

Psycho (1960)

By

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Based on the screenplay by Joseph Stefano (Revised December 1, 1959)

Based on the novel by Robert Bloch

Disclaimer: The characters and events described in this book are fictional.

Any resemblance between the characters and any person, alive or dead, is purely coincidental.

The numerical usages, Biblical (1, 3 & 9) and Pagan (2, 5 & 7) and Mystical (6 & 13), are quite intentional.

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This reading material is of a mature nature. Reader discretion is advised.

Unrated Version: This is the version minus the training wheels. As a rule, there is no capitalization of words which have additional meanings specific to this book. You'll just have to put your thinking caps on and figure it out. Or you could just use the enclosed glossary.

Examples of words including all of their implied tenses which have additional meanings specific to this book are: army, associate, believer, book, collateral, change, chosen, church, crank, crimson, dead, death, devices, die, earth, embrace, family, first, glasses, grimm, hard, heads, hogs, hunger, infernal, kill, kiss, law, lurid, made, mafia, marine, military, mistress, mob, moll, moon, optical, pretend, pretense, prime, race, racial, rapture, readers, reaper, redemptive, reform, reformist, research, rook, saint, sanctified, sanctify, save, scan, secondary, scum, suit, tank, temptation, thug, thirst, thirsty, took, trooper, visor, way, whispers, zealot. Then, again, I also lie. Capish?

Act 01

FADE IN:

EXT. PHOENIX, ARIZONA - (DAY) - HELICOPTER SHOT

Above the midtown section of the city. It is early afternoon, a hot mid-summer day. The city is sun-blached white and its drifted-up noises are muted and blached in their own echoes. We fly low, heading in a downtown direction, passing over traffic-clogged streets, parking lots, white business buildings, neatly patterned residential districts. As we approach the downtown section, the character of the city begins to change. It is darker and shabby with age and industry. We see railroad tracks, smokestacks, wholesale fruit-and-vegetable markets, old municipal buildings, and empty lots. The very geography seems to give us a climate of nefariousness, of back-door, dark and shadowy. And secret.

We fly lower and faster now, as if seeking out a specific location. A skinny, high old hotel comes into view. On its exposed brick side great painted letters advertise "Transients-Low Weekly Rates-Radio in Every Room." We pause long enough to establish the shoddy character of this hotel. Its open, curtainless windows, its silent resigned look so characteristic of such hole-and-corner hotels.

We move forward with purposefulness and toward a certain window. The sash is raised as high as it can go, but the shade is pulled down to three or four inches of the inside sill, as if the occupants of the room within wanted privacy but needed air. We are close now, so that only the lower half of the window frame is in shot. No sounds come from within the room.

Suddenly, we tip downward, go to the narrow space between shade and sill, peep into the room.

A young woman is stretched out on the mussed bed. She wears a bra, half-slip, stockings, and no shoes. She feigns an attitude of physical relaxation, but her face, seen in the dimness of the room, betrays a certain inner-tension and worrisome conflicts. She is Marion Crane, a tense, attractive blonde nearing the end of her twenties and her rope.

A man stands beside the bed, only the lower half of his figure visible. We hold onto this tableau for a long moment, then start forward. As we pass under the window shade,

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - (DAY)

A small room, a slow fan buzzing on a shelf above the narrow bed. A card of hotel rules is pasted on the mirror above the bureau. An unopened suitcase and a woman's clutch handbag are on the bureau.

On the table beside the bed there are a container of Coco-Cola and an unwrapped, untouched egg-salad sandwich. There is no radio.

The man standing by the bed, wearing only trousers, T-shirt and sox, is Sam Loomis, a good-looking, sensual shirt man with warm humorous eyes and a compelling smile. He is blotting his neck and face with a thin towel, and is staring down at Mary, a small sweet smile playing about his mouth. Mary keeps her face turned away from him.

After a moment, Sam drops the towel, sits on the bed, leans over and takes Mary into his arms, kisses her long and warmly, holds her with a firm possessiveness. The kiss is disturbed and finally interrupted by the buzzing closeness of an inconsiderate fly.

Sam smiles, pulls away enough to allow Mary to relax again against the pillow. He studies her, frowns at her unresponsiveness, then speaks in a low, intimate, playful voice.

SAM

“Never did eat your lunch, did you?”

Mary looks at his smile, has to respond, pulls him to her, and kisses him. Then, and without breaking the kiss, she swings her legs over the side of the bed, toe-searches around, finds her shoes, slips her feet into them. And finally pulls away and sits up.

MARY

“I’d better get back to the office. These extended lunch hours give my boss excess acid.”

She rises, goes to the bureau, takes a pair of small earrings out of her bag, and begins putting them on, not bothering or perhaps not wanting to look at herself in the mirror.

Sam watches her, concerned but unable to inhibit his cheery, humorous good mood. Throughout remainder of this scene, they occupy themselves with dressing, hair-combing, etc.

SAM

“Call your boss and tell him you’re taking the rest of the afternoon off. It’s Friday anyway ... and hot.”

MARY

Soft sarcasm.

“What do I do with my free afternoon, walk you to the airport?”

SAM

Meaningfully.

“We could laze around here a while longer.”

MARY

“Checking out time is three P.M. Hotels of this sort aren’t interested in you when you come in, but when your time’s up ...”

A small anguish.

“Sam, I hate having to be with you in a place like this.”

SAM

“I’ve heard of married couples who deliberately spend occasional nights in cheap hotels. They say it ...”

MARY

Interrupting.

“When you’re married you can do a lot of things deliberately.”

SAM

“You sure talk like a girl who’s been married.”

MARY

“Sam!”

SAM

“I’m sorry, Mary.”

After a moment.

“My old Dad used to say ‘when you can’t change a situation, laugh at it.’ Nothing ridicules a thing like laughing at it.”

MARY

“I’ve lost my girlish laughter.”

SAM

Observing.

“It’s the only girlish thing you have lost.”

MARY

A meaningful quiet, then, with difficulty:

“Sam. This is the last time.”

SAM

“For what?”

MARY

“This! Meeting you in secret so we can be ... secretive! You come down here on business trips and we steal lunch hours and ... I wish you wouldn’t even come.”

SAM

“Okay. What do we do instead, write each other lurid love letters?”

MARY

About to argue, then turning away.

“I haven’t time to argue. I’m a working girl.”

SAM

“And I’m a working man! We’re a regular working-class tragedy!”

He laughs.

MARY

“It is tragic! Or it will be ... if we go on meeting in shabby hotels whenever you can find a tax-deductible excuse for flying down deductible here ...”

SAM

Interrupting, seriously.

“You can’t laugh at it, huh?”

MARY

“Can you?”

SAM

“Sure. It’s like laughing through a broken jaw, but ...”

He breaks off, his cheeriness dissolved, goes to the window, and tries to raise the shade. It sticks. He pulls at it.

It comes down entirely, and the hot sun glares into the room, revealing it in all its shabbiness and sordidness as if corroborating Mary’s words and attitude. Sam kicks at the fallen shade, laughs in frustration, grabs on to his humor again.

“And besides, when you say I make tax-deductible excuses you make me out a criminal.”

MARY

Having to smile.

“You couldn’t be a criminal if you committed a major crime.”

SAM

“I wish I were. Not an active criminal but ... a nice guy with the conscience of a criminal.”

Goes close to Mary, touches her.

“Next best thing to no conscience at all.”

MARY

Pulling away.

“I have to go, Sam.”

SAM

“I can come down next week.”

MARY

“No.”

SAM

“Not even just to see you, to have lunch ... in public?”

MARY

“We can see each other, we can even have dinner ... but respectably, in my house with my mother’s picture on the mantel and my sister helping me broil a big steak for three!”

SAM

“And after the steak ... do we send sister to the movies and turn mama’s picture to the wall?”

MARY

“Sam! No!”

SAM

After a pause, simply.

“All right.”

She stares at him, surprised at his willingness to continue the affair on her terms, as girls are so often surprised when they discover men will continue to want them even after the sexual bait has been pulled in.

Sam smiles reassuringly, places his hands gently on her arms, and speaks with gentle and simple sincerity.

SAM

“Mary, whenever it’s possible, tax-deductible or not, I want to see deductible you. And under any conditions.”

A smile.

“Even respectability.”

MARY

“You make respectability sound ... disrespectful.”

SAM

Brightly.

“I’m all for it! It requires patience and temperance and a lot of sweating-out ... otherwise, though, it’s only hard work.

A pause.

“But if I can see you, touch you even as simply as this ... I won’t mind.”

He moves away and again the weight of his pain and problems crushes away his good humor. There is a quiet moment.

SAM

“I’m fed up with sweating for people who aren’t there. I sweat to pay off my father’s debts ... and he’s in his grave ... I sweat to pay my ex-wife alimony, and she’s living on the other side of the world somewhere.”

MARY

A smile.

“I pay, too. They also pay who meet in hotel rooms.”

SAM

“A couple of years and the debts will be paid off. And if she ever re-marries, the alimony stops ... and then ...”

MARY

“I haven’t even been married once yet!”

SAM

“Yeah, but when you do ... you’ll swing.”

MARY

Smiling, then with a terrible urgency.

“Sam, let’s go get married.”

SAM

“And live with me in a storeroom behind a hardware store in Fairvale. We’ll have a lot of laughs. When I send my ex-wife her money, you can lick the stamps.”

MARY

A deep desperation.

“I’ll lick the stamps.”

He looks at her, long, pulls her close, kisses her lightly, looks out the window, and stares at the wide sky.

SAM

“You know what I’d like? A clear, empty sky ... and a plane, and us in it ... and somewhere a private island for sale, where we can run around without our ... shoes on. And the wherewithal to buy what I’d like.”

He moves away, suddenly serious.

“Mary, you want to cut this off, go out, and find yourself someone available?”

MARY

“I’m thinking of it.”

SAM

A cheerful shout.

“How can you even think a thing like that?!”

MARY

Picking up handbag, starting for door.

“Don’t miss your plane.”

SAM

“Hey, we can leave together, can’t we?”

MARY

At door.

“I’m late ... and you have to put your shoes on.”

Mary goes out quickly, closing the door behind her. As Sam stares down at his shoeless feet,

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - (DAY) - HIGH ANGLE

Shooting down at hotel entrance. Mary comes out, walks quickly to a parked cab, and gets in. The cab zooms up the awful street. Sitting in the back of the cab. Reasserting itself, for the briefest of moments, madness travels across her face, ravaging her comely visage. Wild, crazy eyes. She grins figuratively from ear to ear—a lunatic’s toothy, disfiguring smile. The resulting gruesome face is a deranged caricature of her usual hard, pretty one. The girl takes one of her breath mints, procured from her clutch purse. The moment passes. Once more, her façade of sanity and normality is intact. She’s The Other, that attractive blue-eyed blonde, again. The slender one with the large bosom, long legs, and large ugly mouth. A mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain, even when that’s not the wearer’s intent.

Mary thinks to herself: *Not yet, but soon! Never rush a good thing! In due time, I’ll do him just like the others!*

The category of *serial killer* has yet to be coined by the FBI. But. They exist. They've always existed. And this flaxen-haired beauty with the face and body of a Hollywood movie starlet is one of them, maybe even the most murderous of them all.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOWERY REAL ESTATE OFFICE - (DAY)

A small, moderately successful office off the main street. A cab pulls up at the curb. We see Mary get out of cab, pays the driver, and crosses the pavement to the office door.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - (DAY)

Mary enters office, crosses to her desk, sits down, rubs her temples, and finally looks over at Caroline, a girl in the last of her teens.

MARY

“Isn’t Mr. Lowery back from lunch?”

CAROLINE

A high, bright, eager-to-talk voice laced to-with a vague Texan accent.

“He’s lunching with the man who’s buying the Harris Street property, you know, that oil lease man ... So that’s why he’s late.”

A pause, then, as Mary does not respond to the pointed thrust.

“You getting a headache?”

MARY

“It’ll pass. Headaches are like resolutions ... you forget them soon as they stop hurting.”

CAROLINE

“You got aspirins? I have something ... not aspirins, but ...”

Cheerfully takes bottle of pills out of desk drawer.

“... my mother’s doctor gave these to me the day of my wedding.”

Laughs.

“Teddy was furious when he found out I’d taken tranquilizers!”

She rises, starts for Mary’s desk, pills in hand.

MARY

“Were there any calls?”

CAROLINE

“Teddy called me. And my mother called to see if Teddy called. Oh, and your sister called to say she’s going to Tucson to do some buying and she’ll be gone the whole weekend. And ...”

As expected. In her back and forth with Caroline, the bombshell psychopath feigns all the right human emotions and responses. By nature, her kind are cold, calculating, and ruthless. And, will do whatever it takes without the worry of those troublesome pangs of conscious in the aftermath of their heinous acts.

Caroline breaks off, distracted by the sound of the door opening. Mr. Lowery and his oil-lease client, Tom Cassidy, enter the office.

Lowery is a pleasant, worried-faced man, big and a trifle pompous. Cassidy is very loud-faced and has a lunch-hour load on. He is a gross man, exuding a kind of pitiful vulgarity.

CASSIDY

“Wow! Hot as fresh milk! You girls should get your boss to air-condition you up. He can afford it today.”

Lowery flashes an embarrassed smile at Mary, and tries to lead Cassidy toward the private office.

LOWERY

“Mary, will you get those copies of the deed ready for Mr. Cassidy?”

Cassidy pauses beside Mary’s desk, hooks a haunch onto the desktop, and smiles a wet smile at Mary. If he only knew what kind of homicidal monster he was really flirting with, then again, the

old lecher still might chase this skirt with abandon if he did know.

CASSIDY

“Tomorrow’s the day! My sweet little girl ...”

Laughs as Mary looks up at him.

“Not you, my daughter! A baby, and tomorrow she stands up there and gets her sweet-self married away from me!”

Pulling out wallet.

“I want you to look at my baby. Eighteen years old ... and she’s never had an unhappy day in any one of those years!”

Flashes photo.

Mary glances, cannot bring herself to smile or make some remark, continues sorting out the deed copies, and tries to ignore the man’s hot-breath closeness.

In truth. Mary has no use to what “regular” people call sex. For her, torture and killing are the only way she achieves orgasm. When she’s in the act of sex with a man, she either fakes it or just lies there like a cold fish, depending on what she senses that her partner wants.

Mary has never been with a woman. But, she can imagine no objection to it. Sexually, she’s not bisexual, homosexual, or heterosexual. She’s flexible.

LOWERY

“Come on, Tom, my office is air-conditioned.”

CASSIDY

Ignoring Lowery.

“You know what I do with unhappiness? I buy it off! You unhappy?”

MARY

“Not inordinately.”

Puts deed copy into Cassidy’s too-close hand.

CASSIDY

“I’m buying this house for my baby’s wedding present. Forty thousand dollars, cash! Now if that ain’t buying happiness, that’s buying off unhappiness! That penniless punk she’s marryin’ ...”

Laughs.

“Probably a good kid ... it’s just that I hate him.”

Looks at deed.

“Yup! Forty thousand, says here ...”

To Lowery.

“Casharoonie!”

He takes out of his inside pocket, two separate bundles of new \$100 bills and throws them onto the desk, under Mary’s nose.

Caroline’s eyes go wide at the sight of the glorious green bundles of bills, and she comes close to Mary’s desk.

Cassidy leans terribly close to Mary, flicks through the bills, and laughs wickedly. He continues. Making no attempt to hide his lecherous intent. No doubt about it, he craves Mary, in the worst way.

CASSIDY

“I never carry more than I can afford to lose!”

Closer to Mary.

“Count ‘em!”

LOWERY

Shocked, worried.

“Tom ... cash transactions of this size! Most irregular ...”

CASSIDY

“So what? It’s my private money!”

Laughs, winks, elbows Lowery.

“And now it’s yours.”

CAROLINE

Staring at the money.

“I declare!”

CASSIDY

Whispering.

“I don’t! That’s how I’m able to keep it!”

Laughs.

LOWERY

Hastily interrupting.

“Suppose we just put this in the safe, and then Monday morning when you’re feeling good ...”

CASSIDY

“Speakin’ of feeling good, where’s that bottle you said you had in your desk ...?”

Laughs, as if having given away Lowery’s secret.

“Oops!”

To Mary, patting her arm.

“Usually, I can keep my mouth shut!”

He rises, reels toward Lowery’s office, pauses, turns, and speaks to Mary, meaningfully.

CASSIDY

“Honest. I can keep any private transaction a secret ... any pri ...”

Stopped by Mary’s cold gaze.

“Lowery! I’m dyin’ of thirstaroonie!”

Lowery starts after him, pauses, and turns to Mary. Cassidy has gone into Lowery’s office.

LOWERY

Quietly.

“I don’t even want it in the office over the weekend. Put it in the safe deposit box, at the bank, Mary. And we’ll get him to give us a check on Monday – instead.”

He starts quickly away when it looks like Cassidy is going to come and pull him bodily into the office. When the men are gone and the door is closed, Caroline picks up a bundle, and smiles at it.

CAROLINE

“He was flirting with you. I guess he noticed my wedding ring.”

Mary has put one bundle into a large envelope and takes the other from Caroline. When the bills are tucked away, she puts the filled envelope in her handbag, notices the remaining deed copies on her desk, picks them up, goes to the private office door, knocks, and starts to open door as:

LOWERY (O.S.)

“Come in.”

INT. LOWERY’S PRIVATE OFFICE - (DAY)

Mary opens door, looks in. Cassidy, who is drinking from a large tumbler, winks at her without pausing in his drinking. Mary remains on the threshold a moment, then crosses to the desk, talking as she goes.

MARY

“The copies. Mr. Lowery, if you don’t mind, I’d like to go right on home after the bank. I have a slight ...”

CASSIDY

“You go right home! Me and your boss are going out to get ourselves a little drinkin’ done!”

To Lowery.

“Right?”

LOWERY

To Mary.

“Of course. You feeling ill?”

MARY

“A headache.”

CASSIDY

“You need a week-end in Las Vegas ... playground of the world!”

MARY

“I’m going to spend this week-end in bed.”

Starts out.

CASSIDY

To Lowery.

“Only playground that beats Las Vegas!”

Mary goes back out into the outer office, and closes the door.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - (DAY)

Mary goes to her desk, takes out the handbag, and checks to make sure that the money-filled envelope is tucked well down into it.

During this:

CAROLINE

“Aren’t you going to take the pills?”

As Mary shakes her head.

“They’ll knock that headache out.”

MARY

“I don’t need pills ... just sleep.”

She goes to the door.

DISSOLVE:

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - (DAY)

A double bed in the foreground. We just see the far side as the camera shoots across. Mary enters the scene, clad only in her underwear. Perhaps she is about to get into bed. Behind her is an open closet, but too dark inside for us to see any contents. As Mary turns to the closet the camera lowers to show a close view of the \$40,000 in the envelope on our side of the bed.

Mary takes a dress from the closet and starts to put it on as the camera retreats to reveal a packed but not yet closed suitcase also on the bed. Mary zips up her dress and then brings some final garments from the closet. She comes around to the suitcase and puts them on the top. Mary works with haste and in tension, as if acting on an impulse which might vanish as quickly as it came.

The suitcase filled now, she checks around the room, then takes her handbag to the bed, puts in the money-filled envelope, and then slams the suitcase shut. Then filled she looks at her small bedroom desk, goes to it, removes a small file-envelope from one of the drawers. It is one of those brown envelopes in which one keeps important papers and policies and certificates. She checks its contents briefly, puts it on the bed, opens another desk drawer, takes out her bank book, and tosses it on the bed. Then she packs both the file-envelope and the bank book into her handbag, takes one quick last look around the room, picks up the handbag and the suitcase, and goes out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARY'S GARAGE - (DAY)

A two-car garage. One car is gone. Mary's car is parked in the driveway. The camera is low enough so that we can easily read the Arizona number plate in the foreground. She comes out of house, starts for the trunk, intending to put the suitcase in, changes her mind, places the suitcase and her handbag on the front seat, gets in, starts the car, and begins to back out of driveway.

As a result of a complete makeover. The lie of The Other has given way to another lie, that of the bitter, disdainful, abusive schoolmarm. Therefore, in place of the wholesome, good-natured, and down-to-earth Mary, is the haughty, aloof, and seemingly unattainable Wendy. Marion Crane, office worker, meet Dr. Wendy Elizabeth Carr, clinical psychologist and tenured university professor.

Wendy is that kind of girl. The "I am your goddess, worship me on bended knee!" kind of girl. One of those sexually-depraved schoolmarms who populate, for example, Irving Klaw's world of bondage fetish photography. She looks every bit the part of one of the most depraved expressions of that niche spinster fetish.

In such twisted pornographic fantasies as that. The schoolmarm character is a blunt and sharp-tongued teacher, and a strong, stern woman. In class, she is blunt and condescending towards her students, and seethes with loathing and disdain. She always sports the expected tortured face. A face that wears a perpetual scowl. A look that's best described as "haughty, mixed with a little bit of rage." Yet, is otherwise lacking in emotion. In a word, stiff.

Plaintive makeup overamplifies the hardness of her otherwise pretty face, resulting in a severe distortion which renders her beautiful face very unattractive—a hard, pretty face is now a hard, plain one. A dowdy, serviceable hairdo: dead-straight hair, centered-parted, is yanked up and back into a tight bun resting on the nape of her neck. Disfiguring eyeglasses: horn rimmed glasses with thick, coke-bottle lenses. Unflattering footwear: women’s black ballet flats. Starched, white linen gloves. Drab ladies’ skirt suit mandatory: flecked gray tweed with no accents whatsoever, severe, form fitting, and figure flattering. Matching strictured pencil skirt, with high fitting banded waist, and a hemline that falls squarely just above the knees. Drab khaki stockings. A pussy-bow blouse, white, starched within an inch of its life. White underwear: midriff-baring half-slip, the obligatory bullet bra which overstates the size of her bosom, and chaste high-waist panties. Frumpy clothes, nothing the least bit flashy, for a decidedly frumpy girl.

Staid. Severe. Stiff backed. Wendy is easily mistaken for a sexually repressed, forty-something spinster with a sour, spiteful attitude, even though she’s in her twenties and she’s not sexually repressed in any sense of the word.

Wendy’s looks are the antithesis of Mary’s. Mary is a legitimate traffic stopper. You shouldn’t want to give Wendy a first look, let alone a second one. And most won’t. Yet, for those of you for whom this is bait, you do.

The girl’s voice is now hard and stern. Deep for a woman. Raspy. Her manner and mannerisms are now masculine, too. There’s an accent. It sounds like a New Jersey accent, but it’s cultured and smooth, befitting an academician from back East.

Wendy’s obscene bun and strictured suit, complemented by drab khaki stockings, along with that dyke voice, manner, and mannerisms of hers. All contribute to create an overall impression of a grotesquely deviant femininity. Maybe she’s one of them a lesbian? If so, she’s a bulldyke.

In summation. Conservative, but not entirely un-fun or completely anti-feminine.

Of course. Underneath it all. She remains a girl who, where pain is concerned, loves taking it as much as she likes dishing it out. She’s a sadomasochist: a dominatrix a female sadist, who is also a submissive a masochist. But, even this aspect of her personality is an affectation she picked up from Sarah Elizabeth Hux, a former Catholic nun and her mentor in the trade. To this day, Sarah and Mary remain very close friends. Sarah knows what Mary is, but that’s okay with Mary, because of what Sarah is. She’ll never kill Sarah as long as the dominatrix doesn’t betray her, and the same holds true for Sarah killing Mary.

As Wendy. Even when she’s undressed, and looking at herself in the mirror, the girl sees herself as a frumpy cunt instead of the looker with a killer body that she is. Wendy suffers from an extreme version of BDD.

Body dysmorphic disorder (BDD) is a mental disorder usually characterized by an obsessive preoccupation that some aspect of one’s own appearance is severely flawed and warrants exceptional measures to hide or fix it. In Wendy’s case, she sees her entire appearance as being flawed.

Additionally. A psychiatrist or psychologist would argue the following:

The girl’s transformation from Mary into Wendy, and vice-versa. Exactly mimics the mental illness formally known as dissociative identity disorder (DID)—multiple personality disorder, commonly known as split personality.

DID is a psychiatric diagnosis and describes a condition in which a person displays multiple distinct identities, known as alters or parts, each with its own pattern of perceiving and interacting with the environment.

Mary and Wendy are not distinct individuals, with totally separate personalities that have an awareness of each other's existence and access to the memories of each other. They are merely convincingly-portrayed aliases of the same psychotic personality. In a word, they are: disguises.

In clinical terms, Mary and Wendy are known as “outfits”; outfits which she “wears” in the same way that other people, sane people, wear clothes. Two of the “disguises” populating the extensive wardrobe of a very disturbed, murderous girl.

A layperson would argue: Doc, you're splitting hairs, very fine hairs.

In the case of the real Marion Crane. At a very early age, Marion was separated from her sister Lila after the tragic death of their parents in an automobile accident. They were placed in separate Catholic orphanages and lost track of each other.

Several years ago, when they finally reunited, unbeknownst to Lila, her sister Mary was already an accomplished serial killer who, figuratively speaking, was quite adept at “wearing the skins” of other people. Her sister Mary, a woman who, if found out by Lila, wouldn't hesitate to kill her. Mary genuinely loves Lila.

At the time of their reunion, Mary was wearing Mary Elizabeth Alberts. Her very first archetype. Wholesome, good-natured, down-to-earth Mary. The other Mary, so to speak. In other words: The Other. A charade that endures to this day.

At the orphanage. Mary Elizabeth Alberts and Marion Elizabeth Crane, known as the two Mary Elizabeths, were best friend.

The tight-assed Dr. Carr is a fairly recent acquisition. When it was discovered that she was again having illicit affairs with various students, after having recently returned from a leave of absence for the same offense, Professor Carr was asked by her school's board of trustees to take another LOA from her teaching position while “things were sorted out.” Wendy, of course, agreed. She decided to travel west and wait for things to die down before she returned to university.

Although she teaches at a very conservative, Ivy League university. And such stiff-backed institutions of higher learning normally frown upon sexual indiscretions committed by their staff and faculty, usually resulting in the ruining of careers, censure, or worse. Professor Carr is a renowned researcher, well-respected teacher, and best-selling author. And, more importantly, Professor Carr brings a lot of money into the school, via grants and endowments. Therefore. Asking her to resign, let alone firing her, will never be options that are considered, as long as her transgressions can be covered up.

Of all of her outfits, Wendy is the one who allows her to hide in plain sight. Wendy is also the most mentally disturbed of the skins that she wears. For these two reasons, Wendy is her favorite to wear, hands down.

What is the girl's “baseline?” In other words, who is the real Marion Crane? Her baseline is No One. This is not a name, of course, it's a psychological designation and a psychiatric diagnosis. Having worn so many people from such an early age during her brief lifetime. Her true identity—who she really is—has been lost to even her. Therefore, No One is quite fitting. So ... Just like the

identity of her idol, Jack the Ripper, hers is also lost to the ages. She is whomever she needs to be at a given moment in time.

Act 02

EXT. MAIN STREET IN MIDTOWN PHOENIX - (DAY)

No hiding in plain sight. As is the prerogative of a woman, she's changed her mind, again. She's decided to leave that trail of breadcrumbs, instead. As such, to make it look convincing, Wendy has given way to The Other which, for the first time in a very long time, is in complete and utter control. In other words, consciously and subconsciously, this is the only version of Mary that exists. There is no other Mary lurking even in the shadows of her Id, ready to come forth when/if needed.

We are close on Mary's car, shooting in at her troubled, guilty face. She seems to be driving with that excess care of one who does not wish to be stopped for a minor traffic irregularity. She stops for a red light at a main intersection.

FROM MARY'S VIEWPOINT - (DAY)

We see Lowery and Cassidy crossing the street, passing right in front of Mary's car.

MARY'S CAR - (DAY)

Mary freezes.

EXT. MAIN STREET IN MIDTOWN PHOENIX - (DAY)

Cassidy, glancing into car, sees Mary, lets out a cheery exclamation, and elbows Lowery. Lowery turns, sees Mary, smiles pleasantly, pulls Cassidy on.

MARY'S CAR - (DAY)

Mary watches the entire exchange with a look of stony horror on her face.

EXT. MAIN STREET IN MIDTOWN PHOENIX - (DAY)

Now we look closely at Lowery. As he reaches the curb, a small confusion brightens his face. He remembers that Mary intended to "spend the weekend in bed." He considers, curiously, turns, looks back at her, a slight frown on his face.

MARY'S CAR - (DAY)

Mary sees the pause and the look.

EXT. MAIN STREET IN MIDTOWN PHOENIX - (DAY)

For a moment it even looks as if Lowery might be meaning to cross back to the car.

MARY'S CAR - (DAY)

Mary's tension is unbearable. And at that moment we hear the shrill shriek of the traffic cop's whistle. Mary zooms the car away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - (DAY)

Mary in car, driving, safely away from town. Her look is less tense now, and more purposeful. After a moment, she checks the fuel gauge, frowns, looks along highway for a gas station.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

MARY'S CAR - (DAY)

Approaching and leaving city limits.

MARY - (DAY)

Looks at gas gauge.

C.U. GAS GAUGE - (DAY)

EXT. A GAS STATION - (DAY)

We see Mary's car drive in, come to a stop. There are no other cars about, this being a gas station off the main highway, and the attendant is obviously in the shack. Mary looks worried about having to make this stop, keeps her face turned away from the shack, not wishing it to be seen.

No one comes and for a moment Mary considers driving on, as if the emptiness of the station were a warning, an omen that she should listen to. But the gas registers almost empty.

She has to blow her horn. A young man comes out of the shack, starts toward her car. At that moment, we hear the ringing of the telephone in the shack. The attendant walks a few steps further, toward Mary's car, then decides to go back and answer the phone. The phone's insistent ringing unnerves Mary. She starts her car, zooms off. We see the attendant, phone in hand, in the doorway

of shack. He looks after the departing car with little or no expression.

CAR

The car grows smaller as it races up the road. The sun is setting. There is something vaguely ominous about the darkening sky into which the car seems to be disappearing.

DISSOLVE TO:

MARY IN CAR - (NIGHT)

The oncoming headlights hurt Mary's eyes. She is getting sleepy and her vision is blurring. Her eyes close, involuntarily, snap open again. She stretches them wide, as if forcing them to stay open. The oncoming lights seem to glare to a point beyond endurance. She murmurs "Sam - Sam."

LONG LAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. ROAD SHOULDER - (DAWN)

We see Mary's car, dim in the early dawn, tilted on the soft shoulder of the road, looking somehow sad and pathetic, like a child's thrown-away toy. And from this angle it would appear that the car is empty.

After a moment, during which there are no other vehicles passing, we see, coming from the far distance, a highway patrolman in a patrol car. He passes Mary's car, notes its apparent emptiness, U-turns, comes back up behind the car.

He gets out and approaches the driver's side window.

EXT. MARY'S CAR - (DAWN)

The patrolman looks down into the car.

INT. CAR (DAWN) FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

Mary turns with a start, sits up, is startled and unnerved by the sight of the patrolman, and, as if by automatic reflex, turns the ignition and presses down on the starter.

EXT. CAR (DAWN)

The patrolman holds up his hand.

PATROLMAN

Startled.

“Hold it there!”

Mary slams down on the brake, tries to pull herself together. The patrolman raps again, less gently. Reluctantly, Mary rolls down the window.

The patrolman studies her for a moment.

PATROLMAN

“In quite a hurry.”

MARY

“Yes.”

Because he seems to be awaiting an explanation.

“I didn’t mean to sleep so long. I was afraid I’d have an accident last night, from sleepiness ... so I decided to pull over ...”

PATROLMAN

“You slept here all night?”

MARY

A faint edge of defensiveness.

“Yes. As I said, I couldn’t keep my eyes ...”

PATROLMAN

Mere concern.

“There are plenty of motels in this area. You should have ... I mean, just to be safe ...”

MARY

“I didn’t intend to sleep all night! I just pulled over ... have I broken any laws?!”

PATROLMAN

“No, ma’am.”

MARY

“Then I’m free to go ...?”

PATROLMAN

A pause.

“Is anything wrong?”

MARY

“Of course not! Am I acting as if ... something’s wrong?!”

PATROLMAN

Almost a smile.

“Frankly, yes.”

MARY

“Please ... I’d like to go ...”

PATROLMAN

“Is there?”

MARY

“Is there what?”

Not waiting for an answer.

“I’ve told you there’s nothing wrong ... except that I’m in a hurry and you’re taking up my time ...”

PATROLMAN

Interrupting, sternly.

“Now wait just a moment! Turn your motor off, please.”

Mary seems about to object, thinks better of it, turns off the ignition.

PATROLMAN

“In the course of my duty, I never ‘take up’ anyone’s time, whether it’s to give a warning, or a ticket, or help! Believe that, Ma’am.”

A little softer.

“Now if you woke up on the wrong side of ... the car seat, that’s one thing. But when you act as if I’ve just placed you under arrest ...”

MARY

Mary plays her “blonde” card.

“I’m sorry.”

PATROLMAN

“No need to apologize ...”

Mary starts the car, her face turned as if she wishes the matter were all settled and the patrolman had already gone. The patrolman isn’t exactly one of those civil servants who demands a thank-you, but he does feel her manner is a bit too abrupt.

PATROLMAN

“Wait a minute!”

MARY

Jamming down the brake.

“Now what?”

The Patrolman gazes at her a moment, then:

PATROLMAN

“May I see your license?”

MARY

“Why?”

PATROLMAN

“Please.”

Mary pulls her handbag up from the floor, where she'd placed it when she stretched out for sleep. She puts her hand in it, rummages for her wallet, cannot find it.

The patrolman is staring at her. She glances at him nervously, pokes in her bag a bit more, sighs, realizes she'll have to remove some of its contents. Nervously, badly controlling her fear, she takes out the money-filled envelope, and then the important papers envelope filled, then a couple of other items, places them on the seat, finally finds her wallet, opens it, hands it to him. He looks at the wallet, then at the car.

EXT. ROAD SHOULDER - (DAWN)

The Patrolman walks around to the front of the car, checks the license plate, and returns.

INT. MARY'S CAR - (DAWN)

The Patrolman peers in, checks the car registration on the steering wheel, returns Mary's wallet. She takes it, looks at him for a flicker of a moment.

He says nothing.

She starts ahead, fast.

EXT. ROAD SHOULDER - (DAWN)

The Patrolman stares after Mary as she drives off, then starts back to his automobile.

MARY IN CAR - (DAWN)

She is quite shaken, realizes she caused herself a great deal of trouble and placed herself in unnecessary danger. She is disturbed and angry and frightened at her inability to act normally under the pressure of guilt. As she drives, she glances into her rear-view mirror.

MARY'S REAR-VIEW MIRROR - (DAWN)

The Patrolman is following in his automobile, keeping behind her at a matched speed.

MARY IN CAR - (DAWN)

She glances out at her surroundings.

MARY'S POV - (DAWN)

The freeway ahead.

EXT. MARY'S CAR - (DAWN)

She suddenly turns off the highway.

MARY IN CAR - (DAWN)

She checks her mirror.

MARY'S REAR-VIEW MIRROR - (DAWN)

The patrolman is no longer following, has not turned off after her.

MARY IN CAR - (DAWN)

She breathes a sigh of relief, thinks a moment, and makes a quick decision.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. USED CAR LOT - (DAY)

The big sign reads “California Charlie - Automobile Paradise.” We see Mary’s car drive onto the lot and stop. Mary gets out of the car, glances toward the lot office, turns her attention to the line of cars, notice the California license plates on all of them.

CAR DEALER

“With you in a second!”

Mary nods, starts walking along the line of cars, as if making a selection. Her eye is caught by the iron newspaper stand on the corner, just outside the lot. She stares at the papers, turns away, as if what she is fearing would have to be impossible, then, having to satisfy herself, goes to the stand, drops a dime in the iron slot, picks up a Los Angeles newspaper, starts back into the car lot as she glances worried at the front page. As she goes, we see, coming up the street toward the lot, the same patrolman. He sees Mary, slows, and swerves over to the opposite side of the street, stops by the curb. Mary, engrossed in the newspaper, and walking back ease the lot, does not see the patrolman.

The car dealer is out on the lot now, standing and waiting for Mary. As she approaches, lost in her newspaper, he smiles.

CAR DEALER

“I’m in no mood for trouble!”

MARY

Glancing up, thrown for a moment.

“What?”

CAR DEALER

Cheerfully.

“There’s an old saying, ‘First customer of the day is always the most trouble!’ But, like I said, I’m in no mood for it so I’m just going to treat you so fair and square you won’t have one human reason to give me ...”

MARY

Interrupting.

“Can I trade in my car and take another?”

CAR DEALER

“You can do anything you’ve a mind to ... and being a woman, you will!”

Chin-indicating her car.

“That yours?”

MARY

“Yes, it’s ... nothing wrong with it, I’m just ...”

CAR DEALER

“Sick of the sight of it!”

Laughs.

“Well, suppose you look around for something that strikes your eyes and meanwhile I’ll have my mechanic give yours the once over and ... want some coffee? I was just about ...”

MARY

“No. Thank you. I’m in ... a hurry. I just want to make a change and start ...”

She stops suddenly, almost with a gasp. She has seen the patrolman.

THE PATROLMAN - MARY’S POV - (DAY)

He is staring over at her, his face dispassionate.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - (DAY)

Mary has to force herself to look away.

CAR DEALER

“One thing people never ought to be when they’re buying a used car is in a hurry!”

Starting toward her car.

“But like I said, too nice a day for arguing. I’ll just shoot this into the garage.”

He starts into Mary’s car. She looks at him, in near panic, wanting to skip the whole thing. Torn, wondering if the presence of the patrolman doesn’t negate the value of changing cars, wondering how she can get away, wondering if she’ll be followed, or if the patrolman will go away if she does stay here.

All these panic-fears rush her mind and she can do nothing. The car dealer has driven her car into the garage. She stands in the middle of the lot, feeling like a shooting target. She looks toward the garage.

THE GARAGE - MARY’S POV - (DAY)

Mary’s car is in it.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - (DAY)

Mary decides she cannot back out now without arousing further suspicion, is compelled to look again at the patrolman.

THE PATROLMAN - MARY’S POV - (DAY)

He still watches. With a self-angry sigh of resignation, she goes to a close car, looks at it. The car dealer is returning.

CAR DEALER

“That’s the one I’d have picked for you myself!”

MARY

“How much?”

CAR DEALER

“Go ahead! Spin it around the block. Now I know you don’t know anything about engine condition, but you can feel, can’t you ... and it’s all in the feel, believe me, you feel that one around the block ...”

MARY

“It looks fine. How much will it be, with my car ...?”

CAR DEALER

“You mean you don’t want the usual day and a half to think it over?”

Laughs.

“You are in a hurry! Somebody chasing you?”

MARY

“Of course not. Please.”

CAR DEALER

“Well ... heck, this is the first time I ever saw the customer high-pressure the salesman!”

Laughs, sees she is in no mood for it.

“I’d figure roughly ...”

Looks at the car, then back at the garage.

“Your car plus five hundred.”

MARY

“Five hundred.”

CAR DEALER

“Aha! Always got time to argue money, huh ...?”

MARY

“All right.”

As the car dealer looks at her in amazement, she reaches into her bag, feels the money-filled envelope, and pauses.

CAR DEALER

Slowly.

“I take it ... you can prove that car’s yours ... I mean, out of state and all ... got your pink slip and your ...”

MARY

“I think I have the necessary papers. Is there a ladies’ room?”

CAR DEALER

“In the building ...”

Indicates, continues to stare quietly.

Mary starts for the building, glancing once in the direction of the patrolman.

THE PATROLMAN - MARY’S POV - (DAY)

He still sits, his motor throbbing, and his face quiet.

EXT. THE USED CAR LOT - (DAY)

Mary goes into the office building.

CUT TO:

INT. LADIES' ROOM - (DAY)

Mary enters, locks door, takes envelope out of her handbag, extracts one bundle of bills from the envelope, counts off five, and puts the bundle back into the envelope and the envelope back into the bag. Then she remembers, takes out the important papers envelope, goes through it, finds several papers having to do with her car, takes them all out, puts back the envelope, starts out of the ladies' room.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE USED CAR LOT - (DAY)

The car dealer has moved the car of her choice out of the line. It stands in the clearing.

CAR DEALER

Too cheerfully.

"I think you'd better give it a trial spin. Don't want any bad word of mouth about California Charlie."

MARY

"I'd really rather not. Please. Can't we just settle this and ..."

CAR DEALER

"I'll be perfectly honest with you, Ma'am. It's not that I don't trust you, but ..."

MARY

Interrupting.

"But what? Is there anything so terribly wrong about ... making a decision and wanting to hurry? Do you think I've stolen ... my car?"

CAR DEALER

“No, Ma’am. I was only about to say, I’ve sent my mechanic out to give your car a little test ... that’s all.”

MARY

Handing him the ownership papers and the new bills.

“I’d like to be ready when he gets back.”

CAR DEALER

“Okay. If you’ll come along ...”

He starts toward the office building. Mary follows, closely, anxiously. She glances, sees:

THE PATROLMAN - MARY’S POV - (DAY)

He is still at the far curb.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - (DAY)

The Car Dealer goes into his office. Mary follows.

THE PATROLMAN - (DAY)

A second later, he starts his automobile, checks traffic, comes across the street, slowly, and drives onto the lot. He pauses a moment, then drives across the lot, passing the office, going on to the other exit, stops there as Mary’s car is driven back onto the lot.

The mechanic stops Mary’s car, hops out, waves to the patrolman. The patrolman waves back, goes on a bit until he is behind Mary’s car, stops again, and looks over at the office.

In a moment, Mary comes out, hurries across to her new car, gets in, and starts the motor.

The Mechanic yells:

MECHANIC

“Hey! Miss?!”

Mary pauses, turns, sees the patrolman, then the mechanic. Her face goes white. She doesn't know which man called her. Then the mechanic waves, starts forward with her suitcase.

MARY

As the mechanic reaches the car.

“Just put it right in here, please ... beside me.”

The mechanic smiles, throws the suitcase in. Mary zooms off. As she drives out of the lot we see the mechanic, the car dealer, and the patrolman all looking after her.

DISSOLVE TO:

MARY IN NEW CAR ON ROUTE

Mary is driving tensely. She checks the rear-view mirror, is more shocked than pleased when she sees:

MARY'S REAR-VIEW MIRROR

No sign of the patrolman.

MARY IN NEW CAR ON ROUTE

She turns her face, looks out at the highway.

ROUTE 99 - MARY'S POV

It is heavy with traffic.

MARY IN NEW CAR ON ROUTE

Again, she checks the mirror and although ...

MARY'S REAR-VIEW MIRROR

There is still no sign of the patrolman.

MARY IN NEW CAR ON ROUTE

She cannot relax or feel safe, cannot convince herself that nothing will come of the man's watching and suspicions.

Camera is close on Mary's face now, recording her anxiety, her fears. Her guilt shines bright in her eyes and she is a person unaccustomed to containing this much guilt in this realistic a situation. Suddenly, we hear the sound of the used car dealer's laugh, hear it as clearly as Mary hears it in her imagination. The "imagined voice" we hear is actually the voice of the car dealer:

CAR DEALER'S VOICE

"Heck, Officer that was the first time I ever saw the customer high-pressure the salesman! Somebody chasing her?"

PATROLMAN'S VOICE

"I better have a look at those papers, Charlie."

CAR DEALER'S VOICE

"She look like a wrong-one to you?"

PATROLMAN'S VOICE

"Acted like one."

Mary blinks, shakes her head, as if trying to shake away these voices of her imagination. She checks the rear-view mirror.

MARY'S REAR-VIEW MIRROR

Still no sight of the patrolman.

MARY IN NEW CAR

She tries to force herself to relax, almost succeeds when she is sprung to tension again by ...

EXT. HIGHWAY

The sight of a police car. As she drives past, we hear the squeaky, unintelligible voice coming over the car radio.

Mary zooms down on the gas, whizzes ahead.

Act 03

EXT. HIGHWAY 99 - LONG SHOT

Mary's car dashing along.

DISSOLVE TO:

MARY IN NEW CAR

Mary looks weary, tired with strain and with hard driving. Her eyes are heavy with worry and deep thought.

OUT THE WINDSHIELD

We can see that it is much later in the day, almost dusk.

MARY IN NEW CAR

We hear the sound of an agitated buzz of an intercom system, a sound emanating from Mary's imagination. After the second buzz, we hear the voice of Caroline.

CAROLINE'S VOICE

"Yes, Mr. Lowery."

LOWERY'S VOICE

A worried tone.

"Caroline ...? Mary still isn't in?"

CAROLINE'S VOICE

"No, Mr. Lowery ... but then she's always a bit late on Monday mornings."

LOWERY'S VOICE

“Buzz me the minute she comes in.”

Again Mary shakes her head, forces herself to stop hearing these “invented” scenes of her imagination.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Now we cut to the view of the road, from Mary’s viewpoint. Darkness of evening is coming. In the dim twilight we see the neon sign of roadside restaurants and gas stations beginning to blaze on.

INT. MARY'S NEW CAR

Back on Mary’s face, and after a moment, the imagined voices of Lowery and Caroline, again:

LOWERY'S VOICE

“Call her sister! If no one’s answering at the house ...”

CAROLINE'S VOICE

“I called her sister, Mr. Lowery, where she works, the Music Makers Music Store, you know? And she doesn’t know where Mary is any more than we do.”

LOWERY'S VOICE

“You better run out to the house. She may be ... unable to answer the phone ...”

CAROLINE'S VOICE

“Her sister’s going to do that. She’s as worried as we are.”

A flush of painful guilt and regret rises up in Mary’s face. She closes her eyes for one tight swift moment.

EXT. HIGHWAY

We cut again to the highway. The first oncoming headlights slash at the windshield.

INT. MARY'S NEW CAR

Cutting back to Mary, we can sense by the tense muscles of her face that she is driving faster. The oncoming headlights blurt at her.

Suddenly we hear Lowery's voice, loud now and frightened, as if the anxiety in the man's voice was strong enough to break through Mary's effort to keep her mind silent and her imagination blank.

LOWERY'S VOICE

"No! I haven't the faintest idea. As I said, I last saw your sister when she left this office on Friday ... she said she didn't feel well and wanted to leave early and I said she could. And that was the last I saw ..."

A pause, a thought.

"Wait a minute, I did see her, an hour or so later, driving ..."

A pause, then with solemn fear.

"Ah, I think you'd better come over here to my office. Quick."

A pause, a click.

"Caroline, get Mr. Cassidy for me."

EXT. HIGHWAY

It is completely dark now, night.

INT. MARY'S NEW CAR

We cut back to her face.

LOWERY'S VOICE

"After all, Cassidy, I told you ... all that cash ... I'm not taking the responsibility ... Oh, for heaven's sake, a girl works for you for ten years, you trust her! All right, yes, you better come over."

FROM MARY'S VIEWPOINT

EXT. THE ROAD AHEAD INT. MARY'S NEW CAR

Fast cut back to Mary's face. Oncoming headlights throw a blinding light across her features.

CASSIDY'S VOICE

Undrunk and sharp with rage.

"Well I ain't about to kiss off forty thousand dollars! I'll get it back and if any of it's missin' I'll replace it with her fine soft flesh! I'll track her, never you doubt it!"

LOWERY'S VOICE

"Hold on, Cassidy ... I still can't believe ... it must be some kind of a mystery ... I can't ..."

CASSIDY'S VOICE

"You checked with the bank, no? They never laid eyes on her, no? You still trustin'? Hot creepers, she sat there while I dumped it out ... hardly even looked at it, plannin' and ... and even flirtin' with me ...!"

A look of revulsion makes Mary close her eyes.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD AGAIN

Big drops of rain begin to appear.

CLOSEUP - MARY

She is becoming aware of the rain starting.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The rain increasing and backlit by the oncoming headlights.

CLOSEUP - MARY

Mary starts the windshield wipers.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The wipers are having a battle with the now torrential rain.

CLOSEUP - MARY

Peering through the blurred windshield.

CLOSEUP - THE CAR WHEELS

Slowing down in the flooding highway.

CLOSEUP - MARY

Peering through the windshield. The oncoming lights are fewer.

CLOSEUP - THE CAR WHEELS

Almost coming to a slow turn.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Just blackness and rain.

CLOSEUP - MARY

Peering.

MARY'S VIEWPOINT

An almost undiscernible light in the far distance, a neon sign blurred by the rain-sheeted windshield.

MARY'S CAR

She presses down, forces the car to move on through the flooded road.

EXT. THE ROAD

As we move closer, we see the neon sign more clearly and can faintly make out the large letters which read "Motel."

Mary stops the car, lowers the window slightly, looks out. We see the sign clearly now: "BATES MOTEL."

Mary opens the car door and dashes out into the rain and up onto the porch of the motel office.

EXT. BATES' MOTEL - (NIGHT)

Mary pauses on the porch. The lights are on within the office. She tries door, finds it open, and goes into office. The camera follows her into office. There is no one present. Mary goes to the desk, rings a small push-bell. There is no response.

She rubs her forehead in weariness and frustration, goes back out onto the porch. She looks off in another direction, slightly behind the office, and sees ...

MARY'S VIEWPOINT - A LARGE OLD HOUSE - (NIGHT)

A path from the motel office leads directly up to this house. There is a light on in one of the upstairs rooms. A woman passes the window, pauses, peers out.

We see her in clear silhouette. She quickly goes away from the window.

EXT. PORCH OF BATES' MOTEL - (NIGHT)

Mary, having seen the woman, expects now that she will get some attention. She stands a few moments, waiting.

No one comes. Impatience and anger rise in Mary. She dashes out into the rain, to her car, gets in, opens the side window, and begins to honk the horn. After a moment, a young man opens the front door of the house, pauses, and starts down the path.

After a few steps, he turns and runs back into the house. Mary leaves her car, starts a dash for the shelter of the porch. As she runs, we see that the young man has gone back only to get an umbrella. Seeing that Mary is on her way to the porch, he runs quickly, the umbrella unopened in his hand. He gets to the porch a moment after Mary has reached it.

He stops short, looks at her, then at the umbrella hanging useless in his hand, then back to her. There is something sadly touching in his manner, in his look. Mary's impatience goes and she smiles and this makes him almost smile. He gestures her into the office, standing back to indicate that he will go after her. She goes into the office.

INT. OFFICE OF BATES' MOTEL - (NIGHT)

The young man follows Mary in, closes the door. He is Norman Bates, somewhere in his late twenties, thin and tall, soft-spoken, and hesitant. Mary is also late twenties, thin, and tall for a woman. She's often told that she should be a Las Vegas showgirl. It's a striking coincidence. So, striking in fact, that a random thought momentarily crosses her mind: I've never worn a man, before.

NORMAN

"Dirty night."

MARY

Not really a question.

"You have a vacancy?"

NORMAN

Simply, almost cheerfully.

"We have twelve vacancies. Twelve cabins, twelve vacancies."

A pause.

"They moved away the highway."

MARY

"I thought I'd gotten off the main ..."

NORMAN

"I knew you must have. No one stops here anymore unless they do."

He is behind the counter now, pushing forward the registration book.

NORMAN

"But it's no good dwelling on our losses, is it. We go right ahead lighting signs and following the formalities ... Would you sign, please."

Mary has placed her handbag on the counter. She takes the registration book, picks up the pen, and is suddenly struck with the realization that she'd better use an alias. She writes the name Marie Samuels.

NORMAN

“Your home address. Oh, just the town will do.”

MARY

Glancing at newspaper sticking out of her handbag.

Los Angeles.

She realizes he didn't ask her to tell him, merely to write it down. She smiles, writes Los Angeles beside the false name.

Norman smiles, and then stops smiling out of embarrassment.

NORMAN

“Cabin One. It's closer in case you want anything ... right next to the office.”

CLOSEUP - NORMAN

He removes a key for Cabin One. We see that there is a remaining key on the board.

TWO SHOT - MARY AND NORMAN

MARY

“I want sleep more than anything. Except maybe, food.”

NORMAN

“There's a big diner about ten miles on up ... just outside Fairvale.”

MARY

“Am I that close to Fairvale?”

NORMAN

“Fifteen miles. I’ll get your bags.”

He goes to door, opens it. The rain has slowed down considerably. He smiles at this fact, as if to communicate some pleasure he finds in it. Mary follows him to the door, goes out on the porch, waits and watches as Norman runs to her car, gets in, drives it to the parking space in front of Cabin One.

Mary walks along the porch, waits before the door of Cabin One. Norman gets out of car, with suitcase, runs to the door, opens it, pushes the door open, puts his hand in and switches on a light. Mary goes into the cabin. Norman follows her.

INT. CABIN ONE - (NIGHT)

Norman places suitcase on bed, goes to the window, opens it. He proceeds to further engage her in small talk, something he’s obviously not very good at.

NORMAN

“Stuffy in here.”

Turns to her.

“Well ... the mattress is soft and there’re hangers in the closet and ... stationary with ‘Bates’ Motel’ printed on it in case you want to make your friends back home envious ... and ... the ... over there”

He points to the bathroom, fairly blushes.

MARY

Mary says what he, for some mysterious reason, is unable to utter.

“The bathroom.”

NORMAN

Quickly, starting to leave.

“I’ll be in the office if you want anything ... just tap on the wall.”

MARY

“Thank you, Mr. Bates.”

NORMAN

“Norman Bates.”

He pauses at the door, gazes at her. She smiles.

NORMAN

“You have something most girls never have.”

MARY

“I have?”

NORMAN

“There’s no name for it ... But it’s something that, that puts a person at ease.”

MARY

“Thank you. Again.”

NORMAN

Not really a question.

“You’re not going to go out again and drive up to that diner, are you?”

MARY

“No.”

NORMAN

“Then will you do me a favor?”

Without waiting for her response.

“Will you have supper here? I was just about to, myself ... nothing more than some sandwiches and a lot of milk, but I’d like it if you’d come up to the house and ... I don’t set a fancy table but ... the kitchen’s awful homey.”

MARY

“I’d like to.”

NORMAN

“All right, you get your dresses hanging out and ... change those wet shoes, and I’ll come for you soon as it’s ready ...”

Starts out.

“... with my trusty umbrella.”

He laughs a small laugh, runs off.

Mary closes the door, goes to suitcase, opens it, and starts to take out a dress. Her handbag is next to the suitcase. She glances down into it, pauses, drops the dress, reaches into the handbag, takes out the money-filled envelope, stares at it, almost with regret, filled contemplates hiding it, decides to, starts looking for a reasonable hiding place. She looks about, at the closet, the drawers etc., realizes all such places are obvious. Catching sight of the newspaper in her bag, she hits on a solution. She opens the newspaper, places the envelope within it, lock-folds the paper again and then places it on the bedside table as if it were there for later reading. She considers this for a moment, accepts it, and goes to her suitcase to start unpacking.

Suddenly the quiet is shattered by the shrill, ugly sound of a woman’s voice, raised in anger.

WOMAN’S VOICE

“No! I tell you no!”

Mary walks slowly to the window, realizing that the terrible voice is coming from the house behind the cabins. The camera follows her to window and once there we see the light is still on in the upstairs bedroom and the voice is coming from that room. The rain has stopped and the moon is out.

WOMAN’S VOICE

“I won’t have you bringing strange young girls in for supper ...”

An ugly, sneering note creeps into the woman’s voice.

“... by candlelight, I suppose, in the cheap erotic fashion of young men with cheap, erotic minds!”

NORMAN’S VOICE

“Mother, please ...”

WOMAN'S VOICE

“And then what? After supper, music? Whispers?”

NORMAN'S VOICE

“Mother, she’s just a stranger ... hungry, and the weather’s bad ...”

WOMAN'S VOICE

Mimicking him cruelly.

“Mother, she’s just a stranger!”

Hard, cruel again.

“As if men don’t desire strangers, as if ... oh, I refuse to speak of disgusting things because they disgust me! You understand, Boy?”

WOMAN'S VOICE

Pause.

“Go on, go tell her she’ll not be appeasing her ugly appetite with my food ... or my son! Or do I have to tell her, ‘cause you don’t have the guts? Huh, boy? You have the guts, boy?”

NORMAN'S VOICE

Blurted out, full of fury and shame.

“Shut up! Shut up!”

There is the sound of a door closing in that room up there. Mary has stood by the window, listening with mounting distress and concern and sympathy. She turns her face away now, gazes sadly at the little empty room.

In a moment there is the sound of the house’s front door slamming shut. Mary turns, looks out the window.

FROM MARY'S VIEWPOINT - (NIGHT)

We see Norman coming down the path, carrying a napkin-covered tray.

INT. CABIN ONE - (NIGHT)

Mary looks at him for a moment, then turns quickly, goes to the door, opens it and goes out onto the porch.

EXT. THE MOTEL PORCH - (NIGHT)

Mary pauses outside the door, is about to start forward when Norman comes round the building and walks along the porch, past the office, stopping only when he is close to her. He stares with painful embarrassment at the knowing look in her eye.

MARY

“I’ve caused you some trouble.”

NORMAN

“Mother ...”

A hollow little laugh, an attempt at sardonic humor.

“... what is the phrase ... ‘She isn’t herself today’ ... I think that’s it.

MARY

Looking at the tray.

“You shouldn’t have bothered. I really don’t have that much of an appetite.”

Norman flinches, realizing she has heard his mother’s reference to Mary’s appetite.

NORMAN

“I’m sorry. I wish ... people could apologize for other people.”

MARY

“Don’t worry about it.”

A warm smile.

“But as long as you’ve made us supper, we may as well eat it. Huh?”

She begins to back into her room. Norman starts to follow, hesitates as he sees the total picture of an attractive young woman and a motel room. Bringing down the tray of food, in defiance of his mother's orders, is about the limit of his defiance for one day. He cannot go into Mary's room.

NORMAN

“It might be nicer ... warmer in the office.”

Without waiting for approval or disapproval, he turns, hurries to the office. Mary looks after him, her face showing amused sympathy, then follows.

INT. THE MOTEL OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Norman looks about, tray in hand, sees there is no reasonable place to spread out a supper. He turns, sees Mary standing in the doorway.

NORMAN

“Eating in an office ...”

A rueful smile.

“... too officious, even for me. I have the parlor behind this ... if you'd like.”

Mary nods. Norman walks on, behind the counter and into the darkened parlor. Mary follows.

INT. NORMAN'S PARLOR - (NIGHT)

In the darkened room, lit only by the light from the office spilling in, we see Norman placing the tray on a table. Mary comes to the doorway, pauses. Norman straightens up, goes to lamp, and turns on the light. Mary is startled by the room. Even in the dimness of one lamp, the strange, extraordinary nature of the room rushes up at one. It is a room of birds. Stuffed birds, all over the room, on every available surface, one even clinging to the old-fashioned fringed shade of the lamp. The birds are of many varieties, beautiful, grand, horrible, and preying. Mary stares in awe and a certain fascinated horror.

CLOSE UP - THE VARIOUS BIRDS TWO SHOT - MARY AND NORMAN

NORMAN

“Please sit down. On the sofa.”

As Norman goes about spreading out the bread and ham and pouring the milk, we follow Mary across the room. She studies the birds as she walks, briefly examines a bookcase stacked with books on the subject of “Taxidermy.”

CLOSE UP - THE BOOKS ON TAXIDERMED. CLOSE SHOT - MARY

She notices, too, the paintings on the wall; nudes, primarily, and many with a vaguely religious overtone. Finally, Mary reaches the sofa, sits down, and looks at the spread.

MARY

“You’re very ... kind.”

NORMAN

“It’s all for you. I’m not hungry. Please go ahead.”

Mary begins to eat, her attitude a bit tense. She takes up a small slice of ham, bites off a tiny bite, nibbles at it in the manner of one disturbed and preoccupied. Norman gazes at her, at the tiny bite she has taken, smiles, and then laughs.

NORMAN

“You eat like a bird.”

MARY

“You’d know, of course.”

NORMAN

“Not really. I hear that expression, that one eats ‘like a bird,’ is really a falsie, I mean a falsity, because birds eat a tremendous lot.”

A pause, then explaining.

“Oh, I don’t know anything about birds. My hobby is stuffing things ... taxidermy. And I guess I’d just rather stuff birds because ... well, I hate the look of beasts when they’re stuffed, foxes and chimps and all ... some people even stuff dogs and cats ... but I can’t ... I think only birds look well stuffed because they’re rather ... passive, to begin with ... most of them ...”

He trails off, his exuberance failing in the rushing return of his natural hesitancy and discomfort. Mary looks at him, with some compression, smiles.

MARY

“It’s a strange hobby. Curious, I mean.”

NORMAN

“Uncommon, too.”

MARY

“I imagine so.”

NORMAN

“It’s not as expensive as you’d think. Cheap, really. Needles, thread, sawdust ... the chemicals are all that cost anything.”

He goes quiet, looks disturbed.

MARY

“A man should have a hobby.”

NORMAN

“It’s more than a hobby ... sometimes ... a hobby is supposed to pass the time, not fill it.”

MARY

After a pause, softly.

“Is your time so empty?”

NORMAN

“Oh, no!”

Forcing brightness, again.

“I run the office, tend the cabins and grounds, and do little chores for mother ... the ones she allows I might be capable of doing.”

MARY

“You go out ... with friends?”

NORMAN

“Friends? Who needs friends?”

Laughs, then with gallows humor.

“A boy’s best friend is his mother.”

Stops laughing.

“You’ve never had an empty moment in your whole life. Have you?”

MARY

“Only my share.”

NORMAN

“Where are you going? I don’t mean to pry ...”

MARY

A wistful smile.

“I’m looking for a private island.”

NORMAN

“What are you running away from?”

MARY

Alert.

“Why do you ask that?”

NORMAN

“No. People never run away from anything.”

A pause.

“The rain didn’t last very long.”

Turning suddenly.

“You know what I think? I think we’re all in our private traps, clamped in them, and none of us can ever climb out. We scratch and claw ... but only at the air, only at each other, and for all of it, we never budge an inch.”

MARY

“Sometimes we deliberately step into those traps.”

NORMAN

“I was born in mine. I don’t mind it anymore.”

MARY

“You should ... mind it.”

NORMAN

“Oh, I do ... but I say I don’t.”

Laughs boyishly.

MARY

Staring at him, shaking her head softly.

“If anyone ever spoke to me, the way I heard ... The way she spoke to you, I don’t think I could ever laugh again.”

NORMAN

Controlled resentment.

“Sometimes when she talks that way to me I’d like to ... curse her out and leave her forever!”

A rueful smile.

“Or at least, defy her.”

A pause, a hopeless shrug.

“But I couldn’t. She’s ill.”

MARY

“She sounded strong ...”

NORMAN

“I mean ... ill.”

A pause.

“She had to raise me all by herself after my dad died ... I was only five ... and it must have been a strain. Oh, she didn’t have to go out to work or anything, Dad left us with a little something ... anyway, a few years ago ... Mother met a man. He talked her into building this motel ... He could have talked her into anything ... and when. Well ... It was just too much for her when he died, too ... And the way he died ... Oh, it’s nothing to talk about when you’re eating.”

Pauses, smiles.

“Anyway, it was too much of a loss for my mother ... she had nothing left.”

MARY

Critically.

“Except you.”

NORMAN

“A son is a poor substitute for a lover.”

Turns away as if in distaste of the word.

MARY

“Why don’t you go away?”

NORMAN

“To a private island, like you?”

MARY

“No, not like me.”

NORMAN

“It’s too late for me. And besides ... who’d look after her? She’d be alone up there, the fire would go out ... damp and cold, like a grave. When you love someone, you don’t do that to them, even if you hate them. Oh, I don’t hate her. I hate ... what she’s become. I hate ... the illness.”

MARY

Slowly, carefully.

“Wouldn’t it be better if you put her in ... someplace ...”

She hesitates. Norman turns, slowly, looking at her with a striking coldness.

NORMAN

“An Institution? A madhouse? People always call a madhouse ‘someplace.’”

Mimicking, coldly.

“Put her in Someplace!”

MARY

“I’m sorry ... I didn’t mean it to sound uncaring ...”

NORMAN

The coldness turning to tight fury.

“What do you mean about caring? Have you ever seen one of those places? Inside? Laughing and tears and cruel eyes studying you ... and my mother there? Why? Has she harmed you? She’s as harmless as ... one of these stuffed birds.”

MARY

“I am sorry. I only felt ... it seemed she was harming you. I meant ...”

NORMAN

High fury, now.

“Well? You meant well? People always mean well, they cluck their thick tongues and shake their heads and suggest so very delicately that ...”

The fury suddenly dies, abruptly and completely, and he sinks back into his chair. There is a brief silence.

Mary watches the troubled man, is almost physically pained by his anguish.

NORMAN

Quietly.

“I’ve suggested it myself. But I hate to even think such a thing. She needs me ... and it isn’t ...”

Looks up with a childlike pleading in his eyes.

“... it isn’t as if she were a maniac, a raving thing ... it’s just that ... sometimes she goes a little mad. We all go a little mad sometimes. Haven’t you?”

MARY

After a long thoughtful pause.

“Yes, and just one time can be enough.”

Rises.

“Thank you.”

NORMAN

Cheerfully, correcting.

“Thank you, Norman.”

MARY

“Norman.”

NORMAN

“You’re not going to ... to your room already?”

MARY

“I’m very tired. And I’ll have a long drive tomorrow. All the way back to Phoenix.”

NORMAN

“Phoenix?”

MARY

“I stepped into a private trap back there—and I want to go back and ... try to pull myself out.”

Looking close at Norman.

“Before it’s too late for me, too.”

NORMAN

Looking at her.

“Why don’t you stay a little while, just for talking?”

MARY

“I’d like to, but ...”

NORMAN

“Alright. I’ll see you in the morning. I’ll bring you breakfast. What time will you ...”

MARY

“Very early. Dawn.”

NORMAN

“Alright, Miss ...”

He has forgotten her name.

MARY

“Crane.”

NORMAN

“That’s it.”

He frowns, as if bothered by not being able to match the name to the memory of the name in the registration book.

MARY

“Good night.”

Act 04

Mary goes out of the parlor. We see her, from Norman's viewpoint, as she crosses the small office, goes out into the night. Norman turns and looks at the table, and we see his face now. It is bright with that drunken-like look of determination and encouragement and like resolve. He starts to clean up the table, pauses as he hears the closing of Mary's door in the cabin next door.

He holds still, listens. He goes into the office and looks at the book.

C.U. - THE NAME "SAMUELS"

M.S. - NORMAN

He goes back into the parlor with a mystified expression. The sound of Mary moving about her room come over, soft sounds, somehow intimate in the night quiet. Norman turns his ear from the direction of the sounds, seems to be fighting an impulse to listen, or more than listen.

But slowly, he is forced to surrender to the impulse and, resisting himself, he goes to the wall, presses the side of his head against it. The sounds come louder, as if we too had our ear pressed against the wall. Now Norman looks at a picture hanging on the far end of the wall he is leaning against. Slowly he starts toward it.

He reaches it, touches it, and reluctantly lifts the small frame off the wall. A tiny circle of light hits Norman's face, coming from the hole in the wall behind the picture. This end of the room is very dim and thus we are able to see clearly the light striking Norman's face. We move close to Norman, extremely close, until his profile fills the screen. The tiny spot of light hits his eye. See the small hole through which the light comes. Norman peeps through.

NORMAN'S VIEWPOINT

Through the hole we look into Mary's cabin, see Mary undressing. She is in her bra and half-slip. She stoops over a bit, places her hands behind her upper back, begins to unhook her bra.

NORMAN - ECU

He watches as Mary removes her bra. We see his eye run up and down the unseen figure of Mary.

NORMAN'S VIEWPOINT

Mary, just slipping into a robe, covering her complete nudity.

NORMAN

He turns from the hole, faces us for a moment, continues turning until he can look out the small parlor window.

We see, as he sees ...

THE HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND

NORMAN

He turns his face away, quickly, resentfully. In his face we see anger and anguish. And then resolve.

Quickly, precisely, he rehangs the picture over the hole in the wall, turns, starts out of the parlor. We see him go through the office and out onto the porch, not even bothering to close the door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MOTEL OFFICE PORCH - (NIGHT)

Norman walking along the porch, in the direction of the big house. Once on the path he pauses, looks up at the light in the bedroom window, then pulls himself up, squares his shoulders, strides manfully up the path.

Camera follows behind him. He opens the door of the house, enters. We see him pause at the foot of the stairway, look up at the bedroom door just at the head of the stair. He holds for a moment, and then his resolve and courage evaporate. His shoulders slump, sadly, mournfully. He by-passes the stairs and slowly makes his way to the kitchen.

At the far end of the hall. He enters the kitchen, drops wearily into a chair. After a moment, he stretches out a leg and gently pushes the kitchen door closed.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY'S MOTEL ROOM - (NIGHT)

Mary is seated at the small desk, engrossed in figuring in a small notebook. We see from these figures a calculation which indicates her intention to make a restitution of the money she has used of the forty thousand dollars. We see, too, her bankbook. The paper reads thus: top figure, 40,000; directly beneath it 500, the amount used for the new car; total after subtraction, 39,500. In another spot we see a figure which matches the balance in her bankbook; 624.00.

Beneath this is the figure 500, and the amount after subtraction, 124.00. She studies the figures, sighs, not wearily but with a certain satisfaction, with the pleasure that comes when one knows that at any cost one is going to continue doing the right thing. After a moment she tears the page out of the notebook and, rising, begins to rip it into small pieces. She goes into the bathroom, drops the pieces into the toilet bowl, and flushes the toilet. Then she drops her robe and steps into the tub and turns the shower on.

INT. MARY IN SHOWER

Over the bar on which hangs the shower curtain, we can see the bathroom door, not entirely closed. For a moment we watch Mary as she washes and soaps herself. There is still a small worry in her eyes, but generally she looks somewhat relieved.

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. Mary's back is turned to the curtain. The white brightness of the bathroom is almost blinding.

Suddenly we see the hand reach up, grasp the shower curtain, rip it aside.

CUT TO:

MARY - ECU

As she turns in response to the feel and sound of the shower curtain being torn aside. A look of pure horror erupts in 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.

THE SLASHING

An impression of a 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

Mary's body falls in the tub.

REVERSE ANGLE

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 see only 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.

CUT TO:

THE DEAD BODY

Lying half in, half out of the tub, the head tumbled over, touching the floor, the hair wet, one eye wide open as if popped, one arm lying limp and wet along the tile floor.

Coming down the side of the tub, running thick and dark along the porcelain, we see many small threads of blood.

Camera follows away from the body, travels slowly across the bathroom, past the toilet, out into the bedroom. As camera approaches the bed, we see the folded newspaper as Mary placed it on the bedside table.

CLOSE UP - THE NEWSPAPER

Beside the bed. The camera now moves away over to the window and looks up to the house, and as it gets there we hear, coming from within the house, the sound of Norman's fearful, shocked voice.

NORMAN'S VOICE

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

We cannot entirely distinguish these exclamations. After a moment or two of silence, Norman emerges from the front door, dashes down the path toward the motel.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. THE PATH - (NIGHT)

Norman is coming at camera, running head-on. He dashes into an extreme close up and we see the terror and fear ripe in his face. Camera pans as Norman races past, holds as Norman runs to the porch and quickly along it and directly to Mary's room.

INT. MARY'S CABIN - (NIGHT)

Norman pauses a moment in the doorway, glances about the room, hears the shower going, sees the bathroom door is open. He goes to the bathroom, looks in, and sees the body.

Slowly, almost carefully, he raises his hands to his face, covers his eyes, and turns his face away. Then he crosses to the window, looks out at the house. Shot is so angled that we see the bedside table with the newspaper on it.

After a moment, Norman moves from the window, sinks onto the edge of the bed.

FRESH ANGLE - BEHIND NORMAN

Norman sitting on bed, the bathroom in b.g. of shot. We can see only the hand of the dead girl, lying along the tile floor. Norman presses his eyes, fights to find a way out of his dilemma. Slowly, a kind of settling comes upon him, the peace that comes with decision.

Norman rises, goes to the window, looks out, and then, with resolution, closes the window and draws the curtain across it. Then he crosses to the front window, facing the porch, and draws those curtains closed. Then he switches off the bedroom light, leaving the room lit only by the spill from the bathroom. He opens the front door, goes out.

EXT. THE HOTEL PORCH - (NIGHT)

Norman comes out of Mary's cabin, closes the door carefully behind him, goes along the porch to his office, and goes in. We stay outside. Immediately, the "Vacancy" sign goes off, and then the motel sign goes off. As the camera goes closer to the office, the lights within go off and we hear a closet door opening and then the sound of a pail being picked up. Norman comes out of office, closes door, looks cautiously about, goes along porch, carrying pail with mop in it, and goes into Mary's cabin, closing the door after him.

INT. MARY'S CABIN

With the paper in the foreground, Norman enters. We can see him in the dim spill of light. He pauses by the door, then gathers his strength and goes into the bathroom. We hear him set the pail on the tiled floor, and then we hear the shower being turned off. And there is total silence.

The camera moves forward so that we can see into bathroom. The camera is angled so that we see Norman only from the waist up. Quickly and deftly he unhooks the shower curtain, emerges with it into the bedroom. The camera pans down and we see him spread the shower curtain on the bedroom floor, just outside the bathroom door. He spreads the curtain so that one end of it comes up against the bathroom threshold and slightly over and onto the tile floor. Again he goes into the bathroom and the camera tilts up so that we see only the upper half of Norman.

He works carefully, with his arms extended away from his body, slowly pulls the dead body out of the tub, and drags it across the tile floor and onto the spread-out shower curtain in the bedroom. Having arranged the body, he straightens up, examines his hands, and sees bloodstains on them. He returns to the bathroom, goes to the hand-basin.

CLOSE SHOT

We see his hands being washed, see the bloodstains being diluted and washed away by the gush of the faucet water.

NORMAN

We see Norman shake his hands free of the water, then turn to the job of cleaning the bathroom. He places the pail in the tub, runs water into it, dips the mop in, and swabs the tile floor. With a towel he wipes off the wall over the tub and the edges and sides of the tub and even the shower curtain rod. Then he takes a second towel and goes over the cleaned areas, carefully drying them. Finally he rinses and squeezes out the mop, empties the pail, cleans out the tub, and goes out into the bedroom.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM

Norman steps carefully around the unseen body, crosses to the desk, starts going through Mary's handbag, in search of her car keys. He suddenly notices them lying on the desk, where he'd thrown them after parking her car. He picks up the keys, crosses the room, and goes out.

EXT. THE PORCH

We see Norman pauses at the door, check cautiously, then hurry across the porch and into Mary's car. He circle-turns the car, so that its trunk is backed up to the turns porch, directly opposite Mary's door, as close as it can go. Then he alights, goes to the trunk, opens it with the key and, leaving the trunk lid raised, and goes back into the cabin.

INT. MARY'S ROOM

From a raised angle, we see Norman bend down and begin to wrap the shower curtain around the body. We see the edges of the curtain as they are raised and laid down again. Then he picks up the wrapped body, crosses to the door, uses his foot to pull the door open, and, leaving the door open behind him, goes quickly across the porch and gently lays the body in the trunk. He closes the lid then, but does not lock it. He comes back into the cabin, closes the door completely, and flicks on the light. Again the newspaper is in the foreground. For a moment he pauses, closes his eyes against the realization of what he is doing, then quickly pushes all thoughts away, continues with his work. With the room lighted, he now proceeds to gather up all Mary's articles and toss them into the suitcase. He checks all drawers and the closet, gets down and checks under bed and bureau, goes into the bathroom, checks that room again, comes back into the bedroom, looks about carefully, spots Mary's handbag, throws even that into the suitcase, is finally satisfied that all traces of the girl are gone from the room. Then he closes Mary's suitcase, picks it up.

With his free hand he picks up the pail, in which are the mop and the used towels. He crosses to the door, switches off the light with his shoulder, pulls open the door, starts out.

EXT. THE PORCH

As Norman stands in the doorway, he is suddenly and blindingly lit by the bright headlights of a passing car. The flash of the lights and the sound of the speeding car are over in a flicker of a moment, but it takes a few seconds for Norman to regain his former tense composure. Then he goes to the car trunk, raises it with his foot, throws the suitcase and the pail into it, and slams it shut. He pauses a moment, then realizes he has left the bathroom light on in Mary's cabin. He returns to cabin. As he enters, his eye is caught by the newspaper on the bedside table. He goes to it, takes the newspaper, and looks once again into the bathroom. His glance goes right over the toilet bowl.

He turns out the lights, crosses the darkened cabin, and goes out onto the porch.

He reopens the trunk, tosses in the newspaper and closes it. He goes around and jumps into the car and starts away. We hold on the trunk, follow it for a while, then ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SWAMP - (NIGHT)

The car pulls away from a close angle on the trunk and as the camera holds we see that we are now in a swamp area. It is quiet except for the irritating noises of night insects.

Norman stops the car at the very edge of the swamp, turns off the lights, and gets out, leaving door open. He looks at the swamp, seems doubtful of its ability to swallow up the car, and realizes he has no choice. He leans into the car, releases the emergency brake, starts to push. The front of the car begins to roll into the swamp.

We're lulled sidewise, momentarily, into introspection. By an old wives' tale of the Victorian era. If your intent is to kill a lunatic, make sure that you cut their head off. Attributing supernatural abilities to the insane?

Suddenly there is the low, throbbing sound of a motor. Norman freezes, listens. The sound grows louder and Norman realizes it is an airplane flying overhead. The car is rolling quickly now.

Norman jumps away, slams the door shut, and stands tense. The sound of the plane overhead grows louder.

Norman looks up.

NORMAN'S VIEWPOINT - THE BLACK SKY

We see no plane. The sound of the motor is beginning to diminish.

CUT BACK TO:

NORMAN

We see the relief in his face. He looks at the car. More than two-thirds of it have already sunk into the swamp. The trunk alone seems to hold poised above the sand and slime, as if refusing to go the rest of the way. Norman begins to panic, he steps dangerously close, pushes with his foot. And slowly the car sinks, until finally it is gone and we hear only the gentle plop of the swamp's final gulp, and see only the small after-bubble, like a visual burp.

Norman waits a moment, then begins stamping out the tire marks, so obvious in the wet ground around the swamp.

He stamps and drags his feet over the markings as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP NORMAN

Standing on the porch of the motel, leaning against a post. He is staring out into the night, a look of guarded, casual innocence on his face, as if he were taking one last moment of peaceful night air before retiring. Then he glances down and the camera follows his gaze. A hose is lying on the ground outside Mary's cabin, its stream of water obliterating the tire marks.

After a moment, Norman's hand comes into shot, picks up hose, and places it in a new position. As the camera pulls back, we see that the water from the hose has erased and rearranged the road markings so that it would be impossible to tell that a car had been parked here.

After a short wait, Norman goes to the hose-faucet, turns it off, and unscrews the hose. As he rolls the hose, he walks away from the spot, past the office, heading for the path that leads to the house. He goes up the path, pauses at the steps of the house, tosses the curled hose onto the lawn, and goes up the steps and into the house. The camera follows him in, pauses as he pauses at the foot of the stairs. Norman goes up the stairs.

On the landing he stops. The door to his mother's room is closed. Lying in a heap outside the door are a blood-stained dress and a pair of elderly-woman's shoes. From an extremely high angle, we look down on Norman as he bends to pick up the stained dress and shoes.

He rolls the shoes into the dress, tucks the small, neat bundle under his arm, and starts down the stairs, heading for the basement.

EXT. A LONG SHOT OF THE OLD HOUSE - (NIGHT)

It stands silhouetted against the sky. There is a long wait. Then, slowly, a curl of smoke comes out of the chimney.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN

INT. BACK ROOM OF SAM'S HARDWARE STORE IN FAIRVALE - (DAY)

Sam is seated at his desk, writing a letter. Sequence begins with the camera in close, over Sam's shoulder, and we can read as much as he has written of the letter. The letterhead reads "Sam Loomis - Hardware," and the letter reads: "Dearest right-as-always Mary: I'm sitting in this tiny back room which isn't big enough for both of us, and suddenly it looks big enough for both of us. So what if we're poor and cramped and miserable, at least we'll be happy! If you haven't come to your senses, and still want to ..."

The camera begins pulling away as Sam turns the sheet of paper over, continues backing away out of the small back room and heads, backwards, down the corridor, we see a young clerk, Bob Summerfield, Sam's assistant, standing behind the counter, a look of handsome patience on his face. He is waiting on a meticulous, elderly woman customer, who is holding and examining a large can of insecticide. As camera passes:

WOMAN CUSTOMER

"They tell you what its ingredients are and how it's guaranteed to exterminate any insect in the world, but they do not tell you whether or not it's painless. And I say insect or man, death should always be painless."

The camera, by this has reached the front door of the hardware store and we now see a girl standing just inside the door. She is an attractive girl with a rather definite manner, a look of purposefulness. She carries a handbag and a small overnight case. She is Mary's sister, Lila Crane.

Bob Summerfield has noticed Lila, smiles brightly at her, gives her an I'll-be-with-you-in-a-moment nod.

Lila starts to walk toward the counter, never taking her eyes off Bob. As she approaches, she asks quietly:

LILA

"Sam?"

SUMMERFIELD

"You want to see Sam?"

LILA

“Sam Loomis.”

SUMMERFIELD

Yelling toward back room.

“Sam! Lady wants to see you!”

Lila looks to the back room. The woman customer goes on worriedly examining the fine print of the insecticide can. Sam comes to the door of his room, pauses, looks at Lila a moment, starts toward her, his expression indicating that he does not know her. Lila studies him with a quiet, worried expression.

SAM

“Yes?”

LILA

“May I talk to you?”

SAM

A bit mystified.

“Sure ...”

Lila glances at the customer and the clerk, turns, starts toward the front of the store. Sam holds a moment, then follows. As he reaches her, she turns, her eyes studying him intently as she says:

LILA

“I’m Mary’s sister.”

SAM

“Lila.”

LILA

Quickly.

“Is Mary here?”

Sam is mystified, and is also aware of the worried, hostile expression on Lila’s face. He studies her for a quiet moment.

Behind them is a display of various size carving knives. There is also a display of vintage Liston dissection knives, one of which is missing.

SAM

“Is something wrong?”

LILA

“I want to know if my sister is here.”

SAM

“Here?”

LILA

“With you.”

SAM

“Where?”

LILA

“I don’t know where. In your store, somewhere in your town ... anywhere.”

SAM

“What’s the matter?”

LILA

“Don’t you know?”

As Sam is about to speak, the woman customer comes sailing past, speaking as she goes and wearing a satisfied smile.

WOMAN CUSTOMER

“All I can do is hope if it isn’t painful, it’s quick!”

She speaks “quick” with a kind of delicious bite, nods happily, and goes on out of the store. Sam is now staring apprehensively at Lila.

SAM

“What should I know?”

LILA

“To begin with, where Mary is. Do you?”

SAM

“No. I take it you don’t either?”

As Lila shakes her head.

“How long?”

LILA

“Last Friday. She left work, and home ... I was in Tucson over the weekend ... I haven’t heard from her, not even a phone call.”

SAM

“And you thought she’d come up here, to me? If she had, what reason would she have for not calling you?”

LILA

“A good reason, I suppose.”

SAM

Slightly exasperated.

“Well what do you think, we eloped or something? Or we’re living in sin and ...”

LILA

“Mr. Loomis, you’re so busy being defensive that you haven’t even reacted to the most serious fact of all. Mary is missing.”

SAM

“I was getting to that!”

LILA

“What do you know about it?”

SAM

“Nothing! You’re putting me on the defensive.”

LILA

“Look, if you two are in this thing together, I don’t care, it’s none of my business ... But I want to see Mary. I want her to tell me she’s all right and it’s none of my business. Then I’ll go back to Phoenix and ...”

She stops, the anxiety and fear building up in her, her eyes beginning to fill with worried tears. Sam studies her for a moment, then turns and calls:

SAM

“Bob? Run out and get yourself some lunch.”

SUMMERFIELD

“It’s okay, Sam, I brought it with me.”

SAM

“Run out and eat it.”

Bob gets the message, goes out through the back way. Sam goes closer to Lila, speaks with soft seriousness.

SAM

“What thing?”

LILA

“Huh?”

SAM

“What thing could we be in together?”

LILA

A pause.

“I hate tears.”

Takes out hankie.

SAM

“Is Mary ... in trouble?”

LILA

“Yes.”

SAM

“Well why didn’t she come to me ... call me ...?”

LILA

“Not that kind ...”

Almost a smile.

“You men and your egos.”

SAM

Seriously.

“Never mind my ego. Let’s talk about Mary.”

Their attention is distracted by a man who has strolled quietly into the room. He ignores them, walks past them, goes behind the counter, takes down a sign reading “CLOSED FOR LUNCH,” walks back to the door, closes door, hangs the sign across the door window, locks the door, turns to Sam and Lila, folds his arms, smiles a particularly unfriendly smile.

ARBOGAST

“Let’s all talk about Mary.”

SAM

“Who are you, friend?”

ARBOGAST

“Milt Arbogast, Private Investigator.”

To Lila.

“Where is she, Miss Crane?”

LILA

“I don’t know.”

ARBOGAST

“Wouldn’t have been able to tail you if you did.”

SAM

“What’s your interest?”

ARBOGAST

“Money.”

There is a moment’s silence and then, unable to tolerate the sudden frightening happenings, Sam explodes.

SAM

“Somebody better tell me what’s going on and tell me fast! I can take so much and then ...”

ARBOGAST

Interrupting calmly.

“Your girlfriend stole forty thousand dollars.”

Sam looks at Arbogast in utter shock and in that state asks one of those seemingly ridiculous questions.

SAM

“Why?”

ARBOGAST

An almost amused smile.

“Must’ve needed it.”

SAM

“What are you talking about?”

To Lila.

“What is this?”

LILA

“She was supposed to bank it, on Friday, for her boss. She didn’t. And no one has seen her since.”

ARBOGAST

Looking at Sam.

“Someone has seen her. Someone always sees a girl with forty thousand dollars.”

To Sam.

“She is your girlfriend, isn’t she?”

LILA

“Sam, they don’t want to prosecute, they just want the money back. It was all in cash ...”

ARBOGAST

Correcting with Cassidy’s word.

“Casharoonie!”

LILA

“Sam, if she’s here ...”

SAM

“She isn’t!”

A real look of anguish comes into Lila’s face. And Arbogast studies it, then speaks.

ARBOGAST

“You came up here on a hunch, Miss Crane? Nothing more? No phone call ... from him, or from your sister herself?”

LILA

Wearily.

“Not even a hunch. Just hope.”

ARBOGAST

“With a little checking, I could get to believe you.”

LILA

Anxiously.

“I don’t care if you do or ... I want to see Mary ... before she gets in any deeper ...”

SAM

“Did you check in Phoenix ... hospitals ... maybe she had an accident ... a hold-up ...”

ARBOGAST

“She was seen leaving town in her car. Seen by her very victims, I might add.”

SAM

After a moment.

“I don’t believe it.”

To Lila, slowly.

“Do you?”

LILA

A thoughtful pause.

“Yes ... I just ... did. The moment they told me ...”

SAM

“You might have doubted for say five minutes or so, Sister.”

Lila turns from Sam, a flush of guilt and regret in her face. Arbogast looks at her, quiet sympathetically.

ARBOGAST

“We’re always quickest to doubt people who have a record for being honest. I think she’s here, Miss Crane. Where there’s a boyfriend ...”

Trails off, smiles encouragingly.

“She won’t be back there among the nuts and bolts ... but she’ll be in this town ... somewhere. I’ll find her.”

He nods, takes down the closed-for-lunch sign, sails it to the counter, opens door, goes out into the street.

After a quiet moment:

LILA

“I just listened ... and believed everything they told me. ‘She stole the money.’ ‘We don’t want to get her in trouble.’ ‘No don’t bring the police in’ ...”

SAM

“It was her boss’ idea not to report it to the police?”

LILA

“No. The man whose money she ... he talked so loud and fast, and I ... I should’ve called the police.”

SAM

“He must have had a darn good reason for wanting them kept out of it ... All that cash ...”

LILA

“I ought to call the police right now!”

SAM

“No.”

LILA

“Why not? Sam, is she hiding here? Are you two planning to go away with the money?”

SAM

“How could I go away? I’m in debt up to my ...”

Smiles at the incongruity of his reply, then goes serious.

“If she did steal that money ... It’s hard to believe she did because it’s hard to see why she would. Unless she had some wild idea that it would help me ... us ...”

LILA

“She haven’t even called you?”

SAM

“I didn’t see her ... and I didn’t hear from her! Believe that!”

LILA

“I need to ... I need to believe something. This is the first time I’ve ever come up against anything I couldn’t ... understand.”

SAM

“You’ve led a charmed life.”

LILA

“No. I just think ... anything can be explained. But Mary, doing a thing like this ... I don’t know how to handle ...”

SAM

“Maybe we can handle it together.”

He smiles encouragingly.

LILA

A rueful shrug.

“I came flying up here expecting to get some explanation ... for all I know, she may be trying to get in touch with me, at home. I’d better go home.”

SAM

A thoughtful pause.

“I think she’ll contact me if she contacts anybody. Why don’t you stay here? When she shows up ... or calls ... be here.”

LILA

A long study, her suspicion of him evaporating.

“You want me to stay here?”

SAM

“She’ll need both of us.”

LILA

Considers, then:

“Where ... can I stay?”

SAM

Brightly.

“First rate hotel, fifty yards up the street. Come on.”

As he reaches for the closed-for-lunch sign.

“After we check you in we’ll go to the drugstore and get you a sandwich. Then we’ll come back here ... and wait.”

He hangs the sign on the door, ushers Lila out, and closes the door behind him.

Act 05

EXT. STREET - (DAY)

They emerge from the store and walk along to the hotel. As they enter, Arbogast is in the act of taking over a white Ford sedan from a rental car man. They glance at him and he returns a cynical look.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOTEL - (DAY)

Outside another hotel we see Arbogast alight from the white car and go into new hotel.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - (DAY)

The white car speeding along the highway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW MOTEL - (DAY)

Arbogast going into the office - we see the sign above him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BATES' MOTEL - (DAY)

A high shot showing the freeway and Bates house and motel on the side old highway. A pause and then across the bottom of the picture a white car speeds by on the freeway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOTEL - (DUSK)

Another Hotel. Arbogast goes in.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BATES' MOTEL - (DAY)

The white car speeding along the freeway again going in the opposite direction to last time. Norman, a tiny figure, is seen going up the steps to his mother's house.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - (DAY)

Arbogast's search is getting down in the scale. This is an entrance to a cheesy boarding house. "Rooms to Rent," etc.

He looks at his list and then goes in.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BATES' MOTEL - (DAY)

The white car goes by on the freeway again.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE - (DAY)

Arbogast goes in.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BATES' MOTEL - (TWILIGHT)

Heavy traffic on the freeway. A beat or two - again the white car. It slows up opposite the distant motel. It makes a turn and goes back out of scene. A pause and it reappears on the old road and slowly makes its way toward the Bates' Motel.

EXT. THE BATES' HOUSE AND MOTEL - (TWILIGHT)

We now see Norman. He has brought out an old rocking chair and has placed it on the office porch and is sitting hunched in it. And he is darning one of his own socks. Camera holds.

Beyond the porch, and Norman, we see the old house and can barely make out, in the twilight dimness, the figure of his mother seated at the window. Here, too, there is that quality of quiet peace surrounded by a vague foreboding.

Now Norman looks up at the sound of the approaching car. And continues looking as the car comes to a stop and Arbogast gets out. Arbogast gives the place a quick once-over, gazes at Norman, starts forward. In his steps and manner there is that bored, routine-logged quality of a man who has seen too many motels and asked question of too many hotel managers over too short a period of time.

Norman rises as Arbogast comes forward.

NORMAN

Shoving sock in his pocket.

“I always forget to put the sign on, but we do have vacancy.”

Cheerfully.

“Twelve in fact. Twelve cabins, twelve vacancies.”

ARBOGAST

Pleasantly.

“In the past two days I’ve been to so many motels, my eyes are bleary with neon. This is the first one that looked like it was hiding from the world at large.”

NORMAN

“I don’t really forget the sign; it just doesn’t seem ... any use.”

Points.

“This used to be the main highway.”

Starts for office.

“Want to register, please?”

ARBOGAST

“Sit down. I don’t want to trouble you, just want to ask ...”

NORMAN

“No trouble. Today’s linen day. I change all the beds once a week, whether they’ve been used or not ... dampness. I hate the smell of dampness.”

Opening office door.

“It’s such a dank smell.”

Norman is holding the door open, so Arbogast walks in. Norman follows.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - (TWILIGHT)

Norman switches on the overhead light, starts for the linen closet, suddenly pauses, turns, studies Arbogast, who has remained standing by the door.

NORMAN

“You out to buy a motel?”

ARBOGAST

“No.”

NORMAN

“Oh. I thought ... you said you’d been to so many in two days ... What was it you wanted to ask?”

ARBOGAST

“I’m looking for a missing person.”

Takes out and opens wallet and extends it as he speaks.

“My name’s Arbogast, private investigator ...”

Takes back wallet when Norman doesn’t look at it.

“Trying to trace a young girl who’s been missing almost a week. From Phoenix.”

A look at Norman’s frightened expression.

“It’s a private matter ... family wants to forgive her ...”

Smiles.

“She isn’t in trouble.”

NORMAN

Forcing a smile.

“I didn’t think the police went searching for people who weren’t in trouble.”

ARBOGAST

“I’m not the police.”

NORMAN

“Oh.”

He waits a moment, then opens closet, starts counting out sheets and pillow cases, keeps his back to Arbogast.

Arbogast takes a photograph out of his pocket, talks as he crosses to Norman.

ARBOGAST

“We have reason to believe she came this way ... might have stopped in this area ...”

Extends photograph, which Norman doesn’t glance at.

“Did she stop here?”

NORMAN

“No. No one has stopped here in weeks ...”

ARBOGAST

“Mind looking at the picture before committing yourself?”

NORMAN

“Committing myself to what? You sure talk like a policeman.”

ARBOGAST

“Look at the picture. Please.”

Norman glances, briefly, turns away, lifts sheets and pillow cases off the shelf holds them close, almost protectively.

NORMAN

“No. At least I don’t recall.”

ARBOGAST

“She might have used an alias. Mary Crane’s the real name, but she might’ve registered ...”

NORMAN

Interrupting.

“I don’t even bother with guests registering any more ... I mean, little by little, you drop the formalities.”

More relaxed, because Arbogast is listening with a pleasant smile.

“I shouldn’t even bother to change the linen. I guess habits die hard. Which reminds me ...”

He goes to the wall, flips a light switch.

NORMAN

“The vacancy sign. Just in case. We had a couple the other night, said if the sign hasn’t been on they’d have thought this was an old deserted mining town or something.”

ARBOGAST

“Now there’s a couple even remarking about your sign, and see how easily you forgot them?”

NORMAN

“What?”

ARBOGAST

“You thought no one has stopped here in weeks. Now, try to remember if this girl ...”

ARBOGAST

A pause, a study.

“Maybe she even signed the register ... because habits die hard. Let’s check it, huh?”

Norman says nothing. Arbogast goes to the desk, pulls the registry book around, and flips back a page or two.

Norman simply stares at the man. Arbogast hums faintly, pleasantly, as he examines the pages. Then:

ARBOGAST

“Yes sir! Marie Samuels. Interesting alias.”

He takes a slip of paper out of his pocket, lays it beside the signature in the registry book, all the while nodding and smiling nicely, as if this discovery will make Norman as happy as it is making him.

ARBOGAST

“Don’t know where she got ‘Marie,’ but ‘Samuels’ figures. Her boyfriend’s name is Sam.”

Turns to Norman, the smile gone.

“Was she in disguise? Or do you want to check the picture again?”

NORMAN

“I didn’t lie to you. I just have trouble keeping track of ... time.”

Arbogast has reached him, the picture extended. Norman looks dutifully at it.

NORMAN

“It was raining and her hair didn’t look like that ... dampened out, I guess.”

ARBOGAST

“Tell me all about her.”

NORMAN

“She arrived kind of late, wet, and hungry, and she was very tired, and went right to bed and left early.”

ARBOGAST

“How early?”

NORMAN

“Very early. Dawn.”

ARBOGAST

“Of which morning?”

NORMAN

“The following morning. Sunday.”

ARBOGAST

“No one met her?”

NORMAN

“No.”

ARBOGAST

“Or arrived with her.”

NORMAN

“No.”

ARBOGAST

“She didn’t call anyone? Even locally?”

NORMAN

“No.”

ARBOGAST

“You didn’t spend the whole night with her did you?”

NORMAN

“No! Of all ...”

ARBOGAST

“How do you know she didn’t make a call?”

NORMAN

“She was tired. She said she had a long drive ahead of her, in the morning ... Yes, now I’m remembering very clearly because I’m picturing. When you make a picture of the moment in your mind, you can remember every detail. She was sitting back there, no she was standing up, with some sandwich still in her hand, and she said she had to drive a long way.”

ARBOGAST

“Back where?”

NORMAN

“What do you mean?”

ARBOGAST

“You said she was sitting ‘back there,’ or standing rather ...”

NORMAN

“Oh. My private parlor. She had an awful hunger ... so I made her some supper. And then she went to bed and left in the morning. I didn’t even see her leave.”

ARBOGAST

“How did she pay you?”

NORMAN

“What?”

ARBOGAST

“Cash or check? For the cabin ...”

NORMAN

“Cash.”

ARBOGAST

“And when she left, she never came back.”

NORMAN

“Why should she? I’m sorry, I have work to do, Mr. ... if you don’t mind ...”

ARBOGAST

“I do mind. If it don’t jell, it ain’t aspic!”

Smiles.

“This ain’t jelling.”

NORMAN

“I don’t know what you expect me to know about ... people come and go ...”

ARBOGAST

“She isn’t still here, is she?”

NORMAN

“Not at all!”

ARBOGAST

“Suppose I wanted to search the cabins, all twelve ... would I need a warrant?”

NORMAN

As if pleasantly exasperated.

“Look, if you won’t believe me, go ahead. You can help me make beds if you like.”

Laughs, shakes his head.

“Come on.”

He starts out. Arbogast pauses, momentarily confused by the young man’s openness.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MOTEL PORCH - (NIGHT)

Norman walks down the porch, hesitates before Cabin One, walks on a bit toward Cabin Two, stops, turns to see if Arbogast is following. Arbogast has come out onto the porch, but is not following. He has walked to the opposite end of the porch and is standing at its edge, looking up at the old house. The upstairs window is in darkness. The neon of the Vacancy and Motel signs splash strange light over the scene.

NORMAN

“Change your mind?”

Arbogast does not reply. Norman becomes apprehensive, starts to Arbogast, forcing himself to remain calm and cheerful.

NORMAN

“I guess I’ve got one of those faces you can’t help believing.”

ARBOGAST

To Norman, but continuing to stare at the house.

“Anyone at home?”

NORMAN

“I live there. Alone.”

ARBOGAST

“Someone is sitting in that window.”

NORMAN

“My mother.”

Arbogast turns, gazes seriously at him.

NORMAN

“She’s ... ill. Confined to her room. It’s practically living alone.”

ARBOGAST

After a pause.

“If this girl Mary Crane were here, you’d have no reason to hide her would you?”

NORMAN

“Of course not.”

ARBOGAST

“If she paid you well?”

NORMAN

“Now, look ...!”

ARBOGAST

“Or if she had you say ... gallantly protecting her ... you wouldn’t be fooled ... you’d know she was just using you. Wouldn’t you?”

NORMAN

“I’m not a fool! And I’m not capable of being fooled! Not even by women!”

ARBOGAST

“I didn’t mean that as a slur on your manhood. I’m sorry.”

NORMAN

Disturbed now.

“That’s all right. Maybe she could have fooled me. But ...”

A rueful smile.

“She didn’t fool my mother.”

ARBOGAST

“Your mother met her?”

Quickly.

“Can I talk to your mother?”

NORMAN

“No. I told you, she’s confined ...”

ARBOGAST

“Just for a moment. She might have picked up a hint you’d miss.”

ARBOGAST

“Sick old women are sharp. Come on, I won’t disturb ...”

NORMAN

“No! Just no! I have one of those breaking points like any other man, believe it or not, and I’m near it. There’s just so much pushing I can take and I think ...”

ARBOGAST

“All right!”

Starts away, toward his car, pauses.

“Might save me a lot of leg-work if I could just talk to your mother. But I’d need a warrant for that, won’t I?”

Norman does not respond. Arbogast gets in his car, starts the motor. Norman looks up, studies the man’s face, his own face showing apprehension. Arbogast backs the car around very slowly, his gaze divided between the old house and the lighted window of Cabin Two. As he turns the car out, his headlights light up the porch.

Norman stands, watching him drive away.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - (NIGHT)

The car pulls up and Arbogast gets out of car, leaving motor running. As he starts to walk across the highway, the camera pulls away and we ...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY WITH TELEPHONE BOOTH - (NIGHT)

Arbogast gets to the phone booth, enters. The camera starts forward, and we see Arbogast remove a small notebook from his pocket, check on a number, drop a dime in the slot, and dial this number. As we reach phone booth,

CUT TO:

ARBOGAST

Into phone.

“Miss Crane, please.”

Listens.

“She leave a number?”

Listens.

“Thanks.”

Hangs up, dials again, waits.

“Lila there, Mr. Loomis? Arbogast.”

Waits.

“Lila? Look, this isn’t much, but it might make you feel a little better. Mary was up here. Spent last Saturday night at Bates Motel, out here on the old highway.”

Listens.

“Young fellow runs it, said Mary spent the night, left, period!”

Listens.

“I did question him, believe me. I think I got all there was to get. Just have to try to pick up the scent from here.”

Listens.

“Well ... maybe that’s because I don’t feel entirely satisfied. He’s got a sick old mother, confined type, and I think she saw Mary and talked to her. Shame, too ... confined old women love to talk to strangers.”

Listens.

“I was, but I think I’ll go back to the motel, first.”

Listens.

“No, you stay put, Lila. With Loomis. I should be back in an hour.”

Listens.

“All right. And Lila ... You’ll be happy to know what I think. I think our friend Sam Loomis didn’t even know Mary was here.”

Smiles.

“See you in an hour. Or less.”

He hangs up, gets out of the phone booth.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BATES' MOTEL - (NIGHT)

A distant view of the House and Motel. There is a light on in the house. There is also a light on in Norman's office.

We see Norman emerge from his office and move along the porch toward the distant cabins. He carries sheets on his arm. He goes into the last cabin and switches the light on. Into the foreground the hood of the white Ford enters the scene and stops. Arbogast gets out. He goes over to the Motel office.

EXT. MOTEL OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Arbogast goes in.

INT. OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Arbogast looks around the empty office and calls.

ARBOGAST

"Bates!"

He goes over to the door to the parlor and enters. He looks around the bird-ridden room. He stops short as he sees:

C.U. - THE OLD SAFE IN THE CORNER

C.U. - ARBOGAST

Goes over to it. He finds it unlocked. With a quick, cautious look around he opens it.

C.U. - THE EMPTY SAFE

C.U. - ARBOGAST

Straightens up and goes out.

EXT. MOTEL OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Arbogast comes out and looks off. He sees:

THE LAST LIT CABIN

The door ajar.

C.U. - ARBOGAST - (NIGHT)

Would go along but he stops with a new thought. He turns around and looks off.

L.S. - THE OLD HOUSE FROM HIS VIEWPOINT - (NIGHT)

C.U. - ARBOGAST

Comes to a decision. He goes off.

L.S. ARBOGAST

Dashes up the stone steps to the House.

MEDIUM SHOT

The camera holds as Arbogast goes up onto the porch. The house is dark within except, as we can now see, for a faint spill of light in the foyer, light which comes from the upstairs hall. Arbogast goes to the living room window, looks in, and sees only darkness. Then he goes to the door, listens for along moment, and hears nothing.

Very slowly, almost painfully, he turns the knob of the door and pushes gently with his arm and shoulder. The door begins to open. He allows it to open just enough for him to slip through and into the foyer.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER OF BATES' HOUSE - (NIGHT)

Arbogast gradually eases the door closed, stands against it, waiting. He looks up in the direction of the light, sees no one. The door at the head of the stairs is closed. Arbogast listens, holds his breath, and hears what could be human sounds coming from upstairs, but realizes these could also be the sounds of an old house after sunset. After a careful wait, he crosses to the stairs, starts up,

slowly, guardedly, placing a foot squarely on each step to test it for squeaks or groans before placing his full weight on it. The camera follows, remaining on floor level, but travelling along the stairway as Arbogast makes his way up.

CUT TO:

EXTREMELY HIGH ANGLE

INT. STAIRWAY AND UPSTAIRS LANDING

We see Arbogast coming up the stairs. And now we see, too, the door of the mother's room, opening, carefully and slowly.

As Arbogast reaches the landing, the door opens and the mother steps out, her hand raises high, the blade of an enormous knife flashing.

C.U. - A BIG HEAD OF AN ASTONISHED ARBOGAST

The knife slashes across his cheek and neck. Blood spurts. The sudden attack throws him off balance. He stumbles back and staggers down the whole of the staircase. He frantically gropes for the balustrade as he goes backwards down the stairs. The camera follows him all the way. A wicked knife keeps thrusting itself into the foreground. As he collapses at the bottom, the black head and shoulders of Mrs. Bates plunges into the foreground as the camera moves in to contain the raising and descending murder weapon.

Not an enormous bread knife, used to dispatch Mary. Something long and slender, akin to a Liston.

FADE OUT

Act 06

FADE IN

INT. BACK ROOM OF HARDWARE STORE - (NIGHT)

Lila is sitting close by the phone, and looks as if she hasn't moved from it in the last hour. Sam is pacing, occasionally stopping at the window, glancing out, pacing again. The ash tray close to Lila is filled.

There is a thick atmosphere of smoke, tension and weariness in the small, otherwise cozy room.

SAM

At window, quietly.

“Sometimes Saturday night has a lonely sound. Ever notice, Lila?”

LILA

Unable to keep up small talk.

“Sam. He said an hour. Or less.”

SAM

“It's been three.”

LILA

“Are we just going to go on sitting here?”

SAM

Suddenly cheerful.

“He'll be back. Let's sit still and hang on, okay?”

LILA

“You have an awfully nice habit, Sam.”

SAM

“Hundreds! Which one is your pet?”

LILA

“Whenever I start contemplating the panic button, your back straightens up and your eyes get that God-looks-out-for-everybody look and ... I feel better.”

SAM

“I feel better when you feel better.”

LILA

A pause - then she rises.

“Where’s the old highway?”

SAM

“You want to run out there, bust in on Arbogast and the sick old lady, shake her up and maybe spoil everything Arbogast’s been building for the last three hours.”

LILA

“Yes.”

SAM

“That wouldn’t be a wise thing to do.”

LILA

“Patience doesn’t run in our family. Sam, I’m going out there!”

SAM

“Arbogast said ...”

LILA

“An hour! Or less!”

Sam stares at her, frowns in concern over her very real anxiety, goes to the phone, dials operator.

SAM

Into phone.

“Got the number of the motel out on the old highway? Bates, I think.”

Waits.

LILA

“Sam! Why call when we can go?”

SAM

“And maybe pass Arbogast on the road?”

Into phone.

“Thanks.”

He presses down the receiver, releases it, dials Bates Motel. The faint other-end ringing tones can be heard, repeatedly, annoyingly. He waits.

SAM

To Lila.

“Probably on his way back right now.”

LILA

“Sam, I’m going.”

SAM

Hangs up and picks up his jacket.

“You’ll never find it.”

He starts for the door. Lila follows after him into the store.

INT. STORE

He pauses halfway down, turns, and puts his hands on her arms.

SAM

“Stay here.”

LILA

“Why can’t I go out there with you?”

SAM

Looks at her.

“I don’t know ...”

He collects himself.

“One of us has to be here in case Arbogast’s on the way.”

LILA

Nervously.

“Just wait here?”

SAM

A warm smile.

“Contemplate your ... panic button.”

He hurries down to the street door and out. The camera holds on Lila as she stares after Sam. As she stands alone in the darkened store, all the hardware seems to take on sinister shapes.

C.U.

Among some bathroom fittings a nozzle from a shower falls onto the floor.

MEDIUM SHOT

Lila turns and picks it from the floor and puts it back in its place. She turns and again looks to the deserted street with a touch of anxiety. She gives a slight unconscious shiver.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SWAMP - (NIGHT)

Tall and lonely still against the moonlight, the figure of Norman, silhouetted. He doesn't move, merely stands there at the edge of the swamp, staring down at the now calm and quiet face of it.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MOTEL AND HOUSE - (NIGHT)

All lights are out, except the light in Norman's mother's room. And her figure can be seen sitting in the window, relaxed in a high-back chair, her face turned into the room.

After a second, we hear the sound of a motor, and then Sam's small pick-up truck swings into the driveway.

Sam stops the motor, automatically switches off headlights, pauses as he observes the silence and darkness of the area.

Then he hops out of the cab, goes quickly to the office, knocks on the door. As he waits for a response, he looks down the long porch, studies the darkened cabins, knocks again, louder, looks in the other direction and sees the house and the figure at the one lit window. He stares a moment then calls loudly:

SAM

"Arbogast?"

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SWAMP

The silhouette of Norman. He is still. Over the shot, very dimly, comes the sound of Sam's voice, calling again for Arbogast.

Norman turns slowly until, in silhouette, we see his profile, his chin lowered furtively as he looks over his shoulder in the direction of the house. There is silence for a moment, and then again the sound of Sam pounding at the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARDWARE STORE - (NIGHT)

The store is in darkness, only the glow from the back room spilling in.

L.S.

With the camera placed with its back to the street door, we can see the distant tiny figure of Lila seated and waiting in the back room beyond. There is a sound of a car pulling up.

The tiny figure jumps up and runs all the way from the back room down the aisle of hardware and comes into a big head.

We see Lila's desperate anxious look.

MEDIUM SHOT

From her viewpoint we see Sam alighting from his truck and coming toward the door of the store. He enters. He and Lila exchange quiet glances.

SAM

"He didn't come back here?"

LILA

Worriedly.

"Sam."

SAM

"No Arbogast. No Bates. And only the old lady at home ..."

Frowning.

"A sick old lady unable to answer the door ... or unwilling."

LILA

"Where could he have gone?"

SAM

“Maybe he got some definite lead. Maybe he went right on ...”

LILA

“Without calling me?”

SAM

“In a hurry.”

LILA

“Sam, he called me when he had nothing definite, nothing but a dissatisfied feeling. Don’t you think he’d have called if he had anything ...”

SAM

Interrupting.

“Yes. I think he would have.”

Lila goes quiet. Sam starts toward the back room, pauses at the doorway, turns. Lila has remained by the door, looking out at the street. She feels his pause, turns, and for a moment they share at each other across the darkened room.

SAM

“Let’s go see Al Chambers.”

LILA

“Who’s he?”

SAM

“He’s the Deputy Sheriff around here.”

As he starts forward.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET THE SHERIFF LIVES ON - (NIGHT)

A dark, quiet, tree-ceilinged street, the small neat houses dim in the moonlight. Sam's pick-up truck comes down the street, pulls up before the house of Sheriff Chambers. The camera moves in on Sam and Lila as they remain for a moment in the truck's cab, staring quietly at the sleeping house.

SAM

"Our Deputy sleeps."

LILA

"Well?"

SAM

"Nothing. Just ... all the lights out ... must be asleep."

LILA

A small exasperation.

"Does that mean we can't ..."

SAM

"No. I'm just procrastinating. People hate when the doorbell rings in the middle of the night."

Gives up, starts out.

"Come on."

He gets out of cab, goes around to help Lila. She is already out. The camera follows them up the small path to the front door.

Sam presses the bell button. Both he and Lila are almost knocked over by the shocking, clanging, ear-splitting blast of the bell within the house, a ring which sounds more like a fire alarm than a doorbell.

He tries to smile, fails. Lila doesn't even try. The downstairs hall light goes on and a moment later the door is unhesitatingly opened by Mrs. Chambers, a small, lively stick of a woman wrapped in a thick flannel robe and a corona of hospitality.

MRS. CHAMBERS

“Oh?”

SAM

“Sorry, Mrs. Chambers. I hate bothering you ...”

MRS. CHAMBERS

“You didn’t!”

A cross look up at the bell.

“It’s Tinkerbelle.”

A quick smile at Lila.

“Al wants to be sure he’ll hear it if anyone rings it in the middle of the night.”

To Sam.

“Well come on in, at least!”

As she opens the door wide,

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL OF SHERIFF’S HOUSE - (NIGHT)

Fat roses splatter the wallpaper. The stairs are carpeted. The lighting is bright. There is a perfectly fitting wall phone by the parlor arch. Mrs. Chambers goes to the stairway, yells up.

MRS. CHAMBERS

“Albert!”

A tiny wait, a smile as Sam and Lila enter.

“Al Chambers!”

Sam is about to close the door behind him. Mrs. Chambers motions for him not to, scurries across the hall, leans outside, presses the doorbell. The ring within the house is even more shattering. She closes the door, starts to the stairway, pauses as the sounds of movement above come over the shots.

MRS. CHAMBERS

“Customers!”

Sheriff Chambers comes down the stairs, in a bathrobe which matches his wife’s. He is a tall, narrow man with a face originally destined for Mount Rushmore. He nods at Sam, looks at him with wide-awake eyes and a no-nonsense concern.

SAM

“We have a problem.”

MRS. CHAMBERS

To Lila.

“Let’s go out back and have some coca while the men are talking.”

LILA

“No, thank you. It’s my problem, too.”

SAM

“I don’t know where to start ...”

A look at Lila.

“Except at the beginning.”

LILA

“Yes.”

SAM

To the Sheriff.

“This is Lila Crane, from Phoenix. She’s been here for a few days, looking for her sister. There’s a private detective helping ... and, well, we got a call tonight, from this detective, saying he’d traced Mary ...”

MRS. CHAMBERS

“Mary is Lila’s sister?”

SAM

“Yes. He traced her to that motel, out on the old highway ...”

MRS. CHAMBERS

To the Sheriff.

“Bates Motel.”

To Lila.

“He has a mind like a mechanical brain and the more information you feed it ... Go on, Sam.”

SAM

“He traced her there and called us to say he was going to question Mrs. Bates ...”

MRS. CHAMBERS

A pleasant shock.

“Norman took a wife?”

SAM

“No. An old woman, his mother.”

To Sheriff, quickly.

“That was early this evening. And we haven’t seen or heard from him since. I went out to the motel, just got back. No one was in the office, and ...”

LILA

Interrupting, anxiously.

“Will you help us? I think something’s wrong out there!”

SHERIFF

After a considerate pause.

“Now. Your sister is missing how long?”

LILA

“She left Phoenix a week ago yesterday. And no trace until ...”

SHERIFF

“How’d you and this detective come to trace her to Fairvale?”

SAM

“They thought she’d be coming to me.”

SHERIFF

“Left Phoenix under her own steam?”

LILA

“Yes.”

SHERIFF

A pause.

“She ain’t missing so much as she’s run away.”

SAM

“Yes.”

SHERIFF

“From what?”

LILA

A look at Sam, then:

“She stole some money.”

SHERIFF

“A lot?”

LILA

“Forty thousand dollars.”

SHERIFF

“And the police haven’t been able to ...”

SAM

Interrupting.

“Everyone concerned thought ... if they could get her to give back the money ... they could avoid involving her with the police.”

SHERIFF

“Explains the private detective. He traced her to the Bates place. What’d he exactly say when he called you?”

LILA

“Mary had been there, one night, and had left.”

SHERIFF

“With the forty thousand dollars?”

LILA

“He didn’t mention the money.”

Anxiously.

“What he said on the phone isn’t important, is it? He was supposed to come back after he spoke to the mother, and he didn’t! That’s what I want you to do something about!”

SHERIFF

“Like what?”

LILA

“Go out there! Find somebody, ask some questions!”

A pause.

“I’m sorry if I seem over-anxious to you. I keep thinking ... something’s wrong. I have to know what!”

SHERIFF

“I think something’s wrong, too, Miss. But not the same thing. I think your private detective is what’s wrong.”

As Lila is about to object.

“I think he got himself a hot lead as to where your sister was going ... probably from Norman Bates ... and called you to keep you still while he took off after her and the money.”

LILA

“He said he was dissatisfied ... and was going back.”

MRS. CHAMBERS

To the Sheriff.

“Why don’t you call Norman and let him say just what happened, if he give the man a hot lead and he did just scooted off ... it’ll make the girl feel better, Albert.”

SHERIFF

“At this hour?”

SAM

“He was out when I was there. If he’s back he probably isn’t even in bed yet.”

SHERIFF

“He wasn’t out when you were there. He just wasn’t answering the door in the dead of night ... like some people do. This fellow lives like a hermit ...”

MRS. CHAMBERS

“Recluse. Kinder word.”

SHERIFF

To Sam.

“You must remember that bad business out there. About ten years ago ...”

SAM

“I’ve only been here five. Right now it feels like ten, but ...”

LILA

“All right! Then call! At least, call!”

Mrs. Chambers goes to phone, dials operator.

MRS. CHAMBERS

Into the phone.

“Florrie, the Sheriff wants you to connect him with the Bates Motel.”

She hands the receiver to the Sheriff. He takes it, reluctantly, listens to the dim sound of ringing on the other end. After a moment:

SHERIFF

Into the phone.

“Norman? Sheriff Chambers.”

Listens.

“Been just fine, thanks. Listen, we got some worries here. Did you have a man stop out there tonight ...”

Listens.

“Well, this one wouldn’t be a customer, anyway. A private detective, name of ...”

MRS. CHAMBERS

“Arbogast.”

SHERIFF

Into the phone.

“Arbogast.”

Listens.

“And after he left?”

Listens.

“No, it’s okay, Norman. How’s it been going out there?”

Listens.

“Well, I think you oughta unload that place and open up closer in to the action, a smaller place, you know ... but ...”

LILA

“Please!”

SHERIFF

Into the phone.

“Sorry I got you up, boy. Go back to sleep. Yeah, be glad to.”

Hangs up, turns to Mrs. Chambers.

“Said to give you his regards.”

SAM

Faint irony.

“Was that all?”

SHERIFF

“This detective was out there and Norman told him about the girl and the detective thanked him and went away.”

LILA

“And he didn’t go back? Didn’t see the mother?”

The Sheriff looks long at Lila, shakes his head sympathetically.

SHERIFF

“You should’ve called in the police the second you found your sister has skipped. You go starting private investigations, using people you don’t even know ...”

LILA

“What difference does that ...”

SHERIFF

“Your Detective told you a naked-faced lie.”

MRS. CHAMBERS

“Barefaced.”

SHERIFF

“He told you he wasn’t coming right back cause he wanted to question Norman Bates’ mother, right?”

LILA

“Yes.”

SHERIFF

A pause, then calmly.

“Norman Bates’ mother has been dead and buried in Greenlawn Cemetery for the last ten years!”

There is a long silence. Sam and Lila stare at the Sheriff.

MRS. CHAMBERS

“I helped Norman pick out the dress she was buried in. Periwinkle blue.”

SHERIFF

“It ain’t only local history, Sam, it’s the only murder-and-suicide case in Fairvale ledgers! Mrs. Bates poisoned this guy she was ... involved with, when she found out he was married, then took a helping of the same stuff herself. Strychnine. Ugly way to die.”

MRS. CHAMBERS

“Norman found them dead together. In bed.”

SAM

“You mean that old woman I saw sittin’ in the window wasn’t Norman Bates’ mother?”

MRS. CHAMBERS

Hopefully, happily.

“Maybe you saw Mary!”

SAM

“I’d know the difference between Mary and an old woman.”

SHERIFF

“Now wait a minute, Sam. You sure you saw an old woman?”

SAM

“Yes! In the house behind the motel. I pounded and called but she ... just ignored me.”

SHERIFF

“And you want to tell me you saw Norman Bates’ mother.”

LILA

“It must’ve been. Arbogast said so, too ... and he said the young man wouldn’t let him see her because she was ill!”

The Sheriff stares at both of them, and when he finally speaks there is an almost inaudible tone or irony in his voice.

SHERIFF

“Well, if the woman up there is Mrs. Bates ... who’s that woman buried out at Greenlawn Cemetery?”

Act 07

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. NORMAN'S PARLOR BEHIND OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Norman sits in the dim, one-lamp light, the phone next to him, and his hand still near it as if he had not been able to move his hand after hanging up. He is staring at the shrike-like bird which is perched on the lamp shade. Decision and resolution are beginning to show in his face. Suddenly he rises, starts quickly out of the room, tries to switch off the lamp as he goes and in so doing succeeds only in knocking the bird off the shade.

He watches it fall, does not try to catch it. It hits the floor with a thud and sawdust spills out. He stares sadly at it, for a moment, then tends down, scoops up the sawdust, tries to press it into the split seam, picks up the bird, puts it in a drawer. Then he puts out the lamp, goes out, crosses the darkened office and goes outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL AND HOUSE - (NIGHT)

Norman comes off the porch, walks to the path and directly up to the house, opens the door and goes in.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY AND STAIRWAY - (NIGHT)

SHOOTING UP THE STAIRS

Norman goes up, pauses one moment outside his mother's door, then opens it and goes in, leaving the door open.

For a moment we hear only Norman's low, quiet voice, his words indistinguishable. Then we hear the cold shot of his mother's derisive laughter.

MOTHER'S VOICE

"I am sorry, boy, but you do manage to look ludicrous when you give me orders!"

NORMAN'S VOICE

“Please, mother ...”

MOTHER'S VOICE

Sharp, laughter all gone.

“No! I will not hide in the fruit cellar, with those smelly, rotting, infested girls!”

A shrill laugh.

“Think I’m fruity, huh?”

Hard, cold again.

“I’m staying right here! This is my room and no one will drag me out of it ... least of all my big bold son!”

NORMAN'S VOICE

Rising now, anxiously.

“They’ll come now, Mother. He came after the latest girl in my collection and now someone will come after him! How long do you think you can go on ... Mother, please, just for a few days, just so they won’t find you!”

MOTHER'S VOICE

Mimicking.

“Just for a few days ...”

Furious.

“In that dank fruit cellar? No! You hid me there once, boy, and you won’t do it again! Not ever again! Now get out!”

A pause, quiet.

“I told you to get out, boy!”

A longer pause.

“Norman! What do you think you’re going to do? Don’t you touch me! Don’t! Norman!”

A pause, then cajolingly.

“All right, son, put me down and I’ll go. I’ll go on my own two feet. I can go on my own two feet, can’t I?”

During all this the camera has been slowly creeping up the stairs. It does not stop at the top however, but continues on the same high angle that we had in Scene 57.

She starts to laugh, a terrible sound like an obscene melody.

NORMAN'S VOICE

“I’ll carry you, mother.”

Norman comes out of the room, his mother held in his arms, her head leaning against his shoulder. He carries her down the stairs, along the lower landing to the cellar stairs, and then down those stairs to the basement.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FAIRVALE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - (MORNING)

An overcast morning, but a sunny-faced crowd. The service is just over, there is contentment, and peace, and just a little I-went-to-church-smugness in the faces of the churchgoers as they come out of the chapel, and spread their separate ways away.

Amongst the crowd, waiting and searching the faces, are Sam and Lila. In their expressions there is no peace, no contentment. The camera moves in close. They are not speaking. Lila looks as if she has had no sleep. Suddenly, Sam becomes alert, takes Lila’s arm, and starts toward the church.

The camera moves with them, stops as they approach Sheriff and Mrs. Chambers. The Sheriff stares rather sympathetically at Lila. Mrs. Chambers smiles nicely.

SAM

“We thought, if you didn’t mind, we’d go out to the motel with you.”

MRS. CHAMBERS

“He’s already been.”

SHERIFF

“Went out before service.”

MRS. CHAMBERS

“Have you two had breakfast?”

SAM

To Sheriff, not a question.

“You didn’t find anything.”

SHERIFF

“Nothing. Here, let’s clear the path.”

He moves away and the others follow. The camera pans them to the curb.

LILA

Interrupting.

“Did he say anything about my sister?”

SHERIFF

“Just what he told your detective. She used a fake name, saw the register myself. Saw the whole place, as a matter of fact. That boy is alone there.”

SAM

“No mother.”

SHERIFF

“You must’ve seen an illusion, Sam. Now, I know you’re not the seeing-illusion type ... But no woman was illusion there and I don’t believe in ghosts, so there it is!”

LILA

“I still feel ...”

SHERIFF

“Can see you do. Sorry I couldn’t make you feel better. You want to come to my office this afternoon and report a missing person ... And the theft, is what you want to do! Sooner you drop this thing in the lap of the law, that’s the sooner you’ll stand a chance of your sister bein’ picked up. How about that?”

LILA

“I don’t know.”

MRS. CHAMBERS

“It’s Sunday. Come over and do the reporting at the house, ‘round dinner time. Make it nicer. You too, Sam.”

She smiles brightly, as if having invited them over to discuss this year’s charity fandango, takes the Sheriff’s arm, starts away. The Sheriff nods as he goes. Sam and Lila are alone now, at the curb, before the deserted chapel. For a long moment they just stand there, their faces as gray and overcast as the sky.

SAM

“Maybe I am the seeing-illusions type.”

LILA

“You’re not.”

Sam takes her arm, starts walking her up the street toward the spot where his pick-up truck is parked. The camera follows them.

SAM

“Want me to drop you at the hotel? Or you want to come over to the store?”

Lila does not answer. They reach the truck. Lila looks directly at Sam as he helps her into the cab.

LILA

“I won’t feel satisfied unless I got out there, Sam.”

SAM

“Neither will I.”

He slams the door, hurries around truck, gets into driver’s seat, starts motor. As the truck drives off,

DISSOLVE TO:

SAM AND LILA IN TRUCK - (PROCESS - HIGHWAY)

For a moment, both are silent; Sam watching the road as if there were other cars on it, Lila staring at nothing in particular, except perhaps her own inner fear.

LILA

“I wonder if we’ll ever see Mary again.”

SAM

“Of course we will.”

LILA

“Alive?”

Sam looks as if he’d like to say something humorous, something to cheer her. He cannot. He remains silent.

LILA

“We were orphaned at a very early age. Our parents were killed in an automotive accident. We got separated. A chance meeting brought us back together. We swore we’d be inseparable for all the rest of our lives. Mary quit college and got a job, so I could go to college.”

SAM

“Where’d you go to college?”

LILA

“I didn’t. I got a job, too.”

A pause.

“I wonder if that hurt her, my not letting her sacrifice for me. Some people are so willing to suffer for you that they suffer more if you don’t let them.”

SAM

Almost to himself.

“She was willing to lick the stamps.”

Lila looks quizzically at him, is too concerned to pursue it.

LILA

“I wonder so many things about her now. Why she never told me about you ... Funny, when you think there’s an answer to everything, you think you know all the answers.”

SAM

“We were going to get married. Are going to get married!”

LILA

“Do you know how I found out about you? I found one of your letters ... it was a nice letter, Sam.”

SAM

“This is the old highway.”

LILA

“I suppose ... when you were able to marry her she’d have presented you, all shiny and proper ... she always tried to be proper.”

SAM

“Watch your tenses.”

LILA

“Huh?”

SAM

“She always tries to be proper.”

Sam slows the truck to a stop, sighs, starts to light up a cigarette. Lila looks questioningly and impatiently at him.

LILA

“You going to wait here for me?”

SAM

“I’m going with you. But we’d better decide what we’re going to say and do when we walk in ...”

LILA

“We’re going to register. As man and wife. And get shown to a cabin ... and then search every inch of that place, inside and ... outside.”

SAM

“You won’t believe it ...”

Starts motor.

“But this will be the first time I’ve ever pulled one of those man-and-wife-renting-cabin capers!”

LILA

A tiny smile, first in hours.

“I believe it.”

As truck starts to drive on,

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BATES MOTEL AND HOUSE - (DAY)

The place is empty and silent and washed dirty by the deep gray of the cloudy sky. We see Sam’s truck turning into the driveway and pulling to a stop. After a moment, Sam and Lila get out of the truck.

FRESH ANGLE

Close on Sam and Lila as they meet on the porch side of the truck. The motel office and the house beyond can be seen in b.g. of shot. Sam and Lila merely stare for a moment, then turn and gaze up at the house. There is no figure in the window and the shade is drawn. Sam goes to the office door, peers in, knocks, opens door, enters. Lila remains on the driveway, beside the truck.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MOTHER'S ROOM - (DAY)

Close angle on Norman standing by the window. He has pulled the curtains very slightly apart, is staring out and down at the motel, his eyes studying the lone figure of Lila, who is standing by the truck and looking up at the house. Norman studies her, and as her eyes look up at this very window he closes the curtains, turns away.

We see the suspicion and fear in his face, the surge of panic and his struggle to contain it. Then he goes away. The camera remains on window, shooting out and down, and through the frail curtains we can see Sam as he comes out of the motel office and joins Lila.

EXT. MOTEL OFFICE - CLOSE ON SAM AND LILA

SAM

Unconsciously whispering.

“I wonder where Norman Bates does his hermiting.”

LILA

“Someone was at that window. I saw the curtain move.”

Sam takes Lila's arm.

SAM

“Come on.”

He starts with her toward the path which leads to the old house. The camera pans with them, and as they turn around the office corner, they see Norman coming down the path toward them. They pause and Norman pauses. He does not smile, nor speak. His usual grin and soft friendliness are gone; containment and impassivity lie in their place.

SAM

Cheerfully.

“Just coming up to ring for you.”

NORMAN

Coming forward.

“I suppose you want a cabin.”

SAM

“We’d hoped to make it straight to San Francisco, but we don’t like the look of that sky. Looks like a bad day coming ... doesn’t it.”

Norman walks past Sam, giving him the sort of quick, disapproving glance one gives a man who is obviously lying, goes onto the porch and into the office. Sam and Lila follow Norman.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - (DAY)

Norman crosses to the desk, goes behind it, takes the key to cabin number twelve off the keyboard. Sam and Lila have entered and are almost to the desk-counter by this time.

NORMAN

“I’ll take you to ...”

SAM

“Better sign in first, hasn’t we?”

Sam eyes scan the counter, looking for a registration book.

NORMAN

“It isn’t necessary.”

SAM

Interrupting with a friendly cheerfulness.

“Uh, uh! My boss is paying for this trip ... ninety percent business ... and he wants practically notarized receipts. I better sign in and get a receipt.”

Norman stares at Sam, as if he'd like to yell at him, call him “liar.” Instead he reaches under the desk counter, brings out the registration book. Lila moves closer, studies the book as Sam signs in. Sam signs “Joe and Mrs. Johnson.” The signature and city of “Marie Samuels” and after it, the notation “Cabin One,” can be clearly seen three registrations above Sam's. When Sam has finished he closes book, hands it back to Norman. Norman does not take it, starts out from behind counter.

NORMAN

“I'll get your bags.”

SAM

“Haven't any.”

NORMAN

After a stare.

“I'll show you the cabin.”

As he starts for the door, Sam laughs. Norman stops, turns, looks at him.

SAM

“First time I've seen it happen.”

To Lila.

“Check in any place in this country without bags, and you have to pay in advance.”

Sam smiles as if at a funny remark, takes a bill out of his pocket.

NORMAN

“Ten dollars ...”

Norman returns to Sam, takes the extended bill, is about to start out again.

SAM

“That receipt ...?”

Norman goes reluctantly behind counter, lays down the key to Cabin Twelve, takes a receipt book out of the drawer under counter, starts to write. Lila steps up to the desk, picks up the key, quickly, starts out.

LILA

“I’ll start ahead.”

Norman looks up, gazes her as she goes out door.

EXT. THE MOTEL - (DAY)

Lila comes along the porch, pauses before Cabin One, tries the door. It opens. She closes it quickly as she hears Sam and Norman coming out of the motel office, continues on down the porch.

SAM

To Norman, who is following:

“Don’t bother yourself ... we’ll find it.”

He goes on down the porch, doesn’t even glance at Cabin One, walks quickly and catches up to Lila just as she reaches Cabin Twelve. The camera remains with Norman, who is standing by the office door, looking after Sam and Lila, his face alert and no longer impassive. He waits a moment, after they have closed their cabin door, then crosses to the pickup truck.

The camera moves with him. He studies the truck, then leans in through the driver’s window, twists the registration card around, reads it. It gives the correct name and address of Sam Loomis.

Norman comes back out of the window, glances once more toward Cabin Twelve, then at the old house. His suspicions are confirmed, and now there is the relaxation of relief in his face. He takes on a purposeful air, turns, strides up the path, up onto the porch of the house, opens the door, goes in.

INT. CABIN TWELVE - (DAY)

Lila is at the cabin’s rear window, looking out, straining for a glimpse of the old house, which cannot be seen from the window of this cabin.

She turns, frustrated, anxious. Sam is standing at the foot of the bed, staring at the smooth coverlet, his brow creased in a sadness.

LILA

“We should have asked for Cabin One ... The one Mary was in.”

SAM

“I’m glad we didn’t.”

He pulls his eyes from the bed, crosses to the desk, sits wearily, lights a cigarette. Lila watches him for a moment, feels a real compassion, goes to the bed, sits on its edge, turns again and looks at Sam’s back.

LILA

“We have to go into that cabin and search it, Sam ... no matter what we’re afraid of finding and no matter how much it may hurt.”

SAM

“I know.”

A pause.

“Do you think if something happened, it happened there?”

LILA

A pause, then:

“Sam, if you owned a useless business like this motel ... one you probably couldn’t even sell ... what would you need to get away, to start a new business, somewhere else?”

As Sam studies her.

“Forty thousand dollars?”

SAM

“How could we prove ...”

An almost hopeless laugh.

“Well, if he opens a new motel on the new highway ... say, a year from now ...”

LILA

“There must be some proof that exists right now! Something that proves he got that money away from Mary ... Some way!”

SAM

“What makes you sound so certain?”

LILA

“Arbogast! Sam, he liked me ... or felt sorry for me ... and he was starting to feel the same about you. I heard it when he called ... in his voice, a caring. He wouldn't have gone anywhere or done anything without telling us. Unless he was stopped. And he was stopped, so he must have found out something!”

Sam considers a moment, nods agreement, rises.

SAM

“We'll start with Cabin One.”

He goes to the door, opens it slightly, looks out, then, back to Lila:

SAM

“If he sees us ... we're just taking the air.”

Lila goes to the door. He holds it open and she goes out.

EXT. THE MOTEL - (DAY)

Sam closes the door, joins Lila, and takes her hand. Together they walk along the porch in the direction of Cabin One. The camera follows. They pause before the door of Cabin One. Sam motions Lila to wait, to hold still, then goes on to the office, opens the door, calls in:

SAM

“Bates?”

He waits, there is no response. He goes in and in a moment comes back out, closes the door, goes to Lila.

She has already opened the door of Cabin One and has started to enter.

INT. CABIN ONE - (DAY)

The blinds are closed and the room is almost night-dark. Sam comes in after Lila, closes the door behind him. For a moment they just gaze at the room, as if willing it to tell them some satisfactory story.

Neither speaks. Then, in dark silence, they begin to search, going methodically and thoroughly through all drawers, the closet, the desk, searching under the bed and in dark corners, not knowing what they expect to find and yet expecting to find something. Lila opens the bathroom door, looks in. The windowless room is very dark. She switches on the light, goes in. Sam moves toward the bathroom, is about to follow her in when he notices which room it is and automatically catches himself up, backs out.

SAM

“Sorry.”

LILA

“Hospital clean.”

SAM

“What?”

LILA

“The bathroom. Look at how clean it is. The one in our cabin is clean ... but this is clean!”

Sam goes in, glances around, and nods. Lila goes through the medicine cabinet, finds nothing but a glass and two tiny tabs of soap. Sam leans against the door-jamb, looks at the tub, and the shower pipe above it. He continues to stare, more interested suddenly, as if bothered by some off-key evidence he can't put his finger on. Then he looks at the shower curtain rod.

And realizes there is no shower curtain. He frowns, is about to say something when Lila, who has been momentarily out of shot, interrupts.

Sam turns, the camera turns, and we see Lila is standing above the toilet bowl, a tiny piece of wet paper stuck to the tip of her right index finger.

SAM

“What is it?”

LILA

“It didn’t get washed down. It’s figuring ... the kind you tear up and get rid of.”

Extending her finger toward Sam.

“Some figure has been added to or subtracted from ... forty thousand.”

Sam lifts the piece of paper off her finger, studies it, takes out his wallet, presses the wet scrap to his driver’s license shield, puts it back in the wallet and puts the wallet away.

LILA

“That’s proof Mary was here! It would be too wild a coincidence for somebody else to ...”

SAM

Reminding.

“Bates never denied Mary was here.”

LILA

Reminded.

“Yes.”

A thought.

“But maybe this proves that Bates found out about the money.”

SAM

“Do we simply ask him where he’s hidden it?”

LILA

“Sam, that old woman, whoever she is. I think she told Arbogast something! And I want her to tell us the same thing!”

She starts out of the bathroom. Sam takes hold of her arm, stops her.

SAM

“You can’t go up there.”

LILA

“Why not?”

SAM

“Bates.”

The camera starts to pan away from them, moves slowly over the room, very slowly.

LILA’S VOICE (O.S.)

“Let’s find him. One of us can keep him occupied while the other gets to the woman.”

SAM’S VOICE (O.S.)

“You won’t be able to hold him still if he doesn’t want to be held. And I don’t like you going into that house alone, Lila.”

The camera has panned clear across to the opposite wall now, and is moving up closer and closer to the tiny-flowered wall paper, finally closing in on one small rosebud.

LILA’S VOICE (O.S.)

“I can handle a sick old woman.”

Now we see that the rosebud has been cut out, that this is the reverse side of the hole Norman peeped through to watch Mary. And we see the pupil of Norman’s eye now.

SAM’S VOICE (O.S.)

“All right. I’ll find Bates and keep him occupied.”

The eye moves away and there is a brief flash of light before the hole is covered, on the other side, by the wall-hung painting.

FRESH ANGLE - LILA AND SAM

They are about to start out. Sam stops her again.

SAM

“Wait a minute. If you get anything out of the mother ...”

A thought.

“Can you find your way back to town?”

As Lila nods yes.

“If you do get anything, don’t stop to tell me.”

Lila nods quickly, hurries to the door. Sam gets to it first, opens it a slight crack, looks out, then opens it wide enough for Lila and himself to pass through.

Act 08

EXT. THE MOTEL - (DAY)

Angle close on Cabin One as Lila comes out, turns to her left, goes along porch toward Cabin Twelve. Sam remains at the door, then turns right, heading for the path. As he passes the office, he is shocked to see Norman standing just inside the open door.

NORMAN

“Looking for me?”

SAM

Recovering.

“Yes, matter of fact.”

The friendly grin.

“The wife’s taking a nap and ... I can never keep quiet enough for her ... so I thought I’d look you up and ... talk.”

NORMAN

“Satisfied with your cabin?”

SAM

“Fine.”

Sam starts into the office. Just before going in, he glances down the long porch, sees Lila standing outside the door of Cabin Twelve, waves her a tiny “all clear” signal.

LILA

The camera angles to include Lila and her point of view. She watches Sam disappear into the office, waits until she hears the door close, then looks about for another way to reach the house. She sees the small alley at the end of this L of cabins, starts toward it.

EXT. REAR OF MOTEL - S.C.U. LILA - (DAY)

Behind the motel Lila hesitates. She looks ahead.

LONG SHOT - (DAY)

The old house standing against the sky.

CLOSE UP - (DAY)

Lila moves forward.

LONG SHOT - (DAY)

The camera approaching the house.

CLOSE UP - (DAY)

Lila glances toward the back of Norman's parlor. She moves on.

LONG SHOT - (DAY)

The house coming nearer.

CLOSE UP - (DAY)

Lila looks up at the house. She moves forward purposefully.

S.L.S. - (DAY)

The house and the porch.

CLOSE UP - (DAY)

Lila stops at the house and looks up. She glances back. She turns to the house again.

S.L.S. - (DAY)

The camera mounts the steps to the porch.

C.U. - (DAY)

Lila puts out her hand.

S.C.U. - (DAY)

Lila's hand pushes the door open. We see the hallway.

Lila ENTERS PAST CAMERA.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY OF OLD HOUSE - (DAY)

Lila closes the door, remains by it for a moment, quiet, listening. Her eyes scan the layout, the closed door which leads off the hallway, to the dining room on the right and the parlor on the left. Down at the end of the hall is the kitchen, the door wide open, the room beyond dim and silent. She notices the stairs leading down to the basement, stares at them, then back to the stairs leading to the second floor. She starts forward, and seems about to investigate the parlor and dining room.

INT. THE MOTEL OFFICE - (DAY)

Norman is behind the counter, standing, staring at Sam who is sitting relaxedly on a small sofa. Norman has the look of one who is protecting himself, as if the counter were a protective wall against the threatening world across it.

SAM

Cheerfully, as if after a self-conscious pause.

"I've been doing all the talking so far, haven't I?"

NORMAN

"Yes."

SAM

"I always thought it was the people who are alone so much who do all the talking when they get the chance. Yet there you are, doing all the listening!"

A pause.

"You are alone here, aren't you?"

As Norman does not reply.

“It would drive me crazy.”

NORMAN

“That would be a rather extreme reaction, wouldn’t it?”

SAM

Lightly.

“Just an expression ...”

More seriously.

“What I meant was ... I’d do just about anything ... to get away. Wouldn’t you?”

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY AND STAIRS OF OLD HOUSE - (DAY)

Lila is halfway up the stairs. As she climbs she is startled by the creaks and groans of the old wood of the steps. She steps more carefully. The camera remains at foot of stair, tilting up as Lila climbs. She pauses at the head of the stair. The door on her right, which opens into the mother’s room, is closed. To her left is another door, half-open. Directly before her is a third door, closed. She holds a long moment, trying to picture in her mind which room would look out on the front of the house, decides, and chooses the correct door, the one on her right. She goes to it, knocks lightly.

INT. THE MOTHER’S ROOM (DAY) - CLOSE ANGLE ON DOOR

We hear Lila’s second knock, then, faintly, her soft call.

LILA’S VOICE (O.S.)

“Mrs. Bates?”

There is quiet for a moment, then the door begins to open, and we see Lila. She stands on the threshold, looking in at the room, instantly disturbed by it, almost chilled, her expression indicating an impulse to close the door and go away from this room forever. After a moment, she enters, leaving the door open behind her. The camera pulls back and away, and we now see the room as Lila sees it.

It is ornate, damask-and-mahogany, thick and warm and ripe, an olla podrida of mismated furnishings and bric-a-brac of the last century. The bed is four poster, but uncanoped; the dressing table is fancy and flounced with satin; there is a great chiffonier, a big-doored wardrobe, a large, oval, full-length pier-glass (this against the wall directly opposite the door), a satin Recamier, an upholstered armchair by the window, a white marble fireplace, its grate cold but piled with ashes.

And there is in the room an unmistakably live quality, as if even though it is presently unoccupied, it has not been long vacated by some musty presence.

Lila glances at the bed. The damask coverlet is thrown over it, but it is not neat, there is the imprint of a body on it, a body which obviously has slept in a curled-up, womb-like position. Lila stares at it for a moment, up, then goes to the dressing table. Its top is scattered with boxes and jars of cosmetics and creams, traces of fresh powder, an opened bottle or perfume, a comb, and a brush with traces of hair in its bristles. Lila moves on, catches a glimpse of herself in the pier-glass, is startled, turns away, goes to the chiffonier, is about to open a drawer, sees the high wardrobe out of the corner of her eyes, goes to it, hesitantly. She opens one door. Fresh, clean, well pressed dresses hang neatly. Lila opens the other door. The sweaters and dresses and robes hang freely, none in moth-proof, storage-type bags. There is even a well-brushed collar of foxes.

Along the floor of the wardrobe is a line of clean, polished shoes. Lila stares, then closes the door, turns, looks once again over the whole room, starts out,

INT. THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY OF THE OLD HOUSE - (DAY)

Lila comes out of the mother's room, closes the door behind her, looks down the stairs, then starts across the hall to the room whose door is half-open. The room within is dark, the shades drawn full.

Lila pauses on the threshold, reaches in, feels the wall, and throws on a switch.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - (DAY)

Sam has risen, is standing by the counter now.

SAM

"I'm not saying you shouldn't be contented here, I'm just doubting that you are. I think if you saw a chance to get out from under ... you'd unload this place ..."

NORMAN

Angrily.

"This place! This isn't 'a place.' It's my only world. I grew up in that house back there. I was a happy child. My mother and I ... we were more than happy."

SAM

"And now that your mother's dead?"

Norman snaps a sharp, fast, ugly look at him.

NORMAN

“My mother is not dead!”

SAM

Softly.

“I didn’t think so.”

INT. NORMAN’S ROOM IN THE OLD HOUSE - (DAY)

Lila is standing in the doorway, staring at the room in sick dismay. The room is grotesque, a horrible, ludicrous fantasy of childhood held beyond the point of decency.

It is a small room. The walls are fancied with romping silhouettes of teddy-bears and sailboats and carousels and fat cows jumping over aghast moons. The bed is small, far too short for a man of Norman’s height. And yet the rumpled covers indicate that it is in this bed that Norman sleeps.

Next to the bed is an old-fashioned toy chest. On its top there are a bird-in-a-cage lamp, a plain-bound book, and an ash tray filled with ashes and cigarette stubs. A grown man’s shirt hangs on a child’s clothes tree.

Against one wall there is a narrow, high bookcase filled with thick, unchildish-looking books. On the small, white chest of drawers there is an old, child’s Victrola. The record on the turntable is discovered, on close inspection, to be Beethoven’s Eroica Symphony.

Lila studies the room, fascinated and repelled. She glances at the bookcase, comes into the room, goes to the bookcase and pulls out a thick, large, plain-bound book. She opens it. Her eyes go wide in shock. And then there is disgust. She slams the book closed, drops it.

INT. THE MOTEL OFFICE - (DAY)

Norman, behind the counter, has moved back against the wall. Sam is still on the other side of the counter, but is leaning forward, his eyes hard on Norman’s face. Norman’s face is no longer expressionless. It has the stark, high sheen of a cornered animal.

SAM

Pressing.

“You look frightened. Have I been saying something frightening?”

NORMAN

“I don’t know what you’ve been saying.”

SAM

“I’ve been talking about your mother ... about your motel. How are you going to do it?”

NORMAN

“Do what?”

SAM

“Buy a new one! In a new town! Where you won’t have to hide your mother!”

NORMAN

“Shut up!”

SAM

“Where will you get the money to do that, Bates ... or do you already have it ... socked away ... a lot of it ...”

NORMAN

“Leave me alone!”

SAM

“...Forty thousand dollars!”

NORMAN

“Leave me alone!”

He is close to panic now. He turns, swiftly, dashes back into his private parlor. Sam goes quickly around the counter, follows.

INT. NORMAN'S PRIVATE PARLOR - (DAY)

Norman hears Sam following, wants to run, to never be reached by this man. He crosses the small room, drawn to the rear window, as if he might fly through it. Sam enters, pauses. Norman turns, back against the window, as unable to fly away as are the many still, stuffed birds. Sam registers a brief flicker of reaction when he sees the birds, but continues to gaze at Norman, hard.

SAM

“I bet your mother knows where the money is. And what you did to get it. And I think she’ll tell us.”

Something self-assured and confident in Sam’s tone gives Norman a new, more terrified alarm. He turns his head, glances out the window at the old house. He looks back at Sam and there is terror in his voice.

NORMAN

“Where’s that girl? The girl you came with! Where is she?”

Sam does not respond, smiles a half-smile, turns to examine a stuffed owl. Norman looks back at the house.

NORMAN

A horrible groan.

“Oh, God!”

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL OF THE OLD HOUSE - (DAY)

Lila, shaken and disturbed, almost sickened, is coming out of Norman’s room. She has left the light on. She pauses in the middle of the landing, looks at the closed door opposite the stairs, goes to it, opens it, sees that it is the bathroom, pulls the door to, turns, starts toward the stairs.

INT. NORMAN'S PRIVATE PARLOR - (DAY)

Sam is lying on the floor, face downward, unmoving. A candlestick is on the floor, close by his head, still rocking as if just dropped. Over the shot comes the sound of Norman’s footsteps and the camera turns in time to catch a brief glimpse of him going out into the office, almost at a run.

INT. STAIRWAY OF THE OLD HOUSE - (DAY)

Lila is on the top step, looking down toward the camera. She is listening, hoping to hear some human sound, some sound she might follow, pursue. She hears nothing. She starts down the stairs. Just below the halfway step, she looks at the front door, sees out through the door window:

LILA'S VIEWPOINT - (DAY)

Norman coming.

INT. STAIRWAY OF THE OLD HOUSE - (DAY)

For a moment Lila panics, then she hurries down the steps, cannot go in the direction of the front door, remembers the stairway behind her, turns and runs in that direction. The sound of Norman bounding up the porch steps can be heard.

Lila turns and dashes down the stairs which lead to the basement, going down far enough to conceal herself, crouching there.

Norman enters the hallway, closes the door softly, and listens. He glances once in the direction of the basement stairs. He seems about to smile, when suddenly all expression vanishes from his face, and he appears to enter a no-place, no-time state. He crosses to the stairway, goes up.

Lila remains crouched on the basement stairs, listening to the sounds of Norman. His footsteps on the stairs followed by the fast noises of doors opening, of fast moving about an upstairs room. Convinced that he is searching the upstairs for her, she decides to chance an escape. She starts up the steps, is about to turn into the hallway when her eye is caught by a glimmer of light down in the basement. She pauses, looks down, sees the crack of light coming from behind the not entirely closed door to the fruit cellar. The swift moving sounds of Norman continue to come from upstairs.

Lila is torn, knows she should get out of the house while she has the chance, is unable to resist the impulse to check that hidden-looking room down below, a room in which, she desperately believes, there must lie some answer to what happened to Mary. She turns and goes softly and quickly down the stairs.

INT. THE BASEMENT OF THE OLD HOUSE - (DAY)

Lila reaches the bottom, stops, listens, hears the stairboards creaking as footsteps fall hard and measured upon them. She turns, pulls open the fruit cellar door, looks in. The woman is sitting in a comfortable chair, the back of the chair, and the woman, turned to the door. Lila calls a harsh, frightened whisper.

LILA

“Mrs. Bates ...?”

Lila goes into the room.

INT. THE FRUIT CELLAR

Lila goes to the chair, touches it. The touch disturbs the figure. It starts to turn, slowly, stiffly, a clock-wise movement. Lila looks at it in horror. It is the body of a woman long dead. The skin is dry and pulled away from the mouth and the teeth are revealed—the skeleton’s smile.

The eyes are gone from their sockets, the bridge of the nose has collapsed, the hair is dry and wild, the cheeks are sunken, and the leathery-brown skin is powdered and rouged and flaky. The body is dressed in a high-neck, clean, well-pressed dress, obviously recently laundered and hand-ironed.

The movement of this stuffed, ill-preserved cadaver, turning as if in response to Lila’s call and touch, is actually graceful, ballet-like, and the effect is terrible and obscene.

Lila gazes for one flicker of a deathly moment, then begins to scream, a high, piercing, dreadful scream. And Lila’s scream is joined by another scream, a more dreadful, horrifying scream which comes from the door behind her.

NORMAN’S VOICE (O.S.)

Screaming.

“Ayeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee Am Norma Bates!”

Lila turns.

NORMAN

His face is contorted. He wears a wild wig, a mockery of a woman’s hair. He is dressed in a high-neck dress which is similar to that worn by the corpse of his mother. His hand is raised high, poised to strike at Lila. There is a long breadknife in it.

LILA

Close on her face. She is dumb-struck. Her eyes are screaming.

BACK TO NORMAN

As he is about to start forward, a man's hand reaches in from the doorway behind, grabs Norman's wrist. Sam comes through the door, still holding tight to the wrist, pulling back the arm and at the same time throwing himself at Norman, football tackle style.

SERIES OF CUTS - THE FIGHT

Norman and Sam, struggling. The wild fury in Norman's face, the mad noise of his screams and vile curses. The terrified, fight-to-the-death look of Sam. The still, staring Lila.

MRS. BATES

A close of her face, she appears to be watching and enjoying the fight. Over the shot, the sounds of the struggle, the screams of Norman.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE AT READING - (NIGHT)

There are many people gathered about the steps, the curious and the concerned and the morbid. At the curb, a couple of newspaper cars, two or three police cars, and a mobile unit truck from the local television outlet. There is noise, and chattering as questions are asked and answers given, and the sounds of traffic, and of the television equipment being moved into the courthouse, for on-the-scene reporting, and the stern voices of policemen trying to keep people back. The scene has a bright glare about it, that quality of sudden light thrown on a fearful darkness.

CLOSER ANGLE ON STEPS OF COURTHOUSE

A policeman is trying to make way for the television men, muttering "keep back," etc., to the spectators. A television man, carrying a piece of equipment goes through door, and the camera follows him into the courthouse vestibule.

Here, too, there is a crowd, composed of policemen, reporters, television men. The television men we have been following stop beside a policeman.

TELEVISION MAN

Indicating the front door he has just come in through.

“You think they’ll take him out that way?”

POLICEMAN

Looking at waiting crowd, shrugging.

“Probably have to.”

A rueful smile.

“Besides, the taxpayers hate it when something gets slipped out the back door on them!”

Over this exchange, the buzz of other voices, the movement of men. The camera moves on, down the corridor, gets to the door of the office of the Chief of Police just as a young fellow with a carton box filled with paper containers of sent-out-for coffee reaches this door. The camera holds as the coffee boy pauses a moment, then goes into the room.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE - (NIGHT)

Lila is seated in a chair, Sam standing close by. A bit apart from them, we see Sheriff Chambers, in quiet conference with the Chief of Police, the county sheriff, the district attorney.

The coffee boy stands in the doorway. Sam goes to him, takes a container of coffee from the box, and carries it to Lila, checking the notation on the lid as he goes.

MED. CLOSE ON SAM AND LILA

SAM

Quietly.

“It’s regular. Okay?”

LILA

Ruefully.

“I could stand something regular.”

Sam smiles encouragingly, hands her the coffee. Sheriff Chambers enters the shot, gives Sam a container of coffee he has brought for him. Sam takes it, nods a thank you.

For a moment no one speaks. Lila looks badly shaken, Sam disheveled, but contained.

CHAMBERS

“You two can go back to the hospital and sit with Mary.”

A sympathetic look at Lila.

“Making that statement was enough for one night.”

SAM

To Lila.

“Want to?”

LILA

“Later. Mary is alive, all cleaned up, and is almost back to normal. Her wounds were superficial. Those other girls we found her chained up with in that basement room were not so lucky. Knowing she’s alive ... I’m all right. I’ll feel better when all this is explained, though ... if it can be.”

Sam looks a question at Sheriff Chambers. Chambers shrugs doubtfully.

CHAMBERS

“If anybody gets any answers, it’ll be the fellow talking to him now ... the psychiatrist. Even I couldn’t reach Norman ... and he knows me.”

To Lila.

“You warm enough, Miss?”

Lila is about to answer, when she sees someone come into the room and rises anxiously. Sam and Sheriff Chambers turn, follow her gaze.

INT. OFFICE OF CHIEF OF POLICE - FULL SHOT

A young man with a serious, frowning face has just come into the room. He is Dr. Simon, the psychiatrist. He goes to the desk where the box of coffee containers has been placed, takes up a container.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

“Did he talk to you?”

SIMON

“No. I got the whole story ... but not from Norman. I got it from ... his mother.”

Everyone gazes at him, mystified. He speaks as he removes lid from coffee container.

SIMON

“Norman Bates no longer exists. He only half-existed to begin with ... now, the other half has taken over. Probably for all time.”

LILA

With difficulty.

“Did he attack and abduct my sister, and kill those other girls we found?”

SIMON

“Yes ... and no.”

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

“Look, if you’re trying to lay a lot of psychiatric groundwork for some sort of plea this fellow would like to cop ...”

SIMON

“A psychiatrist doesn’t lay the groundwork ... he merely tries to explain it.”

LILA

“Besides my sister and those girls we found, were there other victims ...?”

SIMON

“Yes. I’m sorry to say. Many others. According to the mother, initially Norman lied to her telling her that he hacked Mary to death just like he had done the others, then, having butchered Mary, he subsequently disposed of the body. Of course, in reality, after attacking her in the shower, he kept Mary in that room with his other most prized trophies. There’s evidence he fed on the cadavers, too. At first, we thought that rats had chewed on them, but the bite marks turned out to be human.”

What he doesn't say is even more bizarre, twisted, and salacious:

Forensics indicated that Norman repeatedly had sex with the corpses—vaginally, orally, and anally. But. Norman didn't rape Mary. Also, there were two sets of bite marks in the corpses. One set was larger than the other one, as if two different people had fed upon the dead bodies. And. With one glaring exception, all of the victims which have been discovered so far were killed by the same large breadknife, a knife found in the kitchen, and they were killed in the same crazed savagely-brutal fashion. The private detective, on the other hand, was killed by a different knife which has yet to be found, and he was killed in a precise almost-surgical fashion. It's as if two different killers were involved.

And. Strangely enough. Of all the murders freely admitted to by the mother, all of which she steadfastly maintains were Norman's doing. She has no recollection of Norman telling her about him killing the private investigator. Even though it's quite obvious that he must have.

Forensics, aside. According to Mary, Norman would from time-to-time dress her just like a baglady version of his mother, making her wear a dirty tattered old-timey dress, a battered pair of an elderly-woman's shoes, and a geriatric fright-wig and makeup, giving her the appearance of a crazy old homeless woman straight out of an insane asylum. The filthy smelly wig was yellow-blonde, just like Mary's natural hair color, but its unkempt locks were liberally streaked with grey and white. The harsh heavily-applied pancake makeup aged Mary's appearance by several decades, and resulted in her then ruined looks additionally being as if they were insanity-ravaged. He would call her "Pat," and she would also have to act deranged—ranting and raving, gnashing her teeth, shrieking, hands grasping like the taloned feet of a bird of prey, and foaming at the mouth. Could this be Norman's way of possessing in the flesh his fantasy version of British actress Patricia Haines, who he was obsessed with?

Toward Chambers.

"Sherriff Chambers dragged that swamp somewhere in the vicinity of the motel, and retrieved the body of the private investigator."

To the Chief of Police.

"Have you any unsolved missing persons cases on your books?"

CHIEF OF POLICE

"Yes. Two."

SIMON

"Young girls?"

CHIEF OF POLICE

Nods, astounded, then:

“Did he confess to ...?”

SIMON

Interrupting.

“As I said, the mother ...”

Pauses, goes on afresh.

“To understand it, as I understood it hearing it from the mother ... That is, from the mother-half of Norman’s mind, you have to go back ten years ... to the time when Norman murdered his mother and her lover.”

A pause, then as no one interrupts.

“He was already dangerously disturbed, had been ever since his father died. His mother was a clinging, demanding woman ... and for years the two of them lived as if there was no one else in the world. Then she met a man and it seemed to Norman she ‘threw him over’ for this man. That pushed him over the thin line ... and he killed them both. Matricide is probably the most unbearable crime of all ... and most unbearable to the son who commit it. So he had to erase the crime, at least in his own mind.

A pause.

“He stole her corpse ... and a weighted coffin was buried. He hid the body in the fruit cellar, even ‘treated’ it to keep it as well as it would keep. And that still wasn’t enough. She was there, but she was a corpse. So he began to think and speak for her, gave her half his life, so to speak. At times he could be both personalities, carry on conversations ... at other times, the mother-half took over completely. He was never all Norman, but he was often only mother. And because he was so pathologically jealous of her, he assumed she was as jealous of him. Therefore, if he felt a strong attraction to any other woman, the mother side of him would go wild.”

To Lila.

“When Norman met your sister, he was touched by her ... and aroused by her. He wanted her. This carnality set off his ‘jealous mother’ and, except for Mary, resulted in mother killing the girl he’d lusted after. After the murder, Norman returned as if from a deep sleep ... and like a dutiful son, he covered up all traces of the crime he was convinced his mother had committed.”

SAM

“Why was he ... dressed like that?”

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

“He’s a transvestite!”

SIMON

“Not exactly. A man who dresses in woman’s clothing in order to achieve a sexual change ... or satisfaction ... is a transvestite. But in Norman’s case, he was simply doing everything possible to keep alive the illusion of his mother being alive. And whenever reality came too close, when danger or desire threatened that illusion, he’d dress up, even to a cheap wig he brought, and he’d walk about the house, sit in her chair, speak in her voice ... He tried to be his mother.”

A sad smile.

“And now he is.”

A pause.

“That’s what I meant when I said I got the story from the mother. She thinks Norman has been taken away ... because of his crimes. She insists she did nothing, that Norman committed all the murders just to keep her from being discovered. She even smiled a bit coquettishly as she said that. Of course, she feels badly about it ... but also somewhat relieved to be, as she put it, free of Norman, at last.”

A pause.

“When the mind houses two personalities, there is always a battle. In Norman’s case, the battle is over ... and the dominant personality has won.”

Lila begins to weep softly, for Mary, for Arbogast, for Norman, for the other victims, for all the destroyed human beings of this world. Sam bends beside her, puts his arm about her, comforts her.

CHAMBERS

To Simon.

“And the forty thousand dollars? Who got that?”

SIMON

“The swamp. These were murders of passion, not profit.”

A police guard puts his head in the door, speaks, in a near-whisper, to the Chief of Police. The guard is carrying a folded blanket over his arm.

POLICE GUARD

“He feels a little chill ... can I bring him this blanket?”

The Chief of Police nods. The guard goes away, and the camera follows him out of the room and out into the hallway. The guard moves through the waiting men, heading down the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR IN COURTHOUSE

A narrower corridor in the rear of the building. In f.g. of the shot, we see a door, the top half of which is wire-covered glass. A guard in uniform is posted by the door, looking reprovingly at the two or three people trying to get a glance into the room.

The police guard, carrying the blanket, comes down this corridor, goes to the door. The camera moves close. The uniformed guard opens the door, allows the man to go in.

The shot is raked so that we cannot see into the room. After a moment, the Guard comes out and the uniformed Guard closes and locks the door and we

CUT TO:

INT. NORMAN'S DETENTION ROOM - (NIGHT)

The walls are white and plain. There is no window. There is no furniture except the straight-back chair in which Norman sits, in the center of the room. The room has a quality of no-where-ness, of calm separation from the world.

The police guard has placed the blanket on Norman's knees. Norman, as we come upon him, is lifting the blanket, unfolding it. His face, although without makeup and without the surrounding softness of the wig, has a certain femininity about it, a softness about the mouth and a kind of arch womanliness about the brows.

Calmly, Norman places the blanket about his shoulders, as if it were a cashmere shawl. The camera remains in a position so that our view of Norman is a full one. When the shawl is in position, and Norman is settled, we hear, over the shot, the voice of his mother, coming from the calm of his thoughts.

MOTHER'S VOICE (O.S.)

"It's sad ... when a mother has to speak the words that condemn her own son ... but I couldn't allow them to believe that I would commit murder."

A pause.

"They'll put him away now ... as I should have ... years ago. He was always ... bad. And in the end, he intended to tell them I killed those girls ... and that man, and enslave the last one for a plaything. As if I could do anything except just sit and stare ... like one of his stuffed birds."

A pause.

“Well, they know I can’t even move a finger. And I won’t. I’ll just sit here and be quiet. Just in case they do ... suspect me.”

A fly buzzes close, and then continues buzzing and flying about Norman’s face.

MOTHER’S VOICE (V.O.)

“They’re probably watching me. Well, let them. Let them see what kind of a person I am.”

A pause, as the fly lights on Norman’s hand.

“I’m not going to swat that fly. I hope they are watching. They’ll see ... they’ll see ... and they’ll know ... and they’ll say ... ‘why, she wouldn’t even harm a fly’ ...”

Norman continues to gaze ahead into nothing.

SCENE BEGINS TO DISSOLVE SLOWLY TO:

THE SWAMP

As the end titles fade in, we see the swamp, the chain of a tow-truck. The chain is attached to Mary’s car. The car is coming out of the swamp.

FADE OUT

THE END