

**TWIN PEAKS  
PLANNED "SEASON THREE" COMIC**

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## CONCEPT ART





Harriet in darkroom



Harriet in darkroom (color test)



An irate Leo



Wheeler putting on the charm



Truman glowering



Andy alarmed





Lucy listening



Sylvia Horne



Bobby in Ben mode



Agent Darrow doing her thing

# SCRIPT FOR "EPISODE 1"

## 1. PROLOGUE

Establishing shot of hospital. Late afternoon.

TITLE: Monday, March 27, 1989

Close-up of a female hand pushing a cart. THE RING is on the ring finger.

We see that the hand belongs to a FEMALE NURSE (name?). As she pushes the cart down the hall she passes an open door. Something catches her attention and she goes back to the door.

Inside the room, AGENT COOPER in his black suit stands at the bedside of ANNIE BLACKBURN, eyes open but comatose. Cooper stares down at her, his back to the nurse.

Nurse:  
Excuse me, you can't be in here right now.

Cooper turns his head slowly to face the nurse.

Cooper (speaking slowly and intensely):  
This bed is too hard.

Nurse:  
That's a standard hospital bed, sir. I really must ask you to leave.

Cooper (turning back to Annie, gesturing vaguely towards the bed):  
She must be given softer bedding.

Nurse (extending a hand to touch Cooper's shoulder):  
Sir -

Cooper, without looking, snatches her hand out of the air before she can lay a finger on him. He turns to face her, still clutching her hand, and his eyes find the RING on her finger. A new expression comes over his face. His grip tightens.

Nurse:  
Wh --

The nurse looks at him with questioning eyes. Cooper meets her gaze with an unblinking stare. We alternate between their eyes, zooming closer and closer in until Cooper's black pupil takes up the whole panel. We won't know how this scene played out until much later.

## 2. INTRO SEQUENCE

We see a series of haunting images, seemingly disconnected, in pastiche. Among them are:

A girl's face slowly emerging from darkness into a bright white light. At first only her nose and lips are visible.

Two young girls giggling and laughing, in a gossipy, "naughty" way, slightly menacingly, in red light.

\*\*\*\*\*MORE THINGS

### 3. SCENE ONE: PICNIC AREA NEAR GLASTONBERRY GROVE

Intro sequence ends on a large close-up of a bird. Superimposed over the bird:

TITLE: 18 MONTHS LATER

Birder1 (voice-over, unseen):  
No, no, no! That's *calophonus*!

Frame of blurred motion [image through binoculars, being violently shoved]

Birder2:  
It looks like a Bewick's Wren to me.

Birder1:  
Well of course it's a Bewick's Wren.  
But we're looking for *leucophrys*.  
That right there is a run-of-the-mill *calophonus*.

Birder2:  
"Loo-co-fris" ... they live around here?

Birder1 [showing him a picture in a well-thumbed notebook]:  
They don't live around anywhere. They're extinct.  
Except one was just spotted up in the Peaks here.  
A goddamn miracle!

Guide:  
Attention birders!

Birder2:  
Look buddy, this is my week off.

Other birders are talking amongst themselves, sitting at tables in a picnic area. The Guide, a well-dressed bespectacled fellow, addresses the crowd from a makeshift podium.

Guide [smiling, hands clasped]:  
Good morning everyone, and thank you for joining us here on this exciting day.  
Before we get started, Mayor Milford has some words he'd like to say.  
Mr. Mayor? Your Honor?

The Mayor, completely ancient, hobbles over. Very slowly he begins to speak.

Mayor:  
Ehmm....

Guide:  
Sir?

Mayor:  
Mmh.

Guide:  
Well, I think what the Mayor would like to say is that he is very proud to be hosting such an important and historic event as the documentation of a species long-thought extinct.  
Years from now -

Mayor:  
We would like....  
[long pause]  
To welcome all of you...  
[long pause]

Guide:  
Thank you, Mr. Mayor, Your Honor, Sir. Now if you'll all look in your guidebooks -

Mayor:  
...bird-watchers...

An irate birder stands up.

Irate birder:  
BIRDERS! Not bird-watchers!  
Birders! Bir-ders! BIR...DERRRSS!

Guide:  
I'm very sorry, we're very sorry, of course...

Irate birder:  
BIRDERS!

Another birder has his binoculars up, mouth agape, looking into the distance. He lowers the binoculars and excitedly points off into the woods.

Other birder:  
Oh my god --- LEUCOPHRYS!

The rest of the group ceases their arguing/chanting and they all rush as a group towards the alleged bird, leaving the mayor behind.

Guide (shouting after fleeing birders):  
Vote Milford!

Mayor:  
...to Twin...

After running full tilt through the woods, the group finds itself at Glastonberry Grove. There, one of the birders screams and the group halts, faces aghast. In the center of the circle of sycamore trees, a shriveled, naked corpse lies within a ring of blood.

TITLE: SEASON THREE

#### 4. SCENE 3: TWIN PEAKS SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT

We briefly see Nancy Reagan's face, 50 feet tall, looking down from the sky on Andy Brennan. (Her face is 50 tall... her body, beyond the horizon, must be gigantic.)

Truman [banging on the driver's side window of Andy's patrol car]:  
Wake up, Andy.

Andy [startled, getting out of his car]:  
I'm not sleeping. I wasn't sleeping.

Truman walks off ahead, looking like he doesn't give a shit. Andy has a private moment by the car where he rubs his eyes.

We are now inside the Sheriff's Department as Truman comes through the front doors. Lucy sits behind the reception window with her child in her lap.

Lucy:  
Good morning, Sheriff Truman. Here's the agenda for the meeting.  
Sorry about the cover page.

She hands him a pamphlet of papers. The cover page has green crayon scribbles all over it. Truman gives her a look, then takes the agenda without a word and walks a few more steps into the lobby, flipping through the pages with his back to Lucy. Lucy sticks out her tongue at him.

Andy enters the lobby, buckling his gun holster and tucking in his shirt. He rushes up to Lucy and talks excitedly but in a quiet voice so Truman doesn't overhear.

Andy:  
Lucy, I just had the most amazing dream. I saw Nancy Reagan!  
She was fifty feet tall, and she was saying that 'the answer is in my hair.'

Lucy stares at him quizzically - Little Dale has a fist in her hair and is yanking her head to the side.



Andy:  
That's the part that confused me, Lucy, because, well, I don't have much hair.

Lucy [concerned, detaching Little Dale]:  
You fell asleep in your car?

Andy [shamefully]:  
I didn't mean to. Only, I was awake all night worrying about Little Dale.  
I don't want him to turn out empty-headed like his old man.

Lucy:  
Andy, your head is full of things.  
[to Dale]  
And so is Little Dale's, isn't it?

Andy looks like he feels a little better. Abruptly, Truman turns around, comes back to the reception window and drops the agenda in front of Lucy.

Truman:  
I'm canceling the meeting. There's nothing to talk about.

Andy:  
Sheriff Truman, the election's only a week away.

Truman:  
It doesn't matter. I'm running unopposed.

Lucy [exchanges glance with Andy]:  
So you're not going to campaign at all?

Truman:  
Honestly, I don't think anyone will notice the difference.

Truman walks off, but Lucy silently motions for Andy to go after him. Andy puffs up his chest and marches after Truman. He catches up to Truman at the coffee machine as Truman pours himself a cup.

Andy:  
Sheriff Truman?

Truman [barely turning to face Andy]:  
Yes, Andy?

Andy:  
I've been thinking, well, now that I'm a FATHER...  
and since I've been working here such a long time...

Andy pauses. Truman regards him with bored eyes.

Andy [hurrying to get to the point]:  
Well, I was hoping for a raise. A-and a promotion.

Truman:  
Andy, you know there's no money in the budget.  
And I can't promote you. You're already Deputy Sheriff.  
The only thing higher than Deputy Sheriff is THE Sheriff, and that's me.  
Now, I've got to get to work.

Truman enters his office and shuts the door. Andy is perplexed.

Inside Truman's office, we see him place the coffee cup on his desk and slump down in his chair. He regards his large pile of work papers with a sour face. His hand goes to a desk drawer; he opens it and pulls out a flask. He pours some liquid into his coffee and takes a swig straight from the flask for good measure. He drops the flask back into the drawer.

Truman hunches forward, propped on his elbows and gripping his coffee cup with one hand. He stares into the middle distance with dead eyes.

Back in the lobby, Lucy cranes her neck out of the receptionist window, trying to see what happened to Andy. He is still standing where Truman left him. Lucy can only see his back.

Lucy:  
Andy...?

The phone rings. Lucy answers it, eyes still on Andy.

Lucy:  
Sheriff's Department?

A pause as Lucy listens, then her eyes widen and she raises a hand to her open mouth.

We cut back to Truman's office. He hasn't moved. The intercom buzzes.

Lucy [over intercom]:  
Sheriff Truman!  
...  
Sheriff Truman!

Close up on Truman's face (on the phone) as he tries not to react.

Cut to:

## 5. SCENE 2: TWIN PEAKS AIRPORT AND RR DINER

A small plane taxis down a bare-bones runway and pulls into a space. We have the glorious reveal of John Justice Wheeler emerging from the cockpit (scarf?), hair tousled in the wind.

He surveys the area and hops down with a satchel or suitcase, walking to the airport office where a cab is parked outside. A curious looking fellow is leaned up against the cab.

Wheeler:  
Ride for hire, sir?

Driver nods, gets in taxi. Wheeler climbs in backseat.

Wheeler [distinctly pronouncing]:  
I'm headed up to the Great Northern Hotel.

Driver drives and Wheeler runs his hand through his hair, sorts through his bag. The driver pulls into the parking lot of the Double R and suddenly seems to notice Wheeler in the rearview.

Wheeler [looking out]:  
This is the Double R.

Driver:  
Where to, buddy?

Wheeler [confused]:  
I'm headed to the Great Northern... ah, actually, I could stand to freshen up a bit... could we stop here a moment?

Driver:  
Here we are and we are here.  
[Driver turns off car, starts to exit]  
Finest slice in town, don't mind if I do!

Wheeler [calling after him, bewildered/amused]:  
Just for a moment though!

Wheeler grabs up a little man case and bustles through the door of the Double R, which is plastered with a campaign poster for Catherine Martell. The driver is already seated with a coffee at the counter, between other people. Wheeler enters and we see the horrible red-haired girl as a waitress behind the counter. Her jaw drops and she puts on a fetching face, sauntering over to him and leaning on the counter, revealing a gross cleavage.

Lana:  
Well hel-LO sir! And how can I serve you today?

Wheeler [raises his eyebrows fetchingly]:  
Could you point me to your accommodations, miss?

Lana:  
Huunh? Oh, you mean our toy-lit? That's cute. Right around the corner over there.

Wheeler nods at her and whisks away to the bathroom. Lana leans over the counter to watch him go, wagging her ass, lazily wiping a rag over the counter. A couple of truckers openly ogle her. We see Norma in the background, smoking and surveying the scene. She comes up next to the starry eyed Lana and smacks her hand on the counter, making Lana jump.

Norma:  
Keepin the candy in the wrapper, darlin?

Lana [straightens up]:  
Yes, Mrs. Hurley!

Norma [purses her lips]:  
I see a lot of cold cups of coffee. Now, what is it I pay you for, again?

Lana:  
I was just brewin a pot! It's only now done!  
[She grabs the pot off the burner, whisks off down the counter to fill cups]

Norma [putting out cigarette in ashtray, looking at truckers]:  
Guess I'm paying for excuses, right, fellas?

Truckers snicker goofily. Wheeler emerges from bathroom looking even more confident and slick than before, if that is possible (possibly changed his scarf). He strides over to the driver, who is staring straight ahead, eating his pie.

Wheeler:  
Well I'm feeling reasonably refreshed, whenever you're ready for it.

Driver [looks down at watch]:  
High time for pie time. [keep eating, looking ahead]

Wheeler:  
Ah ...  
[Catches Lana pouring coffee at a booth, speaks quietly]  
Miss, do you have some kind of reliable taxi service in this town you could recommend? I'm trying to get to the Great Northern.

Lana:  
Well ain't you just in luck! Cabbie's here now.  
[calls over to Driver] Earl, can you take this gentleman up to the Great Northern when you're done with your pie?

Driver [not turning]:  
Mmmm-hmm.

Lana [ushering Wheeler to a stool at the counter]:  
But I only just warmed up his coffee, can't I get anything for you?  
Seems kind of rude to use our toilet and go, doncha think?

Wheeler:

Fine. A cup of cocoa, then.

Lana [seems confused]:

No, that ain't right ... Lemme guess - you're the mysterious stranger in our little town here, huh? Well I'll tell you what you need to know about - a piece of our fresh homemade blackberry pie, mm mm! Goes real fine with a cup of hot joe!

Wheeler:

Sorry. I don't like pie.

A waitress drops her dishes. Lana looks offended and goes off as he glances about the restaurant. Patrons glower at him. Norma appears, hand first, with a spoon and a napkin pushed toward him over the counter. He startles.

Norma:

You like whipped cream on that hot chocolate?

Wheeler [glancing up with a slight smirk]:

I do, thank you.

Norma:

New to town, honey?

Wheeler:

Not at all, but it's been a while ... it seems ... different, somehow.

Norma:

I think you'll find that a lot of things have changed around here.

Driver [settling up bill at cash register with Lana]:

[loudly, to restaurant]

Peaks Express is leaving the station! Anyone need a ride?

Wheeler looks dubious and hesitates.

Lana [gently reminding]:

Well this gentleman here was sayin' he needs to go the Great Northern.

Driver [shaking his head and smirking]:

Always a place to go, huh?

[To Wheeler] Well come on then.

Norma:

You want that cocoa to go?

Wheeler [slides a bill across the counter, gathers things]:

Sorry for the trouble.

Norma:

Well come back when you can spend some time.

Lana watches him leave.

As Wheeler steps outside, he is startled as several police vehicles zip by with their sirens at full blast.

## 6. SCENE 4: GLASTONBERRY GROVE

From a distance, we see the sheriff's truck and a police car traveling along a forest road.

At the crime scene, Hawk is putting up a perimeter of police tape. Birders are gathered on the other side of the tape, one of which is using his binoculars to look at the body.

Hawk:  
Come on, people! Have some respect!

In the background, Hawk spots a figure amongst the trees, although he can't make out his or her face. He takes his eyes off the figure for a moment as he continues herding the onlookers away from the Grove.

Hawk:  
That's right. Keep it moving.

When Hawk looks back towards the mysterious figure, he or she has disappeared. Hawk frowns, wondering at the possible significance of this.

The sheriff's truck and the police car arrive and park nearby, and Truman, Andy, and Doc Hayward get out. Doc Hayward carries a small medical case and Andy carries a camera. As they approach Hawk, Truman yells at the onlookers.

Truman [a little too aggressively]:  
HEY! Get out of here!

The onlookers look sheepishly at each other and slink away. Hawk and Andy share a look, then Hawk speaks to Truman.

Hawk:  
Something real dark about this one, Sheriff.

Hawk leads the group over to the Grove, where the shriveled body still lies. Doc Hayward reacts first, furrowing his brow in disbelief. He carefully steps over the ring of blood and then kneels next to the body, getting a close look. Pokes it with a pen, testing the texture of this curious specimen. He stands up, scratching his head, looking back at the blood.

Truman [impatient]:  
Doc?

Doc:

I don't understand it. This blood is still wet, but the body seems ... ancient.

Hawk [to Truman]:

Hikers come through here every day. It can't have been here longer than 24 hours.

Andy, who has been snapping pictures, lowers the camera from his face.

Andy [wide eyed]:

Maybe someone stole a mummy from a museum...!

Hawk:

Could just be someone dug up a grave.

Doc:

But this blood ... there's so much of it.

Truman [suddenly snapping]:

Quiet, all of you!

[with horror in his eyes, he looks at Doc pleadingly]

Doc, is it Cooper?

Everyone gets quiet, mixed emotions surfacing at the mention of their missing friend.

Doc [looking down at the corpse's face]:

No, the body's female. It'll take some time for an identification, though.

[raises eyes back to Truman]

I'm sorry, Harry. I know you still want answers.

We all do. We haven't forgotten.

Harry [staring at the corpse]:

Check her fingernails, Doc.

Doc Hayward looks at Truman questioningly, realizes he's serious, then kneels and gets to work. He dons a pair of gloves, then gently lifts one of the corpse's hands and inspects the fingertips.

Doc:

Yes, I do see something.

Doc Hayward fishes a pair of tweezers from his medical case, and proceeds to extricate a small bit of paper from under the corpse's ring finger's fingernail. He holds the paper above his head with the tweezers, pushing his glasses down his nose and squinting at it.

In close up, we see the bit of paper: a typewritten letter "R" is printed on it.

Doc [looking at Truman, unsure what this means]:

It's an R.

Truman is positively scowling, still staring at the corpse.

Hawk [putting it together]:  
Bob.

Truman rounds on Hawk and points a finger in his face.

Truman:  
We don't mention that name, Hawk. Understand?  
[turning to Doc Hayward and gesturing to the body]  
Get this thing to the morgue. The sooner we're out of here, the better.

Doc [hesitantly]:  
I'd like to take a sample of this blood, as well.

Truman [spreading his arms mockingly]:  
Do whatever.  
You.  
Want.

Andy:  
Sheriff Truman, we should take this seriously.

Truman:  
I don't take jokes seriously, Andy. That's what this is.  
[close up]  
A sick joke.

Cut to:

## **7. SCENE 5: A government office building.**

Men in suits are walking back and forth across a hallway, passing a suitcase back and forth in a kind of dance. Their faces are completely serious.

Agent 1 takes the case, walks by Agent 2, smoothly passing it off to him as he goes, exiting the frame to the left.

Agent 2 walks the case a few steps to the right, then passes it to Agent 3.

Agent 3 is already walking to the left as he receives the case. He takes a few steps, then swivels around on his heels and passes Agent 2 again, passing the case back as he goes. Meanwhile, Agent 1 has re-entered the frame on the left, now walking sideways, his head turning back and forth, crossing his legs and keeping his arms up in a kind of "W" sign.

Agent 2 now walks down the hall, and passes the briefcase off to Charles "Comfy" Glasswick, who is walking and talking with Special Agent Sam Stanley. Stanley looks back, watching Agent 2 depart.



Glasswick:  
They been keeping you busy upstairs?

Stanley:  
Yes, sir. Detail work, but I find it nourishing.

Glasswick:  
Not much action, then?

Stanley:  
Not since the Banks case, I'm afraid.

Glasswick [pausing, with his hand on the conference room doorknob]:  
Well, Stanley, how do you like surprises?

Stanley:  
If I may, sir, I would prefer to withhold my opinion until the surprise in question has been revealed.

Glasswick smiles, and then pushes open the door. Inside the room we see a tall black agent, back turned.

Glasswick [still in the doorway]:  
Special Agent Darrow. You're early.

Special Agent Jane Darrow:  
[turns, so that we can see her face]  
It's a habit, sir.

Glasswick:  
"Virtue is a habit, disposed toward action by deliberate choice." Aristotle.  
[smiles broadly for an awkward moment, while Stanley hovers.]

Glasswick briskly strides into the room and takes a seat at the conference table, dramatically slaps the briefcase down in front of him, and opens it up.

Glasswick [to Stanley, as he points towards the door]:  
Shut the door and take a seat.

Stanley does so, hesitantly.

Stanley [taking a seat]:  
What is this about, Chief?

Glasswick:  
First of all, I've told you both. Call me Comfy.  
[to Stanley]  
Stanley, this is your lucky day. You've been reassigned, effective immediately.  
[to Darrow]

Special Agent Jane Darrow, Special Agent Sam Stanley.

Stanley turns to meet eyes with Darrow, who is still standing.

Glasswick:

You two are hereby partners. Gordon was very explicit about that.  
[as he gestures to the contents of the briefcase]  
He may be on death's door, but he sure left us some detailed instructions.

Stanley:

This is an honor, Comfy. But my reports are still collating.

Glasswick:

Never you mind, Stanley. We'll punish someone else with that.  
[to Darrow]  
Darrow, I'm sure you've heard talk about Gordon Cole and this department. It's all true.  
But stick with Agent Stanley here and you'll get the swing of things.

Darrow:

Yes, Sir.  
[then, forcing herself to say it]  
Comfy.

Glasswick:

Now I need you both on the next plane to Seattle.  
We've got to contain this horseshit before it goes any further.  
[hands them the stack of files]  
You'll find everything you'll need in here.

Comfy extends the files, and Darrow steps forward to snap them up. Stanley reaches out simultaneously and they both end up holding the folders between them. Darrow eyes Stanley's hand, then meets eyes with Stanley.

Stanley [trying to make a good-natured joke]:  
Well, Agent Darrow, I guess we're in this together.

Agent Darrow takes the files from Stanley, then nods curtly.

## 8. SCENE 6: TWIN PEAKS HIGH SCHOOL

Red and blurry image coming into focus, vague hallway perspective receding into darkness with a light triangle in the foreground. Tongs disturb the water and the image.

Interior darkroom. One young woman making prints and Harriet sits on a table, arms folded.

Harriet:

This whole town is steeped in grief. How can they tell us to just ignore that?  
Life has been rendered cruel and we're supposed to just ... pretend? To be having a good time?

Patty:

Well if you're saying this whole high school experience is an exploration of hypocrisy, I'll agree with you there.

Harriet:

It's that and more. You can't blind yourself to all this horror and pain ... it's so foolish. My approach to the theme was total honesty, a portrait of our experience.

Patty:

Well, it did seem kind of depressing.

Harriet:

What? It's exactly the opposite of that.

Patty:

"Bittersweet Moments"?

Harriet:

But I'm thinking about all of us, in other times, finding this yearbook on a shelf and flipping through our memories. Do we want to look at a lie? Why should we forget? What if a lying yearbook lets us forget our formative pain? That would be the worst crime of all.

Patty [laughing]:

Harriet, you can't print an entire yearbook on glossy black paper.

Harriet [sighing, leaning back]:

I feel ... artistically misunderstood.

Patty:

Well, you had to expect it, you're kind of in the minority. Look at these fools, celebrating their little sports victory. They don't look so bittersweet.

Harriet [peering close at photo]:

Sure, but check out the background - you don't get much more morose than Jessica Fisher.

Patty [also peering]:

Yeah, I'm probably going to crop her out. So what's your new assignment?

Harriet:

You mean my demotion? I was put in charge of the index.

Patty:

Ugh. Well... at least there's no chance of being misunderstood there.

Harriet [makes a face, punches friend lightly]:

Ha Ha.

Patty is hanging the photo on the line. We have an opportunity to really zoom in on Jessica in the picture.

\*\*bell rings\*\*

Harriet:  
Time to go.

HH exits, passing through the anteroom of darkness.

Teacher :  
Hayward, how's the index coming?

Harriet:  
Fine, I guess.

Teacher:  
Boring, huh? Well, how would you feel about doing a little detective work?  
(Hands paper to Harriet)  
These are all the students who missed picture day.  
Track them down. We're doing retakes on Monday.

Harriet:  
That sounds more like secretarial work, but you can count on me.

Teacher:  
Are you giving me attitude, Hayward?

Harriet [embarrassed]:  
No, sorry ...

Harriet exits, looking at the paper in her hand, and moves down the hallway. She glances up to see a girl crouched at her locker.

Harriet [slyly]:  
Hey Kim, you're on my list.

Kim [shuffling through a messy locker]:  
What list is that?

Harriet:  
Looks like you never got your school photo taken.  
Must have been during that mono month.

Kim:  
[arm deep in locker, loose notes slide out, she grimaces]  
Ugh, don't remind me. All the mono, none of the fun.

Harriet [flashes paper with a sly smile]:  
Oh really? I wonder who else was sick at the same time...

Kim:

Lemme see that.  
[Grabs paper, snorts]  
Reads like a who's who of "under the bleachers".  
[Second bell rings, Kim whirls back to her mess.]  
Jesus, late again. Where are you headed?

Harriet:  
Oh, just study hall. They won't miss me. I have this "special assignment" for yearbook.

Kim [stuffing notes back in, slamming locker]:  
Whatever, Hayward! Later.  
[runs off]

Harriet starts wandering through the halls, looking at the list. She pauses by the trophy case, any familiar momentos?, and glancing out a set of double doors, she sees a figure crossing a parking lot. She bursts out the doors, trotting.

[Throughout HH-JP interaction - Joey is cool, almost rude, kind of shy, sort of funny. Harriet is nervous, herky-jerky in action, tending to blurt, unsure how to interact, trying unnaturally for coolness, but compelled and curious.]

Harriet [yelling and waving]:  
Joey! Joey Paulsen!

The leather clad figure stops and turns real cool, watching as she crosses the lot.  
Harriet gets quickly embarrassed and slows down her pace, pats her hair.  
As she approaches him:

Harriet [goofy]:  
Excuse me, sir, are you Jobert Paulsen?

Joey:  
Is Harriet Hayward talking to me? Why is that?

Harriet:  
Oh, I just wanted to tell you about the, um, the school photo retakes?

Joey [stares]:  
...

Harriet:  
Just that, you know, that you, I guess, didn't get yours taken,  
but we're doing reshoots in the yearbook room on Monday.

Joey:  
So I should write that in my calendar?  
[Starts walking again, glances back at her and she follows hesitantly]  
I'm on a tight schedule.

Harriet [tripping after him]:

Um, so, do you still draw those pictures?  
Or, do you not have the time to draw?

Joey [gets to bike, prepares helmet]:  
You remember those? Well that's nice.  
That was just for kicks, though, bored in class stuff.

Harriet:  
I have heard that some people learn better when their,  
um, other senses are engaged, maybe, um ...  
[Joey straddles bike]  
You're leaving school now?

Joey [grins at her]:  
We can't all be full time students, sister.

Joey fires up his bike and Harriet jumps back. A book leaps out of her arms and he snags it before it hits the ground. Handing it back to her:

Joey:  
Jane Austen, huh? Well ain't that Hayward all over.  
[grins at her]

Harriet blushes deeply and looks at the book (Sense and Sensibility) as he spins off. She watches him drive out into the street, pulling around a slow black sedan, which stops in a suspicious place. She watches Jessica run out from behind the school and enter the sedan. She sees a suspicious man in the sedan and her brow furrows.

## 9. SCENE 7: GREAT NORTHERN

Establishing shot of the Great Northern Hotel - falls and all.

JJW disembarks from a cab and walks through the front doors of the hotel. He holds the door for a pair of movers carrying a carved log in the shape of a large, oblong duck, dipped in gold. As they enter the lobby, the movers pause, one cupping a hand to his mouth.

Mover:  
Where do you want this one, boss?

An unseen voice answers from deeper within the hotel.

Offscreen voice:  
Over here, boys!

The movers take the duck log around the corner, disappearing from view. JJW watches them leave with a smirk on his face, as if to think "the good old Great Northern".

JJW strolls up to the front desk, where Regina is intently staring at a ledger. She does a mini double-take when she notices JJW standing there.

Regina [hand to her chest]:  
My goodness! Mr. Wheeler!

JJW [putting on the charm]:  
Hello, Regina. You look as lovely as ever.

Regina [apologetic]:  
I'm so sorry - nobody told me you were coming.  
[suddenly smiling]  
Oh, this is wonderful, though!

JJW:  
I'm sure everything is in order.  
Send someone to pick up my luggage from the airport, won't you?

Regina [flipping through ledger]:  
Of course, of course!  
But Mr. Wheeler, I'm not seeing any mention of your visit here at all.

JJW [craning head to try to read ledger]:  
There must be some explanation.

Regina:  
Who did you make your arrangements with?

JJW:  
Audrey, but I assumed she would have -

Regina [crinkling her nose - this makes no sense to her]:  
Audrey?

JJW:  
It's okay. I'll take it up with Ben.  
[walking away]  
He's in his office, right?

Regina [can't keep up with the conversation]:  
Mr. Horne? Wait, Jack!

Wheeler strides into Ben's office, the door of which is wide open. Inside, a suited figure is directing the previously seen movers in positioning the carved duck. The figure's back is to Wheeler, and bears a cigar.

Suited Figure:  
Yes, that's perfect! Perfect!  
And axe that crummy fox while you're at it!

The movers hoist Ben's stuffed white fox over their shoulders and take it outside. "Ben" still stands admiring the duck.

JJW [announcing himself]:  
Ben, it's Jack Wheeler.

Suited Figure [back still turned, trying to place the name]:  
Jack Wheeler...  
[snaps his fingers]  
Wheeler! Of course!

The figure turns around, and we see that it's BOBBY BRIGGS, larger than life, looking crazed in a Ben Horne sort of way, wearing his glasses, puffing up a storm on his cigar.

Bobby [boisterous, confident]:  
John Justice Wheeler!  
Am I glad to see you!

JJW [taken aback]:  
You're...

Bobby [clapping Wheeler on the shoulder]:  
Robert Briggs! We met last year.

JJW:  
Bobby, wasn't it?  
[looking around]  
...but where's Ben?

Regina has appeared in the doorway (having followed Wheeler), prompting Bobby to address her and completely ignore Wheeler's question. She has a finger in the air and is about to speak when Bobby cuts her off.

Bobby:  
Reginal!  
[retrieves a large cartoon moose stuffed animal and helium-filled balloons from the corner and hands them to Regina]  
Take this to room 28, and these to 104. Then make a reservation for the conference room on Saturday - I promised it to the Shriners. And I'll need today's Wall Street Times and a copy of Racing Form. Hold my calls, but remember, I have to talk to my broker today.

Regina [arms full]:  
But Sir, the conference room is already booked for the weekend.

Bobby [hint of a nervous look to Wheeler]:  
Yes, of course! I know that!

Regina:  
Sir?



Bobby:  
They'll share it! Who booked it?

Regina:  
The Milford rally, Sir.

Bobby:  
They won't mind a few old men driving around in tiny cars! Right, Wheeler?  
[claps him on the back again]

Regina gives Bobby a look of non-confidence and departs. The movers come back in, carrying more gold-covered wooden animals.

JJW [not enjoying being man-handled by Bobby]:  
Bobby, what's going on here?

Bobby [convivially]:  
It's Robert!  
[goes to mini-bar by his desk and gets out two glasses]  
John, what are you having? I've got a single-malt scotch here that'll grow hair on the back of your neck.

JJW:  
Nothing for me, thanks.

Mover [after placing a large, vertical carved owl in a corner]:  
Here good, boss?

Bobby [putting a drink in Wheeler's hand, to Wheeler's chagrin]:  
A little to the left!  
[after they adjust]  
That's it!

The movers head back out. Bobby follows them to the office doors.

Bobby [calling after them]:  
Good work, boys!

Bobby shuts the double doors after them, and remains leaning against the door with his back to Wheeler. Wheeler, with eyes on Bobby, sets his drink down on Bobby's desk, undrunk.

JJW:  
Bobby...?

Bobby spins around and dramatically throws his back against the door, arms splayed, suddenly sweating bullets and gasping for breath.

Bobby:

Oh, God!

Bobby has dropped the act. He takes a few paces into the room, running his fingers back through his hair, pulling it tight, his eyes bugging out.

Bobby:  
I can't keep this up!  
[rounding on Wheeler]  
Wheeler, you gotta help me!

JJW [trying to hold Bobby's attention]:  
Bobby, where's Ben?

Bobby:  
No Ben! I'm all alone here! They put me in charge but I have no idea what I'm doing!

JJW [grips Bobby by the shoulders]:  
But *where is he*? And where's Audrey?

Bobby [realization]:  
Nobody's told you.

JJW:  
Told me *what*?

Bobby:  
[grits his teeth, trying to spit it out, then gives up]  
Dahh! I'm horrible with bad news, man.  
Don't put me in this position!

Wheeler looks like he's ready to punch Bobby in the face.

Bobby [comes up with an idea]:  
Wait! Look, I'll take you to Sylvia. She'll explain everything.

As he says the above line, Bobby backs up and opens one of the double doors, his other palm up in the air.

JJW [will take what he can get]:  
Lead the way.

End with close-up of owl statue, vacant eyes staring.

## 10. SCENE 8: SHERIFF'S DEPT

Andy and Deputy Fisher enter the Sheriff's Department lobby from outdoors. Lucy gestures to them as they make eye contact.

Lucy:  
Shh! Little Dale's gone down for a nap.

Andy:  
Oh! We'll be quiet, won't we, Cappy?

Fisher:  
You won't hear a peep out of me. Say, Lucy, is the Sheriff around?

Lucy:  
He's in his office preparing for the press conference.  
I wouldn't disturb him - he's in one of his moods.

Fisher [as he leaves, walking down the hall]:  
I don't plan to. I value my life!

Andy goes to leave too, but Lucy leans out and loudly whispers to get his attention.

Lucy [whispering]:  
Andy!

Andy [turning]:  
Lucy?

Lucy:  
Come over here!

Andy [ambling over]:  
Yes, Lucy?

Lucy:  
Andy, you've got to do something about Sheriff Truman.

Andy:  
What do you mean, Lucy?

Lucy:  
He won't give you a raise, he doesn't care about the election. Not to mention the -  
[Lucy mimes drinking from a flask]

Andy:  
But what could I do?

Lucy motions for Andy to come closer. He sticks his head into her window.

Lucy [looks around to make sure they're alone]:  
You should run for S-H-E-R-I-F-F.

Andy takes a second to put the word together, then jerks his head back, hitting it hard on the top of Lucy's reception window. The noise wakes Little Dale, who begins crying.

Lucy [looking reproachfully at Andy as she tends to Dale]:  
Oh, Andy.

Andy rubs his head and looks mystified.

## 11. SCENE 9: HIGHWAY

A fox crawling under underbrush.  
Trees blowing in the wind.  
The road.  
A grey sedan driving past.

Darrow drives the car, wearing sunglasses, with a serious frown on her face. She stares straight ahead throughout the scene, eyes never leaving the road. Stanley has Comfy's file in his lap, reading intently.

Stanley [reading]:  
Jumpin' Jerry caught the code flu.  
[to Darrow]  
It says here Jumpin' Jerry caught the code flu.

Darrow says nothing.

Stanley [back to reading, shaking his head]:  
Poor Jerry.

Darrow:  
Who's our contact in this town?

Stanley [looks up, squinting]:  
I don't believe we've been assigned a contact, Agent Darrow.

Darrow:  
Well, who handles the LUSO where the incident occurred?

Stanley [flips through file]:  
We weren't given that information. Deep cover.

Darrow:  
Comfy hasn't given us much to go on.

Stanley flips a page and several blue flower petals spill out of the file. He picks one up and raises it to eye level.

Stanley [close-up, contemplating the blue petal]:

There are some things which must be learned gradually...

A pause.

Darrow [presses fist against her chest, as if she has heartburn - scowls]:

Ugh. That Lamplighter Inn.

There was a cobweb in my salad.

The car drives past the Welcome to Twin Peaks sign, which is somewhat obscured or partially out of frame so that we don't see the words "Twin Peaks".

## 12. SCENE 10: TWIN PEAKS PUBLIC LIBRARY (MARY)

Long shot of the library. Harriet at one end of the front desk, putting books from the drop on a cart. Jessica is at the other end, stamping books with a bored look. Harriet is watching Jessica out of the corner of her eye. An agitated character (Professor) approaches Harriet.

Professor stares at the back of Harriet's head and lets out a low whistle. Harriet does not notice. He does it again, with more urgent eyes, and taps the counter.

Professor:

psssst

Harriet [looks up]:

Can I help you?

Professor [whispers]:

Ahem, miss, there is something untoward happening in your library.

Harriet:

Something ... what?

Professor [waves her over, speaks out of the side of his mouth]:

There is a group of men, rogues perhaps, they appear to be ... gambling.

Harriet [peers out at library]

Professor:

I come here for the contract of silence, I have important research, you know.

Harriet:

I can't really hear...

Professor:

Well of course not! It's the card shuffling. Quite disturbing, you know, right next to it, flit flit flit, flit flit flit. Sliding the cards around the table. And then a little tap tap tap. Over and over and over. It hasn't stopped for an hour!

Harriet:  
Well, um, there is a free table over here, if you'd be more comfortable.

Professor:  
I would not-!

Jessica [breezing past]:  
I'll take care of it.

Harriet:  
Oh, great, Jessica will talk to them, sir, okay?

Professor:  
Well, while I have your ear, I have to inform you that your subscription to Cat Fancy magazine appears to have expired in June. Now, I was looking forward to the annual review issue published in September. Will you also be acquiring back issues when you renew?

Harriet:  
Well, actually ...

A loud guffaw comes from the back of the library, causing Harriet and patrons to look up.

Professor [hissing conspiratorially]:  
That's them!

Harriet [glances]:  
Ah ... because of budgetary cuts, we've had to let a few of our subscriptions expire. I really do apologize, sir, we hate to have to do it.

Professor:  
But ... Cat *Fancy* magazine? This is an essential periodical, I can assure you!

The phone rings. Harriet excuses herself with relief.

Harriet:  
Milford Memorial Public Library, can I help you?

Voice [accent]:  
Yes, poot Elizabeeth on ze phone.

Harriet:  
Um, Elizabeth? Is that a patron?

Voice:  
I speak now weeth Elizabeeth.

Harriet:  
I'm sorry sir, but patrons can't receive calls at the library. Or ... is it some kind of emergency?

Voice:  
No, Elizabeeth, she working there, yes?

Harriet:  
Not during my whole life has an Elizabeth worked here.

Jessica is suddenly at the desk.

Jessica:  
Transfer it down there.

Harriet [looks dubious]:  
Okay, sir, I'm going to transfer you to one of the clerks, she'll try to help you.

Harriet looks up at Jessica, who stands by her phone and gestures at Harriet impatiently. Harriet presses a few buttons and Jessica picks up, sitting at her desk with her back to Harriet. Jessica speaks low into the phone, it sounds businesslike and curt but Harriet can't make out any words as she neatens objects on the desk. Jessica hangs up.

Professor:  
AHM. All right, Miss, I have filled out this comment form expressing the scope of my distress. I trust you will get it to the right place?

Harriet [sassy, a little sarcastic]:  
Yes sir, I'll put it in the urgent box!

Professor [leans forward]:  
I would thank you to.  
Harriet walks towards Jessica's end of the counter.

Harriet:  
Hey, have you seen the "urgent box"?

Jessica rolls her eyes and frowns, but it does not seem unfriendly. Harriet finds the "Customer Comments" folder on the desk.

Harriet:  
So, what did that guy on the phone want? Did you figure out who "Eeleezeebeeth" is?

Jessica [looks at her frankly]:  
Look, Harriet, I'm not going to be your friend.

Harriet [mortified]:  
Oh, well, I was just ...

Jessica:  
I don't care. Just let me work. Okay?

Harriet [small]:

Okay.

Harriet walks stiffly away, into the stacks, to hide her embarrassment. She is crushed. She starts shelf-reading and straightening the books. Through the shelves she sees a few burly looking men slapping each other on the back and embracing, packing up. As they leave we see the face of the Professor watching them go, then reaching over to snatch a loose card from under their table and looking triumphant as he gets it. Harriet giggles.

### 13. SCENE 11: GREAT NORTHERN IAN EDIT

Bobby is leading JJW down the hall.

Bobby:  
...so I figure, we change all the doubles to singles!  
Then everybody's happy, right?

JJW [barely paying attention]:  
Yeah, I don't know....

They reach Sylvia's door.

Bobby:  
Okay, Sylvia's in here. But you and I are going to continue this conversation later!

We see the door from inside the room. Johnny Horne briefly runs through the frame, making an "explosion" gesture with his hands and saying "Kzsh! Kzsh! Bfhhhh!!" as if he is both armies in the middle of an intense artillery fight. He disappears from the frame just as Bobby opens the door.

From Bobby's perspective, we see Sylvia Horne, sitting at a desk, mid-conversation with Dr. Jacoby, who stands nearby. They both seem to be observing Johnny's behavior as he zooms around the room.

Jacoby:  
Well, that depends very much on -- ah, yes, Bobby?

Bobby:  
Sorry to interrupt, but there's someone here to see Sylvia.

Bobby steps aside as JJW enters the room.

Jacoby [beaming, hands on hips]:  
Well I'll be, John Wheeler! How long has it been?

JJW smiles handsomely as Sylvia slowly rises to her feet.

Sylvia [confused, half-smiling]:  
Jack Wheeler...?



JJW:  
Hi, Sylvia.

Jacoby steps forward and gives Wheeler a two-handed handshake.

Jacoby:  
Always a pleasure, Jack!

Sylvia [pleasantly]:  
Oh Jack! Where did you come from?

JJW:  
Listen, I'm just about dying to know what's happened with Ben. Is he alright?

Jacoby:  
Oh, that's right. I guess you wouldn't know.

Sylvia [smile starting to break]:  
I'm sorry. This is just such a surprise. I don't understand why you're here.  
Lawrence, why is he here?

Jacoby [turns to Sylvia]:  
The poor boy just got off the plane.

Sylvia [increasingly serious]:  
John Justice Wheeler doesn't just *show up*. Why are you here, Jack?

JJW:  
Honestly, I thought you were expecting me.  
Audrey didn't mention anything about it?

Cold silence. Jack looks around nervously. Johnny screams, "Ahhhh!!!!" and smashes two doll heads together.

Sylvia [coldly]:  
Excuse me?

JJW [sensing that something's not right]:  
Audrey - she called me and personally asked me to come here.

Sylvia looks at Jacoby incredulously, mouth open. She turns back to JJW and lets him have it.

Sylvia:  
Look here, you little shit! Who the fuck sent you?

JJW flinches and takes a step back.

JJW [defensively]:

I swear, it was Audrey!

Sylvia lunges forward like a barking dog, gripping the desk with both hands.

Sylvia:  
How dare you!

Jacoby [intervening]:  
Jack, uh, there must be some mistake. Audrey has, well, passed on.

JJW is shaken, both by Sylvia's outburst and by this news.

JJW [trying to process]:  
Passed on...?

Jacoby:  
By that I mean she's dead.

JJW:  
I just spoke to her...

Jacoby [putting hands up]:  
You don't know what you're talking about.

Sylvia:  
Bobby, get him out of here!

Bobby [snaps to attention and puts a hand on JJW's shoulder]:  
Come on, Wheeler.

Bobby escorts JJW into the hallway and closes the door.

Bobby:  
Sorry, man, I thought she'd be glad to see you.  
Come on, let's get you a room.

Bobby leads JJW down the hall, and they get progressively more distant as the scene winds to a close.

JJW [still shaken]:  
Audrey's really... dead?

Bobby:  
Yeah, happened almost right after you left. Did you say you got a phone call?

JJW:  
It sounded just like her...

Bobby:

What did she say?

JJW:

She said... well... That's odd. I can't seem to...

Bobby:

Look, get some rest and think it over.  
Tomorrow I'll take you to see Ben, alright?

JJW:

Okay.

#### **14. SCENE 12: DOUBLE R DINER**

RR office, a large desk and a recliner facing a television, Shelley and Norma. Shelly has a big purse, high heels, face all did, tight pants and scarf and big sunglasses on the top of her head. Shelley is watching Invitation to Love, stretched out on the recliner, as Norma pours wine at the desk. Norma comes up behind her, touching Shelley's shoulder, and Shelley looks up at her with a big sleazy grin.

Norma [sarcastic waitress pose]:

Can I get you anything else, ma'am?

They snicker.

Shelley [taking the wine]:

How are all the hungry grampas and lumberjacks doin today?

Norma:

Your old favorite was here, Mr. Candy Tipper.

Shelley [shrieks a little]:

Remember when he left the gummy bears for me? All covered in pocket lint!

Norma [settles in behind her desk]:

Had one cool drink of water pass through, though, a real classy fellow.

Shelley [wiggles eyebrows]:

Fresh blood?

Norma:

You'd have to move fast, little Mrs. Milford was practically falling out of her dress today.

Shelley [taking a deep drink]:

Maybe one of these passing strangers will finally sweep her off her feet  
and right out of your hair.

Norma [sourly]:

Seemed to work for us, darlin'.

Shelley [upbeat]:  
We're not doing so bad. We've got each other. And all the fun we can handle.  
[Eyes widen in that Shelley way, grinning mysteriously, she slides her hand over the purse.]

Norma [leans back in her desk chair, looks up, drinks]:  
We've got some power, you and me.

Shelley:  
Wanna go soon?

Norma [teasing]:  
Don't you wanna know what happens to Gene and Jade?

Shelley [standing up and stretching]:  
Let's make our own soap opera.

Shelley comes and stands next to the desk, the two women look at each other significantly. Shelley drops her purse on the desk. Norma slides open the top drawer. The two women remove their wedding rings and drop them in the drawer.

## **15. SCENE 13: GAS FARM (ARTHUR)**

From the shot of the wedding rings we cut to Big Ed's lovable face, as he's arms deep working on a pickup truck's engine. He's got the radio playing in the garage, with the garage door open so he can keep an eye on the Gas Farm. He hears something outside, looks up. The grey sedan carrying the FBI agents pulls into the station.

Big Ed [craning his neck to the right]:  
Leo! Customers!

Leo Johnson ambles out, hunchback like, dressed in overalls and white shirt, carrying a metal bucket filled with windshield cleaner and a squeegee. He approaches the car, which has pulled up next to the gas pump. Darrow, still wearing sunglasses, emerges from the car to stretch her legs.

Leo [squinting his eyes in the sun, otherwise deadpan]:  
Fill tank?

Darrow [equally deadpan]:  
Yeah, fill tank.

She holds out a twenty for Leo, which he takes. Leo sets down his bucket and ambles over to the pump to get to work. Stanley also emerges from his side of the car, taking in his surroundings.

Big Ed approaches them, wiping his oily hands with a white rag.

Big Ed:  
You folks from out of town?

Stanley steps forward, doing that squinty smile of his.

Stanley:  
Agents Stanley and Darrow, sir. Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Big Ed [looking back and forth between the two of them]:  
FBI, huh? You got some business in town?

Darrow [before Stanley can speak]:  
Don't engage the local populace, Stanley.

Stanley looks at Darrow.

Big Ed [insulted, hands on hips]:  
"Local populace"?

Stanley:  
Please excuse my partner -

Big Ed [to Darrow, ignoring Stanley]:  
Now look here, this town may owe a great debt to the FBI,  
but I'll be damned if some of you ain't a real son of a gun.

Darrow removes her sunglasses, locking eyes with Big Ed.

Darrow:  
I ain't nobody's *son*.

Nobody makes a move for a few moments. Stanley puts his hands in his pockets and rocks back and forth on his feet. Meanwhile, Leo hangs up the gas nozzle.

Leo:  
All done.

As Darrow and Big Ed continue to size each other up, a voice comes over the radio.

Radio announcer:  
We interrupt this broadcast to bring you live to the Sheriff's Department, as Sheriff Truman prepares to hold an emergency press conference. Sources say -

Darrow and Stanley look at each other dramatically.

Stanley:  
The Sheriff's Department!

They jump in the car and slam the doors, engine revving to life. The car peels out, knocking over Leo's bucket which splashes its contents on Big Ed's feet.

Big Ed [trying to avoid the liquid]:  
Hey!

The car roars down the street as Big Ed and Leo watch it go.

## 16. SCENE 15: SHERIFF'S DEPT. - ARTHUR

We see in an establishing shot that a large crowd of reporters and townsfolk have gathered outside the front doors of the Sheriff's Department. A podium with a few microphones stands at the front of the crowd. Truman and Hawk stand nearby and confer, although we can't hear what they're saying. Truman doesn't look happy.

Inside the lobby, Andy has his face to the glass, looking at the gathering people. Lucy sits in the reception area nearby.

Andy:  
There's a lot of people here for the press conference.

Lucy (beckoning him over):  
Andy!

Andy approaches with an inquisitive look on his face.

Lucy (gesticulating, excited):  
This is your big chance!  
Go right out there and announce to those people that you're running for office!

Andy (scratching his head, looking worried):  
I don't know if I can do that to Sheriff Truman...

Lucy:  
Andy Brennan, you march right outside this instant and take control of your life!

Andy does his best to find his inner courage, makes a determined face, and struts out the front door.

As soon as he steps outside, he collides with Truman and falls head over heels on the pavement. Andy looks up at Truman with a look of shock, expecting punishment. Truman scowls at him, then continues walking to the podium.

Truman steps up to the microphone, motioning for the crowd to settle down. In the background, Andy stands and joins Hawk standing nearby.

Truman:  
Hello, everyone, and thank you for joining us here today.

It is my sad duty to inform you that a body was found at Glastonberry Grove this morning.  
We are not at liberty to release the victim's identity at this time,  
the precise cause of death, or any further details about the case, as it is under active  
investigation. However, I will say that we are treating this as a homicide investigation, and we  
urge anyone with information about the crime to come forward without delay.

At the mention of the deceased's identity, the crowd starts to become agitated. Reporters  
scoffing and such.

Reporter A (calling out from his seat):  
At least give us the deceased's age, Sheriff!

Truman:  
I'm sorry, we can't do that.

Some crowd members murmur between themselves.

Onlooker A (to the person next to her):  
They don't even know the identity.

A newspaper reporter stands up, brandishing a notepad.

Mitch:  
Sheriff Truman - Mitch Miller, Twin Peaks Gazette.  
Will this investigation interfere with your campaign?

Truman hesitates before answering, looking around at the various faces staring at him, starting  
to feel like they're judging him.

Truman:  
No, Mitch, I don't expect so.

A familiar face pops up from the crowd: Dick Tremayne, looking as pompous as ever.

Dick:  
Sheriff Truman. Dick Tremayne, if you've forgotten.  
(Truman raises his eyebrows skeptically.)  
Perhaps you can explain to us why we should give you our votes  
when you've allowed yet another murder to occur right under your nose!  
This must be the sixth killing in two years. Not to mention the bank explosion!

Truman:  
I'm sorry, Mr. Tremayne. What publication were you with?

Dick ignores Truman and turns to address the crowd, turning on the charm.

Dick:  
My dear people! It is time that we gave Sheriff Truman some competition for his job!  
I would like to take this opportunity to officially announce my own campaign for Sheriff.

I can assure you that under my watch, this will be a safe town again!

Reporters instantly surround Dick, stuffing microphones in his face and competing for his attention ("Mr. Tremayne! Mr. Tremayne!").

Truman stares with a furrowed brow and tight lips. Standing nearby, Andy is staring at Dick and gaping.

Truman (leaning into the microphones):  
Excuse me -

Before Truman can say anything further, the FBI's black sedan roars up and screeches to a halt in front of the building. The crowd stops what they're doing and turn to look at the new arrivals. Agents Stanley and Darrow step out of the car, displaying their badges.

Darrow:  
Federal Bureau of Investigation. Please make way.

The two agents walk determinedly straight at the crowd, which parts to allow them through. All eyes are on the agents as they pass. They make a beeline straight to Truman, who stares furiously at them.

Darrow:  
Sheriff Truman. Agents Darrow and Stanley. May we have a word in private?

Truman (with contempt):  
Sure.

Stanley opens the door for Truman, who walks in, followed by the two agents. Hawk and Andy hurriedly step forward to the podium as a commotion erupts from the crowd.

## **17. SCENE 16: SHERIFF'S DEPT. (INTERIOR) - ARTHUR**

Lucy stands in surprise as the two FBI agents and Truman enter the lobby.

Lucy:  
Sheriff Truman?

Truman:  
Not now, Lucy.

Truman leads the two agents around the corner to his office. Stanley, the last one in, closes the door behind him. Truman turns on them.

Truman:  
You've got some nerve. Who called you in?

Darrow:



We're not at liberty to say.

Stanley (offering his hand and attempting to be polite):  
Agent Sam Stanley, Sheriff Truman. And this is Agent Jane Darrow.  
(Truman ignores Stanley's hand.)

We heard your conference over the radio just now.  
I understand the identity of the corpse has not yet been determined.

Truman:  
Excuse me - this is not the bureau's jurisdiction!

Darrow:  
Sheriff, let me stop you right there.  
We know there is evidence linking this killing to an open federal investigation.

Stanley:  
We'd prefer to work with you on this one, Sheriff.  
But if need be, we'll take it out of your hands.

Truman regards them defiantly for a moment.

Truman:  
I don't want any part of this.  
The body's at the morgue. Anything else I can do for you?

Darrow's already on her way out. Stanley smiles apologetically as he holds the door open.

Stanley:  
We'll keep you informed of our progress.

As Stanley turns to leave, Truman blurts out one last thing.

Truman:  
Wait!

Stanley (steps back into room):  
Sheriff Truman?

Truman (hands on desk, not making eye contact):  
You don't care about some dead body.  
This is about Cooper, isn't it?

Stanley:  
Have you had any interactions with Agent Cooper recently?

Truman (obviously thinks that's a ridiculous question):  
No.  
And I haven't heard one word from you folks for a year!  
Maybe if you all had been working this case like you were supposed to,

we wouldn't be standing here right now with this blood on our hands.

Stanley smiles sheepishly.

Stanley:  
Go on home, Sheriff Truman. You've had a long day.

## 18. SCENE 17: HAYWARD HOME

Harriet walks through the front door, arriving home.

Harriet:  
Mom?

Harriet comes across her mom, Eileen Hayward, sitting in the living room in her wheelchair.

Eileen [a little gloomy]:  
Oh, hi, honey.

Harriet:  
I heard about the murder. Is Dad working late?

Eileen:  
Yes, looks like it's just us girls tonight.

Gersten (leans out from kitchen):  
I'm making meatlessloaf!

Harriet [exchanges wary glance with Eileen, drops bookbag in an arm chair]:  
Need some help in there?  
[to Eileen, as she goes toward the kitchen]  
Don't worry about a thing, Mom.

Harriet enters kitchen and finds Gersten hard at work in an apron.

Harriet:  
All right little sis, what kind of frankenstein food are you making for supper tonight?

Gersten [rolls eyes, hands Harriet a cucumber]:  
You know it tastes good when you don't think about it. Can you handle the salad?  
[whispering]  
Harriet! Are you going to Donya's Halloween party?

Harriet:  
Hey, how do you know about that? That party's not for freshmen!

Gersten:  
You're gonna stay home, aren't you!

Harriet:  
I didn't say that.

Gersten:  
Come on, it's a costume party - just pretend you're someone else! Donya's *your* friend.

Harriet:  
Alright, alright! But if anyone asks, you and I are going out trick-or-treating, okay?

Gersten [grins]:  
You've got a deal. Oh my god!

Smoke has begun to leak from the oven. They fling it open and fan away the flames.

After dinner...

Eileen:  
Thank you girls so much for dinner, I just couldn't manage tonight.

Harriet:  
Thank Gersten, that was a pretty good meatlessloaf, for your first try.

Gersten (standing, curtsying, wrinkling her nose at Harriet):  
You're welcome. You can clean up. Mom, can I play you something on the piano?

Eileen (putting hand to head):  
Something soothing, dear.

Harriet:  
Want some tea, Mom?

Eileen (smiles gratefully):  
You're still my two good little girls. Yes Harriet, that sounds lovely.

Harriet brings some dishes in the kitchen and gets out the teapot from a side cupboard. There is a letter slid in the side, which she removes with shock.

Harriet (re-enters dining room):  
Mom, what's this?

Eileen:  
I can't see.

Harriet:  
This letter from Donna. Addressed to me!

Eileen:  
Oh, that ... I forgot ...

Harriet:

Mom, the postmark is from last month!

Eileen (holds up hand):

Harriet, please don't make a big deal out of this. I just misplaced it, that's all ...

Harriet rushes through her tea making tasks, fuming. She looks out at Eileen through the door with suspicion. She rushes the tea out to her mother, who is fully relaxed, her sister raptly teasing the keys of the piano. Harriet runs upstairs. She slams the door and throws herself down on her bed, tearing open the letter out.

Dear Harriet,

Hi little sis! I miss you so much... where to begin? There's so much to say to you. How about I start by apologizing. These last couple years, I haven't been the best big sister to you. I was so caught up with all this crazy stuff happening, with Laura's death and everything, I feel like I neglected you. I took you for granted, and now that we're apart, I regret that and I miss you.

Living in a big city is so weird. Everything is so different. It's wonderful, and also a little intimidating - I've made new friends, including a very cute boy (nothing serious). Everything that happened back home seems like such a distant memory. Things that seemed so big and important back then seem so small now, I wonder why I ever obsessed over them so much. I barely remember who I was back then - it seems like some other person. Someone I heard about in some weird story. Now I have my own little space in this big beautiful scary world with no one to decide what happens except me. I feel so free. I feel like I never was really me until I came here. And now I can be whoever I want! I was such a fool back then. Well, it's part of growing up I guess.

But I know I left when things were topsy-turvy. I was so furious - I think you learned too much, but you sort of pulled it out of me, too. I wish now I could have kept my turmoil private. I don't know how you are getting along with your parents, but you know it was always my wish that nothing change between you and them. This isn't your drama. And of course you will never be less than my sister, that will always be true. (OVER --->)

I want you to make me a promise, Harriet. Don't get stuck in that town. It has some kind of strange, terrible power. It gets its hooks into you and it never lets go. It pulls you in, deeper and deeper and deeper, until it just swallows you up, until you're lost in the shadows of the trees. Forever.

You're a teenage girl. That's a very special time. Do whatever you want - get drunk, kiss boys, party, whatever. But whatever you do, graduate from high school and go to college - as far from home as possible. Or don't go to college. Become a stewardess. Work on a fishing boat. Explore the North Pole. Whatever. Just get out of that evil town. You've told me before that you want to be a writer. And I've read your poetry. It's beautiful. You have real talent. Don't let it go. Don't let your dream slip away. (There's a great creative writing program here at Evergreen, by the way.)

Well, I miss you and I love you. Don't forget: Boogaloogaloogalooooo!!!! (Ha ha ha)

Love,  
Your sister,

Donna

P.S.: Write me a poem!  
ok bye

We watch Harriet sprawled on the bed, reading. Maybe we see a couple of snippets (including "... want to change my name ...") and Harriet's face. The phone rings.

Phone call:

Patty:  
Harriet! It's happening again!

Harriet (rolling over on the bed):  
Patty? What are you talking about?

Patty:  
Oh come on, a new murder!?!? I'm calling *you* for the inside scoop!

Harriet (twirling cord between fingers):  
Oh. Dad's still off at the morgue, if that's what you mean. I don't know any more than you ...  
practically nothing.

Patty:  
Huh, I thought you'd be a lot more excited.

Harriet:  
Oh, yeah ... it is really weird, it's horrible!  
Sorry I'm distracted, I just got this letter from my sister.

Patty:  
The long lost Donna Hayward? Finally, that IS news. What does it say?

Harriet:  
It's kind of ominous... I mean she's doing fine, but she's so full of doom about this town... it is  
kind of weird, to get her letter on the same day ... as another murder.

Patty:  
Yeah, what a co-in-ki-dink! And all on the eve ... of All Hallow's Eve .... wooooooooooooo!

Harriet:  
Yeah, hey, do you want to come with me to Donya's party tomorrow night?

Patty:  
NO. What? What are you talking about? Since when are you hanging out with Donya?

Harriet:  
I'm not, it's just a party!

Patty:  
Because that's kind of like a major betrayal. Hanging out with my worst enemy.

Harriet:  
Oh, come on.  
You're hardly enemies.

Patty:  
Well, it's really gross. Try to spill a soda on her or something for me.

Harriet:  
...  
Hey, does Donya hang out with any bikers?

Patty:  
Thinking about becoming a biker, Harriet? *haha*. That would be hilarious.

Harriet (miffed):  
What's so funny about that?

Patty:  
It's *gotta* be a boy. You can't keep this a secret, Hayward.

Harriet:  
Geez, Patty. Nothing happened. I just had this really nice moment today ...  
FINE. It's Joey Paulsen.

Patty:  
Who? The kid who pooped his pants in second grade?

Harriet:  
You don't even *know* him, Patty. It's hard to understand these solitary types,  
but I find them intriguing ...

Patty:  
Solitary? Don't you know he's in a gang?

Harriet (sitting up):  
What gang?

Patty:  
Well ... I don't know really, that's just what I heard ...  
but he does seem kind of dangerous, right?

Harriet (dreamy or smirking):  
Well, huh ... maybe I'll try to find out.

Patty:  
OK bad girl. Geez, be careful. Going to debaucherous parties and pursuing scary boys.

I can't wait for the phone call to bail you out of jail!

Harriet:  
Ha!

## 19. SCENE 18: GREAT NORTHERN (hotel room) IAN

We see a beautiful aerial view of the Twin Peaks area at sunset. Right in front, the hotel entrance and the parking lot. Beyond that, the beautiful White Tail Falls in the Columbia River. From this angle, you can only see the top of the falls... the river just seems to fall away into nothing. Across the river, you can see the town in all its glory - the Town Hall, many streets and landmarks. To the left of town, highway 21... you can see where it crosses Sparkwood, not too far from here. Beyond that, you can just make out the edge of Black Lake, though it is mostly obscured by trees. In the lower right corner of the frame is a large hand, resting on a wooden railing.

We back away and you can see the back of the person whose hand it is.

Reverse-angle: we now see that this is Wheeler, leaning out of the balcony of his hotel room, on the second floor of the Great Northern. He is confident and pensive, taking in the beauty of the area. Then something catches his eye.

Down below, Jacoby is leaving, calling back in through the entrance.

Jacoby:  
Come on, Johnny.

...  
Yes, I know you like them, Johnny, but it's time to go home now.

Johnny?  
I'm going to count to three, and then -  
Oh, hi there, Jack! Sorry about earlier.

JJW:  
Hi, Doc.

Jacoby:  
Come ON, Johnny.  
Jack, I meant to tell you before -  
if you'd like to catch up, just give me a little ringy-dingy!

JJW:  
Will do, Doc.

Jacoby:  
JOHNNY!

Johnny appears, running at Jacoby very suddenly, bumping into him and knocking him down.

Johnny:  
Vroom!  
[gets in driver's seat]

JJW:  
You let Johnny drive?

Jacoby:  
Johnny's a very good driver. Actually he's good at... just about everything.  
One of the smartest people I've ever met.

Close-up on JJW's face. He smiles as they leave, then he furrows his brow as if to say, "That's strange..."

The phone rings.

Wheeler goes inside and picks it up.

JJW:  
Hello?

Voice:  
She's alive.

JJW:  
What? Who is this?

Voice:  
I sing the song of the lark.

JJW:  
You what?

Voice:  
I'm trying to help you.  
The white lark flies at midnight.  
I can't tell you any more.  
(click.)

## **20. Sc. 19: FBI 5 (Morgue) ARTHUR**

We see a bird's eye view of the DESICCATED BODY from Glastonberry Grove, laid out on a metal table.

With a CLUNK, Stanley drops a large leather medical bag on a nearby counter, and proceeds to mill around the room making various preparations. Darrow watches from close by, and glances over towards Hawk and Doc Hayward, who are standing back a ways.



Stanley places a tape recorder above the corpse's head, and begins recording. He rubs his hands together as he appraises the body, almost smiling with excitement.

Stanley (into recorder):

What we have here is a female subject of indeterminate age.  
The local authorities discovered the subject this morning in a forested location,  
but no identification has yet been made.  
(to Doc, furrowing his brow)  
Doctor, has the body been cleaned?

Doc:

No, that's how she was found.

Stanley (to recorder):

The subject's skin is remarkably free of soil.  
Almost certainly this body was not exhumed.  
Most likely it has been stored for many years in a dry, enclosed space.  
Or, perhaps...

Hawk and Doc share a questioning look. Doc turns to Stanley.

Doc:

Yes?

Stanley (turns to Doc, getting giddier):

We may be looking at the results of a sudden mummification event.  
The instantaneous removal of all moisture from the body.

Hawk:

Is that possible?

Doc (disbelieving):

In all my years I've never heard of such a thing.

Stanley (turns back to corpse, something occurring to him):

This may in fact have been the cause of death...

Hawk:

Would that explain the blood found at the scene?

Stanley looks at Hawk blankly - this is the first he's heard of the blood.

Doc (stepping in to explain):

Yes, there was quite a quantity of blood deposited in a circular ring around the victim.  
I have a sample here.

Darrow:

We'll have to get out there first thing tomorrow.

Stanley (looking at test tube of blood):  
Oh, this is exciting.  
(to Hawk and Doc)  
Have you heard of DNA profiling?  
We can analyze the genetic building blocks of this blood  
and see if they're a match with the corpse.  
It just so happens I have the necessary equipment to do it.

Hawk:  
Why wouldn't the blood match the body? Whose else would it be?

Stanley:  
That's the question, isn't it.

Darrow:  
Stanley - perhaps we should focus on identifying the deceased as a first step.

Stanley:  
Ah, right you are!  
(retrieves a beaker from the counter)  
In fact, I have here a chemical solution that should help us with just that.  
By applying a few drops of this mixture to the subject's fingertips,  
the tissue should soften enough to allow a proper fingerprint to be taken.

Stanley uses a dropper to carefully apply a few drops of the mixture to one of the corpse's fingers. The finger promptly dissolves into goo. Stanley frowns.

Close-up on the corpse's grimacing face and its sunken, black eyes.

## 21. Sc.21: Outside Morgue

Sarah Palmer:  
[walks slowly backwards into the light of a streetlight, in a long flowing white dress, then, once fully under the light, suddenly turns to face Agent Darrow, her face uncomfortably close to Darrow's.]  
I'll see you.

Jane Darrow:  
Excuse me?

Sarah Palmer:  
I'm sorry, I really do have to go, now.

Jane Darrow:  
Hold on, you're not going anywhere.

Sarah Palmer:  
You already told me that.

Darrow:  
[flashes badge]  
Darrow, Federal Bureau of Investigations.

Sarah Palmer:  
Nothing. I mean, yes, if you like. If you think it would help.

Darrow:  
Now, what do you mean, you'll see me?

Sarah Palmer:  
Through a long tube.

Jane Darrow:  
[looks at Stanley, who shrugs.]  
[sighs - she's clearly had a long day, and has no desire to deal with whatever this is.]  
You know what? Forget it.

Sarah Palmer:  
It's like your words are coming from far away.

Darrow:  
Right. Have a good night, Ma'am.

Sarah Palmer:  
What? I'm sorry, I don't think I understand.

Darrow:  
You're not the only one.

Sarah Palmer:  
No, I said that's not necessary. I'll find my way.

Darrow:  
Deputy Hawk? I think this woman may need a ride home.

Sarah Palmer:  
It's as big as a house. It could burst into flame any moment.

Sarah Palmer: [deliberately, gravely]  
Annie's soul is in *pain*.

Darrow:  
O...kay....

Sarah Palmer: [nodding rapidly, urgently, as if she's relieved that Darrow understands]  
Yes, Annie Blackburn - That's the one!

Darrow:

Who? Annie Blackburn?

Darrow:  
Why are you bringing up this Annie Blackburn?

Sarah Palmer: [urgently, and looking as if Darrow has been rather rude.]  
That's not necessary. I have something to tell you. Then I'll go.

Hawk:  
Come on, Mrs. Palmer, I'll drive you home.

Darrow:  
Hold on, Hawk.  
Yes? Go on.

Sarah Palmer: [somewhat taken aback, almost offended, as if Darrow has gone too far, opening up an ancient wound. With the final word, she is steeling herself, holding the emotion down.]  
No, not Laura. I mean, yes, of course it reminds me of my... Laura.

Stanley:  
Laura Palmer? What reminds you of Laura? This case? What does this have to do with Laura?

Sarah Palmer: [dutiful, friendly, empathetic]  
Yes I think I do. Well, it's just such a shame, what happened to...  
[waving her hand, as if she can't think of her name]  
that girl.

Darrow:  
Ma'am, do you have any information to share about this case?

Sarah Palmer: [relieved]  
Oh, good! I finally found you!

Darrow:  
Yes.... go on....

Sarah Palmer:  
Oh! You're one of the FBI agents?

Darrow: [exasperated]  
Yes, Agent Darrow, FBI.

Sarah Palmer:  
What? No, just now. I'm sorry, I was running. I heard shouting... I panicked.

Darrow:  
You mean on the night of the murder?

Sarah Palmer: [slowly, a bit coldly, almost angry, explaining]

I'm sorry, I didn't see you there.

Darrow:  
Excuse me?

Sarah Palmer: [suddenly shaking, wide eyed, as if very startled]  
Excuse me!

Darrow:  
What's going on here?

Sarah Palmer:  
[whipping around, turning her back to Darrow, shouting]  
Oh!  
[suddenly runs at her, backward, violently bumping her shoulder along the way, then continues to run off, backward, into the distance.]

Darrow:  
[yelling]  
What do you think you're doing?  
Stop!  
[starts to run after her, her hand on her gun, before Stanley puts his hand on her shoulder.]

Stanley:  
You've just got to get used to this kind of thing.

## 22. Sc. 20: TRUMAN 5 (Vision) IAN

Harry sits at barstool, his face slack, cold, bitter hatred in his eyes.  
He pours himself a shot of Irish whiskey, spilling copiously, and slams it down.

Bartender at Roadhouse:  
Okay, Harry, good to see you. Good night.

Harry:  
What is your... PROBLEM?!

Bartender:  
Harry, we're almost a half-hour past last call now. Let me call you a cab.

Harry:  
[grabbing bottle, angrily]  
Fine! See ya.

Bartender:  
You gotta leave the bottle here. And you're in no shape to drive. It's alright. I'll call [insert name of cab driver]. He's done for the night, but he won't mind making an exception for you.

Harry:  
[stares at bartender in contempt]  
[then slowly picks up bottle and takes a long, slow swig.]  
[then puts it down on the counter.]  
[then heads for the door, almost losing his balance.]

Bartender:  
Harry!

Cut-to: Harry is walking into his front door, fumbling with the key. Behind him, a squad car's lights (his own) are flashing red and blue.

Harry:  
How did I get here?

[Key finally makes it into the lock and turns. Door opens.  
Inside we see white and black zig-zag flooring, and red curtains.  
Harry staggers inside.]