

FADE IN:

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

Above Midtown section of the city. It is early afternoon, a hot mid-summer day. The city is sun-sunblanched white and its drifted-up noises are muted in blanched 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 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, empty lots. vegetable The very geography seems to give us a climate of nefariousness, of back-dooriness, 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 full slip, stockings, no shoes. She lies in an attitude of physical relaxation, but her face, seen in the dimness of the room, betrays a certain inner-tension, worrisome conflicts. She is MARY CRANE, an tension, attractive girl 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 on 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 large, straw open-

top handbag are on the bureau.

On the table beside the bed there are a container of Coca-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, 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 searches them. And finally pulls away and sits up.

MARY

I 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, 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)

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,  
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.

SAM

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, 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 remarries, 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 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, gets in. The cab zooms up the awful street.

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, pay  
driver, cross pavement to the office door.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - (DAY)

Mary enters office, crosses to her desk, sits down, rubs her  
temples, 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...

She 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 faced loud 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, 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, smiles a wet smile at Mary.

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, tries to ignore  
the man's hot-breath closeness.

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 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 the desk.  
Cassidy leans terribly close to Mary, flicks through the

bills, laughs wickedly.

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, 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, turns to Mary. Cassidy has gone into Lower'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, 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 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, starts to open door as:

LOWERY (O.S.)  
Come in.

INT. LOWERY'S PRIVATE OFFICE - (DAY)

Mary opens door, looks in. Cassidy is drinking from a large tumbler, winks at her without pausing in his drinking. Mary remains on 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, closes door.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - (DAY)

Mary goes to her desk, takes the handbag, checks to make  
sure 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 slip. 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, 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.

Mary 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, begins to back out of driveway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET IN MIDTOWN PHOENIX - (DAY)

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, 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, m'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, M'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

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. He calls:

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, 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 licence plates on all of them. The CAR DEALER calls out from his office:

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, 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 bein' 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 away 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've 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 chasin'  
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, 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, 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, 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, M'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, looks over at the office.  
In a moment, Mary comes out, hurries across to her new car,  
gets in, 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 Mechanic reaches  
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 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.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

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 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, 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, goes into office. CAMERA FOLLOWS her into office. There is no one present. Mary goes to the desk, rings a small pushbell. There is no response. Mary 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, begins to honk the horn. After a moment, a YOUNG MAN opens the front door of the house, pauses, 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.

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, 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, 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.

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

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, 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, 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. 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  
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 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 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)  
...to 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, 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, 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 TAXIDERMY MED. 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, 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, 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... We 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."

(Mimicing 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.

She 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, 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 halfslip. 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 evaporates. His shoulders slump, sadly, mournfully. He bypasses 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, 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, sees the body.

Slowly, almost carefully, he raises his hands to his face, covers his eyes, 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, goes in. We stay outside. Immediately, the "Vacancy" sign goes off, and then the motel sign goes off. As 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, 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. CAMERA MOVES FORWARD so that we can see into bathroom.

CAMERA is ANGLED that we see Norman only from the waist up. Quickly and deftly he unhooks the shower curtain, emerges with it into the bedroom. 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 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, 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, 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, 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, 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, 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, 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, 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, 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 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, gets out, leaving door open. He looks at the swamp, seems doubtful of its ability to swallow up the car, 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. 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, 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 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, places it in a new position. As 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, 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, goes up the steps and into the house. 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 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..."

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.

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.

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  
painless, it's quick!

She speaks "quick" with a kind of delicious bite, nods  
happily, 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 girl friend 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 girl friend, 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, closes door behind him.

CUT TO:

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, 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 boy  
friend'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... damped 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, CAMERA PULLS AWAY and we

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY WITH TELEPHONE BOOTH - (NIGHT)

Arbogast gets to the phone booth, enters. 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

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, sees only darkness. Then he goes to the door, listens for along moment, 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, 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. 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.

FADE OUT

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, 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. 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 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 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. 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. 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 tinkerbell.

(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 SHOT.

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 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 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 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 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 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 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 nakedfaced 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?

QUICK CUT TO:

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

Norman sits in the dim, one-lamp light, the phone next to  
him, his hand still near it as if he had not been able to  
move his hand after hanging up. He is staring at the shriek-  
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!

(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 girl 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. 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, starts toward the church.

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. 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.

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 lived together all our lives.

When we woke up one morning and found ourselves orphans,  
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. 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. 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. 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. 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, takes her hand.

Together they walk along the porch in the direction of Cabin One. 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 some thing. 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, 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, 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, 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.

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.

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.

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

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. 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, 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. 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 mismatched 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, 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 SHOT comes the SOUND of Norman's footsteps and 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 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, 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 as in 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, 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)

Ayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy 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 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 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 stops 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. 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. 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, 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 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 on home if you like.  
(a sympathetic look  
at Lila)  
Making that statement was enough for  
one night.

SAM  
(to Lila)  
Want to?

LILA  
No. I'm all right. I'll feel better  
when all this is explained... 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 kill my sister?

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  
But my sister is...

SIMON

Yes. I'm sorry.

(to Chambers)

The Private Investigator, too. If you drag that swamp somewhere in the vicinity of the motel...

(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. And this set off  
his "jealous mother" and... "mother  
killed the girl." After the murder,  
Norman returned as if from a deep  
sleep... and like a dutiful son,  
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 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 CAMERA FOLLOWS him out of the room and out into the hallway. 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 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. CAMERA MOVES CLOSE. The uniformed Guard opens the door, allows the man to go in.

Shot is RAKED so that we can not 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. 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 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. 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 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