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MISSING PG. 5

THE BATES MOTEL

Written

by

Richard Rothstein

THE BATES MOTELCAST

ALEX WEST
SANDRA
HENRY WATSON
RADIO REPORTER
DR. PHILLIPS
DR. GOODMAN
MINISTER
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
ATTORNEY
GUARD AT DUNSMORE
TEENAGER I
TEENAGER II
DRIVER
VAGRANT
BUDDY
CUSTOMER
BANK GUARD
GAS STATION ATTENDANT
PEDESTRIAN
WORKMAN

SPANISH MAID
SECRETARY
TOM FULLER
ARCHITECT
SHERIFF
SALESMAN
WORKMAN AT MOTEL
PASTOR
MACHO TYPE
CHARLIE WATERS
BARBARA PETERS
SAM
PROMNIGHTER
TONY
BANDLEADER
GIRL
HANDSOME BOY
MOTORIST
JAPANESE GARDNER
BUS DRIVER

(X)

SETSINTERIORS:

STATE MENTAL INSTITUTION AT
DUNSMORE
INTERVIEW ROOM
ALEX'S ROOM
CONFERENCE ROOM
CHAPEL
CAR
BUS
BATES MOTEL
OFFICE
CABIN #1
CAFE
BARBARA'S MOTEL ROOM
BANQUET-TYPE ROOM
MRS. BATES' HOUSE
KITCHEN
NORMAN'S OLD BEDROOM
HALLWAY/STAIRS
MRS. BATES' BEDROOM
BANK
FULLER'S OFFICE
HENRY'S HOUSE
FULLER'S CAR

EXTERIORS:

COURTHOUSE
MAIN STREET
MAIN HIGHWAY
STATE MENTAL INSTITUTION
AT DUNSMORE
ROSE GARDEN
ROADWAY
GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL
GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL -
DOWNTOWN LA
STREET
BUS STOP - PLAINDALE
STREET - PLAINDALE
BATES MOTEL
BANK
COUNTRYSIDE
CEMETERY
FAST FOOD CHICKEN JOINT

(X)

THE BATES MOTEL

1 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY - BLACK AND WHITE 1

A marble statue of blind justice stands outside a quaint county courthouse. Superimposed over this is the year -- 1960. As camera slowly pulls back we hear the hushed overly dramatic tones of a radio news Reporter who is standing in front of the courthouse.

RADIO REPORTER (O.S.)

Today, here, just moments ago, on this overcast fall afternoon, in this sleepy agrarian town that sits alongside the interstate, Norman Bates was brought to justice.

We find the Reporter still waxing poetic, speaking into a handheld microphone marked: MUTUAL RADIO. In the b.g., a few townspeople and photographers are milling around the side of the courthouse as if waiting for someone.

RADIO REPORTER

And so ends a most terrible and bizarre chapter in the history of this picture-book town, and that of a young man whose poor mind, twisted and bent out of shape like a pretzel, tortured by self-loathing and guilt, plunged headlong into a world of dementia and darkness.

TOWNSPERSON (O.S.)

There he is!

The Reporter turns to see Norman in the distance, being led out of the side of the courthouse, flashbulbs popping, and into an awaiting 1960 black Buick sedan.

RADIO REPORTER (O.S.)

Yes folks there he is, the infamous Norman Bates -- murderer? Victim? Total lunatic? You decide. Being led by his captors into a long, sleek black sedan, that signals the end of one journey for Norman, and the beginning of another.

The sedan slowly pulls away and we follow it as it makes its way down:

2 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

2

where it passes several shops and stores catering to their rural agrarian clientele. We can't help but be struck by the purity and innocence of 1960 America. As the sedan moves on it passes the local record store where the Everly Brothers' "When Will I Be Loved" plays over a small loudspeaker in front.

RADIO REPORTER (O.S.)

One that will take him away perhaps forever from this place that he was born, past Ivers Cutlery, where his mother used to send him to have her knives sharpened, and the Grant Hotel, where he worked after school, and first showed an interest in motel management.

3 EXT. MAIN HIGHWAY - DAY

3

The sedan moves towards us down a stretch of lonely highway, and past a billboard alerting motorists that if they wanted to stay at the Bates Motel, they missed it ten miles back -- "Clean Rooms. Quiet. Norman Bates Your Host."

RADIO REPORTER (O.S.)

A journey down a long road known as justice, and off to his new home, the State Mental Institution at Dunsmore....

4 LONG SHOT OF DUNSMORE

4

A large, pleasant-looking structure reminding us more of a plush old age home than a darkly depressing mental institution. The sedan moves into frame and heads for the front door.

RADIO REPORTER (O.S.)

...Where perhaps, just perhaps, Norman will come to understand the wrong that he has done, and through kindness and a lot of intensive analysis, will emerge from the darkness, into the light.

DISSOLVE TO

End credits.

5 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON ALEX WEST

5

A twelve-year-old boy with the innocent face of an angel, and the eyes of a sad old man. He says nothing, makes no eye contact, just stares blankly into space. As our heart goes out to this lost soul, we hear the compassionate whispers of two psychiatrists.

DR. PHILLIPS (O.S.)

He's a tough one. Just don't know how to get through. Every time I try to talk to him he just looks at me with those sad eyes.

DR. GOODMAN (O.S.)

How about the staff, other patients?

Camera moves out revealing two doctors in their thirties, studying this puzzling boy who barely knows that they're in the room as he pets what appears to be a small taxidermied bird that he has cupped in his hand.

DR. PHILLIPS

Hasn't uttered a word in the six months he's been here.

DR. GOODMAN

Since he a, dispatched his stepfather?

DR. PHILLIPS

Exactly.

As Goodman peruses Alex's dossier, Phillips continues.

DR. PHILLIPS

No brothers, sisters, mother died when he was an infant, no relatives -- just a poor innocent at the mercy of a brutalizing stepfather.

DR. GOODMAN

(referring to
dossier)

Says he owned a dry cleaning store and would beat him, then lock him in a large dryer.

DR. PHILLIPS

Until one day when he crawled inside to clean it and little Alex closed the door, pressed a button, and dry cleaned him.

Goodman closes the file and speaks to Alex with a gentle bedside manner.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

DR. GOODMAN

You've had a rough time of it, haven't you?

No response.

DR. GOODMAN

Well, Doctor Phillips and I, I'm Doctor Goodman, are going to try and change all that. But we need your help.

Alex doesn't respond, just stays inside his silent world petting the bird. Goodman and Phillips exchange despairing looks.

DR. GOODMAN

What about interests, hobbies, friends, didn't notice anything in the file?

DR. PHILLIPS

Just Jack.

DR. GOODMAN

Jack?

DR. PHILLIPS

His pet bird. What I got from neighbors is that it was his only friend 'til he returned from school one day to find it dead.

DR. GOODMAN

The stepfather?

DR. PHILLIPS

Handed him a shovel an' ordered him to bury it. Instead, he secretly stuffed it.

DR. GOODMAN

I see.

(to Alex)

Know what I think, Alex? I think you need a real friend.

Fearful that he's going to take Jack from him, Alex clutches the bird tightly to his bosom.

DR. GOODMAN

No, no besides Jack there. Do I look like the type of guy who separates good friends? I mean a buddy, someone to talk to, someone to trust. And most
(more)

CONTINUED

7 CLOSE ON ALEX'S FACE

7

now a man in his thirties. As he stares at photographs on the wall of Norman's room, we can't help but notice that this is still a boy's face, and although time has inevitably etched itself, the innocence and wonderment of youth are still there. Alex wearily sighs, moves closer to the photos, nostalgically remembering each as Goodman continues over this.... (X)

GOODMAN (V.O.)

They nurtured each other, fit perfectly together like two pieces of a jigsaw puzzle that separate could never be whole.

A photo of Norman giving Alex a piggyback ride.

GOODMAN (V.O.)

They worked and played and in time came to understand things about themselves and others that even I as their doctor marveled at ---

Alex on his sixteenth birthday -- a cake with lit candles before him -- holding up a large wrapped present which has written on it in big letters "TO ALEX, FROM NORMAN".

GOODMAN (V.O.)

-- their insights, sensitivity, their wisdom that in truth was almost like a sixth sense, and frankly at times frightened me with its power.

Norman and Alex standing before a roast turkey they obviously cook, wearing chef hats. A banner reads: DUNSMORE THANKSGIVING, 1965.

GOODMAN (V.O.)

And through it all, it was always Norman the father, the father Alex never had.

Norman and Alex holding up a placard reading: "SAVE THE WHALES," dressed in late Sixty's psychedelic.

GOODMAN (V.O.)

And Alex? What did Alex do for Norman? Well, as Norman told me many times in session, he saw Alex as himself when he was a boy, and wanted to help him have a second chance.

A now grownup Alex and noticeably aged Norman, tending their rose garden.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

GOODMAN (V.O.)

For you see, although Norman knew he
would never again gain his freedom....

Alex pushing Norman who is confined to a wheelchair.

GOODMAN (V.O.)

...he lived with the hope, that someday
Alex would.

Alex moves on, nostalgically touching a number of stuffed
animals that are neatly spaced around the room. He stops
at a stuffed turkey, and remembers. Suddenly he hears the
door open behind him. Doesn't even look up, just keeps
recollecting.

Dr. Goodman comes up behind him with a heaviness to his
walk. Referring to the turkey, he quietly says:

DR. GOODMAN

Thanksgiving, 1965, wasn't it?

Alex probes his face, then Goodman begins to say something
he doesn't want to.

DR. GOODMAN

Alex?..
(interrupted)

ALEX

I know, Norman is gone. I could feel
it.

Alex tries to be strong, deals with his loss by gently
straightening Norman's bed.

DR. GOODMAN

They did everything they could. He was
rallying. The doctors were planning to
release him from the hospital
tomorrow...then he closed his eyes, and
never woke.

ALEX

It was time. He wanted it that way.

DR. GOODMAN

...Alex...Alex, can I do something for
you? Go for a walk, talk about it?

Alex momentarily stops what he's doing and gazes out the
window at the picturesque countryside.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED (2) 7

ALEX

It is pretty this time of year, isn't it?

He returns to straightening Norman's bed. Understanding that he wants to be alone, Goodman lays a supportive hand on his shoulder.

DR. GOODMAN

If you need anything, I'll be in my office.

ALEX

(trying to be brave)

You know, for a guy that ran a motel, he sure was lousy at making beds.

Goodman leaves Alex to his sorrow.

8 ESTABLISHING SHOT OF FUNERAL HOME IN NEARBY CITY 8

MINISTER (O.S.)

Dunsmore Mental Institution personnel, doctors, attendants, Candy Stripers, and fellow inmates. Although I did not have the privilege of knowing the deceased, I have been asked before cremation of his humble remains, to say a few words.

9 INT. SMALL CHAPEL - DAY 9

A smallish gathering of staff members, patients, and Dr. Goodman are seated in the chapel listening to the Minister, standing on a pulpit high above the casket. Alex sits alone in the back. Nearby is the Funeral Director who is obviously into volume rather than quality, as he intermittently coaxes the Minister to speed it up, like a TV director watching the clock on a variety show.

MINISTER

For all of us, no matter how mighty or how small, how powerful or how insignificant, how saintly or --

(looks down at casket at this)

...how sinful, are entitled to be ushered from this fragile world with its pains and its joys, its sadness and its heartbreak....

10

ALEX

10

mournfully regards the casket.

MINISTER (O.S.)

...Up to the very gates of heaven, where there he will be judged. At this moment I am reminded of a rather timely story from the Bible.

11

THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR

11

Upon hearing this, gestures the Minister to speed it up. It lights a fire under him, and he nervously races to finish.

MINISTER

On second thought, perhaps it may not be totally appropriate on this occasion. Now, if there is no one who wishes to say a few words, I will conclude with a final prayer.

Hearing something in the back, he looks up to see Alex rising from his seat.

ALEX

(weakly)

I do.

All eyes turn to look, including the Director's, who tries hiding his impatience behind a saccharin-sweet smile. Alex shuns public attention at all cost, but at this moment he fights through his fear for Norman's sake. He must speak. The Director quickly ushers him up to the front, while whispering under his breath.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Try and keep it short. Do a volume business here, that's how we keep the cost down.

Alex positions himself beside the casket then looks out at all those eyes staring at him. Collecting his thoughts, he quietly begins.

ALEX

Norman Bates was my friend. To the world he was a murderer. But to me he was a friend. And I only hope that in your lifetimes, you will all be lucky enough to have one friend like him. For you see, Norman taught me many things. To laugh, have fun, and more important than anything else, to forgive.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

Tears well up in Dr. Goodman's eyes.

ALEX

Norman always said to me that if I wanted to get better, I could. But I had to work at it, and that it would be hard. Like being up here now. He said that people, no matter how bad they have been treated, have to try and forget...forgive, and get the hatred out of their systems...their hearts. Because it is hatred of others that is the enemy, and doesn't make us feel better, it just eats us up inside.

He looks down at the casket one last time, and as he slowly makes his way back to his seat we could hear a pin drop. There's not a dry eye in the place. Even the Funeral Director stands in stunned silence.

12 CLOSE ON ALEX

12

sitting back down in his seat, unaware of the profound effect he has had, his thoughts only with Norman. The organ music rises up.

13 INT. ALEX'S ROOM - NIGHT

13

Alex comes out of the bathroom in his pajamas, pulls back the covers on his bed, then climbs underneath. He reaches to turn off the lamp on his nightstand, then stops and looks.

14 WHAT HE SEES

14

Norman's cremation urn sits on a table along with a few stuffed birds

ALEX (O.S.)

Good night, pal.

15 ALEX

15

smiles, then turns off the light and the screen goes black.

16

EXT. ROSE GARDEN - DAY

16

Alex is tending rows of roses in full bloom, on a bright, sunny morning -- clipping, working the dark brown earth with his hands. Dr. Goodman strides over, trying to contain his excitement.

DR. GOODMAN

Morning Alex. They really are pretty.

Alex clips one to place into Goodman's jacket lapel.

ALEX

Would you like one?

DR. GOODMAN

Sure, who said doctors always have to be stuffy?

ALEX

The Roseantus Normanous.

DR. GOODMAN

That's wonderful, Alex.

ALEX

The first rose without thorns. Norman said a rose was like a person, beautiful but dangerous. So he bred these.

(pushing it
through lapel
hole)

There.

DR. GOODMAN

Smells good...Alex, I have some good news for you.

ALEX

(tending flowers)

I know.

(off Goodman's
surprised look)

I could tell from your voice.

DR. GOODMAN

Don't miss a thing, do you?

(happy for him)

Alex, I have recommended to the board that you be released immediately.

Instead of being happy, Alex slowly walks over to a wooden bench and collapses onto it as if carrying a terrible weight.

CONTINUED

16

CONTINUED

16

DR. GOODMAN

Just think of it, after twenty-seven years you're going to have your freedom. You've fought your demons and the world has said you've won...Alex, what's wrong?

ALEX

(shaking head no)
I have no place to go.

DR. GOODMAN

Sure you do, there's a whole world out there -- towns, cities, movies, libraries, gardens so big you could get lost in them.

ALEX

That's what I'm afraid of.

DR. GOODMAN

Alex, Alex, you're going to be okay. I know it. And remember, it's what Norman always wanted for you.

ALEX

Doctor Goodman, this is the only place I've ever felt safe. This is where my friends are. There is no place for me out there. I wouldn't fit in.

DR. GOODMAN

Alex, don't you think I know how you feel? That I didn't consider all those things before I made my recommendations? You can be strong, I saw it in the chapel, and so did everyone else.

Slowly Alex rises, and shakes his head.

ALEX

Thank you for all you've tried to do, but it's really better this way.

Then he walks off towards the institute, leaving Goodman deflated.

17

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

17

Alex, Dr. Goodman and a few patients and attendants are seated in front of a large desk where an attorney is reading Norman's last will and testament.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17

ATTORNEY

'I Norman Bates, being of sound mind....'

He looks dubiously to Dr. Goodman for corroboration.

ATTORNEY

'...do hereby declare this to be my last will and testament, and do hereby bequeath the following: to Mrs. Fisher who taught me the art of cooking, my turkey.'

The Attorney reaches under the desk and produces the taxidermied turkey and hands it to a Mrs. Fisher who is dressed in kitchen whites. She's touched.

ATTORNEY

'To Mr. Yokey, who taught me how to dance the twist and the hucklebuck, my forty-five record collection.'

The Attorney hands Mr. Yokey, a nattily dressed old vaudevillian, a box of forty-fives. He's moved.

ATTORNEY

'And to all the attendants and inmates, to be divided equally, my savings in the First National Bank of Plaindale.'

The recipients seem pleased.

ATTORNEY

'And last but not least, to my dear friend Alex, on the condition that he, upon regaining his freedom, make it a great hostelry again, a place where people can come to rest and find themselves in their journeys through life -- the Bates Motel.'

Everyone applauds for Alex, while he sits motionless, staring into space. We hold on him as the others leave. Only Dr. Goodman remains.

DR. GOODMAN

...Well Alex, now you have a place to go.

ALEX

I can't Doctor Goodman, I just can't.

DR. GOODMAN

Why not?

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED (2)

17

ALEX
I'd be too scared.

DR. GOODMAN
And Norman knew that. But he left it to you just the same. It was his way of telling you it is time to leave. It was his way of giving you a second chance. Take it Alex, it's a great gift.

18 EXT. DUNSMORE - MORNING

18

A car moves towards us, leaving Dunsmore behind.

19 INSIDE THE CAR

19

Dr. Goodman drives, while Alex sits beside him looking like a cast-off orphan, staring straight ahead, afraid of what he will find outside the gates of this place that has been his home for twenty-seven years. Beside him is a small suitcase, and on his lap Norman's urn in a plastic grocery store bag.

20 WHAT ALEX SEES

20

The gates and the guardhouse up ahead.

21 ALEX

21

tightens his grip on the urn, tenses. Seeing this Goodman says:

DR. GOODMAN
Hey, it's gonna be okay.

ALEX
Last time I was out there people were running around screaming, 'I've gotta build a bomb shelter,' and the best show on TV was Father Knows Best.

Goodman stops at the gate and hands the Guard a piece of paper.

GUARD
Finally spreadin' your wings, hey Alex?
Well, good luck to you.

Alex turns back to look at Dunsmore one last time.

- 22 WHAT HE SEES 22
Dunsmore far off in the distance.
- 23 BACK TO ALEX 23
lost in the memories. Suddenly he's startled into the present by the gate banging closed.
- 24 CLOSE ON GATE 24
Metal against metal, reverberating like sound passing through an echo chamber.
- 25 ALEX 25
eyes trained on the gate, watches it disappear behind him. Goodman gives him a supportive squeeze on his knee.
- DR. GOODMAN
You're doin' fine.
- Alex gratefully acknowledges his reassurance, relaxes a bit, then looks out the window at the passing countryside with those wondrous, child-like eyes.
- 26 EXT. ROADWAY -DAY 26
We watch the sedan disappear down the long road.
- 27 EXT. GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL - DAY 27
Alex stands beside a loading Greyhound Scenic Cruiser curiously watching an assortment of passengers boarding. He overhears two guys in their late teens, carrying beat-up guitar cases, inarticulately extolling the virtues of their destination, Los Angeles.
- TEENAGER I
Yeah, man, everything's gonna be great once we get to L.A.
- TEENAGER II
Sun, surf, the Hollywood freeway. 'I Love L.A.'
- Puzzled by this L.A. place, Alex assures himself of the bus' destination by looking up at the front -- it reads Los Angeles. Goodman exits the terminal with a ticket in his hand. Seems anxious.

CONTINUED

27

CONTINUED

27

DR. GOODMAN

Okay, here's your ticket, put it in a safe place and don't lose it. Now you sure you've got everything? Directions I wrote down? Money? ID? Norman?

ALEX

(good-naturedly)

Looks like you're more nervous than I am, Doctor Goodman.

DR. GOODMAN

(ironically)

Hey, who's supposed to be the strong one around here, anyway?

The Driver, ready to close the baggage compartment, extends his hand for Alex's suitcase.

DRIVER

Ready to roll.

Alex hands him his suitcase, but not Norman. Then sadly turns to say his good-bye.

ALEX

Well, guess it's time, huh?

DR. GOODMAN

(trying to be strong)

You're going to do great, Alex. I just know it.

ALEX

(fighting back tears)

Could we just shake hands...and maybe not say good-bye?

Goodman extends a handshake, and Alex clasps it, then in an outpouring of emotion Goodman embraces his patient of so many years, and Alex returns it. The bus' engine kicks over.

DR. GOODMAN

Remember, I'm always just a phone call away.

Bravely, Alex wipes the tears from his eyes as Goodman guides him over to the bus's steps.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED (2)

27

DR. GOODMAN

If there's something you need, any problems....

Alex turns at the top of the steps, and with a big grin sort of imitates the L.A. bound teenagers.

ALEX

Thank you.

The pneumatic door whooshes closed, and Goodman watches the bus and Alex disappear down the street. He wipes away a few tears, then joyously says to himself.

DR. GOODMAN

You're gonna be okay.

28 EXT. GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL, DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

28

Alex exits the front door reminding us of Chaplin's Little Tramp, a lost soul with battered suitcase in one hand and Norman in the plastic grocery bag in the other. He cranes his head up at the intimidating skyscrapers, then gazes at the pedestrian throngs scuttling to and fro -- He shrinks back against the building, as if trying to escape the dizzying movement and the city's sharp, angular noises that are hurting his ears. Trying to overcome his fears, he straightens his tie, then removes a picture postcard from his jacket pocket.

29 INSERT OF POSTCARD

29

A faded Kodachrome photograph of the Bates Motel in its "heyday." On the other side, Dr. Goodman has written the directions -- "Take the Number 10 Bus to Plainedale".

30 ALEX

30

looks to a nearby four-way intersection with bus stops on all corners -- posted signs with numbers, routes, it's all so confusing. He goes off in search of the right RTD bus stop. Passing a few vagrants sitting on the sidewalk, he looks as lost and homeless as these poor creatures that call this street home. Stopping before a sign, he looks up.

31 WHAT HE SEES

31

A jumble of route numbers leading to everywhere.

32

ALEX

32

seems totally bewildered.

VAGRANT (O.S.)

Hey pilgrim....

Alex turns to see a Vagrant sitting on a bus stop bench, sharing a bottle of Thunderbird with his buddy.

VAGRANT (O.S.)

...Look a little lost. Help ya out?

Alex, not knowing what these men are, places the suitcase and "Norman" down on the bench, removes the postcard from his pocket, and hands it to him.

ALEX

If you could sir, I'm looking for this bus.

VAGRANT

Search is over pilgrim, stops right here.

ALEX

Thank you very much.

VAGRANT

(flipping over
the postcard)

Hmm, Bates Motel, nice lookin' place.
Not like these fleabags around here.

ALEX

(referring to
grocery bag)

My friend Norman always kept it very clean.

The Vagrant is momentarily puzzled by this reference to Norman in the bag. This piques the interest of his Buddy who curiously inches towards it.

ALEX

(a little
salesmanship)

An' maybe you know, when it's all fixed up, you gentlemen will come by an' stay a night.

VAGRANT

Nice of ya, but tell ya the truth our business generally don't take us that far outta town.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

He returns the postcard to Alex, then extends the bottle of Thunderbird. In the b.g. we see an RTD bus approaching.

VAGRANT

Here, have a slug, ain't much but it'll keep you goin'.

BUDDY

Hey, dude's been holdin' out on us. Got some of that Saki here.

To Alex's distress he sees the Buddy holding Norman's urn, about to pry it open.

ALEX

That's not Saki, that's Norman.

BUDDY

Norman Schmorman, all the same to me.

Alex grabs the urn, tries wresting it away. A brief tug of war.

ALEX

Hey, give that back, that's Norman...that's norman's ashes!

This gets the Buddy's attention.

BUDDY

Wait a second, you tryin' to tell me there's a stiff in here?

Alex nods, and the Buddy releases the urn like it was a hot potato. The bus pulls up and as Alex quickly gathers his things and boards, the vagrants look on, weirded-out.

32A EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

32A

The RTD bus makes its way through the San Fernando Valley, past the corn fields and farms that still shape the landscape.

(X)
(X)

32B INSIDE THE BUS

32B

Alex sits with "Norman" on his lap in the near-empty bus, looking out the window. The pastoral countryside seems more to his liking than the loud city.

(X)
(X)

ALEX

Excuse me, but could you please tell me how much further it is to Plaindale?

(X)

CONTINUED

32B CONTINUED

32B

DRIVER
(thinking Alex
is trying to
hurry him up)
Right down this road. Why, got a train
t'catch?

Puzzled by the Driver's sarcasm, Alex innocently takes him
literally.

ALEX
Well, not today, but maybe sometime, I
like trains.

The Driver does a double-take, realizing Alex isn't an
ordinary, garden-variety passenger.

DRIVER
You're a, not from around here, are ya?

ALEX
No, I'm not.

DRIVER
What I mean is, really not from around
here. Like some foreign country or
someplace??

ALEX
Well, I have been away for a long time.
How could you tell?

DRIVER
After drivin' a bus for twenty years,
ya sorta learn t' spot 'em.

Not getting his derogatory humor, Alex just smiles. The
Driver notices his battered suitcase.

DRIVER
Figurin' on settlin' there, are ya?

Alex hands him the postcard.

ALEX
(proudly)
The Bates Motel, ever hear of it?

DRIVER
(glancing at
photograph)
Cute little joint, kinda Fifties...
(handing it back)
Can't say as I have.

CONTINUED

32B CONTINUED (2)

32B

ALEX
(slightly
alarmed)
But this is I-17?

DRIVER
Better be or the brain cells are dyin'.
Nope ten years on this route but I don't
know no Yates Motel.

ALEX
(correcting him)
Bates...Well, I'm sure it's around here
somewhere.

Referring to Norman in the grocery bag, Alex drifts into
the past.

ALEX
My friend Norman always used to tell me
about it -- sitting right off the
interstate, surrounded by trees and
forests as far as the eye can see, and
a lovely little pond.

The Driver suspiciously eyes the bag, then says:

DRIVER
Yeah, well, I hate to burst your bubble,
but you sure you've got the right state?

ALEX
(unsure)
I think so. It's in California.

DRIVER
Got that part down pat, it's just them
forests an' that pond stuff that's a
little shaky.

He points out the front windshield at Plaindale up ahead.
And has it changed! long ago swallowed up by the great
suburban sprawl -- a giant mall, McDonald's, a Wendy's hot
an' juicy, they're all there. Yes, in twenty-seven years
Plaindale has been turned from a quaint little town, into
everything-the-same architecture that is now known as The
American Dream.

32C EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

32C

The RTD bus is stopped. The Driver places it in gear and
it leaves frame, revealing Plaindale's newest, and very
lost citizen, Alex. He coughs from the bus' fumes, then
gazes around at this enclave of commerce.

33
thru
42

OMITTED

33
thru
42
(X)

43 WHAT HE SEES

43

A customer punching out numbers on an automated teller
outside a nearby bank.

44 ALEX

44

now stands behind the Customer, trying to comprehend this
new form of automated intelligence.

45 WHAT HE SEES

45

The machine coughing up several twenty dollar bills.

46 ALEX

46

is amazed. The Customer, counting his money, becomes
suspicious of Alex watching him.

CUSTOMER

You got a problem or somethin'?

Still transfixed by the machine, Alex hands him the
postcard.

ALEX

Uh yes I do, thank you. Could you
please tell me where the Bates Motel is?

CUSTOMER

Never heard of it.

(handing it back)

Sorry, I'm new in the area.

The Customer departs and still mesmerized by the machine,
Alex steps up to it, regards it like a child would a new
toy. He gingerly presses a few buttons, waits for it to
disgorge the cash. His wait is in vain, so he places his
fingers into the money chute to find out where his money
is. Suddenly he spots a pair of shiny leather shoes on the
pavement, nearby. Looking up he discovers their occupant,
a stern-looking Bank Guard.

BANK GUARD

Mind telling me what you're doin' down
there?

CONTINUED

46

CONTINUED

46

ALEX

(sheepishly)

Oh hello, just trying to get my free money.

BANK GUARD

Look pal, only thing free around here's some good advice. Now you make yourself scarce or I'm going to have you arrested.

Intimidated, Alex gathers his belongings and walks off. He looks back as if to say something, but the Guard cuts him off with:

GUARD

And don't come back.

He watches Alex wander off towards a gas station, then shakes his head in disbelief.

GUARD

Free money.

47

MONTAGE

47

A series of quick cuts as Alex shows an assortment of people the postcard.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Sorry, I just moved here.

MOTORIST

I'm new here.

PEDESTRIAN

Just moved here, myself.

JAPANESE GARDENER

Never heard of it.

A WORKMAN

Sorry, I'm new around here.

SPANISH MAID

No comprendo.

Finally, weary from asking, Alex leans up against a post in front of a fast-food chicken place. He holds up the postcard and looks at it, exasperatedly.

48 A BLACK MAN

48

in his early sixties, lunches in his 1959 truck in the fast-food parking lot, while curiously watching this poor soul. On the side of the truck is painted "HENRY WATSON. HANDYMAN".

49 ALEX

49

regroups, turns, but what he sees causes him to screech!

50 HIS POINT OF VIEW - THREE TEN-YEAR-OLD KIDS

50

are charging right at him.

51 ALEX

51

stumbles backwards and falls into the fast-food flower patch, dropping the postcard. But the kids weren't after him at all, just a San Diego Padre type chicken that stands in front of the door, distributing small favors. The kids "attack" the chicken, like kids do their favorite character at Disneyland, finally driving it back into the store.

Alex climbs to his feet, dusts himself off, then heads past the drive-in window and into the parking lot to be alone.

ALEX

(to urn)

Please Norman, I want to go back.

YOUNG FEMALE'S DISEMBODIED VOICE

Can I help you?

Startled, he spins around, sees no one. Then from behind him he hears the voice again.

DISEMBODIED VOICE

Well?

He turns again, coming face to face with the drive-in ordering station. Not yet knowing where the voice is coming from, slightly rattled, he says to no one in particular:

ALEX

Please, the Bates Motel.

DISEMBODIED VOICE

Sorry sir, but we only have crispy or original recipe.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED

51

For the first time he realizes that the ghost in the machine is coming out of the speaker affixed to the station.

ALEX
(bewildered)
Crispy?

DISEMBODIED VOICE
Very good, now will that be a single order, or a party pack?

ALEX
Party pack?

DISEMBODIED VOICE
Thank you sir, and will you be having a drink or fries today?

Totally frustrated, Alex goes up to the speaker and talks to it as if it is a real person.

ALEX
No, no, thank you, you don't understand.
I don't want any chicken, or party packs, I'm trying to find the Bates Motel!

DISEMBODIED VOICE
Sorry sir, but I'm new in the area.

The speaker switches off, and Alex sinks to the ground in despair.

HENRY (O.S.)
Looks like you're havin' a bad day.

Alex looks up to see Henry approaching with the postcard in hand.

HENRY
Name's Henry Watson an' I saw you drop this over there.

ALEX
Thank you a lot, that's very considerate of you.

HENRY
(extending a helping hand)
Had a few bad days myself lately.

He pulls Alex to his feet, regards him suspiciously.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED (2)

51

HENRY

Look, if you don't mind my askin',
what's a fella like you doin' with a
postcard from the old Bates Motel?

ALEX

You've heard of it?

HENRY

(nodding)

Don't exactly strike me as the tourist
type....

ALEX

Could you tell me where it is, please.
Is it very far?

HENRY

Right around that corner. But with the
way, they're rippin' things down, 'round
here, could be gone by lunch time.

Henry watches Alex quickly gathering his things.

ALEX

Thank you Mr. Watson, thank you very
much.

HENRY

Say, if you're plannin' on stayin'
there, I'm afraid you're outta luck.
It's been boarded up for nearly
twenty-five years now.

ALEX

I know, 1960 to be exact.

Hearing this makes Henry even more suspicious.

HENRY

Yeah, believe you're right. One of
those builder-types are ya?

ALEX

(confused)

Builder-types?

HENRY

(trace of
hostility)

You know, tear it down, stick up a new
mini-mall, make a bundle.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED (3)

51

ALEX

(proudly)

I'm Alex West. I'm the new owner, and
I'm going to reopen the Bates Motel.

HENRY

(incredulous)

Re-open? The Bates?

ALEX

Is there somethin' wrong with that?

HENRY

(referring to his
truck)

Let me drive you over, tell ya all about
it.

52 EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

52

Henry drives through Plaindale while Alex sits beside him,
listening hard.

HENRY

...and ever since then, people around
here believe it's haunted -- that Mrs.
Bates, what a bad one she was, still
lives in that house and roams the
grounds at night making sure there are
no pretty girls around that Norman could
take a liking to.

ALEX

You knew her?

HENRY

Knew her? Worked for the old witch,
doin' odd jobs an' things. Knew Norman
too, ever since he was a kid. Poor
thing, what that crazy woman did to
him, -always locking him up. Felt sorry
for him. Used to play catch once in
awhile. -Yeah, he loved that. Problem
was, ball went through his hands...Every
time. Truth is, little Norman wasn't
much of an athlete. It was a sad place
all right.

He stops the truck.

HENRY

Well, there it is....

53 WHAT THEY SEE

53

Gone are the surrounding trees and woods, and now, sandwiched in between a mini-mall and a fast-food joint is the Bates Motel, mostly hidden behind curb boards, like at a construction site, covered with twenty-five years of peeling movie posters. Yes, the Bates is no longer a quaint motel along the interstate, but instead a curiosity, a blight in the way of "progress."

HENRY

...The Bates Motel. Still sends chills down my spine.

(X)

54 EXT. BATES MOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

54

Alex climbs out of the truck with his belongings.

HENRY

Town Council felt that way too, that's why they boarded it up.

ALEX

(extending a handshake)

Thank you very much for the ride, Mr. Watson.

HENRY

Henry.

ALEX

Henry.

Alex begins heading towards a makeshift door cut into the boards. Henry calls after him.

HENRY

After all I've told ya, you're still goin' in?

ALEX

(smiling)

I have to. It's my home.

He turns and opens the door.

55 WHAT HE SEES

55

The Bates Motel sits in front of us, weather-beaten, weeds growing out of control, but otherwise just as we remember it, like caught in a time warp, a place where time has stood still. And beyond it, that house, its windows staring down at us like blank soulless eyes.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED 55

Alex slowly walks past the motel's open doorways, towards the office.

56 ALEX'S MOVING POINT OF VIEW 56

Past one darkened doorway, then another, looking like passageways holding secrets that we don't ever want to know. An eerie kind of feeling, reserved for places where terrible things have happened and that time can never erase.

57 ALEX 57

continues on. The wind kicks up, blowing papers and debris, rustling trees. The whole place feels like it's coming alive. Suddenly he hears a loud ping from behind. Turns.

58 WHAT HE SEES 58

It's only a branch striking the hollow metal post that holds up the deteriorating BATES MOTEL sign.

59 ALEX 59

turns back, then whack! is hit flush in the face by an old front page of a newspaper. Unruffled, he removes it and reads the headline: "CHARLES MANSON CONVICTED". The date is 1970.

He continues on towards the office under the house's ever-watchful eyes, made even more ominous by the now brooding sky. He looks up at it one more time, focusing on Mrs. Bates' infamous window, then enters:

60 THE OFFICE 60

dust-caked but otherwise exactly as we remember it, down to the last detail. It's all sort of unnerving to us, but not to Alex who gazes around like it's a long-lost friend -- examining the keyboard full of keys -- the fierce-looking stuffed bird in Norman's adjoining room -- then finally the ledger book.

61 INSERT OF LEDGER 61

The last entry of Janet Leigh's character in Psycho.

62

ALEX

62

addresses Norman's urn.

ALEX

It's all here just like you said.

Suddenly he hears something from behind, turns.

63

WHAT HE SEES

63

It's just the wind slamming closed the door.

64

CLOSE ON HIS HAND

64

removing the key to cabin #1. He gazes around once more, it all seems to give him a sense of well-being, then heads for the door.

Bleed in sound of hard-driving shower.

65

INT. CABIN #1 - NIGHT

65

Camera slowly pans the room, discovering the bed made, Alex's empty suitcase with his things neatly hanging in a closet, and the urn sitting atop the night table, illuminated by a lamp. In the b.g. we see Alex through the translucent shower curtain, washing. He turns off the shower.

Camera pulls back, through open window, and up into long crane shot of the motel.

ALEX (O.S.)

Well Norman, we're finally home.

The light goes off inside the room and the motel is completely dark. Then the camera slowly pans up to Mrs. Bates' house. There! in her window, is a light...It too goes off.

66

INT. CABIN #1 - MORNING

66

Alex stands before a mirror eyeing an open book entitled How To Get A Loan, while nervously fidgeting with a tie he is wearing to go along with his one and only and rather small suit. From the looks of it we can't help thinking that he's had it since he was fifteen. As he rehearses for the imaginary loan officer he strikes a businesslike, and very out of character tone.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

ALEX

Gentlemen, I'm Alex West and I'm here to ask...No, that's not right...

(tries again)

Gentlemen, you're Alex West and...Oh, you're here to...jeez how'm I going to do this...Okay, one more time.

Then he gives up on his tie, leaves it comically askew, and opens the door.

67 EXT. BATES MOTEL - MORNING

67

Alex exits Cabin #1, still rehearsing.

ALEX

Gentlemen, I'm Alex West and I need your help.

Pleased with the way it came out, he takes a deep breath of fresh morning air, then something he sees stops him.

68 WHAT HE SEES

68

Mrs. Bates' window is wide open.

69 ALEX

69

is puzzled. It wasn't open last night. Curiously, he makes for the house, up those twisting concrete steps, and up to the front door. I wouldn't go in there. Would you? Alex does.

70 INT. MRS. BATES' HOUSE - MORNING

70

Alex opens the front door, backlit by the morning sun streaming through the door frame. He closes the door behind him, then heads for those stairs, passing the entrance to the living room, which except for the dust looks exactly as it did in Mrs. Bates' heyday.

He slowly climbs the steps, wood creaking under his feet.

Reaching the top he stops, looks at Mrs. Bates' closed bedroom door. Moves towards it...quietly knocks...no answer...places his hand on the old door knob, and turns...it. The door swings open.

71 WHAT HE SEES

71

It is furnished exactly as we remember it, but a mess -- unmade bed, Mrs. Bates' Victorian dresses, shoes, accessories strewn about like it's the room of an unmanageable teenage girl. Puzzled, he enters, looks around. Suddenly he hears a peculiar walking sound below, like two pieces of fur rubbing against each other. Then a door slams shut.

Alex follows the sound, down the stairs, and up to the front door. He opens it just in time to see the makeshift door in the fence slam closed. He's bewildered, then looks at his wristwatch. He's got to get going.

72 EXT. BANK - MORNING

72

Alex tentatively approaches the front door, so anxious over what he has to do that he doesn't even realize this is the same bank we saw earlier. Before entering, he catches his reflection in the glass door, and is pleased with the way he looks.

73 INT. BANK - MORNING

73

Alex enters, looks around. Every sound seems amplified as tellers count out money, stamp receipts, the sights and sounds of busy commerce. He shrinks back. People make him nervous, and a lot of people make him even more nervous.

He spots a Secretary sitting at her desk outside a door marked "TOM FULLER, VICE PRESIDENT, LOAN OFFICER". He steps up to her. but she's so busy doing paperwork she doesn't notice. He coughs to get her attention. No luck. It was hard enough for him to come here, and she's just making it more difficult. He turns to find someone more helpful.

SECRETARY

Can I help you, sir?

He's momentarily tongue-tied.

SECRETARY

Sir?...

No response.

SECRETARY

...Did you wish to see our loan officer, Mr. Fuller?

ALEX

Thank you, Miss.

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED

73

SECRETARY

And your name?

ALEX

My name?

SECRETARY

Well, I have to tell him who wants to see him. don't I? Part of my job.

Her pleasant manner is putting him at ease.

ALEX

I'm sorry. My name is Alex West. I own the Bates Motel.

SECRETARY

Very well, Mr. West, if you'll just take a seat, I'll tell him you're here.

Alex smiles, then sits on a chair reserved for waiting customers. The tension seems to be receding, but someone he sees puts an end to all that.

74 WHAT HE SEES - THE GUARD

74

he had a run-in with earlier prowls his domain.

75 ALEX

75

goes white, looks for way out. A side door. Trying to hide his face from the Guard, he cautiously makes for it. He's stopped by:

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Mr. West?...

The Secretary exits her boss's office.

SECRETARY

...Mr Fuller will be right with you...
(referring to the
chair)
...Please.

Alex looks around, doesn't see the Guard, then returns to his seat, and watches the nice Secretary walk to the other side of the bank...He relaxes. Suddenly the Guard's hand clamps down hard on his shoulder from behind.

CONTINUED

75

CONTINUED

75

GUARD

Okay pal, I warned you. Let's get a move on.

The powerful Guard hoists him to his feet, and bodily starts removing him from the bank like a truant officer would an errant kid.

GUARD

Nice an' easy, an' I don't want no back talk.

ALEX

Hey, now just a minute here.

Just as he's about to toss him out the door, he hears:

FULLER (O.S.)

Pete?

GUARD

Yes sir, Mr. Fuller?

Fuller, an ambitious, big-smile guy in his forties, approaches.

FULLER

Mind tellin' me what you're doing?

GUARD

I found this deadbeat here yesterday tamperin' with the automatic teller.

FULLER

Well, if you would be so kind as to release this deadbeat the new owner of the Bates Motel and I are going to my office.

(to Alex)

After you, Mr. West.

Alex can't help but grin at the Guard, which leaves him fuming.

76

INT. FULLER'S OFFICE - MORNING

76

FULLER

Now Alex, if I may call you that, how can I help ya out?

Alex hands him a legal document attesting to his ownership of the Bates Motel.

CONTINUED

ALEX

Thank you sir.

FULLER

Tom, it's Tom to you, a friendly bank has to have friendly people or it doesn't work.

ALEX

Boy, this is a lot easier than I thought it was going to be. Okay, Tom, as you see I own the Bates Motel....

FULLER

And a prime piece of real estate it is. Banks around here, have been trying to get their hands on it for years.

ALEX

Oh, oh. Well, I thought perhaps I could get a loan.

FULLER

A loan, huh?

Alex thinks the resistance is starting already.

ALEX

Yes sir, Tom, but I...
(interrupted)

FULLER

Figured it was just a matter of time before some hotshot developer like yourself came in and really made a killing. Quite a coup. What're we talkin', ten, twenty million for an office tower?

ALEX

Office tower?

FULLER

Yeah, you know, some nice thirty, story steel an' glass, marble an concrete monolith. A fitting salute to our Plainedale Skyline.

ALEX

Well, no, actually Tom, I wasn't thinking quite so big, just enough to fix it up, like get it running again, you know?

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED (2)

76

FULLER
(incredulous)
Not going to level it?

ALEX
No.

FULLER
Just a, slap on a few coats of paint,
a new roof maybe, and have yourself a
nice little small motel business?

ALEX
(sheepishly)
Well, truthfully, I was thinking of
adding some rooms, an' maybe even a
swimming pool.

FULLER
Swimming pool, huh? Look if you don't
mind my saying it, from a business point
of view, this is the craziest thing I've
ever heard. That property's worth a
fortune.

ALEX
So can I have a loan?

For the first time Fuller takes a good hard look at his
customer, and is starting to realize that this guy has what
he would consider "toys in the attic."

ALEX
Tom, Norman left it to me, I was his
friend and I just have to make it a
great place again. I just have to.

FULLER
Yes, now I see.

ALEX
Will you please give me the loan?

FULLER
...You'll have to put the land up as
collateral, you know that?

ALEX
Okay.

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED (3)

76

FULLER

(thinking)

...Okay, tell ya what I'll do, have your architect and contractor send me an estimate, and I'll do everything I can to push it through.

Alex writes down what he just said, on a notepad, as he enthusiastically shakes his hand.

ALEX

Thank you, Tom, thank you very much.

77 INT. MRS. BATES' HOUSE - NIGHT

77

Alex enters the front door, carrying a bag of groceries, cheerfully whistling after his success at the bank. He walks through the darkened house and into:

78 THE KITCHEN

78

where he turns on a light, then places the bag on the counter and begins unpacking. Something he sees stops him. There is a cup of half-drunk coffee on the table and a plate with bread crumbs and a smudge of jelly. He's puzzled, wondering where they came from. Then shrugs the minor mystery off, and continues unpacking...Suddenly he hears a click from behind and turns to see that the refrigerator door has opened seemingly by itself. Thinking nothing of it, he places a carton of milk inside, then closes it, and continues unpacking...Again the door clicks open. He closes it again, firmly this time, making sure it's secure, then stands watching it, as if daring it to open. It doesn't. Satisfied that he's conquered this refrigerator that seems to have a mind of its own, he returns to his groceries. Then as if trying to trick the refrigerator, he quickly whirls around to catch it in the act of opening. It remains closed. He smiles to himself, but his satisfaction is short-lived as the toaster pops up behind him. He depresses the toaster button, but it pops up again. Becoming frustrated by this kitchen that seems to be conspiring against him, he pulls the plug.

ALEX

There, that'll fix you.

Then he returns to unpacking his groceries. Suddenly the refrigerator door clicks open again, and a now totally frustrated Alex stares at it in disbelief. But just for a second, for now the unplugged toaster pops up again behind him, adding to his consternation. He throws up his hands in frustration, saying:

CONTINUED

ALEX

Okay, okay, you guys win. Do what you want, I've got to finish unpacking here.

Then he returns to the grocery bag and continues unpacking. As he removes a box of cookies from the bag he hears that walking sound again coming up the outside steps.

He hurries into the darkened hallway, grabs a wooden post that has fallen away from the banister, then hides behind the front door with it held high over his head. The presence draws closer. He's frightened. It's now right outside the door. It opens. Alex readies the "club." Then what appears to be a weird-looking creature, a monster, steps through the door.

ALEX

Hold it right there and don't move!

The creature turns, and Alex comes face to face with the San Diego Chicken we saw earlier. They are both transfixed, afraid to move, trying to figure out what's going on. Finally Alex says:

ALEX

Who are you?

CHICKEN

Who am I? The better question is, who are you?

(grabbing the club)

Now, give me that, an' don't get smart or I'll brain ya. Now I want some answers an' it better be good.

ALEX

(intimidated)

My name is Alex, an'...an' I live here.

The motor-mouthed creature removes the headdress revealing an unkempt but pretty girl in her twenties. Her name is Sandra and she's like a buzz saw in search of a two by four, and right now Alex is it.

SANDRA

Oh you do, huh? Into the kitchen and no funny business!

Alex obeys and walks in front of her and into:

where she sees his groceries.

SANDRA

Oh, an' look who's made himself at home already -- cereal, milk, cookies, I hate this kind.

ALEX

Well, I...
(interrupted)

SANDRA

(opening the
cookies)

Look, I've been living here for three months, and if I wanted a roommate I'd put an ad in the paper.

As she munches on a cookie she gives him the once over, crumbs falling out of her mouth.

SANDRA

An' straighten your tie, I can't stand sloppy people.

Alex realizes that her bark is worse than her bite, in fact there is something sad about her. Like him. She wipes her mouth with her sleeve and reaches for another cookie.

ALEX

Can I get you a glass of milk with that?

SANDRA

Just stay where you are, okay? Where I can see you. Now what are you doing here?

ALEX

Like I tried telling you, I'm the owner.

SANDRA

You? The owner? Of what?

ALEX

This motel.

SANDRA

Oh, sure you are.

ALEX

(reaching into
his vest pocket)
But it's true. Here, I can prove it.

CONTINUED

79

CONTINUED

79

He hands her a document, which she skeptically peruses.

SANDRA

Yeah, an' who's this Norman Bates character?

ALEX

He was the previous owner. He left it to me in his will.

(referring to document)

See, I'm the name just under his, Alex West.

SANDRA

I can read, I can read. Okay, so you own the place, big deal, now what?

ALEX

(referring to club)

You think you could put that thing down first?

SANDRA

(warily lowering the club)

But one false move an' you're a memory.

ALEX

Thank you.

SANDRA

...Y'welcome.

Alex gingerly removes the murderous-looking club from her hand with a sigh of relief.

ALEX

Well, now that we've got that all cleared up, how 'bout something to eat?

SANDRA

(smiling)

Sure, why not?

80

TIME LAPSE

80

Camera slowly pans the now messy kitchen counter, stove, etc. Over this we hear her telling Alex her life story as they finish eating at the table.

CONTINUED

SANDRA

...so after I got rid of that jerk,
lemme tell ya the only one you can
depend on's yourself, I said good-bye
to my parents an' I hitched
cross-country.

Alex sits at the table nursing a glass of milk, reading
between the lines and peering deep beneath Sandra's quirky
surface.

SANDRA

It's been great, lots of friends,
everyone wants me to stay with them, but
ya gotta be independent or they'll chew
you up alive out there.

Alex just nods. This makes her uncomfortable and she
pushes on.

SANDRA

Hey, I've got everything where I want
it, acting career's just starting to
take off, wait'll they see my face on
the cover of Time magazine, then
what'd'ya think they'll say?

ALEX

That they should've had more faith.

SANDRA

Damn right.

She stops talking for a second, as if having heard what he
said for the first time.

SANDRA

Hey, not much of a conversationalist,
but I've gotta feelin' you understand
yeah, a whole lot of things.

He just continues staring at her. This makes her
uncomfortable and she hyperactively begins clearing the
plates off the table.

SANDRA

Yeah, well, I'm gonna have to teach you
to express yourself a little more.
Strong silent types might've been okay
in that a, place you were in, but out
here you've gotta speak up, or you'll
never get this place rebuilt.

Alex struggles to tell her something.

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED (2)

80

ALEX

Sandra, I...
(interrupted)

SANDRA

Forget it, no thanks necessary. Be glad to stay on, help you over the hurdles, keep those fast-talkers from rippin' ya off.

ALEX

But...
(interrupted)

SANDRA

(laying on a
little guilt
trip)

So what if I'll have to put my life on hold till we whip this joint into shape. What are friends for, anyway?

She closes in on him, prompting him to pop out of his chair and slowly back up like some human buzz saw is after him.

SANDRA

What'd'ya figure it'll take us, two, maybe three months?

ALEX

(backing up
against a wall)

Um...Sandra, it's nothing personal, but I've got to do this for myself.

Now having him backed up against the wall, she tries soothing him like a child, with just the slightest, sexual undertone.

SANDRA

Of course you do...

(reaching to
touch his face)

...an' I'm gonna be right here to make sure that no one stands in your way.

Alex nervously evades her touch.

ALEX

No...what I mean is all by myself.

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED (3)

SANDRA
(slightly
wounded)
Oh, yeah, I get it...
(quickly
recovering)
Well, why didn't you say so in the first
place? Don't you think I've got other
things to do? Places to go?

ALEX
I'm sorry, but I just think it would be
better that way.

Hiding the disappointment behind her bravado, she says:

SANDRA
I'll be gone in the morning. No
problem.

81 EXT. BATES MOTEL - MORNING

The morning sun warms the facade of Mrs. Bates' house, and as we dolly around it we see the rays reflect off the upstairs windows, giving them a fiery, evil glow, like they are alive.

82 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Alex is doing the dishes at the sink. He looks up and through the window.

83 WHAT HE SEES

Sandra carries her suitcase walks towards the door in the fence. Opens it, looks back one last time, then disappears through it.

84 ALEX

sad, but relieved, attacks the dishes with renewed energy. Suddenly in rapid succession the refrigerator door opens, the toaster pops, and appropriately a new wrinkle in the haunted kitchen manifests itself -- the dishwasher door flies open. Unfazed, Alex places dirty dishes inside it and says:

ALEX
Thanks.

85 EXT. BATES MOTEL - DAY

Alex walks the land with an Architect. He is, as usual, respectful, compliant, while trying to maintain the integrity of the place against the fast-moving winds of change.

ARCHITECT

...First thing, total facelift, make it more congruous with the surrounding architecture.

ALEX

That's a good idea, but I'm not so sure Norman would've wanted me to change things that much.

ARCHITECT

(understanding
the obvious)

With all due respect to this prior owner of yours, the area has gone through a bit of a change in the last twenty-five years. Frankly I think you need something a tad more moderno.

ALEX

Moderno?

ARCHITECT

Like that awful house....

ALEX

(sentimentally)

But Norman grew up in there.

ARCHITECT

Level it. Put in a sundeck, maybe even a few shuffleboard courts.

ALEX

(becoming
overwhelmed)

Shuffleboard courts?

ARCHITECT

Badminton too, a successful motel today has to provide a whole range of facilities or it can't compete.

Being a babe in the business woods, all Alex can do is agree.

ALEX

You're the architect.

CONTINUED

85

CONTINUED

8

SANDRA (O.S.)

Yeah, but you're the customer.

Alex turns to see Sandra with her suitcase moving towards the Architect like a rebel with a cause.

SANDRA

An' the customer's always right. Isn't that correct?

ARCHITECT

(off-balance)

Generally, yes.

SANDRA

(to Alex)

Told ya.

(aside)

Just couldn't bring myself to leave you at the mercy of every con artist in town.

ARCHITECT

(having overheard the insult)

Would you mind telling me who this a, young lady is?

SANDRA

I'm not a young lady, okay? I'm Mr. West's design consultant, and I'm here to make sure no one, for lack of a better term, picks his pocket.

Astounded by her behavior, the Architect looks to Alex for confirmation. Mortified, he ushers her away.

ALEX

Would you please excuse us?

(to Sandra)

That's my architect you're talking to like that.

SANDRA

Wrong. That's a guy who wants his monument to go up with your money. Whatever it costs.

ALEX

I don't think that's fair.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED (2)

SANDRA

Oh no? I heard what he said. Level this, shuffleboard that, by the time he got finished this place'd look like the Love Boat...

(heading back to
the Architect)

...An' I'm going to tell him that.

Alex grabs her by the arm, stops her.

ALEX

Oh, no you're not. This is my place, Sandra. My place. An' besides I thought you left.

SANDRA

What do you think I am, some fair-weather friend that'll desert you just when you need her the most? I couldn't do it, Alex for your sake, not mine. You're a babe in the woods...

(raising her
voice for the
Architect to
hear)

...a guppie in a tank full of sharks,
an' I'm not gonna let him eat ya up!

Embarrassed, Alex gazes over at the Architect, who has heard everything.

ALEX

Could you please keep your voice down?

SANDRA

Believe me, that kind doesn't offend.

ALEX

Sandra, please, I'm asking you.

SANDRA

Okay, but just for you.

Then she marches past the Architect with her suitcase towards Mrs. Bates' house and gives him one final piece of her mind.

SANDRA

(to Architect)

An' no shuffleboard courts.

ALEX

I'm sorry.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED (3)

ARCHITECT
(understatedly)
She seems a little angry.

ALEX
(philosophically)
A lot of people are.

86 EXT. PLAINDALE COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Alex walks along a dirt road leading to a small ramshackle house sitting on a piece of land just beyond the hungry reach of a new tract home development. He's carrying the Architect's plans. Approaching the front door he suddenly hears a voice over a bullhorn from behind.

SHERIFF (O.S.)
Don't go in there!

Alex turns to see the Sheriff and a few deputies standing beside a bulldozer with the driver behind the wheel.

SHERIFF
Who are you? What do you want?

ALEX
I'm Alex West, and I've come to see Mr. Watson.

SHERIFF
I must advise you not to go in. He may be armed and dangerous.

Alex hears Henry through the screen door but can't see him.

HENRY (O.S.)
Pay no attention, Alex. Door's open.

Showing no fear, knowing Henry wouldn't hurt him, Alex slowly opens the creaking door and goes:

87 INSIDE

where Henry despondently sits on a chair in the middle of the living area/kitchen, a rifle by his side.

HENRY
Mornin' Alex, get ya somethin'? Nice cold drink?

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED

ALEX

No thank you, Mr. Watson. What is all this?

HENRY

(lost in the
past)

Forty-three years I've been livin' here. Used to fish, hunt, right out there, where those houses are now. Sometimes at night, it was so quiet, you could hear your heart beating. Good feeling.

ALEX

The sheriff says you're dangerous.

HENRY

Dangerous? They're the ones that are dangerous. Landlord sold the land and like everything else around here they want to bulldoze it away, make way for more of those silly houses with roofs that leak an' foundations that crack.

ALEX

It's progress Henry, what can we do?

HENRY

Only thing a man can do. Threaten 'em, tell 'em they'll have to bulldoze me along with the place...then go quietly.

ALEX

Where are you going to go, Mr. Watson?

HENRY

Never really thought about it before.

Alex unrolls the Architect's plans and hands them to H\him. He scans them, then questioningly looks up.

ALEX

I need a contractor, Mr. Watson.

HENRY

Sorry Alex, but I've never done anything this big before. Better get yourself a professional.

ALEX

I need someone who builds things so the roof won't leak and the foundation is strong.

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED (2)

Alex is persuasive in his quiet, childlike way, and Henry begins softening.

ALEX
I'll pay you whatever is fair and you
may live there.

HENRY
(handing back the
plans)
Thanks, but I'm too old for sympathy.

ALEX
Mr. Watson, I need someone I can trust.
Someone who cares.

No response...Alex takes the rifle. Henry looks at it.

HENRY
It wasn't loaded anyway.

Then takes it back and heaves it out the front door for the Sheriff's benefit. He looks to Alex with a smile.

HENRY
Besides, what good would it do me
against all those ghosts of yours?

CUT TO

88 A BULLDOZER

moves towards us, then out of frame revealing Henry and Fuller standing in front of the motel in a cloud of dust. In the b.g. a small legion of workmen are reroofing, laying new foundations, hammering. Henry raises his voice over the din.

HENRY
Excavatin' the swimmin' pool.
(pointing to the
house)
But I don't think old lady Bates is
gonna much like us diggin' up her tomato
patch.

89 CLOSE ON BULLDOZER'S CLAW-LIKE SCOOP

taking an angry, violent bite into the earth. We hear what sounds like a scream.

Match sound cut to:

90 INT. BATES' OFFICE - DAY

But instead of a scream what we've heard was Sandra, howling with laughter at a Salesman who has been trying to sell Alex vibrator beds for the motel, and like with the Architect, she pulls no punches.

SANDRA

Vibrator beds for the guests' health and comfort? You gotta be kiddin'. That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard. Look, read my lips, the Bates Motel ain't gonna be no sleazo joint with vibrator beds an' hoochie coochie girls on the tube. It's gonna be a refined kinda joint with a cafe with good food.

Flabbergasted, the Salesman implores the mortified Alex to listen to reason.

SALESMAN

In twenty years on the road, I've never heard anything like this.

91 CLOSE ON BULLDOZER

taking a tremendous bite out of the earth.

SALESMAN (O.S.)

Our beds have been certified by the Association of Hospitals....

92 BACK TO SALESMAN

SALESMAN

...Doctors, physicians throughout the world.

Just then they hear what sounds like a powerful electric charge!

93 CLOSE ON BULLDOZER

as an electrical charge passes through it, stopping the motor and knocking the driver out of his seat and sprawling onto the ground.

Henry, Fuller, and the rest of the workmen stand in silence, caught midway in what they were doing, a little spooked by what they've just witnessed.

94 ALEX AND SANDRA

hurriedly exit the office and go over to Henry.

ALEX
What happened?

HENRY
(pointing to
bulldozer)
Either we hit an electrical cable or....

95 WHAT ALEX SEES

The bulldozer stands frozen like a statue with a large mound of earth held high above it in its scoop.

HENRY (O.S.)
...Mrs. Bates is tryin' to tell us
somethin'.

96 FULLER

laughs uncomfortably.

WORKMAN (O.S.)
Hey, Henry....

The Workman jabs at an electrical cable that has been unearthed by the bulldozer. It emits a few sparks.

WORKMAN
...looks like we hit an old underground
cable.

97 ALEX

goes over to the Driver who is still shaken, but unhurt.

ALEX
Are you okay? Do you want me to call
an ambulance?

Just then he hears a powerful round of sparks, turns,
looks.

98 WHAT HE SEES IN SLOW MOTION

The bulldozer's engine comes to life, and as if being operated by an unseen presence, the scoop dumps its contents onto the ground. When the dust clears we see a

CONTINUED

98 CONTINUED

coffin sitting on its side, partially buried in the mound of dirt. A creak...then the top falls open, and a skeleton looking exactly as Mrs. Bates did in Psycho rolls out and onto the ground, grinning at us.

Musical scream.

Match sound cut to:

99 THE HOUSE

also grinning, like it is pleased by what it sees. The scream bleeds into an ambulance siren.

100 AN AMBULANCE

arrives at the motel. Paramedics hop out, attend to the driver, while the Sheriff examines the skeleton. Alex, Sandra, Henry and Fuller look on.

SHERIFF

In the confusion, with the shock waves it set off around here, they never did find the body.

MR. FULLER

(slightly
spooked)

Then you really think this is....

SHERIFF

(irreverently)

None other than the little woman of the house herself, Mrs. Gloria Bates; planted here by her one an' only son, in her favorite place, her tomato patch.

101 SANDRA

made uncomfortable by all this, clings to Alex for support.

SANDRA

(ironically)

Nice little bedtime story.

ALEX

(soothing her)

It's over now.

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

SHERIFF
(to one of his
deputies)
Okay, let's get this bag of bones outta
here an' over to the cemetery where she
belongs.

102 CLOSE ON SKELETON'S DEATH HEAD

SHERIFF (O.S.)
Compliments of the City.

103 EXT. CEMETERY DAY

Mrs. Bates' tombstone reads "Gloria Bates. Born 1920.
Died 1960". The coffin is being lowered into the gravesite
while a Pastor says a few words. Alex, Sandra, Henry,
Fuller and the Sheriff look on under a brooding overcast
sky.

PASTOR
And so Gloria Bates we commend you to
the earth and hope that after all these
years you will at last find peace.

A chilling wind kicks up, and Sandra huddles closer to
Alex. As the Pastor utters the "Lord's Prayer," Alex looks
in the direction of the wind.

104 WHAT HE SEES

Standing on a crest in the distance, is a Lady veiled in
black, watching.

105 ALEX

thinks nothing of it, retracts his gaze on the coffin.

PASTOR
...and though I walk through the valley
of death the Lord is with me....

Alex looks once again at the mysterious Lady. She stands
as still as a statue, wind sweeping her black lacy garments
behind her. Still we don't see her face.

PASTOR (O.S.)
...to comfort me and protect me through
all my days. For he is the power and
glory, forever, amen.

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED

10

The Pastor throws some dirt on the coffin, followed by Alex.

ALEX

Amen.

He looks for the Lady again, but she has vanished.

SHERIFF

You can say that again.

He puts on his hat, and along with the others leaves the gravesite.

ALEX

(to Sandra)

Did you see that lady?

SANDRA

See who?

ALEX

That Lady in black, she was watching, over there.

SANDRA

Lady in black?

ALEX

Henry, you saw her.

Henry shakes his head no.

ALEX

Sheriff, she was right over there.

SHERIFF

(irreverently)

Who knows, maybe it was old Gloria makin' sure we did things right.

SANDRA

(chilled)

Come on, let's get outta here.

They leave frame and we're left looking at the crest.

106 EXT. BATES MOTEL - NIGHT

Camera slowly dollies, like through the eyes of an unseen presence, past a sign stuck in the ground reading: "FUTURE HOME OF BATES CAFE"; past the partially constructed new wing; past the excavated hole that will be the swimming pool; and up to a second-story window where there is a light burning inside. Norman's old room.

107 THROUGH THE WINDOW

We see Alex poring over ledger sheets as he sits on the floor, Norman's urn nearby. Overwhelmed by his task, he gives up and pensively stares at the urn.

ALEX

Cash outlays, debits, numbers,
numbers,whew! It's all so confusing.
Maybe I should go back where I belong.
Yeah, I know what you'd say if you were
here, 'If you won't try, you don't
succeed'. But, besides our friendship,
I've never done anything right in my
whole life.

Just then he hears a loud crash downstairs.

108 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sandra's wearing an apron and chef's hat, covered from head to toe with food stains, picking up her latest concoction off the floor. Some kind of meat loaf intermingled with shards of shattered plate. Alex enters, gazes in astonishment at the mess that was once his kitchen -- things boiled over on the stove, flour everywhere.

SANDRA

Hey, just in time to taste my blue plate special.

He's speechless.

SANDRA

I've decided since we can't find any one decent, I'm going to be the chef here.

She lifts a gravied piece of meat loaf off the floor with her fingers, then places it onto a large shard.

SANDRA

Meat loaf a la Bates, eggs, fresh herbs,
a real crowd pleaser.

(more)

CONTINUED

108

CONTINUED

10

SANDRA (Cont'd)
(placing it down
on table for
him)
Go ahead, taste it.

Alex reluctantly approaches the distasteful looking lump. Doesn't quite know how to eat it. Impatiently, she grabs it with her fingers and stuffs it into her mouth.

SANDRA
Here, with the fingers, that's how the Japanese do it.

He does likewise, chews it, while she insecurely looks on....

SANDRA
Well, what's the verdict? Meat loaf history? Best you've ever had?

He bites into a small shard, and removes it from his mouth.

ALEX
It's good, I think this is a piece of plate.

SANDRA
You really mean it or just sayin' it to be nice?

ALEX
No, it's good.

SANDRA
(agitatedly)
It's good? Do you think you would be a little more enthusiastic? How 'bout very good. Would that kill ya?

Angrily she begins cleaning up, banging pans, throwing things into the sink.

SANDRA
Boy, it's always the same. Put your heart into something, an' what'd'ya get? Bopped over the head.

ALEX
(sympathetically)
Sandra, what would you like me to say?

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED (2)

10

SANDRA
And stop looking at me like I'm nuts,
okay? 'Cause if there's anyone crazy
around here, it ain't me.

The hurt registers on Alex's face.

SANDRA
Hey, look, I didn't mean it exactly that
way. It's just most people don't go
'round seeing things that aren't there.

What she's said has an element of truth. Alex nods then
retreats out the door.

SANDRA
(throwing a pot)
Me and my big mouth.

109 OMITTED

10

109A EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

109

Alex stands beside Mrs. Bates' gravesite, looking at her
tombstone. A stiff wind kicks up, and he looks to the
crest.

109B WHAT HE SEES

109

The Lady In Black, standing as still as a statue.

ALEX
Who are you?

The Lady moves toward him, but in spite of her distance,
her voice sounds like it is much closer.

LADY IN BLACK
You know who I am. Someone who gave
everything to her child. Who broke no
law, committed no crime, save to want
for him the best.

ALEX
But you smothered him.

The Lady draws closer, the wind howling.

CONTINUED

109B

CONTINUED

109

LADY IN BLACK
Loved 'im! And what did I get in
return?

Alex doesn't flinch, doesn't retreat.

ALEX
You beat him down.

LADY IN BLACK
Because I loved him.

ALEX
No.

LADY IN BLACK
Like your stepfather loved you.

The following litany grows louder, builds to a crescendo
as she continues towards him, spreading her arms out like
winged angel of death.

ALEX
That man tortured me.

LADY IN BLACK
Because he loved you.

ALEX
No, told me I was worthless.

LADY IN BLACK
Because he loved you.

ALEX
No, he hated me.

LADY IN BLACK
Because he loved you.

ALEX
Nooo....

Then the Lady stops, a towering figure high above him.

LADY IN BLACK
And he sent me to show you his love.

Moving to embrace him we see for the first time that her
hands are the white, bleached bones of a skeleton. Then
the wind blows off her veil, exposing a mocking death's
head. He screams as she envelops him.

109C INT. NORMAN'S OLD ROOM - MORNING

109

(X)

(X)

Alex bolts up in bed awakening from his dream, trembling, pajamas soaked through with perspiration. He gazes around the room to reassure himself that it was just a dream. Everything appears as it should be. Centering himself, he climbs out of bed then leaves the room in search of Sandra.

110 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

11

Alex enters, looking for her. What he sees stops him.

111 HIS POINT OF VIEW - THE KITCHEN

11

is spotless, like Mr. Clean himself has been through it. Not a dish out of place except for a breakfast setting for one neatly laid out on the table -- cereal, carton of milk, teacup, and note leaning against a vase of fresh-cut flowers. He picks it up and reads it.

ALEX

'Dear Alex. Like everything else, I'm
messing up your life too. Good luck.
Sandra.'

CUT TO

112 EXT. FAST-FOOD CHICKEN JOINT - MORNING

112

The "San Diego" Chicken walks back and forth on the sidewalk, wearing a Depression-type sign on slung over its shoulders advertising a breakfast special. It sees something, stops, eyes it suspiciously.

113 WHAT IT SEES

113

Alex stands off to the side, contrite.

ALEX

(quietly)

Sandra, I'm sorry. I'm very sorry.

114 THE CHICKEN

114

turns on its heels, continuing its monotonous journey. Alex hurries up to it, but it keeps on pacing.

ALEX

Please, I really did like the meat loaf.
Honest.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

11

It ignores him, keeps on pacing.

ALEX

Look, I don't blame you for being mad at me, but I had my own problems.

It keeps on pacing.

ALEX

Please, say you'll forgive me.

CHICKEN

(muffled through
headpiece)

Beat it!

Alex latches onto its arm. People stop, amused by this strange encounter -- a man apologizing to a chicken.

ALEX

Tell me you'll come back. Please
Sandra, I need you.

Angrily, the Chicken rips off the headpiece, and a sort of dumb-looking high school Macho Type, embarrassed by what the onlookers might think, says:

MACHO TYPE

Hey, what're'ya, crazy or somethin'?
Get away from me.

ALEX

I'm so sorry, I thought you were Sandra.

MACHO TYPE

Figures, any friend of hers gotta be a
wack-job.

(off Alex's
reaction)

Hey, I didn't mean nothin' by it.

Alex nods

MACHO TYPE

Look, she didn't show up for work this
mornin', so they called me to work a
double shift. That's all I know.

(complaining)

An' on my beach day too.

He replaces his headpiece and continues on his back and forth journey. Alex dejectedly turns, walks down the street. Fuller pulls alongside in his car.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED (2)

114

FULLER

Hey Alex, how's it comin', give ya a lift?

Alex climbs into the car, tries to be cheerful, put up a confident front.

ALEX

Thanks Mr. Fuller, Tom, everything's goin' just great.

FULLER

That's good. Truth is, I was a little concerned after they found the old lady. Word around town is it really spooked the workers. Think it's haunted.

115 INSIDE THE MOVING CAR

115

ALEX

Yeah, can't blame them. But according to Henry we'll be opening next week.

FULLER

Hey, that's terrific. Boy, gotta hand it to you, knowing the history of that place, I'd be out of there at the first full moon.

ALEX

History, you mean with Norman?

FULLER

Heck no, everyone knows about that. I mean with the father, Jake Bates.

ALEX

Jake Bates?

FULLER

Norman's old man. Finding the old lady got me curious so I started diggin' around -- neighbors, newspapers, that kind of stuff. Supposedly she was having a rough time with him. Wanted him home with her at night. But he was always down at the motel, making sure the customers were satisfied. Especially the pretty ones. Then one day he just vanished. Police figured he satisfied a customer a little too much, and they ran off together.

(more)

CONTINUED

115

CONTINUED

115

FULLER (Cont'd)

She was heartbroken. Kinda went bananas. Every night, with little Norman screaming in his crib, she'd sit in that window of hers, in a black dress, like she was in mourning, staring down at the vacancy sign, as if waiting for him to return. But he never did.

ALEX

(thoughtfully)

Did you say a black dress?

FULLER

That's what they say. Gave 'em the creeps seeing her sitting there, every night, in that dress and black veil.

Alex flinches at the mention of the "black veil," then Fuller stops in front of the Bates, while Alex gazes off into the distance, shell-shocked.

FULLER

(off Alex's look)

Yeah, that's how I felt when I heard it. Pretty spooky stuff.

(looking through windshield)

Hey, it's really taking shape.

ALEX

(climbing out)

It is. Thanks, and thanks for the ride, Tom.

Fuller, a concerned expression on his face, watches Alex walk towards the motel.

FULLER

Any time.

116

EXT. BATES MOTEL - MORNING

116

Fuller pulls away, and we stay with Alex as he heads for Mrs. Bates' house. He stops, looks up.

117

WHAT HE SEES

117

Mrs. Bates' window silently staring down at him.

118 BACK TO ALEX

118

still staring up at it. We sense he's starting to unravel.

CHARLIE THE WORKMAN (O.S.)

Yeah, well I've had enough!

Alex turns to see Henry and the workman, standing in a circle around something on the ground below the BATES sign.

CHARLIE THE WORKMAN

And if you guys don't want anything
weird happenin' t'ya, you'd come too.

Alex slowly walks over to the congregation.

ALEX

What's wrong, Henry?

The workers part for him to see.

119 WHAT HE SEES

119

A skeleton lies in a shallow grave, a stainless steel kitchen knife protruding from its rib cage.

HENRY

It's Jake Bates. Charlie here found him
when he was diggin'.

(handing him a
garish ring)

Always used to see him wearing it.
J.B., his initials.

Alex fingers it, shaken, hand quivering.

120 INSERT - THE LETTERS "J.B."

120

in diamond chips glisten in the sun.

CHARLIE THE WORKMAN (O.S.)

It's nothing against your personal like,
Alex, it's just this place ain't no
motel, it's a burial ground.

121 ALEX

121

flinches at this, looks at the glistening ring once more,
then up at Mrs. Bates' window which now brilliantly catches
the sun, blinding us.

123 CONTINUED

12

stopped. He returns to his thoughts...hears the sound again. He climbs out of bed, goes over to the window. The sound stops again. He looks out.

124 WHAT HE SEES

12

The motel below is eerily quiet. Nothing is moving. No lights.

125 ALEX

12

turns to climb back in bed, when he hears the sound again. This time louder, more forceful. He reapproaches the window, is shaken by what he sees.

126 WHAT HE SEES

12

The neon VACANCY sign is skittishly flickering on and off.

127 ALEX

12

feels a chill pass through his body, braces himself against the wind.

128 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

12

Alex slowly descends the stairs with a flashlight, the wind howling outside. Approaching the front door he suddenly hears a sound above him, shifts the beam of light onto the crystal hall chandelier. It jingles. Sways. But it's only the wind. Relieved, he takes a deep breath. Then suddenly he hears something from behind, turns.

129 WHAT HE SEES

129

The front door flies open and crashes against the wall. He points the beam at the open door frame, but there is no one there. He goes:

130 OUTSIDE

130

and down the twisting stone steps, the darkened house rising up behind him like some angry beast. With the wind howling in his ears, he turns the corner of the motel. Stops.

- 131 HIS POINT OF VIEW - THE DARKENED SIGN 13
A lifeless piece of metal and neon. He enters his point of view. Approaches.
- 132 HIS MOVING POINT OF VIEW - THE SIGN 13
remains inert.
- 133 ALEX 13
troubled by the mystery, runs his hands around the post, looking for the switch. He can't find it.
- 134 CLOSE ON HIM 13
shrugging it off. He takes a few steps towards the house, then hears the sound again from behind, and turns.
- 135 WHAT HE SEES 13
The VACANCY sign lights up, its letters now glowing strong and true. He gazes up at it, letters reflecting off his confused and somewhat frightened face. Suddenly he spins and looks up at Mrs. Bates' windows.
- 136 WHAT HE SEES 13
Mrs. Bates! slowly rocking back and forth in her rocker, dressed in black, looking down at him through her black veil.
- 137 ALEX 13
races towards the house.
- 138 CLOSE ON ROCKING CHAIR ROCKER 138
Wood against wood striking the floor, back and forth.
- 139 ALEX 139
dashes up the stone steps.
- 140 THE ROCKER 140
continues rocking.

141 ALEX 14
flies through the front door.

142 THE ROCKER 14
rocks more furiously.

143 ALEX 14
races up the stairs.

144 THE ROCKER 14
rocks louder.

145 ALEX 14
out of breath, heart pounding, reaches for the doorknob to
Mrs. Bates' bedroom.

146 INSERT - HIS HAND 14
turns the doorknob to open.

147 INT. MRS. BATES' BEDROOM - NIGHT 14
The door swings open, revealing Alex framed in the doorway.

148 WHAT HE SEES 14
The rocker rocks by the open window as if driven by an
unseen presence. He approaches, cautiously, careful not to
disturb its motion...then closes the window. Slowly the
chair comes to rest. He draws pensive, mind racing, trying
to sort out what is real and what is in his head. He
gingerly sits down in the rocker. Rocks a little. Seems
normal. Breathes a sigh of relief. Then something he sees
through the window freezes him, like ice water being shot
through his veins.

149 VERY CLOSE ON HIM 149
as he leans forward, mouth dry, eyes glazed over with fear,
pressing his face against the window pane.

150 WHAT HE SEES THROUGH THE DISTORTING PANE

150

The sign is brilliantly lit up, casting its glow on the ground where a corpse lies covered with blood, a kitchen knife stuck into its chest. We hear Alex bolt out of the room.

FLASH CUT TO

151 ALEX

151

flies down the stairs, swings open the front door, and collides with a Dark Figure!! He and the figure sprawl onto the porch floor.

152 ALEX

152

afraid to move, stares into the darkness at the figure...Beat....

SANDRA

Jesus, Alex, why don't you watch where your going.

Sandra climbs to her feet.

ALEX

Sandra?

SANDRA

(helping him up)

Who'd you think it was, department of water an' power? Better check for broken bones.

ALEX

(incredulous)

But it's you.

SANDRA

Of course it's me.

ALEX

(excitedly
shaking her)

You're back.

Then remembering his destination, he abruptly heads off down the stone steps, leaving her bewildered.

SANDRA

(facetiously)
Some homecoming.

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED

She doggedly pursues him.

SANDRA

Look, I've been giving this thing a whole lot of thought, and although you were wrong, I'm willing to forgive you.

He keeps walking.

SANDRA

(retreating from
her position)

Well, maybe I was being a bit sensitive.

He keeps walking, which she interprets as further rejection.

SANDRA

Okay so I was wrong. There, I admitted it. But I'm willing to change.

He keeps walking.

SANDRA

Please Alex, you're not making this any easier.

This stops him, and he sympathetically looks at her.

ALEX

It's not you.

SANDRA

(totally
bewildered)

It's not?

ALEX

Sandra, it's Mrs. Bates, I saw her in that window.

Incredulity replaces her feelings of rejection, and she searches to make some sense out of all this. She sniffs.

SANDRA

Alex, have you been drinking?

ALEX

...Or at least I thought I did. Jake too.

SANDRA

Jake? Who's Jake?

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED (2)

152

ALEX

Jake Bates, Norman's father. She murdered him fifty years ago. I saw him.

Reminded of his destination again, he abruptly takes off and disappears around the corner of the motel, leaving her flabbergasted. She pursues, turns the corner, stops.

153 WHAT SHE SEES

153

Alex stands motionless beneath the now darkened sign, staring down at the ground in ashen disbelief. The corpse is gone, vanished like it was never there. She approaches, follows his gaze down to the barren ground...stands there puzzled...Beats....

SANDRA

...Alex, mind telling me what we're looking at?

ALEX

He's gone.

SANDRA

Who's gone? Never mind, don't tell me, old Jake, right?

ALEX

I saw him, from the window, laying here with a knife in his chest.

She wants to believe him, but how? Logic isn't exactly on his side. She tries humoring him.

SANDRA

Well, he's gone now, so why don't I take you upstairs and put you to bed. We'll talk in the morning.

ALEX

I'm not crazy, and I'm not a child. So stop treating me that way. And I'm not drunk. I saw him!

SANDRA

Okay, okay, let's say you did.

She drops to her knees on the spot, pats the earth with her hands to show him nothing is there.

CONTINUED

153 CONTINUED

15

SANDRA

Then where is he? Now either he was a ghost, got tired of hanging around this sign all night and split, or...someone is going to a lot of trouble to frighten you.

ALEX

But who? Why?

154 INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

15

The Sheriff skeptically eyes Alex and Sandra who are sitting at the kitchen table. Then he leans over the table and eyeballs them.

SHERIFF

Look, my men have been all over this place. No trace of blood. No footprints except your own. In short no nothing. Now unless you know who would want to do something like this, it's two in the morning, and I'm going home to get some sleep.

(well-meaning)

And I suggest you do the same.

155 INT. MRS. BATES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

155

Dressed in his pajamas Alex turns back the covers of the bed while Sandra sits in chair with her suitcase in her lap as if readying to leave. She seems depressed.

ALEX

Did you get the feeling he didn't believe me?

SANDRA

You've gotta be kiddin'.

And he is, as she looks up and sees a big smile on his face.

SANDRA

Hey, you made a joke. That's not bad.

ALEX

I've been hanging around you too much.

SANDRA

(facetiously)

I'm like really flattered.

CONTINUED

155

CONTINUED

15

ALEX

No, really. I think it's great. You set 'em up, then come out with one of those zingers.

SANDRA

Sounds like me all right.

She stands and with some difficulty says good-bye.

SANDRA

Well, I guess I'll see ya around.

ALEX

(playfully)
Around where?

SANDRA

Hey, you've got a motel to run and all I've got's a big mouth.

ALEX

Look, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Sandra. I need you here.

SANDRA

Need me, what for?..Are you putting me on again?

ALEX

(relishing the
moment)
Who else knows how to make meatloaf a la Bates?

She breaks into a broad grin, then rushes to embrace him.

SANDRA

Oh Alex, I could kiss you.

ALEX

(backing up
against the bed)
Maybe some other time would be better.

SANDRA

No, now.

ALEX

(can't escape)
Really?

SANDRA

Really. It's only fair.

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED (2)

155

She's right. He nods, then nervously lifts his face for the kiss.

ALEX

But just a peck. Haven't exactly had what would be called an overactive social life.

She gives him a gentle kiss on the cheek.

SANDRA

There, was that so bad?

ALEX

(facetiously)

Yes.

She playfully throws herself at him, saying:

SANDRA

I could kill you.

Her momentum carries them onto the bed, and it crashes to the floor with the bedposts caving in around them. They laugh.

156 MUSICAL MONTAGE OF BATES

156

being whipped into shape for the grand opening. Each shot intercut with a painter painstakingly repainting the sign.

A workman planes a piece of raw wood.

Henry slaps a coat of fresh paint on an exterior wall.

A workman hammers in a nail.

Alex carries Norman's stuffed birds out of the office, lines them up on the ground, then beats them with a stick. He's overcome by a cloud of dust.

Henry saws a piece of wood.

Sandra, weighted down by a cash register, carries it through the cafe door.

Alex sweeps out the office with a broom. More dust.

A workman tests the new hinges on the door to Cabin #1.

Alex sits on a new vibrator bed in a room. Turns it on. Vibrates. Sandra begrudgingly smiles.

CONTINUED

156

CONTINUED

15

Henry finishes installing the TV satellite dish, while Sandra lies in it, using an aluminum reflector to get a tan.

Alex tests the diving board in the new pool. Feeling macho, he grandstands for Sandra, and falls in clothes and all. He can't swim. She dives in to rescue him.

Henry nails up the sign in front of the "The Bates Cafe" as Alex and Sandra look on. He hands the hammer to Alex for him to drive in the last nail. He does. Sandra beams.

Alex Spic and Spans the top of the front desk. Then neatly positions the Register Book.

Sandra presses a button on the cash register, the computer computes, takes its time, then the drawer opens. She looks around the sparkling cafe with a sense of pride.

It's now late afternoon. Alex shakes hands with each and every worker as they leave for the last time. He watches them drive away.

157

EXT. BATES MOTEL - TWILIGHT

15

Camera pans the completed motel -- the cafe -- the new wing -- the pool, tastefully designed to bring it into the Eighties, while also preserving the integrity of this wonderful piece of Americana. Like the fusing of a mint condition 1956 pink Ford Thunderbird and the Santa Fe, Southwest look. Camera comes to rest on Henry who is up on a ladder, putting the finishing brush strokes of paint on the BATES SIGN. He looks down and says:

HENRY

That does it. What'da'ya think?

Sandra and Alex, look up at the sign as if seeing Nirvana.

158

HENRY

158

climbs down the ladder, pulls it away from the sign.

HENRY

(to Alex)

Don't just stand there, turn it on.

Alex races towards the office, tripping over himself with excitement.

159 INT. OFFICE - TWILIGHT

Norman's urn sits on the check-in counter. Alex flies through the door, quickly flicks on a switch, stumbles to get out fast enough to see it light up. He stops in the door frame.

160 WHAT HE SEES

Slowly the freshly painted sign starts lighting up. It falters.

161 CLOSE ON ALEX

looking up at it, trying to give it the power to light as if by sheer force of will.

162 WHAT HE SEES

The sign stutters again, then lights up, all the colorful neon letters burning strong and true. A large smile sweeps over Alex's face, then a tear finds its way into his eye, and he looks back at the urn.

ALEX

(quietly)

We did it Norman.

SANDRA

No, you did it, Alex.

Then he races into her arms and they jubilantly celebrate, hugging, kissing, dancing around the sign like it's the Maypole, congratulating each other. "We did it! We did it!"

163 MEDIUM LONG SHOT OF THEM

still celebrating, the spanking new Bates Motel and its sign the backdrop.

164 LONG SHOT OF THEM

Still yelling, but their voices have now grown fainter.

165 LONGER SHOT OF THEM

their celebrating growing even fainter.

CONTINUED

165 CONTINUED

16

Then the camera pulls back through Mrs. Bates' window, and past the Lady in Black sitting in the rocker. Camera repositions over her shoulder, and we see the back of the presence in the f.g., while the celebrants dance outside.

SLOW FADE

166 CLOSE ON BATES SIGN - NIGHT

16

The sign burns like a beacon in the night. Al is quiet. Now we hear a fast approaching diesel rig, tires whining out on the interstate, then it flashes past and is gone.

SMASH CUT TO

167 THE MOTEL

167

None of the rooms are occupied, all the parking slips are empty. Now we hear a fast approaching car, then it too whizzes by.

FLASH CUT TO

168 CLOSE ON OFFICE WALL CLOCK

168

It is eight o'clock. Camera pulls out revealing Alex anxiously looking up at the clock, waiting for the first customer. Norman's urn sits on the counter. As cars whoosh past outside, he compulsively straightens the guest book for probably the tenth time -- tests the desk bell, then brushes some imaginary dust off the counter. A car approaches, his expectation rises, then is dashed as it hurtles into the night.

FLASH CUT TO

169 INSIDE THE CAFE

169

Sandra too is impatiently eyeing a wall clock, nursing a cup of coffee. It reads nine o'clock. Suddenly the door bursts open, but her excitement is short-lived when she sees Alex come through the door in a mild panic.

ALEX

Maybe it's too small, or has to be bigger, flashier, something that really gets their attention.

CONTINUED

169 CONTINUED

169

SANDRA
(bewildered)
Bigger? Flashier?

ALEX
Like, I saw a picture of Las Vegas, you
know something they can't miss.

SANDRA
You want to have gambling?

ALEX
The sign, I'm talking about the sign.
We've been open for three hours and not
one customer.

SANDRA
Tell me about it.

ALEX
I've counted a hundred and ninety-one
cars go by, and not even an almost.

SANDRA
(humorously)
A hundred an' ninety-two, you must've
missed one.

He stops fretting long enough to smile at her.

SANDRA
(in same spirit)
Look at it this way, when the first
customer comes we'll really be ready for
him.

(ladling out a
bowl of soup)
Here, have a hot bowl of chicken soup,
it'll calm your nerves.

ALEX
I'm not nervous.

SANDRA
Oh no?

ALEX
I'm hysterical. What if no one ever
checks in? How will I pay the bank?
I'll lose everything, and everyone's
faith in me -- Norman's.

CONTINUED

169 CONTINUED (2)

169

SANDRA

The bank? What've they got to do with this?

ALEX

I had to take out a loan...to pay for all the work.

SANDRA

You mean that guy Fuller?

Alex nods.

SANDRA

And if you don't pay it back in time, then what? They get the property?

ALEX

(nodding)

And I have to make the first payment by the twenty-fifth.

SANDRA

The twenty-fifth? That's tomorrow!

ALEX

(miserable)

I know.

SANDRA

Okay, there's no reason to panic. How much, how much do you have to come up with?

ALEX

A lot.

SANDRA

What? Five hundred? A thousand? More, less, what?

ALEX

More.

SANDRA

More than thousand? Then two thousand.

He doesn't respond.

SANDRA

Come on Alex, I feel like I'm on a game show.

CONTINUED

169 CONTINUED (3)

169

He sheepishly holds up all ten fingers. His panic is becoming infectious.

SANDRA

Ten fingers, you've got to pay ten fingers?

ALEX

Ten thousand dollars.

SANDRA

(astounded)

Boy, are you in trouble. I mean who's your financial advisor? Don't answer that. How, how Alex could you have made such a crazy deal?

ALEX

I was never very good with numbers.

SANDRA

Good? Good? You're a financial catastrophe just waiting to go down the tubes. This is a complete an' total mess.

ALEX

I know, but....
(interrupted)

SANDRA

But nothing. Now drink your soup, I've got to think.

Alex watches her go over to the window and pensively look out. Something lights up her face.

SANDRA

Guess what?

ALEX

You got it?

SANDRA

(pointing)

Our first customer.

The desk bell rings!

170

INT. BATES OFFICE - NIGHT

170

A very attractive woman in her midthirties waits at the check in desk, wearing a Jane Fonda aerobics outfit which more than accentuates her supple body and ample breasts. As she rings the bell again we can't help but notice how fresh and all-American she looks, like a high school cheerleader, the Queen of the Prom, fifteen years removed. Her name is Barbara and she's one of those people who are full of life. Infectious to be around. Her only luggage is a stylish leather portfolio, and Alex notices this as she enters.

ALEX

Hello, good evening, may we help you?

BARBARA

Oh hi, yes, I'd like a room please.
Quiet, you know, away from all the
action.

He probes her pretty face, and with that sixth sense of his, seems to be looking beneath her cheerful, animated veneer. He points through the window at the carless, empty grounds.

ALEX

Well sure, that should be easy enough.
You see we just opened tonight an'
you're our first customer.

She feels a little foolish in not having noticed the obvious.

BARBARA

(referring to her
portfolio)

That's how it's been for me lately, head
in the clouds, trying to finish this
book of mine.

ALEX

Oh, you're a writer?

BARBARA

Well, trying to be. Actually I teach
aerobics

ALEX

Oh, aerobics. I saw that once on TV.
that's where you put on tights an' sweat
to music.

CONTINUED

170 CONTINUED

170

BARBARA

That's right. Well anyway I thought I'd put it all down. You know everyone's fantasy is to be an author.

Still probing, like trying to uncover a secret, he stares at her. She become self-conscious, a little nervous.

BARBARA

But, who knows, starting's one thing, finishing's another.

ALEX

I'm sure you can do it...if you just give yourself a chance.

A look comes over her, like he's somehow penetrated her soul, and she uncomfortably changes the subject with an air of finality.

BARBARA

Yeah, well, maybe you're right. Now how 'bout that room?

ALEX

(running finger
over key board)
That'll be for one.

BARBARA

Just me and my little manuscript here.

ALEX

And you'll be staying with us for one night.

BARBARA

(how did he
know?)
Yes, but how did you....

ALEX

Oh, just a feeling. Besides I didn't see any luggage.

BARBARA

Of course.

CONTINUED

170 CONTINUED (2)

170

ALEX
(handing her the
key)

Room twenty-five, away from all this
road noise. Now if you'll sign our
guest book, please, and you can pay when
you checkout.

She quickly grabs the pen attached by a metal chain to
Norman's old guest book, readies to write, hesitates. He
notes this.

171 WHAT HE SEES

171

She writes 'BARBARA PETERS.'

172 ALEX

172

notices that the initials S.W. are gilded onto the
portfolio. She finishes signing, and he turns the book
around to see what she's written.

ALEX
Well, Miss Peters, this makes you our
first official guest and I hope your
stay is a good one. If you need
anything just give a whistle.

BARBARA
(leaving)
That's very sweet of you, but all I want
is to finally have some peace an' quiet.

He watches her disappear out the door, then looks down at
her name in the guest book -- BARBARA PETERS.

173 INT. BARBARA'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON BARBARA

173

unzipping her portfolio emblazoned with the initials
"S.W.". She removes a frilly, little girlish negligee and
neatly, almost ritualistically, lays it on the desk top.
Next she removes a portable cassette player and an ink
fountain pen and lines them up next to her negligee. Then
rezipper the portfolio and puts it aside. Looking down at
her belongings she seems to be struggling with something,
then takes a deep breath as if for courage, and turns on
the cassette. It plays the haunting Dion and the Belmonts
ballad, "Where Or When". A faint smile, as if remembering,
then with her thoughts back in 1960 she slowly begins
undressing, the only light emanating from small table lamp.

CONTINUED

173

CONTINUED

17

THE SONG

'The clothes you're wearing
are the clothes you wore...
But who knows where or when.'

She slips the negligee over her head, then sits down at the desk to write on a few Bates Motel postcards that have been supplied free to guests. Placing pen to paper, she hesitates, struggles with what to say...then begins writing.

What she writes:

Dear Mother....

174

INT. BATES CAFE - NIGHT

17

Henry sits at the counter having a cup of coffee and a piece of apple pie. The only other person in the place is Sandra who leans against the counter, her mind a million miles away. He can't help but notice her distracted, far off look.

HENRY

Good coffee.

No reaction.

HENRY

Pie's good too.

SANDRA

What?

HENRY

I said I liked the pie.

SANDRA

(returning to her
thoughts)

Yeah, thanks.

HENRY

...Whatever it is, must be pretty
important.

She gives him a questioning look.

HENRY

I asked you if it's anything I can help
with.

CONTINUED

174

CONTINUED

174

SANDRA

Oh...Henry, that guy that dug up old man Bates.

HENRY

Charlie Waters?

SANDRA

Yeah, that's the name. I mean what do you know about him?

HENRY

Not much. Moved into town about the time we started. Pretty good worker. Why?

SANDRA

Wasn't he the one who tried to get the men to quit an' all?

HENRY

Few times. Thought the place was haunted. For a while there couldn't say I blamed him. But to his credit, stayed on till the end.

SANDRA

(rhetorically)

Yeah, did, didn't he?

Just then they hear one of those squawking car horns.

175

WHAT THEY SEE

175

A 1956 pink Thunderbird convertible, top down, spilling over with high school senior prom nighters, makes for the office. It's followed by a fleet of vintage Fifties chariots carrying a small army of partiers.

176

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

176

Alex is being swamped by the revelers, handing out keys like they're going out of style. They are all dressed like in the Fifties. His conduit, and the ringleader, is a dark-haired beauty who tosses the keys into air for her friends, like baby chicks at feeding time. Her name is Sam. Now all the keys have been passed out and en masse they funnel themselves through the door.

CONTINUED

176 CONTINUED

177

ALEX

(to Sam)

If you could please try an' keep it down, I've got a guest in twenty-five that...

SAM

(flamboyantly)

Got ya.

She leaves Alex a happy man. After all the motel is totally booked. He clicks on a switch and through the window we see the "NO" light up before "VACANCY" on the sign. Alex beams, and says to Norman's urn:

ALEX

(proudly)

Not bad, eh Norman? First night an' we're booked solid.

177 INT. BARBARA'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

177

Camera languidly pans the dimly lit room, the hauntingly sad song still playing. We pass the empty bed, then Barbara's clothing neatly folded on the desk top with the rest of her belongings -- car keys, pocketbook, etc. Except for the cassette player playing O.S. there is no other sound. No other movement.

Camera pans up to the wall mirror where two postcards have been wedged between the glass and frame. We slowly go in to read one.

What it says:

Dear Mother. Three marriages. No children. Grey hairs and growing older every day. There is no other way out. Forgive me. I love you.

Camera drifts onto the other postcard.

What it says:

My sweet Jeffrey. I'll always remember you at the senior prom, you as my knight in shining armor, and me as the Queen of the Hop. Our dreams together didn't work out so good, but on that one night, that magical night, everything was perfect. Remember me that way. Love Sally.

CONTINUED

177 CONTINUED

Now we hear a drop of water drip into a bathtub of water...then another.

CUT TO

178 ANOTHER DROPLET

falling into the bath. Camera pans up Barbara's body, laying motionless in the water...then onto her face, dripping with perspiration, eyes staring dead ahead. The song plays on the cassette nearby...Finally a bead of sweat runs into her eye, and she blinks for the first time...A deep sigh, then she removes a straight-edge razor from the porcelain bathtub ledge, and slowly brings it to her wrist. She hesitates, tears mingling with perspiration, then slowly, very slowly, draws the sharp blade closer.

179 VERY CLOSE ON HER FACE

readying to make the cut...Suddenly she's startled by a doorknob jiggling.

180 WHAT SHE SEES

Sam bursts through the door with a handsome seventeen-year-old boy, while calling out to someone outside.

SAM

We'll be right there!

(seeing Barbara
in the bathtub)

Oops, excuse me, what are you doing here?

181 BARBARA

quickly palms the blade, grabs a towel while groping for words.

BARBARA

I...I, I was taking a bath.

Sam whirls around the room like an energized ballerina, and gestures the boy to leave, which he does.

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED

18

SAM

Yeah, I can see that, but I think you've got the wrong room. Great song, Dion and the Belmonts, right?

(singing along)

'But who knows where or when.'

Wrapped in a towel, Barbara scurries over to the desk, picks up her room key and dangles it for Sam to see.

BARBARA

Room twenty-five, same as on the door.

Sam sees the metal numerals 25 on the still opened door, then perplexes over her own room key.

SAM

Geez, guess you're right. I'm supposed to be in twenty-four but the funny thing is, it fit. Honest mistake. Sorry.

Still nervous and trying to hide the clues of her intended suicide, Barbara uses her body to block the postcards on the mirror.

BARBARA

Those things happen.

It's obvious she wants her to go...a few uncomfortable beats...then Sam spots the negligee hanging on a hook in the bathroom, and goes for it.

SAM

Hey, that is really gorgeous. Right out of the Fifties.

(handling it)

Hard to find, bet it cost you a fortune.

BARBARA

(sadly, taking
it from her)

I wore it on my wedding night.

SAM

Didn't pan out so good, huh? Believe me, happens to the best of us. But, what's over's, over, not the end of the world, everyone gets a second chance.

BARBARA

Second? Try three husbands an' three divorces.

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED (2)

18

SAM

So, number four will be lucky. Look,
I know it's none of my business but what
I think what you need's a little fun.

She spins around like a ballerina in her pink hoop skirt
with the poodle on it, and throws open the window letting
in the sound of a band playing the spritely "Alley-Oop" by
the Hollywood Argyles.

SAM

An' I'm the fair princess that can take
you there.

(singing along)

'Alley-opp, opp....'

BARBARA

(backing away)

No, I can't....

SAM

Sure you can, just put on your dancing
shoes and let's rock 'n' roll.

She grabs Barbara and twirls her around the room, singing.

SAM

'Alley-opp, opp....'

Barbara can't help but smile.

SAM

Now you got it, just like in the old
days, Alley-opp, opp....

182 INT. BATES NEW BANQUET-TYPE ROOM - NIGHT

18

A small high school rock 'n' roll band plays "The Twist" on
a makeshift bandstand. Camera pans the youthful dancers,
shaking to an' fro. Alex too is enjoying himself, shaking
a little as he mans the food table, ladling out cups of
fruit punch from the large punch bowl.

PROMNIGHTER

Punch is great.

ALEX

Thanks, the music is nice.

As he continues ladling he looks around at the rollicking
kids with an air of satisfaction, and sings along.

CONTINUED

182 CONTINUED

18

ALEX

'Do you remember when, things were
really hummin', let's twist again, like
we did last year.'

Seeing something, he smiles.

183 WHAT HE SEES

18

Sam and a very hesitant Barbara stand at the doorway.

BARBARA

No, I don't belong here.

SAM

(pulling her
back)

Yeah, give me one good reason. Go
ahead, bet you can't.

BARBARA

You're all just kids.

SAM

So were you once, it's how you feel that
counts.

(guiding her
through crowd)

Come on, least you can do is have a
glass of punch.

BARBARA

(reluctantly)

But I'm old enough to be their mother.

SAM

Don't buy it. Look at you, look at me,
it's like that soap commercial, guess
which one's the daughter.

They walk up to Alex who is ladling the last cup in the
bowl.

ALEX

(to Barbara)

Great party.

(handing her a
cup)

Wait'll you taste the punch.

(leaving with the
bowl)

Be right back with more.

CONTINUED

183 CONTINUED

183

SAM

He's got the spirit. Now come on, get with it, life's too short, an' the party's gettin' older with every minute. Hey, I'm a poet an' I didn't know it.

This brings a smile to Barbara's face and she drinks the punch.

SAM

That's better, now I've got someone you've just gotta meet...

(yelling to
someone)

Tony, stop being a wallflower an' get over here.

184 TONY

184

stands against a wall, a shy but attractive seventeen year old with dark, thoughtful eyes. He doesn't move, embarrassed by her singling him out.

SAM

Simple Simon says, pretty please.

As Tony makes his way over, Sam fills an anxious Barbara in.

SAM

Hey, don't sweat it, he's really sweet, sensitive too. Was thinking of becoming a writer. Tony, this is my friend, Barbara, she's a writer too.

BARBARA

(bewildered)

How did you know?

SAM

(with a wink)

That's my job.

Tony extends his hand. There is a sadness about him that reminds us of Barbara, and as they stand there with their hands clasped, looking into each other's eyes, they recognize the kinship -- like soulmates.

TONY

Pleased to meet you.

BARBARA

You too.

CONTINUED

184 CONTINUED

184

SAM

Well, now that the hard part's over, ask her to dance.

TONY

I don't know how.

SAM

Then she'll teach you.

BARBARA

Maybe I'd just better go back to....

SAM

(leaving)

This is harder than pullin' teeth. You two stay right there.

Sam goes up to the bandleader/lead singer and whispers something in his ear. He signals the band to end "The Twist," then speaks into the mike:

BANDLEADER

Hey gang, can I have your attention. We've got a special request.

(pointing)

From Tony, to Barbara. Queen of the Hop.

They strike up a rousing rendition of "Queen of the Hop".

185 BARBARA

185

is mortified while the rest of the kids applaud and gather around them in a circle. She wants to run, looks for a way out. Tony feels her distress, overcomes his own shyness, and extends his hand to dance. She gratefully smiles, then takes his hand.

At first they dance awkwardly, especially Tony, then Barbara takes charge and begins teaching him. She really is a wonderful dancer, and Tony responds to her touch.

186 INT. MRS. BATES' ROOM - NIGHT

186

We are looking through the open window down at the motel. We see Alex, making his way towards the cafe, carrying the punch bowl. He's cheerfully whistling "Queen of the Hop." Camera glides back revealing Mrs. Bates, seated in her rocker, still wearing the black dress and veil.

187 INT. CAFE - NIGHT

18

The preparation counter looks like a typhoon hit it, littered with bits and pieces of everything. Sandra has the phone to her ear, digesting what she just heard. She hangs up and ponders. Abruptly Alex bursts through the door.

ALEX

Sandra, we've gotta have more punch, and where are those knuckle sandwiches you promised?

SANDRA

(correcting him)

They're finger sandwiches...

(pointing)

...and they're in there.

Alex makes for a refrigerator where there are two very large sandwich platters. He manages to palm one in each hand and holds them high above his head like a true garcon.

ALEX

Nice, nice, now how 'bout that punch?

Still pensive, Sandra walks into the back with the empty punch bowl.

SANDRA

Alex, guess what Fuller's home address is?

ALEX

Fuller? What does he have to do with the punch?

SANDRA (O.S.)

It's 201 South Windsor and his telephone number is 616-2002. So I called it. He wasn't home. Know who answered?

ALEX

Mrs. Fuller?

SANDRA (O.S.)

Nope, guess again.

Alex begins struggling under the weight of the heavy platters.

ALEX

One of his kids?

SANDRA (O.S.)

He doesn't have any. Give up?

CONTINUED

187 CONTINUED

18

ALEX
(the strength in
his arms
weakening)
Please.

SANDRA (O.S.)
Charlie Waters, that's who.

She appears from the back casually wheeling a full bowl of punch on a metal serving cart.

SANDRA
His brother-in-law. How do you like them apples?

ALEX
(now straining
with the weight)
Could you please....

Nonchalantly she removes the platters from his hands and places them on the cart.

SANDRA
Don't you see, Fuller wants the land, gets his brother-in-law to help him make you believe this place is haunted, you're scared off, default on the loan, and he takes over, lock stock an' barrel.

ALEX
(naively)
You don't think anyone would really do something like that?

SANDRA
(throwing her
hands up)
Talk about being born yesterday.

ALEX
Okay, let's just suppose what you say is true. How are we going to prove it? He's the vice president of the bank. Who's going to believe us?

SANDRA
(deflated)
Gotta point.

CONTINUED

187 CONTINUED (2)

18

ALEX
(pushing cart
towards door)
Besides, if I don't come up with the
money it's not going to matter.

He rolls the cart out the door leaving her stumped.

188 INT. BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

18

Barbara and Tony are dancing like they're a team that's been doing it forever. Onlookers circled around them clap to the beat of "Queen of the Hop". The song ends. Exhausted but feeling good, Tony and Barbara just look at each other while the onlookers applaud. The band strikes up a waltz, "Teen Angel," and the prom nighters dance close. Tony and Barbara don't move, still caught in the magic.

189 SAM

18

dancing with the handsome boy watches them with a satisfied smile on her face.

SONG
'Teen Angel do you see me....'

190 WHAT SHE SEES

19

Tony and Barbara standing motionless on the dance floor...Finally he says:

TONY
You're really beautiful.

She blushes like a teenager, shakes her head no.

TONY
I mean it, the Queen of the Hop.

He awkwardly inches closer, grasps her hand.

TONY
Never done this before, hard for
me...can I kiss you?

She moves closer, caught up in the fantasy, wants to, but at the last moment reality comes crashing through.

CONTINUED

190 CONTINUED

19

BARBARA
(pulling back)
This is ridiculous, I don't know what
I'm doing.

TONY
Why?

BARBARA
Why? Look at my face. The lines.
You're only a boy.

Stinging with rejection, he turns on his heels and storms
across the room and out the door. She regrets what she
just said, doesn't know what to do next....

BARBARA
Damn!

Then she angles through the dancers to go after him.

191 EXT. BATES - NIGHT

191

Barbara searches for him.

BARBARA
Tony?..Tony, I'm sorry. Where are you?

No response.

BARBARA
Please don't run away.

She turns a corner and sees him sitting on a deck lounge
by the swimming pool, disconsolate. She slowly approaches.
He doesn't look up.

BARBARA
I should never have said that.

No response.

BARBARA
But it's true, and as much as I wanted
you to kiss me, I'm not a
seventeen-year-old girl you met at a
party. I'm a grown woman, and not what
you need.

TONY
There was something special, I saw it
in your eyes.

CONTINUED

191

CONTINUED

191

BARBARA

For a moment, yes, I forgot who I was...You made me feel like...I was in high school again.

TONY

And what's so bad about that?

BARBARA

Because I'm not, an' never will be again.

He casts his face downward.

BARBARA

Try to understand, it wasn't you, it was me. I was weak and you made me feel good.

TONY

(a chill passing
through his
body)

Hold me...please...I feel so cold an'
alone...like I'm dead.

She sits down next to him, draws him to her bosom like a mother soothing a frightened child.

BARBARA

How can you say that? Your whole life's in front of you. Everything to look forward to.

TONY

I only wish it was true.

BARBARA

Believe me, it is.

She gently kisses him. He smiles.

BARBARA

There, now go back to your friends.

He hesitates.

BARBARA

Go ahead, I'll always be grateful, it's where you belong.

CONTINUED

191 CONTINUED (2)

19

He knows it's true, tightly grasps her hand one last time, then disappears into the darkness, leaving her with tears rolling down her cheeks.

FADE OUT

192 INT. BARBARA'S ROOM

19

With tears still in her eyes Barbara returns to the room, slides the dead bolt closed, checks to see that the window is locked, then collapses onto the chair in front of the mirror. Caught in an emotional vortex she stares at herself as if looking for an answer, then at the postcards still in the mirror...then down at the desk top.

193 VERY CLOSE ON WHAT SHE SEES

19

The straight-edge razor.

194 BARBARA

19

sits lost in indecision. Suddenly she hears Sam's voice from behind.

SAM (O.S.)

(empathetically)

Still thinking about doing it, huh?...

Barbara sees Sam reflected in the mirror behind her. Gone is the hyperkinetic teenager and in its place is now a serene woman-child.

SAM

After all that's happened.

Trying to cover her tracks Barbara places her hand over the straightedge.

SAM

You can't hide it, I know what you were going to do.

Spooked, Barbara quickly checks the dead bolt to make sure it's locked. It is.

BARBARA

What are you doing here? How'd you get in?

CONTINUED

194 CONTINUED

19

SAM

No, you're not losing your mind. You locked it. Same with the window.

BARBARA

Stop it, you're starting to frighten me.

SAM

Please, sit down, I don't mean you any harm. I'm a friend, a friend who doesn't want to see you throw it all away.

BARBARA

How do you know what I'm going to do, you've been spying on me?

Sam shakes her head no.

BARBARA

Then how can you be so sure?

SAM

Like I told you before, it's my job.

BARBARA

I don't get it.

SAM

Nothin' to get, you want to end it, and I'm here to stop you.

BARBARA

Go away, you have no right.

SAM

No, maybe I don't, but I know what you're going through.

BARBARA

You, how could you? You're only a kid with everything to live for.

SAM

(sadly)

If only that was true.

Barbara looks at her, perplexed, she's heard this before.

CONTINUED

194 CONTINUED (2)

19

SAM

But you, you've got so much, you're young, healthy, have people that care for you, and as long as you have those things you're a fool to throw it away. Believe me, Sally....

BARBARA

(astounded)

You know my real name.

SAM

Yes, and I also know what's on the other side -- cold and that terrible aloneness.

BARBARA

(bewildered)

That's what Tony said.

SAM

Then listen to him, and most importantly listen to yourself, because you really do have your whole life in front of you, an' everything to look forward to.

BARBARA

(trying
desperately to
understand)

You were eavesdropping.

Sam shakes her head no.

BARBARA

He told you.

She shakes her head again.

BARBARA

Then how could...
(interrupted)

SAM

...I know all these things?

Barbara nods.

SAM

Because I committed suicide twenty-five years ago tonight, the night of my senior prom, and we have come here to tell you...

(more)

CONTINUED

194 CONTINUED (3)

194

SAM (Cont'd)
(tearfully)
...that it stinks.

BARBARA
(barely audible)
We?

Sam guides Barbara over to the window and throws it open.

195 WHAT THEY SEE

195

All the prom-nighters are gathered outside her window, seated in their 1950's cars, their faces those of sad and forever lost children. One by one, like answering the roll, they tell their tragic tales.

BANDLEADER
Terry Miller, Houston, Texas. Born
April 6th, 1943. I took my life July
7, 1959.

GIRL
Beth Williams, Biloxi, Mississippi.
Born September 3rd, 1944, I took my life
on September 2, 1962.

HANDSOME BOY
Billy Parks, Chicago, Illinois. I took
my life on December 4th, 1955.

196 CLOSE ON BARBARA

196

as the tragic reality of it all sinks deep into her aching heart.

GIRL (O.S.)
Rebecca, Los Angeles, California. I
took my life on May 10th, 1956.

TONY (O.S.)
Tony Scotti....

BARBARA
(tears rolling
down her cheeks)
No!

197 WHAT SHE SEES

197

TONY

Counsel Bluffs, Iowa. Born the 21st of
July, 1943. I took my life on Christmas
Eve, 1959.

198 BARBARA

198

overcome by sorrow, falls back onto the bed, hands covering
her face, choked with tears. Camera moves into very tight
closeup as she sobs for them, and herself...She wipes the
tears away and looks up at Sam.

199 WHAT SHE SEES

199

Sam has vanished without a trace. Barbara goes over to the
open window and sees that they have all disappeared, like
ghosts into thin air. As if trying to sort out what was
real and what was not, she goes over to the mirror and
looks hard at herself. Catching something out of the
corner of her eye, she gazes down at the straightedge still
on the desk top. She picks it up and stares at it,
expression unreadable.

200 INT. BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

200

The room is quiet and empty now except for Alex loading the
last of the punch and dirty dishes onto the cart. He looks
around, smiles, then rolls the cart out the door, whistling
"Queen of the Hop".

201 EXT. BATES MOTEL - NIGHT

201

Alex rolls the cart towards the Bates sign with the "NO
VACANCY" sign lit up. The sight of it obviously makes him
happy. He passes it, then is stopped by what he hears
behind him -- an electrical short. He turns.

202 WHAT HE SEES

202

The "NO" goes dark leaving only "VACANCY"!

203 ALEX

203

spins towards the house.

204 WHAT HE SEES

20

Mrs. Bates sits in her second-story window, rocking back and forth.

205 ALEX

20

paces towards the house, up the winding, twisting stone steps, throws open the front door, and starts up the stairs. He's stopped dead in his tracks by a shrill, unearthly Voice.

VOICE (O.S.)

Leave my house.

206 WHAT HE SEES

206

Mrs. Bates stands at the head of the stairs, her face hidden under the veil.

207 ALEX

207

terrified, stands his ground.

208 MRS. BATES

208

produces a Psycho kitchen knife, holding it high over her head, throws back the veil revealing a death's head covered with shriveled skin. (Like in Psycho.)

MRS. BATES

Leave, an' never come back!

209 ALEX

209

stands his ground.

210 MRS. BATES

210

slowly starts down the stairs.

MRS. BATES

I said leave!

ALEX

(backing up)

Norman left this house to me. I'm staying.

CONTINUED

210 CONTINUED

210

MRS. BATES
(more menacing)
I'm warning you!

Mrs. Bates is now at the foot of the stairs, backing Alex out the front door.

ALEX
And, you're not really Mrs. Bates, I know you're not.

MRS. BATES
Leave!

Just then a figure flies out of the darkened dining room and tackles Mrs. Bates, sending her sprawling onto the living room floor. It's Henry and he rips off the death's head mask exposing Fuller.

HENRY
There, there's your ghost, Alex, just as we thought.

Fuller stands, full of arrogance.

FULLER
Very clever you two, but where do you think it's going to get you, huh? Go ahead, tell the Sheriff, tell him how you caught me running around in a Halloween mask. I'll deny it. And who do you think he'll believe, a loser like you, Henry, or nut job like our little Alex here?

Just then a door swings open, and Mrs. Bates is framed in the doorway, backlit, holding a kitchen knife above her head. She points at Fuller.

MRS. BATES
You want my land!

FULLER
(disbelieving)
Give me a break.

MRS. BATES
Then you must die!

HENRY
(terrified)
It's really her.

CONTINUED

210

CONTINUED (2)

21

Seeing the fear on Henry's and Alex's faces, he too starts backing up.

FULLER

Can't be.

MRS. BATES

This is my house. None of you were invited.

She starts moving towards Fuller.

FULLER

(now frightened)

No, he owns it. Not me. I was just trying to scare him off.

He backs into a wall, is frozen with fear. She is now upon him, raises the knife higher. He sinks to the ground.

FULLER

Please, I'm telling you the truth.

Just then Mrs. Bates removes her mask, revealing a grinning Sandra.

SANDRA

(humorously)

I believe you.

(holding up a
mini-cassette
recorder)

And thanks for your confession.

FULLER

(angry with
himself)

This whole thing, I walked right into it.

SANDRA

Right again, and unless you give us a more, shall we say, reasonable payment schedule...

(holding up the
mini-cassette)

This could fall into the wrong hands.

Fuller shoots daggers at her.

ALEX

Wha'd'ya say, re-negotiation, or prison?

CONTINUED

210 CONTINUED (3)

210

FULLER

Yeah, what are they going to do, put me in jail for wearing a dress?

HENRY

(indicatingly)

No, but there is a law against fraud, and the way I see it you dressed for the part.

SANDRA

An' all that other stuff, like planting Mrs. Bates' body in the tomato patch.

FULLER

Planting her body?

ALEX

Knowing we'd uncover it with the bulldozer.

FULLER

Look, I may have wanted this place enough to do almost anything, but I didn't do that.

ALEX

(with a twinkle
in his eye)

You know Mr. Fuller, Tom, I almost believe you.

Then he smiles and looks at the house as if it was a mischievous old friend.

FADE OUT

211 EXT. BATES - EARLY MORNING

211

A brilliant warm sun bathes the house's facade in a warm glow. Gone is the malevolence and evil that we have always seen. We hear someone whistling "Queen of the Hop."

212 ALEX

212

whistles his way towards the office, past Barbara's car still parked in front of her room. He stops, eyes the door.

213 WHAT HE SEES

213

The door is closed, not a sound from inside.

214 ALEX

214

moves closer, strains to hear. It's unnervingly quiet. Slowly he reaches for the doorknob, then suddenly it opens from inside revealing a bright and cheerful Barbara.

BARBARA

Good morning.

ALEX

Morning.

BARBARA

Look at it, it's such a great day.

She digs into her pocketbook.

ALEX

Kinda makes you glad to be alive.

This stops her. She stares at him as if understanding that he knows everything, pays him the money for the room then opens her car door.

BARBARA

Yeah...well good luck and thanks, you've really got a special place here.

She climbs into her car.

ALEX

Thanks...

(ironically)

...and if you ever need a little peace and quiet again, come an' see us.

BARBARA

(grinning)

Right.

She slowly pulls away and Alex walks alongside the car till he gets to the Bates sign, then waves good-bye. He smiles a big satisfied smile, then turns to camera.

ALEX

It hasn't been easy, but I guess nothing really worth it ever is. And with a little luck we're going to do okay here. And I think Norman would like that.

CONTINUED

214

CONTINUED

214

He turns and walks towards the office, then as an afterthought turns back and says:

ALEX

Oh yeah, by the way, if you ever need a room, there's always a vacancy. Can't promise what you'll find, but that's what makes the world go round, isn't it?

He winks, a conspiratorial wink, then he disappears into the office and we move in on the Bates sign...The "VACANCY" light comes on and we roll credits.