

STARTLING

I'm only asking you to look at this. Either you will or you won't.

LICHTER

Yeah. Jack Crawford must be busy indeed if he's enlisting help from the student body. Busy hunting that new one Beaver Bob. What a naughty boy he is. Do you know why he's called Beaver Bob? Please tell me. The newspapers won't say.

STARTLING

It started as a bad joke in Kansas City Homicide. They said this one likes to scalp their beavers, skin their Fupas.

LICHTER

Their what?

STARTLING

Their FUPAS. Their fat upper pussy area.

LICHTER

And why do you think he does that Agent Startling. Why does he remove their FUPAS? Thrill me with your acumen.

STARTLING

Most serial killers like to keep some sort of trophy from their victims.

LICHTER

I didn't.

STARTLING

No, you ate yours.

LICHTER

You send that through now.

She passes the questionnaire through the carrier. He peruses it.

LICHTER

Oh, Agent Startling, you think you can dissect me with this blunt little tool?

STARTLING

No, I thought that your knowledge...

LICHTER

You're so ambitious aren't you? Do you know what you look like with your good bag and your cheap shoes. What are those shoes, Agent Startling? What, did you BOGO? Ooo, Doesn't it feel good to Payless?

STARTLING

No, Doctor, I got them at an outlet mall. Their called Easy Spirits. Looks like a pump, feels like a sneaker.

LICHTER

Good nutrition's given you nice length of bone but you're not more than one generation away from poor white trash, and that accent you've tried so desperately to shed. Pure West Virginia. What, was your father a coal miner? Did he stink of the lamp. My how quickly the boys found you. I bet you hated that. All those tedious, sticky fumbblings in the back seats of cars and on pinball machines. One, two, three, four poke that pussy til it's sore. You could only dream of getting out, getting anywhere, getting all the way to the FBI.

STARTLING

You see a lot, Doctor. But are you strong enough to point that high-powered perception at yourself. What about it? Why don't you look at yourself and write down what you see. Or maybe you're afraid to.

Lichter forcefully passes the questionnaire back through.

LICHTER

Someone from Television's Nielson Rating System once tried to inquire as to what insipid reality TV programs interested me. I told him on occasion I tune into "The Real Housewives of Atlanta" and "Tabitha's Salon Takeover" and then I ate his prostate with some Swiss Chard and a light, unassuming Pinot Noir from Oregon River Valley.

He makes sucking noises through his teeth and bites his lip.

LICHTER

Damn!

STARTLING

What happened, Doctor?

LICHTER

Bit my lip. I'm always doing that. Occupational hazzard. Now you fly back to school, Agent Startling. And don't forget to use that spray now. Fly, fly, fly. Fly, fly, fly.

Clarice makes her way down the corridor to the sounds of rowdy inmates. Miggs is masturbating and throws his sperm in her hair. The inmates get louder and louder.