

*CLARICE & BUFFALO BILL*  
*Buffalo Bill's House*

*Bill opens his front door for Clarice.*

**CLARICE** (*holding up her badge*): Hello Shir, I'm Agent Shtarling of the FBI, have you seen this girl? (holds up a milk carton)

**BUFFALO BILL**: No. Why?

**CLARICE**: I understand she did some sewing work for Mrs. Lippman.

**BUFFALO BILL** (mumbles something unintelligible)

**CLARICE**: I'm shorry? Could you repeat that?

**BUFFALO BILL** (mumbles louder)

**CLARICE**: I'm shorry? (looks helpless)

**BUFFALO BILL**: Oh wait, was she a great big fat person?

**CLARICE**: She was a big girl.

**BUFFALO BILL**: How big was she?

**CLARICE** (*restraining herself*): She was a big girl.

**BUFFALO BILL**: Mrs. Lippman's dead, but she had a son. I've got his number here somewhere. Why don't you come in, and I'll look for it. (*More muttering*)

**CLARICE**: Thank you. How long have you lived here sir?

**BUFFALO BILL**: Umm...let's see...about...um...about 14 years-- (*corrects himself*) I mean, about two years. So, have you guys found anything? The cops around here don't seem to have the first clue. I mean, you got, like, a description, fingerprints, anything like that?

**CLARICE**: No. No.

**BUFFALO BILL**: Here's that number.

**CLARICE**: Thank you, sir. Can I use your phone?

**BUFFALO BILL**: Sure you can use my phone.

**CLARICE**: (*using her fingers as a gun*): Freeze! Turn around and put your hands on your—