

CRAWFORD: Starling, Clarice M. Good Morning.

CLARICE: (*noticeable lisp*) Actually, it's Clarice M. Starling, shir.

CRAWFORD: You know, I remember you from my seminar at UVA on J. Edgar Hoover.

CLARICE: "FBI: The Fabulous Years."

CRAWFORD: You grilled me pretty hard. (Clarice reacts) But, you got an "A", yes?

CLARICE: Actually, it was an "A"-minus, shir.

CRAWFORD: Let's have a look at your records. Let's see, you majored in psychological criminology and minored in dance.

CLARICE: Tap, jazz and ballet, shir.

CRAWFORD: Impressive.

CLARICE: Thank you.

CRAWFORD: We're currently interviewing all of the serial killers in custody, for psychobehavioral profiles. In the past, we've found these interviews to be helpful in unsolved cases. Do you spook easily, Starling?

CLARICE: Not yet, shir.

The phone on Crawford's desk rings and Clarice SCREAMS.

CRAWFORD (*into the phone*): Crawford. Extra crispy! (*He hangs up*) Now, most of the killers have been willing to chat with us, but the one we want the most refuses to cooperate. The psychiatrist: Hannibal Lecter.

CLARICE: Hannibal the Cannibal.

CRAWFORD: What?

CLARICE: I said, "Hannibal the Cannibal."

CRAWFORD: Clarice, that's delightful. Did you just make that up?

CLARICE: No I don't think so. I think I've heard it before...maybe in the paper?

CRAWFORD: Hannibal the Cannibal. That's wonderful.