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Red Dragon

By Ted Tally

Baltimore, Md 1980

'Think to yourself
that every day is your last...
'the hour to which
you do not look forward...
'will come
as a welcome surprise.
'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.'
And we find you cribbing lines
from Horace, as well.
Well done, John.
I must say, Hannibal...
speaking for the rest
of the herd...
I'm sorry,
for the Symphony Board...
that these little soirees
of yours...
are always the highlight of our year.
-Just so.
-You're too kind.
I do feel guilty enjoying
tonight when a musician is...
still listed as
a missing person.
Yes, poor fellow.
Shall I confess
something wicked?
I can't help feeling
the tiniest bit...relieved.
It sounds awful, I know.
But, let's face it,
so does the man's playing.
Hannibal, confess.
What is this divine-looking
amuse-bouche?
If I tell you...
I'm afraid
you won't even try it.

-Bon apptit.

-Bon apptit.

Special Agent Graham.

What an unexpected pleasure.

I'm sorry to bother you again,

Dr. Lecter. I know it's late.

It's no bother.

We're both night owls, I think.

-Come in, please.

-Thank you.

Let me take your coat.

What's on your mind?

We've been on the wrong track

this whole time. You and I.

Our whole profile's wrong.

We've been looking for someone

with a crazy grudge...

and some kind

of anatomical knowledge.

Decertified doctors,

med school dropouts...

laid-off mortuary workers--

From the precision of the cuts,

and his choice of souvenirs.

That's where we're off-target.

He's not collecting body parts.

-Then why keep them?

-He's not. He's eating them.

No, listen. We were at

Molly's parents' for New Year's...

and her dad was showing

my son, Josh...

how to carve a roasted chicken.

He said, ''The tenderest part

of the chicken is the oysters...

''on either side of the back.''

I had never heard that

expression before, ''oysters.''

Then suddenly I had a flash

of the third victim...

Darcy Taylor.

She was missing flesh from

her back. And then it hit me.

Liver, kidney, tongue, thymus.

Every single victim lost
some body part used in cooking.
Have you shared this
with the Bureau?
No, I needed to see you first.
But I'm right. I know I'm right.
I'm starting to be able to think
like this one.
Yeah, it's fascinating.
You know, I'd always suspected
as much. You are an eidetiker.
I'm not psychic, Doctor.
No, this is different.
More akin
to artistic imagination.
You can assume the emotional
point of view of others...
even those that might scare
or sicken you.
It's a troubling gift,
I should think.
How I'd love
to get you on my couch.
Something still doesn't
make sense to me.
You're the best
forensic psychiatrist I know...
and somehow,
in all our time together...
this possibility
never occurred to you.
I am only human, Will.
Perhaps I made a mistake.
You don't strike me as a man
who makes very many mistakes.
Now I'm sorry to think
I might...
no longer enjoy
your full confidence.
No, I didn't say that.
I don't know what I'm saying.
I'm very, very tired.
I almost had it.
It'll come to you.

Why don't you come back
in the morning?
I'll clear some time
on my schedule and...
then we can get started
in revising our profile.
-Sound good?
-Yeah.
Rest here,
and I'll get your coat.
Won't be a tick.
Don't move.
You're in shock now. I don't
want you to feel any pain.
In a moment you'll begin to be
light-headed. Then drowsy.
Don't resist. It's so gentle.
Like slipping into a warm bath.
I regret it came to this, Will.
But every game
must have its ending.
Remarkable boy.
I do admire your courage.
I think I'll eat your heart.
Marathon, Fl Several Years Later
Hey, Dad. Someone's here.
Hey.
You've got
a beautiful setup here, Will.
Yeah, it's good.
-You know why I'm here?
-Yeah, I can guess.
How much do you know?
Just what was in
the Miami Herald and the Times.
Two families killed
a month apart in their homes.
Birmingham and Atlanta.
The circumstances were similar.
Not similar. The same.
What have you
kept out of the papers?
He smashes mirrors
and uses the pieces.

Wears latex gloves, so we've got
no prints. Size 11 shoe.
He's not too comfortable
with locks.
Pried open a patio door
in Birmingham...
used a glass cutter in Atlanta.
And his blood's AB positive.
-Somebody hurt him?
-Nope.
We typed him from semen
and saliva. He's a secretor.
Tell me something, Will.
You knew what this was.
Did you ever consider picking up
the phone and giving me a call?
You've got all the people
you need.
You've got Dortmund at Harvard.
You got Bloom in Chicago.
I've got you down here
fixing boat motors?
Yeah, I like fixing boat motors.
I wouldn't be
very useful to you.
I don't think about it anymore.
Really?
The last two we had, you caught.
By doing what you
and the other guys are doing.
That's not entirely true.
It's the way you think.
Come on. There's been a lot of
bullshit about the way I think.
I've got technicians
to examine evidence...
but you've got that other thing.
Imagination. Projection.
Whatever.
-I know you don't like it.
-You wouldn't like it, either.
This freak killed the Jacobis
in Birmingham...
on Saturday night, February 25.

Full moon.
He killed the Leeds family
in Atlanta...
a few nights ago, March 28.
One day short of a lunar month.
If we're lucky, we may have
a little over three weeks...
before he does it again.
Will, do you respect
my judgment?
Of course.
I think we have a better chance
to catch him fast if you help.
Go to Atlanta and look.
Just look.
Then help me brief the locals.
That's it.
Crawford has
the whole damn government.
Why does he need you?
He just wants me to look
at some evidence, Molly.
Give him another point of view.
It's a few days, a week maybe,
and I'll be right back.
-And you believed that?
-Yes.
These kinds of cases
come up very rarely...
and I've had experience.
Yes, you have.
You're paid up, Will.
All of us. Even Josh.
There's a chance I could
help them save some lives.
How do I say no to that?
This one will never see me
or know my name.
I'll just help them find him.
The cops will take him down,
not me.
I'll be in the back of the pack,
Molly, I promise.
Never in your life.

-I know you.
-Come on. Come here.
I love you.
-See you in a few days.
-Okay.
I'll call you tonight.
Bye, Dad!
Leeds House, Atlanta, Ga
Where's the dog?
No one heard barking.
There's nothing about it
in the case file.
The intruder enters in the dark
and cuts Charles Leeds' throat.
He shoots Valerie Leeds in
the stomach as she's rising...
disabling her
but not killing her.
He leaves her
to watch her husband die...
then turns
and goes down the hall.
The children were....
The children were still in bed
when they were shot...
which might indicate
that he used a silencer.
He dragged the bodies into
the master bedroom, but why?
They were already dead
and none of them got the same...
extra attention as Mrs. Leeds.
Small pieces of mirror
were inserted...
in the orbital sockets
of the victims.
This occurred post-mortem.
Why did you put mirrors
in their eyes?
The pieces of mirror are to make
their eyes look alive!
He wanted an audience.
He wanted them all lined up...
watching him

when he touched her.
When he touched her.
Touched. Talcum powder.
There was talcum powder.
'Mrs. Leeds had traces of
talcum on her right inner thigh.
'A complete search
of the home...
'led to no such matching talcum
in the house.'
You took your gloves off,
didn't you? You son of a bitch!
You took your gloves off, touched her...
with your bare hand
and wiped her down.
But when the gloves were off,
did you open her eyes?
Crawford.
Are the Leeds' bodies
still at the morgue?
Who's good
with latent prints here?
Atlanta P.D.
They've already printed
the bodies.
Not the bodies.
Tell them to check the eyes.
Mrs. Leeds' eyes.
Even her corneas.
I think he took his gloves off.
I think he had to touch her.
Jesus, Will.
Gentlemen. Ladies.
This is what the subject's teeth
look like.
The impressions came from
bite marks on Mrs. Leeds.
This degree of crookedness...
plus the groove
in this central incisor...
makes his bite signature unique.
Fuckin' shark.
Knock it off!
We're grateful to have the FBI.

They have a lot of expertise
in this area.
In particular,
Investigator Graham does.
That right, Jack?
Yes, sir.
Anything you want to add,
Mr. Graham?
Why don't you come
on up to the front, please?
-That's the guy.
-Was he?
Yeah, that's the guy
who arrested Lecter.
I thought he retired.
The son of a bitch
just about gutted him.
Mrs. Leeds and Mrs. Jacobi
were the primary targets.
The others were killed
just to complete his fantasy.
I know that might be hard
to accept given what you saw...
but this was not random.
This wasn't some killing frenzy.
He was never out of control.
These attacks were 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 is some connection.
There's some common factor,
and that's the key.
Find out what that is,
and we'll save lives.
'Cause this one
is gonna go on and on...
until we get smart
or we get lucky.
He won't stop.
-Why not?
-Because it makes him God.

Would you give that up?
You asked about the dog.
Last night a vet called us.
Leeds and his oldest boy
brought the dog in...
the afternoon
before they were killed.
Had a puncture wound
to its abdomen.
The vet had to put it down.
Was it wearing a collar
with the address on it?
No.
-Did the Jacobis have a dog?
-No dog.
They found a litter box
in the basement...
cat droppings in it, no cat.
If the cat was attacked,
the Jacobis may have buried it.
Ask Birmingham
to check that backyard.
And tell them to use
a methane probe, it's faster.
Yeah. It's for you.
Crawford.
Carl, you're the light
of my life.
Would it hold up in court?
Okay. Great work.
They found a print on
Mrs. Leeds' eye. Partial thumb.
Besides that,
there's nothing else to tell you.
Thank you for your time.
I can't answer
more questions.
Will Graham! Remember me?
Freddy Lounds. I covered
the Lecter case for the Tattler.
-Did the paperback.
-Yeah, I remember.
When did they bring you in?
What've you got?

You think the Tooth Fairy
will be bigger than Lecter?
I mean, he's already beaten
Lecter's score--
You write lying shit,
and the Tattler is an asswipe!
You stay away from me.
Get away, Lounds.
How about an exclusive?
Sorry about that.
That guy snuck into the hospital
and took those pictures of me.
Remember? With the tubes
hanging out of me?
Forget that prick.
Give yourself some credit.
When we catch the Tooth Fairy...
that print plus his teeth
will burn him.
You did that, Will.
That evidence was there, Jack.
-It was there for anyone to see.
-But nobody else did.
All I'm sayin' is,
that was very good work.
No, good work would be seeing it
all the way through...
and catching the guy.
And I can't do that.
I did what you asked me to do.
I'm going home.
I don't even have any idea
who this guy is.
What I just gave them was broad
strokes. He's got no face to me.
That's what you said about
Garrett Hobbs, remember?
-And you figured him out.
-No, I didn't.
-You didn't?
-No, I was stuck on Hobbs.
I had help.
From Lecter.
Yeah.

Jack, don't play games with me.
Don't do it.
Just tell me
what's on your mind.
I'm saying maybe we've got
a resource we should look into.
Is that what this was about?
Did you just want to ask me that
all along?
Don't get mad at me.
I'm just doing my job.
If you know a better shortcut,
let me know it.
If you think there's any chance
he'll talk to me...
I'll go myself.
If you can't handle it,
God knows I'd understand that.
As a research subject, Lecter
has proven most disappointing.
He's simply impenetrable
to psychological testing.
Rorschach,
Thematic Apperception.
He folds them into origami.
As you see.
So you can imagine the stir
your little visit...
is causing among my staff,
Mr. Graham.
If you'd care
to share some insights--
Dr. Cilton, I'm sorry, I've got

a 4:

Of course.
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?
No.

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

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

I let him kill me.
That's the same atrocious
aftershave you wore in court.
I keep getting it for Christmas.
Christmas, yes.

Did you get my card?

I got it, thank you.

So nice of the Bureau's
crime lab to forward that.

They wouldn't give me
your home address.

Dr. Bloom sent me your article
on surgical addiction...

in the
Journal of Forensic Psychiatry.

And?

Very interesting,
even to a layman.

You say you're a layman.

But it was you who caught me.

Wasn't it, Will?

-Do you know how you did it?

-I got lucky.

I don't think you believe that.

It's in the transcript.

What does it matter now?

It doesn't matter to me, Will.

I need your advice, Dr. Lecter.

Birmingham and Atlanta.

You want to know how

he's choosing them, don't you?

I thought you'd have ideas.

I want you to tell me them.

Why should I?

There are things you don't have.

Research materials.

Maybe even computer access.
I'd speak to the Chief of Staff.
Yes, Dr. Chilton.
Gruesome, isn't he?
He fumbles at your head like
a freshman pulling at panties.
If you recall, Will...
our last collaboration
ended rather messily.
You'd get to see the file
on this case.
-And there's another reason.
-I'm all ears.
I thought you might enjoy
the challenge.
Find out if you're smarter
than the person I'm looking for.
Then, by implication, you think
you're smarter than I am...
since it was you who caught me.
I know I'm not smarter than you.
Then how did you catch me?
You had disadvantages.
What disadvantages?
You're insane.
You're very tanned, Will.
And your hands are so rough.
Not like a cop's hands anymore.
And that shaving lotion is
something a child would select.
Has a little ship on the bottle,
does it not?
And how is young Josh
and the lovely Molly?
They're always in my thoughts,
you know.
You will not persuade me
with appeals...
to my intellectual vanity.
I don't think
I'll persuade you at all.
You'll either do it
or you won't.
-Is that the case file?

-Yes.

With photos?

Let me keep them,
and I might consider it.

No.

Do you dream much, Will?

Goodbye, Dr. Lecter.

You haven't threatened
to take away my books yet!
Give me the file, then!

And I'll tell you what I think.
I'll need one hour. And privacy.
Just like old times, Will?

-This is a very shy boy, Will.
I'd love to meet him.

Have you considered
that he is disfigured...
or that he may believe
he is disfigured?

Yeah, the mirrors.

Notice he smashes
all the mirrors...
not just enough
to get the pieces he wants.

And, of course,
those shards in their eyes...
so he can see himself there.

That's interesting.

No, it's not.

You thought of it before.

I had considered it.

-What about the women?

-Dead?

Mere puppets.

You need to see them living,
the way they caught his eye.

That's impossible.

Almost. Not quite.

What were the yards like?

Big backyards, fenced,
some hedges. Why?

Because if this pilgrim...
feels a special relationship
with the moon...

he might like to go outside and look at it.
You ever seen blood
in the moonlight?
It appears quite black.
If one were nude, say,
it'd be better to have...
outdoor privacy for that sort of thing.
You think the yards are a factor
when he selects victims?
Yes.
And there will be more of them,
of course. Victims.
You'll be wanting lots
of these little chinwags...
-I take it.
-I might not have time.
I do.
I have oodles.
I need your opinion now.

Then here's one:

You stink of fear
under that cheap lotion.
You stink of fear, Will,
but you're not a coward!
You fear me,
but still you came here.
You fear this shy boy,
yet still you seek him out.
Don't you understand, Will?
You caught me
because we're very much alike.
Without our imaginations...
we'd be like all those other
poor dullards.
Fear is the price
of our instrument.
But I can help you bear it.
-You getting his face?
-Yeah.
Okay, you got it?
All right,
let's get the fuck out of here.
Sure you're okay?

Yeah, I'm okay.
What do you think he
meant by 'see them living'?
I don't know, maybe nothing.
It's hard to separate
his bullshit.
But I'm gonna make another pass
at the Leeds' house.
All right, Duchess, doll.
That's it.
Show me what you can do.
Who's that? Get them, Duchess.
Get them, Duch! Go get them!
Go get them, girl!
Okay.
And action!
Charles! What are you doing?
Hey, gang.
You crazy man.
How is everybody doing?
Just home from the store.
-Hi, Daddy.
-That's my girl.
-Hi, Daddy.
-Hi, honey. Billy?
Hi, Dad.
-And sweetie?
I am not ready for my close-up,
Mr. DeMille.
What do you think?
Get closer. Get closer.
Little closer.
I think we'd better put
these kids to bed early tonight.
They seem tired. Don't you think?
Here we are at the pool party.
What are you doing? Stop it!
You stop it! I'm telling my mother on you.
Now I get my kiss?
-All right, you want a kiss?
-I want one. The romantic kind.
Jacobi House, Birmingham, Al
Won't nobody get in through here
again. I'll guaran-damn-tee it.

Why didn't he break in
down there? It's more hidden.
Hell, that door's got deadbolts.
Reckon he was in
too big a hurry.
No, this one doesn't hurry.
You sat right here, didn't you?
You watched the children
bury the cat.
And then you waited for dark.
You're proud.
You had to sign your work.
Grandma? Grandma?
I'm sorry.
I've never seen a child
as dirty and disgusting as you.
Look at you! You're soaking wet.
Get out of my bed.
-No.
-Go back to your room.
You're hurting me!
Shut up,
you filthy little beast!
I should have put you in
an orphanage, grandson or not.
Grandma, don't hurt me.
You're hurting me!
Into the bathroom!
Take off your nightshirt,
and wipe yourself off. Hurry up!
Now give me my scissors
from the medicine chest.
Please, no!
Take that filthy thing
in your hand. Stretch it out.
No, Grandma.
-Now!
-Please!
Look down. Do you want
me to cut it off? Do you?
No, Grandma!
I pledge you my word, Francis...
if you ever make
your bed dirty again...

I'll cut it off.
Do you understand?
I'll be a good boy.
I promise.
Good morning, Will.
So nice of you to visit again.
He carved this on a tree
near the Jacobi house.
With a Buck knife.
The same one later used
on Charles Leeds.
Yes.
Take a walk with me.
He had a second tool, too.
A bolt cutter.
He used that to clear his view.
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.
And what do we make
of that symbol?
Asian Studies at Langley...
identified it
as a Chinese character.
It appears on a mah-jong piece.
-It marks the Red Dragon.
-Red Dragon. Correct.
This boy begins to interest me.
We don't know what greater
meaning the symbol might have--
Do you like
my little exercise cage, Will?
My so-called lawyer
is always nagging Dr. Chilton...
for better accommodations.
I don't know
which is the greater fool.
Perhaps if you could offer
some insight into--
'A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage'

Ever been a redbreast, Will?
Of course you have.
I'm allowed 30 minutes in here,
once a week.
Get to the point.
He meant to use the bolt cutter
to enter the house...
but he didn't.
Instead he broke in
through the patio doors.
The noise woke Jacobi, and he
had to shoot him on the stairs.
That wasn't planned.
It was sloppy.
And that's not like him.
We mustn't judge
too harshly, Will.
It was his first time.
Have you never felt
a sudden rush of panic?
Yeah, that's the fear
we talked about.
It takes experience
to master it.
You sensed who I was...
back when I was committing
what you call my ''crimes.''
Yes.
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.
-You could say that.
-But you're wiser now.
Imagine what you would do, Will,
if you could go back in time.
Put two in your head before
you could palm that stiletto.
Very good, Will.
You know,
I believe we're making progress.
And that's what
our pilgrim is doing.

He is refining his methods.
He is evolving.
The case file mentioned videos
of the Leeds family.
-I'd like to see those.
-No.
-Why not?
-It would be obscene.
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 perhaps like
to leave me your home number?
-That's the end of our session.
-For now.
It was only his first time.
Already in Atlanta
he did much better.
Rest assured, my dear Will...
this one will give you
plenty of exercise.
My love to Molly and Josh,
goodbye.
Go to the back of the cell,
Dr. Lecter. Face the wall.
If you turn around
before the lock snaps...
you'll get a dart.
- Understood?
-Yes.
You got ten minutes
to talk to your lawyer.
-Starting now.
-Thanks so much, Barney.
Hello, Dr. Lecter?
I have those documents
you requested me--
'Robes, Robespierre, Robin.
'Robin, call for....
Robin, fainting....
'Redbreast in a cage.' 406.9.
'A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage'

Yes, that's it.
William Blake.
Auguries of Innocence.
Think you got it?
Yeah, we should have.
We have some books
of Blake's paintings, too.
-Want to see them?
-Yeah. Thanks.
Psychology Department...
University of Chicago.
Dr. Bloom's office.
Hi. This is Bob Greer at Blaine
and Edwards Publishing.
Dr. Bloom asked me to send
The Psychiatrist and the Law...
to Will Graham.
His assistant was
supposed to give me...
the address and phone number,
but, darn it, she never did.
I'm just a temp.
Linda will be in on Monday.
I have to catch FedEx
in about five minutes.
I hate to bother Dr. Bloom
about it...
because he told Linda
to send it...
and I don't want
to get her into trouble.
It's right there in the Rolodex,
or whatever.
I'll dance at your wedding
if you read it to me.
I don't know.
I'm really not supposed to.
Be a darling and flip
that old rascal...
I won't take up
any more of your time.
Graham, Will.
All right. Just a minute.
'Gibson, Gordon, Graham. ''

It doesn't give a home address.

What does it have, dear?

'FBI, 935 Pennsylvania Avenue
Northwest, Washington, D.C. ''

-Yeah?

-And let's see.

Here it is.

'P.O. Box 3680,
Marathon, Florida. ''

-Marathon.

-Yes.

That's fine. You're an angel.

I'm Francis Dolarhyde.

I've come for

the package of infrared.

Right. Put your back
against the door and come...

forward three steps till
you feel tile under your feet.

And there's a stool
just on the left.

Same Mr. D who's head
of Tech Services, am I right?

I'm Reba McClane.

Just a second more
and I will get you some light.

Okay, here we go.

So, what do you need the IR for?

It's for the zoo.

They want to photograph
the nocturnal animals.

That's great. I love animals.

I got to warn you, though.

This stuff is pretty sensitive.

It can be mean to handle.

But I guess

I don't need to tell you that.

Hey, Reba. Oh, Mr. D. Whoa!

I'm not interrupting anything,
am I?

No, Ralph.

It's starting to spritz outside.

I'll give you a lift home?

You ride a motorcycle.

How's that gonna help me
with the rain?
I thought maybe
we'd stop off someplace...
have ourselves
a little sundowner.
-I've already got a ride.
-It's cool.
That's cool. No problemo.
If there's anything I hate worse
than pity, it's fake pity.
Especially from a walking
hard-on like Ralph Mandy.
-Sorry.
-I have no pity.
Ride with me!
Thanks, but I take the bus
all the time.
Mandy is a fool. Ride with me...
for my pleasure.
You want to come in?
I'll fix us a drink.
-Maybe another time.
-I will come in.
When is the zoo project?
-Maybe next week. They'll call.
-I love zoos.
In fact one of my earliest
memories is seeing a cougar...
when I was about five.
I didn't lose my sight
till I was seven. Diphtheria.
Could you hand me that knife?
I've always tried to hang on
to what that cougar looked like.
But by now, to tell the truth,
what I see in my head...
is probably not in the least bit
like a cougar.
It's more like
a donkey or a goat.
You know, sometimes I'm not
so sure I really saw him.
Maybe he's just

something I dreamed up.
You okay?
You don't say much, do you?
No, I guess not.
Let's talk about something
and get it out of the way, okay?
I can hear that you've had...
some kind of soft palate repair.
But I understand you fine
because you speak very well.
If you don't want to talk to me,
that's cool.
But I hope that you will,
because...
I know what it's like
to have people...
always thinking
that you're different.
That's good.
May I touch your face?
I want to know
if you're smiling or frowning.
I want to know whether I should
just shut up or not.
Take my word that I'm smiling.
I have to go.
If I offended you,
I didn't mean to.
No.
F.B.I. Headquarters,
Washington, D.C.
I don't know
what they were like.
It'd help if I could see
some of their personal effects.
Diaries, letters.
Do you have those things?
I sure do. I mean, other than...
one or two little keepsakes
Niles Jacobi got.
That would be Mr. Jacobi's
surviving son by his first wife?
Yes. As their executor, I keep
all that stuff in the office...

along with some of the smaller
valuables, till after probate.

But the Birmingham P.D.'s
been all through it.

Could you pack those things
and ship them up to me?

I hate to ask.

I know it's a pain in the ass.

Hell...

probate judge is

an old golfing buddy of mine.

Son, just tell me you're
gonna nail that son of a bitch.

We're doing our best.

Hey, thanks, Mr. Metcalf.

A note hidden in Lecter's cell.

Sounds like a fan letter.

Might've been mailed

by the Tooth Fairy.

He wants Lecter's approval.

He's curious about you.

He's asking questions.

I've scrambled a chopper.

Does Lecter know

we have the note?

Not yet. It was found in
a routine cleanup.

They don't open his mail?

Need a warrant.

X-rays only.

-Where's Lecter?

-The holding cage.

Can he see his cell?

No. But he's been there
almost half an hour.

He'll soon start to wonder
what's wrong.

We got to buy time, Jack.

-Dr. Chilton.

-Yes?

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 cell...
carrying tools.
He'll be in a hurry, pissed off,
too busy to answer questions.
And don't forget:
Don't touch the note, okay?
Graham's on his way.
Listen up! 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!
My dear Dr. Lecter.:
I wanted to tell you...
I'm delighted...
that you've taken an interest in me.
And when I learned of your vast
correspondence, I thought.:
'Dare I?' Of course I do.
I don't believe
you'll tell them who I am.
Besides, what particular body
I currently occupy is trivial.
The important thing is
what I am becoming.
I know that you alone can
understand this transformation.
I have some things
I'd love to show you.
If circumstances permit,
I hope we can correspond.
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.
They do like to sling demeaning
nicknames, don't they?
'The Tooth Fairy.' 'What could be
more inappropriate?
It would shame me for you to
read that, if I didn't know...
you had suffered the same
distortions in the press.
I'm fed up with this
bloody stupid building!
Every day something breaking.
I swear they ought to tear
the whole fucking place down.
-How much longer do we have?
-Ten minutes, max.
Instructions for answering...
were probably in the section
Lecter tore out.
Why not just throw
the whole note away?
It was full of compliments.
He couldn't bear
to part with them.
Now we can mash just a little.
You're so sly.
But so am I.
Aniline dyes and colored inks
are transparent to infrared.
These could be the tips of 'T's'
here and here.
On the end, that's a 'P,' 'or possibly an 'R.' '
Maybe this is where he's telling
Lecter how to answer him.
There's only one way to carry on
a conversation...
that's one-way blind.
Publication. Wait a minute.
We know this guy reads the Tattler.
That's in his note, right?
The Tooth Fairy,
they made that up.

Three ''T's'' and an ''R''
in ''Tattler.''
How do you communicate
through a tabloid?
-You got what? News stories.
-Personals.
Maybe he wants Lecter to answer
him through the personals?
-That could be it.
-We need proofs of the pages...
before the next Tattler's published!
I'm on it!
Investigator Graham
interests me.
Not your standard gumshoe,
is he?
More alert.
Purposeful looking.
You should have taught him
not to meddle.
Forgive the stationery.
I chose it because
it'll dissolve very quickly...
if you should
have to swallow it.
If I hear from you, next time
I might send you something wet.
Until then, dear Doctor...
I remain your most...
avid fan.
The Tattler got an ad order
signed 666...
Baltimore postmark
on the envelope.
It's set to run this afternoon.
Chicago field office is sending
the text through now.
-''Dear Pilgrim.''
-That's it.
Lecter called him a pilgrim
when we talked.
''You honor me.
You're very beautiful.''
Christ!
''I offer 100 prayers

for your safety.

'Find help in John 6:22, 8:16...

'9:

-Code.

-Has to be.

We've got 19 minutes to get in
a message if we can break this.

The Tattler can't hold
its presses any longer.

It's simple.

They only needed cover
against casual readers.

-I'm thinking it's a book code.

-Code?

The first numeral...

'100 prayers,'

may be the page number.

The numbers after could be
line and letter. But what book?

-Bible?

-No, he's got 'Galatians 15:2.'

It has only six chapters.

Same with 'Jonah 6:8.'

It has four chapters.

He wasn't using a Bible.

Then the Tooth Fairy
named the book to use.

He specified it in his note,
in the part Lecter tore out.

It would appear so.

What about sweating Lecter?

In a mental hospital...

-I would think drugs--

-No.

They tried sodium amytal on him
three years ago, to find out...

where he buried

the Princeton student.

He gave them a recipe for dip.

If we sweat him,

we lose the connection.

If the Tooth Fairy

picked the book...

he knew Lecter would have it
in his cell.

-Can we get a list of his books?

-From Chilton, maybe.

No! Wait! Rankin and Willingham,
when they tossed his cell...
took Polaroids so they could put
everything back in place.

Ask them to meet me with
pictures of his bookshelves!

-Where?

-The Library!

I'm leery of letting
Lecter's message run...

without knowing what it says.

I say let this one run.

We keep working on the code.

At least it'll encourage
the Fairy to contact him again.

What if it encourages him
to do something besides write?

I don't like this any better than you.

But it's our best shot.

National Tattler Building,
Chicago, 11

Library of Congress,
Washington, D.C.

Oh, my God!

Hello?

Jack, it's Lloyd Bowman.

I solved the code.

You need to know what it says
right now.

Okay, Lloyd.

It says,

'Graham home, Marathon, Florida.

'Save yourself. Kill them all.'

-Yeah?

-Bowman just broke the code.

-What does it say?

-I'll tell you in a second.

Now, listen to me. Everything is okay.

I've taken care of it. Stay on
the phone when I tell you.

Tell me now.
Lecter gave the bastard
your home address.
Wait.
Mom?
Head down, ma'am.
Is he after you now?
No, Lecter just suggested it
to him.
I hate this, Molly.
I'm sorry.
-It's a sick feeling.
-I know it is.
But you'll be safe here.
Crawford's brother
owns this place.
No one in the world
knows you're here.
I'd just as soon
not talk about Crawford.
-What are you using as bait?
-Sometimes I use worms.
You like those?
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.
I'm afraid I opened it
without looking.
Sorry.
I think we'll remove
Dr. Lecter's toilet seat.
Atlanta P.D. nailed him.
He had a fake Bureau ID...
and was trying to get
the Leeds family autopsy photos.
It's a Federal beef, so Atlanta
kicked him back to us.
Personally...
I'd like nothing better
than to see the dirt sandwich...
pulling five at Leavenworth.

But maybe there's a better way
to handle this.

Yeah? What's that?

I think we ought
to give him a story.

The Tooth Fairy's ugly...
and he's impotent with members
of the opposite sex.

Also, he sexually molests
his male victims.

While they're alive?

Sorry, I can't go into
those details.

But we do also speculate...

that he's the product
of an incestuous home.

No wonder the creep's
such a loser, right?

That's a tip we got
from Dr. Lecter, by the way.

So it's true that Lecter's
helping with your investigation?

Yes, it's true.

The Doctor was offended
a bottom-feeding lowlife like...

the Tooth Fairy would consider
himself in the same league.

Okay, tell me about this place you got here.

Will, your little

Washington hideaway.

This is an apartment I'm borrowing...

till this creep
goes down in flames.

I keep copies of the evidence
so I can work on it at night.

Make sure you can read the name
on that building.

Yeah.

All right, I got enough.

Just remember, I scratch
your back, you scratch mine.

If my story draws the Fairy
in an attack on Graham...

and you nail the scumbag,

l get an exclusive.
Fuck you, Lounds.
When we see the story,
we'll consider what to do...
about your sealed indictment.
All right, it was a pleasure
doing business with you, chumps.
l feel like l need a shower.
You okay with this?
Better he comes after me
than Molly and Josh.
So, yeah, l'm okay with it.
l wish we had
something better...
but there's only ten days
till the next full moon.
We've got to rattle his cage.
We'll stake out this apartment,
put snipers on the rooftops.
You'll have a moving box tail,
on the street, wherever you go.
You'll wear the Kevlar
at all times. No exceptions.
You again?

Come back at 4:

when l open, all right?
Hey, l told you!
What?
You told me what?
Fucking dickhead!
Is that your fucking name
on the sign?
Where am l?
What am l doing here?
Atoning, Mr. Lounds.
l haven't seen your face.
l couldn't possibly
identify you.
l work for the National Tattler.
It would pay...
a big reward for me.
l mean, a half a million...
or a million, maybe.

Do you know who I am,
Mr. Lounds?
No.
And I don't want to know.
You know, believe me.
According to you,
I'm a vicious, perverted sexual failure...
a ''bottom-feeding lowlife''...
who's about to
''go down in flames.''
I think you know now, don't you?
Yes.
Do you understand
what I'm doing, Mr. Lounds?
No.
But I would like to.
I really want to understand...
and then all my readers
could understand, too.
I am not a man.
I began as one...
but each being
that I change makes me...
more than a man...
as you will witness.
I don't need to see you. No.
But you must, Mr. Lounds.
You're a reporter.
You're here to report.
Open your eyes and look at me.
No.
If you won't open them...
I'll staple your eyelids
to your forehead.
No!
Open your eyes!
Oh, my dear God Jesus!
Oh, God!
Do you want to know what I am?
More than anything.
I was afraid to ask.
Do you see now?
Yeah, I see.
Oh, God.

Mrs. Jacobi in human form.
-Do you see?
-Yes.
Mrs. Leeds in human form.
-Do you see?
-Yes.
-Mrs. Jacobi changing.
-Oh, my God.
Mrs. Leeds changing.
Do you see?
Mrs. Jacobi reborn.
Do you see?
Mrs. Leeds reborn.
-Do you see?
-Please, no.
No? No what?
Not me.
Why did you write lies,
Mr. Lounds?
Graham told me to lie.
It wasn't me.
-Will you tell the truth now?
-Yes!
About me?
-My work?
-Oh, yes.
My becoming?
Yeah.
I am the Dragon,
and you call me insane!
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.
But fear is not what you owe me,
Mr. Lounds.
You owe me awe.
Read.
That's all, Mr. Lounds.
You did very well.

Will you let me go now?
Soon.
There's one more way I can
help you to better understand.
I want to understand.
I do.
And I'm really gonna be fair...
from now on.
You know that.
Hello?
Oh, God, no!
I have had
a great privilege.
I have seen with...
wonder and awe the strength
of the Great Red Dragon.
He has helped me to understand
his splendor...
and now I want to serve him.
He knows you made me lie,
Will Graham.
Because I was forced to lie...
he will be more merciful to me
than to you.
Hello?
Oh, God, no!
We can let this
tie us up in knots...
or we can learn from it.
Maybe even use it
to catch the bastard.
He had to have a van
or panel truck...
to move Lounds around
in that big old wheelchair.
Go on.
He had to already have
the wheelchair...
or know where to get one fast.
It's an antique, not something
you'd find in the house.
Does it strike anybody
that he set this up in a hurry?
The Tattler comes off the press

Monday night.
By Tuesday morning he's
in Chicago, snatching Lounds.
He either lives
in the Chicago area...
or he's within
a driving radius of...
call it six hours.
Find out in this area where
the Tattler was available...
for early distribution
Monday night.
Start with airports,
all-night newsstands.
Maybe a newsie
remembers an odd customer.
Lloyd, this cassette,
enhance the audio.
Maybe you can pick up
something in the background.
That wheelchair...
I want the maker, date,
possible sources.
Graham and I will coordinate
from Chicago. Let's hustle.
Look, there's not gonna be
any answers in Chicago, Jack.
Okay? I mean, Lounds, that was a bonus.
That was a chance to show off.
It doesn't even fit his pattern.
The Leeds and the Jacobis
are what he needs.
I think I should go back to Baltimore.
After what he tried to pull?
Lecter picked up on something
in the missing part of the note.
Not a name, but something,
enough to narrow the search.
Even if he did, he won't tell you.
Not unless
I can offer him something.
Congratulations.
That was most artistic, the way
you disposed of Mr. Lounds.

Your cell looks bigger
with no books in it.
Does it?
I hadn't noticed.
Oh, you will.
I have other resources.
Tell me, Will. Did you enjoy it?
Your first murder?
Of course you did.
Why shouldn't it feel good?
It does to God.
Why, only last week in Texas,
he dropped a church roof...
on the heads of 34 of his worshippers...
as they were
groveling through a hymn.
He wouldn't begrudge you
one journalist.
Put me next to him, Doctor.
You and some SWAT team?
Oh, Will.
Where's the fun in that?
He'll have to take
his chances, too.
A roof can fall on anybody.
But not on Molly and Josh,
I take it.
Not yet, anyway.
First he kills the pet,
then the family.
Freddy was your pet.
They're safe now.
No one will ever be safe
around you, Will.
Clever work on his note,
by the way.
And that blackout was
an especially nice touch.
What else was in that note,
Doctor?
Put me next to him!
That's what you want, isn't it?
To help him succeed
where you failed?

Twice?
Give him a chance to kill me.
Go on, then.
Seduce me with your wares.
Full restoration
of your privileges.
Plus computer access
to the AMA archives.
One hour a week
under supervision, of course...
but it's a one-time offer.
It expires
the minute I walk out of here.
Bit measly, don't you think?
Turn it down, then. See what
terms you get from Chilton.
Are these threats, William?
I'm waiting, Doctor. Or maybe
you've got nothing left to sell.
A little sample, then. Why not?
-Seen the Blake, have you?
-Yes.
No, you've looked but not seen.
Transformation is the key.
The man-dragon...
his ugliness
transformed by power.
Look for a military record
with combat training.
Look for extensive tattooing...
and corrective surgery,
most likely to the face.
Come on, I'm past that already
and you know it.
Give me what I need.
How is he choosing the women?
I've already suggested how.
The answer was in front of you.
-You looked but didn't see.
-Bullshit! No riddles!
Just tell me.
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.
What kind of arrangements?
Oh, nothing much.
Shall we say dinner and a show?
You ready to tell me
what kind of outing this is?
Nope.
You're just full of surprises,
aren't you, D?
Yep.
He's about six feet away.
Can you smell him?
Yeah.
Now, he's a little noisy,
but he's sedated, I assure you.
Doctor Hassler's about to fix
his broken tooth.
Glad you could come,
Ms. McClane.
We appreciate the infrared film,
by the way.
Two more steps.
I'll put your left hand
on the edge of the table.
Now, he's right in front of you.
Take your time.
-D?
-I'm here.
You go ahead.
Here.
Why don't you try this?
Nine steps from the front door
to the clock...
and three more to this room.
Sorry. Force of habit.
That beautiful tiger,
this house, this music....
I don't think anybody knows you
at all, D.

Everybody wonders about you,
though.
Especially the women.
What do they want to know?
They find you...
very mysterious and interesting.
Did they tell you how I look?
They said that you have
a remarkable body.
That you're very sensitive about
your face but you shouldn't be.
Oh, and...
they asked me if...
you are as strong as you look.
And?
I said I didn't know.
Where the hell are you, D?
Here you are.
Do you want to know
what I think about it?
Now, would you show me
where the bathroom is?
I have to do a little work.
-If I'm keeping you from work...
-No.
-...I'll go.
-I want you to be here.
I do. It's just a tape
I need to watch.
It won't take long.
-Do you need to hear it, too?
-No.
May I keep the music?
What's it about?
Some people I'm going to meet.
So then...
it's what? It's a corporate promo?
Some kind of homework?
It's homework. Yeah.
That's a good idea.
It's so important
to be prepared.
My God, are you ever!
No. I won't give her to you. No.

Please, just for a little while.

No...

she's nice.

She's okay.

I had a really terrific time
last night.

But this morning you seem
like a different person.

-Is something wrong?

-I have to go now.

-I have to go away.

-Where?

On a trip.

-When will I see you again?

-Reba, you have to get out. Now.

Dear Mr. Graham.:

Here are the Jacobis'
personal effects, as discussed.

I hope these things
might help you.

Good hunting. Byron Metcalf.

How many more
times are we going to watch this?

'See them living,' he said,
'right in front of you.'

It's something about
these home movies.

Lecter keeps saying,
'You looked, but didn't see.'

Lecter says a lot of things.

Sad damn thing.

But we already knew that.

We can't afford
to let Lecter waste our--

No. Again.

Your dissertation must be
nearly finished, Mr. Crane.

Nearly.

It's nice to be able to connect
a face with a name...

after all our correspondence.

But, you know, you don't look
like I imagined you looked.

What did you think

l looked like?
Different.
Thank you.
Right there! There.
That's what he wanted
the bolt cutter for.
To cut that padlock
and go in through the basement.
But that's a different door.
l don't get it. The one l saw
was flush steel with deadbolts.
Jacobi had a new door installed.
Beginning of January, l think.
It's in here somewhere.
Think he cased the house
with the old door?
He brought the bolt cutter,
didn't he?
He was sure he'd need it.
Why case it two months
in advance and not check it?
l don't know. He was ready
with the bolt cutter...
like at the Leeds' house.
There he was ready
with a glass cutter.
He must've seen the glass when
he walked in the neighborhood.
No. You can't see
that door from the yard.
There's a porch lattice
in the way.
Jack, he knew
the inside of the houses.
Remarkable, isn't it?
Two hundred years old.
Yet so fresh.
So vivid.
He almost looks alive,
doesn't he?
We've just gotten
a report here from the....
Do you still have
the Jacobis' check stubs...

and credit card statements?
We're looking for any kind
of service call or purchase...
that might've required
a stranger...
to enter the house.
-A repairman, delivery guy.
-Anybody in the house.
-Yeah.
-We checked.
I know we checked that...
but now we got to go back
to before January.
-Last year's purchase orders.
-Yeah.
-No collar.
-But please hurry. It's urgent.
No collar.
-Metcalf says--
-No collar.
The dog had no collar
in a neighborhood of dogs...
but he knew which was theirs.
Same with the Jacobis' cat.
No collar, but he knew.
He knew about the padlock.
He knew about the pane of glass.
He knew the layout.
He knew how to get in.
Every goddamn thing he needed
to know was on this....
Oh, Jesus.
Is Metcalf still on the phone?
Give it!
Byron, it's Graham.
You said Niles Jacobi took a few
keepsakes. Do you have a list?
Yeah, right here.
I need to know if something
he took was a home video.
A full-length VHS tape,
compiled from shorter tapes.
-I see one videotape.
-Yes?

But it says, ''Meet the Jacobis. ''

It's Chromalux.

We just got a fax.

An incident

at the Brooklyn Museum.

A guy attacked two employees,

and get this...

ate the Blake painting.

What?

That's him. It's got to be.

If that painting meant so much

to him, why destroy it?

And why didn't he kill

those two women at the museum?

They both got

a good look at him.

Maybe he's trying to stop.

Mr. Crawford,

all you've got is a hunch.

I've got 382 employees,

and they've got a union.

I can't just turn you loose

on their files.

Not without a court order.

There are privacy issues.

The company's exposure.

One of the employees

has already killed 11 people...

that we know of.

If he gets away tonight...

what's the company's exposure

on that?

-I'll get our lawyers here--

-We don't have time for that.

Listen!

We're looking for a white male,

-right-handed with brown hair.

-No--

Listen! Please. He's strong.

He's possibly a bodybuilder.

He might have some kind

of facial disfigurement.

He drives a van

or a panel truck.

That sounds like Mr. D.
Oh, my God.
Who's Mr. D?
Francis Dolarhyde,
Manager of Technical Services.
What does he do exactly?
He maintains the equipment
for tape transfers.
Would he have access
to people's home videotapes?
He has access to every tape
that comes through here.
Thanks for dinner,
and thanks for letting me vent.
Look, no problemo.
Reba, listen, I know it's not
my place to say this....
Go on.
Well, if Dolarhyde is really
as moody as you say he is...
maybe you ought
to keep some distance.
I mean, what do you really know
about the guy?
I appreciate
your concern, Ralph. Really.
And I promise
I'll give it some thought.
-Hey, have a great vacation.
-Thanks.
-See you in a week.
-Good night.
-I had a great time.
-Good night.
Good night!
Ralph, just 'cause
I'm feeling vulnerable--
Wake up.
You wandered around in the house
while I was asleep, didn't you?
What?
The other night,
did you find something odd?
Did you take it and show it

to somebody? Did you do that?
D? What is it?
What's happening?
-Sit still or he'll hear us!
-Who will?
He's upstairs.
He wants you, Reba.
I thought he was gone,
but now he's back.
D, you're scaring me.
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.
You made me weak
and then you hurt me.
No.
No, you can't have her!
Please don't let him have me.
You won't.
I'm for you.
You like me. I know you like me.
Take me with you.
Take you with me?
Yes. Put out your hand.
Feel this. That's a shotgun.
A 12-gauge magnum.
Do you know what it'll do?
I wish I could have trusted you.
I wanted to trust you.
You felt so good!
So did you.
-Please don't hurt me now.
-It's all over for me.
-Where are you?
-I can't leave you to him.
Do you know what he'll do?
He'll bite you to death.
He'll hurt you so bad!
I can't let that happen.
-It's better if you go with me.
-Yes, God, get us out of here!
-I'll shoot you and then myself.

-Oh, no.
-I have to shoot you.
-No....
I can't do it.
D!
Three steps to the clock.
From the clock to the door,
nine more.
Oh, God.
What is that?
What the hell is that?
That's the place.
Goddamn it!
All units,
that's his house that's burning.
FBI!
Francis Dolarhyde! Where is he?
He's in there. He is dead.
You know that?
He shot himself in the face.
I put my hand in it.
He set fire to the house.
He was on the floor, and I--
You all right?
That's all I need.
I'd like to come back
before I leave town.
-See how you're doing.
-Sure, why not?
Who could resist a charmer like me?
You know, whatever part of him
was still human...
was only kept alive
because of you.
You probably saved some lives.
You didn't draw a freak. Okay?
You drew a man
with a freak on his back.
I should have known.
No, sometimes you don't.
Trust me, I've been there.
Listen to me. There was
plenty wrong with Dolarhyde...
but there's nothing wrong

with you.
Except your hair.
Your hair is a train wreck.
Can we please
do something about that?
For next time, maybe? Please?
That would be nice.
-Thank you.
-Just get some rest.
You're gonna be fine.
Dr. Voss,
please call Pharmacy 4421.
We found this in his safe.
Thought you might
want to take the first look.
You've earned it.
When I read his journal,
it was sad.
It was just so sad.
I couldn't help
feeling sorry for him.
He wasn't born a monster.
This guy was made one
through years of abuse.
-Hey.
-Hey, Dad, can we make s'mores?
-S'mores?
-Yeah, s'mores.
-Yeah, you're on.
-All right.
-Go look in the pantry.
-Okay.
Crawford.
Those remains you found
in the rubble.
-They're not Dolarhyde's.
-What are you talking about?
-His damn dentures were there.
-But not his bones.
Wrong DNA.
Then whose are they?
Saint Louis P.D.
is looking for...
a Chromalux employee

named Ralph Mandy.
He should be on vacation,
so nobody missed him for a week.
-What is taking him so long?
-Are you kidding?
It takes him 20 minutes to get
out of bed in the morning.
Yeah, but now I have
a serious marshmallow jones.
Josh, what are you doing?
We can't come to the
phone. You know the deal.
Wait for the beep.
It's Jack.
It's Dolarhyde. He's still alive.
I'm scrambling everything
that rolls or flies...
but they'll take time to arrive.
Will?
Christ, Will, where are you?
Drop it. Do it now, gumshoe.
Your son is about to change.
Then your wife.
You can watch.
Then I'll take care of you.
Look at you.
I've never seen
a child as disgusting as you!
You pissed your pants?
How dare you!
You dirty little beast.
You want me to cut it off?
Want me to do that,
you little freak?
You want me to cut it off?
Do you? Don't cry at me,
you little faggot!
Apologize! Say, 'I'm sorry,
Daddy! I'm a dirty little beast.
'I'm a freak.' Say it!
-No.
-Say it!
-Dad!
-Say it, or I will cut it off!

'I'm a dirty little beast.
'Freak! Harelip!
'And no one will ever love me. ''
Josh, run! Run!
Get down!
You okay?
-Josh?
-Mom?
Will?
Where are you guys?
I thought I heard
some kind of....
Will?
Molly, get down!
Will!
Shoot....
What?
Shoot him. Shoot him.
Mommy?

My dear Will.:

You must be healed by now.
On the outside, at least.
I hope you're not too ugly.
What a collection of scars
you have!
Never forget
who gave you the best of them.
And be grateful.
Our scars have the power
to remind us the past was real.
We live in a primitive time,
don't we, Will?
Neither savage nor wise.
Half measures
are the curse of it.
A rational society would either
kill me or put me to some use.
Do you dream much, Will?
I think of you often.
Your old friend,
Hannibal Lecter.
Hannibal?
There's someone here to see you.

Wants to ask a few questions.
I said you'd probably refuse.
A young woman.
Says she's from the FBI.
Though she's far too pretty,
if you ask me.
I'll tell her you said no.
What is her name?