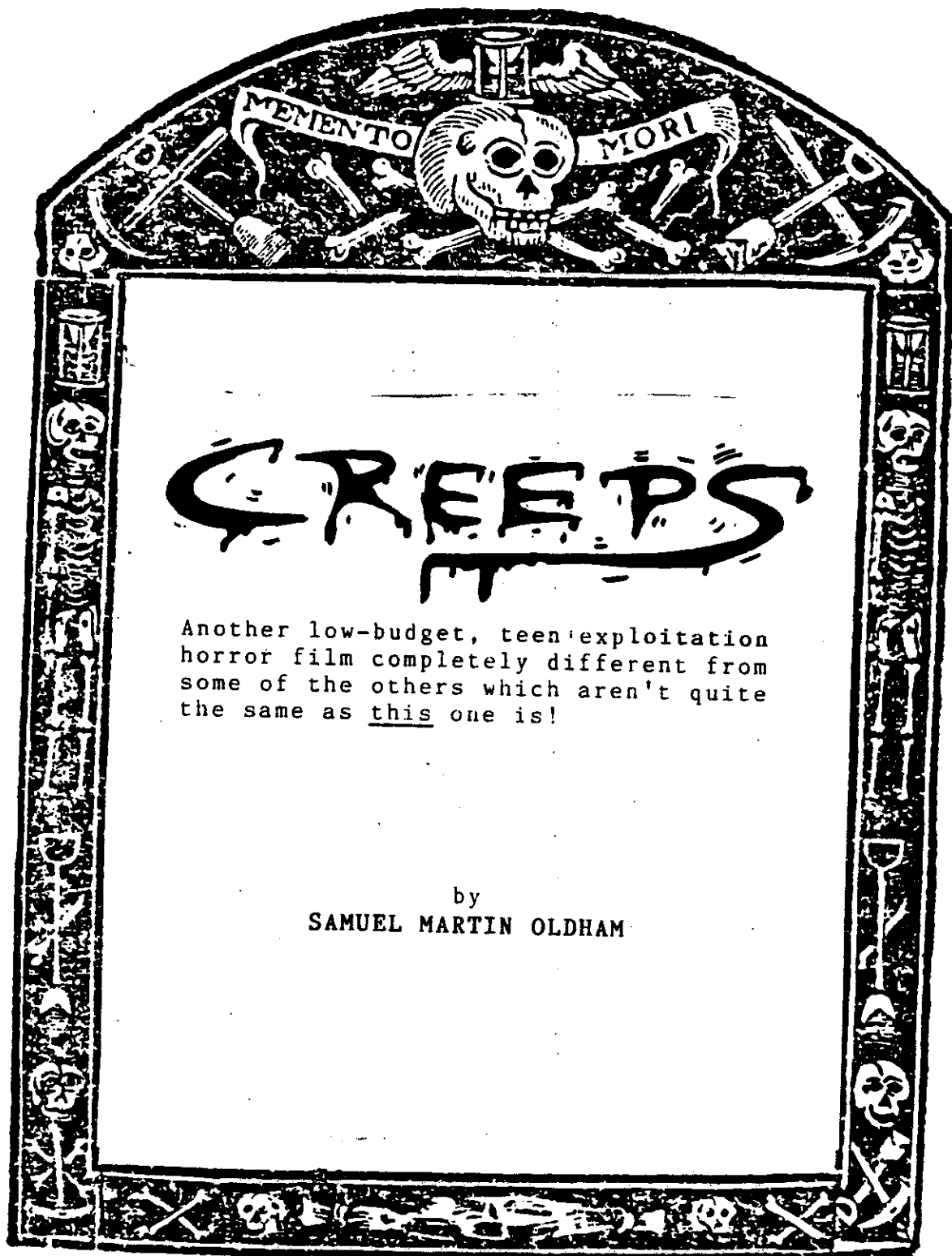




808 S. Western Ave.,
Los Angeles, CA 90005

(213) 362-3560

John Jacobson
(213) 944-9000

OPENING:

BLACK SCREEN

- 1- THE FOLLOWING TITLE CARD DISCLAIMER FADES IN WITH AN OMINOUS MESSAGE, ACCOMPANIED WITH OMINOUS MUSIC.

THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING!!

The film you are about to see contains scenes of horrifying gruesomeness, unbearable tension, outrageous sexual innuendo and may be considered offensive to intelligent human beings.

The producers of this motion picture therefore advise that any member of the audience who is not of sound mind, stout heart and over the age of thirty, get his or her money refunded and leave the theater.....CHICKENSHITS!

FADE OUT:

- 2- Another, more pragmatic title card FADES IN. The type is different and it is accompanied with the usual horrid MUSAK heard in messages of this type.

The management of this theater would appreciate your not paying any attention to that last notice. The distributor's publicity department just got a little carried away. So please remain seated.

FADE OUT:

- 3- Yet, one last title card FADES INTO view.

However, we will not be held responsible for heart attacks, nervous breakdowns, riots, rapes, dismemberment, accidental hangings, premature births and other small disturbances during the screening of this film.

Thank you for your cooperation,
The Management

FADE OUT:

(CONTINUED)

4- EXT. ABANDONED CEMETERY - NIGHT

We open on a tombstone... what else? The inscription is not entirely important as it is one of many such tombstones in this ghastly place. One overly melodramatic, threatening voice (a la Rod Serling or Vincent Price) intones the following narration as we survey this derelict graveyard.

NARRATOR

Legends speak of places that
fool's venture into, where
brave men fear to tread. Such
a place is this one.

5- We now see a tall, overpoweringly depressing looking mansion.

NARRATOR

This is Moorlock Manor.

There is a tremendous RUMBLE of THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

NARRATOR

It squats here, silent like a
fat, menacing, malignant toad.
And it has seen its full measure
of horror.

A SERIES OF ANGLES

6- The full moon.

7- Miles of dark, flat, empty prairie... and in the distance, a station wagon as it rapidly blasts into frame, turning sharply off the road and flying into the graveyard.

8- It is filled with a group of happy-go-lucky teenagers dressed in a bizarre array of costumes.

NARRATOR

It is said that when the wind
blows chill from the wheat
fields, and the wail of a
maddened hound can be heard in
the dark, then death must follow.
But, there are those who are
unaware of what legend has to
say.

9- The station wagon pulls up to the house and promptly empties its contents. The costumed youths quickly enter the foreboding old house.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

We will join them inside.
If you have the courage.

We take a subjective viewpoint as the CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES TOWARD THE DARK DOOR after the others have disappeared.

NARRATOR

But, are you starting to sweat? Is your heart beating wildly in your chest? Are you squirming to blot out the gnawing fear in the pit of your wrenching stomach?

(long pause)

~~Well... the hell with you then.~~

10- INT. MOORLOCK MANOR - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is here smoking and drinking and dancing and falling down and having a generally good time.

NARRATOR

The year is 1980. And it is Halloween... Naturally. At this moment, a group of brash, young, freckle-faced, snotty-nosed adolescents are indulging themselves in a carnival of macabre revelry... fully determined to party till they puke.

11--INT. HALL - NIGHT

A trail of party debris is scattered along the hall. A P.O.V. SHOT indicates that someone, or something, is moving toward the front room.

NARRATOR

What they did not know was that something evil had permeated the atmosphere. Something so strong, so overwhelming, so disgusting that one by one our party members succumbed to it.

A P.O.V. SHOT searches through the house hallway to a couple making out in a window seat. It rushes forward. A FLASH and a KNIFE is raised into the air.

(CONTINUED)

12- EXT. MOORLOCK MANOR - NIGHT

There is a lot of screaming coming from the mansion as one by one the lights go out. And with the last light, the screaming stops.

That's great. NARRATOR

They were never heard from again. Some say it was the work of a deranged killer with extraordinary bad manners, described as hairy, with huge eyes, a hairlip and only one nostril. Others just don't say anything. Anyway, that is only half of the story.

DISSOLVE TO:

13--EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - VOLLEYBALL COURT - DAY

The CAMERA IS HIGH, LOOKING DOWN. A volleyball arches over the net striking the hands of TYRONE HOLLINGSWORTH, who skillfully passes it to HUMPHREY OLIVERY, who hits it over the net. As the CAMERA SLOWLY DESCENDS we see that one of the teammates is NORMAN PERKINS, a nebbish in coke bottle thick glasses. But, Norman is placed off in a corner, safely distant from the main action. He is awkward, tentative, wanting to get into the game but afraid of making a mistake. If this all seems faintly familiar, it just happens to be the exact same opening of Brian De Palma's "CARRIE."

COACH

Okay, fifteen to fourteen.
Game point. This team serves.

The opposite team does so, and the action starts.

OPPOSITE TEAM MEMBER

Knock it over to Norman. He'll
blow it.

TYRONE

Don't blow it, Norman.
Hit it!

A collective groan is taken up by all the guys, becoming a chorus as Norman blows it.

Norman cringes apologetically as everyone passes by him on the way to the showers, muttering things like, "it figures" and "we can never win with him on the team." One of them hits him with his baseball cap. Then, a NANCY ALLEN look-alike walks up.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY ALLEN LOOK-ALIKE
You eat shit!

The Nancy Allen look-alike walks off. After a beat, Norman mutters to himself.

NORMAN
This had better be some kind of
a joke..

TITLE SEQUENCE:

14- EXT. NORMAN'S HOME - DAY

It is a typically dismal-looking home... midwestern gothic. It looks to have been preserved by the National Trust. A title is superimposed which reads: AMITYVILLE, ILLINOIS.

Right after this, a second title fades into view: DATE:
APRIL 1ST, 1981.

As we begin to PULL IN CLOSER, another title appears:
SEVEN THIRTY, A.M.

EVEN CLOSER, another title: 1437 WEST ANTHRAX AVE.

One more: THIS IS NORMAN'S HOUSE

15- INT. NORMAN'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

We see a television set. An evangelist, REV. ARNIE ENGRAM, as a conveniently superimposed title indicates, rants and preaches Hell and Armageddon on the local station. He is sweaty, white haired, and of questionable sanity. He seems to be screaming at the audience with that deep southern voice of his.

ENGRAM
(much melodrama)
The time of tribulation is at hand. And every single one of you watching me is going straight to Hell! I realize these are pretty strong words. And you ask me, Brother Engram, is there really a hell? Hell Yes!, there's a Hell! I've seen Hell! Hell, I've smelled Hell! That is why you must pay heed to what I have to say to you today.

(CONTINUED)

We see Norman as he watches attentively, persecuted, sweating in fear, very paranoid. A title card is superimposed which reads: THIS IS NORMAN.

The room he is in is very dismal Victorian. There are stuffed birds all over the place... all watching Norman.

Suddenly, Norman is startled by a loud thumping sound as if someone were banging against the wall. Norman ignores it and continues watching the Reverend.

ENGRAM

Satan is getting impatient.
He is making the evils of sin
look more and more attractive.
We all know that anything good
can't be good for you. Which
is why we must attend to the
Divine Word and realize the
punishment that awaits unrepentant
sinners.

The loud thumping continues. It comes from upstairs.
Frustrated, Norman responds.

NORMAN

I'll be up in a minute.

After a beat, a craggy voice echoes from the stairway.

NORMAN'S MOTHER

I could be dead in a minute.

Norman finally rises and heads toward another room... the kitchen.

16- Meanwhile, on the television...

ENGRAM

Let us now open our hymnals.
And you at home, please join in...

An old woman in the audience suddenly starts singing.

OLD WOMAN

Onward Christian Soldiers...

ENGRAM

I'll pick the songs, bitch!

(CONTINUED)

(16 cont.'d)

He immediately smiles to smooth out his terseness. As the hymnal is sung (Onward Christian Soldiers) the lyrics appear on the T.V. screen, accompanied by the "Mitch Miller" bouncing ball.

17- INT. KITCHEN - DAY

There is a tall pot of oatmeal bubbling on the stove. Norman grabs a bowl and fills it with the oatmeal. And, after pouring a glass of milk, puts everything on a tray and walks out with it.

18- INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

Norman is headed for the stairs. All at once, Norman freezes. Something is not right. Slowly, he proceeds again... he eyes searching. Suddenly, in a shocking moment, there is a wild YOWL! A black cat crashes through an already broken window, striking Norman across the face, knocking him to the floor. He throws the hot oatmeal all over a nearby stuffed owl. The voice upstairs obviously had heard it.

NORMAN'S MOTHER

Stop playing with that goddamn cat, Norman and bring me the paper while you're at it.

Norman dusts himself and stands.

NORMAN

(to himself)

Good shot... you little shit!

19- INT. NORMAN'S MOTHER'S ROOM - DAY

There are more stuffed animals and posters of bodybuilders and male centerfolds all over this strange room. A version of "Strangers in the Night" fills the air (Doo-by, Doo-by, Doo). As we probe the territory, we eventually come upon a bizarre, bedridden Martha Raye type in curlers, pounding the wall with her cane. Her name is AGATHA PERKINS.

Norman enters with a new tray. After a moment he smiles at her.

NORMAN

And how are you feeling this morning, Mother dear?

(CONTINUED)

Agatha wolfs down a glass filled with gin and stares at him drunkenly for a couple of beats as he stands in the doorway.

NORMAN

I foolishly thought that a proper greeting...

AGATHA

(interrupting)

Jesus H. Christ, Norman. Sometimes I think you're sicker than I am.

NORMAN

I don't know. You've been dying for as long as I can remember.

AGATHA

Just shut up and bring the food here.

She takes the thermometer out of her mouth and reads it.

AGATHA

Damn, none of the right things are wrong with me today.

She glances at the tray.

AGATHA

Where are my Pop Tarts?

NORMAN

Mother, dear, I have to ask you some...

AGATHA

(interrupting)

How the hell can I start my day without Pop Tarts?

NORMAN

Mom, I want to talk to you!

AGATHA

Will it depress me?

NORMAN

I hope so.

(CONTINUED)

AGATHA

What about my Pop Tarts?

NORMAN

I'm not going to school
anymore.

AGATHA

What?

NORMAN

I'm just not... I refuse.
(beat) I wish we'd stayed in
Farmer City. We never
should've moved back to this
old house, this old neighbor-
hood. The kids here, they
just don't like me.

(increasing hysteria)
They're always teasing me,
making fun of me... taking
my lunch and hiding my gym
clothes. I can't stand it
anymore. I can feel my mind
decaying inside my head. I'm
going to develop serious
psychological problems about
this, I just know it.

By this time, Norman is raving as he recites his lines. Agatha
watches him, a bit overwhelmed.

AGATHA

Slow down, you're over-
acting.

NORMAN

You're not even listening
to me.

AGATHA

(angrily)

I don't have to listen to
you. I'm your mother. (beat)
You want to talk problems?
I'll give you problems. At
least you can go out and about
while I'm cooped up here in
this posture-pedic prison!

(CONTINUED)

Norman wipes the spit out of his eye. Agatha grabs a large bottle of gin and refills the glass sitting next to her soaking false teeth.

AGATHA

You don't know what it's like to spend your days going to the toilet and watching soap operas and tampon commercials. Then at night it's going to the toilet and watching sitcoms, cop shows and Star Trek. I sleep with Johnny Carson every night. He's starting to bore the shit out of me. I'm all alone up here with my toilet, my posters, and Frank Sinatra records. (beat) Norman, I need more than that.

Agatha is leering at him. Norman begins to sweat and turn a bit yellow. Images of Oediepus Rex loom before him.

NORMAN

(nervously)

Now, we've been through this before, Mother.

Agatha grabs Norman and tries to pull him onto the bed.

AGATHA

Norman, I'll raise your allowance, five dollars a week.

Norman fights, almost pulling Agatha onto the floor.

NORMAN

Mother, this isn't right.

AGATHA

I need you, Norman.

NORMAN

Uncle Wally will be back in five days.

AGATHA

I need you now, Norman.

NORMAN

I can't do this.

(CONTINUED)

AGATHA

What do you think a son
is for?

NORMAN

I'll be late for school!

Agatha stops her assault and releases him. He falls to the floor. She immediately lights up a cigarette.

AGATHA

So, go to school. Jesus,
you'd think I was asking for
the moon.

NORMAN

(straightening himself)
I'll be late coming home
today. There's an awards
ceremony after the student
council meeting.

AGATHA

You should have more respect
for your old mother.
(turning to him)
I respect you.

NORMAN

(disgusted)
I've gotta go.

AGATHA

Well, there's the door, you
little retard.

Norman exists, hurt by the remark and heads for his room.
Agatha is so agitated she grabs the wrong glass and drinks
from the one with her false teeth in it. She reacts
accordingly.

20- INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

As Norman comes out of his bedroom with his books and heads
for the stairs, Agatha shouts after him.

AGATHA

And I hope you do it till
you go blind!

(CONTINUED)

21- Meanwhile, on television, Engram is into the healing part of the program. Sweat pours from his now-red face.

ENGRAM

You must testify to the
divine power and prove
your faith to us all. Do
you hear me?

A man on crutches is fanatically wrapped up in the Reverend's
prose.

MAN

Yes.

ENGRAM

Do you believe I can heal
you?

MAN

Yes.

ENGRAM

Do you truly believe?

MAN

Yes.

ENGRAM

Does the spirit move you?

MAN

Yes.

ENGRAM

Does it truly move you?

MAN

(frustrated)

Yes, already.

Engram slaps him up the side of his head.

ENGRAM

Heal, my son, heal!

The man is stunned.

ENGRAM

And now, throw away those
crutches.

(CONTINUED)

Joyfully, the man throws away one... then the other. He promptly falls off the stage onto the organist OFF CAMERA. Engram looks down.

ENGRAM

Shit.

22- INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

At the front door, Norman looks to the floor for the mail. Picking up the pile he goes through it. There is a TELEGRAM. Opening it, it reads: PLEASE IGNORE PREVIOUS TELEGRAM.

A joke. Shaking his head, Norman continues and sees a LETTER... addressed to him. He notices the return address in the upper left corner. It says simply: MOORLOCK MANOR.

Norman sighs.

NORMAN

Not again.

He sticks the envelope into his pocket and exits.

23- EXT. STREET - DAY

Norman sits on the bench waiting for the bus to arrive. All at once, a very attractive GIRL sits on the opposite end! Norman's heart leaps to his throat. He wants to do something about the situation, but he doesn't know what. Norman glances at her. The girl doesn't notice. Finally, the girl turns, catching one of Norman's glances. Terrified, Norman faces forward. The girl smiles, more amused than flattered. Pretending to himself that she doesn't notice, Norman starts to slowly slide across the bench in order to get closer. Then, a ranking STUD OF A GUY (the type all nebbishes hated in high school) enters and sits between them. He talks to the girl, eventually convincing her to walk off with him. Norman mutters to himself.

NORMAN

I hate this town!

The bus arrives and as Norman prepares to climb aboard, a MEAN LOOKING DUDE runs into to him as he gets off.

DUDE

Hey, watch your ass, man.

(CONTINUED)

As the dude walks off, Norman suddenly feels light in his back pocket. He starts to chase after the dude.

NORMAN

Hey, come back here with my wallet!

The bus drives off. Giving up the chase, Norman dolefully gathers up his materials and walks to school.

- 24- All the while, people pass him on the street, giggling behind his back. Norman thinks to himself.

NORMAN'S VOICE

Ya know something, kid? Your mother, in her own perverted way is right. Here I am, a Junior in high school... young, virile, uncommonly handsome, and I don't even know what a naked girl looks like. God, I hope I don't grow up twisted and demented. Or, even worse, like Woody Allen.

- 25- Norman passes a theatre playing a double bill of horror movies. The titles are: "SCARED TO DRESS" and "NIGHT OF THE LIVING BRAS."

- 26- EXT. AMITYVILLE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The place is buzzing with activity. People are exchanging homework, posting Playboy centerfolds on the side of the building, playing mumbly-peg, using switchblades with disastrous results, smoking a variety of plant life: cigarettes, marijuana, bananas, and beating... the shit out of each other for a quarter.

- 27- There is a message on the main bulletin board outside that reads: PLATTER POP SALE and NUDE FEMALE MUD WRESTLING AFTER SCHOOL AT 3:30 P.M.

- 28- Norman hesitates in front of the building. /

NORMAN

Well, another day, another shit sandwich.

A rather hostile looking group of hoodlums stand around the entrance to the building smoking and looking like they just left a bar. One of them, DUDLEY SEAMAN, stares at Norman very Clint Eastwood-like from underneath his cowboy hat.

(CONTINUED)

Norman steels himself and tries to walk through him. Dudley reaches out, grabs him by the scruff of the neck and lifts him up.

DUDLEY

You're late, shit face.

NORMAN

Thanks for telling me.

He is viciously dragged inside.

29- INT. STUDENT COUNCIL MEETING ROOM - DAY

Some of the board is here, including a strange old lady dressed as MARIE ANTOINETTE, drinking from a flask at the end of the table. TYRONE HOLLINGSWORTH, the president, sits at the head of the table, very impatient, looking at the clock. HUMPHREY OLIVER is drooling and dripping a gruesome looking sandwich over the sexy and obviously repulsed ESMERALDA GRANITELLI.

HUMPHREY

(whispering)

Esmeralda, please, you can't do this to me. A guy could die from this. Don't you understand? I'm psycho-neurotic about you.

ESMERALDA

(whispering back)

Humphrey, you're gross and disgusting and if you don't stop mooning all over me, I'm going to crush your big toe.

HUMPHREY

Oh c'mon, you wouldn't do that. It isn't in you. You're not the type. I know you like a book.

She stomps his foot, accompanied by sickening CRUNCHING SOUNDS.

HUMPHREY

(unflinching)

You're the type of person who enjoys life, and the company of...

(CONTINUED)

Humphrey goes glassey-eyed and SCREAMS... tossing his sandwich toward Tyrone. Humphrey is terrified, as Tyrone stares at him, viciously... the sandwich spread all over him.

HUMPHREY

(shrugs painfully)

I can't help it if she packs a pistol.

Tyrone takes the sandwich pieces off his shirt.

TYRONE

You can't help the way you're dressed!

Suddenly, there's a knock on the door.

~~TYRONE~~

~~Come in.~~

HUMPHREY

Password!

DUDLEY-VO.

Open the door, please.

HUMPHREY

Close enough

30- All at once, Norman is thrown into the room, followed by Dudley.

TYRONE

Well, if it isn't Hopalong Cassidy and the Village Idiot.

(indicating his hat)

You lose your horse, Tex?

DUDLEY

Just protecting my head from your flying bullshit.

Dudley sits next to Esmeralda. She is all over him instantly.

DUDLEY

You miss me?

That is as far as Dudley goes to acknowledge Esmeralda.

TYRONE

Are we all here now?

Humphrey, eating, notices the old lady... nearly drunk.

HUMPHREY

Who's the old lady?

Tyrone slams the gavel.

(CONTINUED)

TYRONE

Alright, we are now in session.
Will the secretary kindly cease
her coital activity and read
the minutes of the last meeting.

Esmeralda stops groping a very self-indulgent Dudley and,
taking out what seems like an endless supply of junk in her
purse, Esmeralda pulls out a small note pad. She reads.

ESMERALDA

Seventeen.

TYRONE

What?

ESMERALDA

The last meeting lasted seventeen
minutes.

Tyrone stares at her, unbelieving. Then shakes his head in
capitulation. Esmeralda sees the Marie Antoinette.

ESMERALDA

Who's the old broad?

TYRONE

Never mind that. Now listen
up, children. The awards
ceremony today is going to take
place after fifth period and not
before, so we have until three
o'clock to pick up the plaques
and trophies (turn to Norman:
condescending) you'll take
care of that, won't you, Norman.

NORMAN

(no enthusiasm)

Sure.

TYRONE

Someone will have to run up
and make sure they change the
daily bulletin so that the
students aren't misinformed.

(to Norman)

You'll take care of that,
won't you Norman.

NORMAN

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

Dudley is now staring at the old lady who is about to topple off the chair from drunkenness.

ESMERALDA

Someone's going to have to finish hanging the decorations.

TYRONE

You're absolutely right.
(to Norman)
You'll take care of that, won't you, Norman?

NORMAN

Why not?

DUDLEY

And don't forget about the rest of those chairs.

NORMAN

I'll take care of that, won't I, Tyrone?

TYRONE

Norman, you took the words right out of my mouth.

DUDLEY

(to Esmeralda)
Who the hell is that old lady?

Esmeralda shrugs. Norman flashes an "eat shit" smile to Tyrone.

NORMAN

Tyrone, why do you do this to me?

TYRONE

I'll tell you why, Norman. Because you're a retard. You've always been a retard, and you'll always be a retard. Okay?

Norman reluctantly accepts. All at once, there is a "thump" at the far end of the table. Marie Antoinette has passed out. She raises her head one last time.

(CONTINUED)

TYRONE
Who the hell are you?

31- INT. SCHOOL GYM - DAY

Norman is all alone setting up what seems to be countless numbers of chairs. He seems to be having trouble as his foot gets caught in one and, in fighting to get free, he manages to knock down just about all the chairs he had set up, as if they were a stack of dominoes. The speakers echo with the daily bulletins. The announcer is like a hyperactive radio D.J.

We notice that Norman's letter has fallen to the floor.

ANNOUNCER
Good morning fellow students,
and welcome to another day of
slow death here at Central
High. This is Cary Terry
repulsing you live from the
communications center with
today's bulletin. The Student
Council's achievement award
ceremony will take place after
fifth period, so don't come
to the gym too early. The FHA
plans to hold yet another
Platter Pop Sale to raise money
to pay for the last Platter Pop
Sale, after school next Wednesday
so gird your wallets and your
cold sores. We all know what
today is. Right. It's April
the first, our beloved Principal's
birthday.

Suddenly, the announcer goes into a steadily-increasing MAD LAUGHTER. Then, there is a fight as someone wrests the mike away from the announcer, rips the record off and another voice, female, is heard.

ANNOUNCER II
Thank you for listening and
have a nice day.

32- The janitor, CHESTER HURSEY, has been watching Norman having trouble with the chairs and hobbles toward him.

(CONTINUED)

CHESTER
Need any help?

NORMAN
(unaware)
No, Tyrone, I'll do it.

Chester, confused, pulls out his wallet and checks his driver's license. Yes, his name is still Chester. He turns back to Norman.

CHESTER
Norman, are you alright?

NORMAN
(still unaware)
No, Tyrone, I'll do it.

CHESTER
Do you know you're repeating
yourself?

NORMAN
No, Tyrone... I'll... What
did you say?

CHESTER
I asked you if you need any
help.

NORMAN
No, Tyrone, I'll...
(finally noticing
who it is)
... oh, Chester.

Chester pulls out a bottle of Wild Turkey and starts guzzling.

CHESTER
Something bothering you?

NORMAN
Why should something be
bothering me? I'm a retard.

Norman gets his foot caught in another chair that he is trying to unfold. He has to kick it away.

NORMAN
I don't know what I'm going
to do. Everybody hates me.
Even the chairs hate me.

(CONTINUED)

CHESTER

Ya know, I got a plunger stuck in one of the lady's toilets this morning. Damndest thing. I could swear that toilet was fighting back.

NORMAN

Chester, are you listening to me?

Chester holds up the plunger handle... all that was left from the struggle.

CHESTER

I was lucky to get this much. I've been a janitor for twenty-six years. This is the first time a toilet's fought back.

Norman changes the subject to get a reaction.

NORMAN

(sarcastic)

I'm seriously thinking about disembowling myself in the middle of biology class.

CHESTER

People take toilets too much for granted. One day, when we least expect it, they could swallow up the entire human race.

Norman stares, incredulous.

CHESTER

Well, nice talking to you, Norman.

NORMAN

Likewise... I'll be dead by tomorrow, so I'll probably never see you again.

CHESTER

(incongruous)

Fine, you take care now.

33- Humphrey walks up to Norman... eating, as usual. Norman continues to watch Chester.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

Sometimes I just can't
believe old Chester. Nothing
bothers him.

HUMPHREY

I think it's his diet. Your
break's over. Finish the
rest during lunch. Here,
(tosses him a
carton)
have a milk.

34- As Chester walks off, he happens to find Norman's letter.
Picking it up, he decides to read it.

The letter says: "NORMAN, YOU PROBABLY DON'T EVEN REMEMBER
ME. I'VE MISSED YOU. WHY DON'T YOU COME UP AND SEE ME
SOMETIME," M.D. WINTER.

Seeing the signature, Chester's eyes widen. He immediately
goes into a state of shock.

35- INT. SCHOOL GYM - AFTERNOON

Every seat is filled as the students prepare for the ceremonies.
The band plays the school song... screwing it up terribly at
the end.

36- INT. GYM DOORWAY - AFTERNOON

Norman is passing out programs. His enthusiasm is understandably
non-existent until a certain person walks up. It is JAMIE LEE
SOLES. Norman cannot take his eyes off her, as she moves to her
seat at the bleachers. Dropping of the rest of the programs,
Norman follows her to keep her in view.

37- INT. STAGE - AFTERNOON

Meanwhile, the ceremonies begin and Tyrone steps up to the
podium.

TYRONE

Good afternoon to the
student body of Amityville
Central High. I suppose you're
wondering why I have asked you
here today.

(CONTINUED)

Smiling at his joke, Tyrone looks out into the audience.

38- INT. GYM FLOOR - AFTERNOON

A multitude of blank faces... not uttering a sound or reaction of any kind.

39- INT. STAGE - AFTERNOON

TYRONE

(embarrassed)

Okay, I think it's about time
to turn the festivities over
to the awards presenter.
Here he is, your friend and
mine, our beloved principal,
Mr. McCoffy.

Hostile boos, shouts and jeers erupt from the crowd, along with various food stuffs obviously collected from the cafeteria.

40- INT. GYM FLOOR - AFTERNOON

Norman cannot take his eyes off Jamie. In a moment she turns and catches his gaze. He immediately turns away. Jamie smiles to herself, flattered. The whole thing is so corny it's sickening.

41- INT. STAGE - AFTERNOON

The principal, Mr. McCoffy, a distinguished looking man in his forties, finally manages to calm the audience down.

MCCOFFY

(clearing garbage from
the podium)

Now then, to get on with the
proceedings.

All at once the students start shouting that they can't hear and for Mr. McCoffy to speak louder. Mr. McCoffy starts tapping the microphone.

MCCOFFY

Is this thing on?

(CONTINUED)

The students are now laughing at their joke. McCoffy reacts, frustrated.

MCCOFFY

I might as well inform you
all that we are going to
continue with the presentation
if we have to stay here all
afternoon.

INSTANT SILENCE. McCoffy, pleased with himself, proceeds,
smiling, with the ceremony.

MCCOFFY

Thank you. Now our first
award is going to a young man
whose examples of knowledge and
attitude, leadership and
integrity, have been a source
of inspiration to all of us
present today. Please join
with me and the faculty of
Amityville High in presenting
this trophy
 (indicates trophy)
and certificate of achievement
to this year's recipient
 (he looks down and
 reacts, shocked, at
 the name)
... Norman Perkins???

42- INT. GYM FLOOR - AFTERNOON

The audience mumbles "Who?"... and begins searching.
Immediately the student council jumps to its feet applauding
enthusiastically. Slowly, the rest of the student body
follows suit. Norman reacts as if he had received an electric
shock. He looks to Jamie, dumbfounded.

43- She urges him on, happy for him, gripping a good luck charm
around her neck. Norman confidently, with accompanying pomp
and circumstance, strides forward.

44- INT. STAGE - AFTERNOON

He walks up onto the stage to receive his award. Mr. McCoffy
takes his hand and guides him to the podium. Norman stares
out at the now-quieted group of students and attempts to
steel himself. This is the proudest moment of his life.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

I can't believe this. This
is just like the Oscars.

He looks toward one of his teachers.

NORMAN

I hope Mrs. Kovar doesn't
give me a failing grade in
Basic Communications, because
I really don't know what to say.
I've never won or been awarded
anything in my whole life.
First, I guess I'd like to thank
my parents for giving birth to
me. Next, I want to thank the
student council for everything
they've done.

Norman looks down toward the student council to be greeted
with a traumatic sight.

45- INT. GYM FLOOR - AFTERNOON

Tyrone, Dudley, Esmeralda and Humphrey are standing up and
holding a banner which reads: "APRIL FOOL'S... SUCKER!"

46- INT. STAGE - AFTERNOON

Something inside Norman snaps.

NORMAN

(to himself)

No, you can't do this...
you can't!

47- INT. GYM FLOOR - AFTERNOON

The student council starts to laugh, very hysterically.
Unfortunately the laughter is contagious and it begins to
spread.

48- Mr. McCoffy is very upset, thinking he's been humiliated,
and turns his rage on Norman, who begins to hyperventilate.

(CONTINUED)

MCCOFFY

Listen, young man... I don't know what kind of a trick this is. But I don't appreciate being ridiculed. And believe you me, I'm going to see to it that you and your friends are properly dealt with. Are you listening to me, Norman?

But Norman cannot hear him. The laughter has reached a deafening level. Norman begins to scream.

49- EXT. MENTAL HEALTH CLINIC - AFTERNOON

A large, sanitized building with patients. But that's not important right now.

50- INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Agatha and her brother-in-law, WALLY PERKINS, sit on the sofa smoking themselves into a coma as evidenced by the countless cigarette butts on the floor.

DOCTOR KAIN, a very tall man, enters from the detention area and seats himself at his desk.

AGATHA

Well what's the story?

KAIN

Mrs. Perkins, I assure you that you have nothing to worry about.

AGATHA

Thank Christ.

KAIN

But, I'm afraid your son, Norman, has got one hell of a problem.

WALLY

What's wrong with him, Doc?

AGATHA

Shut up, Wally.

(to doctor)

What's wrong with him, Doc?

(CONTINUED)

Dr. Kain has been looking at his watch. Finally, he rises and explains Norman's case to his guardians, all the while taking materials out of his closet, starting with a long, black leather coat.

KAIN

(non-stop)

Well, my evaluation of the subject is based on a completely *objective and* impersonal, purely professional examination and, in my opinion, Norman has suffered a severe mental trauma. And, coupled with his paranoid schizophrenia and deep feelings of inferiority and rejection, have resulted in a loss of equilibrium, extreme social alienation, moments of catatonia and blackout spells. Reinforced, of course, by delusions of sheer idiocy and a pre-natal hernia.

Wally and Agatha nod, mindlessly, as Dr. Kain sits back at his desk and places on a huge pair of dark sunglasses.

KAIN

I tell you, out of the depths of all I have learned and observed in fifteen, count 'em, fifteen years of exploration of the human mind, Norman Perkins may be the most neurotic person I have ever seen. He's sitting in the detention area now, totally withdrawn from life as we know it.

WALLY & AGATHA

You mean... ?

Dr. Kain, very seriously nods YES.

Then he ties his black jacket closed and places a long blond wig on his head.

KAIN

Your son's out of his fucking mind.

Then... very sinisterly, he stalks out... in search of an elevator.

(CONTINUED)

51- INT. DETENTION ROOM AT SANITARIUM - AFTERNOON

Norman sits, alone, dejected, staring into space. He is very glassy-eyed as he pulls up his gray blanket around him. (See "PSYCHO" if this doesn't sound familiar.) A V.O. of Norman's voice is heard.

NORMAN (V.O.)

Everyone walks on me. I've been walked on all my life. No more. I'll get back at them. I don't know how but it won't be sweet and it won't be pretty.

A fly is buzzing around his head. Norman follows it with his eyes until it finally lands... on his hand. After staring at it awhile, Norman swats the hell out of the little bastard and then, pops it into his mouth. Soon, he grimaces and spits the foul little thing out.

52- EXT. AMITYVILLE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A title is superimposed over the building which reads: ELEVEN MONTHS LATER.

An ambulance drops Norman off. He stands, glassy-eyed.

53- INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A DOLLYSHOT DOWN THIS LONG HALLWAY gives us a slice of the high school's activity.

CHEMISTRY LAB

It is filled with smoke. The teachers and students are both coughing. Their experiment is an obvious flop.

HISTORY CLASS

A gray-haired spinster of a teacher spouts the usual nonsense.

TEACHER

Close but not quite right.
Ponce De Leon was the first
man ever to go to Florida
without his wife.

A bucket of water douses the poor woman.

(CONTINUED)

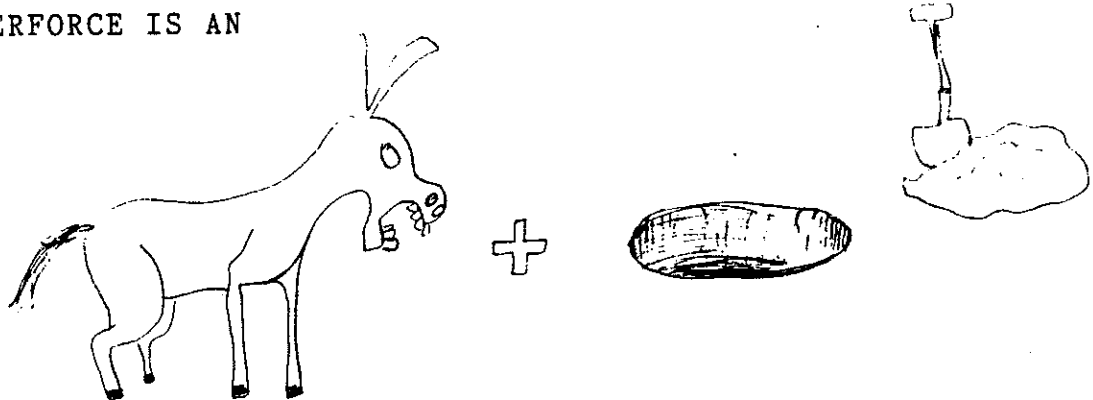
BIOLOGY ROOM - DAY

This is where our tale continues.

54- INT. BIOLOGY - DAY

The teacher, MR. WILBERFORCE, preaches balderdash amidst the charts, the mock-ups of human parts and the jars of preserved animal matter. The students refuse to pay attention to him. One is drawing a picture in his notebook:

WILBERFORCE IS AN



Esmeralda's build emphasizes the fact that her T-shirt is too small, while the student sitting behind her drops his pencil under her chair so he can peer up her shorts.

Norman has returned to class. He appears normal to some degree, but is on another planet somewhere as he stares at something in another part of the room.

Mr. Wilberforce is now looking over his class, a bit upset.

WILBERFORCE

I now have here on my desk, the results of your quiz from yesterday, and I must say that in all my twenty-seven years of teaching at Amityville High, these results represent to me the most appalling lack of intelligence I have ever seen. There is absolutely no excuse for this. I am truly ashamed... of all of you.

Dudley is passing a joint around to his friends in the back. Mr. Wilberforce stares directly at him.

(CONTINUED)

WILBERFORCE

Stoned and stupid is no way
to face reality.

The snickers turn to outright laughter as the bell rings signaling the end of the period. The students all rise to leave. Suddenly in a loud voice, Mr. Wilberforce barks...

WILBERFORCE

Sit down! All of you!! I
have not dismissed anyone yet.

With a collective groan, the students return to their seats.

WILBERFORCE

Now then, as I call your names,
you are to step up and collect
your papers. Then, return to
your seats.

He picks up the first sheet.

WILBERFORCE

(continuing)

Paul Barbercheck.

A male student gets up to receive his paper. Other students look nervously at the clock.

Norman continues concentrating to himself... staring at a fully matured fetus floating in a large specimen jar.

Wilberforce calls out another name.

WILBERFORCE

Bill Henricks.

A large, black student slowly walks, very threateningly, to the large desk, takes his paper, and eats it in front of the teacher. Wilberforce, unflinching, goes to the next name.

WILBERFORCE

Esmeralda Granitelli

Dudley looks toward Esmeralda and gives her a silent, challenging signal, as he nods toward Wilberforce. Smiling, Esmeralda slides out of her seat and moves toward the teacher very sexily. Dudley prods a fellow tough.

As Esmeralda gets closer, it is obvious that Mr. Wilberforce is having a hard time controlling himself.

(CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA
(very suggestive)
Why do you want to flunk me,
Mr. Wilberforce?

WILBERFORCE
I don't want to flunk you,
Miss Granitelli.

ESMERALDA
(correcting him)
It's Esmeralda... and you
do want to flunk me, don't you?

Esmeralda leans forward on the desk. The sight of her breasts sends waves of anxious energy through her teacher.

WILBERFORCE
Uh... Esmeralda. It's just
that you continually refuse to
show up for class or complete
your homework assignments.
You don't even study for tests
like this one. You're just like
your friend Dudley, no respect
for anything.

Esmeralda slides onto the desk exposing a good deal of leg.
The old seduction play begins...

ESMERALDA
But I have such respect for
you, Mr. Wilberforce.

Mr. Wilberforce immediately stands up. The class reacts with
hoots.

WILBERFORCE
Now you control yourself, young
lady. Uh... class dismissed!

Mr. Wilberforce trips over his chair and falls to the floor.
Esmeralda stands triumphant over him while the class cheers
wildly.

ESMERALDA
See you later, Teach.

Everyone files out of the room except Norman, who is still
staring at the fetus in the jar.

(CONTINUED)

54- INT. HALLWAY - DAY

As everyone makes their way to the next class, Norman moves through the crowd as if he were sleepwalking. Humphrey sees him and rushes to catch up.

HUMPHREY

Hey, Norman, I'm supposed to remind you that there's another student council meeting after school tomorrow.

(beat)

What's with you? You act like you're still in the Twilight Zone.

NORMAN

(sighs)

I don't know. Life is so complicated. I think I've got a neurosis.

HUMPHREY

I think it's your diet. Well, I'm late... I'd better get to Geography class or my teacher's gonna kill me.

55- A little further down the hall, we see Jamie Lee Soles walking to class with a friend, PJ CURTIS.

PJ

Come on, cheer up. You're never going to be happy if you're always going to be sad.

JAMIE

Your logic is overwhelming, PJ.

PJ

Well, you've taken two years of French, and you've got nice teeth. What more could you want?

Jamie spots Norman and Humphrey at the end of the hall. Her eyes are riveted on Norman. PJ stares at Norman, then back at her friend, incredulously.

(CONTINUED)

PJ

I don't believe this.
My best friend is in love
with a retard! What could
you possibly see in him?

JAMIE

I'm not sure. But just
imagine the type of girl
a guy like him really would
attract. I don't think that
the audience would stand for
it!

Jamie walks off, leaving PJ a bit confused. "Audience?"
she mouths to herself. Inadvertently, she looks directly
into the camera and walks off with a huge question mark on
her face.

56- In another part of the hall, Tyrone catches up to Jamie.
After spraying some Binaca in his mouth, he backs her up
against the lockers.

TYRONE

Jamie, my dream girl.

JAMIE

(laughs)
You're still dreaming.

TYRONE

What do you want from me?
I already apologized about
your sister. I just want
us to bury the hatchet.

JAMIE

How deep do you want it?

TYRONE

(moving closer)
That's no way to treat an
intimate friend.

JAMIE

Face it, Tyrone, there are
two things in this world I
can't stand. You're both.

Tyrone grabs Jamie's shoulders preventing her from moving off.
A small crowd has begun to gather, including a couple of
outraged teachers.

(CONTINUED)

TYRONE
C'mon. Don't make a scene.

JAMIE
Go away!

TYRONE
Sorry, I can only stay a minute.

He attempts to kiss her. But Jamie twists away to avoid him. All at once, Jamie viciously knees Tyrone in the crotch. Tyrone relinquishes his grip on her immediately.

JAMIE
You belong in a playpen. You know that?

Jamie saunters off, as a student and an elderly teacher comment.

STUDENT
What happened?

ELDERLY TEACHER
I think she kicked him in the nuts!

Tyrone notices the crowd as he stands doubled over in pain. He shouts to the crowd, his voice several octaves higher than usual.

TYRONE
What the hell are you all looking at?

He walks off, bent over.

57- Norman is returning the way he came when he suddenly runs directly into Jamie. Staggered, they both drop their books. Then, at the same time, they bend over to pick them up, knocking their heads together!

JAMIE
On my, are you alright?

NORMAN
(in pain)
I don't know. I think I've temporarily lost the use of my brain.

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE

Well, hold your head back.
That should stop the nose
bleed.

(she reaches into
her purse)

Here's some Kleenex.

Norman reaches out for the tissue. The moment their hands touch, it is magic! Tchaikovsky's "ROMEO AND JULIET" LOVE THEME EXPLODES IN THE BACKGROUND as Norman and Jamie stare deeply into each other's eyes... love at first sight, obviously!

NORMAN

Hi.

JAMIE

Hi.

58- Suddenly, an obviously crazy man rushes through a crowd of students. Stricken with terror, the students standing in the front, including Norman and Jamie, run away from him. Humphrey is seen by the crazy man standing in the back, and immediately runs for his life! The crazy man is soon all over Humphrey. He grabs him by the scruff of the neck.

HUMPHREY

Don't kill me! Don't kill
me!

CRAZY MAN

(his geography teacher)
You're late again, Humphrey!!!

The geography teacher drags Humphrey away, struggling.

59- EXT. A NEARBY HOWARD JOHNSON'S - AFTERNOON

This is the students' "hang out."

60- INT. SODA BAR - AFTERNOON

Norman and Jamie are sipping from the same soda with two straws. Actually, they are just holding the two straws. They are enjoying each other, staring into each other's eyes and speaking fluently. Norman is shy, trying to impress her. Jamie wants to be impressed. They are not making sense with their conversation, but they don't care.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

You really have beautiful teeth.

JAMIE

I know all the best places.

NORMAN

What's your favorite color?

JAMIE

Mine too.

NORMAN

I'm very boring.

JAMIE

"Star Wars" and Fellini's
"Satirycon."

NORMAN

I want to major in English.

JAMIE

I think you're very sensitive.

NORMAN

I think I'm adopted.

JAMIE

Mexican jumping beans.

NORMAN

Hamburger meat.

JAMIE

Arnold Schwarzenegger.

There is an uncomfortable pause.

NORMAN

Well, I don't know about
you, but I've completely
run out of small talk.

A waiter comes by to take their straws.

WAITER

Not bad. She's a lot
better looking than the
girl you brought in here
the last time.

(CONTINUED)

Norman gives him a cold look. The waiter shrugs.

WAITER

Just a joke.

He exits. Jamie stares at Norman, wistfully.

JAMIE

Norman, I think I love
you.

NORMAN

(smiling
appreciatively)

Me? You're such a sweet kid,
with a body that won't quit.
But you really deserve somebody
better than me. I'm... slime,
bilgewater... doo-pucky.

JAMIE

Norman, it doesn't matter.
We all think we're looking
for a certain type, and then,
something happens. I enjoy
being with you. So what if
you look like three days of
bad weather. There are
more important things than
looks or ability.

NORMAN

But, I don't... get along
with women.

JAMIE

Maybe you've never met the
right woman.

Jamie takes his hand. Embarrassed, Norman can feel himself
starting to tingle all over.

61- INT. NORMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ravel's "BOLERO" IS PLAYING on Norman's stereo, as we see the
new couple in bed together after experiencing the throes of
sexual combustability. Norman is panting for breath and is
wiped out. Jamie is pensive and grabs for another tissue to
wipe the sweat off Norman's face.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

Isn't someone supposed to
smoke a cigarette now?

JAMIE

Oh, Norman, you're so gauche.

NORMAN

Was I good?

JAMIE

You were wonderful. I'm
glad I got you at the height
of your sexual potency.

NORMAN

I was good, wasn't I?

(shouting)

Oh, the wild, primitive
calling of hormones gone
ape shit! God, I've never
known passion before I met
you. Can I ask you something?

JAMIE

It's a free country.

NORMAN

What's your name?

Jamie laughs.

JAMIE

I'll tell you mine if you
tell me yours.

NORMAN

You first.

JAMIE

Well, my name is Jamie Lee
Soles

(beat)

but my friends call me
constantly.

NORMAN

My name is Norman Perkins,
and I don't have any friends.
How do you like my place?

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE

It's nice... and so big.
I had an aunt. She lived in
a big house, just like this
one. She went insane...
living in a house just like
this one.

Slightly unsettled, Norman looks down at the foot of the bed
to see their feet sticking out from under the covers.

NORMAN

*I love your eyes
I love your chin
I love the shape
of your feet*
You have beautiful toes. That's
the first thing I notice on a
girl. You can judge a person's
character by her toes. Oh,
Jamie, I love you. I love you
more than life. You're the
earth, the sky, the sun, and
the moon to me.

Agatha has hobbled into the doorway.

AGATHA

(sickened)

Jeezus Christ!

Norman bolts upright, completely mortified.

NORMAN

Mom!?

AGATHA

Do you know it's 5:00 in
the morning?

NORMAN

What do you want?

AGATHA

(fudging)

I was just... on the way
to the toilet, that's all.

Norman groans and falls back on the bed. Agatha gathers her
support and hobbles off. Norman lies back on the bed in
silence. He reaches into his end table drawer and pulls out
one of many letters sent to him by Mrs. DeWinter. He contemplates
it. Jamie watches him.

JAMIE

A penny for your thoughts?

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

At this moment, my thoughts
are very nasty and vindictive;
full of rancor and animosity;
consumed by the fires of vitriol
and vengeance.

JAMIE

(without flinching)

Oh.

NORMAN

Thanks to whoever was sending
me these letters, I've been
able to give birth to a scheme
that I've refined and perfected
over the eleven months I spent
at that sanitarium. I'm spending
every cent I have, every ounce
of energy to instigate an April
Fool's stunt so fantastic that
it will go down in history.

He drops the letter to the floor.

62- EXT. AMITYVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

As the bizarre bag lady fills her cart with stale cakes and
bread from the trash, a large, very important looking car
drives up and opens its doors. An extremely sexy-looking pair
of legs exit. They are Esmeralda's. The car belongs to
Mr. McCoffy, the principal. Esmeralda turns to him.

ESMERALDA

Thanks for the lift.

MCCOFFY

Thank you. And come again.

ESMERALDA

(very suggestive)

You too.

Esmeralda goes into the building, followed by whistles, cat
calls, and lewd gestures. A title is superimposed which
reads: MARCH 30, 1982.

Followed by: WHAT AN ASS!

(CONTINUED)

63- INT. SCHOOL HALL ELEVATOR - DAY

Esmeralda rings for the elevator and patiently waits for its arrival. When the doors finally open, she enters. The doors close and take her up.

64- INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

As Esmeralda anticipates her arrival, the elevator stops. The doors open. Standing there waiting to board is a TALL BLOND ??? WEARING SUNGLASSES. It is the psychiatrist, Dr. Kain. Esmeralda immediately grows uncomfortable. The blond ??? stares at Esmeralda as the doors to the elevator close. Esmeralda tries hard to ignore her, him... whatever. Suddenly the blond very threateningly reaches into the black imitation leather coat and whips out... A CIGARETTE. Esmeralda jumps.

DR. KAIN

(in a deep voice)

You got a light?

Esmeralda, very relieved, takes a lighter out of her purse.

ESMERALDA

Here! Take it! Keep it!

The blond lights the cigarette and pockets the lighter. Esmeralda remains uneasy by the stranger's continued staring. All at once, the elevator stops and opens its doors again. A little girl enters and stares at the tall blond. She is so innocent and sweet looking you want to throw her out the window. Esmeralda is extremely relieved now. The elevator stops at her floor. She gets out of it and immediately heads for the student council room. The tall blond looks out after her, appearing somewhat disappointed that the prey has escaped, then looks down at the little girl. The girl is GROWLING LIKE A MAD DOG. In fact, she, in an incredible display of make-up effects and saliva, turns into a tiny WEREWOLF! Dr. Kain screams as the doors close.

65- INT. STUDENT COUNCIL MEETING ROOM - DAY

Esmeralda enters and quickly sits down. Tyrone's gavel once again slams down hard, calling the meeting to attention. Norman is very quiet and just sits with his hands folded, watching and waiting, with a very sardonic look on his face.

(CONTINUED)

TYRONE

The student council meeting is now in session. We'll again dispense with the minutes of the last meeting (casting a glance at Esmeralda). I suppose none of you happened to catch the local news this morning.

Nobody reacts.

TYRONE

(continuing)

I didn't think so.

Tyrone pops a VHS cassette into a portable video machine. All attention is brought to the television monitor.

66- As the picture materializes, we see a local news announcer standing with Dudley, while Tyrone engages in conversation with an official looking person in the background.

ANNOUNCER

... and what exactly was the outcome of the student representative meeting with Mayor Bailey this afternoon?

DUDLEY

Uh?... Oh, he said... "no."

ANNOUNCER

Does that mean no state funding for the renovation of the high school gymnasium?

DUDLEY

Uh?... yes.

ANNOUNCER

Do you have any insight into the political significance of this rejection?

DUDLEY

(shrugs)

It means he has no money.

ANNOUNCER

I see. That's very interesting. And what do you plan to do now?

(CONTINUED)

DUDLEY

(shrugs)

Er... go home, I guess.

Dudley walks off. The announcer can only stand, confused.

ANNOUNCER

Well, there you have it.

67- Tyrone turns it off, disgusted. Dudley is pleased with himself and looks proud.

ESMERALDA

You look good on television.

TYRONE

You're Hollywood bound, cowboy.
Well, anybody got any bright ideas?

Humphrey raises his hand, shaking it with over-enthusiasm. Tyrone ignores him.

TYRONE

Well... anybody?

HUMPHREY

(butting in)

Let's hold a bake sale.

TYRONE

No, Humphrey.

HUMPHREY

No, wait. This one will be different. We'll make it a big humongus bake sale. We can get the Home Ec class to help us. We'll give them a share of the money, of course. What we'll do is have everyone bake cookies and cakes and shit like that for one month straight.

The other members stare at each other incredulously, while Humphrey jabbbers on.

HUMPHREY

We can take the desks and everything out of one of the classrooms and use it for storage. Then, when the day of the sale comes, we'll dig up all the tables we can find and line the entire school corridor and...

(CONTINUED)

Humphrey is cut off by the others, whose hostile looks would stop traffic.

HUMPHREY

It's not a good idea?

TYRONE

It sucks!

Humphrey capitulates. Then, his face lights up with another idea. But Tyrone jumps in before he can speak.

TYRONE

And if you mention Platter Pops, I'm going to shove one up your nasal passage.

(to the others)

What about a dance?

DUDLEY

Dances are boring.

ESMERALDA

Besides, the P.T.A. demands that we keep the chaperones. God... they're so unsophisticated.

TYRONE

Well, basketball season starts in two months. We've got to get that gym wall fixed.

DUDLEY

Screw the gym wall. We've got to build us a student smoking lounge.

Norman just stares on as the others seem to agree with Dudley. All, that is, except for Tyrone.

TYRONE

Who's talking to you... shit for brains? You were the one who took that short cut through the gym wall with that God-awful T-Bird of yours. So just keep your lip zipped... alright?

DUDLEY

My T-Bird's not that awful.

(CONTINUED)

Norman's eyes dart about excitedly. His moment has come.

NORMAN
I have a suggestion.

TYRONE
Hold it everyone...
(turning to Norman)
I don't remember giving you
permission to speak... retard.

Esmeralda has trouble suppressing a snicker. Norman is upset.

NORMAN
That's the idea... bonehead!

Everyone "ooooohs" in anticipation.

TYRONE
(slowly)
You're not stupid enough to
call me that.

NORMAN
You're too stupid to be
called anything else.

Everyone "gasps" in trepidation. Tyrone is turning red.

NORMAN
Look, I'm a member of this
council, aren't I? Give me
a break.

TYRONE
Okay, bright boy, I'll give
you a break. Let's hear your
suggestion.

Taking a moment to steel himself, Norman proceeds.

NORMAN
Now, what we need here is a lot
of money, fast... in forty-five
days at the latest. There is
a piece of property, part of the
old school that was way out near
the county border. But I've
found that we still own the
deed on it. What I am suggesting
is that we, the student council,
renovate, repair and put up for
sale... Moorlock Manor.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, out of nowhere, there is a CRASH OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING. The Council is struck dumb for a moment. Humphrey, totally confused, rises from his seat and looks out of the window at a clear sky.

TYRONE

That's great, Norman. You've just passed up another wonderful opportunity to keep your mouth shut.

NORMAN

Wait a minute. That old house is in excellent condition. It's just a big white elephant and it's sitting out there doing nothing for nobody.

TYRONE

Are you forgetting that they found sixteen, count 'em, sixteen skeletons of sixteen missing persons hidden in the master closet up on the second floor?

NORMAN

People find dead bodies in camp grounds, elevators and motel showers. But that doesn't stop them from using them.

DUDLEY

He's got something there.

TYRONE

And do you honestly believe that the board will just turn the house over to us like that?

NORMAN

Of course. I'll go to the regency meeting, all neat and everything, tell them about our great Amityville High tradition, how much the school is in trouble and how everything depends on them. Then, I'll look up at them, trusting-like, with a soulful expression on my face.

(strikes a soulful look)

How can they resist me?

(CONTINUED)

Tyrone thinks about it a moment.

TYRONE

You know something, jerk?
That's not such a bad idea
afterall.

Esmeralda obviously doesn't think so.

ESMERALDA

Are you all crazy? I
wouldn't be caught dead in
that place!

HUMPHREY

(scared)
(Gasp) Don't say that!

DUDLEY

C'mon, baby, don't worry
about it. Think of it as
a new experience.

Tyrone sits, wistfully self-satisfied.

Norman stares at him. His mouth twists with sarcasm.

TYRONE

Why the hell didn't I think
of it sooner.

TYRONE

Just never got the right
inspiration.

TYRONE

Humphrey, bring your fat
adding machine over here.

Humphrey shoves a sandwich he had been chewing on in his pocket
and stumbles over to Tyrone. Tyrone grimaces from the odor
of Humphrey's sandwich.

TYRONE

Now then, how much do you
think it would cost to pull
this job off?

HUMPHREY

Well let's see.

(starts hitting the
calculator)

Equipment rental, cleaning
supplies, laborers, paint,
food, drugs... how's this?

(CONTINUED)

He shows Tyrone the figures. Tyrone twists his face.

TYRONE

Too steep.

(he starts hitting
the calculator himself)

I was thinking more of something
like this.

Humphrey takes the calculator and starts hitting the keys.

HUMPHREY

How about this?

TYRONE

(hits keys)

No, this.

HUMPHREY

(hits keys)

This?

TYRONE

No, this!

This goes on for awhile. Norman smiles to himself. The ball has started to roll.

67- Suddenly, a title card flashes across the screen. It reads:
ONE MOMENT PLEASE!

An ANNOUNCER speaks loudly and briskly.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, your
attention please. Due to the
extreme low budget of this
production and additional lack
of money, the remainder of this
scene will be in black and white.

68- The title card disappears. Our characters still sit at the table, looking about, dumbfounded, at the sudden change in the atmosphere. The scene is in BLACK AND WHITE.

69- Another title card flashes into view. It reads: THANK YOU
FOR YOUR COOPERATION.

(CONTINUED)

70- INT. JANITOR'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Chester is killing another bottle of "Wild Turkey." He is obviously very nervous. Tyrone, Norman and Humphrey are with him.

CHESTER

No, No, No! I'm never going back to that house... Never!!!

TYRONE

Listen, Chester, if you want more money...

CHESTER

(interrupting)

It's not the money. I was there once about two years ago. There was something in that house that didn't want me to have anything to do with it. And I'd just as soon leave it that way.

TYRONE

There's nothing there. How can you be afraid of something that isn't there?

CHESTER

How the hell do you know it isn't there, if you've never seen it?!?!?

HUMPHREY

Can't argue with that.

TYRONE

What was it Roosevelt said, "The only thing there is to fear is fear itself."

CHESTER

(sweating)

Thanks, and you can just blow that out your velvet asshole. I'm not going back. You'll never get anyone here to go back to that place, either. That place is cursed. Terror and chaos lie in its wake.

(CONTINUED)

CHESTER (cont'd)

There's a monstrous, malignant seed of ugliness and horror, spreading throughout like a noxious plague, more loathsome than the slime that oozes from the walls of Hell. Whoever else is stupid enough to step beyond that threshold...

(long pause)

... would have to be pretty stupid.

Chester goes back to his bottle to take another swig. The others realize that there is nothing else they can do, as their knowing glances to each other indicate. As they file out, Chester suddenly wheels around.

CHESTER

(with much conviction)

You're walking on thin ice.
Don't go too far.

Suddenly, there is a cliché CRASH OF TERRIFYING MUSIC. Ignoring it, and Chester, they all turn to leave.

TYRONE

(equal conviction)

Don't worry. We can swim.

TREMENDOUS MUSICAL PRONOUNCEMENT as they exit.

*They look around
we've gotta stop
saying these
lines.*

71- EXT. TYRONE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It is the evening before the fateful trip.

72- INT. TYRONE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tyrone is in front of the mirror dumping hair tonic on his head. He admires himself.

TYRONE

God, I wish I was a girl so
I could fight over me.

73- INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

The phone rings. Tyrone enters the room quickly and lifts the receiver.

(CONTINUED)

TYRONE
(in French)
Good evening.

VOICE (filtered)
You're a fool, Tyrone. You
are all fools. If any of you
go inside that house, you won't
be coming back out... at least
not under your own power.

The caller laughs very sinisterly and hangs up abruptly. Tyrone is terrified. Slowly, he places the receiver down and sweats, backing away from the phone.

TYRONE
My God, oh my God! OH MY
GOD!!!!!!

Tyrone suddenly catches a reflection of himself in a hanging mirror. He smiles a cocky smile... his narcissism overriding his fear.

TYRONE
You handsome dog, you.

He combs his hair.

74- INT. HUMPHREY'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Humphrey is watching "The Munsters" on T.V., terrified out of his mind as he munches into a ton of popcorn. His phone rings. He answers it.

HUMPHREY
Hello?

VOICE
(long pause)
Have you checked the children?

HUMPHREY
Oh, I'm sorry, but you've got
the wrong movie.

He hangs up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

75- INT. ESMERALDA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Esmeralda has disrobed, climbed into and prepares to take a shower. Guess what happens? Sure enough, through the shower curtain a figure can be seen entering the bathroom. It comes closer... closer... even closer to the shower. Suddenly a hand rips the curtain away. Esmeralda whirls around, screaming. Then her attitude changes.

ESMERALDA

(angrily)

Dudley!!

He is holding the telephone.

DUDLEY

It's for you.

76- INT. NORMAN'S HOUSE - NORMAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Norman rushes up to his room laughing to himself, only to find Agatha, his mother, sitting on his bed. She has found the mysterious letters.

NORMAN

What are you doing in here?

AGATHA

These letters... when did they come?

NORMAN

Months ago, why?

AGATHA

Do you know who sent them, where they came from?

NORMAN

Someone named De Winter.

AGATHA

Maria De Winter... and the return address says...

NORMAN

(interrupting)

Yeah, I know. This Maria De Winter, whoever she is, is playing another joke on me.

(takes the letter)

What she doesn't realize is that she's given me the last laugh.

(CONTINUED)

Norman's mother stares at him a moment, both concerned and puzzled.

AGATHA

Maria De Winter has been
dead for the past twelve years.

Norman's jaw drops.

77- EXT. AMITYVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

~~Tyrone's~~ Volkswagon is parked in back of the building and is being loaded with supplies, by Norman, of course. A title is superimposed which reads: APRIL 1ST, 1982 APRIL FOOL'S DAY

Carrying a huge lunch bag, Humphrey walks up to Norman, making a horrendous mess as he viciously devours another sandwich.

HUMPHREY

I just want you to know that
I'm not at all happy about
going through with this.

NORMAN

(pushing him back)
Jesus, Humphrey, don't you
have any self respect?

Norman then notices Tyrone.

78- He is talking to Jamie against a wall.

79- Norman's face goes GREEN ~~...literally~~.

80- Jamie starts walking toward the car.

JAMIE

Que pasa, Norman?

NORMAN

What did Tyrone say to you?

JAMIE

He invited me to come along
with you guys.

NORMAN

And you accepted his offer?

JAMIE

No, I told him I already had
a date.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN
(looking depressed)
Oh.

JAMIE
Are you sitting in the
front or back seat?

They both smile at each other. Norman helps her into the front. Tyrone stares at them viciously. He then shouts to Norman.

TYRONE
Hey, Norman, I want to talk
to you.

81- Reluctantly, Norman moves over to Tyrone.

NORMAN
What is it now, Tyrone.

TYRONE
So, quiet, reserved, bunyon
brain gets the piece of ass,
huh?

Norman reacts with surprise that he knows.

NORMAN
Tyrone, I happen to like her.

TYRONE
Well, you listen to me, retard.
You don't have any chance in
Hell of keeping her. You've
got zits and your breath stinks.
You belong in a goddamn zoo!

NORMAN
(confidently)
And you belong in a playpen.

Norman leaves Tyrone to fume.

82- Meanwhile, Dudley, always the cowboy, sees Esmeralda leaving a very happy Mr. Wilberforce.

DUDLEY
Hey, put some clothes on...

She flashes him a "screw you" gesture and moves over towards him.

(CONTINUED)

DUDLEY

He's going to pass you,
isn't he?

ESMERALDA

You should have seen him.
He was like warm cheese melting
in my hands.

DUDLEY

(complimenting
admiration)

Hot shit!

She licks her fingers and touches her ass, making a hissing
sound.

ESMERALDA

There isn't a stuffed shirt I
can't knock the stuffing out of.

DUDLEY

Are you willing to back that up?

He motions toward Norman, who is busy as usual. Esmeralda
looks back at Dudley, smiling.

ESMERALDA

Are you kidding? I eat guys
like him for breakfast.

DUDLEY

I bet you money he wouldn't
come if you called him.

All at once a large glob of PIGEON SHIT lands on his shoulder.
Looking up he catches sight of a group of pigeons that land
near the old BAG LADY.

Esmeralda starts to laugh as Dudley starts to kick at the birds.

DUDLEY

Goddamn gutter chickens.

Then, ominously, the bag lady looks up to regard them both.
The lady is MARIA DE WINTER, but no one else knows that.

BAG LADY

You young people'd better watch
your step. We all know what
happens to those who misbehave.

(CONTINUED)

BAG LADY (cont.'d)

We all know what happens to
those who transgress. We all
know what happens to those who
indulge in the dirty deed
before marriage!

Esmeralda stares at the wretched woman very contemptuously.

ESMERALDA

Oh, get stuffed in one of
your bags.

Dudley and Esmeralda move off, leaving the Bag Lady staring
after them.

BAG LADY

We'll see who gets stuffed, my
pretty.
(she looks into camera)
We'll just see who gets stuffed.

She walks off cackling to herself. Dudley helps Esmeralda
into the car.

DUDLEY

That old crone should be
put to sleep.

83- INT. CAR - DAY

Dudley joins Esmeralda and Humphrey in the back seat. Tyrone
is driving, with Jamie and Norman joining him in the front
seat.

TYRONE

Everyone comfortable?

Obviously not as everyone in the back prods and fidgets.

ESMERALDA

Dudley, move your elbow.

DUDLEY

That's not my elbow.

Esmeralda smiles wantonly at Dudley. Humphrey smiles to
himself.

(CONTINUED)

HUMPHREY

It's mine.

Esmeralda's sexual expectations rapidly disappear as Tyrone flips on the radio and guns the engine. Our little troupe is now headed for what will be the experience of their lives.

84- EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

They drive along, spewing dust everywhere.

85- INT. CAR - DAY

Tyrone is looking about, obviously confused.

TYRONE

Humphrey, where the hell
are we?

Humphrey starts going over the map, to the obvious discomfort of the others in the back seat.

HUMPHREY

We past the prairie yet?

TYRONE

What prairie? This is all
fucking expressway.

HUMPHREY

(pointing to spot)
According to the map, we
should be right in the middle
of the...

Esmeralda, tired of being prodded by Humphrey, snatches the map from him.

86- EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

They notice a large group of motorcycle punks and toughs having a rowdy party. There is beer and dancing and fighting and all kinds of shit going on.

87- INT. CAR - DAY

They stop the car and stare at the group a moment.

(CONTINUED) .

NORMAN

Maybe they can direct us to
RR 70.

TYRONE

(smiling)

You'll take care of that,
won't you, Norman?

Norman stares at Tyrone, obviously not ready to take any more
abuse. Jamie breaks it up.

JAMIE

We'll all ask them.

88- EXT. ROADSIDE CLEARING - DAY

They all climb out of the car and move toward the party.
A dirty leather-coated grizzly bear of a human being, wearing
a safety pin through his nose and an outfit from Ace Hardware,
drags his equally gritty-looking girlfriend towards the new
group as if to block their way. The other gang members
regard them only half-heartedly.

TYRONE

(nodding dumbly)

Nice party.

In response, the girl BELCHES. A foghorn has more discretion.

HUMPHREY

Didn't I see you at an all
night supermarket once?

The pair of toughs are now flanked by four more of their
buddies.

DUDLEY

So, uh... what do you guys
do besides... party?

BEAR

We lash out and stomp ass at
random. And I'll play my
radio as loud as I fucking
want to!

NORMAN

We're a little lost. Does
anyone here know the way to
Moorlock Manor?

(CONTINUED)

A CRASH OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING! Then, DEAD SILENCE.

Norman is appalled as the entire group of toughs dash off, running madly, leaving behind all their gear and a large cloud of dust.

NORMAN

Amazing... the rapport I have with people.

89- EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

They are on the road again, and having an argument... a stupid one.

90- INT. CAR - DAY

Suddenly Esmeralda reacts to something.

ESMERALDA

What's that in the road...
a head!?

TYRONE

(squinting to look)
Would you get serious.

ESMERALDA

I am serious!

TYRONE

You're also a dingbat.

HUMPHREY

Wait... I think she is serious.

91- EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Tyrone stops driving. Sure enough, there is what appears to be a severed head sitting in the middle of the road. Every one of their faces shows shock and disgust... everyone except Humphrey. He is eating.

ESMERALDA

I told you I was serious.

TYRONE

We must be close.

(CONTINUED)

92- INT. CAR - DAY

Norman sits back smiling to himself as they continue down the road.

93- EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A little further along, they come across an exact replica of the warning sign seen in "The Wizard of Oz," only instead of "Witches Castle," the sign indicates "Moorlock Manor."

94- INT. CAR - DAY

Dudley reads the sign aloud.

DUDLEY
(sounding like the
"Cowardly Lion")
I'd-turn-back-if-I-were-you.

They all turn to look at him strangely. After a beat, Tyrone drives on. At last, they arrive. Stopping the car, they remain staring at the Manor for awhile.

JAMIE
So this is it, huh?

NORMAN
It's just an old house.

DUDLEY
In the middle of a cemetery.

95- EXT. MOORLOCK MANOR - DAY

MOORLOCK MANOR!! It stands tall, dark, festering like an open wound. It is clearly in an advanced state of blight. There are tombstones all around the yard as if the house were in the middle of a cemetery.

96- As our group exits the car, they find it very hard to go past the chain link fence. A "NO TRESPASSING" sign hangs from it (a la CITIZEN KANE). Carefully forcing themselves on, they notice human skeletons, fully dressed, hanging from a tree. They observe them fearfully for a moment.

TYRONE
(trying to be
lighthearted)
Funny way to hang your laundry,
isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE
I feel like I'm in the middle
of something by Alfred
Hitchcock.

Norman looks toward the very threatening front porch.

NORMAN
Well, gird your loins
everyone!

They all move forward... except Jamie.

97- She sees someone or something at the window.

98- JAMIE
I'm not going in there.

Norman goes back to her.

99- He looks up at the window... NOTHING.

100- NORMAN
What are you going to do...
stay in the car? C'mon.
It's just an old house.
There's nothing to be afraid
of. Look at Esmeralda.

Esmeralda and Dudley stop to give Jamie a contemptuous glance.

ESMERALDA
I go anywhere my men go.

Jamie twists her face at her, then reluctantly joins the
group. Slowly (a la Psycho) they approach the front steps.

HUMPHREY
Boy, old houses give me
the creeps.

TYRONE
Oh shut up... Humphrey.

All at once, one of the skeletons in the tree slowly turns
toward them and shouts out, as if it was a Max Fleisher
cartoon.

SKELETON
You'll be s-s-sorr-r-r-y!

After shooting terrified glances at the skeleton, our little
troupe pretends they didn't hear it and continue on toward
the house.

(CONTINUED)

101- EXT. MOORLOCK MANOR PORCH - DAY

On the porch, they stand and stare at the door... for quite a while. Tyrone, ashen-faced, takes out the keys, hesitates a moment, then hands them to Norman.

TYRONE

Here, you open it.

NORMAN

I'm honored. However, I feel I must decline on the basis of my youth and inexperience.

Carefully, Tyrone reaches for the doorknob and starts to place the key in the lock. Suddenly... THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN BY ITSELF! Throwing each other ~~shaky~~ looks of reassurance, they enter.

102- INT. MOORLOCK MANOR - FRONT ROOM - DAY

The place is in a shambles, with cracked walls and cobwebs. Humphrey twists his face.

HUMPHREY

Where's Mr. Wizard when you need him?

TYRONE

This place is an armpit!

NORMAN

At least the roof is still on.

103- Suddenly, the door SLAMS SHUT behind them. Our gang whirls around to see a bizarre, gaunt young man, SCREAMING!... AXE UPRAISED!! The troupe all scream and fall into each other's arms. All at once, the strange person freezes... recognizing them. The strange man is HARPO.

HARPO

You're early!

Harpo lowers the axe and angrily slides the bolt on the door into place, locking them inside.

NORMAN

Who the hell are you?

(CONTINUED)

HARPO
I'm fine! Who the hell
are you?

TYRONE
(trembling)
You're not supposed to be
in here.

Harpo throws the axe. It lands in a nearby wall, next to an open door. He quickly walks up to Tyrone and pulls out a STRAIGHT-RAZOR.

HARPO
And where do you want it,
smart ass?

Then Harpo begins to clean his nails with the razor. Tyrone shivers uncontrollably.

HARPO
This happens to be my home.
I've lived in this house for
as long as I can remember.
And you... must be here to
clean.

TYRONE
Oh God, I'm sick!

HARPO
I'm Harpo. And I hope you
do the windows.

Harpo leaves Tyrone to scrutinize the others. As soon as he passes Jamie and Norman, she leans over to him and whispers.

JAMIE
This guy's nuts.

HARPO
(turning back)
I was hoping you wouldn't
notice.

104- Dudley suppresses a snicker. Harpo turns immediately to him...
WEARING A DIFFERENT OUTFIT!

HARPO
What's so damn funny?

DUDLEY
(shaken)
Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

HARPO

Nothing? Only a fool
laughs at nothing. I can't
stand fools!

Embarrassed, Dudley twists his face, adjusts his crotch, and
clams up.

HARPO

Alright, the house is yours.
Do with it what you will. But
you listen and pay heed to what
I have to say. You will not on
any account go down into the
basement. Never enter the master
bedroom. Don't go anywhere near
the upstairs closet. Don't open
the doors. Don't answer the
phone. Don't look in the attic.
And, for God's sake, shake the
handle of the toilet when you
flush it.

Harpo gives everyone a final look of warning while backing
toward the open door and the axe.

105- He is magically wearing Bermuda shorts and a loud Hawaiian
print shirt. He pulls the axe out of the wall, still staring
at the kids.

HARPO

Have a nice day.

Harpo moves off, disappearing into the darkness. It makes
for a dramatic exit. After a moment of silence, Tyrone speaks.

TYRONE

(false laugh)

I bet he had you all scared,
didn't he?

Tyrone promptly passes out.

HUMPHREY

Boy... derelicts give me
the creeps.

NORMAN

Oh shut up, Humphrey.

Jamie walks around, examining the room with a decorator's eye.

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE

You're right, Norman, it is just an old house with cobwebs. We can clean it up, hang a few drapes. Yes... we could do wonders with this house.

Dudley looks about, concerned.

DUDLEY

Yeah... but I'm just wondering what this house is going to do with us.

106- MONTAGE

We show everyone cleaning. A series of ANGLE SHOTS shows everyone working very steadily; sweeping, dusting, clearing away the cobwebs.

107- Norman finds a painting of a mysterious, handsome looking woman hanging on the wall. She seems faintly familiar to him. This is a portrait of MARIA DE WINTER, but he doesn't yet know it.

108- Harpo is sitting in a corner, laughing, as he reads "THE EXORCIST."

109- Meanwhile, Humphrey has made himself another large sandwich. Harpo drools nearby. Humphrey is slowly made aware of his presence.

HUMPHREY

Er... would you like a piece?

HARPO

May I?

HUMPHREY

Sure; help y....

Suddenly, an AXE comes down, SPLITTING THE SANDWICH IN HALF!

HUMPHREY

... yourself.

As Harpo removes the axe and devours half the sandwich, a very nervous Humphrey takes a paper cup and goes over to the cooler for a drink of water. Suddenly, Harpo grabs his hand. His clothes have changed again.

(CONTINUED)

HARPO

(very mysterious)

If I were you... I wouldn't
drink that.

HUMPHREY

Why?

HARPO

Fish function in it.

Harpo smiles, then walks off, leaving Humphrey to stare at his glass. Dudley, moving some discarded furniture, looks toward Esmeralda, who is washing a window. They catch each other's gaze and Dudley motions toward Norman, who is sweeping in another part of the room. Esmeralda recognizes that the time has come to fulfill the challenge. She smiles at Dudley, wringing her sponge out over her T-shirt.

110- Norman is working hard when he notices something pass by in the hall. Norman's P.O.V. A dark figure disappears around a corner. A ghost? Norman stands, wary.

ESMERALDA (O.S.)

Norman, can I ask you something?

NORMAN

Sure.

He turns to see an extremely sexy-looking and wet (if you'll pardon the expression) Esmeralda Granitelli, slowly walking toward him. Norman's heart leaps into his throat.

ESMERALDA

Do you think sex is unhealthy?

NORMAN

(very nervous)

I don't know... I've never...

ESMERALDA

... never had sex?

← need new dialogue

NORMAN

Never been sick.

As Esmeralda moves closer, her eyes never leaving him, Norman backs away until he is a corner.

NORMAN

Anything else?

(CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA
Anything you like.

NORMAN
What if I don't like...

ESMERALDA
You will.

NORMAN
I don't get you.

ESMERALDA
You could if you wanted.

Esmeralda starts to caress Norman, lightly touching him with her breasts. Their legs entwine. Norman is covered with sweat. All at once, Jamie enters the room. She is not at all amused.

ESMERALDA
Why Norman, I believe you're
getting a hard on.
(beat)
You know, I heard that if you
kiss a man just right, he'll
pass out.

Esmeralda smothers Norman with a prolonged, erotic kiss. Sure enough, Norman PASSES OUT. Jamie rushes forward as Esmeralda helps Norman to his feet. Jamie grabs Humphrey's water (he is still staring at it, disgusted) and throws it in Norman's face to revive him. He sputters to consciousness.

JAMIE
I hope I wasn't interrupting
anything important.

NORMAN
No... we were just... talking.

Esmeralda looks at Humphrey and laughs to herself as Jamie drags Norman to another part of the room.

111- INT. ANOTHER PART OF FRONT ROOM - DAY

JAMIE
Forgot me already, huh?

NORMAN
No Jamie, I didn't forget...

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE
(interrupting)
You kissed her.

NORMAN
(very sincere)
but I tasted you.

Suddenly disarmed, Jamie smiles.

JAMIE
You jerk.

112- INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - AFTERNOON

Tyrone and Dudley are carrying mopping equipment to put to use. All at once, Tyrone notices a particular door. It is heavily padlocked. Tyrone, very curious, takes a moment to study it.

TYRONE
What's this?

Dudley looks at Tyrone, very condescendingly.

DUDLEY
Where did you say you went to grade school?

TYRONE
I know it's a door, bonehead.
I meant, what is in this room?

Suddenly Harpo startles them. He is hanging upside down from the ceiling behind them..

HARPO
Oh, don't pay any attention to that room. I haven't cleaned it out since my last party.

DUDLEY
You hiding something in there?

Harpo jumps to his feet.

HARPO
Do I look like I have something to hide?

(CONTINUED)

Tyrone and Dudley look at each other. They're not going to touch that one.

DUDLEY

C'mon, the less rooms we have
to clean the better.

Dudley walks off, leaving Tyrone standing all by himself.

TYRONE

(sotto voice)

Still, I sure would like
to see what's behind that door.

Tyrone turns and notices that he is alone. Turning again, he catches Harpo's demented glance and nervously decides to get the hell away from him.

Harpo, waiting until Tyrone is out of sight, sneaks over to the door and unlocks it with a series of keys.

113- EXT. MOORLOCK MANOR - LATE AFTERNOON

The light is rapidly disappearing as thick clouds start to roll in.

114- INT. MOORLOCK MANOR - ROOM BEHIND LOCKED DOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Harpo is standing in the dark room, his mind oblivious to everything. Suddenly, he becomes aware of another presence. Turning on a small light, he reveals a very clean, well-furnished Victorian bedroom. It is plush and gothic-looking. Sitting at the vanity, is what appears to be a dark-haired woman. Her back is to us and we cannot see her face in the mirror.

HARPO

I hope all this noise hasn't
disturbed you.

He gets no response. Harpo comes up behind the woman and begins to massage her shoulders.

HARPO

(continuing)

No, of course not. You always
were very understanding.

Harpo suppresses a snicker. We see finally that the woman in the chair is actually a MANNEQUIN. It is dressed to resemble MARIA DE WINTER, in a long, black evening dress. Harpo begins to straighten the dress.

(CONTINUED)

HARPO

Here, let me do that. We've got to look our best. After all, we've got one hell of a performance ahead of us later.

115- INT. FRONT ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Norman is staring out of a window at the sky. A slight smile crosses his face. Humphrey walks up to see what he is looking at.

HUMPHREY

It looks like it might rain.

NORMAN

It has before.

Jamie comes in from the outside with a large shopping bag.

JAMIE

Party time.

HUMPHREY

Alright, I'm starving.

NORMAN

Jesus, you just had lunch. You're the first person I've met that can eat a whole side of beef and live.

TYRONE

What'd you bring?

Jamie reaches into the bag and pulls out each item as she mentions it.

JAMIE

Let's see... corn chips, potato chips, tortilla chips, onion, garlic, avocado dip, some pepsi and cheese-whiz. But I hope I wasn't the only one who brought anything.

She indicates Esmeralda. Esmeralda starts going through her purse and pulls out each item as she mentions it.

(CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA

Yeah, I brought a few things.
Let's see... grass, quaaludes,
speed, coke, acid, thorazine,
amyl nitrate, uppers, downers,
PCP, LSD, MDV, Johnnie Walker's,
Gordon's Dry, Wild Turkey, some
party mix and for dessert...

She reaches down between her breasts and pulls out a bag of capsules.

DUDLEY

(lighting up)
Smelling salts.

Harpo saunters in... wearing a new outfit.

JAMIE

Harpo, last call for the
party. You want to join us?

Harpo just stands there looking warped.

NORMAN

Come on, sit down. You're
among friends.

Harpo looks around carefully.

HARPO

You've got to be kidding.

Esmeralda nudges Dudley.

DUDLEY

Okay guys, Esmeralda wants
to make a toast.

Smiling, Esmeralda stands.

ESMERALDA

Here's to finishing the house.

She raises her glass of JW's. Everyone joins in the toast.

DUDLEY

Nice toast.

ESMERALDA

Thanks, I worked hard on it.

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE

Yeah... that was quite a toast.

NORMAN

Yeah... one helluva toast.

Tyrone raises his glass.

TYRONE

To the new gym wall.

No response at all. Tyrone is mortified.

DUDLEY

To the smoking lounge.

They all react with polite cheers.

HUMPHREY

Here's to Esmeralda's tits.

He is suddenly drenched by Esmeralda's drink. Laughter ensues.

JAMIE

Harpo, why don't you do a toast.

A differently dressed Harpo takes the wine glass that Jamie hands him and holds it upward.

HARPO

Here's to life. We're on this earth for such a short time. When we're all dead and rotting away in our graves, let's not look back and say, "Boy, did I ever fuck up!"

Nobody speaks. They are all dumbfounded, as Harpo downs his drink.

HUMPHREY

Jesus Christ, talk about a mood-breaker.

Eager to continue the conversation, Jamie turns back to Harpo.

JAMIE

Harpo, you've been in this house for as long as you can remember, right?

(CONTINUED)

DUDLEY

Yeah, you know where all the
bodies are buried.

HARPO

(harshly)

So?

DUDLEY

So, what's the story behind
this place? Behind it's
reputation?

JAMIE

Come on, tell us your
hideous secret.

HARPO

(outraged)

No. I tell you NO! My
hideous secret isn't much,
but it's all I've got.

JAMIE

(a bit shocked)

Forget I asked.

HARPO

I just don't think I can
tell you anything.

JAMIE

Alright. Then don't.

HARPO

Okay, okay, you dragged it
out of me.

Everyone gets comfortable as Harpo relates his tale.

HARPO

You see, this house once
belonged to Thorwald Hanson,
the original founder of Amityville
Central High School. The old
school was next door and burned
down later under mysterious
circumstances. Thorwald had a
mistress named Maria De Winter.

(CONTINUED)

Norman suddenly reacts, realizing De Winter is the one that sent him the letters. He listens with renewed interest.

FLASHBACK

DISSOLVE TO:

116- INT. MOORLOCK MANOR - KITCHEN - SEVERAL YEARS PREVIOUS - DAY

There is a head-shaped pot boiling on the stove, stirred by an extremely sexy and darksome woman, MARIA DE WINTER. She carefully tastes the mixture inside the pot with the attitude of an expert, adding more ingredients.

Behind her, a large man enters; a tad Alfred Hitchcock-ish with a slight suggestion of Sidney Greenstreet. This is THORWALD HANSON.

He comes up behind her and begins to caress and kiss her. She responds but seems more intent on her cooking. Unable to pull her away, Thorwald, a bit frustrated, leaves the room.

Harpo's voice intones.

HARPO (V.O.)

She was gorgeous, had a great personality and was a fantastic cook. In fact, she studied cooking at the Cordon Bleu in Paris. But could only get work on Devil's Island. She would spend so much time refining her culinary gift that Thorwald naturally sought satisfaction elsewhere.

117- INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door is flung open to a shocking sight.

This gigantic man is on top of a young wench... obviously engaged in some sort of obscene pleasure of the flesh.

HARPO (V.O.)

Being insanely jealous, Maria found the woodcutter's ax and used it on both of them.

Maria, raising the ax high, rushes the terrified couple and BRINGS IT DOWN.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

118- INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A SERIES OF ANGLES: Maria is chopping celery, onions, carrots, lighting her stove, cleaning the sink.

119- INT. AMITYVILLE HIGH CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Along a very lengthy table, a large group of parents, teachers and derelicts are enjoying a very hearty meal.

Harpo continues.

HARPO (V.O.)

Priding herself on her ability to make a meal out of anything, Maria cleaned, sliced, tenderized, marinated, cooked, and served her lover and his habitual indulgent to the P.T.A. Board at their annual dinner... garnished with vegetables and a generous helping of mint sauce.

120- INT. MOORLOCK MANOR - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Harpo takes a dramatic pause and watches the copious shivers travel along the spines of his listeners.

ESMERALDA

God, that's vile.

HARPO

Yeah, I don't like mint sauce either.

HUMPHREY

Boy, stories like that give me the...

EVERYONE

(interrupting)

OH SHUT UP, HUMPHREY!

NORMAN

(serious)

You're kidding us, right?
None of that really happened.

JAMIE

If that's the case, how could he know all that with such clear detail?

(CONTINUED)

HARPO

I know because... I am
Maria De Winter's son.

Abruptly, that same CHORD OF SHOCKING MUZAK heard earlier
is heard again. Everyone in the room hears it and reacts,
startled.

HUMPHREY

(searching)
I've heard of dramatic license
... but this is getting
ridiculous.

He gets up to search for the source of the music.

TYRONE

She was your mother? God
help your father.

HARPO

Unfortunately, your sentiment
is a little late.

DUDLEY

C'mon. All this talk is
making me jumpy. We'd better
get ready to go before it gets
too dark.

Instantly the sun disappears, fading out, plunging them deep
into night. They look toward the windows which have gone
from bright sunlight to darkness.

TYRONE

I'll go start the car.

Tyrone exits. However, Jamie is still curious about the
mysterious Maria De Winter.

JAMIE

Whatever happened to Maria
De Winter?

HARPO

She was arrested, then committed
to an asylum for the criminally
insane. Later, when she got
better, she was convicted of her
crimes and condemned to death in
the electric chair. Sounds
almost like a James Cagney movie,
doesn't it?

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

And when exactly did all this happen?

HARPO

Twelve years ago.

The grandfather clock starts to chime.

DUDLEY

That's not supposed to be working.

The clock strikes exactly THIRTEEN TIMES.

ESMERALDA

I hate to be a wet rag, but didn't that clock just strike thirteen times?

HARPO

My God! The last time that happened...

He doesn't continue. Suddenly Humphrey jumps up to speed up their departure.

HUMPHREY

I'm getting the hell out of here. This place is beginning to give me a heart condition.

JAMIE

Oh Humphrey, next you'll be asking for a teddy bear.

HUMPHREY

You got one?

121- EXT. MOORLOCK MANOR - NIGHT

Tyrone tries to start the car, but the engine refuses to turn over. The others, save Norman, try to help him get it started.

ESMERALDA

What's wrong?

TYRONE

I don't believe this. We're out of gas.

(CONTINUED)

He slams the wheel in frustration.

DUDLEY

Well isn't this a barrel of
shit!

HUMPHREY

It could be worse.

DUDLEY

How?

Suddenly, there is a CRASH OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING. Rain
begins to pour down in buckets.

TYRONE

It figures. Quick... back
to the house.

Norman stares at them from the porch, smiling to himself.

122- INT. MOORLOCK MANOR - NIGHT

TYRONE

Norman, get on the phone and
call the auto club.

HARPO

You can't.

NORMAN

Why not?

HARPO

The phone's been murdered.

NORMAN

He means it's dead.

TYRONE

That figures.

All at once, the lights go out, plunging our group into total
darkness.

HUMPHREY

The lights!

DUDLEY

The power's been cut off.

TYRONE

That figures.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

Jesus, what's next?

Suddenly, Esmeralda screams.

TYRONE

That figures.

Dudley rushes to Esmeralda's aid.

DUDLEY

You okay?

ESMERALDA

I'm sorry. I'm just a little afraid of the dark.

HUMPHREY

So what the hell are we going to do now?

NORMAN

I have a suggestion.

TYRONE

That figures.

NORMAN

Actually, we don't have much of a choice. We're just going to have to spend the night.

The very thought of this is unthinkable to the others.

DUDLEY

Fuck you. I'll walk.

NORMAN

But it's like a swamp outside.

DUDLEY

I don't care. I'm not staying in a house that had dead people living in it.

TYRONE

We'll just stay until the rain stops.

NORMAN

Okay. In the meantime, we'd better try and get comfortable. It looks like it's gonna last awhile.

(CONTINUED)

Dudley turns to Esmeralda, who is looking very comely. He is determined to make the best of his situation.

DUDLEY
C'mon, then, let's find
someplace where I can strap
you on.

They start kissing... like they're trying to devour each other. Then they stand up and walk over to a private corner.

Humphrey starts to sniff the air.

HUMPHREY
Something's cooking.

He gets up and starts to follow his nose. Suddenly Dudley and Esmeralda freeze. They hear a clatter of pots. It comes from beneath their feet.

ESMERALDA
Did you hear that?

DUDLEY
I didn't hear anything.

HUMPHREY
(wide-eyed)
There's someone else here.

~~HARPO
But there's no one here...
not a living soul.~~

Nobody says anything, as Harpo, suddenly appearing in a dress out of a 1940's glamour film, begins to climb the staircase. Stopping in the middle of the stairs, he turns to stare at the others.

HARPO
(imitating Bette Davis
in "All About Eve")
Hold on to your safety belts.
It's going to be a bumpy night.

He disappears at the top of the stairs.

ESMERALDA
He's gone again.

JAMIE
He's been gone all his life.

(CONTINUED)

123- EXT. MOORLOCK MANOR - NIGHT

The storm has reached 'nightmarish proportions.

124- INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

It is very spooky up here. Tyrone can be seen sneaking around. We soon see where he is headed, the mysterious locked door. Curious, he starts to examine the padlocks. They seem strong enough. Is there a reason to keep this door so secured? Tyrone decides to peek through the keyhole. What he sees, surprises the hell out of him.

125- It is an... EYE. It stares back at him.

126- Rising quickly, Tyrone gets over the shock, shaking his senses back to normal. Very nonchalantly, he proceeds back to the others.

127- INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Humphrey is still following his nose. He comes to a door heading to the basement. After starting down the long staircase, he suddenly realizes something.

HUMPHREY
I've found it!

128- INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is just sitting around... quiet, scared and bored.

Norman and Dudley react and jump to their feet when they hear Humphrey's voice.

NORMAN
You found what?

DUDLEY
I bet it's the kitchen.

HUMPHREY (O.S.)
It's the kitchen!

They shrug to each other, then leave the room to join Humphrey.

129- INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

They look down toward the basement, a bit mystified.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

Where?

HUMPHREY

Down there.

DUDLEY

The basement? Who in their
right mind would put a kitchen
in the basement?

They look at each other... who indeed? Carefully, they proceed.

130- INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Despite the location, the kitchen seems quite normal. It has cabinets, a stove, sink, ice box... all quite a bit dated, furnished by the Salvation Army. But further scrutiny causes them to notice that there is a countless amount of cutlery mounted on one wall.

DUDLEY

This De Winter was a real
"cut up."

HUMPHREY

Dammit, I knew someone was
going to say that.

They continue to scan the kitchen. There is an aura of suspense as they stand there. Suddenly, the silence is broken by a horrible scream. Norman's cat jumps out of the pantry as if from nowhere, scaring them all severely.

NORMAN

Someday, I swear I'm going
to murder that little bastard.

Suddenly, their attention is diverted to a bubbling sound. An ominous head-shaped pot is boiling over on the stove.

NORMAN

Hmmm. Looks like someone was
just about to sit down to dinner.

Norman starts to move toward the dinner table. Not only is there one of those ridiculous little BOBBING WATER BIRDS present, but it is rather bizarrely set.

NORMAN

See. Lit candles, a knife,
fork and a plate.

(CONTINUED)

Humphrey's eyes begin to bulge when his attention is caught by something somewhat out of place in this place setting.

HUMPHREY

A meat cleaver! This person eats with a meat cleaver?

DUDLEY

Someone is trying to mindfuck us.

NORMAN

... napkins, coffee cup.

HUMPHREY

This person eats with a meat cleaver?

NORMAN

Would you please calm down?

HUMPHREY

I want to get out of here.

NORMAN

What are you afraid of?

HUMPHREY

Anyone who eats with a meat cleaver!

131- INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Esmeralda has a stiff neck and is rubbing it uncomfortably while Jamie paces nervously. Tyrone can't keep his eyes off her.

JAMIE

I think Harpo is right. We should all stay together. I'm really starting not to like this place.

Esmeralda's neck is obviously getting the best of her. Harpo looks on... excited.

HARPO

(sinisterly)

I can help you.

Esmeralda looks nervous as Harpo approaches her.

(CONTINUED)

HARPO

Calm down, I won't bite you.

ESMERALDA

I'm not so sure.

Gently, Harpo starts to massage Esmeralda's neck. He begins to get carried away, but Esmeralda does not stop him, as the rest of the boys re-enter the room. They don't notice Harpo in the background, trying to strangle Esmeralda. It is a weird sight.

JAMIE

What did you find?

DUDLEY

Nothing, just the kitchen.

Humphrey quickly empties his lunch bag on the table to fix himself a sandwich.

HUMPHREY

Kitchen? That place looked like something out of the Inquisition.

NORMAN

It's just someone's idea of a sick joke.

JAMIE

Why? What was in it?

DUDLEY

Enough pig stickers to make Jack the Ripper choke.

JAMIE

You mean... KNIVES?!

Humphrey throws his spreading knife up into the air, frightened by Jamie's words.

HUMPHREY

And a big meat cleaver. I tell you, it got me scared.

JAMIE

It's got me scared and I didn't even see it!

Tyrone has something on his mind. He starts to move toward the staircase. Dudley begins to look around the room.

(CONTINUED)

DUDLEY
Where's Esmeralda?

Looking around the room, they finally notice the wild wrestling match going on in the far corner. It very obviously has gotten out of hand. Dudley walks over to them.

DUDLEY
Are you finished?

Spent and exhausted, Esmeralda and Harpo lie on the floor, trying to collect themselves.

ESMERALDA
I think so.
(rubbing her neck)
Amazing,
(to Harpo)
that's one hell of a
technique you've got there.

Staring up the staircase, Tyrone's fingers twiddle nervously. Finally, he BANGS down on the banister, startling everyone.

TYRONE
I can't stand it anymore!!

DUDLEY
Now what?

TYRONE
My curiosity is eating me
alive. I don't care what
happens. Regardless of the
consequences, I must see what's
behind that door.

With a mad dash, Tyrone dashes up the stairs.

JAMIE
What door?.

DUDLEY
Ask Harpo.

As they all turn to ask Harpo about the room, they discover to their dismay that HE IS GONE.

DUDLEY
Oh well, you worry about him.
(looking at Esmeralda)
Right now, I've got my hands full.

(CONTINUED)

Dudley and Esmeralda walk off to the back of the house. Jamie moves to the banister, while a nervous Humphrey turns toward her.

HUMPHREY

Don't worry. He doesn't believe in ghosts.

132- INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Tyrone has just picked the last lock and drops it to the floor. Cautiously he opens the door and peers inside.

133- INT. FORMER PADLOCKED ROOM - NIGHT

The room is pitch black. Occasionally it is illuminated by FLASHES OF LIGHTNING. Entering very slowly, Tyrone inches over to turn on the lights. It is the Victorian room. The mannequin dressed as Maria De Winter still sits at the vanity. Carefully, Tyrone walks toward the seated figure.

TYRONE

Mrs. De Winter?

He touches the figure on its shoulder. Slowly it begins to rotate in its chair until it is FACE FORWARD. The plaster face of the mannequin is cracked, but it is still only a mannequin.

TYRONE

(breathing relief)

A dummy... I just had the crap scared out of me by a dummy.

Tyrone turns to explore the room further.

TYRONE

What is this?

He walks over to the bed. There seems to be someone lying on it, completely covered. The top of a brunette head is sticking out from the covers. Tyrone reaches for the covers very slowly. HE QUICKLY SNATCHES THEM OFF. There is no one there, JUST A HEAD! It is a dummy head LAUGHING OUTLOUD LIKE A MAD ELF. Tyrone's heart leaps into his throat. SUDDENLY, THE MANNEQUIN RISES BEHIND HIM!! It grabs his shoulders and throws him violently to the ground, slamming the door behind it, cutting off our vision.

(CONTINUED)

134- INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Harpo comes toward the room and notices all the padlocks are on the floor.

HARPO

Oh shit!

He rushes inside and lights the candelabrum.

135- INT. LOCKED ROOM - NIGHT

Everything is the same except that there is no sign of Tyrone or the mannequin. Harpo sees a discarded mask of plaster. It is cracked and resembles a mannequin. Harpo laughs to himself.

136- INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Jamie and Norman are sitting in the hall just talking while a huge tarantula spins a web just above their heads.

NORMAN

Did you ever have nightmares when you were a kid?

JAMIE

I'm not sure. I didn't know enough back then to be scared of anything.

The tarantula slowly starts to lower itself... toward Norman.

NORMAN

I used to see things in the dark... at night.

JAMIE

You mean, like ghosts and stuff?

NORMAN

Now promise me you won't repeat this. I used to wake up... in the middle of the night... and see... clowns.

Jamie tries to suppress a snicker... unsuccessfully.

JAMIE

Clowns?! You're kidding? Oh that's so silly. What kind of clowns did you see?

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN
The usual, Ringling Brothers
variety.

Norman is a bit perturbed that she isn't taking him seriously.
Jamie is still laughing.

JAMIE
Well, at least it's not like
anything I expected you to say.

NORMAN
Yeah, I guess.
(seriously)
Still, the scary thing was...
why the hell did they have to
come to my room?

For a moment, Jamie is disturbed by this and is speechless.
Suddenly, Norman SCREAMS.

JAMIE
What is it?

The tarantula is scurrying on the floor frighteningly close.

NORMAN
Jesus, it crawled across my hand!

JAMIE
A spider!

NORMAN
Hell, that's a monster!

Terrified, Norman tries to get away from it. He's so scared,
Jamie finds it funny, although she is frightened also.

JAMIE
Get it out of here.

NORMAN
Sure, get me a rifle.

JAMIE
C'mon, it's not that big.

NORMAN
Okay, then you get it out
of here.

All at once, Norman's hand lands in something wet. He looks
at it and gasps.

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE

What is it?

Jamie looks at his hand also. It is RED! It looks like BLOOD! There is a trail of it leading down the hall.

JAMIE

I don't like this.

NORMAN

Come on. Let's see who it belongs to.

137- INT. FURTHER DOWN HALL - NIGHT

As they follow the trail, they don't notice Harpo following them, trimming his nails with his straight razor as he does. Suddenly, with a YOWL, the damn cat jumps out of nowhere again, scaring the couple. Norman, although flustered, says nothing. The trail of blood is getting messier as Harpo gets closer. The trail ends at a door. Unmoving eyes riveted on it, they await the inevitable.

NORMAN

I remember a scene like this
from "The Thing." I hope
James Arness isn't back there.

Norman reaches for the doorknob. Suddenly the door swings open. Jamie screams. Suddenly, Harpo grabs Norman from behind and pulls him through another door. At the bathroom door, Humphrey is standing, holding a large sandwich, dripping KETCHUP all over the floor.

Jamie looks at the sandwich, then at Humphrey... very incensed.

JAMIE

Humphrey, If I didn't already
know your I.Q., I'd swear you
did that on purpose.

Jamie suddenly misses Norman, and whirls around in search of him.

JAMIE

Oh my God, where's Norman?

Suddenly, Norman appears from behind the other door.

(CONTINUED)

(137 cont.'d)

NORMAN

Sorry, uh Jamie, would you go with Humphrey a second. I've got something to take care of.

He slams the door. Jamie is a little perplexed. Humphrey puts his arm around her.

HUMPHREY

C'mon, I'll fix you my specialty.

JAMIE

I don't think I could stomach it. Just stay here and scare yourself to death.

Jamie exits.

138- INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Dudley and Esmeralda are still trying to find some privacy. Esmeralda's hand is shaking as she lights a candelabrum.

ESMERALDA

I don't know what's wrong with me. I've never been this jumpy before.

DUDLEY

Too many drugs.

ESMERALDA

I don't do that many drugs.

Dudley rolls his eyes.

They come to the hall closet. They contemplate it a moment.

ESMERALDA

The way ~~this evening has been~~ going, I almost expect to find a dead body behind that door.

DUDLEY

Well, there's only one way to find out.

Dudley reaches to open the door, grabbing the knob. Esmeralda stops him.

(CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA

No! Don't open it.

DUDLEY

Now that's chickenshit.
There's nothing in there.

ESMERALDA

You don't know that.

Dudley is scared now. Slowly, he releases the doorknob.

DUDLEY

Okay, let's go.

ESMERALDA

(stopping him)

Hey, wait a minute. You're not
being chickenshit, are you?

DUDLEY

Well, you didn't want me to
open it in the first place.

ESMERALDA

But it was your idea.

DUDLEY

I don't care one way or the
other.

ESMERALDA

Then open it. I dare you!

There is a terrified moment of hesitation.

DUDLEY

Why should I open it? Why not
you?

ESMERALDA

You're wasting time.

DUDLEY

Alright... I'll show you.

Carefully, slowly, Dudley places his hand on the doorknob.
Slowly, carefully, he turns it. Quickly, he FLINGS IT OPEN!
Esmeralda covers her eyes. NOTHING! It is empty. Dudley
heaves a sigh of relief.

DUDLEY

See, I told you there was
nothing in...

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly a BODY ROLLS OUT FROM THE SIDE.

ESMERALDA
Tyrone!!!

He hits the floor as Dudley rushes to catch him.

DUDLEY
Oh my God... he's DEAD!

ESMERALDA
But what happened to him?

DUDLEY
(examining him)
His neck is broken in four places. His teeth have been knocked loose. And there are multiple stab wounds all over his back.

ESMERALDA
Well we can certainly rule out suicide.

Suddenly, Tyrone's lips move. He attempts to speak.

DUDLEY
Tyrone, Tyrone, can you hear me? Say something. Speak to us Tyrone. Speak to us.

Close up on Tyrone's lips.

TYRONE
(whispering)
Rose-bud.

He then drops a glass ball with a water and snow display inside. It shatters to the floor. Tyrone is now gone. Dudley and Esmeralda look at each other.

DUDLEY & ESMERALDA
Rose-bud?

All of a sudden, Esmeralda reacts when she sees movement from the closet again.

ESMERALDA
Look out!

Dudley turns in time to see another unknown corpse about to fall on him. He jumps out of the way. The corpse hits the floor.

(CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA
That was close!

DUDLEY
I wonder who this is?

Suddenly Esmeralda screams again. Another corpse falls out of the closet... followed by another... and another... and another... and ANOTHER! Dudley is getting frustrated.

DUDLEY
This is getting ridiculous.

Another corpse falls, and another. This continues as Dudley and Esmeralda walk off.

139- INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Norman and Harpo are silently yelling at each other. They are obviously familiar with each other.

NORMAN
I'm not paying you to blow everything for me.

HARPO
You sure as hell aren't.
Where's my check?

NORMAN
It's in the mail. And while I'm at it, how dare you try and pull this off behind my back when the whole idea was mine in the first place.

HARPO
What are you talking about?

NORMAN
That "Maria De Winter" story.

HARPO
That's the story I got from the caretaker.

NORMAN
And I suppose you sent me those letters.

HARPO
What letters?

(CONTINUED)

Norman's reaction is a bit disturbed.

NORMAN
Where's Tyrone?

HARPO
He's alright.

NORMAN
You sure?

HARPO
Isn't he?

NORMAN
I thought you...

HARPO
No,
(pulling out a mask)
I found this.

NORMAN
It's not mine.

HARPO
Mine either.

NORMAN
Strange.

HARPO
Very strange.

NORMAN
Right.

HARPO
What?

NORMAN
Anyway, just continue with
the show as we rehearsed it.
(he looks at his
watch)
In fifteen minutes start the
tape with the wild laughing.

HARPO
(joyfully)
Roger.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

Yeah... we'll give those self-satisfied bastards an April Fool's Day they won't soon forget.

HARPO

By the way, have you seen that mannequin I had made up?

NORMAN

No, and you'd better find it before someone else does.. Jesus, there are times when I think you two'd make a perfect couple.

HARPO

Hey, I don't need this. I'd rather be doing commercials.

NORMAN

I'm sorry. I'm just nervous, that's all.

HARPO

Ya know, I never realized how much fun it is to scare the hell out of people.

NORMAN

You, my friend, are a sadist.

Harpo chuckles ominously and starts to slurp on a coke. Norman starts to exit the closet, smiling.

NORMAN

By the way, how did you do that routine with your clothes?

Harpo turns to him... wearing another outfit.

HARPO

What routine?

NORMAN

You just did it.

HARPO

What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

Confused, Norman waves it off and leaves the closet. Harpo sets down his coke and begins to thread the tape machine with a gleeful look on his face. Suddenly, he reacts to a voice.

VOICE
(Maria De Winter)
You're not my son.

It's a woman's voice, and Harpo is becoming very nervous.

HARPO
Norman?

VOICE
(Maria De Winter)
Who are you?

HARPO
Come on Norman, cut it out.

He slowly turns around and sees a pair of insane-looking eyes staring at him... heavily made-up eyes. The eyes suddenly rush at him, screaming! A pair of hands clamp around his throat, cutting off his air. His feet RISE into the air, thrashing spasmodically, as he makes sickening CHOKING SOUNDS. HARPO IS STRANGLED. His body drops to the floor. The same hands grab the coke and, with a loud slurping noise, finish it off, CRUSHING THE CAN COMPLETELY.

140- INT. UPSTAIRS EMPTY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Esmeralda and Dudley have been... getting to know each other... for the seventh straight time.

ESMERALDA
Savage. Talk about hitting the jackpot.

DUDLEY
What can I say? I'm just the hottest thing in designer jeans.

ESMERALDA
Dudley, don't you think we ought to tell the others about Tyrone?

Dudley reacts... pretending to have forgotten.

DUDLEY
Well, let's just give it another fifteen minutes.

(CONTINUED)

He stares at her breasts.

DUDLEY

Now then, what page was I
on?

Dudley attempts to smother himself in Esmeralda's ample
mounds when he hears a strange sound... THREE LOUD KNOCKS
AGAINST THE DOOR!! Esmeralda and Dudley sit up... frozen
in fear.

The THREE KNOCKS are heard again.

ESMERALDA

(scared)

C-come in.

No response. It is completely silent.

Esmeralda turns to her boyfriend.

ESMERALDA

What was that all about?

DUDLEY

I don't know. But I think
I'll go find out.

ESMERALDA

No, maybe you'd better stay
here.

DUDLEY

Don't worry, I can handle
myself.

ESMERALDA

So could Tyrone.

Dudley's macho exterior quickly fades away.

DUDLEY

You wouldn't consider coming
with me?

ESMERALDA

You're out of your mind.

DUDLEY

Right... if I'm not back in
five minutes, call the National
Guard.

(CONTINUED).

Dudley walks off and, with great trepidation, disappears into the dark hallway.

141- INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Dudley is moving very carefully down the hall... his eyes searching. All at once, Dudley HEARS THE EXTRA FOOTSTEPS. Stopping, he HEARS THE OTHER FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE. Dudley walks on again and stops. He HEARS THE STEPS AGAIN. All at once he hears another sound... the SOUND OF A KNIFE BEING SHARPENED!!

Dudley turns around... screaming at what he sees.

142- INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Esmeralda sits, pensive. All at once there is a flurry of NIGHTMARISH SOUNDS: things being broken, screaming, objects slammed about, machine-gun fire. Then silence. Esmeralda sits still for a moment and then utters what is probably the dumbest line in this script.

ESMERALDA

Dudley, is anything wrong?

Esmeralda stands and slowly moves toward the door to look through it.

ESMERALDA

Dudley?

The hallway presents itself as very black and ominous. Before Esmeralda moves any further, she stops.

ESMERALDA

(to herself)

I'm not that stupid.

She turns to find another way out.

Suddenly, someone steps into the doorway... BREATHING HEAVILY. Esmeralda strains her eyes to see who it is.

ESMERALDA

Dudley, is that you?

No response... just BREATHING.

ESMERALDA

(to herself, slowly)

Who is that?

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, whomever it is, whips out a huge KNIFE AND FORK! Esmeralda screams. The CAMERA TAKES A SUBJECTIVE VIEWPOINT and becomes the P.O.V. of the killer. Esmeralda wildly dodges back and forth in front of the lens while the camera tries to keep up. Finally, after awhile, the CAMERA PASSES OUT from dizziness and falls to the ground, facing the ceiling. Esmeralda cautiously moves toward the passed out person to make sure of her condition. Suddenly, HER HAND LASHES OUT AT ESMERALDA AND GRABS HER FOOT.

143- INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Humphrey is sauntering along, when he hears Esmeralda's scream and rushes in the direction it came from.

144- INT. EMPTY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Looking about the room, Humphrey catches a glimpse of Esmeralda's legs being dragged through another corridor.

145- INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Humphrey continues to follow as Esmeralda's legs are dragged down the stairs.

146- INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Esmeralda's legs now disappear into the hallway toward the basement kitchen. Humphrey continues to follow at a safe distance.

147- INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

As Humphrey reaches the stair bottom and peers around the corner, he sees that the kitchen table has been cleared off except for four large kitchen knives. The mysterious pot on the stove is still boiling. Humphrey notices an open door at the opposite end of the kitchen. As he enters, his eyes searching, he passes what looks like a COOKBOOK. The title reads: TO SERVE MAN.

Swallowing hard, Humphrey continues toward the opposite room. Creeping to the door, he peers inside.

148- INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

We see the back of the mysterious woman as she takes the rest of the clothing off a limp, Esmeralda Granitelli, and drops the body into a tub of water to soak.

(CONTINUED)

Humphrey panics as the woman turns and HEADS FOR THE DOOR!

149- Desperate for a hiding place, Humphrey ducks under the cloth on the kitchen table, just as the woman enters. We see exactly what Humphrey sees from under the table as her legs are seen going to the ice box. She opens the door. All at once, THE FROZEN, NAKED BODY OF HARPO falls out... FACING HUMPHREY. He reacts accordingly. After the woman drags the dead body of Dudley out of the ice box, she carefully replaces Harpo's body back into the box. With incredible strength, she lifts Dudley and drops him on top of the table. By this time, Humphrey is sweating RIVERS, indicated by the torrents of beads pouring from his face.

The woman then goes to a counter and grabs a gigantic MEAT CLEAVER and a box of SARAN WRAP! She moves back to the table. Terrified out of his gourd, Humphrey BELCHES! The woman drops the CLEAVER and the SARAN WRAP. Humphrey covers his mouth. All at once he FARTS! The woman drops a few more utensils on the floor.

Humphrey covers his posterior, and with increasing tension, brings himself to look where the woman is standing. She is not moving... she is still. Perplexed, Humphrey turns to the other side of the table. The woman is STARING AT HIM! It is MARIA DE WINTER. She is peering under the table, apparently stretched over it. Her head is, of course, upside down. This is our first good look at Maria De Winter's face. It is not easy to describe... or look at. It is pasty, overly made-up, dark circles around the eyes, and twice as bizarre looking upside-down.

Humphrey screams and rushes out from under the table, running for his life. Maria and her meat cleaver are in hot pursuit. Humphrey closes the door behind him, stopping her but only momentarily. Maria angrily buries her meat cleaver into it.

150- INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Humphrey is running and screaming like a maniac, until he runs into Norman and Jamie.

NORMAN

Jesus, Humphrey, calm down.
You look like you've seen a
ghost.

HUMPHREY

It's Maria, she's alive!!

Humphrey throws a nervous glance down the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE

What? C'mon now, you're taking all this a little too seriously, aren't you?

HUMPHREY

I'm telling you, I saw her.

NORMAN

You saw a dummy.

HUMPHREY

A dummy?

NORMAN

This is all a joke! Just a big April Fool's joke.

HUMPHREY

A joke, huh? I'm sure Harpo didn't find it very funny.

NORMAN

What are you talking about? Where's Harpo now?

HUMPHREY

Right now?! He's being
(hysterically)
wrapped for freezer storage.
As for the others! Well, the others are all just hanging around somewhere, on meat hooks!!

Norman is stunned for a moment.

NORMAN

(trying to convince himself)
This must be Harpo's idea.
Yeah, he's just carrying my gag a little too far.

Jamie stares at the shivering Humphrey, concerned.

JAMIE

Norman, Humphrey's serious.

NORMAN

But he can't be. I set this all up. I made the phone calls, siphoned the gas. I even rigged up the house.

(CONTINUED)

HUMPHREY

I'm telling you what I saw.
If you don't believe me,
then just take a look inside
that ice box.

All at once WEIRD LAUGHTER can be FAINTLY HEARD. It gradually increases in intensity until it resembles Margaret Hamilton as the wicked witch in "The Wizard of Oz."

NORMAN

At least whoever it is has
a sense of humor.

JAMIE

Norman, I'm starting to get
very frightened.

HUMPHREY

Now we've got to be brave,
muster our courage and be
strong.

Humphrey starts to sneak away.

JAMIE

Where are you going?

HUMPHREY

To find someplace to hide.

Humphrey disappears.

JAMIE

Norman, what's going on?

NORMAN

Well, we're not going to find
out standing here.

Taking each other's hand, they cautiously proceed to the
basement stairs.

151- Meanwhile, Humphrey has backed into another part of the
front room.

HUMPHREY

I've got to get a weapon.
I've got to get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

Humphrey suddenly breaks wind.

HUMPHREY

Jeez, I've got to take a dump.

152- INT. HALL - NIGHT

Humphrey finds the bathroom eventually. But apparently, as he peers into the door, someone is taking a shower. Humphrey is confused, but stupid. It's the only way to explain why he would enter the bathroom, which he does.

153- INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

HUMPHREY

Hello? Who's there?

He gets no response. Carefully, Humphrey moves toward the shower curtains. He reaches up to part them, when all of a sudden (there have been a lot of those, haven't there?) MARIA RUSHES OUT OF THE SHOWER, DRIPPING WET, BRANDISHING A BUTCHER'S KNIFE.

Humphrey SCREAMS!

154- INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Running for his life, screaming all the way, Humphrey heads for the upstairs floor.

155- INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Stopping at the top of the stairs, he sees the insane Maria at the bottom, standing there dripping wet. Slowly, she starts to climb the stairs. Quickly, Humphrey reaches into his shirt and pulls out... A CRUCIFIX! He triumphantly holds it forward. Maria does not stop. With a loud "yelp," Humphrey rushes away.

156- Finding the hall closet, Humphrey quickly conceals himself inside.

157- INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Panting with terror, Humphrey locks the door and remains still while Maria searches the hall for him. Coming to the closet, she just stands there for a moment, breathing heavily. Humphrey holds his breath.

(CONTINUED)

Eventually Maria moves away. Listening at the door, Humphrey heaves a sigh of relief as he hears Maria go down the steps. Carefully he unlocks the door. Slowly he opens it. Cautiously he sticks his head out. MARIA IS STANDING THERE. Humphrey screams again and slams the door. Suddenly a fist SMASHES through it as if it were balsa wood.

158- INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The bobbing water bird continues its monotonous up and down motion as Jamie reacts to a HALF-HEARD SOUND.

JAMIE

Did you hear that?

Norman is staring at the mysterious, boiling pot, then he glances up at the cupboard.

NORMAN

I don't think we're supposed to.
C'mon, I want to see what's in
that ice box.

They go to the ice box and, looking to each other for reassurance, they slowly open the door. There is nobody inside. There is... on the other hand... an AXE! It is a large, woodcutter's axe. Jamie looks at Norman.

JAMIE

Cold cuts?

Norman gives Jamie a sour look and turns to the pot on the stove. Apprehensively he moves toward it.

159- Jamie goes to the cupboard and opens the door.

JAMIE

Norman... you'd better look at
this too.

Putting off the pot for now, Norman goes to the cupboard and is appalled by its contents... a series of labeled jars. Each jar has a handwritten identification of its contents: LADY FINGERS, GENTLEMEN FINGERS, CAULIFLOWER EARS, ATHLETE'S FEET, FRESH NUTS, SPECIMEN FROM A BIOLOGY CLASS.

Norman swallows hard and backs away.

NORMAN

God! How gruesome.

(CONTINUED)

160- The mysterious pot looms before him once again. Trembling, he takes a pot holder and reaches for the lid. He lifts it. Jamie looks on, concerned.

JAMIE

Norman, are you alright?

Norman peers over the rim into the pot. Suddenly the head inside RESPONDS!

HEAD

(very low voice)
's alright.

Shocked, Norman THROWS the LID across the room. Jamie rushes over.

JAMIE

What is it??

NORMAN

It's Tyrone. How do you like that? From class president to an ingredient in someone's stew.

Jamie turns away. She is disgusted. Norman starts searching.

NORMAN

What did I do with the lid?

JAMIE

I'll get it.

Norman can't take his eyes off the pot.

161-Jamie looks around on the floor and spies the lid. She reaches for it. ANOTHER HAND GRABS IT. Jamie is struck dumb with terror.

NORMAN

You got it yet?

The lid is handed to him.

NORMAN

Thanks.

He replaces it on the pot. Jamie is trembling in the background, trying to speak. Norman hears her choked sound and finally turns to her. She is blanched and pointing to something. Norman's initial reaction is amusement.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

What's the matter? Is my
slip...

A hand is placed on his shoulder. Norman suddenly realizes...

NORMAN

(continuing)
... sh... showing?

162- IT IS MARIA. Quickly she spins him around. She is wearing about three pounds of make-up and a tattered evening dress similar to one purchased at "FREDERICK'S."

MARIA

(very threatening)
I don't like anybody in my
kitchen.

NORMAN

(to himself)
Sweet, screaming Jesus!!!
(to Maria)
I'm sorry. I smelled something
cooking and I just couldn't
resist a peek.

Maria cocks her head as she studies Norman... her crazy, vise-like hands suddenly grabbing his head. Her nitfic-acid eyeballs bore into his skull.

MARIA

Thorwald had eyes just like
yours. He's dead, you know.

Maria then throws her insane glance at Jamie, who waves feebly. She turns back to Norman.

MARIA

(hungrily)
I'm so glad you both could
come. I'd just love to have
you and your girlfriend for
dinner.

NORMAN

Pardon my asking... but...
aren't you supposed to be...
dead?

MARIA

Don't believe everthing you hear.

(CONTINUED.)

Maria has Norman in a very firm grip. He struggles, but he cannot get loose. Jamie moves quietly about, trying to find a weapon. The struggling couple continues to cut her off from all weapons she might find. Norman throws her a helpless glance.

MARIA

I'm not going to hurt you,
Norman, I just want to explain
a few things to you.

NORMAN

Please, let us go. I don't want
to be eaten. There's not enough
meat here anyway. I'm junk food!
I'm sure I don't even taste good.
Wouldn't you rather eat Chinese?

MARIA

Your fear is misspent. I wouldn't
do anything to you.

Norman is uneasy, but now for a DIFFERENT reason.

NORMAN

What are you saying?

Maria toys with Norman's shirt a moment, hedging.

MARIA

I wouldn't do anything to my
own son. My real son.

Norman is shocked, and so is Jamie. So is the bobbing water
bird.

MARIA

Thorwald was your father, and I
was his mistress.

NORMAN

But... my last name is Perkins.

NORMAN
Mother?
MARIA
Shh... no names

MARIA

So was Thorwald's. We caused
quite a scandal here, considering
his position in town. That's why
he had to change his name and
leave after you were born and I
spilled my guts.

(CONTINUED)

Maria leaves Norman alone for a moment and starts to move toward a very nervous Jamie. Reaching into a drawer, Maria pulls out a large meat cleaver, knowing it is the one she wants by touch, as she continues to stare at Jamie. Norman swallows hard as she starts to CHOP CELERY.

MARIA

He took you away from me

(chop)

and married my sister, Agatha.

(chop)

I then had a nervous breakdown.

(chop)

Actually, I had ¹⁷~~several~~ nervous breakdowns.

(chop)

And I was thus rendered unfit to live in a decent society.

(chop)

But they couldn't keep me from this house... my home.

(chop)

I'm sorry, I'm forgetting my manners. Would you like a drink?

NORMAN

I'd like a forty-four magnum.

Maria gathers up the celery and opens the oven. She slides out a very long roaster... about the size of a HUMAN BEING. It is covered with tin foil.

MARIA

Thorwald didn't stay away either, as I knew he couldn't.

Lifting the tin foil, we are greeted with the ghastly sight of DUDLEY! He is very red-faced, garnished with parsley and an apple has been stuck in his mouth. Maria sprinkles on the celery, then turns back to Dudley. Covering him again carefully, Maria gently closes the oven door, then reaches for the timer and sets it for ten minutes. She turns quickly back to Norman, caressing her cleaver.

MARIA

What is the phrase? "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."
Your father scorned me and I paid him back.

(CONTINUED)

Maria suddenly swings the cleaver, burying it into the wall. beside Norman's head. Some of his hair falls to the floor. He moves quickly away.

Jamie quickly reacts, her eyes falling upon Maria's utensils and spices. She carefully sorts through them, all the while watching Maria.

NORMAN

(shaking)

You've been reading too many dime novels. Before you get too enthusiastic, let me say something. I think I understand your problem. I've had first-hand experience with these kinds of neuroses.

Maria stares quizzically up at Norman... still keeping up with him.

MARIA

What? .

NORMAN

You see... you killed my father and all the others because, in your paranoia, your psyche turned pathological. You struck out at society from sexual frustration and, because in your twisted mind, they took your only son, me, metaphorically speaking, the symbol of your consummation, away from you.

MARIA

(several beats)

No... you've got it wrong. I love butchering people.

Norman is understandably taken aback.

NORMAN

I was afraid of that.

Holding a vinegar bottle, Jamie moves toward Maria, raising it to strike.

MARIA

I admit, there's a slight flaw in my logic. But now I have a firmer grasp on my anti-social behavior aspects.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA (cont.'d)

Why since I've seen you, I
feel positively uplifted...
jubilant... reborn. I even
have heart of a ten year old
child. I forgot where I put
it... but it's here.

Maria moves forward just as Jamie swings.

MARIA

Would you do me a favor?

Jamie accidentally releases the bottle and sends it crashing
through the window. Maria apparently doesn't notice the noise.

NORMAN

What kind of a favor?

MARIA

Well... today's my birthday.

NORMAN

That figures...

MARIA

And I want to celebrate. I've
prepared an excellent dinner.

NORMAN

But they're my schoolmates!!

MARIA

(shrugs)

I wanted it to be intimate.

Norman is beside himself with revulsion. All at once he realizes
that he has inched himself close to her cutlery. Desperate, he
seizes one of the largest knives hanging on the wall and holds it
in front of him, defensively.

NORMAN

We're getting out of here.

MARIA

(shaking her head)

Oh Norman, Norman, Norman. You
ought to be ashamed of yourself.
You know you can't leave me.
Why, you just can't live without
me.

NORMAN

I think you've got that a bit
backwards.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA

I know what I said.

NORMAN

I was afraid of that, too!

Suddenly, Maria seizes Norman's hands... squeezing them. Her weight knocks him back on the counter. Then she grabs his neck with her other hand, trying to strangle him.

Jamie grabs and raises a wine bottle, bringing it crashing down on Maria's head. There is no reaction from Maria. She just continues squeezing... slowly twisting the knife around so she can stab Norman. It comes perilously close. Finding another bottle, James smashes that across her head. STILL NO REACTION. Norman struggles wildly. Jamie goes to a drawer and pulls out a rolling pin.

JAMIE

(to herself)

The third time's a charm.

Rushing to the struggling twosome, Jamie raises the rolling pin to strike. Suddenly, Maria goes glassy-eyed... a delayed reaction. Jamie touches her frozen shoulder and Maria collapses dead away. She finally releases Norman, who comes up gasping for air. Jamie goes to him.

NORMAN

If you say one word about
getting out of a tight squeeze,
I'll hit you.

They waste no time in exiting the kitchen. Slowly, painfully, Maria rises. Gingerly she touches her forehead. There is a small trickle of blood on her fingers. Her face twists into a mask of maddened rage. Opening the icebox she takes the axe firmly and holds it level. There is murder in her eyes and it is frightening.

163- INT. HALL - NIGHT

Slamming the door behind them, Norman collapses against the wall, burying his head in his hands. Jamie looks very anxious.

(SCREENWRITER'S NOTE: From this point on, until otherwise indicated in the script, the story becomes a STRAIGHT HORROR FILM. The audience is being set-up for a major joke.)

After a moment, Norman hurries with Jamie toward the front of the house. They don't notice the hallway door OPENING BEHIND THEM. Pausing, Norman takes hold of Jamie.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

I want you to get to the car
and wait for me while I get
the gas.

JAMIE

Are you crazy? I'm not
leaving you.

NORMAN

I can't risk you getting
murdered along with me.

JAMIE

Let me at least be within
earshot. Here... I'll wait
by the front door for you.

Norman smiles. Jamie then gives him her good luck locket.

JAMIE

Be careful.

NORMAN

Here's looking at you, kid.

He gives her a tender tap on the cheek and then heads back
toward the NOW OPEN kitchen door. After watching him go,
Jamie heads into the front room.

164- INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie positions herself at the front door.

165- INT. HALL - NIGHT

Norman exits the hallway and goes into the basement. He
doesn't notice that someone, namely Maria, has been standing
behind the hallway door. She quietly closes it and LOCKS it.

166- INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie is getting very nervous, and she has every reason to
be. She suddenly gets the feeling that something is very
wrong. Looking about her, she begins jumping at little
noises. All at once, the sound of creaking floor boards
causes her to panic. Someone is approaching her. She
suddenly bolts from the front room and rushes into the
hallway, terror-stricken.

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE
Norman!! Norman!!!

167- INT. HALL - NIGHT

Reaching the hallway door, she tries to open it, but can't. She begins to pound on the door calling for Norman. All at once, the door at the other end of the hallway is SLAMMED SHUT. IT IS MARIA! She raises her axe and begins a slow and deadly approach. Jamie is beside herself with fear. SHE IS TRAPPED!

168- INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Norman hears the commotion and rushes up the stairs through the backroom, to the hallway door.

NORMAN
(shouting)
Jamie, what is it? What's wrong?

Norman's banging against the door is coupled with Jamie's terrified whimpering which is climaxed by a horrible SCREAM! The SCREAM is CUT OFF... literally. A loud BANG is heard as something strikes the door... the axe. Norman's heart freezes when he hears another sound. The dull thumping of something hitting the floor. Horrified beyond thinking, Norman staggers back as a small trickle of Jamie's blood seeps from under the door. Norman has lost his breath!

SUDDENLY... THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN!!! Maria De Winter stands there... the axe and her dress splashed with blood!

NORMAN
No... Oh God... NOoooo!!!!

Maria raises the axe and swings. Norman ducks. Maria misses smashing the window behind him. Norman rushes out of the window, into the yard and the storm..

169- EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING FLARE mildly. Maria is in hot pursuit of Norman, with full intent to kill. Norman stops against a tree and looks to see Maria standing at the back of the house.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA

(shouting)

I never should have trusted you. Never! You're just like your father. I trusted him too. I trusted him, then I killed him. "Like father, like son."

NORMAN

Maria, please don't do this.

MARIA

You're dead, Norman!

All at once the chase is on again.

167- EXT. UNDERGROWTH - NIGHT

Norman fights his way through the brush, trying desperately to get away.

168- EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

Coming to a clearing, he rushes forward only to narrowly avoid FALLING OFF A CLIFF. Stopping himself in the nick of time, Norman allows himself to heave a sigh of relief.

NORMAN

(slowly)

Oh, my God.

Suddenly, Maria appears as if from nowhere. She grabs the axe handle, throwing it around Norman's throat and pulls back on it, STRANGLING HIM! Norman's feet dangle helplessly as Maria lifts him and then throws him to the ground. Norman tries to crawl away, choking and massaging his throat. Maria drops the axe and approaches him slowly.

She reaches down and grabs him by the throat and pants leg. SHE LIFTS HIM HIGH OVER HER HEAD. Moving toward the edge of the cliff, Maria prepares to throw Norman off. Terrified, Norman squirms and grabs the back of her dress. Unbalanced, Maria angrily throws him back to the ground and picks up her axe. Wildly, she CHOPS at Norman, who scuttles along the ground, barely avoiding her attack.

Norman stands up and slowly backs away as Maria approaches, her axe poised. HE IS BACKING TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF! Suddenly, Maria SCREAMS! Raising the axe high, SHE RUSHES HIM. Norman moves first to the side, then forward.

(CONTINUED)

He thrusts out his foot... MARIA TRIPS. Screaming loudly, MARIA FALLS... plummeting hundreds of feet to her death. Still trembling, but vastly relieved, Norman goes to the edge and looks down. There is nothing but darkness. Norman turns sadly away, pausing to think about his friends. On the ground in front of his feet is Jamie's good luck locket. He bends over to pick it up.

SUDDENLY... A HAND!

It reaches up over the edge of the cliff and grabs Norman's ankle. Norman falls.

Maria De Winter pulls herself back up clinging to Norman. Terrified beyond reason, Norman tries to yank himself away but cannot.

Maria makes her way along Norman's body until she can take a firm hold on his neck. With iron fingers Maria SQUEEZES, hissing furiously.

Norman struggles impotently. He can feel consciousness slowly leaving his body. Very soon his arms go limp and he passes out.

Maria stands, staring at the prone form beneath her. She picks up her axe and starts coming for him.

Norman stirs.. He can see her just barely as everything is fuzzy.

As the picture clears, Maria raises the axe to STRIKE.

Norman turns away... eyes closed... his death imminent.

All at once, Maria lowers the axe, stares straight at Norman and smiles.

Norman slowly turns to her... utterly confused.

MARIA
April Fool's!!!

NORMAN
What???

MARIA
April Fool's, Norman.

Norman is shocked. He can't believe his ears. What happens next is totally without precedence. Norman looks off and sees what looks like... TYRONE, his wet, streaming head placed carefully back on the end of his neck. Suddenly DUDLEY and ESMERALDA appear. They are shouting something.

(CONTINUED)

DUDLEY & ESMERALDA

April Fool's, Norman...

April Fool's!

Now coming into view... HUMPHREY. The butcher's knife is still sticking out from his bleeding chest. He too, joins in with the bizarre chant. HARPO is also there. And then, most horrifying of all, JAMIE appears, her HEAD TUCKED UNDER HER ARM! It speaks to Norman.

JAMIE

Fooled you, didn't we, Norman.

Norman is cracking. He starts to tremble uncontrollably. His mind is reliving the trauma of one year ago as flashback after flashback is coupled with the horror now before him... now APPROACHING HIM.

169- INSERTS

Telegram: PLEASE IGNORE PREVIOUS TELEGRAM

Interior of school gym and the banner: APRIL FOOL'S, SUCKER.

Interior of Detention Area: Norman as a vegetable.

170- BACK TO CLIFF SCENE

NORMAN

No, you can't do this... you can't!

(rising intensity)

You can't... YOU CAN'T!!

Everything echoes total INSANITY!

CUT TO:

171- INT. NORMAN'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Jamie Lee Soles wakes up SCREAMING!

JAMIE

You can't... you can't!

Just like Brian De Palma... right?

(SCREENWRITER'S NOTE: Guess what? We're a comedy again.)

Jamie soon realizes that she is safe in bed. The whole, horrible incident was just a bad dream.

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE
(very exhausted; a
release)
Holy Shit!

Jamie swearing? Shame, Shame. Suddenly, ANOTHER HAND! With a sudden shock, it reaches up from the bed beside her! Jamie SCREAMS!

JAMIE
No!... No!

The hand belongs to Norman.

NORMAN
Jesus Christ, calm down! I
won't do it... okay? I swear
I won't.

Jamie finally calms down.

JAMIE
What?

NORMAN
My God, if you're that dead set
against it, I won't do it. It
was just a joke, for Christ's
sake.

After several beats, Jamie throws a perplexed look toward the audience, as if to say: "Do you believe this?"

NORMAN
I knew I never should have told
you. You're just like my mother.
She never lets me have any real
fun either.

JAMIE
You mean nothing really
happened? It was all a dream?

NORMAN
What are you talking about?

JAMIE
What day is this?

NORMAN
March the 30th.

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE

Whew... that means that
everyone is still alive.

Confused, Norman stares at Jamie.

NORMAN

Are you alright?

JAMIE

(sighing)

I don't know. Life is so
complicated. I think I've
got a neurosis.

NORMAN

I know what you mean. Ya
know... now that I think about
it... I really don't need
revenge. Revenge is for
suckers.

JAMIE

Well said.

NORMAN

But do you know what the most
off-the-wall thing is?

JAMIE

What?

NORMAN

It really doesn't bother me
anymore.

Norman and Jamie stare deep into each other's eyes. They
realize that they have each other. (YEECH)

As TCHAIKOVSKY'S "ROMEO AND JULIET" LOVE THEME SWELLS IN
THE BACKGROUND, they fold themselves into each other's arms
and kiss.

ALL AT ONCE... WITH A SHOCK... THE BEDROOM DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN!!
There is a terrifying YOWL! Norman GASPS! Jamie SCREAMS!

IT'S THE DAMN CAT... AGAIN!!

Norman falls back on the bed, almost in a faint. Then he
gets angry.

NORMAN

You little shit!

(CONTINUED)

(171 cont.'d) ,

119.

Shaking off their fright, they start to laugh. And as they calm the poor cat down... we will say...

THE END

FADE OUT.