

TWIN PEAKS
a pilot

FROM BLACK:

INT. — RED HALL — TILED FLOOR

Hard-soled shoes flock and CLACK on the mirrored marble, showing the cuffs and hems of THE CROWD flooding past. They go right; they go left; and suddenly, striding above us into view, ONE goes straight forward. Patent leather, heels, TAPPING, measured, cadenced: the feet and elegant ankles stride across the bright white-and-black tile (we catch glimpses of a lavishly scarletted ceiling) and reach a row of CURTAINED PHONE BOOTHS.

The curtain SINGS open and shut.

INT. — DARK ROOM — NIGHT

The LAMP may have been made from obsidian: perhaps the base is supposed to be two dogs fighting. A hand turns it on when the phone begins to RING. We see that the wallpaper is yellow and barred, with a subtle graded pattern. The hand slaps the CLOCK, nudges a GLASS aside (water filled to its midpoint), and finally grasps the HANDSET. For some reason, it is wired. How old is this phone?

The hand takes the phone back to the bed.

BLEARY MAN

Palmer.

INT. — RED HALL — PHONE BOOTH

Two plump, shining female lips purse against the mouthpiece. The red mouth smiles and speaks:

MALE VOICE

She's dead.

INT. — DARK ROOM — SAME

The man is reaching for his wife.

MR. PALMER

Who is this?

INT. — RED HALL — LIPS

We see a feminine chin; a Cindy Crawford mole;

MALE VOICE
Wrapped in plastic.

INT. — DARK ROOM — SAME

Disconnection with a loud TAK. Over the empty line comes a high electronic WOOPING. MR. PALMER SLAMS it into its cradle and shakes his wife awake.

MR. PALMER
The phone rang.

MRS. PALMER
Oh, God.

MR. PALMER
I'm going to check on her.

MRS. PALMER
She's fine.

MR. PALMER
I have to go look.

MRS. PALMER
She's asleep, sweetie, don't wake her
up.

MR. PALMER throws his covers off and THUDS to the floor.

MRS. PALMER
Honeypie...

INT. — PALMER RESIDENCE — TOP HALL

The FAN spins.

MR. PALMER is propelled down the hall past the top of the stairs.

MR. PALMER
Laura?

INT. — LAURA PALMER'S ROOM

MR. PALMER is POUNDING from the outside.

MR. PALMER
(voice)
Laura?

INT. — DARK ROOM

Laura's mother hasn't even opened her eyes.

MRS. PALMER
DAMMIT, SHERMAN, COME BACK TO BED.

From down the hall, there is the sound of WOOD SPLITTING.

MRS. PALMER
SHERMAN, FOR GOD'S SAKE.

She throws back her side of the bedding and makes for the door.

MR. PALMER
(voice)
Laura!

INT. — PALMER RESIDENCE — TOP HALL

MRS. PALMER is coming.

MRS. PALMER
Sherman? You're scaring me!

MR. PALMER
(voice)
LAURA!

Now, MRS. PALMER is hurrying.

MRS. PALMER
LAURA!

INT. — LAURA PALMER'S ROOM

Along the length of Laura's empty bed is a POSTER FROM DAVID LYNCH'S TWIN PEAKS: that lovely portrait of Sheryl Lee. Across its mouth, someone has planted a bright red lipstick KISS. MRS. PALMER seizes the splintered doorframe; MR. PALMER has already fallen to his knees in contorted agony.

Both parents WAIL and KEEN.

The window is open; RED CURTAINS flutter in the breeze behind a PHOTOGRAPH OF LISA AND SHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

OPENING CREDITS.

ACT ONE

EXT. — MILFORD AVENUE — MORNING

This long picturesque road is where the Palmers live: middle-class and square-lawned, white fences, tall oaks. A ROBIN CHIRPS on a tree branch. It's really quite lovely.

And then the Jeep Wrangler comes tearing down the block blasting 90S HIP-HOP.

CRAIG CLINTON, letterman, quarterback, two parts swagger to one part loverboy, with pillowy lips and a back you could break barrels on, drives CLAY and MISSY SUMMERS: an unlikely couple married young out of necessity. There's SPIT-UP crusted on MISSY'S shoulder. She chatters to herself in the backseat.

MISSY SUMMERS

(continuing)

so then my mom said to call the whole thing off, there's no point in a coming-home party for an aunt who's done, you know, nothing for the family, who hasn't even written or called, you know, but then Grandad said, "Yes," so we've got to now since Daddy's practically living off the trust already—

CLAY SUMMERS

Is that our trust?

MISSY notices the spit-up on her shoulder and starts to scrape at it.

CRAIG CLINTON

Wish I had a trust.

MISSY SUMMERS

Oh, we wouldn't know what to do with it if we could get to it.

CLAY SUMMERS

Do I need to talk to your dad?

MISSY SUMMERS

I'll talk with him, I'll talk to him.
You don't need to talk to anyone,
baby.

CLAY winces. MISSY doesn't seem to notice.

CLAY SUMMERS

I need to talk to him if he's blowing
through Chad's money. My son's not
going to live off of cotton and soy.

MISSY SUMMERS

I love it when you talk about the
farm.

CLAY SUMMERS

Someone's got to do the work.

MISSY SUMMERS

And I love it that you do the work.
Your granddad needs you. Plus, I love
it when you come home, sweaty, still
hot from the sun, smelling like hay.

CRAIG makes a conciliatory grunt and subtly removes CLAY's hand
from his thigh. What's been going on in the front seat?

CLAY SUMMERS

I'll talk to your dad if I need to.
Chad's getting that money.

MISSY SUMMERS

Of course he is, baby. Daddy's just
hit a slump lately, and—

CLAY SUMMERS

And he's spending our baby's money.

CRAIG CLINTON

What the hell...?

He's crested the slight rise before the Palmer house and sees in
front of him both of the town's police cruisers parked out
front.

CRAIG CLINTON
(breathless)

Laura...

MISSY SUMMERS
What's going on, do you think?

CRAIG throws on the parking brake and jumps out of the car while it's still running. CLAY hurriedly UNBUCKLES, jumps out afterwards. MISSY moves more slowly, reapplying LIP GLOSS (which she replaces next to the TWO CLEAN DIAPERS in her bag) and reziping her BACKPACK. (The monogram once read "MISSY BELL" but now "BELL" has been magic-markered over with "SUMMERS".)

MISSY SUMMERS
I bet you anything she got another phone call.

CRAIG CLINTON
(running ahead)
Laura!

MISSY SUMMERS
It's just a stupid show.

CLAY seems to have remembered to open the door for his wife.

CLAY SUMMERS
I know you think that, but do you have to say it?

As he's running after CRAIG again,

MISSY SUMMERS
It doesn't even make any sense!

INT. - PALMER LIVING ROOM - SAME

SHERIFF BJ CLINTON sits with his deputy ("BEAR") and the PALMERS. There is a RECORD PLAYER in the corner, slowly turning its empty table; the SOUND it's making is very familiar. The SHERIFF sighs and stops taking notes.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Bear...

DEPUTY BEAR

Got it.

He walks to the record player and switches it off. MRS. PALMER stares stock forward; MR. PALMER watches as BEAR goes. After the turntables stop, he explains,

MR. PALMER

It calms Lisa down.

MRS. PALMER

Laura...

MR. PALMER

We need to invest in a metronome. We saw that in a movie once.

From the front hall we can hear the door BURST open. CRAIG rounds the corner.

CRAIG CLINTON

Dad!

SHERIFF CLINTON

Now, Craig, you go on to school.

CRAIG CLINTON

Where's Laura?

MRS. PALMER

Gone!

CRAIG CLINTON

My God!

SHERIFF CLINTON

Now, Craig, there's nothing you can do for her here. Go on to school, see if she shows up. Can you do that for me?

DEPUTY BEAR

Did Laura have a habit of sneaking out?

MR. PALMER

No, never before.

MRS. PALMER

She's gone!

SHERIFF CLINTON

Take me to the poster?

CRAIG CLINTON

What poster?

SHERIFF CLINTON

Craig...

He pulls his son aside and shoos his deputy up the stairs with the worried parents. After he's sure they've gone out of earshot,

SHERIFF CLINTON

Do you have anything to do with this?

CRAIG CLINTON

Nothing. Dad, what poster?

SHERIFF CLINTON

Someone left a poster from that damn TV show. You know the one: the prom queen picture, I think they said.

CLAY and MISSY let themselves inside.

CLAY SUMMERS

Hi, Sheriff.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Mr. Summers. How's the baby?

MISSY SUMMERS

Noisy and messy.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Good. You all go on to school; I'm sure Laura will turn up, better than ever.

CRAIG CLINTON

They found a poster.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Yes;

CLAY SUMMERS

From the show?

MISSY SUMMERS

Such a dumb show!

CLAY SUMMERS

Do they think it was that guy?

This is clearly a novel angle.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Now, which guy is that?

CRAIG CLINTON

Laura had been getting phone calls.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Her parents mentioned—

CRAIG CLINTON

They don't know about these. This guy — this crazy guy, from the county line, the one that has that "museum"—

CLAY SUMMERS

Big Ed's Gas Farm.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Big Ed, huh?

CLAY SUMMERS

The guy's name is Dan.

MISSY SUMMERS

Dan the Fan. He's a nutlog.

SHERIFF CLINTON

We'll look into it. I promise. But for right now, I really need you kids to let us do our job. Don't worry about Laura. I'm sure she'll be fine. Go on. Head on to class. Did you study with Mom?

CRAIG CLINTON

Dad...

EXT. — PALMER RESIDENCE — SAME

The SHERIFF has already backed them out onto the porch.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Trust me, Craig. If she's been taken, we'll find her. But the Palmers say the doors and windows were locked, and the call they got may have been a recording; they say it sounded familiar. She probably snuck...

CRAIG CLINTON

What did it say?

MISSY has dragged CLAY back towards the jeep. The SHERIFF eyes them warily and speaks to his son in confidence.

SHERIFF CLINTON

They said she's dead.

SHERIFF AND SON

"Wrapped in plastic."

SHERIFF CLINTON

How did you...?

CRAIG CLINTON

It's from the show, Dad. Please. Go out to that place. The guy's obsessed.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Hm.

He lifts an eyebrow to his son, who shakes his head and runs back to his jeep.

EXT. — MILFORD AVENUE — SAME

The students are reloaded in the jeep. CRAIG turns his music off. The carload is quiet as he turns the jeep around and heads for the high school.

CLAY SUMMERS

I'm sure she's fine.

CRAIG CLINTON

I should have been there.

MISSY SUMMERS

It's not your fault.

CLAY SUMMERS

I'm sure she's fine.

The group heads back in the other direction up the avenue. The robin watches them pass underneath and then takes off from the branch, its red breast shining.

INT. — LAURA PALMER'S ROOM — SAME

The DEPUTY has asked the PALMERS to give the room over to the police. SHERIFF CLINTON is bent over the poster, squinting at the lipstick kiss over Sheryl Lee's mouth.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Looks like girls' lips.

DEPUTY BEAR

Sheriff?

SHERIFF CLINTON

What's that?

DEPUTY BEAR is holding up a tube of bright red LIPSTICK.

DEPUTY BEAR
What do you think?

SHERIFF CLINTON
Toss it here.

DEPUTY BEAR does so. SHERIFF rolls the lipstick up and marks the background next to Sheryl Lee's face.

SHERIFF CLINTON
Looks like a match to me, Bear.

DEPUTY BEAR
Should we tell her parents?

SHERIFF CLINTON
There's one thing I want to check out first, before we leap to any undue conclusions.

DEPUTY BEAR
That museum out by the county line.

SHERIFF CLINTON
Did you hear?

DEPUTY BEAR
Didn't have to.

He folds up one corner of the poster and shows a STAMP that reads "BIG ED'S GAS FARM" around a logo that looks like a shining egg.

SHERIFF CLINTON
How about that...

INT. — PALMER RESIDENCE — TOP HALL

The overhead fan spins and spins.

INT. — BINGHAM BED & BREAKFAST — SAME

HEATHER CLINTON stares happily across the pink tablecloth. Her smile is dreamy and fulfilled. She tastes her TEA from a delicate CUP nestled in a patterned CHINA SAUCER. Across the table is the reason she's so dippy: the devastating IZZY CALVINO (really, ISABELLA BINGHAM by marriage), Italian and ruthlessly sensual, even as she sips tea.

IZZY CALVINO

Run off? Do you think?

HEATHER CLINTON

B.J. couldn't say. Not that I'd blame the girl.

IZZY CALVINO

It seems cruel: bring a girl with that name to a town with this name, yes?

HEATHER CLINTON

It does; it just seems absolutely cruel, just terrible, awful. Izzy...

IZZY CALVINO

Darling?

HEATHER CLINTON

Did you ever speak to her?

IZZY CALVINO

She and Billie aren't friends, I don't think. Different sensibilities breed different societies, you know.

HEATHER CLINTON

I sure do.

Under the table, the women's legs are entwined.

IZZY CALVINO

If she's run off, she'll be back by tonight; the weekend at the latest.

HEATHER CLINTON

Did you ever run away?

IZZY CALVINO

I'm thinking about it now.

HEATHER CLINTON

My husband would track us down.

IZZY CALVINO

Don't be so sure, my darling. Perhaps
little Laura Palmer had the right
idea, yes?

HEATHER CLINTON smiles and finishes her tea. IZZY turns away,
dark, brooding.

IZZY CALVINO

If she's run off.

EXT. — BINGHAM B&B — SAME

Pine branches RUSH against one another in a strong wind.

INT. — BIG ED'S GAS FARM — JUST AFTER

DAN THE FAN's OVERHEAD FAN spins, too. It looks familiar. If DAN THE FAN caught you staring at it, he might tell you it's the same fixture from the Palmer stairs set in the early 90s. In fact, there's a lot of memorabilia strewn about the converted gas station. At the moment, the proprietor himself is giving a grand tour to what must be his first patron in weeks: a MAN WITH ONE ARM, wearing black. DAN THE FAN himself has a towering Henry Spencer hairdo straight out of Eraserhead; while he gesticulates wildly, it oddly seems to stay in one place.

DAN THE FAN

(brandishing a log)

THIS EXACT LOG. Can you friggin
believe: for a paltry five grand, I
got it. Same one Catherine Coulson
carried around. If you look close,
you can see where she spilled pine

DAN THE FAN (cont'd)

tar on it towards the end of the second season.

The PATRON reaches out with his arm.

DAN THE FAN

(pulling back)

ARE YOU KIDDING ME? Look with your eyes, Philip Gerard.

The PATRON shrugs and turns away towards another DISPLAY CASE.

DAN THE FAN

Ah, you like?

He locks the LOG away behind glass and moves to stand proudly next to the MOTORCYCLE.

DAN THE FAN

It's James's. Would you believe it? Got it for three hundred bucks, 'cause Piper Laurie positively destroyed it at the wrap party. I fit it all back together...

The front door opens; the BELL FROM THE DOUBLE R DINER RINGS. DAN's head jerks towards the door.

DAN THE FAN

(beaming)

Sheriff Clinton!

The SHERIFF and his DEPUTY enter and stand by the door. BEAR tips his hat. DAN moves over to them, calling back to his one-armed guest,

DAN THE FAN

You won't friggin believe: this man's name is Sheriff William Jefferson Clinton; how perfect is that?

SHERIFF CLINTON

Call me BJ. In fact, call me Sheriff Clinton.

DAN THE FAN

And this is Hawk, right? Isn't that
great?

DEPUTY BEAR

It's not Hawk. Mr...?

DAN THE FAN

Call me Dan the Fan. You caught me on
a busy day!

The policemen stare at the ONE-ARMED MAN, who is currently
toying with ONE HALF OF A HEART NECKLACE.

DAN THE FAN

So, to what do I owe the honor of
this visit? Did you sign the guest
book?

He gestures to a PILLOWTOP BOOK (titled Invitation to Love)
resting on a BLUE VELVET PILLOW.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Mr. Dan... is there a legal name we
could call you?

DAN THE FAN

"The Fan." Had it legally changed
because one day it struck me as
Lynchian, and now I'm stuck with it.

DEPUTY BEAR

You could always change b-

DAN THE FAN

EXCUSE ME.

He's bellowing at the ONE-ARMED MAN, who is holding a LOCK OF
BLONDE HAIR up to the light.

DAN THE FAN

THAT'S NOT TO BE TOUCHED.

The ONE-ARMED MAN drops it and walks out the front door in a huff. DAN THE FAN goes over to the lock of hair and examines it himself, blowing off any real or imagined dust and placing it reverently upon its own red velvet display cloth.

SHERIFF CLINTON

What's that?

DAN THE FAN

(a different man; inwardly focused)

It belonged to Laura.

SHERIFF CLINTON glances at BEAR. DAN THE FAN's hair quivers, though his face is impassive.

DEPUTY BEAR

That's Sherilynn Fenn?

DAN THE FAN

No; not Sheryl Lee; the real...

He seems to rouse himself.

DAN THE FAN

Oh my God.

His hand grazes a GOLF BAG with a fake bloodstain on it.

DAN THE FAN

Oh, my God, something's happened to her.

SHERIFF CLINTON and BEAR share another look.

DAN THE FAN

What's happened? What's happened to my Laura?

SHERIFF CLINTON

"Your" Laura?

DAN THE FAN

My God! Something's happened to her? What's happened! Sheriff Truman – Clinton – please!

SHERIFF CLINTON

We'd like to bring you down to the station to ask you a few questions.

DAN THE FAN

You don't think I—?

DEPUTY BEAR

We'd just like to talk, Mr. ...the Fan.

DAN THE FAN

LAURA!!

He collapses to his knees. Above him, the fan turns and turns. His hair blows and bobs.

INT. — RONALD RICH HIGH SCHOOL — ENGLISH HOMEROOM

MR. BLANC is taking roll.

REGIS BLANC

Laura?

The class is silent, staring back at him. In the back row, BILLIE BINGHAM raises one svelte hand. The girl got her mother's volcanism. She's pert; but her smile is hiding something.

BILLIE BINGHAM

Mr. Blanc, Laura's vanished.

CRAIG CLINTON sinks down in his seat and stares across the room towards CLAY SUMMERS, who is staring at LAURA's empty desk.

REGIS BLANC

Very clever, Ms. Bingham. Mr. Clinton? Do you know where your girlfriend is?

CRAIG looks backwards in the class towards BILLIE, who shrugs dismissively.

CRAIG CLINTON

She vanished, Mr. Blanc. Police and everything.

MR. BLANC flips his GRADEBOOK shut.

REGIS BLANC
Well, hell. Class dismissed.

CLAY SUMMERS
Really?

MR. BLANC reopens his gradebook.

REGIS BLANC
No, Mr. Summers. Mavis Poehler?

MAVIS raises her hand. Dumpy thing.

MAVIS POEHLER
Here.

REGIS BLANC
Good, good...

INT. - RONALD RICH HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER

The bell RINGS and classes pour into the hallways; students yo-yo in groups or play hackey-sack, but at least there are no cell phones to be seen. Splashed across the back wall, a MURAL shouts, "THE OWLS ARE NUMBER ONE!"

BILLIE BINGHAM struts on her stilt legs to her locker, smoking an ELECTRONIC CIGARETTE, blowing vapor into teacher's faces as they pass. She looks invincible. As she goes, CRAIG CLINTON matches her stride.

CRAIG CLINTON
How did you know?

BILLIE BINGHAM
Laura tells me things.

CRAIG CLINTON
Things like what?

BILLIE BINGHAM
Clay looks like he misses you.

CRAIG makes a face, but stops his step and turns back to see CLAY watching him from down the hall. He's standing next to his young wife, whose mouth is moving without cease. CLAY really does look like he misses CRAIG. The CLINTON senior scowls at BILLIE's shrinking back and turns back towards the married couple.

Meanwhile, BILLIE has found her locker. She takes a TIN of mints from the top shelf and puts ONE (one what, because that's no mint) under her tongue. She stares at the back of her locker where a PHOTOGRAPH OF HER LAURA PALMER stares back at her, smiling, looking lost even here. This LAURA is miles apart from the self-assured façade Sheryl Lee gave us twenty years ago — what we see is much more akin to Molly Ringwald. She's a lovely girl, it's true, and a natural blonde, but the girl staring out of this photograph looks bewildered on the quarterback's arm, confused why she's sitting in the back of an old red convertible with a homecoming crown on her head.

BILLIE's eyes are furious. She tosses her electronic cigarette aside, fishes a beaten PACK OF REAL CIGARETTES out of her bra, lights one, and uses the bright cherry to burn away CRAIG CLINTON's face.

BILLIE

She was scared of you.

She stubs the unsmoked cigarette out in his features and picks the electronic one back up. It dangles heavily from her lip. The e-cherry glows magenta. BILLIE blows out a cloud of vapor and slams her locker hard.

INT. — TWIN PEAKS POLICE DEPARTMENT — RECEPTION

Dispatch in Twin Peaks is run by a man called TINY LOU: even his NAMEPLATE on the door says that, not "Louis Pasteur." No one would believe it anyways. Plus, "Tiny" is particularly descriptive of the man — the only thing oversized (or even average-sized) about TINY LOU is his voice, which can be heard from any room in the department without him needing to use the PA. Of course, he does anyways when he wants to sound official, like now.

Just at this moment, TINY LOU is glaring down DR. JACOBY (no relation), town coroner and head of surgery at Castor Medical Center. This imposing, craggy-faced surgeon is here to examine the hair.

TINY LOU
(booming over the intercom)
DR. JACOBY HERE TO SEE SHERIFF
CLINTON.

DR. JACOBY
Thank you, Lou.

TINY LOU
SURE THING, DOC. SAY, DID YOU GET A
CHANCE TO READ MY STORY?

DR. JACOBY
I did, Lou.

The two wait for a moment for the SHERIFF to show himself.

TINY LOU
WHAT DID YOU THINK?

DR. JACOBY
I thought, Lou, that the killer would
have to be particularly unwell to
consider using razor blades in that
manner.

TINY LOU
WOULD IT WORK?

DR. JACOBY
Technically, yes; exsanguination
could occur—

TINY LOU
I MEAN, DO YOU THINK I COULD GET AWAY
WITH IT? HIM — COULD HE—?

The door to Interrogation opens quickly, saving DR. JACOBY from further grilling.

DR. JACOBY
Thank God.

SHERIFF CLINTON
Good to see you, Doctor.

DR. JACOBY
I take it there's some hair for me
to...?

SHERIFF CLINTON
Right this way. Lou; appreciate it.

TINY LOU
SURE THING, SHERIFF.

INT. — TWIN PEAKS PD — EVIDENCE LOCKER — SAME

SHERIFF CLINTON brings out the lock of hair from a plastic
EVIDENCE BAG and shows it to the doctor.

DR. JACOBY
And this is...?

SHERIFF CLINTON
We need you to see if it matches OUR
Laura, or if it's another souvenir.

DR. JACOBY
Souvenir? Who exactly do you have in
there?

INT. — TWIN PEAKS PD — INTERROGATION — SAME

DAN THE FAN's hair has fallen slightly with the perspiration;
now, as he throws his head down (clearly fed up), it flies in a
wet arc above him.

DAN THE FAN
NO, NO, NO, NO.

DEPUTY BEAR is sitting on the edge of the table. By the door
stands BERTHA CLEACH, guard and deputy-in-training. She's pretty
imposing; a little like a bulldog mixed with Tilda Swinton.

DEPUTY BEAR

Explain it to me one more time.

THE FAN's face reemerges from his arms.

DAN THE FAN

Garmonbozia only looks like creamed corn, to us. It's the only way we can wrap our minds around it, dig?

BERTHA

Sure. Dug.

DAN THE FAN

But it's actually pain and suffering and sorrow – dolor – and the Man from Another Place, who used to be MIKE's arm, made a deal with BOB, but BOB went back on the deal–

DEPUTY BEAR

And this Bob killed Laura Palmer?

DAN THE FAN

Have you SEEN the show?

DEPUTY BEAR

One of these days I'll get to it.

DAN THE FAN

Well, I'm not going to RUIN it for you. But, more or less, yes, BOB killed Laura Palmer because she wouldn't let him inside of her–

BERTHA

Gross.

DAN THE FAN

(exasperated)

I mean it like it is: like it sounds.

DEPUTY BEAR

Gross.

The door swings open, shoving BERTHA to one side. She looked intimidating, anyways, before she lost her balance and crumpled to a heap on the carpet. DR. JACOBY comes in, followed by SHERIFF CLINTON.

DR. JACOBY
Good afternoon, Mr. the Fan.

DAN THE FAN
Great, another one.

DR. JACOBY
My name is—

DAN THE FAN
I know who you are. Do you really think there'd be a "Doctor Jacoby" in town and I wouldn't know him?

DR. JACOBY
Have we met?

DAN THE FAN
I have lots of pictures of you back at the Gas Farm. That probably sounds bad.

SHERIFF CLINTON
It does sound bad, Dan. A lot of this sounds very bad.

DR. JACOBY
Well, Dan, would you mind running through it one more time for me? Just to catch me up.

DAN THE FAN
They couldn't do it themselves? Lazy.

DEPUTY BEAR
The Fan...

DAN THE FAN
Slow your roll. I'm backing up. In reverse, dig?

BERTHA

Dug. Like a ditch.

SHERIFF CLINTON gives her a look. BERTHA excuses herself and closes the door behind her.

DAN THE FAN

So, they think, what, I kidnapped, killed Laura Palmer, THIS Laura Palmer, and, what, did something to her? Took her hair? Made her into a suit?

SHERIFF CLINTON

You're giving us lots of ideas.

DR. JACOBY

Please continue.

DAN THE FAN

That's her hair, okay? In your hand. That's all I ever needed from her. I asked her one time, and she gave it to me. That's all there is to it.

SHERIFF CLINTON

That's not what her friends say.

DAN THE FAN

You mean your funny son?

SHERIFF CLINTON

Funny?

DAN THE FAN

So I called her! So I called her once or twice.

DEPUTY BEAR

Ninety-one times, according to the phone records.

DAN THE FAN

Listen, I was trying to give her an opportunity. Don't you people know anything about the show? At the end,

DAN THE FAN (cont'd)

Laura Palmer told Agent Cooper, "I'll see you in twenty-five years." Well, it's coming up! Dig? I'm on a DEADLINE. I was just trying to, you know, work up a, work up a pilot, and...

SHERIFF CLINTON

A what?

DEPUTY BEAR

Don't you watch TV?

DR. JACOBY

How did Ms. Palmer react to your proposition?

DAN THE FAN

She did the screentest. And after I showed her the footage, she flipped out, friggin ran off with it. So that was that.

SHERIFF CLINTON

"That was that."

DAN THE FAN

Yeah, that was that, was that was that. I can take a hint. If she didn't want to be in The Revival, that's her decision. I just thought I'd give her the chance, seeing as she had the head start and all.

DR. JACOBY

What head start is that?

DAN THE FAN

Don't you people get it? Twin Peaks was PERFECT. It was more than a show. It was... a reality. The man fully realized this entire community, the glossy surface, the underside, the secrets within secrets, the humanity, the oddities. And to find an actual

DAN THE FAN (cont'd)

"Twin Peaks"? I mean, can you BELIEVE it? Sure, it's in the Smokies, sure there's no Double R Diner and the coffee sucks where you can get it at all, but we've got the whole shebang: a sheriff named like a president, Dr. Jacoby – a, can you friggin believe it – an actual LAURA PALMER. In TWIN PEAKS. I mean, talk about being born on the ground floor.

DEPUTY BEAR

You wanted her for your rip-off.

DAN THE FAN

"Homage." It's not a rip-off. If you watched even a few minutes–

DR. JACOBY

You've finished some?

DAN THE FAN

It plays on a loop at the Gas Farm. It's in the DVD player in the security closet. You should totally check it out, I think you'd be pleasantly–

SHERIFF CLINTON

So you obsess over this show, you make your own homage, you get our Laura to give you her hair, but that wasn't enough, was it?

DAN THE FAN

Give me a break. Next thing you know, you'll put me in the lockup and I'll have to start barking at the biker in the next cell.

DR. JACOBY

(eyes narrowing)

Barking?

SHERIFF CLINTON

You took her, the homecoming queen
with an unfortunate name, because you
couldn't stand the rejection, not
with your deadline—

DR. JACOBY

Hold on a moment, I'm quite concerned
with this; "barking"?

DEPUTY BEAR

It's from the show.

The PA above CRACKLES and the distorted voice of TINY LOU beams
out; it's actually easier to make him out through the walls than
over the speaker.

TINY LOU

(over intercom)

SHERIFF, PHONE CALL ON LINE ONE.

DAN THE FAN

Put it through to the brown phone!

DEPUTY BEAR

He can't hear you.

TINY LOU

I'M GOING TO PUT IT THROUGH TO THE
BROWN PHONE. THE ONE IN THE KITCHEN,
NOT THE ONE IN EVIDENCE.

SHERIFF CLINTON glares at THE FAN for a moment before whirling
his way out of the room. DR. JACOBY comes out behind him. BEAR
shrugs at DAN THE FAN, who runs his hands through his hair and
then brings them out again, dripping with SWEAT AND POMADE.

DAN THE FAN

Oh, come on.

BEAR

I'll get you a towel.

INT. - TWIN PEAKS PD - RECEPTION - SAME

SHERIFF CLINTON and DR. JACOBY exit Interrogation to confront TINY LOU sitting on BERTHA CLEACH's lap. BERTHA quickly stands (dumping TINY to the floor); SHERIFF CLINTON nods at her as he walks down the hall with the doctor.

SHERIFF CLINTON
What do you think?

DR. JACOBY
I don't think you need me; he said
the hair belongs to OUR Laura...

They turn the corner.

BEAR comes out of the holding room next.

DEPUTY BEAR
(to Bertha)
Are the towels...?

BERTHA
Still drying.

DEPUTY BEAR
I'm not sure he can wait.

He walks down the hall in the opposite direction.

The deputy-in-training sits back down in front of dispatch. TINY LOU sits back in BERTHA's lap and buffs her badge.

INT. - TWIN PEAKS PD - KITCHEN - SAME

The SHERIFF and DR. JACOBY finish their discussion.

DR. JACOBY
(continuing)
when the results get in.

SHERIFF CLINTON
Please do.

DR. JACOBY
She'll turn up, Bill.

SHERIFF CLINTON
I sure hope so. She's supposed to
marry my son.

DR. JACOBY smiles somewhat stiffly. He seems to doubt that
somehow.

DR. JACOBY
I'll be in touch.

He retreats back down the hall as SHERIFF CLINTON collects the
BROWN RECEIVER from the landline phone. Don't these people know
there's such a thing as cordless?

SHERIFF CLINTON
Twin Peaks Police, Sheriff Clinton,
how may I help you?

There is a high-pitched electronic WOOPING on the other side of
the line. SHERIFF CLINTON holds the earpiece far away and grunts
in pain. Suddenly, the noise cuts out; he brings it back close.

SHERIFF CLINTON
Did I lose you?

DISTORTED MALE VOICE
Let's rock!!

There's a loud TAK as the line disconnects. What sounds like
TELEVISION STATIC floats over the receiver. SHERIFF CLINTON
frowns and HANGS UP.

SHERIFF CLINTON
(Dismissive.)
Kids.

EXT. — RONALD RICH HIGH SCHOOL — AFTERNOON

The dismissal bell RINGS, and the same crowd which earlier
filled the halls of the high school are now spilling out into
the town.

As CRAIG CLINTON's carpool piles into his jeep, BILLIE BINGHAM approaches, coy and swishing her Jordached tail. The minx.

BILLIE BINGHAM
Room for one more?

CRAIG starts his jeep. BILLIE, without waiting for an answer, leaps gracefully into the passenger seat (over CLAY to sit between the boys up front) just as CRAIG begins moving.

BILLIE BINGHAM
Where are we going?

The SUMMERS answer as one:

MISSY SUMMERS
(simultaneous)
Baby.

CLAY SUMMERS
(simultaneous)
Farm.

BILLIE BINGHAM
Oh, neat. Craig? What are we up to?

CRAIG simply drives on.

BILLIE BINGHAM
Lovely; coffee. I needed the
caffeine.

She pulls her e-cigarette from her ITALIAN LEATHER PURSE and happily smokes as the carpool speeds down the barren Twin Peaks streets.

INT. — THE TWITCH COFFEE BAR — LATER

BILLIE smiles at CRAIG over her COFFEE.

BILLIE BINGHAM
Doesn't it smell great?

CRAIG CLINTON
Aren't you going to drink it?

BILLIE BINGHAM
I hate the way it tastes.

CRAIG takes the mug himself and begins to drink. BILLIE takes it back and finishes it herself.

CRAIG CLINTON
Hot.

BILLIE BINGHAM
Thank you.

CRAIG CLINTON
I meant...

BILLIE BINGHAM
Did you know I was sleeping with
Laura?

CRAIG takes the empty mug back from BILLIE and tries to take a sip. He feebly holds up a finger to TORNADO SUE, owner and sole operator of The Twitch. The poor woman looks like her name – but at least that RING on her finger looks expensive. She pours ANOTHER CUP of coffee and brings it to the table.

TORNADO SUE
It's none of my business, but I love
how open youth are these days. Carry
on.

BILLIE watches her go back behind the counter, never quite out of earshot.

BILLIE BINGHAM
Do you want to...?

CRAIG CLINTON
It's no surprise.

BILLIE sullenly gazes at TORNADO SUE. The joe-jerk gleefully wags a few fingers in return. MS. BINGHAM, ever resourceful, brings a compact but powerful set of SPEAKERS from her bag and puts on an appropriate MP3. TORNADO SUE can't hear over it, so she goes back to polishing mugs and SLAMMING spent espresso grounds out.

BILLIE BINGHAM

For a couple of weeks. Months, maybe.
She could tell you.

CRAIG CLINTON

I'm sure she could.

BILLIE BINGHAM

Do you have anything to do with this?

CRAIG CLINTON

Why does everyone keep asking me
that?

BILLIE BINGHAM

Because you have the most to gain
from her going away.

CRAIG CLINTON

That's ridiculous.

BILLIE BINGHAM

Laura told me she found a ring.

CRAIG CLINTON

That's - that's ridiculous.

BILLIE BINGHAM

Your underwear drawer, under the
leopard-print thong. Beside the jar
of lube.

CRAIG CLINTON

Preposterous, really...

BILLIE BINGHAM

You don't want to marry her.

CRAIG CLINTON

(wheeling about and nursing his coffee)
She's beautiful. She's perfect.

BILLIE BINGHAM

I know.

CRAIG CLINTON

I want to find her more than anybody.

BILLIE BINGHAM

Not more than anybody.

She folds her hands before her on the table.

BILLIE BINGHAM

You've seen the show, right?

CRAIG CLINTON

Yeah.

BILLIE BINGHAM

You know how Laura's friends band together to find out who killed her?

CRAIG CLINTON

I'm not "banding up" with you — besides, you're SO an Audrey, and she didn't—

BILLIE BINGHAM

Thank you.

BILLIE stands to go with her belongings. TORNADO SUE somehow seems to immediately switch ends of the coffee bar, swabbing out a SAUCER at the table next to the two.

CRAIG CLINTON

Hey; for what?

BILLIE BINGHAM

I needed to hear that.

CRAIG CLINTON

Hear what?

As BILLIE dances her way for the door, she turns to TORNADO SUE.

BILLIE

God, I love this music. Isn't it too dreamy?

The door shuts behind her. The MUSIC seems to linger.

INT. — SUMMERS SUNDRY GENERAL STORE — SAME

BILLIE makes her way past the plate glass window of Summers Sundry. GORDON SUMMERS watches her dance somnolently down the sidewalk and gives a low whistle.

GORDON SUMMERS

Whoever decided those jeans went out
of style?

It looks like, whoever they are, Gordon Summers would like nothing better than to show them the back of his hand. He diverts his attention back to the store. Inside are a lot of parched empty rows, and one forgettable SOLDIER from the Depot in his fatigues, considering a CAN OF YAMS from all vantage points. The door chime RINGS and REGIS BLANC, the English teacher from homeroom, enters, looking vaguely harassed.

GORDON SUMMERS

Long day, Regis?

REGIS nods him off and ducks back towards the blind end of the shop.

GORDON shrugs and looks back out the window to see if BILLIE is still going by. No such luck. He gently brings his fist to the counter in defeat.

REGIS BLANC comes up to the counter, sweating and dodgy, depositing a PILE OF SWEETS and a SEETHING COKE from the cold drinks fridge. He grunts his hello.

GORDON SUMMERS

Got a sweet tooth on you today.

REGIS laughs a little too high and a little too long and nods, then nods again.

REGIS BLANC

Sweet tooth, that's right. The
sweetest.

He nods again.

GORDON SUMMERS

Mhm. What are you folks reading this week?

REGIS BLANC

Moby-Dick.

GORDON nods. He seems satisfied now with the odd behavior.

GORDON SUMMERS

Of course. Clay tells me he loved what you did with Catcher in the Rye. He was impressed. Very impressed. Your change:

He puts it in REGIS's hand—which SNAPS shut like a venus flytrap. The teacher makes for the door.

GORDON SUMMERS

You want your candy? I can put it in a bag for you.

REGIS, aghast, returns to the counter and shoves the candy in his pockets.

GORDON SUMMERS

Alright, then.

And out the teacher goes again.

GORDON SUMMERS

Moby-Dick. That man doesn't need to teach Moby-Dick.

The grocer speaks to the military man, who doesn't acknowledge his presence.

GORDON SUMMERS

Give him something like Huck Finn.

INT. — BLUE BOOKS — SAME

Immediately next-door is a bookshop aptly called Blue Books. The entirety of the store is painted blue. The shelving is pristine cerulean; the walls sky-blue with a little artful navy shading in the corners. Oh, except for this GREEN SHELF near the back, where CRAIG CLINTON has evidently made his way since his meeting with BILLIE. He's holding a COPY OF MOBY-DICK, actually, and...

Oh. That's not Melville's Moby-Dick. The whole cover is obscured a little, but we get the gist.

MAN

Craig?

CRAIG throws the book down and picks up another TRADE PAPERBACK; his thumb obscures the first letter, but we can see UCK FINN.

CRAIG CLINTON

Mr. Daniels, hi.

MR. DANIELS

Sweet thing, I keep telling you: call me Mitch.

He squeezes CRAIG's shoulder; feels it; squeezes it again. CRAIG laughs a little. He doesn't seem uncomfortable.

CRAIG CLINTON

I don't think you'll be seeing us tonight.

MITCH DANIELS

Oh, don't break my heart like that.

CRAIG CLINTON

Sorry, Mitch.

MITCH DANIELS

Why not?

CRAIG CLINTON

It's Laura. She's gone missing.

MITCH DANIELS

Oh, you poor thing! You must be worried sick!

CRAIG CLINTON

Thanks, Mitch.

MITCH DANIELS

Of course, if that other one went missing too, you two could always raise baby Chad together out on the farm.

CRAIG CLINTON

Stop.

But he doesn't seem repulsed by the idea.

MITCH DANIELS

Ooh, it's giving me hot flashes.

CRAIG CLINTON

Anyway; I thought I should let you know.

MITCH DANIELS

Now hold on, Mr. Clinton: stop right there. I don't know if one of our tribe has let you in on this secret yet, but it's times like these the Blue Box was slapped together in the first place. Emphasis on the "slapped." When the going gets rough, we get together, yeah yeah yeah.

CRAIG CLINTON

I know; it seems wrong.

MITCH DANIELS

Your heart is so big.

CRAIG CLINTON

I'll see you next time?

MITCH DANIELS

Think it over, Craig. Talk it out
with you-know-who; maybe you'll see
me tonight.

EXT. — NICE FARMS — FIELDS BY THE SILOS — PROBABLY SAME

CLAY SUMMERS looks good working the FIELD EQUIPMENT. He's got practice... and besides, judging by the look on the old man's face, the owner of the farm is not someone you want to disappoint. That's CLAY's grandfather, MIKE NICE. On his mom MILLY's side, if you can't tell. MIKE NICE is anything but; his face is bitter and lined and hard like a nut.

MIKE NICE

Why you stoppin?

CLAY SUMMERS

My phone's ringing.

MIKE NICE

Shut that mess off. This ain't time
for talk.

CLAY SUMMERS

Yessir, Grandad.

He does. He keeps working while his grandfather watches.

INT. — PALMER RESIDENCE — DARK ROOM — SAME

It may be afternoon, but LISA PALMER has all the lights in the house turned off and a COOL WET RAG over her eyes. SHERMAN PALMER stares into a MIRROR at his own face.

Downstairs, the empty TURNTABLE rotates beneath a needle.

EXT. — BIG ED'S GAS FARM — SAME

The police cruiser pulls up to the door and BJ and BEAR step out. BEAR spits out a tea tree TOOTHPICK into the dust. As they enter the store, a ROBIN lands on the hood, holding a BEETLE in its beak.

INT. - BIG ED'S GAS FARM - SAME

Inside is dark and silent. A tomb.

BJ gropes for a switch.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Did we switch these lights out when
we left?

DEPUTY BEAR

Maybe they go off automatically.

SHERIFF CLINTON

We need those in the office. Where's
the guldern... Forget about it. Gawd
it stinks in this place. Bet you more
than anything he's got food from
twenty years ago with Kyle
MacLachlan's teeth marks...

DEPUTY BEAR

I've got my flashlight.

SHERIFF CLINTON

That's plenty good; where do you
figure the freak keeps his tapes?

DEPUTY BEAR

In the security closet, he said.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Glad you were listening. Where do you
figure the security room is in this
establishment?

The two search around in the thin line of BEAR'S FLASHLIGHT for
a moment before the SHERIFF locates a door and disappears
inside.

SHERIFF CLINTON

(voice)

Great Northern...! He's got shelves
of these things. The man's a nutlog.

BEAR is staring at something.

SHERIFF CLINTON

(voice)

You might have to help me with all these.

DEPUTY BEAR

(quietly)

"Let's rock."

SHERIFF CLINTON

(voice)

What's that?

He reappears in the security room door and sees what's illuminated at the other end of BEAR's beam.

It's TWO RIGHT HANDS, severed cleanly at the wrist and bleeding over the displays onto the floor. On the palms, someone has written (or carved) two words:

DEPUTY BEAR

(reading from them)

"Let's rock!"

SHERIFF CLINTON fades slightly and drops the handful of loose DVDs he'd gathered in the security room. They spool about the floor and throw reflections of the flashlight in all directions.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Oh, hell.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT/EXT. — AGENT CARTER'S HYBRID — COUNTY ROAD 404

Looking lank and sallow, hunched up in front of his wheel, AGENT JUNE CARTER looks distinctly out of place in the verdant southern mountains. This man looks like he's in remission, barely, from some fatal ailment, or overcoming some great trauma. His voice is clear, and lucid, and calm, though: a practiced calm, perhaps; a fragile calm.

AGENT CARTER

Diane.

His recorder CLICKS on. Hands-free. Responsible.

AGENT CARTER

Approximately three miles from the scene. This concludes my trip from Portland.

His face is grim.

AGENT CARTER

In mild discomfort from the ride. Remind me to pick something up in town.

He rides in silence for a few moments. He suddenly ROLLS DOWN his window and inhales deeply.

He ROLLS the window back up.

AGENT CARTER

Diane, there is — no kidding, scout's honor — a skunk brigade welcoming me to town. Why didn't I let them take my olfactory nerve when I had the chance?

He sighs heavily and keeps driving on.

INT. — CASTOR MEDICAL CENTER — AFTER

AGENT CARTER drags himself inside, straightening his tie and fishing for his BADGE. He flashes it limply as he passes some staff.

INT. — CASTOR MEDICAL CENTER — BASEMENT MORGUE

AGENT CARTER emerges from the elevator with the MAN WITH ONE ARM from the museum, who briskly walks down the hall and out of sight. AGENT CARTER pushes open the saloon doors and walks into the autopsy chamber where the hands are being examined. SHERIFF CLINTON, beside DEPUTY BEAR and DR. JACOBY, straightens as the agent enters, but CARTER ignores them and goes straight to the tray to squint down.

AGENT CARTER

Two hands, both right, clearly two different vics, lacerations on the wrist above site of removal which is unfalteringly clean, binding, probably hemp rope, or jute; the missing girl is seventeen, these hands both belong to middle-aged women, so odds are we're dealing with an obsessed fan, possibly Ms Palmer herself, OR there's a psychopath running amok in town.

He turns to go.

AGENT CARTER

(leaving)

Call the Mayor, get him to call whatever passes for a Town Hall meeting in whatever passes for a Town Hall here in town, and get him to set it for eight P.M. on the dot. I am going to go lie down and maybe pop some pills, House-style.

The others watch him leave.

SHERIFF CLINTON

I'll call the Mayor.

BEAR nods. DR. JACOBY's jaw is slightly ajar.

INT. BINGHAM BED & BREAKFAST — RECEPTION — AFTER

PHILLIP BINGHAM bubbles behind his desk. He is clearly ecstatic to have the business. That's right: AGENT JUNE CARTER has chosen to throw his sunshine down on the Bingham. Surely it means business is picking up!

AGENT CARTER
(approaching the desk)
A room with a view.

PHILLIP BINGHAM
That's all of them! You look worn out.

AGENT CARTER
Just rolled in from Portland.

PHILLIP BINGHAM
(exchanging a credit card for a key)
Ah, goodness, and what were you doing up that way?

AGENT CARTER
Getting tortured. Is this 13 or 18?

PHILLIP BINGHAM
(a little stunned)
There's only 4 rooms; it's a B...

AGENT CARTER
Beautiful! B is for BEAUTIFUL, do you hear me? Because B is for Bed and Breakfast and — what was your name? — Bingham! Be happy for B, my dear friend. B. Room B.

Beaming (well, lousing), CARTER mounts the stairs and takes the curve, still going.

AGENT CARTER
B for Bath! Beautiful Bath!

PHILLIP BINGHAM isn't quite sure whether this is a blessing or a curse, but he is certain of one thing: he's got a customer to tend to.

PHILLIP BINGHAM
(shouting off)
BILLIE!

IZZY CALVINO
(from off)
She's out, my angel.

PHILLIP BINGHAM
(shouting off)
IZZY!

IZZY CALVINO
(from off)
I'm here, my beloved.

PHILLIP BINGHAM
Go get groceries! We have a boarder!

He mumbles to himself,

PHILLIP BINGHAM
(sotto)
B is for Boarder...

He shakes it off and looks disgusted with himself.

INT/EXT. SUMMERS SUNDRY – LATE AFTERNOON – SO ABOUT THE SAME

As IZZY CALVINO BINGHAM enters the general store, a STORM is knitting itself above the township.

GORDON SUMMERS smiles at the beauty from his register.

GORDON SUMMERS
Getting nasty out there.

IZZY CALVINO
Everywhere I go gets nasty.

GORDON SUMMERS laughs heartily. IZZY rolls her eyes, in a fond way. It seems these two have either history or an arrangement.

GORDON SUMMERS

(low)

How's the little lady?

OH. That.

IZZY CALVINO

She is quite well. Though the news shook her up.

GORDON SUMMERS

That Laura went missing? It's horrible.

IZZY CALVINO

Did you not hear of the hands?

GORDON SUMMERS

My God! No! Hands?

IZZY CALVINO

Both of them, cut off at the wrist, and they bled all over Jack Nance's fishing hat.

GORDON SUMMERS

God! No!

IZZY CALVINO

It's true. I heard they brought in an FBI man. The Mayor has called a Town Hall for eight this evening.

GORDON SUMMERS

I didn't even know we had Town Halls.

IZZY CALVINO

I think it's quaint. Didn't they do it in the show?

GORDON SUMMERS

Are we sure it's an FBI man come in? Maybe the REAL agent lost a hand, and

some impostor comes in to make us
relive Twin Peaks?

IZZY CALVINO

The sadist.

She shivers and her hand comes to her throat. Her eyes go
somewhere far away.

GORDON lifts an eyebrow.

GORDON SUMMERS

Signora Rosselini, your groceries
await you.

IZZY CALVINO

Ah; yes, very amusing.

She takes her PREPARED BAGS.

IZZY CALVINO

They opened the Bullmart up the road.

GORDON SUMMERS

I've noticed.

He references the ghost-town; he doesn't look used to the low
traffic.

IZZY CALVINO

You have nothing to worry about.
You're keeping our business at
Bingham B&B. We local businesses must
stand united.

GORDON SUMMERS salutes her. As she walks down the street towards
her car, he watches her through the plate glass.

GORDON SUMMERS

I'd better keep your business.

There's a steel grit in his voice that hasn't been present
before.

EXT. — DOWNTOWN — MAIN STREET

We get a good view of the STOREFRONTS as THUNDER shatters the still and rain buckets down.

Far down the street, the massive BULLMART seems to be emitting a sinister storm of its own, its SIGN CRACKING and BUZZING above the empty, flooding parking lot.

EXT. — TOWN HALL — JUST BEFORE 8

CRAIG CLINTON is on his CELL PHONE.

CRAIG

(over phone)

I've been trying to reach you. I know you're working. Give me a call back. I want to, you know, hang out tonight. I'm feeling... "blue." Give me a call back, please.

He hangs up and looks around him. Twin Peaks townsfolk have turned out in droves, marching up the steps to the hall and chatting under umbrellas and canopied trees and on the wide stone porch before the front doors. CRAIG takes the steps two at a time and runs inside out of the rain.

INT/EXT. — NICE FARMS — COW SHED

This little shed may not count as a "barn", but at least it keeps the ANIMALS dry. MIKE NICE, grizzled old stick, is dry, too, watching his decidedly moistened grandson roll his stalled equipment back indoors. The LAMPS put out a streaky globe in the torrent; otherwise, the fields are dark.

MIKE NICE

(shouting)

Shoulda kept an eye on the weather, eh?

CLAY doesn't bother responding. MIKE holds CLAY'S PHONE in his nutbrown mitt. It cheerily displays, "ONE NEW MESSAGE!"

MIKE deletes it and continues watching his grandson. A slow, dangerous smile spreads over his face.

MIKE NICE

When you're done there, grab up some okra from the cellar.

CLAY is hefting a particularly weighty TOOLBOX.

CLAY SUMMERS

(huffing)

Yes, yessir.

MIKE NICE turns towards the aging shack of a house he once shared with his wife and daughter.

MIKE NICE

I'll be waiting on you, inside.

CLAY SUMMERS

Sure thing, Grandad, sir.

As his grandfather's back grows dark spots from the rain, CLAY pats himself down for his phone. He finds it resting on a post inside the cowshed; FLIPPING it open he texts (to "CRAI-CRAI")

TEXT

"Gotta cook for grandad; see you tonight?"

And then texts to "WIFEY WOMAN",

TEXT

"Might have to spend the night out here; are you okay with Chad?"

INT. — GLASTONBURY GROVE TRAILER PARK — TRAILER 7

MISSY BELL SUMMERS languidly lifts HER PHONE to check the text.

MISSY SUMMERS

He's out tonight. Want to stay over?

She's speaking to someone around the corner, who makes a NONCOMMITAL NOISE in return.

MISSY SUMMERS

It shouldn't take long. What, like, two minutes? Then after, we can do, you know, whatever.

REGIS BLANC rounds the corner holding a BOX.

REGIS BLANC

It says sixty seconds.

MISSY SUMMERS

Did you buy that in town?

REGIS BLANC

No; I bought THIS in town.

He dumps CANDY BARS on the table in front of the teenager.

MISSY SUMMERS

If anyone saw you...

REGIS BLANC

I'm not stupid.

MISSY SUMMERS

(sighing)

You mean you're not 18. You're plenty stupid.

REGIS BLANC

That remains to be seen.

He slips the PREGNANCY TEST out of its box.

REGIS BLANC

I take it you've used one of these before?

He pokes it roughly in the direction of BABY CHAD'S CRIB.

MISSY SUMMERS

You should relax. Worst-case scenario, we say it's another one of Clay's, and we keep doing what we do best. We could make ten of them and

MISSY SUMMERS (cont'd)

it doesn't matter, 'cause I'm married.

REGIS BLANC

You are so young.

MISSY SUMMERS

I thought you liked that about me.

REGIS BLANC

I should be at that Town Hall meeting. Can you handle this?

MISSY SUMMERS

The one about Laura? She ran off, I bet you all the money in Chad's trust.

REGIS BLANC

Don't. They'll miss me. I'm her teacher.

MISSY SUMMERS

You go on if you want to; but if you stick around, I can make it worth your while.

REGIS BLANC

Figure this out; I'll be back.

MISSY SUMMERS

I know you will.

INT. — TOWN HALL — 7:59 P.M.

The townsfolk have mainly milled their way to folding chairs; this is clearly a thrown-together event, with what passes for the press (that's TURKEY RIFKIN with the PRESS PASS in his hat and the FLASHBULB CAMERA) in the front row beside the CLINTONS (there's CRAIG texting next to HEATHER, who slyly slaps his wrist) and the RICH FAMILY.

The RICH family is well-off. In fact, they are the wealthiest family in Twin Peaks; and their attire proudly displays it.

There is RICHARD, patriarch, with his wife ELSA, PEARLS dripping from her neck. Beside them is their daughter GEORGIA and her slightly frumpy husband, MARTIN BELL. ELSA turns to GEORGIA and asks (without wanting an answer)

ELSA RICH

How is my great-grandchild?

GEORGIA BELL

Missy says Chad is trying to talk.

ELSA RICH

Well; at least he's trying. Will they attend Gretchen's Welcome Home bash? She has a surprise for Missy.

MARTIN BELL

Rich – will we see you at Chad's birthday party next week?

RICHARD RICH grunts and watches SHERIFF CLINTON stand awkwardly by the podium. Behind him is the handsome (but absent-looking) MAYOR POEHLER.

MARTIN BELL

Rich?

RICHARD RICH shoos MARTIN's hand away as SHERIFF CLINTON rouses MAYOR POEHLER to the MICROPHONE. The SHERIFF's words are accidentally caught over the speakers.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Said he'd be here.

MAYOR POEHLER

Well, I'm sure he will be. In the meantime...

He bellies up to the podium and smiles down at his townspeople.

MAYOR POEHLER

Howdy, folks.

A mild HOWDY wafts up from the crowd; they go mainly silent.

MAYOR POEHLER

Reckon you heard about Laura Palmer gone missing. Maybe a couple other things I'm not rightly filled in on myself. But tonight we have a statement by Sheriff Clinton, and... and...

He looks around.

MAYOR POEHLER

A statement by Sheriff Clinton!

He steps back and sits, allowing the SHERIFF to take the podium.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Thank you, Mayor Poehler. And thank you for setting up a Town Hall in such a hurry.

VOICE FROM THE CROWD

Are these the chairs from the Fellowship Hall?

SHERIFF CLINTON

Like the Mayor said, we're here to talk about Laura Palmer. She's missing, could be dead. Some more folks, too, mighta got knocked off. It's looking more and more like a fan of the old show.

ANOTHER VOICE

BURN DAVID LYNCH!

SHERIFF CLINTON

Now, we don't want a Lynch mob on our hands.

He looks proud of himself.

Suddenly the back doors BURST open, revealing a sodden, bedraggled AGENT CARTER.

AGENT CARTER

My GOD. Did someone knock out a dam?

He makes his SQUELCHING way down the center aisle though the WHISPERS of the residents.

SHERIFF CLINTON

We've brought in an FBI man to take charge of the investigation; since he called this Town Hall, I think I'll step down and let him fill you in on where we go from here. Everyone, Agent...?

AGENT CARTER takes the mic and grins wolfishly into it. His smile is a little frightening; it looks like it used to be quite fetching, but something, some connection behind his eyes, has been blown. He looks a little like a Halloween mask.

AGENT CARTER

Agent June Carter, FBI. June, like the bug, but you can call me Agent Carter, or Carter, or Agent, or June.

He takes the mic from its holder and begins to pace the stage.

AGENT CARTER

Did everyone here know that thousands of years ago, the Earth's water levels were much lower?

He looks out over the audience.

AGENT CARTER

Uh-huh; we had more glaciers, we called it an "Ice Age", and all that water we see by our coastlines today, well, it used to be locked way away up north somewhere. Until one day, it wasn't. We have all these stories about The Flood: Noah, for instance, and the ancient Sumerians' Gilgamesh battled churning waters. Chinese history begins after a flood. Even Homer talks about Charybdis at the Strait of Gibraltar, an enormous mawing whirlpool. Couldn't it be Noah's Flood which sank a Caribbean

AGENT CARTER (cont'd)

Atlantis? Isn't it possible what we call the Mediterranean Sea used to be a bone-dry basin, inhabited by thousands, by hundreds of thousands, lost forever when the ocean roiled in at Hercules' Gates?

RICHARD RICH frowns from the front row and interrupts; it is his prerogative.

RICHARD RICH

What does this have to do with Laura Palmer?

AGENT CARTER

Not a thing. I just like to start every speech with a little something to positively impact the imagination. Before I deliver the bad news.

He leans forward, back at the podium, pressing the length of his body against it. His smile is back.

AGENT CARTER

Someone in this room is a serial killer.

Someone in the back of the room GASPS. Otherwise, the crowd is agog. Agent Carter laughs a little and wipes away a tear.

AGENT CARTER

I also like to start with a joke. Here's what we know: a girl named Laura Palmer (that's not Sheryl Lee from the TV show) has gone missing, blah blah blah, signs point to fans, could have run off, blah.

RICHARD RICH interrupts again.

RICHARD RICH

Isn't it possible she put this together for a bit of attention? The girl loved that show.

CRAIG CLINTON

She hated it.

The townspeople start to chatter among themselves. AGENT CARTER keeps smiling and leans away from the mic, covering it with his hand, to give SHERIFF CLINTON an aside.

AGENT CARTER

I'm just happy they've got theories.

He removes his hand and takes out his tape recorder, which he places near the mic. He CLICKS it on and an enormous PEAL OF FEEDBACK shoots through the room.

AGENT CARTER

Like I said, she could have run away. She may have been kidnapped, tortured, raped, and killed. It's all kindof up in the air right now; hence, me.

He waves. MAVIS POEHLER waves back from the third row.

AGENT CARTER

You've probably also heard about the discovery of body parts earlier this afternoon; we can conclusively say—

He glances at SHERIFF CLINTON, who nods.

AGENT CARTER

That we are dealing with two victims, neither of whom are Laura Palmer. As far as we know, the girl is alive and perfectly well; I'd just like to reiterate that.

RICHARD RICH

Why did you drag me away from my home to tell me what I already know?

AGENT CARTER keeps smiling. A few other people in the crowd seem to have discovered this sentiment just as RICHARD RICH voiced it. The man's venerable grey head might be a force to be reckoned with...

AGENT CARTER

I'm here: we're here to ask you:
please: if you have any information,
any information at all, about the
whereabouts of Laura Palmer, please
come forward.

He pauses, as though to give someone a chance in that moment.

AGENT CARTER

We would also like to put out feelers
in the community to see if we might
identify our other victims. We are
looking for two women, possibly
middle-aged. They may or may not be
from town; look around you; if
someone should be here, and isn't,
let us know.

He looks around again. The crowd does so, too.

AGENT CARTER

Please.

He waits for another moment and shrugs.

AGENT CARTER

Well, I'll be here til we get this
settled.

He steps away from the mic to speak to the MAYOR and SHERIFF.

AGENT CARTER

Is there, by any chance, an
acupuncturist within the county
lines? Someone that takes Blue Cross?

A MAN stands up from the crowd, lumberjack-shirted, white-
haired, round, and tough.

MAN IN THE CROWD

Madeleine Ferguson.

Oh, wait. That's not a man; that's a woman. AGENT CARTER turns around (starting at the incongruous body he sees) and makes his way back to the mic. The crowd buzzes and searches among itself.

AGENT CARTER
Madeleine Ferguson?

WO-MAN IN THE CROWD
She was Laura's aunt. She would be here if she could.

AGENT CARTER leans away from the mic again to confer with the SHERIFF.

AGENT CARTER
Didn't Laura Palmer have a cousin...

WO-MAN IN CROWD
It's Madeleine Ferguson you're looking for; find her, and you'll find Laura. I guarantee.

AGENT CARTER
And you are...?

WO-MAN IN CROWD
Pearl Haggard.

AGENT CARTER lifts an eyebrow.

PEARL HAGGARD
I own the trailer park outside town.

SHERIFF CLINTON tugs on the AGENT's sleeve.

SHERIFF CLINTON
(low)
She calls it "Glastonbury Grove."

AGENT CARTER smiles and looks out at PEARL.

AGENT CARTER
Thank you very much, Ms. Haggard. Can anyone here say with any certainty where we can find Ms. Madeleine Ferguson?

There's no consensus in the crowd. AGENT CARTER nods.

AGENT CARTER

Thank you. I think we'll call it a night; if you have any further information for us, you know where to reach us.

He looks to the SHERIFF as though for confirmation, who nods again.

AGENT CARTER

Great!

REGIS BLANC steals in from the back. AGENT CARTER notices and gestures to him.

AGENT CARTER

Somebody, fill him in. I'm going back to sleep. It's been a long day.

He trundles off the stage and makes his way out a side door. The townspeople are left in their seats. MAYOR POEHLER takes the mic.

MAYOR POEHLER

Well, I guess that about wraps it up. Thanks, everyone, for showing up. The Sheriff and I will be instituting a, a bedtime, a curfew for us all until we get everything cleared up. You all be safe—

RICHARD RICH heard the word "curfew" and stormed up the steps to the podium to pry the mic from the MAYOR's hands.

RICHARD RICH

I'm fed up with this government oversight.

A couple of townspeople SHOUT their support. CRAIG CLINTON seems to be behind the RICH patriarch... though he probably wouldn't admit it out loud.

RICHARD RICH

We don't need a mayor telling us what time we can leave our homes.

More townspeople shout, "YEAH!"

IZZY CALVINO, towards the back, chooses not to hide her disdain for RICH.

RICHARD RICH

I say, we all know who did it. Moves to our town and sets up his little perverse shrine out where the county ends. Well, I say, string up the bastard and let us go back to our lives!

SHERIFF CLINTON

(attempting to speak into the microphone)
We're not sure if there's even been a murder—

RICHARD RICH

Are we going to allow some Hollywood nobody ruin our peace and quiet?

VOICE FROM THE CROWD

Hell no!

Some others JOIN IN this conviction.

MAYOR POEHLER gently moves RICHARD RICH aside and takes the microphone.

MAYOR POEHLER

The curfew will keep us safe.

RICHARD RICH

Curfew? No thank you!

Some others in the crowd begin to pick this up as a chant.

SHERIFF CLINTON shakes his head to the MAYOR.

MAYOR POEHLER

Fine. There will be no curfew. BUT—

And here he stares RICH steadily down—

MAYOR POEHLER

If anything happens, anything we
mighta prevented, it's on your heads.

The crowd cheers and continues chanting,

CROWD

Curfew? No thank you!

IZZY can't take it anymore.

EXT. — TOWN HALL — FLAGSTONES

IZZY CALVINO lights her SMALL BLACK CIGARILLO and smokes it into the mist. The rain has stopped; now the town is bathed in steam.

AGENT CARTER emerges from the shadows.

AGENT CARTER

I was wondering when someone would
leave.

IZZY may be surprised, but she would never show it.

IZZY CALVINO

Ever the avant-garde.

AGENT CARTER

You help run the Bed and Breakfast?

IZZY CALVINO

With my husband.

AGENT CARTER

Are they talking about me in there?

IZZY CALVINO

No; Richie Rich stormed the stage.

AGENT CARTER looks slightly amused, but it's tempered with disappointment.

AGENT CARTER

That's not really his name, is it?

IZZY CALVINO stares him down and blows out smoke.

AGENT CARTER

That's a filthy habit.

IZZY CALVINO

I bought an electronic one, but it vanished. Besides; I love the way these taste.

AGENT CARTER

It smells like Christmas.

The two stand and watch the steam spool upwards from the pavement.

AGENT CARTER

Did you know Laura Palmer?

IZZY CALVINO

She and my daughter attend school together. They were not close.

AGENT CARTER

I see.

IZZY CALVINO

What do you think of our little town?

AGENT CARTER

It may or may not live up to its namesake; I haven't decided.

IZZY CALVINO smiles, wryly, sadly.

IZZY CALVINO

Neither have I.

Behind them, the sounds of the crowd chanting,

CROWD

(voices)

Curfew? No thank you!

spills out of an opened door. CRAIG CLINTON jumps down the steps, so absorbed in his phone that he doesn't notice the agent and hotelier. AGENT CARTER watches him.

AGENT CARTER
The boyfriend?

IZZY CALVINO
In a manner of speaking.

AGENT CARTER nods. We can hear CRAIG leaving another message on his phone as he moves away.

CRAIG CLINTON
Just got out. Don't know why you're not answering. We were this close to a town-wide curfew. I need to blow off some steam. Meet you at the Box at 2?

He's out of earshot.

AGENT CARTER
Did it sound like he was talking to Laura to you?

IZZY CALVINO shakes her head sadly and exhales lavender smoke.

INT. — NICE FARMS — CELLAR — SAME

It's dark in the cellar. This is a place that LOOKS like it doesn't get cell signal; CLAY's phone display bears this out. He's not using his phone as a phone, though; he's using it for illumination as he crawls through OVERTURNED SHELVES, SHATTERED JARS, towards the back where this season was put up.

He holds the phone up; the blue ball of light from the screen shows ASPARAGUS, TOMATOES, CUCUMBERS...

CLAY moves down a shelf. Ah. OKRA. In the back corner.

CLAY SUMMERS

Thanks, Grandad, for sending me to
the furthest...

As he picks up a jar, there is a soft CLICK from the corner. CLAY pivots his phone in that direction. His eyes adjust. A small PANEL has come loose from the wall, revealing a squat PASSAGEWAY.

CLAY SUMMERS

No way.

Water DRIPS way down the stone corridor.

INT. — PALMER RESIDENCE — LAURA'S BEDROOM — SAME

Water DRIPS from the eaves of the Palmer house. The TURNTABLES are still going downstairs. There is an odd sound as though something is being DRAGGED THROUGH CARPET...

It's MRS. PALMER, pulling herself, prone, down the top hall into her daughter's room, MOANING softly, depressing the carpet behind her in a broad swath.

She comes to the foot of the bed. Stops for a moment and cries. Moves on towards the desk.

INT. — PALMER RESIDENCE — TOP HALL — SAME

Someone has turned on the fan but left the lights out. It spins. It spins.

INT. — LAURA PALMER'S BEDROOM — SAME

MRS. PALMER gropes for the LIPSTICK on her daughter's desk. She uncaps it. Pulls herself towards the wall and begins to write.

She writes two words, over and over again, in red lipstick, all around the baseboard over the wallpaper.

MR. PALMER is standing in his daughter's doorway, watching, impassive. After a moment, MRS. PALMER passes out and the lipstick rolls from her hand. MR. PALMER bends to collect it,

and then moves to the wall. He fills in the upper parts of the room as he circles around with the same two words:

WRITING ON THE WALL
BLUE BOX BLUE BOX BLUE BOX BLUE BOX

Water drips steadily from the eaves.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

INT. — UNOCCUPIED TRAILER — NIGHT

Homey. The trailer's been wallpapered (it's yellow, with a barred pattern) and stocked with GLOBED LAMPS and DOILIED ENDTABLES. There is an ANTIQUE SOFA. On the finely intaglied CREDENZA is a professional WRITING SET with a PLUMED PEN, and crystal SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS.

There is a thin-legged KITCHEN TABLE, too, where a molding three-tiered CAKE lies in ruins. Someone used it (long ago) to smear across the wallpaper,

WRITING ON THE WALL
MESHARE

Hm.

Let's look at that for a moment longer. Is that a space? Is that...

That's a KNOCK. Perfunctory. Immediately followed by a KEY IN THE LOCK and VOICES.

PEARL HAGGARD
(voice)
Missus Ferguson? We're coming in.

They sure are. They come on in, both of them: PEARL HAGGARD, rugged and quick-eyed, and AGENT CARTER. He slinks in behind her and sticks to the wall.

AGENT CARTER
I'm done. We can go.

PEARL HAGGARD
Told you it smelt.

She turns off the lamps on each side of the room.

PEARL HAGGARD
What you make of that?

AGENT CARTER
"Me share." "MésSharé." Good
handwriting.

PEARL HAGGARD
Beautiful cake.

AGENT CARTER
Special occasion. Can we go?

PEARL HAGGARD
Don't you need to pry around, look
for trace, DNA?

AGENT CARTER
That's not really my vibe.

PEARL HAGGARD
What is your vibe?

AGENT CARTER
Snap judgements. I'm sorry for your
loss.

PEARL hugs her hand to her heart.

PEARL HAGGARD
Who told you?

AGENT CARTER
I leapt to a conclusion and I ran
with it.

PEARL HAGGARD
Dirty pool, mister.

She slaps his hand and laughs.

AGENT CARTER
Your husband?

PEARL HAGGARD
Wasn't my husband. May as well have
been.

AGENT CARTER

I am sorry.

PEARL HAGGARD

So, tell me something about you.

AGENT CARTER

It doesn't work that way.

PEARL HAGGARD

Are you jumping to any conclusions here?

She gestures grandly to the room. AGENT CARTER wilts back against the wall.

AGENT CARTER

One; I want to leave. Can we go, please, Ms. Haggard?

PEARL HAGGARD

Sure.

AGENT CARTER steps out of the trailer. As he does, PEARL HAGGARD's hand sneaks out and takes the TOP SHEET off the blotter and stuffs it in her pocket. She follows AGENT CARTER out and closes the door, locking the darkness in behind them.

EXT. GLASTONBURY GROVE — OUTSIDE TRAILER 33 — SAME

PEARL HAGGARD leans against the aluminum siding. CARTER stands stiffly a few steps down the path towards the parking lot.

AGENT CARTER

Could you tell me anything about Ms. Ferguson, either as a tenant or as a human being?

PEARL HAGGARD

She had a lot of company. If you know what I mean.

AGENT CARTER

I do.

PEARL HAGGARD
And she liked to wear red.

AGENT CARTER
Well, that's something to go on.

PEARL HAGGARD
You're married.

AGENT CARTER
Are you going out on a limb?

PEARL HAGGARD
No; I saw your ring.

AGENT CARTER
Maybe I'm gay.

PEARL HAGGARD
Are you kidding me? Look at us;
sparks are flying.

AGENT CARTER giggles uncomfortably.

AGENT CARTER
I was married once. I kept the ring.

PEARL HAGGARD
Do they train you suits to say that?
I swear on TV, every time someone
wearing a tie gets asked about a
ring, that's what they say. So, I
guess now I'm going to offer my
condolences for your dead wife.

AGENT CARTER
I didn't say she died.

PEARL HAGGARD
Stabbing blind. It does make for a
nice symmetry, don't it?

AGENT CARTER
She was taken. That's all I can say
about it.

PEARL HAGGARD

Huh. Well, that's something to go on.

The two nod at each other and toe the dirt. A cat HOWLS down around Trailer 20.

AGENT CARTER

I hate cats. I'm going to bed.

PEARL HAGGARD

You said that at the meeting.

The AGENT shrugs as he goes.

AGENT CARTER

Sometimes, I lie.

EXT. GLASTONBURY GROVE — TRAILER 7 — SAME

REGIS BLANC is back with MISSY, who is fuming about a text and threatening the offending phone. Baby CHAD is in his crib on the other side of the room; REGIS reclines on the sofa and smokes.

REGIS BLANC

Miss Missy, cut that out, you'll break it.

MISSY SUMMERS

I don't care, I don't care! Clay barely EVER stays out at the Farm anymore and we had such a, such a good, don't you see what a great opportunity this was for us, to grow as a couple?

REGIS BLANC

A night in your husband's bed?

MISSY SUMMERS

If this is going to continue, Reggie, if you are going to help me with baby Chad, then he's got to get used to you staying the night! How's he ever going to do it with Clay spending more nights here?

REGIS BLANC
You should be happy about that.

MISSY SUMMERS
I am, I am happy about that.

REGIS BLANC
You are?

MISSY SUMMERS
Yes! I mean, no, I mean, he's Chad's biological father, of course, and Clay should be around him. And, you know, I, you know...

REGIS BLANC
Love him?

MISSY SUMMERS
I love you, Reggie. I choose you.

She has twirled herself up in his bushy arms.

REGIS BLANC
You should go.

MISSY SUMMERS
No! Don't make me!

REGIS BLANC
You can't keep letting your parents run your emotions like this. Go on to the party, smile, start yawning, say you need to get back to Chad. Easiest thing in the world. Take charge of your life.

MISSY is pouting slightly and watching CHAD play with a PLUSH EAR.

MISSY SUMMERS
"Be an adult"?

REGIS BLANC
I didn't say that.

MISSY SUMMERS
Yes you did. You just didn't say the words.

She sits up.

MISSY SUMMERS
Alright. I'll go.

REGIS BLANC
Atta girl.

MISSY SUMMERS
Help me pick out an outfit?

EXT. POLLUX PLACE — RICH MANOR — LATER

MISSY is being preened by her mother, GEORGIA BELL, as they stand on the enormous steps of Rich Manor. MARTIN BELL rings the doorbell again. It plays a SHORT DITTY through the house.

GEORGIA BELL
That's enough, Martin. Why couldn't Chad make it?

This is not the first time she's asked the question. She picks at her daughter's hair, fusses with her dress's straps and throws the BOX OF PRE-MADE RICE KRISPIES TREATS MISSY brought as a hostess gift into the holly bushes.

GEORGIA BELL
And my stars, don't you take care of yourself out in that place?

She makes a face. MARTIN rings the DOORBELL again.

GEORGIA BELL
I mean I know it might mean living a little outside of your means, for a little while, but darling, if you've learned anything from your parents,

GEORGIA BELL (cont'd)

it's how to make the best of a poor situation.

MARTIN rings the doorbell TWO MORE TIMES. MISSY stealthily applies sympathetic pressure on her father's arm.

The door opens to reveal ELENA FÉLIX in full French maid outfit, and resenting every bit of it. She's a brilliant woman, a poet and an artist, working as a housekeeper (and evidently impromptu party maid) for some of the most unpleasant folks in town. She sees a little of herself in MARTIN, but he's too dumpy for her tastes; besides, she's got a steamy lover named LEONARDO in her bed at home. We might not get this all at once.

ELENA FÉLIX

Welcome.

GEORGIA BELL

Took you long enough, Elena. My God, some things don't change, do they, Martin?

MARTIN rolls his eyes at ELENA as they pass. She slips him a drink from a small flask that lives in her bra. MARTIN pecks her cheek in thanks and follows the ladies into the house.

INT. RICH MANOR — FRONT HALL — SAME

RICH RICH stands above the foyer clutching the bannister. He doesn't turn his head to call down to his wife, ELSA, who is gracefully descending the staircase,

RICHARD RICH

Told you they wouldn't bring the infant.

GEORGIA BELL

Ma!

She runs to embrace her mother, a little gawky and looking a little of the girl she was when she grew up here. ELSA gathers her neatly and keeps her jewelry righted and clothes unruffled. She might be a magician.

ELSA RICH
Georgia, my peach.

RICHARD RICH
Or even the one that groped and
flattered his seed into our line.

MISSY SUMMERS
Hi, Granddaddy. Nice to see you, too.

GEORGIA BELL
Be nice to your Granddaddy!

MISSY SUMMERS
It's nice to see you.

GEORGIA BELL
That's better.

MARTIN BELL
What kind of welcome home party
starts at midnight?

ELSA RICH
It's when Gretchen arrives, and it's
when we shall welcome her.

RICHARD RICH
Besides, it's only 10, Pacific.

The most natural thing in the world.

ELENA FÉLIX
Should we adjourn to the study?

RICHARD RICH
My God, woman, learn to speak Normal
English.

ELENA FÉLIX
My liege.

MARTIN laughs and follows ELENA out. GEORGIA hurriedly catches up to him and grabs ahold of his swinging hand; there's a scuffle, but she wins.

INT. — RICH MANOR — STUDY — SAME

ELENA leads them into the room. As soon as RICH passes the threshold, ELENA ROLLS the doors shut behind them. RICH explains,

RICHARD RICH
This is where we'll surprise her.

It's a good place for it. The regular furniture has been artfully moved aside to make room for some small tasteful dining tables with graceful lamps and a large-ish dance floor. The tables are laden with HORS-D'OEUVRES and the bar in the bookshelf is looking particularly well-stocked. MARTIN makes for it to pour himself some SCOTCH. MISSY eyes the closed doors and yawns largely.

GEORGIA BELL
Chad couldn't make it because he's sick. Poor thing.

ELSA RICH
Poor thing. Here, granddaughter.

She offers MISSY a folded FIFTY. MISSY considers and accepts.

RICHARD RICH
Father stayed home with it?

MISSY SUMMERS
Yes, Grandad.

RICHARD RICH
Couldn't show his face, more like.
Using his flesh and blood as an out.

MISSY BELL
Clay wasn't feeling well either,
Grandad.

GEORGIA BELL
That's right, poor thing.

ELSA offers MISSY another FIFTY.

MISSY SUMMERS

I think I have to get back, actually.

RICHARD RICH

Father's using it, let the father take care of it. Stay. Drink. Old enough to push a baby out, old enough to drink.

ELSA RICH

Richard.

MISSY SUMMERS

No, I think I need to go, we're trying to get Chad on a new sleep schedule, and if I'm coming in real late, and drunk, even more...

She's standing and ELENA is MOVING the door aside, when in strides GRETCHEN RICH, that heinous bitch, who's let herself inside without even knocking, with absolutely no consideration for anyone else's plans. GEORGIA her sister fumes silently in the corner. GRETCHEN pulls down her skirt a little when she sees the mixed company. It doesn't really help; what's her livelihood, exactly?

GRETCHEN RICH

Oh, hell.

ELSA RICH

Surprise!

The others mumble some form of "Surprise." GRETCHEN marches past all of them anyways and starts eating hors-d'oeuvres.

GRETCHEN RICH

DAMN, Elena, you can cook. I think I forgot that. It's good to see you're still here!

ELENA leaves the room.

RICHARD RICH

Welcome home, daughter.

What's with this "daughter"?

He awkwardly hugs her, and she lets him.

GRETCHEN RICH

How's it going, Daddy? Bit late,
don't you think, for all this?

RICHARD RICH

It's only 10, Pacific.

The most natural thing in the world. GRETCHEN laughs.

GRETCHEN RICH

God, you're such a teddy bear, I love
it!

She pours herself a large DRINK.

GRETCHEN RICH

Well, wasn't expecting everyone, not
yet at least, but good to see you,
let's catch up sometime, thanks for
the shindig, great food, great booze,
I'm gonna hit the hay.

ELSA RICH

You said you had a surprise for
Missy.

MISSY SUMMERS

Hi, Aunt Wretched.

She covers her mouth. Did she actually just say that?

MISSY SUMMERS

Aunt Gretchen!

GRETCHEN RICH

You always were my favorite!

She showers kisses on her niece.

GRETCHEN RICH

Okay, we can do this now, we can do
this now. MISSY!

MISSY looks confused, and rubs out her ears.

MISSY SUMMERS

Uh, yes?

GRETCHEN RICH

Not you, sweetie. My Missy.

She points to the doorway where a veritable carbon-copy of MISSY BELL stands: MISSY RICH. Her features are different when you see them up-close, but down to the way they move and dress, they are alike.

ELSA GASPS.

RICHARD RICH

Oh, this is too much.

EXT. — BINGHAM B&B — PARKING LOT — NIGHT

AGENT CARTER's hybrid scoots into a parking space. When he steps out, carrying a BROWN PAPER PARCEL, he sniffs the air.

AGENT CARTER

Diane.

His voice recorder STARTS.

AGENT CARTER

The skunks may have passed by on their way to the parade in the city.

INT. — BINGHAM B&B — B-SUITE

AGENT CARTER LOCKS the door behind him. Any trace of vitality leaves him. He crumbles to the floor in agony. He enters the bathroom, which is more of a nook: but it's perfect for his purposes. The bathtub is bubbled-over by a SHOWER CURTAIN designed to keep the furniture dry.

AGENT CARTER pulls himself into the bathtub and DRAWS the curtain shut around him. Unwrapping his parcel, he bundles

together the contents – LONG, EXOTIC HERBS – and sets them alight with a scuffed and scorched ZIPPO LIGHTER.

The smoke billows out brilliant blue and suffuses his body. Only the tiniest bit emerges from the curtain; just enough for effect, not nearly enough to set off alarms.

AGENT CARTER'S VOCALIZATIONS become less strained, diminish, finally cease.

There is a LARGE MURAL of an Indian Battle on one wall. The EYES of one U.S. Marshall in the foreground follow AGENT CARTER'S movements very closely.

INT. – RICH MANOR – STUDY – NOT MUCH LATER

GRETCHEN is loving this. Most of the RICH FAMILY stands agog. MISSY BELL SUMMERS foremost among them.

GEORGIA BELL

You were gone for five years; how old are you?

MISSY RICH seems unfazed. Maybe she's been through this before with another Missy.

MISSY RICH

Nineteen.

GEORGIA BELL

No.

GRETCHEN RICH

That's right: mine came first. Suck it.

ELSA RICH

Girls.

RICHARD RICH

Why didn't you tell us?

GRETCHEN RICH

Would you believe I didn't know?

GEORGIA BELL

No, Gretchen, of course not, of course we wouldn't believe that. What the hell is this supposed to be? Some grand final swoop to cut me out of the family altogether?

GRETCHEN RICH

I have no idea what you mean. And really; I didn't know until Missy came and found me two years after I moved to L.A.

MISSY RICH

No lie.

She smiles. It's disarming. MISSY SUMMERS's defense is weakening a little. Okay; just to be clear, everyone is fine glossing over how a woman can NOT know she had a baby? Yeah? Around the room? MARTIN? Nope, still sipping scotch. Ohp—wait—he's gonna say something—

MARTIN BELL

I think it's touching, Gretchen. Bienvenidos! Todos! A nosotros casotros!

MISSY SUMMERS

Daddy...

She picks him up by the arm.

MISSY SUMMERS

I think we need to get him home.

MARTIN BELL

Oh, don't leave on account of MARTIN, don't let MARTIN be the one to draw the evening to a close. OH, OH—

As MISSY is guiding him out (GEORGIA gathering her BELONGINGS and A GIFT and some FOOD before she follows), MARTIN manages to turn back around to ask,

MARTIN BELL

Rich! Rich, can we expect you at
little baby weensy baby Chad's
birthday-wirfday pawty?

MISSY SUMMERS

Come on, Daddy, let's go.

MARTIN BELL

Since you haven't seen it yet. One
whole year next week since the flesh
of your flesh's flesh had some
flesh...

He lets himself get turned back around.

MARTIN BELL

Grody. Why'm I talking about flesh?

GRETCHEN RICH

(to GEORGIA as she passes)

Really, lovely to see you, sis. Mwah!
Loves ya!

She waves as they go. MISSY RICH looks up at her.

GRETCHEN RICH

Mom, Missy's worn out from the trip.
Do you think we could turn in for the
night? I know it's only 10, Pacific.

RICHARD RICH

Of course. Go on to bed.

ELSA RICH

Of course, dear.

RICHARD RICH

Actually—

He grasps his daughter's elbow and leads her aside, out of
earshot.

RICHARD RICH

The Board is meeting tonight.

GRETCHEN RICH

They haven't seen my face in five years, I don't think one more night is going to make a difference.

RICHARD RICH

The girl, Laura Palmer, is missing. Our continued existence has been compromised.

GRETCHEN RICH

Well, when you put it like that...

She looks back at her daughter.

GRETCHEN RICH

Can I at least get Missy settled?

RICHARD RICH

Sure, sure.

He grasps his daughter's elbow again.

RICHARD RICH

What is the story, with her?

GRETCHEN RICH

I don't remember.

RICHARD RICH

You're going with that.

GRETCHEN RICH

(grinning)

That's my story, and I'm stickin' to it.

RICHARD RICH

We meet at 3. Have her down by then. Do you need a reminder how to get to the Medical Center?

GRETCHEN RICH

I was gone five years, not twenty-five years. Of course I remember.

She leads MISSY out by the arm. RICH snacks on a CARROT.

RICHARD RICH
I think we're in for it.

ELSA emerges from the other corner and tidies a place setting.

ELSA RICH
Oh? That's too bad.

RICH RICH
Yes. It is too bad.

INT. BINGHAM B&B – B-SUITE – A LITTLE LATER

There is a KNOCK on the door. AGENT CARTER emerges from the bathtub; the smoke has apparently dissipated. He walks to the door and answers it.

BILLIE BINGHAM, holding a NOTE CARD with something calligraphic across the front. She SNIFFS the air once.

BILLIE BINGHAM
Hello. Sorry. There was a message.
They said it was urgent, for the FBI
man?

She pouts her lips a little. It doesn't work for her. ...Well, maybe a little.

BILLIE BINGHAM
I guess I found the right room.

AGENT CARTER
(not entirely dismissive)
A message?

BILLIE BINGHAM
Two words: "Blue box."

She hands him the handlettered message.

AGENT CARTER
"Blue box."

BILLIE BINGHAM

That's what they said to tell you:
"Blue box."

AGENT CARTER

"Blue box."

BILLIE BINGHAM

That's right.

AGENT CARTER

Any idea what it means?

BILLIE BINGHAM

I figured it was cop code for
something, like a 4-20 or a B&E.

AGENT CARTER

I'm afraid not. Did they give you any
indication of who was calling?

BILLIE shakes her head.

BILLIE BINGHAM

They didn't say. So I thought,
"confidential."

She looks up at the agent, appealingly.

BILLIE BINGHAM

Do you think that makes me naïve?

AGENT CARTER

I'm very grateful for the
information, but it sounds like a
hoax. Good night, little girl.

BILLIE bristles.

BILLIE BINGHAM

I KNOW it's important. Blue box, you
have to look into it.

AGENT CARTER

Unless you can give me a better reason than "you know" it's important...

BILLIE BINGHAM

I can't; I just KNOW.

She means it. She means it desperately. There is no pretense of naïveté or flirtation. BILLIE BINGHAM is appealing to his humanity, his decency. AGENT CARTER reads her, analyzes her, and finally nods.

AGENT CARTER

I believe you.

BILLIE smiles, relieved.

AGENT CARTER

Goodnight.

He CLOSES the door in her face.

But pulls out his recorder.

AGENT CARTER

Diane.

The recorder CLICKS on.

AGENT CARTER

"Blue box."

INT. — BINGHAM B&B — HALL — SAME

BILLIE removes her ear from the wood of the door and raises an eyebrow. She slinks down the carpet towards her room, a smile playing on her face.

BILLIE BINGHAM

"Diane".

This gives her an idea.

INT. — TWIN PEAKS PD — HOLDING CELL

DAN THE FAN is clutching the bars.

BEAR and the trustee BERTHA watch him carefully; he watches back. The mood is tense.

BERTHA
I don't get it.

They turn their attention back to a CRT TELEVISION SCREEN. It's playing what passes for DAN THE FAN's tribute to his favorite show:

TV — ERASERHEAD MOMENT

DAN THE FAN looks mournfully at a red curtain. A SPOTLIGHT shines on him. A PITIFUL CREATURE wanders into the shot.

INT. — TWIN PEAKS PD — HOLDING CELL — SAME

BERTHA
So that's...

DAN THE FAN
My child.

TV — ERASERHEAD MOMENT, CONT'D.

DAN THE FAN holds the CREATURE and studies its eyes. The PITIFUL CREATURE yips silently. The spotlight beams brilliantly.

INT. — TWIN PEAKS PD — HOLDING CELL — SAME

DEPUTY BEAR
It's a shaved yorkie.

DAN THE FAN
I can't tell you what I used to
create the creature.

BERTHA

Is it supposed to look so depressed?

DAN THE FAN

It's modernization run amock.

DEPUTY BEAR

It's a shaved yorkie.

The door to the holding area opens and DR. JACOBY enters, frowning. It's not an unfamiliar expression.

DR. JACOBY

What's all this?

DAN THE FAN

IT'S MY LIFE.

The trustee and the deputy switch the television off.

BERTHA

If there's clues in here, I don't think we're the right people to catch them.

DEPUTY BEAR

He shaved a yorkie.

DR. JACOBY

Is that illegal?

His expression seems to suggest he thinks it should be.

BERTHA

Was the hair Laura's? Our Laura's?

The P.A. crackles.

TINY LOU

(voice over intercom)

DR. JACOBY IS HERE.

BERTHA

Thank you, Louis.

DR. JACOBY
He can't hear you.

TINY LOU
(voice)
BERTHA, WANT TO DO DRINKS WHEN YOU
GET OFF?

DAN THE FAN
Unprofessional. Aw, but you're just
like Lucy and Andy!

DEPUTY BEAR
(to Dr. Jacoby)
Is he always going to be like this?

DR. JACOBY
(cutting to the point)
I can't tell you if the hair came
from our Laura's head, but she
definitely handled it.

DAN THE FAN
I told you the hair was from Laura.
Why is this even a question; why am I
even still here?

The door swings open in time for SHERIFF CLINTON to hear this
last part.

DAN THE FAN
I am wrongly imprisoned; and don't I
get a phone call?

SHERIFF CLINTON
Who the hell are you gonna call, the
Fan? ...

He gropes for a name. BERTHA suggests,

BERTHA
Angelo Badalamenti.

SHERIFF CLINTON
Tell me what we got on the tapes.

DEPUTY BEAR
Can I get a coffee?

BERTHA
I'm gonna switch discs, I don't
really get this one.

She fumbles with the player for a while. DAN THE FAN lingers by the bars.

DAN THE FAN
(low)
Do you "get" dreams? Do you get
whispers through the wall?

SHERIFF CLINTON
Now, you hush up.

DAN THE FAN
You still haven't told me what you
found that made you freak out so
much. Was it the bloody rag? Because
that was a prop.

SHERIFF CLINTON shrugs the fan off and moves closer to the television, where BERTHA has queued up a Mulholland Drive clip that is more entertaining than the last one.

TV — MULHOLLAND LANE

DAN THE FAN in winedark lipstick and a blond wig is making out with a POSTER that might be Naomi Watts.

INT. — TWIN PEAKS PD — HOLDING CELL — SAME

SHERIFF CLINTON
Oh, hell. Are they all like this?

Suddenly, the door flies open as though of its own accord, framing BILLIE BINGHAM done up like Audrey Horne. She wears a pencil skirt with pleats high on her waist, a modest sweater top (that's really not modest at all), and has even penciled a Sherylenn Fenn beauty mark beside her eye.

The room is breathless. Mainly.

DAN THE FAN

Woof.

The intercom CRACKLES.

TINY LOU

(voice)

BILLIE BINGHAM TO SEE SHERIFF
CLINTON.

SHERIFF CLINTON

(low)

Thank you, Lou.

He crosses to greet the girl, who is eying DAN THE FAN up and down.

SHERIFF CLINTON

What can I do for you, Miss Bingham?

BILLIE BINGHAM

I had something to tell you, Sheriff.

She looks at DR. JACOBY, BERTHA, and BEAR.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Would you prefer somewhere more
private?

BILLIE seems to consider it.

BILLIE BINGHAM

No...

She moves in close to the bars. DAN THE FAN presses himself up against them. He SNAPS his teeth at her. She grins.

BILLIE BINGHAM

Blue box. It's important, I thought
you should know.

DAN THE FAN retreats back into the cell. The lawmen and doctor crowd around the girl.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Why do you think we should know?

BILLIE BINGHAM

I took a jello mold to Laura's house from the Bed & Breakfast. It was written all over her room.

This mobilizes them.

SHERIFF CLINTON

When did you...?

DEPUTY BEAR

That sounds bad, right?

BERTHA

It sounds bad.

DR. JACOBY

(musing)

"Blue box"...

DEPUTY BEAR

What could it mean?

DAN THE FAN

Um...

They turn to him. He winces at the accusing looks. BILLIE begins drifting back towards the door.

DAN THE FAN

I might know.

BILLIE pauses at the door to listen as the others crowd around the cell. DAN THE FAN looks mildly pained, screwing up his eyes and settling to the cot in the corner.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Is it one of your accomplices?

DAN THE FAN

Accomplices? No; it's; "accomplices";

He sighs largely. BILLIE has snuck the door open, but she's lingering.

DAN THE FAN
It's a place.

DR. JACOBY
Oh?

DAN THE FAN looks embarrassed for the first time. This must be terrible.

DAN THE FAN
Men go there.

Beat.

BILLIE BINGHAM
Do women work there?

DAN THE FAN cracks a wry smile.

DAN THE FAN
No; I'm not sure much of anyone works
there; but women; no;

He's self-censoring, and the lawmen are getting impatient.

SHERIFF CLINTON
Out with it, the Fan, or I'm going to
put the irons on you.

DEPUTY BEAR
B.J., I'm not quite sure exactly what
you mean by that.

BERTHA
Do you need me to get some handcuffs
or something?

DAN THE FAN
Alright; okay;

He looks the SHERIFF in the eye.

DAN THE FAN

I thought it was a Mulholland Drive reference, you see?

SHERIFF CLINTON

Dammit, the Fan, I'm keeping you here for life if you don't start helping us; talk sense.

DAN THE FAN

Okay! Okay.

He smooths his hair down. He aaaalmost looks normal. He raises his eyebrows to the Audrey Horne lookalike at the door.

DAN THE FAN

Men go there. Only men. Do you get my drift? Are you catching what I'm laying down? Are we vibrating on the same wavelength?

SHERIFF CLINTON

I think we might be.

DAN THE FAN

Are we all wearing the same purple anklets? Do you got the rhythm in you?

BILLIE seems to collect enough information from that to duck out, almost silently, closing the door behind her.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Are we talking about some place in Atlanta?

DAN THE FAN

No; okay; you see, this is why I;

He holds his hands up when the SHERIFF proffers his NIGHTSTICK.

DAN THE FAN

It's here in town. Sortof; it's across the lake, up in the woods. I mean, I knew it probably wouldn't sit

DAN THE FAN (cont'd)

right, I knew that I should keep my
mouth shut—

SHERIFF CLINTON

Bear?

DEPUTY BEAR

Sheriff?

SHERIFF CLINTON also seems to have gotten enough from this interaction. He pulls BEAR towards him as though to share a confidence. DAN THE FAN shrugs it off and settles, uneasily, into his cot. It looks like he might be staying the night.

SHERIFF CLINTON

(low)

If we know about a joint like this in
Twin Peaks and don't do anything
about it, The Board is going to have
our heads.

BERTHA raises her hand meekly in the corner. DR. JACOBY is the only one who notices. After a moment, he clears his throat.

DR. JACOBY

Sheriff?

SHERIFF CLINTON

What is it, Doc?

He gestures to BERTHA.

BERTHA

It's not illegal to be that way.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Does anyone know where Agent Carter
is?

BERTHA realizes he's ignored her and leaves.

DEPUTY BEAR

Staying with the Bingham's, I'd
imagine.

DR. JACOBY

Would you like me to apprise him of
the situation?

SHERIFF CLINTON

No, Doc, I want him left in the dark.
Let's let Agent Carter get his sleep.
He looks unwell, anyways, don't he?

The lawpeople leave the holding room; BEAR lingers for a moment
and then puts in one more disc for DAN THE FAN.

TV — BLU VELVET

DAN THE FAN in a dark tight-curved wig croons into a 50'S-STYLE
MIC. It's silent, but there's no doubt those words are "Blue
Velvet."

INT. — TWIN PEAKS PD — HOLDING CELL — SAME

BEAR turns to DAN THE FAN, wagging the REMOTE.

DEPUTY BEAR

Don't you have any sound on these
things?

DAN THE FAN

(half-hearted at best)

I tried to get Sufjan Stevens to
score it, but he doesn't answer his
email. Or his door.

DEPUTY BEAR

Hm.

He tosses the remote to THE FAN.

DEPUTY BEAR

Don't go anywhere.

DAN THE FAN

Ha-ha.

BEAR leaves. DAN THE FAN simply watches his homage; what else can he do?

TV. — LOUNGE TO APARTMENT SMASH CUT

We go from DAN THE FAN in drag to DAN THE FAN (presumably) naked, standing in front of a seated woman who looks suspiciously like IZZY CALVINO. She turns and stares into the camera. Stares out of the television.

INT. — TWIN PEAKS PD — HOLDING CELL — SAME

DAN THE FAN murmurs something under his breath. It's probably,

DAN THE FAN
(low)
Fire walk with me.

He smiles suddenly, his eyes sparking up.

DAN THE FAN
Ha-ha.

He giggles a little at himself.

DAN THE FAN
Ha-ha-ha. Haaa-ha.

He titters at the syllable. But his eyes are haunted.

TV. — APARTMENT SMASH CUT TO

Angry blue static.

INT/EXT. — BLUE BOOKS — NIGHT

There's a DISCREET KNOCK on the door. MITCH DANIELS, dressed in blue, emerges from the navy shadows in the back of the store and looks out the plate glass windows into the night. He sees someone he expects and UNLOCKS the door for him.

MITCH DANIELS
 (stepping out of the doorframe)
 Mr. Clinton. Positively glowing.

He's not lying. There's a BLUE GLOW NECKLACE under CRAIG's tight-to-bursting polo and a few BLUE GLOWSTICKS bristling from his jeans pocket.

CRAIG steps inside and hugs MITCH out of habit.

CRAIG CLINTON
 Good to see you. Can we head?

MITCH looks out into the night before closing the door slowly.

MITCH DANIELS
 Where's the man with the golden tongue?

CRAIG CLINTON
 Clay's tongue isn't answering his phone.

He shrugs it off and wanders towards the green shelf in the back. MITCH follows him from a convenient distance.

MITCH DANIELS
 So I've got you all to myself tonight?

CRAIG CLINTON
 Looks like it.

He doesn't really look happy, no matter how much lilt he tries to put into his voice. MITCH can tell, and massages the quarterback's shoulders.

MITCH DANIELS
 I'll take good care of you.

CRAIG CLINTON
 Is the boat at the dock?

MITCH DANIELS
 Just waiting to float you over to the Box.

CRAIG pulls a glowstick from his jeans and places it in MITCH's shirt pocket.

CRAIG CLINTON

The night's not getting any younger.

MITCH starts checking the locks one more time for good measure. As he does so, CRAIG texts CLAY one more time:

TEXT

"Going without you. Answer your texts."

CRAIG FLIPS his phone shut and follows MITCH out the back of the store.

INT. — NICE FARMS — THE HIDDEN CELLAR — SAME

CLAY's phone sits unattended and unserviced throwing off a blue globe of light into the dimness of the wide chamber.

We move slowly down a ROW OF BLUE BOXES, each large enough to hold a bowling ball, stacked neatly and gathering dust in long shelves. There were once labels on each of them, maybe sixty years ago, but they've faded or been removed over time.

Soon, just as the globe of CLAY's phone backlight starts to fade into black, we see OPEN BOXES littering the floor. Inside this one is a LARGE PLASTIC BAG OF WHITE POWDER. Inside this one is several dozen GLASS VIALS filled with a clear liquid.

The phone light dims; it's been left unattended for a long time. No wonder; CLAY is sitting dumbstruck on a the LARGEST BLUE BOX in the room, in the shadows. He holds an open box (the size of most of the others on the shelves) in his lap. He stares straight down at the label on the THREE GLASS SYRINGES packed in foam inside.

LABEL

"SMALLPOX VIRUS HANDLE WITH CARE"

CLAY blinks down at the syringes. There is the sound of WATER DRIPPING on a stone floor somewhere in the wide dark chamber.

The phone light goes out.

INT. — TWIN PEAKS PD — ARMORY

The light flips on. This small town P.D. is stocked. Rows of RIFLES and HANDGUNS adorn the walls; they're laid out in order of caliber and legality, from a row of BEAN-BAG GUNS to what looks like a GRENADE LAUNCHER. There's camo everywhere.

BERTHA steps away from the door and lets the SHERIFF and DEPUTY enter. BERTHA TUTS a little as they head towards the heavier side of the storeroom.

The intercom CRACKLES.

TINY LOU
(over P.A.)
ARE THEY GOING FOR THE R.P.G.S?

BERTHA
They sure are, Louis.

TINY LOU
(over P.A.)
TELL THEM TO PUT THEM BACK.

BERTHA
Put the guns up, boys. You're going to hurt somebody.

SHERIFF CLINTON
We're gonna perform a good old-fashioned raid, is what we're gonna do. Bear knows: tell her: you don't have to shoot the gun to use the gun.

BERTHA
Then take the tasers.

DEPUTY BEAR
Gawd, no, Bertha; those things kill folk.

SHERIFF CLINTON selects a RIFLE and a slightly-larger-than-issue handgun; a REVOLVER.

SHERIFF CLINTON

We're gonna scare 'em off, Bertha.
Teach 'em that coming around these
parts is fine, when you're not
peacocking and generally subverting a
good Christian community.

BERTHA

I'm a Buddhist.

DEPUTY BEAR

That explains why you know so much
about Tibet.

SHERIFF CLINTON, knowing full well how upset BERTHA is (and, truth be told, probably a little upset himself), rests his hand on her shoulder.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Now don't you worry, Mizz Cleach.
Nobody's getting hurt. We just can't
have folk alleycatting around, no
matter how they butter their bread.

BERTHA seems to be less than comforted, but SHERIFF CLINTON imagines this is probably enough. He and BEAR move towards the door.

SHERIFF CLINTON

(to BERTHA)

You coming?

BERTHA

Me? Come on a raid?

SHERIFF CLINTON

I told you; it will be cut-and-dried,
we talk to some folks in our scary
voice, we're holding the guns, and
everyone goes home. It's late, Mizz
Cleach. I sure would like to go home;
wouldn't you?

He extends the revolver to her. She considers it for a while before, of course, accepting it.

BERTHA

I'll be watching.

SHERIFF CLINTON

That's right. Completely safe.

EXT. — NEAR SIDE OF THE LAKE — NIGHT

Nestled between Castor Cap and Pollux Peak is Twin Peaks Lake, looking lovely and serene in the mottled moonlight. Trees shake off the dregs of the rain in soft night breezes as beneath them, stepping into a boat that looks more like a gondola than a motorboat, CRAIG CLINTON and MITCH DANIELS set off for the distant (far distant; miniscule) BLUE LIGHT buried in the thick woods on the far bank. As he shoves off, MITCH probably begins to sing.

MITCH DANIELS

"In the Navy..."

CRAIG watches as townside of the lake vanishes into the dark before he finally turns to confront the looming blue dot.

END OF ACT THREE.

ACT FOUR

INT. — TWIN PEAKS PD — HOLDING CELL — ABOUT 1 A.M.

DAN THE FAN sits TAPPING his fingers with a look of concentration on his face. The television blasts a high-pitch electronic WHINE at him, but the screen's blank; his movie's over. His fingers TAP-TAP-TAP; his mind dances behind his eyes.

Suddenly, he snaps upwards in the cot and makes for the bars.

DAN THE FAN
(loud)
LOUIS?

Pause. There might have been a SLIGHT CRACKLE from the P.A., but that might also have been the BUILDING SETTLING.

DAN THE FAN
TINY LOU!

That got his attention. The intercom RUSTLES.

TINY LOU
(over intercom)
WHAT'S UP?

DAN THE FAN
I NEED MY PHONE CALL!

Beat.

TINY LOU
(voice)
SHERIFF DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT A
PHONE CALL.

DAN THE FAN
WANNA CALL HIM UP FOR ME TO ASK?

TINY LOU
(voice)
EVEN IF HE WEREN'T ON A RAID, I THINK
THAT MIGHT COUNT AS YOUR PHONE CALL.

DAN THE FAN
LISTEN UP, LOUIS: IT'S MY RIGHT TO
HAVE A PHONE CALL, RIGHT?

TINY LOU
(voice, faltering)
MMMAYBE?

DAN THE FAN
AND ONCE I GET MY LAWYER IN HERE, DO
YOU WANT TO BE THE PERSON GOING TO
JAIL FOR NEGLECTING MY RIGHTS?

TINY LOU
(voice)
I DON'T THINK THEY DO THAT ANYMORE.

DAN THE FAN
OH, THEY DO THAT, LOU! SURE THEY DO!
JUST THINK: YOUR ANDY-LUCY ROMANCE
WITH MIZZ BERTHA WILL GO RIGHT OUT
THE WINDOW. YOU THINK SHE'D RESPECT
YOU FOR TRAMPLING OVER MY HUMAN
RIGHTS?

There is a long pause. DAN THE FAN stares up at the intercom, hoping against hope that this is going to work. And massaging his vocal cords.

TINY LOU
(voice)
ALRIGHT. I'M COMING IN.

After a short moment, he does so, CORDED PHONE in hand (DRAGGING its wire behind them on the floor); he takes it towards the cell and DROPS it to the floor.

TINY LOU
GO NUTS.

He wanders out and SWINGS the door behind him. Turns out TINY LOU doesn't much care for procedure; and the look in his eyes seems to suggest he believes DAN THE FAN has as much to do with the hands at the Gas Farm as he does with 9/11.

DAN THE FAN
 (through the door)
 THANKS, LOU!

LOU doesn't reply.

DAN THE FAN pulls the phone through the bars and dials a number. He eyes the WALL-MOUNTED CLOCK as the phone rings. Suddenly, the other line is open.

PHILLIP BINGHAM
 (bleary voice)
 Bingham B&B is for, ahem, what can I
 do for you?

DAN THE FAN
 Is Isabella Calvino there?

INT. — BINGHAM B&B — OWNER'S SUITE — DARKNESS

PHILLIP BINGHAM holds the PHONE over his shoulder towards the other side of the bed. It hangs there in the air for a while before he turns over and sees he's alone in his room. He closes his eyes and brings the phone back to his ear.

PHILLIP BINGHAM
 Miss Calvino's not in at the moment,
 can I take a message?

DAN THE FAN
 (voice)
 Oh, no, that's okay.

The phone line goes dead. PHILLIP SLAMS it roughly towards its cradle and turns back towards his wife's pristine side of the bed.

INT. — TWIN PEAKS PD — HOLDING CELL — SAME

DAN THE FAN is dialing another number. Man, he has these things down; I'd need my cell contacts.

The phone RINGS ONCE before someone picks up.

INT. — CLINTON RESIDENCE — BEDROOM — SAME

HEATHER CLINTON

Beej?

She's dressed in a TINY TEDDY and has clearly NOT been sleeping.

DAN THE FAN

(voice)

Hello; no, this is; this might be a
strange question, but— Is Izzy
Calvino there?

The sheriff's wife calls out down the hall.

HEATHER

Izzy, a man for you.

IZZY CALVINO enters in a ravishing LACE ENSEMBLE. She looks like she could eat you alive, and you'd love it.

IZZY CALVINO

That seems unlikely.

She holds HEATHER's hand as she takes the RECEIVER.

IZZY CALVINO

Is this Dan?

DAN THE FAN

(voice)

Hey, Izzy. Got my phone call.

IZZY CALVINO

And you called me!

INT. — TWIN PEAKS PD — HOLDING CELL — SAME

DAN THE FAN looks much relieved.

IZZY CALVINO

(cont'd, voice)

I'm flattered.

DAN THE FAN holds the receiver close to his mouth.

DAN THE FAN
Listen, this is urgent, Izzy.

IZZY CALVINO
(voice)
What?

DAN THE FAN
Tell me the joke about the fish.

INT. — TWIN PEAKS PD — RECEPTION — SAME

TINY LOU is no moron. He's listening in on his headset, taking notes.

IZZY CALVINO
(voice, worried)
That bad?

DAN THE FAN
(voice, grim)
The worst.

IZZY CALVINO
(voice, perfunctory)
There once was a fish who walked on land.

DAN THE FAN
(voice, baffling)
Ha-haaa-haaa ha-haaa ha-haaa-ha haaa-
ha! Haaa-ha-ha-ha haaa-ha-ha-ha! Ha-
haaa-ha ha-haaa ha-ha haaa-ha-ha!
Haaa-ha haaa-haaa-haaa ha-haaa-
haaaaa!!!

The phone lines DISCONNECT. TINY LOU looks unbelievably confused.

TINY LOU
("low")
I THINK I'VE HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE...

INT. — TWIN PEAKS PD — HOLDING CELL — SAME

DAN THE FAN looks at the phone, job done, slightly deflated. He settles back down onto his cot, closes his eyes, and does his very best to vex his worries into exhaustion.

INT. — CLINTON RESIDENCE — BEDROOM — SAME

IZZY CALVINO looks down at the NAPKIN in her lap. She's made DOTS AND DASHES across it with her EYELINER. She reads it thoroughly, paling, and turns to HEATHER, who looks quite concerned, but still enamored.

HEATHER CLINTON

What's (wrong)?

IZZY CALVINO

(over her)

I need to make a call. I have to step outdoors and make a call.

HEATHER CLINTON

Use our phone...

She wants IZZY to stay inside, on the bed. IZZY looks like she'd like nothing more in the world, but she shakes her head.

IZZY CALVINO

I'm sorry bambola. It's important.

She quickly pulls on one of SHERIFF CLINTON'S OVERCOATS.

EXT. — ACROSS THE LAKE — TRAILHEAD — SLIGHTLY LATER

MITCH DANIELS is tying up their skiff as CRAIG divides his attention between the glowing town on the other end of the lake and the tiny blue spot still hidden from where they stand by a dense thicket of trees.

MITCH DANIELS

(big finale)

"And I guess that's why they call it
The Blues!"

He holds the note long and turns it into a fairly impressive LOON CALL. He grins back at CRAIG, who notices and smiles tensely.

MITCH DANIELS
Miss the little lady?

CRAIG raises his eyebrows.

CRAIG CLINTON
Which one?

MITCH ruffles CRAIG's hair (it stays where he leaves it; CRAIG buys good product – I just thought he'd run his hands through it is all) and turns to walk up the hidden trail through the moist forest.

MITCH DANIELS
Both. Either.

CRAIG frowns and follows after him. Buried in the low scrub are some solar LUMINARIES – they point the way to the Blue Box.

CRAIG CLINTON
It isn't like Clay to...

He's silent for a few moments as they pick through the brush.

MITCH DANIELS
Speak from the heart, sweetie. It's the only organ that doesn't lie.

CRAIG CLINTON
"The heart is deceitful above all things."

MITCH DANIELS
It's my most honorable organ, anyways. Spit it out; you aren't gonna be any fun if you're brooding all night.

They pick through the silent woods a moment longer. Water DRIPS from the boughs to the leaves beneath.

CRAIG CLINTON

I got upset about Laura this morning.
Clay saw.

MITCH DANIELS

He understands. You two are close.
Both of 'you twos' are close. Your
daddy the lawman have any ideas where
the future Mrs. Clinton is?

CRAIG CLINTON

If he does, he hasn't told em to me.
He doesn't tell much of anything...

He tries to shake off his dark mood. Tries, and fails. He SIGHS largely. MITCH stops. The blue light is close now – not too much further to walk at all – and it's best to talk these things out before going in.

MITCH DANIELS

Craig, I might never say this again,
so listen close to me.

CRAIG leans in a little, nearly resting his head on MITCH's shoulder. It's probably supposed to be playful, but instead it looks like a sad little boy reaching out for a father figure. MITCH looks sadly into the thatch of the quarterback's hair, apparently thinking just that.

MITCH DANIELS

We get one shot in this life to be
honest with ourselves. The second we
start lying, we roll downhill without
brakes.

CRAIG nods and turns his head so he's looking up at the bookstore owner.

MITCH DANIELS

"I'm happy", we might say. "I can
live this life I'm leading." Maybe
you even start to believe it after a
while. That's some people's saving
grace. But Craig: you can't put it
off much longer. Laura will show up,
and you have to know when she does

MITCH DANIELS (cont'd)

whether you'll spend her first night
back in her bed or in Clay's.

The football player has never looked so small and young.

CRAIG

Mitch...

He steps back and hooks his thumbs in his beltloops.

MITCH DANIELS

Let's go.

CRAIG pulls him back.

CRAIG CLINTON

Do you think I'm hot?

He subtly poses. MITCH obviously does think the boy is hot, but he's a boy. Catching some of the atmosphere, he keeps his distance from the kid.

MITCH DANIELS

I think you're very hot, and a fool
for asking.

CRAIG CLINTON

Would you sleep with me?

MITCH DANIELS

No.

He means it. He really does. And CRAIG can see it.

CRAIG CLINTON

Oh.

MITCH DANIELS

I'm old enough to be your father.
You...

He sighs largely and looks backwards towards the Box. He drags CRAIG a few yards back towards the lake, talking as he goes.

MITCH DANIELS

You have so much given to you, Mr. Clinton. You have a beautiful body and a beautiful mind, and beautiful people fall over themselves to be with you. I have had a very different life; I sweated blood for a six-pack and it still didn't get me love; and I lost that six-pack and my hair, and not everything is riding as high as it once did. You don't want to sleep with an old man.

CRAIG CLINTON

Maybe I do. You don't know how I feel.

MITCH DANIELS

Do you think I'm hot?

CRAIG can't answer. MITCH nods, understanding.

CRAIG CLINTON

It's not all about looks.

MITCH DANIELS

No, baby. It's all about the heart.

He takes the quarterback by the bulging arm and they start walking together back towards the Blue Box light up the trail.

MITCH DANIELS

Your heart is being torn in two, in three, in shreds, and you think it might be easier to dump all the people making you hurt and hook up with someone you can't possibly have feelings for. Trust me. That's my life.

CRAIG stops them both and hugs MITCH for a long time. It's a friend hug, with no trace of sensuality whatsoever.

CRAIG CLINTON

(quiet)

Thank you. Thank you.

MITCH DANIELS

(retreating)

Sometimes, you just have to let me
talk at you for a little.

CRAIG CLINTON steps back, swipes at his eyes and nose, and nods.

CRAIG CLINTON

You're right. You're absolutely
right.

MITCH DANIELS

You want to hop back in the boat? You
can spend the night at the bookstore
if you want. I'll be in my office, so
—

And he elbows CRAIG playfully in the ribs.

MITCH DANIELS

No funny business.

CRAIG CLINTON

I just want to put my headphones on
and have a good time.

MITCH laughs heartily and pulls CRAIG into another chaste
bearhug.

MITCH DANIELS

Attaboy. Learning the trade... party
the heartiest when you're most
afraid!

EXT/INT. — BLUE BOX — SAME

MITCH continues his rhyming as they reach the unassuming shed in
the woods. It's large but not massive; no warehouse by any
means. But there's a soft blue light emitted from a FROSTED
WINDOW that serves as a lovely welcome beacon.

MITCH DANIELS

(cont'd.)

When the burly men are trying to all
 drink their blues away, pop a pill
 and learn to chill and thank the
 stars that you are...

He's pushed the door open, clearly expecting a gay paradise.
 Instead, he's confronted by a vacant blue-painted room (walls,
 floor, and ceiling) littered with SPILLED SOLO-CUPPED DRINKS, a
 few blue GLOWSTICKS, and about a dozen sets of WIRELESS
 HEADPHONES dropped on the ground. The stereo system is still on
 and playing through the headphones that didn't short out in
 spilled blue blobs of sugary liquor.

On the back wall, someone has taken a white paint pen and drawn
 a fair likeness of LAURA PALMER (CRAIG's girlfriend, that is)
 done up like the homecoming portrait of Sheryl Lee. Underneath,
 in wacky but foreboding lettering

WRITING ON THE WALL

THIS IS NOT TWIN PEAKS

Underneath the portrait and its caption, someone else has
 scrawled in loopy metallic gold,

WRITING ON THE WALL

AND SHE'S NOT LAURA "PALMER"

CRAIG CLINTON

(shocked)

Who did this?

MITCH DANIELS

I'm not sure what we're looking at.

He gazes at the bar and notices that a BEER TAP is still on,
 spilling BEER over the sudsy sides of a lonely MUG. MITCH moves
 to it, grasps it, and jerks it back off.

CRAIG CLINTON

Who wrote this?

He's touching the gold-lettered words. PAINT comes off on his
 hand.

CRAIG CLINTON
(turning wildly to MITCH)
What does it mean?

MITCH shakes his head, grimly. He holds his finger up to his lips.

MITCH DANIELS
(quietly)
You stay right here. I'm going to
take a quick look around outside.

CRAIG CLINTON
We were just outside.

MITCH DANIELS
Stay here. Keep quiet.

MITCH seems to have a fair idea of what might have gone down at the Blue Box, and he wants to spare CRAIG the unpleasant idea. He presses his finger against the boy's lips, puts on what he hopes is a cavalier smile, and walks out the back.

CRAIG stands alone in the middle of the Blue Box, staring at the portrait of his girlfriend.

He whimpers slightly. This has been just the worst day.

EXT. — WOODS BEHIND THE BLUE BOX — SAME

MITCH DANIELS, scared to death of what he thinks must have happened, picks his way through the mud behind the Blue Box. As he goes, his ears perk up. He follows them to a set of WIRELESS HEADPHONES hanging from a tree branch. They're playing SOMETHING SLOW AND JAZZY. MITCH picks the headphones off the branch and slips them on his head.

Just after he does so, the DISTANT SOUND OF A MOTOR can be heard coming over the lake.

INT. — BLUE BOX — SAME

CRAIG is uneasy by himself in the Blue Box; to keep himself company, he switches the sound system to play over the speakers

as well as through the headphones. The same JAZZY TUNE starts to play. He dances slowly with himself, closing his eyes, moving as dreamily as BILLIE had earlier in the day.

EXT. — TWIN PEAKS LAKE — SAME

SHERIFF CLINTON's ears perk up.

SHERIFF CLINTON
Hear that?

BEAR nods.

BERTHA
Music.

The SHERIFF THROTTLES UP and the boat speeds on towards the opposite shore.

EXT. — WOODS BEHIND THE BLUE BOX — SAME

MITCH toes a HALF-HEART NECKLACE up out of the mud. He crouches to it to examine it.

MITCH DANIELS
Huh.

He slips the gold necklace into his shirt pocket next to the glowstick CRAIG gave him and stands. The music hits a particularly strident moment; his eyes drift closed, and he begins to sway. Tears begin to roll down his cheeks.

INT. — BLUE BOX — SAME

CRAIG is crying too, eyes closed, moving to the muted trumpet like an uncoiling snake: facing away from the door, towards the great mural of LAURA PALMER.

EXT. — TWIN PEAKS LAKE — BLUE BOX SHORE — SAME

BERTHA ties up the boat next to MITCH's skiff as BEAR and SHERIFF CLINTON begin their way up the trail, guns drawn. BERTHA's revolver hangs low at her side.

EXT. — WOODS BEHIND THE BLUE BOX — SAME

MITCH, eyes lidded-over, pulls his way through some of the darkest forest in this part of the mountains, looking for the remnants of the trail that tapered out behind him. He kicks aside a PLASTIC CUP (not muddy, so it must be a fresh artifact) and sucks in a deep breath. He turns around and starts back.

INT. — BLUE BOX — SAME

CRAIG dances, one hand subconsciously lifting his shirt to show about an inch of taut muscle. He's begun to lose himself in the atmosphere; after all, that's what the Blue Box is for.

EXT. — BLUE BOX — OUT FRONT — SAME

Music seeps out from the walls. SHERIFF CLINTON motions BEAR to follow behind him. BERTHA, coming up the trail, asks,

BERTHA

What do I need to do?

BEAR holds a finger up to his lips.

BERTHA

(whispering)

What do I need to do?

SHERIFF CLINTON makes a convoluted gesture.

BERTHA

(somewhat offended)

Pardon?

SHERIFF CLINTON

(hissing)

Go around back and keep an eye out for runners. Point your gun at them and ask them nicely to come back round front. Be safe, though; some of em might be on drugs. They may be nancy, but drugs are drugs and things might get messy. Got it?

BERTHA nods slyly and taps her nose.

BERTHA

Go easy on em, boys.

She moves towards the back. SHERIFF CLINTON preps by the blue door. As she ducks behind the corner,

BERTHA

I have my eye on you.

She's gone. SHERIFF CLINTON nods to BEAR and they commence a silent countdown. 3... 2... 1:

INT. — BLUE BOX — SAME

The door BURSTS IN behind CRAIG, who spins and finds his father leveling a rifle in his eyes.

CRAIG CLINTON

Oh, hell.

The SHERIFF's gun drops in disbelief.

SHERIFF CLINTON

What in God's good name are you doing here?

BEAR gestures to the mural of LAURA PALMER.

DEPUTY BEAR

Looks like the girl was right about this place.

SHERIFF CLINTON

I asked you if you had anything to do with this, and you lied to my face.

CRAIG CLINTON

What? Dad, you never asked me; I would have told you;

SHERIFF CLINTON

This morning at Laura's—

CRAIG CLINTON

That?

BERTHA bursts in.

BERTHA

I thought I heard...! Craig!

CRAIG CLINTON

What are you all doing out here??

DEPUTY BEAR

There's been a tip; Blue Box was written all in Laura Palmer's bedroom. Looks like you chose the wrong people to hang around.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Explain it to me, Craig. Why are you in a place like this?

CRAIG CLINTON

Dad...

SHERIFF CLINTON grabs his son's hand and looks at the gold paint. He reads the message on the wall.

SHERIFF CLINTON

And what's that supposed to mean? Not Laura Palmer?

CRAIG CLINTON

Dad!

SHERIFF CLINTON

I've been to your art shows, I know your doodling when I see it. You're coming home now, Craig. Bear, get him down to the boat. I'm gonna poke around—

He lifts an intimidating finger to his son's face.

SHERIFF CLINTON

And we're going to have a very serious talk with Pastor Tims before you ruin your life.

BEAR drags a protesting CRAIG out (with great difficulty; CRAIG isn't quarterback for nothing) and the SHERIFF shoos BERTHA out behind them.

He stands alone in the Box and grimaces largely. He spies the beer sitting unattended under the tap and quoffs it in one large gulp. Then he raises his rifle to his shoulder and FIRES point-blank into the portrait of LAURA PALMER.

SHERIFF CLINTON

Dumb bitch.

EXT. — BEHIND THE BLUE BOX — SAME

MITCH hears the GUNSHOT over the music coming through his headphones. He starts running back to the club.

EXT. — TRAIL TO THE BLUE BOX — SAME

CRAIG protests as BEAR pulls him down the trail. BERTHA has to help.

CRAIG CLINTON

Let go of me! I can walk!

DEPUTY BEAR

I'm just doing what your Daddy said.

EXT. — BLUE BOX — SAME

SHERIFF CLINTON emerges, wiping beer from his lips and toting his rifle. He quickly catches up to his fellow officers.

EXT. — TWIN PEAKS LAKE — BLUE BOX SHORE — SAME

CRAIG pulls at BEAR's arm as his dad approaches.

CRAIG CLINTON

Come on! Let me go! I didn't do anything wrong!

SHERIFF CLINTON

You did plenty. Get in the boat.

CRAIG CLINTON

No! I'm staying here!

SHERIFF CLINTON

Doesn't look like it to me.

He has to help his deputy, but the two manage to wrangle the squirming CRAIG until he's mainly in the boat. BERTHA stands aloof and watches, clearly uncomfortable with this turn of events.

Behind her, MITCH DANIELS storms down the path. He sees the struggle in the boat and ROARS displeasure.

SHERIFF CLINTON

For God's sake, Bertha!

BERTHA swivels around and sees MITCH coming for her.

BERTHA

Stop right there!

She almost-levels her gun; it wavers a little.

CRAIG CLINTON

MITCH! MITCH, STOP!

SHERIFF CLINTON

Mitch Daniels? Jesus God...

CRAIG is pulling hard against his dad's arm and the deputy's. They're doing all they can to keep him in the boat.

MITCH keeps coming, bellowing in rage.

MITCH DANIELS
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF OF HIM!

BERTHA
STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

He's getting close to the end of the trail. CRAIG sees the headphones and begins to wail.

CRAIG CLINTON
He can't hear you! He can't hear you!

BEAR
BERTHA!

MITCH DANIELS
LEAVE THAT BOY ALONE!!

He rushes BERTHA like a bowling pin. She shakes in fear at his approach.

The gun GOES OFF.

CRAIG CLINTON
NOOO!!!

He wrenches his arm loose and punches his dad square in the eye. The SHERIFF is knocked out cold in the boat. As BEAR leans down to investigate, CRAIG pulls free and rushes towards BERTHA and MITCH, who is sprawled in the mud of the bank. BERTHA's eyes are wide in terror.

BERTHA
Stop...

She lets go of the gun.

BERTHA
Oh, my God.

She begins to back towards the boat. CRAIG is at MITCH's crumpled side, trying desperately to scoop the bookseller's head into his lap in one piece. He SCREAMS in fury and pain at the sky. The sound bounces from shore to shore of Twin Peaks Lake, followed softly by the STRAINS OF A MUTED TRUMPET drifting down from the Blue Box and up from the bloodied headphones lying in the muck.

EXT. — GLASTONBURY GROVE TRAILER PARK — 2 A.M.

MISSY BELL SUMMERS pulls her bike up beside the trailer, WHEEZING slightly in the warm moist air. She presses against her abdomen and sighs.

MISSY SUMMERS

Mama loves you no matter what.

She pulls the PREGNANCY TEST from her purse (of course it's positive) and has it in hand with her KEYS as she mounts the steps to trailer number 7, quaking a little in anticipation.

INT. — GLASTONBURY GROVE TRAILER PARK — TRAILER 7

MISSY is talking before she even gets in the door.

MISSY SUMMERS

You'll never believe the stunt my Aunt Gretchen pulled. It's crazy; I don't know if she got a sample of my DNA and cloned...

She trails off. There's no one in the trailer.

MISSY SUMMERS

Reggie?

Her face begins to contort in fear. She runs to the crib. Baby CHAD is also gone. His PLUSH EAR sits mid-crib, listening upwards at the terrified mother. She pulls her phone out and hits speed-dial.

REGIS BLANC's PHONE buzzes unattended on the sofa next to his PACK OF CIGARETTES and a LIGHTER.

MISSY grabs her purse and keys and jumps towards the door. That's when she notices what she was too preoccupied to notice the first time she entered the room.

On the inside of the door, in gold paint pen, in LOOPY LETTERS, is written,

WRITING ON THE WALL
I KILLED LAURA PALMER

MISSY drops her belongings and starts to cry.

EXT. — TWIN PEAKS OVERLOOK — SAME

Dark branches RUSH and swirl into one another as a sharp breeze picks up. An OWL CALLS in the night. And then the mountains and the town are still.

END OF ACT FOUR.

ACT FIVE

INT. — CASTOR MEDICAL CENTER — 3 A.M.

You can tell you're in a small town when the hospital shuts down overnight. There looks like there's a light in the nurse's station (and possibly the blue flickering of a television screen), but when GRETCHEN RICH pushes the front door open, the hospital's dark and emptied and echoey. Her heels CLICK on the tile as she makes her way to the elevator.

INT. — CASTOR MEDICAL CENTER — ELEVATOR

GRETCHEN hums her own elevator music as she presses the M BUTTON (M is for Morgue! Marvellous Morgue!) and holds it until the backlight switches to a lavish scarlet. The elevator makes a SUBDUED BEEP to acknowledge her level of choice and begins its descent.

INT. — CASTOR CAVERNS — VESTIBULE

The doors OPEN into a natural pocket in the bedrock beneath the medical center. It's a massive cave system, rarely traversed and never mapped, capped off at this end with the high-arching vestibule, large enough to hold a football field.

It doesn't hold a football field, though. It holds Twin Peaks.

GRETCHEN walks past RECONSTRUCTED SETS from the David Lynch show (here's a poor replica of Laura Palmer's room; there's a three-quarters duplicate of Ben Horne's office at the Great Northern done in balsam; and look, it's the Red Room where the Man from Another Place danced) until she reaches a fairly open area, illuminated by a single spot from above. There is a ROUND TABLE in the center of the light, and SEVEN CHAIRS surrounding it.

Already at the table are RICHARD RICH, MAYOR POEHLER, DR. JACOBY, and a BROWN CORDED TELEPHONE hooked to a SPEAKER which sits before an empty chair.

GRETCHEN whistles low.

GRETCHEN RICH

Don't everyone jump up at once.

MAYOR POEHLER

(rising)

Ms. Rich. Good to have you home again; good to see your face instead of having TWO phones on the table.

GRETCHEN RICH

Don't get used to it, it's only temporary.

DR. JACOBY clears his throat, and RICH RICH seems to take this as a sort of starter's pistol.

RICHARD RICH

Laura Palmer's missing. Madeleine Ferguson, too.

He gestures to one of the empty chairs. MADELEINE FERGUSON was part of "The Board"?

GRETCHEN RICH

Where's the blueberry?

DR. JACOBY shakes his head.

DR. JACOBY

Mr. Daniels isn't answering his telephone. He has been a bit flighty of late.

GRETCHEN RICH

So we're jumping right in. "Welcome back, Gretchen, let's talk tourism."

She sidles up to her chair and sinks into it, glumly. She leans over towards the telephone and yells to it,

GRETCHEN RICH

Chairman Cole? Have we got you?

A heavily distorted voice comes out of the speaker. It's impossible to know even whether or not the Chairman is a chairwoman.

CHAIRMAN COLE

(voice)

Of course, Ms. Rich. We have business to discuss.

RICHARD RICH

These folks gone missing, this hand business, it's all going to be very bad publicity. Very, very bad.

DR. JACOBY murmurs his assent.

GRETCHEN RICH murmurs her dissent.

GRETCHEN RICH

Any publicity is good publicity.

RICHARD RICH

There was a time, Gretchen, that I would have agreed with you.

DR. JACOBY

Ms. Rich, we don't live in Hollywood. We live in the country, and we like life a certain way. We appreciate the odd nutlog that comes our way, looking for some sort of accidental thrill, but if we get a reputation...

MAYOR POEHLER takes over.

MAYOR POEHLER

The loonies will flood in and the not-as-loonies will stay the hell away. It's a bad thing, Gretch. Real bad.

The CHAIRMAN clears its electronic throat.

CHAIRMAN COLE

The question we should be asking is, why now?

A heavy silence settles on the cavern. Even GRETCHEN looks uncomfortable asking this question.

GRETCHEN RICH

The day before we announce the festival. ...Yikes. That is bad timing.

There is another pause.

RICHARD RICH

Or perfect timing.

GRETCHEN RICH

I thought you said, bad publicity.

RICHARD RICH

Not perfect for us; perfect for...

And he can't seem to figure out who he means.

DR. JACOBY

(offering)

Our enemies.

GRETCHEN RICH

A tourism board for a small mountain town has no enemies.

She PROPS her heels up on the table in confidence. MAYOR POEHLER smiles at her; but RICHARD and DR. JACOBY both turn their gazes silently to MADELEINE FERGUSON's empty chair.

RICHARD RICH

They okayed the plans downriver. It will be in the papers next week.

GRETCHEN looks at MADELEINE's empty chair as well; the unpleasant ideas flood over her.

GRETCHEN RICH

You don't think...?

RICHARD RICH

There can be no Twin Peaks Festival without our Laura Palmer; our homecoming queen was going to get engaged to our quarterback after the Bullmart fashion show.

GRETCHEN RICH
I know; I made the schedule.

She looks concerned, really damn worried, for the first time.

GRETCHEN RICH
They're really trying to sabotage us?

DR. JACOBY
The festival falls through and the folks downriver get to do what they like. There will be no more Twin Peaks.

The entire roundtable seems to take this very seriously.

CHAIRMAN COLE
(voice)
Who has checked downriver?

RICHARD RICH
I've made some calls, but an FBI man was called in and summoned a Town Hall before I could make a house call. I suspect—

The voice over speakerphone cuts him off.

CHAIRMAN COLE
(voice)
Don't suspect he'll get there on his own. Push him along. We need this resolved before it gets too hot out.

The CHAIRMAN on the other end of the line HANGS UP. The Board takes this as a sign to disband.

GRETCHEN RICH
(subdued)
Shortest meeting ever. ...I love it.

RICHARD RICH
(to DR. JACOBY)
Have you had much interaction with the agent?

DR. JACOBY

No one has, to my knowledge. Sort of keeping to himself.

RICHARD RICH

Get close to him. Offer him some vital assistance and be his right-hand man.

GRETCHEN RICH

Terrible pun, Daddy. Oh, lookie at the good boy.

MAYOR POEHLER, it turns out, has been raising his hand for a little while. RICH finally notices and acknowledges the man.

MAYOR POEHLER

Why not introduce him to Gretchen?

GRETCHEN shrugs as though asking, Why not indeed? RICHARD looks less enthused, but he can't seem to gather up a good answer.

RICHARD RICH

Alright. You both do it. Two-pronged attack. Maybe if he falls in love with... the town, he'll fight for it, too.

GRETCHEN RICH

What's his name again?

The Board gathers in the elevator and the doors CLOSE them in.

RICHARD RICH

Agent Carter.

Behind them in the empty cavern, the overhead light GOES OUT, plunging the subterranean homage into pitch black.

INT. — BINGHAM B&B — B-SUITE — SUNRISE

A COCK CROWS somewhere nearby. AGENT CARTER's eyes don't open, but he lets out a humorless

AGENT CARTER

Ha.

Alright. Since it's morning, and he has a job to do, Agent Carter pulls his eyes open and makes for the end of the bed, dragging the sheets and covers behind him onto the floor.

AGENT CARTER

Diane...

The voice recorder on his bedside table CLICKS on.

AGENT CARTER

They have roosters here. No-kidding roosters. And I thought I was getting a cool-down after Portland. Out of the frying pan into the...

He licks his lips.

AGENT CARTER

Is that bacon?

INT. — BINGHAM B&B — BREAKFAST NOOK — SAME

AGENT CARTER bounds down the steps two at a time.

AGENT CARTER

B IS FOR BACON!

PHILLIP BINGHAM, grimfaced and setting a SMALL BUFFET on the sideboard, tries to grin for his boarder.

PHILLIP BINGHAM

And Buffet, too. Dig in.

He turns around to see that AGENT CARTER is already eating a fistful of BACON in his whitey tighties. The man may genuinely have been tortured; there are gashes and burns across his body that are just now starting to scar over. PHILLIP BINGHAM turns away out of propriety and tidies the buffet.

AGENT CARTER
Surprised there's no tomatoes out.
Isn't there an Italian woman here?
Isabella, was it?

PHILLIP grips the sideboard and grimaces.

PHILLIP BINGHAM
She spent the night out.

AGENT CARTER
Fun.

What a loaded word. He comes up beside PHILLIP (who jumps slightly) to stock up a plate with EGGS and GRITS and SAUSAGE and, of course, more bacon.

PHILLIP BINGHAM
"Fun". F-U is for fun.

AGENT CARTER laughs heartily.

AGENT CARTER
Diane:

The voice recorder in his waistband CLICKS on.

AGENT CARTER
I love this guy!

PHILLIP BINGHAM laughs uneasily and moves across the room to adjust a FAMILY PORTRAIT on the wall.

AGENT CARTER brings his plate back to the small table and looks out over the view of the lake.

AGENT CARTER
Beautiful country you guys have here.
Those the twin peaks?

He gestures with an EGGY FORK to the twin peaks.

PHILLIP BINGHAM reverts to tour-guide mode in defense.

PHILLIP BINGHAM
Castor Cap and Pollux Peak. And Twin
Peaks Lake right between them.

AGENT CARTER gestures to the outlet.

AGENT CARTER
(mouth full)
Whassat called?

PHILLIP BINGHAM looks, despite himself.

PHILLIP BINGHAM
Castor Creek. It widens out further
downstream; it's almost a river by
the time you get out to Iwilla.

He pronounces it "eye willa". AGENT CARTER cocks his head to the side.

AGENT CARTER
Is that a town? Iwilla?

PHILLIP BINGHAM
Yessir. They named it after a hymn.

AGENT CARTER
I was wondering.

PHILLIP BINGHAM
"Iwilla rise and greet my Lord."

AGENT CARTER
That makes sense.

He almost seems to believe it too. His plate is nearly emptied. He stands for another serving. PHILLIP BINGHAM averts his eyes.

AGENT CARTER
DAMN good bacon.

His progress towards the buffet falters slightly as he sees a boat scooting across the lake.

AGENT CARTER
Have I missed any calls?

PHILLIP BINGHAM
Calls? No.

AGENT CARTER
Except for the one last night.

PHILLIP BINGHAM
You didn't have any calls last night.

AGENT CARTER grins grimly: he grims.

AGENT CARTER
And you're sure about that?

PHILLIP BINGHAM
I live next to the phone. I'd know.
Why?

AGENT CARTER shakes his head and pulls his voice recorder from his briefs. He CLICKS it on manually and speaks to it.

AGENT CARTER
Turns out they don't much want me
here.

PHILLIP BINGHAM is alarmed and piles a plate with bacon.

PHILLIP BINGHAM
No; really; stay forever.

AGENT CARTER
I appreciate the sentiment, but I was
talking about your police.

PHILLIP BINGHAM
Why would you say that?

AGENT CARTER
(staring out the window)
Because I wasn't informed that
they're moving a body across the lake
this morning.

PHILLIP rushes to the window and watches with the AGENT as a white cloth flutters behind the police boat in the pink morning sun.

EXT. — TWIN PEAKS PD — LATER

The sun has risen higher into the sky as AGENT CARTER's hybrid pulls up outside the station. The AGENT who emerges from the driver's seat could not be more different than the jovial front he's been putting on. AGENT CARTER is mad. No; AGENT CARTER is furious, his face a stormy grey and his eyes looking cruel and sharp.

He pulls the front door open with a loud CRACK.

INT. — TWIN PEAKS PD — RECEPTION — SAME

TINY LOU jumps at the sound of the door and looks guiltily at the entering AGENT. He reaches for the MICROPHONE.

AGENT CARTER

(stopping him)

You open your mouth and I will fill
it with my Glock. I am not in the
mood this morning for any quirkiness.

TINY LOU looks as though a crowbar couldn't pry his lips apart.

INT. — TWIN PEAKS HOLDING CELL — SAME

AGENT CARTER bursts in on SHERIFF CLINTON and BEAR wrestling CRAIG CLINTON into the other cell across the room. BERTHA is nowhere to be seen. DAN THE FAN is prudently keeping mum on the other side of the room, his profile as low as it'll go.

SHERIFF CLINTON's head swivels as the door opens.

SHERIFF CLINTON

This is none of your concern.

AGENT CARTER

Shut up.

He moves so quickly to the SHERIFF that it's almost a blur; the SHERIFF (no small man) is flat against the bars with the AGENT's hand at his throat.

AGENT CARTER

A dead body across the lake. A boy arrested. You weren't going to let the U.S. Government know? Don't you think for a minute that because I play to my surroundings I won't take you down. I am not Dale Cooper. I am a federal agent. You'll treat me as such, or you'll find yourself on a cellblock so wild that an extensive colonoscopy will sound like a fun vacation – do you understand me?

BEAR's eyes are wide as he watches his SHERIFF dangle almost an inch from the floor. The SHERIFF's eyes are wide, too, and his face is beginning to turn purple.

CRAIG from inside the bars watches on silently, and gives the AGENT a tiny nod.

JUNE drops the SHERIFF to the floor.

AGENT CARTER

I asked you a question, Sheriff.

SHERIFF CLINTON

(coughing)

Yes.

AGENT CARTER straightens his tie.

AGENT CARTER

Yes, what?

SHERIFF CLINTON

Yessir, Agent, I understand.

AGENT CARTER nods and softens a little. He looks back and forth between the boys in the two cells. He squints at DAN THE FAN for a moment and shakes his head.

AGENT CARTER

He didn't do it. Let him out of there before the Justice Department gets involved.

DEPUTY BEAR

How are you sure—?

AGENT CARTER grabs the KEYRING from BEAR and SWINGS DAN THE FAN's cell open, then tosses the keys back to the deputy.

AGENT CARTER

(to Dan)

Go over to the Bed and Breakfast and tell Phillip Bingham, Agent Carter sent you to finish his bacon.

DAN THE FAN pauses for a moment at the door to the holding cell. He looks down at the SHERIFF.

DAN THE FAN

I love this guy.

As he goes,

DAN THE FAN

I can't friggin believe...

The door swings shut behind him and AGENT CARTER examines CRAIG CLINTON for a while. The boy examines him right back. The quarterback is a changed man, overnight. Quieter; sturdier; and wounded in a way that may never heal.

AGENT CARTER

Him too.

He gestures for BEAR to let CRAIG go. BEAR looks warily at SHERIFF CLINTON, who stares back at him as though daring him to comply.

AGENT CARTER

What are you looking at him for? Let the boy go.

SHERIFF CLINTON

(gritty)

This is still my jail. We're keeping
this one.

AGENT CARTER nods down at the SHERIFF and stares at the SHINER
around his eye. Then he looks at CRAIG's BRUISED AND SCRAPED
KNUCKLES.

AGENT CARTER

(to CRAIG)

Did you hit him?

CRAIG nods, unrepentant.

AGENT CARTER

Good for you.

He turns to BEAR.

AGENT CARTER

You let him go, or you're gonna see a
trick I learned at Guantánamo.

BEAR slowly unlocks the cell. CRAIG doesn't move from behind the
bars.

AGENT CARTER

You're the quarterback boyfriend?

CRAIG nods again.

AGENT CARTER

You didn't love her.

CRAIG nods.

AGENT CARTER

But you didn't kill her. You didn't
kidnap her. You have nothing to do
with her disappearance.

CRAIG nods one more time.

AGENT CARTER

I imagine that shiner came after they started pulling you in.

CRAIG CLINTON

It sure did.

AGENT CARTER

So why are you here?

CRAIG CLINTON

They found me at a gay bar.

AGENT CARTER grins again and squeezes the football player's shoulder through the bars.

AGENT CARTER

Don't hit law enforcement anymore.
It'll come back to bite you one day.
Go on to school. I'm sure you have practice.

CRAIG leaves the cell but stands for a moment by the SHERIFF. AGENT CARTER watches the two exchange a look; and then CRAIG is gone. The SHERIFF, still on the floor, glares at the FBI man like he'd kill him if the tables were somehow reversed.

AGENT CARTER

Don't give me that look. You can't hold folks for something like that.

SHERIFF CLINTON

He socked me.

AGENT CARTER

You violated his civil rights. You had it coming.

SHERIFF CLINTON

I violated—? I??

He would probably laugh bitterly if his throat allowed it. BRUISES are already starting to show from the AGENT's fingertips.

AGENT CARTER

You had no right and no cause to incarcerate him. He's not a flight risk. You know just where he'll be.

SHERIFF CLINTON

This doesn't concern you. This has nothing to do with Laura Palmer—

AGENT CARTER

This whole damn town has to do with Laura Palmer. You live in Twin Peaks.

SHERIFF CLINTON

He could run off; he probably will.

AGENT CARTER

Maybe you should talk to him, then.

He moves back towards the door, composing himself, almost genial again. He's well-practiced.

AGENT CARTER

After all, he's your gay son.

The door to the holding area SLAMS closed on the Twin Peaks policemen. SHERIFF CLINTON coughs once.

DEPUTY BEAR

(looking after the agent)

Whoa. ...Neat.

INT. — CASTOR MEDICAL CENTER — MORGUE — AFTER

BERTHA CLEACH, in her street clothes, stands a sad vigil over THE BODY OF MITCH DANIELS. The lights FLICKER slightly; her head rises to the door, and a moment later, in marches AGENT JUNE CARTER. BERTHA has been waiting.

BERTHA

Agent Carter. I want you to arrest me.

AGENT CARTER

That's a funny thing to want.

BERTHA
Sheriff Clinton wouldn't; he called
it an 'accident'.

Her index finger twitches against an imaginary trigger. AGENT CARTER notices but says nothing.

BERTHA
But no matter how you slice it, a
man's dead 'cause of me.

AGENT CARTER nods, but makes no move to arrest her. Instead, he simply joins her silently watching over the body. After a moment, BERTHA starts to cry, softly at first, and then wracked with heavy sobs. AGENT CARTER looks unpracticed in comfort, but he goes through the motions, holding her shoulder and allowing her tears to fall on his collar. She finally stops, and AGENT CARTER picks her chin up with one debonair finger.

AGENT CARTER
There, there.

He wipes away a tear (which he promptly wipes on the cadaver cloth out of BERTHA's sight).

BERTHA
I shouldn'ta even been there! I'm not
a cop. I'm a trustee. I make copies
and take water to the folks in the
drunk tank.

AGENT CARTER seems to agree with her; she shouldn't have been there.

AGENT CARTER
Why did you go? Is that standard
practice around here?

BERTHA
Sheriff Clinton invited me.

She sighs and wipes her own tears away this time.

BERTHA

I was making a stink about busting up that place with those poor unhappy people. I should have just let him go on up there alone.

AGENT CARTER

You might not believe me, but I think you did the right thing.

BERTHA looks decidedly unsure of this.

AGENT CARTER

I'm not gonna lie to you; you messed up.

BERTHA nods. Her fingers twitch.

AGENT CARTER

I'm going to ask you a question, and I need you to be absolutely honest with me, no matter what. Do you understand?

He looks at her shrewdly. She has no intention of lying, and that's patently obvious.

AGENT COOPER

Can you account for Sheriff Clinton's whereabouts on the night Laura Palmer went missing?

The lights FLICKER above them. BERTHA hiccups slightly.

BERTHA

No; no. I can't. You don't think—

AGENT COOPER

My, no. I don't like thinking; it takes you all sorts of unpleasant places. But it seems to me that there have been some gross abuses of power in this little burg. And it's my responsibility to leave no stone unturned.

He squeezes the trustee's shoulder.

AGENT COOPER

Buck up. We'll have a hearing and figure this out.

And leaves.

INT. — CASTOR MEDICAL CENTER — ELEVATOR — JUST AFTER

AGENT CARTER grins at DR. JACOBY from inside the elevator as the doors OPEN. The doctor reconsiders stepping in, but does so with a nervous nod at the lawman.

DR. JACOBY

Agent Carter. Morning.

AGENT CARTER

It certainly is.

He grins wider as the doors CLOSE. They ride up in silence for a minute.

AGENT CARTER

I feel like I'm in Grey's Anatomy. Any second, I'm going to tell you I loved you from the moment our eyes met over the instrument tray.

DR. JACOBY laughs half-heartedly and nods, unsure whether or not he gets the reference. AGENT CARTER reaches out and pulls the EMERGENCY STOP. There is A GREAT RINGING OF ALARM BELLS.

AGENT CARTER's mood swiftly changes. There is at least a hint of the man who shoved SHERIFF CLINTON up against the bars earlier that morning.

AGENT CARTER

Dr. Jacoby. I've been met with some resistance from your friend the Sheriff. From now on, you do not report to him; you report to me.

DR. JACOBY

(stammering slightly)

You put me in an uncomfortable position—

AGENT CARTER

I can put you in a whole array of very uncomfortable positions if you'd rather bypass me out of some misguided loyalty. The Bureau knows about your time in Serbia.

The doctor goes as white as a sheet. There is the very real danger of him fainting right there with the emergency bells ringing.

DR. JACOBY

Of course... Of course, I'll report to you. Yes, sir, Agent Carter.

AGENT CARTER

That's real nice. Do you have any news about the hands?

DR. JACOBY is wilting slightly against the wall, but he manages to dredge up the details.

DR. JACOBY

We've confirmed that one of the hands matches a blood sample of Madeleine Ferguson we keep on file. Laura's aunt may be dead, or she may be alive, but wherever she is, unless someone is caring for her, she's lost a great deal of blood and might not have much time left.

AGENT CARTER nods and pushes the emergency stop back in. The bells stop and the elevator resumes its rising motion. AGENT CARTER smiles again, in a much better mood.

AGENT CARTER

A manhunt for a wounded woman. That's my wheelhouse, man. Go meet the Palmers, see the room, feel out the

AGENT CARTER (cont'd)

vibe — yes! We've got a plan! Now
we're cooking with gas!

He RUBS HIS HANDS TOGETHER and then CLAPS in excitement.

AGENT CARTER

Let's rock!!

EXT. — RONALD RICH HIGH SCHOOL — MORNING

It's too early yet for many students to have appeared; the groundskeeper is resodding the green areas in the parking lot and the janitors aren't done waxing the floors. CRAIG's jeep ROARS into an empty parking spot, and he turns the engine off and jumps out to stride powerfully to the door.

INT. — RONALD RICH HIGH SCHOOL — SAME

CRAIG CLINTON explodes through the front doors and strides down the hall. At the very back of the hall, we can see that someone has taken spray paint to the school pride mural: TWO SCARY EYES glare out at us, and the cheer has been altered to read "THE OWLS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM!"

CRAIG sees CLAY (how did he get here? Does he have something to do with the mural?) alone walking towards him down the hall. CLAY hasn't noticed him yet, but he will; CRAIG's gonna make sure of that.

The football player marches towards his secret boyfriend, who only notices him at the last moment as CRAIG grabs him, PUSHES him up against the wall, and kisses him passionately.

Their classmates in the hall all stop and stare, open-mouthed.

CRAIG pulls back, brushes his hands heavily through CLAY's hair, stares deeply into his scared eyes, and says,

CRAIG CLINTON

I love you. I've loved you since
before I knew what love was, since
the day in first grade you gave me
your favorite ruler just because I

CRAIG CLINTON (cont'd)

said I liked it. I love you, and I don't care who knows it. It's time I stopped lying to myself. Divorce Missy. Forget the trust. I'll help take care of Chad and we'll live out on your farm and work it until we work up enough money for your tuition. I don't need to go to college; I can stay home with Chad and you can be a lawyer and never till a field again. I love you, Clay Summers, and I want to spend the rest of my life with you.

He kisses him again and breathlessly whispers,

CRAIG CLINTON

Is that okay with you?

CLAY still looks scared, but he can't help but smile.

CLAY SUMMERS

That sounds great.

That's enough for CRAIG. A new smile plays on his face, an older and wiser smile, as though death and love have transformed him. CLAY nods at him and slightly clears his throat.

CLAY SUMMERS

What about Laura?

CRAIG CLINTON

I never asked her to marry me. When she turns up, we can tell her together.

CLAY SUMMERS

And if she doesn't turn up?

CRAIG CLINTON

I'll be very sad and need someone to comfort me.

He tweaks his boyfriend slightly and starts off towards football. CLAY watches him, back against BACKPACK against wall, as MAVIS POEHLER (silly staring cow that she is) gets told,

CRAIG CLINTON
Eat your heart out.

And then he's gone. The students turn in on each other and all start humming about what's just happened. Home room is going to be a mess.

Oh, boy is it.

CLAY's eyes aren't happy anymore. They're indescribably scared and sad.

His fingers move towards his back and bag.

There, bridging the gap between knapsack and skin is a SILVER NEEDLE, buried deep in CLAY's kidney.

CLAY carefully pries the backpack away from himself (the needle comes out SCARLET) and, holding a finger to his back to staunch the blood, opens his bag.

There at the bottom are TWO CANS OF SPRAY PAINT and one UNMARKED GLASS SYRINGE, plunger depressed, needle disappearing through the cloth.

CLAY sinks down on his haunches.

CLAY
Oh...

His phone begins to RING. He absently looks at the caller ID. It says, "WIFEY WOMAN."

CLAY
Oh...

He can't even say "hell." He can't answer the phone. He can't notice the students milling around him, more now, whirling on their way to homeroom or to get breakfast from the cafeteria, living, breathing bodies, uninfected, uninitiated to the secrets of death, laughing and sharing secrets and finding love.

CLAY begins to cry.

INT. — RED HALL — TILED FLOOR

Across the black-and-white tile, feet CLACK and TOCK, back and forth, left and right, a spool of horizontal motion, a school of commuters, perhaps, in some great echoey subway terminal with rich scarlet ceilings and curtained phone booths.

Above us, two bare feet cross directly forward, perpendicular to the CROWD, silent on the floor, making their way towards the phone booth.

The curtain SINGS open and shut; the feet disappear inside.

INT. — LAURA PALMER'S ROOM — MORNING

AGENT CARTER is reading "BLUE BOX" from the walls and grinning.

AGENT CARTER

This is really something. And you
don't know how it got there?

MR. PALMER, dead-eyed and mute, shakes his head.

The phone RINGS. MR. PALMER jumps.

AGENT CARTER

I'll get it.

He does, with great relish.

AGENT CARTER

Palmer residence, FBI speaking.

FEMALE VOICE

(breathy and hazy)

Agent Cooper.

AGENT CARTER almost-laughs.

AGENT CARTER

Close but no macanudo. Agent Carter
at your service. Can I take a message
for the Palmers?

He gives a thumbs-up to MR. PALMER, who is staring at the walls
and doesn't even notice. It doesn't faze the AGENT.

FEMALE VOICE

Agent Cooper.

AGENT CARTER is only slightly annoyed.

AGENT CARTER

It's Carter, actually. What can I do
for you?

INT. — RED HALL — PHONE BOOTH

Two chapped, twisted lips, female lips, young lips, shudder by
the mouthpiece and speak.

FEMALE VOICE

Agent Dale Cooper killed my aunt.

INT. — LAURA PALMER'S ROOM — SAME

AGENT CARTER jumps.

AGENT CARTER

Laura? Is this Laura Palmer?

If MR. PALMER hears this, he makes no sign.

AGENT CARTER

Where are you?

FEMALE VOICE

(scared)

I don't know...

AGENT CARTER

Can you look around and tell me what
you see?

FEMALE VOICE
It's dark...

INT. — RED HALL — PHONE BOOTH

No it's not; is the girl seeing what we are?

FEMALE VOICE
It was Agent Cooper...

AGENT CARTER
(voice)
Agent Cooper is a fictional
character, Laura. I need you to take
a deep breath and try to tell me
what's happened here. If you were
taken; where you are; who took you?

Teeth gnaw the blasted lips.

FEMALE VOICE
Agent Dale Cooper...

AGENT CARTER
(voice, stern)
Agent Dale Cooper isn't real.

FEMALE VOICE
(suddenly extremely lucid)
BOB doesn't care if you're real or
not. BOB is done resting. BOB's ready
to play. Are you ready to play, Agent
June Carter, FBI?

INT. — LAURA PALMER'S ROOM — SAME

A high electronic WOOPING seems to blast not only from the
receiver but from the very walls of Laura's room. Its volume is
so concussive that AGENT CARTER drops the phone to the ground
and clutches his ears.

MR. PALMER is SCRATCHING something into the wallpaper.

The whooping cuts out, and we hear a CLICK as the line goes dead.

AGENT CARTER turns around and sees what MR. PALMER has been writing on the wall.

AGENT CARTER

Mr. Palmer. Mr. Palmer, can you hear me?

MR. PALMER finishes the E and DROPS to the ground like a bunch of broccoli.

Across the wall, scored into the wallpaper (the remnants of "BLUE BOX"es smeared red into the gashes; and possibly blood from demolished fingernails), are the words,

WRITING ON THE WALL

THEY MESHARE ONE
FIREWALK WITH ME

INT. — RED HALL — TILED FLOOR

The curtain on the phone booth SINGS open, but there are no feet inside. We retreat through the crowd as one by one, each light in the room is extinguished until shadow becomes blackness.

In the dark, we heard the TAK TAK TAK of hard soles on marble.

CUT TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

Twin Peaks(c)(tm) and its related characters and names, plot lines, musical cues, and probably even its thematic quirkiness belong to CBS Studios and possibly David Lynch, although it's hard to say with how often the rights bumped around. The author only takes credit for his original characters, settings, and actions, acknowledging heavy influence by Lynch/Frost's work. Maybe you picked up on it.

CHARACTER LIST

The Palmers

SHERMAN PALMER
LISA FERGUSON PALMER
LAURA PALMER

The Clintons

B.J. CLINTON
HEATHER CLINTON
CRAIG CLINTON

MAN WITH ONE ARM

BERTHA CLEACH

The Rich Family

RONALD RICH (does not appear)
RICHARD RICH
ELSA RICH
GRETCHEN RICH
MISSY RICH

"TINY LOU" PASTEUR

DR. JACOBY

REGIS BLANC

MIKE NICE

The Bells

MARTIN BELL
GEORGIA RICH BELL

TORNADO SUE

PEARL HAGGARD

The Summers Family

GORDON SUMMERS
MILLY NICE SUMMERS (does not
appear)
CLAY SUMMERS
MISSY BELL SUMMERS
BABY CHAD BELL

MITCH DANIELS

MADELEINE FERGUSON (does not
appear)

TURKEY RIFKIN (no lines)

The Bingham

PHILLIP BINGHAM
IZZY CALVINO
BILLIE BINGHAM

CHAIRMAN COLE

The Poehlers

MAYOR POEHLER
MAVIS POEHLER

RED LIPS

DEPUTY BEAR

DAN THE FAN