

Psycho II

FINAL DRAFT SCREENPLAY BY
-TOM HOLLAND

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PSYCHO II

Final Draft Screenplay

by

TOM HOLLAND

SPECIAL NOTE

The following character names have been changed throughout the script:

DOCTOR RICHMOND is changed to DOCTOR BILL RAYMOND

SHERIFF CHAMBERS is changed to SHERIFF JOHN HUNT

Thank you

PSYCHO II

A INT. MOTEL ROOM #1 - NIGHT - FOOTAGE FROM PSYCHO I A

The room is empty, a woman's clothes strewn about, a traveling bag in one corner. The shower can be heard running full bore in the bathroom.

B INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - FOOTAGE FROM PSYCHO I B

Over the bar on which the shower curtain hangs, we can see the bathroom door, not entirely closed. For a moment we see Marion Crane (Janet Leigh) as she washes and soaps herself.

Now we see the bathroom door being pushed slowly open. The noise of the shower drowns out any sound. The door is then slowly and carefully closed. And we see the shadow of a woman fall across the shower curtain. Marion's back is turned to the curtain. The white brightness of the room is almost blinding. Suddenly we see a hand reach up, grasp the shower curtain, and rip it aside.

Mary turns in response to the feel and sound of the shower curtain being ripped aside. A look of pure horror erupts on her face. A low, terrible groan begins to rise up out of her throat. A hand comes into the shot. The hand holds an enormous bread knife. The flint of the blade shatters the screen to an almost total, silver blankness.

An impression of the knife slashing, as if tearing at the very screen, ripping the film. Over it the brief gulps of screaming. And then silence. And then the dreadful thump as Marion's body falls in the tub.

The blank whiteness, the blur of the shower water, the hand pulling the shower curtain back. We catch one flicker of a glimpse of the murderer. A woman, her face contorted with madness, her head wild with hair, as if she were wearing a fright wig. And then we only see the curtain closed across the tub, and hear the rush of the shower water. Above the shower bar we see the bathroom door open again, and after a moment we hear the sound of the front door slamming.

Lying half in, half out of the tub, Marion's dead body tumbled over, her head touching the floor, one eye wide open as if popped, one arm lying limp and wet along the tile floor. Inside the tub, water and blood whirlpool down and through the drain. Coming down the side of the tub, running thick and dark along the porcelain, we see many small threads of blood.

C

EXT. BATES' HOUSE - NIGHT - FOOTAGE FROM PSYCHO I

C

Rising high above the motel on a rise, staring down at the wood structure, dwarfing it. The Victorian house is well kept up, but antiquated, brooding, somehow threatening. In one bedroom window a light shines, and in that window sits the figure of Mrs. Bates in her chair, as though watching over the business of the motel below. The sound of Norman's fearful, shocked voice shatters the night.

NORMAN'S VOICE

Mother! Oh, God, what...blood,
blood...mother!

And the night closes over the house, swallowing it in blackness until we:

MATCH DISSOLVE TO

1

EXT. BATES' MOTEL AND HOUSE - DAWN (TITLES ROLL)

1

Slowly the sun bleeds in over the house and motel, and we suddenly realize we are seeing new color footage. Time has passed, many years, for now both structures show the wear of years, the signs of neglect, broken shingles, flecked paint, lopsided blinds. But they are both still there, the Bates' house and motel. And still habitable.

2

EXT. COURTHOUSE - BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA - DAY

2

The building is low-slung and large, a fitting symbol of society and its laws. The date, "Fri., Nov. 19, 1982" flashes on the screen.

END TITLES

3

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

3

The Judge enters through his chamber door to the right of the dais. The courtroom is seated as he takes his place and the Bailiff intones: (X)

BAILIFF

(X)

Remain seated and come to order.
Department 15 now in session, the
Honorable Judge Arthur Brady pre-
siding.

The Judge rifles through the papers before him. To either side of the dais is a table. At the one to his right sits the Deputy District Attorney, at the other sits the Deputy Public Defender. Both are youngish men in their thirties. Seated next to the PD is the defendant, Norman Bates. (X)

CONTINUED

3

CONTINUED

3

Norman is midforties, painfully thin, almost fragile. Seated directly behind him, in back of the railing separating the viewer's gallery from the courtroom proper, is Dr. William Richmond. He is a man in his early fifties, heavysset and serious, constantly frowning.

The gallery is populated with a smattering of bored observers. Only one of them shows any real interest in the proceedings. She is Lila Loomis, late forties. She must have been a pretty woman once, but the years have stripped her of all excess flesh and softness. Her gaze drills into the back of Norman's head.

The Judge glances up from his papers and speaks in the manner of one who has lost interest in the proceedings before they have even begun.

JUDGE

This is a Restoration of Sanity Hearing, Calendar Number 28056, People versus Bates. Jury trial is waived by both sides. The burden of proof is on the defendant to prove his sanity.

(to the PD)

What evidence do you have, counselor?

The Public Defender seated next to Norman rises.

PUBLIC DEFENDER

Mr. Bates has had an excellent record while institutionalized. There is also the expert opinion of his clinical psychiatrist ---

JUDGE

(examining
his papers)

Have these records have been marked in evidence as Defendant's Exhibits A and B?

PUBLIC DEFENDER

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE

(looking up
from his
papers to
the DA)

Let's proceed. Counselor, call your first witness.

CONTINUED

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

(rising)

Your Honor, the District Attorney is ready to stipulate to the contents of the report.

JUDGE

Are you stating, counsel, that you're not going to offer any contradictory psychiatric testimony?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Yes, Your Honor, that's correct.

He sits as the Judge peers over his dais at the court reporter, typing silently on his tiny machine.

JUDGE

Let the report reflect both parties have agreed as to the contents and truthfulness of Doctor William Richmond's report, staff psychiatrist, Atascadero State Hospital for the mentally ill offender.

(looking
at Norman)

Then on the basis of such evidence ---

Lila Loomis shoots up angrily from her seat holding a sheaf of papers.

LILA

What about his victims? Don't they have any say?

JUDGE

(shifting his
gaze to her)

Madame, please sit down. This matter is being represented by the District Attorney.

LILA

My name is Mrs. Lila Loomis. I have a petition here against Norman Bates' release signed by seventeen people. Doesn't that give me the right to speak out?

CONTINUED

JUDGE

(to the District
Attorney)

Has the District Attorney advised
Mrs. Loomis of her rights in this
matter?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

(rising)

Yes, Your Honor. I have had three
meetings with her in my office. I
explained that her recession
petition had no affect on these
proceedings.

JUDGE

Did you also explain to her that
this hearing is a matter of law, not
emotion?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE

(gaze shifting
back to Lila)

Then I'll have to ask you to sit
down, Mrs. Loomis. If you have any
further questions, please take them
up with the District Attorney after
this hearing.

LILA

Why bother? It's quite obvious that
this court protects the criminals
and not their victims.

She stomps out of the courtroom. Everyone watches her go.
The Judge turns to Norman, focusing on him.

BAILIFF

Court come to order!

JUDGE

On the basis of the staff report
that has been stipulated to by both
parties, Norman Bates is judged
Restored to Sanity and is ordered
released from any further commit-
ment in this matter. Defendant is
ordered released forthwith from the
custody of the Sheriff.

CONTINUED

3

CONTINUED - 4

3

Both the District Attorney and the Public Defender pull new papers from their briefcases, preparing for their next hearing which is to be begun immediately. A new defendant is led into the courtroom through a door to the Judge's left. A slightly bewildered Norman is guided toward the exit doors by Dr. Richmond.

NORMAN

Is that all there is to it?

DR. RICHMOND

That's all there is to it.

The Judge looks up from his computer print-out and reads to the attorneys below him.

JUDGE

Turning to Calendar Number 71143 ---

Norman and Dr. Richmond disappear through the swinging doors into the hall.

3-A

INT. HALL - DAY (TO BE PLAYED OVER BACKGROUND SCENE 3-B)

3-A

They turn down the hall, passing a bank of pay phones. Lila steps out of one of them just as they pass.

LILA

Are you satisfied now, Doctor,
turning a convicted murderer loose?

Both Richmond and Norman stop, turning back to her.

DR. RICHMOND

Mrs. Loomis, Norman was not convicted of murder. He was found not guilty by reason of insanity. Since he's no longer insane, he has as much right to his own life as you or I.

LILA

You and I never killed anybody, Doctor. He did. No amount of legal hocus-pocus will ever change that fact. And when he kills again -- which he will -- you will be directly responsible.

With that she turns on her heel and stomps away. Norman and the Doctor watch her go.

CONTINUED

3-A CONTINUED

3-A

DR. RICHMOND

Remember her?

NORMAN

Yes. She's the sister of the one I killed in the shower.

DR. RICHMOND

(looking at him,
satisfied with
his answer)

Right. Shall we go ---

He takes a step away only to realize Norman isn't following. He turns back to see his former patient staring about at the bustle of the hall with something close to amazement.

DR. RICHMOND

What is it, Norman?

NORMAN

I just wish I could tell her I was sorry.

DR. RICHMOND

(gently)

C'mon, Norman ---

He takes Norman by the arm and leads him toward the exit doors and the street and the sunshine outside.

3-B INT. COURTROOM (BACKGROUND DIALOGUE PLAYS BENEATH SCENE 3-A) 3-B

JUDGE

Turning now to calendar number 71143 ...People versus Tayler. Let the record reflect the defendant is present with counsel. The District Attorney is also present.

(turns to Public
Defender)

Counsel, will you be ready for trial as scheduled on Monday?

PUBLIC DEFENDER

No, Your Honor. We are going to ask the court for a month's continuance of the trial.

JUDGE

Why do you need a continuance?

CONTINUED

3-B CONTINUED

3-B

PUBLIC DEFENDER

There are two witnesses who we have just located who are extremely important to the defendant's case and we need time to interview them. Furthermore, I have been advised by the prosecution that the Department of Justice laboratory still needs time to complete the physical and chemical analysis of the items recovered by the police.

JUDGE

Could this not be accomplished a little sooner?

PUBLIC DEFENDER

No, Your Honor. The Department of Justice estimates that they need that much time to complete the analysis.

JUDGE

I suppose, then, that we have no choice.

PUBLIC DEFENDER

Thank you, Your Honor. The defendant will waive time for trial.

JUDGE

Mr. Tayler, in order for me to continue your trial I must have your waiver for the record. You have the right to go to trial within sixty days of the filing of the information in Superior Court. If your trial is continued for thirty days we will be over the sixty day limit. Do you personally waive -- that is, give up -- your right to be tried within sixty days?

DEFENDANT

Yes.

JUDGE

Let the record reflect that the defendant has personally waived his

CONTINUED

3-B CONTINUED - 2

3-B

JUDGE (Cont'd)
right to be tried within sixty days
of the filing of the information.
(turning
to Public
Defender)
Counsel, do you have a date in mind?

PUBLIC DEFENDER
Monday, December 20, would be a good
date for the defense, Your Honor.

4 EXT. BATES' MOTEL AND HOUSE - DAY

4

A Mercedes drives past the shabby motel and stops before the
steps leading up to the large Victorian house.

5 OMITTED

5

6 EXT. STAIRS - DAY

6

As Norman emerges from the passenger side of the car, he
stops and takes in the old house which he hasn't seen for
years. The Doctor follows his gaze.

DR. RICHMOND
Well, home sweet home.

NORMAN
Yes.

His gaze travels from the house to an old Buick parked
adjacent to the motel office. Dr. Richmond follows his gaze
once more.

DR. RICHMOND
Must belong to the man who manages
your motel. Want me to introduce
you?

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

NORMAN

(his gaze
returning to
the house)
It'll wait.

DR. RICHMOND

Yeah, right ---

He passes Norman a sleeping bag and suitcase, hefting two bags of groceries himself. They start for the stairs to the house.

6-A EXT. HOUSE - STAIRS - DAY

6-A

They walk up the steps to the house, each carrying his individual burden. Norman suddenly stops, forcing the Doctor to come to a halt behind him.

DR. RICHMOND

What's wrong?

NORMAN

(staring at
the house)
I saw someone.

DR. RICHMOND

Where?

NORMAN

(pointing)
There, in that window.

DR. RICHMOND

Don't be silly. They haven't had a tenant in the house for years.

A moment; Norman tries to shake his fear.

NORMAN

I guess I'm just nervous.

DR. RICHMOND

It's understandable under the circumstances.

He moves past him up the stairs. Norman follows.

7 INT. PORTICO - HOUSE - DAY

7

The Doctor's key is heard turning in the lock, and the door swings open. He and Norman step into the entrance hall.

CONTINUED

7

CONTINUED

7

They set the suitcase, the sleeping bag, and the groceries down, staring at each other awkwardly, neither knowing quite how to say good-bye to the other. (X)

DR. RICHMOND

Well, I guess that's it.

NORMAN

Yes.

DR. RICHMOND

(glancing about the
mouldering house)

You don't have to stay here, you know. I could find you a place in town ---

NORMAN

(cutting him off)

I want to stay here.

DR. RICHMOND

Yes, well -- as long as you realize the memories are more likely to reoccur here. But we know how to deal with them now, don't we? (X)

Norman nods; a moment passes; Richmond checks his watch. (X)

DR. RICHMOND

Don't forget, you start work at noon.

NORMAN

I won't.

DR. RICHMOND

No, no, I don't suppose you will.

Norman waits for him to leave; the Doctor doesn't move.

NORMAN

What is it, Doctor Richmond?

DR. RICHMOND

(with a shrug)

Nothing really. I just wish there hadn't been all those cutbacks. Then there'd be a trained social worker to look in on you from time to time. (X)

CONTINUED

7

CONTINUED - 2

7

NORMAN

I have you, don't I?

DR. RICHMOND

(taking heart)

Damn right you do. And just remember.
I had the phone reconnected. Any
trouble, use it.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED - 2

7

NORMAN

I promise.

They exchange a smile, and finally the Doctor turns away, Norman watching while he walks down the steps to his car below. Norman slowly closes the door, and turns to stare about at the house.

Through the open doorways he can see the living room and the dining room. They are both musty, a few pieces of furniture dotted about, covered with drop cloths. The place is deserted, but there is certainly nothing threatening about it. The sound of Dr. Richmond's car starting and driving away only heightens Norman's sense of isolation. He takes a deep breath, picks up his suitcases, and starts up the staircase.

8 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - DAY

8

Just as he reaches the landing and is about to turn right to his old room, he glances to his left and sees the old black phone sitting there on a small table. Picking up the phone to check the dial tone, he knocks it ajar. Beneath the phone, a yellowed sheet of paper protrudes. He picks up the slip of paper. It is an old note written in pencil. It reads, "Norman, I'll be home late, fix your own dinner, love, M." He stiffens, the paper slipping from his numb fingers, his gaze rising to the door further along the balcony. It is old and cracked, beaten by time, scratched by misuse. Suddenly he hears a voice echoing inside his own head.

MRS. BATES' VOICE

Norman!

9 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - DAY (FORTY YEARS AGO)

9

Just as suddenly, inside his head, Norman finds himself before the door to his mother's room, only inches from it. The door has grown in height, as though he were staring at it from the perspective of an eight-year-old boy. And although it is still the same door, it is now shiny and new, brilliant in its new coat of shellac, just as it might have been when Norman was eight. He even sees the blurred reflection of a young boy in the mahogany, staring at the door, much as he does now. Perhaps it's him those many years ago.

His mother's voice screams at him again, this time in the throes of her final death agony.

MRS. BATES' VOICE

Norman, what did you put in my tea?

CONTINUED

9

CONTINUED

9

From within the room, behind the closed door, leaking from under the jamb, comes the terrible thump of his mother's body hitting the floor.

MRS. BATES' VOICE

Norman, you've done this to me.

As he listens, transfixed with horror, he hears his mother dragging her pain-wracked body across the floor toward the closed door...and him.

MRS. BATES' VOICE

Gonna get you for this, Norman ---

He stands there, frozen, listening to her crawl toward him, her voice growing weaker as she draws closer, the time she's taking to die seemingly interminable.

MRS. BATES' VOICE

Gonna show you what happens to bad little boys who poison their mothers ---

She is on top of the door now, only an inch of wood separating her from her son. Norman hardly dares breathe. He listens as she raises her dying hand to the door, takes hold of the handle on the other side, and slowly twists it. He stares mesmerized as the brass knob before his eyes slowly turns and turns. The door begins to open, his mother almost free.

MRS. BATES' VOICE

Norman, I'm gonna kill you ---

Suddenly her body collapses to the floor, unseen on the other side of the partially open door. Her dead hand flops into view on the floor an inch from Norman's shoe. He stares down at the now limp fingers that only a moment before were threatening to tear his throat out. His face suddenly contorts into the horrid mask of a child who's only that moment realized he's lost the person he's condemned to care most about in this life: his mother.

10

BACK ON THE STAIRWAY - DAY - CLOSE ON NORMAN

10

All the blood drains from his face; sweat pops out on his forehead. He drops his bag. It goes crashing down the stairway behind him.

He suddenly snaps back into reality, staring at the closed door to his mother's room, the wood once more beaten with age, no longer the new door he saw some forty years before in his head.

End on Norman.

CUT TO

11 OMITTED 11

12 INT. DINER - DAY 12

Norman almost bursts in the door, still in a highly nervous state. He stops to take the place in. It's blindingly bright at first glance, the overhead lights splintering off stainless steel. Booths line the outside wall, tables, and then a counter with stools. In the corner is a Pac-Man machine. Behind the counter is an open portal providing a limited view of the kitchen.

Mrs. Spool, a heavysset woman in her midsixties, has been watching Norman from behind her cash register by the door.

MRS. SPOOL

Can I help you?

NORMAN

I'm Norman Bates.

She gives him a blank look.

NORMAN

The new cook's helper.

MRS. SPOOL

(smiling in sudden comprehension)

Oh, yes, Doctor what's-his-name called about you. I was the one who urged Mr. Statler to give you the job. I think it's very Christian to forgive and forget, don't you?

Norman manages to nod.

MRS. SPOOL

So do I. Come on, I'll introduce you to Mr. Statler. He's in back.

He follows her as she threads her way among the tables. An old waitress, Myrna, short and dumpy, charges down the aisle toward them, loaded with a tray of food.

MRS. SPOOL

Myrna, this is Norman.

NORMAN

Hello ---

'She whips past the both of them without a word. Norman and Mrs. Spool watch her go.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

MRS. SPOOL

That's Myrna, Norman.

They continue on toward the swinging doors into the kitchen.

13 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

13

Ralph Statler, owner and cook of the diner, stands behind the stove working. He is an ex-Marine in his early fifties, trim and tattooed and terribly serious about his business, the diner. A small AM radio plays in a corner.

Another waitress, young and pretty, Mary Samuels, is on the pay phone having an intense, but whispered, conversation. She has a finger stuffed in one ear so she can hear the voice on the other end of line above the clangor of the kitchen. Mrs. Spool stops with Norman in tow behind Mr. Statler.

MRS. SPOOL

Ralph, this's Norman Bates.

He doesn't even pause in his work, which is a thing to marvel at. He moves with the agility of a much younger man, stooping between the hamburger patties on the grill to the French fries cooking in the deep grease baskets, and then back to a pan to crack eggs for an omelet, never pausing, always fluid. Mrs. Spool taps him on the shoulder, and raises her voice to a small shout.

MRS. SPOOL

Ralph, this is Norman Bates, your new helper.

MR. STATLER

(flipping Norman
a glance, but
hardly seeing
him)

Hi. Get him an apron will you,
Mrs. Spool.

Mrs. Spool leads Norman toward the swinging doors.

MRS. SPOOL

We're getting ready for rush hour.
He's real nice when he gets a
chance to breathe.

The young waitress, Mary Samuels, slips the pay phone back onto the hook and stands staring at it, devastation and heartache written on her face. Not noticing, Mrs. Spool stops before her and introduces Norman.

CONTINUED

13

CONTINUED

13

MRS. SPOOL

Mary, this is Norman. He's going to be working back here.

MARY

(hardly looking at him)

Hi.

Myrna appears on the other side of the portal, deposits dirty dishes, picks up an order, managing the entire time to cast bruised glances at Mary. Mary is lost in her own thoughts. Myrna finally barks out.

MYRNA

Hey, Queen for a Day. I could use some help, you know.

Myrna disappears from the portal, her tray loaded. Ralph Statler throws Mary an irritated glance from his stove.

MR. STATLER

Step on it, would you, girl. You're being paid to wait on tables, not gab on the phone.

Close to tears, Mary hurries through the swinging doors. Norman watches her go, Mrs. Spool following his gaze. The older woman whispers to him, as if imparting some dearly-held secret.

MRS. SPOOL

Boy friend troubles. Poor child, heart of gold, but a head of wood.
(to Norman,
with a sudden
smile)

Let's get you that apron, shall we?

She leads him toward the swinging doors.

14

INT. DINER - DAY

14

They go down the aisle behind the counter to a spot almost directly in front of the portal.

She reaches under the lunch counter, and pulls out a newly laundered apron and hands it to Norman.

CONTINUED

14

CONTINUED

14

MRS. SPOOL

Here you are.

He puts it on as Mrs. Spool stands there, beaming at him, her attention making him slightly uncomfortable.

Mary comes down the aisle behind the lunch counter from the opposite direction, her gaze still vacant, her walk stilted like that of a wounded animal. Her hand unconsciously brushes an empty pie plate perched precariously on the corner of the back counter. It shatters on the floor, the crash snapping her out of her blues. She falls to her knees to sweep up the pieces of broken china with her hands. Norman is almost immediately by her side, helping her. Mrs. Spool watches the two of them in the b.g.

Mr. Statler's head appears in the portal, his disapproving eyes gazing down at Mary.

MR. STATLER

Jesus Christ, girl, what have you broken this time?

NORMAN

(glancing up
at his boss)

It wasn't her, Mr. Statler, it was my fault.

MR. STATLER

Well, let her pick up, and you get back here before you do any more damage.

His head disappears, and as Norman rises to his feet, Mary whispers to him.

MARY

Thanks ---

He shoots her an acknowledging smile, and goes back down the aisle. Mrs. Spool gives him the flicker of a smile as he passes through the swinging doors into the kitchen.

15

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

15

As Norman walks through the doors, Mr. Statler slams plates of freshly cooked food into his hands.

MR. STATLER

Here.

CONTINUED

15

CONTINUED

15

Norman stares blankly at the steaming dishes. Mr. Statler nods toward the portal counter.

MR. STATLER

Up there, take the dirty dishes,
scrape 'em, and wash 'em.

Norman puts the dishes on the portal counter, takes the dirty ones from the same place, drops the scraps in the garbage can, and dumps them into a sink of soapy water.

MR. STATLER

Read the orders off.

NORMAN

What?

MR. STATLER

On the wheel, on the wheel ---

Right in front of Norman's eyes, suspended from the portal overhang, is a stainless steel wheel with food orders attached to it. Norman reads the order directly in front of him.

NORMAN

Two fried chicken, one baked potato,
one mashed with gravy ---

CUT TO

(X)

16

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

16

The diner is lit, customers still eating, people inside still working. Norman comes out the front door, dressed to go home, off work at last. As he winds his way through the parking lot, he notices Mary Samuels behind him talking on a pay phone on the wall of the diner. Her voice rises with anger as she talks, dragging him to a halt.

MARY

(overheard
midsentence)

-- I told you you could tell me anything -- But why, just tell me why -- you bastard! Go ahead, do it, see if I care -- no, no, Scott, I didn't mean it, listen to me ---

The line goes dead in her ear; she clicks the receiver.

MARY

(into phone)
Hello, hello?
(slams the
phone back into
its cradle)
Bastard!

She breaks into tears. Norman hesitates and then retraces his steps toward her.

NORMAN

Are you all right?

MARY

(dabbing her
eyes with
a Kleenex)
Of course, I'm all right.

She turns quickly away, hurrying among the parked cars toward the road. Norman follows after her, catching up with her, almost having to jog to stay even with her.

NORMAN

Where are you going?

MARY

(eyes straight
ahead)
Into town. Now would you please
leave me alone.

CONTINUED

NORMAN

You're headed in the wrong direction.

She abruptly stops. He stops with her. She casts looks down the road in both directions and realizes he's right. The anger drains out of her as new tears spring into her eyes. She digs in her purse for another Kleenex.

NORMAN

Look, I don't know what happened, but why don't you let me call you a cab.

MARY

Why?

NORMAN

Well, so you can get home safely.

MARY

I don't have a home.

NORMAN

Pardon?

MARY

(sobbing)

I've been living with my...boyfriend ...for almost a year now. Then this afternoon he told me we were through.

NORMAN

Over the phone?

MARY

(nodding, voice
choking)

Yeah, then I just called him to ask why and he wouldn't tell me. All he'd say was that I couldn't come back to our apartment.

NORMAN

What are you going to do now?

MARY

I don't know, call a friend in town, I guess. Somebody'll let me crash with them for the night.

NORMAN

What about your parents? Can't you stay with them?

CONTINUED

16

CONTINUED - 2

16

MARY

They're up in Portland. They wouldn't care what happened to me anyway.

She tries to staunch a new trickle of tears and doesn't succeed. Norman looks on helplessly.

NORMAN

Look, I own a motel a short distance from here. You're more than welcome to spend the night in one of the empty rooms. F.O.C., of course.

MARY

(glancing
up sharply)

What?

NORMAN

(oblivious to
her reaction)

Free of charge.

MARY

Oh. No, no, that's very nice of you, but I don't want to impose.

NORMAN

You wouldn't be imposing. Besides, coworkers should help one another, shouldn't they?

MARY

(blinking the
tears away
and staring
at him)

Is that why you covered for me today when I broke that pie plate?

NORMAN

(shrugging)

I guess. It just seemed like I'd get in less trouble for it than you would.

MARY

(breaking into
a smile)

You're not kidding. I've been working there four days and I've broken a dozen dishes already.

CONTINUED

16

CONTINUED - 3

16

MARY (Cont'd)

(suddenly
turning shy)

I'm not a very good waitress.

NORMAN

Does it matter?

MARY

No, not really. Are you sure it's
all right if I stay at your motel?

NORMAN

(smiling back
at her)

Positive. Come on, it looks like
rain.

He takes her arm, and leads her down the road in the same
direction she was headed, toward the motel and away from
town. The night swallows them both.

17

EXT. BATES' HOUSE AND MOTEL - NIGHT

17

They walk out of the darkness and into the spill of the
lights from the verandah. There are two cars parked before
specific rooms. These rooms are lit, harsh music blaring
forth from one, feminine laughter and masculine voices from
another. Mary's gaze shifts from the motel to the Victorian
house looming above them on the hill.

Thunder shatters the calm and a streak of lightning rends
the night.

They make a dash for the safety of the motel verandah just
as the heavens open up. They make it without getting
soaked, both shaking themselves out under the verandah roof.

NORMAN

Did you get wet?

MARY

No, no, I'm fine. You own all this?

NORMAN

(almost
apologetically)

Yes. It isn't much, but, well, I'll
fix it up eventually.

CONTINUED

17

CONTINUED

17

A high-pitched scream of feminine pleasure echoes out of one of the rooms followed by a roar of masculine laughter. Norman throws a nervous glance down the veranda toward the room. The sounds are muted by the patter of rain, but they have that musty forced patina of false pleasure, the kind men quite often pay for. When Norman turns back to Mary, he is embarrassed. She, too, finds it difficult to meet his gaze. He quickly moves her down the verandah, away from the room, toward the motel office.

NORMAN

Come on, I'll get a room key for you.

18

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

18

The rain beats a heavier tattoo on the roof as the two of them enter. Norman peers through the open doorway behind the counter into the parlor. From the slovenly mess within, he can tell it's obviously Mr. Toomey's living quarters.

NORMAN

Mr. Toomey?

No answer. Norman walks behind the counter to the keyboard where all the room keys hang. Two are missing. His hand pauses above the key to room #1, then shifts to #8. He takes it down from the board and turns to Mary.

A feminine scream of pleasure echoes into the office from a motel room out on the verandah. His gaze shifts to the open door onto the verandah, then back to Mary.

NORMAN

(with a
forced smile)

Why don't you wait here while I
check the room. Just to make sure
the linen's fresh.

He slips out the door onto the verandah without giving her a chance to reply. She stares about the office. It's worse than neglected and threadbare; somehow it's cheap and sleazy, as though Mr. Toomey has permanently left his mark there. The sound of rain falling begins to slacken. The fat man suddenly shouldered his way through the door from the outside behind Mary, catching her staring about the room.

MR. TOOMEY

Thinking about stealing something?

CONTINUED

18

CONTINUED

18

Startled, she whirls; he laughs loudly at her fright.

MR. TOOMEY

No reason to be scared. I manage
this dump. You want a room?

MARY

Norman's already getting me one,
thank you.

MR. TOOMEY

(looking at her
like she's the
crazy one)

You're with Bates?

Norman appears in the doorway from the outside, his lips pressed tightly together, his face livid, his body trembling with barely concealed fury. He holds something in his right hand, his fingers closed around it, hiding whatever it is from sight. His eyes see right through Mary and fasten on the fat man.

MR. TOOMEY

(putting on a
false smile
and offering
his hand)

Well, you must be Norman Bates. I'm
Warren Toomey ---

NORMAN

(ignoring the
proffered hand)

Mary, why don't you go up to the
house. The front door's open.

MARY

Is something wrong with the room?

NORMAN

Just go up there and wait for me.

MARY

(sensing Norman's
anger and wanting
to diffuse it)

Look, it doesn't matter ---

NORMAN

(cutting her
off sharply)

Just do as I ask, please.

CONTINUED

Casting a backward glance at both Norman and Mr. Toomey, both of whom stand frozen staring at each other, she quickly darts out the door onto the veranda and disappears into the night. Once she's gone, Norman steps toward the fat man. Mr. Toomey ducks behind the counter, almost as though he finds the barrier between them comforting.

MR. TOOMEY

(throwing Norman
a forced smile)

Pretty cute, where'd you find her?

Norman ignores the question and continues to walk forward until his body is stock up against the counter separating him from Mr. Toomey. He slowly stretches out his closed hand and opens it, the contents clear for Mr. Toomey to see now. He holds two roaches and a couple of crushed capsules of amyl nitrate.

NORMAN

You want to tell me what this is?

MR. TOOMEY

(with a
forced cool)

I'd say it was drugs.

NORMAN

That's what I'd say it was, too. I found them in an unoccupied cabin. Don't you ever clean them?

MR. TOOMEY

(belligerently)

I get around to it in my own sweet time.

Norman dumps the roaches and crushed capsules in an ashtray the fat man has proudly displayed on the motel counter. It is a day-glo miniature of the New York skyline, incredibly tacky. It is stamped, "New York's World's Fair, 1965". Norman points to the stuff he's just dumped into the ashtray.

NORMAN

What about the occupied cabins? Is this what's going on in there, too?

MR. TOOMEY

Yeah. This town, if it isn't the parents, it's their kids. I caught

CONTINUED

MR. TOOMEY (Cont'd)
a couple of them screwing in the
basement of your house last week.
Course I throw 'em right out. Can
you believe it?

NORMAN
(truly shocked)
What kind of a motel are you running
here?

MR. TOOMEY
The kind that makes money. People
come here to party. They stay a few
hours, then they leave. What more
can you ask from a motel so far from
the beaten track?

Norman just stares at him for a moment. Then:

NORMAN
You're fired.

MR. TOOMEY
You can't fire me. I was hired by
the hospital board.

NORMAN
The state has no claim on me or my
property anymore. Nor do you. I
want you out of here tomorrow.

MR. TOOMEY
Then why don't you try putting me
out, Mr. Whacko. I'd like to see
that.

They lock eyes.

NORMAN
I won't have to bother. I'll just
go to the police. I'm sure they'll
be very interested in what's been
going on here. Especially the drugs.

He whirls and heads for the door only to pause in the
threshold.

NORMAN
Tomorrow, Mr. Toomey. And you're
not to rent any more rooms in my
motel. Understand?

No reply from the fat man; he just glares at Norman. Norman
disappears out the door.

19 EXT. HOUSE AND MOTEL - NIGHT

19

Norman is far up the steps toward the house when Mr. Toomey appears below him from the motel. The fat man yells up at him.

MR. TOOMEY

At least my customers have a good time. What'd yours get, Bates?

Norman keeps going, not glancing back.

MR. TOOMEY

Dead, that's what they got. Murdered by you, you looney!

Norman slams through the door into his house.

20 INT. HOUSE - PORTICO - NIGHT

20

He slams the door, shakes the water off himself and glances about. He sees the groceries and his sleeping bag on the floor just where he left them earlier that day, but no Mary. Then he spots her through the door into the living room. She is sitting in there in the dark. He steps forward.

21 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

21

She sits on the musty old couch beside the end table with the phone on it. She lifts her gaze from the phone to him.

MARY

Hi. What was all that yelling about?

NORMAN

My motel manager and I just had a fight.

MARY

Oh. It wasn't because of me, was it?

NORMAN

No.

(a moment)

What are you doing sitting here in the dark?

MARY

I was just thinking about Scott. Maybe if I hadn't blown up at him so quick, we would have worked things out?

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

NORMAN

Maybe.

MARY

Do you think I should call him and talk to him again?

NORMAN

(with an encouraging smile)

Sure. It's worth a try, anyway.

Smiling uncertainly in response, she picks up the phone and dials.

22 INT. PORTICO - NIGHT

22

He stoops and picks the groceries up off the floor as she finishes dialing. As he walks down the hall to the kitchen, he hears her beginning to talk into the phone.

MARY (o.s.)

Hi, Scott, you all right -- ?

23 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

23

The sound of her voice is lost to him in here. He sets the groceries down on the counter, and begins to unpack, putting the canned goods in the cupboards, the perishables in the old refrigerator. He leaves the bread, mayonnaise, cheese, and ham out. He begins to make a sandwich, hesitating only when he's finished, and all that's left to be done is to cut it in half.

With the ingrained habit that even years of separation can't dull, he automatically reaches out and opens a drawer to the side of the sink. (It is full of knives, dust-covered and cobwebbed-strewn. One of them, incongruously clean among the others, an enormous bread knife, lays on top of the pile.) Its blade winks at Norman in the overhead light. He slams the drawer shut, and looks straight ahead, the cupboard only inches from his eyes, his breathing suddenly shallow and hurried, his heart thumping.

Mary appears in the doorway from the dining room, her face tense with self-control. Norman glances at her, and works to give her a smile. He almost makes it.

NORMAN

Well, how did it go?

CONTINUED

MARY

Terrible. I found out why he didn't want me to come home tonight.

NORMAN

Why?

MARY

He's got somebody new. He's moved her in already.

A moment. She sits heavily at the table.

NORMAN

I'm sorry.

MARY

(suddenly angry)

Don't be. Just think how it would have been if I'd married him and then found out what sort of a guy he was.

(another moment,
then almost
definitely)

He asked me, you know.

NORMAN

I'm sure he did.

(a moment)

Have you eaten dinner yet?

MARY

(dully)

No.

NORMAN

Then will you have supper with me? I was just about to myself. Nothing more than some sandwiches and a lot of milk, but...I'd like you to share it with me.

MARY

I don't really feel like ---

NORMAN

Please. For my sake. Starving yourself isn't going to make anything any better.

MARY

All right.

CONTINUED

He sets his plate down before her.

MARY

But this is yours ---

NORMAN

I'll make myself another ---

She tries to take a bite of hers, but it's too big for her. She glances up at Norman. He stands at the sink, making another sandwich, his back turned to her.

MARY

Do you have a knife?

He freezes.

NORMAN

(without turning
to her)

Why?

MARY

To cut my sandwich with.

NORMAN

No, no, I'm afraid I don't. You see, I just moved back in here after many years away. I forgot to bring any cutlery.

MARY

(glancing at
the kitchen
drawers)

That's odd. People usually leave something, even if it's only an old butter knife ---

Before he can stop her, she reaches out for the drawer closest to her, the one by the kitchen sink, and whips it open. The huge bread knife glitters in the light.

MARY

There, see, I told you --
(picks the
knife up)
Here, you do it ---

CONTINUED

She slaps the huge bread knife into his surprised palm. By reflex action, his fingers close tightly around the handle. The blade seems to wink up at Norman in the light as he stares down at it.

NORMAN

Do what?

MARY

Cut the sandwich, silly?

She flops back into her chair at the table. Like a blind man he stumbles to her side, and slowly draws the knife through her sandwich, cutting it neatly on the diagonal. Finished, he just stands there, staring down at the sandwich and the knife in his hand. She glances up at his face. His forehead is beaded with sweat, his brows knotted with tension and the memories of the past.

MARY

Is something wrong, Norman?

NORMAN

(snapping out
of it)

No, no, nothing at all.

As she attacks her sandwich, he returns to the kitchen counter and cuts his, replaces the knife in the drawer and shuts it firmly. Between bites, she watches him get the milk out of the fridge, pour her a glass, and set it down before her, and then sit at the opposite end of the table with his sandwich before him.

He doesn't touch it, he just sits there silently watching her eat until his gaze makes her self-conscious and she stops. She looks up at him.

MARY

Aren't you going to eat?

NORMAN

(with a
flicker of
a smile)

I suddenly lost my appetite. That happens to me sometimes. But you go ahead and enjoy yourself.

CONTINUED

She starts to eat again only find his unwavering gaze continues to rest on her. It makes her increasingly nervous, and she finally stops, setting the sandwich down in front of her.

NORMAN

Something wrong?

MARY

I guess I'm like you. I suddenly lost my appetite, too.

NORMAN

Oh. Would you like something else? I have some cheese for dessert.

MARY

No, no, thank you.

The moment lengthens as they stare at each other. She grows increasingly nervous, less sure of herself. He seems at a loss for words, aware of her presence and growing discomfort but unable to allay it. He shoots her a comforting half-smile. It doesn't work.

She abruptly rises, near panic in her voice.

MARY

Could I use your phone again?

NORMAN

Of course.

She starts for the door: he speaks again, in a pleasant conversational tone.

NORMAN

Who are you going to call?

She freezes near the doorway, and when she begins to speak, the words tumble out, one almost falling over the other in her rush.

MARY

Well, I just remember this girl-friend I have in town. I mean, she's sort of a girlfriend, but maybe she'd let me stay with her tonight.

NORMAN

(twisting in his chair to look at her directly)
I thought you were going to stay here. There's a spare room upstairs. You're more than welcome to it.

CONTINUED

MARY

I don't think that's such a good idea ---

NORMAN

Why not?

MARY

Well, it's one thing to sleep down in the motel, but it's quite another to stay in your house alone with you. If you know what I mean.

NORMAN

(breaking into a relieved smile)

Oh. I'm not going to bother you, if that's what you're worried about. I'd never do anything like that to a woman.

Something about Norman's awkward attempt at reassurance is disarming. Mary can hardly help smiling at him ---

MARY

You wouldn't?

NORMAN

(with gentle sincerity)

No.

MARY

Look, I don't mean to hurt your feelings, but I really don't want to stay in this house with you.

NORMAN

You don't?

She shakes her head emphatically.

NORMAN

Why not?

MARY

(hardly able to look at him)

Myrna was talking about you at the diner. Mrs. Spool kept telling her to shush, but she wouldn't. Myrna said you'd been locked up for years.

CONTINUED

NORMAN

Did she say why?

Mary shakes her head.

NORMAN

When I was twelve years old my
mother went mad. I poisoned her.

Mary takes an involuntary step backward.

NORMAN

Oh, no, don't worry. I'm cured now.

MARY

You sure?

NORMAN

Positive. Otherwise they wouldn't
have given me a job in the diner,
would they?

MARY

I don't know. It takes a nut to
work there.

He smiles; she hesitantly returns his smile; then hers
fades.

MARY

Look, I'm sure you're fine, but I ---

NORMAN

(finishing the
sentence for her)

But you don't want to spend a night
alone in a house with a former
psychopath?

MARY

Would you?

NORMAN

(smiling
bitterly)

No, no, I guess not.

MARY

(starting for
the door)

Then I'll just use your phone ---

CONTINUED

23

CONTINUED - 7

23

NORMAN

Would you stay if I told you I
needed you here tonight.

She stops, her curiosity snagged. She gazes at him with wary eyes.

MARY

Why would you need me?

NORMAN

This will be the first night I've spent in this house in years, much less alone. A lot of my troubles had to do with this house.

(a moment)

You see, I'm as frightened as you are, only for different reasons.

A moment; then, she starts for the door again.

MARY

I'm sorry, but I ---

NORMAN

(sharply,
almost begging)

Please!

She stops and stares at him. He buries his face in his hands, obviously very upset.

MARY

That bad, huh?

He nods.

MARY

We sleep in separate rooms?

NORMAN

I'll be downstairs on the couch.

MARY

You don't bother me at all?

NORMAN

I won't even say good night to you if you don't want me to.

A moment.

CONTINUED

23

CONTINUED - 8

23

MARY

All right, I'll stay. But only for one night.

NORMAN

(smiling gratefully)

Thank you, Mary.

(a beat)

Now let me get you settled.

24

INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

24

Norman and Mary appear from below. They climb the stairs and Norman moves to the linen closet. Mary reaches the top of the stairs and without hesitation, turns left, heading along the balcony toward the door to Norman's mother's room. A moment later Norman clears the landing, carrying his sleeping bag. He spots Mary just as her hand falls on the doorknob to Mrs. Bates' room. He snaps at her, much too sharply.

NORMAN

No!

She freezes.

NORMAN

(reasserts control of himself)

Not that room. This one.

He takes a step to his right along the balcony toward his boyhood room. She doesn't move to follow. She stares at the door to Mrs. Bates' room.

MARY

What's wrong with this one?

NORMAN

(stops and turns)

It...it used to belong to my mother.

MARY

But she's dead? Isn't she?

He nods stiffly. She stares at the closed door.

MARY

Is this the room where you had your ...troubles?

NORMAN

One of them, yes.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

MARY

I don't know what happened to you in the past, Norman, but you're never going to get over it. Not unless you face it.

Before he can reply, she throws the door open and disappears into the blackness of Mrs. Bates' bedroom.

25 INT. MRS. BATES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

25

It is simply an abandoned bedroom, almost boring in its banality. True, it is cloaked in shadows, but moonlight spills through the large dormer window, but the yellow glare of the hall light provides further illumination. The room itself is almost bare, only an old four-poster bed with a stripped mattress, a bureau, and a large armoire. Curious, Mary opens it only to find it empty. Norman appears in the open doorway behind her. She turns to him with a smile.

MARY

See, no ghosts.

NORMAN

No.

MARY

(pointing)

I can sleep there.

NORMAN

No.

MARY

Why not?

No answer from him.

MARY

What happened in here that scared you so?

NORMAN

(ignoring her question)

Let me show you the room across the hall.

He disappears from the doorway. She follows after him.

26 OMITTED

26

27 INT. NORMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

27

He snaps on the overhead light. This room, too, is almost bare except for an old single bed and a bureau. He spreads the sleeping bag on top of the mattress as Mary enters the room and watches him.

NORMAN

You'll be fine in here. The uh...
it's just over there.

MARY

The bathroom?

NORMAN

Yes.

A moment as their eyes meet. He manages an exhausted smile.

NORMAN

Well, time to get ready for bed ---

He leaves the room. She watches him go.

CUT TO

28 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

28

Norman finishes preparing himself a makeshift bed on the sofa.

29 INT. PORTICO - NIGHT

29

He walks out of the living room, pauses with his hand on the light switch, and looks up the stairs in the direction of her room. He calls out:

NORMAN

Good night, Mary.

No answer. After a moment he switches off the light, plunging the house into darkness. He disappears back into the living room.

30 INT. NORMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

30

Mary lies in the sleeping bag, her head propped up on her copious purse, her face turned toward the door. She goes back to reading a pop psychology book by the light of an ancient bedlamp. Pan to reveal her door is obviously locked, and a chair has been wedged under the knob making entrance from the hallway impossible.

DISSOLVE TO

31 EXT. HOUSE AND MOTEL - DAY 31

The house and motel are bathed in soft morning sunshine.

32 OMITTED 32

33 INT. HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY 33

Norman pauses before the door to Mary's room and knocks.

NORMAN

Time to wake up.

No answer. He gingerly tries the knob; it turns. He shoves the door open.

33-A INT. BEDROOM - DAY 33-A

He peers inside to see the room is empty, Mary and her handbag gone, his sleeping bag neatly rolled up on the bed.

33-B INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY 33-B

Norman is about to start down the stairs when he notices a note protruding from under the door to his mother's room. He moves slowly toward the door as if afraid it will open at any second, stoops and snatches the note up. Neatly hand-printed in pencil, it reads: "Stay away from that girl, Mother!"

Norman reaches for the door handle to his mother's room, but he cannot bring himself to open it. He stands there trembling.

CUT TO

33-C thru 34 OMITTED 33-C thru 34

35 INT. DINER - KITCHEN - DAY 35

Statler is behind the stove cooking, Norman walking toward the back screen door to empty garbage when he sees a cab pull up outside. Mary leaps out and bounds up the steps and through the screen door into the diner. She wears her waitress uniform under her coat.

NORMAN

Hi, missed you this morning.

She shucks her coat and picks her apron off a wall hook and puts it on. Mr. Statler is too busy working at the stove to be aware of them.

CONTINUED

35

CONTINUED

35

MARY

I got up early and went into town
to see my girl friend. You know,
the one I told you about. Guess
what? We're going to room together.

(X)

NORMAN

You're more than welcome to stay with
me, you know.

MARY

Thanks, but I'd really rather live
in town ---

NORMAN

You sure? I'm a lot closer to work.

(X)

MARY

No, I really don't think so....

(X)

NORMAN

(with a shrug)

Well, if you say so; but if you ever
change your mind ---

(X)

Mr. Statler glances up from his cooking and sees Mary.

MR. STATLER

Hey, I gave you the morning off, not
the afternoon. Hop to it.

He returns to his cooking.

MARY

(in a whisper)

Charming, isn't he?

She throws Norman a wry smile and heads for the swinging
door into the diner proper. Norman takes up his position
before the sink. He watches her through the portal as he
washes dishes, a happy smile playing across his lips.

The smile slides away as Mr. Toomey barges through the front
door of the diner, slamming it behind him. Norman watches
as his former motel manager searches the place until his
eyes latch onto Norman. He strides down the aisle toward
the portal. Norman drops his gaze to the sink below, but he
does not change his position and try to hide.

Toomy stops on the other side of the portal, his gaze sliding
from Norman to Mr. Statler, who works at his stove.

CONTINUED

35

CONTINUED - 2

35

MR. TOOMEY

(loudly)

Hey, Ralph, how's your new helper doing?

MR. STATLER

(hardly glancing up from his cooking)

Oh, hi, Warren. Just fine, thanks.

MR. TOOMEY

(gaze shifting back to Norman)

Yeah, well, I hope he washes dishes better than he runs a motel.

He turns away and swaggers down the aisle. Norman raises his eyes to watch the fat man plop into a vacant booth. The diner is fairly crowded.

36

INT. DINER - DAY

36

as Norman watches through the portal, Toomey calls out loudly to Mary, who is occupied at a nearby table taking orders.

MR. TOOMEY

Hey, how about a little service around here.

Mary rushes through her order so she can hurry to Toomey's booth, order pad poised in her hand.

MARY

Yes, sir, what would you like?

The fat man's gaze goes from her crotch to her breasts and stays there. It makes Mary distinctly uncomfortable.

MR. TOOMEY

I'd like some of what Norman got last night.

MARY

Pardon?

MR. TOOMEY

You heard me.

MARY

(uncertain how to handle him)

Why don't you look at the menu. I'll be right back.

CONTINUED

She hurries up to the portal and clips her new orders to the stainless steel wheel, talking to Norman as both go through the motions of working, their real attention fixed on the fat man in the booth.

MARY

What happened between you and that man last night?

NORMAN

I fired him.

MARY

Oh, great, and he's on my station.

NORMAN

Why? What did he say?

MARY

Nothing nice. And I think he's drunk, too.

Myrna rushes up like a human dynamo, depositing dirty dishes from her tray onto the portal counter and picking up new orders. Norman and Mary hardly notice her. They're both staring in Mr. Toomey's direction.

MYRNA

(shooting Mary
a dirty glance)

You do have other tables, you know,
honey. Or do you want me to wait on
those, too?

MARY

(returning her
dirty look with
one of her own)

Talk about the customers being
nasty ---

Mary whips off to service her other tables as Myrna focuses on Norman. His gaze is still fixed on Toomey.

MYRNA

You still work here?

NORMAN

(his gaze
whipping back
to her)

Yes, of course.

CONTINUED

MYRNA

Then could I please have my other orders ---

He starts passing them to her. As she turns away, her tray filled, he plucks an order from the wheel, files it on the counter spindle, and calls out the next new order to Mr. Statler.

NORMAN

Three orders scrambled, two fried, five hash browns ---

Unseen by him, an order slips into view on the wheel, working its way around in his direction. It is a handprinted note on an order blank. It reads "Don't let that little whore in my house again! Love, Mother."

As Mary sways down the aisle between the tables and the booths, Mr. Toomey sticks his foot out, blocking her path. She stops.

MR. TOOMEY

What's it like?

MARY

What's what like?

MR. TOOMEY

Screwing a pyscho.

MARY

Would you mind removing your foot?

Back at the portal, Norman fills an order and reads out the new one to Mr. Statler, behind him, working at the stove.

NORMAN

Two turkey sandwiches, wholewheat toast, one BLT, hold the mayo ---

He clicks the wheel, his gaze on Mary and Toomey, unable to hear their conversation, unaware that the note from his mother is being carried closer to his eyes with every turn of the wheel.

Back at the booth ---

CONTINUED

36

CONTINUED - 3

36

MR. TOOMEY

Oh, yeah, and you didn't spend last night alone with him in that house, either. You have strange taste in men, honey.

Mary's face hardens, her eyes turning to cold stones as she stares down at Toomey. When she speaks next, it is with a toughness and hint of intelligent self-control she has never exhibited before.

MARY

(her temper
beginning
to flare)

Just because two people sleep under the same roof doesn't necessarily mean they've made love.

MR. TOOMEY

(mocking her)

Since when? Or are you the kind that doesn't kiss and tell?

Back at the wheel -- Norman files another order on the spindle and turns the wheel, the note signed by his mother almost upon him now.

Back at the booth ---

MARY

You really want to know what Norman's like?

MR. TOOMEY

(smirking)

Yeah?

MARY

Better than you'll ever be, fatboy!

His smirk fades.

36-A INT. KITCHEN - DAY

36-

Norman clicks the wheel to the next order, shifts his gaze from Mary and Toomey to read it, and sees his mother's note staring back at him. He reads it, his eyes widening in a

CONTINUED

36-A CONTINUED

36-A

rush of fear and anger. With a strangled cry he steps back from the portal. One hand brushes a steel basket of fries hung to drip above the deep fryer. It plunges into the boiling grease, splattering Norman and Mr. Statler with burning droplets.

37 INT. DINER - DAY

37

Norman bursts through the swinging doors, into the diner, pinning Toomey with his gaze. He yells at him.

NORMAN

Toomey, you bastard!

People look up from their lunches at the cook's assistant behind the counter. Toomey slides out from the booth and stands in the middle of the aisle. Mary rushes up to Norman as he takes a step for the other man.

MARY

Norman, no ---

He gently, but firmly, pushes her aside.

MR. TOOMEY

You talking to me, whacko?

Norman doesn't move; just stares at him.

MR. TOOMEY

Well, come on, come at me!

Toomey motions for Norman to charge him, but Norman still doesn't move.

MR. TOOMEY

What's wrong? Lost your nerve? Or do you only attack women?

Norman's gaze flicks to his right. There, on the lunch counter, sits a huge coconut cake with two slices missing. In the empty wedges lays a large breadknife. Toomey follows Norman's gaze to the knife.

MR. TOOMEY

Go ahead, psycho, pick it up. Show us what you're really like.

CONTINUED

37

CONTINUED

37

Norman's gaze snaps back to Toomey, his eyes filling with disgust at what he sees. Mr. Statler bursts through the kitchen door behind him, looking around and not quite understanding what's wrong.

MR. STATLER

Okay, what's going on out here?

Norman whirls and shoves past him through the swinging doors into the kitchen.

37-A

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

37-A

Norman leans back against the wall, breathing hard, his forehead beaded with sweat, terrified by the violent emotions he's just felt. He hears Toomey's voice from inside the diner.

MR. TOOMEY (o.s.)

(addressing the
entire diner)

Look at him run. Not only is he
crazy, he's a chickenshit, too!

Mary slips through the door into the kitchen and stops beside Norman, very close to him, staring up at his face.

MARY

You all right, Norman?

He manages to nod. Other voices carry in from the diner outside.

MR. STATLER (o.s.)

What's the trouble, Warren?

MR. TOOMEY (o.s.)

That psycho you hired. Last time I
eat here!

He can be heard slamming out the front door. Mr. Statler is heard addressing the diner.

MR. STATLER (o.s.)

Okay, everybody, business as
usual ---

CONTINUED

37-A CONTINUED

37-A

Mary reaches into her apron pocket and brings out a tissue. She wipes Norman's forehead with it. The moment is very close for the both of them, very intimate, but not sexual.

MARY

You're sweating all over. Can I get you something, a glass of water maybe.

Norman manages to shake his head as Mr. Statler suddenly bursts through the swinging doors, followed by Mrs. Spool. Furious, Mr. Statler stops before Norman.

MR. STATLER

What the hell did you do out there?

MARY

(trying to defend Norman)

That man, Mr. Toomey, he was ---

MR. STATLER

(cutting her off)

I'm not talking to you, girl.

(back to Norman)

Well?

Myrna appears in the portal from the diner side, and stands there watching.

NORMAN

He was bothering Mary, then he slipped me a note ---

MR. STATLER

What note?

NORMAN

(nodding in the direction of the wheel)

There, on the wheel ---

CONTINUED

37-A CONTINUED - 2

37-A

Mrs. Spool moves to the wheel, and spins it, checking each order clipped there.

MRS. SPOOL

(checking the
wheel for the
second time)

There's nothing here.

(X)

MR. STATLER

Look, Norman, why don't you take the
rest of the afternoon off ---

NORMAN

(staring at
the wheel)

But I tell you it was there ---

MR. STATLER

(patting him
on the arm)

Sure, it was ---

CONTINUED

37-A CONTINUED - 3

37-A

NORMAN

(his voice
rising with
frustrated
anger, not
hysteria)

Don't humor me. I tell you there
was a note on that wheel from my
dead mother ---

He freezes into silence as he realizes what he's just said and how it must sound. His gaze flicks from one to the other of his fellow workers. Mr. Statler stares back at him like he is crazy. Mrs. Spool has pity written all over her face. Mary seems in agony for him. Myrna just grins at him, and from the other side of the portal, over the older waitress' shoulder, he can see all the customers in the diner staring at him, caught by the anger in his voice, just staring at him as though he's some madman about to run amok.

Norman suddenly breaks, pushing past Mr. Statler and Mary, ripping off his apron and throwing it to the floor, grabbing his jacket from a wall peg, and banging out the backdoor. Mary rushes after him.

MARY

Norman ---

She reaches the screen door in time to see him striding rapidly across the parking lot toward the road and his motel. She doesn't know whether to call him or let him go, and she stands there lost in indecision until it's too late.

CUT TO

38

INT. BAR - HOTEL - FAIRVALE, CALIFORNIA - DAY

38

The bar is part of the only hotel in town. The lobby can be seen through the doors. Mr. Toomey slams through the doors from the lobby. Regulars glance up from their drinks as he walks to the bar.

MR. TOOMEY

Man, the people they let out on the
streets these days ---

The Bartender, professionally pleasant, ambles over.

BARTENDER

Something wrong, Warren?

CONTINUED

38

CONTINUED

38

MR. TOOMEY

You know that guy Norman Bates, the one they just let out of the insane asylum?

BARTENDER

I heard about him.

MR. TOOMEY

Well, get this. The hospital board hires me to run his motel for him, then they let him out and he fires me.

The Bartender pours the fat man his usual without even asking.

BARTENDER

No kidding?

MR. TOOMEY

(downing his
drink in
one swallow)

Yeah, and then the nut just tried to attack me in the diner.

BARTENDER

Jesus ---

The woman at the far end of the bar leans forward into the light. She is Lila Crane Loomis, the lady who petitioned against Norman's release in the courtroom.

LILA

Would you mind telling me exactly what happened?

The fat man turns to her, smirks, and begins to launch into his story.

39

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

39

Norman dawdles over a lonely cup of coffee. A shadow falls across the frosted glass of the back door; then there is a knock. Norman rises to answer it. He opens the door to find Mary standing there.

CONTINUED

MARY

(with an
uncertain
smile)

Hi, is that offer to room with you
still open?

NORMAN

Sure.

MARY

Terrific.

With a big smile, she steps inside, carrying a cheap suit-
case. Norman closes the door behind her.

NORMAN

What happened?

MARY

You know my friend Patty, the one I
told you about?

Norman nods.

MARY

Well, she forgot to tell me her boy-
friend sleeps over almost every night.
Do you know what it's like trying to
sleep in a one-room apartment when a
couple's making love five feet from
you?

(X)

NORMAN

(embarrassed)

Noisy?

MARY

You're not kidding.
(a moment as
they exchange
smiles)

I thought you were wonderful today.

NORMAN

You did?

MARY

Yeah, the way you handled that
Toomey guy. What an asshole. I
could have killed him and you were
so cool ---

CONTINUED

NORMAN

(smiling)

I don't kill people anymore, remember?

MARY

Oh, yeah, I guess I forgot.

(a moment)

Oh, here.

She passes him a package wrapped in tinfoil. He looks at it.

NORMAN

What is it?

MARY

Fudge. My grandmother sent it to me. She makes great fudge.

NORMAN

Thank you.

They stare at each other awkwardly for a moment. Mary breaks the silence.

MARY

What about that note today? Did you figure out who sent it?

NORMAN

No. Somebody must have been playing a prank.

MARY

Cruel prank.

She starts up the stairs with her bag. He takes a step after her.

NORMAN

Here, let me help you.

MARY

No, it's all right. I can manage.

NORMAN

Have you eaten yet?

MARY

Yes, but I could use a cup of tea. First I want a shower though.

CONTINUED

39

CONTINUED - 3

39

NORMAN

I'll have it ready when you're
through.

MARY

Great.

With a dazzling smile, she runs up the stairs.

40

OMITTED

40

41 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 41

He puts the kettle on, gets a cup and teabag down from the cupboard when he hears the upstairs bathroom door slam shut. The faint rush of shower water follows, and then the pipes in the house begin to hum with the running of water. His gaze turns toward the portico and the stairway to the floor above.

42 INT. SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM - NIGHT 42

(All the shots that follow are to be done in approximately the same sequence as the shower murder seen at the top of this film taken from Psycho I.)

Mary takes her robe off, exposing her bare back. She steps into the bath. There is no curtain around the old-fashioned tub, the kind with feet at the bottom. This accents her vulnerability although she is seemingly unaware of it. She lifts her face to the water spout. It pounds down on her, a hundred small jets of water spurting from the shower head. She soaps herself, letting the water beat off her face, relaxing beneath the stream. She stands there proudly, her body arched, luxuriating in the wetness, letting the water run off her breasts, down the curve of her flat stomach and into the darkness between her legs, secure in her beauty and strength, and youth. She moves away, letting her hands with the soap drift over her body, into the crevices and corners, almost stroking herself. The water continues to pour down from the shower head, now hitting the back of her neck, running down the small of her back, and disappearing through the channel of her buttocks. It plays off her head, streaming down her hair, wetting it to her smooth, young skin. And the camera pans off of her, across the room to the door, and there it holds as though waiting for someone, perhaps Norman, to finally rush into the room, knife raised, but when it doesn't happen, the camera drifts on, up to the wall opposite the tub and the showering girl, onto an expanse of faded flower wallpaper, and slowly it moves in on one daffodil in particular, a daffodil with a missing pestle. And where that pestle should be is a peephole, and at the far end of that peephole is an eye staring at Mary, unblinking, seemingly lidless, without sex or a clue as to the identity of its owner, just an eye...watching. The water is heard being shut off, and Mary getting out of the tub. The eye disappears as the girl throws on her robe, totally oblivious to the unseen watcher in the wall.

43
thru
47

OMITTED

43
thru
47

48

INT. SECOND FLOOR BALCONY - NIGHT

48

She steps out of the bathroom, casting a glance back into its depths, faintly disturbed at a sense that she has that something was wrong, but unable to identify the cause of her disquiet. And then another sound intrudes on her consciousness. It sounds almost like the shriek of the score from Psycho, the stabbing screams that accompanied death, and this brings her head around to stare down the stairs. There, a few steps from the bottom, sits Norman, hunched over. She is finally able to identify the unending scream she hears; it is the tea kettle boiling and whistling its alarm. She calls down to Norman.

MARY

Norman, the tea kettle's boiling.

His hunched back doesn't move from its position; she calls again.

MARY

Norman, the tea kettle.

NORMAN

Oh, right ---

He manages to get to his feet and disappears toward the kitchen. End on Mary staring after him.

CUT TO

49

OMITTED

49

50

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

50

Norman is just about to snap off the light and crawl into his makeshift bed on the couch when he hears a crash and the crack of splintering wood. He hurries to the window, pulls back the curtain and peers down at the motel below.

51

EXT. MOTEL AND HOUSE - NIGHT

51

Mr. Toomey, very drunk, has smashed his Buick's front bumper into one of the posts supporting the motel verandah. He's snapped it like a matchstick. The fat man stands outside his car, leaning in through the window, his hand on the horn. When he sees Norman's face in the window, he straightens up. The horn stops blaring. There is a deafening silence. He yells up at Norman.

MR. TOOMEY

Hello, psycho. Just wanted you to know I'm moving out.

Giggling at his own wit, he staggers into the motel office.

52

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

52

Norman peers out the window just in time to see the lights snap on in the motel office, and then the parlor. He starts to turn away from the window when the phone rings. He picks it up.

NORMAN

Yes?

(listens)

What? Who is this?

(listens)

My mother is dead --

(listens)

Mr. Toomey, if this is you, you're sicker than I ever was --

(line goes

dead)

Hello, hello?

He slams the receiver back into its cradle and stands there, staring at the phone, undecided about what to do. Then, he picks it up and dials a number.

53

INT. DR. RICHMOND'S OFFICE - ATASCADERO, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

53

Richmond picks up the phone on his desk and listens to the voice on the other end.

DR. RICHMOND

(into phone)

Norman, I warned you you'd have these sort of problems. People just don't forget that easily. The better question is how are you doing?

(listens)

Good. Just remember the past has no power over you when you're firmly rooted in the present.

(listens)

I'll be out at the end of the week.

Will you be all right till then?

(listens then

smiles confidently)

I know you will.

53-A

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - INTERCUT WITH SC. 53

53-A

NORMAN

Fine. I just keep remembering everything you ever said to me.

(listens)

Yes. I think I can make it.

(listens and

then slowly

hangs up)

(X)

(X)

54 INT. BATES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 54

Norman hangs up the phone and walks to the window, peering down at the lighted motel parlor below.

55 EXT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT 55

The door to the office is open, spilling a shaft of yellow light across the verandah. From within comes the cheerful blare of a cheap radio tuned to an AM rock station.

56

INT. PARLOR - NIGHT

56

It's Mr. Toomey's domain, the habitat of a slovenly, lecherous drunk. A half-empty bottle of bad Scotch is perched precariously on the edge of a bureau shoved against one wall. The fat man, bent over, arcs between the lower drawer of the bureau and the bed, shoveling his clothes into an open Lucite suitcase.

As he reaches his suitcase with his fourth load, still bent over, he freezes. From his vantage point, he is staring at a pair of black orthopedic shoes, ugly, androgenous, telling nothing about the wearer. His gaze rises a few inches to the hem of a cheap cotton print dress. He begins to straighten, his gaze climbing, his mouth opening in a scream at what he sees slashing down at him.

A huge breadknife sinks into the jugular vein of his exposed throat, shutting off his death cry. Everything is blurred in a gush of red.

CUT TO

57

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

57

Norman is dressed in workclothes, painting the front of the motel as Dr. Richmond drives up in his Mercedes. He gets out and crosses to Norman with a smile.

DR. RICHMOND

Hi, Norman.

NORMAN

Doctor Richmond, I didn't expect you till tomorrow.

DR. RICHMOND

I got a call from Mr. Statler. He said you'd quit the diner?

NORMAN

Yes, I decided I could make more money with the motel --

(slaps the post Mr. Toomey ran into, now fixed with a steel brace)

-- once I get it back into condition, that is.

DR. RICHMOND

What did Mr. Toomey have to say about your plans?

CONTINUED

57

CONTINUED

57

NORMAN

I fired him. He was running what I think they call an 'adult motel' these days.

Dr. Richmond studies his former patient.

DR. RICHMOND

I see.

(after another
moment)

Well, it seems a lot has changed in the week you've been back.

NORMAN

(happily)

Yes.

DR. RICHMOND

Any more phone calls or notes?

NORMAN

No, nothing.

Dr. Richmond glances up at the front of the house. In the circular window high above the other two there is a figure, indistinct, but vaguely feminine, staring down at them.

DR. RICHMOND

Who's that?

The face disappears from the window just as Norman glances up from his work and follows the Doctor's gaze to the house.

NORMAN

Where?

DR. RICHMOND

(pointing)

Up in that window.

NORMAN

The attic? I don't see anyone.

DR. RICHMOND

There was a woman in that window. I just saw her.

NORMAN

Oh, it must have been Mary ---

DR. RICHMOND

Who?

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED - 2

57

NORMAN

She works at the diner. She's been staying with me.

The Doctor gives him a sharp glance; Norman laughs.

NORMAN

Oh, no, it's nothing like that. We're just friends.

58 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

58

Mary stands before the mirror over the washbasin, applying the last of her makeup before leaving the house. There is no sense that hers was the face seen in the window, that she might have just run down from the attic to this room. Rather she seems totally oblivious to the conversation the two men are having outside the house. She hums contently as she applies mascara to her lashes.

She leans over, close to the mirror, her left eye looming large in the glass. And there, winking back at her, is the reflection of the eye in the peephole watching her.

She whirls, not quite sure what she has seen, if anything, and stares at the flower wallpaper. She steps to it, running her fingers along the wall until she finds the hole in the missing pestle. She peers through the peephole, seeing nothing more than a limited view of Mrs. Bates' room on the other side of the wall. It is quite empty. She steps away from the wall, staring at the newly discovered peephole thoughtfully.

CUT TO

59 and 60

OMITTED

59 and 60

61 EXT. HOUSE AND MOTEL - DAY

61

Norman and Dr. Richmond are still talking next to the motel.

DR. RICHMOND

(caught mid-sentence)

(X)

-- so all I'm saying is it's up to you now. Our work together has alerted you to all the danger signals ---

Norman looks up as Mary comes out the front door of the house in the b.g., Richmond turning to follow his gaze.

CONTINUED

61

CONTINUED

61

Mary pauses on the steps, seeing the two men below, glances back at the house, then bounds down the steps toward them.

NORMAN

(moving to
meet her)

Mary, this is Doctor Richmond.
He was my psychiatrist in the
institution.

DR. RICHMOND

Hello.

MARY

Hi. Well, what do you think?

DR. RICHMOND

(momentarily
confused)

About what?

MARY

(waving her
hand at
Norman's
paint job)

What Norman's doing. Has he told
you all his plans for the place?

DR. RICHMOND

Some of them.

MARY

Wonderful, aren't they?

She and Norman exchange smiles.

MARY

Well, I have to be going to work.

DR. RICHMOND

Can I give you a lift?

MARY

No, that's all right. It's just a
short walk.

CONTINUED

61

CONTINUED - 2

61

DR. RICHMOND

I might as well. I'm just leaving.

MARY

Don't you and Norman have more to talk about?

DR. RICHMOND

No, I think we've covered just about everything.

(to Norman)

Don't you?

NORMAN

Yes, I guess so.

Dr. Richmond walks toward his car, talking to Mary as he moves.

DR. RICHMOND

C'mon, hop in ---

62

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

62

The Doctor drives them down the road.

DR. RICHMOND

How is it living with Norman?

MARY

Fine.

DR. RICHMOND

What do you know about his past?

MARY

He's told me everything.

DR. RICHMOND

Well, then, you're running a bit of a risk, aren't you?

MARY

Look, Norman and I are good for each other. He helps me, I help him. You stay out of it, all right.

CONTINUED

DR. RICHMOND

I am just trying to suggest, Miss -- ?

MARY

Samuels, Mary Samuels.

DR. RICHMOND

-- Miss Samuels, even with years of therapy, there are no guaranteed cures in psychiatry. Especially in cases like Norman's.

(X)

MARY

(cutting him off)

Then why'd you let him out?

DR. RICHMOND

He's not sick ---

MARY

(interrupting again)

Well, which is he? Sane or mad? You're his psychiatrist, you should know.

DR. RICHMOND

Look, it took me years of therapy to kill the mad mother inside Norman's head. I think it would be best if you moved out of that house.

MARY

No!

DR. RICHMOND

Why not?

MARY

Norman has paid his debt to society. He doesn't owe you, me, or anyone else anything. Not anymore. So why don't you just leave him alone to lead a normal life.

DR. RICHMOND

That's what I'm trying to do.

CONTINUED

MARY

How? By taking away the one thing
he cares about?

DR. RICHMOND

Meaning you? Miss Samuels -- I
really wonder if you realize just
how delicately balanced Norman
is....

MARY

(turning
away
from him)

I don't want to hear anymore of
this ---

DR. RICHMOND

All right, I'll change the subject.
Have you seen any of the notes Norman's
received?

MARY

No.

DR. RICHMOND

What about the phone call? Did you
overhear that?

MARY

(angrily turning
back to him)

Of course not. What do you think I
do? Listen in on the extension?

DR. RICHMOND

(exasperated)

I didn't mean it that way,
Miss Samuels.

MARY

(eyes drilling
into him)

I don't care what way you meant it.
Just leave us alone.

The glare of her gaze forces the Doctor's eyes back to the
road. They drive on in silence.

The Sheriff and Dr. Richmond enter, the Sheriff closing the door behind the Doctor.

SHERIFF

So what can I do for you, Doctor?

DR. RICHMOND

Are you familiar with the Norman Bates case?

SHERIFF

(crossing to
his desk)

Very. I read Sheriff Chambers' file when I found out he'd been released.

(sits at
his desk)

So what's the trouble? Is Bates dressing up as his mother again?

DR. RICHMOND

Nothing like that. Norman says somebody has been leaving notes and making phone calls, claiming to be his mother.

SHERIFF

(muttering to
himself in
disgust)

People --

(to Richmond)

So what do you want me to do about it?

DR. RICHMOND

Put a tap on his phone.

SHERIFF

Sorry, Doc. This is Fairvale, California, not Washington, DC. But I can check around to see who might hate Norman enough to do something like that. Anything else?

DR. RICHMOND

You could keep an eye on Norman, too.

SHERIFF

I already am.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Richmond turns to leave.

DR. RICHMOND

(lays his card
on the desk)

Here's my card in case you should
need me. Oh, there is one other
thing.

SHERIFF

(with just a
touch of
testiness)

Of course. What?

DR. RICHMOND

He has a girl living with him, a
Mary Samuels. She works at the
diner.

SHERIFF

I'll check on her, too.

DR. RICHMOND

Thank you, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

(dryly)

Anytime.

Dr. Richmond leaves; the Sheriff watches him go.

CUT TO

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Norman is painting the side of the motel when a distant
tapping reaches his ears. It sounds disturbingly like a
fingertip hitting a pane of glass. He stops working.

CONTINUED

66

CONTINUED

66

The tapping drags him out from under the veranda in the direction of the steps leading up to the house. He glances about' nothing. He is about to return to his painting when the tapping comes again.

He looks up at the house, and there, in the bedroom window, stands his mother, a huge figure draped in dark billowing clothes, outlined in shadows, smudged by the distance. He drops his brush and stares up in horror.

Mrs. Bates disappears from the window, and after a moment spent thawing his frozen muscles, Norman charges up the steps to the house after her.

67

INT. PORTICO - HOUSE - DAY

67

He bursts through the door, and skids to a halt at the bottom of the stairs. Another moment spent gathering his splintered nerves, and he starts up the steps, taking them slowly, one by one. Above him on the second floor balcony, unseen by him, the door to Mrs. Bates' room is ajar.

68

INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - DAY

68

Clearing the top of the stairs, Norman halts again. Calming his labored breathing, stilling his trembling hands, he warily moves toward the door to his mother's room.

He stands just outside it, listening for a sound within, licking his dry lips, blinking the sweat from his eyes. He finally pushes the door open, and steps into the room.

69

INT. MRS. BATES' BEDROOM - DAY

69

He stands there, staring about, his eyes slowly widening with growing terror.

The room has changed, subtly, but not so little it would escape notice. It has been refurnished, almost as though an occupant had recently moved in. There are lace doilies on the chair and bedstand. The bed itself now has sheets and blankets, and is made. And once more there is a depression in the bed, just like the depression made two decades

CONTINUED

69

CONTINUED

69

before when Norman laid his mother's stuffed corpse there for years on end. Old bottles, perfume and makeup from another time, that of his mother, sprinkle the bureau top. The walls have pictures again, antiquated, extravagant romantic pastorals with the undercurrent of repressed lust in every brush stroke.

Unwillingly, jerkily, like an automat overloading, Norman steps to the giant armoire. He opens it. The rack within is full of dresses, all of them Victorian, the kind one would expect Mrs. Bates to wear. The floor groans behind him, the foundation settling, and he whirls, his eyes wide, gasping out one word.

NORMAN

Mother?

And then he sees it, there on the bureau, a cast-iron figurine of two loosely clasped hands. It is the same figurine that was in this room so many years before when his mother was still alive, the one she herself had bought. And underneath the hands is a note peeking out. He pulls it loose, and looks at it.

It reads, "Norman, get rid of that slut or I'll kill her, love, Mother".

He crumples the note, and throws it to the floor, looking about wildly, his face purpling with anger.

NORMAN

Where are you?

70

INT. SECOND FLOOR BALCONY - DAY

70

He bursts out of the bedroom, stops and stares about.

NORMAN

I know you're here. You won't get away from me this time.

His gaze catches the partially open door to the attic at the front of the house. He runs to it, whips it open, and shouts up the narrow, shadow-encrusted staircase.

NORMAN

I know you're up there. Come on down.

71 INT. ATTIC - DAY

71

No answer, and he starts cautiously up the steep staircase, leaving the door open behind him. The shadows grow thicker, his movements slower.

He stops at the top of the stairs, opens the door, and glances about the attic. He sees the circular leaded-glass window that overlooks the motel directly in front of him. His gaze continues to sweep the attic. It's empty, dank and dirty to be sure, but there is no way anyone could be hiding from him up here.

The door behind him suddenly slams shut. He whirls. He grabs the knob and turns it, finding it locked. He throws himself against the solid oak only to find it unyielding. He rattles the door in its frame and pounds on the wood.

NORMAN

Let me out, let me out!

71-A EXT. HOUSE - DAY

71-A

Pull back from the circular window, leaving Norman trapped inside, then tilt down to reveal ---

72 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

72

Two teenagers, a boy, Josh Ramsey, no more than sixteen, and his girl friend of the moment, Kim Bruckner, a year younger, creep up to the ground level window leading into the fruit cellar. Neither are so much attractive as shockingly young for what they are doing and what is about to befall them.

KIM

(casting nervous glances about as he pries open the window)

You sure this is safe?

JOSH

Always has been.

He slips inside, glances back to see her still hesitating.

JOSH

C'mon, don't be a pussy.

She slips in after him.

73

INT. FRUIT CELLAR - DAY

73

He turns on the overhead light, a bare bulb, then crosses to where a water-stained mattress has been hidden: ceremoniously he lays this on the floor, then sits on it, whips out a joint, lights it, and takes a heavy toke. He offers it to her.

JOSE

Here.

KIM

(shaking
her head)

I don't need anymore.

Josh thumps the mattress beside him. Kim puts down the sprouting potato she is examining and begins to remove her blouse. Suddenly she freezes.

KIM

What was that?

JOSE

(taking
another drag)

What?

KIM

That sound in the next room.

JOSE

You're just stoned.

KIM

No, I'm not.

(staring at
the door into
the basement
proper)

Through there ---

He glances at the door. They both hear a stair in the next room creak. They stiffen. As she watches, Josh pads to the door, turns off the fruit cellar light and cracks it open and stares into the basement.

JOSE

(in an awed
whisper)

Jesus ---

CONTINUED

73

CONTINUED

73

KIM

(also
whispering)
What is it?

He doesn't answer, and she creeps to his side, peering over his shoulder into the basement. It is almost pitch black in there, but a figure can be made out. It is an enormous woman, draped in billowing dark clothes, her back turned to the young people as she scuffles from the stairway leading to the hallway above, across the flagstone floor, past the woodpile and coal-burning furnace with its bin of anthracite toward the double storm doors leading directly to the outside at the back of the house.

Frightened now, Kim tugs at Josh's shirt.

KIM

Let's get out of here ---

Held by his curiosity, he shushes her, never taking his eyes from the figure of the huge woman slowly scuttling across the basement floor. Driven by her own fears, Kim backs across the fruit cellar until she reaches the ground level window. It is just beyond her reach. She stands on the pile of logs left there for this very purpose, until she can crawl through the window.

Just as she slips through, her foot kicks one of the logs back. It clatters to the floor.

74

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

74

At the crash, Mrs. Bates whirls, the darkness obscuring her face, but not what she holds in her hand. It is a huge bread knife, its blade catching what little light there is, and winking in the dark.

75

INT. FRUIT CELLAR - DAY

75

Josh's eyes widen as he sees the glint of the knife. Mrs. Bates' body tenses in the shadows of the other room, about to charge.

JOSE

Holy shit!

CONTINUED

75

CONTINUED

75

He breaks for the window to the outside. He reaches it just as the door behind him bursts open, and Mrs. Bates rushes into the room, the knife held high.

From outside the window, prone on the ground, Kim, her face a mask of horror, watches as Mrs. Bates charges across the floor toward Josh. He springs for the window.

He leaps for the sill, grabs it, hauls himself up just as the outside catch holding the window open slips. It crashes down on his fingertips. With a yelp of startled pain, he lets go and smashes to the floor below. The window catch locks into the closed position, firmly shutting the boy off from escape.

76

EXT. HOUSE - GROUND LEVEL WINDOW - DAY

76

Through the filth of the dirty window, Kim sees the blurred figure of Mrs. Bates bearing down on her boyfriend. Josh leaps to his feet, his damaged fingers fumbling to undo the window catch. Mrs. Bates, an enormous mass of black clothing, rears up behind him. The knife glints in the sunlight pouring through the window. The blade flashes down at the boy's exposed back. Kim screams.

And it falls again and again and again, plunging into Josh while Kim screams, an unending cacaphony as she stares transfixed at the bloody ballet within, obscured from clear vision by the filth of the window.

The boy's dying fingertips reach out for the glass, for freedom, for safety, but it's too late. As they slowly slide down from the glass, they leave streaks of comparative cleanliness behind, bars of light that Kim can see through more clearly. And then the fingertips are gone, sinking out of sight as the boy falls to the floor below. Within, Kim can see the striated image of Mrs. Bates bent over her victim, her gore-drenched blade momentarily still. Then the huge woman slowly shifts her bulk, her attention turning to Kim.

Before her face comes fully into view, Kim breaks into a gagging sob, springs to her feet, and runs as fast as she can down the side of the hill, away from the terrible house, and the bloody scene within.

DISSOLVE TO

77

INT. ATTIC - DAY

77

Norman has fallen into a light doze, his back against the door, when he's jerked awake by the sound of Mary's voice calling his name.

MARY (o.s.)

Norman, Norman ---

He leaps to his feet and pounds on the door.

NORMAN

Mary, in here ---

The door opens and Mary steps into the room, staring at him.

MARY

What are you doing in here?

NORMAN

I was locked in.

MARY

No, you weren't.

NORMAN

What?

MARY

The door wasn't locked. Look.

She points to the lock in the door.

MARY

See, it couldn't have been. There's no key in the lock.

NORMAN

It was there. Someone's taken it and unlocked the door while I was asleep.

MARY

Who?

NORMAN

Whoever's been playing at being my mother.

78

INT. SECOND FLOOR BALCONY

78

Norman and Mary descend from the attic still talking.

MARY

What are you talking about?

NORMAN

I saw her in the bedroom window.

She stares at him blankly; he points to the bedroom.

NORMAN

Look in the room. They refurnished it,
put her stuff inside, even her dresses.
They also wrote me another note ---

She heads for Mrs. Bates' room. He stares about the many
closed doors leading off the second floor balcony.

NORMAN

Whoever it is, they're in this house
right now.

She disappears into his mother's room. He whips open the
door to the linen closet and peers inside.

NORMAN

Where are you?

The linen closet is empty. He moves to the door to the
spare bedroom, and opens it, peering inside.

NORMAN

Come on out, damn you!

Mary appears on the balcony from Mrs. Bates' room.

MARY

Norman.

NORMAN

What?

MARY

There's no note there.

NORMAN

What do you mean it isn't there. Of
course, it's there. It has to be
there ---

He runs around the balcony, and pushes past her into his
mother's room.

79

INT. MRS. BATES' BEDROOM - DAY

79

He stands stunned in the middle of the room, staring about. Not only is the note gone, but the doilies, the bottles on the bureau, the paintings on the wall, everything that had made the room seem occupied is now missing. He throws open the doors to the armoire; the rack is empty, the dresses gone. Mary appears in the doorway behind him. He turns to look at her blank, impassive face, neither supportive nor disapproving.

NORMAN

It was here, the note, her dresses, everything, I swear it.

There is a knock at the downstairs door. Both freeze.

MARY

Who's that?

NORMAN

I don't know.

The knocking turns into an insistent pounding.

MARY

You'd better answer it.

80

INT. PORTICO - DAY

80

They come down the stairs headed for the front door.

NORMAN

Who is it?

SHERIFF (o.s.)

Sheriff Chambers.

Mary grabs Norman and whispers in his ear.

MARY

Whatever you do, don't tell him about the bedroom. Not unless you want him to think you're crazy again.

Norman nods, forces himself into motion, and opens the door. Sheriff Chambers and his deputy, Mike Pool, stand outside. The Sheriff smiles at him.

SHERIFF

Hello, Norman.

NORMAN

(genuinely
returning the
other man's smile)
Sheriff, nice to see you again.

CONTINUED

SHERIFF

Can we come in?

NORMAN

Oh, of course. I'm sorry.

He steps back. The two men enter. Norman closes the door behind them, and turns to introduce Mary.

NORMAN

This is ---

SHERIFF

(cutting him off)

I know. Mary Samuels. How are you, Miss Samuels?

Mary forces a smile. An uncomfortable moment passes as the Sheriff stares at her. Norman tries to break it.

NORMAN

Well, what can I do for you? There hasn't been any trouble, has there?

SHERIFF

(flatly)

Yes.

NORMAN

Oh. What sort?

SHERIFF

The old sort. There's a girl sitting down in my squad car below, too scared to come into this house. She claims she saw her boyfriend murdered in your fruit cellar today. By a large woman dressed in black. That's just how your mother used to look, isn't it, Norman?

Norman is mute, too stunned to speak. Mary steps in.

MARY

What were they doing in the fruit cellar?

SHERIFF

(answering her,
his gaze still
on Norman)

What kids do today, I guess. Smoking dope and messing around. You know anything about it, Norman?

He manages to shake his head, but that's all.

CONTINUED

80

CONTINUED - 2

80

SHERIFF

Mind if we look in the fruit cellar?

NORMAN

(finally coming
unstuck enough
to talk)

No. No, of course not.

He leads them all toward the door behind the stairwell that leads into the basement.

81

INT. FRUIT CELLAR - DAY

81

Norman snaps the overhead light on, the bare bulb sending a garish glare across the room. The others follow in from the basement proper.

There is no evidence a murder took place here; if anything, the room is fastidiously clean, the floor looking recently mopped, the bare mattress leaned neatly against the wall along with the crates. The Deputy volunteers comment first.

DEPUTY

Looks clean to me.

Sheriff Chambers shines his flashlight over the glass of the ground-level window. It is now immaculate, all the filth wiped away.

SHERIFF

Yeah, doesn't it though.

The Deputy disappears out the door into the basement as the Sheriff turns to Norman.

SHERIFF

You been down here straightening up?

NORMAN

(shaking
his head)

No. This is the first time I've stepped inside this room since I've been home.

SHERIFF

Then who did it?

MARY

I did. Several days ago. I hate a dirty house, don't you.

The Sheriff stares at her as the Deputy's voice calls from the next room.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

81

DEPUTY (o.s.)

Hey, Norman?

Norman disappears out the door.

81-A INT. CELLAR - DAY

81-A

The Deputy is shining his torch at the door leading to the stairway to the cellar doors and the outside. It is open. Norman walks up to him.

DEPUTY

What's this?

NORMAN

The way to the outside.

DEPUTY

Oh. Better lock it before someone robs you blind.

He closes the door, and turns the torch on another part of the cellar.

81-B INT. FRUIT CELLAR - DAY

81-B

The Sheriff turns away from the ground-floor window, and looks at Mary.

SHERIFF

You know why Norman doesn't come down here, don't you?

MARY

No, I don't.

SHERIFF

He used to keep his mother's corpse down here. Norman had robbed it from the grave. He talked to himself in her voice, answering in his own. What do you think of that?

MARY

Horrible.

SHERIFF

That's right, it was. Now let me ask you again. Are you positive you cleaned this room up?

MARY

(after a moment)

Yes.

CONTINUED

81-B CONTINUED

81-B

SHERIFF

(staring at
her hard)Well, then there's no more use to us
being down here, is there?

81-C INT. BASEMENT - DAY

81-C

The Sheriff followed by Mary steps out of the fruit cellar.
The Deputy, shadowed by Norman, is still poking around.

SHERIFF

(to his Deputy)

Let's go, Mike.

They all troop up the stairs after the Sheriff.

82 OMITTED

82

83 INT. PORTICO - DAY

83

Just as his hand reaches the front door, the Sheriff stops and
turns to stare at Norman.

SHERIFF

Oh, by the way, did you hear any-
thing between four and five this
afternoon?

NORMAN

No, but I was ---

MARY

(cutting him off)

He was with me all afternoon. We
were out walking in the fields.The Sheriff gives her another long, hard look. He finally
turns away, opening the door.

SHERIFF

Well, good-bye all. Sorry to
disturb you.He disappears out the door, followed by his Deputy. Mary
shuts it behind them, and stares out the window by the door,
watching them go.

NORMAN

Why did you do that?

MARY

(facing him)

Do what?

NORMAN

Lie to the Sheriff. You weren't
with me this afternoon.

CONTINUED

83

CONTINUED

83

MARY

He was going to arrest you. I had
to do something.

Norman suddenly begins to collapse.

MARY

Norman!

Mary grabs him.

CUT TO

84

OMITTED

84

85

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DUSK

85

Lila Loomis sits in a corner, impatiently waiting. A second
deputy, Andy Norris, is on duty behind the desk. The door
to the outside opens and Sheriff Chambers and Deputy Mike
Pool enter. Lila rises.

(X)

LILA

Sheriff Chambers.

SHERIFF

Yes.

LILA

I'm Lila Loomis.

He gives her a blank look.

LILA

It used to be Lila Crane.

SHERIFF

Of course. What a coincidence. I
was just thinking of you and Sam.
How is he?

LILA

Dead.

SHERIFF

(after an
awkward moment)
I'm sorry. Well, what brings you
back to Fairvale after all these
years?

LILA

Norman Bates. Where is he?

CONTINUED

SHERIFF

Why, out at his motel, I suppose.

LILA

Why haven't you arrested him?

SHERIFF

For what?

LILA

Murder. It's all over town, what he did to that young boy.

SHERIFF

Well, Mrs. Loomis, I can't arrest a man without proof. Especially one with an alibi.

LILA

What alibi?

SHERIFF

There's a girl out there staying with him. Says he was with her at the time the murder took place. If there was a murder.

LILA

What do you mean?

SHERIFF

That I'm not convinced anyone was killed. There's no 'corpus delecti'. So let's just wait and see if the boy comes home tonight.

(X)

He walks to the wall switch and turns on the overhead light, banishing the shadows of a gathering dusk.

LILA

Have you dragged the swamp?

SHERIFF

What?

LILA

The swamp. That's where he dumped his victims the last time. Have you dragged it yet?

SHERIFF

No, ma'am.

CONTINUED

85

CONTINUED - 2

85

LILA

Then I suggest you start right now.
Before there are more murders.
Unless you want them on your
conscience, of course.

She throws open the door and stomps out. Through the glass, (X)
the Sheriff watches as she slams out of the outer office.
Deputy Norris watches her, too, appearing a second later in
the doorway to the inner office.

DEPUTY

What's her problem? (X)

SHERIFF

Don't know, but if Norman Bates is (X)
crazy, there are a lot of people
round here running him a close
second.

Both men stare after Lila Loomis. (X)

CUT TO

86

OMITTED

86

87

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

87

Mary makes coffee at the stove. She glances at Norman who
sits slumped in a chair at the table.

MARY

Feeling better?

He manages to nod, but without conviction. She stares at
him anxiously.

MARY

You need one of my special Irish
coffees. Is there any brandy in the
house?

NORMAN

My mother doesn't allow liquor.

MARY

Norman, she's dead.

NORMAN

(dully)
Of course, she's dead. I killed her.

CONTINUED

87. CONTINUED

87

His eyes begin to slip out of focus.

MARY

Mr. Toomey was a drinker, wasn't he?
Did he leave a bottle in the office?

NORMAN

I don't know, I never looked.

MARY

I'll be right back. You just rest.

She slips out the back door as he lays his head on the table.

- 88 EXT. HOUSE AND MOTEL - NIGHT 88
Mary picks her way down the steps from the house to the motel. She disappears into the office.
- 89 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT 89
She snaps on the light and heads for the parlor.
- 90 INT. PARLOR - NIGHT 90
She enters the room, lit only by a shaft of moonlight spilling through the window. The window itself gives an unobstructed view of the house above. Mary switches on the Tiffany table lamp, sending out a narrow pool of light. For the first time she becomes aware that Norman has refurnished this room. Stuffed birds cling to the wall and dot the furniture, many of them predators, several seemingly about to swoop down and attack her.

Before she can shake her uneasiness, a shadow steps out from the deeper darkness behind her. As the shadow reaches the light, it can be seen to be Lila Loomis.
- LILA
Why did you lie to the Sheriff and say Bates was with you this afternoon?
- Mary whirls with a gasp, immediately relaxing when she recognizes Lila.
- MARY
Mother, what are you doing here?
What if Norman sees you?
- LILA
Don't worry, I parked my car down the road. Now, why did you alibi Bates?
- MARY
Please go back to the hotel. What if I get in trouble here and call and you're not there?
- LILA
Damn it, answer me! Why did you alibi Bates?
- MARY
Mother, Norman's innocent. He couldn't have murdered that boy.
- LILA
Why not?

CONTINUED

As she talks, Mary searches the bureau and finds the liquor bottle.

MARY

He saw me in the window like we planned. Then he went into her room and saw the stuff. Then when he went looking for her, I locked the attic door behind him. He was trapped in there all the time I was taking everything down the back stairs. So you see, he couldn't have done it.

LILA

What difference does it make? We want him recommitted. This would have done it.

MARY

Mother, whatever's happening, it's not Norman's fault.

LILA

What are you talking about?

MARY

I don't think it was Norman who drilled the peephole. There's someone else in the house.

LILA

Don't be stupid. It's Bates, up to his old tricks again.

MARY

No, I don't think so. Mother, he's not like that anymore. Maybe if you knew him now. He's really trying so very hard to do what's right, to keep his sanity. It hardly seems fair to do what we're doing to him.

Lila stares at her daughter disbelievingly. Finally:

LILA

You're as crazy as he is.

MARY

We'll talk later. Norman needs me.

LILA

(dripping sarcasm)
A psychopath? A psychopath needs you?

CONTINUED

Mary takes the brandy and slips out the door. Lila darts after her.

Mary searches the bureau for a liquor bottle as she talks.

LILA

Why not?

MARY

He saw me in the window like we planned. Then he went into her room and saw the stuff. Then when he went looking for her I locked the attic door behind him. He was trapped in there all the time I was taking everything down the back stairs. So you see, he couldn't have done it.

LILA

What difference does it make? We want him recommitted. This would have done it.

MARY

Mother, he's innocent.

LILA

What are you talking about? He killed your aunt, didn't he? Not to mention the six others.

MARY

(becoming increasingly irritated)

Mother, that was twenty-two years ago.

(X)

LILA

People don't change. Ever.

(X)

MARY

Norman has. He didn't drill that peephole.

(X)

LILA

Of course he did.

(X)

MARY

Mother, listen to me. There's someone else in the house.

(X)

CONTINUED

LILA

Don't be stupid! It's Bates, up to his old tricks again.

MARY

Mother, it can't be Norman. He's not like that anymore. Maybe if you knew him now. He's really trying so very hard to do what's right, to keep his sanity. It hardly seems fair to do what we're doing to him.

Lila stares at her daughter disbelievingly. Finally:

LILA

You're as crazy as he is.

MARY

We'll talk later. Norman needs me.

LILA

(dripping
sarcasm)

Norman needs you? A psychopath needs you?

MARY

Look, go back to the hotel. We'll talk later.

Mary takes the brandy and slips out the door. Lila darts after her.

91 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

91

Mary is headed for the door to the outside as her mother appears in the parlor doorway behind her.

LILA

He'll kill you. You know that,
don't you? He'll murder you just
like he did all the others ---

Mary disappears out the door, leaving her mother talking to herself.

92 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

92

Norman steps back from the toilet and flushes it.

With a sudden belch, the bowl backs up and bloody water surges up in a geyser and overflows the bowl, running down the white porcelain sides, and cutting crimson rivulets across the tile floor.

Norman screams and backs away, hitting the side of the tub. He puts a hand out to brace himself, and glances down. The shower is also backing up, blood swirling up through the drain and into the white tub.

He stifles the urge to scream again as Mary bursts through the door. Stunned, she stares about the bathroom. It looks like an abbatoir.

MARY

My God, what happened?

NORMAN

(terrified)

I don't know.

She puts the bottle of brandy down, and in one quick motion plunges her hand into the stopped toilet up to her elbow. More blood spills over and courses down the white enamel sides. Norman looks away, fighting the urge to gag.

MARY

Got it ---

He glances back as Mary pulls a bloody towel out of the guts of the toilet. The bowl immediately begins to drain with a sucking gurgle. She drops the towel in a waste basket.

CONTINUED

MARY

Where did that come from?

NORMAN

I put it down there.

MARY

When?

NORMAN

After I killed the boy in the fruit cellar. I used it to clean up the mess and then flushed it down the toilet.

MARY

You couldn't have killed anybody. You were locked in the attic.

NORMAN

But I wasn't. You said so yourself.

MARY

(sharply)

Stop talking nonsense. I tell you, you didn't kill anybody.

NORMAN

Oh, really? Then how do you explain the towel and the blood?

Silence from her.

NORMAN

Well?

MARY

I can't.

NORMAN

Did you clean the fruit cellar like you told the Sheriff?

MARY

No.

NORMAN

Someone did. And with that towel. After they murdered the boy.

CONTINUED

92

CONTINUED - 2

92

MARY

Norman, it couldn't have been you.

NORMAN

(a cry of
bewildered
anguish)

How can you be so sure when even I
don't know whether or not it was me.

MARY

(quieter now,
almost sadly)

Because you couldn't. You don't
have it in you. Not anymore.

He stares at the towel, then about the blood-drenched floor,
his breathing labored, his emotional exhaustion threatening
to overcome him. She gently guides him toward the door.

MARY

Why don't you go downstairs and fix
us a drink. I'll clean this up.

She hands him the brandy bottle. With a mute nod, he
allows her to shove him out the door.

She gets on her hands and knees and begins mopping up the
floor with a large sponge. She rises to wash it out in the
sink, and glances in the mirror.

She catches an eye watching her through the peephole, an eye
that is reflected in the glass. She whirls, staring at the
wall, her gaze focusing in on the daffodil with its missing
pestle. She quickly heads for the door.

93
and
94

OMITTED

93
and
94

95

INT. BALCONY - NIGHT

95

She stares at the closed door to the bedroom, then down the
stairway. She calls out.

MARY

(tentatively)

Norman?

He appears from the kitchen in the portico below.

CONTINUED

95

CONTINUED

95

NORMAN

Yes, what is it?

Her gaze flicks up from him to the closed door to Mrs. Bates' bedroom.

MARY

Nothing. I'll be down in a second.

With a smile he disappears back into the kitchen. The second he's out of sight, she dashes for her bedroom.

96

INT. NORMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

96

She pulls a Llama .9mm automatic from her purse. A door closes softly somewhere out on the balcony. She whirls.

97

INT. BALCONY - NIGHT

97

She steps out onto the balcony, gun raised, glancing at every door along the balcony, the one to Mrs. Bates' room, the spare bedroom, the attic, the linen closet. They are all closed except for the bathroom door which is ajar. Mary cautiously heads for Mrs. Bates' room, pausing at the head of the stairs as she hears the kettle begin to whistle from the kitchen below. It dies as Norman takes it from the stove. Reassured he is where he should be, she slowly approaches the closed door to the bedroom.

98

INT. MRS. BATES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

98

The door swings slowly back, a shaft of light from the hall spilling into the room. Mary steps through the door, and fumbles for the light, never taking her gaze from the darker shadows of the room.

The light snaps on. She glances about the room. It's empty, without a sign of life. Still cautious, pistol ready, she swings open the doors to the amoir. Empty. She peers under the bed. Nothing. With a last sweeping glance about the room, she walks to the wall separating her from the bathroom.

It is dotted with pictures. Estimating which one covers the peephole, she removes it. The plaster has been broken out around the peephole so that one may fit one's face deep within the wall, pressing one's eye right up to the hole that allows one to see that bathroom a scant inch away. More out of curiosity than for any specific reason, she presses her eye to the peephole, and peers through it.

CONTINUED

98

CONTINUED

98

An eye is staring back at her from the other side.

With a scream that seems like it will never end, she backs across the room, away from the wall.

99

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

99

The scream continues as Norman dashes up the steps.

100

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

100

As he bursts through the door, she whirls on him, bringing the pistol up. He shudders to a halt. She lowers the gun.

NORMAN

What happened?

MARY

(pointing to
the peephole)

Up there. I saw someone staring at me.

He stares through the peephole.

NORMAN

I see the bathroom, nothing else.

MARY

There was somebody watching me through there.

(trying to
repress a shudder)

They're in this house with us right now.

NORMAN

(glancing at
the gun)

Where did that come from?

MARY

I had it in my purse.

NORMAN

It's because of me, isn't it? That's why you have it?

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED 100

MARY
Not now, Norman. We have to search
this house before they get away.

She steps out of the room. He follows.

101 OMITTED 101

102 INT. BALCONY - NIGHT 102

MARY
You take the downstairs. I'll start
up here.

He doesn't move.

NORMAN
Shouldn't we be together?

MARY
We have a better chance of catching
them if we split up.

He doesn't move; she hefts the pistol.

MARY
Don't worry. I've got this.

He goes down the steps, seems to relax -- puts her gun down (X)
next to the phone.

CUT TO

103 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 103

He heads directly for the cutlery drawer, pulls out a butcher
knife, glances about. (X)

104 INT. SECOND FLOOR BALCONY - NIGHT 104

Mary is on the extension, speaking in a whisper, peering
over the ballustrade to make sure Norman is nowhere in sight.

MARY
Mrs. Lila Loomis, Room 54, please.
(listens)
You're sure she hasn't come back? (X)
(listens)
No, there'll be no message, thank
you.

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED 104

She hangs up, and stares around at the various closed doors leading off the balcony. Mary speaks softly so Norman won't hear. (X)

MARY

Mother, where are you?

She steps through the door into the dark room.

105 INT. FIRST FLOOR HALL - NIGHT 105

Norman emerges from the kitchen and starts down the hall. A whisper snakes from up beneath the partially cracked basement door, perhaps an old woman's voice, perhaps the wind, maybe even the house settling. (X)

MRS. BATES (o.s.)

Norman ---

Clutching the knife more firmly in his hand, Norman turns and advances on the door, his eyes beginning to glaze over. (X)

106 EXT. SECOND FLOOR BALCONY - NIGHT 106

Mary moves to her room. She pushes the door open and steps inside. (X)

107 INT. NORMAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 107

She gazes about the room, the door to her closet open, blocking her view of that smaller space.

MARY

Mother?

She begins to walk toward the closet when Norman enters zombie-like behind her, the knife in his hand. Mary whirls, pistol raised.

MARY

(relieved)

What is it?

NORMAN

My mother. She spoke to me downstairs. Just now. She's going to kill you.

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED

107

MARY

Did you see her?

NORMAN

No.

MARY

You're sure you heard her?

NORMAN

Yes.

MARY

(heading for
the door)

Come on ---

NORMAN

No!

(bars her way)

She'll kill you, I know she will.

MARY

Norman, your mother's dead. You
killed her, you told me so yourself.

NORMAN

I was wrong. She survived. I don't
know how, but she did. And now
she's out there, waiting for you.

MARY

Norman, it's not your mother out
there.

NORMAN

No?

MARY

No. It has to be a third person.
Whoever it is that's trying to drive
you mad again.

NORMAN

It is?

MARY

Yes, so let's go find them ---

She takes a step toward the door. He bolts it and presses
his back even more firmly against it.

CONTINUED

107

CONTINUED - 2

107

NORMAN

No, I can't allow you out of this room. Not until daylight. It's too dangerous.

MARY

What are we going to do till then?

NORMAN

Sleep. I'll protect you. I'll stay here with you. It was always safe in here.

MARY

Where?

NORMAN

On the floor. I'll be fine.

MARY

(taking another step for the door)

Norman ---

NORMAN

No.

He doesn't move. She stops. A moment passes.

MARY

All right, we'll spend the night in here.

(drops the sleeping bag on the floor)

You can use this.

She crawls into bed with her clothes on. He snaps out the light and slips into the sleeping bag. They lay there in the darkness for a moment, each thinking their own thoughts.

DISSOLVE TO

108

OMITTED

108

109

INT. NORMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

109

Mary turns fitfully in her bed, some sixth sense dragging her awake. She opens her eyes to see Norman's tall shadow looming over her, the knife in his hand. With a gasp, she sits bolt upright in bed. Her sudden movement gives him a

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

109

start, and he jumps, his gaze whipping from the closed door to their bedroom to her.

MARY

What are you doing?

NORMAN

Standing guard.

MARY

Norman, put the knife down and go to sleep. Nobody's going to come through that door.

NORMAN

(without
moving)
They're not?

MARY

No.

A moment passes; he still doesn't move.

NORMAN

Mary.

MARY

Yes?

NORMAN

(moving
toward
her now)
I'm becoming more confused all the time, aren't I? In my head, I mean.

He stops directly above her, staring down at her in the bed. Her gaze shifts to the blade held tightly in his hand. It seems to wink at her in the moonlight.

MARY

No, of course not.

NORMAN

(stepping even
closer, the
blade rising)
Don't lie to me. Not you!

CONTINUED

Her gaze flicks from the knife in his hand to her pistol which lies just out of reach on the windowsill. She lifts her gaze to his face, their eyes locking, a moment pass as she decides whether or not to tell him the truth. Then she does.

MARY

Yes, Norman, you are becoming confused again.

The knife slips from his hand, clattering to the floor. He sinks to a sitting position on the bed beside her.

NORMAN

I thought so. Don't let it happen, please, Mary. Don't let them take me back to the insitituion.

MARY

(sitting up)

Don't worry, Norman, I won't.

She wraps her arms around him and draws him close. He nestles his head against her breast.

NORMAN

You smell good.

MARY

(giggling)

I do? What do I smell like?

NORMAN

(embarrassed)

Like toasted cheese sandwiches.

MARY

(amused)

What?

NORMAN

(slipping into
his own history)

My mother used to bring them to me when I was in bed with a temperature. She used to do a lot of wonderful things for me, before she became something else, something ---

He drifts into silence, sweat popping out on his forehead as the memories overtake him. Mary cradles him even closer.

CONTINUED

MARY

Shhh, Norman, remember the good things she did for you, only the good things.

NORMAN

There aren't anymore.

MARY

Of course there are.

NORMAN

Yes, that's what I think, too. Only I can't remember them. The doctors took them away....

She holds him even closer as he becomes progressively more upset.

NORMAN

...and when I try to remember the good things, trying so hard my head hurts, all I remember are the toasted cheese sandwiches.

MARY

(holding him even closer, stroking his hair)

Shhh, Norman, shhh. Just sleep, sleep ---

And he slowly drifts off to sleep in her arms, the two of them, a tableau reminiscent of a mother comforting her babe; and just underneath the caring, so faint it's hardly noticeable, a current of nascent sensuality flows.

CUT TO

The house is bathed in early morning sunshine; it doesn't help relieve the aura of forboding wrapped about the place.

Mary is asleep. The extension on the balcony rings, then abruptly stops. She cracks a sleep-filled eyelid, and glances about the room. Norman is gone. She leaps from bed, still dressed in her clothes from the night before.

112

INT. BALCONY - DAY

112

She rushes out of the room to find Norman on the phone.

NORMAN

-- You don't understand, Mother,
she's not like that at all ---

CONTINUED

112

CONTINUED

112

MARY

Give me that ---

She pulls the receiver from his hand and shouts into it.

MARY

Who is this?

No answer.

MARY

Hello, hello?

Still no answer.

MARY

Mother, is this you?

And still no answer; she slams the phone back into its cradle.

MARY

Damn her.

NORMAN

What did she say?

MARY

Nothing. No one was there.

NORMAN

Maybe she doesn't want to talk to you. I was trying to tell her ---

She grabs her jacket off the ballustrade and starts down the stairs.

MARY

You stay here. I'll be back in a little while.

NORMAN

Where are you going?

MARY

Into town.

NORMAN

Why?

MARY

Never you mind. You just stay here. And whatever you do, don't answer that phone. Understand?

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED - 2

112

NORMAN

Yes.

She slams out the front door. Norman stares after her from the top of the stairs.

CUT TO

113 OMITTED

113

114 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

114

Norman is at the table eating when a knock comes at the back door. He opens it to find Dr. Richmond standing there.

NORMAN

Doctor Richmond, come in.

The Doctor steps into the kitchen, and glances about.

DR. RICHMOND

Where's Mary?

NORMAN

She's gone into town.

DR. RICHMOND

What for?

NORMAN

I don't know. She wouldn't tell me.
Some breakfast?

DR. RICHMOND

No, thank you. Do you remember ---

NORMAN

(interrupting)

Tea?

DR. RICHMOND

Coffee, thanks.

Norman puts the kettle on; the Doctor begins again.

DR. RICHMOND

Do you remember Lila Loomis?

NORMAN

Of course, she was the woman in the
courtroom.

DR. RICHMOND

She's staying in town.

NORMAN

She is?

CONTINUED

DR. RICHMOND

Yes. Norman, she's Mary's mother.

Norman freezes.

DR. RICHMOND

That's why Mary went into town. To see her.

The kettle begins to whistle. Norman doesn't move. The Doctor takes the kettle from the stove. Norman still doesn't move.

DR. RICHMOND

Do you see what that means, Norman?

NORMAN

What?

DR. RICHMOND

Mary and her mother are the ones who've been leaving the notes and placing the phone calls.

NORMAN

Why would they want to do that?

DR. RICHMOND

Because they hate you.

NORMAN

(turning to
him at last)
Mary doesn't hate me.

DR. RICHMOND

(suddenly
exploding)

Oh, come on, Norman. Like mother, like daughter. You know how Lila Loomis feels about you. She can't wait to see you reinstitutionalized. That's why all this has been happening to you. They want to destabilize you, to undermine your sense of reality.

NORMAN

They can't.

DR. RICHMOND

Good. I'm glad to hear you say that.

The Doctor relaxes, convinced that Norman is fine; then Norman speaks.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED - 2

114

NORMAN
But it isn't them anyway.

DR. RICHMOND
(stiffening)
It isn't?

NORMAN
No.

DR. RICHMOND
Who is it then?

NORMAN
It's my mother. She's not dead.

The Doctor stares at him for a long moment.

DR. RICHMOND
You say she's not dead.

NORMAN
No.

DR. RICHMOND
How do you know that?

NORMAN
I've seen her up in the window when
I've been outside. You saw her, too.

DR. RICHMOND
That was Mary Loomis.

NORMAN
No, it wasn't. It was my mother.

DR. RICHMOND
(insistently)
Then it was Mary Loomis or her mother
dressed up to look like your mother.

NORMAN
But the phone calls -- ?

DR. RICHMOND
Mary Loomis again.

NORMAN
She's been with me when the phone
rang.

DR. RICHMOND
Then it was her mother, Lila Loomis.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED - 3

114

NORMAN

But I heard my mother --
(whirling, pointing to
the kitchen door leading
into the hallway)
-- behind that door, whispering to me.

Richmond pulls out a chair at the kitchen table for Norman and then takes one himself. He waits for Norman to sit, which he does. The Doctor begins to talk to Norman, much as though they were in one of their therapy sessions again. He even takes a pencil from his pocket and taps it on the table-top, a nervous habit.

DR. RICHMOND

Remember our discussions about your mother, that once you accepted the fact you murdered her, her memory would have no hold on you -- ?

115 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

115

Mary is pacing nervously in the lobby as Lila pushes through the doors from the outside. Mary rushes toward her.

LILA

What are you doing here?

MARY

(ignoring the question)

I want you to stop calling Norman.

LILA

What?

MARY

You heard me, stop calling Norman.

LILA

I haven't called him.

MARY

(voice rising with anger)

Don't lie to me. You called him this morning.

The hotel clerk, a tall, unhealthy looking man behind the desk, glances up from his magazine. Lila notices him.

LILA

For God's sake, keep your voice down ---

She drags her daughter toward the bar.

116

INT. BAR - DAY

116

Lila drags Mary into the bar, releasing her arm once they're out of sight of the clerk. The place is deserted, not yet open to welcome the noonday rush. A portion of the lobby and the check-in desk can be glimpsed through the open doorway. Lila turns to her daughter.

LILA

All right, so what if I did call him? He's slipping into insanity again. I could hear it in his voice. And there's nothing anyone can do about it. Not even you.

MARY

You could stop stuffing bloody towels down toilets and peering through peep-holes in walls. That would be a help.

LILA

(honestly
perplexed)

What are you talking about?

MARY

(temper flaring)

About what you're doing to Norman. You were in that house last night.

LILA

I was not. I came back here right after I saw you.

MARY

Don't lie to me ---

LILA

I am not lying!

MARY

Then why weren't you in your room last night when I called?

LILA

Did you page me? I was probably down here.

MARY

(in anguished
outrage)

Mother, stop lying to me, please!

CONTINUED

LILA
(as though she hasn't
heard a word)
What happened in that house last
night?

Mary stares at her wordlessly, realizes it's useless, and
turns to leave.

MARY
Good-bye, Mother ---

Lila steps in front of her, blocking her path.

LILA
(triumphantly)
He's about to go over the edge,
isn't he?

Mary ignores her, trying to step around her mother, but Lila
moves with her, keeping her trapped in the bar.

LILA
(insistently)
Listen to me, just dress up in his
mother's clothes one more time.
That's all it's going to take. I'll
be out there with the police and a
doctor before you're in any danger.
The DA will have to act on our
petition then ---

MARY
Mother, I've signed your petitions,
I've been to all your meetings, I've
done everything you've asked for
years, but I'm not going to hurt
Norman anymore.

LILA
(demanding now)
Then if you won't do it for me, do
it for your father. He would have
wanted it.

MARY
I'm not living for dead people any-
more, Mother. Not your sister, not
my father, not even for you. Now
get out of my way!

She tries to push past her mother, but Lila clamps a hand
over her wrist.

MARY
Mother, let go, you're hurting me ---

116-A INT. LOBBY - DAY

116-A

The clerk, drawn by the sound of the fight, leans out around the edge of the desk, and peers through the open doorway into the bar. He can see Mary staring in horror at her own mother, and Lila gesturing like a mad woman, but the conversation itself is just an angry garble.

117 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

117
(X)

Near the road the cemetery Sexton and Deputy Norris stand talking. The police officer hands the Sexton a printed form.

SEXTON

I don't see what all the rush was ---

DEPUTY

Sheriff's orders ---

And beyond them, in the middle of a row of graves, Norman and Dr. Richmond walk up to an open gravesight. A coffin is lifted from the grave and its lid pried back. The sunny day seems incongruous with the setting. The two men peer into the remains within the coffin.

(X)

The mummified remains of Mrs. Bates stares back at them. The skin is shriveled and brown, pulled away from the mouth revealing a skeleton's smile. The eyes are gone, just empty sockets peering up. The bridge of the nose has collapsed, the hair dry and wild, the cheeks sunken. The corpse is dressed in the mouldering remains of a high-necked, old-fashioned dress.

DR. RICHMOND

Believe me now?

NORMAN

Yes. She's dead.

DR. RICHMOND

She's not coming back to life either, is she?

NORMAN

No.

DR. RICHMOND

Good. Shall we go home then?

CONTINUED

117

CONTINUED

117

He leads Norman back toward his waiting Mercedes. Suddenly Norman stops.

DR. RICHMOND

Something wrong?

NORMAN

I want to go back to the institution.

DR. RICHMOND

Why?

NORMAN

I'm going insane again.

DR. RICHMOND

Don't be ridiculous, Norman. You're as sane as I am.

NORMAN

No, I'm not. I can feel myself slipping in and out. I don't want to hurt anybody, Doctor Richmond, not ever again.

DR. RICHMOND

Norman, you won't.

NORMAN

Then take me back to the institution so I can be sure.

DR. RICHMOND

(after a
moment)

There's something you're forgetting.

NORMAN

What?

DR. RICHMOND

All those who have to come after you. All the other mental patients who are someday going to be healthy again. Many of them for crimes much less serious than yours. If you don't make it on the outside it's going to be that much harder for them to win their release. Do you want that?

NORMAN

No.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED - 2

117

DR. RICHMOND

Then try it a little longer, Norman.
You're going to be fine. I know you
are.

NORMAN

I'm scared.

DR. RICHMOND

We all are, Norman. It's part of
being sane.

They get into the car and drive away.

CUT TO

118
thru
121

OMITTED

118
thru
121

122

INT. PORTICO - DAY

122

Norman enters and glances about the empty rooms. He calls
out.

NORMAN

Mary?

Her voice echoes back from the kitchen.

MARY (o.s.)

Back here.

123

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

123

He enters from the hall. She is cooking at the stove.

MARY

I was just about to have some
lunch. Do you want some?

NORMAN

No, thank you.

MARY

Where have you been?

NORMAN

At the cemetery. Doctor Richmond
opened my mother's coffin.

CONTINUED

123

CONTINUED

123

She freezes at the stove.

MARY

(nervously)

Oh?

He steps closer to her.

NORMAN

Yes. She isn't the one who's been torturing me. Not unless she's a ghost.

MARY

No?

She moves away from him and sits at the table.

He moves to her, standing directly above her, staring down at her.

NORMAN

No. Doctor Richmond says it's you and your mother. He says your real name is Loomis. Is that true, Mary?

Their eyes lock. A long moment passes. Mary is on the verge of answering when the phone in the other room rings. Neither move; it rings again.

NORMAN

Who do you think that is?

MARY

I don't know.

NORMAN

(sarcastically)

Don't you?

The phone rings again. And again. He smiles bitterly at her.

NORMAN

Don't bother. I'll get it.

He rises.

124 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

124

He enters, followed by Mary. He picks up the jangling phone as she watches him. He speaks, without giving the caller a chance to interject a word.

NORMAN

(dripping sarcasm)

Hello, Mrs. Loomis! How are you this afternoon?!

(listens, face
paling, attitude
rapidly changing
to one of nervous
subserviance)

Yes, Mother, I'm sorry, Mother, I didn't mean to insult you.

(listens)

Of course, Mother. No, I'll never make that mistake again ---

Mary rips the phone from his hand, staring at him.

MARY

Norman, stop it!

He stares at her blankly, his eyes whirling out of focus.

NORMAN

Stop what?

MARY

(holding the
phone out)

This is not your mother.

NORMAN

Then who is it?

MARY

(speaking
into the
phone)

Hello, Lila ---

No answer.

MARY

Lila? Lila, are you there?

(to Norman)

There's no one on the line.

CONTINUED

124

CONTINUED

124

He takes the receiver from her hand and speaks into it.

NORMAN

Hello, Mother?

(listens, hearing
a voice on the
other end, a slow
smile spreading
across his face)

Yes, Mother ---

MARY

(staring at
him in growing
horror)

Norman, there's no one there!

NORMAN

(speaking into
the phone)

Yes, Mother, yes ---

Mary whirls and rushes out of the room.

125

INT. PORTICO - DAY

125

She rushes up the stairs.

126

INT. SECOND FLOOR BALCONY - DAY

126

She grabs the extension from the hook. No one is on the other end: then she hears Norman.

NORMAN

Hello...Hello.

MARY

Hello, Norman, this is your mother.

There is a pause, and when Norman finally speaks it is as though his voice both carries over the phone, and echoes up the stairs from the room below.

NORMAN (o.s.)

This doesn't sound like my mother.

CONTINUED

126

CONTINUED

126

MARY

It is, Norman. This is your mother,
and I want you to hang up. Do you
understand? Hang up.

NORMAN (o.s.)

Yes. Hang up.

MARY

Do it, Norman. Now. Hang up.

There is a click and the line goes dead in her ear. She
replaces the receiver, and turns for the stairs.

127

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

127

She hurries into the room from the portico to find Norman
standing over the phone, the receiver on the hook, staring
down at it. He suddenly glances up at her and smiles
happily.

NORMAN

I was so worried.

MARY

About what?

NORMAN

That it was you and your mother,
that all the things that have been
happening to me were because of you
two. I didn't want to believe it.
I couldn't believe it. I would've
had to have hated you then. But
what else was I to think when Doctor
Richmond showed me Mrs. Bates'
corpse? It had to be you and your
mother. But now, of course, I know
it isn't.

MARY

It isn't?

NORMAN

No.

MARY

Who is it, Norman?

NORMAN

My real mother.

CONTINUED

127 CONTINUED

127

A moment; a very long moment.

MARY

Who is your real mother, Norman?

NORMAN

I don't know. She won't tell me her identity.

MARY

Your mother's dead. Mrs. Bates was your real mother and she is dead.

NORMAN

Then who was just on the phone?

MARY

My mother. Doctor Richmond was right about both of us. Lila and I were trying to drive you insane again. But then I stopped. Only she won't. She's the one who's calling.

NORMAN

Why did you stop?

MARY

It wasn't fair, what we were doing to you.

NORMAN

(taking a
step toward
her)

Is that the only reason?

MARY

What do you mean?

NORMAN

(stepping
even closer)

You know what I mean?

MARY

(looking away)

No, no, I don't.

There's a knock at the front door before he can say anything further, a knock that freezes both of them in their positions. They both gaze out into the portico toward the door.

CONTINUED

127

CONTINUED - 2

127

MARY

Are you expecting someone?

NORMAN

No. Are you?

MARY

No.

The knock comes again, more insistent this time. They both step toward the portico.

128

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

128

The door opens. Deputy Mike Pool stands there. Norman and Mary stare at him dumbly.

DEPUTY

(nodding at
them both)

Mr. Bates, ma'am. The Sheriff
would like to see you both out at
the swamp.

Almost reluctantly, they follow him, Mary closing the front door behind her, all three walking down the steps toward the waiting squad car parked below.

129

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

129

Through the large doorway into the living room, several feet from the cracked plaster wall, to the left of the bay window with its shabby curtain sits a scarred end table. It is beside the couch Norman used as a bed the night before last. On that end table perches a phone, its white plastic gleaming. The phone just sits there, silent, waiting ---

It suddenly rings, its bell tone harsher than any ambulance siren or air raid warning. The phone rings again and again and again until it is enough to drive any sane person mad.

130

INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY

130

Lila Loomis hangs up the pay phone on the wall, and stares at it thoughtfully. She crushes her cigarette out, finishes the last of her Old-Fashioned, slips a few dollars onto the bar to cover her bill, and strides purposefully out of the bar into the lobby. She turns right for the doors to the street.

A few of the patrons mark her leave-taking with casual glances.

131 EXT. STREET - DAY

131

She climbs into her car, a new Buick Skylark, starts it, and pulls out into traffic, heading for the outskirts of town.

132 INT. MERCEDES - DAY

132

His gaze never leaving her auto, Dr. Richmond pulls away from the curb where he has been watching her car, waiting for her to come out of the hotel. He follows her, keeping a safe distance back, but not so far as to run any risk of losing her in traffic.

133 EXT. SWAMP - DAY

133

Norman and Mary get out of the squad car and walk to the shore where Sheriff Chambers squats over a water-logged suitcase. He glances up as they approach. The boats still move slowly to and fro on the water, dragging the murky depths of the swamp.

SHERIFF

Hello, Norman.

NORMAN

Sheriff. What can I do for you?

SHERIFF

You ever see this before?

Norman looks at the suitcase.

NORMAN

No. You find it in the swamp?

SHERIFF

Washed up on the shore. What about any of this stuff? It was in the suitcase.

He nods at a pile of clothes laid out on a blanket next to the suitcase. Norman kneels to take a closer look. He finds the New York World's Fair ashtray.

NORMAN

(in sudden
surprise)

They're Mr. Toomey's.

CONTINUED

Mary steps in closer, peering over their shoulders.

MARY

Who?

SHERIFF

Norman's motel manager. At least till he fired him.

(back to Norman)

You seen him since?

NORMAN

No. I told him to pack up and leave. He did. That's all I know.

SHERIFF

(staring at him hard)

You sure?

NORMAN

Yes.

SHERIFF

(rising to his feet)

Well, I guess that's about it then. You can go.

Mary and Norman turn away; the Sheriff's gaze stays glued to Mary.

SHERIFF

Just you, Norman. Not the young lady.

Norman hesitates, reluctant to leave her; the Sheriff smiles reassuringly at him.

SHERIFF

Don't worry. I'll have her along presently.

Deputy Pool leads Norman to the squad car. As the two drive away, Mary turns to the Sheriff.

MARY

I've been wanting to talk to you, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

(mildly skeptical)

You have?

CONTINUED

MARY

Yes. Norman's been insisting his mother's been calling him. Not the dead Mrs. Bates, but his real mother.

SHERIFF

So?

MARY

Is it possible Norman was adopted?

SHERIFF

Not that I've ever heard of and I've lived my entire life here, Miss Loomis.

Mary freezes at the mention of her real name.

MARY

How did you find out who I was?

SHERIFF

We're a tad slow around here, ma'am. Not incompetent. Now I have a question for you.

(gazes down
at the
water-logged
suitcase)

Either you or your mother know anything about this?

MARY

No.

SHERIFF

Then I don't see any reason for either of you to stay in Fairvale any longer, do you?

MARY

Have we broken some law?

SHERIFF

None that are on the books. But a whole hell of a lot that aren't. Like all the ones having to do with right and wrong. I'd say you and your mother have broken just about every one of those, wouldn't you?

MARY

I didn't mean to.

CONTINUED

133 CONTINUED - 3

133

SHERIFF

That's what Norman said twenty years ago. Only he was crazy. What's your excuse?

MARY

I...I guess I don't have one.

SHERIFF

Then I'll just say good-bye to you now, ma'am, and expect it to be for the last time.

MARY

Sheriff ---

SHERIFF

(freezing her
with his eyes)

I said good-bye, Miss Loomis.

He keeps staring at her until his gaze drives her away. It is only then he turns back toward the swamp just as a Diver surfaces near a boat and calls out to him.

DIVER

Sheriff, there's a car down here.

Mary stops and turns back to watch.

SHERIFF

Anybody in it?

DIVER

Can't tell.

SHERIFF

Well, get a winch line down to it and get it up here.

Mary slowly retraces her steps toward the swamp.

134 EXT. HOUSE AND MOTEL - DAY

134

Lila hurries up the steps to the house. Dr. Richmond appears on the motel veranda, watching her.

135 EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - DAY

135

Lila moves past the back steps of an exterior staircase leading to the second floor. She stops before storm doors leading down into the basement. She begins to open them.

136 OMITTED

136

137 INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

137

Lila descends the basement stairs, the hem of her fashionable dress and the suede pumps appearing first, and then the rest of her as she reaches the basement floor. Without hesitation she goes directly to a slab in the floor. She pries it back, and stares down at the clothes within. They are the same clothes worn by the figure that appeared in the window, the figure that Norman mistook to be his mother returned from the grave. The bread knife that Norman first encountered in the cutlery drawer, and later disappeared lays on top of the high-necked, old-fashioned dress. She pins her hair up, preparing to put on the wig.

Behind her, a massive shadow suddenly detaches itself from the deeper darkness of the basement. It moves forward rapidly, silently, advancing on Lila's turned back. All that is seen of it in the dimness is the hem of a cheap cotton print dress, and the black, androgenous orthopedic shoes beneath. A blade gleams in the scarce light as the huge shadow raises a butcher knife high in the air. At that moment, Lila senses something, perhaps hears the wheeze of leathery ancient lungs. She whirls just as the butcher knife flashes down. She opens her mouth to scream, and the blade slices between her teeth, and down, burying itself in her throat, piercing the back of her neck, the blade protruding a good five inches into the air.

138 EXT. MOTEL - DAY

138

Dr. Richmond stares up at the house. He lowers his gaze from the house to his wristwatch. Lila has been up there for a long time without sign of activity; too long. He climbs the steps.

(X)

(X)

139 EXT. HOUSE - OVERHEAD - DAY

139

He heads to the kitchen door.

(X)

(X)

140 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

140

He steals into the house, silently shutting the door behind him. He glances about; no sign of her. He listens; nothing but silence. He starts up the stairs only to glance over the railing. The basement door in the stairwell is open. He retraces his steps.

141 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

141

He comes down the stairs, at first only his wingtip shoes and handcuffs visible, then the rest of him slowly coming

CONTINUED

141 CONTINUED

141

into view. At the bottom of the steps he stops and stares about. No sign of Lila, certainly no sign of the murder that took place here only minutes before. He notices the door to the fruit cellar is ajar. He walks toward it, stepping on the slab which hides the Mrs. Bates outfit. It rocks slightly beneath his weight. He doesn't notice and disappears into the adjoining room.

142 INT. FRUIT CELLAR - DAY

142

Dr. Richmond steps into the room, the door creaking shut behind him of its own accord. He glances about. The room is much as Norman and the Sheriff saw it the night before, neat as a pin. The ground level window is still freshly clean, allowing the failing noonday light to stream in. Satisfied the room is empty, Dr. Richmond turns, opens the door and finds himself face-to-face with Norman.

143 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

143

Gasping in shock, the Doctor takes an involuntary step backward, almost stumbling. Norman grabs him.

NORMAN

Doctor, are you all right?

DR. RICHMOND

Yes, yes, of course.

NORMAN

What are you doing down here?

DR. RICHMOND

I followed Lila Loomis from her hotel to this house. She came down here.

NORMAN

(glancing about
the empty basement)

Where is she?

DR. RICHMOND

I don't know, but she was here. It proves she was the one dressing up as your mother.

NORMAN

It does?

DR. RICHMOND

Of course. If she wasn't going to do it again, why would she sneak into your house?

CONTINUED

NORMAN

She wasn't the woman I saw in the window.

DR. RICHMOND

She wasn't? Then who was?

NORMAN

It was my mother.

DR. RICHMOND

Norman, your mother is dead. Remember the open coffin?

NORMAN

No, no, this is my real mother.

DR. RICHMOND

What?

NORMAN

Yes. Mrs. Bates only took care of me. My real mother was somebody completely different.

A moment.

DR. RICHMOND

(suddenly
very quiet)

How do you know this, Norman?

NORMAN

She told me so on the phone.

DR. RICHMOND

Norman, if I were to prove to you that Mary and Lila Loomis were the ones who were calling you, would you accept the fact that you have no other mother than Mrs. Bates?

Nothing from Norman.

DR. RICHMOND

Would you?

NORMAN

Yes.

DR. RICHMOND

Then that's what I'll do.

The Doctor walks up the stairs to the first floor. Norman watches him go.

144

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

144

A tow truck parked near the shore winches a car out of the swamp. It is Mr. Toomey's Buick. As the Sheriff and Mary watch, several men run to it. Water streams from the door, and the floorboards. Deputy Pool opens the driver's door and peers inside. He calls out to the Sheriff.

DEPUTY

It's empty.

The Sheriff turns to Mary.

SHERIFF

Don't you have someplace else to be?

She slowly backs away from the swamp, finally turning and almost running down the road toward Norman's house. The Sheriff swings around to Deputy Norris.

SHERIFF

Open the trunk.

Deputy Norris pries it with a crowbar. The lid springs open. Mr. Toomey's badly decomposed corpse lies there. All the men stare at it silently.

145

INT. HOUSE - PORTICO - DAY

145

Mary bursts through the front door calling for Norman.

MARY

Norman, Norman!

He appears at the head of the stairs.

NORMAN

What is it?

MARY

They found a car in the swamp.

NORMAN

(coming down
the stairs
rapidly)

Whose car?

MARY

I don't know. It was just there,
that's all. Isn't that enough?

NORMAN

For what?

CONTINUED

MARY

For them to arrest you.

He stops before her at the bottom of the stairs.

MARY

Get your jacket. We're getting out of here.

NORMAN

How?

MARY

I don't know. Hitch until we can get a car. Just get your jacket.

NORMAN

Where are we going to go?

MARY

Somewhere, anywhere, just hurry.

NORMAN

They'll catch us.

A moment; she slumps in defeat.

MARY

Yes, they'll catch us.

NORMAN

Then why even try to get away?

MARY

(beginning
to cry)

Because it's my fault. If my mother and I had just left you alone, you would have been fine. Nobody would be dead. I'd still be just another dumb psych student with nothing on her mind but having a good time and you'd be well ---

He moves very close to her and stares down at her, his voice lowering almost to a whisper, as though he's afraid of being overheard, and yet his tone is full of caring for her.

NORMAN

It's not your fault, Mary.

MARY

Then whose fault is it?

CONTINUED

145

CONTINUED - 2

145

NORMAN

My mother's. She's the one who's been doing the killing. To protect me. She told me so herself.

She reaches out and gently, sadly strokes his cheek.

MARY

Oh, Norman, you're mad. Don't you know that? Mad as a hatter ---

The phone in the living room rings. Both turn to stare through the doorway at it. It rings again.

NORMAN

Should I answer it?

MARY

(bitterly)

Why bother? It's only my mother. Poor thing, she shouldn't be calling. She should be sitting back and gloating.

The phone continues to ring.

NORMAN

I'd better answer it.

146 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

146

Norman walks into the room, Mary drifting behind him. She watches him, mired in her own sense of helplessness as he picks up the phone.

NORMAN

Hello?

147 INT. MOTEL PARLOR - DAY

147

Dr. Richmond stands at the window, staring up at the house above, the phone in his hand. He speaks into it.

DR. RICHMOND

Norman, this is Doctor Richmond. I am standing in the motel parlor, staring up through the window at your house. All the phone calls you've been getting from your fictitious mother, they've been placed from here. Lila Loomis has stood right where I'm standing and used this phone to call your house.

CONTINUED

147

CONTINUED

147

NORMAN'S VOICE

Yes, Mother, I understand.

DR. RICHMOND

Norman, this is not your mother. This is Doctor Richmond.

NORMAN'S VOICE

Of course, it is, Mother. Anything you say, Mother.

The Doctor takes the phone from his ear, and stares at it in slowly dawning horror.

148

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

148

Mary grabs the phone from Norman and speaks into it.

MARY

Hello, Lila ---

149

INT. MOTEL PARLOR - DAY

149

The room is empty, Dr. Richmond gone, the phone placed back on the hook. (NOTE: This should also be shot with the phone off the hook, laying on the table.)

MARY'S VOICE

Lila -- ?

She is heard clicking the receiver at her end. A dial tone suddenly slips over the dead line.

150

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

150

Mary glances up at Norman, the phone in her hand.

MARY

She's hung up.

NORMAN

Are you sure?

She offers the phone; he takes it and speaks into it.

NORMAN

Hello?

A moment passes, and then a slow smile spreads over Norman's face as though he is hearing a voice on the other end which is comfortingly familiar to him. Mary stares at him anxiously.

CONTINUED

150

CONTINUED

150

MARY

What is it? Do you hear something?

NORMAN

(eyes slowly
whirl out of
focus and
into insanity)

No, Mother, Mary's still with me. I
like her.

(listens)

No, of course not, not as much as
you.

MARY

(staring at
him in horror)

Norman, there's no one on the line!

NORMAN

No, Mother, I won't do that.

(gaze slowly
shifts from the
phone to Mary's
face)

You can't make me kill her --

(gaze drills into
her horrified eyes)

Do I have to, Mother -- ?

Mary whirls and runs out of the room.

151

INT. HALL - DAY

151

Mary runs out of the living room, through the portico and
down the hall. She throws open the door to the basement
and dives down the steps.

152

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

152

She crosses directly to the slab that shortly before Lila
had pried open. Mary does so with equal familiarity, picking
out the Mrs. Bates' dress, and slipping it over her own,
grabbing the cheap wig and shoving it on her head. She grabs
the huge bread knife, and races back for the stairs leading
to the first floor.

153

INT. HALL - DAY

153

Dressed as Mrs. Bates, Mary moves out of the basement, down
the hall and into the living room.

154 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

154

Norman is still on the phone as she steps into the room, sliding to a halt, imposing control on herself, staring at Norman.

NORMAN

(into phone)

You don't understand about Mary,
Mother, she really cares for me --
she wouldn't hurt me anymore --
she's my friend ---

MARY

(calling out
softly to
attract
attention)

Oh, Norman, Norman ---

His gaze slowly shifts from the phone to her. He sees a woman dressed much as he remembers his mother dressed from his childhood, and his gaze stays stuck to her, the phone becoming a forgotten instrument in his hand for the moment.

MARY

Do you recognize me, Norman? It's
me, your mother.

His gaze jerks from her to the phone in his hand, and then back to her.

MARY

That's right, Norman, since I'm
standing here before you, I can't
very well be on the phone, can I?

Nothing from him, just that frozen stare at her.

MARY

So hang up the phone, Norman. Hang
it up.

He slowly begins to replace the phone on the receiver, and then his hand freezes midair, his gaze shifting away from her, back to the instrument in his hand. He begins to raise it to his ear again.

MARY

(sharply
commanding)

Put that phone down this instant,
Norman!

CONTINUED

154 CONTINUED

154

The phone keeps rising to his ear, and eventually it stops there, his eyes no longer on Mary, almost as if she no longer exists for him, only that imaginary voice he is hearing over the line. He speaks into the receiver once more.

NORMAN

I'm sorry, Mother. What were you saying again?

Mary whirls and rushes out of the room.

155 INT. PORTICO - STAIRCASE - DAY

155

She rushes up the staircase, her long Mrs. Bates' skirt snapping at her heels.

156 INT. SECOND FLOOR BALCONY - DAY

156

She rushes to the extension, and snatches it off the hook, speaking into it.

MARY

Norman, this is your mother ---

There is no answer on the other end of the line. (Note: This should be played both against a dial tone and a busy signal.)

MARY

Norman, do you hear me?

Still no answer.

MARY

Norman ---

A door slams shut somewhere behind her on the second floor of the house, perhaps the door to the exterior staircase up the back of the house. She whirls, staring about her. Nothing but shadows everywhere. She slides along the balcony, phone in hand, so she can peer down through the doorway into the living room. There is no view of Norman's figure down there as on previous occasions. Her apprehension and nervousness grow. She moves back along the balcony, closer to the extension, and speaks into it again, her voice quivering with uncertainty and growing fear.

MARY

Norman, are you there?

CONTINUED

156

CONTINUED

15

The bathroom door behind her slowly, silently begins to swing open.

MARY

Norman, please answer me ---

And the door continues to open, a huge shadow emerging from the deeper shadows within the bathroom.

MARY

Norman ---

She senses something behind her, the whisper of a movement, and begins to turn just as an enormous figure swoops out from the bathroom behind her and wraps its arms around her.

DR. RICHMOND

Got you ---

With a scream, she twists free, whirls and plunges the bread knife up to the hilt in the figure's chest. As she watches horrified, the figure staggers into the light, struggling to pull the knife free. It is Dr. Richmond. He slams into the back wall, falls forward, and somersaults over the balcony railing to smash into the floor below, punching the blade that protruded from his back up through his chest, leaving the hilt vibrating several inches in the air above his already dead flesh.

Mary, holding the railing to keep from falling, pulls herself along the balcony, and down the stairs, her gaze never leaving Dr. Richmond's body.

157

INT. PORTICO - DAY

15

Just as she reaches the bottom of the stairs, Norman appears through the doorway from the living room, his gaze flicking from her to the corpse of his former Doctor. Mary rushes into his arms, tears streaming down her face. In a reflex action, he puts his arms around her.

MARY

Oh, Norman, Norman, I didn't mean
to, to --

(glancing up
into his almost
too placid face,
as though begging
forgiveness)

I...I thought he was you!

CONTINUED

Unable to face him with this double guilt, she buries her face in his shoulder again. He slowly raises one arm and pats her gently on the back, much as one would comfort an errant but adored child (or crazed parent).

NORMAN

There, there, Mother ---

She slowly raises her head, staring into his eyes. They are like wet stones, glistening, but without life.

MARY

I'm not your mother, Norman.

NORMAN

(gaze shifts
to Richmond's
corpse)

Of course, you're not, and you haven't killed again either.

She steps back, away from him.

MARY

Look at me, Norman. I'm Mary. See?

She whips the wig from her head. He takes a step toward her.

NORMAN

How many times have you killed, Mother, and how many times have I covered up for you?

MARY

(taking another
step backward)

Look, Norman, look.

She rips Mrs. Bates' dress open at the neck exposing her own blouse beneath.

MARY

It's me, Mary!

NORMAN

(stepping
ever closer)

They'll come for you again, Mother, the police, just like they did before.

CONTINUED

157

CONTINUED - 2

157

She steps back, her gaze flicking from his unnaturally placid face to the knife protruding from Richmond's chest. He doesn't seem to notice, his gaze staying stuck to her face.

NORMAN

And I'll cover up for you, just as I always have.

He keeps moving closer and she keeps edging away, always toward the knife hilt.

NORMAN

Because I'm your dutiful son and you're my loving mother.

She makes a dash for the blade. Norman makes no move to stop her or beat her there. He watches while she pulls the knife free from Richmond's chest with a horrid sucking sound, then continues to advance on her with an implacable, insane calm.

NORMAN

We have to go into the fruit cellar now, Mother.

158

INT. HALL - DAY

158

She backs down the hall, the knife raised, threatening him with it, loathe to use it.

MARY

Stay away from me, Norman.

NORMAN

(still advancing
on her)

It's a good place to hide, the fruit cellar ---

He reaches out for her. She jabs out with the knife point, sinking it into his right palm, whipping it out, blood following, running down his wrist.

MARY

Stay away ---

NORMAN

The police have never looked for you down there, have they ---

CONTINUED

He reaches out for her again, and again she jabs out, the blade biting into skin, blood running down another palm. But he doesn't stop coming for her, doesn't seem to feel the pain or notice the blood.

NORMAN

Have they, Mother -- ?

And he reaches for her again, the blade jabbing out and into his shoulder, then his waist, always drawing blood, never stopping him, the two of them backing down the ahl toward the cellar door.

One hand touches a wall for support. He leaves a bloody handprint behind as he staggers on. He reaches out for her again; she jabs again. Both hands snap out and he grabs the blade, wrapping his fingers around the cutting edge. As she stares down in horror, she sees his grip close tighter around the blade, holding her and the knife in place. Using both hands around the hilt, she pulls the knife free from his grip, hearing the sound of metal severing flesh as she does so.

She whirls and dashes for the kitchen door just beyond the entrance to the basement. He is right behind her, his body shoving her aside, and blocking the door. She twists, striking out with the knife, slashing into his side, grazing a rib. She steps back in horror as a huge patch of blood slowly stains the entire side of his shirt, seeping through and dripping to the floor.

He holds the wound, his breath short with pain now; but he still manages to smile at her.

NORMAN

Into the cellar, Mother, please.

He pushes away from the door, leaving a smear of crimson behind on the wood, and herds her down the cellar steps.

They back slowly down the steps, she with the knife raised, he, above her, slowly advancing, holding his side, his breath short and pain-wracked.

She backs away from the door to the fruit cellar, into the middle of the basement. He staggers after her, blood seeping between the fingers that grab his side, his breathing shuddering gasps now. He points to the door into the fruit cellar.

CONTINUED

NORMAN

In there, Mother ---

MARY

(seeing he can't
last much longer,
taking a step for-
ward, wanting to
help him, and yet
still afraid)

Norman, you're losing blood. You
need help ---

NORMAN

(every word
pain-filled)

Hide...in there...before police come ---

Suddenly, with a terrifying whoosh, the furnace kicks in, the flames within igniting to provide heat for the house above. Mary jumps, whirling to stare at the furnace. A second later, the automatic coal tender, a narrow, old-fashioned, motor-driven conveyor belt feeding anthracite to the maw of the furnace, clanks to life. Clumps of coal march up the belt to the furnace.

The precarious underpinning of the bin is suddenly undermined and in a crash the entire pile gives way, sliding down into the bin, the mound flattening out over the entire surface.

From the top of the coal pile, Lila Loomis slides out, and rolls with the black chunks to the bottom of the bin, her body and clothes smudged with coal dust, her dead eyes staring up at Mary like dusty marbles, her mouth a gaping hole of dried blood. Mary stares at her mother's body.

With a scream of anguish and hatred, she whirls and faces the bloody Norman Bates.

MARY

...You're the one!

In her fury she doesn't hear the sound of the front door on the floor above crashing open and feet beating a hasty tattoo across the upstairs floor.

MARY

It's been you all along, killing
everybody ---

Norman just stares at her, a bloody insane hulk beyond comprehending anything.

CONTINUED

159 CONTINUED - 2

159

MARY

My mother was right ---

The cellar door crashes open and Sheriff Chambers and his two deputies pile down the stairs just as Mary, knife raised, dashes at Norman, about to sink the blade into his unprotected chest.

Deputy Mike Pool fires his service revolver.

160 EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - FAIRVALE, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

160

There is a crowd of townspeople gathered about, reporters, even a television crew with a remote truck waiting for news of what happened. Some local policemen keep them back.

161 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

161

The room is jammed with people. A Deputy drags a photographer who has just taken a flash picture of Norman out of the room, and into the hallway. More reporters crowd out there, peering through the window at the activity within.

Deputy Mike Pool talks quietly to a female clerk, giving her his report as she types it up at a desk. A Female Deputy carries a cup of coffee to Norman who sits quietly in a corner, his hands bandaged, other bandages around his chest causing his coat to bulge a bit. He smiles gratefully, tenderly taking the mug of coffee in his injured hands.

FEMALE DEPUTY

Feeling better?

He manages a small smile and takes a sip of coffee. In another part of the room, a detective writes down what the Clerk of the hotel is saying, just a snatch of their conversation overhead.

HOTEL CLERK

-- the girl said if she didn't stay away, she'd kill her ---

And through the glass into the inner office, the Sheriff can be seen talking to several men.

162 INT. INNER OFFICE - NIGHT

162

The room is well-populated, Sheriff Chambers, Deputy Andy Norton, the man who fired the fatal shot, the County Sheriff, and the District Attorney, all sitting or standing about.

CONTINUED

Norman sits apart from the rest, against a wall in a straight-backed chair. His shoulder is heavily bandaged beneath his jacket. He seems alert, certainly sane, but there is a neutrality in his manner, a weariness in his voice when he speaks akin to death; or that of a man who has recently suffered an irreparable loss.

The Sheriff takes his mug of coffee from his deputy and turns back to the gathering.

SHERIFF

(turning
back to
the men)

She and her mother were trying to
put Norman back into the asylum.

CONTINUED

SHERIFF (Cont'd)

That much we know for sure. Then something went wrong between them.

COUNTY SHERIFF

What?

SHERIFF

She wanted Lila to leave Norman alone, only she wouldn't.

(nodding toward
the hotel clerk
in the outer
office, visible
through the glass
wall)

We have a witness who heard it all.

DA

So she murdered her own mother over Norman?

SHERIFF

Looks like it.

COUNTY SHERIFF

What about the bodies in the swamp?

SHERIFF

Mary and Lila Loomis did it. They were going to blame the murders on Norman. Or maybe only the daughter did it. She definitely killed Doctor Richmond.

DA

All seems a bit far-fetched, doesn't it?

SHERIFF

If you'd seen Mary Loomis at the end you wouldn't question it. She'd gone mad, dressed in Norman's mother's clothes and wig, trying to kill Norman and him hardly even able to defend himself any longer. It was horrible.

(a pause)

Maybe we'll be able to ask her someday.

CONTINUED

162

CONTINUED - 2

162

DA

What's her condition?

SHERIFF

She'll pull through okay, but she's mad as a hatter.

(shakes his head)

People.

COUNTY SHERIFF

It's like you say, isn't it? We'll never really know, not for sure.

SHERIFF

No, but it's over. That's the important thing.

The men nod silent agreement; the Sheriff turns to Norman.

SHERIFF

What about it, Norman? You ready to go home?

Norman manages to nod, but not much else; the Sheriff turns to the others.

SHERIFF

It'll all be in my report tomorrow, gentlemen.

(back to Norman)

Let's go out the back ---

He goes through the door, Norman passively following.

163
and
164

OMITTED

163
and
164
(X)
165

165

INT. PORTICO - NIGHT

He enters, switching on the inside light, then the outside porch light. He stares about him as though he can't quite believe that Mary isn't there to welcome him home.

He starts for the hall.

166 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

166

He clicks on the light, glancing about, noting the coal bin, the upended slab in the floor, the disorder of the room after the police have gone through it.

He passes the slab, tipping it forward with his hand. It slams shut with all the finality of a sepulcher door closing. He picks up the coal shovel from the bin, a long, heavy wide-mouthed instrument, and carries it back up the stairs.

167 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

167

He turns on the light, and stares about. He carefully arranges the two chairs at the table, making sure his faces the door from the dining room, the other with its back to a corner of the room near the stove. In that corner he carefully places the coal shovel. He puts the kettle on the stove, and sits in his chair, waiting, his gaze directed through the dining room door toward the portico.

168 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

168

A bulky figure, feminine in form, walks slowly up the steps toward the house. As she hits the spill from the porch light, it can be seen that she wears a cheap cotton print dress, and just below the hem, black orthopedic shoes.

THE FINAL SEQUENCE WILL BE DISTRIBUTED TO CAST AND CREW
DURING PRODUCTION.

TAG

169 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

169

Norman eats a toasted cheese sandwich at the kitchen table. A shadow falls across the frosted glass of the back door and then there is a knock. He slowly rises and opens the door. Mrs. Spool, the cashier from the diner, stands there. She smiles shyly, almost coquettishly.

MRS. SPOOL

Hello, Norman.

NORMAN

Mrs. Spool. Please, come in.

(steps back and she
enters; closes the
door behind her)

I was just having a toasted cheese
sandwich. Would you like one?

MRS. SPOOL

(relishing his
undivided attention)

No, thank you. It's Miss Spool,
actually.

(staring down at
the extra place
setting at the
table)

You were expecting me?

NORMAN

Yes. I was expecting someone. I
just wasn't sure when.

(holds out the
chair for her;
she sits)

Tea?

MRS. SPOOL

Please.

He turns the gas under the kettle up. It begins to boil.

NORMAN

Milk and sugar?

MRS. SPOOL

That would be nice.

NORMAN

Are you really my mother?

MRS. SPOOL

Yes. The name Spool doesn't mean
anything to you?

CONTINUED

169

CONTINUED

169

Norman is reaching over the tea bags for a special tin of tea hidden at the back of the cupboard.

NORMAN

No.

MRS. SPOOL

It was Norma Bates' maiden name. The woman you thought was your mother was my sister. I had you when I was very young. Out of wedlock. I...I couldn't handle a brand new baby, especially not being by myself. I...had some trouble and the state put me away for a while. That's when Norma took you in. You were less than a year old, too young to remember me. She never mentioned me, did she?

Norman places the cup of tea in front of her.

NORMAN

No.

MRS. SPOOL

I guess she didn't want you to know your mother wasn't quite...right.
(smiles and for
the first time
her madness glints
through)

But we know all about that, don't we, Norman?

NORMAN

Yes.

She picks up the cup of tea and is about to drink, but hesitates, cup poised.

MRS. SPOOL

By the time I got out, you'd already had your 'troubles' and been committed. I decided to wait for you, and then when I saw what they were doing to my poor little boy, I couldn't stand it. After all, you're all I have in this world.

CONTINUED

169 CONTINUED - 2

169

She takes a sip of tea.

NORMAN

Are you sure you wouldn't like a sandwich?

MRS. SPOOL

Pardon?

Without a sound he steps from the kitchen sink, picks up the shovel in the corner and swings it high over his head in an arc, bringing the heavy spaded end smashing down on the back of her skull.

The force of the blow snaps vertebrae from the top of her neck to the small of her back, collapsing the legs of the chair beneath her, the first tier, then the second, driving her and the seat to the floor in an explosion of broken wood, shattered flesh and bone and dancing dust motes.

170 INT. PORTICO - NIGHT

170

Nothing for several moments.

Then, Norman appears from the kitchen carrying the body gently in his arms.

NORMAN

I know how it is, Mother. You've had a long day. You must be tired.

(carries her
up the stairs)

I'll just put you to bed and tuck you in for the night. I'll even say your prayers for you. Would you like that?

He disappears up the stairs and onto the landing.

171 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

171

The light in Mrs. Bates' room snaps on. Two voices are heard, although for a few moments Norman is not visible. It is Norman talking to himself, using first his imitation of his mothers voice, then answering in his own.

MRS. BATES (O.S.)

I'm not sleepy.

CONTINUED

171 CONTINUED

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NORMAN (O.S.)

But you need your beauty rest,
Mother. Want to look our best in
the morning, don't we?

MRS. BATES (O.S.)

Stop blathering nonsense and put me
in my chair.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Mother ---

MRS. BATES (O.S.)

Do as I say, you willful child.

Through the lit window, screened by the shabby curtain and
backlit, he can be seen carefully arranging her corpse in
the chair by the window.

MRS. BATES

Now, turn me to the window. I want
to keep my eyes on you. Make sure
you don't start playing with filthy
girls again.

NORMAN

No, mother.

MRS. BATES

Good.

His figure disappears from the window, leaving just the
outline of her dead body sitting there.

MRS. BATES

Well, what are you gawking at? Go
downstairs and open the motel. What
do you expect us to live on? Hope?

NORMAN (O.S.)

Yes, Mother.

CONTINUED

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MRS. BATES

Remember, Norman, I'm the only one
who loves you. Only your mother
truly loves you.

The bedroom door slams shut. Silence reigns in the house.
For some moments there is no sign of movement; certainly
none from the corpse in the window.

Suddenly, the motel sign snaps on, reading, "Bates Motel,
Vacancy", in blinding white neon.

The front door opens. Norman steps onto the porch and then
down a few of the steps to the motel. He stops there,
backlit by the moon, his figure etched in the neon glow of
the sign, not moving, his hands thrust deep in his pockets,
staring at the motel below, then at the house above with his
mother's corpse watching over him.

He just stands there, waiting for some customers to
arrive....

THE END