

TWIN PEAKS #24

(Episode 2.017)

by

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#2.017

1.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1. EXT. BOOKHOUSE - DAY

Establish.

2. INT. BOOKHOUSE

OPEN ON TRUMAN sitting at a table in the bookshelved alcove. Playing from the bar area, we HEAR Muddy Waters, I Just Want to Make Love to You. Truman is sleepless and unshaven; his thoughts also appear to be growing a little wild. Before him is a half-empty bottle of Canadian whiskey and an overturned, unused shot glass, which Truman lazily twirls.

HAWK enters carrying a box which he places in front the sheriff. He opens the box: it's a packed Diner breakfast. Truman looks up at Hawk indifferently.

HAWK

One of Norma's breakfasts. Made special.

TRUMAN

(pushing it aside, he takes a drink)
Maybe later.

Hawk says nothing, but his look lingers for a moment.

TRUMAN

How's things at the station?

HAWK

Earle's chess game is the big concern. Man has a poor sense of recreation.

A brief beat. As these are his vacation days, the same could obviously be said of Truman.

HAWK

We're holding up. For now.

TRUMAN

Cooper can handle it.

(beat)

It's a pretty simple town. Used to be, anyway. Maybe the world's just caught up to it.

And perhaps also to Truman. Hawk gives the sheriff a Bookhouse salute, and goes, his receding bootsteps slowed by concern.

CUT TO:

3. OMITTED

4. INT. DOUBLE R DINER - DAY

START ON an attractive YOUNG WOMAN as she enters the Double R carrying a small suitcase. She looks about, tentative, then spots NORMA stepping into view.

YOUNG WOMAN

Norma!

NORMA

(sees her, brightens)

Annie ...

It's Norma's sister, ANNIE BLACKBURNE. Norma comes around the counter to offer a welcoming embrace. Annie receives it with relief, some hesitation. She's got a lot on her mind. SHELLY comes out from the kitchen, carrying an order.

NORMA

Shelly, this is my sister, Annie.

SHELLY

Welcome, Annie. Norma's told me all about you.

Shelly, with an order in hand, spins away. Annie looks at her sister.

ANNIE

(a rueful smile)

All ... about me?

NORMA

Shelly's like family.

ANNIE

With our family that's not exactly a character reference.

NORMA

(gets the idea)

How did you and mom get along?

ANNIE

We can talk about her, or we can feel good about things.
I vote for plan B.

NORMA

Me, too. I'm glad you're here.

ANNIE

Feels a little strange. The real world. Little things.
Like I'd almost forgotten how to use money. Closest
we'd get in the convent was bingo chips.
(severe)

No charity, Norma. Promise.

(CONTINUED)

4. CONTINUED:

NORMA
 (smiles)
 I'll work you 'till you drop.

CAMERA DRIFTS OVER to Shelly, who's just lowered the special in front of her customer, MAJOR BRIGGS, and has waited a moment for him to sample.

BRIGGS
 (nods)
 Compelling.

Reasonably satisfied this isn't a complaint, she tentatively smiles and moves away. The LOG LADY enters, passing behind Briggs at the counter and slowing to sit next to him. She then suddenly stops behind the Major, staring down into his neck.

5. LOG LADY'S POV - BRIGGS

On the back of his neck, just above the high military collar, is a strange small marking, consisting of three joined inverted triangles.

The Log Lady stares at the marking for a long beat. Then, as if touching some ancient rune, reaches out, places two fingers upon it. Major Briggs feels her touch, swivels to face her.

CUT TO:

6. INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - TRUMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

DALE COOPER, in full deputy dress, sits at Truman's desk, looking over several piles of paperwork. At a corner of the desk is a copy of the Twin Peaks Gazette, opened to the Personals section. Hawk enters.

HAWK
 Harry's about to hit bottom.

COOPER
 Is he eating?
 (Hawk shakes his head)
 His vacation days'll be used up soon. Think he'll come back to work?

HAWK
 Guess we'll find out. Give you a hand?

COOPER
 That's a question I should be asking you.

HAWK
 You're the senior lawman, Cooper. Let's let the rain fall as it has been.
 (eyeing the desk)
 Besides. I hate paperwork.

(CONTINUED)

6. CONTINUED:

COOPER

This is worse than the bureau, all the international documentation. Eckhardt... Josie...

(reaches for a folder)

Have you seen Doc Hayward's autopsy on her? Says he couldn't determine cause of death. And the body weighed sixty-five pounds.

HAWK

How is that possible?

COOPER

I don't know. Maybe something to do with what I saw in the room when she died.

HAWK

Maybe we'd better just whistle on our way past the graveyard.

COOPER

Yeah.

HAWK

Anything on Earle?

COOPER

That trail's completely cold.

(grimly)

We'll have to wait for his response.

CUT TO:

7. INT. GREAT NORTHERN DINING ROOM - DAY

Hectic preparations for tonight's fashion show benefit for Stop Ghostwood. Amidst the workers still building the runway, AUDREY HORNE rehearses and directs the models. RICHARD TREMAYNE, the peacockish host, is accomplishing nothing outside of a skillful job of smoking. He sidles up to a couple idle MODELS, who stand in requisite boredom, awaiting further instructions, or romantic rescue.

TREMAYNE

Ladies, may I say you'll both delightfully represent the sanctity of nature.

(the models just look at him)

Cigarette?

MODEL

I like to keep my chest clear.

(CONTINUED)

7. CONTINUED:

TREMAYNE
(an excuse to look at same)
The Great God Fitness.

Audrey comes up to Tremayne, irritated by his utter uselessness.

AUDREY
Have you spoken with Pinkle?

TREMAYNE
What's a Pinkle?

AUDREY
He's going to give a talk on the Pine Weasel.
(blank)
The endangered animal.

TREMAYNE
Oh. Lovely. What is it? A raccoon or something?

AUDREY
A ferret.
(looking out)
There he is.

TIM PINKLE, of Tim and Tom's Taxidermy approaches, carrying a large stuffed Pine Weasel under one arm. His plaid jacket looks almost like a taxidermy that didn't take.

AUDREY
You two should coordinate.

TREMAYNE
You are dreaming.

Audrey turns away and runs straight into JOHN JUSTICE WHEELER. She is momentarily, uncharacteristically, schoolgirlishly flustered.

WHEELER
Hello, Audrey.
(gazing about)
You look like you're trying to run lumber upstream.

AUDREY
(seeking safer terrain)
How may I help you, Mr. Wheeler?

WHEELER
Well, I was thinking about our talk last night...

(CONTINUED)

#2.017

7. CONTINUED:(2)

AUDREY

Oh gosh, I'm sorry, I was rude, wasn't I? It's just that when it comes to family, I...

WHEELER

My fault entirely.

Audrey and Wheeler drift closer, casting sentences at each other.

AUDREY

...get a little excitable, that's all.

WHEELER

Who am I to waltz in here out of nowhere...

AUDREY

We need help, anyone can see that...

WHEELER

... as if your father didn't have enough help already....

AUDREY

... and I can't think of anyone better qualified for the job than you...

Suddenly, Wheeler stops, removes himself from the back and forth. Audrey takes note, looks up at him. Wheeler smiles.

WHEELER

Hello.

AUDREY

(a little dreamy)

What're we talking about anyway?

WHEELER

I was apologizing. You were apologizing. We're both real sorry...

(new idea)

Do you ... want to go somewhere...?

(eying the pandemonium around them)

... this is probably not a good time...

AUDREY

Oh, no, it's great.

(CONTINUED)

7. CONTINUED:(3)

WHEELER

How about a picnic?

AUDREY

Well, we'll need outdoors stuff. A blanket, a basket...

WHEELER

Food.

AUDREY

I don't know how to cook.

WHEELER

I'll bet there's someone in the kitchen who does.

CAMERA PICKS UP Tremayne and Pinkle, passing by.

PINKLE

(proferring the stuffed animal)

It's just so people can see what a Pine Weasel looks like.

TRUMAN

I understand the concept perfectly, Mr. Twinkle.

PINKLE

Pinkle. The name is Pinkle.

TREMAYNE

But what I'm trying to make clear to you is that using a stuffed animal to represent an endangered species at an ecological protest constitutes the supreme incongruity.

PINKLE

Yeah, that's real clear, Dick...

CUT TO:

8. INT. WINDOM EARLE'S CABIN - DAY

OPEN ON a work desk on which sit three stainless steel suitcases. One of them, a makeup case, is open. Propped against its standing half is the photograph of a bearded, bespectacled young man with white bushy eyebrows. SOUND of an irregular wheeze of breathing: PAN ACROSS THE ROOM to where LEO JOHNSON awkwardly reaches down into a closet, emerging with... Windom Earle's slippers. One in each hand. He shuffles into the living room, up to the easy chair where Windom sits.

LEO

Slip...

WINDOM

Slippers.

(CONTINUED)

8. CONTINUED:

Earle's tone makes Leo look up suddenly, anticipating a shock. But none is coming. SHOT CLOSES ON Earle as we hear Leo moving away.

EARLE

You know Leo, you really can't appreciate how tonic country life is until you're actually right here living it.

A concurring GRUNT from OFF SCREEN. Leo approaches again, carrying Earle's pipe.

LEO

Pipe...

EARLE

Splendid.

(takes the pipe; Leo goes)

Even if you've been in the country before, when you imagine what it would be like to go back... the image is imperfect. The mental image is always imperfect. Am I right?

Leo arrives again with the day's paper, flinching at Earle's look.

EARLE (CONT'D)

Tacit agreement is acceptable, Leo. Your silence speaks volumes.

(takes the paper and opens it)

Or if not volumes at least the occasional, unpunctuated paragraph.

Leo sits on a small crate purposely positioned at Earle's right hand. Leo's spot.

EARLE (CONT'D)

Let's see what move our poor Cooper's come up with this time...

After finding the chess move, Earle's eyes stay on the page a beat. He then leans over to the chess board on his other side and makes the communicated move. A long survey of the board. Looks up with great displeasure. Leo gazes at him as we might an overcast sky.

EARLE (CONT'D)

This isn't a move. This is a trick.

(gazing at Leo)

He's playing a stalemate game.

(Leo's confused return stare)

Cooper doesn't know the meaning of stalemate...

(cool fury)

He's getting help.

Earle reaches for his Samurai flute. Leo knows it isn't to play: this is not a musical moment. CLOSE ON the flute, held high and swaying in the air.

(CONTINUED)

8. CONTINUED:(2)

EARLE (CONT'D)

I have no tolerance for people who don't play by the rules.
People who *shirk* the *standards*.

The flute comes crashing down on Leo's head. He wimpers in discomfort.

EARLE (CONT'D)

Many people are going to regret this.

He lifts the flute again. Leo cowers. But Earle merely raises it to his mouth. And plays. CLOSE ON a glistening emerald ring on Earle's left hand. THEN PULL BACK, framing this little domestic tableau.

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9. INT. BOOKHOUSE - DAY

OPEN ON Truman, looking pretty much as before. His breakfast hasn't been touched. His whiskey has. He continues to fiddle with the empty shot glass. Cooper enters, taking in the whole scene with a glance; he sits down across from Truman.

TRUMAN

Coop.

COOPER

Harry.

(sits)

We got Josie's dossier in from INTERPOL.

TRUMAN

More good news.

COOPER

In addition to her killing Eckhardt, trying to kill me and killing Jonathan in Seattle...

TRUMAN

Closed cases.

COOPER

She's also been a wanted for a variety of felonies in Hong Kong.

TRUMAN

I don't need to hear this.

COOPER

She also had two prostitution arrests...

Truman turns away in despair.

COOPER

Harry, eventually it'll help for you to know she was a hardened criminal. A killer.

TRUMAN

Get out.

COOPER

I know it's not easy now -

(CONTINUED)

9. CONTINUED:

TRUMAN
(gets up)
Go.

Cooper stands, gives his friend a long look and walks slowly out of the Bookhouse.

CUT TO:

10. INT. BLUE PINE LODGE

CATHERINE sits at her desk, pores over blueprints and documents. Plans for the new and improved Ghostwood development. She hears a faint rustling sound, looks up ... and sees JONES standing across the room.

JONES
The door was open.

CATHERINE
(cool and calm)
A country habit. We're all so trusting.

JONES
My name is Jones, I was exec executive assistant to the late Mr. Eckhardt.

Catherine gestures to a chair, carefully watches her guest take a seat. Jones has a satchel purse, which Catherine is also watching.

JONES
Thank you. I've come to expedite the transport of his body back to Hong Kong.
(Catherine says nothing: what does this woman want?)
Tragic, what happened. You know, he really did love Josie.

CATHERINE
(inimitably)
Didn't we all.

JONES
They're going to be buried side by side...

CATHERINE
So they can keep an eye on each other.

JONES
I guess you have your reasons to be bitter.

(CONTINUED)

10. CONTINUED:

CATHERINE
Call me a healthy skeptic.

Catherine raises her hand above the desk, reveals the gun she's been holding since she discovered Jones in her living room.

CATHERINE
Now, what did you really come here to see me about?

JONES
I came here to give you a gift.
(motioning to her purse)
May I?

CATHERINE
I don't think so.
(motioning)
Empty it.

Jones complies, emptying her large purse onto the couch beside her. Out fall no guns or weapons of any kind, just women's minutiae, save one very mysterious looking black box. Jones picks it up and hands it to Catherine.

JONES
From Thomas.

Catherine gazes at it, puzzled. Jones scoops her belongings back into the purse and rises to her feet, Catherine lowers the gun barrel.

JONES
I have a few things to tidy up, then I'll be leaving tonight.
(warmly)
Good luck, Mrs. Martell.

We HEAR her going as the SHOT CLOSES on the black gift box.

CUT TO:

11. INT. HAYWARD HOUSE

Donna sits in the front room over a cup of coffee and a copy of the Gazette. The DOORBELL sounds. At the door is a vaguely familiar man with a close light beard, spectacles and thick, snowy eyebrows. We RECOGNIZE his face from the photograph in Earle's cabin.

MAN
Excuse me. I'm looking for Bill or Eileen Hayward.

DONNA
They're not in. Can I help you?

(CONTINUED)

11. CONTINUED:

MAN

I'm Dr. Gerald Craig, a friend of Will's from medical school. I've got a convention over in Spokane, and I thought I'd swing by and surprise them. Now, which daughter are you?

DONNA

I'm Donna.

(pause)

Would you like to come in, Dr. Craig?

CRAIG

I'd appreciate that.

They enter the living room, toward the perpendicularity of couch and chair.

DONNA

Would you like some coffee?

CRAIG

Thank you, no.

(sits, sees the Gazette)

Is this your local paper?

DONNA

Yes. It's a pretty small town.

Craig is stealing a glance at her, and various details of the room.

CRAIG

Don't knock small towns, till you've lived in a city Donna. Looks to me like Will's found himself a little piece of heaven here.

(beat)

Now, don't you have two sisters?

DONNA

Yes. They're younger.

CRAIG

(simply)

Are they both as beautiful as you?

DONNA

Well I don't really -

CRAIG

Funny. Your dad and I used to sit around, try to figure how our lives would turn out. Think he came closer to the mark than I have.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

11. CONTINUED:(2)

CRAIG (continued)
(self-deprecating laugh)
You're in high school?

DONNA
Unfortunately.

CRAIG
I felt exactly the same way. High school's difficult; you have no idea what you want to do with your life, so it seems as if almost none of it *applies* to your life.

DONNA
(impressed)
That's right.

CRAIG
Trust me, it'll make sense later. For now, just enjoy it. In all its absurdity.

Donna is visibly refreshed to hear so something from an adult that sounds so life-accurate.

CRAIG
I have a small gift for your dad. Can I trust you not to open it?

DONNA
(intrigued)
Sure.

Craig pulls a small, wrapped box from his pocket.

CRAIG
Speaking of school. Will and I graduated thirty years ago, this month. This is a small remembrance for him.

He hands it to her. With the box is a piece of paper.

CRAIG
(re the paper)
I should be on my way. That's the number where I'm staying.
(stands)
Hope to see you later, Donna.

DONNA
Me, too.

She looks at this little package with fascination. As he ambles off, we HEAR Craig begin to whistle: we RECOGNIZE this as the piece Earle was playing on his Samurai flute.

CUT TO:

12. INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Encamped in one growing corner of the room is PETE MARTELL, surrounded by chess boards, chess books, coffee, lined tablets on which he's made notations specific enough to embarrass some field generals of actual wars. Cooper enters.

COOPER

Pete, how are we doing?

Martell looks up. Another face in need of sleep.

PETE

Never had to look at a chess board like it's a bunch of actual human beings. Makes for some nasty dreams.

(beat)

I've been through every stalemate in recorded history, and I've jerryrigged a few country standoffs they've written no books about. But it's no use: there isn't a stalemate game on earth where you don't lose at least a few footsoldiers.

(sighs)

The classic Herbstman leaves you with six pieces. Now I can improve on that, but even if I get there in half the time and keep twelve, that means six people will die.

COOPER

Do your best, Pete. Windom Earle's genius carries with it the vice of impatientence. He doesn't want to kill eight pawns. He wants royalty. Protect those, particularly the queen, and we can frustrate him.

WOMAN (O.S.)

You can't do that.

PETE

(to Cooper)

My students.

In another corner of the room, LUCY and ANDY sit across a chess board, clearly at loggerheads.

LUCY

Mr. Martell, Andy moved his knight but he didn't do the little hook thing.

ANDY

You don't have to do the little hook thing. That's optional.

PETE

Andy ... the knight has to do the little hook thing.

(CONTINUED)

12. CONTINUED:

ANDY
Every time?

PETE
It's a privilege. No one else gets to make that move.

ANDY
Okay, Mr. Martell...

Lucy looks on at her opponent with indignant superiority.

LUCY
I guess some people don't know quite as much as they
think they do...
(moves)
Check.

Brennan stares at the board. Cooper turns to see he has visitors.

BRIGG'S VOICE
We thought it best we come see you.

CUT TO:

13. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

ANGLE ON the blackboard, on which are drawn three inverted triangles. PULL BACK to Cooper, Briggs and the Log Lady.

BRIGGS
As you know, that pattern on the back of my neck
appeared during ... my experience. With of course no
idea as to how it got there.

COOPER
(to the Log Lady)
And you noticed it today.

LOG LADY
My log noticed. I remember.

COOPER
Remember?

LOG LADY
Look at the back of my leg.

14. INSERT - HER LEG

Behind the knee is the figure of a square with an 'x' inside, creating four triangles.

DISSOLVE TO:
(CONTINUED)

14. CONTINUED:

BLACKBOARD

Where Cooper has drawn this image on the board, beside the inverted triangles of Briggs:

LOG LADY (V.O.)

I was seven years old. I went walking up in the woods and when I got back, I was told I'd disappeared for a day. All I could recall was a flash of light ... and that mark was on my leg.

BACK TO SCENE

BRIGGS

We all three recall the light.

LOG LADY

And also... the sound of an owl...

COOPER

I remember that.

LOG LADY

The only other other time I saw that sight and heard that sound... was just before my husband died.

Cooper is staring at the board. He steps up to the square of four triangles and draws Briggs's three smaller inverted triangles inside them creating another shape which immediately excites Briggs and the Log Lady.

BRIGGS

I've seen that before.

LOG LADY

Yes...

Cooper turns to them excitedly.

COOPER

What is it?

Something about this figure is visibly upsetting to them both. Briggs looks at Cooper and just shakes his head. The Log Lady hunkers down with her log, for security and insight, and finally looks up, dismayed.

LOG LADY

I don't know...

CLOSE ON the blackboard's symbol.

CUT TO:

#2.017

15. EXT. WOODS - DAY

OPEN ON a wooded vista, some hidden spot in the verdent forest. We HEAR a man's voice, singing clear as a bell, *O Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie*. CAMERA MOVES between the pines to REVEAL Audrey and John Wheeler seated upon a blanket, a picnic lunch between them, Wheeler singing his cowboy song. Audrey watches, jawdropped, she couldn't be more surprised ... or taken with this handsome stranger. Wheeler finishes, peers at her. For once in her life Audrey Horne is speechless. Finally:

AUDREY

Wow.

Wheeler says nothing, waits for her. Audrey, suddenly vulnerable, without the usual banter to protect her, finally continues:

AUDREY

Nobody's ever sung a song to me before.

WHEELER

You must've been serenaded a time or two.

AUDREY (not coy)

I don't inspire a lot of singing. Most boys are afraid.
Wolf whistles, maybe.

WHEELER

(appreciating the revelation)
They don't know you then. Not really.

He's right. Audrey's been waiting a long time for someone to discover *her* secrets. She's delighted, though not sure what to say. Wheeler interprets her silence as rebuke.

WHEELER

Sorry for being forward. It's not I like I know you that well. In fact I don't know you at all.

(to self as well as Audrey)

Charm is a rocky road...

(quiet humor)

Another cowboy song, I know, a shot...?

AUDREY

(with an affectionate smile)
I'm completely tone deaf.

Now it's his turn to be discomfited. A beat. Both realizing that the other fills them with a sort of uncertain warmth, the awkwardness that accompanies sudden infatuation, or love. Wheeler reaches for a bottle of beer, changes the subject.

WHEELER

(quiet, contemplative)

Flying out here, I took a big northern swing. It's beautiful. The air and light up toward the pole is like
(more)

(CONTINUED)

#2.017

15. CONTINUED:

WHEELER (continued)
nothing you've ever seen. You sort of float while the earth
turns underneath. And the northern light gets trapped on
the horizon, in this bright blue band. Frozen light.
Frozen color.

Wheeler looks at her. Audrey pauses, preoccupied; then returns to the heart of the matter.

AUDREY
I don't think anyone really knows me.

WHEELER
That sounds like a warning.

AUDREY
(faint hesitation)
I know.

WHEELER
(considerate as always)
Audrey. If there's some other guy, I'll...

AUDREY
There used to be, but...

A long beat. Audrey thinking about Cooper, first love, then, at last...

AUDREY (warm and certain)
No. There's not. There's nobody.

WHEELER
So what'll we do now?

AUDREY (with humor)
Know any more cowboy tricks?

WHEELER (in kind)
If you've got a lariat in that picnic basket, I could lasso
passing cattle.

AUDREY
The closest cow is miles from here.

WHEELER
Well. Stray dogs, raccoons, a bluebird ... anything you
want...

HOLD ON Jack and Audrey for a beat. Falling in love. FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

16. INT. HAYWARD'S LIVING ROOM. - DAY

DOC and EILEEN HAYWARD enter, Doc pushing her in the wheelchair. Donna enters from a back room.

DONNA
You two had a visitor.

HAYWARD
Who's that?

DONNA
Somebody you went to medical school with. Gerald
Craig?

Hayward reacts with visible surprise. Eileen pales.

DOC HAYWARD
Gerald Craig? That's impossible, Donna.

DONNA
He's on his way to convention in Spokane. He knew all
about me and...
(remembers phone numbers)
He left a phone number. And this.

Donna hands her father the wrapped package , Craig's phone number. Hayward, still silent, stunned, hands the number to Eileen, begins to open the package

HAYWARD
Gerry Craig was my roommate, he ... he drowned during a
rafting trip on the Snake River. I was there, Donna, I
tried to save him, but...

DONNA
(chilled)
Then who was ...?

Eileen turns to both from the phone, she's just dialed the number Donna gave them.

EILEEN
It's a cemetery.

Doc takes the lid off the gift box.

17. INSERT - THE OPENED BOX

contains a beautiful black hand-carved chess piece. A knight. The piece of paper below it
(more)

(CONTINUED)

#2.017

17. CONTINUED:

reads "Kn to KB3".

BACK TO SCENE

HAYWARD
Knight to King's Bishop 3.

DONNA
What is it, dad?

HAYWARD
That man, he's ... he's very dangerous. Don't let him in here again, do you understand?

DONNA
Sure -

HAYWARD
I've got to take this over to Cooper.

He gathers up the box, chess piece and paper, then exits.

EILEEN
(distracted)
Donna give me your father's yearbook. It's upstairs, in the study ...

Donna nods assent. WE FOLLOW her out of the room and up the stairs. From far away, WE HEAR the DOORBELL.

EILEEN
I'll get it

Fearing this might again be the impostor, Donna starts down the stairs, but only gets a couple beats down...

18. DONNA'S POV

looking down over the stairway, into the front alcove. Eileen leans forward in her wheelchair to unlock the door. A MAN immediately steps inside. It is *Ben Horne*. He drops to one knee and speaks to Eileen in urgent, hushed tones. We cannot HEAR what is being said.

CUT TO:

19. INT. HURLEY LIVING ROOM DAY

Ed and NADINE sit body-width apart on the couch. DR. LAWRENCE JACOBY sits in a facing chair.

(CONTINUED)

19. CONTINUED:

ED

Nadine, what I'm really here to say to you is...
(a look to Jacoby, who gazes back with cool
encouragement)
... seeing as how you're with Mike now...

NADINE

It's so cute the way you get embarrassed.

Ed gathers himself. This is not easy. Despite the absurdity of it, this is still, after all, his wife; and someone he's been with since high school.

ED

And since I've found someone else ... Nadine, I'm not sure
you're going to understand this.

NADINE

Course I understand, Eddie. This isn't just a little spat.

JACOBY

Do you know what Ed is suggesting?

NADINE

It's not too obvious. We're not like talking relativity
here. We're breaking up. Major, final breakup.

Ed and Jacoby trade looks.

JACOBY

Well, yes, technically it *is* a breakup, Nadine...

ED

But it's a little more than that, too, honey.

NADINE

Ed, you're so serious. These are the dating years. You're
acting like it's some really big deal.

ED

(pause, aside)
Doc ...

JACOBY

(stage whisper)
There aren't any secret tricks or magic words. It's like
the dissolving of scar tissue around a wound: she'll start
to see reality again when her mind begins to feel safe.

ED

When will that be?

(CONTINUED)

#2.017

19. CONTINUED:(2)

JACOBY

Can't say. That tissue's packed in there pretty hard.

NADINE

Okay, well one thing I don't want to see, Ed, are any incidents with Mike. No jealous rages.

(a wink)

Well... maybe just a little one.

ED

I give up.

JACOBY

Nadine. You and Ed are about to get a divorce.

Nadine stares at Jacoby. Her expression goes from incomprehension to discomfort to fear. Suddenly she closes her good right eye. Opens it.

NADINE

I think I've gone blind in my left eye.

It's the eye with the patch. Ed and Jacoby again trade looks, they are both bankrupt of responses.

CUT TO:

20. INT. DINER

OPEN ON Norma looking at a FLYER for the Miss Twin Peaks contest. She then carries it over to Shelly at the counter.

NORMA

Shelly, have you seen this?

SHELLY

"Miss Twin Peaks."

(looks it her, realizes what she's suggesting)

Me? Are you kidding?

NORMA

There's a cash prize, a college scholarship ... I'll bet you could walk away with it.

SHELLY

I don't know, Norma.

NORMA

It's easy. Give a speech, answer a couple questions...

SHELLY

(as pageant host, using fork for mike)

Miss Double R Diner, how would *you* bring about world

(more)

(CONTINUED)

#2.017

20. CONTINUED:

SHELLY (continued)

peace?

(as vapid contestant)

Well. I would ask all world's leaders to form a circle
and hold hands. Because you can't make a fist if you're
busy holding hands.

NORMA (deadpan)

You're a shoe-in.

SHELLY (in kind)

I've got an order up.

Shelly, to Norma's amusement, sashays to the kitchen window and vamps the order over to her customer, a dark-haired man who looks like a highway gypsy, possibly a trucker.

MAN

What's with the little dance?

SHELLY

Oh, my boss was telling me I should enter this contest.

(self-deprecating scoff)

Miss Twin Peaks.

As she lowers his order, we see the EMERALD RING of Windom Earle.

MAN (EARLE)

You can kid about it, but you're very pretty. I think you
should enter.

SHELLY

Thank you. I never think of myself as pretty.

Shelly muses as she walks away. Over her shoulder we watch Cooper enter and take a counter seat on the side opposite Earle, and further down. We CLOSE ON Cooper.

ANNIE (O.S.)

Are you ready to order?

He looks up at this unfamiliar voice and freezes on Annie Blackburne's face. There is instant, mutual attraction. Something close to love at first sight. Cooper is hooked by Annie's soft features - Botticelli's Venus serving coffee. Annie feels it too, but is far less comfortable with it.

COOPER

A cup of deep, black joe.

ANNIE (lays out silverware)

Coming right up.

(CONTINUED)

20. CONTINUED:(2)

COOPER

You're a new face.

ANNIE

I'm Annie. Norma's sister.

COOPER

Dale Cooper. Local law enforcement.

ANNIE

Must keep you pretty busy

COOPER

It does. But in this town, there's always time to sit a while and absorb ... observe.

(beat)

Are you staying in town ... awhile?

ANNIE

I might be here quite a while

COOPER

It's happened to me.

ANNIE

Looks like it's grown on you.

COOPER

Things have a way of doing that here.

She starts to speak, then self-consciously backs off, sloe-eyed, half-smiling.

21. POV - THE MAN (WINDOM EARLE)

stares over at Cooper speaking to Annie. Studying him.

BACK TO SCENE

As Annie serves his coffee, her longsleeved shirt rides up far enough for Cooper to spot the beginning of extensive wrist scars. He knows what they mean.

ANNIE

I made it a little strong.

COOPER

You made it right.

Cooper gets an odd feeling, and suddenly looks across the counter: Earle is gone. Hawk enters, making a straight line for Coop.

(CONTINUED)

#2.017

21. CONTINUED:

HAWK

We've got a problem at the Bookhouse.

CUT TO:

22. INT. BOOKHOUSE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Dark, ominous. Standing beside the door is Andy.

ANDY

Agent Cooper, Hawk, the Sheriff's gone off. He's broken every piece of furniture that's not nailed down and shot out the ceiling lights. I honestly don't know what to do.

HAWK

It's okay, Andy.

He is clearly frightened. Cooper and Hawk follow a trail of broken furniture. Truman sits in darkness, a bottle of Jack Daniels beside him, gun in hand.

TRUMAN

Hello, Coop. How's business?

COOPER

A little complicated at the moment.

TRUMAN

Nice thing about the law. It doesn't breathe.
(eyes his gun)
You can't kill it.

COOPER

Harry, let's make this simple ... why don't you hand me that gun.

TRUMAN

Don't think I've handed my gun over to anybody my entire life.

COOPER

This might be the time.

TRUMAN

You know something else I've never done? I've never really left Twin Peaks. Ever. Never crossed the ocean. I was the one who stayed. Then Josie came to town. And my life...

(quietly hopeless)

My life was different. It was better. And now she's gone...

(CONTINUED)

#2.017

22. CONTINUED:

COOPER

(gently)

Your life belongs to you, Harry. Josie didn't take it with her.

TRUMAN

(lost in thought, regret)

When I walked in that room... and it looked like I might have to shoot her...

(beat)

I know she lied. I know she was evil.

(beat)

I looked into her eyes... and watched the life drain out of them... she was...

(breaking harder)

... so helpless... she needed me and there was nothing I could do...

With that, Truman completely unravels, knocking over the bottle.

TRUMAN

It didn't have to end like that... she didn't have to die...

The gun's aim swings into wider, more dangerous circles. Cooper steps in, pulls Truman into a bearhug. Truman grabs onto him, finally allowing himself some comfort.

COOPER

Easy.

The sheriff's arms extend despondently, the gun dangling from his hand. Hawk takes it.

TRUMAN

There's so much I don't understand...

COOPER

We're all like that, Harry.

CLOSE ON the spilled bottle of Jack Daniels, its copper puddle, seen between rungs of a busted chair.

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

23. INT. BOOKHOUSE - EARLY NIGHT

Cooper and Hawk carry Truman in, dropping him lightly down on the bed. They step over toward the table lamp, as Truman lies in the darker background.

COOPER

Somebody keep an eye on him tonight.

HAWK

(beat, looks down at him)

Never seen him that way. It was like hiking out to a favorite spot and finding a hole where the lake used to be.

(beat)

Josie had power.

COOPER

"A man who doesn't love easily, loves too much."

(looking down at Truman)

A good man.

HAWK

The best.

A beat. Truman rustles slightly.

TRUMAN

(through his sleep)

Keep going....

Cooper and Hawk look over at the inert sheriff, then at each other.

CUT TO:

24. INT. GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL - LOBBY

OPEN ON several couples in evening dress, heading for this evening's Ghostwood benefit. CLOSE ON the registration desk, where concierge RICHARD LAZARE, is registering an odd-looking YOUNG COUPLE, with one obviously empty suitcase.

LAZARE

That's a special honeymoon suite for .. Mr. and Mrs...
Hinkman?

EXPAND to reveal the 'Hinkmans': Nadine in a topcoat, summer hat and dark glasses. Wearing his prom suit and an extremely nervous expression is MIKE NELSON.

MIKE

(near to babbling)

That's... correct. We're from Bozeman originally, but my

(more)

(CONTINUED)

24. CONTINUED:

MIKE (continued)

wife thought it would be nice to see the countryside, and you know, there's some pretty nice country here in Twin Peaks...

LAZARE

(dryly)

Will you be with us long?

NADINE

(bubbling)

Not long enough..

MIKE

Only until tomorrow. If that's okay. We're going deep sea fishing.

NADINE

(orgasmically enthusiastic)

Oh goody.

MIKE

Okay, so we'll just go now. Me and Mrs. Hinkman.

Two of the Ghostwood benefit models pass by. Young girls, about high school age. One of them slows at the sight of the registering couple.

MODEL

Is that ... Mike?

Mike cringes. Nadine, through shades and an eye patch, stares knives at this girl, who is thinking her buddy Mike must have lost a bet.

MIKE

How are you, Susan?

MODEL

Fine.

(giggles)

See you in school...

Lazare looks askance at this. Nadine simmers. Mike feels her iron grip tighten further.

NADINE

The room, please.

For emphasis, Nadine impatiently SLAMS the desk bell. The clerk stares down at the counter. The bell is flattened. Mike smiles weakly, lifting the empty suitcase.

MIKE

I think we can handle the bags.

CUT TO:

25. INT. GREAT NORTHERN DINING ROOM

The Stop Ghostwood benefit has drawn a large, black tie crowd. BEN HORNE stands at the microphone, located off on a wing of the newly constructed runway.

BEN

I'd first like to thank you all for this marvelous turnout. It's gratifying to see so many people who are serious about their environment.

(beat)

The Stop Ghostwood campaign is a determined effort to keep the rabid development interests from trying to turn our beautiful northwest forests into a monstrous amusement park, destroying animal preserves that have been undisturbed for centuries, the little worlds which serve as sanctums for several endangered species. Before moving along, I'd just like to remind us all that ecology is not a luxury science, and it's not about pleasant appearances: it's about survival. About whether we're all going to make it. Period.

(beat)

But on the other hand, not to understate the value of visual splendor, we come now to our fashion show. If you think you recognize some of our models, it's because they're concerned members of our community who have graciously contributed their time tonight. So, ladies and gentlemen, to kick things off, our host Richard Tremayne.

Tremayne approaches the mike to scattered applause, grinning up past his eyebrows.

TREMAYNE

Thank you. Splendid gathering.

We DROP to a LONG SHOT of the runway, FAVORING the models as they emerge. The first striding figure is Lucy Moran, cautiously eying Tremayne as she walks uncertainly out along the ramp.

TREMAYNE

Our little Lucy wears a delightful mix of warm northern comfort and southern insouciance. An elegant worsted wool jacket over a sueded charmeuse T-shirt... fabulous, isn't it?

Having nervously reached the end of the runway a little early, Lucy has to do a few too many turns and starts to grow dizzy.

TREMAYNE

And a moonless-night-blue slim skirt of matching worsted, for the look that always says, hey, world! I'm here...

(CONTINUED)

25. CONTINUED:

Lucy wobbles back toward the curtain. A pause. The next model, who looks more like he's walking a plank than a runway, is Andy Brennan.

TREMAYNE

Mr. Brennan, a man for all seasons, is wearing a baby rib wool turtleneck beneath a daring plaid all-wool pendleton shirt.

Andy reaches the end of the ramp and freezes in stage fright, gawking out at the audience.

TREMAYNE

The look is completed by his black flaring cotton trousers. For the man who wants to make a statement while retaining the casual feel, whether he's out mastering a task or riding the breeze of a chance meeting ...

(beat)

That'll do it, Andy.

With stiff hulklike movements, Andy turns and goes.

CUT TO:

26. BACKSTAGE

Audrey hectically lines up the remaining models.

AUDREY

At this rate, were going to run late, so if you could all sort of hurry Richard along with some quick movement our there ...

Lucy walks past, still a little dazed, trailing Andy, the bright red turtleneck almost exploding out of his shirt.

ANDY

I'm hot in this thing.

LUCY

You're hot? All this worsted? I'm dressed like a sheep.

(beat)

And I also think Mr. Tremayne's getting a little warm himself, over all these girls...

(Andy's sour expression)

TREMAYNE (FAR O.S.)

Our next model....

Audrey gives the lead girl a tap.

AUDREY

Go!

CUT TO:

27. THE BAR

Ben Horne sits over a drink, momentarily escaping the crowd. Catherine sits beside him.

CATHERINE

Well, if it isn't John Muir, friend of the redwood.

BEN

Catherine, dear, how good of you to come?

CATHERINE

Ben, darling, let me ask you; who are you kidding with all this?

BEN

Catherine, I am absolutely one hundred per cent sincere.

CATHERINE

Ben, look who you're talking to. We're in the same line of work: you've always been a little more obvious, but this... at least I use some imagination.

BEN

Catherine, have you ever in your entire life had an experience that truly changed you.

CATHERINE

Spare me the Born Again sales pitch and level with me, you can't really hope to stop development plans with this little sideshow; what do you actually expect to gain from all this?

BEN

A first scrubbing on one of the dirtiest consciences in the entire Northwest.

(beat)

It'll happen to you, Catherine. I know what you're planning with Ghostwood. And granted, I used to see life exactly the way you do. And no matter how many deals I closed, or much money I made, inside I was a black, miserable clod of dirt. Catherine, the one thing that really affords you joy in life, the only authentic thing is giving. Darling, don't wait until you're on your death bed to find that out.

CATHERINE

God help you. It sounds like you actually mean this.

BEN

I do mean it. For you, for me, and for the future.

(beat)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

27. CONTINUED:

BEN (continued)

Catherine, why not take this opportunity to transcend a lifetime of megalomania and egocentricity...

(eye to eye)

... and write us a fat check to help stop Ghostwood?

CUT TO:

28. RUNWAY STAGE

Standing beside Tremayne, much to Richard's disgust, is Tim Pinkle, attired in a cherry sportcoat and pink polyester pants. Beside Pinkle is a cage, containing a meek-looking weasel.

TREMAYNE

And now, to introduce us to an endangered little critter whose home is currently under attack by the proposed Ghostwooddevelopment project ... Mr. Tim Pinkle.

PINKLE

Thanks, Dick. How's everybody doing tonight?

(nothing)

That's good.

In following the taller Tremayne, Pinkle loosens the stand in order to lower the mike, which drops with a loud thud down to his ankle. In trying to extend it back up, he encounters more resistance, gives it a good yank and shoots the mike up for someone six-eleven. Tremayne just stares at him. Finally Pinkle lowers it to where it was originally.

PINKLE

Thank you. I'm here to introduce you all to a little guy who doesn't understand the dark peril that awaits him. An innocent in a world gone mad ...

Tremayne lightly elbows him, in a plea for brevity. Pinkle drops down and opens the cage.

PINKLE

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you ... the endangered Pine Weasel.

Pinkle reaches down into the cage and pulls up the frightened animal, who is half-hypnotized by the lights.

PINKLE

This species, technically of the weasel family, not only is nonaggressive toward us humans and has beautiful fur ... he is also by nature an excellent controller of rodents.

Pinkle holds the animal up in front of Tremayne.

(CONTINUED)

28. CONTINUED:

PINKLE

Unfortunately the little fella is a very curious animal, making him unusually easy to trap. He's particularly drawn to ...

The weasel leans over toward Tremayne, sniffing.

PINKLE

... bright tinkling objects.

TREMAYNE

Must be my tie clasp.

PINKLE

And to various smells, particularly, believe it or not, very cheap cologne ...

Ignoring this, Tremayne affectionately drops his head down toward the weasel, playing to the audience. The little creature reaches up toward Tremayne.

PINKLE

Think he wants to give you a little kiss, Dick ...

TREMAYNE

(suppressing revulsion)
Hello there, little pilgrim.

The weasel lunges up sweetly and suddenly bites Tremayne on the nose. The host lets out a yell, trying to pull himself away, but the animal won't let go. Tremayne finally wrenches himself free, dancing up the runway in pain. The weasel screeches and bolts off the stage, causing an immediate panic in the crowd. Women scurry around senselessly, screaming in fear.

PINKLE

No need to panic, folks ... he's completely harmless...

The place is in chaos. The weasel tears through the room, under a banquet table, spilling back guests on both sides. Andy Brennan, still in costume, begins pursuit.

ANDY

Nobody panic!!.....

Up on the stage, Audrey is out trying to restore order.

AUDREY

Please everyone, calm down... stay in your seats ...

From behind, an alarmed model knocks Audrey off the runway. She tumbles headlong ... into the arms of Jack Justice Wheeler. And stays there.

(CONTINUED)

28. CONTINUED:(2)

WHEELER
You alright?

AUDREY
Fine ...

WHEELER
Lot of fuss over a loose weasel.

AUDREY
Maybe we should help.

WHEELER
Oh, I don't know. Little excitement might do this crowd
some good.

They share a laugh as confused patrons knife by them. Audrey settles a little deeper into his arms.

AUDREY
Did you come for the fashion show?

WHEELER
No. I came for you.

And with that, as the world falls apart all around them, Audrey and Wheeler share their first passionate kiss. HOLD ON this tableau for a beat.

CUT TO:

29. OMITTED

30. OMITTED

31. INT. BOOKHOUSE

ANGLE ON a Bookhouse Boy, CAPPY, who sits guarding the door. Suddenly a GUN BUTT cracks his head; he slides down onto the floor. The person who hit him, still faceless, moves further inside.

32. TRUMAN

is asleep in bed. The assailant walks up to him, holding the gun. A beat. The gun is then placed on the nightstand.

The CAMERA PANS UP until we see it is Jones, still looking down at the sleeping Truman. She now begins removing her clothes.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END