

INT. PRISON - DAY

CLARICE enters the high-security area of the prison, approaching DR. LECTOR, who is contained in a solitary cell made of metal and bulletproof glass.

CLARICE

Good morning. Dr. Lector, my name is Clarice Starling. May I speak with you?

DR. LECTOR

You're one of Jack Crawford's, aren't you?

CLARICE

I am, yes.

DR. LECTOR

May I see your credentials?

CLARICE

Certainly.

CLARICE pulls out her ID badge from her jacket pocket and holds it up for DR. LECTOR to see.

DR. LECTOR

Closer, please.

CLARICE moves closer, carefully, to the cell, putting the badge against the glass for him to read.

DR. LECTOR

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

CLARICE

I'm still in training at the academy.

DR. LECTOR

Jack Crawford sent a trainee to me?

CLARICE

Yes, I'm a student. I'm here to learn from you. Maybe you can decide for yourself whether or not I'm qualified enough to do that.

DR. LECTOR

That is rather slippery of you, *Agent Starling*.

(CONTINUED)

(he notices she's still standing)
Sit, please.
(she sits, hesitantly)
Now then, tell me. What did Miggs say to you? Multiple Miggs in the next cell. He hissed at you. What did he say?

CLARICE
He said, "I can smell your... scent."

DR. LECTOR
I see.
(he sniffs)
I myself cannot. You use Evyan skin cream and sometimes you wear L'Air du Temps. But not today.

CLARICE
(noticing the drawings on his cell wall)
Did you do all these drawings, doctor?

DR. LECTOR
(gesturing to one of the drawings)
That is the Duomo, seen from the Belvedere. Do you know Florence?

CLARICE
All that detail just from memory, sir?

DR. LECTOR
Memory, Agent Starling, is what I have instead of a view.

CLARICE
Well, perhaps you'd care to lend us your view on this questionnaire, sir?

She takes out a form from her bag.

DR. LECTOR
Oh, no, no, no, no. You were doing just fine. You had been courteous and receptive to courtesy. You had established trust with the embarrassing truth about Miggs. And
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. LECTOR (cont'd)
now this ham-handed segue into your
questionnaire. It won't do.

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

DR. LECTOR
Yeah, Jack Crawford must be very
busy indeed if he's recruiting help
from the student body. Busy hunting
that new one- Buffalo Bill. What a
naughty boy he is. Do you know why
he's called Buffalo Bill? Please
tell me. The newspapers won't say.

CLARICE
It started as a bad joke in Kansas
City Homicide. They said, "This one
likes to skin his humps."

DR. LECTOR
Why do you think he removes their
skins, Agent Starling? Thrill me
with your acumen.

CLARICE
It excites him. Most serial killers
keep some sort of trophy from their
victims.

DR. LECTOR
I didn't.

CLARICE
No. No, you ate yours.

DR. LECTOR
(gesturing to the
questionnaire)
You send that through now.

CLARICE gets up and puts the form in the drawer in the cell
and pushes it through to him.

DR. LECTOR
(picking up the form)
Oh, Agent Starling, you think you
can dissect me with this blunt
little tool?

CLARICE

No. I thought that your knowledge--

DR. LECTOR

--You're so ambitious, aren't you? Do you know what you look like with your good bag and your cheap shoes? You look like a rube. A well-scrubbed, hustling rube with a little taste. Good nutrition's given you length of bone, but you're not more than one generation from poor white trash, are you? And that accent you've tried so desperately to shed? Pure West Virginia. What is your father, dear? Is he a coal miner? Does he stink of the lamp? How quickly the boys found you. All those tedious sticking fumbblings in the back seats of cars while you could only dream of getting out. Getting anywhere. Getting all the way to the FBI.

CLARICE

You see a lot, doctor. But are you strong enough to point that high-powered perception at yourself? What about it? Why don't you look at yourself and write down what you see? Or maybe you're afraid to?

DR. LECTOR

A census taker once tried to test me. I ate his liver with some fava beans and a nice Chianti. You fly back to school now, little Starling. Fly, fly, fly.

CLARICE gets up and leaves.