

CLARICE & DR. LECTER
Outside Lecter's Cell

CLARICE: Dr. Lecter, my name is Clarice Starling. May I speak with you?

DR. LECTER: A census taker tried to test me once. I ate his--

CLARICE: --liver with some fava beans and a nice Chianti. (*She makes sucking, slurping noise*) Yes I know.

DR. LECTER: Truth be told, it was an indifferent '31 Beaujolais and a fluffy rice pilaf. You're with Jack Crawford, aren't you? May I see your credentials? *She presents an ID.* That's an appointment card for a high colonic. I see you've chosen the large nozzle. Impressive.

Clarice realizes her mistake and quickly pulls out her proper ID.

DR. LECTER (CONT'D): Closer...closer...closer! Expiration: one week. You're not real FBI, are you?

CLARICE: I'm a student, shir.

DR. LECTER: Jack Crawford sent a trainee to me?

CLARICE: I'm here to learn from you. Perhaps you can decide if I'm qualified to do that.

DR. LECTER: Well, well, well. That is rather slippery of you, Agent Starling. Please sit.

CLARICE: I wonder Dr. Lecter, if perhaps you're as good at filling out surveys, as you are at drawing? I have here...

DR. LECTER: No, no, no Agent Starling! You were doing so well. Polite conversation, eye to eye contact, and then this. This clumsy segue-way to get me to fill out a survey. Boring. Tell me, what did Miggs say to you. 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 know what I see when I look at you? I see a little girl; a scared little girl in an asylum in Baltimore looking at me in a prison cell. She's wearing a brown jacket and a white shirt. She's also wearing pants and has a briefcase. Her eyes are blue, her hair: short and brown. Might even be a wig...and she works for Jack Crawford at the F.....B.....I....

CLARICE: You shee a lot doctor, but why don't you point that high-powered perception at yourself? Why don't you take a look in a mirror and tell me what you shee? Shcaredy cat.

DR. LECTER: I know you are but what am I?