

ACT THREE

START

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 --

END

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 --