

TWIN PEAKS

#1.003

by

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FIRST DRAFT: September 26, 1989

REVISIONS: October 3, 1989

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL - DAY

Morning breaks over the stately hotel.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT NORTHERN DINING ROOM - DAY

DALE COOPER, at the corner table, takes a sip of coffee and orders breakfast from waitress TRUDY.

COOPER

Shortstack of griddlecakes, maple syrup, lightly heated and a slice of ham. Nothing beats the taste of maple syrup when it collides with ham.

TRUDY

Griddlecakes, side a' ham. Warmup?

Cooper nods appreciatively. Trudy refills his cup, exits. Cooper takes a sip, nearly hums with approval. Then looks up to find AUDREY HORNE standing before him. Audrey smiles, beautiful, rubs a little sleep out of her eyes.

AUDREY

Good morning, Colonel Cooper.

COOPER

Just Agent, Audrey. Special Agent.

AUDREY

(caressing the words)
Special Agent.

COOPER

Please. Sit down.

AUDREY

(unsure)
I'm in a hurry.

COOPER

For what?

She doesn't know what to say or do. So she offers a nervous shrug instead.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Audrey, that perfume you're wearing
is incredible.

AUDREY
Do you really think so?

Cooper takes a pen from his pocket, hands it to her with a
napkin.

COOPER
Write your name down for me.

AUDREY
(eager)
Okay.

She takes the pen and writes carefully, hands it back to
Cooper. He looks at it.

COOPER
Audrey, there's something you'd
like to tell me.

AUDREY
(blushing)
There is?

Beat. All she wants is to be close to him. Cooper produces a
note from his pocket.

COOPER
You slipped this under my door
night before last.

AUDREY
I did?

Cooper nods. Audrey comes clean.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
I wanted to help you. For Laura.

COOPER
Were you and Laura friends?

AUDREY
(simply)
No.
(beat)
But I understand her. Better than
the rest.

COOPER
What is "One-Eyed Jack's?"

AUDREY
It's a place up north. Men go there.

COOPER
What about women?

AUDREY
(blushing again)
Women work there.

COOPER
Did Laura work there?

AUDREY
I don't know. Laura worked at my father's department store.

COOPER
"Horne's?"

AUDREY
He named it after himself.

COOPER
(on to something)
Where at Horne's department store?

AUDREY
(she thinks)
At the perfume counter.

COOPER
(making the connection)
So did Ronette Pulaski.

AUDREY
(it must mean something)
Really?

Cooper looks up, sees SHERIFF TRUMAN and LUCY MORAN coming towards him from the far end of the dining room. Cooper looks at Audrey's writing.

COOPER
The right-ward slant in your handwriting indicates a romantic nature, Audrey. A heart that yearns. Be careful.

AUDREY
 (a whisper)
 I do?

COOPER
 I'm going to have to ask you to
 leave now.

AUDREY
 (sees the Sheriff,
 flustered)
 Police business.

Cooper nods, winks. Audrey blushes, rises.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
 Thank you for talking to me.

She leaves as Truman and Lucy reach the table, eager to hear Cooper's news: the identity of Laura's killer. The Waitress arrives with Cooper's breakfast.

COOPER
 Two more coffees please.
 (re: Audrey as she exits)
 Pretty girl.
 (back to Truman and Lucy)
 Hungry? The griddlecakes are
 outstanding.

TRUMAN
 (sits; hushed, urgent)
 Who killed Laura Palmer?

Truman and Lucy lean in, the suspense is killing them. Trudy pours coffee for them, as Cooper takes a bite of griddlecake, then, finally:

COOPER
 Let me tell you about the dream I
 had last night.

Truman nods at Lucy. She whips out a steno, pad and pencil.

TRUMAN
 Tibet?

COOPER
 No. You were there, Harry. And so
 were you, Lucy. Do you have a
 sketch artist?

TRUMAN

Andy sketches from time to time.

COOPER

Interesting. I dreamed it was Deputy Hawk. Find out if Sarah Palmer has had any disturbing dreams. If she has, there may be important clues in her dreams as well.

TRUMAN

Clues.

COOPER

My dream is a code waiting to be broken. Break the code, solve the crime.

LUCY

(writing, whispering)

Break the code, solve the crime.

COOPER

In my dream, Sarah Palmer saw her daughter's killer crouched at the foot of her bed. Hawk sketched a picture of the killer. I got a phone call from a one-armed man named Mike. The killer's name was Bob.

TRUMAN

Bob and Mike?

COOPER

Different Bob. Different Mike. They lived above a convenience store. Mike couldn't stand the killing any longer so he cut off his own arm. Bob vowed he would kill again. So Mike shot him.

(takes another bite)

Do you know where dreams come from, Harry?

TRUMAN

Not specifically.

COOPER

(very happy)

Acetylcholine neurons fire high, voltage impulses into the forebrain. The impulses become pictures, the pictures become your dream. But no one knows why we choose these particular pictures.

TRUMAN

Was that the end of your dream?

COOPER

(back to business)

Suddenly it was twenty-five years later. I was old, sitting in a red room. There was a midget in a red suit and a beautiful young woman who looked exactly like Laura Palmer. The little man told me my favorite gum was coming back in style and didn't his cousin look exactly like Laura Palmer?

TRUMAN

Which cousin?

COOPER

The beautiful girl. Sometimes her arms bend back. She's filled with secrets. Where they're from birds sing a pretty song and there's always music in the air. Then the midget did a dance. Laura kissed me on the mouth. And whispered the killer's name in my ear.

TRUMAN

Who was it?

COOPER

I don't remember.

TRUMAN

Damn.

COOPER

Harry, our job is simple: break the code, solve the crime.

Cooper finishes his pancakes.

LUCY
 (still fascinated)
 What does the midget stand for?

COOPER
 Just about everything, Lucy.

Just then: Sheriff Truman's walky-talky shrieks. He answers it.

TRUMAN
 Yeah... Uh-huh... Right away.
 (turns it off)
 That was Andy. There's a fight at the morgue.

COOPER
 (he knows why)
 Albert.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DOUBLE "R" DINER - DAY

Townsfolk finish breakfast, exit from the diner.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DOUBLE "R" DINER - DAY

NORMA JENNINGS and PAROLE OFFICER WILSON MOONEY occupy a booth in the back. Mooney sips coffee, notes Norma's good looks with a roving eye. In mid-conversation:

MOONEY
 ...in short, your husband has been a model prisoner, an inspiration to guard and inmate alike. He greets the day with a smile and confounds adversity with a kind word. He's a credit to his serial number.

Mooney says it with a little come-hither grin. Norma just stares, takes a drag off her cigarette, ignores him. Mooney is forced to continue:

MOONEY (CONT'D)
 Hank's parole hearing is scheduled for Wednesday. Barring unforeseen circumstance, with your full support before the board, he should be released shortly thereafter. Any questions?

NORMA
No.

MOONEY
Comments?

NORMA
(biting her tongue)
No.

MOONEY
I'm sure Hank appreciates your
unwavering devotion.
(to file)
Now, I'll need to check some
information. You and Hank have been
married for...

NORMA
Since high school.

MOONEY
There are no children.

NORMA
I can't have any.

MOONEY
How would you characterize your
current relationship?

NORMA
What do you mean, Mr. Mooney?

MOONEY
Are you planning a divorce, Mrs.
Jennings?

NORMA
Not a divorce, no.

Mooney hears the qualification.

MOONEY
Will you help Hank find the job he
needs to effect a successful
parole?

NORMA
Yes.

MOONEY
How, exactly

NORMA

I own the Double "R", Mr. Mooney.

A beat. Norma can't stand him and Mooney knows it. Still, he presses on:

MOONEY

You're quite a girl, Norma. You must get all kinds of Romeos in here begging for favors. How do you keep them from your door?

It's his last attempt. Norma knocks it out of the ballpark:

NORMA

I usually tell them my homicidally jealous husband is doing three-to-five for manslaughter but expects to become a productive member of society real soon.

MOONEY

(all business)

Well. That should conclude our session for today.

NORMA

Thank you.

MOONEY

No, no. Thank you, Mrs. Jennings-- Too late. Norma's already out of the booth, stepping back to the counter. Mooney picks up his file, watches her leave him.

ANGLE ON COUNTER

A pale and wan SHELLY JOHNSON, newly arrived, sets her purse beneath the cash register.

NORMA

I didn't expect you till after the funeral.

SHELLY

I figured you could use some help.

Norma pauses, looks beneath the register. She can SEE Shelly's purse, slightly open. And she can see a brand new handgun inside it.

NORMA
 (lowers her voice)
 Shelly, what're you doing with a
 gun in your purse?

SHELLY
 Nothin'.

NORMA
 "Nothin'." Nobody does "nothin'"
 with a gun.

SHELLY
 I bought it. It's for protection.
 Peace of mind, anyway. You know,
 what happened to Laura.

NORMA
 You'd be better off hiring a
 lawyer.

SHELLY
 I can't afford one.

NORMA
 Well watch yourself. Understand?

Shelly nods, pouts. Norma cases up a little.

NORMA (CONT'D)
 Careful you don't murder your
 makeup.

Norma grins, slips off toward hungry customers.

CUT TO:

INT. TWIN PEAKS MORGUE - DAY

SUDDENLY we are inside the Twin Peaks morgue in the midst of
 a reeling argument. DOC HAYWARD squares off opposite ALBERT
 ROSENFELD, the impossibly rude pathologist. DEPUTY ANDY
 BRENNAN stands to the side, mute, ineffectual. And BEN HORNE
 physically separates the two men.

A white partition separates the men from the body of Laura
 Palmer.

HAYWARD
 I have never in my life met a man
 with so little regard for human
 frailty. Have you no compassion?!

ALBERT

I've got compassion running out of my nose, pal. I'm the Sultan of Sentiment!

Horne pushes them apart. Hayward and Albert pause, red with fury. Finally:

ALBERT (CONT'D)

"Doctor" Hayward--and I use the term so loosely my gums are flapping--I have traveled thousands of miles, and apparently several centuries to this forgotten sinkhole in order to perform a series of tests. I do not ask you to understand them. I am not a cruel man. I only ask you to get the hell out of my way so I can finish my work!!

HAYWARD

We are here to escort Laura Palmer's body to the cemetery. If you think, for one minute, that we will leave here without her, you are out of--

HORNE

All right all right all right. Dr. Rosenfield. Please. You are not dealing with the unsophisticated here.

Albert rolls his eyes so hard they, nearly spin out of the sockets.

HORNE (CONT'D)

(the high road)

Leland Palmer could not be with us today. I have agreed to appear on his behalf. And I know I speak for all of us, the Palmer family included, when I say that we understand and appreciate the value of your work. But, as their representative, I must insist we consider the feelings of the Palmer family as well.

Deputy Andy clears his throat, figures he might assist:

ANDY

Dr. Rosenferd, we just got to get
Laura's body to the funeral on
time.

Albert glares.

ALBERT

Did you speak?!

Andy wishes he was invisible. Albert turns calmly back to
Horne.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Mr. Horne. I realize that your
position in this fair community
pretty well guarantees venality,
insincerity and a rather irritating
method of expressing yourself.
Stupidity, however, is not a
necessarily inherent trait, so
please listen carefully. You can
have a funeral any old time. Dig
hole, plant coffin. I, however,
cannot perform these tests next
year, next month, next week, or
tomorrow! I must perform them now.
So please, why don't you and the
rest of the Bumpkin Brigade return
to porch rockers and resume
whittling. I've got a lot of
cutting and pasting to do--

HAYWARD

That does it. I'm taking charge of
the body, you won't touch Laura
again from this moment on--

Hayward steps toward the partition, Albert grabs him by the
arm.

ALBERT

Nor so fast, Old-Timer--

They square off, ready to fight again. Horne tries pull them
apart. And, just in time, Agent Cooper and Sheriff Truman
step into the morgue, the fray.

COOPER

Gentlemen.

HAYWARD

Harry, thank God--

ALBERT

Cooper, this mindless old fool is obstructing a criminal investigation. Cuff him.

HAYWARD

He won't release Laura's body for the funeral, he's not human.

ALBERT

Certainly has a way with an insult though.

TRUMAN

Hey that's enough.

ALBERT

Zip it, Squarejaw.
(to Cooper)
I do not suffer fools gladly. Fools with badges, never. I want no contact with this hulking boob--

TRUMAN

I've had about enough of your insults.

Albert steps forward, grabs him by the lapels.

ALBERT

Oh yeah? Well I've had about enough of morons and half-wits, cretins and congenital idiots, dolts, dunces, dullards, and dumbbells. And you, Chowderhead, lummoX with badge and billy club, you, Sheriff Yokel you blithering hayseed, you have had enough of me!??

TRUMAN

(calm as ice)
Yes I have.

Truman levels Albert with a single punch to the jaw. Albert tumbles backward onto his butt. A beat. Albert looks up at Truman, shocked beyond measure. Cooper intervenes in a flash. He turns to Truman, orders:

COOPER

Harry, wait in the car.

Truman starts to speak, sees the steel in Cooper's eyes. He exits without a word.

ALBERT

Oh well. That's nice. How appropriate.

(gets to his feet, yells
after Truman)

The rustic sucker punch. Why not
gunplay? A hail of bullets would be
nice--

COOPER

That's enough. The Sheriff didn't
mean anything.

ALBERT

He hit me.

COOPER

Well. I'm sure he meant to do that.

Albert starts to rail, but Cooper shuts him up with a
gesture.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Albert, I want the girl's body
released to her family now. I want
to see your test results by noon.
Those are orders.

Albert weighs his options, nods assent, marches off. A tense
beat. Ben Horne clears his throat. Doc Hayward turns to
Cooper.

HAYWARD

Thank you, Agent Cooper.

Cooper nods. Hayward, Horne, and Andy follow Albert out of
the room. A beat. Cooper remains, looks at the white
partition. He steps toward it.

ANGLE ON PARTITION

Agent Cooper pauses for a moment. stares quietly at Laura
Palmer's body. HOLD ON Cooper. The sadness in his eyes.

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. LEO JOHNSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Truman and Cooper pull up to the Johnson house, park the cruiser next to Leo's truck rig. They step out of the cruiser. Truman stops, deeply troubled about the morgue altercation.

TRUMAN

I can't believe I decked him. It was out of line, it was unprofessional, it was probably illegal.

COOPER

Harry, there are many ways to handle an insult. But sometimes there's just no substitute for a stiff right hook.

TRUMAN

Tell me I'm not going to get my butt kicked by the Bureau.

COOPER

Albert's been hit before. He will be hit again. You'll get your buttkicked over my dead body.

(takes a deep breath,
enjoys)

Look at that, there's a duck on the lake. Fill me in on Leo Johnson.

TRUMAN

Leo's one of those guys you keep on your list and you keep an eye on, but we've never caught him with his hand in the cookie jar.

They turn a corner and come upon LEO JOHNSON, behind the house, chopping wood. Leo glances at them, continues to chop wood furiously. They advance.

COOPER

Excuse me. Leo Johnson?

LEO

Who the hell are you?

TRUMAN

This is Special Agent Cooper of the
FBI, Leo. He'd like to ask you a
couple questions.

LEO

So?

TRUMAN

So behave.

Leo stops chopping, glares at Truman. But he just returns it.
Leo mutters, resumes chopping.

LEO

So ask.

COOPER

Leo. Is that short for Leonard?

LEO

That's a question?

COOPER

Did you know Laura Palmer?

LEO

No.

COOPER

How well did you know her?

LEO

I said I didn't.

COOPER

You're lying.

LEO

I knew who she was, all right?
Everybody did.

COOPER

Do you have a criminal record, Leo?

LEO

Nothing. You can look it up.

COOPER

(he already did)

A speeding ticket. April, 1986. A
second moving violation, illegal U-
turn. September, 1988--

LEO
I paid my debt to society.

COOPER
(beat)
Where were you the night of Laura
Palmer's murder? Around midnight.

LEO
(pleased with his alibi)
On the road. I called my wife
Shelly about that time. From Butte.

COOPER
She'll confirm that?

LEO
She will if you ask her.

Leo suddenly stops chopping, sticks the axe deep into the wood. He looks at Cooper and Truman, unafraid. Cooper and Truman look at each other.

CUT TO:

"INVITATION TO LOVE" - "NIGHT"

START CLOSE on a television screen, lush MUSIC over a robin's egg blue background, the familiar voice intoning:

ANNOUNCER
...and every hour holds the promise
of an... INVITATION TO LOVE...

FADE UP ON insolent tough guy MONTANA in t-shirt and leather jacket. Luscious EMERALD eyeing him like a cool drink of water. And ineffectual CHET.

EMERALD
So, Montana, did you find that
rainbow you were looking for?

MONTANA
Lots of rainbows. No pot of gold.

CHET
I'm not sure how I'm feeling about
this.

EMERALD

Chet, get Montana a drink. He must be thirsty after a year in the rain forest.

Emerald sashays across the living room, steps lightly into Montana's arms. She offers him a welcome kiss--a little too ardently for Chet's liking.

CHET

How long are you planning to stay,
Montana?

Montana looks up from Emerald's beestung lips.

MONTANA

Long enough to see my ex-wife; how
is Jade, Chet?

Chet shivers. The music swells.

CUT TO:

INT. PALMER HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals a television in the Palmer house. A NURSE turns her eyes from the screen, withdraws a syringe from Leland Palmer's arm. She discards the empty, carefully draws medication into a second syringe, and places it on a tray. Just then: the doorbell RINGS.

STAY WITH Leland as the nurse walks to the front door. Leland watches television.

INTERCUT:

"INVITATION TO LOVE"

JARED, distinguished in smoking jacket and ascot, weeps, finishes a suicide note addressed to Emerald and Jade. He takes a gun into his hands, lifts it slowly. Suddenly: someone knocks at the door, calls to him.

JADE'S VOICE

Daddy! Open up! Daddy it's jade!

Jared pauses, looks at the door, the gun. Music swells.

DURING ABOVE, we HEAR the Palmer's front door open, some muted exchange, two sets of footsteps returning to the living room. Finally:

MADELEINE'S VOICE

Uncle Leland?

Leland looks up, sees the Nurse and MADELEINE FERGUSON standing before him. Madeleine is twenty, quite beautiful, She wear glasses, has jet black hair worn long.

She sets down a suitcase. A closer angle REVEALS that she looks very much like Laura Palmer.

Leland stares at Madeleine for a long beat. As if he didn't recognize her. Then, with great difficulty:

LELAND
Madelaine?
(rises, steps closer,
takes her by the hands)
Maddy?

MADELEINE
Uncle Leland, I'm so sorry, I...

Madeleine pauses, a sob catches in her throat. She begins to cry. Leland carefully wipes a tear from her deep blue eyes. Madeleine looks up at him, whispers:

MADELEINE (CONT'D)
Oh Uncle Leland...

Leland takes her into a healing embrace. He's crying too.
HOLD ON them for a beat.

CUT TO:

"INVITATION TO LOVE" - "NIGHT"

Jared holds the gun in his hands, listens to his daughter's tearful pleading.

JADE
Daddy! Daddy please!

Finally, Jared sets the gun on his desk, steps to the door. He opens it. And JADE, his beautiful, compassionate, perfect daughter leaps into his arms. She is Emerald's twin.

JADE (CONT'D)
Oh Daddy. I was so afraid. I love
you Daddy.

HOLD on father and daughter for a beat.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAYWARD HOUSE - DAY

Establish.

CUT TO:

INT. HAYWARD HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Doc Hayward steps into the living room, dressed for the funeral save for the tie which hangs undone around his neck. Donna waits for him. She looks at his tie, manages a small smile.

DONNA

Dad, you're hopeless.

Donna knots her father's tie. She does not speak. Her eyes are red from crying. Hayward takes a look at his daughter, consoles:

HAYWARD

Want to talk about it?

DONNA

Oh, Dad, I... I can't believe they're burying Laura today. It's so... final. I think and I think and it just doesn't make sense.

HAYWARD

Death never does.

DONNA

(tearful)

So what are we supposed to do?

HAYWARD

(after a beat)

I live with death and dying every day. There are times when it's merciful, almost a relief. But often it seems nothing but needless and cruel. It made me furious, for many years. Furious and helpless. As you go through life, you learn to accept it. Because we have to. Even when it hurts bad enough to break your heart.

DONNA

My heart is breaking. And I don't know how to stop it.

Donna looks up at her father. Her eyes are bright with tears. Father and daughter embrace.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIGGS HOUSE - DAY

Establish.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIGGS DINING ROOM - DAY

BOBBY BRIGGS sits at the dining room table, smoking a cigarette. Quiet, seemingly downcast. But his eyes are angry and cold. He wears dark funeral clothes, a tie. Bobby turns, finds MAJOR BRIGGS standing across the room.

MAJOR BRIGGS

Robert, this may be a good time for a brief discussion.

BOBBY

You want to talk about cigarettes? Today?

MAJOR BRIGGS

No. But put it out. It's a filthy habit, especially for a varsity athlete.

Bobby grinds out the cigarette in an ashtray. He glowers. Major Briggs sits next to him, places a hand on Bobby's knee. He means well, but physical affection does not come naturally to him. It feels a little forced.

MAJOR BRIGGS (CONT'D)

I've attended my share of funerals. Too many. Any man who dies in war dies too soon. Laura died too soon as well.

BOBBY

Yeah. She did.

MAJOR BRIGGS

But we have a responsibility to the dead, Robert. Responsibility is the linchpin that binds our society together. Each man responsible for his actions, each action contributing to the greater good.

BOBBY

What's the good of putting somebody in the ground?

MAJOR BRIGGS

It is man's way of achieving closure. In ceremony begins understanding, and the will to carry on without those we must leave behind. And Robert, in your life, you must learn, will learn, to carry on without them.

BOBBY

(whispered)

Great.

MAJOR BRIGGS

I know you experience a certain reluctance to enter fully into meaningful exchange. That leads to stalemate, and a desire on my part to force certain wisdom upon you. That's not necessarily a bad thing, sometimes it is the best course available.

Briggs pauses, rethinks. Then, a direct emotional statement...

MAJOR BRIGGS (CONT'D)

Son. Don't be afraid. We'll all be there together.

Bobby takes a closer look at his father. These are words he understands. But they have absolutely nothing to do with the way he's feeling.

BOBBY

Afraid of what?

MAJOR BRIGGS

The funeral.

BOBBY

I'm not afraid of any damn funeral. Afraid? I can hardly wait. Afraid? I'm gonna turn it upside--down.

The anger pours out of him. For once Major Briggs is speechless. But no matter, just then BETTY BRIGGS steps into the room, and, with a too bright smile...

BETTY

Everybody ready?

Father and son turn jaundiced eyes her way.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWIN PEAKS POLICE STATION - DAY

Establish.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Cooper and Sheriff Truman step through the station reception area. DEPUTY TOMMY THE HAWK appears, keeps pace beside them.

COOPER
Deputy Hawk.

HAWK
Agent Cooper. No sign of the man
with one arm.

COOPER
Keep trying, Deputy. He's out there
somewhere.

Cooper and Truman continue towards the conference room.

TRUMAN
If anyone can find him, Hawk can.

COOPER
Tracker?

TRUMAN
The best.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM A - DAY

Cooper and Truman enter. Albert Rosenfield sits at the table, with a huge file of test results. He refuses to acknowledge Truman's presence. Not even a glare.

COOPER
Okay, Albert, what've you got?

ALBERT
Enough evidence to save your butt
and get mine out of this
godforsaken berg.

COOPER

We're all ears.

Albert considers hurling an insult, instead tosses a glassine envelope on the table.

ALBERT

Contents of envelope found in Palmer diary. Cocaine. Toxicology results also positive. The little lady had a habit.

(throws a second envelope)

Fibers of twine embedded in her wrists and upper arms. Two different kinds of twine.

(another envelope)

Fibers of twine found in the railroad car, a match to the sample from the wrist. The same twine was used to bind the wrists of the Pulaski girl. My conclusion, she was tied up twice at different locations on the night of her death. Once here.

(he points to his wrists)

Once here. Like this.

He gestures to his upper arms, pulls them back into an uncomfortable position. Like in Cooper's dream.

COOPER

(quietly)

Sometimes my arms bend back.

Truman glances at him, intrigued. Albert reveals another glassine.

ALBERT

Traces of pumice in standing water outside the railroad car, suggesting soap. The kind used for heavy cleaning. Same pumice particles appear on the back of Laura's neck. Not her home-use brand. My conclusion: the killer washed his hands and leaned in for a kiss... like this.

He demonstrates. Truman is disturbed by the implication.

TRUMAN

Lord...

Albert shows them a photo.

ALBERT

Distinctive wounds on Laura's shoulders and neck. Appear to be claw marks, bites of some kind.

TRUMAN

An animal?

ALBERT

It's trying to think. How quaint.

Cooper silences Albert with a stern look. Albert produces another envelope.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

A small plastic fragment from her stomach, partially dissolved by digestive acids. I'm taking it with me back to the lab for reconstruction, as the local facilities give new meaning to the word 'primitive.'

(closes the file with some fanfare)

Those are the highlights. I'm not entirely displeased, but a couple more days with the body and who knows what I might have come up with--

COOPER

Good work, Albert.

Just then, Deputy Andy enters, dressed in funeral blues.

ANDY

Sheriff. Time to go?

COOPER

Albert, you'll excuse us. We've got to get to a funeral.

Truman and Andy head out. Cooper moves to follow. But Albert calls after him:

ALBERT

Cooper? May I have a word with you?
Alone?

Cooper nods to Truman and Andy. They exit. Albert pulls out a document.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

One more item.

(he slides it across the
table)

A report concerning the physical
assault on my person which you
witnessed this morning. I think
you'll find it accurate. It
requires your signature.

Cooper reads through the report with amazing speed. A beat,
then:

COOPER

Albert, I'm not going to sign this--

ALBERT

(shocked)

What?

COOPER

Albert, I hope you can hear this.
I've only been in Twin Peaks a
short time. But in that time, I
have seen decency, honor, and
dignity. I have seen grief to break
your heart. Murder is not a
faceless event here. It's not a
statistic to be tallied up at the
end of every day. Laura Palmer's
death has affected each and every
man, woman, and child. Because life
has meaning here. Every life. And
that's a way of living I thought
had vanished from this earth. It
hasn't, Albert. It's right here in
Twin Peaks.

ALBERT

Sounds like you've been snacking on
some of the local mushrooms.

Cooper sets the report on the table, carefully pushes it back
to Albert.

COOPER

With your behavior towards these
good people, count yourself lucky I
don't file a report of my own that
could bury you so deep in a
building in Washington you'll never
see the sun.

Albert turns pale, collects his papers, exits without another word. Cooper looks out the window, produces his miniature tape recorder, speaks into it.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Diane, it's 12:27 PM. I'd like you to check into my pension plan options regarding outside real estate investment. I'm thinking of purchasing some property at what I assume will be a very reasonable price.

Cooper stops recording, pauses to ponder.

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. BLACK LAKE CEMETERY - DAY

OPEN ON a lovely smalltown cemetery, the usual weathered headstones. ANOTHER ANGLE reveals Laura Palmer's burial site. The freshly dug grave. A hydraulic frame used to lower the casket. And two WORKERS testing the hydraulics, one sitting on the coffin bed, the other raising and lowering it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK LAKE CEMETERY - DAY

A gleaming hearse in the cemetery parking lot. A mortician supervises the unloading of Laura's casket, for transfer to the grave. MUSIC over.

CUT TO:

EXT. ED HURLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Establish.

CUT TO:

INT. ED HURLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

ED HURLEY steps into the living room wearing an ill-fitting dark suit. He takes but three strides before Nadine appears in a flurry, leaps into his arms. She nearly knocks him off his feet. Ed endures an embrace of lengthy duration, Nadine snuffling about his ear. Finally, she steps back, beaming, out of her mind:

NADINE

Love me?

ED

(wildly uncertain)
Why sure, Nadine.

NADINE

How do I look?

Nadine's wearing a faded black dress. Her idea of funeral clothes. The buttons are incorrectly fastened. Ed looks at the dress, Nadine's manic smile.

ED

You look fine, Nadine.

NADINE

Last night was wonderful, Ed. You came back to me. Now we're together again. Not that we weren't, but now I feel like we're really together.

Nadine leaps back into his arms. Ed receives her with stunned expression.

NADINE (CONT'D)

At high school, I used to watch Norma and you at those football games? She was so pretty. You were such a handsome couple, but I knew, I always knew once you got to know me that we'd be together. Even though I was just a little nobody, a little brown mouse, I was always hoping... and wasn't I right? Wasn't I right?

Nadine pauses, the memories come and go. She looks up at Ed, back in the moment:

NADINE (CONT'D)

Do you remember?

Nadine's mind spins and shifts, it's slowly slipping away. And Ed doesn't know what the hell to do about it. So he reaches out to her, carefully redoes the top two buttons on her dress. Nadine's got them reversed.

ED

(gently)
Sure, Nadine. I remember.

NADINE

(smiles, a blank)
What's that?

Just then: the sound of a motorcycle outside. Not knowing what else to do, Ed goes to the window.

ED

James.

A beat. James enters. But he's wearing jeans and a leather jacket. Ed frowns.

ED (CONT'D)

You ready? I don't want to be late.

JAMES
I'm not going.

ED
What do you mean you're not going.
It's Laura.

JAMES
I'm not going. I can't.

ED
James--

Too late. James turns and walks out the door. Big Ed makes no move to follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL - DAY

Establish. A limousine waits our front.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT NORTHERN CORRIDOR - DAY

Dressed for the funeral, Audrey moves down a corridor in the hotel residence wing, STOPS to peak into...

INTERCUT:

AUDREY'S POV - INT. BEN HORNE'S OFFICE - DAY

JOHNNIE HORNE sits on the floor, attired in an expensive suit. DR. LAWRENCE JACOBY kneels at his feet, whispers urgently to the boy, trying to convince him to remove the familiar Indian headdress.

Audrey watches from outside the doorway, listens to Jacoby whisper and cajole. She can see tears glistening in the doctor's eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK LAKE CEMETERY - DAY

A flowered trellis stands at the entrance from the parking lot to the burial grounds. The LOG LADY arrives wearing a surprisingly appropriate funeral dress, clutching her log to her breast.

She steps among mourners as they emerge from automobiles. Cooper, Sheriff Truman, and Deputies Andy and Hawk get out of the police cruiser, join the throng.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK LAKE CEMETERY - DAY

Mourners step through the trellis into the cemetery proper. Doc Hayward escorts Donna onto the green grass, she pauses, sees Mike waiting for her nearby.

MIKE

Hi.

DONNA

(to father)

Just a sec.

Donna steps away from her father, walks to Mike. She looks at him, says nothing. An awkward beat, then:

MIKE

Hey. I'm sorry about the other night. I didn't mean anything.

(reaches for her, she pulls away)

Hey, I said I was sorry...

DONNA

I don't want to see you anymore, Mike. Please don't bother me again.

Mike watches, shellshocked, as she walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK LAKE CEMETERY - DAY

Ed escorts Nadine through the cemetery. He sees Donna returning to her father.

ED

Go on ahead, Nadine. I'll catch up.

Nadine seems uneasy, a little lost.

ED (CONT'D)

I promise. It'll be fine.

Nadine nods, reassured, moves off. Ed steps toward Donna, intercepts.

ED (CONT'D)
Hello, Donna.

DONNA
Where's...?

ED
He's not coming. He wouldn't.

DONNA
Why?

Ed can only shrug. Donna sees her father waiting, there's no time to talk. She's upset, tries to hide it and walks on.

NORMA'S VOICE
Ed?

Ed turns, finds Norma standing behind him. She's troubled.

NORMA
Hi.

ED
(an uneasy glance around)
Not the best place to talk.

NORMA
I know. Hank's parole hearing is tomorrow. He could be out next week. Maybe sooner.

Ed nods. He doesn't want to talk about it here. She sees Nadine standing nearby and realizes why.

NORMA (CONT'D)
(not catty)
Nadine looks nice.

ED
Yeah. She's feeling good today.

There's sympathy in his voice, sadness too. Norma understands. Ed manages a smile and moves off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK LAKE CEMETERY - DAY

Lastly, Ben Horne escorts Leland and SARAH PALMER into the cemetery. Mourners stop and stare. Sarah squints in the sunlight, clutches Leland's hand. And Madeleine Ferguson walks behind them, wearing dark glasses.

Ben spots Catherine nearby. He nods to Madeleine, allows her to escort Leland and Sarah ahead. Ben remains, waits for Catherine to join him.

CATHERINE
(as they walk, aside)
Taking care of the Palmers, are we?

BEN
It's the only decent thing to do.

CATHERINE
Had to shut down the mill again.
All that grief. 'Few more tragedies
it'll roll over and play dead.

BEN
See you at the funeral.

Ben and Catherine separate, poker-faced.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAURA'S GRAVESITE - DAY

Mourners gather around the grave. Laura's burnished casket sits on its hydraulic bed, the dark hole beneath it. And FATHER CLARENCE prepares his oration. Father Clarence is an old man, red-faced; he fumbles with a number of prayer books and hymnals. This is no ordinary service for him. He is as deeply saddened as those who wait for him to comfort them.

FATHER CLARENCE
I am the resurrection and the life,
saith the Lord; he that believeth
in me, though he were dead, yet
shall he live; and whosoever liveth
and believeth in me shall never
die.

In the distance, a lone figure steps through headstones toward the grave. James Hurley. He walks closer, eyes locked on Laura's casket. Bobby sees him coming, darkens, scowls. Donna sees James too. She finds Bobby in the throng, notes his fury. And so begins, as Father Clarence continues, a CHAIN OF GLANCES.

CLARENCE'S VOICE
For none of us liveth to himself,
and no man dieth to himself. For if
we live, we live unto the Lord; and
if we die, we die unto the Lord.

Donna looks to Sheriff Truman for help.

But Sheriff Truman is looking at Josie.

Josie meets his gaze. Then looks away, as if too shy to stare at him here.

Josie turns to Pete Martell. Pete nods, ever sociable.

CLARENCE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(over glances)

Whether we live, therefore, or die,
we are the Lord's. Blessed are the
dead who die in the Lord; even so
saith the Spirit, for they rest
from their labors. The Lord be with
you...

ALL

And with thy spirit.

CLARENCE'S VOICE

Let us pray.

Pete turns from Josie, looks to his wife.

But Catherine is leering at Ben Horne.

Ben returns her gaze, but is jostled by Bobby shoving past him toward the grave.

CLARENCE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

God, entrust this child Laura to
thy never-failing care and love,
and bring us all to thy heavenly
kingdom; through the same thy Son
Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth
and reigneth with thee and the Holy
Spirit, one God, now and forever.
Amen.

Father Clarence clears his throat. But before he can continue, Johnny Home brays out a rather ill-timed:

JOHNNY

Amen!

FATHER CLARENCE

Thank you, Johnny.

THE CHAIN OF GLANCES CONTINUES:

Shelly spots Bobby, sees his anger, follows his stare to James.

James is looking at Donna, seeking comfort, approval.

But Donna, having witnessed Bobby's fury, now looks to Big Ed for help.

CLARENCE'S VOICE

I baptized Laura Palmer. I instructed her in Sunday school. And like all of you, I came to love her with that special love we reserve for the headstrong and bold. Laura was bright, beautiful, charming. But most of all she was, I think, impatient. Impatient for her life to begin, for the rest of the world to catch up with her many dreams and ambitions.

Big Ed doesn't notice Donna's distress. He's busy trying to get Norma's attention.

Norma doesn't see him. She's looking at Nadine.

Nadine, oblivious as always, is gazing intently at Leland and Sarah Palmer, Madeleine beside them. Nadine wipes tears from her eye.

CLARENCE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

If we appear to put those dreams to rest today, do not believe it. For those of us who loved her, those dreams will never die. They live on inside each of us.

JOHNNY'S VOICE

(as ill-timed as before)

Amen!

Madeleine looks up, sees Nadine peering at her from across the grave.

Madeleine looks away, only to find Audrey staring at her from the other side.

Audrey notes the resemblance to Laura, reacts.

Audrey looks to find Agent Cooper in the throng, she wants him to see it too.

And as for Cooper, he's been watching this chain from the start, fascinated by all the connections and clues it offers him.

Suddenly Cooper frowns. He sees Bobby Briggs plowing through the crowd, stepping quickly toward Father Clarence, the grave.

CLARENCE'S VOICE

Laura used to tell me that I talked too much. I won't make that mistake here. It is enough to say that I loved her, and will miss her for the rest of my days.

JOHNNYS VOICE

(getting into his own call and response rhythm)

Amen!!

Bobby steps to the front of the gravesite, nearly howls the repetition:

BOBBY

AMEN!!!

Everything stops. Bobby confronts the grave and the gathered mourners with grief and rage.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What are you looking at? What are you waiting for? You make me sick. You damn hypocrites make me sick. Everybody knew she was in trouble. But we didn't do a thing. Who killed the Prom Queen?! You did. We all did. And pretty words won't bring her back. Keep your prayers. Laura doesn't need them. She would've laughed at them anyway

Bobby's cracking up, tears pool in his eyes. James moves to stop him. Mike hurries forward, ready to fight. Bobby sees James approaching, he leaps in his direction.

But Cooper gets there first, Truman, Andy, and Hawk close behind. They pull the boys apart, stop the fight before it happens. Amidst the shouting and commotion, Johnny Horne lifts his head toward the sky, lets out an atavistic howl:

JOHNNY

Ahoooooooooooooh!!

Audrey rushes to comfort him. The howl, the brawl, all contribute to a growing sense of chaos, trouble and grief in the air. Major Briggs grabs his son and drags him away from the grave as Bobby screams at James:

BOBBY

I'll get you! You're dead! I'll get you!

And now, unnoticed for the moment, Leland Palmer lets go of his wife's hand, steps quietly toward the casket. He stares at it for a long beat, the tumult erupting all around him. Then, quite suddenly, without warning...

Leland Palmer leaps onto the casket, shouting and wailing...

LELAND

Laura! Laura!

Gasps of shock. Truman and Cooper step forward immediately, but Leland's jump has activated the hydraulics, the casket begins to sink from view. A CARETAKER frantically reverses the controls, brings Leland and the casket up again. But just as Truman and Cooper seem about to grab him, the casket begins to descend, remains beyond their grasp.

LELAND (CONT'D)

Laura! My baby! And so it goes, the casket rising and falling, Truman and Cooper now enlisting the deputies to form a human chain, the mourners reacting with shock and dismay. And now, at long last, Sarah Palmer takes tentative steps forward, her eyes seem to clear, and she shouts, roars at her husband:

SARAH

DON'T RUIN THIS TOO!!

A sudden silence descends upon the gravesite. Sarah Palmer remains frozen, Madeleine at her side. Mourners glance at each other, begin to disperse. The funeral of Laura Palmer has concluded.

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. DOUBLE R DINER - NIGHT

Nightfall at the Double R.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE R DINER - NIGHT

OPEN ON a pair of hands, female, acting out a pantomime on the Double R counter. One hand, palm down, held out straight, suggests a coffin/platform. The other, two fingers pointed down, skips across the counter, suggesting leaping feet. In this manner, accompanied by buzzing lips approximating the sound of hydraulics, Shelly Johnson reenacts the funeral imbroglio. Her fingers skip across the counter, leap upon the coffin, and BZZZZZ, the hydraulics go up and down and up and down...

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals Shelly in the Double R. She's entertaining several old coots at the counter, demonstrating Leland Palmer's leap onto the casket--and into local lore. Norma passes by, frowns.

Shelly puts her hands behind her back as if to promise no more finger puppets. But the moment Norma moves on, she's at it again, fingers flying, lips buzzing, much to the delight of the crusty old regulars.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE R DINER - NIGHT

Sheriff Truman, Big Ed Hurley, and Deputy Hawk share a booth in the back, drinking coffee and eating pie. They speak just above a whisper. They're trading secrets, not funeral gossip. In mid-conversation:

TRUMAN

Maybe we should tell him.

HAWK

Why?

TRUMAN

I feel bad keeping him in the dark. What the hell, he's going to figure it out sooner or later anyway.

ED

Don't be so sure.

TRUMAN
 (looking over Ed's
 shoulder)
 Want to bet?

Truman SEES Cooper enter the diner, step toward their booth.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)
 Right on time.

ED
 (sotto voce)
 Careful who you trust, Harry. He's
 not one of us.

COOPER
 Evening, Harry. Ed, Hawk.

Truman gestures to the space beside him. Cooper sits down.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 I got your note. What's up?

Ed signals to Norma, she steps over to take Cooper's order.

TRUMAN
 Agent Cooper, how would you like
 some fresh huckleberry pie?

COOPER
 I would love some huckleberry pie.
 (for Norma's benefit)
 Heated. Vanilla ice cream on the
 side. Coffee.

NORMA
 Coming right up.

Norma steps away. Cooper turns to Ed.

COOPER
 How long have you been in love with
 Norma?

Ed blanches, says nothing. Truman turns to him.

TRUMAN
 See what I mean?

Ed nods. Cooper takes note of the exchange, looks to Hawk,
 Sheriff Truman.

COOPER
There's something you fellas want
to tell me.

ED
(a convert)
Better tell him.

Hawk nods assent. A beat. Sheriff Truman begins:

TRUMAN
Someone's running drugs into Twin
Peaks from over the border. We've
been working undercover, trying to
set up a bust: top to bottom.
Nobody walks.

COOPER
Who's targeted?

TRUMAN
Jacques Renault, bartender at the
Roadhouse, we figure him for the
middleman. Ed was staking him out
the night you got into town.
Renault slipped something into his
drink.

ED
Felt like somebody hit me on the
head with a hammer.

COOPER
I didn't know you were a deputy,
Ed.

TRUMAN
He's not.

COOPER
A little outside your jurisdiction,
isn't it?

ED
Somebody's sellin' drugs to high
school kids. That's in everybody's
jurisdiction.

TRUMAN
I call on Ed when I need him. He's
not the only one I call.

Just then: Norma arrives with Cooper's pie and coffee.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you, Norma.

NORMA

Enjoy.

Cooper digs in, gives Norma a hearty thumbs-up. Norma smiles, walks away.

COOPER

This must be where pies go when they die.

Cooper takes another bite. Sheriff Truman waits for some reaction to all he's told him. Finally, Cooper sets down his fork, begins:

COOPER (CONT'D)

Someone's bringing, drugs into Twin Peaks. Laura Palmer was on drugs. You call on Ed to help you out. Ed's a good man. Local bartender's a mid-level player, okay, it's hard to get by on minimum wage. Now Harry, please. What is it you really want to tell me?

Sheriff Truman looks at the others. They encourage him to continue

TRUMAN

You're going to have to trust me. No matter how it sounds.

COOPER

I trust you, Harry.

TRUMAN

(after a beat, looking for words)

Twin Peaks is different. A long way from the world. You've noticed that.

COOPER

Indeed I have.

TRUMAN

And that's the way we like it. But there's a back end to that that's different too. Maybe that's the price we pay for all the good things.

COOPER
What is it?

TRUMAN
(lowering his voice)
There's a sort of evil out there.
Something strange in the hills. It
takes different forms, but it's
been there for as long as anyone
can remember. And we've always been
here to fight it.

COOPER
"We?"

TRUMAN
Men before us. Men before them.
More after we're gone. We protect
our own. We have to.

COOPER
(relishing this)
A secret society.

The others exchange looks.

TRUMAN
Let's take Agent Cooper for a
little ride.

COOPER
Where to?

TRUMAN
The Book House.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

A dusty parking lot surrounds the slightly seedy honky tonk.
Behind it, another, smaller structure. The Book House.
Sheriff Truman and the others arrive in a cruiser and a
patrol car, exit. Cooper takes a deep breath of cool night
air.

TRUMAN
This way.

Truman leads Cooper towards the Book House.

COOPER
How long have you been Sheriff,
Harry?

TRUMAN
Five years.

COOPER
How long have you been meeting
here?

TRUMAN
Longer than that.
(they, reach the door)
It's a funny thing. Seems like
every time you solve a mystery,
there's another one right behind
it.

Cooper smiles. He can appreciate that sort of thinking.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOK HOUSE NIGHT

They enter. It is a clubhouse of sorts, chairs and tables, a comfortable atmosphere. And walls lined with bookshelves, tomes on every imaginable topic. Cooper stops, reacts. There's a burly hirsute MAN, wearing a gag, tied to a chair at the center of the room. James Hurley and JOEY PAULSON stand guard.

TRUMAN
You know James. Joey Paulson.

JAMES
Hello, Agent Cooper.

COOPER
Hello, James. Joey. Who's this?

TRUMAN
Bernard Renault. Jacques' brother.
Janitor had at the roadhouse.
Bernard had an ounce of cocaine in
his kit bag. Thought we'd ask him a
couple questions.

Cooper nods, getting into the spirit. Truman removes Bernard's gag.

COOPER
(after a beat)
Did you ever sell drugs to Laura
Palmer?

BERNARD
(French-Canadian)
I don't sell drugs.

TRUMAN
How much does Jacques pay you to be
the mule?

BERNARD
Jacques don't pay me nothing, I'm
no mule.

TRUMAN
So that ounce we found, that was
for personal use?

BERNARD
That's right.

TRUMAN
Where's your brother been? Not at
work the last few days.

BERNARD
I don't know. He got business.

COOPER
With who?

BERNARD
I don't know.

TRUMAN
Who else does Jacques work with?

BERNARD
Why don't you ask him yourself? He
be back tonight. Any minute.

TRUMAN
He's coming to work?

BERNARD
(stating the obvious)
He the bartender, isn't he?

Bernard grins, triumphant. Cooper looks at Truman, steps
closer.

COOPER

Bernard, we have you tied up in a chair. You're mixed up in a wide variety of felonies with your brother. What I want to know is, why in the world would you tell us when and where to find him?

That wipes the grin off his face. Bernard looks at his feet, says nothing. Cooper doesn't mind. He already knows the answer.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

JACQUES RENAULT walks down a country road, peers through the dark at the Roadhouse in the distance. Jacques stops suddenly, reacts.

JACQUES' POV - THE ROADHOUSE

There's a redlight on top of the honky-tonk, it shines and blinks a warning. Jacques takes one look at it, knows what it means. He turns and runs as fast as he can in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

INT. LEO JOHNSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Leo stands over the kitchen sink, carefully cleans and polishes a pair of heavy boots. The phone rings. Leo sets the boots on a towel, answers it.

LEO

Yeah?

INTERCUT:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Jacques is calling from a phone booth, breathless, sweating from the run.

JACQUES

The bust light's on. Bernard's in trouble.

LEO

You sure?

JACQUES

I saw it. You gotta get me out of here, Leo. Border run.

LEO

Where are you?

JACQUES

Phone booth by the Cash and Carry. I don't like waitin', man.

LEO

Shut up. I'm on my way.

Leo hangs up, grabs his jacket and a small bag. Shelly enters, wonders.

SHELLY

Where you goin'?

LEO

You don't need to know.

He exits. Shelly grabs her purse, kneels down in the kitchen near a cabinet. Without hesitation--she's done this before-- Shelly carefully removes some of the cabinet's slats, revealing a hiding place. She reaches into the hole, pulls out Leo's bloody shirt. Satisfied, she returns it, then digs into her purse, removes her brand new Colt .32, looks at it for a beat. Then puts it with the shirt below and replaces the slats.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

Cooper, Truman, Ed, and Hawk exit, Truman heads for his cruiser, gets on the radio.

TRUMAN

(to Cooper)

You and Hawk wait inside the Roadhouse. Ed and I'll watch the road, I'll call for some back-up.

COOPER

Jacques' half-way to the border by now.

TRUMAN

We don't know that yet.

Cooper directs their attention to the blinking red light on top of the Roadhouse.

COOPER

I don't remember seeing that
blinking red light before, do you?

The others look up. Truman realizes what's up. Hangs up his radio.

TRUMAN

I'll take Bernard in and book him.

ED

I'll give you a hand, Harry.

TRUMAN

Hawk, why don't you run Agent
Cooper back to the Great Northern?

COOPER

(as they start off)
Buy you a drink, Hawk?

Hawk nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GREAT NORTHERN BAR - NIGHT

A short time later. A sad song plays on a jukebox. Couples gather on the small dance floor, a few GUESTS mingle at the bar. Cooper and Hawk sit at small table near the fireplace. Their mood is quiet, contemplative. It's been a long day.

COOPER

(after a beat)
Did you know her, Hawk?

HAWK

Laura? Caught her speeding a couple
times. Let her talk me our of the
ticket. That wasn't hard.

COOPER

Laura Palmer didn't have to die.
It's wrong. It makes me mad.

HAWK

Everything dies.

A beat. Cooper takes a pull from a longneck beer. He quietly wonders:

COOPER
Do you believe in the soul?

The question takes Hawk by surprise. He takes a closer look at Cooper.

HAWK
Several.

COOPER
(curious)
More than one?

HAWK
Blackfeet legend. Waking souls that give life to mind and body. A dream soul that wanders.

COOPER
Where does it wander?

HAWK
Faraway places. The Land of the Dead.

COOPER
Is that where Laura is?

HAWK
Laura's in the ground, Agent Cooper. That's all I know for sure.

Cooper reacts, takes a closer look. Tommy 'The Hawk' Hill, agnostic Blackfoot. There's more to him than meets the eye. A beat. Cooper lifts his glass into the air, proposes a toast:

COOPER
To Laura. Godspeed.

They touch glasses, toast. That's when Cooper sees Leland Palmer stepping between tables to the dance floor.

ON LELAND

Leland walks onto the dance floor, stands quite still. The juke selects another title. Big band music pours into the room. Leland listens intently. He looks up, his eyes bright with tears. A beat. Leland Palmer begins to dance.

At first his actions go unnoticed. But gradually couples turn to regard him, this sad man dancing across the floor. Some giggle, others look with sympathy. Most begin to disperse. But Leland keeps dancing, he pleads With those who remain:

LELAND

Dance with me. Please. Dance with me.

As his pleadings grows more desperate, Cooper and Hawk step quickly to the dance floor, mean to lead him away.

COOPER

Mr. Palmer. Leland?

HAWK

Mr. Palmer?

Gradually, Leland hears them, finally focusing on them.

COOPER

It's time to go home.

Pause. He nods weakly, Cooper and Hawk gently lead Leland between them out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BLUE PINE LODGE - NIGHT.

Establish. A full moon sailing overhead.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE PINE LODGE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lights are low, a small table has been set with silver, candies, and white linen. A romantic supper for two. Josie wears a silk robe, something sheer beneath it. Sheriff Truman wears the ardent expression of a man in love.

Pete steps into view carrying dinner on a large platter.

PETE

Pan-fried Rainbow. Caught 'em this morning.

Pete serves the trout to each.

JOSIE

Thank you, Pete.

PETE

It's nothing. Old family recipe.

Truman pours a little wine, offers:

TRUMAN
Pour you a glass, Pete?

PETE
No, no. You kids enjoy. Never mind
the dishes. We'll get 'em later.

He intends to leave them alone. Truman smiles appreciatively, thanks Pete with a wink. He watches Pete step from the room. A beat. Josie toys with her food, silent, preoccupied. Something is troubling her. And Truman knows it.

TRUMAN
Heart a' gold, old Pete.

JOSIE
Yes, he is.

TRUMAN
Josie, what's wrong?

JOSIE
Nothing.

TRUMAN
'Nothing.'

Josie looks up from her dinner. Candlelight shimmers all around her.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)
God you're beautiful.

Josie tries to smile. But her eyes are full of fear. Truman leans closer.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)
Josie something's wrong, I want you
to tell me.

JOSIE
(after a beat)
They want to hurt me. I know they
do. Something horrible is going to
happen, Harry.

TRUMAN
Who? Who's going to hurt you?

JOSIE
Ben and Catherine.

CAMERA MOVES from the table, finally REVEALS an intercom speaker on the wall, nearly out of sight, a silent ear listening.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTELL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Catherine Martell sits at a small desk, ear pressed close to an intercom console/speaker. She manipulates the volume knob, listening to every word they say.

JOSIE'S VOICE

Catherine keeps the mill account books in her safe. Two books. Two accounts.

TRUMAN'S VOICE

(alert)

Two? Can you show me?

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE PINE LODGE OFFICE - NIGHT

Josie leads Truman into the office, trips the hidden catch, releases the false bookshelf, and reveals the wall safe. She inserts the key, tugs at the handle.

JOSIE

Why would she keep two sets of books?

TRUMAN

The usual reasons would have something to do with stealing. Maybe more.

Josie opens the safe, both look inside, react. There is only one ledger inside.

JOSIE

But there were two.

Truman removes the ledger, thumbs through it.

TRUMAN

Nothing unusual here.

JOSIE
 (whispered, trembling)
 There were two.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTELL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Catherine smiles. She's holding the other ledger in her hand. Just then: footsteps, Pete enters. She slips the ledger in a drawer and turns down the intercom. Pete catches this last action.

PETE
 (all innocence)
 Have you seen my tackle box?

CATHERINE
 The next time you and the merry widow want a peek in my safe, don't go to so much trouble. Be a man about it, Pete. Ask me to my face.

Pete stares at her for a beat. He'll fight another day.

PETE
 Maybe I'll check the truck.

Pete exits. Catherine gloats.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE PINE LODGE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Truman and Josie sit before the wood-burning stove. Josie burrows into Truman's arms, shivers, speaks just above a whisper, revealing her deepest fears:

JOSIE
 When Andrew died I was so alone. I couldn't think, I didn't know what to do. Catherine said she would help me. And Ben would help me too.

TRUMAN
 (figuring)
 Ben and Catherine...

JOSIE
 They lied to me. They didn't care about Andrew. They didn't care about me. All they want is to take the mill away from me.
 (MORE)

JOSIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I have never said this before to anyone. Harry, I believe Andrew's death was not an accident. And I believe they will try to kill me too.

A tear runs from her eye. Truman pulls her closer, trying to make some sense of this.

TRUMAN

Josie, Josie. Nothing's going to happen to you. Not now, not ever. I'll make damn sure of that.

JOSIE

Oh, Harry.

Truman kisses her gently. Josie sighs, returns his kiss with greater fervor. They settle into a long embrace, whisper between kisses.

TRUMAN

You don't have to be afraid.

Josie places her head against his chest, holds on tight.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

(softly continues)

Days like today, death feels like the biggest thing in the world. But it's not, Josie. Nor for us.

JOSIE

I'm not afraid of death. I'm afraid of losing you.

A beat. Josie begins to recite while trembling in his arms:

JOSIE (CONT'D)

All things howsoever they flourish
Return to the root from which they
grew. This return to the root is
called Quietness; Quietness is
called submission to Fate; What has
submitted to Fate has become part
of the always- so. To know the
always-so is to be Illumined; Not
to know it, means to go blindly to
disaster.

(beat)

He who knows the always-so has room
in him for everything;

(MORE)

JOSIE (CONT'D)

He who has room in him for everything is without prejudice. To be without prejudice is to be kingly; To be kingly is to be of heaven; To be of heaven is to be in Tao. Tao is forever and he that possess it, Though his body ceases, is not destroyed.

HOLD ON Josie for a beat. Safe in Truman's arms.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK LAKE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Cooper stands watch at the cemetery, a night wind howling about him. He peers into the dark, Laura's grave in the distance. The Land of the Dead. A beat, then:

CARETAKER'S VOICE

Can you hear 'em?

Cooper turns to find an old CARETAKER at his side, gazing out into the night.

CARETAKER

It's the metal and the wood, I guess. Some caskets, you stick 'em in the ground, and the wood starts to expand, starts to rub against that metal. And if it rubs just so, you get a strange sort of sound. If the night's just right, and the wood--teak and brass are the best--well, it's like music. You can almost hear the caskets singin'.

Needless to say, it's a notion Cooper finds fascinating.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BLACK LAKE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Minutes later. CAMERA STARTS AT GROUND LEVEL, green grass, dark graves. Suddenly Cooper LOWERS INTO FRAME, presses his ear to the ground. As if to listen for the casket's singing. That's when he hears another sound. Footsteps, someone walking toward Laura Palmer's grave.

Cooper slips into the shadows. He watches a lone figure step to Laura's grave. But he can't make out the face. At least until the mystery man lights a cigarette.

COOPER'S POV

It is Dr. Lawrence Jacoby. He inhales deeply, stares down at Laura's grave. He holds a bouquet of flowers in his free hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK LAKE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Jacoby sets the flowers by the headstone. Cooper steps into view, speaks gently.

COOPER

Dr. Jacoby?

(silence)

I didn't see you at the funeral.

A long beat. Jacoby finally turns to Cooper, seems to notice him for the first time. Then, eyes bright with tears, he whispers:

JACOBY

I'm a terrible person, Agent Cooper. I pretend that I'm not. But I am.

Cooper says nothing. He'll let the man talk.

JACOBY (CONT'D)

I listen to their problems all day. I give them advice, solutions that are supposed to "improve" their lives. These people think of me as a friend.

(beat)

But the truth is, I... I don't really care. When I'm not working I wear ear plugs so I don't have to hear them talk. Nothing... ever... touches me.

(beat)

Except for Laura.

(beat)

I couldn't come today. I just couldn't.

(a whisper)

I hope she'll understand...

HOLD ON them for a beat. Jacoby's sad tears in the dark.

FADE OUT:

THE END