'll tell her you said no.

He starts away.

Lecter considers. Behind the strange pale eyes, something moves, the first quickening of wondrous new possibilities.

LECTER

What is her name?

THE END.