

THE

SCOTT FRONTIS

OF THE

SULLIVAN

LAMBS



# *The lights went out*

m u s t s t a y h i d d e n f r o m h i m

No. This was unlike anything she'd experienced before. She's trapped in the bathroom, in a serial killer's house. A serial killer who lies in wait, looking for her, waiting for her. A killer known for his brutality, careful selection of victims. She didn't fit the criteria. She wasn't a choice prize.

If he kills her, what will he do? She can't end up like the others. So what, then? What can she do? She thought. She remembered. When she went to visit Dr. Lecter, how did she feel? She always felt like she was the one in a cell. Despite his prison uniform, his restraints, his lack of freedom.

His furniture was nailed to the ground, and he had no privacy. His environment was completely controlled, sterile, guarded, out of his hands. But Dr. Lecter never seemed out of control. He never felt it. He knew that he wasn't. He played with his visitors like a cat plays with its toys. Clarice's job was to interrogate Lecter, get in the mind of Hannibal the Cannibal.

That's not how he works, though, is it? Dr. Lecter was always the one who seemed to be interrogating her, picking at her brain, analyzing her. He even left her a note, a hint, a direction on where to go. He knew Jame Gumb, knew his thoughts and wants and needs even within the confines of his cell.

He teased Clarice often, tormented her, but after his escape he even left her a note pointing her where to go, a hint of what to look at. What would he say now? What would he say if he saw her stuck, in this man's house, a rat in a trap? He'd say, what is Jame Gumb doing?

He's supposed to be Clarice's target, not the other way around. Is Clarice Starling's story really going to end now, with no one knowing? No one to see, no one to find her? Somehow she feels like Hannibal knows, like he's watching. Like she'd disappoint him if she died. In a weird way, this was motivating.

# *her mind*

*r*

The girl in the basement.  
The dog.  
The man.

*a*

The other victims.  
Was she a victim?  
It's dark, she can't see,  
will she die too?

*c*

No. It can't.  
Clarice is a fighter.  
Now is the time to fight.

*e*

She had to get out.  
What to do?  
Find the lights.  
Don't get killed.

*d*

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# “STTRPRTS!”

Jame Gumb came home to find an intruder. The lights had to go. Gumb had goggles that let him see in the dark. Gives him an advantage. Like a night cat, hunting for prey. Where is it? Where's the rat, who would dare? This is HIS domain, no one belongs here who isn't perfect. And only Mr. Gumb is perfect, reaching to follow the ideal aesthetic of his beautiful, statuesque late mother. The picture of perfection. What he aims to be, what he WILL be. He can hear that thing in his basement screaming. Screaming its wretched, horrible sound. Like a kicked dog. But worse.

It had better not have hurt itself. Then it would be imperfect, its skin would be tarnished, his hard work ruined. No, it knows better than that. It knows not to do that, it knows. It hears something else. Not the thing screaming. Another thing. In the bathroom. That's the intruder. It came to ruin what he worked so hard for. He can't have that. It's pretty, but small. Not useful for him.

What a shame, to let something so pretty go to waste. Oh well, it can't be allowed to live anyway. But it doesn't have to be now. He thought. It would be fun to play with it, like a cat and mouse. What a shame, what a shame. Such pretty hair. “He remembered her hair though, from the kitchen, and it was glorious, and that would only take a minute. He could slip it right off. Put it on himself. He could lean over the well wearing it and tell that thing It was fun to watch her trying to sneak along.”

He noticed her gun. He had to be careful. Even in the dark, a rat with a gun could be dangerous. Fun, but dangerous. But Jame Gumb didn't have time for fun. No, not now, not anymore. Had to protect himself, protect his vision.



STTRPRTS!

(Thomas Harris, The Silence of the Lambs, Page 346)

He took a deep,  
but quiet, breath.  
He thought.  
Yes, now's the time.

A large, white, serif letter 'B' is centered in the middle of the page. It has a thick, dark red shadow cast behind it, creating a 3D effect. The shadow is slightly offset to the right and down.A large, white, serif letter 'A' is centered in the middle of the page. It has a thick, dark red shadow cast behind it, creating a 3D effect. The shadow is slightly offset to the right and down.

Trying to find him.  
Its gun at its hip.  
So pretty, what a shame.  
What a shame.  
He lifted his gun.  
He cocked it.

No time for games.  
He watched it for a moment more,  
running its hand along the wall,  
searching for some purchase.

A large, white, serif letter 'N' is centered in the middle of the page. It has a thick, dark red shadow cast behind it, creating a 3D effect. The shadow is slightly offset to the right and down.A large, white, serif letter 'G' is centered in the middle of the page. It has a thick, dark red shadow cast behind it, creating a 3D effect. The shadow is slightly offset to the right and down.

It went off with a loud BANG,  
temporarily lighting the room  
with the explosion of the gun.  
Then more gunshots,  
ringing in the ears.

# teakettle

(Thomas Harris, The Silence of the Lambs, Page 347)

There was a thud on the ground, Clarice can't hear.

Can't see.

She heard the gun cocking, a sound she knew all too well.

She thought of all the hours she spent alone,

practicing her aim in the gun ranges.

She shot back, emptied her clip.

Stopped for a second.

No sound.

No movement.

Wait, breathing.

Choking? Rasping?

What was that sound? Whistling?

Like a teakettle,

but interrupted. What was it?

Like breathing. Is it me? No."

She heard him speak. Barely audible, but there.

The last words of a dying man, bleeding out.

They were directed at her, the tinge of envy and sadness in his voice.

It sent chills up her spine. "How ... does ... it feel ... to be ... so beautiful?"

And then another sound. A gurgle, a rattle and the whistling stopped. "

So did she. Pausing, waiting. Listening. The rasping stopped.

She remembered briefly her time in the hospital, at the end of her father's life.

A similar sound, a similar tone.

Jame Gumb was dead.

She walked around the room, hands still outreached, careful not to trip.

She couldn't be sure right away. She paused for a moment and stood, waiting. Listening. Her ears still rang, but she listened.

She moved around the large room, made her way towards the kitchen. Managed to dodge the body, which she could only imagine was laying in the middle of his own living room floor,

*bleeding out*

It seemed to take a long time. There was a

ca • nd • le in the kitchen drawer.

(Thomas Harris, The Silence of the Lambs, Page 348)

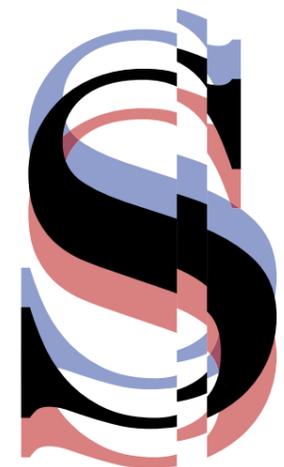
With it she found the fuse box beside the stairs, jumped when the lights came on.

To get to the fuse box and shut off the lights, he must have left the basement another way and come down again behind her.

She turned back around, walked into the room she came in from. Paused. Had to look. Just to make sure. Had to be sure she was safe. He was dead. Hit him straight in the chest. His eyes were still open, goggles still strapped around his head. This was the monster who had butchered multiple girls.

The danger is gone. Now what? She heard the girl keening. She was still crying. Heard the shots, didn't know what was happening. Clarice had to go to her. Had to get her out. But she didn't need to see Gumb's body, not after everything else that happened.

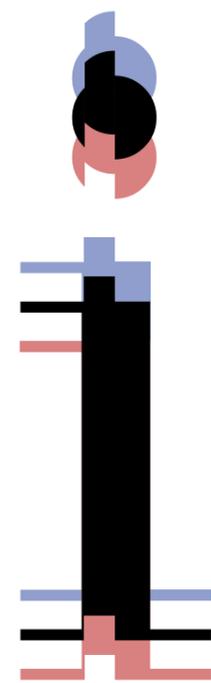
She heard her keening from downstairs. She made her way down. She let Catherine know she was finally safe.



Pulled into the hole. Threatened. Gumb could do nothing. She didn't want to hurt the dog, it harbored no evil like its owner, but that was her only way.

The little dog was her solace, her one chance, so she took it. That's why he left the house in the first place.

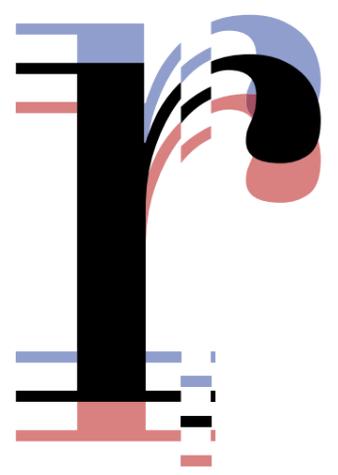
That's why she survived for a few more hours, even if it had meant the possibility of more pain, more pain.



She saw the girl. Catherine. Got her out of the hole. Told her she was safe now. But Catherine would be okay, Starling knew it. Catherine was a fighter.

After all, the credit to her survival goes to her. Gumb was ready to skin her, take her, add her to his girl suit. But Catherine fought back.

The first of them to survive. The first of the girls to live. His dog, his Precious, was compromised. He thought so, at least.



She suffered for days in Jame Gumb's basement, in the deep hole in the dark. He was simultaneously disgusted by her existence, and deathly envious.

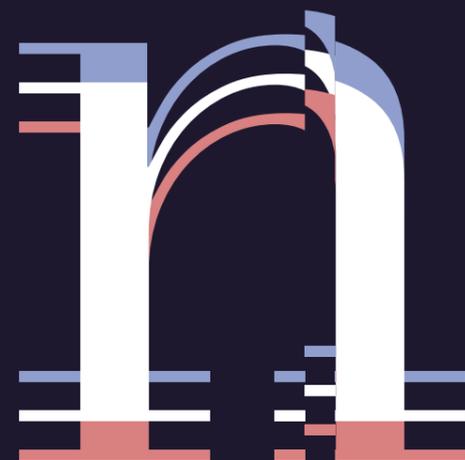
He wanted her skin to be in prime condition, but couldn't touch her himself. Forced her to apply lotion, or be blasted with a hose, strong and painful.

Catherine had the resolve to not just be another victim, but to survive her attacker as long as she possibly could.

Clarice just got there in enough time to help her, but the credit for Catherine's survival belongs to Catherine.

There were clothes in the room, she gave her some, and her own jacket. She was sobbing. Clarice called for backup, they had to wait. They waited for what seemed like too long, but they finally came.

Flashing lights, red and blue. They came with equipment, flood lights, analysts, caution tape.



Caution tape was everywhere, and so was the division. They found all of the evidence from Buffalo Bill's crimes.

What was left of his victims, the ones who didn't make it. The tapes of his mother, that he watched obsessively. His dog. His clothes.

Everything. The nightmare is over now, for good, because of Clarice.

She saw to that. She knew she should be feeling better. Perhaps proud, maybe even happy. But she wasn't.

She felt empty. Killing a killer. Does that make her a killer, too? She supposed it does. But It didn't change anything. She didn't regret it.

She was glad the threat was gone. She wondered what Hannibal would say when she told him.



“WILL YOU LET ME  
WILL YOU LET ME

She thought about Lecter again, then, thought about when they met. About how she was so fresh-faced, ready and expecting. the other men in the

cells were inhumane, ravenous, disgusting. But Hannibal was forever poised, classy as ever in his confines. Free despite his restraints. Only Clarice knew that.

Chilton thought he was under complete control, thought Hannibal was all his to poke and prod and psychoanalyze. Clarice knew better. That's why, when she

KNOW IF THE LAMBS  
KNOW IF THE LAMBS

heard the news of what Dr. Lecter had done, she wasn't surprised. Hannibal the Cannibal. Seemed like he was born to play the role. And he did. She remembered the last

time she saw him. She remembered his tone, his demeanor. Calm and collected like always, but still respectful She remembered his words. "Good-bye Clarice. Will you.

let me know if ever the lambs stop screaming?" (Thomas Harris, The Silence of the Lambs, page 231). She promised him she would. Jack Crawford had told her how he

STOP SCREAMING?  
STOP SCREAMING!

escaped. He fashioned the smallest piece of metal into a key, fooled officer Pembry. When he wasn't expecting it, he jumped on them and got out.

he left a trail of *terror*  
everywhere he went, he was the cannibal at large

Never arousing suspicion, he was too smart for that. Grabbed the mace off the officer's belt. Used it on Pembry and Boyle. Bit Pembry's face off. Took part of it right out like it was no effort, like his teeth were made just for that. Hannibal the Cannibal. True to his name. Finished both officers off by beating them to death with Pembry's own baton.

Even took his signature. Checked into the only place where he could hide in plain site. A Craniofacial surgery-based hospital, after all, "Dr. Lecter's visage was too well known for him to be able to take advantage of the plastic surgeons here, but it was one place in the world where he could walk around with a bandage on his face without exciting interest." (Thomas Harris, The Silence of the Lambs, Page 274.)

Clarice was horrified, tried not to imagine the horrible, gruesome scene. Horrified, but not surprised. She'd never admit it, but she might even be impressed. He was now on the FBI's most-wanted list nationwide. Dr. Chilton just so happened to be missing, too. What a strange coincidence. Jack Crawford was no fool. He knew not to underestimate him, just like Clarice.

This was how he'd make his getaway. Quite literally changing his facial structure so that cameras and experts alike would miss him in plain site, and he can walk once again as a free man in the open world. But he couldn't ask for help. No, the doctors would know him. He checked into the hospital, but saw no Doctor.

But he knew he might be toying with her, he had taken a shine to Starling. Hannibal wouldn't be so easily caught. He had ways. He was a surgeon, after all. He had ways. He was a surgeon, after all. He'd be able to make himself unrecognizable. And he did. He killed a man, Lloyd Wyman, and took his name. Took his clothes, his briefcase.

Well, that's not exactly true, is it? He is a doctor. He performed his own surgery; botox injections, slight facial modifications. Nothing too difficult to do himself, but enough of a difference that he could even pose for new passport photos without issue. What does he need a passport for?

# GOODBYE

b u t t h i s  
i s n o t  
t h e e n d

Italy. He'd dreamt of Italy. He'd wanted to retire there. He'd been there in his youth, wreaking havoc on a different generation. American police didn't even know, didn't understand the breadth of Hannibal's crimes. He'd lived a long life, and he was a smart man. He'd had his fun. He was a native European, after all, so it seemed about time to return across the pond. Of course, he couldn't leave without saying goodbye to his dear old friend. He wrote to Clarice Starling, who had intrigued and enchanted him.

And he wrote to Jack Crawford, who, despite everything, he greatly respected for his tenacity to keep going. And as well, he couldn't leave without a souvenir. He remembered Clarice. The last time he saw her, he was a prisoner, chained to a prison and lifestyle that was ultimately useless. He knew then, just as he knows now, that that wasn't the last time he'd spend with Clarice Starling.

*...for now*

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