MANHUNTER

RED DRAGON

by

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Based on a Novel by

Thomas Harris
RED DRAGON

FADE IN:

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

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

GRAHAM’S POV: JACK CRAWFORD very out of place in a

CUT TO:

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 - threw his suitcoat over
the upturned dingy and rolled up his white shirt
sleeves. Graham feels native to the Florida sand & sun.
Crawford drinks from a glass of iced tea. Then:

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

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

CRAWFORD
How much do you know?

GRAHAM
Not much.

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

GRAHAM
Sure.

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

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

GRAHAM
No.

CRAWFORD
Why not?

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

CRAWFORD
And I got you down here fixing motorboats.

GRAHAM
Hey, I quit. Remember? (beat) I wouldn't be much use to you.

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

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

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

GRAHAM
I think there's been a lot of bullshit about the way I think. (beat) I came down here to get away from all that.

(CONTINUED)
CRAWFORD
You look all right now.

GRAHAM
I am... all right.

Crawford pulls two pictures from his shirt pocket.

CRAWFORD
If you can't look anymore, I understand...
He keeps them face down. They draw at Will. Crawford knows this. Graham looks at him & smiles:

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

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

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

Graham pauses, then nods towards the pictures.

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

CLOSE: GRAHAM

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

GRAHAM'S POV: MOLLY + KEVIN

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

GRAHAM (O.S.)
Stay and eat. I'll think about it.

CRAWFORD (O.S.)
Can I use the phone? I probably got a stack of messages at the Holiday Inn...

Molly starts walking forward. On it...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - KEVIN - SUNSET

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

KEVIN
Will it keep them out, Dad?

GRAHAM
Yeah...

KEVIN
How many turtle eggs you think are in here?

GRAHAM
In this hatchery? Forty to fifty.

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

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

CUT TO:
INT./EXT. GRAHAM HOUSE - CRAWFORD + MOLLY - TWILIGHT

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

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

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

MOLLY
Yeah. And...?

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

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

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

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

MOLLY
No.
(beat)
I don't like it that you even asked him.

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

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY + GRAHAM'S BEDROOM, - NIGHT

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

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

GRAHAM
What did he want?

MOLLY
Take the temperature, I guess.

GRAHAM
(beat)
You've seen my diploma? I'm a
forensic specialist.
(sarcastic)
I got a diploma and everything.

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

Graham smiles as her.

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

GRAHAM
We have it good, don't we?

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

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

(beat)
What do you think?

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

GRAHAM
If I were asking...?
MOLLY
Stay here with me.
(beat)
Me and Kevin. It's selfish.
And I don't care...

GRAHAM
(light smile)
I don't care either.
(pause)
C'mere...

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTA STREET - WIDE - TWILIGHT

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

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

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

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

GRAHAM
That's right.

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

GRAHAM
(getting out)
Thanks.

Graham exits the car and walks TOWARDS us. We PAN AROUND as he moves throught 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 sideyard...
... then the light appears and blasts in the lens. It lights dishes in the sink. The dark kitchen looks like anybody's kitchen. The house feels occupied. The Leeds' possessions have been undisturbed.

CLOSE: GLASS DOOR

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

GRAHAM'S FEET

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

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 - LIGHTSWITCH

Graham's HAND ENTERS. He hits the lightswitch.
screams at us from the walls.

CLOSE: GRAHAM

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

GRAHAM'S POV: MOVING INTO CENTER OF THE ROOM

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

OVERHEAD ANGLE - GRAHAM

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

GRAHAM

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

(beat)

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

(breathes)

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM (cont'd)
Direction and velocity of bloodstains on the east wall indicate arterial spray... Even with his throat cut, Mr. Leeds tried to fight. Because the intruder was moving to the children's room...
(breathes)
Bloodstains and matted sliding marks on hall carpet and west wall of master bedroom remain unexplained... as does superficial ligature mark around Mr. Leeds' chest, believed to be post-mortem.
(beat)
What did the killer do with them after they were dead?

Graham clicks off his tape recorder.

CUT TO:

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 using the end of a tooth brush. He pops two pills, cups his hands under the faucet and drinks. He looks at himself in the mirror. He is breathing normally. The phone rings. It's answered by the answering machine.

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

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

CUT TO:

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...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED

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

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

HOLD ON Graham.

CUT TO:

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

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

CONVENTIONEER #1
Hi, hon. Wanna party?

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

CONVENTIONEER #1
(continues)
...like to rip me off a piece of that!

CONVENTIONEER #2
Fuck her 'til her nose bleeds.
(laughs)

GRAHAM
snaps alert and stares at Conventioneer #2.

CONVENTIONEER #2
sips his gin and tonic, senses Graham's stare. He smiles.

CONVENTIONEER #1
... the hell you lookin' at?

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

CONVENTIONEER #2
What are you, a faggot?

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

CUT TO:

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

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

GRAHAM

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

GRAHAM
(into the tape recorder)

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

(beat)
Smeared bloodstains on the west wall, not from Mr. Leeds' arterial spray...

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

GRAHAM
(continuing; into phone)

Molly?

(CONTINUED)
MOLLY (V.O.)
(asleep)
Buh?
(beat)
Will? Is that you?

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

(beat)
I love you...

MOLLY (V.O.)
Mmm... I love you, too, honey,
Good night.

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

WIDE SHOT: THE ROOM - GRAHAM

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

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

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

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

(beat)
GRAHAM (cont'd)
There was talcum powder on her leg.
There was no talcum powder in the bathroom.

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

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

FAST MOVEMENTS: GRAHAM'S HAND
snakes out and hits the "Stop" button on the VTR.

PHONE

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

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

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
He's working on the Single Print Index. What time is it?

GRAHAM
Get him to Atlanta.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
You said the guy down there is good.

GRAHAM
He is good. But not as good as Price.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
What do you want him to do?

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

(beat)
I think he took off his gloves, Jack.

CUT TO:
down the corridor on the move (steadicam):

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

GRAHAM
The report didn't mention nails and eyes.

SPRINGFIELD
Why do you think he took his gloves off?

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

SPRINGFIELD
(sudden distaste)
"Intimate?!"

GRAHAM
Yes. "Intimate." They had privacy.
(beat)
Everybody else was dead.

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTA DETECTIVE BUREAU - SQUAD ROOM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SPRINGFIELD
(continuing)
Can't hear you! Come on up to the front...

Graham walks to the front of the room.

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

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

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

GRAHAM
He opened their eyes!

SPRINGFIELD
You know that for sure?

GRAHAM
No.

SPRINGFIELD
(checks watch)
Uh-huh. What else do you have for us?

GRAHAM
That's all I have...

As Graham is sitting down.

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

They start to rise. Springfield remembers.

SPRINGFIELD
(continuing)
One more thing. I've heard officers referring to the killer as the "Tooth Fairy". (on laughter)
Yeah, yeah, but I don't want to hear that in public or internal memoranda. That's it.

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

SPRINGFIELD
(continuing; to Crawford)
We don't have shit, and we know it.

Dr. Princi joins them.

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

SPRINGFIELD
Lecktor killed nine people, didn't he?

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

SPRINGFIELD
What happened to them?

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

SPRINGFIELD
What did the psychologists say was wrong with Lecktor?

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

SPRINGFIELD
Yeah? What would you call him?

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

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

No answer.

(CONTINUED)
SPRINGFIELD (cont'd)
(beat)
I understand he cut you pretty good...

Graham stares at Springfield and does a cold right turn:

GRAHAM
What about the dog?

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

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

SPRINGFIELD
No.

GRAHAM
Did the Jacobis in Birmingham have a dog?

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

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

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

SPRINGFIELD
(into phone)
Yeah?
(waits)
Lemme put you on the speaker phone.

JIMMIE PRICE (V.O.)
Who am I talking to?

(CONTINUED)
CRAWFORD
Jimmie, it's me, Jack Crawford, and you got Will Graham here.

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

(beat)

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

CRAWFORD
Can you make an identification off it?

JIMMIE PRICE (V.O.)
Maybe. If he's ever been printed and in my Index. I want to work these up in my own darkroom. I'll fax the prints down to you this afternoon.

Hangs up.

SPRINGFIELD

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

GRAHAM'S

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

CLOSE: GRAHAM

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

LOUNDS
. (running on, behind them)
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, Will!
When did they call you in?
What have you got?
Lemme buy you lunch.

Graham won't answer him.

CRAWFORD
Lounds, give it a rest...

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

(to Graham)
Come on, Graham? Talk to me!

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

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

GRAHAM

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

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

**GRAHAM**
(very low)
Keep the fuck away from me!

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

**CRAWFORD PULLING GRAHAM**
down the sidewalk and Lounds who slides off the car hood.

**CRAWFORD**
(over his shoulder; to Lounds)
Get away from here, Lounds!

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

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

**CRAWFORD**
I know...

Graham looks away. Then he lights a cigarette.

**GRAHAM**
Don't expect too much from me, all right?!
(pause)
We'll get him if we get smart or get lucky.

**CRAWFORD**
What's "smart"?

**GRAHAM**
We find what links both families. Some service, vacation, hospital...
(beat)
We find out how he found them.
Then we'll find him. He's in the link.

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

(beat)
What's "lucky"?

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

CRAWFORD
No other possibilities?

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

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

CRAWFORD
Why?

GRAHAM
Because he has a genuine taste for it.

CRAWFORD
See? You do know something about him.

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

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

CRAWFORD
For Christ's sake, why?

GRAHAM
(matter-of-fact)
... recover the mind set, Jack.
CONTINUED

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

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTA MARRIOTT HOTEL ROOM - GRAHAM - NIGHT

in the middle of packing. Then the PHONE RINGS.

MOLLY (V.O.)
Hello, hotshot!

GRAHAM
Hey, baby! Where are you?

MOLLY (V.O.)
Home. You doin' some good?

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

MOLLY (V.O.)
Me, too. I miss my husband...

GRAHAM
Goes both ways... Tell me about yourself.

MOLLY (V.O.)
Day-to-day? It's boring.

GRAHAM
(laughs)
How's Kevin?

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

GRAHAM
Eating junk food.

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

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

(Continued)
GRAHAM
I don't know. I'm goin' up to
Baltimore tomorrow morning.

MOLLY (V.O.)
To do what?

GRAHAM
I have to see somebody.

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

MOLLY (V.O.)
I'm thinking about painting the
kitchen. What color do you like?
Will? Are you there?

GRAHAM
(coming back)
Yeah. Ah... yellow, let's paint
it yellow.

MOLLY (V.O.)
Yellow's a bad color for me.
I'll look green at breakfast.

GRAHAM
Blue, then.

MOLLY (V.O.)
Blue is cold.

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

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

Molly interrupts:

MOLLY (V.O.)
Will, I don't know why I'm talking
trivia...

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

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

GRAHAM

... Molly, dear Molly...

MOLLY (V.O.)

What, Will?

GRAHAM

I love you...

MOLLY (V.O.)

I love you, too, Will.

WIDE SHOT: GRAHAM

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

CUT TO:

INT. CHESAPEAKE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE 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'll 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.

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

DR. CHILTON
(continuing)
The consensus around here is that the only person who's ever demonstrated any practical understanding of Dr. Hannibal Lecter is you, Mr. Graham. Can you tell me anything about him?

GRAHAM
(cold and automatic)
No.

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

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

GRAHAM
(slowly stands)
I'd like to see Lecter now.

DR. CHILTON
Uh... sure...

CUT TO:

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY SECTION - DOOR - DAY

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

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

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

GRAHAM
I keep getting it for Christmas.

CLOSE: LECKTOR'S HEAD

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

LECKTOR
Did you get my card?

GRAHAM
I got it. Thank you.

GRAHAM'S

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

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

GRAHAM
Stuart is fine.

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

GRAHAM
No.

(Continued)
LEKTOR
Of course, you don't.
(pause)
I'm glad you came. My callers are all clinical psychologists from cornfield colleges somewhere. Second-raters, the lot.

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

LEKTOR
And?

GRAHAM
Very interesting, even to a layman.

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

LEKTOR
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.

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

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

LEKTOR
(smiles)
It doesn't matter to me, Will.

GRAHAM
I want you to help me, Dr. Lecktor.

LEKTOR
Yes, I thought so.

GRAHAM
It's about Atlanta and Birmingham.

(CONTINUED)
LEKTOR

Yes.

GRAHAM

You read about it, I'm sure.

LEKTOR

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.

LEKTOR

Why should I tell you?

GRAHAM

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

LEKTOR

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

(Laughs)

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

(beat)

Never mind, it's boring.

GRAHAM

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

LEKTOR

Pray tell.

GRAHAM

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

(CONTINUED)
LECKTOR
Then by implication, you think that you are smarter than me, since you caught me.

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

LECKTOR
Then how did you catch me, Will?

GRAHAM
You had disadvantages.

LECKTOR
What disadvantages?

GRAHAM
You're insane.

LECKTOR
You're very tan, Will.

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

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

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

LECKTOR
(continuing)
Don't think you can persuade me with appeals to my intellectual vanity.

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

(CONTINUED)
LEKTOR  
(interrupts)  
Do you have the file with you?

GRAHAM

Yes.

LEKTOR

Pictures?

GRAHAM

Yes.

LEKTOR

Let me have them, and I might consider it.

GRAHAM

No.

LEKTOR

Dream much, Will?

GRAHAM

Good-bye, Dr. Lecktor.

LEKTOR

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

Graham gets up and starts to walk away.

LEKTOR  
(continuing)  
Let me have the file. Then I'll tell you what I think.

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

GRAHAM

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

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

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

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

LECKTOR (O.S.)
This is a very shy boy, Will.

GRAHAM
snaps back to the present, looks at Lecktor.

LECKTOR
What were the yards like?

GRAHAM
Big backyards, fences, hedges, why?

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

GRAHAM
That's interesting.

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

GRAHAM
Yes. I'd considered it.

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

GRAHAM
I want your opinion.

LECKTOR
I don't have one right now.

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

(CONTINUED)
LEKTOR
May I keep the file?

GRAHAM
I haven't decided yet.

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

Threat.

GRAHAM
No.

LEKTOR
Do you know how you caught me, Will?

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

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

LEKTOR
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:

LEKTOR
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.

LOUDS
(to himself)
... got ya.

CUT TO:

EXTREMELY CLOSE: IMAGE OF WILL GRAHAM

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

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

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

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

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

The Attendant hesitates. Then he leaves.

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

MALE OPERATOR (V.O.)
Are you ready for your call?

LEKTOR
Yes, thank you.

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

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)
Paltrow, Christiansen & Golub Law Offices.

LEKTOR
Excuse me, I must have misdialed.

ECU: PHONE WIRING - LEKTOR'S FINGERS

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

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Thank you for using AT&T. This is operator 24.

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

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Certainly. What's the number?

LEKTOR
Area code 312/555-0627.

(CONTINUED)
OPERATOR (V.O.)
And how are you billing it?

LEKTOR
To the phone I'm calling from, 3015550624.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
University of Chicago, Department of Psychiatry.

LEKTOR
(beat)
Dr. Sidney Bloom, please.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
He's not in, but I'll connect you with his office...

LEKTOR
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.

LEKTOR
Hi, Linda...

GRADUATE STUDENT (V.O.)
Linda doesn't come in nights.

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

GRADUATE STUDENT (V.O.)
She'll be in, in the morning...

(CONTINUED)
LEKTOR
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.

LEKTOR
(smiling)
I'll bet she has a call caddy right next to her phone.

Yeah...

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

GRADUATE STUDENT (V.O.)
Okay.

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

GRADUATE STUDENT (V.O.)
Federal Bureau of Investigation, Tenth and Pennsylvania, Washington, D.C.

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

GRADUATE STUDENT (V.O.)
3680 DeSoto Highway, Marathon, Florida.

LEKTOR
Thank you... so very much.

ON the phone as Lecktor hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - QUARTER MOON - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:
INT. L1011, COACH SECTION - GRAHAM - NIGHT

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

STEWARDESS

clear the trays.

GRAHAM

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

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

MOLLY SMILES

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

MOLLY'S HAIR

moves very slowly against the Dufy blue.

GRAHAM'S EYES

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

CUT TO:

INT. L1011 - GRAHAM - NIGHT

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

TRAY

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

GRAHAM

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

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

GRAHAM
Any single men asked to look
at the house?

GEEHAN
Haven't asked me.

(beat)
Took four coats of interior
latex, five in places.

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

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM
(cuts him off)

No.

GEEHAN

Ruh?

GRAHAM

I don't have to come back.

Geehan leaves. The door closes.

WIDE - GRAHAM

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

CUT TO:

EXT. JACOBI HOUSE - WIDE - DAY

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

CUT TO:

EXT. NEXT DOOR HOUSE - GRAHAM - DAY

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

CUT TO:

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

Graham looking at the house from the third vantage point.

REAR SHOT: GRAHAM

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

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

BRANCHES

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

SEARCHING THROUGH GRASS

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

GRAHAM

looks slowly up the tree trunk.

RED CREEK MUD

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

GRAHAM

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

GRAHAM

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

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

A SYMBOL

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

GRAHAM

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

(CONTINUED)
OVER GRAHAM'S SHOULDER: THE JACOBI HOUSE

A perfect view.

GRAHAM

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

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

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

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

(beat)
That's why houses with big yards.

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

CUT TO:

INT. JACOBI HOUSE - GEEHAN + PROSPECTIVE BUYERS - TWILIGHT

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

GEEHAN

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

(CONTINUED)
WIFE
I like it, hon.

GEEHAN
Little lady likes it!
Whaddya say?

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. JACOBI HOUSE - DOOR - TWILIGHT

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 BIRMINGHAM P.D. CARS, AN UNMARKED CAR AND FORENSICS TRUCK

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

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

CRAWFORD
Is it weird?

GRAHAM
The mark? Yes.

INTERCUT WITH:
on phone to Graham.

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

GRAHAM
Did Price get an identification off the Leeds print?

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

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

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

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

GRAHAM
What?!

CRAWFORD
Will...

GRAHAM
Who the hell was it? Lounds?

CRAWFORD
Yeah.

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

(beat)
Thanks a lot, Freddie...

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

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

(CONTINUED)
DR. CHILTON
Come in.

GUARD
Dr. Chilton?

DR. CHILTON
(slow)
Yes?

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

Dr. Chilton reacts.

DR. CHILTON
(fast)
Do you have it?

GUARD
Yeah. It's right here.

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

DR. CHILTON
is already dialing a number.

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

GUARD
No.

CUT TO:

52
INT. CRAWFORD'S OUTER OFFICE - SARAH - NIGHT

in the f.g. answers the phone.

SARAH
Special Agent Crawford's office.

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)
This is Dr. Chilton. I need to speak to Mr. Graham. Right away!

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

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)
Will you please tell them this is very, very urgent!!
(beat)
I'll hold on.

CUT TO:

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

TRACK HER INTO the room.

CRAWFORD
(to Graham)
Yeah. I think so.
(beat)
Hold on.
(to Sarah)
What?

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

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

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

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)
I have a note here, or two pieces of a note, that appears to be from the man who killed those people in Atlanta and...
GRAHAM (V.O.)
Where did you get it?

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)
From Hannibal Lecter's cell.
It was hidden in a book.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Dr. Chilton, please do not touch it. Can you read it to me?

Sarah closes the door

CUT TO:

INT. CHESAPEAKE HOSPITAL - DR. CHILTON - NIGHT

DR. CHILTON
It's written on toilet tissue.
(reads)
"My dear Dr. Lecter, I wanted to tell you I'm delighted that you've taken an interest in me. I know that you alone can understand what I am becoming."
(reads)
"You alone know that the people I use to help me in these things are merely elements undergoing change to fuel the radiance of what I am becoming. Just as the source of light is burning."
(beat)
"I have a collection of your press clippings. They are absurd. As are mine. The 'Tooth Fairy'. What could be more inappropriate? Investigator Graham interests me."
(big Graham reaction)
"Very purposeful looking. I hope we can correspond."
(beat)
Mr. Graham, there's a piece missing here. I'll read the bottom part:
(reads)
"After I hear back from you, I might send you something wet. Signed: Avid Fan."
(to Graham)
It has teeth marks pressed into it at the bottom.

CUT TO:
CRAWFORD
(onto phone)
Hold on.  
(punches "hold";
to Sarah)
Order a chopper. Next thing
smoking and I don't care whose.
Two: get Alabama Air National
Guard to fly Graham right back
here. Then call Documents.
Tell them to scramble a team.
I want everybody moving in
five minutes. You understand?
(punches into
the line)
I have a Documents team on the
way to you by helicopter to
pick it up.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
After we've worked the note we
want to replace it in Lecktor's
cell. I don't want Lecktor to
know we found it. He might warn
him somehow.
(beat)
Where's Lecktor now?

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)
Holding cell.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
How long can you keep him there
without him getting suspicious?

DR. CHILTON (V.O.)
Three, four hours.

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

CUT TO:
EXT. FBI BUILDING, ROOF - CHOPPER - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

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

MICROSCOPE POV: HAIR (CFK)

BEVERLY KATZ

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

BEVERLY KATZ

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

Crawford checks his watch.

GRAHAM

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

As they leave...

CUT TO:

INT. LATENT PRINTS - ARGON ION LASER - NIGHT

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

JIMMIE PRICE

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

(CONTINUED)
TOILET PAPER NOTE

bombarded with light. Smudges appear on the paper.

PRICE
How many guys handled this without gloves?

GRAHAM
The guard, cleanup man and Lecktor...

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

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

GRAHAM
Ninhydrin? Boosted with heat?

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

CRAWFORD
Damn.

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

CUT TO:

61 INT. DOCUMENTS - LLOYD BOWMAN - NIGHT

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

BOWMAN
(without looking up)
How long do I have?

GRAHAM
Twenty minutes max.

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

(CONTINUED)
Bowman
Which is probably the part
Lecktor tore out.
(beat)
Because at the top it says:
"I hope we can correspond."
And then comes the hole.
(beat)
It looks like Lecktor went
over it with a felt tip pen
and then tore it away.

Graham
He doesn't have anything to cut with.

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

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

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.

Even Closer: The Edges
are tattered and smeared with ink.

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

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

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

MONITOR  
The note is unchanged.

BOWMAN  
starts inserting and replacing a sequence of filters.

MONITOR  
remains the same. Black passes through with filter changes.

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

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

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

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

GRAHAM, CRAWFORD + BOWMAN  
at the monitor lit by the infrared glow.

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

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

GRAHAM
Personal ads?

As they run out of the room:

CUT TO:

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

CRAWFORD
It's a Secret Service letter drop. We stake it out. When he shows? We take him down.
(beat)
Anything from Chicago?

SARAH
Not yet.

BOWMAN
When do they go to press?

GRAHAM
In thirty-five minutes.

BOWMAN
Christ!

CRAWFORD
Let's get to the physical.

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

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

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

GRAHAM
Bowman?

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

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

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

CRAWFORD
Issue the toilet paper as a...

The PHONE RINGS. Graham punches the speaker.

CHESTER (V.O.)
This is Chester here. Who am I talking to?

GRAHAM
Will Graham, Jack Crawford...

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

GRAHAM
Read it.

CHESTER (V.O.)
(reads)
"Dear Pilgrim, you honor me."

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

CHESTER (V.O.)
"You're very beautiful."

CRAWFORD
Christ...

(CONTINUED)
CHESTER (V.O.)

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

(beat)
It's signed: "Bless you, 6:6:6."

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

CRAWFORD
(checks watch)
... twenty-eight minutes.
(low to Sarah)
Cryptography at Langley?

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

GRAHAM
(low to Price)
You get anywhere identifying him off the Leeds prints?

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

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

GRAHAM

is drawn to the folder on the table.

GRAHAMS POV: FOLDER

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

BOWMAN

suddenly stops.

(CONTINUED)
BOWMAN
(to Graham)
No.
(beat)
And our ad has to go out in the
same book code Lecktor used or
he'll know it's not Lecktor
talking to him.

CRAWFORD
"Book code?"

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

CRAWFORD
Not the Bible?

BOWMAN
No. Galatians 15:2? 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
dip.

BOWMAN
The Tooth Fairy would have named a
book he knew Lecktor has access to.
GRAHAM
He'd know it from articles he
read about Lecktor...

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

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

CRAWFORD
Where?

BOWMAN
Library of Congress.

Bowman's out the door.

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

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

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

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

Graham has to decide.

CRAWFORD
(continuing)
Your call, Will. What do we do?

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

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM
Run it.

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

GRAHAM
We will feel sick for a very long time.

CRAWFORD
And if Bowman still can't figure it out?

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

CRAWFORD
What?

Graham turns further to make eye contact with Crawford:

GRAHAM
Me.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

GRAHAM
Why not? Don't you think we can provoke him?
BLOOM  
(shrugs)  
Maybe. Maybe he can be provoked...  
(beat)  
What I was thinging of is you.

They stop. Graham looks at Bloom.

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

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

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

GRAHAM  
Price?

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

Graham has to decide.

CRAWFORD  
You forgot your file...

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

GRAHAM  
I'll use Lounds.

(CONTINUED)
CRAWFORD
Lounds?! What the hell for?

GRAHAM
(even, contained)
He doesn't read the New York Times
literary supplement. Our boy reads
Lounds in "The Tattler".
Graham leans against the table, his back is to a window.

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

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

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

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

Graham motions for Lounds to turn off his tape recorder.

GRAHAM
(continuing; to Bloom)
What else should we cover?

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

Graham motions Lounds to turn the tape recorder on again.

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

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

Crawford stifles a laugh...

LOUDS
How long will you stay in Washington?

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM

Until we've taken out the Tooth Fairy.

LOUDS

How does working this case affect your sex life?

GRAHAM

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

Lounds turns off the tape recorder and explodes:

LOUDS

You're news, pally

GRAHAM

Shoot the pictures.

LOUDS

(to Crawford)

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

Graham reacts.

LOUDS

(continuing)

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

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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 National Theater with a banner: 1835 - 1985.

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GRAHAM

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

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

GRAHAM

Bowman break the code yet?
CRAWFORD
No. Tools and Firearms say the cutting tool was a common bolt-cutter.

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

(beat)
It means Red Dragon.

(beat)
That mean anything to you?

GRAHAM
No.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

GRAHAM
Pretty well.

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

(beat)
You checked out a .44 Special Charter Arms Bulldog?

GRAHAM
Right.

SPURGEN
You'll load these. Ever fire them?

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

(CONTINUED)
SPURGEN
I hope you get one...

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

SPURGEN
You got it.

GRAHAM
Let's walk the route.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

now in sharp focus.

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

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

LOW + WIDE PROFILE: GRAHAM

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

HIGH + WIDE FRONTAL: GRAHAM

in the distances approaches across the sea of black. The image is in GREEN + BLACK. We are POV of:
EXT. CUSTOMS SERVICE BUILDING, BALCONY - 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 POV: HIGH ANGLE ON GRAHAM

walking right, also in GREEN AND BLACK. Reveal we are:

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE ROOF - SWAT #2

with the same model rifle sweeping the parking lot.

FRONTAL: GRAHAM

... walking along the determined line, fifty yards from the entrance & safety.

HANDHELD GRAHAM'S POV: CUSTOMS SERVICE BUILDING ENTRY

approaching him. Someone could hide in the shadows.

GRAHAM

eyes tighten.

ENTRY

sinister in it's low massiveness. Dark door ways. Arches.

GRAHAM

approaches the dark entry.

CUT TO:

EXT. CUSTOMS SERVICE BUILDING, ENTRANCE - GRAHAM - NIGHT

folds in. He leans against a wall and exhales tension. He's sweating.

GRAHAM

In an hour we try again.

CRAWFORD

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

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM

What?

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

He sees the look on Graham's face.

CRAWFORD
(continuing)
I do something wrong?

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

CUT TO:

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

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

REVERSE: GRAHAM + MOLLY

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

MOLLY
You're going to catch the flu.

Graham pulls her close.

MOLLY
(continuing)
What's happening with all of it?

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

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

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

(Continued)
GRAHAM

(wry)
We have to stop meeting like this.

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

MOLLY
You remember when we first met?

GRAHAM
Yeah.

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

GRAHAM
I remember.

MOLLY
You remember what you said?

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

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

MOLLY
Time is luck, Will.

(beat)
I know the value of every one of our days...

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

CUT TO:

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

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

STEADICAM - GRAHAM'S POV: ARCHES

spreading to reveal the 4 acre empty black lot with only Graham's car & six others in the center.
LOW + WIDE PROFILE: GRAHAM (from New Post Office)

starting across huge expanse to the lonely car on far right.

WIDE FRONTAL - GRAHAM
crossing black tarmac.

TIGHT REAR SHOT - GRAHAM

The image is in GREEN AND BLACK. We are:

EXT. CUSTOMS SERVICE BUILDING, BALCONY - SWAT #1

behind the balustrade in his prone firing position sighting
the Heckler and Koch Model 93 with its Startron scope.

EXT. PARKING LOT - WIDE + LOW FRONTAL ON GRAHAM

walking the determined line across agoraphobic space.

TIGHT: GRAHAM

fifty yards from the car... HEARS SOMETHING through the
delicate patter of the rain.

GRAHAM

(low, into wire)
Something's coming...

GRAHAM'S POV: CORNER OF DISTRICT BUILDING

approaching.

GRAHAM'S EYES

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

CORNER OF DISTRICT BUILDING

HOLD. Then entering around the corner is a running MAN.
He's 6'4". He's heavy and wears a running suit with the
hood up. His face is lost in its shadow.

RUNNER'S RIGHT HAND

is gloved and slips into the pocket of his jacket, grasping
something...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED

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

GRAHAM'S FACE

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

GRAHAM'S EYES

like taut wire about to snap.

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

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

RUNNER

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

GRAHAM + .44 BULLDOG

aimed at the Runner!

GRAHAM

(shouts)

Don't! Don't move!!!

RUNNER'S HAND

coming out of pocket.

EXT CUSTOMS SERVICE BUILDING, ENTRANCE - CRAWFORD

panicked, drawing gun, running in.

CRAWFORD

(shouts)

Will!!

EXT. CUSTOMS SERVICE BUILDING, BALCONY - SWAT #1'S FINGER
tightening on the trigger, about to shoot him.
EXT. PARKING LOT
CLOSE: GRAHAM
does nothing.

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. PARKING LOT
GRAHAM
- walking away.

GRAHAM
God-damnit!!!

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

CRAWFORD
You okay?

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

(CONTINUED)
RUNNER
What are you, in slow motion?! I bein' mugged!!

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

"Sorry" yo' mama!!

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

SPURGEN
Hold on there, sir!

RUNNER
Hold on?

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

RUNNER
(backs up)
Hold onto this!!
(grabs his groin)
I got dat cannon stuck up my face?! Car dirt splattered up and down mah Calvin Kleins?! And you - tryin' to catch somebody?!

SPURGEN
Yes sir.

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

HUGE LAUGHTER which is coming from...

CUT TO:

EXT. "TATTLER" - CHICAGO SKYLINE - NIGHT
CAMERA CRANES DOWN + PANS right to the Tattler Building (sign) Entrance.

CUT TO:
INT. TATTLER GARAGE - LOUNDS + SECRETARIES - NIGHT

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

SECRETARY
See you, Freddie.

They climb into their car and back out.

LOUNDS

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

REAR: LOUNDS' HEAD

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

EXT. DOLLARHYDE HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

DISSOLVE 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 over his mouth is removed. We will SEE ONLY Lounds.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Are you cold? Would you like a blanket?

LOUNDS
Was I in an accident?

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
No, Mr. Lounds. You'll be fine.

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

(CONTINUED)
DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
You just rest there. I'll be right back.

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

FOOTSTEPS are going away.

LOUDS
(continuing)
What the hell am I doing here? Huh?

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Atoning, Mr. Lounds

Lounds reacts.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Do you know who I am, Mr. Lounds?

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

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
According to you I'm a sexual pervert.
An animal, you said.

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

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Do you feel privileged?

LOUDS
(sudden change)
I feel very scared.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Do you pray to God, Mr. Lounds?

LOUDS
Yes.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Do you believe God is in attendance here?
LOUDS
I don’t know...

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Well, in a little while I'll help you understand.

A KETTLE WHISTLES.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
I'll be right back.
(beat)
Don't... go... away...

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

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

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

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Open your eyes, Mr. Lounds.

LOUDS
No. I don’t want to see you.

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

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

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
(continuing; singsong)
Well: here... I... am...

(CONTINUED)
LOUDS' POV: THE RED DRAGON

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

LOUDS (O.S.)
Oh my dear God Jesus.

LOUDS

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

PAST LOUNDS' HEAD: SCREEN

A slide appears. It is Blake's painting.

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

LOUDS

Yes...

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

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Do you see?

LOUDS

Yes.

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

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Do you see?

LOUDS

Yes.

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

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
The next family. As they will
look when I go into them. Do
you see?

LOUDS
Yes.

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

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Mrs. Leads later, her husband
beside her. Do you see?

LOUDS
Yes.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Mrs. Jacobi after her changing.
The Dragon rampant. Do you see?

LOUDS
Yes.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Freddie Lounds. Your photograph.
Do you see?

LOUDS
Oh, God.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Do you see?

LOUDS
Please, no.

"No" what?

LOUDS
Not me.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Are you a man?

LOUDS
Yes.          (CONTINUED)
DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Do you imply that I'm a queer?

LOUDS
God, no.

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Are you queer, Mr. Lounds?

LOUDS
No.

REAR OF DOLLARHYDE'S HEAD

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

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

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

(long pause; quietly)
We have one more piece of work to do.

Dollarhyde leaves. Lounds closes his eyes.

LOUDS
(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

carryes 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. Lounds is relieved.

    DOLLARHYDE
    Now you will read this into the tape recorder.

ON LOUNDS

    LOU NDS
    (reading)
    "I have had a great privilege. I have seen with wonder and awe the strength of the Red Dragon. All I wrote about him before were lies. Will Graham made me write them to pull him into a trap in Washington, District of Columbia.
    (beat)
    "Will Graham: you will learn from my own lips how much you have to dread. Because I was forced to lie, he will be more merciful to me than to you. You will lie awake in fear of what the Red Dragon will do.
    (beat)
    "I will be a testament to the truth of this."

    DOLLARHYDE'S HAND

    turns off the tape recorder.

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

    LOU NDS
    You'll let me go now?

    DOLLARHYDE
    You will tell the truth?

    LOU NDS
    Absolutely...

    DOLLARHYDE
    Good.
    (beat)
    We'll seal your promise with...

(CONTINUED)
DOLLARHYDE'S FACE

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

DOLLARHYDE

... with a kiss.

VERY WIDE ANGLE

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CLOSER: OVER LOUNDS' RIGHT SHOULDER

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

LOUNDS
Go ahh, you 'astard! Kill 'ee!
Kill 'ee! You rah in 'ell, rah
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
wheelchair. The Parking Attendant hears it, too. As the
TRACK continues over his left shoulder, he puts down the
Racing Form and looks. Nothing. Then he goes back to the
Racing Form.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED

FRONTAL PARKING ATTENDANT

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

OVER PARKING ATTENDANT'S LEFT SHOULDER

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

WHAT HE SEES: LOUNDS IN WHEELCHAIR - A MAN AFLAME

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

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - GRAHAM - NIGHT

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

PROFILE: GRAHAM

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

GRAHAM

Never regained consciousness...
You hear the tape?

CRAWFORD

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

GRAHAM

What?

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

GRAHAM
Tell me.

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

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

Graham's running down the corridor towards the phone.

GRAHAM
Get me a plane...

CRAWFORD (O.S.)
Will! I've already done it...

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

CUT TO:

INT. BALTIMORE SAFE HOUSE, FOYER - DOOR - DAY

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

MOLLY
Welcome to sunny suburban Baltimore...

HOUSE INTERIOR

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

MOLLY
(continuing)
Who decorated this place?
Richard Nixon?

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

(mood change)
Molly. I'm sorry... I'm sorry about all of this...

(CONTINUED)
MOLLY
You didn't do it to me, Will.
They've done it to us.
(touches his face)
And if I can survive the wall-
paper... we'll make out okay.
(Graham has to smile)
He's after you now, isn't he?

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

GRAHAM
It's a precaution...
(to Kevin)
Why don't you run down to the bay.
They got a swimming float.

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

Graham angles to see Kevin.

GRAHAM'S POV: KEVIN
is in the kitchen leaning against the counter doing nothing.
He breaks Graham's eye contact.

GRAHAM
What is he? Afraid to leave
you alone with me now?
(beat)
He read the "Tattler" piece
about me, didn't he?

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

GRAHAM
Good for him.
(to Kevin)
Kevin. We're going grocery shopping.

CUT TO:
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.

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

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

GRAHAM
No.

KEVIN
This guy wants to kill us?

GRAHAM
We don't know that.

KEVIN
When are you gonna kill him?

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

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

GRAHAM
Yes.

KEVIN
I figured I'd ask you.

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

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

GRAHAM
Yes.

(CONTINUED)
KEVIN
What happened?

GRAHAM
Lecktor was attacking college girls and he killed them.

KEVIN
How?

GRAHAM
In bad ways.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kevin pauses:

KEVIN
The way he thought felt that bad?

EXTREMELY CLOSE: GRAHAM
turns and stares at Kevin:

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
KEVIN
What kind of coffee do you like?

GRAHAM
Huh?

KEVIN
You like that Columbian stuff, don't you?

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

KEVIN
(continuing)
Mom likes that, too.

REAR SHOT: KEVIN + GRAHAM

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

KEVIN
When can we go home, Dad?

GRAHAM
I don't know, Kevin.

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.

MOLLY + GRAHAM

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

MOLLY
... where are things?

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

(CONTINUED)
MOLLY
Can you quit?

GRAHAM
No.

MOLLY
Why?
(no answer)
No one else...

GRAHAM
No one else can do what I do.

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

MOLLY
What's next?

GRAHAM
I go back to Atlanta.

MOLLY
Crawford?

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

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

GRAHAM
(low)
This... This killing... has to...
(rage, stops fist
before it smashes
ground)
It... has to stop.

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

MOLLY
Can I have one of your cigarettes?

GRAHAM
You haven't smoked in two years.

MOLLY
I'd like one of your cigarettes, please.

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

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

GRAHAM
(looks away)
It's slick as hell...

MOLLY
(voice breaking)
William: you are going to make yourself sick or get yourself killed...

Graham says nothing. Then:

GRAHAM
You and Kevin should go to Montana. Stay with Kevin's grandparents... they haven't seen him for a while.
(pause)
I'll come and get you afterwards...

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. BALTIMORE AIRPORT, COFFEE SHOP - WINDOW - NIGHT

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

(Continued)
CONTINUED

CLOSER: WINDOW

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

VALERIE LEEDS (O.S.)
"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 stares at his handprint and says:

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

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

CUT TO:

121 EXT. GATEWAY LAB - FACADE - NIGHT

in streamline deco sheet metal reflection green and blue lights

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

EILEEN

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

EILEEN

Mr. Dollarhyde?

DOLLARHYDE

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

DOLLARHYDE

Yes, Eileen.

EILEEN

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

DOLLARHYDE

And?

EILEEN

On the densitometer it came out
within tolerances.

DOLLARHYDE

Thank you, Eileen.

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

CUT TO:

INT. PROCESSING ROOM - DOLLARHYDE - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:
INT. CHEMISTRY ROOM - DOOR - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:
INT. LIGHT TRAP DOOR - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. DARKROOM - WIDE - NIGHT

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

REBA
Who's there?

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

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

We see Dollarhyde's form follow instructions and sit.

REBA
(continuing)
You're the production controller from admin, aren't you?

No answer.

REBA
(continuing)
Can you give me an idea of the conditions...?

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

REBA
Okay. What's being photographed?

DOLLARHYDE
The activities of nocturnal animals.

REBA
When do you need it?
DOLLARHYDE

Four days.

REBA

Let me stick this in the black hole.

We see some movements. Then the light comes on.

DOLLARHYDE'S HAND

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

REBA McCRAIN

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

REBA

(constructive, direct)

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

(beat)

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

DOLLARHYDE

It'll do fine.

REBA

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

DOLLARHYDE

I wasn't wondering.

RALPH DANDRIDGE

young manager of the department enters, checks watch.

DANDRIDGE

Reba, I've got to fly.

(beat)

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

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

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

DOLLARHYDE
I'll take you.

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

Reba starts arranging her materials in the darkroom.

DOLLARHYDE
Ride with me.

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

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

Reba hesitates. She likes Dollarhyde's directness.

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

DOLLARHYDE
How did you come to Gateway?

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

DOLLARHYDE
You worked out well.

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

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

DOLLARHYDE
reacts to "speech therapy".

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

DOLLARHYDE
Uh-huh.

Silence. Reba stops and turns toward him.

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

Dollarhyde is stunned at both her perception and frankness.

REBA
(continuing)
May I touch your face?

Dollarhyde reacts:

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

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

REBA'S HAND
Dollarhyde's fist grabs it.

DOLLARHYDE
turns her hand.

(CONTINUED)
DOLLARHYDE
Take my word for it that I'm... smiling.

There is no smile on Francis Dollarhyde's face.

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

He still has her hand in his grasp.

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

REBA
Where?

He lets go of her hand.

DOLLARHYDE
It would be a surprise...

REBA
Okay... Sure.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE ROOM - DOLLARHYDE - NIGHT

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

DR. WARFIELD (O.S.)
Are you apprehensive? The very protective Mr. Dollarhyde, over there, is watching us.

REBA
No, no! I want to.

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

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

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

(Continued)
CONTINUED

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

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 PAW

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

TIGER'S HEAD

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

TIGER'S TEETH (MACRO)

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

TIGER'S CHEST

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

CUT TO:

INT ATLANTA STORAGE ROOM - WILL GRAHAM - DAY

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

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

REAR SHOT: GRAHAM

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

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

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

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

GRAHAM
(pause, then to himself)
You rearrange the kids and husbands into a dead audience. To witness what you do. You think what you do will make you into something different. Your "becoming"... What is it you think you're becoming?

(beat)
The answer to this is in how you use mirrors. What do the mirrors make you believe you're becoming?

Graham looks into a mirrored coffee table.

GRAHAM'S POV

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

DOLLARHYDE
A little to your right...

Reba makes her way across the living room and sits on the sofa.
The film projector hums. We don't see what movie Dollarhyde is watching.

REBA
Francis...
(beat)
That was a great dinner.
Thank you.

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

REBA
What are you watching?

DOLLARHYDE
A little homework...

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

REAR SHOT OVER DOLLARHYDE + REBA TO THE SCREEN

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

DOLLARHYDE'S POV:

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

EXTREMELY CLOSE: REBA'S NECK

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

DOLLARHYDE

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

(CONTINUED)
REBA'S HAND
moves along the back of the sofa towards Dollarhyde.
REBA
moves towards Dollarhyde's face.

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

REBA
(soft whispers)
Take me upstairs...

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

REBA (O.S.)
You're so sweet, Francis...
   (beat)
   ... so sweet.
   (beat)
Yes...

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

REBA (O.S.)
(continuing; soft)
Your heart is loud.
   (beat)
Feel all of me... ?

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

DOLLARHYDE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SAME - LATER - REBA

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

DOLLARHYDE

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

REBA

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

OVERHEAD ANGLE: DOLLARHYDE + REBA

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

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

CUT TO:

SAME - DOLLARHYDE - DAY

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

EXT. DOLLARHYDE HOUSE, BACKYARD - DOOR - DAY

SLAMS open. Dollarhyde stops in the doorframe.

(CONTINUED)
REBA (O.S.)
Is that you, D?

DOLLARHYDE
Yes, are you okay... ?!

REBA (O.S.)
I'm fine.

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

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

REBA
Good morning...
(kisses his cheek)
If you show me where things are,
I'll make us some coffee...

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

REBA
I left my purse inside.

DOLLARHYDE
I'll get it.
(to her quizzical
reaction)
You should stay outside. It's
because you look so good in the
sun.

REBA
(laughs lightly)
Okay...

DOLLARHYDE
(filled with fear)
When... when can I see you again,
Reba?

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTA 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.)
We identified the tire tracks left when Lounds was delivered back to the "Tattler". G78x16 Goodyear truck tires. Our boy drives a van...
(beat)
We also worked backwards to a time on the wound. Puts him within a 5 hour driving radius of Chicago. I'm setting up our base there. When you coming back?

GRAHAM
When I'm done.

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

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

GRAMP (V.O.)
Well, how you doin', Will?! You sure are in the center of a storm. Burning up lots of taxpayers' dollars, too, I bet.
(beat)
On the news they said he was a white man. He isn't really, is he?

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM
Sure he is. He's blond.
(fuck him:)
Probably Scandinavian, too.
(beat)
Molly there?

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

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

GRANDPA (V.O.)
No. She's right here.

Silence. Then:

MOLLY (V.O.)
How are you?

GRAHAM
Okay.

Silence.

MOLLY (V.O.)
Dad bought Kevin a pony.

GRAHAM
Good.

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

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

MOLLY
My uncles came up from Cheyenne
to see Kevin.

GRAHAM
Yeah? What are you doing...?
MOLLY
Being worried and angry.

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

MOLLY
I don't know.

Neither does Graham. Silence.

GRAHAM
You doing anything besides being worried and angry?

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

GRAHAM
Small difference: I'm not dead yet.

MOLLY
Will...

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

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

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

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

INTERCUT WITH:
picks up the phone and takes Graham's call.

**LECKTOR**

Hello, Will.

(beat)

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

**GRAHAM**

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

**LECKTOR**

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

**GRAHAM**

Fight what?

**LECKTOR**

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

(ironic)

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

Graham laughs.

**GRAHAM**

I don't believe in God.

**LECKTOR**

You should, Will. God's terrific!

(beat)

He dropped a church roof in Texas last Wednesday night on 34 of his worshippers. Just as they were groveling through a hymn. Don't you think that felt good?
LEKTOR (cont'd)  
(beat)  
He wouldn't begrudge you two  
mesely murders.  

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

GRAHAM  
Why does it feel good?  

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:  

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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. No furniture. Shades are drawn. Slashes of light hit the floor. Graham stands there. Then he walks forward...  

143  
STAIRCASE - GRAHAM'S FEET UP THE STAIRS - DAY  
GRAHAM (O.S.)  
I enter. The glass cutter. I  
lick the suction cup. The piece of glass I take out is mine. The house is mine.  
(beat)  
I walk up these stairs. I pass  

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

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

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

INT. LEEDS MASTER BEDROOM - THE DOOR - DAY

It opens. Graham enters. Graham stands there.

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

OVER GRAHAM'S SHOULDER: THE BED

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

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

INT. LEEDS MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

SLOW TRACK IN + ZOOM OUT ON GRAHAM

INT. LEEDS MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

OVER GRAHAM'S SHOULDER: THE BED

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

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

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

INT. LEEDS MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

DOLLY INTO: CU MRS. LEEDS

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

INT. LEEDS LIVING ROOM - WIDE

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

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

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

DOLLARHYDE'S POV: GREEN OLDSMOBILE

stops in front of Reba's.

INT. VAN - DOLLARHYDE'S FACE

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

DOLLARHYDE'S POV: REBA + RALPH DANDRIDGE

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED

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 again...

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. The image is diffused and lyrical.

INT. VAN - DOLLARHYDE'S FACE

Blank.

DOLLARHYDE'S POV: REBA + DANDRIDGE

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

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.

(CONTINUED)
REBA
Thanks for the ride.

DANDRIDGE
See you tomorrow.

Reba walks into her apartment.

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

CUT TO:

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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.

She opens the door and smiles.

REBA
Francis...?

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

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

CUT TO:

160

THE MOON (OFX)

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

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

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

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

GRAHAM + CRAWFORD

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

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

CRAWFORD
"Changes?"

GRAHAM
It's a word. Killing them...

(beat)
Lecter told me: if one does as God does enough times, one becomes as God is.

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

CRAWFORD
(pause, then:)
Accepted? By who?

GRAHAM
Living women.

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

CRAWFORD
VTR, Polaroid, stills, what?

GRAHAM
How the hell do I know?!

(CONTINUED)
Graham is intent on the tape. Then:

**GRAHAM**
(continuing)
How does he find them?! If we find out how he found them, then we'll find him.

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

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

Graham's beyond frustration.

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

**GRAHAM**
It's not over yet!

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

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

**TV MONITOR: JACOBI FAMILY**

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

**CRAWFORD**
Will?
GRAHAM
(explodes)
You wanna watch this or what?!

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

TV MONITOR:  JACOBI FAMILY

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

GRAHAM
A padlock. That's why the boltcutter

CRAWFORD
What's that?

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

CRAWFORD
Because a deadbolt was there when they were killed.

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

CRAWFORD
He had to.

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

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

(continued)
GRAHAM (cont'd)

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

He freezes the Jacobi tape and plays the Leeds tape:

GRAHAM

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

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

MONITOR: LEEDS TAPE

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

CRAWFORD

It's getting late and...

GRAHAM

(explodes out of
chair)
Don't talk to me!!

EXTREMELY CLOSE: GRAHAM

watching. Then he grabs the phone and punches numbers.

GRAHAM

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

METCALFE (V.O.)

Yeah. You know what time it is?

GRAHAM

Have one of the guards down there
call me.
Metcalf (V.O.)
If the guy's not asleep...

GRAHAM
Do it.

He hangs up on Metcalfe.

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

GRAHAM
(to himself)
You know that's the Jacobi's cat...

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

GRAHAM
(to himself)
You brought a boltcutter... 'cause you thought there was a padlock...

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

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

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

GRAHAM
(continuing; to himself)
See the woman? The bloom on the woman? You can see her again and again. Anytime you want.

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

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

(more)
GRAHAM (cont'd)

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

(shouts)
YOU'VE SEEN THESE FUCKING FILMS!

(smashes chair across room)

Haven't you, my man?

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

CRAWFORD

... guard in the storeroom.

GRAHAM

(to Crawford)

... the cans!

What cans?

CRAWFORD

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

CRAWFORD

(into phone)
There's film of the families in document storage. Find it.

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

CRAWFORD

(continuing)
Got 'em...

(beat; to Graham)
Leeds can: Gateway Lab.
St. Louis, Missouri.

GRAHAM

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

CRAWFORD

(into phone)
Who processed the Jacobi film?
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED

Crawford, waiting. Graham's watching him.

CRAWFORD

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

CRAWFORD
There a label underneath?

Crawford hears. He's chilled.

GRAHAM
It does, doesn't it?

CRAWFORD
(punches another number)
I want a chopper on the roof in three minutes. To Meigs Field.
(beat)
At Meigs I want the Gulf Stream flight prepped and a plan filed
to St. Louis.

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

CUT TO:

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - REBA - NIGHT

standing alone in the room. The Styrophere projects stars around the room and across the JPL mural. She feels around. She's very frightened. Reba's trying to control herself.

PANNING THROUGH '50S FURNITURE

through shadows and highlights and sweeping stars on the walls. We pass the TV and armchair and come on to Reba again breathing heavily. She stands there, squeezing into a corner, trying to make herself disappear. She is like a rabbit who is hunted and at a certain point, freezes... Suddenly she's startled. "INNAGADDAADAVIDA" by Iron Butterfly from 1967 BLASTS at her from the stereo.

DOLLARHYDE

stands four feet from her, staring expressionlessly. Deep in his psychotic episode, his affect is flattened.

(CONTINUED)
REBA
(shouts)
... you're scaring me with this.

There's no answer. We don't know if there's anyone else in the room.

REBA
(searching)
Am I alone in this room? Are you here...
(shrill)
Why are you doing this?!

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

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

REBA
No... I...

DOLLARHYDE (O.S.)
Dragon... Red Dragon. Francis tried to keep me off you, but he was wrong.

She is very scared. Dollarhyde's hand falls away.

CUT TO:

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?

(continues)
FOGEL (V.O.)
This is Chester Fogel. I'm the managing director of Gateway...

CRAWFORD
All we know is this man works at Gateway. We have physical characteristics...

FOGEL (V.O.)
We have 516 employees here... Our computers aren't programmed to retrieve by physical characteristics. We'd have to reprogram and...

GRAHAM
Parking permits...

CRAWFORD
(into phone)
Are your parking permits in the computer? He drives a van.

FOGEL (V.O.)
"Employee facilities." And we have special stickers for vans.

(beat)
... about 28, 29 van permits issued...

Meanwhile Graham has grabbed the second radio phone.

CRAWFORD
(into phone)
Start feeding me names.

INTERCUT WITH:

164 INT. ST. LOUIS P.D. OFFICE - LT. FISK - NIGHT

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

GRAHAM (O.S.)
Run these names to your DMV for a driver's license check. Man we're after is blond, caucasian, twenty to forty, six feet tall, 180 to 225 pounds.

(beat)
First name...

Fisk punches Graham into the speaker phone.

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM (O.S.)


One of the uniformed cops is already punching it into a computer terminal. Lt. Fisk looks at the monitor...

LT. FISK
(onto phone)
No. Brown eyes, black hair.

CUT TO:

165 INT. GULF STREAM - GRAHAM - NIGHT

GRAHAM
(to Crawford)
No.

CRAWFORD
(onto phone)
Next...

CUT TO:

166 EXT. SKY - AERIAL SHOT: GULF STREAM - NIGHT (OPTICAL EFX)

The Gulf Stream approaches and races past us at its cruising speed of 585 mph. As it leaves the frame, the image we’re left with is the moon. It looms large and white 30 degrees above the horizon and rising into a starry sky.

CUT TO:

167 INT. ST. LOUIS P.D. OFFICE - COMPUTER MONITOR - NIGHT

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

LT. FISK
(onto phone; to Graham)
No. Next.

He waits and then starts punching letters into the keyboard.

CUT TO:

168 INT. GULF STREAM CABIN - GRAHAM + CRAWFORD - NIGHT

Graham is hearing.

(CONTINUED)
... six foot, male caucasian, blond, violet eyes, 217 pounds, 34 years old...

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

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 seatbelts.
We're on our final approach...

CUT TO:

INT. GULF STREAM CABIN - DATAFAX - NIGHT

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

CRAWFORD
(to Graham)
Fogel only has four more names.
Be knows two: both dark hair.
Third's a woman. Fourth's a handicapped parking permit...

GRAHAM
(re Dollarhyde)
This is our man... !
(into phone
to Lt. Fisk)
Rural Route 3, Chester, Missouri. Where is that?

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

CUT TO:
EXT. 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 P.D. squad cars are waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLLARHYTE BATHROOM - DOLLARHYTE - NIGHT

enters as a reflection in the medicine cabinet. His fist SMASHES the mirror. His image SHATTERED with the glass. The glass shower door swings open.

DOLLARHYTE'S FOREARM

DESTROYS it. He rips it from the walls and throws it away. He takes the shards of mirror and leaves for the kitchen. Throughout his face has been expressionless.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLLARHYTE KITCHEN - DOLLARHYTE - NIGHT

throws Reba on the kitchen table. The whole kitchen is formica and chrome from 1963. She sobs softly and moves. He holds her still. Large pieces of mirror are in the sink. His 9mm is on the counter.

CUT TO:

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 front seat. He is distant. His attitude contrasts to the frantic 110 mph race down the highway and the TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS and Crawford. Their anxiety is visible. Next to them Graham seems zoned out...

OFFICER

Meet point's up ahead!

(Continued)
GRAHAM
Go on to the house.

OFFICER
Lt. Fisk said...

GRAHAM
Go on to the house...!

He obeys Graham and floors it. Graham puts his black bag on his lap and extracts the .44 Charter Arms Bulldog. He starts to load 6 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. He's probably not there. Tonight's his "night out". All we're doing is setting up a stakeout for when he returns...

ST. LOUIS P.D. DRIVER

That's it up ahead...

GRAHAM

(ignoring Crawford)

Kill your lights.

THEIR FOV: DOLLARHYDE'S PROPERTY

The house appears a quarter-mile away along the gently curving road.
INT. CAR - GRAHAM

reaches over and twists the wheel. The car veers off the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOLLARHYDE HOUSE + ROAD - TWO SQUAD CARS - NIGHT

pulling off the road. The second car hits a depression at the wrong angle and CRASHES. Its windshield shatters.

GRAHAM

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

CUT TO:

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S KITCHEN - DOLLARHYDE'S LEFT ARM - NIGHT

holds Reba on the table. His other hand breaks mirrored glass into smaller pieces. Then he moves towards Reba...

CUT TO:

EXT. DOLLARHYDE HOUSE - GRAHAM + CRAWFORD - NIGHT

running towards the house through trees. Ahead is the low 40's futurist shape. They can get to within 25 yards using the trees as cover.

CRAWFORD

(into radio)

Get the roadblocks set on Route 3...
There's an access road to the back of the house. That ought to be a second team's position. Will Graham and I are in a field due east of the house.

GRAHAM

How far away's the backup?

CRAWFORD

Three minutes.

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

(Continued)
GRAHAM
I'll take the back.
(beat)
Stay in the trees.

TRACK Graham through the trees towards the back garage
and behind it. "IWWAGADDADAVIDA" blares from inside.
The windows are large. TVs are on.

GRAHAM
(into radio)
He's in there, Jack.

CRANFORD (O.S.)
(radio filter)
What?

FRONTAL: GRAHAM
moving through the shadow of trees. '60s acid rock screams.
Graham floats through branches.

GRAHAM'S MOVING POV: COMING UP ON WINDOWS

Shadows. A figure (Reba) tries to rise and is flattened
on a table by a larger figure (Dollarhyde).

GRAHAM (O.S.)
(whisper)
... somebody else in there.

CRANFORD (O.S.)
(radio filter)
What? Will...

GRAHAM
on the move and not surprised.

(whispers in radio)
Somebody's in the house with him, Jack...

CRANFORD
(in trees)

(whispers into
radio)
Wait for the backup! Will?

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM

(whispers)
... happening again, Jack.

He's moving within familiar nightmares. Dark branches pass.

GRAHAM

(low)
... stop it.

CLOSER: GRAHAM

GRAHAM

(louder)
Stop it.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S KITCHEN - SHARD OF GLASS - NIGHT

A large mirrored dagger. In the mirror: Dollarhyde's blank eyes and face. Beyond the edge: Reba, locked in small struggles.

DOLLARHYDE + REBA + BEHIND THEM

THROUGH THE WINDOW: Graham emerges into view lit by the house. His gun hangs idly at his side.

Dollarhyde hauls Reba two feet off the table.

Now Graham's running. His face is distorting with rage and he's shouting:

GRAHAM

(roars)
STOP IT!!

Dollarhyde turns to the window:

INT. DOLLARHYDE HOUSE - WINDOW + GRAHAM - NIGHT

in full rage runs at us.

CLOSER: GRAHAM

- his arm across his face - EXPLODES through glass.

DOLLARHYDE

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED

GRAHAM

CRASHES off the 'fridge which opens and spills on top of him as he hits the floor... and lays still.

DOLLARHYDE

grabs a shotgun from the broom closet, BLOWS OUT ceiling light. His shirt's torn open. He wheels and BLASTS through the plastic partition EXPLODING the Styro sphere. It's mostly dark.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLLARHYDE'S LIVING ROOM - DOLLARHYDE - NIGHT

explodes through the destroyed murals from outer space, his torn shirt revealing the Red Dragon tattoo. GUNSHOTS.

REVERSE - FRONT DOOR

Two St. Louis uniformed cops at the front door. FIRE

DOLLARHYDE

not even rocked by two bullet wounds in the abdomen, SHOTGUNS one cop.

REVERSE - COP #1

is blown onto the porch.

DOLLARHYDE

fires.

REVERSE - COP #2

is hit through the wall.

THEN:

DOLLARHYDE

sees, wheels and FIRES through his windows.

DOLLARHYDE'S POV - CRAWFORD

running...

EXT. HOUSE - WINDOWS

Blowing out revealing a psychotic Dollarhyde in full rage - oblivious to fear, impervious to bullets - FIRING.
INT. DOLLARHYDE'S HOUSE - PAST DOLLARHYDE

FIRING at a running Crawford. Crawford's hit and goes down.

DOLLARHYDE

cool, on psychotic autopilot, returns towards kitchen, to Graham and Baba. He calmly jacks a shell into the chamber. The bullet wounds effect him not at all...

CUT TO:
INT. KITCHEN - UNDER REFRIGERATOR - GRAHAM

half conscious, moves, starts to struggle, sees...

GRAHAM'S POV: FLOOR + DOLLARHYDE'S FEET

approaching...

GRAHAM

heaves against the refrigerator. It doesn't move. He's trapped. A shotgun BLAST rips through metal and food.

DOLLARHYDE'S FEET

CLOSER

WIDE: KITCHEN

Graham hollers and heaves at the refrigerator. It moves to one side...

DOLLARHYDE'S SHOTGUN

follows the refrigerator...

GRAHAM

to the left FIRES the .44

DOLLARHYDE'S LEFT LEG

EXPLODES. Shotgun blasts into the floor.

GRAHAM

BLASTS FOUR more Glasers into Dollarhyde's chest, knocking him back into the air with each Glaser's impact.

OVERHEAD: GRAHAM

stands. Dollarhyde on the floor is more exploded from within, than shot. Graham's face is lacerated and bleeding. Reba is collapsed in the corner. Graham starts approaching Dollarhyde.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOLLARHYDE HOUSE - WIDE THROUGH KITCHEN WINDOW:

GRAHAM - NIGHT

takes the last step and points the gun down to Dollarhyde's head. The final FLASH AND REPORT. Squad car flashers now play on the walls. Crawford - his arm bleeding and useless -
CONTINUED

stumbles towards the house.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - GRAHAM - NIGHT

gathers up Reba and holds her close to him, telling her she's okay. She collapses against him. Crawford's now in the doorway. Graham and Crawford look at each other with a vacant stare.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOLLARHYDE HOUSE - WIDE - DAWN

Ambulances and police flashers. Chaos. Minutes have passed. DOLLY to pick up Graham walking away by himself towards the river. Going nowhere. Just away. The gun drops out of his hand... He looks lost and alone and strange.

CUT TO:

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

It's raining. The 45 YEAR OLD HIPPY CAB DRIVER moves slowly down a residential street looking for an address. He squints...

DRIVER

2326... 2328. Here you go.

He pulls up to a curb.

DRIVER

(continuing)
Want me to wait?

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT (re-write coming effecting casting of this scene)

It's open plan. The dining area and kitchen are raised. The Sherman family are engaged in 7:00P.M. suburban family chaos: GEORGE SHERMAN is trying to watch the news. He hollers up the stairs for his daughter to turn down her stereo. His 11-year-old son, FRANK, at the dining room table is supposed to be doing homework. Instead he rolls up balls of paper and does jump shots from his chair into the wastepaper can.

(CONTINUED)
SHERMAN
(to son)
Cut out the basketball and go
back to the algebra.

George Sherman goes back to NBC News. His wife - the lady
in the pool - sets the table. The DOORBELL RINGS. Thirteen-
year-old TINA SHERMAN comes down the stairs.

TINA
I'll get it.

DOOR
Tina opens it on a chain.

TINA
screams.

GEORGE SHERMAN
runs to the door. In a WIDER SHOT, we see Sherman has his
shotgun resting inside the doorjamb. It's within reach of
his hand. Through the door open six inches, we see why
Tina Sherman screamed:

WILL GrahAM'S FACE
is pulled down slightly on the left side, making his left eye
moon-shaped. There are black stitches and butterfly bandages
where he was cut. He is standing in a black raincoat with a
black hat.

SHERMAN
What do you want?

GRAHAM
Are you George Sherman?

SHERMAN
Yes. Who are you?

GRAHAM
My name's Will Graham. I...

SHERMAN
(suddenly realizing
who he is)
Oh, Jesus... Come in.

(continued)
He closes and unchains the door and opens it wide.

GRAHAM
No, that's okay...

SHERMAN
(to wife)
Honey...!

His wife comes forward.

GRAHAM
(pause)
How are you?

There's a searching look on Graham's face. Totally strange.

SHERMAN
We're fine. Fine. We're all well. We're okay!

(breat)
That man, Crawford, called and when he was asking his questions, he told me...

(breat)
... how 'bout a drink? Coffee or something?

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

(breat)
... stop by and...

SHERMAN
I can't thank you enough, I...

Graham shakes his head. He doesn't want to be thanked. No one knows what to say. Graham looks at them:

SHERMAN FAMILY

standing in awkward places. They are nothing special. They are normal human beings living their lives. To Graham they are very special: they are alive.

GRAHAM
I just wanted to stop by and...
see you... I guess. That's all...

Graham stands there as if engraving each one in his memory. Then he nods. Then he leaves.

(Continued)
CONTINUED

GEORGE SHERMAN

closes the door. There's an awkward look on his face. He didn't get to say what he wanted to say to Graham.

CUT TO:

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 silhouetting image of Graham.

GRAHAM IS WATCHING

the fenced-in area of beach he and Kevin built at the opening of the film. A baby tortoise crawls over sand mountains and is swept away by surf into the life-supporting sea.

CLOSE: GRAHAM

senses a presence and starts to turn...

WIDE REAR SHOT: GRAHAM

turns towards us. MOLLY ENTERS THE FRAME. Her coat is under her arm. She drops it and her suitcases in the sand and continues walking to Graham. Kevin hangs back.

GRAHAM

stands as she comes near him. The aqua highlights of the water eat into their figures as they look at each other. Molly touches the wounded side of his face.

MOLLY

... I... you didn't call...

it was on the news.

GRAHAM

I thought I'd be alone...

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM
When I called you before, uh...

MOLLY
Let's forget who said what to whom?

Graham nods, takes Molly's hand.

GRAHAM
Yeah.

MOLLY
Are you okay?

Graham shrugs: he doesn't know.

MOLLY
You're struggling to... hold onto this?

No answer. Molly wipes her eye, hiding her emotions.

MOLLY
(re: turtles)
How many of them made it?

GRAHAM
Most of 'em. Most of 'em made it.

A long pause.

MOLLY
Maybe we'll struggle together, huh?
Whaddya say, pal?

GRAHAM
You got yourself a deal.

Graham looks at her. He touches the side of her cheek and her hair. She pushes against his hand to make the contact closer. Kevin's approached and is looking at the turtles.

REAR SHOT: GRAHAM + MOLLY

Graham — in the sunbleached violet shorts — lays an arm across Molly's shoulder. Molly's arm moves around Graham's waist. They look out to sea. Kevin is hunkered down watching the turtles and saying something to his dad. In front of them, the surf kicks up drops of spray which take light and become brilliant atoms.

THE END

FADE OUT