

MOVING SHOT - with Clarice, as her footsteps ECHO. High to her right, surveillance cameras. On her left, cells. Some are padded, with narrow observation slits, others are normal, barred... Shadowy occupants pacing, MUTTERING... Suddenly a dark figure in the next-to-last cell hurtles towards her, his face mashing grotesquely against his bars as he hisses.

DARK FIGURE

I c-can sssmell your cunt!

Clarice flinches momentarily, but then walks on.

Dr. Lecter'S CELL is coming slowly INTO VIEW... Behind its barred front wall is a second barrier of stout nylon net... Sparse, bolted-down furniture, many softcover books and papers. On the walls, extraordinarily detailed, skillful drawings, mostly European cityscapes, in charcoal or crayon.

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

CLARICE

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

DR. HANNIBAL LECTER is lounging on his bunk, in white pajamas, reading an Italian Vogue. He turns, considers her... A face so long out of the sun, it seems almost leached - except for the glittering eyes, and the wet red mouth. He rises smoothly, crossing to stand before her; the gracious host. His voice is cultured, soft.

DR. LECTER

Good morning.

CUTTING BETWEEN THEM as Clarice comes a measured distance closer.

CLARICE

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

DR. LECTER

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

CLARICE

I am, yes.

DR. LECTER

May I see your credentials?

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

DR. LECTER (CONTD.)

Closer, please... clo-ser...

She complies each time, trying to hide her fear. Dr. Lecter's nostrils lift, as he gently, like an animal, tests the air. Then he smiles, glancing at her card.

DR. LECTER (CONTD.)

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

CLARICE

I'm - still in training at the Academy.

DR. LECTER

Jack Crawford sent a trainee to me?

CLARICE

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

DR. LECTER

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

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

DR. LECTER (CONTD.)

Now then. What did Miggs say to you?

(She is puzzled)

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

CLARICE

He said - "I can smell your cunt."

DR. LECTER

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