

TWIN PEAKS

Episode 2.011

by

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#2.011

1.

ACT ONE

1. FADE IN:

2. EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Establish.

3. INT. TRUMAN'S OFFICE

ANGLE ON MRS. BRIGGS, sitting in a chair facing TRUMAN and COOPER.

MRS. BRIGGS

I don't want to alarm you overly. Garland *has* disappeared before. Granted it's always been work related. Agent Cooper, did this *seem* work related?

COOPER

M'am, that's very hard to say.

TRUMAN

So Betty you're saying this behavior is part of the way the Major operates.

MRS. BRIGGS

Let me ask you this: did he leave suddenly?

COOPER

Yes. We were speaking philosophically. Then I left the site to answer a call of nature. He was gone when I returned.

MRS. BRIGGS

The fact that you were in the woods is very significant.

TRUMAN

In what way?

MRS. BRIGGS

All I know is he talks about them constantly.

COOPER

In what way?

MRS. BRIGGS
(all she'll offer)
Confidential ways.

TRUMAN
(a look at Cooper)
Betty, I'm afraid there's not much we can do now except
keep an eye out. He can't be considered legally missing
until after 24 hours.

COOPER
Be patient, Mrs. Briggs. Your husband has a renaissance
passion for exploration. That approach creates its own
schedules.

MRS. BRIGGS
That *is* how he sees himself. There's no manual for it;
there's also no manual for being married to it.
(stands)
Garland left some brief notes on his nightstand. I'll call
you back with them.

TRUMAN
That might be helpful.

She exits.

COOPER
Harry, Major Briggs didn't wander off on some work
assignment. That flash of light I saw signified a power; a
force that lives in those woods.

ANDY BRENNAN and HAWK enter carrying a small white department store box.

ANDY
Sheriff, we found Mr. and Mrs. Milford their wedding
gifts. It's a matching scarf and ascot set.

Andy digs into the white box and pulls out two loud, almost road-kill plaid scarves.

HAWK
Can't believe he's getting married again.

TRUMAN
We should just recycle gifts from the last wedding.

HAWK
(to Cooper)
Dougie's weddings are a seasonal thing. Like the return
of the salmon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:(2)

COOPER

Marry in haste, repent in leisure.

The INTERCOM sounds.

INTERCOM (WOMAN)

There's a call for a Dale Crewper ... long distance. Hope I didn't cut it off.

TRUMAN

(to Cooper)

Temp.

Truman flips on the speaker phone. A moment passes. GORDON COLE.

COLE (PHONE)

HARRY, COOP? ARE WE THERE? THIS IS GORDON COLE CALLING FROM BEND, OREGON.

COOPER

We know, Gordon. How are you?

COLE

COOP, I JUST CALLED TO SAY THAT YOU HAVE MY FULL SUPPORT IN THIS INVESTIGATION BUSINESS. THESE ARE HARD TIMES. WE GET THROUGH THEM.

COOPER

Thanks, Gordon.

COLE

IT RANKS POOR WITH ME, TOO. NOW COOP, IS ANY OF THIS TRUE? DOUBLE HOMOCIDE? STOLEN DRUGS? STORMING A WHOREHOUSE?

COOPER

Gordon, it's a bunch of hogwash

COLE

AND I HAVE TO TELL YOU THE DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENCY'S STARTING TO
(more)

(CONTINUED)

3. CONTINUED:(3)

COLE (continued)
NOSE AROUND. THEY'RE SENDING DOWN A
TOP DOG TO INVESTIGATE THE DRUG
ANGLE.

COOPER
Who is it? ... WHO'S THE AGENT?

COLE
DENNIS BRYSON.

COOPER
(primarily to Truman)
He's a good man, Harry. No nonsense.

Under which, HAWK enters.

HAWK
Cooper, they're ready for you in the hearing.

COOPER
That's it, Gordon. TIME TO FACE THE MUSIC.

COLE
DON'T LET'EM RATTLE YOU, COOP. THESE
GUYS MAKE A LIVING LOOKING THROUGH
OTHER PEOPLE'S DRAWERS. WE'VE ALL HAD
OUR SOCKS TOSSED AROUND. CATCH YOU
LATER.

Cole hangs up without fan fare. Cooper returns the receiver. Exchanges a look with Truman.
Wish me luck. CUT TO:

4. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Sitting at the conference table is ROGER HARDY. On each side of him are TWO MEN in slate suits, with eyes as even as colored water. Before Hardy is an open folder, Cooper's badge, I.D. and gun. Cooper enters, closes the door and sits down. On the table between him and these three men sit three dark blue fedora hats.

COOPER
Roger.

HARDY
Dale.

A beat. The two underlings sit as still as bookends.

HARDY (CONT'D)
Showtime, Agent Cooper. You've heard the charges.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

4. CONTINUED:

HARDY (CONT'D)

What do you wish to present in your defense?

COOPER

I have no defense.

The two operatives look over at Hardy, who stares inquisitively at Cooper. The man on Hardy's left, whose job it is to record testimony, tentatively takes down this response.

COOPER (CONT'D)

I'm completely confident in the rightness of my actions. Some of it went down outside bureau stipulations, yes, I accept that and I'll pay the price. But I'm innocent of any criminal wrong doing. If they wish to charge me I'll defend myself in a court of law.

HARDY

(to the man on his left)

Close the book.

(he does so; Hardy to Cooper)

Dale, there's a right way and a wrong way to do this. And the first thing we expect a bureau man to do is stand up for himself. A man who can't, who doesn't even try, may be packing feathers where his spine's supposed to be.

COOPER

Roger, I know the move I'm supposed to make. And I know the board.

HARDY

(palms turned upward)

So ...

COOPER

I've done a lot of thinking. And I've started to focus out beyond the end of the board. On a bigger game.

HARDY

(losing patience)

What 'game'?

COOPER

The sound wind makes through the pines. The sentience of animals. The last thought of a homeless man before he takes a night's sleep. What we fear in the dark. And what's beyond the dark.

HARDY

What the hell are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

4. CONTINUED:(2)

COOPER

I'm talking about seeing beyond fear, Roger. About looking at the world with love.

HARDY

Cooper, you're liable to be extradited for murder and drug trafficking -

COOPER

That's something I can't control -

HARDY

(hard stare)

Your suspension will continue in force. The next moves are the Canadian government's and a DEA investigation, which begins today.

(a slight softening)

You've cracked a big case. You've been under a lot of pressure. I may recommend a full psychological work-up.

COOPER

(rises, pleasantly)

Thank you for your candor, Roger. So long fellas.

Cooper stands, looks over at his gun, badge and I.D. card, and starts away. ANGLE ON those objects, still sitting on the table, as we HEAR the door shut.

CUT TO:

5. EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Establish.

6. OMITTED

7. INT. WEIGHT ROOM

Now changed into his wrestling sweats, Mike joins other TEAM MEMBERS gathered around the weight machines, exchanging a few perfunctory greetings before going over to a seat at the leg press machine. Hyperventilating in preparation, he looks up at his buddies, who are looking back at him with curiously broad adolescent grins.

His sudden premonition of dread is answered by the bluejeaned figure dropping down into the neighboring machine seat; she sets the weight before allowing herself to peek over.

NADINE

Hi, Mike.

(CONTINUED)

7. CONTINUED:

Mike turns his head in dismay. He is both supremely irritated by, and unequipped to deal with, this bizarre new shadow in his life. The guys are choking back amusement.

MIKE

Hello.

NADINE

(on a roll)

How are you?

MIKE

Just great. Listen, is there something you want?

NADINE

Now, Mike ... aren't we being a little forward?

Nonplussed, Mike starts working the leg extensions. It's all Nadine can do to keep her eyes off him. With the half-hearted dissemblance of a schoolgirl, she also starts doing leg presses; but she is doing them with six hundred pounds of weight.

The guys have stopped kidding. The room is virtually silent but for the lifting and pounding down of weight when the WRESTLING COACH robustly enters.

COACH

Thattaway, Nelson ... I keep telling you guys, it's leg power that wins matches

He then pulls up to a stunned shuffle, seeing the magazine next to Mike's is hoisting double the weight. Being a coach, he is quick to recover.

COACH (CONTINUED)

And what's your name, little lady?

NADINE

(belle of the weight room)

Nadine Butler.

COACH

Tell me, Nadine ...

(big grin)

... ever give any thought to going out for the wrestling team?

ANGLE ON Mike: will there be no escape from this girl?

CUT TO:

8. EXT. ROADSIDE BAR - DAY

Establish. On a barren stretch of the Interstate. A shoebox along the highwayside, with a sunlit neon shingle that reads, "The Broken Bones". Parked in the foreground is an old white Corvette convertible with a weather-worn red interior.

9. INT. ROADSIDE BAR

Dark. Near empty. Clearly a place that lives on night receipts and stray afternoon beers. The BARTENDER steals a glance over at his only customer, an intent, demure BLONDE in a purple silk jacket, mid-twenties. A wistful sadness clings to her like perfume.

JAMES HURLEY enters, takes a seat two down and orders a beer. It arrives. The bartender fades into the background. James takes a long first drink, aware he's being watched.

WOMAN

Hi.

He moves his head a quarter turn, sees her through one eye and looks back into his beer.

JAMES

H'lo.

She kills the rest of a tequila, ice. There's another waiting beside it:

WOMAN

Headed somewhere?

JAMES

I'm sorry?

WOMAN

Is is someplace you're going or running from?

JAMES

You got it all wrong. I'm alright.

WOMAN

Men are always alright. Right up until they pull the trigger.

The bartender snorts his amusement. Her return look pushes him further into the background.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Then the neighbors march solemnly out to the news cameras to tell us, "He was such a nice, quiet guy."

JAMES

I'm only quiet on the outside.

WOMAN

I can almost hear what's inside from here.

He relapses into a characteristic silence; feeling she's been a little harsh on this stranger, her manner softens.

(CONTINUED)

9. CONTINUED:

WOMAN

There was a woman involved.

JAMES

A few of them. Actually.

WOMAN

So you were outnumbered. We don't fight fair.

(ice against glass)

'Live nearby?

JAMES

Twin Peaks.

(meaning her eyes:)

That's a nice jacket.

WOMAN

(dismissingly)

I'm glad you think so. Can you ... do anything with cars?

JAMES

Sure. 'Having problems with that Corvette?

WOMAN

No. While he was away on business, I foolishly took my husband's Dusenburg out on the road. Someone squeezed me on the highway, I ran it into a ditch. It would be a very good idea for me to have the car repaired before my husband, comes home.

JAMES

I could take a look.

(sips for courage)

My name's James.

WOMAN

Evelyn. Evelyn Marsh.

(sips for pleasure)

I live just up the road.

In the silence, he hears her legs crossing under the bar.

JAMES

We in a hurry?

(she smiles, shakes her head)

Mind if I play the box first?

9. CONTINUED:(2)

EVELYN
(slides him down a quarter)
I don't exactly punch a clock, myself.

James slowly steps over to the jukebox. Something about this offer feels like more than it says it is. He puts on a slow, soulful song about a wasted, violet life.

As James stands in the jukebox light looking for his next selection, the CAMERA recedes, leaving them to the music, the dark empty bar, the bartender cleaning glasses.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10. INT. SHERIFF'S STATION RECEPTION - DAY

ANDY BRENNAN is practicing his gun draw, taking aim at a calendar. We hear NOISE from an entryway. Andy turns, lowered gun still absent-mindedly in hand, to see RICHARD TREMAYNE entering with 'little brother', NICKY, a wide-eyed vulnerable-looking little boy. Both are staring at the gun, which Andy holsters then extends a greeting to rival suitor.

ANDY
Good day, Dick.

TREMAYNE
Hello, Andy. This is Little Nicky, my charge from Happy Helping Hand. Nicky, this is Deputy Andy.

ANDY
How do you do, young fella.

NICKY
Hi.

TREMAYNE
Andrew, old boy, Nicky and I just stopped off at Horne's for a new wardrobe, we're just on our way for a malted and we were hoping Lucy could join us.

ANDY
Oh shoot, Dick, Lucy's up at the Great Northern today helping with the Milford wedding.

TREYMAYNE
Oh God,. that 's right; Dougie's getting married again.

NICKY
Lucy's not here?

TREMAYNE
Yes, unfortunately we'll have to meet Lucy another time.

Nicky realizes his dread: another abandonment. He looks up anxiously.

NICKY
But you, you promised. Where is she?

TREMAYNE
I'm afraid Lucy's very busy right now and doesn't have time for us.

More resonance. The child begins lightly, silently crying. This is too much for Andy.
(CONTINUED)

10. CONTINUED:

ANDY

You know, Dick this is just about my lunch hour ... and if you'd like, Nicky, I'd sure enjoy taking you two guys out for a malted. How would that be?

NICKY

(brightening)

Oh boy!

A look of gratitude, mixed with a little suspicion from Treymayne.

CUT TO:

10A. INT. TRUMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Hawk and Truman enter to find Cooper, pouring coffee from a pitcher on Truman's desk.

COOPER

(pouring himself some coffee)

Harry. Nine years ago I joined the bureau because I felt it was the strongest statement I could make about the man I wanted to become and the world I wanted to live in. And now, suddenly all that's brushed aside. I have absolutely no responsibilities. Nothing to do. And it feels ...

(laser-eyed delight)

... fantastic.

Cooper sips from his cup. Looks up at Truman with a disbelieving stare; then suddenly spits coffee halfway across the room. Truman shakes his head in amusement.

TRUMAN

Temp. Lucy's helping out with the Milford wedding.

COOPER

(putting down the cup)

Sorry about that.

TRUMAN

That's alright. We still need to clean up Hawk's.

HAWK

Drain water.

10A. CONTINUED:

TRUMAN

Coop ... what will you do if you can't clear yourself?

COOPER

Harry, last night, Major Briggs planted a seed in my mind. And it's been germinating. The idea that by focusing on our fears or desires about something, we give them tremendous power. Consider this, Harry: perhaps by our best-intentioned resistance of evil, we somehow unknowingly join hands with it. Perpetuate it.

(he has lost the sheriff)

And now, being suspended, I'm suddenly empowered to let go of my preoccupation with wrongdoing. I feel like I've been exiled back to the natural rhythms of life.

TRUMAN

Well, if you ever come to feel you need a home base, there'll always be a job for you here in Twin Peaks.

COOPER

(with emphatic gratitude)

Harry, in a world of continuing disorder, you are a rock. Oh, Mrs. Briggs called. The notes beside Major Briggs's bed? A rather detailed grocery list and a small endearment. Nothing more.

(his eyes light up)

Hawk, Harry have either of you ever heard of a place called the White Lodge.

TRUMAN

Can't say that I have.

Hawk's initial reply is a look of concern.

HAWK

Where did you hear of it?

COOPER

It was the last thing Major Briggs mentioned before he disappeared. You know of it?

HAWK

(a cautious look at Harry)

Cooper, you may be fearless in this world. But there are other worlds.

COOPER

Tell me more.

(CONTINUED)

10A. CONTINUED:(2)

HAWK

Local legend. The White Lodge is a place where the spirits that rule man and nature here reside.

COOPER

That's a place I'd like to see.

HAWK

Many have tried. They say it exists only on the spiritual plane.

TRUMAN

(sitting; here we go again)

Maybe I'd better pull up a chair.

HAWK

There is also a legend of a place called The Black Lodge: the shadow self of the White Lodge, a place of dark forces that pull on this world. A world of nightmares: shamans reduced to crying children; angry spirits pouring from the woods; graves opening like flowers.

COOPER

Dangerous.

HAWK

The legend says every spirit must pass through there on the path to perfection. There you will meet your own shadow self. My people call it the Dweller on the Threshold. But it is said that if you confront the Black Lodge with imperfect courage, it will utterly annihilate your soul.

COOPER

Holy Smokes.

Just then: an intercom BUZZ. The temp's vaguely confused VOICE is heard:

TEMP'S VOICE

Agent Crewper? Agent Bryson here to see you.

COOPER

(to Hawk and Truman)

Dennis and I worked together in Oakland a couple years back. Broke a smuggling ring. One of the finest minds in the DEA, Harry. We're in good hands.

(CONTINUED)

10A. CONTINUED:(3)

A KNOCK is heard. All turn toward the door.

MAN (O.S.)
Coop?

They look up: leaning fetchingly against the doorframe is a thin MAN in an Ann Taylor suit. Long skirt. Light makeup.

COOPER
... *Dennis?*

MAN IN DRESS
It's a long story, but I prefer Denise if you don't mind.

COOPER
Okay. This is Sheriff Truman. Deputy Hawk.

DENISE
Pleased. Denise Bryson, Drug Enforcement Agency.

Oblivious to the stares, Bryson sits and opens his briefcase. He is clearly business first.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Nice ride out here ... hard to believe you even have any crime, Sheriff, I picture you chasing lost dogs, locking up the town drunk ...

TRUMAN
It's a little more involved.

DENISE
Let's move right through this, Dale. The DEA's interest stems from allegations made by an RCMP officer that you stole drugs being used by him in a sting operation.

COOPER
Patently untrue: Denise, I believe I'm being set up.

DENISE
My recent experience has taught me never to judge too quickly.
(closes briefcase)
I'll get right to work on this and be back to you later today. I understand we're both staying at the Great
(more)

(CONTINUED)

10A. CONTINUED:(4)

DENISE (continued)
Northern. How's the food up there?

COOPER
You're in for a real surprise.

TRUMAN
(aside)
So are they.

DENISE
(stands; to Cooper)
Let's catch up later. I want to tell you all about my new
life.
(borderline flirtatious)
Pleasure to meet you, Sheriff. Deputy.

Denise goes. Cooper, Truman and Hawk. A long beat.

HAWK
That's a good color for him.

CUT TO:

11. INT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

NADINE, in a whirl of adolescent energy, spots DONNA HAYWARD at her locker and hurries over to corner her.

NADINE
Donna, hi ...

DONNA
Hi, Nadine. Have you heard anything from James?

NADINE
You mean Ed's friend, with the motorcycle?

DONNA
Yes.

NADINE
He hasn't come around for a couple of days, listen, I
(more)

(CONTINUED)

11. CONTINUED:

NADINE (CONTINUED)

gotta ask you something, I hope you won't think this is too personal ...

DONNA

What?

NADINE

Are you like, still going out with, you know, Mike or anything?

DONNA

No.

NADINE

(quiet exaltation)

Oh, *yea*.

DONNA

Why?

NADINE

You have to promise to say anything, promise, okay?

(Donna nods)

I think there may be some major chemistry developing ... omi God, there he is.

Mike approaches, Nadine hurries to him, girlishly leans into his path.

NADINE

Hi, Mike. Guess who's thinking about going out for the wrestling team?

Donna looks over at Mike; this can't be true. Wrestling? Mike shrugs back in the affirmative.

NADINE (CONT'D)

I promise to take it easy on you in practice.

Mike, who's had enough, smiles acidly and moves on. Nadine watches hungrily.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Look at those buns. Cowabunga.

DONNA

Nadine ... what about Ed?

(a blank stare)

Aren't you ... still seeing him?

NADINE

Yeah, sorta.

(CONTINUED)

11. CONTINUED:(2)

DONNA

Well ... if you're seeing Ed, how can you, you know, start seeing Mike?

NADINE

(shrugs)

Ed's at home. Mike's at school. Ed stays in. Mike likes to go out. And let's be realistic. Sometimes Ed acts like he's old enough to be my father. Catch you later.

That one loses Donna completely. Nadine scampers off.

CUT TO:

12. INT. TRUMAN'S CABIN - AFTERNOON

JOSIE'S sitting up in bed, finishing her lunch. Truman sits at her bedside.

TRUMAN

All right. It's time you tell me where you've been and what you've been through. I have to know the truth. I can't go on doing this, being with you unless I know.

JOSIE

(stroking his face)

Harry ...

He takes her hand gently but firmly away from his face.

TRUMAN

The truth.

JOSIE

(pause, completely different tone)

I used to work for a man in Hong Kong. His name is Thomas Eckhardt. He ... helped me. He took me off the streets when I was sixteen. If you're from a poor family, sometimes they ... sell the female children. I was lucky.

Truman struggles to keep his emotional resolve.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

He taught me about life and he taught me about business. He was my father. My master. My lover. I never questioned him or anything he did. Then a day came when I learned too much. He had a man killed, a business partner who had wronged him. Murdered. I saw it done.

TRUMAN

Did you go to the police?

(CONTINUED)

12. CONTINUED:

JOSIE

He owns the police. When I met Andrew Packard I was already afraid for my life. Andrew was also a business partner. He was good and kind, and when he asked me to marry him, I said yes, to come with him, and to get away from Eckhardt.

TRUMAN

Who was this Mr. Lee? Your "cousin?"

JOSIE

Harry, I'm sorry. I was trying to keep you out of this. The less you know the better -

TRUMAN

Who *was* he?

JOSIE

That man works for Eckhardt. And he said if I didn't go back with him he would kill you.

TRUMAN

Why?

JOSIE

Because Eckhardt wants me. He's never stopped wanting me. He think I'm his property. When Andrew was alive he could protect me. I now believe Eckhardt is the man responsible for Andrew's death.

(pauses, makes sure Truman's buying - he is)
Jonathan was driving me to the airport in Seattle. I jumped out of the car. I'd rather die. I'd rather die than go back to that monster ...

TRUMAN

Josie, stop. You're here with me.

JOSIE

(tearing up)
Now he'll kill both of us.

Truman takes her in his arms. Quiet. Determined.

TRUMAN

Let him try.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

13. INT. DOUBLE R DINER - DAY

Andy, Tremayne, and Little Nicky sit together at the counter. Nicky seated angelically, between them. Norma enters, pours a refill, spots a new customer seated nearby. Roger Hardy looks up from his newspaper.

NORMA

May I help you?

HARDY

(business-like as usual)

I'd like a cup of coffee, please. And some of that pie I keep hearing about.

NORMA

(friendly)

Coming up. You won't be disappointed.

Norma turns to go. But familiar voices catch her attention. HANK and ERNIE enter, singing a hunting song, spirited and sleepless from the expedition. Ernie looks far the more worn; he as clearly had his clock cleaned by a thorough professional.

HANK

Hello, sunshine. Can we get some coffee?

Hank drifts toward the back, Ernie drops onto a counter seat, where Norma immediately draws him some coffee. Ernie trombones into a handkerchief.

NORMA

How was the hunting expedition? Catch anything?

HANK

(sotto voce)

Hope not.

ERNIE

Catch anything? I came across a twelve-point buck standing by a deepwater stream; looked me right in the eye, wouldn't budge. Almost like he was toying with me. I made a soft approach, lined him up dead center and...

("shoots")

A steady eye. A steady hand. That's the secret.

She hands him his coffee, smelling more bourbon on him than bush. Knows he's lying.

(CONTINUED)

13. CONTINUED:

NORMA

You should have taken along a camera. Is it being mounted?

ERNIE

Ah ... yes, probably as we speak. It was great. Just great.
(uncomfortably caught in the lie, stands)
Well, I'm going back to check in on your momma.

NORMA

She went back to Seattle.

ERNIE

Seattle?

NORMA

(genuine concern)
That's where you should go, too.

(CONTINUED)

13. CONTINUED:

Hank returns from the back. Ernie pulls away from Norma.

NORMA (CONTINUED)

Take care, Ernie.

HANK

Hey, buddy, what's with the long puss.

ERNIE

Vivian's gone back to Seattle.

HANK

Better for you, buckeroo. You've got four kilos to unload, you don't want the ball and chain getting in the way, do you?

ERNIE

I suppose not.

HANK

Better hit the phones, Hot Rod. We're on a deadline.

Ernie starts unenthusiastically toward the pay phone; Hank heads back to the kitchen. PICK UP Norma as she delivers their orders to little Nicky, Andy and Treymayne.

NORMA

Two coffees, two pieces of three-berry pie ...

NICKY

How much does that cost?

TREMAYNE

(taking it and passing it to Nicky)

I'm sure I don't know. And one super snow-frosted Twin Peaks DoubleR chocolate malted.

ANDY

(to Nicky, engagingly)

Looks just like White Tail Mountain, doesn't it Nicky?

With a sudden burst from his little lungs, Nicky blows fiercely at the cream, causing it to fly up into Andy's face. Tremayne laughs like a hyena. Andy fumbles for some napkins.

NICKY

Sorry, Uncle Andy.

Andy smiles. Uncle. Who could not love this kid?

TREMAYNE

Now *you* look like White Tail Mountain, Andrew.
Looks like you got a little on you too, Nicholas. We
(more)

(CONTINUED)

13. CONTINUED:(2)

TREMAYNE (CONTINUED)
don't want to filthy up that stylish little shirt.

Tremayne reaches across Nicky to the napkin dispenser. Nicky begins rolling the base of his malted along its circumference, like a tiring spun coin, then accidentally lets it drop forward, spilling his malted all over the extended left arm of Tremayne's natty, expensive sport coat.

TREMAYNE (CONTINUED)
Damn it! Damn it!

Nicky immediately begins to cry.

TREYMAINE (CONTINUED)
(recovering)
That's okay. It's fine, Nicky. It's completely all right.

Tremayne reaches over the counter for some more serious cleanup materials. Andy leans away from the chocolate spreading over the counter to lunge for some napkins. Little Nicky, with slightly unexpected strength gives Andy's stool a mighty spin. Still facing away from them as he cleans himself off, Andy lowers himself back onto the edge of his seat, hits the spinning stool and flies directly to the floor. Norma and Tremayne look up from their mopwork.

CLOSE ON Nicky, his cherubic face still streaked with whipped cream, the slight upward curve of his lips suggesting a tiny, unsettling smile.

CUT TO:

15. EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE

Establish. An expansive house backing into a forest.

CUT TO:

16. INT. OPEN GARAGE - DAY

James and Evelyn stand beside her husband's Dusenberg up on blocks.

EVELYN
I got a garage man to come out yesterday. Not that I understood a single word he said. Something vague about the front axle? He said he'll have to order it from God knows where.

JAMES
(looking under the car)
Germany. Your garage man's playing it safe. I can put this right. God, it's really beautiful.

She comes around closer, half-curious.

EVELYN
Jeffrey loves this car. My husband. Loves the car.

(CONTINUED)

16. CONTINUED:

JAMES

Where is your husband, Mrs. Marsh?

EVELYN

I'm not sure this week. He travels extensively. Business.

(her palm flows along the hood)

The car was built in 1923. Jeffrey has to have the most unique and beautiful toys. And they have to be perfect. He's that way about everything he owns.

(beat)

I could have learned something from that; if I'd been paying attention.

(he looks at her, feeling the undercurrent)

Are you that way, James? ... About your bike?

JAMES

Guess I'm not so interested in how my bike looks as I am in where it can take me.

EVELYN

Where do you want to go?

JAMES

(grins)

It's not a place. It's a feeling.

(coming up from the car, looking out at the road)

Sometimes riding at night, I punch off my headlight, turn up the throttle and just go for it.

EVELYN

(smolders a little then)

So ... think you can fix it?

JAMES

Sure.

EVELYN

There's a room above the garage. You can stay there while you work. If you like. Room and board. Whatever else you think is fair. I really do need to have it done before Jeffrey returns.

(beat, softly, not coy)

I'd like you to stay, James. I'd enjoy the company.

JAMES

Okay.

EVELYN

Good. It's settled then. I'll leave you to it.

(CONTINUED)

16. CONTINUED:(2)

James glances at her, feeling this fresh allure. She turns and starts away. James wonders a little at her tone, and what he might be getting himself into.

CUT TO:

17. INT. BEN HORNE'S OFFICE - DAY

START CLOSE on a projector screen surrounded by darkness. Flickering before us is silent footage of Ben as a young boy, eagerly witnessing a groundbreaking ceremony. Images of young Ben, Jerry, their bearded FATHER, dance across the screen. Horne Sr. shoves a spade into the ground, unearths the ceremonial soil. All clap and celebrate. Smiles abound. In a background a large sign proclaims: FUTURE SITE OF THE GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL. It's a sentimental journey back to a simpler time and place.

PULL BACK from the screen into the darkened office, shades drawn, to Ben, seated in the screen's reflected light watching his old glory days, sipping from a crystal glass, a nearly empty bourbon bottle beside him, cigar smoke snaking up through the projector's beam. Then, quietly at first, eyes fixed upon the screen ... Ben recites:

BEN

"Now is the winter of our discontent/ Made glorious
summer by this sun of York; And in all the clouds that
lour'd upon our house/ In the deep bosom of the ocean
buried./ Now are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths; Our bruised arms hung up for monuments; Our
stern alarms changed to merry meetings; Our dreadful
marches to delightful measures."

A door opens. The silhouette in the doorway causes Ben to immediately douse the projector and turn on his desk lamp. On the desk are a box of kleenex and several silver gravity toys. Hank enters.

HANK

A stag party. And I wasn't even invited.

BEN

Hank, where have you been?

HANK

Ben, I have had an absolutely killer schedule.

BEN

Do you know what kind of hell I've been through the last few days? You said you took care of Catherine in the mill fire: she's alive. And as you might imagine, not happy about it. Through extortion and trickery, she's now managed to cheat me out of both Ghostwood *and* the mill. And then there's the small matter of my being arrested for killing Laura Palmer, a real business-enhancer, on top of which my trusted solicitor, the late Leland Palmer turns out to a homicidal lunatic!

(CONTINUED)

17. CONTINUED:

Ben's eye is drawn to Laura's picture on his desk. He grows somber.

HANK
Tough week, Ben.

BEN
(a new obsession)
Do you think the furniture in this room is arranged adequately? I've been toying with the notion that if one could find the proper spatial relationship between all the objects in a given space, it could create a resonance the benefits of which to the individual dwelling in that space could be extensive and far reaching. Help me move this desk, would you?

Ben asks for a hand with the desk.

HANK
That's fascinating, Ben, really, listen, though, what we have to do now is talk about One-Eyed Jacks.

BEN
Jacks, yes, One-Eyed Jacks, uh-huh.

HANK
Here's how it is, Ben. Ben, you're out.

BEN
Excuse me? I *own* One-Eyed Jack's.

HANK
There's been a friendly takeover.

BEN
You walk in here under my employ and have the gall -

HANK
Oh, that's another thing. I don't work for you anymore.

BEN
(controlling his rage)
Renault. Jean Renault. It's Renault, isn't it?
(no reply, but Ben knows)
Hank, that man is a psychopath. A psychopath! You're dancing with the devil!

HANK
Ben, you're a nut.

(CONTINUED)

17. CONTINUED:(2)

BEN

You think I'm going to sit here and take this lying down?

HANK

Ben. Life is change Listen to me when I tell you this is how it's going to be -

BEN

Don't patronize me, you goon.

Hank steps forward and gives Ben a long look. A Hank special. The room's power shifts.

HANK

Look at you. You're a mess. You screwed up, boss man. You're out, Ben.

Hank exits. Ben glares at the door, then glances over at the burbon bottle. The blank projector screen, the hum of the projector. He pours himself a drink, slouches back in the chair, bathed in the light of the projector. A beat. Ben manages a bizarre smile and makes shadow puppets on the wall. Little dancing rabbits for his own amusement

CUT TO:

18. INT. GREAT NORTHERN LOBBY - DAY

Wedding preparations are in evidence. A bad ACCORDIAN PLAYER is warming up in background. Cooper enters, makes his way to the front desk to collect his mail.

CUT TO:

18A. INT. COOPER'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Cooper enters his hotel room, notices a larger envelope among the others. He opens it. Inside is a micro-cassette and a card that reads: P to Q4

COOPER

(to himself, alarmed)

Windom Earle.

Cooper quickly takes out his recorder. He pops the tape in and hits play and listens with growing horror ...

(CONTINUED)

18A. CONTINUED:

WINDOM EARLE'S VOICE

(think of Orson Welles)

Of course you couldn't help but take note of my emphatically traditional opening. I must say your responding move was nothing if not reflective of your predilection for the tidy and fastidious. See how my response to you begins to lead us towards a classical confrontation? But there's doubt in your mind: what are my true intentions? How *will* you answer this time? Hobgoblins, Dale; consistency, predictability, giving rise to patterns. We both know only too well how these patterns leave you vulnerable to attack. You with your wounds. I with mine. Let me paint you a picture. My knights will skirmish. Lanes of power and influence will open to my bishops and rooks. Pawns will naturally be forfeit. I'm even prepared to sacrifice my queen because I assure you, dear Dale, my goal will be attained at any cost. The king must die.

The tape ends. Cooper grows pale.

FADE TO BLACK:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

19. INT. GREAT NORTHERN DINING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Before the fireplace, the wedding ceremony of DOUGIE and LANA BUDDING is in progress. Steady and easy, Dougie stands in a herringbone sports jacket and evergreen slacks. Lana, her full body alight with flows of white and pink chiffon, looks something like an exploding birthday cake.

The REVEREND performs the ceremony with a respectful air, seemingly dissembling his own skepticism. The best man is PETE MARTELL; the maid of honor AUDREY HORNE. Beyond them is a half-moon gallery seated in Great Northern dining chairs, with no separation based on family (hers is not there). Some of those seated are Truman, Andy, Hawk, LOG LADY, and a disgusted DWAYNE MILFORD, patting the hand of an older, blue-haired WOMAN. Her stone-face suggests she is less than thrilled with the ongoing nuptials.

REVEREND

Do you, Douglas Milford, take this woman to be your wife, to love and cherish, for as long as you both shall live.

DOUGIE

You bet, Reverend.

REVEREND

And do you, Lana Budding, take this man to be your husband, to love honor and obey, so long as you both shall live?

LANA

I do, your Honor.

REVEREND

If there be anyone here who knows not why this union should be made, let him speak now or forever hold his -

DWAYNE

(leaping to his feet)

You're damned straight I object - that little golddigger's after his money, his publishing empire, and God knows what else - look at him, he's already got one foot in the grave!

Truman and Hawk quickly hustle Dwayne off into the background.

TRUMAN

Okay, easy there, Mr. Mayor.

(CONTINUED)

19. CONTINUED:

DWAYNE

(yelling as he exits)

Why isn't anybody from *her* family here? Any of you asked yourselves *that*? Kind of peculiar, don't you think?

Pause. Dougie quietly comforts Lana.

DOUGIE

Don't give it another thought, doll.

REVEREND

So if there are no further objections ...

CUT TO:

20. INT. COOPER'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Cooper stands at his window, tape machine in hand.

COOPER

Diane, I am standing at the window of my room at the Great Northern, looking down at the wedding of Dougie Milford and his youthful bride. The ceremony appears quite simple; the groom, commencing his fifth marriage, has apparently honed the procedure down to the bone. The reception will be starting shortly and a good deal of alcohol will undoubtedly be consumed in order to accomodate our culturally prevelant rally discomfort with mystery and ritual.

(turns from window, sets down recorder, begins to dress, speaks while peering in mirror)

Diane, I anticipate your question. I am not down among the revelers because my mind is burdened with questions: what's become of Major Briggs? What is the true significance of the White and Black Lodge? Has the Major, clearly a man of no small spiritual advancement, perhaps been attempting to make contact with some element of these places in his top-secret work? Briggs is a man of clear eye and deep thought; he sees right through the illusory texture of this world and fluently reads beneath it. You might meet a handful like him in a lifetime. But if what Hawk has related to me about the Black Lodge is true, even a man of Briggs' considerable fortitude would be tested to his ultimate limits.

(sits down on the bed)

In an even darker corner of my thoughts is my old partner, Windom Earle, the man who, prior to his utter mental and emotional collapse, burned with a brilliance I doubt I will ever see the equal of. Add to that the things I've witnessed here at Twin Peaks: the tremendous evil forces that linger on the periphery of this genuine, spirited little town. The darkness Laura Palmer submitted to. The

(more)

(CONTINUED)

20. CONTINUED:

COOPER (continued)

vortex that swallowed and consumed Leland Palmer ...
Diane, as a human being learns and matures, one's
experiences grow proportionately more rich and
mysterious. Perhaps the questions I now seek answers to
lie beyond the old parameters. Beyond my life at the
bureau.

The phone rings. He clicks off. Picks up.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Cooper ... yes, Denise ... I'll be right down.

He hangs up, stands to put his coat on, clicks on the recorder one more time.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Diane, when I've got a bit more time, remind me to tell
you about Agent Bryson ...

DISSOLVE TO:

21. INT. GREAT NORTHERN BAR WEDDING RECEPTION - NIGHT

A mix of local townspeople and Dougie's friends. Cooper works his way through to find
Dennis/Denise waiting at the bar.

DENISE

Bad news first. I found cocaine residue in your car. My
guess is it's going to be a match to lot stolen from the
Mountie.

COOPER

Dennis, this can't look straight to you.

DENISE

Denise.

COOPER

Sorry.

DENISE

Sure it looks like a frame, Coop. But I'm going to need
more than your opinion to make that stick.

COOPER

Can you help me?

DENISE

(sips demurely)

That gets into a delicate area. But on the other hand I'm
trying very hard lately to be more in touch with my
(more)

(CONTINUED)

21. CONTINUED:

DENISE (CONTINUED)

feelings ...

(to the bartender)

Could I have another daquiri please?

COOPER

Dennis, if you don't mind my asking, what the hell happened to you?

DENISE

Not at all. It's good to talk about it. It's simple, really. Last year I was working undercover on a suburban surveillance, some Bolivians were moving coke out of a house across the street ... the seller had a few kinks, his rep was he'd only sell to transvestites. So my partner and I shacked up. I played the buyer and I found that wearing women's clothes ... relaxed me. I continued wearing them into the night. My partner thought it was my consummate professionalism. It was a very confusing two weeks.

COOPER

To say the least.

DENISE

So one thing led to another and I'm currently into a specialized kind of program called Gender Relocation Inhibition Therapy, or G.R.I.T. Part of my treatment is to dress the part for six months prior to any further therapy; hormones, electrolysis -

COOPER

(more than he wanted to hear)

This is all a pretty astounding disclosure, Denise.

DENISE

Imagine how surprised I was. This isn't something you exactly plan on.

A happy commotion from the reception across the room.

CUT TO:

22. PETE MARTELL AND DWAYNE MILFORD

Seated a small table along the way, Pete and Dwayne sit over a couple drinks, watching Dougie cuddle with his bride over the cutting of the wedding cake.

DWAYNE

She started by taking one of Dougie's college classes. Ethics in Modern Journalism. Two things I guarantee you that little bird knows nothing about. Three weeks later
(more)

(CONTINUED)

22. CONTINUED:

DWAYNE (CONTINUED)

she's landed a job writing for the Gazette. Dougie's always been a sucker. A woman walks by with play in her eyes and jello in her walk, and he's a trout on a hook.

PETE

We all kinda' live in that glass house, don't you think, Dwayne?

DWAYNE

I was married to the same woman for half a century, god rest her soul. That's because I think with my brain, not my garden hose -

PETE

(trying to be positive)
Music turned out pretty good.

DWAYNE

Oughta' be a death march.

Across the room, Lana holds the ceremonial bouquet before a host of eager women. She flings it up into a looping flight, from where it's suddenly snatched by an agile Denise. There's some surly mumbling amongst the other girls about the bouquet-snagging by this ringer. Denise sashays back to the bar, where Truman has now joined Cooper.

DENISE

Unfair advantage. How many of those girls were Varsity wide receivers?

TRUMAN

Hope those two go up to the honeymoon suite soon. We've had to separate Dwayne and Dougie twice. Happens every wedding. My theory is Dwayne's jealous.

The ensemble music kicks up again. Denise looks a little wistful. Lana and Dougie swing by in greeting.

DOUGIE

Sheriff, arrest this woman. She's too beautiful to be living in this state.

LANA

Dougie, you say the sweetest things...
(a glance at Cooper)
Aren't you the FBI man?

COOPER

Not currently, no.

(CONTINUED)

22. CONTINUED:(2)

Truman and Bryson's respectful silence.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Dale Cooper.

LANA

You solved the Laura Palmer case.

DOUGIE

Come on, my darling, they're playing our tune.

They move off. Coming up on the periphery of this circle is Audrey Horne, approaching Cooper, who pivots slightly on his barstool, folding them into a semi-private exchange.

AUDREY

Excuse me. Didn't you ... rescue me once?

COOPER

That's one version of the story.

AUDREY

One last dance?

Cooper accompanies her off to the dance floor. Denise sways slightly. It is now just he and Truman. And Andy, hovering nearby.

DENISE

I love this music.

(waits for a response)

God ... I feel a little awkward. I .. would you ...

Truman's eyes widen with understanding. It's a waltz. Not that it really matters what it is.

TRUMAN

I'm not ... much of a dancer.

An awkward pause.

ANDY

(gallantly inserting himself)

May I have this dance?

DENISE

Thank you.

Denise takes Andy's arm, as they move over toward the floor.

TRUMAN

(to himself)

He's a nice guy but everybody's got their limits.

CUT TO:

22. DANCE FLOOR

Pete and Lana dancing, with a surprising compatibility.

PETE

You dance like a scream.

LANA

Thanks. You move very smoothly, too.

PETE

Thanks.

Lana looks at him with bubbly respect. MOVE OFF to Cooper dancing with Audrey.

AUDREY

I heard you might be in trouble.

COOPER

Trouble in this instance, Audrey, may be a door to a new way of looking at the world.

AUDREY

I guess you could say that about everything you do.

COOPER

That's my hope, Audrey and my aspiration.

AUDREY

Well, if you ever decide to come down off the mountain top and mingle with us regular folks, I'd like to hear some of your stories.

COOPER

It's a deal. I hope they're interesting ones.

She smiles. He returns it. MOVE OFF them to Andy and Denise; Denise is an excellent dancer. And, surprise ... so is Andy. HOLD ON them for a beat. Something absurd and sweet in Harry's gentlemanly acceptance. Couples now swirl about CAMERA, in a celebratory rhythm ...

DISSOLVE TO:

23. INT. BLUE PINE LODGE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a framed photograph on the table: it is a closeup of Andrew Packard. SHOT OPENS to show Josie Packard enter this living room and take a seat. CATHERINE MARTELL sits assuredly across from her behind the desk.

JOSIE

Thank you for seeing me.

(CONTINUED)

23. CONTINUED:

Catherine says nothing; her eyes give a quick glimmer of amusement.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Believe it or not, I came here to help you.

(Catherine's exhale of disbelief)

I won't waste your time. Your brother, my husband,
Andrew Packard ...

(a respectful glance over at the photograph)

... was killed by a man named Thomas Eckhardt.

Catherine's face retains its emotionless appearance.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Eight years ago, Andrew got the better of Eckhardt in a business deal. Eckhardt never forgets a slight. He sets an hour aside every day to think about how he will ruin his enemies. In this case, I was his answer. He introduced me to Andrew. I was to make Andrew fall in love with me, marry him and eventually help Eckhardt kill him.

Josie pauses, awaiting Catherine's response. She looks back in quiet arrogance.

CATHERINE

Dear, your slip is showing.

JOSIE

Excuse me?

CATHERINE

(being clearer)

Tell me something I don't already know.

A beat. Josie hides her dismay.

JOSIE

Eckhardt is the most evil man I've ever known. His design was to ruin the Packard family, not just Andrew. I've escaped him for the moment, but he'll come back for me. And for you. That is why I'm here.

CATHERINE

How endearing.

JOSIE

Catherine, you're in terrible danger.

CATHERINE

You help kill my brother, try to cheat me out of my land, my family's lifeblood, utterly destroy my existence and now you want to save me.

(CONTINUED)

23. CONTINUED:(2)

JOSIE

I had to do those things to stay alive. There is no one else I can turn to. My insurance payment has been held up pending an arson investigation. Ben gave me a five million dollar check that is utterly worthless.

CATHERINE

(she knows all about it)

How unfortunate ...

JOSIE

(her final plea)

I have no money. I am at your mercy.

Having tired of this entertainment, Catherine moves a pawn forward.

CATHERINE

Enough. Save your tears. Be practical: what do you propose we do?

JOSIE

I don't know ...

Catherine's thoughtful moment. Josie watches her.

CATHERINE

Then I'll tell you. From now on, you work for me. Here at the house. As a maid. You'll move your things to the servant's quarters. If you disobey me, if you lie to me, if you contradict a single thing I tell you, I'll find this Eckhardt myself and feed you to him by hand. Is that clear?

Josie is shocked. Chastened.

CATHERINE (CONTINUED)

Speak.

JOSIE

Yes I understand.

CATHERINE

Fine. We'll talk about this Eckhardt and what we plan to do another time. You may go to your room.

JOSIE

Yes. Thank you.

CATHERINE

I'll take breakfast at seven in my room. Coffee, juice,
(more)

(CONTINUED)

23. CONTINUED:(3)

CATHERINE
(continued)
dry toast, oatmeal.

JOSIE
(even quieter)
Yes.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Sweet dreams.

Josie goes. ANGLE back onto the table's photograph of Andrew. A NOISE from inside the house. Someone entering this room.

SHOT OPENS to reveal a MAN standing beside the table. *It is the man in the photograph.*
ANDREW PACKARD.

CATHERINE
(with a satisfied smirk)
Happy, Andrew?

ANDREW
(with a nod)
Everything is going exactly as we planned.

CATHERINE
And now ... ?

ANDREW
And now, dear sister. We wait for Thomas Eckhardt to
come looking for his one true love. And when he does ...

CATHERINE
(conspiratorial)
... We'll be waiting for him.

HOLD ON Packard for a beat. His confident assent.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END