

BATES MOTEL

"Sanctuary"

written by

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PREVIOUSLY ON BATES MOTEL:

Norma is dead. Her body is taken away as Norman is taken to the hospital. Romero is interviewed during this time and informs the police that he feels Norman has something to do with his mother's death.

While Norman is being released from the hospital, Romero physically threatens him and tells him that he will find out the truth.

Norman, now alone, desperately yearns for Norma. Waiting for her to "come back", sleeping in her bed etc. He attempts to accelerate the process by flushing his meds.

Norman makes funeral arrangements for his mother, but invites no one. Romero crashes the funeral and when Norman gives him his ring back, that he gave to Norma, Romero sees red and beats Norman down in one of the pews. He stops eventually and leaves the funeral home.

As Romero goes back to his office to get a gun, he is met outside by the DEA, who promptly arrest him on perjury charges.

I know it's hard to believe, but Norman is going crazy. He misses his mother so much, he goes to the cemetery and digs up his mother's corpse. He brings her home, with Juno, his dead dog greeting them at the door. Norman lays Norma down on the couch and tries to bring her alive once again. He feels that any moment now, she will be her "old" self again. He glues her eyes open, but still Norma does not acknowledge Norman. There is a knock at the door. It's Chick. He brings Norman a tasty casserole but knows something isn't right. Norman keeps him at bay in the foyer, but still Chick looks past him into the living room. We are not sure if Chick actually sees Norma lying there, but he does ask Norman, "You know that she's dead...right?". Norman just stares straight ahead. Chick leaves but says he will be back in a few days to check on him.

With nothing working and Norma not responding, Norman makes a decision. He runs upstairs frantically and into the bedroom. He opens a dresser drawer and pulls out a pistol. He fumbles around with some bullets until he finally gets it loaded. Norman puts the gun into his mouth fully intending to end it all, when he hears piano music coming from downstairs. He takes the gun out of his mouth and rushes down to see Norma playing the piano and the house reminiscent of a memorable Christmas from his past. He smiles and walks down to her. She assures him that she would never leave him and they embrace leaving Norman with the assurance that they will always be together.

TEASER

EXT. BATES MOTEL - DAY

The SOUND OF SWEEPING on a wooden porch. And now, the LIGHT TINKLING sound consistent with name tags on a dog's collar.

SMIFFING and PANTING coming closer.

Here comes JUNO, NORMAN'S dead dog. He's exploring the front porch of the motel in a curious fashion.

Juno trots down the porch of the motel toward the front office, sniffing row after row of wooden slats until finally...he attacks the "bad" broom making all the noise.

He looks up and see's NORMAN at the other end play-struggling to maintain control of the broom.

NORMAN
(to Juno; laughs)
You silly dog!

Norman smiles. He reaches down and scratches Juno behind the ear.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
We'll play later, okay? I've got
more work to do first.

Norman nods as though "that is that", and sweeps more dust off the porch into the lot.

He stops, and looks up at the clouds momentarily and takes a deep breath of fresh air.

A slight smile of reassurance that "things will be fine", comes across his face.

A soft WHINE interrupts his euphoria.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
(to Juno)
You must be thirsty, huh boy?
C'mon.

Norman turns to the nearest room, #5, and enters. Juno follows.

INT. MOTEL ROOM #5 - CONTINUOUS

Norman enters the bathroom and fills a plastic bowl with water. He sets the bowl down for Juno who LAPS it up.

Car ENGINE and GRAVEL is heard as a car pulls up in the parking lot.

Norman steps toward the door, already open, and looks out.

It's DR. EDWARDS. He gets out of his car. He sees the open door and heads toward it.

Norman meets him on the porch.

DR.EDWARDS
(solemn)
Hello Norman.

NORMAN
(cordial)
Hello Doctor Edwards. What are you doing here?

DR.EDWARDS
(in earnest)
I just wanted you to know how sorry I am about your mother. She was a fine woman who loved you very much.

NORMAN
(nervously)
Well...yes...and thank you, Doctor for those words. I know she loves me and knowing that, comforts me.

Dr. Edwards notices Norman's uneasiness.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
I lived with the woman all of my life, Dr.Edwards, so I think maybe I know that she loves me...probably better than YOU would know!

DR.EDWARDS
Of course, Norman, I didn't mean to upset you...

Norman suddenly realizes he is becoming extreme.

He forces a smile, pseudo calmness.

NORMAN
 (nervous laugh)
 I...uh...well you understand.
 (saving himself)
 I think maybe I'm getting a little
 overprotective, I'm sorry.

DR.EDWARDS
 No, that's fine, Norman. Under the
 circumstances that's
 understandable. No need to
 apologize.

Norman trying to be "calm on top, while paddling hard as hell
 under the water".

DR.EDWARDS (CONT'D)
 Is there anything you need, Norman,
 are you okay?

NORMAN
 (forced smile)
 Oh, I'm fine.

Norman is somehow able to muster up some semblance of
 control.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
 Everything is just fine.
 (quivering smile)
 As a matter of fact my mother was
 going to come see you, about our
 meetings...before she...

DR.EDWARDS
 I understand.

NORMAN
 We had discussed it, and we came to
 the decision that our meetings
 would no longer be necessary.

Dr. Edwards studies Norman who is obviously lying.

DR.EDWARDS
 I see.

NORMAN
 So you see, then...there will be no
 reason for us to have any further
 conversations...no further contact.
 (MORE)

NORMAN (CONT'D)

So you would not need to come here
and check on me or offer
condolences or try to talk me into
coming back to Pineview. There just
is not a need anymore for that.

DR.EDWARDS

Okay Norman, I can't say I agree
with your decision, but if that's
how you feel then...

NORMAN

I do.

DR.EDWARDS

What about the blackouts? Do you
think you've been having them
again?

NORMAN

No.

DR.EDWARDS

How do you know?

NORMAN

I just know. I've been fine.

In the background, Juno is on the bed shaking a pillow
vigorously.

The little GROWLS distract Norman and he turns slightly, then
back to Dr. Edwards again and smiles.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

(referring to Juno)

He's a little playful today.

Dr. Edwards notices Norman turning, he peeks around him
looking into the room. Nothing there.

DR.EDWARDS

(not getting it)

I'm sorry?

Norman turns and waves toward the bed.

NORMAN

Juno. My dog, is a little playful
today.

(motioning again)

He loves pillows.

Norman nervously laughs, as usual.

Dr. Edwards looks again. Nothing.

DR.EDWARDS
You have a dog, Norman?

NORMAN
Why yes, he's...uh

Norman begins to realize his error.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
(nervously)
Well, uh...he's a stray that we
found...and ...um...

Norman steps forward into Dr. Edwards "space" forcing Dr.
Edwards to move further onto the porch.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
Well...anyway, that's not
important.
(chin up strong)
I appreciate your visit today,
Doctor Edwards, but I really must
be getting back to my work. As you
can see I still have a motel to
run.

Norman grabs the broom.

DR.EDWARDS
Yes, I see. Okay Norman, I won't
keep you any longer. It's good to
see you keeping the motel running,
I wasn't sure if you would be
continuing...

NORMAN
(interrupting)
Yes, well...we have to eat now
don't we?

DR.EDWARDS
We? You mean you and Juno.

Norman searches awkwardly for a comeback.

NORMAN
(firmly)
Goodbye, Doctor.

Norman walks firmly back into room # 5 and closes the door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM #5 - CONTINUOUS

Back against the door, Norman's breathing is labored as if he has just finished a marathon that his mind had run.

He sees Juno sitting quietly on the bed. This calms Norman.

NORMAN
(smiles)
You...are a trouble maker.

Norman walks to the bed and pets Juno.

KNOCK! KNOCK! on the door startling Norman. He turns and takes a deep breath.

He walks to the door and opens it.

Dr. Edwards stands there holding an envelope.

DR.EDWARDS
I'm sorry, Norman, I almost forgot
to give this to you.

Dr Edwards hands the envelope to Norman.

NORMAN
What is this?

DR.EDWARDS
It belonged to your mother.

Norman opens the envelope and pulls out the ring Romero had given to Norma.

DR.EDWARDS (CONT'D)
Your step-father asked me to give
it to you.

Norman explodes with anger.

NORMAN
HE IS NOT MY FATHER, OR MY STEP-
FATHER OR ANY OTHER KIND OF FATHER!
HE IS A STUPID, EVIL MAN...AND NOW
BECAUSE OF HIM...MY MOTHER IS DEAD!

Norman pauses at the word "dead", realizing what he has said.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
WHY WOULD I WANT THIS STUPID RING!?

DR.EDWARDS
I was just told to...

NORMAN
(interrupting;pissed)
WELL I DON'T WANT IT! THIS RING IS
WHAT TOOK MY MOTHER FROM ME!
(holding up ring)
HE MARRIED MY MOTHER AND THAT WAS
THE BEGINNING OF EVERYTHING BAD
THAT HAPPENED!! I WON'T TAKE THIS
RING! I NEVER WANT TO SEE IT AGAIN!

Norman grabs Dr.Edwards hand and presses the ring into his palm.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
HERE...it's YOURS.
(sarcastically)
Go marry somebody!
(firmly)
Now I need you to LEAVE MY
PROPERTY!

DR.EDWARDS
But Norman, I think...

NORMAN
RIGHT NOW, DOCTOR!

Norman SLAMS the door in Dr. Edwards' face.

Norman paces the room as if in a cage. Stewing.

EXT. BATES MOTEL - OUTSIDE ROOM #5 - CONTINUOUS

A man's hand KNOCKS on the room door.

Normans voice is heard YELLING from inside the room.

NORMAN (O.S.)
WHAT THE HELL!? I TOLD YOU TO
LEAVE!
(getting closer)
I TOLD YOU TO GET OFF MY PROP...

The door is jerked open by Norman who freezes mid-sentence.
Wide eyed, mouth open.

REVERSE

Staring at the BARREL OF A SHOTGUN - FACE LEVEL! Held by ALEX ROMERO smiling.

ROMERO
Hi crazy.

BOOM! (Shotgun)

SMASH TO BLACK

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. BATES HOUSE - NORMA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

BLACKNESS

SMASH TO:

NORMAN'S FACE as he SCREAMS OUT TERRIFIED! Darkness surrounds him as he wakes from a nightmare.

PULL BACK SLOWLY Norman is sitting, drenched and trembling on the side of the bed.

His fists clenched, shaking, grasping the bedspread.

Sweat beads fall from his terrified face.

NORMA'S BATHROOM

Norman splashes water on his face, rubbing his eyes.

He grabs a towel, wipes off his face and searches his reflection in the mirror.

Norman turns away, and sniffs the air. The SOUND OF BACON SIZZLING and GLASSES TINKLING have his attention. He smiles.

NORMAN
(to himself)
Mother.

LIVING ROOM

Norman comes down the stairs content.

While passing through the living room, he notices a gun on the end table. He picks it up.

Norman knows this gun from the night before.

He looks toward the kitchen slightly, opens the end table drawer and puts the gun inside, then closes the drawer quietly.

KITCHEN

DEAD NORMA is finishing up breakfast at the stove.

Norman's eyes shine as he greets her from the entryway.

NORMAN

Good morning, mother.

She turns toward him.

DEAD NORMA

(jokingly)

Well good morning, sleepyhead.

(smiles)

It's almost eleven.

NORMAN

(looks at his watch)

Oh is it? I didn't notice.

DEAD NORMA

Sit down, honey, breakfast is almost ready.

NORMAN

Okay, mother.

Norman takes a seat at the kitchen table. He unfolds a napkin and carefully sets it on his lap.

Watching every move she makes. Norma turns, they share a warm smile.

EXT. SEATTLE - DAY

Beautiful 'postcard' Space Needle / skyline view.

EXT. CORNER CAFE - DAY

EMMA sits beautifully in a sundress, at a quaint outdoor table.

A few tables away a little boy laughs, and sits playfully on his mother's lap. Emma smiles and gives a little wave to him. He's bashful and hides his head, but then peeks back at her.

Emma laughs adoringly.

DYLAN, somehow managing to carry a large danish and two drinks, arrives at the table.

Setting the goodies on the table, he notices Emma's good spirits.

DYLAN
You're in a good mood.

Emma smiles and looks at the little boy. Dylan's eyes follow.

EMMA
He's so cute.

Dylan sits and turns to see the boy waving at him.

Dylan awkwardly gives a little wave back.

EMMA (CONT'D)
What!? You've got to be kidding me.

Emma can't believe it.

DYLAN
(clueless)
What?

EMMA
He waved at you.

Dylan takes a sip of his drink.

DYLAN
Yeah...so?

EMMA
I waved at him and he hid from me...but he'll wave at you.

Dylan doesn't quite know what to say, he smiles.

DYLAN
I guess.

Emma tears off a piece of danish. Gives some to Dylan.

EMMA
(teasing)
It must be that boyish charm.

Dylan eats his piece of danish.

DYLAN
Yeah, right.
(wipes face with napkin)
He was probably waving back at
you...I mean you are sitting right
here and you did wave first, so...

EMMA
(interrupting)
Do you want to have kids?

Dylan, deer in headlights. Swallows hard.

DYLAN
What?

Seeing his ambushed expression, Emma retreats a bit.

EMMA
Well...I don't mean right now, but
someday wouldn't you like to have a
family of your own?

Suddenly Dylan needs a teleprompter.

DYLAN
(flustered)
Um...yeah. Sure.

Emma's eyes tell the story. She's cornered him.

EMMA
I'm sorry, Dylan, sometimes I just
say whatever.

Dylan now realizes her disappointment.

DYLAN
No. No, Emma, it's not what you
said, it's okay.
(reassuringly)
I'm just trying to take all this
in.

He looks around at his surroundings.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I mean, three months ago I would have never dreamed I'd be here. I was working a nowhere job, trying to hold the family together. Didn't have any dreams, any kind of future...just living day to day.

Emma reaches out and takes his hand.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You were there, right in the middle of everything, but I couldn't say anything. Things were different.

EMMA

I know.

DYLAN

And now, it's hard to believe that we're here...

He looks around again.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

...that you're here. With me.

(closer)

Yeah, I want kids. Our kids...you and me.

Emma begins to tear up. She squeezes his hand tighter.

EMMA

Dylan. Nobody has ever shown me love, like you have. The actions of love, not just the words. You were there when I went to sleep, and you were there when I woke up. You give me hope, Dylan...that we can be happy together. I am happy with you.

Dylan is moved, but is soon lost in thought. He stares off, away.

Emma notices.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Dylan?

His attention is back to her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What is it?

DYLAN
I called Norman yesterday.

EMMA
Oh. How is he?

DYLAN
I'm not really sure.

Dylan searches for an explanation.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
I wanted to talk about Norma with him and kinda see how she's doing...and maybe see if we could talk.

EMMA
And what happened?

DYLAN
He just said that we shouldn't talk anymore, him and me. He said that's what he thinks Norma would want.

EMMA
Oh, that's not good, Dylan.

DYLAN
Yeah, something didn't feel right. I remember one time Norma got in the car and just left. She was so pissed, she just started screaming and left both me and Norman standing there. That really messed with Norman, he couldn't cope with that. that never happened before.

EMMA
If something like that happened again, would Norman tell you?

DYLAN
I don't know. He sounded like he just wanted to be left alone. I don't know what made him say that. I don't think Norma was even there.

Dylan takes a breath.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
I wonder if I should just go back
for a few days.

EMMA
I think you should keep trying to
talk to Norma. You should call her
tomorrow again.

DYLAN
Yeah.

EMMA
And maybe Sheriff Romero? Maybe he
knows something that set off
Norman, I don't know.

Dylan contemplates that thought.

EXT. I-5 HIGHWAY - OREGON - AFTERNOON

A BLACK SUV drives steadily along I-5 through early afternoon
traffic.

With BLACK TINTED WINDOWS and GOVERNMENT PLATES they move
with a purpose.

Afternoon to evening sun reflects off the black tinted glass.

INT. GOVERNMENT SUV - EVENING

Looking at the back of the driver and passenger seats as the
SOUNDS OF THE ROAD HUM underneath the vehicle.

Woman's voice cuts through.

WOMAN (O.S.)
I'm hungry. We need to stop
somewhere.

The woman turns to the back seat.

It's DEA SPECIAL AGENT, LIZ BABBITT.

BABBITT
(to officer)
Jones, you hungry?

She addresses DEA OFFICER JONES.

JONES
I'm always hungry.

Babbitt smirks. She turns further around to the other passenger.

BABBITT
What about you?

Looking out the window is SHERIFF ALEX ROMERO. He turns to Babbitt.

ROMERO
Yeah, sure.

Babbitt nods and turns back around.

Romero gazes back out the window. He is handcuffed in front still wearing his uniform.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The SUV maneuvers lanes and exits the highway.

They drive the off ramp and into DOREEN'S DINER, truck stop.

INT. GOVERNMENT SUV - CONTINUOUS

The vehicle rolls to a stop. Seat belts being unfastened, doors opening.

ROMERO
(to Babbitt)
I'm not going in like this.

He holds up his hands, still handcuffed.

BABBITT
No. Those are staying on.

ROMERO
Okay. I'll just stay here and you can bring me something.

Babbitt smirks.

BABBITT
Right, and we can leave the keys so you can listen to the radio.

ROMERO
Sure, yeah...that'd be nice.

Babbitt just shakes her head.

BABBITT
(to Officer Jones)
Take 'em off.

Jones unfastens the handcuffs.

BABBITT (CONT'D)
(to Romero)
Don't make me shoot you.

ROMERO
Look, I already know all this is
bullshit and so do you. I'm not
going to give you an excuse to
shoot me...I know you want to.

The driver, DEA OFFICER HAMPTON joins in.

HAMPTON
(dry)
Yup.

Babbitt and Jones smile. Everyone gets out.

INT. DOREEN'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Quaint little "greasy spoon" with scattered patrons. Not too busy.

The SIZZLE off the grill is inviting as the guys are seated at a table. Babbitt stands.

The waitress brings menu's.

BABBITT
(to waitress)
I need two hamburger baskets to go,
like right now.

WAITRESS
Yes Ma'am, right away.

BABBITT
(to the guys)
Be right back.

She heads off to the restroom.

The waitress drops off menus.

WAITRESS
Here you go. I'll be back in a few.

They each begin to look at the menu.

Romero puts his menu down, studies Hampton and Jones.

ROMERO
You guys are really going along
with this, huh?

JONES
(still reading menu)
Don't know what you mean, Sheriff.

ROMERO
Oh, you know what I mean.

HAMPTON
We're just transporting a prisoner.

ROMERO
Oh sure, just following orders.

JONES
Yup.

ROMERO
You didn't find that a little funny
when your boss there said she would
take me 'any way she could get me'?

JONES
Never heard that, sir.

ROMERO
Yeah, of course you didn't. Don't
you think it's kind of a desperate
move...even for you guys?

HAMPTON
The law's the law, Sheriff, you
committed perjury, and you're being
charged...that's pretty simple.

Through the window, Romero sees ANOTHER BLACK SUV pull up.

Babbitt returns from the restroom. She also sees the SUV.

BABBITT
Alright, I'm gone guys.

The waitress brings her order. She takes the bags.

WAITRESS
Here you go, Ma'am.

Babbitt hands her money.

BABBITT
(to waitress)
Keep it.

WAITRESS
Oh, thank you. Have a nice day.

BABBITT
(heavy sigh)
Sure.
(to the guys)
Alright, I'll see you guys in
Portland.

HAMPTON
Yeah, see you tomorrow.

Babbitt looks over at Romero. Almost an apologetic look.

Romero's not sure how to take it as she exits the diner.

Through the window, Romero watches her get in the SUV in the parking lot and drive away.

His eyes now focused on Hampton and Jones.

ROMERO
We're not going to Portland today
are we?

JONES
Nope.

HAMPTON
We kinda have little detour.

ROMERO
Really.

HAMPTON
Yeah it's a...last minute change.

ROMERO
Of course. You mind telling me
where we're going then?

HAMPTON
Well, it's a surprise, Sheriff.

JONES
Right, we don't want to ruin it for
you.

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)
(sarcastically)
You seem like the kind of guy who
loves surprises.

ROMERO
(sarcastic; dry)
Yeah, that's me...surprise after
surprise. I can't get enough.

Hampton and Jones laugh momentarily, then more serious.

HAMPTON
(directly to Romero)
We've got someone we'd like you to
meet. He's very good with people
who have..."memory" problems.

ROMERO
Memory.

HAMPTON
Yeah, Special Agent Babbitt seems
to think that maybe this person can
"assist" you in remembering certain
information that is very important
to us.

ROMERO
No. There's nothing to remember.

HAMPTON
Yeah well, we'll see. It's common
that people forget things. It
happens all the time.

The waitress suddenly appears.

WAITRESS
Yeah, I forget things a lot.
(she giggles)
Oh, crap! I forgot your water!

She swiftly heads back toward the kitchen.

Jones and Hampton share a look. Romero stares straight ahead.

INT. GOVERNMENT SUV 2 - EVENING

Special Agent Babbitt rides on the passenger side. She stares
out the window in thought.

Looking straight ahead, she speaks.

BABBITT
 You're only going to get one more
 chance with your boyfriend...
 (turns toward the back)
 ...so I would suggest that you be
 VERY convincing. Because if you're
 not...you really have no value to
 us anymore.

The DEA DRIVER shares a look with Babbitt.

Babbitt turns to the back again.

BABBITT (CONT'D)
 Do you understand?

REVERSE

REBECCA HAMILTON in the back seat, stares straight ahead. No
 emotion.

CUT TO BLACK:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BATES MOTEL - EVENING

The evening sun sets behind the Bates house. The Motel lights are lit.

INT. BATES HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Norman carries Norma in his arms, down the stairs.

He carefully sets her in a chair upright. Lovingly brushes her hair away from her face.

NORMAN

There. You can sleep, Mother, while
I clean up a little down here.

Norman opens a drawer and brings out a cloth tablecloth and spreads it over his wooden work bench.

He begins to bring out his taxidermist tools from boxes and drawers.

One by one, he meticulously sets them in order on the workbench.

He looks over to Norma and smiles. She stares in space.

KNOCK KNOCK at the door upstairs. Norman turns and looks to the top of the stairs.

INT. BATES HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Norman approaches the door and opens it.

A MIDDLE AGED GENTLEMAN is revealed.

NORMAN

Yes, may I help you?

GENTLEMAN

Yes, I hope so. I didn't see anyone
at the office so I thought I'd
check here.

NORMAN

Oh okay.

GENTLEMAN

My name is GLENN WESTON and I was wondering if I could get a room for a few days?

Norman, still a little preoccupied, settles.

NORMAN

Well, yes, of course. I'll be down in a few minutes...if you would like to wait in the office it might be more comfortable for you.

WESTON

Oh wonderful, thank you so much. We'll wait there for you.

NORMAN

We?

WESTON

Oh, yes.

WESTON moves aside revealing his daughter...

MOLLY WESTON who gives the appearance of an innocent, attractive, 17 year old, sitting on a suitcase behind her father.

Norman peeks around Weston and sees her.

WESTON (CONT'D)

This is my daughter, Molly.

NORMAN

Oh, hi.

WESTON

(to Norman)

I'm sorry, I don't know who you are.

NORMAN

Oh...I'm sorry. I'm Norman Bates. My mother and I own the motel.

Weston shakes Norman's hand.

WESTON

Well, it's nice to meet you Norman Bates.

(MORE)

WESTON (CONT'D)
(turns to Molly)
This is my daughter...

MOLLY
(finishes his sentence)
Molly.
(she smiles)
Nice to meet you.

Molly 'checks out' Norman. He notices.

NORMAN
(nervously)
Um...yes, it's very nice to meet
you too.
(to Weston)
I'll be right down.

WESTON
That'll be fine Norman, take your
time.

Weston picks up the suitcase. Both start down the steps
toward the motel.

Norman, watching from the doorway, notices Molly looking
back. She smiles.

Door closes.

INT. BATES HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Norman comes back down the stairs. He smiles at Juno, happily
following.

Dead Norma is moving things around on the shelves and
dusting.

Norman smiles.

NORMAN
Mother.

DEAD NORMA
I don't know how you even move down
here, Norman.
(moving items)
It's so cluttered.

Norman helps her.

NORMAN

Yes, well I was just working on that.

DEAD NORMA

Well, I've got it now.

NORMAN

Thank you, Mother.

Norman kisses her on the cheek, and heads for the stairs again.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

We have guests, Mother, I need to check them in.

DEAD NORMA

Fine. Leave me here in the dust by myself.

Norman laughs.

NORMAN

You're not alone, Mother, Juno is here, and I'll help you when I get back.

Dead Norma smiles and takes a break with Juno.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

I'll be back as soon as I can.

Norman heads back up the stairway.

INT. BATES MOTEL - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Norman enters the office as Weston and Molly admire the decor.

NORMAN

Sorry, I was just finishing something up.

WESTON

Oh, that's fine.

Weston pushes the sign-in ledger toward Norman, on the desk.

WESTON (CONT'D)

We filled this out already, hope you don't mind. Here's my license.

Norman takes a look.

NORMAN
Oh, okay, this is fine. How many
days do you think you'll be
staying?

WESTON
Maybe a week, still not sure.

NORMAN
Oh okay.

Norman heads to the motel key board on the back wall, hanging
hooks.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
I see you're from Washington.

WESTON
Yes, from the Seattle area.

Norman reaches for room #5 key and takes it off the hook.

NORMAN
I just cleaned this room a while
ago, it should be good for you.

In the corner chair, Norman notices Molly watching him,
smiling. She squirms a bit and licks her lips in a most
seductive fashion, never taking her eyes off him.

Sweat beads begin to form on Norman's forehead.

Weston's hand is still out for his key. Norman pulls back.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
Um...you know, I'm sorry. Come to
think of it, I think you would be
more comfortable in room number
one.

Norman, back at the key board, switches out keys.

He shakes a little as he takes room key #1 off the hook,
still sweating.

He turns and gives the key to Weston.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
Here you go.

Norman smiles nervously, trying not to look at Molly.

WESTON

Thank you, Norman. We appreciate that.

(to Molly)

Okay, let's go.

As Molly rises from the chair, Norman can't help but notice her sun dress, and partially what lies beneath.

MOLLY

(innocently)

Goodnight, Norman.

Norman, still uncomfortable, smiles and nods.

NORMAN

Goodnight.

Norman fidgets with the sign-in ledger as Molly gives a devilish smile on her way out.

EXT. SECLUDED DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The headlights of a BLACK SUV swerve and weave through a winding dark dirt road.

It turns onto an even more secluded wooded path. Another hundred yards and it stops abruptly at a chain link fence.

On the other side of the gate, a UNIFORMED OFFICER motions in the air with his arm.

MECHANICAL PULLEY starts up. FLOOD LIGHTS come on revealing a dozen other OFFICERS and the front of a large concrete building.

The gate rolls open sideways. The SUV pulls in.

A large garage door opens vertically in the front of the building. The SUV pulls in disappearing as the door closes immediately behind it.

The gate rolls shut and with a KLUNK the gate is closed and the lights immediately shut off.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. CONCRETE BUILDING - RECEIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The SUV comes to a stop. DEA officers Hampton and Jones exit the vehicle. Other officers are nearby. They open the back door. Romero exits, handcuffed in front.

He squints at the brightness, looking around.

Jones physically escorts Romero to the nearest door entering the facility.

INSIDE FACILITY - HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Probably the most comfortable 'holding' room ever. Somebody's living room basically. Large conference table, with 6 office chairs.

Romero's expression questions just about everything.

Jones takes the handcuffs off Romero.

JONES

Have a seat, Sheriff.

Romero is skeptical of the situation. He sits.

ROMERO

What is this?

JONES

This is what we affectionately call...the changing room.

ROMERO

The changing room. Right.
(looks around)
Where are we? Is this a federal building?

Jones walks to a kitchenette area.

JONES

Well, sort of.
(turning)
You want a cup of coffee, or some water, Sheriff?

The door CLICKS, DEA officer Hampton enters.

HAMPTON

Hello Sheriff.
(to Jones)
Coffee for me.
(back to Romero)
Yes, Sheriff, this is a federally owned building. We store bulk mail here that nobody wants. And a few company vehicles waiting to go to the scrap yard.

Jones hands him his coffee, sets a bottled water on the table for Romero.

Hampton sits across from Romero. Takes a sip of coffee.

ROMERO
That's bullshit.

Romero opens the bottle, take a drink.

Jones sits on a couch in the corner.

HAMPTON
(laughs)
Yeah, pretty much. But you're a smart guy, I'm sure you can figure it out.

ROMERO
Where's your boss?

HAMPTON
Portland.

ROMERO
Isn't that where I'm suppose to be?

HAMPTON
Not tonight.

Hampton pulls out his cell phone. Pushes a few buttons.

HAMPTON (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Send him in.

Romero eyes both of them.

CLICK, the door unlocks.

In rolls a cart with various bags and devices, pushed by what you would perceive to be, a High School AV club president.

Basically a Meerkat, wearing glasses, in a short sleeve shirt and tie.

JONES
Hey Bear.

Meet WENDELL GRIZZLAND. AKA "BEAR".

BEAR
Hey thirty-five.

Rolls the cart up to the table.

BEAR (CONT'D)
(to Hampton)
Hey nineteen.
(he laughs)
Steely Dan! 1980...now that was a
good year.

Romero looks bothered and confused. Hampton explains.

HAMPTON
(to Romero)
This is Bear.

BEAR
(extends hand to Romero)
Nice to meet you.

Romero just stares at him. Bear shakes it off.

HAMPTON
He doesn't use names for...
(air quotes)
..."classified operations" like
this one.

ROMERO
This...is classified? What exactly
is classified about a perjury
charge?

Bear steps back and looks at Romero.

BEAR
(giggles)
Is that what they finally charged
you with?
(to Hampton)
Is that what you finally...

HAMPTON
(interrupting)
YES, that's what we got him on, now
let's get busy here, stop screwing
around!

BEAR
Okay, okay, I'm moving here.

Bear starts to pull out some of his trade tools.

Romero watches him.

ROMERO
(to Hampton)
So...am I suppose to be scared
here? I mean, are these torture
devices?

BEAR
(sarcastically)
Oh man, nineteen, he's on to us.

HAMPTON
(shakes his head)
He doesn't use those.

Looks over at Bear who is giggling and putting the devices
back into bags.

BEAR
Yeah, I was just having some fun.

Romero watches him as he puts his things away. He looks him
up and down.

ROMERO
How old are you, fifteen? You can't
be working for the feds. You're
just a kid.

BEAR
(pissed)
Fifteen? Do I look like I'm
fifteen, asshole!?

ROMERO
Yeah.

BEAR
Well, godammit I'm not!

Pleads with Hampton.

BEAR (CONT'D)
Let me kill him!

HAMPTON
No.

BEAR
Just once!

HAMPTON
No.

Bear pouts.

HAMPTON (CONT'D)
Just do your work, Bear.

BEAR
(heavy sigh)
Fine.

ROMERO
So how old are you?

BEAR
(quietly)
Sixteen.

Romero smiles.

ROMERO
Look, none of this is necessary. I
don't have anything to tell you
that I haven't already said.

BEAR
From what I understand, Sheriff
Romero, we've got a problem. A
three million dollar problem.
(closer)
Now I graduated top of my class at
University of Washington with a
Bachelor's degree in...some kind of
chemistry crap, I don't know,
anyway I blew up a couple of
politicians and foreign dignitaries
in the same afternoon. The feds
didn't like that much, so they
locked me up for a while. Then they
decided that maybe I could help
them in a few things, so I started
working for them a few years ago.

ROMERO
Touching.

BEAR
Well I said all that to say this.
(looks around)
Sheriff, I see they put you in the
"changing room". This room is
designed to "change" people's
minds. What you can't remember...I
can help you remember. Whatever
information you decide you don't
want to give...I can CHANGE your
mind in a jiffy.

Romero just looks at Bear and Hampton.

HAMPTON
Sheriff, I suggest you give up what
you know about the money...now.

ROMERO
(defiant)
I don't know what you're talking
about.

Hampton looks over at Jones.

HAMPTON
C'mon, let's go

Hampton comes around the table and handcuffs Romero's wrists
to the table.

Jones and Hampton leave the room.

Bear pulls out a small oxygen tank, with 2 masks attached,
and sets it on the table.

BEAR
You know, these guys aren't fucking
around.

ROMERO
You need to stop this, you don't
know anything about what's
happening.

BEAR
I got a job, Sheriff, that's all I
need to know. The sooner you
cooperate the better.

Bear pulls out a small atomizer canister out of his bag, and
sets it on the table in front of Romero.

BEAR (CONT'D)
Do you know what this is, Sheriff?

ROMERO
Breath spray?

BEAR
Very funny.
(picks up the atomizer)
I created this little device for
practical use in the IT workplace,
and never dreamed I would be using
it...in this manner.

Romero glares at him.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hampton and Jones enter a small control center. 3 monitors and audio capabilities.

A CONTROL OPERATOR sits at the monitors.

They all monitor Bear and Romero in real time.

HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BEAR

It's called Halon 1301. In a sort of "mini" format. Sadly the manufacturing of it was banned by the EPA in 1994, so you don't see much of it in use anymore, but...it's still very effective for my purposes.

Romero's unimpressed.

BEAR (CONT'D)

It's like Jumpin' Jack Flash, Sheriff. It's a gas, gas, gas!

He laughs.

BEAR (CONT'D)

In a nutshell, Sheriff, this little container holds this very gas. A small quantity, I grant you...however it will scare the shit out of you, probably literally.

(holds up the container)

The gas is designed for putting out technical fires, in control centers and where technical equipment is used. If these areas catch on fire, and water is used to put out the fire, then all of the equipment would be destroyed. Whereas, with Halon 1301, this little baby takes the oxygen out of the air, and therefore the fire dies.

(closer)

Simply put. Without oxygen, things die.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HAMPTON
(watching monitor)
This kid's sick.

CONTROL OPERATOR
Yeah, but he's a genius too.

Hampton just stares at the Control Operator.

HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Romero beginning to get the message.

ROMERO
Look, this isn't necessary. You're
looking for money that I don't
have.

BEAR
Fine. Have it your way.

Bear turns on the oxygen tank, which is sitting on the table.

He puts on one of the two oxygen masks.

Bear removes the mask momentarily.

BEAR (CONT'D)
You know, Sheriff, suffocation is
not a pleasant way to die.

Romero, half pissed, half scared lunges to the end of his
chain, cuffs, at Bear.

ROMERO
(screams)
I TOLD YOU I DON'T HAVE THE MONEY!

ROMERO (CONT'D)
(looking around)
ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME!? I DON'T
HAVE IT!

Bear holds the oxygen tank as Romero rocks the table.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Control Operator and Jones share a look. Hampton begins
to look concerned as he listens to Romero.

HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BEAR
Honestly Sheriff, I wish you did
have the money, then I wouldn't
have to do this.

Romero begins hyperventilating, quick breathing in anticipation.

Bear puts his oxygen mask back on.

He takes the small canister and sprays "one shot" at Romero.

Romero tries to hold his breath but soon exhales blowing air, trying to remove the gas from the area.

His throat begins to tighten. He pulls back hard against his handcuff restraints.

Romero struggles for oxygen, his face turning red, throat muscles contracting.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

All are holding their breaths too watching the event.

HAMPTON
(under his breath)
Don't kill him.

HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

His wrists cut and bloody trying to escape his restraints.

Bear quickly pushes the other oxygen mask onto Romero's face, straps it around his head.

Romero sucks oxygen hard, over and over again. He is breathing.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everybody can breathe again. Whew!

Hampton takes a deep breath.

HAMPTON
Jesus.

HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Romero begins to breathe normally.

Bear sprays in the air from another can.

Romero's eyes widen.

BEAR
(removing his mask)
No Sheriff, it's okay. This
neutralizes the air.

Romero gives a sign of relief as he continues to breathe the good oxygen.

BEAR (CONT'D)
We can remove this now.

Bear removes Romero's mask. He breathes clean air in the room now.

Romero takes several deep breaths.

BEAR (CONT'D)
Do you see more clearly now,
Sheriff?

Bear brings out 2 more small canisters of Halon 1301 and sets them on the table.

BEAR (CONT'D)
I only have two more canisters,
Sheriff. Which means you only have
two more strikes...then you're
out...permanently.

Romero looks at the 2 containers on the table, then directs his eyes to a small surveillance camera in the corner of the ceiling.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On a monitor, the Control Operator ZOOMS IN on Romero.

Hampton and Romero are locked eye to eye but in different rooms.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. EDITH GREEN - WENDELL WYATT FEDERAL BLDG - PORTLAND
OREGON- MORNING

Somewhat overcast day overlooking the Federal Building in
Portland.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DEA OFFICES - MORNING

DEA PROPERTY BAG lies on a desk in the DEA offices.

Marked ALEX ROMERO.

A cup of coffee is set down on the desk. Manila folders are
dropped next to it.

A CELL PHONE RINGS from inside the property bag. A hand opens
the bag and pulls out the phone. The hand belongs to...

Special Agent Babbitt who looks at the screen.

It's an INCOMING CALL from DYLAN MASSETT.

She answers.

BABBITT
(into phone)
Hello.

INT. DYLAN'S APARTMENT - SEATTLE - MORNING

Dylan is on the phone. He looks strangely at the screen.

BABBITT (V.O.)
Hello?

DYLAN
(into phone)
Um...who is this?

BABBITT (V.O.)
This is Special Agent Babbitt with
the DEA.

Dylan is shocked and somewhat nervous.

DYLAN
What? Oh wow, I'm sorry, I've got
the wrong number.

Dylan starts to hang up.

BABBITT (V.O.)
No you don't. Looking for Romero?

DYLAN
(surprised)
Yeah. Why do you have his phone?

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DEA OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Babbitt continuing on Romero's cell.

BABBITT
He's been arrested. How exactly do
you know him?

DYLAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

DYLAN
He's a friend. Why was he arrested?
Where is he?

BABBITT (V.O.)
I can't give out that information.

DYLAN
Well does Norma know about this?

BABBITT (V.O.)
Norma?

DYLAN
Yes, Norma...his wife.

BABBITT (V.O.)
Norma Bates?

DYLAN
(pissed)
YES!

BABBITT (V.O.)
She's dead.

Surreal to Dylan.

DYLAN
No. I'm talking about Norma Bates,
who owns the Bates Motel...she just
got married to him.

BABBITT (V.O.)
Right, Norma Bates. She died of
carbon monoxide poisoning...a few
days ago.

Dylan drops the phone and backs against the wall. He slides
down to the floor.

Babbitt can still be heard on the phone.

BABBITT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Mr. Massett. Dylan...are you there?

Dylan reaches over, as if in a dream and ends the call.

Dylan's eyes well up as he stares ahead in disbelief.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATES MOTEL - OFFICE - DAY

NORMAN'S EYES.

Wide open, not menacing, just normal eyes staring straight
ahead.

PUFF OF BREATH blows quickly into his left eye.

MOLLY
There. I think I got it.

Molly, standing in front of Norman, softly blows something
out of his eye.

She gently touches his eyelash, brushing a tiny something
away.

Norman, a little uncomfortable, yet enjoying it.

NORMAN
Thank you, Molly.

MOLLY
Sure, anytime.

Norman reaches under the counter and pulls out 2 towels.

NORMAN
Here you go.

Molly takes them.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
Did you sleep well last night,
Molly?

MOLLY
Yes. I did. I like that it's so
quiet here. I literally heard
crickets!

She and Norman laugh.

NORMAN
Yes, there's a lot of those around.

Norman notices Molly rubbing her inner thigh, just above her
knee

MOLLY
(looks at Norman)
I think I got bit by a spider last
night. Right here.

She pulls up her skirt to show Norman.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
See?

Norman nervously nods. He looks around.

NORMAN
Um...yes.

MOLLY
You can't see from there. Come
here.

Norman slowly comes from around the counter to Molly.

She takes his hand and puts it on her thigh.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Do you feel that? I think it's a
bite.

NORMAN
(nervously)
Yes, maybe.

Norman removes his hand quickly.

MOLLY
Do I make you nervous, Norman?

NORMAN
(flustered)
Oh...no, not at all.

MOLLY
Excited maybe?

Molly moves closer to Norman and takes his hand.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Sometimes when I get nervous, my
heart beats faster.

She takes Norman's hand and presses it against her breast.
She squeezes his hand.

Norman shifts. Not literally.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
I think I excite you, Norman.

Norman pulls his hand away and awkwardly laughs it off.

NORMAN
(forgetting English)
No...I'm okay...I mean you are
lovely...and...

MOLLY
Well, your mouth says one thing
but...

Molly smiles and points down to an erection waiting for fresh
air.

Norman is completely embarrassed and moves quickly behind the
counter.

Molly affectionately laughs.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
It's okay Norman. I'm flattered.

She grabs the towels and heads for the door.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Thanks for the towels. See you
later!

Norman is still in a trance.

INT. DYLAN'S APARTMENT - SEATTLE - DAY

Dylan is sitting in the living room. Boxes are still everywhere needing to be unpacked.

He stares out the sliding glass doors into the vastness that is the Seattle metropolis.

Emma enters with a grocery bag full.

EMMA

My goodness it's a zoo out there!

Dylan still stares outside.

Emma sets the bag on the counter and looks over to him. Somethings wrong.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Baby, what is it?

Emma comes and sits next to him.

A single tear rolls from the corner of Dylan's eye.

He looks at her.

DYLAN

Norma's dead.

Emma puts her hand over her mouth, her eyes well up.

EMMA

Oh no, Dylan.

Dylan is a bag of mixed emotions. Emma holds him. He struggles to maintain.

DYLAN

I gotta go back.

Emma understands.

EMMA

Of course.

DYLAN

Emma, there's so much going on right now that I don't know about.

(turns to her)

Romero is in jail, he got arrested, but I don't know why. I called him and the DEA answered his phone. That's how I found out about Norma.

A beat.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Too many questions. Something's not
right. Why didn't Norman tell me?

EMMA
I don't know.

DYLAN
I just gotta go.

Dylan gets up from the couch, Emma watches.

EMMA
(to Dylan as he goes)
What about Caleb? Do you think he
knows?

Dylan looks to Emma. Then away in thought.

CUT TO BLACK:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. WHITE PINE'S BAY - MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

Shoppers walk down Main Street. Small town USA.

INT. CORNER DINER - AFTERNOON

CHICK HOGAN sips a cup of coffee as he looks out the window from his booth.

Without warning, a MAN suddenly PLOPS down across from Chick.

Chick, surprised, leans back a bit and studies the situation.

Meet GORDON LAMB, White Pine Bay's version of a private investigator. 38, scruffy, barely employed.

GORDON

Am I late?

CHICK

I don't know...are you?

GORDON

You're Chick Hogan.

CHICK

Yes, I know who I am...but I don't know you.

GORDON

Right. I'm Gordon Lamb, but everybody calls me Gordo.

Gordo extends his hand. Chick ignores it and sips his coffee.

CHICK

Lamb. Like...uh...

GORDON

(finishes his sentence)
...slaughter of the lambs!

Gordo laughs.

CHICK

I was going to say like Jesus.

Gordo slows down a bit.

GORDON
Well, right...him too.

Chick continues to study this gumshoe.

CHICK
I got your number from the board
over there.
(Chick points to a
bulletin board)
Your card said you're a private
investigator. How long have you
been doing that?

Waitress shows up.

WAITRESS
(to Gordo)
Hi, can I get you a cup of coffee,
or some pie?

GORDON
Yeah, sure, coffee is fine, and a
little cream.

WAITRESS
Sure.
(to Chick)
And you sir, anything else?

CHICK
No thank you.

CHICK (CONT'D)
So how long?

GORDON
Well I started out in San Francisco
back in two thousand working for a
guy...

CHICK
(interrupting)
Cut the shit, Gordo. Just cut it.

Gordo stops.

CHICK (CONT'D)
I assume I can call you Gordo.

GORDON
Yeah sure.

CHICK

Let's just get to the point. I haven't got all day.

GORDON

Right, me too...I've got a lot of work piling up...

CHICK

No you don't.

Leans in.

CHICK (CONT'D)

You haven't got shit. You practiced law ten years ago, you had an affair with an underage girl, and you were disbarred.

Chick eyes him as he sips his coffee.

The waitress brings Gordo his coffee.

GORDON

(softly)

Thank you.

Gordo searching for words.

CHICK

Then you came to a small town where nobody knows you, and you started a business spying on husbands and wives...cheaters. Printed some business cards and you were set. Right? Doesn't that about sum it up?

Gordo looks around to see if anyone is listening.

GORDON

(reluctantly)

Yeah, pretty much.

CHICK

Okay then. Now we can talk business.

GORDON

Okay.

Gordo puts a creamer in his coffee and stirs nervously.

Chick notices.

CHICK

There's nothing to worry about. I believe we have an understanding now. And I believe that you will be straight with me from now on.

GORDON

Yes.

CHICK

Alright. How good are you at finding people that don't want to be found?

Chick's eyes connect with Gordo as he drinks his coffee.

EXT. BATES MOTEL - DAY

Midday, overcast, at Bates Motel. One car is parked in the guest lot.

INT. BATES HOUSE - BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Once again Norman is rearranging things in the basement. Cleaning shelves, moving items.

Juno has joined him playing around with odd items on the floor.

Norman starts setting out his many "works" of taxidermy on the workbench.

Suddenly Dead Norma is right behind him.

DEAD NORMA

I was going to make this a fruit cellar.

Norman almost pees.

NORMAN

(startled)

Oh God, Mother...you startled me.

Norma laughs.

DEAD NORMA

Just keeping you on your toes, honey.

(kisses his cheek)

I don't mind you using this for your workshop again.

(MORE)

DEAD NORMA (CONT'D)
It's kinda nice you getting back to
what you love doing.

Norman looks around.

NORMAN
Yes, well that's what I was
thinking too, Mother. I do miss my
work. This is like my sanctuary.

Norma goes to a shelf and takes down one of his pieces.

She brings it to the workbench.

DEAD NORMA
This is one of my favorites.

NORMAN
(smiles)
The Ring-necked Pheasant.

DEAD NORMA
Is that what this is? A Pheasant?

NORMAN
Yes, Mother.

DEAD NORMA
(looks at it weird)
I thought it was a small turkey.

Norman laughs.

Dead Norma hugs and tickles him as he reaches for another
stuffed piece

Norman reaches for the large SPOTTED OWL on the shelf.

It slips from his grasp and falls to the floor.

Juno BARKS at the commotion.

Dead Norma tries to catch it with no success.

DEAD NORMA (CONT'D)
Oh crap! I'm so sorry Norman!

Norman comforts her as he picks up the Owl from the floor.

NORMAN
It's alright, Mother, don't worry.
He's fine.

Norman sets the Owl on his workbench.

He studies the piece, smiling.

He turns and looks underneath the Owl. His smile changes.

Norman notices a tear in the seam and something sticking out.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
(to himself)
What...is this?

Norman moves a lamp closer. He strains to see what is poking out of the seam.

This is his work. It's personal now.

Closer and closer. Finally he see's paper sticking out. It's paper money. two zero's, as he pulls it slowly.

Now there's a one. Norman pulls out a one hundred dollar bill from the seam.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
(astonished)
What...what's happening?
(to Dead Norma)
Mother...why is there money here?
Mother?

Norman turns, but Dead Norma is not there. He turns, looks around.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
Mother!?

Still not there.

Norman's eyes are focused back on the Owl.

He grabs a cutting tool from the bench and carefully cuts open the seam on the Owl further.

More money. Norman pulls out another one hundred dollar bill, then another, and another.

He cuts open the Owl completely and shakes the money onto the workbench. Hundreds after hundreds fall out.

Norman steps back in shock. Mouth open, eyes huge.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
(breathless)
Oh my....
(turning to stairs)
MOTHER?

Norman grabs another piece from the shelf and sets it on the workbench. He cuts open the seam.

Again, hundreds fall out onto the bench. He shakes the rest of the money out.

Hundred dollar bills are everywhere, the bench, the floor.

Norman stares in disbelief.

LOUD POUNDING at the front door.

He freezes. He looks around void of ideas.

Norman runs up the stairs locking the door behind himself.

He puts the key in his pocket.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. BATES HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Norman takes a deep breath, then opens the door to reveal...

Three DEA AGENTS. SPECIAL AGENTS HAMLIN, COPELAND and STYLES.

NORMAN

Yes?

HAMLIN

Are you Norman Bates?

NORMAN

Yes...why?

HAMPTON

Mr. Bates, I'm Special Agent Hamlin, this is Special Agent Copeland, and Special Agent Styles. We're with the Drug Enforcement Administration...DEA.

NORMAN

(nervously)

Okay.

HAMLIN

We'd like to talk with you for a minute.

NORMAN

Well, actually now is not a good time, I'm in the middle of something.

HAMLIN

We understand, Mr. Bates, with your mother passing away recently, how emotional that can be and so many things to take care of.

NORMAN

Yes, well then you know I really don't have time to...

HAMLIN

(interrupting)

Mr. Bates, it's very important that we talk to you.

NORMAN

Well then, I would have no problem coming to your office later this afternoon if...

COPELAND

We have a warrant, Mr. Bates.

Copeland pulls out the warrant and hands it to Norman.

Norman takes it reluctantly. He is visibly shaken.

HAMLIN

Mr. Bates?

Norman is still frozen.

HAMLIN (CONT'D)

(more insistant)

Mr. Bates?

Norman comes back.

NORMAN

Yes.

HAMLIN

We need to come in.

Norman is confused and terrified at the same time.

NORMAN

(composes himself)

Of course.

Norman opens the door further and steps back.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
What is this for?

STYLES
Your step-father has been placed
under arrest.

Norman has a moment of slight joy, then comes back to the present threat.

He watches closely as the 3 agents split up and begin to search the house.

Norman eyes the basement door as Agent Styles walks past it.

Norman closes the front door and slowly walks toward the living room.

The agents have moved into other rooms as Norman crosses to the small end table.

He slowly opens the small drawer of the end table revealing a gun. The gun he placed there earlier.

Again checking for agents nearby, Norman quickly takes the gun from the drawer, shoving it in the front of his pants. He pulls his shirt over it.

COPELAND
Where does this door go to?

Norman, startled, whirls around to see Agent Copeland standing at the basement door trying to open the door.

NORMAN
Um...nowhere really.
(nervous laugh)
We just keep junk down there.
Nothing really to see, in fact it's
very dirty now...I was just going
to tidy it up a bit later on.

COPELAND
I see. Well, we're still going to
have to look down there, Mr. Bates
if you don't mind.

NORMAN
Well actually, I DO mind...it's
really embarrassing down there
and...

COPELAND
Let me rephrase that, Mr. Bates.
Open the door.

Norman fidgets in his pocket, but finally comes out with the key.

He crosses to the basement door and unlocks it for Agent Copeland. Copeland opens the door and heads down the stairs.

Norman takes a quick look around for agents, then follows Copeland.

Norman begins down the stairs, turns, and slowly closes the basement door behind himself. He quietly locks the door.

The basement is very dimly lit from the back corner.

COPELAND (CONT'D)
(to Norman)
Hey, you have a light switch down
here or something.

Norman is silent.

COPELAND (CONT'D)
Are you there Mr. Bates?

Norman is a few feet behind him.

NORMAN
(softly)
Yes, I'm here.

COPELAND
Well where's the damn lights down
here?

Copeland is reaching around searching. Finally he feels a string hanging.

COPELAND (CONT'D)
Oh wait...here we go. I got
something.

Copeland pulls on the string and the overhead light bulb comes on.

Copeland is standing in front of the workbench where hundreds of hundreds are scattered.

COPELAND (CONT'D)
What the hell is this? What are you
doing with all this money?

No reply from Norman. Copeland turns around.

COPELAND (CONT'D)
Mr. Bates? You still here?

NORMAN
(softly)
Yes.

Norman's voice is more faint as Copeland searches more.

COPELAND
You need to answer for this
money...

Copeland takes a step or two and turns.

Directly in front of him propped upright, is Norma Bates,
dead, with her eyes glued open!

His arms flail as he moves backward terrorized, hitting the
light bulb above him.

The LIGHT BULB SWINGS casting eerie shadows back and forth
across Norma Bates' face. He tries to scream but is
petrified!

Copeland fumbles with his 2-way radio. THUD! He drops it on
the floor.

Searching frantically he stoops to find his radio. The LIGHT
BULB casts random and moving shadows that hinder him.

Finally grasping the radio, Copeland rises to his feet to
find NORMAN STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM!

The LIGHT BULB SHADOWS sway across Norman's devilish grin.

Norman's hand grips a screwdriver at his side.

Copeland is frozen, wide eyed, petrified.

Norman's SCREWDRIVER viciously and swiftly THRUSTS UP INTO
the side of Copeland's head!

THUUUD!

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF SHOW