

I AM THE EAR
A Twin Peaks Story

by

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INT. DIANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Diane occupies a sparse one-bedroom apartment tastefully decorated with contemporary art. On one side of the room sits a modern white leather sofa and a glass coffee table.

On the coffee table are an ashtray, also glass, a small square notepad with pale blue paper, a white mug holding pens and other stationary, and a slim black rectangular tape player. The ashtray is half-full with cigarette butts, each marked with a kiss of bright pink lipstick.

A sharp electric BUZZ breaks the silence, then starts sounding again and again impatiently.

CHYRON: Monday July 16, 1987, 6:37 a.m.

DIANE emerges from her bedroom and heads for the front door. She is wearing a pale blue silk robe with embroidered patterns. Her hair is jet black with razor-sharp bangs.

FRONT DOOR

Diane opens the door. A DELIVERY MAN vacantly holds out a manila envelope in one hand, and a clipboard with a form on it in the other. A pen dangles from the clipboard on the end of a ratty piece of shoelace.

DELIVERY MAN
Registered mail.

Diane scratches with the pen, grabs the package and slams the door. She turns over the envelope and sees it is addressed to her from SPECIAL AGENT DALE COOPER. His name is written in even, precise handwriting. The return address is a sheriff's station in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

KITCHEN

As Diane starts making her morning coffee, she sees a note sitting on the kitchen counter, written on a pale blue square. It says EARLY START. She crumples up the paper and throws it in the trash.

SOFA - LATER

Diane sits down on the living room couch carrying her steaming black coffee in a tall obsidian mug. With a single swipe from a letter-opener, she slits the envelope open and sees that there are three mini-cassette tapes inside.

She spills them out onto the table. Each one is neatly labeled with a date in Cooper's handwriting. Diane puts the most recent one in the tape player, lights a cigarette, and hits PLAY.

COOPER (O.S.)

... Diane, I'm standing at the U-Move It car rental desk at the Albuquerque International Sunport, where as I speak, the gracious staff are acquiring me a safe, reliable vehicle. The welcome sign calls New Mexico the Land of Enchant-

Cooper's voice scrambles as Diane hits FAST FORWARD on the machine. She drags on her cigarette. PLAY.

COOPER (O.S.)

-luckily, the mattress in my room at the Cozy Castle is supple, springy, untainted by odours, and by the indentations on the right side I would guess has been flipped by the housekeeping staff sometime-

Diane hits FAST FORWARD again irritably. PLAY.

COOPER (O.S.)

-body of one Jane Bedsole. According to the local authorities... (away from mic) No, that's all right, leave it there, Deputy, thank you...

(MORE)

COOPER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(towards mic) Sheriff
Bannerman has informed me
that the victim's Rhode
Island-issue driver's license
was found on her person when
she was discovered yesterday
morning. Where did you say
you found her, Sheriff?

SHERIFF BANNERMAN (O.S.)
Off highway 6. She was found
lying right there on the
road. Nothing out there 'cept
for an abandoned motel 'bout
100 yards away.

COOPER (O.S.)
Cause of death is not
immediately clear, but the
victim is missing her right
ear as well as part of the
surrounding tissue. It
doesn't look like it was done
with a knife. The cut is too
ragged, savage... what's the
wildlife like around here?

SHERIFF BANNERMAN (O.S.)
You think a bobcat or a
mountain lion did this?

COOPER (O.S.)
No, Sheriff. I do not. Diane,
ask Albert to come down here
as soon as he can.

Without noticing, Diane has let a long cone of ash grow on the
end of her cigarette. She stubs it out, carefully stamping out
all the embers until everything is ash. With a marker, she
writes the number 19047 on the pale blue notepad.

COOPER (O.S.)
Diane, one more thing.
(MORE)

COOPER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Jane Bedsole's driver's licence lists her date of birth as June 5, 1924. That would make her 63. But this girl doesn't look a day over 25.

Diane hits STOP on the tape deck and TEARS the note off the pad.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA BUREAU OFFICE - LATER THAT MORNING

A nondescript white government office building, glinting in the crisp morning light. Birds carry on about their business.

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE

Diane's office is a cramped back room on the 6th floor. There is one window, a tall, thin pane that stretches from floor to ceiling on the west wall across from the door. The dark blue carpet is old and wearing thin.

Every wall is covered by filing cabinets and shelves filled with binders and bankers boxes. Something is stacked on every available surface and jammed in every nook and cranny.

Two cheap wooden desks with fake woodgrain paneling sit on opposite sides of the room, one spotless save for an ashtray and a white telephone, the other piled high with newspapers and unopened mail.

Diane is standing by a filing cabinet, wearing a sleeveless red and white one-piece. She pulls out a case file in a charcoal grey folder. The white label on the tab, typewritten in all caps, reads #19047 / RHODE ISLAND, 1949.

She opens the folder and starts to read. In several places, the cover sheet has stamps saying TOP SECRET and FOR BUREAU EYES ONLY.

She gets as far as "submitted as a factual and truthful account of the incident that occurred in Warwick, Rhode Island, March 4 1949. Signed, Maj. D. Milford," when into her office walks REGIONAL BUREAU CHIEF GORDON COLE, barely suppressing a grin.

Cords connected to Gordon's hearing aids descend from his ears into a small receiver unit clipped to the breast pocket of his black suit jacket.

GORDON

Diane, there's someone here
I'd like to introduce you to!
Come on in, don't be shy!

A young woman, ALICE, steps cautiously into the office. She is wearing a green turtleneck sweater, a modest black pencil skirt, and black shoes with Colonial buckles on the front. She has long chestnut hair that curls down over the left side of her face. Her eyes are pale green, set above rosy apple cheeks dotted with freckles. Diane hates her instantly.

GORDON

Diane, this is your new
officemate, Alice Taylor!
Alice, this is Diane Evans!
Diane looks after things for
Agent Cooper while he's on
the road. Diane, Alice here
is the new special liaison
for Agent Desmond!

Gordon turns and looks straight at Alice.

GORDON

Agent Chester Desmond!

DIANE

I think you meant to say "new
secretary," Gordon.

GORDON

(to Diane) No thanks, I
already had breakfast!

ALICE

(to Diane) I'm very pleased
to meet you, Ms. Evans. Mr.
Cole has made me feel so
welcome here already.

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

I'm so excited, I have so much to learn, and I promise I will listen to everything you say.

GORDON

(to Alice) 'Atta girl!

Gordon gives Alice a vigorous THUMBS UP. Alice glances over and sees the cluttered mess on what will soon be her desk.

GORDON

Before I go, Diane, there's something I want you to see. It's my aunt. She's been looking for her son in the neighbour's yard.

Gordon makes a hand signal in the direction of the hallway, and a WOMAN IN A YELLOW DRESS silently approaches and stands in the doorway. Her hair is electric banana yellow, and she is wearing bright yellow high-heeled pumps.

The woman knocks on the door frame, as if to ask for permission to enter. Gordon looks expectantly at Diane, then at Alice.

ALICE

Come in?

The woman in the yellow dress doesn't move. She knocks again, then whistles a strange and sad birdcall. The woman holds the edge of her hand to her forehead and takes a long look around the room. As her head turns, Diane sees that there is a small blue flower made of silk pinned to a clip in her hair.

The woman quietly recedes back out of sight. Gordon turns to Diane. His face is tired and worried now, the child-like glee gone. He rests his fingertips gently on Diane's shoulder.

GORDON

Take care.

Gordon shuffles out of the room.

ALICE

Who was that? What was that
all about?

DIANE

It's Gordon's code. A yellow
dress means a canary was lost
in the mine.

ALICE

But what does that mean?

DIANE

The bureau has lost
communication with Agent
Jeffries. He's disappeared.

LATER

The early afternoon sun beams into the office gently through the tall narrow window. Alice has moved several stacks of papers off her desk onto the floor. She is intently leafing through a stack of mail and faxes.

Diane is reading more of case file #19047. There is a police report filled out by Warwick County Sheriff Bryce Conway.

Diane reads that a girl named Jane Bedsole, the daughter of an assistant manager at the local bank, disappeared without a trace on March 4, 1949, age 25.

Jane's family and friends were baffled. She was an unhappy girl, a quiet loner, but there were no warning signs. Her parents were questioned. So was a boy from town whom she had been seeing. Nothing came of it.

A few days later, a local fisherman named Caleb Notley, age 34, came to the sheriff's station and claimed that he had seen Jane dissolve into thin air right in front of his eyes. He said he saw a "kitchen sink drain" open up in the sky above her.

Diane picks up the phone on her desk and dials #712. There is a mechanical click and a whirr, half a ring, and a woman's voice answers.

TRACY (O.S.)
Records.

DIANE
Tracy, it's me. I need a
background check. Give me
everything you have on a
Caleb Notley, age 72. If he's
alive, he may still be living
in Rhode Island.

TRACY (O.S.)
I'm sorry, Diane. Agent
Desmond already requested the
file on that individual this
morning, along with 9 others.

Diane SLAMS down the phone receiver. Alice looks over, startled.
Diane lights a cigarette and stares out the window.

ALICE
Diane, can I ask you
something?

DIANE
Nothing stopping you.

ALICE
What did Mr. Cole mean by
"the neighbour's yard"?

DIANE
Out of the country. Phillip
Jeffries has been on special
assignment in Buenos Aires
for a year now. That's how it
works around here. The boys
travel far and wide, cracking
cases and shooting bad guys.
We stay in Philadelphia and
open the mail.

Diane drags on her cigarette.

ALICE

Diane, can I ask you
something else?

DIANE

You will anyway.

ALICE

Do you mind not smoking in
the office? I'm sorry to ask,
it's just that, well, it's
not exactly my favourite.

Diane looks at her for a moment, then leans forwards and crushes
out the cigarette into the ashtray with one hard twist, the butt
turning into a smashed pretzel.

ALICE

Thank y-

Diane LIGHTS UP a fresh cigarette and sucks the smoke in between
her teeth.

There is a KNOCK on the doorframe. SPECIAL AGENT CHET DESMOND is
standing in the entrance dressed in a sharp slim-cut black suit.
His black hair is slicked back. He is holding a forest green
file folder with a yellow sticker on the corner.

CHET

I hope I'm not interrupting
anything?

Chet saunters over to Alice's desk.

CHET

Special Agent Chester
Desmond.

ALICE

Oh! Agent Desmond! I'm Alice.
I'm your new special liaison!

CHET

So I've heard. Glad to have
you on the team.

Diane rolls her eyes.

CHET

(to Diane) Good morning,
Diane.

DIANE

Did you interfere with my
case?

CHET

I spoke to Agent Cooper this
morning on the phone. He
asked me to pull everything
on Rhode Island from the...
(glancing over his shoulder
at Alice) from the special
archives. In the interest of
expedien-

DIANE

You got an "early start."

CHET

I asked Tracy to get the
file. That's all. Here.

Chet hold out the green file folder to her. She snatches it from
his hand.

DIANE

(to Alice) What did I tell
you?

CHET

(to Alice) I see you've met
Ms. Evans. Diane's so good at
what she does here that
Gordon gives her free reign
to be, well, Diane.

DIANE

You'll excuse me, I have work
to take care of.

Diane turns her attention to the contents of the folder while Chet and Alice make small talk.

The first item in the folder is a photostat of an article from *The Warwick Redeemer*. It details how 6 weeks after he claims he saw Jane Bedsole disappear before his eyes, Caleb Notley killed himself.

ALICE

Did you ever meet Agent Jeffries, Agent Desmond?

CHET

Yes, we worked together here at the office.

ALICE

What kind of man was he?

CHET

Same kind of man he still is, I guess.

Diane continues reading. The fisherman was haunted by his strange experience. Nobody believed his story. Many townspeople accused him of murdering Jane. They harassed him and broke into his shack to try and look for evidence.

Eventually, racked with guilt, Notley convinced himself he had done it. He drove his truck off the edge of a pier into the freezing waters of Greenwich Bay.

ALICE

Do you think they'll find him?

CHET

We're not really sure about that. He may have to be the one to come to us.

Diane flips to the final page of the dossier. There is a 8 x 10 black and white photograph of Jane Bedsole - an enlargement of her high school yearbook photo.

The girl in the photo has piercing pale eyes. Apple cheeks dotted with freckles. Long curly hair cascading down the left side of her head. It's Alice.

Diane glances across the room and sees with horror those same features on the young woman now talking with Chet.

ALICE

Agent Desmond, can I ask you another question?

CHET

Sure, Alice. Fire away.

ALICE

What kind of a case was Agent Jeffries working on? Down in Buenos Aires?

CHET

It's classified. I'm not supposed to discuss any details. But... you're on the team now. I guess I could tell-

Chet is cut off mid-sentence as Diane HURLS the glass ashtray from her desk at his head. Chet holds his hands up to protect his face.

Diane's throw misses Chet and the ashtray SHATTERS against the wall behind him and Alice.

Alice, who was not shielding her face, SCREAMS as she is showered with splinters of broken glass. As she recoils, her head snaps to one side, and her long chestnut hair whips out of place from its usual position on the left side of her head.

CHET

Mother of God!

Diane sees what was behind Alice's hair - a large black hole on the side of her head where her ear should be. An void of infinite depth, with craggy, angular sides. Deep, deep within the black abyss, Diane can see tiny, unthinkable creatures swimming around.

Chet backs away from Alice's desk. Diane is paralyzed with fear. She can hardly breathe. It feels like all the air has been sucked out of the room.

Alice recomposes herself and turns to face Diane and Chet. She looks at them with naked venom in her eyes, and speaks in an abnormally high-pitched voice.

ALICE
I am the ear... and I sound!
Like! This!

Alice distends her jaw and an inhuman high-frequency SHRIEK erupts from her mouth. The sound is instantly deafening, sending Diane and Chet to their knees, clutching their ears.

GORDON
(strolling into the office)
Diane, news from Agent
Cooper-

Gordon looks around. Chet and Diane are twisting on the ground in agony while Alice screams. Somehow the sound just keeps getting louder.

GORDON
What in Sam Heck is everybody
doing on the floor?

DIANE
Gordon... Alice... she's-

GORDON
What?

Alice's scream kicks up another notch. It sounds like a dial tone on a telephone turned up to 1000 decibels. The thin window pane on the western wall of the office CRACKS.

A thin trickle of BLOOD creeps from Chet's nose and ears. He tries to stand up and stumbles back down onto the thinning blue carpet.

Diane sees the handle of Chet's service pistol sticking out of his shoulder holster. She reaches for it weakly, her arms moving sluggishly like she was underwater.

GORDON

Diane, I think there might be
something the matter with
Alice!

Alice BLINKS and her pupils turn milky white. Her scream agonizingly raises in frequency again. Even Gordon can hear it now. He winces in pain as he struggles to turn down his hearing aid.

Diane musters up every fibre of strength within her, tears the gun from Chet's inert body, and FIRES it at Alice. The bullet shoots Alice right through the front of her neck.

Alice's throat makes a sound like letting all the air out of a gigantic balloon. A gale of wind cuts through the office, sending all the loose faxes, memos and envelopes flying around the room. In the midst of this tornado, Alice still screams, her face contorted with rage.

Diane FIRES again, hitting Alice square in the chest. Her body drops to the ground. The wind dies down. The room is quiet again.

Diane carefully places the gun down on her desk. She looks at her perfectly manicured nails, checking them for damage. Gordon takes a long look around.

GORDON

Holy Toledo! Great work,
Diane!

Gordon gives Diane a triumphant THUMBS UP, his face beaming with pride.

DIANE

Fuck you, Gordon.

END