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Episode #: 101

BATES MOTEL

"FIRST YOU DREAM, THEN YOU DIE"

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TEASER

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM - DAY

OVERHEAD SHOT -- The light tells us it's late afternoon and we are looking down at a BEAUTIFUL TEENAGE BOY splayed on his back across his bed -- still dressed like he fell asleep in his clothes. Completely still -- unconscious? Dead? In the BG we hear what sounds like DIALOGUE from an old romantic comedy - David Nivens and Doris Day. We SLOWLY MOVE DOWN AND CLOSER until we are RIGHT UP AGAINST HIS FACE...

CU ON NORMAN CHARLES BATES

Angelic in sleep. Sixteen years old. Good looking. Refined features. A sweetness and a sensuality. We HEAR him breathing. Good, he's not dead. Soft, even breaths.

Then his eyes open. He just stares for a moment, almost as if he isn't sure where he is. Then he slowly sits up. Looks a little disoriented. Turns off the TV. Was I watching this?

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Norman walks down the hall. The way it's shot is STYLIZED. We see him from the back, shadowed. Then from a LOW ANGLE as he PASSES BY CAMERA.

CU on his hands -- steadying himself on the wall for a second. He seems almost dizzy.

Norman's head tracks past FAMILY PHOTOS on the wall. Old, black and white photos of hard scrabble depression-era family members staring out at us hauntingly, like the photos of Dorthea Lange or Walker Evans.

Further down, the photos get newer. BABY PHOTOS. Other family members now in COLOR. We land on one photo in particular -- a MAN and a WOMAN on their wedding day. All happiness and light...

Norman stops to look at the PHOTO. The wide smiles of the couple. It's almost like it takes him out of his trance. Norman starts to remember where he is. Then, anxious...

NORMAN
Mom?

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON TWO POTS ON THE STOVE -- ANGRILY BOILING OVER. STEAMING WHITE FOAM running down the sides into the FLARING GAS BURNERS. Dinner ignored. CLOSE ON NORMAN'S HANDS turning off the BURNERS.

NORMAN
(where the hell is she)
Mother?

NORMAN'S POV - A FLICKERING LIGHT

What the hell is that? Sputtering on and off, coming through the door into the house FROM THE GARAGE.

ON NORMAN

Approaching the open door. Slowly. Not sure what's happening. He looks into the garage. STAY ON HIS FACE as he sees something horrible and heartbreaking...

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON A MAN's FACE...head against the floor...eyes open...staring...blood pooling on the floor around the back of his head.

This is SAM BATES (45). PULL BACK SLOWLY to see A HUGE METAL SHELVING UNIT has FALLEN OVER ON TOP OF HIM...Paint and tools and hardware all over the place... PAINT PLOPS slowly from one of the cans onto the floor.

BACK ON SAM'S UNSEEING EYES. We may recognize Sam -- he is the man in the wedding picture in the hallway...

THE OVERHEAD FLUORESCENT LIGHT was hit by the falling shelving unit. It is DANGLING on one side and slowly SWAYING, FLICKERING and HUMMING, trying to stay lit.

CU ON NORMAN'S FACE as he kneels down and touches Sam's face. Realizes he's DEAD.

NORMAN
(shouting)
Mother!

He jumps up.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SMASH CUT TO Norman RACING DOWN THE HALLWAY, shot from EXTREME UP ANGLES. Toward the BEDROOM. We now HEAR A RUNNING SHOWER...

NORMAN
MOTHER!

He runs THROUGH HER BEDROOM. HIS FISTS POUND on the BATHROOM DOOR --

NORMAN (CONT'D)
MOTHER! OPEN THE DOOR!

The DOOR FINALLY OPENS and we see...

NORMA LOUISE BATES

Closing the ROBE she's just put on -- a quick flash of skin. Norma is a strikingly beautiful woman in her early forties. Smart and grounded. At the moment she has a peculiar, HEARTBROKEN look on her face. Considering the circumstances, should she not seem more alarmed?

We notice a SCRATCH MARK on her arm. She is nervous and anxious but makes an effort to speak in an calm tone --

NORMA LOUISE
What is it, Norman?

Norman is terrified.

NORMAN
It's Dad! He's...
(too upset)
Hurry!

Norman turns and races back toward the garage. We STAY ON NORMA a beat, watching her son go, bracing herself.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON THE SHELVING. Norman GROANS like a weightlifter as he LIFTS and SHOVES the unit, trying to get it off his father. But it's too heavy. It collapses back on top of him. Norman falls down from the effort, starts CRYING.

CU ON NORMA as she STEPS INTO THE GARAGE and sees the scene. Her expression is not SHOCK but SADNESS, an overwhelming sadness, as tears flood her eyes.

Norman starts trying to PULL HIS DAD OUT as Norma now comes and kneels next to him.

NORMAN
Mother, help me!

Norma looks at Sam's dead face with REMORSE. She puts her hand gently on Norman's head.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
(anguished)
Dad? Dad?

NORMA LOUISE
Norman.

Norman just keeps SOBBING. Gives up on his rescue efforts. Instead, cradles his father's bloody head in his arms, not caring that his father's blood is getting all over himself.

Norma gently pulls him away...

NORMA LOUISE (CONT'D)
Norman, honey, I'm so sorry...

Norman falls into her, sobbing. She sits on the floor holding him. Rocking him against her. Her heart breaking. But, we sense, only for him. We STAY ON TABLEAU OF THEM FOR A LONG TIME. Maybe UNCOMFORTABLY LONG. It's kind of beautiful. These two beings who are like one, emotionally absorbed into each other, sitting on the floor in the middle of this complete chaos.

We now HEAR A DISTANT SIREN.

SMASH TO:

BLACK. Letters seep in reading, "***Six Months Later***".
HOLD ON IT A MOMENT, then SMASH TO:

INT. NORMA'S CAR - DAY

NORMAN'S POV - A GORGEOUS NORTHERN CALIFORNIA COASTLINE

As we drive by Humboldt Bay Harbor. A small and picturesque inlet. We are seeing at seventy miles an hour. It's amazing.

FIND NORMAN looking out the window. Lost in thought. FIND NORMA glancing over at him. Then...

NORMA LOUISE
This is the part where you say
"Mother, this is beautiful.
(MORE)

NORMA LOUISE (CONT'D)
I'm so happy we're moving here. You are so smart to have thought of this..."

The car turns off the main road into the town: a quaint, coastal town built in the 1920's which sits next to the harbor. Charming, but also with an upscale quality to its "quaintness".

Norman smiles the half smile of someone who loves the person who's being a needy-pain-in-the-ass-at-this-moment. And knows them well. And knows this ritual.

NORMAN
(rote)
"Mother this is beautiful. I'm so happy you are *making* me move here. You are so smart to force me to do things I have no say in..."

Norma smiles the same half smile. They *are* related.

NORMA LOUISE
(I love you)
You're an asshole.
(then)
Close your eyes...

NORMAN'S POV - BLACK

NORMA LOUISE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Okay, here it is...

EXT. MOTEL/ BATES HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Norma stands behind Norman, beaming as Norman opens his eyes to see...

THE HOUSE AND MOTEL

A twelve unit, single story motel circa 1950 over which looms a two story, California Victorian style house. There is something odd and haunting about this place. And it's isolated -- on the edge of town.

NORMA LOUISE
What do you think?

Norman just laughs.

NORMAN
This is crazy, Mom.

NORMA LOUISE
It's not crazy. We're going to run this place. We own a motel, Norman Bates! Come on, I want to show you the house...

She takes off like a little kid. Norman is skeptical.

INT. BATES HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

We are inside the dark foyer as the DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN letting some LIGHT in. Norma and Norman step in. The atmosphere is dark and heavy: old Victorian furniture and dusty velvet drapes, etc. Norma walks through, turning on lights and opening curtains, etc...

NORMA LOUISE
...I bought the whole thing, house and motel, on a foreclosure. Everything came with it --

NORMAN
Awesome. You can't buy furniture like this anymore. Mostly because no one wants it --

NORMA LOUISE
Yeah, yeah. I know. It's ugly. So we'll use it for now and redecorate as we get ahead. You have to imagine this room without all this crap in it -- just simple elegant furnishings - open space - light, linen drapes -- fresh flowers. The space is actually awesome --

She really sees it. Has a vision for this place. Then --

NORMA LOUISE (CONT'D)
C'mon, I'll show you the upstairs...

She trots upstairs. STAY ON NORMAN a beat, not seeing her vision. Just seeing some butt ugly furniture.

EXT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Norman is looking in the doorway of a bedroom with a peaked roof and a garret window.

NORMAN
I like this room.

Norma appears behind him.

NORMA LOUISE
Oh. Yeah, it's a cool room but I put you down here closer to me...

She takes his hand and pulls him along the hallway.

She shows him his room. The bed is up against the wall that connects to her room.

NORMA LOUISE (CONT'D)
This is your room...

STAY WITH THEM as she pulls him into the room next to it...

NORMA LOUISE (CONT'D)
And this is my room!

We may or may not notice the beds are about as close as they could be without actually being in the same room. Norman does not look thrilled, by any of this. She leans toward him and puts her hands on his shoulders.

NORMA LOUISE (CONT'D)
Norman, we've been through a lot. This is a chance to start over --

NORMAN
Maybe some people don't get to start over. Maybe they just bring *themselves* to a new place.

She looks him right in the eye. She knows he's anxious. She wants to assure him.

NORMA LOUISE
They *do* get to start over. But they have to try. And they have to believe...

He looks at her with exhausted affection. *"You're an idiot."*

NORMAN
Are you going to ask me to clap if I believe in fairies?

NORMA LOUISE
(smiles; fuck you)
Yes.
(then)
Norman. For me. It's all going to be good. You'll see.

EXT. BATES HOUSE - LATER

Night is falling. Norman is outside, getting some of the boxes out of the U-Haul. He stops for a moment, hears a coyote howling. Looks around.

NORMAN'S POV - THE LANDSCAPE

It's dark and isolated. Thick woods and mountains. A few scattered, rural properties up the road.

RESUME NORMAN

He picks up the last box and heads toward the house, seeing...

HIS MOM'S SILHOUETTE

Against the shades in her bedroom. There's something about it that looks and feels both haunting and sexual. (NOTE: It should be reminiscent of the iconic silhouette from the original movie.)

RESUME NORMAN

Focusing on it for a long moment, like he's almost getting mentally lost -- going somewhere else. Then he comes out of it. Starts lugging the heavy box up to the house.

NORMAN
(sarcastic affection)
"It's all going to be good, Norman...".

SMASH TO MAIN TITLES.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

The next morning. We are CLOSE ON NORMAN who waits at a SCHOOL BUS STOP about five hundred yards from the motel, listening to music on his phone, earbuds in. He is staring at the landscape, lost in his own head, pensive and stoic and agitated all at once. WE HEAR the MUSIC (OVER) - it's the cacophonous and angry "EROICA" by Beethoven.

NORMAN'S POV - THE LANDSCAPE

Wild and isolated. MUSIC PLAYS OVER. Suddenly a GIRL'S SMILING FACE comes into frame. This is BRADLEY KENNER, 16, pretty, bright, and effortlessly sexy. She has a depth to her that makes her seem older than she is - in a good way. She takes the earbuds out of his ears and smiles a completely winning smile. END MUSIC.

BRADLEY
You're *new*.

A CABAL OF CUTE TEENAGE GIRLS circle around him. Fresh meat in a small town. Studying him like he's in a petri dish. Norman, not used to this kind of overt attention, covers his anxiety. Smiles slyly.

NORMAN
This must be a *really* small town --

The girls, JENNA, HAYDEN, LISSA, start pummeling him with questions. Overlapping each other --

BRADLEY
What's your name?

NORMAN
Norman Bates.

JENNA
When did you move here, Norman Bates?

NORMAN
Last night --

BRADLEY
Where? What house?

NORMAN
Here. The house at the motel --

HAYDEN
Ohhh, *you* bought the motel --

LISSA
You actually going to live here or are you just flipping the property?

NORMAN
We're not flipping --

LISSA
(to Hayden; meaningfully)
He's *not* flipping --

JENNA
You have any brothers?

NORMAN
An older brother. He doesn't live here. Just me and my mom --

BRADLEY
You have a girlfriend?

Everyone goes silent. Norman feels a little awkward.

NORMAN
Um, no.

They all smile. A CONVERTIBLE BMW pulls up. The girl behind the wheel, KENNEDY (17) smiles...

KENNEDY
Want a ride?

BRADLEY
(re: new car)
You got it! Oh my God it's amazing!

The girls all jump in the car. (We may or may not notice all the girls have really nice, expensive clothes and accessories for "small town" kids. Weird.) Bradley grabs Norman's hand --

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
C'mon --

Norman doesn't know what he's getting into but isn't about to say "no, I'll wait for the bus." He glances toward the house, a little anxious, hoping his Mom isn't seeing this.

INT. BMW - MOMENTS LATER

It's squished. Norman sits in the middle of the back seat, a girl on either side. Bradley is on his lap. The girls are all chattering away, acting like this is all completely normal. Norman is, on one level, enjoying it, and on another, deeper level, completely overwhelmed and freaked out.

HAYDEN
-- I totally would have hooked up with him but he had left the party with Kelly. The slut --

JENNA
Oh sure - why is she the slut just because a guy you're hot for blew you off and went with her? I personally think he's the slut --

BRADLEY
I agree. Points for Jenna.

HAYDEN
I don't care if he's a slut or not. I just want to get him naked. Sue me --

Bradley glances down at Norman who is starting to sweat a little. He looks uncomfortable. (The chatter should continue in the BG.)

BRADLEY
Am I too heavy?

NORMAN
Um, no. You're fine.

Bradley takes his phone. Puts her number in it. Takes a picture of herself and adds it to her contact in his phone.

BRADLEY
(handing it to him)
Bradley Kenner. You have any questions at school, you call me.

Bradley is more friendly and kind than flirtatious. But there is still an attraction there. It's just down played.

NORMAN
(takes the phone)
Thanks.

INT. BATES HOUSE - LATER

CLOSE ON WEDDING PHOTO (we saw from teaser). We now know it is Norma and Sam.

FIND NORMA stopping to look at the photo as she unpacks it. Her face is both sad and angry. There is a lot of history there. She puts it on the shelf, in a prominent spot, among other photos she has put out. STAY ON HER FACE A LONG MOMENT, just looking at it, a weird reverie of conflicting emotion. None of them good. She's lost in it. Then, CUTTING THROUGH...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hello? Can I come in?

Norma, startled, turns sharply to see...

MARCIE CALAHAN

Thirty-eight. Cute in a soccer mom way. Holds a large, pretty basket with something wrapped in butcher paper inside.

MARCIE
The doorbell's broken. I saw your car outside ---

NORMA LOUISE
(guarded)
What can I do for you?

Marcie extends her hand.

MARCIE
Marcie Calahan. I live up the road at Calahan Creek Farms. Just stopped by to welcome you to the neighborhood.

Norma visibly relaxes. Shakes Marcie's hand. (NOTE: Marcie, like the girls at the bus stop, is dressed really well for someone who owns small pig farm. Her clothes and accessories are very upscale.)

NORMA LOUISE
Norma Bates.

MARCIE
Hope it's okay I just opened the front door and walked in. We're all pretty friendly around here. Small town, you know --
(then; remembering)
Here, I brought you something --

She hands it to Norma. Norma looks in the basket. Some BLOOD is seeping through the butcher paper.

MARCIE (CONT'D)
It's pork.
(off Norma's face)
We have an artisan pork farm. All free range and organically fed.

NORMA LOUISE
Well, thank you. This is so kind --

MARCIE
(looking at photos)
It's the loin and the ribs. It's the best part --
(then seeing wedding photo)
Is this you and your husband? He's a nice looking man. Kind of a Mitt Romney thing going on --

NORMA LOUISE
Sam actually passed away about six months ago. There was an accident at our house --

MARCIE
Oh my God. Oh my holy God. I'm so, so DEEPLY sorry. You must miss him terribly --

A beat, then. We sense Norma has some deep feelings about this and not pleasant ones. But we see her swim to the surface and smile and speak with utter, heartfelt conviction...

NORMA LOUISE
Yes. Sam was a wonderful man. A loving husband and father.
(then)
But here we are. My son and I, starting over --

MARCIE
Oh shit. I'm so sorry. There's blood dripping on your floor.

Norma realizes the fresh pork blood is seeping through the basket. There's blood on her hands. She's trying not to look horrified. Marcie, apparently used to this, grabs a WAD OF TISSUES from her purse and cleans it up. Hands it to Norma to wipe off her hand.

MARCIE (CONT'D)
Sorry. Side effect of slaughter. It's fresh!
(then)
Well I'll let you get back to unpacking.
(heading out)
And I know this may be "too early". But there's some cute, wealthy divorced men here -- I could introduce you to when you're ready--
(off Norma's face)
I'm sorry! Shot my mouth off. It's too early. I'm an idiot. I apologize --

NORMA LOUISE
No, not at all. I really appreciate it. I just -- I can't even think about that right now. Norman's been through so much. And I have my hands full -- starting a new business and raising a son. And I just want to be here for Norman right now. He's a -- sensitive boy --

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

A teacher, MISS WATSON, (28) perky and attractive, is reading the last page from OF MICE AND MEN aloud to the class.

MISS WATSON
'We gonna get a little place', George began...

PAN AROUND CLASSROOM -- from one face to another -- no one really engaged -- watching the clock -- texting -- bored -- etc...

MISS WATSON (CONT'D)
"..."me and you.' 'You ...an me. Everybody gonna be nice to you. Nobody gonna hurt nobody or steal from them...'

FIND NORMAN who is completely engrossed. Leveled by this sad story. His eyes starting to mist up and he's trying to control it. But it's just so fucking moving. Move CLOSER AND CLOSER ON HIM...

MISS WATSON (CONT'D)
Lennie begged, "Let's do it now. Let's get that place now." 'Sure, right now." And George raised the gun and steadied it and he brought the muzzle of it close to the back of Lennie's head --

And the BELL RINGS. All the students are up and on their way out before she can finish the sentence.

MISS WATSON (CONT'D)
Fine. Go. Test is going to be tomorrow so make sure you've all read it --

She notices Norman. Sniffling. Wiping his eyes a little. He's packing his stuff up.

MISS WATSON (CONT'D)
Norman? Can we talk for a minute?

Norman looks worried, wondering what she wants...

SAME - MINUTES LATER

Norman is seated across from Miss Watson. She has his school records out. He is uncomfortable. Feels like he's going to get in trouble for something although he doesn't know what exactly.

NORMAN
Is something wrong?

MISS WATSON
No, no. Not at all. I'm going to be your advisor here. Now, I've just been reviewing your school records and -- I have a question. Your grades are less than stellar. They're actually less than average. But then, here and there, you'll suddenly have an A plus in geometry or, here, in life science. And your test scores are really impressive. But your grades don't match up with them. And that's a shame. Why do you think that is, Norman?

NORMAN
I don't know - exactly.

Awkward silence. She just looks at him. Smiles.

MISS WATSON
Well, take a guess.

He really doesn't know. This direct questioning is making him really uncomfortable. Feeling very vulnerable. This is not lost on Miss Watson. Finally...

NORMAN
We move a lot?

MISS WATSON
I see that. You've been in five different schools.

He smiles. Awkward. Nervous. Miss Watson studies him for a moment. Feels like there's something going on with this kid.

MISS WATSON (CONT'D)
Is everything okay at home?

NORMAN
Yeah. Yeah. My mom's just a little -- impulsive. She gets ideas about things and then we move and "start over".

Miss Watson just studies him for a beat, then...

MISS WATSON
Have you started thinking about colleges?

NORMAN
Not really.

MISS WATSON
Don't you ever think about the future? About when you "grow up"?

NORMAN
I guess not, really.

She smiles at him, but looks concerned and makes a few notations on his records. He quietly tries to read them but she notices and closes it. Still smiling. He smiles back, awkward. A moment, then...

MISS WATSON
I think it might be a good idea, now that you're here, for you to try and put down some roots.
(MORE)

MISS WATSON (CONT'D)
Get involved. Maybe try out for a sports team --

NORMAN
I don't really play any sports. My mom never really liked them --

She looks at him another beat, then...

MISS WATSON
How about track? All you need to know how to do is run. You look like a runner. Ever do any running?

NORMAN
Not as a sport, no.

MISS WATSON
Track team try outs are today. Why don't you talk to Coach Carpenter after school? I'll tell him you're coming down --

Norman isn't at all sure how he feels about this. He nods, dubious.

NORMAN
Um, okay...

Miss Watson leans toward him, innocently intimate.

MISS WATSON
Norman, I see that you lost your Dad recently. I know how hard that must be. Please know that you can come to me if you have any issues or questions about anything. I'm here for you.

ON NORMAN, suddenly paralyzed by how close she is. Almost sweating.

NORMAN
(abruptly)
I have to go now.

SMASH TO:

INT. BATES HOUSE/KITCHEN - LATER

CLOSE ON THE RAW PORK AS A BUTCHER KNIFE CUTS INTO IT ---

FIND NORMA on the other end of the knife. Preparing dinner. Focused. Intent. Her CELL PHONE RINGS. She glances over...

NORMA'S POV - THE CALLER ID READS "DYLAN"

RESUME NORMA not wanting to pick it up. Then, giving in, reluctantly answers.

NORMA LOUISE
(coolly)
Hello, Dylan --

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

DYLAN BATES (21), handsome and moody, sort of a James Dean thing going on, sits on the back of his motorcycle in front of a house that has a FOR SALE sign on the lawn, phone to his ear.

DYLAN
(pissed)
Thanks for telling me you moved, Mom.

NORMA LOUISE
I'm pretty sure the last time we spoke you told me to "drop dead, bitch." Sorry, I took it personally.

DYLAN
So you think it's okay to not tell your own kid that you (fucking) moved? What if I got hurt? What if I was in the hospital? What if I needed you?

NORMA LOUISE
(flat; annoyed)
Are you hurt? Are you in the hospital?

Dylan's face hardens. Bitch. Then...

DYLAN
I need some (fucking) money. My job fell apart --

NORMA LOUISE
(not impressed)
What happened this time?

DYLAN
My boss was an asshole and I told him that.

NORMA LOUISE
Always someone else's fault, isn't it, Dylan?

DYLAN
(implying his whole life is her fault)
Yeah, Norma. Maybe it is. Can you just cut the crap and wire me some money --

She is silent for a long moment. Then, HANGS UP ON HIM.

STAY ON DYLAN

Furious. Puts his phone away.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Whore.

He starts his motorcycle and takes off OUT OF FRAME.

EXT. BATES HOUSE - LATER

It's dusk. Norman heads up the steps, finally home from school.

INT. BATES HOUSE/KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Norman enters the kitchen. The table is set for two. Flowers and candles. Dinner is ready. It's lovely, but almost -- romantic. Norma, at the counter making a salad, turns to see him. She's a little "chilly". Norman seems a little nervous. Watching his mother's face closely...

NORMAN
Wow. Dinner smells great. Mom.

NORMA LOUISE
Where were you?

A beat, then...

NORMAN
I stayed after school to try out for the track team.

He pulls out a track uniform and a permission slip from his back pack with some trepidation. She just looks at him, trying to not reveal how annoyed she is. He feels the ice in the air. Knew this was coming ---

NORMA LOUISE
The track team?

NORMAN
It was Miss Watson's idea --

NORMA LOUISE
(who the fuck is Miss Watson)
Miss Watson?

NORMAN
My Language Arts teacher. She thought it would be a good idea for me to get involved at school. That it would be good for me.

Norma retracts a little. She knows this is probably true. She is quiet for a moment. Norman hands her the permission slip.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
I need you to sign this parent permission slip, though --

Norma, unnerved by all this, takes the paper and looks at it. Then...

NORMA LOUISE
This is, like, every day after school. And track meets on Saturday's --

Then she just starts to lose it...

NORMA LOUISE (CONT'D)
Norman, we just bought a MOTEL. How do you think I'm going to get it up and running without your help? I mean, really. You're putting me in a tough spot --

NORMAN
Mom, it's okay. I don't have to do it --

NORMA LOUISE
No! I'm not going to be the mother who says her kid can't be on the track team. I'll just do everything by myself! Like I always do!

She starts getting her coat and purse.

NORMAN
Mom, c'mon. I don't have to do it! C'mon. Eat dinner --

Heading out.

NORMA LOUISE
I'm not hungry. I have to go get some groceries. You can serve yourself dinner.

And she's gone. Door slamming behind her. STAY ON NORMAN A LONG BEAT. Anxiety. Frustration. Fear. Anger. He finally bursts and takes the permission slip and violently tears it up. Then, calling after her, the anguish of a five year old whose mother left them somewhere alone...

NORMAN
Mother!

INT. MARKET - LATER

Norma, still pissed and hurt, is throwing random items in her cart. All her movements are angry and upset. She turns the corner sharply and almost TAKES DOWN a YOUNG GUY (28) holding one of those plastic, market baskets.

YOUNG GUY
Whoa! You got insurance for that thing?

She stops, embarrassed.

NORMA LOUISE
I'm sorry. I was -- I wasn't thinking --

He smiles at her. He's actually pretty cute. And from the way he smiles at her we can see he finds her attractive.

YOUNG GUY
No worries.

He just holds her eye contact. She smiles at him. Chemistry. Then, starting to move on...

NORMA LOUISE
Well, I'm glad you're okay.

She starts off.

YOUNG GUY
Hey, do you know where they hide the shampoo in this place? I don't live around here --

And they make eye contact again and in this moment, Norma decides something...

SMASH TO:

INT. YOUNG GUY'S CAR - LATER

The windows are completely steamed up. The guy sits on the passenger side, pants around his ankles. Norma, skirt up around her hips, straddles him, banging the fuck out of him.

SAME - LATER

Post sex. He's exhausted. He's in the driver seat now, zipping up his pants. She is on the passenger side, finding and pulling on her panties with the alacrity and matter-of-factness of someone who has done this more than once. He looks at her and we can tell from how he looks at her that he really likes her. He leans over, touching her hair and speaking softly.

YOUNG GUY
Hey, when can I see you again?

Norma is in a different movie. She's all business.

NORMA LOUISE
You can't.
(then)
I've got to go. I've got ice cream in the trunk.

She exits the car, STAY ON HER as she walks to her car, no sense of remorse or self questioning. She gets in her car, slamming the door shut and we...

CUT TO BLACK:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. GARDEN SHED - DAY

The SHED DOORS OPEN TO REVEAL a bunch of GNARLY LOOKING GARDEN TOOLS hanging on an old peg board in a dilapidated shed: RUSTY SAWS, GARDEN SHEERS, PRUNING BLADE, etc. Creepy as shit...

FIND NORMAN

Studying all of these. Kind of fascinated. Then he sees something UNDER AN OLD TARP in the corner. He approaches slowly. Pulls it off, revealing AN OLD MANUAL LAWN MOWER.

EXT. MOTEL - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON THE BLADES cutting through the tall grass...

ON NORMAN -- It's early morning as he pushes the old lawn mower across the front lawn. It's hard and physical. Norma comes out, hands him some orange juice. (We sense they haven't spoken much since the previous night when she left the house.)

NORMA LOUISE
I brought this for you.

He wonders if she has stopped being angry at him. He takes it.

NORMAN
Thanks.

He takes a long drink. Norma looks at him, feeling bad about last night with him.

NORMA LOUISE
Norman, I'm sorry about the track team. I'm sorry I was so upset. You're right, you should be getting involved. And I want you to. It's just that, right now, I've got to get this place in shape in a few weeks so we can open and start making money. I'm just -- feeling the pressure, I guess --

Norman's body visibly relaxes. Relieved to be in his mother's good graces.

NORMAN
It’s okay, Mom. I get it. I don’t know what I was thinking --

NORMA LOUISE
There will be time for all that. I promise.

She takes the empty glass. Kisses him on the forehead. Smiles and heads back inside. STAY ON NORMAN, back to cutting the grass. Glad his Mom is in a good mood. All is right with the world. At least for a moment. He PUSHES the lawn mower --

ON AN OLD TRUCK pulling up in the driveway. Rusty and with a crooked bumper. An old BROOM sticks straight up out of the side panel.

FIND NORMAN watching a man get out of the truck. The man, KEITH SUMMERS (51), approaches Norman, who stops mowing. There is something unsettling about this man. He’s disheveled and his clothes look dirty and worn. There’s something about his face that seems disturbed. Agitated. He walks right up to Norman without any introduction.

KEITH
Norman Bates?

Norman looks at him. Kind of intimidated by this weird dude in his face all of a sudden.

NORMAN
Yes...

KEITH
You just moved in the other night. How you liking the place?

Norman isn’t sure if this is a neighbor or what. He tries to act like it’s all normal. But he doesn’t like this guy.

NORMAN
It’s fine so far.

KEITH
You live here with your Mom?

NORMAN
Yeah. Do you know her?

Keith just looks at him. Then...

KEITH
(I hate her guts)
I know *about* her.

Ok, this guy is starting to freak Norman out. Norman starts backing toward the house...

NORMAN
You want me to get her?

KEITH
Your sixteen. From Arizona. Your Dad died last winter --

NORMAN
Let me get my mom --

KEITH
And it's just the two of you --

NORMAN
Um, yeah --

KEITH
What do you know about running a motel? Anything? Because you look like a little kid. I don't see you running anything --

Norma's voice, strong and clear and not taking any shit, cuts through the tension as she appears behind Norman...

NORMA LOUISE
Can I help you with something?

Norman is relieved to see his Mom has exited the house and is behind him. She can see that this guy is bugging Norman and she is in mama bear mode.

KEITH
I think you're the one who's going to need some help.

Norma looks down at him. *You're not intimidating me, asshole*.

NORMA LOUISE
Really? And how might that be?

KEITH
I'm Keith Summers. This is my family property. The house and the motel.
(MORE)

KEITH (CONT'D)
My grandfather built the house in 1930 and my dad built the motel thirty-five years later.

A long moment, then...

NORMA LOUISE
I'm sure it was hard for you to lose it to the bank. I'm sorry. But it is our property now. So if there's not something I can help you with --

KEITH
You're not getting it. You can't run this place. This is my place. Now be a smart girl and let me take over --

Norma bristles. This guy might be crazy. Might be drunk. Might be dangerous. But nobody calls her "girl".

NORMA LOUISE
I don't know what delusion you're suffering under. I don't need anyone to "take over" --

Keith gets closer to her. Utter contempt. Talks down to her in a really hostile, ugly way --

KEITH
Really. You think you can just drive here from Arizona and take over the Sea Fairer --

NORMA LOUISE
It hardly seems very complicated --

KEITH
(cuts her off)
You don't know *anything*.
(then; revealing a dark, emotional underbelly)
It's *complicated*. There's stuff that goes on that you know nothing about --
(leans in)
I know everything about this place. Every nook and cranny. Every leaky water pipe. Every dirty secret.
(then)
You're in over your head. You don't know crap about this place. About this town.
(MORE)

KEITH (CONT'D)
About how things work here. What makes you think you can do this by yourself?

Something in what he says hits a raw nerve with her. A seed of truth. Her own fear said out loud. It makes her feel terribly, terribly vulnerable. As a result, she does what she always does when she feels vulnerable. She goes into survival mode. She gets back in his face, fierce. The lady's got a little Clint Eastwood in her...

NORMA LOUISE
Because I can.
(then)
Now get the hell off my property you (fucking) pathetic, dirtbag loser. And if I ever see you here again, I'll call the cops or shoot you myself.

She grabs Norman and heads into the house. Slams the door behind her. Keith looks at the house for a moment, pissed, almost like he's deciding what fuck he should do.

Keith just stares after her. Somewhere between furious and broken. We're not sure what side he's going to land on.

KEITH
(yelling after her)
I know the cops here! I grew up here! I lived in that house! That's my house! You try and call the cops on me, you (fucking) bitch! You just (fucking) try!

INT. BATES HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Norma and Norman, both still upset and unnerved, peek through the front window. Both terrified and shaken inside. Both trying to act like they're not. Keith is getting in his truck. Making a violent u turn and leaving.

NORMAN
Do you think you should have said all that stuff to him?

NORMA LOUISE
(still watching out the window; convincing herself)
He's just some pathetic, drunk slob. He's not going to bother us again..

A moment, then...

NORMAN
(trying to agree)
Yeah.
(then; can't help it;
really worried)
I don't think he was drunk.

SMASH TO:

INT. BATES HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Norman is doing the dinner dishes while Norma is on the phone...

NORMA LOUISE
...I think the last time the roofing was redone on this place was in the 50's. I don't want to wait until the next century to get this estimate. So if you reschedule me again, I'll take it somewhere else. Ok?

She hangs up, annoyed. The doorbell rings.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Norma opens the door to find Bradley, Lissa, Jenna and Hayden.

BRADLEY
Hi! Are you Mrs. Bates?

Norma is a little guarded.

NORMA LOUISE
I am.

BRADLEY
I'm Bradley Kenner. We're friends of Norman's from school. We're going to the library to study for the history test and we wondered if he wanted to study with us?

Norma looks surprised and not thrilled to see girls there for Norman. Norman appears behind his mom. His face lights up seeing Bradley. This does not go unnoticed by Norma.

NORMAN
Hey...

BRADLEY
Hi Norman.

NORMA LOUISE
I'm sure he would love to go. But we're in the middle of doing a lot of stuff. We still have unpacking and all --

BRADLEY
Oh...sure. I totally understand.

HAYDEN
I like your house. It's cool.

NORMA LOUISE
Thank you. We have some work to do but it has potential.

NORMAN
Mom, maybe I could ---

NORMA LOUISE
(cutting him off)
Norman. Not tonight. It's not a good idea.
(looks at him; kindly)
Another night.

The girls sense the tension. It's a little awkward.

BRADLEY
No worries. Thanks so much. It was nice meeting you, Mrs. Bates.

NORMA LOUISE
You too. Thanks for stopping by.

She closes the door. Norman looks at her, so angry.

NORMA LOUISE (CONT'D)
What?

NORMAN
How could you do that? You didn't even let me answer...

NORMA LOUISE
There was no point in answering because I knew you were going to say “yes” and I knew I would have to say “no”...

NORMAN
I could have gone, Mom.

NORMA LOUISE
You can go another time. Once we’re settled in --

Norman, angry, sits on his anger and heads back into the kitchen. But half way there he explodes.

NORMAN
That’s always what it’s going to be with you. “Later”. “Another time”. When, Mom? You said you wanted me to have a life here. This is how you have one. You meet friends. You let other people in your life --

NORMA LOUISE
“Friends”? I wasn’t born yesterday --

NORMAN
So what? So she’s pretty. So maybe she kind of likes me. I’m sixteen.

NORMA LOUISE
Norman you don’t even know them. You have to be a little careful --

NORMAN
(yelling; frustrated)
Why? Why do I have to be careful?

NORMA LOUISE
Norman, don’t lose your temper at me. I’m just looking out for you --

He storms up the stairs, slamming his door. STAY ON NORMA, frustrated. Confused. Did she handle that wrong? Then, not knowing what else to say --

NORMA LOUISE (CONT’D)
Well maybe you better just stay there the rest of the night then.

STAY ON HER one beat longer. Fuck. That didn't help her feel any better.

INT. NORMAN'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Norman, breathing hard, picks up a DOG EARED TEDDY BEAR that shouldn't even be in the room of a sixteen year old boy and CHUCKS IT AGAINST THE WALL. Realizes what a completely lame gesture that was.

NORMAN
I suck.

Then he sits on the bed. Fuck. Then he starts to think of something. Something really radical. Something he's never done before. He grabs his cell phone and TEXTS BRADLEY...WAIT FOR ME AT THE CORNER. He throws on a jacket and grabs his history book.

EXT. NORMAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As he backs out of the open window -- precariously reaching for a nearby tree branch with his foot. He barely makes it. Almost falls. Then he's safe. He starts climbing down.

EXT. STREET CORNER - MINUTES LATER

The girls car is idling. Norman runs up. The back door opens. He sees Bradley's smiling face.

BRADLEY
Get in --

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Norman, now in the back seat, as the car takes off. Bradley sees his book.

BRADLEY
Oh my God you are so cute. You actually thought we were going to study...

ON NORMAN...what the fuck have I gotten into?

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Music blasting, drinking, people making out all over the place, dancing/grinding, girls in effortlessly sexy clothing run amuck. In other words, a normal high school party.

NORMAN'S POV as he walks through the room, following the girls. GUYS making friendly/sexual gestures at them about how hot they are, Hayden gets pulled away by SOME DUDE and just starts KISSING HIM like it's a dare, A GROUP OF KIDS with an ELABORATE BAGGIE BONG, ANOTHER COUPLE making out in a guest bathroom with the door ajar as she starts sliding to her knees, RANDOM GIRLS salaciously checking Norman out, etc...

ON NORMAN. Holy fuck. Never been to a party like this. Never been to anything like this. Trying not to look completely out of place and overwhelmed, which is how he is feeling. He sees Bradley peel off and head to the back of the house. Where is she going?

Meanwhile Lissa is making Norman a drink -- Diet Mountain Dew and about half a bottle of vodka. She hands it to him, smiling...

LISSA
Welcome to Humboldt Bay!

Norman takes it. Takes a drink as the girls make more drinks and chatter. He looks at the party over the rim of the huge cup. This is insane...

SAME - LATER

Norman is standing in the kitchen with Lissa and Kaylie who are talking to THREE DUDES who are totally hitting on them. The girls are flirting with the guys and Norman is just kind of standing there with no function.

DUDE #1
(to the girls)
I really think you need to come outside and see this --

LISSA
(flirting/teasing)
Like what's so different about it?

DUDE #1
I'm telling you it's some different deal. New strain. It's killer --

They all head out. Norman isn't sure if he's supposed to go with them or not so he just stays behind. By himself. Awkward. Isolated. Then his gaze lands on...

BRADLEY

Talking with a group of people. Beautiful and cool and real. She sees Norman. Eyes meet. He doesn't drop the eye contact. He keeps it up. *I LIKE YOU, BRADLEY*. Bold move. She smiles at him while she finishes talking, then she excuses herself and walks over to him...

BRADLEY
(with affection)
Did those dumb bitches leave you here by yourself?

Norman laughs.

NORMAN
It's fine. There's a lot to look at.

BRADLEY
Was that a line? You don't seem like a guy that would have "lines" -

NORMAN
(laughs)
No, I mean, really, there's a lot to look at. This is better than SPARTACUS --

Bradley laughs. She looks at him, kind of just appreciating him.

BRADLEY
You're different, aren't you?

NORMAN
I don't know. Maybe. I think people who are different don't know they're different because they have nothing to compare it to --

She moves a little closer. Still just studying his face. Admiring it.

BRADLEY
Yeah, you're different.

NORMAN
What's so different about me?

BRADLEY
I don't know exactly. It's just a feeling. You're like a beautiful, deep, still lake in the middle of a concrete world --

Now they are just staring into each other's eyes. Norman's heart is starting to race. He doesn't even know what's coming out of his mouth at this point --

NORMAN
I am. That's kind of weird --

BRADLEY
You're kind of weird. Weird-good --

And just when we think they might actually kiss --

RICHARD (O.S.)
Hey Brad - who's doing the (fucking) recycling in here?

INCLUDE RICHARD SYLMORE (17), good looking in a cool way, pony tail, artsy. Tall and muscular. Confident. And worst of all, Bradley's boyfriend...

BRADLEY
Oh, hey, Richard. Did you get your diorama finished?
(then; to Norman)
Richard had to do a diorama of the Globe Theater for his Drama Lit class. Seriously, what grade are we in?

RICHARD
Yeah I got it done and it actually kills.
(looking at the trash)
I mean look at this shit. Assholes. They've got the trash with the plastic with the bottles. (Fucking) assholes.

Richard starts organizing some of it. Norman helps him.

NORMAN
We could put the bottles in this bag --

RICHARD
Thanks Dude.

BRADLEY
Oh Richard, this is Norman. He's new at our school.

Something in the way that Bradley tried to make that sound so "offhand" makes Richard stop and actually look at Norman for a minute. Checking him out. That sort of primal thing that guys do. Norman just looks back at him, a weird combination of a blank stare and also not-backing-down.

RICHARD
Hey.

NORMAN
Hey.

They finish with the trash.

RICHARD
There. Whatever. Morons.
(turns to Bradley)
Jones just got here. Let's go say hi --

BRADLEY
Oh, okay.
(to Norman)
Want to come?

Richard takes Bradley around her waist. Norman sees this. Gets it.

NORMAN
No, I'm good.

Bradley nods and smiles and disappears into he party with Richard. STAY ON NORMAN. Watching her walk away. Deflated. *She has a boyfriend. I'm an idiot.* We HEAR HIS HEART START THUMPING (OVER). He starts breathing hard. Trying to hide it.

NORMAN'S POV - looking around room. Everything looks fucked up and "dark" all of a sudden - dancing, hooking up, inhaling smoke from a bong...

RESUME NORMAN

His heart thumping LOUDER AND LOUDER...filling with anxiety...*Why am I here? Where am I? How do I get home?*

SMASH TO:

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Norman sneaks out a back door. Just wants to get the fuck out of there. He finds the car he came in. Reaches through an open window to get his history book. Gets it. Starts walking. Trotting. Running. It's emotional. He's overwhelmed. Anxious. Heart pounding. *Why did I come? Why did I come?* Running faster and faster. Just wants to get home --

Then he stops at a crossroad, realizes he recognizes nothing. He has no idea where he is. He spins around in all directions -- totally lost. And he's in the middle of nowhere. *Fuck*! *Fuck! Fuck*!

Norman wants his mother.

INT. BATES HOUSE/KITCHEN - LATER

Norma is finishing cleaning out a cupboard. Several huge trash bags filled with old crap sit on the floor. She's finishing scrubbing them. And she scrubs like she's gong to do surgery in there. It's microscopically clean.

Finally done, Norma stands back and admires it all for a moment. Proud of herself. Then she HEARS SOMETHING outside. Like something got knocked over. Weird. She looks out the glass-pained kitchen door...

NORMA'S POV - OUTSIDE

Nothing unusual. The wind stirs the trees a bit. A wind chime blows...

Norma feels a little unsettled. Trying to convince herself she's just scaring herself. Turns to look out the glass door one more time, just to reassure herself when --

KEITH SUMMER'S FACE APPEARS RIGHT THERE, about twelve inches away from her. Sheer horror. She SCREAMS.

NOW -- SMASH! KEITH'S HAND WRAPPED IN A RAG PUNCHES THROUGH A GLASS PANE.

He reaches in and UNLOCKS THE DOOR. THROWS IT OPEN. He's inside now. Norma SCREAMS OUT --

NORMA LOUISE
Norman!

But there is no answer. Now Keith starts across the room toward her. He is wearing the same dirty clothes and an old leather POLICE BELT COMPLETE WITH HANDCUFFS and FLASHLIGHT.

In his hand he's carrying a roll of DUCT TAPE and a BOX CUTTER.

Norma spins around, looking for help, grabs a KNIFE from the wood block on the counter. She starts SLASHING AT HIM, but he moves surprisingly well, DODGING HER.

WHOOSH. She SLASHES again at empty air. And as the knife swings by, Keith rears back and KICKS HER IN THE STOMACH -- sending Norma FLYING ACROSS THE FLOOR IN A HEAP.

The Knife skitters away. She's on the ground, HURT. Keith unpeels a strip of DUCT TAPE and advances on her as she tries to get up --

NORMA LOUISE (CONT'D)
Norman! Norman... Norman!

But no one comes. Keith kneels over the top of her. She punches at him, trying to fight him off. He SLICES HER with the box cutter, causing her to retract her hand in pain. Her hand is now bleeding badly.

Keith cuts off a piece of DUCT TAPE and covers her mouth.

Now Keith HARSHLY TURNS HER OVER. Removes the handcuffs from his belt. Fastens them on her. He picks her up by the waist and throws her over the kitchen table.

Norma SCREAMS and STRUGGLES to no avail. He throws up her skirt and uses the BOX CUTTER to cuts her panties off.

He unbuckles his pants, leans over her and presses his sweaty mouth right up into her ear --

KEITH
This is my house. And what's in this house is mine.

STAY CLOSE ON NORMA

Keith starts RAPING HER. His hand PRESSES THE SIDE OF HER FACE FLAT INTO THE TABLE, next to a plate of cookies.

CLOSE ON NORMA as she tries to ENDURE THE RAPE, trying to think of how she can get out of this, waiting for it to end, helpless, angry, broken, when --

THUNK. Keith suddenly FALLS AWAY. Norma turns to see --

NORMAN

Standing there, eyes wide, holding an ANTIQUE IRON DOORSTOP. (He is sweating. Breathing hard. This is from running home, although Norma doesn't know this or notice at first.)

She stands up and her skirt falls down covering her. Norman hurries over and pulls the duct tape from her mouth. Norma is a flood of emotions, but all she can say is --

NORMA LOUISE
Norman! Where were you? Why didn't you come?

Norman doesn't know what to say. Doesn't want to tell her.

KEITH
Aggnnnhhhnn...

They spin around. OH FUCK. Keith is GROANING, coming to --

NORMA LOUISE
Quick! Norman, the handcuffs. He must have a key --

Norman runs to Keith, fumbles around in the pockets of the police belt. SHIT. SHIT... He can't find anything.

NORMA LOUISE (CONT'D)
Hurry! Norman...

Norman is sweating, shaking. SEARCHING. Finally --

NORMAN
Found it.

He runs back over and tries unlocking his mother's wrists. He's so nervous, he can't do it. Meanwhile, Keith is MOANING SOME MORE and STIRRING.

CLICK. Norman finally unlocks one. Norma grabs the key and unlocks the other one. Rushes to Keith. Norma wrenches Keith's arms behind his back. Norman fumbles with the handcuffs --

NORMA LOUISE
Jesus, Norman, hurry --

NORMAN
I'm trying --

NORMA LOUISE
-- Give 'em to me!

But Norman finally gets them on Keith -- CLINKS THEM SHUT.

They catch their breaths, feeling a moment of relief. Now Norman notices Norma's hand is bleeding badly --

NORMAN
Mom. Your hand --

She realizes how bad it is.

NORMA LOUISE
Get the emergency kit. It's in the bathroom cabinet --

Norman takes off, leaving Norma alone. Keith STIRS AGAIN. This time LIFTING HIS HEAD --

KEITH
Moffggnnggg --

Keith suddenly realizes his hands are cuffed -- STRUGGLES VIOLENTLY against them. Norma is frozen.

Now Keith turns his head, sees her, then looks for a way up. He gets an idea and presses his back against the cabinet, edges his way up. Gets his knees underneath him.

Norma reacts in HORROR. She backs up -- KICKING the knife with her foot. She bends down and picks it up as Keith -- grunting hard -- works his way angrily TO HIS FEET --

KEITH (CONT'D)
You stupid bitch --

CLOSE ON NORMA

Her face telling a story. A lifetime of fear, of people fucking her over, of crazy shit intruding on her life that she didn't ask for. Too much, too much, too much...

Norma CHARGES HIM. STABS HIM. Then STABS HIM AGAIN. AND AGAIN. AND ONCE MORE. Now he slumps to the floor. DEAD.

But it doesn't matter, she drops to her knees over him and STABS HIM AGAIN. And again. And again. She can't stop, She's so fucking mad as --

A POOL OF BLOOD spills out of him, quickly becoming a LAKE. She's standing in it. Doesn't care. She keeps stabbing him.

NORMAN
Mother!

CAMERA FINDS Norman stands in the doorway holding the emergency kit. Eyes wide. WHAT THE FUCK?

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BATES HOUSE/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON NORMAN'S HAND PICKING UP THE PHONE

...as his mother's BLOODY HAND grabs the phone away...

NORMAN looks at his Mom who is trying to catch her breath but is emotionally all over the place.

NORMAN
We have to call 911 --

NORMA LOUISE
We're not calling 911! Not an option --

NORMAN
He attacked you!
(looks at lake of blood; not sure this is true)
It was self defense!
(then; hoping)
It was self-defense, wasn't it --

NORMA LOUISE
(while frantically wrapping her cut)
Norman. No matter what. This will become public. It will get in the papers. Everyone in town will know it. Who is going to want to go book a room in the rape-slash-murder motel? It's going to ruin us. And make me a laughing stock --
(she takes him by the shoulder; leans in)
We came here to start over.
(yelling; losing it)
And I'm (fucking) starting over!
(then)
And where the hell were you, Norman?

NORMAN
(lying)
I was upstairs.

NORMA LOUIS
(crazed at this point; unhinged)
You were NOT upstairs!
(MORE)

NORMA LOUIS (CONT'D)
You would have come down and helped me! Where the hell were you? Why are there sweat stains under your arms? What is going on?

NORMAN
I snuck out of my room and went to a party --

Norma just looks at him for a long moment. Can't believe it. Finally...

NORMA LOUIS
Oh my God. Who are you? Who the hell are you? You did *what*?

NORMAN
(bursting)
Mom! I thought I was going to study with them but they took me to a party. I didn't know. It hardly matters right now! There's a dead man on the floor! There's a lake of blood! What are we supposed to do? Clean this up with paper towels and some 409? I don't think so. Holy hell, Mother! We are totally screwed! What are we doing? We don't know what we're doing! --

Norman is so overwhelmed he starts losing it. This alarms Norma, almost as if it is reminding her of some medical condition she needs to be thoughtful of with him. She catches her breath. Calms down...

NORMA LOUISE
Norman, listen to me. It's going to be okay. Here's what we're going to do. We're going to go get all the bedding from every motel room and use it to soak this up. We're going to take the body and wrap it in one of the comforters --

Norman listens, starting to calm down.

NORMAN
Then we'll -- dump it somewhere tonight?

NORMA LOUISE
No. That's the kind of thing that gets you caught.
(MORE)

NORMA LOUISE (CONT'D)
We have to be thoughtful about how to get rid of the body. But we will have to dump all the bed linens somewhere. We'll have to drive tonight to some deserted parking lot in some deserted town and stuff it all in the bottom of a dumpster.
(thinking; then)
We'll wrap the body and put it in a tub in one of the motel rooms until I can figure out what to do with it tomorrow --
(then; seeing how scared he is)
I'm sorry, Norman. I'm sorry you have to be in the middle of this. I'm sorry this asshole raped me. But here you are. And here I am. And he's not going to win this one.

SAME - LATER

SLOW MOTION AS A CLEAN BED COVER IS THROWN OVER THE BLOOD. It BILLOWS UP THEN LANDS SOFTLY. The BLOOD SEEPS IN SLOWLY, BLOSSOMING AGAINST THE WHITE, spreading and spreading...

RESUME NORMAL SPEED as NORMA AND NORMAN reach in on opposite ends and pull up the dripping, bloody cover. It's heavy. They carry it to a PILE OF BLOODY COVERS.

NORMAN
We're never going to get this all up. It just keeps reappearing.

Norma throws another blanket over the blood. And another. And another. A woman on a mission. Almost manic --

NORMA LOUISE
(re: pile of bloody linens)
Start stuffing those into trash bags. Just keep working. Just keep moving --

She gets on her hands and knees and starts wiping the blood up. Pushing the heavy, blood soaked blankets toward the pile.

NORMAN
Mother, are you sure we shouldn't call for help?

NORMA LOUISE
(non-emotional; matter-of-fact)
No one's going to help us Norman. No one's ever helped us.
(then)
We'll get this done. Keep going --

CUT TO:

SAME - LATER

The blood is now off the floor except for some smudges. There is a MOUNTAIN of trash bags. Norma and Norman are on their hands and knees, awkwardly ROLLING KEITH SUMMERS' BODY into a comforter. (They have stuffed about six inches of condensed paper towels inside his shirt to absorb any remaining blood.) It's starting to soak through. They are covered with blood. They finally succeed in rolling him up. Norma looks at their clothes. She washes her hands quickly. Takes some clothes from the top of a clean laundry basket. Tosses some to Norman.

NORMA LOUISE
Wash up a little. Put these on. Put the bloody clothes in one of the trash bags.

She also changes. She barely bothers to turn around. Maybe it's just the intense terror of the moment. But it's a little awkward for Norman, who turns away.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL PORCH/WALKWAY - MINUTES LATER

Norma and Norman, rigid with tension, struggle to carry the dead weight of the body to one of the rooms. It's incredibly heavy and cumbersome. They are both sweating. (Norman is walking forward and Norma is walking backwards. The following dialogue is said through heavy breathing and straining muscles. This is REALLY PHYSICALLY DEMANDING.) They whisper loudly and with agitation --

NORMA LOUISE
Don't go so fast! I can't walk that fast backwards --

NORMAN
It's heavy. I just want to get it in the tub. I'm afraid I'm going to drop it --

NORMA LOUISE
Well you are going to drop it if I fall over because you're walking to fast!
(noticing)
Hell. The blood is soaking through again --

NORMAN
That's why I'm hurrying --

NORMA LOUISE
Just -- be quiet. Here, number four is open --

She backs into room #4.

INT. ROOM #4 - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As they carry the body across the threshold and into the dark room with great effort. Norman, exhausted, catches the top of his shoe in the doorjamb and topples forward. The blanket unfurls and the body falls from it, THUDDING to the floor, ROLLING OVER on the CARPET and COVERING it with BLOOD.

NORMA LOUISE
Jesus, Norman!

Norman picks himself up. Quickly picks up his end of the body. The blood is oozing out into the CARPET --

NORMAN
How can there still be more blood?!

But it's too late. When they move the body they see the HUGE BLOOD STAIN covering the center of the room. Fuck.

They stand there and look at it a moment. Despondent. Then...

NORMA LOUISE
(re: body)
Get him in the tub first. Then we'll figure everything else out --

INT. ROOM #4 BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The body is dropped in the tub. THUNK. FIND Norma and Norman, catching their breath. They just stare down at the wrapped body for a long moment, blood still soaking through. It's all so horrifying. After a long beat, Norman looks at his Mom. Sort of pleading.

NORMAN
(how are we going to live with this?)
Mom, what are we going to do?

She looks at Norman, worried. Looks at the body. Gets that he's asking a larger, philosophical question. But, fuck. She has no answer. She has no idea how they're going to live with this secret. So she goes to the only thing she can control in the moment.

NORMA LOUISE
We're going to deal with the rug.

She starts to leave, then on a last instinct, reaches back and CLOSES the SHOWER CURTAIN.

INT. ROOM #4 - MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

There is now one small table lamp on in the room. Norma and Norman stand over the blood stain, staring at it. Then...

NORMA LOUISE
We're going to have to pull up the whole carpet --

NORMAN
Tonight? It's already midnight --

NORMA LOUISE
And not just this one. We're going to have to pull up 4 through 7 -- they all have the same carpet. That way if this creep goes "missing" and anyone comes and starts asking us questions, nothing will be out of the ordinary here. We're just doing renovations. Re-carpeting --

NORMAN
How the hell do you pull up carpeting?

INT. ROOM #4 - LATER

Norman, exhausted and dazed, now alone, kneels on the floor prying up carpet tacks with a flathead screwdriver. With great effort he takes a corner of the pried up carpet and starts RIPPING. It's physically hard. FIND...

A SMALL NOTEBOOK

Pocket size. Dog-eared. Apparently, at one time, stuffed under the carpeting for some reason...

NORMAN picks it up, curious. OPENS IT...

NORMAN'S POV -- The "book" is a type of hand-drawn manga -- panels (one per page -- it's small) with bubble captions, in Chinese, telling a story. It's rough and sketchy, but still the art is compelling and disturbing. We see IMAGES OF YOUNG, ASIAN GIRLS - maybe fifteen years old -- in various states of "sexual slavery" (ie: manacled to a wall, held at gunpoint on a bed, being shot up, etc.)

CLOSE ON NORMAN --- flips through it quickly, fascinated, then --

THE SWEEPING LIGHTS OF AN APPROACHING CAR FILL THE ROOM. STARTLED HE LOOKS UP. FREEZES. HOLY CRAP -- He quickly tucks the book away --

EXT. MOTEL DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A COP CAR pulls up. Nearby, we see Norma's car -- rolled up carpeting sticking out of all the windows.

INT. ROOM #5 - CONTINUOUS

Norma, also on the floor pulling up carpeting, is now frozen. Heart thumping. Sees the lights. She looks out the window and sees it's a cop car. Holy God. *Stay calm. Stay calm* --

EXT. MOTEL PORCH/WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Two cops exit the car. One, SHERIFF ROYCE ROMERO (45), dark and edgy. Eyes that see everything. Nothing in his face that let's you off the hook. About anything. Ever. Something almost sinister about him. With him, DEPUTY ZACK SHELBY (35). Shelby is a nice looking guy, compassionate eyes. A "likability" to him. They are both glancing in the car with the rolled up carpets when Norma appears on the porch, all smiles.

NORMA LOUISE
Good evening, Gentlemen. I was about to tell you we're not open for business yet but I'm guessing you're not looking for a room --

She walks to them and extends her hand. Charming.

NORMA LOUISE (CONT'D)
Norma Bates. We just moved in a few days ago.

Shelby takes her hand. Smiles. Makes total eye contact with her. Clearly finds her attractive. (She sees this and works it. All very subtle.)

SHELBY
No, not looking for a room tonight.
(introducing)
Deputy Zack Shelby. This is Sheriff Royce Romero.

Romero just nods. Barely.

ROMERO
We wanted to make sure everything was alright here. We didn't know anyone had moved in yet and we saw the lights on.

NORMA LOUISE
That's so kind of you. But, yes, we're all fine. My son and I are just working a little late. Pulling up some carpeting we're replacing. Doing some updating. God knows it could use it --

Shelby smiles. Romero is blank. Then...

ROMERO
You have a son?

NORMA LOUISE
Yes, my son Norman. He's 16.

A silent moment, then...

ROMERO
Norma and Norman. That's -- unusual.

NORMA LOUISE
Boys take their father's name all the time --

ROMERO
(but that makes sense)
Yeah.
(then)
You know it's almost two in the morning?
(MORE)

ROMERO (CONT'D)
Your son has school tomorrow. You really think this is a good idea to have him up doing remodeling for you at this hour?

NORMA LOUISE
Gosh is it that late already? I had no idea. Thank you so much for telling me. I'll go close up shop right now. Thanks for coming by --

She starts walking off, her back to them. WE ARE FACING HER - the terror seeping through her face -- the prayer that they are leaving now. *JUST KEEP WALKING. KEEP WALKING. YOU'LL HEAR THE ENGINE START ANY SECOND --*

ROMERO
Mrs. Bates?

Her face falls. Her heart starts THUMPING. She turns, transformed, a sweet smile --

NORMA LOUISE
Yes, Sheriff?

ROMERO
You wouldn't mind if we take a look inside, would you?

ON NORMA. *HOLY FUCK*.

NORMA LOUISE
(smiles)
Not at all.

SMASH TO:

INT. ROOM #4 - MAIN ROOM

NORMAN'S POV - FROM THE FLOOR as the door opens and Romero and Shelby walk in, followed by Norma, who makes instant eye contact with him. Her eyes saying "*Be careful. Take my lead.*"

ON THE BATHROOM DOOR

Slightly ajar. The presence of the dead body hangs over the room...

ON NORMAN

As terrified as he's ever been in his life. Hoping they can't hear his heart thumping out of his chest. He stands up, very polite. He's not as good at faking it as his mom. He looks a little bit like a deer caught in the headlights who's trying to act like everything's cool.

NORMAN
Evening.

NORMA LOUISE
Norman this is Sheriff Romero and Deputy Shelby. They saw the lights on and were kind enough to stop by and check on us.

NORMAN
Thank you. Thank you. That's extremely -- good -- of you. We're all good here. Everything's fine. Except for this carpeting --

Romero studies him, finds him peculiar, but nods with minimal politeness. Shelby shakes his hand. Gets that he's nervous. Smiles at him to reassure him.

NORMA LOUISE
Sheriff Romero wanted to see what we're doing with the place. I guess you're a little interested in design?

ROMERO
I wouldn't put it that way.

He is on his own agenda. Taking everything in. Checking out the vibe. Senses tension but isn't sure why. Just keeps looking at everything while Norma babbles --

NORMA LOUISE
Well, it's a rare man that is. I know nothing bored my late husband more, may he rest in peace --

ROMERO
You're a widow? I'm so sorry --

But he doesn't look so sorry. Norma smiles at him, sadly...

NORMA LOUISE
Six months ago. We're trying to get used to it.
(then; "the brave widow")
Anyway, onward. Redesign --

ROMERO
(not going to stand around and talk design)
Can I use the bathroom?

Norma and Norman want to vomit. A tiny beat, then...

NORMA LOUISE
This bathroom? This bathroom is broken --

ROMERO
What's wrong with it?

NORMA LOUISE
It's not flushing.

ROMERO
All these toilets do that. I told Summers he needed to replace them ten years ago. You've got to jiggle the chain --

Norma is frozen. FUCK! What should I do! What can I do? And he knows Keith Summers! Fuck!

ROMERO (CONT'D)
I'll take a look at it.

And HE WALKS IN THE BATHROOM. Norma and Norman can barely breathe but they have to try and look normal. We HEAR ROMERO start peeing in the BG. Romero, a little embarrassed, looks at Norma --

SHELBY
Nice night.

NORMA LOUISE
(barely able to get words out)
Yes.

The peeing continues. And continues. This is the longest fucking pee in the world. Shelby takes Norma and Norman's discomfort to be some kind of gentility. He smiles, trying to divert their attention. THE MOST TENSE SMALL TALK IN THE HISTORY OF SMALL TALK --

SHELBY
So where are you from?

NORMA LOUISE
Arizona. Outside of Scottsdale.

SHELBY
Oh! I was in Arizona once.
(awkward silence)
Well I drove through it. It was at night. Very pretty. You could smell the sage --
(more silence; just trying to keep it going)
The air at night there is like nothing I've ever felt anywhere --

The peeing continues. Norma and Norman are dying a slow death. Waiting for the moment to come when Romero sees the body. Waiting...

NORMA LOUISE
Yes, the air at night is lovely in Arizona.

Silence, them...

NORMAN
The air here at night is nice too.

Silence, then...

SHELBY
Yes. It is. Very nice.

And finally, blessedly, the peeing stops. We HEAR the toilet handle jiggling. Then FLUSHING. Romero steps out.

ROMERO
You just need to jiggle it.

Norma and Norman can't believe it. He didn't fucking see the body -- Romero's WALKIE TALKIE starts --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
...Unit 1, multiple vehicle collision on highway 101 at South Bay. Multiple injuries...

He motions "let's go" to Shelby. They both nod to Norma.

ROMERO
Evening, ma'am. Get the boy to bed.

And miraculously, they are out the door. STAY ON THE FROZEN NORMA AND NORMAN as they don't move, can't move, until they HEAR THE ENGINE START UP AND SEE THE LIGHTS DRIVE AWAY.

STAY ON MOTHER AND SON IN THE DIMLY LIT ROOM, just having been handed their lives back. Relief and exhaustion. Norman falls into the floor, just breathing. A beat, then --

NORMA LOUISE
(to spent to have any emotion in her voice - flat)
He didn't wash his hands.

CUT TO BLACK:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BATES HOUSE/NORMAN'S ROOM - DAY

Early the next morning. Birds chirp cheerfully outside. FIND NORMAN, asleep in his clothes, total exhaustion. Passed out. NORMA'S HAND REACHES INTO FRAME and shakes him firmly.

NORMA LOUISE
Norman you have to wake up. We have to get you to school and you have to be on time --

Norman tries to catch up, still half asleep. Remembers "there's a dead man in our tub". It's kind of horrifying and depressing. The nightmare isn't over.

NORMAN
Mother, I only slept like two hours. I can't go to school --

NORMA LOUISE
Norman you have to go to school. I'm tired too. I drove two hours down to Fortuna to dump all that carpeting and bed linens. Sooner or later that guy is going to go missing and people are going to start asking questions. Our behavior has to be COMPLETELY NORMAL AND CONSISTENT. So get up and get ready. We have to get through today like it's just another day. We'll figure out tonight where to get rid of -- it.
(then)
Hurry up. Breakfast is on the table.

She clips out of the room. STAY ON NORMAN a beat, no idea how he's going to get through this day.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - LATER

Norman, in a living stress dream, stands in line for food at the cafeteria. Gets some food. Looks for a table. Sees Bradley and her friends but just avoids her today. He's too upset. Too exhausted. Too strung out. He takes his food and quietly goes to a table in the corner. Sits down. Tries to take a few bites. It's not sitting well. He pushes it away. Shit, it's REALLY not sitting well. He jumps out and runs out --

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Norman bursts through the cafeteria door, feeling food coming back up his throat, feeling dizzy and hot, and needing a place to hurl because it's happening, he leans over an open trash can and starts puking. Richard and some GUYS walk by on their way in the cafeteria.

RICHARD
He's new. He's not used to the food yet --

Laughs/groans. They disappear inside. STAY ON NORMAN, done but still leaning over the trash. Humiliated. Sick. Disgusted. In the middle of this reverie of self-loathing we FIND...

EMMA DECODY (15), cute and energetic. Extremely bright. Slim, athletic body. Has a a subtle, girl-next-door sex appeal to her, but maybe she's not to aware of it yet. Something still childlike about her - or her perception of herself. Most notedly, she rolls a PORTABLE OXYGEN TANK along with her and has the classic oxygen tube directly under her nose. Aside from that you would never know there was anything wrong with her. She looks at Norman, concerned...

EMMA
Make sure you're done. Don't try to cut it short just because it's embarrassing. Get it all out or you will just have to do this again.

Norman pulls his head out of the trash. Sees this eccentric girl standing there. Cute, eccentric girl.

NORMAN
Um, I think I'm done.

She opens a mint box from her large purse. Offers him one.

EMMA
Mint will calm your stomach.

He takes one.

NORMAN
Thanks.

EMMA
I'm kind of an expert on vomiting.
(matter of fact; almost cheery)
(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)
Yeah, I have CF so I've been on meds my whole life. Some of them give you any number of hideous side effects.
(she laughs)
Puking being one of the more pleasant ones.
(then)
Do you have some sort of chronic illness?

NORMAN
No --

EMMA
(slightly disappointed)
Oh.
(then; shakes it off; smiles
I'm Emma Decody.

NORMAN
Norman Bates.

EMMA
Yeah, I think we have language arts together.

Awkward silence. Then...

EMMA (CONT'D)
Well, I just wanted to make sure you were okay.
(she leans in; looking at him. concerned; sensing tension)
Are you okay?

There's part of him that just wants to collapse. Just tell someone everything. Admit he can't handle the pressure. Give up. Give in. Give over. But finally...

NORMAN
(lying)
I'm okay.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARDWARE STORE - LATER

Norma, exhausted, waits at the counter. The CLERK comes out holding a small pane of glass for a french door window...

CLERK
This should work.

EXT. STORE - LATER

Norma exits the store. Takes a moment to look down the street. The town here is utterly charming and lovely. She looks at it, wistful. This was not the “grand opening” she wanted for her life in this place. She glances down at her cut hand. *Will I ever have a normal life*? Then her gaze falls on...

A POSTER announcing a town meeting to discuss the new HIGHWAY 101 BYPASS. She looks closely at the MAP. Her face falls...

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

OARS quietly lap through the dark water.

FIND Norman and Norma in a row boat. Norman rows. Norma stares out into the night. Keith’s body lies on the bottom of the boat, wrapped up in sheets and tied like a UPS package. Weighted down with bricks and pieces of sawn off iron piping. Very home made.

Norma and Norman sits in tense silence. Norman can tell there is something up with his mom. Can tell she’s upset. It makes him worry. Finally --

NORMA LOUISE
I suck.

NORMAN
Mom, he attacked you --

NORMA LOUISE
I’m not even talking about him. I found out today that the city is building a new bypass on the far side of town. It’s going to be the new “main road”. No one’s even going to drive by our motel anymore. No one’s going to see it. I bought a motel no one is ever going to know is there --

NORMAN
Why didn’t the real estate guy tell you that?

NORMA LOUISE
Because people suck, Norman. Everyone I have ever known has sucked. The whole world sucks.
(then)
Except you.

She looks at him for a long moment, loving him so much. Then...

NORMA LOUISE (CONT'D)
You're too good for me. I'm the worst mother in the world.

NORMAN
Mother --

NORMA LOUISE
Look at what we're doing, Norman??!!! You should be taken away from me. I should turn myself in and put you up for adoption. There's something wrong with me --

Norman stops rowing. Kind of terrified.

NORMAN
You're kidding, right?

NORMA LOUISE
Look at the life I've given you. You deserve so much better. When you were born it was like -- God gave me a second chance. All I ever wanted was for everything to be beautiful for you. And look at it. Look at what your life has been. What good am I doing you?

They little boat has stopped out in the middle of the vast blackness. Two small people in the middle of infinity. Norman is upset.

NORMAN
Mom, you're everything. *Everything* to me. I don't ever want to live in a world without you. You're my family. My whole family. My whole life. My whole -- self. You always have been. It's like there's a cord between our hearts --

NORMA LOUISE
Honey, that's from JANE EYRE. Orson Wells says it to Joan Fontaine --

NORMAN
Oh, right. But you know what I mean. It's you and me. It's always been you and me. We belong to each other.

Norma just looks at her sweet son in the moonlight. Moved.

NORMA LOUISE
I love you, Norman. You are the best thing that ever happened to me.

NORMAN
I love you too, Mom.

A beat as they just connect. Heal. Then after a moment, Norma turns to the water...

NORMA LOUISE
I guess this is deep enough.

And with great effort they hoist the body of Keith Summers into the dark water. As it splashes in, we...

CUT TO BLACK:

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

CLOSE ON TRUCK WHEELS spinning in the gravel, getting no traction. HEAR THE ENGINE SURGE...

FIND THE SEA FAIRER MOTEL SIGN attached to some chains at the rear of a professional SIGN COMPANY truck. Then the truck lurches forward and we see...

THE SEA FAIRER SIGN CRASHES TO THE GROUND. Dust and debris. As the crew prepares to erect a NEW SIGN...

FIND NORMA

Watching. Something about seeing this is purging. It's gone. Keith Summers is gone. On to the future...

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Norma goes outside. Excited, flips the switch for the new sign. It lights up. (We see the light from it but do not see the sign - we stay on Norma.) She looks at it, moved. It has great meaning to her. She owns something. Something in this world belongs completely to her.

INT. NORMAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Norman is flipping through that small notebook he found under the rug. He hides it under his mattress as he hears his Mom's footsteps. Norma bursts in without knocking. She's excited and happy.

NORMA LOUISE
Come here! I have a surprise for you --

She grabs his hand and pulls him to the window.

NORMA LOUISE (CONT'D)
Look, look, look. I turned it on --

NORMAN'S POV - THE NEW BATES MOTEL SIGN

Bright blue in the night sky. The classic sign we know and love.

NORMA LOUISE (CONT'D)
I made it blue -- your favorite color.

NORMAN
(smiles)
It's cool, Mom.

She takes his hand.

NORMA LOUISE
It's ours, Norman. It's our very own. The past is the past and we'll never talk about it again. Ok?

He looks at her. She looks like a little girl. Happy and hopeful. It's beautiful and heartbreaking all at once.

NORMAN
Ok.

She looks back out at the sign --

NORMA LOUISE
And you know what? You know that new "bypass"? They're not going to build it --

NORMAN
When did that happen?

NORMA LOUISE
(smiles a wicked smile)
It didn't. Yet.

The doorbell rings.

INT. FOYER

As Norma opens the door to see her estranged son DYLAN. Holding a duffel bag. In all his moody glory. She is startled, and not happy to see him. He gets this. He looks her square in the eye.

DYLAN
(fuck you, I found you)
Hi, "Mom"...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF SHOW