

BUFFALO BILL

NO, UH-UH. WHY?

(to the audience)

COULD THIS GIRL BE ANY DUMBER?

TIME IS UP,

I'VE GOT HER NUMBER!

FBI

WE'RE GOIN' IN!

WE'RE GOIN' IN!

HIS HOME'S SURROUNDED,

HE'S GOING DOWN,

'CAUSE WE'RE GOIN' IN!

(MILITARY DANCE BREAK)

F.B.I. officers come crashing through every possible entrance and swarm the premises.

AGENT

(spoken)

F.B.I!

The crashing and breaking sounds are soon replaced by silence. A beat.

THE F.B.I.

THERE'S NO ONE HERE!

THERE'S NO ONE HERE!

BIG SPLASHY ENTRY,

THIS HOUSE IS EMPTY,

WE BETTER MOVE IT ALONG.

OUR INFORMATION WAS WRONG.

THERE'S NO ONE HERE!

THERE'S NO...ONE... HERE!

SCENE 21- BUFFALO BILL'S HOUSE/BASEMENT

CLARICE

I understand Frederica did some sewing work for Mrs. Lippman.

BUFFALO BILL

(Unintelligible Buffalo Bill muttering, then:)

Oh wait, was she a great big fat person?

CLARICE

She was a big girl.

BUFFALO BILL

How big was she?

CLARICE

(restraining herself)

She was a big girl.

BUFFALO BILL

Mrs. Lippman's dead, but she had a son. I've got his number here somewhere. Why don't you come in, and I'll look for it. *(More muttering)*

CLARICE

Thank you. How long have you lived here sir?

BUFFALO BILL

Umm...let's see...about...um...about 14 years-- *(corrects himself)* I mean, about two years.

Bill swats at the air.

BUFFALO BILL (CONT'D)

Sorry, got a bit of a bug problem. Maid's day off.

Ardelia/Lamb gives Bill a look off his maid comment.

LAMB (ARDELIA)

Why I gotta be the maid?

BUFFALO BILL

So, have you guys found anything? The cops around here don't seem to have the first clue. I mean, you got, like, a description, fingerprints, anything like that?

As Bill speaks, one by one, the lambs walk by in the background, holding incriminating objects. One carries a sewing machine, holding it suspiciously. Another carries a moth on a wire, along with a giant spool. He makes the moth land on the spool and Clarice finally makes the connection.

BUFFALO BILL (CONT'D)

So you guys got nothing?, huh?

CLARICE

No. No.

Bill retrieves the number.

MUSIC 15A- CLARICE AND BILL

BUFFALO BILL

Here's that number.

CLARICE

Thank you, sir. Can I use your phone?

BUFFALO BILL

Sure you can use my phone.

Bill hesitates as Clarice pulls her (finger) gun.

CLARICE

Freeze! Turn around and put your hands on your—

Bill smiles, slowly backs up, drops his cards and disappears around the corner to the INTRO music of Maniac.

MUSIC 16- IN THE DARK WITH A MANIAC

CLARICE

Shit!

Clarice walks down "stairs" into the darkness.

CLARICE

SO CRAWFORD WAS WRONG,
HE'S ACTUALLY HERE.
IT'S ONLY A BASEMENT,
THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR.

BUFFALO BILL

(pops in from somewhere far away from her)

SHE CAME TO MY DOOR,
SUCH A RANDOM SURPRISE.
BUT WHAT IS SHE GOOD FOR?
SHE'S NOT THE RIGHT SIZE!

CLARICE

(Breath, breath, breath)

I'M CREEPING AROUND IN THE DARK WITH A MANIAC!
IT'S NOT A BIG DEAL,
I'VE GOT EV'RYTHING UNDER CONTROL.