

ARDELIA, CLARICE, CRAWFORD, FBI GUY
Inside the FBI Morgue

ARDELIA: Clarice, I'm worried about you. Ever since meeting with Lecter, you've just been...I don't know...distant. I want you to be careful with all of this.

CLARICE: I can take care of myself.

CRAWFORD: So Starling, here's what we know. He keeps the bodies for three days, shoots them, skins them, and then dumps them. This photo is of the first victim, Frederica Bimmel. Enormous! Tell me what you see.

FBI GUY: I can see my house from here!

CLARICE: White male...lives alone. He's establishing trademarks, like when Wayne Gacy gagged his victims with their own underwear so that they died in their own vomit.

FBI GUY: Is anyone else craving gazpacho right now?

CRAWFORD: Excellent work, Starling! My instincts were right about you.

CLARICE: Thank you, shir.

ARDELIA: That's my girl. Keep your eye on the prize.

CRAWFORD: Whenever you're ready Starling.

FBI GUY: That women's gonna do the work?

CRAWFORD: Please. She's practically a man. *(He nods to coroner)* Go ahead Starling.

FBI GUY: Oh sick! It's a dead body!

CLARICE *(into her recorder)*: She's um...fat. *(beat)* Really, really fat.

ARDELIA: How fat is she?

CLARICE: She's so fat that if she jumped up in the air, she'd get stuck. *(they respond)* She's so fat that if she wore a red dress, all the kids would be like, "Hey Kool-Aid!" She is so fat...

CRAWFORD: Starling.

CLARICE: Shorry.