

LOG # 19

RED DRAGON

By
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SECOND DRAFT

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

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 -- came down from Washington. His suitcoat over the driftwood log and his rolled-up white sleeves says City, not Florida Keys. WILL GRAHAM -- late thirties -- in a faded Hawaiian number and sun-bleached violet shorts, belongs. Graham smokes. Crawford drinks from a glass of iced tea. Then:

CRAWFORD

I should have caught you at the boat yard when you got off work. You don't want to talk about it here...

GRAHAM

I don't want to talk about it anywhere.

(beat)

If you brought pictures, leave them in the briefcase. Molly and Kevin will be back soon.

CRAWFORD

How much do you know?

GRAHAM

What was in the 'Miami Herald' and the 'Times.'

(beat)

Confessions?

CRAWFORD

Eighty-six so far. All cranks. He smashes the mirrors and uses the pieces.

(beat)

None of them knew that.

GRAHAM

What else did you keep out of the papers?

CRAWFORD

Blond, right-handed, really strong, wears a size eleven shoe. The prints are all smooth gloves. He's on a full moon cycle. Both times. His blood is AB Positive.

GRAHAM

Somebody hurt him?

CRAWFORD

Typed him from semen. He's a secretor.

Crawford takes a sip of the iced tea and looks at Graham.

Graham flips his cigarette into the surf.

CRAWFORD

Will... you saw this in the papers.
The second one was all over TV. Did
you ever think about givin' me a
call?

GRAHAM

No.

CRAWFORD

Why not?

GRAHAM

The Bureau already has the best lab.
Plus you have Bloom at the University
of Chicago...

CRAWFORD

And I got you down here fixing fuckin'
boat motors.

GRAHAM

... You don't need me. I wouldn't
be useful to you anymore, Jack.

CRAWFORD

Last two like this we had, you
caught.

GRAHAM

That was three years ago. And by
doing the same things you and the
rest of them at the lab are doing.

CRAWFORD

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

GRAHAM

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

(beat)

I came down here to get away from
all that.

CRAWFORD

You look all right now.

GRAHAM

I am all right.

Crawford pulls two pictures from his shirt pocket. He keeps
them face down. They draw at Will. Crawford knows this.

CRAWFORD

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

GRAHAM

As long as they're dead...

CRAWFORD

These are all dead, Will.

PICTURES

If we expected gory crime photos, these are not them. Two snapshots: a woman followed by three children and a duck carrying picnic items up a bank of a pond. A second family behind a birthday cake at a table. They're all smiling.

CLOSE: GRAHAM

looks at the pictures for a full twenty seconds. Then he puts them down and looks along the beach.

GRAHAM'S POV: MOLLY + KEVIN

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. Waves careen around her ankles. Her body language openly states hostility. It's towards Crawford.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Let's talk after dinner. Stay and eat.

CRAWFORD (O.S.)

I'll come back later. I got messages at the Holiday Inn to collect.

Molly starts walking forward. On it...

CUT TO:

INT. GRAHAM'S KITCHEN - MOLLY + GRAHAM - NIGHT

are doing dishes. Graham wipes while Molly washes.

MOLLY

He stopped by to see me at the shop before he came out here.

GRAHAM

What did he want?

MOLLY

He asked how you are.

GRAHAM

And you said?

MOLLY

I said you are fine, he should leave
you the hell alone.

GRAHAM

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

(sarcastic)

I got a diploma and everything.

MOLLY

You mended a crack in the wallpaper
with your diploma.

(beat)

You are open and easy now... It took
you a lot of work to get to that...

GRAHAM

We have it good, don't we?

MOLLY

All the things that happened to you
before make you know that...

There is a soft pleading in her voice.

GRAHAM

What the hell can I do?

MOLLY

(after a pause)

What you've already decided. You're
not really asking.

GRAHAM

If I were?

MOLLY

(facing him)

Stay here with me. Me. Me. Me.
And Kevin.

(beat)

That's selfish, huh?

GRAHAM

(touches the side
of her face)

I don't care.

(beat)

He'll never see me or know my name.
If we find him, the police will have
to take him down. Not me, I'm just
looking at evidence.

As he puts an arm around Molly...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - KEVIN - TWILIGHT

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

KEVIN

Will it keep them out?

GRAHAM

Yeah...

KEVIN

How many turtle eggs you think are in here?

GRAHAM

In this hatchery? Forty to fifty.

KEVIN

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

GRAHAM

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

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAHAM HOUSE - CRAWFORD + MOLLY - NIGHT

On the porch swing. Beyond them at the water's edge Graham and Kevin are finishing the fence. Crawford and Molly say nothing to each other for a while. Then, finally:

MOLLY

Whatever I say, you'll take him away, won't you?

CRAWFORD

I have to.

MOLLY

You're his friend, Jack. Why can't you leave him alone?

CRAWFORD

Because it's his bad luck to be special.

MOLLY

He thinks you want him to look at evidence.

CRAWFORD

Nobody's better with evidence. But he has the other thing, too. 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. Molly lights a cigarette. 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 people who park in the 'handicapped zone'...

CRAWFORD

I'll try to keep him as far away from it as I can...

CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTA STREET - WIDE - NIGHT

Small poplars line the curb. 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. The door opens, lighting the interior and Will Graham starts out the passenger side.

GRAHAM

(distant)

Thanks for the lift.

OFFICER

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

GRAHAM

That's right.

OFFICER

There's a VTR setup waiting in your hotel room, that you asked for. They transferred the 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:

INT. LEEDS HOUSE, KITCHEN - WIDE - NIGHT

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 side yard... then the light appears and blasts IN the LENS. It lights lots of 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 is going. A thermostat clicks and air conditioning comes on loudly. Graham's feet pass out of frame...

INT. LEEDS HOUSE, SECOND STORY - FLOOR

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.

INT. LEEDS MASTER BEDROOM - LIGHT SWITCH

Graham's hand enters. He hits the light switch.

BLOOD

screams at us from the walls.

CLOSE: GRAHAM

doesn't visibly react.

WIDER - GRAHAM

moves into 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. Graham opens the file he carries containing autopsy, lab and crime reports.

OVERHEAD ANGLE - GRAHAM

standing alone in the middle of the master bedroom. The crime scene -- the disarray, the big splashes of arterial blood on the walls, the smashed mirrors, taped outlines of bodies -- is a testament to a violence that is pornographic. Graham pulls out a tape recorder and starts dictating his own notes, thumbing through various reports for reference.

GRAHAM

Intruder entered through kitchen sliding door. Probably a glass cutter. Why didn't he care that he left AB saliva on the glass? It was hot out that night. Inside, the house must have been pleasantly cool to him.

(beat)

The intruder cut Charles Leeds' throat as he lay asleep beside Mrs. Leeds. He shot Mrs. Leeds as she was rising... 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 the gunshot wound indicates... she lived at least five minutes after she was shot... All her other injuries were post-mortem.

(beat)

Then he went toward the children's room.

(beat)

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

(beat)

In the children's room the intruder shot the first boy in bed. Second boy was found in bed, but dustballs indicate he was dragged out from under his bed to be shot...

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(beat)

Profusion of bloodstains and matted sliding marks on hall carpet and west wall of master bedroom remain unexplained... as does superficial ligature mark around Mr. Leed's chest, believed to be post-mortem. What did the killer do with them after they were dead? And before he put the boys back in their beds?

CUT TO:

INT. LEEDS BATHROOM - MEDICINE CABINET - NIGHT

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. He pops two pills, cups his hands under the faucet and drinks. He looks at himself in the mirror. He is breathing normally. Over his shoulder he sees...

ZOOM INTO: MRS. LEEDS' PANTYHOSE

still hanging on a towel railing over the bathtub. Graham is staring at the normal domesticity of a family bathroom. He doesn't let it unnerve him.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEEDS' HOUSE, PORCH ROOF - WIDE - NIGHT

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... More brilliant than they ought to be. The Delta Aquirid 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 back yard. Where's the dog?

HOLD ON Graham.

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTA HYATT HOUSE, ELEVATOR - WIDE - NIGHT

Graham riding up with two half-drunk CONVENTIONEERS with big "Hi" badges. One Conventioneer is looking over at the lobby below.

A good-looking woman in a floral dress walks underneath them. Graham is leaning against the glass.

CONVENTIONEER #1

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

CONVENTIONEER #2

Fuck her 'til her nose bleeds.

The other cracks up.

GRAHAM

snaps alert and stares at Conventioneer #2.

CONVENTIONEER #2

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

CONVENTIONEER #1

What the fuck are you lookin' at?

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

CONVENTIONEER #1

(being pulled out
of elevator)

What are you, a faggot?

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. HOLIDAY INN ROOM - VTR MONITOR: LEEDS FAMILY - NIGHT

We are seeing a videotape transfer of the Leeds family home movie. Mr. Leeds and Mrs. Leeds are behind the table while the youngest boy is in the center. His brother sits next to him. The birthday cake has eleven candles on it. All are mouthing silently: "Happy Birthday to you, happy birthday to you..." Mrs. Leeds has her arms crossed underneath her breasts. She's a young mother, sensual and warm. She's smiling. The camera must be on a tripod because Mr. Leeds runs into the frame, tousles his son's hair and kisses his wife's cheek. He has thinning hair. He's a big man. He looks like a nice guy. He darts out of the frame back to the camera. They finish singing. The youngest Leeds boy blows out the candles. Mr. Leeds holds up for the camera a large yellow envelope that says: "Follow the ribbon." A big yellow ribbon is attached to the envelope.

The camera pans right as the youngest Leeds boy starts to follow the ribbon... The image suddenly cuts out. Video noise.

GRAHAM

has hit the stop button. He picks up a measured field sketch of the master bedroom. The bloodstains are represented in outline. Three 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 -- except possibly Mrs. Leeds -- he smashed the mirrors and began selecting shards that he used later on Mrs. Leeds... What did he do in the interval? Struggling with Mr. Leeds and killing the others would take less than a minute. What else?

(beat)

Three bloodstains on the east wall, not from Mr. Leeds' arterial spray. What did killer do after they were dead?

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

GRAHAM

(into phone)

Molly?

MOLLY (V.O.)

(asleep)

Huh?

(beat)

Will? Is that you?

GRAHAM

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, Will.
Good night.

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

WIDE SHOT: THE ROOM - GRAHAM

VTR backs up, starts to play and we see the image of Mrs. Leeds again in the home movie: they follow the yellow ribbon down the stairs to a bicycle. It's indoors. It's raining outside. The eleven-year-old Leeds boy is ecstatic. Mrs. Leeds smiles.

GRAHAM

(into tape recorder)

You moved the kids after you killed them, didn't you? Did you arrange them for your performance with Mrs. Leeds on their bed? Did you tie Mr. Leeds sitting up in bed? That's the postmortem ligature on his chest. Did you make them your audience? Did you open their eyes? There is something you can't afford for me to know about. Isn't there? Mrs. Leeds was lovely, wasn't she? It was maddening to have to wear gloves when you touched her, wasn't it?

(beat)

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 you wiped her down! While your gloves were off?

(shouts)

DID YOU OPEN THEIR EYES? THEIR DEAD EYES?!

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. He clamps down again. He is cold, calm.

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 here is good.

GRAHAM

He is good. But not as good as Price.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

What do you want to do?

GRAHAM

Mrs. Leeds' fingernails and toenails.
I think he took off his gloves, Jack.

(beat)

And dust all the corneas of all their eyes.

CUT TO:

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

down the corridor.

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 skin in an intimate situation, wouldn't you?

SPRINGFIELD

(sudden distaste)

'Intimate?!'

GRAHAM

Yes. 'Intimate.' They had privacy.
(beat)

Everybody else was dead.

Springfield looks at Graham. Springfield needs answers, not voodoo. Then they enter the squad room. 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.

DR. DOMINIQUE 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.

The teeth look like teeth from a small bear.

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

Can't hear you. Can you come up to the front?

Graham walks to the front of the room.

GRAHAM

He may have a history of biting -- barroom fights or child abuse.

SPRINGFIELD

He only bit women so far, right?

GRAHAM

That's all we know about.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(beat)

Most of the time in sex assualts the bite mark has a livid spot in the center. A suck mark. These don't. So, for him, biting may be a fighting pattern as much as sexual behavior.

(beat)

You could try emergency room personnel, treatment for bite wounds. I know that's pretty thin...

(beat)

He bites a lot.

SPRINGFIELD

What's average?

GRAHAM

Sex murder: three. He likes to bite. Six bad ones in Mrs. Leeds. Eight in Mrs. Jacobi...

(beat)

... that's all I have.

Graham sits 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. Let's go.

They start to rise. Springfield remembers.

SPRINGFIELD

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.

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

SPRINGFIELD

(to Crawford)

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

Dr. Princi joins them.

SPRINGFIELD

(to Graham)

The Commissioner was saying you
were the one that caught Dr. Lecktor
three years ago.

(beat)

He 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 sociopath.
They don't know what else to call
him.

SPRINGFIELD

What would you call him?

Graham doesn't answer.

SPRINGFIELD

To yourself...

GRAHAM

I call him a monster.

SPRINGFIELD

I understand he cut you pretty good...

GRAHAM

(cold right turn)

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 D.C. and have them cover the backyard... maybe the cat's dead and the kids buried it.

Crawford starts to move. The PHONE RINGS. Springfield answers.

SPRINGFIELD

Yeah?

(waits)

Lemme put you on the speaker phone.

JIMMIE PRICE (V.O.)

Who am I talking to?

CRAWFORD

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

JIMMIE PRICE (V.O.)

I got a partial with a tented arch that's probably a thumb print and a fragment of a palm.

Springfield reacts.

JIMMIE PRICE (V.O.)

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

CRAWFORD

Can you make an identification off it?

JIMMIE PRICE (V.O.)

Don't know. The palm came off the nail of Mrs. Leeds' left big toe. 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. Now his expression is very changed.

GRAHAM

senses Springfield's staring at him. Graham's face is blank. He leaves. Springfield -- shaking Crawford's hand -- watches Graham all the way to the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTA POLICE HEADQUARTERS - GRAHAM + CRAWFORD - DAY

coming down the stairs. News media are all over Springfield, the Commissioner, the Mayor's P.R. Officer in the b.g. No-body recognizes Crawford and Graham except one short man who separates himself from the pack and darts up to them. He is LOUNDS. He starts chasing behind them.

LOUNDS

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

CLOSE: GRAHAM

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

LOUNDS

(running on, behind them)

When did they call you in, Will? What have you got?

Graham won't answer him. They are on the sidewalk by now.

CRAWFORD

Lounds, give it a rest...

LOUNDS

Come on, Graham?! Talk to me!

Graham and Crawford are moving down the sidewalk now. Crawford tries to block Lounds. Lounds moves around him, dogging Graham:

LOUNDS

How does this guy compare with Lecktor? How does he do them?

Right now he makes the mistake of grabbing Graham's arm to turn him around.

GRAHAM

Grabs Lounds by the lapels, kicks his legs out from under him and throws him onto the hood of a car upside-down. The impact STARS the WINDSHIELD. Lounds is scared to death. The violence totally surprises us. Graham's 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.

WIDER: CRAWFORD PULLING GRAHAM AWAY

down the sidewalk and Lounds who slides off the car hood and lands on all fours.

CRAWFORD

(over his shoulder
to Lounds)

Get the hell away from here, Lounds!

CUT TO:

INT. DINER, BOOTH - GRAHAM + CRAWFORD - DAY

Graham is staring into the black deep recesses of his coffee. Crawford is looking at him. Finally:

GRAHAM

...snuck in the hospital while I was sedated, flipped back the sheets and shot pictures. The only decent thing he did was run a black square over my balls...

CRAWFORD

I know...

Graham looks away. Then he lights another cigarette.

GRAHAM

(back to business)

Atlanta and Birmingham can run the thumb print against known sex offenders. Five will get you ten they don't come up with an identification. Jimmie may in the Finder program... if he's ever been printed and in his Index.

CRAWFORD

Say we've arrested a good suspect. You walk in and see him. What is there about him that doesn't surprise you?

GRAHAM

I don't know, Jack. He's got no face for me.

CRAWFORD

You can tell something about him or we wouldn't have found the finger print...

GRAHAM

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

(pause)

We'll get him one way or the other.

CRAWFORD

What's one way?

GRAHAM

We find an event that connects both families. Same vacation hotel; same hospital, different times. Then we check employees and come up with a male nurse, hairdresser, whatever...

(beat)

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

CRAWFORD

We're running it through the computers now. So far there's no event or service that doubles back into both families. Plus they were big consumers: snowmobiles, fishing trips, scuba, videogames, lots of routine medical and dental. It's a haystack.

(beat)

What's the other?

GRAHAM

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

CRAWFORD

No other possibilities?

GRAHAM

You think I'm gonna spot him 'across a crowded room?' That's Ezio Pinza you're thinking about.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(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, Jack.

CRAWFORD

See? You do know something about him.

GRAHAM

(long stare at
Crawford; then)

... I'm going to see Lecktor.

Crawford's cup of coffee stops in front of his mouth:

CRAWFORD

For Christ's sake, why?

GRAHAM

(matter-of-fact)
To recover the mind set.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - GRAHAM - DAY

In the middle of packing. Then the PHONE RINGS.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Hello, hotshot!

GRAHAM

Hey, baby! Where are you?

MOLLY (V.O.)

At the store. You doin' some good?

GRAHAM

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

MOLLY (V.O.)

Me, too. And very erotic...

GRAHAM

Tell me about yourself.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Which part? That or the day-to-day.

GRAHAM

(laughs)

Let's keep it the day-to-day stuff.

(beat)

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 information. 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.

GRAHAM

I don't know. I'm goin' up to Baltimore this afternoon.

MOLLY (V.O.)

To do what?

GRAHAM

I have to see somebody.

There is a silence. Graham does not want to tell her that 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, goddamn it, paint it shit-brown for all I care...

(beat)

Look, 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 about this stuff...

(beat)

I called 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 anywhere. Anytime. That's what I called to say...

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

GRAHAM

Molly, dear Molly. Go to bed now, baby...

MOLLY (V.O.)

All right...

GRAHAM

I love you...

WIDE SHOT: GRAHAM

slowly hangs up the phone. He sits, round-shouldered, on the bed. All over the room are clothes out of drawers and closets, videotapes and files: the mess of being only half-packed.

CUT TO:

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

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 will have a chair put just outside.

GRAHAM

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

DR. CHILTON

As long as it's on soft paper.

(pause)

You may find this curious.

He pulls an EKG tape from a drawer and points to the spiky lines.

DR. CHILTON

Here Lecktor's resting on the examining table getting an electrocardiogram. Complained of chest pains. Pulse seventy-two. Here he grabs the nurse's head and pulls her down to him. Here he's subdued by the attendant and Lecktor's shoulder is dislocated. Do you notice the strange thing?

(pause)

His pulse never got over eighty-five. Even when he tore into her face.

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

DR. CHILTON

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

GRAHAM

No.

DR. CHILTON

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

DR. CHILTON

looks at Graham. Dr. Chilton has seen a lot of hostility.
Right now he's seeing some more.

GRAHAM

(stands)

I want to see Lecktor now.

DR. CHILTON

Uh... sure...

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 of the bars separating Graham
from the occupant is a three-foot-square perspex sheet. The
occupant can't get at someone sitting in front of him. In
the perspex square 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. Then:

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. He was a very promising young officer. Do you ever have any problems, Will?

GRAHAM

No.

LECKTOR

Of course, you don't.

(pause)

I'm glad you came. My callers are all professional. Clinical psychiatrists 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.

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 a panty girdle.

(laughs)

He actually tries to give me a Thematic and Apperception Test. Hah. Sat there waiting for ME-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.

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 disadvantage?

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

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

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...

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

Do you 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

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 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 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.)

There is a very shy boy, Will.

GRAHAM

snaps back to the present, looks at Lecktor.

LECKTOR

What were the yards like?

GRAHAM

Big backyards, fences, some 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 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

It's not 'interesting.' You thought of it before.

GRAHAM

Yes. I'd considered it.

LECKTOR

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

GRAHAM

I want your opinion.

LECKTOR
I don't have one right now.

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

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 give me your home number?

Threat.

GRAHAM
No.

LECKTOR
Do you know how you caught me, Will?

GRAHAM
Goodbye, 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 (O.S.)
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:

EXT. CHESAPEAKE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY
INSANE - 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.

GRAHAM'S POV: GRASS

is dappled with pointillist points of color: a spectral breakup. As it returns to a normal green...

TIGHT SHOT: GRAHAM

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:

INT. CAR - FREDDIE LOUNDS - DAY

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.

CUT TO:

INT. GATEWAY LABS - SCREEN DIVIDED INTO FOUR QUADRANTS - DAY

The quadrants display 4 home movies at six times normal speed: an old couple, 2 men, a baby and a family. The family quadrant slows to normal. We TIGHTEN in on it. We will come to know these people as the SHERMANS. An 11-year-old boy, a 14-year-old girl, Mr. Sherman and Mrs. Sherman. A handmade sign says: "THE NEW HOUSE - SWIMMING POOL." Mrs. Sherman has brown hair. She wears a bikini. She has a nice body. She's sensuous and tan in her thirties. She dives into the pool. The next shot: water. Out of the water surfaces Mrs. Sherman. She shakes her head and water sprays off her hair.

A couple drops hit the lens and diffuse a small area of the image. Mrs. Sherman puts her hands on the side of the pool and shoves down to hoist herself out. Her breasts are glistening. Her teeth are white. She smiles at the camera. Whoever controls the console puts Mrs. Sherman in reverse. It runs forward again. Mrs. Sherman's glistening body coming out of the water...

REAR SHOT: CONSOLE AND A MAN

Beyond is the screen. The man at the console is FRANCIS DOLLARHYDE. He has a weightlifter's body. We don't see his face. Black goggles with red lenses are on the console. He puts them on and watches Mrs. Sherman...

CUT TO:

INT. NEGATIVE PROCESSING ROOM - DOOR - DAY

It slams open. Dollarhyde enters and walks through the dim green light past the developers in his black goggles with red lenses. Thousands of feet of negative move through the tank on rollers. Dollarhyde walks past the baths. We TRACK WITH him to the door.

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHT TRAP-DOOR - DAY

slams open. Dollarhyde enters. As he reaches the next door...

CUT TO:

INT. DRYER ROOM - DOLLARHYDE - DAY

enters and we TRACK WITH him past film snaking across pulleys and rollers through the drying cabinets. As Dollarhyde passes the dryers...

INT. CAFETERIA - DOLLARHYDE - DAY

in the brilliant aluminum and peach cafeteria gets coffee. A newspaper's under his arm. As he waits to pay, EILEEN approaches. She, too, wears goggles, but on a lanyard around her neck. She's petite, fragile. Dollarhyde towers over her.

EILEEN

Mr. Dollarhyde?

CLOSER - DOLLARHYDE

looks up.

His face bears the scars of a Z-plast procedure to fix a harelip and cleft palate. Immediately, in characteristic gesture, he curls his right hand under his nose to hide his Z-plast scars.

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.

Graciously Dollarhyde lets her go first and then he crosses to an empty table. He opens his newspaper.

TRACK ACROSS FRANCIS DOLLARHYDE'S BACK

where the fabric stretches between his shoulder blades and past his cheap haircut's line at the nape of his neck into his left shoulder to reveal he's reading the National Tattler. It's about Will Graham with a Freddie Lounds byline. The only words we catch are: "FBI Manhunter Consults Fiend Who Tried To Kill Him, by Freddie Lounds." We also catch: "The Tooth Fairy - Psychopathic Slayer of Entire Families in Birmingham and Atlanta..."

CLOSE: FRANCIS DOLLARHYDE

takes off the black goggles with red lenses. His eyes are white violet. He turns the page.

NATIONAL TATTLER'S OLD PICTURE OF GRAHAM

It's the one Lounds took after Graham was slashed by Lecktor. It's a black-and-white square image of a sleeping man with a myriad of tubes running into his stomach and a temporary colostomy bag. A black square is imposed over his genitals. The caption reads: "Federal Manhunter Will Graham Recovering from Near-Fatal Slashing By Hannibal 'the Cannibal' Lecktor."

EXTREMELY CLOSE: SECOND IMAGE OF WILL GRAHAM

in newsprint, the one Lounds took at the Chesapeake hospital. The half-tone dots comprising the image are visible. Dollarhyde's massive finger slides across the image, brushing it sensitively. It works its way to Graham's face and the finger stops and blots it out.

CUT TO:

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

receives a telephone. The attendant who brought it waits.

LECKTOR

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

Attendant hesitates. Then he leaves. Lecktor is allowed to
call his attorney in privacy.

LECKTOR

picks up the phone and punches in his number.

LECKTOR

Can I have the number of Dr. Sidney
Bloom, University of Chicago,
Department of Psychiatry, please?

(beat)

Thank you.

(dials again)

Dr. Sidney Bloom, please.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

He's not in today, 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...

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 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.)

(beat)

3680 DeSoto Highway. Marathon,
Florida.

LECKTOR

Thank you very much.

ON the phone as Lecktor hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. L1011, COACH SECTION - GRAHAM - DAY

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 JACOBI CAT DEAD IN BACK YARD. KIDS MUST HAVE BURIED IT. HE KILLS THE PETS. REGARDS, CRAWFORD."

STEWARDESS

Clears 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.

GRAHAM'S POV: HAPPY FAMILY PORTRAITS

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:

EXT. MARATHON BOATYARD - DIESEL ENGINE - DAY

moves down to us...

MOLLY

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

INT. UNFINISHED HULL - GRAHAM

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:

GRAHAM

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

as she rips the head off the shrimp. The warm mouth. Her shiny teeth look like a Pepsodent commercial.

HEAD COMING OFF SHRIMP

Viscera trail. As the shrimp is ripped apart we see:

GRAHAM'S EYES

In horror. And O.S., we hear SCREAMING coming from a different place as we...

CUT TO:

INT. L1011 - GRAHAM - DAY

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 and Jacobi families 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.

GEEHAN

... 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 sonofabitch, you gonna unload this turkey.'

(beat)

Then the squad car rolls up. They ask a coupla questions. The good officers give them the whole fuckin' guided tour. Who was laying where. Where all the blood sprayed... terrific!

(beat)

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

GRAHAM

Have any single men asked to look at it?

GEEHAN

Haven't asked me.

(beat)

Took four coats of interior latex, five in places.

(pause)

You can drop that key in the mailbox. You don't have to come back by, do you?

GRAHAM

Uh-uh.

Geehan leaves. The door closes with a SLAM.

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:

EXT. JACOBI HOUSE - WIDE - DAY

An image from Bill Owens' "Suburbia." A family house. No different than any other family house around. But it is somehow sinister in its vacancy. It ought to be littered with bicycles and wagons: the signs and symbols of suburban normalcy. TRACK LEFT to reveal the back of Graham staring at the house from across the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEXT DOOR HOUSE - GRAHAM - DAY

In a different position staring at the rear of the house from a neighbor's bushes. We don't know why Graham is staring at the Jacobi house from different vantage points.

, CUT TO:

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

Graham looking at the house from the third vantage point.

JACOBI BACKYARD

And turned earth where the cat was found.

REAR SHOT: GRAHAM

starts backing up and we MOVE WITH him. He looks over his shoulder at us 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 ring tab from a soft drink can 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. His eye is six inches away when he finds a soft drink can wedged between limb and trunk.

GRAHAM

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

He photographs its placement with the camera on his belt, bracketing exposures. Then he tears a small branch and uses it to put the can in an evidence bag. 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.

GRAHAM

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

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.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You watched the children and passed the time whittling and dreaming.

(beat)

When night came, you saw them passing their bright windows and you watched the shades go down, and you saw the lights go out one by one. And 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 you like houses with big yards, the easier to see them...?

CUT TO:

INT. JACOBI HOUSE - GEEHAN & PROSPECTIVE BUYERS -
DAY

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

GEEHAN

They don't build houses this way anymore: solid lath and plaster construction. None of your drywall stuff and aluminum studs here. No sirree Bob!

WIFE

I like it, hon.

HUSBAND

Let's go to your office and see if we can work out some terms...

GEEHAN

Great. You goin' love this house!

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

CUT TO:

EXT. JACOBI HOUSE - DOOR - DAY

The door is 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.

GEEHAN'S POV: THREE ATLANTA P.D. CARS, A FORENSICS TRUCK, + ATLANTA P.D. HELICOPTER

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

GRAHAM

I'm sending the can to Jimmie Price to dust for prints.

(fast beat)

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

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON, FBI OFFICE - CRAWFORD - DAY

On phone to Graham.

CRAWFORD

Is it weird?

GRAHAM (V.O.)

The mark? Yes.

CRAWFORD

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

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Did Price get anywhere with the single prints off the Leeds?

As another line on Crawford's phone rings, we PULL BACK to his secretary, SARAH's area.

SARAH

(fading up)

Special Agent Crawford's office...

CRAWFORD

(fading down)

No. The killer's not in the Single Print Index. He must never have been printed...

TIGHTEN ON Sarah. We don't hear what's said to her.

SARAH

No, Mr. Graham is not in the office, but let me...

(beat)

Wait, I'll be glad to...

(beat)

Yes, he'll be in the office later, but let me...

She holds the receiver as though it had died in her hand and crosses into Crawford's office.

CRAWFORD

(to Graham)

... but if we find him, the print as evidence will get a conviction. Hold on. What?

SARAH

He asked for Will. He said he might call back tonight. I tried to hold him... I'm sorry... He said 'tell Graham "broken mirrors."'

CRAWFORD

(to Graham)

Will. Get right back here. He just called.

EXT. JACOBI HOUSE - GRAHAM - DAY

GRAHAM

Who did he ask for?

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

You.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FBI OFFICE - CRAWFORD + GRAHAM - LATER

It's now sunset out the window. Both men are tense. On Crawford's desk are two new telephones and a tape recorder. Also in the room are Sarah and DR. SIDNEY BLOOM, a forensic psychologist. Food wrappings and Styrofoam coffee cups litter his desk. Bloom only ate half his pastrami on rye:

DR. BLOOM

Anybody want the rest of the cholesterol special?

CRAWFORD

Thanks, no.

GRAHAM

... so how do I play him, Sidney?

DR. BLOOM

Compliment him. Tell him most people don't have the intellectual capacity to understand what has happened, that sort of thing.

(beat)

If he's paranoid, play into his grievance. Let him air it.

(beat)

If he's picked you as an adversary and wants to gloat, give him what he's after. A little at a time.

CRAWFORD

... very little. If it's all electronic switching we'll need a minute for the trace.

Graham turns to the window. Crawford taps a pencil on his desk. They wait.

CUT TO:

SAME - LATER - NIGHT

Crawford's feet are on his desk. Sarah yawns. Graham leans against the other wall. Stony silence. RING. They react. FOUR more RINGS.

SARAH

(into phone)

Special Agent Crawford's office.

(beat)

Bill, call back on twenty-four four.
We need to keep this line clear...

She hangs up. Crawford takes Bill's call on the other line. The rest exhale tension and go back to waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - FAUCET - NIGHT

Runs water.

GRAHAM

stares at it. He puts his hands under and runs cold water on his upturned wrists.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - CRAWFORD - NIGHT

Looking through reports. He picks up a pencil and starts to correct a line when: RING.

CRAWFORD
Where the hell's Graham!

RING.

SARAH
He went to the men's room.

RING.

CRAWFORD
For Christ's sake get him!

An assistant runs out. RING. Sarah's anxious.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORRIDOR - GRAHAM - NIGHT

Running. He slips on the polished floor, recovers himself ... He darts through Crawford's door.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - GRAHAM

tries to catch his breath as Sarah snaps up the phone.

SARAH
Special Agent Crawford's office.
(she nods; it's
him)
Could you hold on a second, I'll
see if I can find him.

Sarah punches hold. Crawford is counting seconds. He raises his thumb. Graham grabs the phone.

GRAHAM
(calm)
This is Will Graham. Can I help
you?

VOICE (V.O.)
No. I can help you.

GRAHAM
I don't understand.

VOICE (V.O.)
Atlanta and Birmingham.

CRAWFORD

scribbles on a piece of paper.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Do you know something about that?

VOICE (V.O.)

Why do you think I called?

GRAHAM (O.S.)

I get a lot of calls. Most of them are from people who say they know things.

Crawford holds up the piece of paper. It says: "Chicago phone booth. Police scrambling."

GRAHAM

... Talk to them a few minutes and you can tell they don't have the capacity to even understand what's going on. Do you?

VOICE (V.O.)

You tell me what you know about him. I'll tell you whether you're right or not.

GRAHAM

Let's get straight who we're talking about.

(beat)

Are you the man I'm interested in?

VOICE (V.O.)

I don't think I'll tell you.

GRAHAM

He's right-handed.

VOICE (V.O.)

Most people are.

GRAHAM

He's misunderstood.

VOICE (V.O.)

Cut the general crap.

Graham stares at Crawford. Crawford makes a circular motion with his hand: string him on.

GRAHAM

He's very strong physically.

VOICE (O.S.)

That's true.

GRAHAM

He's white and six feet tall. You haven't told me anything yet.

VOICE (O.S.)

Describe exactly what you think he did to Mrs. Leeds and I'll tell you if you're right or not.

GRAHAM

I don't want to do that.

VOICE (O.S.)

Goodbye.

Graham and us hear a telephone booth door slam open. We hear a receiver fall with a CLANG. He hear faint voices. The receiver bangs as it's swung on the cord. Everyone in the outer office hears it on the speaker phone. They also hear:

2ND VOICE (V.O.)

Freeze. Don't even twitch. Now lock your fingers behind your head and back out of the booth slowly. Spread 'em!

Graham drops the phone. Tension floods out of him. In the outer office people are cheering.

CLOSE ON GRAHAM

His eyes almost start to tear in relief as he turns his back and looks out the window.

CRAWFORD'S

ecstatic.

2ND VOICE (V.O.)

Who am I speaking to?

Graham grabs the phone.

GRAHAM

Will Graham, FBI.

2ND VOICE (V.O.)

This is Sergeant Stanley Riddle, Chicago Police Department. Will you tell me what the hell's goin' on?

GRAHAM

You tell me. You have a man in custody?

SERGEANT RIDDLE (V.O.)

Damn right.

(beat)

Freddie Lounds.

ZOOM IN ON Graham's face. It locks in rage.

SERGEANT RIDDLE (V.O.)

Can you hear me?

(beat)

Are you preferring charges against him or you want him to just run along...

GRAHAM

(hollers)

Yeah. I'm preferring charges! Obstruction of justice. You lock that asshole up. You hold him for the U.S. Attorney! You...

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO STREET, PHONE BOOTH - FREDDIE LOUNDS - NIGHT
grabs for the phone.

LOUNDS

Will, listen...

CUT TO:

INT. CHESAPEAKE HOSPITAL, DR. CHILTON'S OFFICE -
DR. CHILTON - NIGHT

There is a KNOCK on his door.

DR. CHILTON

Come in.

GUARD

Dr. Chilton?

DR. CHILTON

Yes?

GUARD

When we were cleaing out Dr. Lector'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 OFFICE - NIGHT

Sarah answers the phone.

SARAH

Special Agent Crawford's office.

In the b.g. all hell is breaking loose. Crawford and Graham are both hollering into the phone at Freddie Lounds.

SARAH

Speak up, please. I can hardly hear you!

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)

(shouting)

I said I need to speak to Special Agent Crawford or Mr. Graham. Right away!

SARAH

(holding one ear closed)

I'm sorry. Special Agent Crawford and Graham are tied up right now. Can I get them to call you back?

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)

(going nuts)

This is Dr. Chilton. At the Chesapeake Hospital. Will you please tell them this is very, very urgent!!

(beat)

I'll hold on.

Sarah puts Chilton on "Hold." TRACK her INTO the room. She starts to say something. Crawford holds up a hand...

CRAWFORD

(hollering)

How'd you know 'broken mirrors?'

Bribe a cop?

(beat)

Tell it to the U.S. Attorney,
Lounds!

GRAHAM

(seeing Sarah)

What is it?

SARAH

It's a Dr. Chilton, sir. He says
it's urgent.

Graham punches the phone and takes the call. Crawford's yelling at Lounds.

GRAHAM

It's Will Graham...

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)

Well, it's about goddamn time! 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...

GRAHAM

Where did you get it?!

Graham waves Crawford to the other phone.

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)

From Hannibal Lecktor's cell. It was hidin in a book.

CRAWFORD

(to Lounds)

Run along to the police station, Freddie. We'll talk to you when we get around to it...

Crawford punches into Dr. Chilton's call.

CUT TO:

INT. CHESAPEAKE HOSPITAL - DR. CHILTON - NIGHT

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Can you read it to me?

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'm becoming.'

(reads)

'I know you alone understand the reality of the people who die to help me in these things, understand that they are only elements undergoing change to fuel the radiance of what I am becoming. Just as the source of light is burning.'

(beat)

Mr. Graham, there's a hole torn and punched out. then it says...

(reads)

'I have a complete collection of your press notices. I think of them as unfair. As unfair as mine. The "Tooth Fairy." What could be more inappropriate. Investigator Graham interests me. Very purposeful looking. I hope we can correspond.'

(beat)

There's another 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 teethmarks pressed in it at the bottom.

CRAWFORD

punches the other line.

CRAWFORD

Sarah, order a chopper. I want the next thing smoking and I don't care whose. Ours. DCPD. Or the Marines. Then call Documents. Tell them to scramble a team. I want everybody moving in five minutes.

(punches into Dr.

Chilton's line)

Dr. Chilton, please do not handle the note. I have a Documents team on the way to you by helicopter to pick it up.

GRAHAM

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

(beat)

Where's Lector now?

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)

In a holding cell.

GRAHAM

How long can you keep Lecktor out without him getting suspicious?

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)

Three, four hours.

CRAWFORD

Have your building superintendent shut off the water and most of the lighting in Lecktor's hall. Have him walk through carrying tools and being pissed off or something...

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)

Yes. We can manage all that.

CRAWFORD

(hits another line)

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, and Documents. Graham and I'll be walking it through...

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING, HAIR AND FIBER SECTION - BEVERLY KATZ
- NIGHT

is bent over a microscope. She's under it. Behind her a male assistant brushes a child's bib overalls with a metal spatula. He is collecting whatever debris comes off the clothing onto a white paper sheet. BEVERLY KATZ lifts something with tweezers. She leans away from the microscope.

BEVERLY KATZ

One hair, Graham. Maybe a thirty-second of an inch. A couple of blue grains. I'll work it up. What else have you got?

GRAHAM

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

CUT TO:

INT. LATENT PRINTS - JIMMIE PRICE - NIGHT

winces at the sight of the paper. He slips it under the helium cadmium laser.

THE HELIUM CADMIUM LASER

bombards the toilet paper with light. Growing smudges appear on the paper.

PRICE (O.S.)

Perspiration stains, nothing else.

(beat)

How many guys handled this without gloves?

GRAHAM (O.S.)

The cleanup man and Lecktor...

PRICE (O.S.)

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

(beat)

I could fume it, Will, but couldn't guarantee the iodine stains would fade out in the time you've got to get it back.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Ninhydrin? Boosted with heat?

PRICE (O.S.)

No. We couldn't wash it after. I can't get a print off this, Will. There isn't one.

CRAWFORD (O.S.)

Damn it.

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?

CRAWFORD
Twenty minutes max.

GRAHAM
The main thing is: how was Lecktor
to reply.

BOWMAN
That's probably in the part Lecktor
tore out.

(beat)
At the top it says: 'I hope we can
correspond.' And then the hole
begins.

(beat)
It looks like Lecktor went over it
with a felt tip pen and then folded
it and pinched most of it away.

GRAHAM (O.S.)
He doesn't have anything to cut with.

BOWMAN

moves under a rostrum camera setup. There are lights mounted
on a 360-degree rim even with the base of the rostrum. Bowman
hits a switch. The top lights go out. The side lights are
very oblique.

MACRO CLOSEUP: NOTE

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 of the hole.

EVEN CLOSER: THE EDGES

are tattered and smeared with vermillion ink.

LIGHTING PANEL

Bowman's fingers hit it. The room is darkened, except for a
dull glow from the infrared source.

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

ROSTRUM

Bowman switches to a closed-circuit TV camera.

MONITOR

The image focuses as Bowman focuses the lens. Then:
The ink smear is gone. Fragments of writing appear.

BOWMAN (O.S.)
Aniline dyes in the inks in felt-tip
pens -- which is what Lecktor has
-- are transparent to infrared. The
Tooth Fairy's ballpoint isn't...

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.'

GRAHAM, CRAWFORD + BOWMAN

at the monitor lit by the infrared glow.

GRAHAM
We know the Tooth Fairy reads the
Tattler. The stuff about me and
Lector? 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.

CRAWFORD

The Chicago office is running through all the personal ads in the Tattler right now.

BOWMAN

When do they go to press?

GRAHAM

In thirty-five minutes.

BOWMAN

Christ!

CRAWFORD

After we find Lecktor's response, we substitute our own. Somewhere tomorrow night the Tooth Fairy will actually buy a Tattler, looking for Lecktor's message to him. Here's what he'll find, Bill.

BILL

(reads)

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

CRAWFORD

It's a Secret Service letter drop and stakeout. He shows: we take him.

(beat)

Anything from Chicago?

SARAH

Not yet.

CRAWFORD

Let's get to the physical.

PRICE

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

BEVERLY KATZ

One whisker. Scale counts and core size match Hannibal Lecktor's. So does color. The color's different than the Tooth Fairy's taken in Birmingham and Atlanta. Three blue grains and some dark flecks went to Brian's end.

BRIAN ZELLAR

The grains are commercial granulated cleanser with chlorine. Must be from the cleaning man. There are several particles of dried blood. Not enough to type.

GRAHAM

Bowman?

BOWMAN

It's Snow White toilet paper.
National distribution.

Bowman sets up his photographs on an easel.

BOWMAN

(beat)

If there's any doubt, we matched the indents of the bitemark on the note against the Smithsonian teeth. This is your boy...

(beat)

He folded the bottom part, including what Lecktor tore out. In this, enlargement of the back side, oblique light revealed impressions. We can make out: 'six-six-six.'

(beat)

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

CRAWFORD

Issue the toilet paper tear 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 it. Lecktor called him a Pilgrim when he was talking to me...

CHESTER (V.O.)

'You're very beautiful.'

CRAWFORD

Christ...

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...

Everybody exhibits disciplined surface calm. The tension is screaming underneath.

BOWMAN

furiously looking through pages of the Bible, suddenly stops.

BOWMAN

(to Graham)

No.

(beat)

The numbers aren't right for a jailhouse alphabet code. It's a book code.

(beat)

And your message has to go out in it, or he'll know it's not Lecktor talking to him.

CRAWFORD

Book code?

BOWMAN

'One hundred prayers' could be the page number. The paired numbers and the scriptural references could be line and letter. But what book?

CRAWFORD

Not the Bible?

BOWMAN

No. Galatians 15:2? 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

It has to be a book the Tooth Fairy would know Lecktor has in his cell.

GRAHAM

He'd know it from articles he's 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 message run as is and decode it after. Or we pull it, work out the code and put ours in next week.

GRAHAM

Can we still get Lecktor's message out of the paper?

CRAWFORD

Yes. And I'm leery of running Lecktor's message without knowing what it says.

GRAHAM

And if we pull it, we lose a week... We only have two to the next full moon.

CRAWFORD

It's your call, Will. What do we do?

Graham has to decide. Long pause. Then he looks up:

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.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. LOUIS AIRPORT NEWSSTAND - FLOOR - DAY

The floor is in focus. In the b.g., are busy, out-of-focus images: newspapers, magazines, people passing. We don't know why we are HOLDING on the empty floor. Then, a stack of "Tattlers" hits the floor. The headlines include: "HEAD TRANSPLANT and ASTRONOMERS GLIMPSE GOD!"

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL ROOM - WILL GRAHAM - NIGHT

asleep in bed. Sheets are twisted between his legs.

His arms are widespread. The phone RINGS. Will Graham doesn't hear it. It keeps RINGING. MOVE IN on Graham. Finally, he stirs, then fights his way up out of sleep.

PROFILE: GRAHAM

sits up. His hand snakes out and grabs the phone to make it stop ringing.

GRAHAM

Who is it?

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Will, Bowman just broke the code. It was a James Beard cook book. You need to know what it says right now.

GRAHAM

What'd it say?

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

I'll tell you in a second. Now listen to me: everything is okay. I'm taking care of it, so stay on the phone when I tell you.

GRAHAM

Tell me now.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

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

(beat)

It's your home address, Will. The bastard gave him your home address.

GRAHAM

Get me a plane...

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Wait, Will...

GRAHAM

Get me a plane!

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

I'll pick you up in...

GRAHAM

I won't be here.

On the move...

CUT TO:

INT. GRAHAM HOUSE, MARATHON, FLORIDA, BEDROOM - MOLLY -
NIGHT

She's asleep. Kevin enters.

KEVIN

Mom...

Kevin looks over her shoulder out the window as if he's
scared of something.

MOLLY

What time is it?

KEVIN

Mom, someone's outside. There's
noises...

MOLLY

starts and sits up...

INT. GRAHAM HOUSE - HALLWAY & KITCHEN

are empty. Dark shadows play against darkened walls. O.S.
we hear crashing wave. Moonlight makes trees whipped in
the wind throw dappled shadows across the corridor. Molly
enters the frame in CLOSE SHOT. We TRACK WITH her in a
THREE-QUARTER REAR SHOT behind the back of her head. She
feels vulnerable. The dappled leaves whip across her face
in a sudden gust. Molly's head snaps around.

MOLLY'S POV: GLASS PORTICO

with the tree moving in the wind. Beyond is the ocean with
moonlight on the surf. Nothing.

MOLLY

moves into the kitchen. A streetlight hits part of the
kitchen with a dim phosphorescent green.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Mom?

MOLLY

(whispers)

Go into your room and lock the door.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Mom?

MOLLY

Go ahead!

He catches Molly's eye:

MOLLY'S POV: KITCHEN WINDOW

A silhouette shape moves past the window. The angle of the streetlight plays its shadow on the wall against Molly.

FRONTAL CLOSEUP: MOLLY

frozen. She hears the outer screen door being opened...

BEHIND MOLLY & OVER HER SHOULDER TO KITCHEN DOOR

The shape is at the door. Molly takes a couple of steps, and can't go any further.

MOLLY

breathless, opens the door. Fast.

DOOR

reveals Florida State TROOPER.

TROOPER

Are you all right, ma'am?

MOLLY

(fast breathing)

Yes. Why?

(beat)

What's going on...?

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAHAM HOUSE - TROOPER + MOLLY - NIGHT

As Molly comes out of the house, we PULL BACK and CRANE UP INTO a very HIGH ANGLE WIDE SHOT revealing: Four state trooper cars parked on Graham's property. On the road are two roadblocks 100 yards apart on either side of Graham's house. All their flashers are going. Molly looks around in confusion. We see her turn to the sea, a coast guard launch pulls to 100 yards off the beach. Its searchlight plays on the water's edge then across the property. Molly looks at all the policemen...

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - GULF STREAM JET - DAY

advances on us, its engine screaming. Its front wheel brakes to a stop right before CAMERA.

DOOR

opens. Running down the stairs and across the tarmac is Will Graham in shirtsleeves with a Car-15 assault rifle with collapsible stock. His eyes scan the perimeter.

FBI MEN

moving fast, follow Graham. Their eyes sweep the terminal area. One carries an Uzi submachine gun, the other two, handguns.

A CORDON OF FLORIDA STATE TROOPERS

hussle Molly and Kevin between them from their cars towards Graham. Two carry suitcases.

GRAHAM + MOLLY + KEVIN

inside the protective barrier of men.

HIGH ANGLE: THE AIRPORT

Graham moves Molly and Kevin up into the Gulf Stream. FBI men follow. The troopers back off. The flashers on their cars are still turning. PAN RIGHT with the Gulf Stream as it taxis to the head of the runway. It pauses a moment, then blasts down the runway and up into the morning sun.

CUT TO:

INT. BALTIMORE SAFE HOUSE, FOYER - DOOR - DAY

HOLD. Then it opens. Molly and Kevin, followed by Graham. Unmarked FBI cars are parked on the front lawn. Molly enters the foyer, looks around and stops.

HOUSE INTERIOR

Holiday Inn decor.

MOLLY

Who decorated this place, Richard Nixon?

Molly takes a deep breath. Then lets it out. She's tired. Graham takes her hand.

GRAHAM

... sorry, Molly. I'm sorry this happened to you.

MOLLY

You didn't do it to me, Will; it's happened to us.

(touches his face)

And if I survive the wallpaper we'll be 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'll hang around in here. I'll just be in the kitchen, Mom...

GRAHAM

(to Molly)

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

(beat)

He read the Tattler piece, didn't he?

MOLLY

He didn't know you had been in a mental institution. He asked me if I knew. I said yes. I wanted to talk to him. He said he wanted to bring it up to you. Face to face.

GRAHAM

Good for him.

(beat)

Thanks a lot, Freddie!

(to Kevin)

Kevin. We're going grocery shopping.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - GRAHAM + KEVIN - DAY

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

KEVIN

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

GRAHAM

No. You're very well-protected. No one can find out where you are.

KEVIN

Barry's mom had this newspaper. It said you killed the guy in Minnesota and were in a mental hospital. Is it true?

GRAHAM

Yes.

KEVIN

I figured I'd ask you...

GRAHAM

I was in the psychiatric wing. It bothers you, finding out I was in there... doesn't it?

KEVIN

I told my dad before he died, I'd take care of Mom. And I'll do it.

(beat)

This guy wants to kill you?

GRAHAM

We don't know that.

KEVIN

Are you gonna kill him?

GRAHAM

No. It's just my job to find him.

(beat)

I was in the hospital after Garrett Jacob Hobbs.

KEVIN

How did it happen?

GRAHAM

Hobbs was insane. He was attacking college girls and he killed them.

KEVIN

How?

GRAHAM

With a knife.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(beat)

I found a curly piece of metal in the clothes of one of the girls. The kind of shred a pipe threader makes. I was taking a look at steam fitters, plumbers. It took a long time. In one place there was a resignation letter from a man named Hobbs. I saw it and it was... peculiar.

(beat)

I was going up these stairs to Hobbs' apartment. I was halfway up when he shoved his wife down at me. She was dying.

(beat)

I sent the officer with me to call a SWAT team. But I could hear kids in there and screaming. I couldn't wait.

KEVIN

You went in the apartment?

GRAHAM

Yes. Hobbs had one of his daughters from behind. He was cutting her. I shot him.

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

I kept thinking there must be some way I could have handled it better. It kept replaying in my mind. Later I got depressed. A doctor friend of mine, Dr. Bloom, asked me to go into a hospital. After a while I got some distance on it and was okay.

KEVIN

Did the girl die?

GRAHAM

No.

KEVIN

She got all right?

GRAHAM

...after a while.

KEVIN

And Hobbs died?

GRAHAM

(nods)

... yes.

Kevin pauses, then asks with 11-year-old innocence:

KEVIN

Killing somebody feels that bad?

EXTREMELY CLOSE: GRAHAM

turns and stares at Kevin:

GRAHAM

Kevin: it's the ugliest thing in
the world.

Kevin thinks about this for a long time. He nods. He feels
he understands Graham and is closer to him for it:

KEVIN

What kind of coffee do you like?

GRAHAM

Huh?

KEVIN

You like that Colombian stuff, don't
you?

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

KEVIN

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 disappear
around a corner...

CUT TO:

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

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.

FRONTAL: MOLLY + GRAHAM

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

Behind them -- with yellow lights -- the house looks like a motel.

MOLLY

It's hard to have anything, isn't it?
Rare to get it, hard to keep it. This
is a damn slippery planet.

When she said this she was staring out to sea. Now she turns to look at Graham and puts a hand on his arm. He still stares out to sea:

GRAHAM

Slick as hell.

Then Graham looks at her and covers her hand with his own.

MOLLY

You remember when we first met?
And were together alone in that
room. And the exhilaration was
too much to hold on to. And then
something flickered across your
face like a shadow and I asked you
what was wrong?

GRAHAM

I remember.

MOLLY

Do you remember what you said?

GRAHAM

Yes. I said this is too good to live...

Molly stares into his eyes.

MOLLY

Time is luck, Will.

(beat)

I know the value of our days...

They stare into each other. There's a pause. They rise. She puts her arm around Graham's waist. They start towards the house.

MOLLY

Let's go to bed. I'll rub your back.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI CAFETERIA - CRAWFORD + BLOOM - DAY

CRAWFORD

I need to talk to you about Will
Graham.

BLOOM

What about him?

CRAWFORD

I need to ask you questions of a psychological nature.

BLOOM

Remember when you asked for a study on him, I refused. Same goes for now.

CRAWFORD

That was Peterson upstairs.

BLOOM

It was you who did the asking.

CRAWFORD

He doesn't think you run mind games on him.

BLOOM

I wouldn't presume to try.

CRAWFORD

You're never alone in a room with Graham, are you? You're smooth about it, but you're never one-on-one with him. Why's that? Do you think he's psychic?

BLOOM

He's an eideteker. He has almost total recall. But I don't think he's psychic. What he has is empathy and projection. He can assume your point of view and mine... and some other points of view that scare and sicken him.

CRAWFORD

Why aren't you ever alone with him?

BLOOM

Because I'm professionally concerned about him. And he'd pick up on that. He's fast. He hates being prodded and poked.

(beat)

So do I.

(beat)

What do you want?

CRAWFORD

His nervous breakdown followed Hobbs. Could he kill again if he had to save his life? Or would he hesitate?

BLOOM

I'll tell you the events. The psychology's none of your business. Hobbs was trying to cut his eleven-year-old daughter's throat. Graham shot him with his .38 six times. Hobbs still didn't go down. He had to wade in...

CRAWFORD

That's when it happened?

BLOOM

No. It happened when Graham went to see Hobbs' daughter four months later in the hospital. She saved her carotid artery... but lost three fingers and her larynx. She was connected up to a voice box. When Graham went to see her, she asked him -- through the speaker: 'Why did you have to kill my daddy?'

(beat)

That's when Graham had his nervous breakdown.

CRAWFORD

What's the bottom line?

BLOOM

If he pushes too deep into our boy's mind-set, he may destroy himself.

(beat)

What are you planning, Jack?

CRAWFORD

Could he handle a direct contact?

BLOOM

I don't recommend it.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

You don't recommend what, Sidney?

Crawford is surprised at Graham's entry. Bloom isn't.

BLOOM

Crawford has a proposition. I don't think it's a good idea.

GRAHAM

If the Tooth Fairy listens to Lecktor, he'll come for me. So we're going to set me up as bait to draw him out. Give him a clean shot.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(beat)
That's what you were thinking,
isn't it?

Crawford's embarrassed. Bloom said Graham was fast.

GRAHAM

I'll use Lounds.

Now Bloom's surprised...

GRAHAM

Sidney, he doesn't read the "Sunday
Times" literary supplement. He
reads Lounds in the "Tattler."

(beat)
And I want this over with... Fast.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON APARTMENT - GRAHAM + LOUNDS - DAY

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

GRAHAM

I believe he's socially
maladjusted. Laughed at his
contemporaries...

LOUNDS

How does he rate compared to Dr.
Hannibal Lecktor?

GRAHAM

He's not as intelligent.

PULL BACK to reveal Bloom, Crawford, a photographer and
assistant. Graham motions for Lounds to turn off his
tape recorder.

GRAHAM

(to Bloom)
What have we missed?

BLOOM

He may have an unconscious
homosexual conflict. A fear of
being gay. He objects to the word
'fairy.' Plus smeared bloodstains
indicate that he put the shorts on
Charles Leeds after he was dead.
I believe he did this to emphasize
his lack of interest in Mr. Leeds.

Graham motions Lounds to turn the tape recorder on again.

GRAHAM

The killer has sexually molested all his male victims. He is a homosexual and impotent with persons of the opposite sex.

(beat)

Our forensic psychologists have projected he may have been the product of an incestuous home life.

(added afterthought)

And probably had sexual relations with his mother...

Crawford stifles a laugh...

LOUNDS

How long will you stay in Washington?

GRAHAM

Until we've taken out the Tooth Fairy.

Graham gestures for Lounds to turn off the tape recorder.

GRAHAM

All right. Let's shoot the pictures.

LOUNDS

(to Crawford)

I want shots with me and Graham together.

Graham reacts.

LOUNDS

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

STILL PHOTOGRAPHER'S POV THROUGH CAMERA: GRAHAM + LOUNDS

Lounds lays Graham's arm over his own shoulder and mugs for the camera. Behind him is the flood-lit Capitol dome and the sign of a motel across the street.

GRAHAM

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

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

CRAWFORD

(low)

Asian studies at Langley said the mark you found on the tree is a Chinese character considered a positive or a lucky sign in gambling. The character also appears on a mahjongg piece.

(beat)

It means Red Dragon.

(beat)

That mean anything to you?

GRAHAM

No.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. PARKING LOT - GRAHAM, CRAWFORD + SPURGEN
- 7:30 PM

SPURGEN, chief SWAT instructor from Quantico, examines the parking lot. We've cut in mid-dialogue.

SPURGEN

... if he's smart he'll approach from the front, pass, 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 in this light, but you'll stand out like a zebra for us.

(beat)

They told me you checked out a .44 Charter Arms Bulldog.

GRAHAM

Yes.

SPURGEN

Good. You'll load these. Ever fire them?

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

GRAHAM EXAMINES ONE ROUND

Instead of a lead bullet, there's a matte-black, blunt-nosed cylinder.

GRAHAM
Glaser Safety Slugs?

SPURGEN
(nods)
... commercially prohibited.
(beat)
Number Twelve shot in liquid Teflon
in a copper casing. On impact it
all opens up in the target. Expect
the recoil. They're hot loads.
Body armor?

GRAHAM
Kevlar Second Chance.

SPURGEN
I hope you have a second chance...

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

SPURGEN
You got it.

GRAHAM
Let's walk the route.

As they start across the parking lot:

CUT TO:

INT. LAMBERT ST. LOUIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - FLOOR -
DAY

We've been here before. The floor is empty. In the WIDE
ANGLE -- OUT OF FOCUS -- the NEWSSTAND OPERATOR is squatted
down reading the "Chicago Tribune." In the empty space is
dumped a bundle of "Tattlers." A pair of black zippered boots
enters and stands behind the man.

NEWSSTAND OPERATOR
(without looking)
What is it?

VOICE (O.S.)
A "Tattler."

NEWSSTAND OPERATOR
You'll have to wait until I bust a
bundle.

One black boot kicks the "Tattler" bundle.

VOICE (O.S.)
Now.

NEWSSTAND OPERATOR

(hot)

I said wait 'til I bust a bundle.
Understand?

A hand and a flash of bright steel rip through the FRAME.
The twine is cut with a POP. A dollar bill is thrown on
the floor. The hand whips a "Tattler" out from the center of
the bundle. RAISE UP WITH the outraged Newsstand Operator.

NEWSSTAND OPERATOR

Hey. Hey you.

The retreating man turns to face him. It is Francis
Dollarhyde.

DOLLARHYDE

Me?

NEWSSTAND OPERATOR

Yeah, you. Fuckin' told you...

DOLLARHYDE

(interrupting)

You told me what?

He starts coming back. He takes off his silver sunglasses
revealing the white violet eyes.

DOLLARHYDE

You told me what?!

CLOSE: NEWSSTAND OPERATOR

NEWSSTAND OPERATOR

You got a quarter comin' back.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON APARTMENT, PARKING LOT - GRAHAM'S CAR -
NIGHT

pulls into the prescribed space. It's raining. He kills the
engine and gets out.

HIGH ANGLE: GRAHAM

exiting the car. The image is in GREEN AND BLACK. We are:

EXT. ROOFTOP - SWAT #1

behind the balustrade in a prone firing position sighting
through a heavy-barreled Heckler and Koch Model 93 with a
Startron scope.

A SECOND HIGH ANGLE: GRAHAM

also in GREEN AND BLACK. Reveal we are:

EXT. SECOND ROOFTOP - SWAT #2

with the same rifle sweeping the parking lot. He reacts to something to his left.

GRAHAM

... walking along the determined line, fifty yards from the apartment building... hears something through the delicate patter of the rain.

GRAHAM'S POV: CORNER OF BUILDING

A distant "plop-plop-plop" of running feet...

GRAHAM'S

eyes tighten.

CORNER OF BUILDING

HOLD. Then entering around the corner is a running MAN. He's 6'2". 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...

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.

WIDE PROFILE: GRAHAM

on the left. The Runner enters on the right. In SLOW MOTION as they cross, Graham slams him sideways...

RUNNER

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

.44 BULLDOG

comes up... pressure on the trigger.

RUNNER'S HEAD

turns INTO CAMERA. He is a black man with a moustache and scared eyes staring into the .44. His hands shoot into the air:

RUNNER (MAN)

Yo, boss. Plastic and cash in the right pocket...!

GRAHAM

(re the mistake)

God-damnit!!!

Walking away, Graham rips off his jacket and the Kevlar vest. Coming off the expectation of contact, Graham is explosive. The Runner looks at Graham as if he's crazy: Spurgen and two D.C. cops are running in.

RUNNER

Arrest dat sucker...!

Crawford catches up to Graham:

CRAWFORD

You okay?

Graham shoulders past Crawford. He throws the Kevlar vest across the parking lot. He almost killed the man. Meanwhile, Spurgen is with the Runner.

SPURGEN

It was a mistake... Sorry we...

RUNNER

'Sorry' yo' mama!!

Runner pissed off -- starts towards Graham. Spurgen stops him.

SPURGEN

Hold on! We thought you were
someone we're trying to catch...

RUNNER

(backs up)

Hold onto this!!

(grabs his groin)

I get dat cannon stuck up mah
face?! Car dirt splattered up
and down mah Calvin Kleins?!
'Catch somebody?!' You couldn't
catch yo' ass with yo' right hand!
You lucky you muther-fuckers catch
a cold! Who the hell goin' pay my
cleanin' bill? Huh?

HUGE LAUGHTER which is coming from...

CUT TO:

INT. "TATTLER" GARAGE - ELEVATOR DOOR - NIGHT

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

SECRETARY

See you, Freddie.

LOUNDS

pleased with himself, walks to his car.

REAR: LOUNDS' HEAD

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

CUT TO:

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

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 on 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 just fine.

LOUNDS

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

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Burned? Burned. No. You just rest there. I'll be right back.

LOUNDS

Let me lie down. Listen, I want to call my office. My God, I'm in a Stryker frame. My back's broken. Tell me the truth.

Footsteps are going away.

LOUNDS

What am I doing here?

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Atoning, Mr. Lounds.

Lounds reacts.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Do you know who I am, Mr. Lounds?

LOUNDS

I don't want to know.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

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

(beat)

You know now, don't you?

LOUNDS

Yes.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Do you feel privileged?

LOUNDS

I'm very scared.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Do you pray to God, Mr. Lounds?

LOUNDS

Yes.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Do you believe God is in attendance
here, Mr. Lounds?

LOUNDS
I don't know...

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
In a little while I'll help you
understand.

A kettle WHISTLES.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
I'll be right back.
(singsong)
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.

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

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.

LOUNDS
No. I don't want to see you.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Mr. Lounds, you're a reporter.
You're here to titillate your
readers. If you don't open your
eyes, I'll staple your 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.)
(singsong)
Well: here...I...am...

LOUNDS' POV: THE RED DRAGON

Dollarhyde opens and drops the black silk kimono.

His muscular frame bears the full body tattoo of William Blake's Red Dragon -- the head on Dollarhyde's chest, the tail snaking down and wrapping around one of Dollarhyde's legs. His back is to us in a weight-lifter's pose. A rolled-up stocking covers Dollarhyde's head to just below his nose. Dollarhyde's teeth are jagged and brown-stained. And 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 kimono is on again.

PAST LOUNDS' HEAD: SCREEN

A slide appears. It is Blake's painting.

DOLLARHYDE

Look at the screen. That is William Blake's 'The Great Red Dragon and The Woman Clothed with the Sun.' Do you see?

LOUNDS

Yes...

Next picture: Mrs. Jacobi, eyes wide.

DOLLARHYDE

Do you see?

LOUNDS

Yes.

CLICK. Next slide. Mrs. Leeds alive, locked into a silent scream in her bedroom.

DOLLARHYDE

Do you see?

LOUNDS

Yes.

CLICK.

LOUNDS

staring in horror. We will not see the rest of the slides.

DOLLARHYDE

Mrs. Leeds harlequined with blood, her husband beside her. Do you see?

LOUNDS

Yes.

DOLLARHYDE

Mrs. Jacobi after her changing.

(as Lounds nods)

The Dragon rampant. Do you see?

LOUNDS

Yes.

DOLLARHYDE

Freddie Lounds. Your photograph.

Do you see?

LOUNDS

Oh, God.

DOLLARHYDE

Do you see?

LOUNDS

Please, no.

DOLLARHYDE

'No' what?

LOUNDS

Not me.

DOLLARHYDE

Are you a man?

LOUNDS

Yes.

DOLLARHYDE

Do you imply that I'm a queer?

LOUNDS

God, no.

DOLLARHYDE

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

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. Lounds:
you and the others, YOU OWE ME AWE!

(long pause)

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.

CLOSE: DOLLARHYDE

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

DOLLARHYDE

Now you will read this into the
tape recorder.

ON LOUNDS

LOUNDS

'I have had a great privilege. I have
seen with wonder the strength of the
Red Dragon. All I wrote about him
before was lies from Will Graham. He
made me write them. Now I understand.'

(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.'

(beat)

'I will be a testament to the truth, now.
About his work. About his becoming.'

DOLLARHYDE'S HAND

turns off the tape recorder.

DOLLARHYDE

You did very well. I apologize for the crude images. Next time I'll have film stock 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...

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 over Lounds, is doing, but Lounds screams.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO ALLEY - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT

Dollarhyde's van is on the left against the wall. The alley is empty. Then we see shapes between the van and the wall.

CLOSER: OVER LOUNDS' RIGHT SHOULDER

We do not see his face. We see his shoulder and his lap. From an unseen facial wound, blood drips onto his pants' leg. Dollarhyde starts spilling 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 'head and kill 'ee, you 'astard!
You rot in 'ell, rot in 'ell!!!

CUT TO:

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

He pencils some selections. START TRACKING LEFT ACROSS the back of his neck. Midway we hear the SQUEAK of a wheel-chair. 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.

PARKING ATTENDANT

reads. Now the wheels SQUEAK and ECHO LOUDER. His head raises again...

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.

WHAT HE SEES: LOUNDS IN WHEELCHAIR - A MAN AFLAME

Lounds is a fireball racing TOWARDS US. Just before the fireball would smash into CAMERA...

CUT TO:

INT. BALTIMORE SAFE HOUSE, KITCHEN - GRAHAM + MOLLY - NIGHT

Graham and Molly are sitting at the kitchen table over cups of coffee. It's dark. Graham is looking down into the Formica. He and Molly say nothing for a long time. Then:

MOLLY

Can I have one of your cigarettes?

GRAHAM

(surprised)

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.

MOLLY

Have you ever omitted telling me things before?

GRAHAM

No.

MOLLY

Then why?

GRAHAM

I wanted it over fast.

(beat)

It felt dirty to not tell you.

MOLLY

Can you quit?

GRAHAM

No.

MOLLY

And... where are things?

GRAHAM

Where we're at is nowhere. We have nothing. We're running out of time.

There is a long pause. Molly suspects:

MOLLY

What will you do?

GRAHAM

I have to go back to Birmingham.

MOLLY

Is Crawford going with you?

GRAHAM

No. I have to be... in there... alone. Maybe there's something for me if I know how he feels and thinks.

MOLLY

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

Graham says nothing.

MOLLY

Kevin and I have lived through... with Kevin's father... once before... and we can't...

She can't finish. There's a pause. Then: She looks at him.

GRAHAM

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

(beat)

I'll come and get you afterwards...

MOLLY

Will...

He shakes his head and looks away from her, wondering about himself:

GRAHAM

Molly.

(pause)

... I love you. And I'm not really going to be fit to be with for awhile...

They are both frozen: in the same room but very separate. Molly's eyes are moist. She gets up and leaves. Graham sits at the kitchen table by himself, both hands around his mug of coffee. Slowly, deliberately, he picks up the mug to take a sip. Then he sits alone in the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. BALTIMORE AIRPORT - GRAHAM - DAY

On a pay phone to Dr. Bloom.

GRAHAM

Sidney: I don't understand him. We know he re-arranges the kids and husbands into a dead audience. To witness the act. We know he thinks the act is making him into something different. His 'becoming' ... But I don't know what it is he thinks he's becoming.

(beat)

The answer is something to do with how he uses the mirrors. That's what's missing for me. Why the mirrors?

BLOOM (V.O.)

The usual motivation doesn't apply to him, not the way he uses them. I don't have an answer for you.

(beat)

Listen to me, my friend: leave this.

GRAHAM

And do what? Read about the next family in the morning paper? In my Monkey Ward safehouse 'cause I can't take my family home?

(beat)

This ends when I make it over.

BLOOM (V.O.)

How are Molly and the boy?

GRAHAM

Kevin and Molly are on their way to Montana.

(beat)

Who the hell is he to do this to my family, Sidney? Answer me that...!

Sidney Bloom has no answer.

CUT TO:

INT. BALTIMORE AIRPORT, COFFEE SHOP - WINDOW - LATE AFTERNOON

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

CLOSE: WINDOW

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

VALERIE LEEDS (V.O.)

(ansaphone
recording)

'Hello. 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 sits. He stares at his handprint and says:

GRAHAM

It's just you and me now, sport.
And I'd better hurry up and find you.
(beat)
Because I'm losing all this...

CUT TO:

INT. DARKROOM - DOLLARHYDE - NIGHT

Entering. It is almost totally dark. In the green dullness we make out the forms of a WOMAN and Dollarhyde.

DOLLARHYDE

Ms. McClain, I'm Francis Dollarhyde.
I came about the low light level
infrared film stock.

REBA (WOMAN)

Put your back against the door.
Come forward three steps until you
feel the tile on your feet and there
will be a stool just to your left.

We see Dollarhyde's form follow instructions and sit.

REBA

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

DOLLARHYDE

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

REBA

What's being photographed?

DOLLARHYDE

The activities of nocturnal animals.

REBA

When do you need it?

DOLLARHYDE

In eight days.

REBA

Let me stick this in the black hole.

We see some movements. Then the light comes on.

DOLLARHYDE'S

hand is curled under his nose, hiding his Z-plast scars.
Then he reacts to something. His face lights up in an
uncharacteristically open smile.

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

The 1000 C Infrared Sensitive Film must be handled in total darkness. I keep the samples straight by touch code.

(beat)

It's still easier to handle than a 1200 series. Think it'll do?

DOLLARHYDE

It'll do fine.

RALPH DANDRIDGE,

young manager of the department enters, checks watch.

DANDRIDGE

Reba, dear, I've got to fly.

(beat)

Mr. Dollarhyde, if it wouldn't be too much trouble could you help her home?

REBA

I can 'help' myself home, Ralph...

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

DOLLARHYDE

I'll take you.

REBA

(standing close)

No, thanks. I manage very well.

(beat)

I'll order you twelve hundred feet of 1000 C tomorrow.

Reba walks out of the dark room.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S VAN, TRAVELLING - OUT THE WINDOW - NIGHT

We pass Reba on the sidewalk. She is walking briskly with her cane and tapping in front of her. She's very confident.

DOLLARHYDE

Ride with me.

REBA

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

DOLLARHYDE

Dandridge is a condescending prick.
Ride with me. It would be because
I want you to.

Reba stops. She likes Dollarhyde's directness. He gets out
and comes around to help her in. He starts to take her arm.

REBA

It's better if I take your arm.

CUT TO:

INT. REBA'S DUPLEX - DOOR - NIGHT

We hear footsteps come up. Reba's key is in the lock.
As the door is starting to open:

REBA

Come on in.

(beat)

How about a gin and tonic?

DOLLARHYDE

Tonic will be fine.

REBA

In the kitchen.

INT. REBA'S DUPLEX, KITCHEN - REBA

enters. She momentarily forgets, retraces her steps and
turns on the light. She opens the refrigerator. During
the next pieces of dialogue, we will see Reba being ex-
tremely competent making the drinks.

DOLLARHYDE

How did you come to Gateway?

REBA

They had to shape up their employment
practices to keep this defense
contract.

Reba takes a 10-inch chef's knife and deftly cuts the lime,
guiding it with her thumb.

DOLLARHYDE

You worked out well.

REBA

You know you speak very well,
although you avoid fricatives and
sibilants in your speech. At the
Riker Institute for the Blind, I
trained in speech therapy for speech
and hearing impaired children...

DOLLARHYDE

reacts to "speech therapy." Characteristically -- his
attention goes to:

KNIFE

in Reba's hand. Its extremely sharp cutting edge glints
in the light. Another slice of lime falls.

REBA

I'll probably go back to it someday.

DOLLARHYDE

Uh-huh.

Silence. Reba hands him his drink.

REBA

If you don't want to talk, okay.
But I hope you will... because I
like what you say.

Dollarhyde is stunned, at both her perception and frankness.

REBA

May I touch your face?

(as Dollarhyde
reacts)

I want to know if you're smiling
or frowning. I want to know if I
should just shut up or not...

There's a smile on her face. Now her hand moves up towards
Dollarhyde's mouth with the Z-plast scars where his harelip
and cleft palate were fixed.

REBA'S HAND

Dollarhyde's fist grabs it.

DOLLARHYDE

turns her hand in the light.

DOLLARHYDE

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

There is no smile on Dollarhyde's face.

REBA

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

He still has her hand in his grasp.

DOLLARHYDE

I have to go now.

He lets go of her hand.

CUT TO:

INT. BIRMINGHAM STORAGE ROOM - WILL GRAHAM - DAY

sits among piles of Leeds family possessions. He opens a child's toy. It's large, pink plastic and heart-shaped. It's a Mexican fantasy house with puffy white plastic clouds, strange handles and doors with eyes in them.

REAR SHOT: GRAHAM

half and half out of a shaft of yellow light that radiates motes of dust in the air. Graham merely sits and stares into all of the debris of this dead family. PULL BACK to see the vast expanse of the room which is a total disarray of all the furniture, all the possessions and papers, all the bits and pieces of matter, that are accumulated in a life by two adults and three children. Everything from washing machines to tricycles to sleds. They litter the vast floor space. 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. They watch Graham. As we WIDEN and PULL BACK they fall into REAR SHOT. HOLD.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CORRIDOR - REBA ON DOLLARHYDE'S ARM - NIGHT

Her cane taps the white tile floor. It's antiseptic and sinister. We worry about where he's taking her.

REBA
Ready to tell me what kind of
'outing' this is?

DOLLARHYDE
It's a surprise.

Her head arcs back as she senses:

REBA
Francis? We're at the zoo...!

CUT TO:

INT. ZOO EXAMINATION ROOM - DR. WARFIELD - NIGHT

DR. WARFIELD
In two days we're going to cap his
tooth. Can you smell him?

REBA
(aglow)
Yes!

DR. WARFIELD
Are you apprehensive? Your protective
and muscular gentleman over there is
watching us like a cat.

REBA
No, no! I want to.

Dollarhyde reacts with a light smile at the compliment.

DR. WARFIELD
All right, put your left hand on the
edge of the table and you can explore
with your right. I'll be right here
beside you.

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

TEN-FOOT LONG BENGAL TIGER

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

REBA'S HAND

The fur springs between her fingers.

TIGER'S GREAT 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 MOUTH

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:

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

Blake's painting. It's a large reproduction. It's a pre-psychological evocation of violent sexual impulses. It has come right after the image of Reba and the tiger. O.S. we hear WATER RUNNING...

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - FAUCET + HANDS

Hands are Reba's. We FOLLOW them up to the wall as they search for and find a towel. O.S. we hear the hum of a film PROJECTOR starting. We see the sightless Reba reflected in the mirror. Feeling her way, she starts out...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - PAN

It's dark brown with wing-armed 50's-futuristic furniture. A Styrosphere casts stars and constellations throughout the room. A full-sized mural from JPL of the Mars surface is on one wall.

We MOVE PAST objects: a recliner lounge, two film projectors, a black and white fifties clock with golf balls in the arrow arms, a Magnavox console TV set and a sofa with Dollarhyde and Reba on it. They're watching a movie.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSER: DOLLARHYDE AND REBA

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

REBA

Francis...

(beat)

That was nice of you to think of that.

DOLLARHYDE

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

Dollarhyde looks at Reba. Then he looks at the film. The two of them are like a tableau of suburban TV-watching. They're like a married couple sitting on the sofa. Except:

REAR SHOT OVER DOLLARHYDE + REBA TO THE SCREEN

The movie is Mrs. Jacobi looking up. And Mrs. Leeds looking up. And 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. Dollarhyde's blase, watching his horror show. He looks at Reba.

REBA

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 down-like hairs undulate from the beating of her living heart.

DOLLARHYDE

is watching her pulse rise and fall under the soft skin and doesn't see:

REBA'S HAND

moves along the back of the sofa to Dollarhyde.

REBA

moves towards Dollarhyde's face.

ON DOLLARHYDE, AND 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 towards his pants...

REBA

(soft whisper)

Take me upstairs...

CUT TO:

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

head on the satin comforter. His eyes are wide open... His reaction to this event is immobility and shock.

REBA (O.S.)

Let me get them off... it's torn...
I don't care! Come on. My God, man.
Yes...

Reba's hand with her long, gentle fingers ENTERS THE FRAME caressing 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 expressions on it: wonder and amazement.

REBA (O.S.)

You're so sweet, D...
(beat)
... let me come up to you and take
it...
(beat)
Yes...

Her hand moves down from his face, down his neck and rests on his chest. It rests on the face of what is tatooed there: the Great Red Dragon.

REBA (O.S.)

(soft)
Your heart is loud.
(beat)
Feel all of me...?

Dollarhyde knows what he feels: he is pole-axed. He doesn't know what he thinks.

SAME - REBA - LATER

is asleep. She holds Dollarhyde in the near dark. His hand caresses her forehead and brushes light brown hair from her face.

DOLLARHYDE

wide awake, eases her away. Then he puts his ear to her breast and listens to her heart beating. Dollaryhyde is relieved. Then Dollarhyde 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 next to her. 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:

SAME - DOLLARHYDE - DAY

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

CUT TO:

EXT. DOLLARHYDE HOUSE, BACKYARD - DOOR - DAY

slams open. Dollarhyde stops in the door frame.

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.

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...

(to Reba's quizzical
reaction)

... it's too nice outside.

REBA

My sister's coming by to pick me up
for brunch. Why don't you come, too?

DOLLARHYDE

I have work to do at the plant.

REBA

I'll get my purse.

DOLLARHYDE

I'll get it.

(leaving)

Stay right here. You look very good
in the sun...

CUT TO:

EXT. SERVICE STATION - ATTENDANT - DAY

He's heavy-set and sullen. Dollarhyde's van, with Reba, pulls in.

DOLLARHYDE

Do you want a Coke or something, Reba?

REBA

I'm fine, Francis.

Dollarhyde gets out.

DOLLARHYDE

Fill it up and check the oil, please.

Dollarhyde crosses to the men's room. After placing the nozzle in the gas tank the ATTENDANT bangs open the hood, draws the dipstick, grabs a can of 10-40, jams the oil spout into the can and sticks the spout into the engine. As he starts to move around the van he sees something in the interior and stops. A smile dawns on his face. We don't know what he sees. He starts wiping the windshield. He wipes and wipes the same spot.

REBA'S

dress is just above her knees. She sits on the high seat. Her legs are crossed. Her white cane lays between the seats. From his lower angle at the van window the Attendant can look up her dress. He bends down a little to see better...

MEN'S ROOM DOOR

Nothing. Then Dollarhyde ENTERS. He crumples a paper towel and throws it in the basket. Dollarhyde crosses around the backside of the van.

DRIVER'S WINDOW

Dollarhyde appears. As he starts to reach for his wallet on the dash, he sees what the Attendant's doing...

ATTENDANT

unaware of Dollarhyde -- is grinning and still wiping the same spot in front of Reba.

DOLLARHYDE

is coming around the van. Fast.

DOLLARHYDE

You sonofabitch...

ATTENDANT

(cocky)

You don't like it? You know what
you can do about it...

Attendant starts away. Dollarhyde catches him and shoves him into and through a display of STP. The Attendant bounces once and slams into the station wall. CANS CRASH and roll away... Dollarhyde does know what he can do about it.

REBA'S FACE

through the windshield. She's trying to find the handle to roll down the window.

ATTENDANT

is white. There is something in Dollarhyde's face that he has never seen before, anywhere.

DOLLARHYDE

pulls the spout from the oil can that was in his engine. He advances on the frozen Attendant. He looks at the sharp end of the spout.

ATTENDANT

is wide-eyed. Dollarhyde's big hand ENTERS and flattens the man into the wall, compressing his thorax.

DOLLARHYDE

I ought to jam this in your chest,
and drain your heart...

The Attendant tries to say he's sorry, but he can't talk. Dollarhyde's hand has grabbed his face. He hesitates. Then he throws money at the Attendant and leaves...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - GRAHAM - NIGHT

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.)

From the lip wound, which happened seven hours before he got burned, we've narrowed it down to those cities within the seven-hour driving radius that also would've caught the 'Tattler' early Tuesday morning.

GRAHAM

What's it narrow down to?

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Milwaukee, Madison, Dubuque, Peoria, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Toledo and Detroit.

GRAHAM

(laughs)

That's narrow?

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

When are you coming back?

GRAHAM

When I'm done.

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

GRAHAM

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

GRAMPA (V.O.)

Well, how you doin', Mr. Graham?! You sure are in the center of a storm. Burning up lots of taxpayer's dollars, too, I bet.

(beat)

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

GRAHAM

Sure he is. Blond.

(fuck him:)

Probably Scaninavian, too...

GRAMPA (V.O.)

You going back down to Florida after?

GRAHAM

Yes. Is Molly there?

GRAMPA (V.O.)

My grandboy's been eatin' a ton of breakfast every day. Been out riding. Must be the good air. You oughta see that little booger eat. I'll bet he's gained ten pounds.

(beat)

Molly's out in the motor home...

GRAHAM

I know... 'Out in the good air...'

GRAMPA (V.O.)

What's that?

GRAHAM

Tell her I called.

Graham hangs up. He dials again.

GRAHAM

This is Will Graham. Dr. Chilton arranged for me to talk with Dr. Lecktor.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I'll put you through.

INTERCUT WITH:

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

picks up the phone and takes Graham's call.

LECKTOR

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

What do you want?

LECKTOR

You know Lounds's enlightened me on one thing: your confinement in the mental hospital. My attorney should have brought that out in court.

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

When you were so depressed after you shot Mr. Garrett Jacob Hobbs to death, it wasn't the act that got you down. Didn't you really feel so bad because killing him felt so good?

(ironic)

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

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

GRAHAM

I don't believe in God.

LECKTOR

You should, Will. God's terrific!

(beat)

He dropped a church roof on thrity-four of His worshippers in Texas last Wednesday night. Just as they were groveling to Him and singing a hymn. Don't you think that felt good?

(beat)

He wouldn't begrudge you two measely murders.

GRAHAM

Why does it feel good?

LECKTOR

It feels good beacuse: if you do as God does, enough times, you become as God is: powerful...

Will Graham thinks about this.

LECKTOR

(fading)

God's a champ! He got a hundred and sixty Philipppinos 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:

INT. LEEDS HOUSE - GRAHAM - DAY

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. Shades are drawn. Slashes of light hit the floor. Graham stands there. Then he walks forward...

STAIRCASE - GRAHAM'S FEET UP THE STAIRS

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 childrens' toys. The children mean nothing to me...

The toys appear on the stairs as Graham's feet continue moving up the stairs to the second-floor landing.

GRAHAM'S POV: APPROACHING LEEDS MASTER BEDROOM DOOR

GRAHAM (O.S.)

I am soundless. I move to the door. I step into the room...

INT. LEEDS MASTER BEDROOM: THE DOOR

It opens. Graham enters. The room is white. We don't see the bed. Graham stands there in profile. Beyond Graham OUT OF FOCUS the wall starts to discolor. Pieces of plaster start to fall. The room starts to disintegrate around Graham. We will see what Graham sees in his mind.

GRAHAM

I see you there. I breathe in the perfume of this room. I am in the inner sanctum of a life. You will accept me. Take me into you.

GRAHAM'S POV: THE BED

The ceiling and walls decomposing. Nothing falls on the bed. Mr. Charles Leeds sleeps with his arm under Mrs. Leeds' pillow.

Mrs. Leeds is on her side. Slowly she starts to rise. She sees the figure in front of her and her mouth opens to scream. A silent shot shoves her back to the headboard. Red blood starts to stain her nightgown as she holds the wound. We FLOAT CLOSER. In SLOW MOTION Mr. Leeds starts to rise. Something massive and silver flashes through the FRAME. He is gone. Mirrors explode. Mrs. Leeds was looking at her hand covered with blood. Now Mrs. Leeds looks up at us. Her face turns into a smile. Her eyes are silver. A silver light emanates from her mouth. She smiles at us. She wants us. She really wants us. Her hand gestures us closer. As we MOVE CLOSER we hear:

GRAHAM (O.S.)

You will be better than anything...
anything I have ever known. As I
see me in your eyes... as I see me
accepted there. Reflected there in
mirrors.

(beat)

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

(beat)

As I see me, accepted by you, in the
silver mirrors of your eyes...

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

INT. LEEDS LIVING ROOM - WIDE

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

CUT TO:

INT. GATEWAY LABS, MAIN DARKROOM - WIDE FROM THE CEILING -
DAY

It is pitch-black. In the green safe light we make out the
rollers and pulleys carrying film through the vats of D76
developer and fixer. It is mechanized. There is no one
to maintain it. Distantly on the floor in a far corner we
perceive the shape of a man and reddish glow. The CAMERA
STARTS MOVING towards the shape on the floor. As we get
closer we realize it's Dollarhyde. Something is wrong with
him...

RED DRAGON (O.S.)

THEY WILL FIND OUT ABOUT YOU.
THEY WILL LOCK YOU IN A PLACE WORSE
THAN BROTHER BUDDY'S.

DOLLARHYDE

No.

RED DRAGON (O.S.)
 THEY'LL MAKE YOU BE A PIECE OF
 SHIT AGAIN. THEY'LL MAKE YOU BE
 A HARELIP AGAIN. YOU BETTER GIVE
 ME WHAT I WANT!

DOLLARHYDE

No!

By now we're close to his body curled up on the floor in the sanctuary of the developing room. The red glow emanates from beneath Dollarhyde's shirt.

RED DRAGON (O.S.)
 SHE'LL FUCK OTHER PEOPLE. PRETTY
 PEOPLE. SHE'LL PUT IN HER MOUTH
 THEIR...

DOLLARHYDE

Shut up. Stop. Stop it.

He stands.

RED DRAGON (O.S.)
 YOU GIVE ME HER AND THE SHERMANS!
 YOU BETTER GIVE ME BOTH!

DOLLARHYDE

I want her! I want her alive...
 I'm going to keep her! YOU HEAR
 ME!!!

He starts throwing bottles of chemicals across the room. They form a moire pattern of colors on walls. Some splash on him and make his shirt smoke.

PHONE

Dollarhyde's unsteady hand takes it off the wall. He pours sweat. If the acid that makes his shirt smoke burns him, he doesn't acknowledge it. He punches four numbers.

DOLLARHYDE

Reba...

REBA (V.O.)

Francis? Where are you?

DOLLARHYDE

The developing room.

(beat)

I need to... see you.

REBA (V.O.)
I want to see you, too, Francis...
Should I come over?

DOLLARHYDE
(into phone)
No. Reba...?

REBA (V.O.)
(phone filter)
Are you okay...?

DOLLARHYDE
(into phone; getting control)
I'll see you later. All right?

REBA (V.O.)
(phone filter)
You'll come by?

DOLLARHYDE
(into phone)
Yes.

CUT TO:

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

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

DOLLARHYDE'S POV: GREEN OLDSMOBILE
pulls into Reba's drive.

INT. VAN - DOLLARHYDE'S FACE

Excited. He starts to get out. Now he stops.

DOLLARHYDE'S POV: REBA + RALPH DANDRIDGE

exit the Oldsmobile. He helps Reba out of the car. She makes her own way up the sidewalk to her door. Reba opens her door with a key. She turns towards Dandridge.

DANDRIDGE
There's something on your face.
He brushes at a speck of dust on Reba's cheek.

INT. VAN - DOLLARHYDE

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

DOLLARHYDE'S POV: REBA + DANDRIDGE

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.

INT. VAN - DOLLARHYDE'S FACE

Blank.

DOLLARHYDE'S POV: REBA + DOLLARHYDE

Reba smiles. Her lips part. His finger brushes between her lips... His hand goes to her breast...

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S VAN - DOLLARHYDE'S

hand clutches the dash.

PADDED DASH

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

EXT. REBA'S HOUSE - REBA + DANDRIDGE

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

REBA

What was it?

DANDRIDGE

Pollen.

REBA

Thanks for the ride.

DANDRIDGE

See you tomorrow.

Reba walks into her apartment.

RALPH DANDRIDGE

walks back to his car. We are TRACKING WITH Dandridge walking past the hedges. An arm shoots out and turns Dandridge. Dollarhyde's hand clutches the whole of Dandridge's lower face from underneath his jaw. He starts crushing Dandridge's face. THREE soft POPS are from Dollarhyde's nine millimeter. He shot Dandridge three times in the heart.

CUT TO:

INT. REBA'S DUPLEX - REBA - NIGHT

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.

REBA

Who?

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Me.

REBA

Francis...?

She opens the door and smiles.

RED DRAGON (O.S.)

It's not Francis?

(beat)

No. Francis is gone. Francis is gone forever...

As he steps towards her...

CUT TO:

THE MOON

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:

INT. CHICAGO FBI OFFICE - WINDOW + NIGHT SKY - NIGHT

Next to the window we see the Jacobi family in a fishing scene on a monitor. They are on a pier into a small lake with poles and bobbers. The kids turn back and wave AT us.

CRAWFORD (O.S.)
What's important?

The scene changes to a birthday party. The Jacobis are sitting around a dining table. They are singing.

GRAHAM + CRAWFORD

GRAHAM
He changes them into beings that accept him... And he needs to see the acceptance. In the mirrors. I didn't understand the mirrors before.

(beat)
It's very important.

CRAWFORD
'Changes?'

GRAHAM
It's a word. Killing them...
(beat)
His delusion is: if he sees himself accepted enough times, he will become as one who has the power to be accepted all the time.
(beat)
And he would record it somehow. So he can see himself received over and over again...

CRAWFORD
VTR, film, Polaroid, stills, what?

GRAHAM
How do I know?!

Graham is intent on the tape. Then:

GRAHAM
He's very careful, very... designed when he chooses.
(beat)
If we find out how he finds them, then we'll find him.

CRAWFORD
There's no connection between the families.

GRAHAM
There has to be.

CRAWFORD

(exasperated)

There is none! We've run it through the computer a dozen times.

Graham's beyond frustration.

GRAHAM

(suddenly calm)

He's a very shy boy...

CRAWFORD

What?

GRAHAM

Something Lecktor said.

CRAWFORD

Let's 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...

GRAHAM

It's not over yet.

CRAWFORD

It's a foregone conclusion. For Christ's sake, it's eleven PM. The full moon is tonight.

Graham doesn't answer. He's totally concentrated on the film.

TV MONITOR: JACOBI FAMILY

Donald Jacobi, big birthday card to the camera. It says: "Happy Birthday - Follow the ribbon." Camera follows Donald Jacobi following the ribbon into the basement and the floodlights reveal a ten-speed bicycle.

CRAWFORD

Will?

GRAHAM

(explodes)

You wanna watch this or what?!

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

TV MONITOR: JACOBI FAMILY

We are outside in the rain. Donald Jacobi brings the bicycle out. The camera pans past the padlock on the basement door. Graham's hand flashes INTO FRAME and slams on the freeze button.

GRAHAM

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 steel door and deadbolt were there when they were killed.

GRAHAM

You mean 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.

(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...

He freezes the Jacobi tape and loads and plays the Leeds tape:

GRAHAM

(intently on the screen)

From the alley he couldn't have seen the glass in the Leeds' kitchen door.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

There's a lattice porch 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 coming in the door: behind her the door is vulnerable with its big glass pane. Her kids follow her through the door...

CRAWFORD

It's getting late and...

GRAHAM

(explodes)

Don't talk to me!!

Crawford's surprised.

EXTREMELY CLOSE: GRAHAM

Watching. Then he grabs the phone and punches numbers.

GRAHAM

It's Graham. The Jacobi stuff is
still in the storeroom?

METCALFE (V.O.)

Yeah. You know what time it is?

GRAHAM

Have one of the guards down there
call me.

METCALFE (V.O.)

If the guy's not asleep...

GRAHAM

Do it.

He hangs up on Metcalfe.

VTR MONITORS

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

GRAHAM

(to himself)

You knew that was the Jacobis' cat...

The Jacobi boy pushes the bicycle out of the basement door with the padlock.

GRAHAM

(to himself)

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

Next, Mrs. Jacobi -- warm, smiling -- watches Donald ride the bike. Now Graham plays the Leeds' tape, too. The dog runs to camera...

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?!

His tail wagging, his tongue out; he's a friendly dog. Mrs. Leeds enters and pets him.

GRAHAM

(to himself)

See the woman?

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

GRAHAM

The bloom on the woman. You can almost feel her. 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 you know the Jacobi cat. And the padlock on the door and you know you need a boltcutter and every other goddamn thing 'cause...

(shouts)

YOU'VE SEEN THESE FUCKING FILMS!

(beat)

Haven't you, my man?

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

CRAWFORD

It's the guard in the storeroom.

GRAHAM

(to Crawford)

We want the cans the Jacobi home movies came in.

(beat)

They're in the far corner of the room under the windows.

CRAWFORD

(into phone)

There's some film cans in the far corner of the room underneath one of the windows.

Crawford is very quiet.

CRAWFORD

He found them...

Graham pushes aside the videotape sleeve and picks up the Leeds' home-movie can.

GRAHAM

(reads label)

What it's going to say on the Jacobi film can is the same as it says on the Leeds' film can: Gateway Lab. St. Louis, Missouri.

CRAWFORD

(into phone)

Is there a label on the Jacobi can that says what lab processed it?

Crawford hears. Then he deflates.

CRAWFORD

(to Graham)

No. It's Bob's Photo Store in...

GRAHAM

Have him peel the top label back.

CRAWFORD

(into phone)

See if there's another label underneath.

Crawford hears, Graham's watching him.

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 have them warm up and
 flight-prep the Gulf Stream.

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

CUT TO:

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - REBA - NIGHT

has been placed on the kitchen table. It is chrome and
 pale yellow Formica. Her face is bruised and swollen from
 where Dollarhyde hit her. She feels around on the bed.
 She's very frightened. She's trying to control herself...

REBA
 ... 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?!

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
 (even)
 Some remarkable events have
 happened in Birmingham and Atlanta.
 Do you know what I'm talking about?

Reba shakes her head.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
 (in a low voice)
 Two groups of people were changed.
 Leeds. And Jacobi. The police
 think they were murdered.
 (beat)
 Do you know what they call the
 being that visited these people?
 You can say.

REBA
 The Tooth...

In a flash Dollarhyde grips her mouth, shutting off the
 sound.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

(low)
Think carefully and answer
correctly.

His arm exits FRAME.

REBA

It's Dragon. Dragon... Red Dragon.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)

Francis did a thing for you today
so I couldn't have you. And he
was wrong.

(beat)

I AM THE DRAGON!

(beat)

Give me your hand.

Reba's hand is gripped by Dollarhyde's. He brings her fingers up to his face. For the first time in this scene we are seeing Dollarhyde's face. The fanged dentures are in his mouth. Dollarhyde makes Reba's hand feel his teeth. O.S., we hear Reba start whimpering and try to pull away. Dollarhyde holds her hand there.

DOLLARHYDE

Now you know how the Dragon
kills...

CUT TO:

INT. GULF STREAM - ELECTRICIAN - NIGHT

finishes patching together cables.

TECHNICIAN

Try it...

CRAWFORD

(into radio phone)

This is Jack Crawford, FBI. Who
am I speaking to?

FOGEL (V.O.)

This is Chester Fogel. I'm the
managing director at Gateway...

CRAWFORD

(into phone)

All we know is this man owns a van
and he works at Gateway. We have
physical characteristics...

FOGEL (V.O.)

We have 516 employees here...

(MORE)

FOGEL (V.O.)(CONT'D)
 Our computers aren't programmed to
 retrieve by physical characteristics.
 We'd have to re-program 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)
 There's... let's see...
 (beat)
 ... about 28, 29 van permits issued...

Meanwhile Graham has grabbed the second radio phone.

CRAWFORD
 (into phone)
 Start feeding me names.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ST. LOUIS PD OFFICE - LT. FISK - NIGHT

on telephone. Two FBI men are at his desk. Uniformed
 patrolmen carrying assault rifles and body armor run
 through in the background.

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,
 180-225 pounds.
 (beat)
 First name...

Fisk punches Graham into the speaker phone.

GRAHAM (O.S.)
 ... Alvaro. A.L.V.A.R.O., first
 name Jose.

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.

INT. GULF STREAM - GRAHAM - NIGHT

GRAHAM
(to Crawford)
No.

CRAWFORD
(into phone)
Next...

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - AERIAL SHOT - GULF STREAM - NIGHT

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:

INT. ST. LOUIS PD OFFICE - COMPUTER MONITOR - NIGHT

displays the license with picture and driving record of Dillon, Lincoln. He's a black man.

LT. FISK
(into phone; to
Graham)
No. 36 years old. Black...

CUT TO:

INT. GULF STREAM FLIGHT DECK - OVER PILOT'S SHOULDERS:
- NIGHT

St. Louis approaches. The flashing strobes of the airport runway indicator, the cobalt blue runway lights.

PILOT
(into PA)
Could you fasten your seat belts.
We're on our final approach...

CUT TO:

INT. GULF STREAM CABIN - GRAHAM + CRAWFORD - NIGHT

Crawford buckles up. Graham is hearing.

LT. FISK (V.O.)
... six foot, male caucasian, blond,
violet eyes, 217 pounds, 38 years
old...

GRAHAM
(into phone)
Put it through the datafax. Fast.

DATAFAX

starts printing out line by line: a blow-up of a driver's license with picture. The lines compose hair, forehead, eyes... coming at us line by line is: Francis Dollarhyde.

GRAHAM
(into phone to
Lt. Fisk)
Route three, Chester, Missouri.
Where is that?

LT. FISK (V.O.)
From the airport you're closer.
We'll meet at the Hock Road off
ramp, Highway 94.

CRAWFORD
(to Graham)
Fogel 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 boy...!

CUT TO:

INT. ST. LOUIS AIRPORT - GULF STREAM - NIGHT

Hits the runway. Tires smoke. Its ENGINES SCREAM in reverse thrust. It taxis away from the terminal to a security area. Two St. Louis PD squad cars are waiting.

GULF STREAM DOOR

opens. Graham's out, followed by Crawford. They run across the tarmac to the squad cars. Squad cars race out of the airport.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S KITCHEN - PANNING - NIGHT

through shadows and highlights in the moonlight. We pass the sink and countertop and refrigerator and blue-enamelled broom closet. On the other side of it is Reba. She is breathing heavily.

She stands there, squeezing into the corner, trying to make herself disappear. Then she senses and freezes as a rabbit who is hunted and at a certain point, freezes...

DOLLARHYDE

stands four feet from her, just staring. Then he walks from the room.

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S LIVING ROOM - DOLLARHYDE

puts "INNAGADDADAVIDA" by Iron Butterfly from 1967 on the stereo. It BLASTS through the house. He is expressionless. Deep in his psychotic episode, his affect is flattened.

INT. DOLLARHYDE BATHROOM - DOLLARHYDE

as a reflection in the medicine cabinet - enters. His fist smashes. His image SHATTERS with the mirrored glass.

DOLLARHYDE'S

forearm destroys the glass shower door. He rips the metal frame from the walls. He snaps the mitred framework. The aluminum frame members have sharp 45 degree points. He takes them and the shards of mirror and leaves for the kitchen... Throughout his face has been expressionless.

CUT TO:

EXT. MISSOURI STATE HIGHWAY 94 - TWO CAR CARAVAN - NIGHT

streaks TOWARDS US down the almost deserted highway.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - GRAHAM - NIGHT

in the back 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!

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 plastic briefcase on his lap and extracts the .44 Charter Arms Bulldog. He starts to load 6 matte-black, 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.
Because we're going in careful and
slow and secure a perimeter and a
St. Louis PD Swat team is going to
take him. Not us.

ST. LOUIS PD DRIVER

That's it up ahead...

THEIR POV: DOLLARHYDE'S PROPERTY

The house is set back a half mile from the road. Access to the drive is blocked by a locked cattle gate.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Cut across the field.

(beat)

Kill your lights.

DOLLARHYDE FARM + ROAD - TWO SQUAD CARS - NIGHT

The first drives off the highway through a shallow ditch and starts across the soybean field. The second car takes the ditch at the wrong angle and CRASHES. Its windshield stars.

SOYBEAN FIELD + ST. LOUIS PD CAR NUMBER 1

moving across the furrowed rows. The car starts to slow. We don't know why they are slowing down.

TIRES

spray the gumbo mud out of the furrows. The forward momentum of the car slows until it completely stops. The tires spin and dig in.

GRAHAM

spills out and starts running for the house and the orchard a quarter mile away. Crawford follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOLLARHYDE ORCHARD - GRAHAM + CRAWFORD

running towards the house through the trees. Branches slap at them. Ahead, the orchard will parallel the house. They can get to within 25 yards using the trees as cover.

CRAWFORD

(into radio)

Get the roadblocks set on Route Three! There's an access road to the back of the house. That ought to be a second team's approach. Will Graham and I are in an orchard due west of the house.

GRAHAM

How far away's the back-up?

CRAWFORD

Three minutes.

Graham gestures Crawford to a position with a front 3/4 view of the house.

GRAHAM

I'll cover the back.

CRAWFORD

Stay in the trees.

As we TRACK with Graham through the trees towards the back, beyond him we see the side yard and the side windows moving past. The windows are large. At the back -- like a ramp -- are two storm cellar doors.

FRONTAL: GRAHAM

in the dark shadows of the trees. He seems to float through the branches and slows and settles quietly. Then the expression on Will Graham's face starts to change...

GRAHAM'S POV: KITCHEN WINDOW

Shadows. A light comes on. Then the figure of Reba is swung out of a corner past the window...

GRAHAM
(resigned whisper
into radio)
There's somebody in the house, Jack...

CRAWFORD (O.S.)
(radio filter)
Wait for the back-up! Will?

GRAHAM
(whispers in radio)
It's happening again, Jack...

CUT TO:

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S KITCHEN - DOLLARHYDE + REBA - NIGHT

On the right we see Dollarhyde's right arm with the aluminum shafts... Beyond them, THROUGH THE WINDOW we see Graham has stepped out from the tree line. He stands on the grass. He looks helpless. His gun hangs idly at his side.

CLOSE: GRAHAM

It's his worst nightmare. About what he's seeing:

GRAHAM
(low)
... stop it.

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S KITCHEN - DOLLARHYDE + BEYOND HIM OUT THE WINDOW: GRAHAM

We and Graham see Dollarhyde's arm arc back for an uppercutting thrust into Reba. Dollarhyde's left hand clutching her dress, raises her two feet up the wall. And now Graham starts running forward. And his face is distorted and he's shouting:

GRAHAM
(roars)
STOP IT!!!

Dollarhyde turns to the window in time to see:

WINDOW + GRAHAM

-- his arms across his face and his body angled sideways
-- CRASHES through the glass.

DOLLARHYDE

catching Graham's momentum -- throws him across the room.

GRAHAM

CRASHES off the fridge which opens and spills and hits the floor as...

DOLLARHYDE

ROARS and grabs his 9mm from the kitchen table.

GRAHAM'S FACE

is lacerated from the glass. He sees his own blood on the floor. He struggles to rise. The first thing up is the big bore of the .44. It FIRES as if it had its own mind.

DOLLARHYDE'S

left shoulder EXPLODES.

GRAHAM

bleeding, brings the .44 down from the recoil of the first shot. Now, up on one knee, he FIRES FOUR more rounds into Dollarhyde.

OVERHEAD: THE KITCHEN FLOOR

Graham stands and walks to Dollarhyde. Reba is collapsed in the corner. Dollarhyde is more exploded from within than shot. Graham starts to raise the gun...

CUT TO:

EXT. DOLLARHYDE HOUSE - THROUGH KITCHEN WINDOW: GRAHAM

As we PULL BACK and see arriving squad car flashers play on the walls and Crawford runs through the foreground, we see Graham point the gun down to Dollarhyde's head. As we're pulling away comes the final FLASH + REPORT and...

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - WIDE REAR SHOT ON GRAHAM - DAY

We will only see the rear of Will Graham sitting alone on the side of the bed in the alienating motel room. His head is bandaged.

GRAHAM
(into phone)
Hello.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MONTANA RANCH HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOLLY - DAY

MOLLY
I was out in the garden. Mama came out and told me when she saw it on TV. Why didn't you call me?

GRAHAM
Mama was probably asleep.

MOLLY
Will? Are you okay?

GRAHAM
Not too bad. I'll be here a few days longer.
(beat)
I want to see you.

MOLLY
I want to see you, too.

GRAHAM
Today's Wednesday. By Friday I ought to...

MOLLY
Mama has all Kevin's uncles and aunts coming down from Cheyenne next week and...

GRAHAM
Come home with me.

MOLLY
Will, they never get to see Kevin and a few more days...

GRAHAM
What's this Mama shit?

MOLLY
It's what Kevin called her when he was little...

GRAHAM
What's the problem, Molly?

MOLLY
(pause)
I came up here after Kevin's father died.

(beat)
They were very supportive and helped me adjust. I got myself together. I've gotten myself together now, too.

GRAHAM
Small difference: I'm not dead, yet.

MOLLY
Will?
(no response)
You could come up here.

GRAHAM
They don't want me up there. Every time they look at me I remind them... If they thought about it, they'd want you. But all they really want's the boy. And they'll take you. But they don't want to see me...

MOLLY
That's not true.

GRAHAM
Okay. They're full of shit and they make me sick...

Then no one says anything.

MOLLY
Maybe we should give it some time...

GRAHAM
Yeah. That's great. A little time.

(beat)
I tell you what, buckaroo...
(beat)
See you around.

Graham slams down the phone. Still half-immersed in a psychotic landscape of the mind, Graham's psyche resonates with echoes of Dollarhyde. Now he gets up and walks out of the room leaving the door open. Outside is only the deserted parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI (TULSA, OKLAHOMA) - PASSENGER'S POV OF DRIVER - NIGHT

It's raining. The DRIVER moves slowly down a residential street looking for an address. He squints...

DRIVER

Twenty-three twenty-six... Twenty-three twenty-eight. Here you go.

(pulls up to a curb)

Want me to wait?

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT

It's open plan. The dining area and kitchen are raised. The Sherman family are engaged in 7:00 PM 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.

SHERMAN

(to son)

Cut out the basketball and go back to the algebra.

George Sherman goes back to NBC news. The DOORBELL RINGS. Thirteen-year-old TINA SHERMAN comes down the stairs.

TINA

I'll get it.

DOOR

Tina opens it.

TINA

screams.

GEORGE SHERMAN

runs to the door. In a WIDER SHOT, we see there is a shotgun resting inside the door jamb. It's within reach of Sherman's hand. 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 is a half-healed wound and butterfly bandage where Dollarhyde stabbed him. 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.

(to wife)

Honey...!

His wife starts to come forward.

GRAHAM

No, that's okay...

(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...
told me...

(beat)

... how 'bout a drink? Coffee or
something?

GRAHAM

No, I'm okay. I just wanted to...

(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.

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:

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:

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

drinks a beer. He senses a presence and starts to turn...

WIDE REAR SHOT: BEACH + GRAHAM

turns towards us. Molly ENTERS THE FRAME. Her coat is under her arm. She drops it and her flight bag in the sand and continues walking to Graham.

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. Then:

MOLLY

Let's forget who said what to whom...

GRAHAM

You got a deal...

Graham takes Molly's hand.

WATER'S EDGE

Molly and Graham walk to the water's edge and look out to sea. The highlights burn out sections of the two people.

MOLLY

So how'd we do...?

Graham looks at her. He touches the side of her cheek and her hair. She pushes against his hand with her face to make closer contact.

GRAHAM

We did okay.

(beat)

Most of them made it...

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. In front of them, the surf kicks up drops of spray which take light and become brilliant atoms.

THE END

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