

MANHUNTER

RED DRAGON

by

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Based on a Novel by
Thomas Harris

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RED DRAGON

1

FADE IN:

1

EXT. BOATYARD, MARATHON, FLORIDA - SKY + CLOUD - DAY

becomes water. We start to hear a ratchet click. A BOLT is tightened on a Cummins Diesel head. The arm tightening it belongs to WILL GRAHAM. Graham's sweat shirt with cutoff sleeves is bleach-stained. He's tan in violet shorts & wears work gloves. He senses and looks up.

GRAHAM'S POV: JACK CRAWFORD very out of place in a Washington, D.C. suit. Graham stops working.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. MARATHON, FLORIDA BEACH - GRAHAM + CRAWFORD - DAY

2

The highlit aqua water burns out sections of the two men imposed in front of it. The beach is white sand. JACK CRAWFORD - mid forties, large - threw his suitcoat over the upturned dinky and rolled up his white shirt sleeves. Graham feels native to the Florida sand & sun. Crawford drinks from a glass of iced tea. Then:

CRAWFORD

We should have talked at the boatyard. You don't want to talk about it here...

GRAHAM

I'm not falling all over myself to talk about it much of anywhere, Jack.

CRAWFORD

How much do you know?

GRAHAM

Not much.

CRAWFORD

They get newspapers, radio and TV, stuff like that down here?

GRAHAM

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Crawford takes a sip of the iced tea and looks at Graham.
Graham flips his cigarette into the surf.

CRAWFORD

... the Birmingham one was in
the papers over a month ago.
Second one in Atlanta was all
over TV. You ever think about
givin' me a call?

GRAHAM

No.

CRAWFORD

Why not?

GRAHAM

You already have the best lab and
you got Bloom at the University of
Chicago...

CRAWFORD

And I got you down here fixing
motorboats.

GRAHAM

Hey, I quit. Remember?

(beat)

I wouldn't be much use to you.

CRAWFORD

Yeah? Last two like this we
had, you caught.

GRAHAM

Three years ago. And by doing
the same things you and Bowman
and the rest of the guys at the
lab are doing.

CRAWFORD

Not entirely true, Will. It's
the way you think.

GRAHAM

I think there's been a lot of
bullshit about the way I think.

(beat)

I came down here to get away
from all that.

(CONTINUED)

CRAWFORD

You look all right now.

GRAHAM

I am... all right.

Crawford pulls two pictures from his shirt pocket.

CRAWFORD

If you can't look anymore, I understand...

He keeps them face down. They draw at Will. Crawford knows this. Graham looks at him & smiles:

GRAHAM

Marjorie Brown from Lincoln,
Nebraska! C'mon down! This
a quiz show you're running?
You think you're gonna get me
by curiosity?

*
*
*
*

Crawford laughs, caught out. Then the smile falls off:

CRAWFORD

... if I didn't really need you to
come back, Will, I wouldn't ask.
This one's on a lunar cycle. I
got three and a half weeks until the
next full moon. We got a better
chance to get him fast if you help.

Graham pauses, then nods towards the pictures.

3

PICTURES

3

If we expected gory crime photos, these are not them. Two snapshots: a woman, a man & two boys (Leeds family) spread around a back yard. A second family (Jacobi) behind a birthday cake at a table. They're all smiling. We do not know why these ordinary pictures are ominous to Graham and Crawford. We'll find out later.

4

CLOSE: GRAHAM

4

looks at the pictures for a full twenty seconds. Then he puts them down and looks along the beach. It's going to be hard for Graham to say "no". He looks up and sees:

5

GRAHAM'S POV: MOLLY + KEVIN

5

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

KEVIN - lanky and tall at eleven - hunkers down at the water's edge, 50 yards away examining something in the sand. MOLLY - suntanned, blonde and sensuous at thirty stands watching the two men, her hand on her hip. She's holding her shoes. Waves career around her ankles. Her body language openly states hostility. It's toward's Crawford.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Stay and eat. I'll think about it.

CRAWFORD (O.S.)

Can I use the phone? I probably got a stack of messages at the Holiday Inn...

Molly starts walking forward. On it...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - KEVIN - SUNSET

working in the sand. Behind him Graham staples chicken wire to two foot-high fence posts.

KEVIN

Will it keep them out, Dad?

GRAHAM

Yeah...

KEVIN

How many turtle eggs you think are in here?

GRAHAM

In this hatchery? Forty to fifty.

KEVIN

Crabs would kill most of the newborns before they made it to the sea, huh?

GRAHAM

Sure, but not now. These will all make it... guaranteed.

CUT TO:

7

INT./EXT. GRAHAM HOUSE - CRAWFORD + MOLLY - TWILIGHT

7

On the porch. In the f.g. is an aquaculture tank with salt water shrimp. Behind them at the water's edge Graham and Kevin are working on a fence. Crawford and Molly say nothing to each other for a while. Then, finally:

MOLLY

You're supposed to be his friend, Jack.
Why don't you leave him alone?

CRAWFORD

Because it's his bad luck to be
the best. There's nobody better
looking at evidence.

MOLLY

Yeah. And...?

CRAWFORD

...and he has the other thing, too.
(pause)
He doesn't like that part of it...

MOLLY

You wouldn't like it either if
you had it.

There is a pause between them. Crawford leans forward, resting his thick, pale forearms on his knees.

CRAWFORD

Talking about "like", you don't
like me very much, do you?

MOLLY

No.

(beat)

I don't like it that you even asked him.

CRAWFORD

If he decides to do it, I'll
keep him as far away from it as
I can, Molly...

*

*

*

CUT TO:

8

INT. MOLLY + GRAHAM'S BEDROOM, - NIGHT

8

Molly and Graham have made love. An electric blue sheet is entwined with their bodies. Beyond - out the open windows - the moon irradiates the surf. It kicks up spray like silver powder. Molly's head is on Graham's chest. He exhales blue tendrils of smoke.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

He stopped by to see me in the office
before he found you on the dock.

GRAHAM

What did he want?

MOLLY

Take the temperature, I guess.

GRAHAM

(beat)

You've seen my diploma? I'm a
forensic specialist.

(sarcastic)

I got a diploma and everything.

MOLLY

That and two dimes gets you a
phone call...

Graham smiles at her.

MOLLY

(continuing)

You're open and easy now, Will...
It took you a lot of work to get
there.

GRAHAM

We have it good, don't we?

MOLLY

We have it great. All the things
that happened to you before make
you know that...

GRAHAM

If I went back, I'd only look at
evidence. He'd never see me or
know my name. If we found him,
the police would take him down,
not me.

(beat)

What do you think?

MOLLY

I think you've already decided.
And you're not really asking.

GRAHAM

If I were asking... ?

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

Stay here with me.

(beat)

Me and Kevin. It's selfish.

And I don't care...

GRAHAM

(light smile)

I don't care either.

(pause)

C'mere...

Graham pulls Molly over on top of him. Her face looks into his face.

He smiles at her. She smiles back. He caresses her hair. His hand moves down her back. His arm pulls her face next to his. She touches his hair. She closes her eyes. As they start making love again, unseen by Graham, her smile goes away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTA STREET - WIDE - TWILIGHT

Trees lining the curb are underlit with green light. The sky's red. (OFX) It rained. The sidewalks are wet. They are drying in splotches. The street is deserted. The front walk vertically bisects the FRAME. An Atlanta Police Department car pulls to the curb and stops. Will Graham opens the door, lighting the interior.

INT. ATLANTA P.D. CAR SEET - GRAHAM'S HAND - TWILIGHT

starts pulling from his bag his instruments, the tools of his trade: Tekna flashlight, black Olympus, black micro cassette recorder, all of it's well worn.

OFFICER

I'll come inside with you, if you like, to show you around. Mr. Crawford said maybe you'd want to be alone, but...

GRAHAM

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER

Uh... a VTR is set up in your hotel room. They transferred some home movies of both families onto half-inch VHS.

GRAHAM

(getting out)

Thanks.

Graham exits the car and walks TOWARDS us. We PAN AROUND as he moves through EXTREME CLOSEUP and see the Leeds family house with all of the Atlanta Police Department "crime scene" postings. Graham doesn't enter the front door. He walks around the side.

CUT TO:

11

INT. LEEDS HOUSE, KITCHEN - WIDE - NIGHT

11

Three big sliding glass doors. The center one has been replaced with plywood. It's dark. A flashlight's beam starts playing through the bushes in the sideyard... ... then the light appears and blasts in the lens. It lights dishes in the sink. The dark kitchen looks like anybody's kitchen. The house feels occupied. The Leeds' possessions have been undisturbed.

CLOSE: GLASS DOOR

We hear the lock CLICK and the door slide open as Graham enters. It's like he's a burglar.

GRAHAM'S FEET

walk through the kitchen as if he knows where he's going. A thermostat CLICKS and air conditioning comes on. Graham's feet pass OUT OF FRAME...

12

INT. LEEDS HOUSE, SECOND STORY - FLOOR

12

is empty. The carpet is dark. We hear Graham's footsteps up the stairs. Then his feet ENTER THE FRAME and a flashlight beam hits the carpet. It dwells on a couple of dark stains. TRACK WITH Graham's feet to the entry to the master bedroom. The bedroom is dark. We see nothing.

13

INT. LEEDS MASTER BEDROOM - LIGHTSWITCH

13

Graham's HAND ENTERS. He hits the lightswitch.

A13 BLOOD

A13

screams at us from the walls.

B13 CLOSE: GRAHAM

B13

doesn't visibly react. DOLLY with Graham as he crosses to center of room.

GRAHAM'S POV: MOVING INTO CENTER OF THE ROOM

The bloodstains are extensive. Half the walls look like a monochromatic Jackson Pollock. The mirrors are smashed. Taped outlines on the mattress indicate where the bodies had been found.

C13 OVERHEAD ANGLE - GRAHAM

C13

opens the file he carries containing autopsy, lab and crime reports. Graham stands alone in the middle of the master bedroom. The crime scene: disarray, the big splashes of blood on right wall, smeared blood stains on the left, smashed mirrors, taped outlines of bodies. Graham pulls out a tape recorder and starts dictating his own notes, thumbing through various reports for reference. He tries to keep emotional responses repressed to stay clinical, professional.

GRAHAM

Intruder entered through kitchen sliding door. Used a glass cutter anchored to a suction cup. His entry was skillful. Prints are all smooth gloves. Blonde hair. Strong. Size eleven shoe imprint in lawn. Blood AB positive typed from saliva on the glass from licking the suction cup. Why didn't he care that he left saliva on the glass? It was hot out that night. Inside, the house must have been cool to him...

(beat)

Intruder cut Charles Leeds' throat as he was rising. Shot Mrs. Leeds. Bullet entered the right of her navel and lodged in her lumbar spine, but she died of strangulation... increase of serotonin and free histamine levels in gunshot wound indicates... she lived at least five minutes after she was shot... All her other injuries were post-mortem. Then he went toward the children's room.

(breathes)

(CONTINUED)

C13

CONTINUED

C13

GRAHAM (cont'd)

Direction and velocity of bloodstains on the east wall indicate arterial spray... Even with his throat cut, Mr. Leeds tried to fight. Because the intruder was moving to the children's room...

(breathes)

Bloodstains and matted sliding marks on hall carpet and west wall of master bedroom remain unexplained... as does superficial ligature mark around Mr. Leeds' chest, believed to be post-mortem.

(beat)

. What did the killer do with them after they were dead?

Graham clicks off his tape recorder.

CUT TO:

14

INT. LEEDS BATHROOM - MEDICINE CABINET - NIGHT

14

is dark. We see nothing. Light comes on. Graham enters. He rests his hands on the sides of the sink. He turns on the water using the end of a tooth brush. He pops two pills, cups his hands under the faucet and drinks. He looks at himself in the mirror. He is breathing normally. The phone rings. It's answered by the answering machine.

VALERIE LEEDS (V.O.)

This is Valerie Leeds. Sorry I can't come to the phone right now, but if you'd like to leave a message, I'll get back to you as soon as I can... (tone, click)

GRAHAM is staring at himself in the mirror in the normal domesticity of a family bathroom. He doesn't let his emotions unnerve him.

*

*

CUT TO:

15

EXT. LEEDS HOUSE - PORCH ROOF - WIDE - NIGHT

15

The window opens and Graham climbs onto the porch roof and sits on the gritty shingles. We're looking for a distressed reaction. There is none. Graham is clamped down. Beyond him, the lights of Atlanta and the stars are brilliant...

(CONTINUED)

More brilliant than they ought to be. The Perseides Meteor shower's at its maximum. This is not a normal image. He takes out his tape recorder again.

GRAHAM

There's a wicker dog bed on the back porch. There's a doghouse in the backyard. Where's the dog?

HOLD ON Graham.

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTA MARRIOTT HOTEL, GLASS ELEVATOR - WIDE - NIGHT

Graham riding up with two half-drunk CONVENTIONEERS with big "Hi" badges and a GOOD-LOOKING WOMAN in a low-cut black dress. Outside, Atlanta to Graham feels like a city of sales meetings, credit cards and night lights. Its population's blithe spirit is not part of Graham's life.

CONVENTIONEER #1

Hi, hon. Wanna party?

Lady ignores them and exits at a floor. As elevator continues to rise:

CONVENTIONEER #1

(continues)

...like to rip me off a piece of that!

CONVENTIONEER #2

Fuck her 'til her nose bleeds.
(laughs)

GRAHAM

snaps alert and stares at Conventioneer #2.

CONVENTIONEER #2

sips his gin and tonic, senses Graham's stare. He smiles.

CONVENTIONEER #1

... the hell you lookin' at?

Graham looks away. The elevator stops. The door opens. Conventioneer #1 drags out Conventioneer #2:

CONVENTIONEER #2

What are you, a faggot?

(CONTINUED)

Both Conventioneers laugh as they walk down the hall. Conventioneer #1 wiggles his fat hips and apes a limp wrist. Graham looks away.

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTA MARRIOTT HOTEL ROOM - VTR MONITOR: LEEDS
FAMILY KITCHEN - NIGHT

We are seeing a videotape transfer of the Leeds family home movie. Mr. Leeds and Mrs. Leeds are at the kitchen table while the youngest boy is in the center. Mrs. Leeds has her arms crossed underneath her breasts. She's a young mother, sensual and warm. She smiles. Mr. Leeds reads the Sunday paper and waves at the camera while the youngest boy (7) makes a face. Mr. Leeds has thinning hair. He's a big man. He looks like a nice guy. The camera must be on a tripod because the older Leeds boy (9) runs into the frame, tousles his father's hair and darts out. Mrs. Leeds laughs, gets up to pour a cup of coffee. The image suddenly cuts out. VIDEO NOISE.

GRAHAM

hits the "Stop" button. He picks up a measured field sketch of the master bedroom. The bloodstains are represented in outline. Two are along the left wall. The arterial splashes from Mr. Leeds are on the right wall. Mr. and Mrs. Leeds' body positions are indicated on the king-size mattress.

GRAHAM

(into the tape
recorder)

When they were dead, he smashed the mirrors and began selecting shards that he used later on Mrs. Leeds. Struggling with Mr. Leeds and killing the others would take less than a minute. Mrs. Leeds' injuries were post-mortem. Four, five minutes later. What did he do in the interval?

(beat)

Smearred bloodstains on the west wall, not from Mr. Leeds' arterial spray...

Graham can't go any further. He is frustrated. He picks up the phone and dials. He waits. Then:

GRAHAM

(continuing;
into phone)

Molly?

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY (V.O.)
(asleep)

Huh?

(beat)

Will? Is that you?

GRAHAM

Yeah, it's me. I'll call you tomorrow, sweetheart. Go back to sleep.

(beat)

I love you...

MOLLY (V.O.)

Mmmh... I love you, too, honey,
Good night.

Will hangs up the phone. He reaches over and punches "Play" on the VTR.

WIDE SHOT: THE ROOM - GRAHAM

VTR plays Mrs. Leeds again in the home movie: she laughs and pours a cup of coffee. The camera clumsily whip-pans to the sliding glass door and their dog, Scottie, rushes in panting. Mrs. Leeds smiles.

GRAHAM

(into tape recorder)

In the interval after you killed them, you moved the kids, didn't you? Did you arrange them on the west wall for your performance with Mrs. Leeds on the bed? Are those the smeared bloodstains? Did you tie Mr. Leeds sitting up in bed? That's the post-mortem ligature on his chest. Did you make them your audience? For whatever fantasies you're playing out?

(beat)

Then move the kids back into their beds? What are you fantasizing?

(beat)

That is something you can't afford for me to know about. Isn't it? Mrs. Leeds was lovely, wasn't she? It was maddening to have to wear gloves when you touched her, wasn't it?

(beat)

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM (cont'd)

There was talcum powder on her leg.
There was no talcum powder in the
bathroom.

(beat)

The powder they found came out of a
rubber glove as you pulled it off to
touch her. You took off your glove
to touch her. DIDN'T YOU, YOU
SON-OF-A-BITCH?! You touched her
with your bare hands! And then you
put the gloves back on! And wiped
her down! While your gloves were off...

(shouts)

DID YOU OPEN YOUR AUDIENCE'S EYES SO
THEY COULD SEE?

FAST MOVEMENTS: GRAHAM'S HAND

snakes out and hits the "Stop" button on the VTR.

PHONE

is picked up and we MOVE WITH IT to his face. Graham punches
numbers into the phone. He waits. Suddenly his voice is
calm, quiet.

GRAHAM

Jack, this is Graham. Is Price
still in Latent Prints?

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

He's working on the Single Print
Index. What time is it?

GRAHAM

Get him to Atlanta.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

You said the guy down there is good.

GRAHAM

He is good. But not as good as
Price.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

What do you want him to do?

GRAHAM

Dust Mrs. Leeds' finger and toenails.
And the corneas of all their eyes.

(beat)

I think he took off his gloves, Jack.

CUT TO:

18

INT. ATLANTA DETECTIVE BUREAU - MOVING WITH GRAHAM,
CRAWFORD + SPRINGFIELD - DAY

18

down the corridor on the move (steadicam):

SPRINGFIELD

Our people swear he wore surgeons' gloves the whole time. They dusted everything.

GRAHAM

The report didn't mention nails and eyes.

SPRINGFIELD

Why do you think he took his gloves off?

GRAHAM

Mrs. Leeds was a good-looking woman. I'd want to touch her in an intimate situation, wouldn't you?

SPRINGFIELD

(sudden distaste)

"Intimate?!"

GRAHAM

Yes. "Intimate." They had privacy.

(beat)

Everybody else was dead.

CUT TO:

19

INT. ATLANTA DETECTIVE BUREAU - SQUAD ROOM

19

Springfield looks at Graham as he passes. Then to Crawford. The look says he needs answers, not voodoo. Crawford has a smug smile on his face. We don't know why. We'll find out. Twenty DETECTIVES sit at desks. Graham and Crawford move to the back of the class.

SPRINGFIELD

All right. House to house interviews will be extended four additional blocks. R & I has loaned us two clerks to help cross-matching airline reservations between Birmingham last month and between Atlanta now.

(beat)

Dr. Princi.

(CONTINUED)

DR. DOMINICK PRINCI, Chief Medical Examiner for Fulton County, walks to the front and stands under a drawing of teeth. He holds up a dental cast.

DR. PRINCI

This is what the subject's teeth look like. The Smithsonian in Washington reconstructed them from the impressions we took of bite marks off the Leeds woman here and off the Jacobi woman last month in Birmingham.

(beat)

As you can see, he has pegged lateral incisors - the teeth here and here.

SPRINGFIELD

Investigator Graham has worked this kind of thing before. Can you add anything?

Graham doesn't like talking in public. He stutters and starts to say something...

SPRINGFIELD

(continuing)

Can't hear you! Come on up to the front...

Graham walks to the front of the room.

GRAHAM

The, uh, bodies being arranged to a plan and the mirrors make me believe there's a rich and intense fantasy life being worked out here. You... have to think of that as his motive. Like a burglar's motive is money. So after he steals you can predict he'll fence it. So you work local fences. This killer's motive is to act out his fantasies...

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(CONTINUED)

SPRINGFIELD

What's his fantasy?

GRAHAM

I, uh, I don't know...

SPRINGFIELD

How do you know the bodies were arranged into an audience?

GRAHAM

He opened their eyes!

SPRINGFIELD

You know that for sure?

GRAHAM

No.

SPRINGFIELD

(checks watch)

Uh-huh. What else do you have for us?

GRAHAM

That's all I have...

As Graham is sitting down.

SPRINGFIELD

All right. Vice and Narcotics, take the K-Y cowboys and the leather bars. Marcus and Whitman heads up at the funeral. The rest of you, your assignments are on the sheet.

They start to rise. Springfield remembers.

SPRINGFIELD

(continuing)

One more thing. I've heard officers referring to the killer as the "Tooth Fairy".

(on laughter)

Yeah, yeah, but I don't want to hear that in public or internal memoranda. That's it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Detectives file out. Crawford and Graham remain. Springfield crosses to them and they wait for all the other detectives to leave.

SPRINGFIELD
(continuing;
to Crawford)

We don't have shit, and we know it.

Dr. Princi joins them.

DR. PRINCI
(to Graham)

The Commissioner was saying you were the one that caught Garrett Jacob Hobbes in Minnesota and then got Dr. Lecktor three years ago.

SPRINGFIELD
Lecktor killed nine people, didn't he?

GRAHAM
Nine that we know of. Two didn't die.

SPRINGFIELD
What happened to them?

GRAHAM
One's on the respirator at a hospital in Baltimore. The other is in a private mental hospital in Denver.

SPRINGFIELD
What did the psychologists say was wrong with Lecktor?

GRAHAM
Psychologists call him a psychopath. They don't know what else to call him.

SPRINGFIELD
Yeah? What would you call him?

Graham doesn't answer. Springfield's probing is antagonistic. Crawford watches the exchange, bemused about something.

SPRINGFIELD
(continuing)
To yourself, I mean...

No answer.

★

(CONTINUED)

SPRINGFIELD (cont'd)

(beat)

I understand he cut you pretty good...

Graham stares at Springfield and does a cold right turn:

GRAHAM

What about the dog?

SPRINGFIELD

It's at the vet's. The kids brought it in with a puncture wound in the abdomen. Icepick or an awl.

GRAHAM

Was the dog wearing a collar with the Leeds name on it?

SPRINGFIELD

No.

GRAHAM

Did the Jacobis in Birmingham have a dog?

CRAWFORD

(alert)

A cat. We found a litter box downstairs but not the cat. Neighbors are watching for it.

GRAHAM

Why don't you get Birmingham P.D. a methane probe out of Washington and have them cover the backyard ... maybe the cat's dead and the kids buried it.

Springfield's skeptical. Crawford starts to move.
The PHONE RINGS.

SPRINGFIELD

(into phone)

Yeah?

(waits)

Lemme put you on the speaker phone.

JIMMIE PRICE (V.O.)

Who am I talking to?

(CONTINUED)

CRAWFORD

Jimmie, it's me, Jack Crawford, and you got Will Graham here.

JIMMIE PRICE (V.O.)

I got a partial print with a tented arch that's probably a thumb and a fragment of a palm off the nail of Mrs. Leeds' left big toe.

(beat)

Thumbprint came off the oldest kid's left eye. It stood out against an eight-ball hemorrhage from the gunshot wound.

CRAWFORD

Can you make an identification off it?

JIMMIE PRICE (V.O.)

Maybe. If he's ever been printed and in my index. I want to work these up in my own darkroom. I'll fax the prints down to you this afternoon.

Hangs up.

SPRINGFIELD

thought Graham was ridiculous about the eyes and the killer touching Mrs. Leeds. Now Springfield's expression is very changed.

GRAHAM'S

face is blank as he leaves. The gratification is all in Crawford's look to Springfield. Springfield watches Graham all the way to the door, then follows him out.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTA POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CRANE DOWN WITH GRAHAM + CRAWFORD - DAY

coming down the stairs and cut around the news media all over the Police Commissioner, the Mayor's P.R. Officer in the b.g. and Springfield who joins them. Nobody recognizes

(CONTINUED)

Crawford and Graham except one short man who separates himself from the pack. He is LOUNDS. He starts chasing them.

LOUDS

Will Graham! Remember me?
Freddie Lounds? I covered the
Lecktor case for the "Tattler".
I did the paperback... !

CLOSE: GRAHAM

walking down the sidewalk. His face is locked like a steel trap. He's repressing something powerful.

LOUDS

(running on, behind
them)

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, Will!
When did they call you in?
What have you got?
Lemme buy you lunch.

Graham won't answer him.

CRAWFORD

Lounds, give it a rest...

LOUDS

I'm doing my job. All right?!
He's news. He's fair game!

(to Graham)

Come on, Graham? Talk to me!

Crawford tries to block Lounds. Lounds moves around him, dogging Graham and Graham faces him. Lounds digs in. He likes his work. They're face to face.

LOUDS

How does this guy compare with
Lecktor? How does he do them?
(long beat)
How does he do them, Will?

GRAHAM

grabs Lounds by the lapels, pivots and SLAMS Lounds upside-down onto the hood of a car. The impact DENTS the hood and

(CONTINUED)

STARS the windshield. Lounds is scared to death. Graham's explosive violence surprises us. His face is inches from Lounds':

GRAHAM

(very low)

Keep the fuck away from me!

Crawford is pulling on Graham. He can't budge him. Graham lets go.

CRAWFORD PULLING GRAHAM

down the sidewalk and Lounds who slides off the car hood.

CRAWFORD

(over his shoulder;
to Lounds)

Get away from here, Lounds!

21

They round a corner. Graham is steaming. He turns on Crawford:

21

GRAHAM

... Son-of-a-bitch snuck in the hospital while I was sedated after Lecktor. Flipped back the sheets and shot pictures...

CRAWFORD

I know...

Graham looks away. Then he lights a cigarette.

GRAHAM

Don't expect too much from me, all right?!

(pause)

We'll get him if we get smart or get lucky.

CRAWFORD

What's "smart"?

GRAHAM

We find what links both families. Some service, vacation, hospital...

(beat)

We find out how he found them. Then we'll find him. He's in the link.

(CONTINUED)

CRAWFORD

They were big consumers: snowmobiles
fishing trips, scuba, lots of medical
and dental. We're working cancelled
checks and credit card changes. Makes
and IRS audit look like a piece of cake.
So far the computers got nothing that
doubles back into both families.

(beat)

What's "lucky"?

GRAHAM

He makes noise going in and the
husband gets to a gun in time.

CRAWFORD

No other possibilities?

GRAHAM

... think I'm gonna see him on the
street and say "there he is!"
That's Houdini you're thinking
about.

(beat)

The Tooth Fairy will go on until
we get smart or get lucky. He
won't stop.

CRAWFORD

Why?

GRAHAM

Because he has a genuine taste
for it.

CRAWFORD

See? You do know something about
him.

Graham doesn't like that thought. After the long stare at
Crawford:

GRAHAM

... not enough. I think tomorrow
morning I'll go see Lecktor.

CRAWFORD

For Christ's sake, why?

GRAHAM

(matter-of-fact)

... recover the mind set, Jack.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED

21

It ends on an off-note and we move onto another off-note:

CUT TO:

22

INT. ATLANTA MARRIOTT HOTEL ROOM - GRAHAM - NIGHT

22

in the middle of packing. Then the PHONE RINGS.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Hello, hotshot!

GRAHAM

Hey, baby! Where are you?

MOLLY (V.O.)

Home. You doin' some good?

GRAHAM

None you'd notice. I'm lonely...

MOLLY (V.O.)

Me, too. I miss my husband...

GRAHAM

Goes both ways... Tell me about yourself.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Day-to-day? It's boring.

GRAHAM

(laughs)

How's Kevin?

MOLLY (V.O.)

Kevin's fine. He had to recover the turtle eggs you two fenced in. The dogs dug them up. Tell me what you're doing.

GRAHAM

Eating junk food.

(beat)

They don't have a lock on anything, Molly. There's not enough physical evidence. Or I haven't done enough with it...

MOLLY (V.O.)

Will you be in Atlanta for a while? I'm not buggin' you about coming home, I just wondered.

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

I don't know. I'm goin' up to
Baltimore tomorrow morning.

MOLLY (V.O.)

To do what?

GRAHAM

I have to see somebody.

There is a silence. Graham does not want to tell Molly he is
going to see Lecktor. Molly stays cool, she doesn't pursue it.

MOLLY (V.O.)

I'm thinking about painting the
kitchen. What color do you like?
Will? Are you there?

GRAHAM

(coming back)

Yeah. Ah... yellow, let's paint
it yellow.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Yellow's a bad color for me.
I'll look green at breakfast.

GRAHAM

Blue, then.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Blue is cold.

GRAHAM

Hey, paint the goddamn room
battleship grey for all I care...

(beat)

I'm sorry. When I come home, we'll
go to the paint store together and
get some chips and....

Molly interrupts:

MOLLY (V.O.)

Will, I don't know why I'm talking
trivia...

(beat)

I called you to tell you I love you
and I miss you. And you are doing -
the right thing. It's costing you,
too. And I know that. And I'm here.
I'll be here whenever you come home.
Or I'll meet you, if you need me to.
Anywhere. Anytime. That's what I
called to tell you...

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED

22

Graham holds the phone close to him. As if it were a part of Molly herself.

GRAHAM

... Molly, dear Molly...

MOLLY (V.O.)

What, Will?

GRAHAM

I love you...

MOLLY (V.O.)

I love you, too, Will.

WIDE SHOT: GRAHAM

slowly hangs up the phone. He sits, round-shouldered, on the bed. Clothes are out of drawers and closets, video-tapes and files: the mess of being only half-packed.

CUT TO:

23

INT. CHESAPEAKE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE -
DR. CHILTON - DAY

23

DR. CHILTON

Dr. Bloom called me yesterday,
Mr. Graham. Or should I call
you Dr. Graham?

GRAHAM (O.S.)

I'm not a doctor.

(beat)

I need to see Lecktor in as much
privacy as possible.

TWO SHOT

Graham sits in front of his desk in a chair. He appears repressed, clamped down. Dr. Chilton is a sincere Chief of Staff, but not gifted.

DR. CHILTON

Dr. Lecktor will stay in his room.
That is absolutely the only place
where he is not put in full body
restraints. One wall of his room
is a double barrier. I'll have
a chair put just outside.

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

I might have to show him some material that could stimulate him.

DR. CHILTON

As long as it's on soft paper.

Dr. Chilton looks over at Graham. There is nothing to read in Graham's face. It is a blank.

DR. CHILTON

(continuing)

The concensus around here is that the only person who's ever demonstrated any practical understanding of Dr. Hannibal Lecktor is you, Mr. Graham. Can you tell me anything about him?

GRAHAM

(cold and automatic)

No.

DR. CHILTON

When you saw Dr. Lecktor's murders, their "style", so to speak, were you able to reconstruct his fantasies inside yourself? And did that help you indentify him?

Big Graham reaction. Dr. Chilton has seen a lot of hostility. Right now he's seeing some more. He tightens up inside.

GRAHAM

(slowly stands)

I'd like to see Lecktor now.

DR. CHILTON

Uh... sure...

CUT TO:

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY SECTION - DOOR - DAY

We HEAR THREE LOCKS OPENING. The door opens. Graham enters. An ATTENDANT behind Graham closes the door and we HEAR the BOLTS LOCK again. As Graham is walking towards us, we WIDEN and TRACK IN. It makes the b.g. disorienting as we get closer to Graham's face. The CAMERA DROPS as Graham sits in a single chair. We haven't yet seen what Graham looks at Now:

GRAHAM'S POV: BARRED CELL

A 6x10 cage. In the center is a three-foot-square perspex sheet. The occupant can't get at someone sitting in front of him. In the perspex is a letter-passing drawer. In the cell - laying on his bunk - is DR. HANNIBAL LECKTOR. He appears to be asleep. His back is to Graham. He has not stirred.

LECKTOR

That's the same atrocious
aftershave you wore in court
three years ago.

GRAHAM

I keep getting it for Christmas.

CLOSE: LECKTOR'S HEAD

turns to us. His small eyes drill into Graham's brain. Lecktor's attitude is professionally psychiatric, as if Graham is the patient.

LECKTOR

Did you get my card?

GRAHAM

I got it. Thank you.

GRAHAM'S

struggle will be to keep locked-down inside himself all his emotional reactions.

LECKTOR

And how is Officer Stuart? The
one who was the first to see my
basement.

GRAHAM

Stuart is fine.

LECKTOR

Emotional problems, I hear. Do
you ever have any problems, Will?

GRAHAM

No.

(CONTINUED)

LECKTOR

Of course, you don't.

(pause)

I'm glad you came. My callers are all clinical psychologists from cornfield colleges somewhere. Second-raters, the lot.

GRAHAM

Dr. Bloom showed me your article on surgical addiction in the Journal of Clinical Psychiatry.

LECKTOR

And?

GRAHAM

Very interesting, even to a layman.

Lecktor rolls around and examines the term "layman" in his head. Then:

LECKTOR

A layman... layman. Interesting term. So many experts on government grants. And you say you're a "layman"? But it was you who caught me, wasn't it, Will? Do you know how you did it?

GRAHAM

You've read the transcript. It's all there.

LECKTOR

No, it's not. Do you know how you did it, Will?

GRAHAM

It's in the transcript. What does it matter now?

LECKTOR

(smiles)

It doesn't matter to me, Will.

GRAHAM

I want you to help me, Dr. Lecktor.

LECKTOR

Yes, I thought so.

GRAHAM

It's about Atlanta and Birmingham.

(CONTINUED)

LECKTOR

Yes.

GRAHAM

You read about it, I'm sure.

LECKTOR

In the papers. I don't tear out the articles.

(laughs)

I wouldn't want them to think I was dwelling on anything morbid. You want to know how he's choosing them, don't you?

GRAHAM

I thought you would have some ideas.

LECKTOR

Why should I tell you?

GRAHAM

There are things you don't have. Research materials... I could speak to the Chief of Staff.

LECKTOR

Chilton? Gruesome, isn't he? He fumbles at your head like a freshman pulling at panty hose.

(laughs)

He tried to give me a Thematic and Apperception Test. Hah. Sat there waiting for MF-13 to come up. It's a card with a woman in bed and a man in the foreground. I was supposed to avoid a sexual interpretation. I laughed in his face.

(beat)

Never mind, it's boring.

GRAHAM

You'll get to see the file on this case. And there's another reason.

LECKTOR

Pray tell.

GRAHAM

I thought you might be curious to find out if you're smarter than the person I'm looking for.

(CONTINUED)

LECKTOR

Then by implication, you think that you are smarter than me, since you caught me.

GRAHAM

No. I know that I'm not smarter than you are.

LECKTOR

Then how did you catch me, Will?

GRAHAM

You had disadvantages.

LECKTOR

What disadvantages?

GRAHAM

You're insane.

LECKTOR

You're very tan, Will.

Graham does not answer. If anything happens, there is a tightening of the musculature repressing his reactions to Lecktor.

LECKTOR

(continuing)

Your hands are rough. They don't look like a cop's hands anymore. That shaving lotion is something a child would select. It has a ship on the bottle, doesn't it?

Another silence. Lecktor's eyes look as if they're drilling into Graham's head, trying to find out things. Trying to find a way to hurt Graham. He's very threatening. Then relaxes:

LECKTOR

(continuing)

Don't think you can persuade me with appeals to my intellectual vanity.

GRAHAM

I don't think I'll persuade you. You'll do it or you won't. Dr. Bloom is working on it anyway, and he's the most...

(CONTINUED)

LECKTOR
(interrupts)

Do you have the file with you?

GRAHAM

Yes.

LECKTOR

Pictures?

GRAHAM

Yes.

LECKTOR

Let me have them, and I might consider it.

GRAHAM

No.

LECKTOR

Dream much, Will?

GRAHAM

Good-bye, Dr. Lecktor.

LECKTOR

You haven't threatened to take away my books yet.

Graham gets up and starts to walk away.

LECKTOR
(continuing)

Let me have the file. Then I'll tell you what I think.

Graham stops at the door before he knocks for the Attendant. Then he folds the abridged file tightly into the sliding tray. Lecktor pulls it through.

GRAHAM

sits in the chair. He wants a cigarette. He doesn't take one. He waits. And he watches. What he sees:

GRAHAM'S POV: EXTREME CLOSE PAN THROUGH THE CELL OF DR. LECKTOR

Toothbrush, mirror, sink, Styrofoam cups, soft paper journals, T-shirts, neatly stacked hospital pads, sneakers with no shoelaces, the wall, seatless toilet bowl, etc., etc. All the objects are brilliantly lit with sharp bluish light. Their

(CONTINUED)

edges are sharper and more defined than normal. The shadows of the bars make hard-edged stripes. It is a high resolution, highly brilliant set of images. It feels like a hyper-perception of reality, a super-realism perceived by the mind of Graham. It is interrupted when:

LECKTOR (O.S.)

This is a very shy boy, Will.

snaps back to the present, looks at Lecktor.

LECKTOR

What were the yards like?

GRAHAM

Big backyards, fences, hedges, why?

LECKTOR

Because, my dear Will, if this Pilgrim imagines he has a relationship with the full moon, he might go outside and look at it. Have you seen blood in the moonlight, Will? It appears quite black. If one were nude, it would be better to have outdoor privacy for this sort of thing.

GRAHAM

That's interesting

LECKTOR

No it's not. You thought of it before.

GRAHAM

Yes. I'd considered it.

LECKTOR

You came here to look at me. To get the old scent back again, didn't you, Will?

GRAHAM

I want your opinion.

LECKTOR

I don't have one right now.

GRAHAM

When you have one I'd like to hear it.

(CONTINUED)

LECKTOR

May I keep the file?

GRAHAM

I haven't decided yet.

LECKTOR

I'll study it, Will. When you get more files, I'd like to see them, too. You can call me. When I have to call my lawyer, they bring me a telephone. Would you like to leave me your home number?

Threat.

GRAHAM

No.

LECKTOR

Do you know how you caught me, Will?

GRAHAM

Good-bye, Dr. Lecktor. You can leave messages for me at the number on the file.

Graham BANGS on the door. Locks are starting to be unlocked. Graham can't wait to get out of here. He wants the locks to get unlocked faster!

LECKTOR

Do you know how you caught me?

The door is now open. Graham fights down the impulse to run through. As Graham - controlled - steps out, what he hears is:

LECKTOR

The reason you caught me, Will, is: we're just alike. You want the scent? Smell yourself.

The DOOR SLAMS shut on Lecktor.

CUT TO:

INT. CHESAPEAKE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE,
CORRIDOR - GRAHAM - DAY

walks down the corridor. He's very stiff. He's walking towards the outside door. The door is a rectangle of white light that sends daggers of brilliance across the highly polished institution's floor. Graham walks for the light.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. CHESAPEAKE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - 29
ENTRANCE - DAY

The DOOR SLAMS open and Graham comes out into daylight and air. The air is tactile to him. He can almost feel the motes of dust and light that swim freely. He breathes.

30 GRAHAM'S POV: GRASS 30
is dappled with pointillist points of color: a spectral breakup. As it returns to a normal green...

31 TIGHT SHOT: GRAHAM 31
breathes. He stands in front of the sign on the building: "CHESAPEAKE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE". He leans against the railing and breathes clean air. The image is flattened in a long lens. We HEAR a CLICK. It FOCUSES and DE-FOCUSES.

CUT TO:

32 INT. CAR - FREDDIE LOUNDS - DAY 32
is photographing Graham with a Nikon and a 500mm Questar reflector. He puts the camera to his eye again and hits the button. The MOTOR DRIVE knocks off three shots.

LOUNDS
(to himself)
... got ya.

CUT TO:

33 EXTREMELY CLOSE: IMAGE OF WILL GRAHAM 33
in newsprint. The half-tone dots comprising the image are visible. PULL BACK to reveal we're seeing the front page of the National Tattler. We catch words: "FBI Manhunter, Will Graham, Consults Hannibal Lektor, the Fiend Who Tried to Kill Him by Freddie Lounds".

WIDER: STACK OF TATTLERS (INT. LAMBERT AIRPORT, ST. LOUIS - DAY)

The News Vendor has his back to us straightening magazines on the floor. Crowds mill through. If Graham thought he had anonymity, it just ended and he doesn't know it yet.

CUT TO:

INT. CHESAPEAKE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE,
LECKTOR'S CELL - LECKTOR - NIGHT

is dressed differently. The lights are dimmer. He receives a telephone without a dial. The Attendant who brought it waits.

LECKTOR

Thank you so much. I'll call
you when I'm finished.

The Attendant hesitates. Then he leaves.

LECKTOR

picks up the phone and turns it upside down. We see chewing gum unwrapped on his table top, the silver foil stripped from the wrapper.

MALE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Are you ready for your call?

LECKTOR

Yes, thank you.

Ringin'. Meanwhile Lecktor is unscrewing the base of the phone with the plastic pocket clip from a pen to get at the wiring.

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Paltrow, Christiansen & Golub Law Offices.

LECKTOR

Excuse me, I must have misdialed.

ECU: PHONE WIRING - LECKTOR'S FINGERS

manipulate the silver foil to short two connections. We hear THREE CLICKS, then a DIALTONE. Then TWO CLICKS interrupt the DIALTONE and:

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Thank you for using AT&T. This
is operator 24.

LECKTOR

Operator, can you help me? I don't have
the use of my arms. Would you be so kind
as to dial a number for me, please?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Certainly. What's the number?

LECKTOR

Area code 312/555-0627.

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR (V.O.)

And how are you billing it?

LECKTOR

To the phone I'm calling from,
3015550624.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

University of Chicago, Department
of Psychiatry.

LECKTOR

(beat)

Dr. Sidney Bloom, please.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

He's not in, but I'll connect you
with his office...

LECKTOR

What's his secretary's name again... ?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Linda King. Just a moment.

The TELEPHONE RINGS four times.

GRADUATE STUDENT (V.O.)

Linda King's desk.

LECKTOR

Hi, Linda...

GRADUATE STUDENT (V.O.)

Linda doesn't come in nights.

LECKTOR

Maybe you can help me. This is
Bob Greer of Blaine & Edwards
Publishing Company. Dr. Bloom
asked me to send a copy of
"The Psychiatrist And The Law" to
someone. Linda never sent me
the address and phone number.

GRADUATE STUDENT (V.O.)

She'll be in, in the morning...

(CONTINUED)

LECKTOR

I have to catch Federal Express within about five minutes. I'd be immensely appreciative if you'd pull it out of her Rolodex for me.

There is a pause. Lecktor is waiting.

GRADUATE STUDENT (V.O.)

She doesn't have a Rolodex.

LECKTOR

(smiling)

I'll bet she has a call caddy right next to her phone.

GRADUATE STUDENT (V.O.)

Yeah...

LECKTOR

Well, zip that little pointer right on down to the letter "G".

GRADUATE STUDENT (V.O.)

Okay.

LECKTOR

We're looking for: last name, Graham. The man the book is supposed to go to is a Mr. Will Graham.

GRADUATE STUDENT (V.O.)

Federal Bureau of Investigation,
Tenth and Pennsylvania,
Washington, D.C.

LECKTOR

Now I'll bet it has his home address there, too... ?

GRADUATE STUDENT (V.O.)

3680 DeSoto Highway. Marathon,
Florida.

LECKTOR

Thank you... so very much.

ON the phone as Lecktor hangs up.

CUT TO:

A34

EXT. SKY - QUARTER MOON - NIGHT

A34

with clouds like streamers and Venus, small and bright below it.

CUT TO:

squeezed into a narrow seat. He sits on the aisle. Next to him is a seven-year-old girl, at the window her mother. He opens and reads a Telex in yellow envelope: "BIRMINGHAM P.D. FOUND CAT DEAD IN BACKYARD. KIDS MUST HAVE BURIED IT. HE KILLS THE PETS. NOTHING ON PRINT YET. GOOD LUCK AT JACOBI HOUSE. REGARDS, CRAWFORD".

STEWARDESS

clear the trays.

GRAHAM

contorts his body to pull his briefcase from under the seat in front. He extracts the Leeds and Jacobi files. From each he takes a snapshot of a happy family picture and paperclips them to the front of the files. He stands them on the dinner tray and stares at them.

36

GRAHAM'S POV: HAPPY FAMILY PORTRAITS

36

SLOWLY ZOOM IN TO the Jacobi family. As we get CLOSER and CLOSER to Mrs. Jacobi in a bikini, her face abstracts into pointillist dots of color...

DISSOLVE TO:

37

EXT. MARATHON BOATYARD - DIESEL ENGINE - DAY

37

moves down to us...

MOLLY

approaches in SLOW MOTION raising a bag of shrimp and a six-pack of Dos Equis.

38

INT. UNFINISHED HULL - GRAHAM

38

guiding the engine down, wears faded violet shorts and no shirt. We see a huge circular scar ending in a hook on his abdomen as the engine lands...

GRAHAM

(reverb, distant)

Block her off, Mitch...

Graham waves to Molly...

DISSOLVE TO:

on the dock. The hot sun turns the water a brilliant aqua and silver. Graham's tan body in the violet shorts on the silver wood... Molly reaches in the bag for another shrimp. Graham looks at her...

MOLLY SMILES

The warm mouth. Her shiny teeth look like a Pepsodent commercial.

MOLLY'S HAIR

moves very slowly against the Dufy blue.

GRAHAM'S EYES

seeing her. And O.S., we hear SCREAMING coming from a different place as we...

CUT TO:

INT. L1011 - GRAHAM - NIGHT

snaps awake. The child next to Graham is screaming. People stare. The mother is shouting at him. Graham is confused, stunned... He doesn't know what's wrong. He looks around... The Stewardess is handling things on his tray in front of him.

TRAY

The file has spilled open. Crime photos of the Leeds family with mirrors in their eyes and the almost separated head of Mr. Jacobi glaring at a weird angle - the pornography of it all - are spilled across Graham's tray and in his lap...

GRAHAM

mumbles apologies, scrambles to collect crime photos. The mother wants her seat changed. Graham is excruciatingly embarrassed, clumsily shoving them back into their files...

CUT TO:

INT. JACOBI HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - WIDE ON DOOR - DAY

We MOVE INTO the knob... it starts to turn. Slowly. Suddenly: DOOR SLAMS open revealing real estate agent GEEHAN and Graham.

(CONTINUED)

GEEHAN

Yeah! It was last Thursday.
This couple from Duluth.
I had them down to the
short strokes talking
mortgages - I mean, that
man could have written a
check for the whole goddamn
place. I'm figuring: "Geehan,
you lucky bastard, you gonna
unload this turkey."

(beat)

Then the squad car rolls up.
They ask a coupla questions.
The good ole boys give them
the whole guided tour. Who
was laying where... terrific!

(beat)

Off they go in their Sedan
DeVille the hell out of here.

GRAHAM

Any single men asked to look
at the house?

GEEHAN

Haven't asked me.

(beat)

Took four coats of interior
latex, five in places.

(pause)

Y'all drop that key in the
mailbox when you're done.
You don't have to come back
by now, do you? Not that I
don't want to cooperate with the
FBI! Cause I'm patriotic as the
next guy. Belong to the NRA!
... whole nine yards. But don't
forget: commerce is what fuels
this great democracy. That means:
I gotta unload this sumbitch.

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM
(cuts him off)

No.

GEEHAN

Huh?

GRAHAM
I don't have to come back.

Geehan leaves. The door closes.

WIDE - GRAHAM

in the empty white living room. Graham walks OUT OF FRAME.
Bare floors and dead air. His FOOTSTEPS ECHO in the
empty house.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. JACOBI HOUSE - WIDE - DAY

42

Sinister in its vacancy. It ought to be littered with
bicycles and wagons. TRACK LEFT to reveal the back of
Graham staring at the house from across the street.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. NEXT DOOR HOUSE - GRAHAM - DAY

43

in a different position, staring at the Jacobi house. We
don't know why Graham is staring at it from different
vantage points.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. SIDEROAD - GRAHAM'S POV: 3/4 VIEW OF JACOBI HOUSE - DAY 44

Graham looking at the house from the third vantage point.

REAR SHOT: GRAHAM

starts backing up and we MOVE WITH him. He looks over his
shoulder and keeps walking backwards. Trees ENTER THE
FRAME on the left and right.

TRACKING GRAHAM IN PROFILE

He stumbles through underbrush into a dry streambed. He backs up a slope on the other side and finds himself in some trees. There are three. Graham looks around.

BRANCHES

now obscure the Jacobi house. Something glints right...

SEARCHING THROUGH GRASS

at the base of one elm tree. A Mars Bar wrapper is half-buried in leaves. Graham's fingers move leaves aside.

GRAHAM

looks slowly up the tree trunk.

RED CREEK MUD

wedged into the first strong limb. It's from the instep of a boot.

GRAHAM

hangs his coat on the branch of a neighboring tree and climbs the far side of the elm. His head and his cheek raise through limbs.

GRAHAM

I love it. Sweet Jesus, come
on...

Graham climbs higher until his foot is level to where he saw the mud. He looks to his left. Something he sees stops him cold.

A SYMBOL

is carved in the wood. (See next page.)

GRAHAM

photographs this as well as a branch that's been trimmed by a cutting tool. Then he looks...

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED

45

OVER GRAHAM'S SHOULDER: THE JACOBI HOUSE

A perfect view.

GRAHAM

high in the tree, leans back against the trunk. He seems frozen. Then:

GRAHAM

(mumbling to himself)

... after you killed the cat and threw it into the yard, my man, you climbed up here and waited. You used a cutting tool on these branches so you could see. You watched the children and Mrs. Jacobi call them in to have dinner when Mr. Jacobi came home from work and you passed the time whittling and dreaming.

(beat)

When night came, you saw them pass their bright windows and you watched the shades go down, and you saw the lights go out one by one. After a while, you climbed down and you went in to them, didn't you?

(shouts)

DIDN'T YOU, YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH! YOU WATCHED THEM ALL GODDAMN DAY LONG!

(beat)

That's why houses with big yards.

46

As he turns away to climb down, we see in the growing twilight Geehan's car pull into the Jacobis' drive.

46

CUT TO:

47

INT. JACOBI HOUSE - GEEHAN + PROSPECTIVE BUYERS - TWILIGHT

47

Geehan showing some new candidates around the house. It's a YOUNG COUPLE and they look interested.

GEEHAN

This fine example from the school of... "Mod-ernist Architecture"... was custom designed and built, top to bottom. Yes sirree Bob!

*

(CONTINUED)

PICTURE REFERENCE FOR SCENE 45

中

WIFE
I like it, hon.

GEEHAN
Little lady likes it!
Whaddya say?

HUSBAND
(long pause)
Well... let's go to your office
and see if we can work out some
terms...

GEEHAN
Great. You and your family goin'
love this place!

Geehan's got a sale. He's at the front door. He opens it.

CUT TO:

48

EXT. JACOBI HOUSE - DOOR - TWILIGHT

48

opened by Geehan and his big smile, shepherding his customers-
to-be out the front door. The smile falls off Geehan's face.
The young buyers look quizzically.

GEEHAN

has deflated against the doorframe.

49

GEEHAN'S POV: THREE BIRMINGHAM P.D. CARS, AN UNMARKED CAR
AND FORENSICS TRUCK

49

with flashers going are converging onto the scene. Will
Graham is at the nearest police car - unmarked - talking
on a cellular phone.

GRAHAM
(fast)
I need the Firearms and Toolmarks
Section out here on the severed
branch. I need to know what kind
of cutting tool he used. Then I
need Bowman in Documents to fall
on this carving...

CRAWFORD
Is it weird?

GRAHAM
The mark? Yes.

INTERCUT WITH:

on phone to Graham.

CRAWFORD

If Documents can't do the carving, I'll send it up to Langley...

GRAHAM

Did Price get an identification off the Leeds print?

CRAWFORD

Price hasn't found him in the Index yet. It's a hand search. He's got half his department on it...

(pause)

Listen, Will... have you seen this week's "Tattler"?

GRAHAM

It's not on my preferred reading list, Jack.

CRAWFORD

I'm sorry. Your picture's all over the front page.

GRAHAM

What?!

CRAWFORD

Will...

GRAHAM

Who the hell was it? Lounds?

CRAWFORD

Yeah.

GRAHAM

Great! I promised Molly, Jack. I promised her!

(beat)

Thanks a lot, Freddie...

There is a KNOCK on his DOOR. Dr. Chilton is laconic:

(CONTINUED)

DR. CHILTON

Come in.

GUARD

Dr. Chilton?

DR. CHILTON

(slow)

Yes?

GUARD

When we were cleaning out Dr. Lecktor's cell? He heard us coming and hid something in a book. We got him out of there and dug around...

Dr. Chilton reacts.

DR. CHILTON

(fast)

Do you have it?

GUARD

Yeah. It's right here.

Guard pulls three sheets of toilet paper with writing on them out of his pocket. We HOLD ON it.

DR. CHILTON

is already dialing a number.

DR. CHILTON

Put it down on my desk blotter and don't touch it again. Has anyone else handled it except you?

GUARD

No.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWFORD'S OUTER OFFICE - SARAH - NIGHT

in the f.g. answers the phone.

SARAH

Special Agent Crawford's office.

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)

This is Dr. Chilton. I need to speak to Mr. Graham. Right away!

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

He's not here. He's in Birmingham.
Special Agent Crawford's on the
line with him now.

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)

Will you please tell them this is
very, very urgent!!

(beat)

I'll hold on.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWFORD'S WASHINGTON FBI OFFICE - SARAH - DAY

TRACK HER INTO the room.

CRAWFORD

(to Graham)

Yeah. I think so.

(beat)

Hold on.

(to Sarah)

What?

SARAH

It's a Dr. Chilton. He asked
for Graham. He says it's urgent.

Crawford punches buttons and turns it into a conference call
on the speaker phone:

CRAWFORD

It's Jack Crawford... Will
Graham's on the line, too.

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)

I have a note here, or two
pieces of a note, that appears
to be from the man who killed
those people in Atlanta and...

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Where did you get it?

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)

From Hannibal Lecktor's cell.

It was hidden in a book.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Dr. Chilton, please do not touch it. Can you read it to me?

Sarah closes the door

CUT TO:

54

INT. CHESAPEAKE HOSPITAL - DR. CHILTON - NIGHT

54

DR. CHILTON

It's written on toilet tissue.

(reads)

"My dear Dr. Lecktor, I wanted to tell you I'm delighted that you've taken an interest in me. I know that you alone can understand what I am becoming."

(reads)

"You alone know that the people I use to help me in these things are merely elements undergoing change to fuel the radiance of what I am becoming. Just as the source of light is burning."

(beat)

"I have a collection of your press clippings. They are absurd. As are mine. The 'Tooth Fairy'. What could be more inappropriate? Investigator Graham interests me."

(big Graham reaction)

Very purposeful looking. I hope we can correspond."

(beat)

Mr. Graham, there's a piece missing here. I'll read the bottom part:

(reads)

"After I hear back from you, I might send you something wet. Signed: Avid Fan."

(to Graham)

It has toothmarks pressed into it at the bottom.

CUT TO:

CRAWFORD

(into phone)

Hold on.

(punches "hold";
to Sarah)

Order a chopper. Next thing
smoking and I don't care whose.
Two: get Alabama Air National
Guard to fly Graham right back
here. Then call Documents.
Tell them to scramble a team.
I want everybody moving in
five minutes. You understand?

(punches into
the line)

I have a Documents team on the
way to you by helicopter to
pick it up.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

After we've worked the note we
want to replace it in Lecktor's
cell. I don't want Lecktor to
know we found it. He might warn
him somehow.

(beat)

Where's Lecktor now?

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)

Holding cell.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

How long can you keep him there
without him getting suspicious?

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)

Three, four hours.

CRAWFORD

(hits another
line, into receiver:)

Brian. We have a note coming
in on the fly. Possibly from
the Tooth Fairy. Number one
priority... It has to go to
Hair and Fiber, Latent Prints,
then Documents. Graham and
I'll be walking it through...

CUT TO:

56

EXT. FBI BUILDING, ROOF - CHOPPER - NIGHT

56

lands with brilliant STROBES, Graham grabs the parcel and runs for a doorway Crawford holds open.

CUT TO:

57

INT. FBI BUILDING, HAIR AND FIBER SECTION - UNDER MAGNIFYING GLASS: NOTE + TWEEZERS - NIGHT

57

58

MICROSCOPE POV: HAIR (OPX)

58

59

BEVERLY KATZ

59

is bent over the microscope. Behind her a MALE ASSISTANT brushes a child's bib overalls with a metal spatula. She leans away from the microscope.

BEVERLY KATZ

One hair, Graham. Maybe half an inch. A couple of blue grains. What do you have for negative comparison?

*
*

*

Crawford checks his watch.

GRAHAM

Hair from Lecktor's comb. Whiskers from an electric razor they let him use. This is hair from the Guard.

As they leave...

*

CUT TO:

60

INT. LATENT PRINTS - ARGON ION LASER - NIGHT

60

fires up in violet, turquoise + cobalt. We RAISE and see JIMMIE PRICE bent over the specimen.

JIMMIE PRICE

winces at the sight of the paper. He slips it under the Rostrum and it's bathed in blue argon ion laser light.

(CONTINUED)

TOILET PAPER NOTE

bombarded with light. Smudges appear on the paper.

PRICE

How many guys handled this
without gloves?

GRAHAM

The guard, cleanup man and Lecktor...

PRICE

The cleanup man scrubbing sinks
probably had the oil washed off
his fingers. But the others...

(beat)

I could fume for a print, but
couldn't guarantee the iodine
stains would fade out.

GRAHAM

Ninhydrin? Boosted with heat?

PRICE

No. We couldn't wash it after.
I can't get a print off this in
the time you've got to get it
back, Will.

CRAWFORD

Damnit.

Price slips the note back in its sleeve. On their movement...

CUT TO:

INT. DOCUMENTS - LLOYD BOWMAN - NIGHT

is underlit by his translucent light box. The note is on it.

BOWMAN

(without looking up)

How long do I have?

GRAHAM

Twenty minutes max.

(beat)

Main thing is: how did our
boy tell Lecktor to reply?

*
*

(CONTINUED)

BOWMAN

Which is probably the part
Lecktor tore out.

(beat)

Because at the top it says:
"I hope we can correspond."
And then comes the hole.

(beat)

It looks like Lecktor went
over it with a felt tip pen
and then tore it away.

GRAHAM

He doesn't have anything to cut with.

BOWMAN

moves under a rostrum camera setup. There are lights
mounted on a 270-degree rim even with the base of the
rostrum. Bowman hits a switch. The top lights go out.
The side lights are very oblique.

BOWMAN

I'll get some side-lit shots for
indentations and computer-enhance
them after.

62

MACRO CLOSEUP: NOTE

62

Under the oblique light the tooth impressions stand out.
We HEAR a SHUTTER CLICK as they are photographed.

BOWMAN (O.S.)

Now we can mash it a little.

A pane of glass descends on the note and flattens the
jagged edges.

EVEN CLOSER: THE EDGES

are tattered and smeared with ink.

63

LIGHTING PANEL

63

Bowman's fingers hit it. The room is darkened, except
for a dull red glow.

(CONTINUED)

BOWMAN
(chants under
his breath)
You're so sly, but so am I...

64

ROSTRUM

64

Bowman switches to a closed-circuit TV camera and hits the infrared source.

65

MONITOR

65

The note is unchanged.

66

BOWMAN

66

starts inserting and replacing a sequence of filters.

67

MONITOR

67

remains the same. Black passes through with filter changes.

BOWMAN (O.S.)
Aniline dyes used in the ink of
felt tip pens - which is all
Lecktor's allowed - are trans-
parent to infrared. The Tooth
Fairy's ballpoint isn't...

*
*
*

68

Then with the last filter: the ink smear is gone. Fragments 68
of writing appear.

CRAWFORD (O.S.)
That could be the tip of a "t".
Here and here. And here.

BOWMAN (O.S.)
At the end is the tail of what
could be an "r".

69

GRAHAM, CRAWFORD + BOWMAN

69

at the monitor lit by the infrared glow.

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

We know the Tooth Fairy reads the "Tattler". The stuff about me and Lecktor? I don't know any other paper that carried it...

CRAWFORD

... there's three "t's" and an "r" in "Tattler".

GRAHAM

Personal ads?

As they run out of the room:

CUT TO:

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT

Everyone we've seen is assembled: Graham, Crawford, Beverly Katz, Jimmie Price and Bowman. In addition is DR. SIDNEY BLOOM, an avuncular forensic psychologist. He's there to listen.

BOWMAN

Before we start, we compared the indent of the bite marks on the note against the Smithsonian teeth. They match.

BEVERLY KATZ

Scale counts and core size of the hair match to the blonde hair found in the Jacobis. This note was written by your man. *

CRAWFORD

All right. We believe Lecktor was told to reply to the Tooth Fairy through the personal ad section of the "Tattler". The Chicago office is running through the ads right now.

(beat)

If we find Lecktor's reply, we plan to pull it and substitute our own. Here's what the Tooth Fairy will read, Bill: *

(CONTINUED)

BILL

(reads)

"Dear Avid Fan: inherit my mantle and surpass my achievements. Mementos for you at Baltimore Central. Left luggage ticket number 72683."

CRAWFORD

It's a Secret Service letter drop. We stake it out. When he shows? We take him down.

(beat)

Anything from Chicago?

SARAH

Not yet.

BOWMAN

When do they go to press?

GRAHAM

In thirty-five minutes.

BOWMAN

Christ!

CRAWFORD

Let's get to the physical.

PRICE

There was no print. I'm here for kicks.

BEVERLY KATZ

Other than the hair - three blue grains and dark flecks went to Brian's end.

BRIAN ZELLER

Grains are commercial granulated cleanser with chlorine from the cleaning man. Several particles of dried blood. Not enough to type.

GRAHAM

Bowman?

While Bowman sets up his photograph of the note on an easel:

(CONTINUED)

BOWMAN

Snow White toilet paper. National distribution. He folded it over when he wrote it. In this enlargement of the back side, oblique light reveals pen impressions from the missing section. We can make out: "six-six-six".

(beat)

I didn't spot it until I had this computer-enhanced print. I advised Chicago as soon as I saw it.

CRAWFORD

Issue the toilet paper as a...

The PHONE RINGS. Graham punches the speaker.

CHESTER (V.O.)

This is Chester here. Who am I talking to?

GRAHAM

Will Graham, Jack Crawford...

CHESTER (V.O.)

We got an ad order in tonight's "Tattler" with "six-six-six" in it. It's being Telexed to you right now.

GRAHAM

Read it.

CHESTER (V.O.)

(reads)

"Dear Pilgrim, you honor me."

GRAHAM

That's Lecktor's reply! Lecktor called him a Pilgrim when he was talking to me...

CHESTER (V.O.)

"You're very beautiful."

CRAWFORD

Christ...

(CONTINUED)

CHESTER (V.O.)

"I offer one hundred prayers for your safety. Find help in John 6:22, 8:16, 9:1; Luke 1:7, 3:1; Galatians 6:11, 15:2; Acts 3:3; Revelations 18:7; Jonah 6:8..."

(beat)

It's signed: "Bless you, 6:6:6."

Bowman is already running through the onion-skinned pages of a Bible he took from a shelf. Nobody talks to him.

CRAWFORD

(checks watch)

... twenty-eight minutes.

(low to Sarah)

Cryptography at Langley?

SARAH

They got shot a Telex. They're on it now...

GRAHAM

(low to Price)

You get anywhere identifying him off the Leeds prints?

PRICE

Not yet. And I got half my department on it...

*
*

Everybody exhibits disciplined surface calm. The tension underneath is screaming. Bowman is furiously looking through the pages.

GRAHAM

is drawn to the folder on the table.

71

GRAHAM'S POV: FOLDER

71

It draws him. His hand opens it. Inside is the Leeds and Jacobi "happy family" pictures.

*
*

72

BOWMAN

72

suddenly stops.

(CONTINUED)

BOWMAN
(to Graham)

No.

(beat)

And our ad has to go out in the same book code Lecktor used or he'll know it's not Lecktor talking to him.

CRAWFORD

"Book code?"

BOWMAN

"One-hundred prayers" would be the page number. The paired numbers could be line and letter. But what book?

CRAWFORD

Not the Bible?

BOWMAN

No. Galatians 15:27 Galatians has only six chapters. The same with Jonah 6:8 - Jonah has four chapters. Lecktor wasn't using a Bible.

GRAHAM

Then the Tooth Fairy named the book in the part Lecktor tore out.

BOWMAN

Right.

(beat)

What about sweating Lecktor?

GRAHAM

They tried sodium amytal on him three years ago to find where he buried a Princeton student.

(beat)

He gave them a recipe for potato chip dip.

BOWMAN

The Tooth Fairy would have named a book he knew Lecktor has access to.

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

He'd know it from articles he
read about Lecktor...

CRAWFORD

Willingham, when he tossed his cell,
took Polaroids so they could get
everything back in place...

BOWMAN

Have him meet me with pictures of
Lecktor's books...

CRAWFORD

Where?

BOWMAN

Library of Congress.

Bowman's out the door.

GRAHAM

Twenty-five minutes. We won't
make it in time.

CRAWFORD

(looks at watch)

We let Lecktor's ad run and
decode it after and find out what
we find out. Or: we pull it, work
out the code and run our ad next
week...

GRAHAM

... and lose a week. We only have
13 days to the next full moon...

CRAWFORD

I don't like running Lecktor's ad
without knowing what it says.

Graham has to decide.

CRAWFORD

(continuing)

Your call, Will. What do we do?

Graham looks over his shoulder to Crawford who's crossed
to the window.

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

Run it.

CRAWFORD

What if it encourages the Tooth Fairy to do something besides write?

GRAHAM

We will feel sick for a very long time.

CRAWFORD

And if Bowman still can't figure it out?

GRAHAM

We'll pull him with something else in next week's "Tattler".

CRAWFORD

What?

Graham turns further to make eye contact with Crawford:

GRAHAM

Me.

BLOOM

I don't think that's a very good idea...

Crawford and Graham turn to Dr. Sidney Bloom. It's the first time in this scene he's spoken.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI CORRIDORS - TRACKING: GRAHAM + BLOOM - NIGHT

Bloom has to walk fast to keep up with Graham who's putting on his coat.

GRAHAM

Why not? Don't you think we can provoke him?

(CONTINUED)

BLOOM

(shrugs)

Maybe. Maybe he can be provoked...

(beat)

What I was thinging of is you.

They stop. Graham looks at Bloom.

BLOOM

Because you did a real good job pushing yourself out of shape last time... You jump deep into this, you could mobilize feelings that are unmanageable for you. You have to intervene physically, you could perform actions that are untenable to you.

(beat)

You could relapse...

Graham turns away. Then he turns back to look at Bloom. Crawford catches up with them.

CRAWFORD

Bowman's striking out. He thinks it's not books in Lecktor's cell.

GRAHAM

Price?

CRAWFORD

His department's at the end of the Index. Haven't found it. As evidence, the Leeds print will get us a conviction. But it looks like the guy was never printed. We're not gonna identify him off the print.

Graham has to decide.

CRAWFORD

You forgot your file...

The file is the one we saw Graham look at in the FBI conference room. We know it contains the snapshots of the two dead families. Graham takes the file.

GRAHAM

I'll use Lounds.

(CONTINUED)

CRAWFORD

Lounds?! What the hell for?

GRAHAM

(even, contained)

He doesn't read the New York Times
literary supplement. Our boy reads
Lounds in "The Tattler".

CUT TO?

Graham leans against the table, his back is to a window.

GRAHAM

I believe he's very shy around women,
probably laughed at by them and doesn't
have successful relationships.

PULL BACK to hear Bloom, Crawford, a PHOTOGRAPHER, and
ASSISTANT.

LOUNDS

How does he rate compared to one of your
earlier victories, Hannibal Lecktor?

GRAHAM

Not as intelligent. He made a lot of
mistakes. Left a lot of dirt and mess
around. He's a berserk killer with no
plan or forethought. There's no point
to any of what he does...

Graham motions for Lounds to turn off his tape recorder.

GRAHAM

(continuing; to Bloom)

What else should we cover?

BLOOM

The unconscious homosexual conflict.
He wants to make sure we don't think
he's gay. He put the shorts on Charles
Leeds after he was dead. I believe he
did this to make sure we wouldn't think
he was gay.

Graham motions Lounds to turn the tape recorder on again.

GRAHAM

He sexually molested all his male victims.
And may be impotent with persons of the
opposite sex.

(beat)

Our forensic psychologists have projected
- though I'm not sure - that he may have
had sexual relations... with his mother.

Crawford stifles a laugh...

LOUNDS

How long will you stay in Washington?

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

Until we've taken out the Tooth Fairy.

LOUNDS

How does working this case affect your sex life?

GRAHAM

Mine? It doesn't affect mine. It affects yours. Go fuck yourself!

Lounds turns off the tape recorder and explodes:

LOUNDS

You're news, pal!

*
*

GRAHAM

Shoot the pictures.

LOUNDS

(to Crawford)

I'm in! I'm in the shots with Graham.

Graham reacts.

LOUNDS

(continuing)

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon. You want this to look real, don't you?

75

STILL PHOTOGRAPHER'S POV THROUGH CAMERA: GRAHAM + LOUNDS

75

Lounds lays Graham's arm over his own shoulder and mugs for the camera. Behind him is the National Theater with a banner: 1835 - 1985.

76

GRAHAM

Keep the banner across the street just slightly out of focus. He has to be able to read it so he can find it, but it can't look too obvious.

76

Lounds barks orders to the Still Photographer and splits. The Photographer starts breaking down his gear. Crawford takes Graham aside.

GRAHAM

Bowman break the code yet?

(CONTINUED)

CRAWFORD

No. Tools and Firearms say the cutting tool was a common bolt-cutter.

(beat)

Got a call from Asian Studies at Langley. The mark you found on the tree? It's a Chinese character considered a positive or a lucky sign in gambling. The character also appears on a mah-jongg piece.

(beat)

It means Red Dragon.

(beat)

That mean anything to you?

GRAHAM

No.

CUT TO:

77

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. CUSTOMS SERVICE BUILDING ENTRY -
GRAHAM, CRAWFORD + SPURGEN - DAY

77

SPURGEN, Chief SWAT Instructor from Quantico, examines the parking lot beyond from the claustrophobic cramped masonry of the entry. We've CUT in mid-dialogue.

SPURGEN

... if he shows and he's smart, he'll approach from the front, pass, turn and take you from the back. How well do you hear?

GRAHAM

Pretty well.

SPURGEN

I'm gonna spray your suit jackets. It'll be invisible to him, but you'll stand out like a zebra for us. You'll wear a wire. It'll be one way. We hear you, you won't hear us.

(beat)

You checked out a .44 Special Charter Arms Bulldog?

GRAHAM

Right.

SPURGEN

You'll load these. Ever fire them?

Spurgen hands Graham a glycine envelope containing 25 rounds of .44 Special ammunition.

(CONTINUED)

SPURGEN

I hope you get one...

GRAHAM

Because he's gone for the head
shot six out of eight times?

SPURGEN

You got it.

GRAHAM

Let's walk the route

78 As they step out of the entry, PULL BACK into EXTREMELY WIDE 78
ANGLE revealing literally acres of cars in the Kinney parking
lot.

CUT TO:

79 INT. ST. LOUIS AIRPORT NEWSSTAND - FLOOR - DAY 79

The floor is IN FOCUS. In the b.g. are busy, OUT-OF-FOCUS
images: newspapers, magazines, people paying the news
vendor. We don't know why we are HOLDING on the empty floor.
Then a stack of "Tattlers" hits the floor. The headlines
include: "ASTRONOMERS GLIMPSE GOD!" and "FBI MANHUNTER
GRAHAM PURSUES PERVERT. Under the headline is the picture
of Graham and Lounds in Washington with the out-of-focus
banner out the window behind them. ZOOM INTO picture of
banner. A flash of steel cuts the tape binding. It was
not the news vendor's.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. THEATER - BANNER - NIGHT 80

now in sharp focus.

81 EXT WASHINGTON GREAT PLAZA PARKING LOT - LOW + WIDE - NIGHT 81

It's totally deserted wet black tarmac banked on three sides
by three massive buildings. CRANE DOWN to reveal Graham's
car pulling into the lot. He kills the engine.

LOW + WIDE PROFILE: GRAHAM

exits the car. The space is massive + lonely he has to cross
to reach the entrance of the building.

HIGH + WIDE FRONTAL: GRAHAM

in the distances approaches across the sea of black. The
image is in GREEN + BLACK. We are POV of:

82 EXT. CUSTOMS SERVICE BUILDING, BALCONY - SWAT #1 82
 behind the balustrade in a prone firing position sighting through a heavy-barreled Heckler and Koch Model 93 with a Startron scope.

83 A SECOND POV: HIGH ANGLE ON GRAHAM 83
 walking right, also in GREEN AND BLACK. Reveal we are:

84 EXT. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE ROOF - SWAT #2 84
 with the same model rifle sweeping the parking lot. *

85 FRONTAL: GRAHAM 85
 ... walking along the determined line, fifty yards from the entrance & safety.

86 HANDHELD GRAHAM'S POV: CUSTOMS SERVICE BUILDING ENTRY 86
 approaching him. Someone could hide in the shadows. *

87 GRAHAM 87
 eyes tighten.
 ENTRY
 sinister in it's low massiveness. Dark door ways. Arches.
 GRAHAM
 approaches the dark entry.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. CUSTOMS SERVICE BUILDING, ENTRANCE - GRAHAM - NIGHT 88
 folds in. He leans against a wall and exhales tension. He's sweating.

GRAHAM
 In an hour we try again.

CRAWFORD
 One more pass, then we pack it in. I had the Bureau fly Molly up. She said she could get away for the one night.

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

What?

CRAWFORD

Phyllis suggested all four of us having a late dinner. But I figured you'd want to be alone...

He sees the look on Graham's face.

CRAWFORD

(continuing)

I do something wrong?

GRAHAM

No. It's just the setting, Jack.
Thanks.

CUT TO:

89

INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL ROOM - WINDOW + BLINDS + GRAHAM - NIGHT 89

above the bright lights and lit buildings of the capital and East Wing of the National Gallery. He smokes a cigarette. It may be raining.

REVERSE: GRAHAM + MOLLY

behind him in the bed. She pulls the sheet off the bed with her and approaches Graham. She drapes the sheet over him as well.

MOLLY

You're going to catch the flu.

Graham pulls her close.

MOLLY

(continuing)

What's happening with all of it?

GRAHAM

... nine days left. We're working at it. Doing things...

MOLLY

You don't want to talk about what you're doing. Do you?

Graham looks at her. She doesn't know he's using himself for bait. He diverts the subject and regards the hotel room as if it were the scene of an extra-marital tryst:

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

(wry)

We have to stop meeting like this.

Molly laughs. Graham hugs her tighter. She separates blinds to look out, then says:

MOLLY

You remember when we first met?

GRAHAM

Yeah.

MOLLY

And were together in that room.
And the exhilaration was too much
to hold onto. And then something
flickered across your face like a
shadow and I asked you what was wrong?

GRAHAM

I remember.

MOLLY

You remember what you said?

Molly looks up at him. The smile falls off her face.

GRAHAM

I said this is too good to live...

MOLLY

Time is luck, Will.

(beat)

I know the value of every one of our days...

They stare into each other. She's saying "be careful" without saying "be careful". His hand brushes her hair back and holds on her cheek. He pulls her closer into his shoulder and looks out into the city.

CUT TO:

EXT. CUSTOMS SERVICE BUILDING + PARKING LOT, ENTRANCE -
GRAHAM - NIGHT

hesitates within the confined space of arches + pillars.
Then he walks forward.

STEADICAM - GRAHAM'S POV: ARCHES

spreading to reveal the 4 acre empty black lot with only
Graham's car & six others in the center.

- 92 LOW + WIDE PROFILE: GRAHAM (from New Post Office) 92
 starting across huge expanse to the lonely car on far right.
 WIDE FRONTAL - GRAHAM
 crossing black tarmac.
 TIGHT REAR SHOT - GRAHAM
 The image is in GREEN AND BLACK. We are:
- 93 EXT. CUSTOMS SERVICE BUILDING, BALCONY - SWAT #1 93
 behind the balustrade in his prone firing position sighting
 the Heckler and Koch Model 93 with its Startron scope.
- 94 EXT. PARKING LOT - WIDE + LOW FRONTAL ON GRAHAM 94
 walking the determined line across agoraphobic space.
 TIGHT: GRAHAM
 fifty yards from the car... HEARS SOMETHING through the
 delicate patter of the rain.
- GRAHAM
 (low, into wire)
 Something's coming...
- 95 GRAHAM'S POV: CORNER OF DISTRICT BUILDING 95
 approaching.
- 96 GRAHAM'S EYES 96
 tighten. A distant "plop-plop-plop" of running feet...
- 97 CORNER OF DISTRICT BUILDING 97
 HOLD. Then entering around the corner is a running MAN.
 He's 6'4". He's heavy and wears a running suit with the
 hood up. His face is lost in its shadow.
- RUNNER'S RIGHT HAND
 is gloved and slips into the pocket of his jacket, grasping
 something...

(CONTINUED)

97

CONTINUED

97

RUNNER'S FEET ACROSS WET BLACK TARMAC
splash through shallow puddles.

GRAHAM'S FACE

in anticipation. The foot beats are getting LOUDER...

GRAHAM'S EYES

like taut wire about to snap.

LOW + WIDE PROFILE: GRAHAM (From New Post Office)

on the left. The Runner enters on the right. They approach.
Graham's almost to his car. As they cross, Graham slams
him sideways...

RUNNER

is knocked off balance and slams face forward into the side
of Graham's car. He comes off the car violently, to turn to
fight...

GRAHAM + .44 BULLDOG

aimed at the Runner!

GRAHAM

(shouts)

Don't! Don't move!!!

RUNNER'S HAND

coming out of pocket.

98

EXT CUSTOMS SERVICE BUILDING, ENTRANCE - CRAWFORD

98

panicked, drawing gun, running in.

CRAWFORD

(shouts)

Will!!!

99

EXT. CUSTOMS SERVICE BUILDING, BALCONY - SWAT #1'S FINGER

99

tightening on the trigger, about to shoot him.

100 EXT. PARKING LOT 10
 CLOSE: GRAHAM
 does nothing.

101 SPURGEN + FIVE SWAT TEAM 10
 explode out of the van. Will they get there?

102 RUNNER'S HEAD 10
 whips INTO CAMERA. He is a black man with a moustache and
 scared eyes staring into the .44. His hands shoot into the
 air, one holding his wallet.

RUNNER (MAN)
 O'kay, bro. No violences! Take
 the money...

GRAHAM
 (blocking line
 of sight)
 Don't shoot!! *

103 EXT. CUSTOMS SERVICE, BALCONY - SWAT #1 10
 relaxes and stands...

104 EXT. PARKING LOT 10
 GRAHAM
 - walking away.

GRAHAM
 God-damnit!!!

Graham rips off his jacket and the Kevlar vest. Coming off
 the expectation of contact, Graham's explosive. Graham throws
 the Kevlar vest across the parking lot. Crawford catches up
 to Graham who shoulders past.

CRAWFORD
 You okay?

RUNNER
 looks at Graham as if he's crazy, then to the SWAT TEAM,
 slowing down...

(CONTINUED)

RUNNER

What are you, in slow motion?!
I bein' mugged!!

SPURGEN

It's a mistake, sir. We're
very sorry...

RUNNER

"Sorry" yo' mama!!

Runner shoves Spurgen out of the way to attack Graham. Spurgen catches him and throws him back at the car.

SPURGEN

Hold on there, sir!

RUNNER

Hold on?

SPURGEN

We thought you were someone we were trying... *

RUNNER

(backs up)

Hold onto this!!

(grabs his groin)

I get dat cannon stuck up my face?!
Car dirt splattered up and down mah
Calvin Kleins?! And you - tryin' to
catch somebody?!

SPURGEN

Yes sir.

RUNNER

You couldn't catch yo' ass with yo'
right hand! You lucky you muther-
fuckers catch a cold! Who the hell
goin' "catch" my cleanin' bill? Huh?

HUGE LAUGHTER which is coming from...

CUT TO:

EXT. "TATTTLER" - CHICAGO SKYLINE - NIGHT

CAMERA CRANES DOWN + PANS right to the Tattler Building
(sign) Entrance.

CUT TO:

106

INT. TATTLER GARAGE - LOUNDS + SECRETARIES - NIGHT

106

Lounds and TWO SECRETARIES are cracking up. He apparently told them the funniest joke they ever heard.

SECRETARY

See you, Freddie.

They climb into their car and back out.

LOUNDS

pleased with himself, walks to his car in a priority space with his name on it. He waves at the girls as they drive out. His yellow Mustang custom convertible has a plate: "GOTCH U". Next to it is a silver van.

REAR: LOUNDS' HEAD

ENTER FRAME, unlocking his car door. A hand falls on Lounds' shoulder. Lounds' self-satisfied smile still beams as he turns INTO CAMERA. A chloroformed rag JAMS into his face. A massive hand holds his head and neck steady and is not bothered by his struggles.

DISSOLVE TO:

A106

EXT. SKY - HALF FULL MOON - NIGHT (OFX)

A106 *

Extremely sharp definition as if shot from outside earth's atmosphere. TILT DOWN to reveal:

EXT. DOLLARHYDE HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

DISSOLVE TO:

107

INT. DOLLARHYDE HOUSE (ST. LOUIS) - LOUNDS - NIGHT

107

is unconscious. A hand puts ammonia under his nose. Lounds regains consciousness. He tries to move. He can't. There are sanitary napkins covering Lounds' eyes and mouth. The one over his mouth is removed. We will SEE ONLY Lounds.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Are you cold? Would you like a blanket?

LOUNDS

Was I in an accident?

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

No, Mr. Lounds. You'll be fine.

LOUNDS

My back hurts, my skin. Did I get burned? I hope to God I'm not burned.

(CONTINUED)

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Burned? No. You're not burned.
You just rest there. I'll be
right back.

LOUDS

Let me lie down. What's going on here?!
Tell me the truth. C'mon! Listen, I
want to call my office... call my office
for me!

FOOTSTEPS are going away.

LOUDS

(continuing)

What the hell am I doing here? Huh?

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Atoning, Mr. Lounds

Lounds reacts.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Do you know who I am, Mr. Lounds?

LOUDS

Yeah. I know who you are. I know
who you are... You undo this shit!

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

According to you I'm a sexual pervert.
An animal, you said.

LOUDS

You better undo this shit! You hear?!
Call my office and get me out of here!

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Do you feel privileged?

LOUDS

(sudden change)

I feel very scared.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Do you pray to God, Mr. Lounds?

LOUDS

Yes.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Do you believe God is in attendance
here?

(CONTINUED)

LOUDS

I don't know...

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Well, in a little while I'll help you understand.

A KETTLE WHISTLES.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

I'll be right back.

(beat)

Don't... go... away...

As if he had any choice. Lounds' face moves. He strains. His arms are glued to the chair. Dollarhyde's hand comes back with a cup of tea and a straw. Lounds sips.

LOUDS

(pitching)

I'd do a big story. Anything you want to say. Describe you any way you want or no description! Whatever!

The hand rips off the sanitary napkins covering Lounds' eyes. Lounds jams his eyes shut. The lights brighten. A single finger taps the top of his head.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Open your eyes, Mr. Lounds.

LOUDS

No. I don't want to see you.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Mr. Lounds, you're a reporter. You like to titillate your readers. That's why you're here. If you don't open your eyes, I'll staple you eyelids to your forehead.

A finger taps Lounds on his chest. A touch on his eyelids. Lounds slowly opens his eyes. His face goes white.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

(continuing; singsong)

Well: here... I... am...

(CONTINUED)

LOUNDS' POV: THE RED DRAGON

FRANCIS DOLLARHYDE opens and drops a black terry cloth robe. His 6'7" body bears a tattoo of William Blake's The Great Red Dragon - arms extended, hovering, the massive wings become Dollarhyde's arms. A rolled-up stocking covers Dollarhyde's upper face and blonde hair + D.A. to just below his nose. Dollarhyde's teeth are jagged and brown-stained. His upper lip bears the scars of a bad Z-plast surgery to fix a harelip and cleft palate. He smiles at Lounds in front of the white screen.

LOUNDS (O.S.)

Oh my dear God Jesus.

LOUNDS

turns away. The shape of Dollarhyde passes behind his head. The robe is on again.

PAST LOUNDS' HEAD: SCREEN

A slide appears. It is Blake's painting.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Look at the screen. That is William Blake's "The Great Red Dragon And The Woman Clothed With The Rays Of The Sun". Do you see?

LOUNDS

Yes...

Next picture: Mrs. Jacobi, asleep next to her husband.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Do you see?

LOUNDS

Yes.

CLICK. Next slide. Mrs. Leeds awake: confused, scared, reaching towards her husband.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Do you see?

LOUNDS

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CLICK. Next slide. A family we will come to know as the SHERMANS: Mrs. Sherman is pushing herself out of the pool. Her breasts glisten. Kids are in the water behind her.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

The next family. As they will look when I go into them. Do you see?

LOUDS

Yes.

LOUDS

staring in horror. We will not see the next slides.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Mrs. Leeds later, her husband beside her. Do you see?

LOUDS

Yes.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Mrs. Jacobi after her changing. The Dragon rampant. Do you see?

LOUDS

Yes.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Freddie Lounds. Your photograph. Do you see?

LOUDS

Oh, God.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Do you see?

LOUDS

Please, no.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

"No" what?

LOUDS

Not me.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Are you a man?

LOUDS

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Do you imply that I'm a queer?

LOUNDS

God, no.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Are you queer, Mr. Lounds?

LOUNDS

No.

REAR OF DOLLARHYDE'S HEAD

Beyond him is the screen and the image of Freddie Lounds with Graham's arm over his shoulder.

DOLLARHYDE

(shouts)

Before me you are a slug in the sun!
You are privy to a great becoming
and you recognize nothing. You are
an ant in the afterbirth.

(beat)

It is your nature to do only one
thing correctly: tremble. But fear
is not what you owe me. You and the
others, Lounds, YOU OWE ME AWE!

(long pause; quietly)

We have one more piece of work to do.

Dollarhyde leaves. Lounds closes his eyes.

LOUNDS

(to himself)

... didn't take off the mask. Please,
God, let him not take off the mask.
If he comes back with it off, I'm dead...

DOLLARHYDE'S HAND

carries a tape recorder. We PAN it across the room to
Lounds' face.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Open your eyes, Mr. Lounds.

Lounds obeys.

(CONTINUED)

109

CONTINUED

CLOSE: DOLLARHYDE

The stocking mask and teeth - stained and jagged - are in place. Lounds is relieved.

DOLLARHYDE

Now you will read this into the tape recorder.

ON LOUNDS

LOUNDS

(reading)

"I have had a great privilege. I have seen with wonder and awe the strength of the Red Dragon. All I wrote about him before were lies. Will Graham made me write them to pull him into a trap in Washington, District of Columbia.

(beat)

"Will Graham: you will learn from my own lips how much you have to dread. Because I was forced to lie, he will be more merciful to me than to you. You will lie awake in fear of what the Red Dragon will do.

(beat)

"I will be a testament to the truth of this."

DOLLARHYDE'S HAND

turns off the tape recorder.

DOLLARHYDE

You did very well. I apologize for the crude images. Next time I'll have an emulsion that doesn't need lights.

LOUNDS

You'll let me go now?

DOLLARHYDE

You will tell the truth?

LOUNDS

Absolutely...

DOLLARHYDE

Good.

(beat)

We'll seal your promise with...

(CONTINUED)

109

CONTINUED

109

DOLLARHYDE'S FACE

with the stocking rolled down over his nose, smiles his dentured smile. And with his kimono open, revealing the face of the dragon emblazoned in crimson on his muscular torso; he leans INTO CAMERA...

DOLLARHYDE

... with a kiss.

VERY WIDE ANGLE

The figures seen from the back. We don't know what Dollarhyde, leaning to Lounds' face, is doing, but Lounds screams.

CUT TO:

110

EXT. TATTTLER BUILDING. (CHICAGO) - WIDE SHOT CITY - NIGHT

110

CRANE DOWN to reveal Dollarhyde's van parked at the curb near the wall of garage. The back door is open. There are shapes between the van and the wall.

111

CLOSER: OVER LOUNDS' RIGHT SHOULDER

111

We do not see his face. We see his shoulder and his lap and part of the van. His pant leg has dark stains. Dollarhyde spills liquid on Lounds. Lounds starts to moan and rouse from unconsciousness. His head starts to turn. He knows he's going to die. And he has some courage.

LOUNDS

Go ahead, you 'astard! Kill 'ee!
Kill 'ee! You rah in 'ell, rah
in 'ell.

CUT TO:

112

INT. "TATTTLER" GARAGE - OVER PARKING ATTENDANT'S RIGHT SHOULDER ON THE RACING FORM - NIGHT

112

He pencils some selections. Start TRACKING left across the back of his neck. Midway we hear the SQUEAK of a wheelchair. The Parking Attendant hears it, too. As the TRACK continues over his left shoulder, he puts down the Racing Form and looks. Nothing. Then he goes back to the Racing Form.

(CONTINUED)

112

CONTINUED

112

FRONTAL PARKING ATTENDANT

reads. Now the wheels SQUEAK and ECHO LOUDER. His head raises again... Activity out of focus in the background (Dollarhyde wheeling Lounds into position).

OVER PARKING ATTENDANT'S LEFT SHOULDER

He turns into camera. There's a loud WOOSH. His eyes go wide. He explodes out of his chair, SCREAMING.

113

WHAT HE SEES: LOUNDS IN WHEELCHAIR - A MAN AFLAME

113

Lounds is a fireball racing toward us. Just before the fireball would smash into camera.

CUT TO:

114

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - GRAHAM - NIGHT

114

on the blue vinyl sofa in the glaring white space. He stares at the tile floor. Beyond Crawford's on the pay phone.

PROFILE: GRAHAM

reacts to a SOUND. Then a Medical Team wheels a dead body - presumably Lounds' - out of the Intensive Care Unit 30 feet down the corridor. People take off masks. Graham looks up. Crawford's there.

GRAHAM

Never regained consciousness...
You hear the tape?

CRAWFORD

(nods)

Will, Bowman just broke the code Lecktor used in the "Tattler" personal ad. It was the Commonwealth of Maryland Statutes. You need to know what it said right now.

GRAHAM

What?

(CONTINUED)

114

CONTINUED

1.

CRAWFORD

Now listen to me: everything is
okay. I'm taking care of it.

GRAHAM

Tell me.

CRAWFORD

It says: "Graham home, 3860
DeSoto Highway, Marathon, Florida.
Save yourself. Kill them all.

(beat)

Your home address, Will. That
bastard Lecktor, gave him your
home address.

Graham's running down the corridor towards the phone.

GRAHAM

Get me a plane...

CRAWFORD (O.S.)

Will! I've already done it...

Graham stops half way down the corridor. Does nothing...
just stares at Crawford.

CUT TO:

115

INT. BALTIMORE SAFE HOUSE, FOYER - DOOR - DAY

11

HOLD.. Then it opens. Molly and Kevin, followed by
Graham. Two unmarked FBI cars and 4 Maryland State
Police cars are parked on the front lawn. The fence
outside is barbed wire. Molly enters the foyer, looks
around and stops.

MOLLY

Welcome to sunny suburban Baltimore...

HOUSE INTERIOR

Holiday Inn decor. Molly takes a deep breath, lets it out:

MOLLY

(continuing)

Who decorated this place?
Richard Nixon?

*

GRAHAM

They'll find us a better safe house
during the week...

(mood change)

Molly. I'm sorry... I'm sorry about
all of this...

(CONTINUED)

115

CONTINUED

1

MOLLY

You didn't do it to me, Will.
They've done it to us.

(touches his face)

And if I can survive the wall-
paper... we'll make out okay.

(Graham has to smile)

He's after you now, isn't he?

She didn't check to see that Kevin is out of earshot.
Graham does.

GRAHAM

It's a precaution...

(to Kevin)

Why don't you run down to the bay.
They got a swimming float.

KEVIN

I want to hang around here. I'm
in the kitchen, Mom...

Graham angles to see Kevin.

116

GRAHAM'S POV: KEVIN

11

is in the kitchen leaning against the counter doing nothing.
He breaks Graham's eye contact.

GRAHAM

What is he? Afraid to leave
you alone with me now?

(beat)

He read the "Tattler" piece
about me, didn't he?

MOLLY

He didn't know about what
happened to you. He said it
makes him feel funny. I wanted
to talk to him. He said he
wanted to bring it up to you.
Face to face.

GRAHAM

Good for him.

(to Kevin)

Kevin. We're going grocery shopping.

CUT TO:

117

INT. SUPERMARKET - GRAHAM + KEVIN - DAY

117

push a basket collecting stuff from the shelves. Other families are shopping. The place is medium-crowded. Mind-dulling MUZAK comes from the ceiling.

GRAHAM

You and mom are very well-protected. No one can find out where you are.

KEVIN

Is there anything I need to know to see about Mom?

GRAHAM

No.

KEVIN

This guy wants to kill us?

GRAHAM

We don't know that.

KEVIN

When are you gonna kill him?

GRAHAM

I'm not. It's just my job to find him.

KEVIN

Barry's mom had this newspaper. It said you were in a mental hospital.

GRAHAM

Yes.

KEVIN

I figured I'd ask you.

GRAHAM

It was a regular hospital and then I was transferred into the psychiatric wing. That bothers you, doesn't?

KEVIN

I don't know... Was it because... in the paper it said it was this man Lecktor.

GRAHAM

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

What happened?

GRAHAM

Lecktor was attacking college girls and he killed them.

KEVIN

How?

GRAHAM

In bad ways.

(beat)

He was a psychiatrist. One of his victims was his patient. I went to talk to him to learn about the victim. I made myself feel and think pretty much the way the killer felt and thought so I could know why he did what he did and to whom because that could help me find him. When I was sitting in Lecktor's office, something about him felt familiar. I drifted off into the kind of talk you have with someone you'd known a long time. Then I saw a book on his shelf. It was about war wounds. Then I realized it was him.

(beat)

So I went to a pay phone down the hall to call for police back-up. And he attacked me...

We get the feeling Graham is leaving out lots of pieces and gives Kevin only the bare bones of what he needs to know.

GRAHAM

(continuing)

You and your mom came to see me and that helped. But after my body got okay, I couldn't stop thinking about it. The way he thinks kept replaying in my head. I stopped talking to people. A doctor friend of mine, Dr. Bloom, asked me to get some help. After a while, I felt better about it and I was okay.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Did he hate the people he killed?

GRAHAM

No. It's as if the whole world were
put here just for him. And he did
whatever he wanted to do in it. To
anyone. At any time... The victims?

(beat)

They and their families meant nothing
to him. He didn't hate them. They meant...
absolutely... nothing...

(pause)

Those were his feelings I had in my
imagination and couldn't get rid of.
At the same time another part of me
couldn't stand having his thoughts
in my head.

Kevin pauses:

KEVIN

The way he thought felt that bad?

EXTREMELY CLOSE: GRAHAM

turns and stares at Kevin:

GRAHAM

Kevin: they're the ugliest thoughts
in the world.

Kevin thinks about this for a long time. Then he seems to
understand.

KEVIN

It's hard for you to do your work,
isn't it?

GRAHAM

reacts with a small nod and turns away. Events caused by
Dollarhyde are now traumatizing his own family and his 9
year old step son has deep understanding of him.

(CONTINUED)

117

CONTINUED

1.

KEVIN

What kind of coffee do you like?

GRAHAM

Huh?

KEVIN

You like that Columbian stuff,
don't you?

Kevin reaches for the coffee and puts it in the basket.

KEVIN

(continuing)

Mom likes that, too.

REAR SHOT: KEVIN + GRAHAM

walk down the aisle. Graham puts his hand over Kevin's
shoulder. They look like father and son. As they dis-
appear around a corner:

KEVIN

When can we go home, Dad?

GRAHAM

I don't know, Kevin.

CUT TO:

118

EXT. BALTIMORE SAFE HOUSE, BACKYARD - REAR SHOT: GRAHAM +
MOLLY - NIGHT

11:

Beyond is Chesapeake Bay and the nightlights of Baltimore
reflecting across it. The swimming float bobs in the
distance. One yellow light is on it.

MOLLY + GRAHAM

The grass looks cold in the moonlight. Molly wears a heavy
cardigan.

MOLLY

... where are things?

GRAHAM

Nowhere. Everything we've tried is a
dead end or backfired. Crawford's
already planning how to handle the
next crime scene so we get it fresh.
It's four days 'til the next full
moon rises.

*

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

Can you quit?

GRAHAM

No.

MOLLY

Why?

(no answer)

No one else...

GRAHAM

No one else can do what I do.

Molly senses and doesn't want to hear what's coming:

MOLLY

What's next?

GRAHAM

I go back to Atlanta.

MOLLY

Crawford?

GRAHAM

No. I have to be... in there...
alone.

MOLLY

This is what you weren't going
to do...

GRAHAM

(low)

This... This killing... has to...

(rage, stops fist
before it smashes
ground)

It... has to stop.

He looks away. We TIGHTEN on her, Molly holds back fear.

MOLLY

Can I have one of your cigarettes?

GRAHAM

You haven't smoked in two years.

MOLLY

I'd like one of your cigarettes,
please.

Graham gives her one. Molly lights up. She picks a piece of tobacco from her lips. She's trying to control fear.

(CONTINUED)

118

CONTINUED

118

MOLLY

Hard to have anything, isn't it,
Will? Hard to get it. Tough
to keep it. This is a slippery
planet.

GRAHAM

(looks away)

It's slick as hell...

MOLLY

(voice breaking)

William: you are going to
make yourself sick or get
yourself killed...

Graham says nothing. Then:

GRAHAM

You and Kevin should go to
Montana. Stay with Kevin's
grandparents... they haven't
seen him for a while.

(pause)

I'll come and get you afterwards...

They are both frozen. Molly looks away, then back:

MOLLY

Even if you survive, will there
be enough left of you... afterwards,
Will?

Molly's eyes are moist. She wipes her cheek. Then she rises
and walks up the low hill back towards the yellow lights of
the house.

GRAHAM

sits alone looking into the black water and the starry night,
wondering about himself.

CUT TO:

119

INT. BALTIMORE AIRPORT, COFFEE SHOP - WINDOW - NIGHT

119

Outside is gray. Rain stripes the glass. Sheets of rain
whip across the silver planes and yellow utility vehicles.

(CONTINUED)

119

CONTINUED

CLOSER: WINDOW

Graham's hand ENTERS and flattens against his half-reflection on the cool glass. He hears:

VALERIE LEEDS (O.S.)
"Hellow. This is Valerie Leeds. I'm
sorry I can't come to the phone
right now..."

GRAHAM
I'm sorry, too...

WAITRESS
Excuse me... ?

Graham turns. The WAITRESS looks at him strangely.

GRAHAM
Coffee...

She leaves. Graham stares at his handprint and says:

GRAHAM
(continuing)
It's just you and me now,
sport. And I'm going to find
you, goddamnit.
(beat)
Because I'm losing all this...

DISSOLVE TO:

120

EXT. SKY - THREE QUARTER MOON - NIGHT (OFX)

120

It's larger than it ought to be and the definition is too sharp - as if not diffused by earth's atmosphere. TILT DOWN to reveal:

EXT. ST. LOUIS - ESTABLISHING SHOT - GATEWAY ARCH - NIGHT (OFX)

CUT TO:

121

EXT. GATEWAY LAB - FACADE - NIGHT

in streamline deco sheet metal reflection green and blue lights

CUT TO:

122

INT. GATEWAY LAB, CAFETERIA - WIDE: FRANCIS DOLLARHYDE'S - NIGHT 1:

fabric stretches across his weightlifter shoulders. Beyond is the brilliant aluminum and peach cafeteria. He wears wrap around sunglasses. His blond hair is in a D.A. with Vitalis. The sport jacket has flecks and wide single lapels.

EILEEN

approaches. She wears black goggles with red lenses on a lanyard around her neck. She's petite and very pretty. She yawns.

EILEEN

Mr. Dollarhyde?

DOLLARHYDE

looks up. Immediately, in characteristic gesture, he curls his right hand under his nose to hide his Z-plast scars from the surgical procedure that fixed his harelip and cleft palate. He's stiff and uncomfortable around living women.

DOLLARHYDE

Yes, Eileen.

EILEEN

Bill told me to tell you there was a variation in the gamma of the number three developer. But he caught it.

DOLLARHYDE

And?

EILEEN

On the densitometer it came out within tolerances.

DOLLARHYDE

Thank you, Eileen.

Dollarhyde takes off his sunglasses and stands. We see why he wears them: he has fierce yellow eyes. He towers over Eileen. Eileen yawns. Dollarhyde is still shy and uneasy.

CUT TO:

123

INT. PROCESSING ROOM - DOLLARHYDE - NIGHT

123

slams through the door into the dim green light past the developers. Dollarhyde walks past the baths. We TRACK WITH him TO the door. He's angry at his psychological impotence around Eileen.

CUT TO:

124

INT. CHEMISTRY ROOM - DOOR - NIGHT

12

SLAMS open. Dollarhyde enters and we TRACK WITH him PAST bottles of acid and glass lab equipment. We don't understand what it's for. He stops and looks at a picture of someone we'll come to know as Mrs. Sherman. She's rising out of a pool. Two toddlers (2 & 4) are next to her in kiddie inner-tubes. He feels calm, powerful now...

*
*
*
*

CUT TO:

125 INT. LIGHT TRAP DOOR - NIGHT

1

It revolves open. Dollarhyde enters. He slams it shut.

CUT TO:

126 INT. DARKROOM - WIDE - NIGHT

1:

It is almost totally dark. In the green dullness we make out the form of a WOMAN. Then Dollarhyde enters.

REBA

Who's there?

DOLLARHYDE

Mr. Dollarhyde. I came about the low-light infrared emulsion.

REBA (WOMAN)

Put your back against the door. Come forward three steps until you feel the tile on your feet. There'll be a stool just to your left.

We see Dollarhyde's form follow instructions and sit.

REBA

(continuing)

You're the production controller from admin, aren't you?

No answer.

REBA

(continuing)

Can you give me an idea of the conditions... ?

DOLLARHYDE

Shooting at maybe eight feet, I can't use any lights.

REBA

Okay. What's being photographed?

*

DOLLARHYDE

The activities of nocturnal animals.

*

*

REBA

When do you need it?

(CONTINUED)

DOLLARHYDE

Four days.

REBA

Let me stick this in the black hole.

We see some movements. Then the light comes on.

DOLLARHYDE'S HAND

curls under his nose in his characteristic gesture. Then he reacts to something. His face lights up in an uncharacteristically open way. He brazenly looks the woman up and down. We don't understand why he can do this.

REBA McCLAIN

is blind. Her white cane is propped in the corner. She's thirty with a handsome prairie face.

REBA

(constructive, direct)

1,000 C Infrared Sensitive has to be handled in total darkness. Remember to be very careful with it.

(beat)

Still, it's easier to handle than the 1200 series.

DOLLARHYDE

It'll do fine.

REBA

In case you're wondering, I keep the samples straight by touch code.

DOLLARHYDE

I wasn't wondering.

RALPH DANDRIDGE

young manager of the department enters, checks watch.

DANDRIDGE

Reba, I've got to fly.

(beat)

Maybe Mr. Dollarhyde could drop you tonight, I...

(CONTINUED)

REBA
(interrupts)
I'll take care of myself, Ralph.
Thanks.

Dandridge leaves. Dollarhyde stares after him.
He doesn't like him. Then:

DOLLARHYDE
I'll take you.

REBA
No, thanks.
(beat)
I'll order you twelve hundred
feet of 1,000 C in the morning.

Reba starts arranging her materials in the darkroom.

DOLLARHYDE
Ride with me.

REBA
Thanks, but I'll take the bus.
I do it all the time.

DOLLARHYDE
Ride with me. It would be
because I would like you to.

Reba hesitates. She likes Dollarhyde's directness.

REBA
(sharp)
Okay. Give me a minute to
straighten up.

DOLLARHYDE
How did you come to Gateway?

REBA
They had to "hire some handicapped"
to shape up their employment
practices to get this defense
contract.

DOLLARHYDE
You worked out well.

REBA
Everybody they hired did.
(beat)
You know you speak very well,
although you avoid fricatives and

(CONTINUED)

126

CONTINUED

REBA (cont'd)
sibilants. At the Riker Institute
For The Blind, I trained in therapy
for speech and hearing impaired
children...

DOLLARHYDE

reacts to "speech therapy".

REBA (O.S.)
I'll probably go back to it
someday.

DOLLARHYDE

Uh-huh.

Silence. Reba stops and turns toward him.

REBA
If you don't want to talk, okay.
But I hope you will... because
you're very direct and I like
that. And I like what you have
to say.

Dollarhyde is stunned at both her perception and frankness.

REBA
(continuing)
May I touch your face?

Dollarhyde reacts:

REBA
(continuing)
I want to know if you're
smiling or frowning. I want
to know if I should be quiet
or not... *

There's a smile on her face. Now her hand moves across the
space towards Dollarhyde's mouth and the 2-plast scars.

REBA'S HAND

Dollarhyde's fist grabs it.

DOLLARHYDE

turns her hand. *

(CONTINUED)

126

CONTINUED

127

DOLLARHYDE

Take my word for it that I'm...
smiling.

There is no smile on Francis Dollarhyde's face.

REBA

If I've offended you, I didn't
mean to.

He still has her hand in his grasp.

DOLLARHYDE

On the way... Can I take you
somewhere?

REBA

Where?

He lets go of her hand.

DOLLARHYDE

It would be a surprise...

REBA

Okay... Sure.

CUT TO:

127

INT. WHITE ROOM - DOLLARHYDE - NIGHT

127

against a glaring and antiseptic white wall. He waits.
We don't know where we are, then:

DR. WARFIELD (O.S.)

Are you apprehensive? The
very protective Mr. Dollarhyde,
over there, is watching us.

REBA

No, no! I want to.

Dollarhyde reacts with a light smile at the compliment.
Meanwhile:

DR. WARFIELD

In two hours we're going to cap
his tooth.

(beat)

Put your left hand on the edge
of the table and you can explore
with your right. I'll be right
here beside you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

We see Reba start to reach out. Then we see what she is about to touch.

128 TEN-FOOT LONG BENGAL TIGER

12

Reba's hand feels the fur slide across her palm.

REBA'S HAND

The fur springs between her fingers.

TIGER'S PAW

Reba's hand enters down its foreleg. Warfield - with two hands - lifts the great paw and puts it in her hand. Reba's hand feels the roughness of the pads. She presses and the claw slides out. Both her hands go up his leg to the heavy supple muscles of his shoulder.

TIGER'S HEAD

Reba's hand gently touches the tiger's ears and both hands feel the width of his head.

TIGER'S TEETH (MACRO)

The hot breath coming across its rough tongue stirs the hairs on her forearms.

TIGER'S CHEST

Reba's arms wrap around the huge chest. Slowly her face lowers and she puts her ear next to the tiger's ribs. Reba's ecstatic. We hear what she hears: the HEARTBEAT. It fills us and Reba with its bright thunder.

CUT TO:

129 INT ATLANTA STORAGE ROOM - WILL GRAHAM - DAY

129

sits among piles of Leeds family possessions. He opens a child's toy. It's large and pink plastic. It's a Mexican fantasy house with puffy white plastic clouds, strange handles and doors with eyes in them. Graham lets it drop out of his hand and looks around.

(CONTINUED)

130 GRAHAM'S POV: CONSUMER GOODS 1.

of dead families. All the possessions, appliances, clothes and furniture. Donald Jacobi's bike appears and disappears.

131 REAR SHOT: GRAHAM 1.

half in, half out of a shaft of yellow light that irradiates notes of dust. Graham sits and stares in canyon of these accumulations. PULL BACK to see the expanse of the room. While we WIDEN, we hear *

VOICE #1 (O.S.)
What's he doin? Been in there
all day.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
Just sits and stares at the stuff...

The CAMERA now includes two UNIFORMED SECURITY GUARDS at the door. As we WIDEN and PULL BACK they walk away.

GRAHAM
(pause, then to
himself)
You rearrange the kids and
husbands into a dead audience.
To witness what you do. You
think what you do will make you
into something different. Your
"becoming"... What is it you
think you're becoming? *
(beat) *
The answer to this is in how you
use mirrors. What do the mirrors
make you believe you're becoming? *

Graham looks into a mirrored coffee table.

132 GRAHAM'S POV 13.

What he sees reflected there in the mirrors is a reflection of himself.

CUT TO:

133 INT. DOLLARHYDE'S HOUSE - THE GREAT RED DRAGON AND THE WOMAN 13.
CLOTHED WITH THE RAYS OF THE SUN - NIGHT

Blake's painting. It's a large reproduction. It's a pre-psychological evocation of violent sexual impulses. The Red Dragon towers over the woman. She is supine. He commands her. O.S. we hear WATER RUNNING...

134

INT. LIVING ROOM - PAN - NIGHT

13

It's dark brown with soaring '50's-futuristic furniture. A Styrosphere casts stars and constellations throughout the room. A full-sized mural from JBL of the moon surface is on one wall. Another of the surface of Mars in on a beaded glass divider. We MOVE PAST objects: a recliner lounge, two film projectors, a black and white '50s clock with golfballs in the arrow arms, a console TV set with the cabinet removed and a sofa with Dollarhyde on it. He's watching a movie.

*
*
*
*
*

DOLLARHYDE

A little to your right...

Reba makes her way across the living room and sits on the sofa.

*
*

*

135

CLOSER: DOLLARHYDE + REBA

135

The film projector hums. We don't see what movie Dollarhyde is watching.

REBA

Francis...

(beat)

That was a great dinner.
Thank you.

DOLLARHYDE

I made you a gin and tonic. It's
by the side of the sofa...

REBA

What are you watching?

DOLLARHYDE

A little homework...

Dollarhyde looks at Reba. Then he looks at the film. They are like a tableau of a married couple sitting on the sofa watching TV. Except:

REAR SHOT OVER DOLLARHYDE + REBA TO THE SCREEN

The movie is Mrs. Sherman's legs scissoring in the water. Then her breasts swelling and shining above her suit as she pushes herself out of the pool. Sherman kids (11 year old Fred, 13 year old Tina) are behind her. Then her legs are scissoring. Then she pushes out of the pool. It's a film loop. Dollarhyde's watching the coming attractions of his next horror show. He looks at Reba.

DOLLARHYDE'S POV:

unknowing, is suffused with a calm equanimity. Her breasts rise and fall with her breathing. The flickering light from the screen intermittently illuminates and darkens the planes of her face.

EXTREMELY CLOSE: REBA'S NECK

The smooth skin and downlike hairs undulated from the beating of her living heart.

DOLLARHYDE

smiles, watching her pulse rise and fall under the soft skin. Then he looks back at the loop of Mrs. Sherman rising out of the pool. Then Reba. Then Mrs. Sherman. He's enjoying his double voyeur act and doesn't see:

(CONTINUED)

135

CONTINUED

1:

REBA'S HAND

moves along the back of the sofa towards Dollarhyde.

REBA

moves towards Dollarhyde's face.

DOLLARHYDE

Reba ENTERS the frame and kisses Dollarhyde on the mouth. Dollarhyde's eyes freeze open. He is stunned. Reba's left hand opens Dollarhyde's shirt and slides down his chest toward his pants...

REBA

(soft whispers)

Take me upstairs...

CUT TO:

136

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S BEDROOM - DOLLARHYDE'S HEAD - NIGHT

13

on the satin comforter. His eyes are wide open...

REBA (O.S.)

Let me get them off... it's torn...

I don't care! Come on. My God,
man. Yes...

His reaction to this unexpected event is shock. Reba's hand with her long, gentle fingers caresses the side of Dollarhyde's face. We will HEAR Reba's VOICE and see little of her. We will see Dollarhyde's face and the expression on it: stunned amazement.

REBA (O.S.)

You're so sweet, Francis...

(beat)

... so sweet.

(beat)

Yes...

Her hands are on his shoulders. She is out of FRAME and doesn't see directly below her what is tattooed there: the Great Red Dragon.

*
*

REBA (O.S.)

(continuing; soft)

Your heart is loud.

(beat)

Feel all of me... ?

(CONTINUED)

136

CONTINUED

136

Dollarhyde knows what he feels: he is pole-axed. What he doesn't know is what to think.

137

DOLLARHYDE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

137

SAME - LATER - REBA

is asleep. She holds onto Dollarhyde in the near dark. He is wide awake. Frozen. Then his hand tentatively caresses her forehead and brushes her light brown hair.

DOLLARHYDE

wide awake, eases her away. Then he puts his ear to her breast and listens to her heart beating. Dollarhyde is relieved. He touches her gently, softly in wonder and amazement. Then Dollarhyde leaves...

REBA

Dollarhyde re-enters FRAME and puts a glass of water next to her. He covers her. He lays down again. Reba stirs half awake, murmurs dreamily. Dollarhyde supports the back of her head and offers her some water.

OVERHEAD ANGLE: DOLLARHYDE + REBA

Dollarhyde's arm moves under her pillow. She snuggles closer to him. Dollarhyde's eyes are moist. Reba's hand moves up his stomach and rests on his chest. It rests above his heart. It rests on the face of the crimson dragon. When she is asleep again, Dollarhyde takes her hand off the great tattoo and puts it on his face.

Dollarhyde - cloven in two, accepted by a living Reba - will not sleep for a very long time.

CUT TO:

138

SAME - DOLLARHYDE - DAY

138

It is morning. He snaps awake. He is horrorstruck: Reba's pillow is empty. She's not there. Dollarhyde races out of the room.

139

EXT. DOLLARHYDE HOUSE, BACKYARD - DOOR - DAY -

139

SLAMS open. Dollarhyde stops in the doorframe.

(CONTINUED)

139

CONTINUED

139

REBA (O.S.)

Is that you, D?

DOLLARHYDE

Yes, are you okay... ?!

REBA (O.S.)

I'm fine.

REBA

in her cotton dress. The prairie wind blows her hair and presses the thin cotton against her body in the overgrown weeds and wildflowers of Dollarhyde's backyard. Pollen drifts through.

DOLLARHYDE

nears her, towers above her. He touches her face. Reba folds into his arms and lays her head on his hard chest. His heart is going fast. He doesn't believe this fine thing is happening to him and that she's okay.

REBA

Good morning...

(kisses his cheek)

If you show me where things are,
I'll make us some coffee...

DOLLARHYDE

No! Don't go back into the house...

REBA

I left my purse inside.

DOLLARHYDE

I'll get it.

(to her quizzical
reaction)

You should stay outside. It's
because you look so good in the
sun.

REBA

(laughs lightly)

Okay...

DOLLARHYDE

(filled with fear)

When... when can I see you again,
Reba?

(CONTINUED)

139

CONTINUED

139

REBA

I'll be running late tonight,
Francis. We could meet at my
house...

Francis Dollarhyde holds her tightly and looks out across
the water, amazed.

CUT TO:

140

INT. ATLANTA HOTEL ROOM - GRAHAM - NIGHT

140

with Crawford on the phone.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

You got the message Lecktor called... ?

GRAHAM

I arranged for him to have a phone.
I have to call him in a few minutes.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

We identified the tire tracks left
when Lounds was delivered back to
the "Tattler". G78x16 Goodyear
truck tires. Our boy drives a van...

(beat)

We also worked backwards to a time on
the wound. Puts him within a 5 hour
driving radius of Chicago. I'm setting
up our base there. When you coming back?

GRAHAM

When I'm done.

Graham hangs up and looks out the window at the rain. He
dials again.

GRAHAM

It's Will. Is Molly there,
Mr. Swenson?

GRAMP (V.O.)

Well, how you doin', Will?!
You sure are in the center of a
storm. Burning up lots of tax-
payers' dollars, too, I bet.

(beat)

On the news they said he was a
white man. He isn't really, is
he?

(CONTINUED)

140

CONTINUED

14

GRAHAM

Sure he is. He's blond.

(fuck him:)

Probably Scandinavian, too.

(beat)

Molly there?

GRAMPA (V.O.)

My grandboy's been eatin' a ton
of breakfast. You oughta see
that little booger eat. I'll
bet he gained ten pounds bein'
out here in the good air.

GRAHAM

Where's Molly? I know: "out in
the good air".

GRAMPA (V.O.)

No. She's right here.

Silence. Then:

MOLLY (V.O.)

How are you?

GRAHAM

Okay.

Silence.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Dad bought Kevin a pony.

GRAHAM

Good.

Suddenly there's masculine laughter in the background
on Molly's end. It's a party Graham's not part of.

GRAHAM

Men's voices... You... uh...
you having a party, Molly?

MOLLY

My uncles came up from Cheyenne
to see Kevin.

GRAHAM

Yeah? What are you doing... ?

(CONTINUED)

140

CONTINUED

1

MOLLY
Being worried and angry.

GRAHAM
(pause)
What am I supposed to say to
that, Molly?

MOLLY
I don't know.

Neither does Graham. Silence.

GRAHAM
You doing anything besides
being worried and angry?

MOLLY
Yes. When Mom died I stayed up
here to get myself together. I'm
trying to get myself together now,
too.

GRAHAM
Small difference: I'm not dead
yet.

MOLLY
Will...

GRAHAM
Tell you what, buckaroo...
(beat)
... see you around.

Graham hangs up. He stares out the window at the rain.
Then he dials again.

GRAHAM
(continuing)
This is Will Graham. Dr. Chilton
arranged for me to talk with
Dr. Lecktor.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
I'll put you through.

INTERCUT WITH:

141

INT. CHESAPEAKE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE,
LECKTOR'S CELL - HANNIBAL LECKTOR - NIGHT

1

picks up the phone and takes Graham's call.

LECKTOR

Hello, Will.

(beat)

I wanted to congratulate you for the job you did on Mr. Lounds. I admired it enormously. What a cunning boy you are, Will.

GRAHAM

I'm worn out with you crazy sons-of-bitches. If you've got something to say, Lecktor, say it.

LECKTOR

I want to help you, Will. You'd be more comfortable if you relaxed with yourself. We don't invent our natures. They're issued to us. Along with our lungs and pancreas and everything else. Why fight it?

GRAHAM

Fight what?

LECKTOR

Were you so depressed after you shot Mr. Garrett Jacob Hobbs to death? I didn't know you then, but I think you probably were. But it wouldn't have been the act that got you down, would it? Didn't you really feel so bad because killing him felt so good?

(ironic)

And why shouldn't if feel good? It must feel good to God. God does it all the time...

Graham laughs.

GRAHAM

I don't believe in God.

LECKTOR

You should, Will. God's terrific!

(beat)

He dropped a church roof in Texas last Wednesday night on 34 of his worshippers. Just as they were groveling through a hymn. Don't you think that felt good?

141

CONTINUED

141

LECKTOR (cont'd)

(beat)

He wouldn't begrudge you two
messy murders.

Graham starts to listen closely. There is something here
for him:

GRAHAM

Why does it feel good?

LECKTOR

It feels good because God has power.
And if you do what God does, enough
times, you will become as God is...

Will Graham thinks about this and forgets the phone he's
holding.

LECKTOR

(continuing; fading)

God always stays ahead. He's a
champ! He got a hundred and sixty
Philippinos in one plane crash two
months ago... Remember the big
earthquake in Italy last spring... ?

Lecktor's voice fades as Will Graham hangs up on him. Graham
sits on the rumpled bed and stares out the window at the rain...

CUT TO:

142

INT. LEEDS HOUSE - GRAHAM - DAY

142

stands in the kitchen. His raincoat and rainhat drip water
onto the floor. The house no longer is a crime scene. It's
been cleaned up. It is absolutely naked. No furniture.
Shades are drawn. Slashes of light hit the floor. Graham
stands there. Then he walks forward...

143

STAIRCASE - GRAHAM'S FEET UP THE STAIRS - DAY

143

GRAHAM (O.S.)

I enter. The glass cutter. I
lick the suction cup. The piece
of glass I take out is mine. The
house is mine.

(beat)

I walk up these stairs. I pass

(CONTINUED)

143

CONTINUED

143

GRAHAM (cont'd)
the children's toys. The children
mean nothing to me... Nothing.
They were all put here to help me.

The toys appear and disappear (OPX) on the stairs as
Graham's feet continue moving up the stairs to the second-
floor landing. We dwell on the open door to the kid's room.

GRAHAM (O.S.)
I am soundless. I move to the door.
I step into the room.

144

INT. LEEDS MASTER BEDROOM - THE DOOR - DAY

144

It opens. Graham enters. Graham stands there.

GRAHAM
I see you there. I breathe in
the perfume of this place. And
I am again, another time, in the
inner sanctum of a life.

OVER GRAHAM'S SHOULDER: THE BED

Mr. Charles Leeds sleeps with his arm under
Mrs. Leeds' pillow.

Mrs. Leeds is on her side. Mr. Leeds starts to rise.
He sees the intruder. He walks out of the bed and
stands against the wall. Mirrors explode. The room
appears to MOVE TOWARDS US.

145

INT. LEEDS MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

145

SLOW TRACK IN + ZOOM OUT ON GRAHAM

146

INT. LEEDS MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

146

OVER GRAHAM'S SHOULDER: THE BED

The room appears to MOVE TOWARDS us. Mrs. Leeds stirs.
Then her face turns into camera. She smiles. Her
eyes are silver and reflect light. She smiles at us;
she wants us. We get closer and closer. We've been
hearing:

(CONTINUED)

146

CONTINUED

1

GRAHAM

And you? You are the fuel for my changing... as this becomes one more step towards what I am becoming that is different than what I have ever been before...

(beat)

You will be better than anything... anything I have ever known. As I see me in your eyes... as I see me accepted by you. Accepted and reflected there... in the silver mirrors of your eyes.

147

INT. LEEDS MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

14

DOLLY INTO: CU MRS. LEEDS

In the silver mirrors of her eyes, Graham sees reflected there: himself (OFX).

148

INT. LEEDS LIVING ROOM - WIDE

14

It is empty. The bare floorboards, a dynamic perspective of lines, go nowhere. O.S. Graham's sobs are quiet in the empty house.

CUT TO:

149

EXT. REBA'S HOUSE - SLOW TRACK PAST DOLLARHYDE'S VAN - NIGHT 14

He sits under an underlit green tree with the lights out. He is waiting. Watching. He looks at his watch. Then he HEARS a car approach and looks up.

150

DOLLARHYDE'S POV: GREEN OLDSMOBILE

15

stops in front of Reba's.

151

INT. VAN - DOLLARHYDE'S FACE

15

He's excited. He's happy to see her. He starts to get out. Now he stops.

152

DOLLARHYDE'S POV: REBA + RALPH DANDRIDGE

15

exit the Oldsmobile. He walks with her up the sidewalk to her door. Reba opens her door with a key. She turns towards Dandridge.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED

1

DANDRIDGE
There's something on your face.

He brushes at a speck of dust on Reba's cheek.

153 INT. VAN - DOLLARHYDE

1!

stares. Events are threatening Dollarhyde's fragile stability. We don't want this to be happening, we don't want Dandridge to touch her again...

154 DOLLARHYDE'S POV: REBA + DANDRIDGE

1!

We see what Dollarhyde imagines: Dandridge's fingers caress the soft skin of Reba's face. Reba's expression and mouth are open and warm to him. The image is diffused and lyrical.

155 INT. VAN - DOLLARHYDE'S FACE

15

Blank.

156 DOLLARHYDE'S POV: REBA + DANDRIDGE

15

Reba smiles. Her lips part. His finger brushes between her lips... His hand goes to her breast... Dollarhyde was accepted by a living woman. Now she is betraying and rejecting him.

157 INT. DOLLARHYDE'S VAN - DOLLARHYDE'S HAND

15

clutches the dash.

PADDED DASH

His fingers pop through the vinyl, gouging deep furrows. We hear hyperventilating.

158 EXT. REBA'S HOUSE - REBA + DANDRIDGE

15

Normal reality. There was no, there is no seduction. No contact.

REBA
What was it?

DANDRIDGE
Pollen.

(CONTINUED)

158

CONTINUED

15

REBA
Thanks for the ride.

DANDRIDGE
See you tomorrow.

Reba walks into her apartment.

RALPH DANDRIDGE

walks back to his car. He doesn't see Dollarhyde standing towering above and behind the hedge. Dollarhyde touches Dandridge's shoulder. It scares the shit out of him. Then he relaxes as he recognizes Dollarhyde and starts to say something. Dollarhyde pulls Dandridge through the hedge. Dollarhyde's hand clutches the whole of Dandridge's lower face. THREE soft POPS are from Dollarhyde's nine millimeter. He shot Dandridge three times in the heart. Bright muzzle flash. *

CUT TO:

159

INT. REBA'S DUPLEX - REBA - NIGHT

15

moving in the dark. The DOORBELL RINGS. She has unbuttoned her blouse. Now she goes back to answer the door.

REBA
Who is it?

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
It's me.

She opens the door and smiles.

REBA
Francis... ?

RED DRAGON
No. Not Francis.
(beat)
Francis is gone. Francis is gone for... forever... *

As he steps towards her and his hand jams the chloroformed rag into her face...

CUT TO:

160

THE MOON (OFX)

*160

It's full and very large as it dawns over black water that seems to ripple and be drawn to it. PULL BACK to reveal we are:

CUT TO:

161

INT. CHICAGO FBI OFFICE - WINDOW + NIGHT SKY - NIGHT (OFX)

16

Next to the window we see the Jacobi birthday party, on a monitor.

CRAWFORD (O.S.)

What's important?

The Jacobis are sitting around a table. They are singing "Happy Birthday". Donald Jacobi is 11. His sister is 5.

GRAHAM + CRAWFORD

Graham's mind is elsewhere... His voice comes out blase, matter-of-fact. Movable cardboard files are everywhere. The office is a mess. Take-out food litters desk tops full of reports.

GRAHAM

He changes them into beings that will accept him...

CRAWFORD

"Changes?"

GRAHAM

It's a word. Killing them...

(beat)

Lektor told me: if one does as God does enough times, one becomes as God is.

(beat)

If our boy imitates getting accepted enough times, he'll become one who is accepted. It'll come true. He uses the mirrors to see acceptance happen.

CRAWFORD

(pause, then:)

Accepted? By who?

GRAHAM

Living women.

(Crawford reacts)

He'd record it somehow. So he can see himself received over and over and over again...

CRAWFORD

VTR, Polaroid, stills, what?

GRAHAM

How the hell do I know?!

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED

Graham is intent on the tape. Then:

GRAHAM

(continuing)

How does he find them? If we find out how he found them, then we'll find him.

CRAWFORD

There's no connection between the families. We've done a dozen computer runs!

GRAHAM

Jack! All the women have a bloom on them. He didn't win them in a lottery! He picked them. There's selection and design in his choices.

Graham's beyond frustration.

CRAWFORD

Admit we struck out this month. The Gulf Stream's standing by. The basic lab stuff is on it. You, Zeller, Jimmie Price, a photographer. Anywhere he hits, we can be there in an hour and fifteen minutes. We get the call, we roll. The scene'll be very fresh... Fresher than we've ever had it.

GRAHAM

It's not over yet!

CRAWFORD

It's a foregone conclusion. For Christ's sake, it's 11:30P.M. The full moon is happening tonight!

Graham doesn't answer. He goes back to the film.

TV MONITOR: JACOBI FAMILY

Donald Jacobi, big birthday card to the camera. It says: "Happy Birthday - Follow the ribbon". Just then a cat jumps on the table. Camera follows Donald Jacobi following the ribbon outside or out the door to the garage (dependant on the location) and we see a ten-speed bicycle.

CRAWFORD

Will?

(CONTINUED)

161

CONTINUED

14

GRAHAM
(explodes)

You wanna watch this or what?!

Crawford stares at him. Then he works his way through a report.

TV MONITOR: JACOBI FAMILY

Donald Jacobi wheels the bicycle. The camera pans past the padlock on the door. Graham's hand flashes INTO FRAME and slams on the "Freeze" button.

GRAHAM
A padlock. That's why the boltcutter

CRAWFORD
What's that?

GRAHAM
He used a boltcutter to trim the branch out of his way. When he was watching from the woods. Why didn't he use it to go through the basement door?

CRAWFORD
Because a deadbolt was there when they were killed.

GRAHAM
Jacobi put it in between when this film was made and when he was murdered?

CRAWFORD
He had to.

Graham rifles through the files and comes up with the autopsy report on Donald Jacobi

GRAHAM
Donald Jacobi's eleventh birthday party was April fourteenth. Sometime between April fourteenth and May third they changed the door.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM (cont'd)

(beat)

But you can't see either family's door from the street. He wouldn't know until he got to the house that the padlock wasn't there anymore and he didn't need the boltcutter...

He freezes the Jacobi tape and plays the Leeds tape:

GRAHAM

(continuing; intently
on the screen)

From the street he couldn't have seen the glass in the Leeds' kitchen door. There's a high fence back there, but he was ready with his glasscutter.

(beat)

So he was either casing far ahead and we didn't check back far enough or...

MONITOR: LEEDS TAPE

The Leeds' gray Scottie perks up his ears and runs in the glass kitchen door. The camera pans off the dog to Valerie Leeds... Meanwhile Crawford has sat down, exhausted.

CRAWFORD

It's getting late and...

GRAHAM

(explodes out of
chair)

Don't talk to me!!

EXTREMELY CLOSE: GRAHAM

watching. Then he grabs the phone and punches numbers.

GRAHAM

Metcalfe, it's Graham. Is the Jacobi stuff still in the storeroom?

METCALFE (V.O.)

Yeah. You know what time it is?

GRAHAM

Have one of the guards down there call me.

(CONTINUED)

METCALFE (V.O.)

If the guy's not asleep...

GRAHAM

Do it.

He hangs up on Metcalfe.

VTR MONITOR

Graham's hand freezes the Leeds tape and plays the Jacobi tape. The Jacobis' cat jumps on the table.

GRAHAM

(to himself)

You know that's the Jacobis' cat...

Donald Jacobi pushes the bicycle past the door with the padlock.

GRAHAM

(to himself)

You brought a boltcutter... 'cause you thought there was a padlock...

Graham plays the Leeds tape. The dog runs in thru the door.

GRAHAM

(to himself)

And the Leeds' dog doesn't have a collar... But you know it's the Leeds' dog, don't you, my man?!

Crawford is staring at Graham. This is why Crawford drafted him. Crawford doesn't look like he wants to be alone in the same room with Graham anymore...

GRAHAM

(continuing; to himself)

See the woman? The bloom on the woman? You can see her again and again. Anytime you want.

(beat)

The doggy doesn't have a collar. But you know the Leeds dog, don't you?

(beat)

And the Jacobi cat? And the padlock on the door? And you know you need a boltcutter and every other goddamn thing...

(more)

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM (cont'd)

(beat)

'Cause everything with you is
seeing; isn't it? Reflections
in mirrors? Images? Seeing?

(shouts)

YOU'VE SEEN THESE FUCKING FILMS!

(smashes chair across
room)

Haven't you, my man?

Graham's explosive. The PHONE RINGS. Crawford answers. His
attention is riveted on Graham.

CRAWFORD

... guard in the storeroom.

GRAHAM

(to Crawford)

... the cans!

CRAWFORD

What cans?

GRAHAM

These tapes were transferred from
home movies. Where's the packaging
they came in!?

CRAWFORD

(into phone)

There's film of the families in
document storage. Find it.

Crawford is very quiet. Graham examines the videotape
sleeves, tosses them aside.

CRAWFORD

(continuing)

Got 'em...

(into phone)

They have any labels... ?

(beat; to Graham)

Leeds can: Gateway Lab.

St. Louis, Missouri.

GRAHAM

The Jacobi label is going to say
what it says on the Leeds label:
Gateway Lab. St. Louis, Missouri.

CRAWFORD

(into phone)

Who processed the Jacobi film?

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon!

(CONTINUED)

161

CONTINUED

1

Crawford, waiting. Graham's watching him.

CRAWFORD

No. Bob's Photo Store. Birmingham.

GRAHAM

Stores send it out.
Have him peel the top label back?

CRAWFORD

There a label underneath?

Crawford hears. He's chilled.

GRAHAM

It does, doesn't it?

CRAWFORD

(punches another
number)

I want a chopper on the roof in
three minutes. To Meigs Field.
(beat)

At Meigs I want the Gulf Stream
flight prepped and a plan filed
to St. Louis.

Graham's already out the door. Crawford races after him.

CUT TO:

162

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - REBA - NIGHT

16

standing alone in the room. The Styrosphere projects
stars around the room and across the JPL mural. She
feels around. She's very frightened. Reba's trying to
control herself.

PANNING THROUGH '50S FURNITURE

through shadows and highlights and sweeping stars on the
walls. We pass the TV and armchair and come on to Reba
again breathing heavily. She stands there, squeezing into
a corner, trying to make herself dissapear. She is like a
rabbit who is hunted and at a certain point, freezes...
Suddenly she's startled. "INNAGADDADAVIDA" by Iron Butterfly
from 1967 BLASTS at her from the stereo.

DOLLARHYDE

stands four feet from her, staring expressionlessly. Deep
in his psychotic episode, his affect is flattened.

(CONTINUED)

162

CONTINUED

1

REBA

(shouts)

... you're scaring me with this.

There's no answer. We don't know if there's anyone else in the room.

REBA

(searching)

Am I alone in this room? Are you here...

(shrill)

Why are you doing this?!

In a flash Dollarhyde grips her mouth, shutting off the sound.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

(in a low voice)

Two groups of people were changed.

Leads. And Jacobi. The police think they were murdered.

(beat)

Do you know what they call the being that came out of the night sky and visited these people? You can say.

*

REBA

No... I...

*

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Dragon... Red Dragon. Francis tried to keep me off you, but he was wrong.

*

*

She is very scared. Dollarhyde's hand falls away.

CUT TO:

163

INT. GULF STREAM - ELECTRICIAN - NIGHT

16:

finish: patching together cables.

TECHNICIAN

Try it...

CRAWFORD

(into radio phone)

This is Jack Crawford, FBI.
Who am I speaking to?

(CONTINUED)

FOGEL (V.O.)

This is Chester Fogel. I'm the managing director of Gateway...

CRAWFORD

All we know is this man works at Gateway. We have physical characteristics...

FOGEL (V.O.)

We have 516 employees here... Our computers aren't programmed to retrieve by physical characteristics. We'd have to reprogram and...

GRAHAM

Parking permits...

CRAWFORD

(into phone)

Are your parking permits in the computer? He drives a van.

FOGEL (V.O.)

"Employee facilities." And we have special stickers for vans.

(beat)

... about 28, 29 van permits issued...

Meanwhile Graham has grabbed the second radio phone.

CRAWFORD

(into phone)

Start feeding me names.

INTERCUT WITH:

164

INT. ST. LOUIS P.D. OFFICE - LT. FISK - NIGHT

16

on telephone. Two FBI men are at his desk. Uniformed patrolmen carrying assault rifles and body armor run through in the b.g.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Run these names to your DMV for a driver's license check. Man we're after is blond, caucasian, twenty to forty, six feet tall, 180 to 225 pounds.

(beat)

First name...

Fisk punches Graham into the speaker phone.

(CONTINUED)

164

CONTINUED

164

GRAHAM (O.S.)
 ... Alvaro. A-L-V-A-R-O, first
 name Joseph.

One of the uniformed cops is already punching it into a
 computer terminal. Lt. Fisk looks at the monitor...

LT. FISK
 (into phone)
 No. Brown eyes, black hair.

CUT TO:

165

INT. GULF STREAM - GRAHAM - NIGHT

165

GRAHAM
 (to Crawford)
 No.

CRAWFORD
 (into phone)
 Next...

CUT TO:

166

EXT. SKY - AERIAL SHOT: GULF STREAM - NIGHT (OPTICAL EFX)

166

The Gulf Stream approaches and races past us at its cruising
 speed of 585 mph. As it leaves the FRAME, the image we're
 left with is the moon. It looms large and white 30 degrees
 above the horizon and rising into a starry sky.

CUT TO:

167

INT. ST. LOUIS P.D. OFFICE - COMPUTER MONITOR - NIGHT

167

displays the license with picture and driving record of
 Dillon, Lincoln. He's a black man.

LT. FISK
 (into phone; to Graham)
 No. Next.

He waits and then starts punching letters into the keyboard.

CUT TO:

168

INT. GULF STREAM CABIN - GRAHAM + CRAWFORD - NIGHT

168

Graham is hearing.

(CONTINUED)

LT. FISK (V.O.)
... six foot, male caucasian, blond,
violet eyes, 217 pounds, 34 years
old...

GRAHAM
(into phone)
Put it through the datafax. Fast.

CUT TO:

169

INT. GULF STREAM FLIGHT DECK - OVER PILOT'S SHOULDERS - NIGHT 1

St. Louis approaches. The flashing strobes of the airport
runway indicator, the cobalt blue runway lights.

PILOT
(into PA)
Could you fasten your seatbelts.
We're on our final approach...

CUT TO:

170

INT. GULF STREAM CABIN - DATAFAX - NIGHT

starts printing out line by line: a blowup of a driver's
license with picture. The lines compose hair, forehead,
eyes... coming at us line by line is: Francis Dollarhyde.
Meanwhile:

CRAWFORD
(to Graham)
Fogel only has four more names.
He knows two: both dark hair.
Third's a woman. Fourth's a
handicapped parking permit...

GRAHAM
(re Dollarhyde)
This is our man...!
(into phone
to Lt. Fisk)
Rural Route 3, Chester, Missouri.
Where is that?

LT. FISK (V.O.)
From the airport you're closer.
We'll meet at the Hock Road
offramp, Highway 94.

CUT TO:

- 171 EXT. ST. LOUIS AIRPORT - GULF STREAM - NIGHT 17
hits the runway. Tires smoke. Its ENGINES SCREAM in reverse thrust. It taxis away from the terminal to a security area. Two St. Louis P.D. squad cars are waiting.
- CUT TO:
- 172 INT. DOLLARHYDE BATHROOM - DOLLARHYDE - NIGHT 17
enters as a reflection in the medicine cabinet. His fist SMASHES the mirror. His image SHATTERED with the glass. The glass shower door swings open. *
- DOLLARHYDE'S FOREARM
- DESTROYS it. He rips it from the walls and throws it away. He takes the shards of mirror and leaves for the kitchen. Throughout his face has been expressionless. *
- CUT TO:
- 173 INT. DOLLARHYDE KITCHEN - DOLLARHYDE - NIGHT 17
throws Reba on the kitchen table. The whole kitchen is formica and chrome from 1963. She sobs softly and moves. He holds her still. Large pieces of mirror are in the sink. His 9mm is on the counter.
- CUT TO:
- 174 EXT. MISSOURI STATE HIGHWAY 94 - TWO-CAR CARAVAN - NIGHT 17
streaks TOWARDS US down the almost deserted highway.
- CUT TO:
- 175 INT. CAR - GRAHAM - NIGHT 17
in the front seat. He is distant. His attitude contrasts to the frantic 110 mph race down the highway and the TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS and Crawford. Their anxiety is visible. Next to them Graham seems zoned out...

OFFICER
Meet point's up ahead!

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

Go on to the house.

OFFICER

Lt. Fisk said...

GRAHAM

Go on to the house... !

He obeys Graham and floors it. Graham puts his black bag on his lap and extracts the .44 Charter Arms Bulldog. He starts to load 6 matteblack, blunt-nosed Glaser Safety Slugs. He fumbles them in the swaying car. The bullets fall to the floor.

CAR FLOOR

Glaser Safety Slugs roll on the rubber matting. Graham's fingers enter and pick them up. We FOLLOW the rounds as they slip into the cylinder.

CRAWFORD

is staring at Graham's blankness.

CRAWFORD

Will... ?

GRAHAM

(sharp)

What?

CRAWFORD

You're not going to need that. He's probably not there. Tonight's his "night out". All we're doing is setting up a stakeout for when he returns...

ST. LOUIS P.D. DRIVER

That's it up ahead...

GRAHAM

(ignoring Crawford)

Kill your lights.

THEIR POV: DOLLARHYDE'S PROPERTY

The house appears a quarter-mile away along the gently curving road.

177

INT. CAR - GRAHAM

177

reaches over and twists the wheel. The car veers off the road.

CUT TO:

178

EXT. DOLLARHYDE HOUSE + ROAD - TWO SQUAD CARS - NIGHT

178

pulling off the road. The second car hits a depression at the wrong angle and CRASHES. Its windshield stars.

179

GRAHAM

179

spills out and starts running for the house, a quarter-mile away. Crawford follows.

CUT TO:

180

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S KITCHEN - DOLLARHYDE'S LEFT ARM - NIGHT

180

holds Reba on the table. His other hand breaks mirrored glass into smaller pieces. Then he moves towards Reba...

CUT TO:

181

EXT. DOLLARHYDE HOUSE - GRAHAM + CRAWFORD - NIGHT

181

running towards the house through trees. Ahead is the low 40's futurist shape. They can get to within 25 yards using the trees as cover.

CRAWFORD

(into radio)

Get the roadblocks set on Route 3... There's an access road to the back of the house. That ought to be a second team's position. Will Graham and I are in a field due east of the house.

GRAHAM

How far away's the backup?

CRAWFORD

Three minutes.

Graham gestures Crawford to a position with a front 3/4 view of the house and keeps going.

(CONTINUED)

181

CONTINUED

1

GRAHAM
I'll take the back.
(beat)
Stay in the trees.

TRACK Graham through the trees towards the back garage and behind it. "INNAGADDADAVIDA" blares from inside. The windows are large. TVs are on.

GRAHAM
(into radio)
He's in there, Jack.

CRAWFORD (O.S.)
(radio filter)
What?

FRONTAL: GRAHAM

moving through the shadow of trees. '60's acid rock screams. Graham floats through branches.

182

GRAHAM'S MOVING POV: COMING UP ON WINDOWS

18

Shadows. A figure (Reba) tries to rise and is flattened on a table by a larger figure (Dollarhyde).

GRAHAM (O.S.)
(whisper)
... somebody else in there.

CRAWFORD (O.S.)
(radio filter)
What? Will...

183

GRAHAM

18

on the move and not surprised.

GRAHAM
(whispers in radio)
Somebody's in the house with him, Jack...

184

CRAWFORD

18

in trees.

CRAWFORD
(whispers into radio)
Wait for the backup! Will?

(CONTINUED)

185

CONTINUED

GRAHAM

GRAHAM
(whispers)

... happening again, Jack.

He's moving within familiar nightmares. Dark branches pass.

GRAHAM
(low)

... stop it.

CLOSER: GRAHAM

GRAHAM
(louder)

Stop it.

CUT TO:

186

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S KITCHEN - SHARD OF GLASS - NIGHT

186

A large mirrored dagger. In the mirror: Dollarhyde's blank eyes and face. Beyond the edge: Reba, locked in small struggles.

DOLLARHYDE + REBA + BEHIND THEM

THROUGH THE WINDOW: Graham emerges into view lit by the house. His gun hangs idly at his side.

Dollarhyde hauls Reba two feet off the table.

Now Graham's running. His face is distorting with rage and he's shouting:

GRAHAM
(roars)

STOP IT!!

Dollarhyde turns to the window:

187

INT. DOLLARHYDE HOUSE - WINDOW + GRAHAM - NIGHT

187

in full rage runs at us.

CLOSER: GRAHAM

- his arm across his face - EXPLODES through glass.

DOLLARHYDE

catching Graham's momentum - slashes him across the face and throws him across the room.

(CONTINUED)

187

CONTINUED

GRAHAM

CRASHES off the 'fridge which opens and spills on top of him as he hits the floor... and lays still.

188

DOLLARHYDE

grabs a shotgun from the broom closet, BLOWS OUT ceiling light. His shirt's torn open. He wheels and BLASTS through the plastic partition EXPLODING the Styrosphere. It's mostly dark.

CUT TO:

189

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S LIVING ROOM - DOLLARHYDE - NIGHT

explodes through the destroyed murals from outer space, his torn shirt revealing the Red Dragon tattoo. GUNSHOTS.

REVERSE - FRONT DOOR

Two St. Louis uniformed cops at the front door. FIRE.

DOLLARHYDE

not even rocked by two bullet wounds in the abdomen, SHOTGUNS one cop.

REVERSE - COP #1

is blown onto the porch.

DOLLARHYDE

fires.

REVERSE - COP #2

is hit through the wall.

THEN:

DOLLARHYDE

sees, wheels and FIRES through his windows.

190

DOLLARHYDE'S POV - CRAWFORD

running...

191

EXT. HOUSE - WINDOWS

Blowing out revealing a psychotic Dollarhyde in full rage - oblivious to fear, impervious to bullets - FIRING.

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S HOUSE - PAST DOLLARHYDE

FIRING at a running Crawford. Crawford's hit and goes down.

DOLLARHYDE

cool, on psychotic autopilot, returns towards kitchen, to Graham and Reba. He calmly jacks a shell into the chamber. The bullet wounds effect him not at all...

CUT TO:

193

INT. KITCHEN - UNDER REFRIGERATOR - GRAHAM

half conscious, moves, starts to struggle, sees...

GRAHAM'S POV: FLOOR + DOLLARHYDE'S FEET

approaching...

GRAHAM

heaves against the refrigerator. It doesn't move. He's trapped. A shotgun BLAST rips through metal and food. *

DOLLARHYDE'S FEET

CLOSER *

WIDE: KITCHEN

Graham hollers and heaves at the refrigerator. It moves to one side. *

DOLLARHYDE'S SHOTGUN

follows the refrigerator...

GRAHAM

to the left FIRES the .44

DOLLARHYDE'S LEFT LEG

EXPLODES. Shotgun blasts into the floor.

GRAHAM

BLASTS FOUR more Glasers into Dollarhyde's chest, knocking him back into the air with each Glaser's impact.

OVERHEAD: GRAHAM

stands. Dollarhyde on the floor is more exploded from within, than shot. Graham's face is lacerated and bleeding. Reba is collapsed in the corner. Graham starts approaching Dollarhyde.

CUT TO:

194

EXT. DOLLAREYDE HOUSE - WIDE THROUGH KITCHEN WINDOW:
GRAHAM - NIGHT

takes the last step and points the gun down to Dollarhyde's head. The final FLASH AND REPORT. Squad car flashers now play on the walls. Crawford - his arm bleeding and useless -

(CONTINUED)

194

CONTINUED

19

stumbles towards the house.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - GRAHAM - NIGHT

gathers up Reba and holds her close to him, telling her she's okay. She collapses against him. Crawford's now in the doorway. Graham and Crawford look at each other with a vacant stare.

DISSOLVE TO:

195

EXT. DOLLARHYDE HOUSE - WIDE - DAWN

Ambulances and police flashers. Chaos. Minutes have passed. DOLLY to pick up Graham walking away by himself towards the river. Going nowhere. Just away. The gun drops out of his hand... He looks lost and alone and strange.

CUT TO:

196

INT. TAXI (TULSA, OKLAHOMA) - PASSENGER'S POV OF DRIVER - NIGHT

1

It's raining. The 45 YEAR OLD HIPPY CAB DRIVER moves slowly down a residential street looking for an address. He squints..

DRIVER

2326... 2328. Here you go.

He pulls up to a curb.

DRIVER

(continuing)

Want me to wait?

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Yes.

CUT TO:

197

INT. HOUSE - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT (re-write coming effecting casting of this scene)

19

It's open plan. The dining area and kitchen are raised. The Sherman family are engaged in 7:00P.M. suburban family chaos: GEORGE SHERMAN is trying to watch the news. He hollers up the stairs for his daughter to turn down her stereo. His 11-year-old son, FRED, at the dining room table is supposed to be doing homework. Instead he rolls up balls of paper and does jump shots from his chair into the wastepaper can.

(CONTINUED)

SHERMAN

(to son)

Cut out the basketball and go
back to the algebra.

George Sherman goes back to NBC News. His wife - the lady
in the pool - sets the table. The DOORBELL RINGS. Thirteen-
year-old TINA SHERMAN comes down the stairs.

TINA

I'll get it.

DOOR

Tina opens it on a chain.

TINA

screams.

GEORGE SHERMAN

runs to the door. In a WIDER SHOT, we see Sherman has his
shotgun resting inside the doorjamb. It's within reach of
his hand. Through the door open six inches, we see why
Tina Sherman screamed:

WILL GRAHAM'S FACE

is pulled down slightly on the left side, making his left eye
moon-shaped. There are black stitches and butterfly bandages
where he was cut. He is standing in a black raincoat with a
black hat.

SHERMAN

What do you want?

GRAHAM

Are you George Sherman?

SHERMAN

Yes. Who are you?

GRAHAM

My name's Will Graham. I...

SHERMAN

(suddenly realizing
who he is)

Oh, Jesus... Come in.

(CONTINUED)

He closes and unchains the door and opens it wide.

GRAHAM
No, that's okay...

SHERMAN
(to wife)
Honey... !

His wife comes forward.

GRAHAM
(pause)
How are you?

There's a searching look on Graham's face. Totally strange.

SHERMAN
We're fine. Fine. We're all
well. We're okay!
(beat)
That man, Crawford, called and
when he was asking his questions,
he told me...
(beat)
... how 'bout a drink? Coffee
or something?

GRAHAM
No, I'm okay. I just wanted to... uh...
(beat)
... stop by and...

SHERMAN
I can't thank you enough, I...

Graham shakes his head. He doesn't want to be thanked. No one knows what to say. Graham looks at them:

SHERMAN FAMILY

standing in awkward places. They are nothing special. They are normal human beings living their lives. To Graham they are very special: they are alive.

GRAHAM
I just wanted to stop by and...
see you... I guess. That's all.

Graham stands there as if engraving each one in his memory. Then he nods. Then he leaves.

(CONTINUED)

197

CONTINUED

GEORGE SHERMAN

closes the door. There's an awkward look on his face. He didn't get to say what he wanted to say to Graham.

CUT TO:

198

EXT. SHERMAN HOUSE - WIDE FROM DOOR: GRAHAM - NIGHT

- in the MIDDLE of the FRAME - walks down the sidewalk away from us towards the waiting cab. The rain pelts his black hat and black raincoat. Before he reaches the cab...

CUT TO:

199

EXT. BEACH (MARATHON, FLORIDA) - GRAHAM - DAY

sitting with his back to us. Beyond him the sun reflects off the crashing surf and burns out everything except the silhouetted image of Graham.

GRAHAM IS WATCHING

the fenced-in area of beach he and Kevin built at the opening of the film. A baby tortoise crawls over sand mountains and is swept away by surf into the life-supporting sea.

CLOSE: GRAHAM

senses a presence and starts to turn...

WIDE REAR SHOT: GRAHAM

turns towards us. Molly ENTERS THE FRAME. Her coat is under her arm. She drops it and her suitcase in the sand and continues walking to Graham. Kevin hangs back.

GRAHAM

stands as she comes near him. The aqua highlights of the water eat into their figures as they look at each other. Molly touches the wounded side of his face.

MOLLY

... I... you didn't call...
it was on the news.

GRAHAM

I thought I'd be alone...

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

When I called you before, uh...

MOLLY

Let's forget who said what to whom?

Graham nods, takes Molly's hand.

GRAHAM

Yeah.

MOLLY

Are you okay?

Graham shrugs: he doesn't know.

MOLLY

You're struggling to...
hold onto this?

No answer. Molly wipes her eye, hiding her emotions.

MOLLY

(re: turtles)

How many of them made it?

GRAHAM

Most of 'em. Most of 'em
made it.

A long pause.

MOLLY

Maybe we'll struggle together, huh?
Whaddya say, pal?

GRAHAM

You got yourself a deal.

Graham looks at her. He touches the side of her cheek and her hair. She pushes against his hand to make the contact closer. Kevin's approached and is looking at the turtles.

REAR SHOT: GRAHAM + MOLLY

Graham - in the sunbleached violet shorts - lays an arm across Molly's shoulder. Molly's arm moves around Graham's waist. They look out to sea. Kevin is hunkered down watching the turtles and saying something to his dad. In front of them, the surf kicks up drops of spray which take light and become brilliant atoms.

FADE OUT

THE END