

PSYCHO

Pulsing music drives titles across a black screen.

Main Title gives way to a gray metropolitan landscape.

The music softens as subtitles continue to slide in, indicating:

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

And as the camera pans across the city:

FRIDAY, DECEMBER THE ELEVENTH

The camera selects and slowly zooms in on one large old building:

TWO FORTY-THREE P.M.

We cautiously edge toward an open window, whose slightly raised blind leaves a narrow orifice for us to slip through. The dim light within reveals a seedily furnished bedroom. An attractive woman in bra and half-slip lies on the bed, gazing up at a shirtless man who stands alongside. Some fast-food items are on the table.

SAM:

You never did eat your lunch, did you.

MARION:

(sitting up) I better get back to the office. These extended lunch hours give my boss excess acid.

SAM:

Why don't you call your boss and tell him you're taking the rest of the afternoon off? It's Friday, anyway--and hot.

Sam sits on the bed. They caress and intermix kisses with conversation.

MARION:

What do I do with my free afternoon? Walk you to the airport?

SAM:

Well, we could laze around here a while longer.

MARION:

Checking out time is three P.M. (They sink down on the bed, facing each other. More kissing and caressing.) Hotels of this sort aren't interested in you when you come in, but when your time is up-- Oh, Sam, I hate having to be with you in a place like this!

SAM:

I've heard of married couples who deliberately spend an occasional night in a cheap hotel.

MARION:

When you're married you can do a lot of things deliberately.

SAM:

You sure talk like a girl who's been married.

MARION:

Sam, this is the last time.

SAM:

Yeah? For what?

MARION:

For this. Meeting you in secret, so--we can be secretive. You come down here on business trips--we steal lunch hours and--I wish you wouldn't even come!

SAM:

All right, what do we do instead? Write each other lurid love letters?

MARION:
(rises from the bed and goes to get her clothes) I have to go, Sam.

SAM:
I can come down next week.

MARION:
No.

SAM:
Not even just to see you? To have lunch--in public?

MARION:
(putting on her blouse) Oh, 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:
(picks up his shirt and sits in a chair) And after the steak, do we send Sister to the movies? Turn Mama's picture to the wall?

MARION:
Sam!

SAM:
(broadly submissive) All right. (Marion stops, turns to face him. He gets up and puts on his shirt.) Marion, whenever it's possible I want to see you. And under any circumstances--even respectability.

MARION:
You make respectability sound--disrespectful.

SAM:
Oh, no--I'm all for it. It requires patience, temperance--a lot of sweating out. Otherwise, though, it's just hard work. (embracing her) But if I can see you and touch you even as simply as this--I won't mind. (He walks to the window.) I'm tired of 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.

MARION:

I pay too. They also pay who meet in hotel rooms.

SAM:

A couple of years and my debts will be paid off, and if she ever remarries the alimony stops, and--

MARION:

I haven't even been married once yet.

SAM:

Yeah, but when you do, you'll swing!

MARION:

(embracing him) Oh Sam, let's get married! (They kiss.)

SAM:

Yeah. And live with me in a storeroom behind a hardware store in Fairvale. We'll have lots of laughs. I tell you what. When I send my ex-wife alimony you can lick the stamps.

MARION:

I'll lick the stamps.

SAM:

(He withdraws from the embrace and paces, then goes to the window.) Marion, you want to cut this off--go out and find yourself somebody available?

MARION:

(demurely) I'm thinking of it.

SAM:

(self-mockingly) How could you even think a thing like that!

MARION:

(gathering her things) Don't miss your plane.

SAM:
Hey, we can leave together, can't we?

MARION:
Hm-mm. I'm late, and uh, you have to put your shoes on. (She exits.)

Fade from Sam staring at his feet to the interior store front of Lowery Real Estate. Marion hurriedly enters the front door. (Through the picture window, a portly gentleman can be seen standing on the sidewalk, his profile passingly familiar.)

MARION:
(to a young female clerk sitting at a desk) Is Mr. Lowery back from lunch?

CAROLINE:
He's lunching with the man who's buying the Harris Street property. You know, the oil lease man? That's why he's late. (noticing Marion's hand to her forehead) You got a headache?

MARION:
Oh, it'll pass. Headaches are like resolutions--you forget them as soon as they stop hurting.

CAROLINE:
Have you got some aspirin?

MARION:
(sitting at her desk) No.

CAROLINE:
I've got something--not aspirin. (takes a plastic bottle of pills from her drawer) My mother's doctor gave them to me the day of my wedding. Teddy was furious when he found out I'd taken tranquilizers.

MARION:
(applying lipstick) There any calls?

CAROLINE:

Teddy called me; my mother called to see if Teddy called--
Oh, your sister called to say she's going to Tucson to do some
buying and she'll be gone the whole weekend and--

Two middle-aged businessmen enter. Lowery is the realtor,
conservative in appearance. Cassidy is broad and boisterous. He
wears a white fedora and string tie.

CASSIDY:

Wow! It's as hot as fresh milk! Say, you girls oughtta get your
boss to air-condition you up! He can afford it today.

LOWERY:

Oh, Marion, will you get the copies of that deed ready for Mr.
Cassidy?

CASSIDY:

Yeah, tomorrow's the day! My sweet little girl. (to Marion:) Oh,
no--not you. My daughter. A baby! (He sits on Marion's desk.) And
tomorrow she stands her sweet self up there and gets married away
from me. (taking her picture from his wallet) Ah--I want you to take
a look at my baby. Eighteen years old and she never had an
unhappy day in any one of those years!

LOWERY:

Come on, Tom. My office is air-conditioned.

CASSIDY:

(ignoring him) Do you know what I do about unhappiness? I
buy it off. Are uh--are you unhappy?

MARION:

Not inordinately.

CASSIDY:

I'm buying this house for my baby's wedding present. Forty
thousand dollars, cash! Now that's--that's not buying happiness.
That's just buying off unhappiness. (He pulls out a wad of cash and
flashes it at Marion.) I never carry more than I can afford to lose.
(tossing the cash on her desk) Count 'em!

CAROLINE:

I declare!

CASSIDY:

(to Marion) I don't! That's how I get to keep it.

LOWERY:

Tom, a cash transaction of this size is most irregular.

CASSIDY:

Oh, so what. It's my private money. Now it's yours.

LOWERY:

Uh--suppose we put it in the safe. And then Monday morning when you're feeling good--

CASSIDY:

Oh, speaking of feeling good, where's that bottle you said was in your desk? (catching himself) Oh-oh! (to Marion, laughing) You know, sometimes I can keep my mouth shut.

Watching him turn away, Marion relaxes her smile.

CASSIDY:

Lowery, I am dying of thirstarony! (He goes into Lowery's office.)

LOWERY:

(to Marion) I don't even want it in the office over the weekend. Put it in the safe deposit box in the bank and we'll get him to give us a check on Monday instead. (He goes into his office.)

CAROLINE:

(She gets up, goes over, picks up and fans through the money.) He was flirting with you. I guess he must have noticed my wedding ring. (She reluctantly lets Marion take the money from her.)

Marion places the money in an envelope and into her pocketbook. She goes to Lowery's office and knocks.

LOWERY:

Come in.

The men are sitting across Lowery's desk as Marion enters and hands Lowery...

MARION:

The copies. Uh--Mr. Lowery, if you don't mind, I'd like to go right on home after the bank. I have a slight headache.

CASSIDY:

You go right on home, because me and your boss are goin' out and get ourselves a little drinkin' done. (to Lowery:) Right?

LOWERY:

Uh--of course. (to Marion:) Do you feel ill?

MARION:

Just a headache.

CASSIDY:

What you need is a weekend in Las Vegas--the playground of the world!

MARION:

I'm going to spend this weekend in bed. (Cassidy's eyebrows rise. To Lowery:) Thank you. (She goes out the door and past Caroline to the front entrance.)

CAROLINE:

Aren't you going to take the pills? They'll knock that headache out.

MARION:

Can't buy off unhappiness with pills. Well, I guess I'll go put this money in the bank, then go home and sleep it off. (She exits.)

Fade to Marion's bedroom.

Marion appears, wearing black undergarments. On the bed lies an unsealed envelope. The camera zooms in, revealing the undeposited cash within, then pans over to an open, overflowing suitcase sitting beside it.

Marion puts on a dress and finishes packing. She searches her face in the mirror, then takes some business papers from a drawer and places them in her purse and, with some trepidation, adds the envelope with the money. She picks up the suitcase, pulls a coat from the closet, and leaves.

Fade to Marion driving. As we view her face through the windshield of the moving car, we can hear some of her thoughts:

SAM'S VOICE:

Marion, what in the world--what are you doing here? ...Of course I'm glad to see you. I always am. ...What is it, Marion?

Marion pulls to a stop at a busy intersection. Among the pedestrians crossing in front of her car appear Lowery and Cassidy. Lowery sees her. She and her boss exchange smiles instinctively, before Marion realizes her awkward position, and he becomes visibly puzzled. They each tensely move on.

Marion's flight by car is punctuated by the throbbing string rhythm reprised from the Main Title sequence. This and all parts of the film's background score are played entirely by string instruments--what the composer called "black and white sound."

Marion continues driving till evening, when she begins having difficulty keeping her eyes open.

Black-out to Marion's car parked at the side of the road at morning. A state trooper's car passes her, stops and backs up, parking behind her. The officer gets out of his car, walks up, and sees Marion stretched out, asleep on the front seat. He knocks on the window. Marion sits up quickly and is startled to see his looming face and large sunglasses. She starts the car.

OFFICER:

Hold it there! (Marion turns off the motor and rolls down the window.) In quite a hurry.

MARION:

Yes, I didn't intend to sleep so long. I almost had an accident last night--from sleepiness--so I decided to pull over.

OFFICER:
You slept here all night?

MARION:
Yes. As I said, I couldn't keep my eyes open.

OFFICER:
There are plenty of motels in this area. You should've--I mean, just to be safe...

MARION:
I didn't intend to sleep all night. I just pulled over. Have I broken any laws?

OFFICER:
No, ma'am.

MARION:
Then I'm free to go?

OFFICER:
Is anything wrong?

MARION:
Of course not. Am I acting as if there's something wrong?

OFFICER:
Frankly, yes.

MARION:
Please--I'd like to go.

OFFICER:
Well, is there?

MARION:
Is there what? I've told you there's nothing wrong--except that I'm in a hurry and you're taking up my time. (She turns on the engine.)

OFFICER:

Now, just a moment! Turn your motor off please. (She does so.) May I see your license?

MARION:
(pause) Why?

OFFICER:
Please.

He watches as she turns from him, blocking his view of her purse on the seat beside her. She carefully removes the valuable envelope and places it aside, then takes the license from her wallet and hands it to him. He looks at it, walks to the back of her car to check the license plate, then returns the card to her. She replaces it in her wallet, and with no further exchange between them, the patrolman returns to his car.

Marion pulls away, and the dramatic background music resumes. In her rearview mirror she nervously watches the trooper's car following her. She is finally relieved to see him turn off onto a side road.

She comes to a commercial stretch of highway and drives her car into the sales lot of a used car dealership. She parks and gets out. The salesman pokes his head out the door and says he'll be with her in a second. She glances over a few cars for sale, noting the California license plates. She then spots a newspaper dispenser. She buys a paper and carefully scans the pages.

The state trooper's vehicle reappears. He sees Marion in the dealership, and makes a U-turn, pulling up and parking across the street. He gets out and stands, back to his car, watching.

The salesman comes out and approaches Marion as she walks toward him, her attention centered on the newspaper. He is in shirtsleeves and a bow tie.

SALESMAN:
I'm in no mood for trouble.

MARION:
(looking up from the paper) What?

SALESMAN:

There's an old saying: First customer of the day is always the most trouble. But like I say, I'm in no mood for it, so I'm gonna treat you so fair and square that you won't have one human reason to give me--

MARION:

Can I trade my car in and take another?

SALESMAN:

Cn'do anything you've a mind to, and bein' a woman, you will. (indicating her car) That yours?

MARION:

Yes. It's--there's nothing wrong with it. I just--

SALESMAN:

--Sick of the sight of it. Well, why don't you have a look around here and see if there's somethin' that strikes your eyes, and meanwhile I'll have my mechanic give yours the once over. You want some coffee? I was just about--

MARION:

No, thank you. I'm in a hurry. I just want to make a change and-- (She sees the patrolman across the street. They lock eyes for a moment.)

SALESMAN:

One thing people never oughtta be when they're buyin' used cars and that's in a hurry. But like I said, it's too nice a day to argue. I'll shoot your car in the garage here. (He goes to get her car.)

With little choice, Marion decides to ignore the patrolman and go about selecting a car. The salesman returns and sees her eyeing a sedan.

SALESMAN:

That's the one I'd've picked for you myself.

MARION:

Uh, how much?

SALESMAN:
Go ahead and spin it around the block.

MARION:
It looks fine. How much would it be with my car?

SALESMAN:
You mean you don't want the usual day and a half to think it over? You are in a hurry, aren't you! Somebody chasin' you?

MARION:
Of course not. Please.

SALESMAN:
Well, it's the first time a customer ever high-pressured the salesman! Uh-figure roughly--your car plus seven hundred dollars.

MARION:
Seven hundred?

SALESMAN:
Ah, you always got time to argue money, huh?

MARION:
All right.

SALESMAN:
(His cheerful manner ceases.) I take it you can prove that car is yours--I mean, uh--out of state license and all. You got your pink slip and--

MARION:
I believe I have the necessary papers. Is there a ladies room?

SALESMAN:
In the building.

He shows her the way. As they are walking, he notices that she turns to look back at the patrolman across the street.

SALESMAN:

(indicating the ladies room) Over there.

Marion goes in. At the sink, she takes her automobile certificates from her purse, then removes the cash envelope and counts out seven hundred dollars. She returns to the waiting salesman, money and papers in hand.

SALESMAN:

(nervously) Ah--I think you'd better take it for a trial spin. Don't want any bad word of mouth about California Charlie.

MARION:

I'd really rather not. Can't we just settle this?

SALESMAN:

I uh, might as well be perfectly honest with you, ma'am. It's not that I don't trust you, but uh--

MARION:

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

SALESMAN:

No ma'am. All right, let's go inside. (She follows him in.)

The officer, who has been fixedly watching, gets in his car and drives across the road, pulling directly into the lot, just as Marion and the salesman emerge from the office. Seeing him, she quickly gets in her new car and begins to pull out. The garage mechanic yells. She screeches to a stop. He brings her suitcase and coat. She opens the rear door.

MARION:

Just put it in here, please. Thank you.

The patrolman walks up alongside the salesman and mechanic, who are watching Marion drive away.

Once again the heavily punctuated "driving theme" resumes, as again the camera fixes itself at the windshield to study her face. The musical pulse softens as we hear Marion's thoughts of how the salesman and officer might be reacting to her visit.

SALESMAN'S VOICE:

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

OFFICER'S VOICE:

I better have a look at those papers, Charlie.

SALESMAN'S VOICE:

She look like a wrong one to you?

OFFICER:

Acted like one.

SALESMAN:

The only funny thing, she paid me seven hundred dollars in cash.

Cut to view of road ahead, then back to Marion's face.

CAROLINE'S VOICE:

Yes, Mr. Lowery?

LOWERY'S VOICE:

Caroline? Marion still isn't in?

CAROLINE:

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

LOWERY:

Buzz me the minute she comes in.

...Then call her sister if no one's answering at the house.

CAROLINE:

I called her sister, Mr. Lowery, where she works--the Music Makers Music Store, you know--and she doesn't know where Marion is any more than we do.

LOWERY:

You'd better run out to the house. She may be unable to answer the phone.

CAROLINE:

Her sister's going to do that. She's as worried as we are.

Marion drives on.

LOWERY:

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. I said she could. That was the last time I saw--now wait a minute, I did see her sometime later, driving--uh, I think you'd better come over here to my office--quick!

Caroline, get Mr. Cassidy for me!

On the road ahead street lights and automobile headlights come on as dusk sets in.

LOWERY:

...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.

CASSIDY'S VOICE:

Well, I ain't about to kiss off forty thousand dollars! I'll get it back, and if any of it's missing I'll replace it with her fine, soft flesh! I'll track her, never you doubt it! (traces of a smirk in Marion's face)

LOWERY:

Oh, hold on, Cassidy! I-I still can't believe--It must be some kind of mystery. I-I can't--

CASSIDY:

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 few raindrops hit the windshield. In no time it turns into a downpour. The glare of oncoming headlights is blinding. The windshield wipers are of little effect.

The musical cadence intensifies, underscoring the driving rain, Marion's anxiety, and her desperate journey to an uncertain destiny.

Marion's car, forced to slow down for lack of visibility, approaches a neon sign which reads:

BATES MOTEL

And beneath it, in smaller neon letters:

VACANCY

She drives up slowly, looking around. The motel is a one-story, L-shaped structure. A rustic portico runs the length of the front, affording sheltered access to each of the twelve units and the office.

Marion stops the car in front of the office and gets out. The interior light is on. She goes in to see, but no one is inside. She walks across the front porch and peers around the corner of the building. She sees a large old Victorian style house atop a hill. In an upper floor the shadow of a female figure moves across a lighted window shade. Marion goes to the car and honks. After a few moments, a man is seen hurrying down the hill in the rain. He is carrying an unopened umbrella, which he starts to open for Marion when he arrives, but they have both already attained cover under the porch roof.

NORMAN:

I'm sorry. I didn't hear you in all this rain. Go ahead in please.

He ushers Marion into the office and hurries around to the business side of the counter.

NORMAN:

(Affably) Dirty night!

Norman is a lanky young man, darkly good-looking, charmingly bashful around Marion. He wears a rumpled sport jacket.

MARION:
Do you have a vacancy?

NORMAN:
(opening the ledger) Oh, we have twelve vacancies. Twelve cabins--twelve vacancies. They uh--they moved away the highway.

MARION:
Oh. I thought I'd gotten off the main road.

NORMAN:
I knew you must have. (placing the ledger before her) Nobody ever stops here anymore unless they've done that. But there's no sense dwelling on our losses. We just keep on lighting the lights and following the formalities. (Marion signs the register.) Your home address--oh, just the town will do.

MARION:
(glancing at the newspaper which sticks out of her purse) Los Angeles.

Norman reaches to the pegboard on the wall behind him to get a key. His hand hesitates along the row of keys, then reaches for...

NORMAN:
Cabin One. (handing her the key) It's closer in case you want anything. It's right next to the office.

MARION:
I want to sleep more than anything else. Except maybe food.

NORMAN:
Well, there's a big diner about ten miles up the road, just outside of Fairvale.

MARION:
Am I that close to Fairvale?

NORMAN:

Fifteen miles. I'll get your bags. (He retrieves them from the car and takes her into Cabin One next door.) Boy, it's stuffy in here. (He opens the casement window a few inches.) Well, the uh-- (patting the bed) the mattress is soft and--there's hangers in the closet and stationary with 'Bates Motel' printed on it, in case you want to make your friends back home feel envious--and the uh-- (He reaches through the bathroom door and turns on the light.) ...over there.

MARION:

The bathroom.

NORMAN:

Yes. Well, uh, i-if you want anything just--just tap on the wall. (Marion, facing away from him, smiles at his shyness.) I'll--I'll be in the office.

MARION:

(turning to face him) Thank you, Mr. Bates.

NORMAN:

(smiling) Norman Bates. (seriously) You're not really gonna go out again and drive up to the diner, are you?

MARION:

No.

NORMAN:

Well, then, would you do me a favor? Would you have dinner with me? I was just about to, myself. You know, nothing special--just sandwiches and milk. But I'd like it very much if you'd come up to the house. I-I don't set a fancy table but the kitchen's awful homey.

MARION:

I'd like to.

NORMAN:

All right--uh--you get yourself settled, and--and take off your wet shoes--and I'll be back as soon as it's ready. (He takes the

key from the door and hands it to her.) With my--with my trusty umbrella. (He self-consciously hurries away.)

Marion begins to unpack some items from the suitcase, but stops as she becomes concerned about the money. She extracts the bulging envelope from her purse. Holding it in her hand, she looks about for a good hiding place. She opens and closes a few drawers. Her attention settles on the newspaper sticking out of her purse. She removes the paper and opens it, then takes the cash out of the envelope, places two stacks of money on top of the paper, and carefully refolds it around them. She then places the newspaper in a casual position on the nightstand.

Through the open window, Marion hears raised voices coming from the house. She goes over to listen. We can barely make out the shouted words, at first.

WOMAN'S VOICE:

No! I tell you no! I won't have you bringing strange young girls in here for supper--by candlelight, I suppose, in the cheap erotic fashion of young men with cheap erotic minds!

NORMAN:

Mother, please!

WOMAN:

And then what, after supper? Music? Whispers?

NORMAN:

Mother, she's just a stranger! She's hungry and it's raining out.

WOMAN:

(mocking) 'Mother, she's just a stranger.' As if men don't desire strangers. Ah! I refuse to speak of disgusting things, because they disgust me! Do you understand, boy? 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, boy? Huh, boy? You have the guts, boy?

NORMAN:

Shut up! Shut up!

Marion sees Norman come out the front door. She takes a pair of shoes from the bag and puts them on, then goes out the door and waits on the porch. Norman comes around the corner, carrying a tray.

MARION:
I've caused you some trouble.

NORMAN:
No. Uh--Mother-- m--my mother, uh--what is the phrase?-- she isn't quite herself today.

MARION:
(indicating the tray) You shouldn't have bothered. I really don't have that much of an appetite.

NORMAN:
(pause) Oh, I'm sorry. I wish you could apologize for other people.

MARION:
Don't worry about it. But as long as you've fixed the supper, we may as well eat it. (She stands by the open door of her cabin, but Norman hesitates.)

NORMAN:
It--it might be uh, nicer--and warmer--in the office. (He goes into his office, smiling, looking for her to follow. Marion smiles to herself, then closes her door and follows him.)

MARION:
(inside) Well, it stopped raining.

NORMAN:
(tray still in hand) Eating in an office is just--just too officious. I--I have the parlor back here.

MARION:
All right.

She follows him to a comfortable room--cozy except for a couple of huge stuffed birds perched ominously above the sitting area.

NORMAN:

Sit down. (He sets the tray before her. They both sit.)

MARION:

Thank you. You're very kind.

NORMAN:

It's all for you. I'm not hungry. Go ahead. (delightedly watching her eat) You--you eat like a bird.

MARION:

(nodding to the stuffed birds) You'd know, of course.

NORMAN:

No, not really. Anyway, I hear the expression 'eats like a bird'--is really a fals-- fals-- falsity. Because birds really eat a tremendous lot. But I don't really know anything about birds. My hobby is stuffing things--you know--taxidermy. And I guess I'd just rather stuff birds because I hate the look of beasts when they're stuffed--you know, foxes and chimps. Some people even stuff dogs and cats--but, oh, I can't do that. I think only birds look well stuffed because--well, because they're kind of passive to begin with.

MARION:

It's a strange hobby. Curious.

NORMAN:

Uncommon, too.

MARION:

Oh, I imagine so.

NORMAN:

And it's not as expensive as you'd think. It's cheap really. You know--needles and thread, sawdust. The chemicals are the only thing that cost anything.

MARION:

A man should have a hobby.

NORMAN:

(sitting back) Well, it's--it's more than a hobby. A hobby's supposed to pass the time--not fill it.

MARION:

Is your time so empty?

NORMAN:

No, uh--well, I run the office, and uh, tend the cabins and grounds, and--and do little errands for my mother--the ones she allows I might be capable of doing.

MARION:

Do you go out with friends?

NORMAN:

(pause) Well, uh--a boy's best friend is his mother. (Marion tries not to react.) You've never had an empty moment in your entire life, have you?

MARION:

Only my share.

NORMAN:

Where are you going? (when Marion doesn't answer right away...) I didn't mean to pry.

MARION:

Um--I'm looking for a private island.

NORMAN:

(leaning forward) What are you running away from?

MARION:

(taken aback) W--why do you ask that?

NORMAN:

(shaking his head, relaxing back into his chair) No. People never run away from anything. The rain didn't last long, did it. You know what I think? I think that we're all in our private traps--

clamped in them. And none of us can ever get out. We--we scratch and claw, but only at the air--only at each other. And for all of it, we never budge an inch.

MARION:
Sometimes we deliberately step into those traps.

NORMAN:
I was born in mine. I don't mind it anymore.

MARION:
Oh, but you should. You should mind it.

NORMAN:
Oh, I do (laughs) but I say I don't.

MARION:
You know, if anyone ever talked to me the way I heard--the way she spoke to you--

NORMAN:
Sometimes--when she talks to me like that--I feel I'd like to go up there--and curse her--and--and--and leave her forever! Or at least defy her. But I know I can't. She's ill.

MARION:
She sounded strong.

NORMAN:
No, I mean--ill. She had to raise me all by herself, after my father died. I was only five and it must've been quite a strain for her. I mean, she didn't have to go to work or anything like that. He left her a little money. Anyway, a few years ago Mother met this man, and he talked her into building this motel. He could've talked her into anything. And when he died too, it was just too great a shock for her. And--and the way he died--(laughs) I guess it's nothing to talk about while you're eating. (Marion breaks her enthralment, looks at the food in her hand and smiles.)

Anyway, it was just too great a loss for her. She had nothing left.

MARION:
Except you.

NORMAN:
Well, a son is a poor substitute for a lover.

MARION:
Why don't you go away?

NORMAN:
To a private island, like you?

MARION:
No, not like me.

NORMAN:
I couldn't do that. Who'd look after her? She'd be alone up there. The fire would go out. It'd be cold and damp like a grave. If you love someone, you don't do that to them even if you hate them. You understand that I don't hate her--I hate what she's become. I hate the illness.

MARION:
Wouldn't it be better--if you put her--someplace--?

NORMAN:
(Norman's demeanor darkens. He leans forward.) You mean an institution? A madhouse! People always call a madhouse 'someplace,' don't they. 'Put her in--someplace.'

MARION:
I-I'm sorry. I didn't mean it to sound uncaring.

NORMAN:
What do you know about caring. Have you ever seen the inside of one of those places? The laughing and the tears--and the cruel eyes studying you. My mother there! But she's harmless! Wh-- she's as harmless as one of those stuffed birds!

MARION:

I am sorry. I only felt--it seems she's hurting you. I meant well. (Marion is more than a little spooked by his personality transformation.)

NORMAN:

People always mean well! They cluck their thick tongues and shake their heads and suggest, oh so very delicately--! (He sits back. The storm is over. Gently:) Of course, I've suggested it myself. But I hate to even think about it. She needs me. It-it's not as if she were a--a maniac--a raving thing. She just goes a little mad sometimes. We all go a little mad sometimes. Haven't you?

MARION:

(her concern relaxed) Yes. Sometimes just one time can be enough. Thank you.

NORMAN:

'Thank you, Norman.'

MARION:

Norman.

NORMAN:

Oh, you're not--you're not going back to your room already?

MARION:

I'm very tired. And I have a long drive tomorrow--all the way back to Phoenix.

NORMAN:

Really?

MARION:

I stepped into a private trap back there and I'd like to go back and try to pull myself out of it before it's too late for me to. (She stands to go.)

NORMAN:

Are you sure you wouldn't like to stay just a little while longer? Just for talk?

MARION:

Oh, I'd like to, but--

NORMAN:

(He raises his hand, smiles and nods understandingly.) All right. (He stands to see her out.) Well, uh, I'll see you in the morning. I'll bring you some breakfast, all right? What time?

MARION:

(discouragingly) Very early--dawn.

NORMAN:

All right, Miss uh--

MARION:

Crane.

NORMAN:

Crane. That's it.

MARION:

Good night. (She leaves.)

Norman goes out to the guest register on the office counter. He takes a piece of candy from his pocket and eats it. He slides the book around to face him and reads her signature: 'Marie Samuels.' He smiles, then goes back into the parlor.

He walks over to the far wall and stands very still, listening. A stuffed pheasant sits in front of him. The owl, wings spread for take off, hovers above his head. The lamp lights the owl and Norman's face from below. He lifts a framed picture off the wall, revealing a section of wallboard torn away and a peephole drilled through the wall of the adjoining room. He peers closely into the hole, which provides a view of Marion's bathroom, where she is disrobing.

After a moment, Norman stands away from the wall, turns his head in the direction of the house--an indignant expression on his face. Then, with determined jaw, he struts out and up toward the house. He storms through the front door, but halts at the foot of the staircase, turns away, and slinks down the hallway to the kitchen, where he flops into a seat at the table. From the distance we watch him sulk.

In her cabin, Marion, wearing a glossy robe, is seated at the desk with pencil, paper, and bankbook. She is calculating the amount of the stolen money she spent and must replace. She tears up the slip of paper and is about to toss it into the wastebasket, but thinks better of it and takes it into the bathroom where she flushes it down the toilet. She then closes the door, removes her robe, and steps into the bathtub. She draws the shower curtain closed and unwraps a bar of soap.

She turns on the shower.

As she is showering, through the translucent shower curtain we see the door open.

A shadow slowly approaches, then a hand swiftly throws open the curtain. Marion turns and sees the backlit figure of a woman with a large bread knife in her raised hand. Marion screams.

The woman stabs Marion repeatedly.

Naked, defenseless, and in shock, Marion screams while trying to ward off the assault with her arms. But the attack is relentless. The scene is intensified by searing background music that seems to slash and scream.

Abruptly the onslaught ends and the woman exits. Marion silently sinks downward against the wall. Her hand reaches forward to grab the shower curtain. The hooks pop and snap off the bar as her falling weight tears the curtain loose. She lands head first on the tile floor, half her body hanging on the tub.

The water continues to run, as if trying to clean up the blood-streaked tub. We are drawn along with the tainted liquid as it swirls down the drain. We would follow it down into blackness, but a large glaring eye stops us. It is the superimposed, unblinking eye of the slain woman, as still as a photograph, except for the droplets from her hair that fall past as we pan back, slowly turning our diagonal view upright, to see her full face pressed against the bathroom floor.

The camera leads us out of the bathroom, across the bedroom, past the folded newspaper under the lit lamp, to the open window and the house beyond.

We hear a distant cry...

NORMAN:

Mother! Oh God! Mother! Blood! Blood!

Moonlight highlights the dispersing rain clouds above, as Norman comes running down the hill in panic. He charges into the room and freezes at the bathroom door.

He swings back into the room, knocking a small picture frame off the wall with his shoulder, his hand over his mouth in horror.

He nervously goes to the window, closes it and draws the curtain. Aware that he is too shaken to function, he sits on the bed, attempting to gain composure. Moving slowly and deliberately, he rises, closes the cabin door and turns out the bedroom light. After a moment, he exits the cabin and goes to get a mop and bucket from the office, turning off the office light as he leaves. He brings them into the cabin and over to the bathroom, hesitating at the bathroom doorway. His dark figure is framed by the stark white light of the bathroom. The sound of the running shower continues. He places the mop and bucket aside and turns off the water, then, with visible distaste, takes the fallen shower curtain and spreads it out on the bedroom floor. He goes back for Marion's body and drags her onto it.

He washes his bloodstained hands. Then he takes up the mop and cleans out the tub. He wipes down the walls and floor with the towel from the rack.

Edging his way around the body, he goes out to Marion's car, gets in, and backs it up to the cabin door. He opens the trunk, then goes back into the cabin. He carefully wraps the body in the shower curtain where it lies, lifts and carries it out to the car, and places it in the trunk.

He returns to the room to retrieve Marion's clothing and belongings. He repacks her suitcase and quickly checks the bureau

top and drawers. He picks up the fallen picture from the floor--a bird print--and rehangs it beneath another--a set of two. He checks the bathroom and medicine cabinet, then carries everything out with him. Just as he goes through the cabin door, a car comes along the highway. The car's headlights sweep across Norman in the open door. He nervously places the mop and bucket down out of sight till it passes. Then he gathers and places Marion's possessions along with the mop and bucket into the trunk with her.

Before closing the trunk, he goes back inside for one last look around the room. Seeing the newspaper on the nightstand, he quickly grabs it, turns out the bathroom light, and leaves, closing the door. He tosses the newspaper in the trunk of the car, closes it and gets behind the wheel.

He drives the car to a secluded, swampy area, gets out, and pushes the car into the bog, where it begins to sink. Norman's dark, brooding figure stands sentry over the muddy burial.

But the bubbling sound stops suddenly as the sinking halts, leaving part of the roof and trunk visible. The concern on his face turns to a smirk as the car resumes its descent, until it is completely gone.

Fade to black.

Scene: Sam's hardware store in Fairvale.

Sam is seated at an old roll top desk in the back of the store, writing a letter to Marion. A glimpse of the letter shows us he is softening on the prospect of marriage.

WOMAN'S VOICE:

They tell you what its ingredients are, and how it's guaranteed to exterminate every insect in the world, but they do not tell you whether or not it's painless. (The camera reveals a gray-haired woman at the front counter, consulting the young attendant over an impending purchase.) And, I say, insect or man, death should always be painless.

Through the front door we see a taxicab pull away as a young woman in a tweed suit enters the front door. She is carrying a

suitcase and a coat draped over her arm. She approaches the young attendant.

LILA:
Sam?

ATTENDANT:
Sam! Lady wants to see you.

SAM:
(coming out) Yes, miss?

LILA:
I'm Marion's sister.

SAM:
Oh, sure--Lila!

LILA:
Is Marion here?

SAM:
Why, of course not. Is something wrong?

The register rings. The woman customer leaves.

LILA:
(puts down suitcase) She left home on Friday. I was in Tucson over the weekend and I haven't heard from her since--not even a phone call. (pause) Look, if you two are in this thing together, I don't care--It's none of my business--but I want to talk to Marion and I want her to tell me it's none of my business! And then I'll go--

SAM:
Bob, run out and get yourself some lunch, will you?

BOB
Oh, that's okay, Sam. I brought it with me.

SAM:
Run out and eat it! (Bob exits.) Now--what thing could we be in together?

They have not noticed that another man has entered the store. He wears a suit, hat, and carries an overcoat. He seems especially attentive to the conversation.

LILA:
(wiping her eyes) Sorry about the tears.

SAM:
Well, is Marion in trouble? What is it?

THE STRANGER:
(walking toward them) Let's all talk about Marion, shall we?

SAM:
Who are you, friend?

THE STRANGER:
My name is Arbogast, friend. I'm a private investigator. (shows them his I.D.) Where is she, Miss Crane?

LILA:
I don't know you.

ARBOGAST:
Oh, I know you don't, because if you did I wouldn't be able to follow you.

SAM:
What's your interest in this?

ARBOGAST:
(leans back, his elbow on the counter) Well--forty thousand dollars.

SAM
Forty thousand dollars?

ARBOGAST:
That's right.

SAM:

(He looks at Lila for a second, then at Arbogast.) Well one of you better tell me what's going on and tell me fast! I can take just so much of this!

ARBOGAST:

Now take it easy, friend. Take it easy--you just--your girl friend stole forty thousand dollars.

SAM:

What're you talking about! (softer, to Lila:) What is this?

LILA:

She was supposed to bank it on Friday for her boss, and she didn't. And no one has seen her since.

ARBOGAST:

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

LILA:

Sam, they don't want to prosecute. They just want the money back. Sam, if she's here--

SAM:

She isn't! (and again, gentler) She isn't.

ARBOGAST:

Miss Crane, can I ask you a question? Did you come up here on just a hunch and nothing more?

LILA:

Not even a hunch. Just hope.

ARBOGAST:

Well, with a little checking, I could get to believe you.

LILA:

I don't care if you believe me or not! (to Sam:) All I want to do is see Marion before she gets in this too deeply.

SAM:

Did you check in Phoenix? Hospitals? Maybe she had an accident. Or a holdup.

ARBOGAST:

No, she was seen leaving town in her own car--by her employer, I might add.

SAM:

I can't believe it. (to Lila:) Can you? (No reaction from Lila.)

ARBOGAST:

Well, you know we're always quickest to doubt people who have a reputation for being honest. I think she's here, Miss Crane--where there's a boy friend. Well, she's not back there with the nuts and bolts, but she's here, in this town, somewhere. I'll find her. I'll be seeing you. (He leaves.)

A montage of fade-in images show Arbogast at several hotels and motels in the area, getting negative responses from proprietors. Norman Bates is sitting on the motel's front porch, reading and eating candy from a bag, when Arbogast finally arrives there. Norman rises to greet him.

ARBOGAST:

(getting out of his car) Good evening.

NORMAN:

Evening.

ARBOGAST:

I almost drove right past.

NORMAN:

I'm always forgetting to turn the sign on, but we do have a vacancy. Twelve, in fact. Twelve cabins--twelve vacancies. (holding forth the bag) Some candy?

ARBOGAST:

No, thanks. Uh, the last two days I've been to so many motels that my eyes are bleary with neon, but, you know, this is the first place that looks like it's hiding from the world.

NORMAN:

Well, I'll tell you the truth. I didn't really forget to turn the sign on. It just doesn't seem like any use anymore, you know?

ARBOGAST:

Oh?

NORMAN:

You see, that used to be the main highway right there. Well-- do you want to come in and register?

ARBOGAST:

No, no. Sit down. I don't want to trouble you. I just want to ask you a few questions.

NORMAN:

Oh, that's no trouble. Today's linen day. I always change the beds here once a week, whether they've been used or not. Hate the smell of dampness, don't you? It's such a--I don't know--creepy smell. Come on. (He leads Arbogast into the office.) You, uh, you out to buy a motel?

ARBOGAST:

No.

NORMAN:

(He turns on the desk lamp and takes some linens out of the closet.) Reason I asked, you said you'd seen so many in the past couple of days, I thought maybe you uh-- What uh, what was it you wanted to ask?

ARBOGAST:

Well, you see, I'm looking for a missing person. My name's Arbogast. I'm a private investigator. (shows his I.D.)

NORMAN:

Oh?

ARBOGAST:

I've been trying to trace a girl that's been missing for--oh, about a week now--from Phoenix. It's a private matter--the family wants to forgive her. She's not in any trouble.

NORMAN:

I didn't think the police went looking for people who aren't in trouble.

ARBOGAST:

Oh, I'm--I'm not the police.

NORMAN:

Oh, you're--

ARBOGAST:

We have reason to believe that she came along this way and may have stopped in the area. Did she stop here?

NORMAN:

Well, no one's stopped here for a couple of weeks.

ARBOGAST:

Would you mind looking at the picture before committing yourself?

NORMAN:

(smiling) Commit myself? You sure talk like a policeman!

ARBOGAST:

(laughs) Well, look at the picture, please.

NORMAN:

(takes it and looks) Uh-uh.

ARBOGAST:

Sure?

NORMAN:

(hands it back) Yeah.

ARBOGAST:

Well, she may have used an alias. Marion Crane's her real name, but she could have registered under a different one.

NORMAN:

Well, I'll tell you, I don't even much bother with guests registering anymore. You know, one by one you drop the formalities. I shouldn't even bother changing the sheets, but--old habits die hard--which reminds me-- (He flicks a wall switch. We see the sign: 'BATES MOTEL - VACANCY' light up outside.)

ARBOGAST:
What's that?

NORMAN:
It's the light--the sign.

ARBOGAST:
Oh.

NORMAN:
We had a couple last week said if the thing hadn't been on they would have thought this was an old deserted--

ARBOGAST:
(smiling) Well, you see--and that's exactly my point! You said that nobody'd been here for a couple of weeks and there's a couple came by and (trailing away) they didn't know that you were open.

NORMAN:
(stiffly) Yeah.

ARBOGAST:
Well, as you say, old habits die hard. It's possible this girl could have registered under another name. Do you mind if I look at your book?

NORMAN:
(very agreeably) No. (takes out the register)

ARBOGAST:
Thank you. Now let's see. Now here's the date somewhere--
hmm.

NORMAN:
...there's nobody...

ARBOGAST:

Let's see now, I have a sample of her handwriting here--oh, yes, here we are. (Norman eats a candy. He tilts his head to look in the book, as we view upward from beneath.) Marie Samuels. (Norman tilting further to look) That's an interesting alias.

NORMAN:

(tilting all the way over) Is that her?

ARBOGAST:

Yeah. Yeah, I think so. Marie--Marion--Samuels. Her boyfriend's name is Sam.

NORMAN:

Hmm.

ARBOGAST:

Was she in disguise by any chance? (extending the photo) Want to check the picture again?

NORMAN:

Look, I-I wasn't lying to you, mister. It's just that--

ARBOGAST:

(overlapping) Oh, I know that. I know you wouldn't lie.

NORMAN:

You know, it's tough keeping track of the time around here--

ARBOGAST:

(overlapping) Oh, I know, I know.

NORMAN:

(looks at the picture) Ohhh, yeah! Well, it-it was raining and uh--her hair was all wet. (handing the photo back) I tell you, it's not really a very good picture of her either.

ARBOGAST:

No, I guess not. Now, tell me all about her.

NORMAN:

Well, uh--she arrived uh--rather late one night and she went straight to sleep and uh--left early the next morning.

ARBOGAST:
Well, how early?

NORMAN:
Oh, ex- very early.

ARBOGAST:
Uh-huh. Which morning was that?

NORMAN:
Uh--the uh--th-th-th-th-th-th-th--the next morning--
Sunday.

ARBOGAST:
I see. Uh-huh. Uh, did anyone meet her here?

NORMAN:
No.

ARBOGAST:
Did she arrive with anyone?

NORMAN:
mm-no.

ARBOGAST:
Uh-huh. She make any phone calls or--?

NORMAN:
No.

ARBOGAST:
--locally?

NORMAN:
uh-um.

ARBOGAST:
Did you spend the night with her?

NORMAN:
(slightly shocked, innocently) No.

ARBOGAST:
Well, then--how would you know that she didn't make any phone calls?

NORMAN:
Oh, we ... w-well, she was very tired and uh-- See, I--now I'm starting to uh, remember it. I'm making a mental picture of it in my mind. You know, if you make a mental picturization of something--

ARBOGAST:
(overlapping) That's right, that's right. Take your time.

NORMAN:
Uh, she was--she was sitting back there--no, no, she was standing back there with a sandwich in her hand, and she said uh-- she had to go to sleep early because she had uh--a long d-d-d-dr-drive uh, ahead of her.

ARBOGAST:
Uh-huh. Back where?

NORMAN:
Back uh, where she came from.

ARBOGAST:
No, no. You said before that she was sitting back--

NORMAN:
Oh, uh--

ARBOGAST:
--or standing back there...

NORMAN:
Yes. B-back in my uh--my parlor there. She was very hungry and I made her a sandwich. And then she said uh--that she was tired and she had to go uh--back to bed.

ARBOGAST:

Oh, I see. How did she pay you? Cash? Check?

NORMAN:

Cash.

ARBOGAST:

Oh, cash, huh? Uh-huh. And after she left she--didn't come back?

NORMAN:

Uh-uh. (smiles) Well, why should she?

ARBOGAST:

Yeah.

NORMAN:

Well, Mr. Arbogast, uh--I guess that's about it, eh? I've got some work to do, if you don't mind.

ARBOGAST:

Well, to tell you the truth, I do mind. You see, if it doesn't jell, it isn't aspic. And this ain't jelling. It's not coming together. Something's missing.

NORMAN:

(nods understandingly) Well ... I--I don't know what you ex- could expect me to know. People just come and go, you know.

ARBOGAST:

That's right. ...She isn't still here, is she?

NORMAN:

(laughing) No.

ARBOGAST:

Uh-huh. If I wanted to uh--check the cabins--all twelve of them--I'd need a warrant, wouldn't I?

NORMAN:

(good naturedly) Listen, if you don't believe me, come on-- come on with me and you can help me change beds--okay?

ARBOGAST:
(smiling) Oh--oh--well, no thanks.

They go outside. Arbogast watches as Norman starts to go in cabin one, hesitates, moves on instead. Then Arbogast sees the house around the corner, and in the lit window, a figure.

NORMAN:
(quickly walking over to Arbogast) Oh, uh--change your mind? ...You know, I think I must have one of those faces you just can't help believing.

ARBOGAST:
Is anyone at home?

NORMAN:
No.

ARBOGAST:
Oh, well, there's somebody sitting up in the window.

NORMAN:
No- no there isn't.

ARBOGAST:
Oh, sure there is. Take a look.

NORMAN:
(without looking) Oh, th-that--that must be my mother. She's--she's an invlad- an invalid. Uh--it's practically like living alone.

ARBOGAST:
Oh, I see. Now if this girl, Marion Crane, were here, you wouldn't be hiding her, would you?

NORMAN:
No.

ARBOGAST:
Not even if she paid you well?

NORMAN:
No. (laughs)

ARBOGAST:
Let's just say for the--just for the sake of argument--that she wanted you to gallantly protect her--you'd know that you were being used. You wouldn't be made a fool of, would you?

NORMAN:
But, I'm--I'm not a fool.

ARBOGAST:
Well, then--

NORMAN:
And I'm not capable of being fooled! N--not even by a woman!

ARBOGAST:
Well, this is not a slur on your manhood. I'm sorry.

NORMAN:
No, let's put it this way. She might have fooled me--but she didn't fool my mother.

ARBOGAST:
Well, then your mother met her! Could I talk to your mother?

NORMAN:
No. As--as I told you, she's--she's confined.

ARBOGAST:
Yes, but just for a few minutes, that's all. There might be some hint that you missed out on. You know, sick old women are usually pretty sharp--

NORMAN:
(overlapping) Uh, mis- mister--

ARBOGAST:
Just a moment. I wouldn't disturb her.

NORMAN:
(overlapping) Mister Arbogast, I--I think I've--I think I've talked to you all I want to.

ARBOGAST:
Yes, but just for--

NORMAN:
So I think it'd be much better if you left now. Thanks.

ARBOGAST:
Uh--All right. All right. You sure would save me a lot of leg work if you'd let me talk to her about--(Norman shakes his head) Would I need a warrant for that, too?

NORMAN:
(curtly) Sure.

ARBOGAST:
Uh-huh. All right. Thanks anyway.

Norman stands on the porch, sheets clutched in front of him, watching Arbogast get in his car and drive away. A smile spreads across Norman's face.

Arbogast pulls alongside a telephone booth, goes in and dials.

ARBOGAST:
Oh, hello, Loomis? This is Arbogast. Is Lila there? Good. Let me talk to her please. ...Hello, Lila? Lila, listen, Marion was up here. Yes. She spent last Saturday night at the Bates Motel. It's right out here on the old highway. I even know what cabin she was in. It was number one. ...Well, this young fella that runs the place said that she just spent the night--left the next day, and that was it. Mm. ...Uh--no, not exactly. Well, I did question him, believe me, but I think I got all there was to get. I'll just have to pick up the pieces from here. ...Well, I tell you. I don't feel uh--entirely satisfied. See this boy had a sick old mother. I think she saw Marion and talked to her. ...No. No, unfortunately, he wouldn't let me see her. ...Well, I was, but uh--I think I'll go back to the motel first. ...No--you stay there with Loomis. I'll be back in about an hour. ...All right, fine. Listen, I-- You'll be happy to know what I think. Uh--I think our

friend, Sam Loomis, didn't know that Marion was here. Yeah. All right. See you in about an hour. Or less. Right. Bye.

At the motel, we see Norman walking along the portico carrying his sheets. He disappears into the shadows just as Arbogast's car pulls in. Arbogast parks and walks to the office. He goes inside and calls out to Bates but gets no response. He walks into the parlor in back. The stuffed owl and raven hover overhead. There is a safe with its door ajar, but no contents of note. He looks around some more, then goes outside and eyes the house, a dark monolith with a light in an upstairs room.

He walks up the brick steps that cling to the hill and approaches the front door. It is unlocked. He removes his hat as he enters quietly. The door makes an uncomfortable sound when it closes behind him, disturbing the dead silence. He hesitates, looking about, then proceeds slowly upstairs. As he climbs, above him a narrow stream of light pours onto the hall carpet, from a slowly opening door. The camera places us high above the landing, looking down, as Arbogast reaches the top step. A woman rushes out of the room and stabs him in the head. He is knocked off balance and stumbles back down the stairs in a semi-upright, almost comic, backwards trot. We are drawn down with him, focused on his startled, bleeding face. The woman follows him down and kneels beside his sprawled body. Her knife rises into close view, then disappears again and again, as it is plunged down to where the detective lies--tastefully out of camera range. He lets out one last, loud groan.

Scene: The hardware store.

Sam and Lila are restlessly posed--Lila sitting, Sam standing.

SAM:

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

LILA:

Sam, he said an hour--or less.

SAM:

Yeah. It's been three.

LILA:
Well, are we just going to sit here and wait?

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

LILA:
(puts out a cigarette and stands) How far is the old highway?

SAM:
You want to go out there, don't you? Bust in on Arbogast and the old lady--

LILA:
(overlapping) Yes, yes!

SAM:
--and maybe shake her up? That wouldn't be a wise thing to do.

(In the original theatrical version, all of the preceding dialogue is played at reduced volume, rendering it all but inaudible over the residual audience reaction from the previous scene--a shameless, but effective, gimmick to play up the audience's screaming.)

A similar reinforcement occurs in the earlier shower scene. There, it is the harsh, scream-like strokes of the violins in the background score, which augment both Marion's screams and the live chorus from out front.)

LILA:
Patience doesn't run in my family, Sam. I'm going out there!

SAM:
Look, Arbogast said--

LILA:
An hour--or less! (Sam picks up the phone and begins to dial.)
...Well, I'm going!

SAM:

(hangs up) You'll never find it. Stay here.

LILA:
Why can't I go with you.

SAM:
(putting on a windbreaker) I don't know. One of us has to be here in case he's on the way.

LILA:
What am I supposed to do? Just sit here and wait?

SAM:
Yeah. Stay here.

Long-toothed rakes reach up behind Lila's shadowy outline in the darkened store. A breeze from the open door passes through her hair as Sam leaves.

The scene fades to the now familiar sight of a dark figure standing watch above a desolate mud pit. Nearby, Sam arrives at the motel in his truck and wanders about, calling for Arbogast. The shadowy figure in the swamp breaks his frozen stance by turning his head toward the sound, but nothing more.

Fade again to the hardware store interior, where Lila, in total silhouette, runs towards us. From her viewpoint, we see Sam enter.

SAM:
He didn't come back here?

LILA:
Sam!

SAM:
No Arbogast--no Bates. Only the old lady at home. 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 when he had nothing--nothing but a dissatisfied feeling. Don't you think he'd have called if he had anything at all?

SAM:
Yes, I think he would have ...Let's go see Al Chambers.

LILA:
Who is he?

SAM:
Our deputy sheriff around here.

LILA:
All right. Let me get my coat.

Fade to grizzled Sheriff in bathrobe descending staircase--carrying less than a welcoming facial expression. He joins Sam, Lila, and his sweet, somewhat frivolous wife, also in a bathrobe--who wait in the small living room.

SAM:
Good evening. Well, I--I don't know where to start--except at the beginning.

LILA:
Yes.

SAM:
This is Lila Crane, from Phoenix.

LILA:
How do you do.

SAM:

She's been her searching for her sister. There's this private detective helping and--well, we got a call from this detective saying that he'd traced her to that motel out on the old highway--

MRS. CHAMBERS:

(to the Sheriff) That must be the Bates Motel.

SAM:

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

MRS. CHAMBERS:

Norman took a wife?

SAM:

No, I don't think so. Uh--an old woman. His mother. (Mrs. Chambers looks puzzled.) Well, anyway, that was early this evening. We haven't seen or heard from him since.

SHERIFF:

(to Lila) Now, your sister's missin' how long?

LILA:

Well, she left Phoenix a week ago yesterday--without a trace--

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:

She's not missin' so much as she's run away.

SAM:
That's right.

SHERIFF:
From what?

LILA:
She stole some money.

SHERIFF:
A lot?

LILA:
Forty thousand dollars. (a pitying look from Mrs. Chambers)

SHERIFF:
And the police haven't been able to--

SAM:
Everyone concerned thought--that if they could get her to give the money back--they could avoid involving her with the police.

SHERIFF:
Well, that explains the private detective. He traced her to the Bates place. What exactly did he say when he called you?

LILA:
Well, he said that Marion was there and uh--for one night, and then she left.

SHERIFF:
With the forty thousand dollars?

LILA:
Well, he didn't say anything about they money. It isn't important what he said on the phone, is it? He was supposed to come back here and talk to us after he talked to the mother, and he didn't! That's what I want you to do something about!

SHERIFF:
(gently, smiling) Like what?

LILA:

I'm sorry if I seem overanxious! It's just that I'm sure there's something wrong out there and I have to know what!

SHERIFF:

Well, I think there's somethin' wrong, too, Miss. But not the same thing. I think what's wrong is your private detective. I think he got himself a hot lead as to where your sister was goin'--probably from Norman Bates--and called you to keep you still while he took off after her and the money.

LILA:

No. No, he said he was dissatisfied and he was going back there.

MRS. CHAMBERS:

(to her husband) Why don't you call Norman and let him say just what happened?

SHERIFF:

At this hour?

SAM:

Well, he was out when I was there just a while ago. 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 answerin' the door in the dead of night, like some people do. This fellow lives like a hermit. You must remember that bad business out there--about ten years ago?

LILA:

Please! Call. (He consents. Mrs. Chambers dials.)

MRS. CHAMBERS:

Florrie? The Sheriff wants you to connect him with the Bates Motel. (after a moment, she gives him the phone)

SHERIFF:

Oh, Norman? Sheriff Chambers. ...Ye- I been just fine, thanks. Listen, we got worries here. Yeah. Have you uh, had a feller stop by

there tonight? ...Well, this one wouldn't be a customer, anyway. He's a private detective, name of...

LILA:
Arbogast.

SHERIFF:
Ar-bo-gast. ...We- Yeah, and after he left? ...No that's--that's okay, Norman. (He hangs up. Addressing Lila and Sam:) This detective was there and Norman told him about the girl, the detective thanked him and he went away.

LILA:
--And he didn't come back? --Didn't see the mother?

SHERIFF:
Your detective told you he couldn't come right back because he was goin' to question Norman Bates' mother. Right?

LILA:
Yes.

SHERIFF:
Norman Bates' mother has been dead and buried in Greenlawn Cemetery for the past ten years.

MRS. CHAMBERS:
I helped Norman pick out the dress she was buried in. Periwinkle blue.

SHERIFF:
'Tain't only local history, Sam. It's the only case of murder and suicide on Fairvale ledgers. Mrs. Bates poisoned this guy she was--involved with, when she found out he was married. Then took a helpin' of the same stuff herself. Strychnine. Ugly way to die.

MRS. CHAMBERS:
Norman found them dead together--(whispers) in bed. (a nod to Lila)

SAM:

You mean that old woman I saw sitting in the window out there wasn't Bates' mother?

SHERIFF:

Now, wait a minute, Sam. Are you sure you saw an old woman?

SAM:

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

SHERIFF:

And you want to tell me you saw Norman Bates' mother?

LILA:

But it had to be! Because Arbogast said so too! And the young man wouldn't let him see her because she was too ill!

SHERIFF:

Well ...if the woman up there is Mrs. Bates, ...who's that woman buried out in Greenlawn Cemetery?

Fade from Lila's face to Norman in the motel parlor, placing down the phone. He seems to be ruminating, distant, as he stands up and turns out the lights. He goes up to the house. He enters and climbs the stairs to his mother's bedroom. The camera trails well behind his deliberate ascent. As we follow, we hear voices from the room Norman has entered. The camera warily approaches and discretely rises high up past the bedroom door, listening, till it achieves a totally perpendicular bird's eye view of the hallway and staircase, where it remains static:

NORMAN:

(from within the bedroom--both voices barely audible at first)
Well, Mother, I--I'm gonna bring something up...

MOTHER:

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

NORMAN:

Please, Mother!

MOTHER:

No! I will not hide in the fruit cellar. Ha! You think I'm fruity, huh? 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:

Now come now, Mother! He came after the girl and now someone will come after him! Mother, please! It's just for a few days. Just for a few days so they won't find you.

MOTHER:

(mocking) 'Just for a few days!' --In that dark, dank fruit cellar! No! You hid me there once, boy, and you won't do it again. Not ever again! Now get out! (pause, then quietly, ominously) I told you to get out, boy.

NORMAN:

I'll carry you, Mother.

MOTHER:

Norman! What do you think you're doing! Don't you touch me! Don't! (From overhead we watch Norman carry a frail body out of the bedroom and down the stairs.) Norman! Put me down! Put me down! I can walk on my own--(fade out)

Fade to black.

Scene: Fairvale Church, morning. From the street, Sam and Lila approach the front of the church, where they greet the sheriff and his wife who are exiting mass. Both men wear suits. The sheriff carries an overcoat.

SAM:

Good morning.

SHERIFF & MRS. CHAMBERS:

Good morning.

SAM:

We thought if you didn't mind, we'd go out to that motel with you.

MRS. CHAMBERS:
He's already been.

SHERIFF:
I went out before service.

MRS. CHAMBERS:
Did you two have breakfast? (They nod.)

SAM:
You didn't find anything?

SHERIFF:
Nothing. (guides them away from the people coming out of church) Let's clear the way here.

LILA:
Well, what did he say 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.

LILA:
No mother?

SAM:
You must've seen an illusion, Sam. Now, I know you're not the seein'-illusions type--but no woman was there and I don't believe in ghosts, so there it is.

LILA:
(overlapping) I still feel that there's something--

SHERIFF:
(overlapping) I can see that you do. I'm sorry I couldn't make you feel better. You want to come around to my office, this afternoon and report a missin' person and a theft, is what you want to do. The sooner you drop this in the lap of the law, that's the sooner you stand a chance of your sister bein' picked up. Now, how about that?

LILA:
I don't know.

MRS. CHAMBERS:
(brightly) It's Sunday. Come on over to the house and do your reporting around dinner time. It'll make it nicer. You too, Sam.

SAM:
Thank you.

Sam and Lila walk away.

SAM:
Maybe I am the seeing-illusions type.

LILA:
No, you're not!

SAM:
Well, do you want me to drop you at the hotel or--

LILA:
Sam--I still won't feel satisfied until I go out there.

SAM:
Neither will I. Come on.

Fade to Sam and Lila in truck, Sam driving.

SAM:
We better decide what we're gonna say or do when we walk in there.

LILA:
We're going to register as man and wife. We're going to get shown a cabin. And then we're gonna search every inch of the place--inside and out.

Fade to our first daylight view of both motel and house beyond, as Sam drives up. Cut to a close up of Norman up in the house, peering from behind a window curtain. Then a view of what

Norman sees: two passengers disembarking from the truck. Cut back to Sam and Lila at the office entrance.

SAM:

I wonder where Norman Bates does his hermiting.

LILA:

Someone's at that window. I just saw the curtain move.

SAM:

(leading her around the corner, toward the house) Come on. (They are faced with Norman walking toward them. He wears a white shirt, sleeves rolled up.)

NORMAN:

Well?

SAM:

I was just coming up to ring for you.

NORMAN:

Uh-huh. 'Suppose you want a room.

SAM:

We were gonna try to make it straight to San Francisco, but uh--we don't like the look of that sky. Looks like a bad day coming up.

NORMAN:

Okay.

He leads them into the office and takes a cabin key from the wall.

NORMAN:

I'll take you to cabin ten.

SAM:

Better sign in first, hadn't we?

NORMAN:

No, that's not necessary.

SAM:

Uh, my boss is paying for this trip, and--well, it's ninety percent business, and he wants practically notarized receipts. I'd better sign in and get a receipt.

Norman accommodates him. Norman has been wearing a plastic smile for them.

NORMAN:

(after Sam signs) Thank you. I'll get your bags.

SAM:

Haven't any.

NORMAN:

(pause) Well, I'll show you the room then.

SAM:

First time I've ever seen it happen. (Norman's smile drops. Pause.) You check in any other place in this country without bags and you have to pay in advance.

NORMAN:

(dryly) Ten dollars.

Sam pays. Norman finalizes the exchange with a friendly laugh, and is about to lead them out.

SAM:

That receipt?

Norman gestures an "Oh, yes." As he prepares it, Lila picks up the key from the counter.

LILA:

I'll go on ahead. (A look from Norman.)

She goes out quickly, and as she passes Cabin One, tests the door and finds it unlocked. We hear Norman say, "All right. There's your receipt. Now I'll show you the cabin." Sam says, "Don't bother yourself. We'll find it." She manages to close the door and walk on

nonchalantly the very instant the two men emerge. But Norman seems to have glimpsed or heard something. He watches suspiciously from the doorway as the couple walks down to unit number ten.

In the cabin:

LILA:

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

SAM:

(He is sitting on the bed.) I know. Do you think if something happened, it happened there?

LILA:

I don't know. But if you had a useless business like this motel, what would you need to get out? To get a new business somewhere else? Forty thousand dollars?

SAM:

How could we prove it? Well, if he opens a motel on the new highway--say a year from--

LILA:

There must be some proof that exists now! Something that proves he got that money away from Marion--somehow!

SAM:

What makes you sound so certain?

LILA:

Arbogast! He liked me, Sam. Or he felt sorry for me, and he was beginning to feel the same way about you. I could tell the last time I talked to him on the phone. 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:

(pause) We'll start with Cabin One. (at the door, just before they exit) If he sees us, we're just taking the air.

They go out and walk along the portico. Lila stops in front of Cabin One while Sam walks over to the office to see if Norman's around. He goes in and calls, "Bates?" No response. He comes out and follows Lila into the cabin. They silently search the room, opening drawers and looking in the closet. When they have exhausted the small bedroom, Lila goes into the bathroom, turning on the light, followed by Sam.

SAM:
There's no shower curtain.

Demonstrating 1950's cinematic finesse, the camera allows Sam's broad shoulders--as he looks up at the rod full of unemployed shower hooks--to block the indelicate view of Lila scrutinizing the contents of the toilet bowl.

LILA:
Sam!

SAM:
What?

LILA:
Look!

SAM:
What is it?

LILA:
It's a figure! (She shows him a piece of torn paper.) It didn't get washed down! Look. Some figure has been added to or subtracted from forty thousand! That proves Marion was here! It'd be too wild a coincidence--

SAM:
Bates never denied she was here.

LILA:
Doesn't that prove he found out about the money?

SAM:

(places the piece of paper in his wallet) What, do we simply ask him where he's hidden it?

LILA:

No. But that old woman--whoever she is--she told Arbogast something. I want her to tell us the same thing. (She turns and walks out of the bathroom. Sam grabs her arm.)

SAM:

You can't go up there!

LILA:

Why not?

SAM:

Bates.

LILA:

Well, let's find him. One of us can keep him occupied while the other gets to the old woman.

SAM:

You'll never 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.

LILA:

I can handle a sick old woman!

SAM:

(pause) All right. I'll find Bates and keep him occupied. (He turns out the bathroom light. As they are about to leave the room:) Wait a minute. If you get anything out of the mother--can you find your way back to town?

LILA:

Yes, of course.

SAM:

Well, if you do get anything--don't stop to tell me.

They go out. Sam walks toward the office, while Lila goes in the opposite direction. As Sam passes the office, Norman unexpectedly greets him from just inside the open doorway.

NORMAN:
You looking for me? (Lila halts.)

SAM:
Why, yes, as a matter of fact. The--wife's taking a nap and-- (Norman moves forward as if he would walk outside, but Sam blocks his way.) I never can keep quiet enough for her so I--just thought I'd look you up and talk.

NORMAN:
Good. You're satisfied with your cabin?

SAM:
Oh, it's fine.

He has edged Norman back into the office. As he follows him inside, he signals "okay" to Lila.

She circles around and emerges from the back corner of the motel, where some crates and an old jalopy are stored. Before her, the dark silhouette of the Bates residence looms against the bright sky beyond. The way up to the house is long and steep. Sections of steps are cut into the slope.

The camera alternates between Lila's eye view of the imposing house and front door, and a frontal image of her approach, each succeeding shot--of both house and Lila--progressively closer. She never takes her eyes off the house, pauses only once at the base of the front porch steps, then climbs and enters the unlocked door. She proceeds a few paces inside the entrance hall, looking around cautiously before walking back and quietly closing the huge door.

In the motel front office:

SAM:
I've been doing all the talking so far, haven't I. I thought it was the people who were alone all the time who did most of the talking

when they got the chance. Here you are doing all the listening. You are alone here, aren't you? (Norman nods.) 'Drive me crazy.

NORMAN:

I think that would be a rather extreme reaction, don't you?

SAM:

Just an expression. What I meant was, I'd do just about anything to get away, wouldn't you?

NORMAN:

No.

In the house, Lila reaches the top of the staircase. To the left, is a closed door. She knocks and calls, "Mrs. Bates." Then she opens the door. Lila steps into the room, and into another era.

A dancing bronze cherub, poised atop a floor pedestal, greets her. Heavy draperies frame the tall windows beyond. Wide-striped wallpaper surrounds fringed lampshades and baroque furnishings. A floral chandelier hangs over the foot of the huge bed. Above the high, intricately carved headboard hangs a turn-of-the-century photograph of a young woman. There is a washbowl with ornate fixtures, a crystal glass and pitcher, and goblet-like soap-holder. A pair of candelabras flank the gilt ormolu clock which is centered upon an immense, elaborately sculptured fireplace, a doily-adorned, upholstered chair nearby.

Lila opens an armoire, finding it filled with women's clothes. She approaches the cluttered dressing table. The camera zooms in forcefully on the centerpiece, a large bronze cast of a pair of hands resting on a pillow. An embroidery easel stands near the table.

Lila is startled by the image in the mirror of a figure standing behind her. She swings around to see her own reflection bounced from one mirror to another.

The large unmade bed has a depression where someone has recently lain. Lila tests the mattress' warmth with her hand.

In the motel:

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 would unload this place.

NORMAN:

This place? This place happens to be my only world. I grew up in that house up there. I happen to have had a very happy childhood. My mother and I were more than happy.

Lila is now climbing the stairs to the upper floor. She opens a door to a small bedroom--one that seems suited for a child. There is a male doll and a toy fire engine on a small shelf. A worn stuffed bunny sits on the narrow, rumpled cot. On the phonograph Lila observes a recording of Beethoven's "Eroica." From a shelf in a small table, she withdraws a book. She turns the binding around searching for a title. Finding none, she opens it. The expression on her face teases our imagination.

SAM:

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:

Why don't you just get in your car and drive away from here, okay?

SAM:

Where will you get the money to do that, Bates, or do you already have it socked away?

NORMAN:
Shut up!

SAM:
--A lot of money--forty thousand dollars. (Unaware of what Sam is referring to, but shaken nonetheless, Norman walks away, into the back parlor. Sam follows.) I bet your mother knows where the money is and what you did to get it. I think she'll tell us.

NORMAN:
(turns to face Sam) Where's that girl you came here with? Where is she! (Panicking, he twists around to look out the window, up at the house.)

Inside Lila begins to descend the stairs.

Norman and Sam are struggling. Norman picks up a vase from the table and hits Sam with it, knocking him out, then runs out of the office.

Lila is reaching the bottom of the main staircase when through the window she sees Norman hastily approaching the house. She quickly looks around for a place to hide, and runs to the entrance to the cellar, under the staircase. Norman enters, looks in her general direction, then runs upstairs. Lila cautiously moves away from the alcove, glancing back at the cellar door. She does a double take, and decides to have a look.

She goes into the cellar, and quickly finds another door--the one that leads to the fruit cellar. She opens it and goes in.

An old woman is seated in a rocking chair, her back to Lila and us. A shawl drapes the woman's shoulders and her gray hair is tied in a matronly bun. A bare light bulb burns above.

LILA:
Mrs. Bates?

She reaches forth and touches the woman's shoulder, causing the rocking chair to swivel slowly, turning the woman towards us.

The face that appears is that of a rotted corpse.

Lila screams, swinging back her arm in horror. Her arm strikes the hanging bulb, and the remaining scene is lit by strobe flashes as the lamp swings back and forth.

Another woman bursts through the open door, screaming.

The woman has a manic look on her face and a knife in her raised hand.

Sam appears at the door and grabs the attacker from behind.

Lila is not screaming. She is watching in disbelief as, in the ensuing struggle, the woman's wig falls off and the dress falls open, revealing the face and figure of Norman Bates.

In Norman's face is a silent cry, in his arched torso a tortured struggle, seemingly more to break free of his own horrors, than Sam's grip.

The searing violin sounds of the bathroom killing reprise as we gaze back at his mother, whose wrinkled, mummified flesh thinly coats her facial bone. In the hollows of her eyes the swinging lamp throws shadows that dance against the inside of her skull, and together with the skeletal grin, animate the illusion of a mad, mirthful response to the scene before her.

Fade to crowds congregating outside the front of the county courthouse. Inside, police, uniformed and plainclothes, are milling near the office of the chief of police. In the office, Sheriff Chambers is talking to Sam and Lila, who are seated on a bench across from him. Three other police officials stand or sit nearby.

SHERIFF:

Well, if anyone gets any answers it'll be the psychiatrist. Even I couldn't get to Norman, and he knows me. (The psychiatrist enters the room behind him.) You warm enough, Miss?

LILA:
Yes.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY:
(to the psychiatrist) Did he talk to you?

DR. RICHMOND:
No. I got the whole story--but not from Norman. I got it--
from his mother. Norman Bates no longer exists. He only half
existed to begin with. And now, the other half has taken over--
probably for all time.

LILA:
Did he kill my sister?

DR. RICHMOND:
Yes. --and no.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY:
Well, now look, if you're trying to lay some psychiatric
groundwork for some sort of plea this fellow would like to cop--

DR. RICHMOND:
(laughing) A psychiatrist doesn't lay the groundwork. He
merely tries to explain it.

LILA:
But my sister is--

DR. RICHMOND:
Yes. Yes, I'm sorry. (to the Sheriff:) The private investigator,
too. (to the Chief:) If you drag that swamp somewhere in the vicinity
of the motel, you'll--uh--have you any unsolved missing persons
cases on your books?

CHIEF OF POLICE:
Yes. Two.

DR. RICHMOND:
Young girls?

CHIEF OF POLICE:

Did he confess to--?

DR. RICHMOND:

Like I said--the mother... (Richmond gives the following account to the whole group in the style of a lecture.) Now to understand it the way 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.

Now 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 that she threw him over for this man. Now that pushed him over the line and he killed them both.

Matricide is probably the most unbearable crime of all--most unbearable to the son who commits it. So he had to erase the crime, at least in his own mind. He stole her corpse. 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--give 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. Now he was never all Norman, but he was often only Mother.

And because he was so pathologically jealous of her, he assumed that 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 he met your sister, he was touched by her, aroused by her. He wanted her. That set off the jealous mother, and Mother killed the girl.

Now 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.

DR. RICHMOND:

Ah--not exactly. A man who dresses in women'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 when reality came too close--when danger or desire threatened that illusion--he dressed up, even to a cheap wig he bought. He'd walk about the house, sit in her chair, speak in her voice. He tried to be his mother! And, uh--now, he is.

Now that's what I meant when I said I got the story from the mother. You see, when the mind houses two personalities, there's always a conflict, a battle. In Norman's case, the battle is over--and the dominant personality has won.

SHERIFF:

And the forty thousand dollars--who got that?

DR. RICHMOND:

(taking out a cigarette) The swamp. These were crimes of passion, not profit.

A police guard enters carrying a wool blanket.

GUARD:

(to the Chief of Police) He feels a little chill. Can I bring him this blanket? (The Chief looks to the psychiatrist.)

DR. RICHMOND:

Oh, sure. (lighting up)

CHIEF OF POLICE:

All right.

We leave the office and follow the guard down the corridor past a newspaperman talking to an officer, and watch as another police guard standing by a door opens it, allowing the first guard to

deliver the blanket. Just before he emerges, a frail "Thank you" comes from within. The other guard closes the door.

Scene:

Norman is sitting alone in a straight-backed chair against a bare wall, the blanket draped around his shoulders. We are drawn closer as we hear the voice of his mother, generated inside his head.

MOTHER'S VOICE:

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. 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. Well, they know I can't move a finger. And I won't. I'll just sit here and be quiet, just in case they do suspect me.

They're probably watching me. Well, let them. Let them see what kind of person I am.

A fly has landed upon his hand, which rests in his lap.

I'm not even going to swat that fly. I hope they are watching. They'll see. They'll see, and they'll know, and they'll say... (as he slowly raises his eyes to meet ours, smirking) 'Why, she wouldn't even harm a fly!'

Is it our imagination, or does Norman's smile begin to morph into his mother's dead grin, as we fade to the final shot of Marion's car being hauled from the quicksand?