

Bates Motel
"Loose Ends"

Written by

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PREVIOUSLY ON BATES MOTEL:

The following episode takes place during season one after episode six "The Truth." The initial story of the season, concerning Keith Summers and Deputy Zach Shelby have finished, and now the Bates family focuses on opening the motel.

TEASER

EXT. STAIRWAY TO BATES HOUSEHOLD -- NIGHT

Dark at night, a RANSOM NOTE (TOO CLOSE TO MAKE OUT), sways softly side to side against the wind.

The cut and pasted words glow visible from approaching HEADLIGHTS.

EXT. ROAD TO BATES MOTEL / HOUSE -- NIGHT

The Bates family comes home, in Norma's MERCEDES.

INSIDE THE CAR:

DYLAN MASSETT (20's), roguish type, drives his mother NORMA LOUISE BATES (40's), Ice cold MILF rides shotgun and his half brother NORMAN BATES (LATE TEENS), Mama's boy, Norma's son, in the backseat.

An oldie but goodie plays from the stereo.

DYLAN

(here comes the punchline)

And then I said 'you want to see
big? I'll show you big' I reach
down--

Norma sees SOMETHING up ahead and focuses her gaze. Terror spreads over her face.

NORMA LOUISE

No...

FROM THE DASHBOARD: Bates motel and household approaches.

Along the stairs up to the house, on one of the light posts, a MAN HANGS BY HIS NECK. A sign inelible from distance tacked to his chest.

Norma shudders.

Dylan and Norman see it.

NORMA LOUISE

Oh God, Norman, honey close your
eyes!

NORMAN
What is that?

NORMA LOUISE
I don't know, just don't look!

DYLAN
Oh dude, that's creepy.

EXT. BATES MOTEL AND PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

The Mercedes pulls into the parking lot slowly.

FROM INSIDE THE CAR: Norma, Norman and Dylan stare over at the body hanging above the stairs. A bag's over its head.

NORMA LOUISE
Dylan, go and see who it is.

DYLAN
Sure, I'll let him know we're not open for business yet.

NORMA LOUISE
Dylan!

DYLAN
Relax. Jesus.

NORMAN
I'll go with you.

NORMA LOUISE
No. Norman stay here with me. It's dangerous.

NORMAN
But, Mom.

DYLAN
The two of you. Quiet. Just stay here. I'll be right back.

Norma and Norman pile up against the car window to watch as Dylan shuts the door.

A shrill WIND BLOWS, moaning over Dylan's shoulders.

Tensed up, he looks around, reaches into his waistband and flips out a SWITCHBLADE.

He creeps forward.

EXT. STAIRS TO THE BATES HOUSEHOLD --- NIGHT

The body swings back and forth to the dull WHINE of strained rope.

Dylan approaches slowly from the bottom steps.

His eyes fixed on the body and sack over its head. A worn and dirty business suit sags on its lanky frame.

DYLAN

Probably not here to sell life
insurance are you?

Close enough to touch, Dylan reaches out to grab the foot, when the body turns his way and drops.

DYLAN

Whoa shit!

Dylan pushes the body away before it clobbers him. It crashes against the top of the low stair wall and rolls over.

A hard CRACK as a plume of dust kicks up.

The body slides down and rests against the wall slouched over.

Dylan treads forward, knife out in front, eyes on the sacked head then stops once he's within reach.

He yanks it off to REVEAL:

The hollowed and burnt face of a MANNEQUIN, its mouth warped into a twisted smile.

Resting down in its lap, a sign, it reads:

I know about Sam.

Dylan notices SOMETHING behind the mannequin's neck and turns it around. Below the head at the nape in red writing:

Guilty.

Dylan drops the body down and looks back to a concerned Norma and Norman. Shakes his head.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. BATES HOUSEHOLD - PORCH - MORNING

The mannequin and its twisted smile stares into space.

NORMA LOUISE (O.S.)

Why is that thing still out here? I
told you to throw it away! Doesn't
it creep you out?

DYLAN (O.S.)

Will you calm down?

Dylan walks in front of the mannequin and throws the sack
back over its head then pats its shoulder.

DYLAN

There, is that better?

He looks over at Norma standing on the edge of the porch,
arms crossed, her back to him.

NORMA LOUISE

No, I want it gone.

DYLAN

Okay, I'll throw it away.

NORMA LOUISE

And don't you dare put that thing
in the dumpster, Dylan. I want it
away from here. I don't care if you
have to go into the woods. Just get
rid of it.

DYLAN

Yes. Norma.

Dylan fixes his hands underneath the armpits of the
mannequin about to hoist it over his back---

NORMA LOUISE (O.S.)

Did you tell anyone about Sam?

Dylan keeps to his task.

DYLAN

Oh. Does someone think this is my
fault?

NORMA LOUISE (O.S.)
I don't know, that's why I'm
asking.

DYLAN
No. I didn't tell anyone about Sam.

Norma turns around to face Dylan then walks into his space.
She looks for dishonesty.

NORMA LOUISE
(soft and measured)
Okay. It's just we're a week out
from opening and this is the last
thing I need Dylan. I'm already
there, you know what I mean?

DYLAN
I do. And, I'm telling you. You can
trust me. I didn't tell anyone
anything.

NORMA LOUISE
Okay.

DYLAN
I mean Christ, Norma. You only told
me the whole story, like yesterday.
Don't you think it's a little soon
for me to go yapping to every Tom,
Dick and Harry about what happened?

Norma lets out a nervous laugh and her demeanor loosens.

NORMA LOUISE
Yeah, a little. I'm sorry. It's
just, you know, these last couple
of weeks have been so hard.

DYLAN
I know and I'm saying, trust me.

NORMA LOUISE
Okay, okay. You're right. I'm
sorry. I trust you.

DYLAN
Now, can we go back to being a
broken family?

A mute smile.

NORMA LOUISE
Yeah, sure.

EXT. BATES MOTEL AND PARKING LOT -- DAY

THE OPEN TRUNK OF NORMA'S MERCEDES:

The body lies there cramped amongst odds and ends like a spare tire and gasoline jug.

Dylan and Norman, with his backpack, stare down at it.

NORMAN
What're you gonna do with him?

DYLAN
Ride in the carpool lane.

NORMAN
That's smart.

Dylan slams the lid shut then flashes a wry look at Norman

DYLAN
I'm joking, Norman.

NORMAN
Oh.

Dylan leans in and pats Norman's arm mockingly.

DYLAN
(sweetly)
From now on I'll say 'joke' to cue you in okay? Avoid any confusion or hurt feelings.

Dylan saunters off to the driver's side with Norman's eyes following him.

NORMAN
(under his breath)
Jerk off.

EXT. ROAD TO WHITE PINE BAY -- NORMA'S MERCEDES DAY

Dylan drives, Norman in the passenger seat.

Music low on the stereo.

An uncomfortable silence between the two.

Norman looks over to Dylan and studies his preoccupied face.

NORMAN
What're you thinking about?

DYLAN
You my girlfriend now?

NORMAN
No, you just look tense.

Dylan lets out a sigh.

DYLAN
Yeah well, I'm trying to figure out
what to do with the **body**.

NORMAN
Oh, I see.

DYLAN
Yes, yes you do.

They slip back into silence. Norman inspects his backpack,
picks off some filth.

NORMAN
So what do you think that sign
meant?

Dylan grimaces, sighs again.

DYLAN
What do you think it meant?

NORMAN
Not sure, it's kind of confusing. I
mean, what's there to know? Sam's
death was an accident right?

DYLAN
Yup. Far as anyone knows.

NORMAN
No. Not as 'far as anyone knows,'
it was an **accident**. We found him
the way he was.

DYLAN
You don't need to convince me. I
believe you, trust me.

NORMAN

I just don't like the way you put it. You make it sound so suspicious, and it's not. It's cut and dry. His death was an accident.

DYLAN

Okay, Norman, I get it. You don't have to get all psycho.

Norman's face flat lines into a death stare. Dylan senses it and glances over.

NORMAN

Stop the car!

DYLAN

What? Why?

NORMAN

I said stop the car!

DYLAN

Alright calm down.

The Mercedes pulls over to the side of the road and Norman climbs out, throws on his backpack then slams the door shut. He walks off.

Dylan follows alongside Norman with the passenger window rolled down.

DYLAN

What're you doing? You're already late for class.

NORMAN

I don't care!

DYLAN

Get back in Norman!

NORMAN

No!

Dylan seeing he's not getting to him decides to surrender.

DYLAN

I'm sorry Norman. C'mon. Get back in. Please? We'll talk about it.

Norman's tuned him out, now he's on autopilot.

DYLAN

I'm counting to three and then I'm gone. Then it'll just be you and the fifteen miles to school.

Norman keeps walking.

DYLAN

Awww, screw this.

The Mercedes swerves out from the shoulder and back on to the road then peels off down the highway. Norman watches as it disappears over the horizon.

LATER...

Norman's still walking down the highway. Thousand mile stare on his face, clothes clearly wet from rain and his own sweat, but he's not aware of any of it.

Norman is not here right now, please leave a message.

HIS EARS RING, deafeningly loud as blood trickles from his nose dotting his dark shirt.

A distant car HUM begins and grows LOUDER as a car appears over the horizon behind him. The driver sees Norman and HONKS.

Not noticing the car roll up beside him, Norman keeps walking.

MAN (O.S.)

Hello? Young man? Excuse me?
Hello?!

A glitter of intelligence creeps back into Norman's hard face, he dabs off the blood then turns to look at the driver. It's WILL DECODY, Emma's dad.

NORMAN

(embarrassed)
Mr. Decody. How are you?

WILL DECODY

Well enough, lad. Get in the car, I'll take you to town.

NORMAN

Oh. No. You don't have to. I'm--

WILL DECODY

Nonsense, get inside. Come along now, I'm late for an appointment. Emma's at the doctor's today and I said I'd bring her breakfast.

NORMAN

Okay. Thank you. Sorry for the trouble.

Norman opens the door and gets in. Before he even sits down, the car takes off down the road.

EXT. BATES MOTEL AND PARKING LOT -- DAY

Norma steps out from the motel office, papers tucked under her arm and her phone to her chin. She closes the door behind her and heads for the stairs up to the house.

NORMA LOUISE

(into phone)

So even though I have insurance with you guys and I pay the premium, you won't cover the water damage because it was caused by precipitation?

Norma listens to the person on the other end and it's not good.

Oblivious to her but faintly heard in the b.g. the muscular SNARL of a semi truck approaches.

NORMA LOUISE

(into phone)

Yes, the whole unit, the walls, the floor, are soaked. There's probably cheese coming out of the walls there's so much mold.

The SEMI TRUCK appears at the road top and cruises down to the motel. Its paint worn to steel with rust on the fringes of its frame. The frosty, opaque windows hide the driver.

NORMA LOUISE

(into phone)

Hold that thought. You know what? I'll call back later, yeah, thanks for nothing Bryan.

Norma senses the truck before turning to see it. She looks hurt when she does.

NORMA LOUISE
 (under her breath re: truck)
 Just keep driving buddy, nothing
 interesting to see here.

The truck turns off the road and into the Bates Motel parking lot, longways to the building.

NORMA LOUISE
 (annoyed)
 Great.

Norma hears COUNTRY MUSIC blaring from the truck's cabin and paces her way to the driver's side.

The door opens just as she comes to face it.

A, bare, greasy muscular arm pushes the door out to reveal a scuzzy looking TRUCKER in overalls. We'll call him JIM (40's).

His eyes lock onto Norma's. He lets out a WHISTLE.

JIM
 Well, aren't you honey for a bear.

NORMA LOUISE
 (disgusted)
 Excuse me?

Jim drops down from the truck seat to reveal another rider in the passenger seat, EARL (40's); just as dirty and eager.

EARL
 (regarding Norma)
 Heavens to Betsy, what a treat!

Jim is now brazenly in Norma's space checking her out.

JIM
 So when'd Keith bring you on? I
 knew the bastard was hiding the top
 shelf stuff.

Norma steps back repelled, wrinkles her nose.

NORMA LOUISE
 Say another thing like that and I'm
 calling the cops.

JIM
 Whoa there girl, let's not get
 hasty now. Just a little friendly
 flirtation is all.

Norma scoffs at his audacity.

NORMA LOUISE
You mean sexual harassment? That's
what I'm hearing.

Jim draws back with a nervous smile.

NORMA LOUISE
Keith's dead, I'm the new owner.
Whatever arrangement you had going
with him it's over.

Earl comes out from behind the passenger side.

EARL
What'd she say?

Jim looks like he just heard the worst news in the world.

JIM
Say's Keith's dead.

EARL
(to Norma)
You fooling, right?

Norma stands strong with arms crossed. She shakes her head.

NORMA LOUISE
Nope.

Earl hits the side of the truck.

EARL
Oh all the liquor in the world,
what a mess!

JIM
Four months we been looking forward
to this and just like that, poof,
gone.

NORMA LOUISE
I don't know what else to tell you.
Maybe the brothel down the street
can help you, but you're not wanted
here. So I recommend you, the other
half of your brain, and what's left
of your life ambition, crawl back
into that truck and hit the road.

The good humor in Jim's demeanor drains and the no-nonsense
mug of a criminal appears. He's had enough of her shit.

JIM
For a blonde haired bitch, you sure
got a smart mouth.

NORMA LOUISE
Okay, that's it.

Norma steps back, gets on her phone and dials the police.

Jim grabs her arm.

JIM
Hey! I ain't finished talking to
you!

Norma whips back slapping his arm and makes a scene.

NORMA LOUISE
Let go of me!

Jim's hungry eyes appraise her body.

JIM
All I need is a few minutes
sweetheart, be good and done before
the cops even show.

Norma swats him with her papers, but he blocks it, grabs her
other arm and pulls her into a hug holding her from behind.

JIM
Get the tape Earl.

Earl disappears into the truck cabin.

NORMA LOUISE
Get off of me! Help! He--

Covering her mouth, Jim smells her hair.

JIM
Mmmm jasmine, I love jasmine.

Norma looks around frantically for help, anything, anyone.

JIM
(laughing in her ear)
Oh. Will you look at that. You got
me harder than a meat hook.

Then as if someone heard her, ROMERO'S PATROL CRUISER
materializes at the edge of the road.

JIM SEES IT then stares at Norma.

JIM
 (whispering in her ear)
 You got lucky, bitch, but this
 ain't over. I'll be back for this
 body.

He slithers his hands over her breast and savors it with a MOAN then throws Norma to the ground. He hightails it back to the truck.

JIM
 (to Earl)
 C'mon, let's go! Get this thing on
 the road brother!

Before Norma can climb to her feet the truck pulls out of the parking lot.

Romero's cruiser pulls in moments after the truck has left.

EXT. FOREST AREA OF WHITE PINE BAY -- DAY

A dirt road between high trees settles into a large clearing. Norma's Mercedes is parked here with the trunk open and empty.

Dylan's a good distance away, settled on a tree stump finishing a cigarette, taking in the sights and sounds of the forest. At his feet lays the mannequin and a FIRE AXE.

Hypnotized by the flowing water, Dylan stares ahead past the clearing to the river below.

MOMENTS LATER

Dylan brings down the axe and HACKS off the mannequin's head. Again -- HACKS off its legs. Again HACKS off its arms.

He gathers the pieces into a trash bag then heads for the river.

AT THE RIVER

He treads down the embankment, using his free arm and leg to pace his descent.

The FLUTTER of birds and SNAP of branches across the river bring him to a halt.

Someone's here?

Dylan freezes then conceals himself behind a nearby rock. Now hidden, he peeks out to see if he can spot anyone. A few moments pass and nothing.

Dylan decides the coast is clear and emerges from cover.

His eyes flit at his surroundings as he approaches the river's edge. Once there, he pulls out the trash bag, flips it over and dumps the MANNEQUIN PIECES into the water. He stares as they're sucked into the stream and disappear.

INT. WHITE PINE BAY HIGH SCHOOL -- CLASSROOM -- DAY

MISS WATSON (30's), perky, smartly dressed as usual, recites HAMLET to the class.

And to no one's surprise, nobody cares or is even paying attention. But at the moment she's not reading for them she's reading for herself.

MISS WATSON

(reciting)

' I am my fathers spirit, doomed
for a certain term to walk the
night, and for the day confined to
fast in fire, till foul crimes done
in my days of nature are burnt and
purged away--'

Miss Watson pauses as the door abruptly CLICKS open and Norman, sheepish, steps in.

The students stare as he walks over to her, hands her an attendance note.

Miss Watson takes it and walks over to her desk to mark him down on her sheet.

Norman finds BRADLEY MARTIN (LATE TEENS) his crush and sexy socialite, in the crowd and flashes her a smile. She smiles back in kind, if a little flatly.

Norman looks back to Miss Watson who nods for him to sit down. He heads to an open seat in the back.

MISS WATSON

We're on page one hundred and fifty
nine, Norman.

NORMAN

Oh, thank you.

MISS WATSON

(reciting)

'But that I am forbid to tell the
secrets of my prison-house, I
could--'

Norman takes out his book from his bag and flips through it for the page. Not long after he finds it, his eyes gravitate to where Bradley's sitting. He watches her, hoping she'll turn around to look at him.

MALE TEENAGER (O.S.)

Creeper.

Some of the students behind Norman laugh softly. He looks around trying to figure out who said that.

MALE TEENAGER (O.S.)

Over here, weirdo.

Two seats down from Norman's right is a JOCK IN A STRIPED POLO (LATE TEENS) with a boyish hair cut. His name's LESTER. Something sinister in his stare. Norman looks at him.

LESTER

(mocking endearment)

'Oh, Bradley, I love you.'

Lester pantomimes jacking off underneath the table. He points and laughs at Norman once he see's he's got his attention.

LESTER

(whispering)

He looked! He's gay!

Lester points and laughs at Norman then fakes back into reading when he hears Miss Watson clear her throat.

Norman sinks into his chair and lets out a sigh, his hand death gripping the sharpened pencil on his desk.

It SNAPS.

LATER...

MISS WATSON

(reciting)

'O, horrible! O, horrible! Most
horrible! if thou hast nature in
thee, bear it not,--'

Norman's hunched over his desk, totally absorbed in what appears to be doodling.

OVER NORMAN'S SHOULDER, THE DOODLE:

IN GORY HYPER DETAIL,

LESTER and his signature striped shirt, hacked to pieces by a demon monster with a fire axe.

Followed by various other grisly death drawings.

Norman looks down upon his work and smiles with pride.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. ROAD TO BATES MOTEL / HOUSE -- DAY

Dylan drives back to the house with a cigarette limp in his mouth.

Romero's cruiser turns on to the road INTO DYLAN'S VIEW and he instinctively flicks his cigarette out the car.

He watches the cruiser sail by then follows its departure in the SIDE VIEW MIRROR.

MOMENTS LATER

The Mercedes parks next to the motel and Dylan climbs out, looking around to see if there's any clues as to why Romero was here.

He doesn't see anything, pockets his keys and heads up the stairs to the house.

INT. BATES HOUSEHOLD -- NORMA'S ROOM -- DAY

Norma sits on her bed. An open moving box next to her with possessions inside. In her hands is a PICTURE FRAME, her look thoughtful yet pained and troubled.

OVER NORMA'S SHOULDER:

NORMA AND SAM'S WEDDING DAY PHOTO

Their two faces, smiling together, looking off to what will be a prosperous and fulfilling future together.

THE DOOR DOWNSTAIRS OPENS!

Norma startled drops the frame and it hits the floor with a SHATTER.

DYLAN(O.S.)
I'm home, Norma.

She relaxes, loosening her tight posture. Shakes her head with a laugh.

NORMA LOUISE
(to Dylan)
Okay.

DOWN AT THE FOYER

Dylan drops his keys into a decorative bowl by the door and climbs the stairs to Norma's room stopping once he can see her.

She flashes a fake smile his way, while pretending to be busy.

DYLAN

So hey, I saw Romero was here. What was that about?

NORMA LOUISE

Ugh, you don't want to know.

DYLAN

A new development on our person of interest?

NORMA LOUISE

Person of interest?

DYLAN

Yeah, the 'I know about Sam' guy.

NORMA LOUISE

That would've been nice. No, some of Keith's regulars came by and got touchy with me.

DYLAN

What? While I was gone?

NORMA LOUISE

Yeah, had Romero--

Norma's seized up by emotion, her voice choked up. She tries to fight back the tears.

Dylan crosses over from the stairs to come and sit beside her, caressing her arm.

NORMA LOUISE

I just. I just don't get it Dylan. It's like no matter what I do. Where ever I go. Bad luck just follows me. It's like I'm cursed, you know?

Dylan nods, keeps massaging her arm.

NORMA LOUISE

It's these men. These monsters, that just won't go away. They're

(MORE)

NORMA LOUISE (cont'd)
 everywhere and I don't know what
 I'd do if I didn't have you and
 Norman.

She sinks her head into his chest and cries heartily.

NORMA LOUISE
 I know. I haven't been the best
 mother. That you still hold things
 against me. But, I love you. Have
 always loved you. And want you to
 know I'm sorry.

Dylan listens to her cry as guilt creeps into his face.

DYLAN
 I know Mom. I love you too.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

From downstairs, someone knocking at the door.

NORMA LOUISE
 My God, who's that?

DYLAN
 I don't know. Stay here. I'll go
 check.

Dylan rises from the bed and heads out of the room.

He looks down to the foyer at the front door where a HEAVY
 SHADOW waits on the other side.

MOMENTS LATER

THE FOYER / FRONT ENTRANCE DOOR

Dylan whips out his switchblade and keeps it in his off hand
 opening the door with the other.

A smiling MAN, (40's), business suit, with an air of intent,
 stands before Dylan and offers his hand to shake.

MAN
 Hello there, name's Doyle Waters.

Dylan looks down at the hand offended by it then back up at
 Waters.

DYLAN

Yeah? What do you want?

Doyle regards his own hand left hanging and brings it back in somewhat embarrassed. First time that's happened.

WATERS

I'm an investigator from, Fairvale Insurance. The people that handled the Bates case?

DYLAN

Yeah, so?

WATERS

Well, some of the family members. A few namely. yourself included, if you remember. Raised some suspicions. And now the case's back open.

DYLAN

What? Why?

WATERS

Because Sam Bates death wasn't an accident, it was murder.

DYLAN

Says who? Nancy Grace?

WATERS

Says the autopsy report. The injury Sam suffered from behind wasn't caused by falling furniture it was caused by a fatal blow.

Dylan hears the stairs behind him SQUEAK and glances to see Norma coming down the stairs to him and Waters.

DYLAN

Listen. I think you should go. Now.

WATERS

I will after I get new testimony.

Norma comes in from behind Dylan making herself part of the conversation. Waters offers his hand and she stares at it. He lets it hang for a moment longer than takes it back, defeated.

NORMA LOUISE
Yes, hello, who are you?

Waters sighs impatiently.

WATERS
I'm--

DYLAN
He's an investigator from Fairvale insurance, Sam's death is back in question.

NORMA LOUISE
What's there to question? He's dead isn't he?

DYLAN
Because according to this chump, 'foul play' was involved.

Norma looks like she just tasted something nasty.

NORMA LOUISE
Foul play? you mean...

WATERS
Murder yes. and I'm not some chump. I went to Harvard--

DYLAN
Yeah? And look where that got you. All the way out here to glorious White Pine Bay questioning a pair of degenerates.

Norma slaps Dylan's arm.

NORMA LOUISE
Dylan! Your mouth, please.

DYLAN
Sorry.

WATERS
Listen. I can obviously tell this is a hot button for both of you. But the sooner I get your testimonies, the sooner I can leave.

Norma shifts her stance and crosses her arms. Begins pointing with her finger.

NORMA LOUISE
Well hold on. You need to answer
some questions for me first.

Waters drops his head, fatigued.

WATERS
What. Do you want to know?

Norma brings a hand to her mouth and takes a sharp breath. A
painful thought crossing her mind.

NORMA LOUISE
Okay. So, you're saying. That if
this thing follows course. Me or
Norman could go to jail right?

WATERS
I didn't say that, but yes, either
one or both of you could, depending
on evidence and how your case is
handled in court.

NORMA LOUISE
And the money, the money from the
claim, we'd lose it?

WATERS
Also didn't say that, but yes. The
claim would be deemed fraudulent
under the terms of your contract,
if it turned out Sam was murdered.

NORMA LOUISE
God, merciful, merciful God. The
grandiosity of today.

WATERS
I understand if you need some time
to gather your thoughts, if
Norman's here I can--

NORMA LOUISE
No, he's at school.

WATERS
Okay. Well seeing how Dylan's the
one who filed for the case to be
reopened, I'll speak with him
first.

Waters realizes what he's just said and freezes.

Norma squints her face as if she didn't understand him.

Dylan watches them both open mouth stupefied.

NORMA LOUISE

Did you just say, Dylan was the one
to file this?

She shifts the focus of her scowl from Waters to Dylan.

WATERS

I did, yes.

DYLAN

Mom, I can explain.

NORMA LOUISE

(seething)

Not all the words in the world
could explain this, you monster.
How could you?

DYLAN

(pleading)

Norma, please!

She swats his face then goes crazy with a flurry of slaps.
Dylan covers up and blocks them, pushing her away once she
tires.

NORMA LOUISE

I trusted you!

DYLAN

I'm sorry okay? I can--

NORMA LOUISE

(pointing to the door)

Just get out! You and your stupid
bike! I never want to see you
again!

DYLAN

Fine! You want me gone? Then take a
good look cause it'll be the last!

Dylan turns and stomps out of the house slamming the door
behind him.

Norma drops to her knees overcome with grief and lets loose
with the WAIL.

Waters watches her stupidly.

WATERS
 (consoling)
 Oh. Hey there, it's not all bad.
 Things'll--

NORMA LOUISE
 Shut up! Just stop talking!

Norma rises up resolved and wipes her eyes.

NORMA LOUISE
 Let's go get this testimony of
 yours out on the porch.

Norma walks to the door and opens it for Waters to step out.

NORMA LOUISE
 C'mon, chop-chop.

INT. WHITE PINE BAY HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY -- DAY

The bell has rung and a stream of students are headed every
 which way.

Norman comes walking down the hall beside a pretty girl but
 she keeps moving on after he stops at his locker.

He twists in the combination then yanks his hand back upon
 touching something gross.

Norman examines his fingers.

CLOSE UP ON NORMAN'S HAND

WHITE GOO is stuck to his fingers.

NORMAN
 (under breath)
 Ugh...

Norman looks into his open locker and finds it vandalized
 with magazine cut outs of naked men and his actual books
 shredded and soiled upon.

He slams the locker shut and pauses, trying to ward off the
 anger, but it's too much and overcome. He hammers the shit
 out of the metal face with his fist.

Faintly in the b.g. some male students, laugh among
 themselves, while others mumble shock.

Norman storms off down the hall.

INT. ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -- DAY

A small and cluttered room, better suited for housing brooms and buckets, then one of the heads of the high school.

Norman sits against the wall, facing assistant principal RANDY COCKBURN, (50's) business suit, across from him at his mahogany desk with placard.

Norman regards his dirty fingers and scrubs them with a napkin. The labor of cleaning angering him.

COCKBURN

Well not to remove the severity of this, but you're not the only one this has happened to.

NORMAN

(bitterly sarcastic)

Oh well that's great. I'm glad you said that. I was afraid it was personal.

A troubled look spreads over Cockburn's face.

COCKBURN

Listen Norman. I understand you're upset. I know I'd be, but we really can't do anything. Our hands are tied.

Faintly Norman's ears RING, his heart throbs and his face flushes. A fiendish grin spreads over his lips.

NORMAN

I wish that was the case with these guys. Cause had their hands been tied this wouldn'tve happened.

Cockburn cracks a smile.

COCKBURN

You've got quite a wit about you Norman. People would probably take to it if you actually spoke more often.

NORMAN

(distracted)

Yeah, maybe.

Norman's eyes look into Cockburn's. He sees a look of disapproval.

COCKBURN

You've got to realize that this is happening to you for a reason. Can you think what that would be?

Norman tosses the napkin in the waste basket and smooths his hands over his pants.

NORMAN

I don't know. Is it cause I'm new? Cause I dress different? Cause maybe I don't think the same like the rest of the idiots here?

COCKBURN

(patronizing)

Temper. Just breathe.

Norman pauses and stares at Cockburn like "*are you fucking kidding me right now?*"

Cockburn rises from his seat to signal that this meeting is over, but Norman remains seated.

COCKBURN

As you know. Students are responsible for what happens to their lockers. But this being a special incident, I've decided to waive the fees we'd send your mother. So there. It's not all bad now is it?

Cockburn pauses, waits for Norman to say something. Nothing. It's awkward, he clears his throat.

COCKBURN

Now get back on to class. We can't let that beautiful mind of yours go to waste.

NORMAN

But what about the people that did this? Aren't you gonna catch them?

COCKBURN

Seeing as how this has been going on since I got here. Highly unlikely. You'll just have to face facts and square it up to life being a bitch.

NORMAN

Did you really just say that right now?

COCKBURN

Say what?

NORMAN

Never mind.

Norman rises from his seat and Cockburn puts out his hand to shake but Norman walks on out and leaves him hanging.

EXT. ROAD TO WHITE PINE BAY -- DAY

Dylan cruises down the road on his motorcycle. His face preoccupied with thought.

The forest, thick dark woods, on either side of him clears up, and an empty lot presents itself on the shoulder of the road. He veers the bike over and parks there.

Settled, he looks to the landscape and breathes, begins to relax. Then he pats his jacket for something in one of his pockets. It's not there.

He hangs back his head and MOANS to the sky then collapses back down and starts up his bike to drive off.

EXT. ROAD TO WHITE PINE BAY - GASOLINE STATION - DAY

A one pump stop off the side of the road. Busted cars and fixer uppers piled together near a cashier's kiosk. Inside's a middle aged fellow, a CASHIER reading the paper. Something country plays from an unseen radio.

Dylan pulls in on his bike, running over a trip wire that RINGS a bell. The cashier lowers his paper to get a look at him.

Dylan walks on over to the kiosk.

Once at the counter he stares inside, searching among the merchandise for some Marlboros or anything tobacco related.

DYLAN

Pack of reds.

CASHIER

Eight ninety five.

DYLAN

Whoa, they stop making cigarettes
or something?

CASHIER

State tax.

DYLAN

State tax? You mean robbery. Wonder
how anyone can afford to smoke
around here.

Dylan reaches into his back pocket and we see it's EMPTY. He
cringes annoyed.

DYLAN

Well shoot. I seem to have left my
wallet at home. Reckon you don't
give hand outs do you? You know
honor system and all that?

The cashier looks at him like he's speaking French.

DYLAN

No? Didn't think so. Okay, see you
around.

Dylan taps the counter and waves off heading back to his
motorcycle.

EXT. ROAD TO BATES MOTEL / HOUSE -- DYLAN'S BIKE -- DAY

Roaring fast, Dylan's hunched low to the engine for better
speed.

He sees the straight way ahead, soon the clearing and not
long after the motel.

PA-DUT-DUT-DUT-DUT!

The bike goes stiff. Dylan looks down, the RED EMPTY LIGHT
hits him in the face.

DYLAN

Aww C'mon.

He guides the bike to the shoulder, hops off midway to walk
it over.

LATER

Dylan paces down the road, looks ahead, SEES BATES MOTEL and
THE HOUSE.

STARES UP AT THE PORCH, Norma's there with Waters.

DYLAN
(to himself)
God she's outside. 'I thought I
told you get out Dylan!' When am I
gonna learn? Unless...

Dylan shifts his gaze from the house to the nearby tree
brush and backyard.

DYLAN
...She doesn't see me.

Dylan looks around, then gets off the road and heads for the
trees.

INT. BATES HOUSEHOLD -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Dylan appears at the backdoor, opens it slowly and steps in.
Creeps past the dinner table and out to the hall.

INT. BATES HOUSEHOLD -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

DYLAN'S WALLET and PACK OF CIGARETTES sit atop the record
cabinet.

Looking over his shoulder, he treads in, sees his stuff and
grabs it.

Turns and creeps back out.

INT. BATES HOUSEHOLD -- KITCHEN -- DAY

The kitchen door, sunlight shines through, the backyard and
road beyond. Sweet scott free escape approaching in moments.

Dylan creeps forward to it then stops.

Hears Norma CRYING.

Dylan bites his lip, stares at the door then Norma CRIES
harder and he submits. He turns back.

INT. BATES HOUSEHOLD -- FOYER -- DAY

Norma's CRYING and Waters indistinct talking come from outside.

Dylan sneaks to the closest wall and rests against it listening.

EXT. BATES HOUSEHOLD - PORCH - DAY

Norma and Waters sit across from each other on a pair of chairs. He's got papers spread out on a table next to him and a notepad in his lap. He's been outlining and bullet pointing their conversation.

Norma wipes some tears from her eyes.

WATERS

So you had taken a shower. And Norman came knocking. You dressed. And the two of you went to the garage. Then you found Sam dead. Right?

Norma watches Waters write down her story.

NORMA LOUISE

Yes, exactly like that.

Waters circles something on his notepad and looks up to stare at Norma.

WATERS

So there's a good chance then, that Norman, is the one to suspect here?

NORMA LOUISE

No, he was asleep, I told you.

WATERS

But how do you know for sure? Anything could have happened while you were in the shower. There's no way you knew for certain he was asleep.

Norma crosses her arms.

NORMA LOUISE

Norman did not murder his father.

WATERS

(trying to reason)

He might not have. It might have been a simple accident. Trust me, killer storage cabinets exist only in movies. Your little story, while entertaining, isn't going to fly in court.

NORMA LOUISE

(offended by his remarks)

What are you my lawyer? I'm telling you the truth!

WATERS

I'm trying to point out the obvious hole in your testimony.

NORMA LOUISE

Well that's all I've got for you. There's not much more to it.

Waters places his notepad to the side with the rest of his papers and scoochs in.

WATERS

Let me ask you Norma. How much money do you have left from the claim?

NORMA LOUISE

That's none of your business.

WATERS

(working his charm)

C'mon. How much? I know we paid you a little over a million. I did do your paper work after all. Six, maybe five hundred thousand left? I'm sure you got this place for a song.

NORMA LOUISE

(slightly giving in)

You're not far off. I'll say that much.

He's getting somewhere with her, now time to put things into perspective.

WATERS

Oh okay. You like your life here? Like what you have?

NORMA LOUISE

It's okay. It could be better. A lot's happened that's for sure.

WATERS

I bet Norman likes it. This is a good place to raise a family and make a fresh start.

NORMA LOUISE

That's what I thought.

WATERS

What if I told you, I could make this all go away? Close the case and put this all behind you?

NORMA LOUISE

What do you mean?

WATERS

Well I'm your case agent. What I end up reporting carries a lot of weight.

NORMA LOUISE

But Sam's family. They want justice -- I mean we're innocent but they don't care -- they think we killed him and that's that.

WATERS

Maybe. How much money, does this motel make for you?

NORMA LOUISE

Nothing now.

WATERS

Sure, but what's the projected profit?

NORMA LOUISE

Depends really, possibly two hundred thousand a year?

WATERS

That's close to seventeen thousand a month, a decent take I think.

NORMA LOUISE

(smells something fishy)
Where are you going with this?

WATERS

You obviously know if this investigation goes forward, you and Norman are looking at some serious time. And you stand to lose all that nice insurance money.

NORMA LOUISE

That's not a for sure thing though.

WATERS

Don't be naive. Listen. At this point. This fire, can still be put out. I have the power.

NORMA LOUISE

So? Put it out then.

WATERS

Well, it's not that easy. I'd be risking my job you know. I **need** some kind of collateral.

Norma falls back into her chair.

NORMA LOUISE

Oh my God. You're blackmailing me.

WATERS

Blackmailing's such a dirty word and that's not at all what this is.

NORMA LOUISE

Oh yeah? Then what the hell is it?

WATERS

It's me. Seeing a nice lady and her son. Who got a lucky break from a bad situation. Need just a little more help. To make it all the way over the fence. That's what it is.

NORMA LOUISE

No. What it is. Is a low life bastard. You. Seeing a nice lady and her son in trouble. And exploiting them for your own benefit under the guise of help!

WATERS

Agree to disagree I suppose. So what do you say? Partners?

Waters offers his hand for Norma to shake, the gesture offends her deeply.

NORMA LOUISE
(ice cold)
Get off my property.

WATERS
So you want to think about it huh?
Okay. I understand. I'll be back
tonight for an answer.

Norma's trying to kill him with her eyes.

WATERS
And remember. To keep the wheels
from squeaking, you gotta keep'em
greased.

Waters flashes his million dollar smile at Norma and turns to leave.

When...

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND DYLAN STEPS OUT.

DYLAN
Hey!

Waters flips around surprised.

DYLAN
Grease this!

Dylan's fist comes at Waters and plugs him right in the kisser. A real haymaker. His head snaps back along with his arms and he tumbles down the porch stairs, laying out flat at the bottom.

The dust clears and Waters's blank bloody face stares back with a twitch.

Dylan might've hit him a little too hard.

Norma looks down upon Waters with a shudder then at Dylan.

DYLAN
(realizing what he's done)
Oh, shit.

INT. WHITE PINE BAY HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY -- DAY

The hall's deserted now. Everyone's in class. Norman, head down with his backpack, drifts his way to the end.

When out from the Men's restroom Lester appears. The sorry sight of Norman is enough to plaster a smile on his handsome face.

LESTER
Hey there, fag.

NORMAN
Don't call me that!

LESTER
Or else what? Huh? You gonna suck my cock?

NORMAN
Really? What's your problem?

LESTER
I can see right through you make no mistake.

NORMAN
Okay, is that what this about? Me being see through?

LESTER
It's not about anything.

NORMAN
Then what?

LESTER
I don't need to explain myself to you or anyone. Just know this. Today's my last day here. I'm gonna make sure you regret every moment of it.

He gets in Norman's face.

LESTER
The name's Lester and don't worry I'll make sure you never forget it.

Lester shoulders past Norman knocking him slightly over to the side. He looks back at Norman with a smirk and walks off.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BATES HOUSEHOLD - PORCH - DAY

Dylan crouches over Waters's body with a finger to his neck. Norma's beside him with some paper towels wiping up blood around Waters's head.

DYLAN

I'm not sure, but I think I feel a pulse.

NORMA LOUISE

Well, let's try waking him up!

DYLAN

No. Not here.

NORMA LOUISE

(hysteria creeping in)

Then what? We just wait till he comes around?

DYLAN

(bitch calm down)

I don't know, but let's just stop for a second and think what we're going to do.

Norma rises to her feet and steps back from Dylan. Insulted.

NORMA LOUISE

Excuse me? 'What we're going to do?' No, what are **you** going to do, cause this thing, this is your problem!

Dylan drops his head fatigued by Norma's bullshit.

DYLAN

Are you really gonna do this right now?

She's already going at two hundred miles per hour, so yeah.

NORMA LOUISE

Yes, I'm going to do this right now! I trusted you Dylan! I took you in! Gave you shelter! Put up with you and your shit! Yet you still had the nerve to go and rat on me and Norman. Why? What did I

(MORE)

NORMA LOUISE (cont'd)
do that was so bad to make you hate
me so much?

All the blood rushes to Dylan's angry face. He stands up
unable to bear it.

DYLAN
You told me I was a mistake! There
you happy? You never wanted me,
never loved me, and did everything
you could to let me know I didn't
exist! That's why I did it, okay?
To get even for all the shit you
put me through!

Norma's wrecked by what she's just heard. Target destroyed.

NORMA LOUISE
(wounded)
That's, that's how you really feel?

Dylan sees what he's done and steps into her space to take
Norma in his arms.

DYLAN
No. That's how I felt. I feel
different now. Everything we've
been through. What you've been
through. It changed me, and now I
want to do everything I can to keep
us together.

Wiping tears from her face. It's all still so bad.

NORMA LOUISE
You've really dug us in a hole
Dylan and I don't know that we can
get out.

DYLAN
(tender and reassuring)
Sure we can.

Norma looks at him, once again searching for dishonesty.

NORMA LOUISE
What did you really tell the
insurance people?

He looks into her eyes..

DYLAN

I wish I could say. But honestly I don't remember. I was so angry and drunk when I went to them. I really didn't think anything would come of it.

NORMA LOUISE

So much for that.

They share a nervous laugh, sensing the bad blood between them's been quelled for now.

DYLAN

Yeah.

Norma looks over Waters.

NORMA LOUISE

He tried blackmailing us...

DYLAN

Yeah, I heard the sales pitch.

NORMA LOUISE

(realizing the scope)
God, do you think he's told anybody?

DYLAN

Only one way to find out.

NORMA LOUISE

And that is?

DYLAN

We make him talk. I know some people.

NORMA LOUISE

You mean...torture? God Dylan, what kind of people are you getting mixed up with?

DYLAN

Not torture, *persuasion*. Listen. There's a good chance this whole thing's just smoke and mirrors. We won't know for sure until we ask him.

NORMA LOUISE

Oh Dylan! I don't know, I've got a bad feeling about this.

DYLAN

Trust me. We're already up shit creek, how much worse can it get?
(then)
Now help me carry him down to his car.

INT. WHITE PINE BAY HIGH SCHOOL -- CAFETERIA -- DAY

Lunch time, kids line up at the counter with their trays to have food splattered on their plates.

Norman people watches from his table, taking the occasional bite from his home made sandwich.

A group of pretty girls, Bradley amongst them, pull away from the food line and float their way to a table on the far edge of the room.

Norman's eyes follow, studying Bradley's every move and gesture.

LESTER(O.S)

She'll never be with a freak like you.

Norman's face goes cold upon hearing Lester's voice and he pretends he didn't hear him.

A FOOD TRAY followed by Lester settle down on the table next to Norman.

LESTER

You're a sorry sight you know that?
Sitting here all by yourself with your sandwich from mommy.

Norman turns to face Lester dead in the eyes.

NORMAN

Since you're so insistent on bothering me I thought you might like to see something I made for you.

LESTER

I knew you were gay.

Norman reaches into the pocket of his pants and pulls out a folded paper then slides it over to Lester. He looks down at it then back up at Norman. His demeanor eerily cool.

NORMAN

Go ahead, check it out, it'll blow your mind.

LESTER

This better not be a drawing of a penis.

Lester unfolds the paper and looks down at it, his face wincing once he figures out what it is.

A FLASH:

The horrific and grisly murder drawing of Lester being hacked to pieces by a demon with a fire axe.

FOCUS ON:

The screaming cartoon face of Lester as he's killed.

NORMAN(O.S.)

Pretty cool, huh?

Lester looks up from the drawing at Norman utterly disgusted.

NORMAN

You look like you're coming down with something.

Lester's only able to mumble and moan discomfort. He's at a loss for words.

NORMAN

I'm sick and tired of dealing with guy's like you. All my life you've had your heel on my neck and spat in my face. And I did nothing, it's about time, I got even.

Suddenly, it has gotten dark outside, nobody moving or talking, just SILENCE.

LESTER

Please, I...

They're all alone in the cafeteria now, just him and big scary Norman.

NORMAN

You think you can just call me names and push me around, and nothing'll happen? That I'd appreciate you jacking off into my locker? Huh, idiot?

Norman's hands slide under the table and grab onto something, A CLICK as he pulls out a FIRE AXE.

NORMAN

I hope you love school cause this is where you're gonna die.

LESTER

No, no, nooo!

Lester covers his face with his hands as Norman rises up above him axe drawn to strike.

It comes down and chops through Lester's arms and splits into his head.

Blood and brains spit up as Lester's butchered body slumps down to the floor and Norman continues to hack him to pieces.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WHITE PINE BAY HIGH SCHOOL -- MEN'S RESTROOM -- DAY

INSIDE RESTROOM STALL:

Lester slumped up against the wall, out cold, a toke pipe and lighter in his hands. He flinches wide eye awake with a GASP.

Checks his surroundings, touches his body, it wasn't real, it was just a dream.

But then he feels something, something in his pocket, and he reaches down into it. He pulls out to his relief a wad of money and fingers through it, only to find at the end a FOLDED PAPER.

He separates it from the wad like explosives then unfolds it wearily unto his hands.

A FLASH:

The gruesome murder drawing!

Startled, he looks around suspicious of his surroundings then puts away his things into his backpack and gets the hell out of the stall.

THE RESTROOM

A PAIR OF HANDS grab Lester as he comes out and slams him against the wall. He looks up to see Norman staring at him. His face red with rage and his arms trembling with power.

Lester shudders with fear. It's like he's face to face with pure evil.

NORMAN
(through grit teeth)
Not so funny to look at now am I?

LESTER
(cowering)
No, no you're not.

Norman thrashes Lester against the wall again and he lets out a CRY.

He glances at Norman's face and sees blood coming down from his nose.

NORMAN
Want to crack one of your jokes now
that nobody's here to laugh?

LESTER
No.

Norman comes in close almost smelling him.

NORMAN
(intensely soft)
I didn't think so.

Lester pulls his head away, closing his eyes.

LESTER
Please, God, I'm sorry, I'll leave
you alone alright, Jesus!

He prepares for the worst, his mind wild with the terrible things that are about to happen to him, his face braced for pain.

When...

Something feels different, Lester opens his eyes and finds himself alone with his arms up warding off no one.

Norman is gone.

The restroom door ahead of Lester flaps closed.

Relieved, he breathes and slides down the wall to his feet.

EXT. WHITE PINE BAY - FOREST - DAY

Deep in the woods. A dirt path cuts through the brush and leads to a lot of dead land. The space's a former logging site, abandoned, rusty and overgrown.

REMO, (50's) a rogue type like Dylan but older, leans by his truck parked near the entrance, settled against a stack of great wood logs.

He whittles a flute when the HUM OF A CAR draws his attention to the road. Dylan appears from around the corner, behind the wheel of a BOXY SEDAN with Waters in the passenger seat passed out next to him.

The sedan pulls up and Dylan gets out, walks over to Remo and his truck.

REMO
(teasing)
Nice wheels, mister G-man.

Dylan looks back to lock the doors with the key fob.

DYLAN
(annoyed already)
They're not mine.

Dylan and Remo are face to face now.

REMO
So, this better be of national importance kid, I passed up on some serious hymen blasting to come out here.

DYLAN
Please, spare me the details.

Remo bats his eyebrows

REMO
Who's the guy?

DYLAN

'The guy,' is what I came to see you about.

REMO

He your boyfriend? Cause if so, I'm flattered you'd think I'd care.

DYLAN

No. God lay off the act. This is serious.

Remo leans back and crosses his arms, souring up his face.

REMO

Alright Madonna, I'm listening.

DYLAN

(redacting it in his mind)

The guy. Knows. Some stuff he shouldn't. But. I don't know exactly what that is. Either way it's bad. And if he goes to the police. It's gonna ruin me and my Mom.

Remo lets out a WHISTLE.

REMO

(impressed)

Wow! Blowing my mind with the details kid. Had you been any more specific I think it would've been too much to take.

DYLAN

Well, I can't go into it exactly like that alright? The whole thing's kinda in the moral gray area.

REMO

Like illegal right?

DYLAN

Yeah, a little bit.

REMO

Oh. I see. And you thought, 'hey, it's Remo's day off. I know he **loves** fixing other people's problems. Especially the ones where he can end up dead or in jail.

(MORE)

REMO (cont'd)

Cause you know that's his favorite part of the job already. Let me give him a call' right? That was your train of thought? Selflessly considering the welfare of everyone else before yourself? What a guy!

DYLAN

Stop being a dick! I brought this to you cause I thought you could help. You work for me don't you?

REMO

Gonna crack that whip are we?

DYLAN

Jesus, Remo! I don't know what I'm doing and I'm scared alright? I need your help. You know your shit and I trust you!

REMO

That sounds better. I think I can work with that.

DYLAN

Good. Now can we get on with this?

REMO

Sure cowboy. I mean I got some ideas, but you're not gonna like'em.

DYLAN

Try me.

REMO

Well, how about we kill him? Make him talk. say whatever it is you need to know. Then wring his neck? Body shouldn't be too hard to get rid of.

DYLAN

That's your idea?

EXT. BATES MOTEL AND PARKING LOT -- DAY

Norma in her maids outfit, settles against the room door furthest from the office, ROOM NUMBER TWELVE. Flipping through a set of keys, she passes over a rusted skeleton key then returns to it.

Her finger runs against it, the texture peculiar, briefly sending her mind wandering, when the SNAP OF A TREE BRANCH, reels her back in and she turns around to look and see what it was.

Norma's eyes settle on the woods near the motel, focusing on the nearest patch of bushes, but it's nothing. Her attention returns to the door as she unlocks it and steps inside.

INT. BATES MOTEL -- ROOM NUMBER 12 -- DAY

Norma treads in past the door frame and pulls her yellow gloves on as she looks around.

Light comes in through the window at the far back wall. The waxy roller shade is drawn tinting the light yellow. The nearby walls are veined with rivulets of water flowing down from the ceiling.

Norma covers her nose and aims her FLASHLIGHT to survey the 'precipitation' damage. She takes pictures with her CAMERA PHONE as she sloshes about the wet carpet.

NORMA LOUISE

Somebody's definitely gonna pay for
this and it ain't me.

She turns her attention to an unseen stream of dripping water.

As Norma moves, her leg knocks over something metallic and she steps back to shine her light down. It's a rusted FIRE PIKE, she picks it up and walks to the stream.

Norma's flashlight reveals: A blackened moldy hole in the ceiling with something like the edge of a suitcase showing.

She pokes at it with the pike, trying to drag it down by the handle, when...

Out of the corner of her eye, SHADOWS MOVE ACROSS THE WALL.

She turns around to face the door; A PAIR OF SILHOUETTES stand there watching her.

JIM
Miss us sugar?

Norma points the fire pike out ahead of her.

NORMA LOUISE
Get out!

The shadows slam the door shut.

INT. SCARY SHACK -- DAY

An empty room, with tin sheets for walls and a dirty concrete floor with drain pipe in the center. A fat black pipe reinforcing the roof runs across the center of the ceiling, in its middle is a lowered rung for hanging things. A greasy black chain is fixed there, hanging down with a pair of grimy shackles at its ends.

On a nearby wall and the workman's table underneath are displayed tools of torture. Prominent among them, a CAR BATTERY, GASOLINE JUG, CROWBAR, and pair of PLIERS.

The sight of them sobering, Dylan now grasps the gravity of what's about to happen next. He looks over at Remo bent behind Waters cuffing his hands to the chair he's sitting in.

DYLAN
Well, I get what you mean when you say 'where people go missing.'

REMO
Yeah and if you don't want to join them, you'll keep your mouth shut.

DYLAN
Yeah, no kidding, so this is where you go if you get on Gil's bad side huh?

REMO
It's one of them, yeah.

LATER

Waters sits passed out in the middle of the room. His bag covered head ducked low with a light bulb above and darkness around him.

A bucket of water splashes on his body, violently waking him up with a gasp. He squirms in his chair and realizes he's stuck to it, causing him to panic and tremble.

WATERS

Help! Help! Help!--

REMO(O.S.)

Shut your mouth. Nobody's coming.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. WHITE PINE BAY -- TOWN STREET -- DAY

The streets and quaint shops are teeming with students, out from school and on their way home.

Norman sits at the BUS STOP, headphones on, staring off into space.

The BUS PULLS UP.

INT. BATES MOTEL -- ROOM NUMBER 12 -- DAY

Norma is backed into a corner, Jim and Earl, box her in, their faces hungry for sex.

NORMA LOUISE
Help! Anybody, help me!

JIM
(over Norma's voice)
Couple of ways we can do this
darling. It don't have to be rough.

EARL
You can be the meat in our love
sandwich.

Earl steps closer than he should and Norma thrusts the pike into his face, he reels back screaming in pain.

Jim grabs Norma's stretched out arm and she bashes him with her flashlight. His grip loosens and she slashes him with the pike.

He stumbles back, howling in pain, out of control and crashes through the window behind him.

Norma looks to the door and sees her escape then back to Earl curled up on the floor crying and Jim's legs hanging from the window sill.

They're completely and utterly helpless, a feeling she knows all too well. It's about time someone else feels it for a change.

The look of terror vanishes from Norma's face and a new thought enters her mind.

She tightens her grip on the pike and kicks Earl over on to his side. He raises his hands up in surrender and Norma hammers the pike down on to his head, over and over until he stops moving.

Jim MOANS delirious with pain as he fidgets in the broken glass and dropped roller shade covering him.

Norma marches over and looks down at him struggling.

JIM
(begging)
Please. Have some mercy.

NORMA'S SHADOW ON THE WALL: Raises her arms, pike in hand and brings it down.

INT. PUBLIC BUS - DAY

Chugging along the road, a few people in the seats, Norman near the back.

The bus stops and some teenagers get on.

A GIRL comes over to where he is and sits down next to him.

She turns her head and stares at Norman. He notices her and takes off his head phones.

TEENAGER GIRL
Are you Norman Bates?

NORMAN
Yeah. Why?

TEENAGER GIRL
I heard about you and Lester and just wanted to say thank you. He was jerk and had it coming.

NORMAN
What do you mean?

TEENAGER GIRL
Aw there's no need to be shy about it. Everyone knows you put him in his place.

NORMAN
I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about. Sorry.

The girl can tell by Norman's expression that he's being genuine.

TEENAGER GIRL

Oh. You have a condition or something?

NORMAN

Condition?

TEENAGER GIRL

You know something wrong with your head?

NORMAN

No.

TEENAGER GIRL

I'm sorry. It's just you remind me of my little brother. He'll do strange things sometimes and later won't remember. You seem kinda like that.

She laughs to herself over a funny thought, probably something innocent, but Norman finds it incredibly offensive.

NORMAN

Oh. Okay.

TEENAGER GIRL

Anyway. Sorry to bother you. This is my stop. See you around.

NORMAN

Okay, bye.

The girl gets up and leaves. Norman watches her go, his face troubled.

INT. SCARY SHACK -- DAY

Waters, bag still over his head, looks about the room frantically, the sound of a blade being sharpened intensifies his anxiety.

Dylan works on the machete blade just for ambiance.

Remo sits on a reversed chair, leaning on the backrest, watching Waters.

REMO
(getting it straight)
So, you lost your job more than a year ago and have been going client from client stiffing them on their claims?

WATERS
(fighting back tears)
Yes.

REMO
Must be hard to sleep at night.

BACK OF WATERS'S HANDS: his wrist moves, and a paper clip slides into his palm. He fiddles with it shaping a pick.

WATERS
Very.

REMO
Well, after we're done here you shouldn't have much trouble sleeping at all.

WATERS
(pleading)
Please. I have a family. They're why I did all this.

REMO
(reasoning)
You might. You might not. It really doesn't matter. You knew when you came down this road it could end like this didn't you?

BACK OF WATERS'S HANDS: he slides the pick into the keyhole of the cuffs and fiddles it.

WATERS
No, not for a second.

Dylan leans in close to Waters's face.

DYLAN
(shouting)
Who did you tell about the Bates case?

Waters cowers back.

WATERS

Nobody. I haven't been in touch with the firm for months, let alone anyone else. I've just been on the road going state to state.

DYLAN

Ripping people off. I get it. And the autopsy report, you make that up to?

WATERS

Yeah, it seemed convincing enough.

DYLAN

Oh very.

REMO

You know, it's too bad greed got the best of you. Had you just stuck with the small fish you probably wouldn't be here right now.

BACK OF WATERS'S HANDS: the cuffs pop unlocked, he slowly undoes them from his wrists.

WATERS

Oh C'mon guys! Can't we work something out? I have money! I know people! I can get you things! We don't have to do this!

Dylan gestures Remo to step back with him to speak in private. They settle to the corner of the room, looking away from Waters.

DYLAN

(whispering)

I don't think we should kill him.

REMO

(whispering)

Yeah and why's that?

DYLAN

(whispering)

He seems like an alright guy, just mixed up with some bad choices. Christ, he's got a family.

IN THE B.G.: Waters yanks off his head cover and sees Dylan and Remo chatting, not looking his way. He rises from his seat slowly and sneaks over the workman's table. He picks up a CROWBAR and turns back to face Dylan and Remo.

REMO

(whispering)

You're buying his bullshit? You don't think you'd be saying the same stuff if you were in the hot seat like that?

DYLAN

(whispering)

I would, and that's why I can empathize with him.

REMO

(whispering)

A couple of hours ago. Had this gone the other way. He'd be cashing a check and you and your mom would be broke. Living in fear, while having to come up with monthly payments to keep him quiet. You forget that?

DYLAN

(whispering)

Yes, but it didn't and that's why we're letting him go. I've made up my mind.

They turn around and Remo's struck in the head by the crowbar. He falls down injured.

Dylan makes a move for Waters and gets hurled against the wall, crashing to the floor.

Before he can get up Waters busts down the shack door and takes off running outside.

Dylan gets up, sees Remo stirring about the floor, and looks to the door.

DYLAN

Shit!

Dylan, moves Remo's jacket to the side and takes his pistol from the back of his belt. He heads outside after Waters.

EXT. FOREST AREA OF WHITE PINE BAY -- DAY

Dylan sprints out from the shack into the open field of the logging camp. Across the way, on the other side, he sees the back end of Waters disappear into the forest brush.

FOREST BRUSH

Waters, wild with fear, tears through bushes and past trees trying to get as fast and far away from his captors as possible.

The ground's uneven and slopes upward into a rocky cliff face. Waters loses his footing, falls down and sloppily gets up to continue moving.

Dylan, faster and more agile, follows suit moments later and cuts through the bushes past the trees and scales the hillside with ease.

The rush of water from the river below fills the air.

Dylan makes it to the top and can't see Waters. His search, rapid twitches of the head, frantic and alert. The river, fifty feet below, roars in motion.

Then, out from behind, Waters rushes to strike with a crowbar.

Dylan turns on a dime and twists to the side. Waters's fatal swing hits air. It sends him off balance and he tumbles to the ground. Waters rolls about and scrambles to his feet. Dylan lands on him and grapples his neck.

DYLAN

Calm down you moron, I'm gonna let you go!

WATERS

(suffocating)

Eat-my-shit-liar!

Waters, grabs hold of a rock and bashes Dylan's forehead, sending him springing back in pain. He falls down.

Water massages his own throat, gasps for air as he climbs to his feet. He finds the crowbar and picks it up.

Dylan's still down, cradles his head.

As Waters looks to the cliff side and sees the drop he gets an idea.

Waters looks back as Dylan shakes off the pain. Waters grabs at Dylan to be met with a hand throwing dirt into his face.

Waters recoils back, lets out a SCREAM and wipes his eyes.

WATERS

Son of a bitch!

Dylan yanks himself on to his feet, feels his backside and pulls out his pistol. Aims it at Waters. Dylan realizes he's about to fall off the cliff.

DYLAN

Oh shit! Watch out!

Waters loses his footing and falls backwards off the cliff face. He screams as he plummets down into the river.

He scrapes the rock side and crashes into a hard ledge, head first. Blood splatters all over.

It sends the body into a spin, finally making a big SPLASH down below.

Dylan watches as Waters, face down, floats down stream and is sucked into the current, gone forever.

EXT. BATES MOTEL AND PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Norma leans against Romero's police cruiser, covered in a blanket. Her head down.

SHERIFF ALEX ROMERO (40's) emerges from room number twelve tired and comes over to Norma.

ROMERO

That's them alright.

NORMA LOUISE

So, are we good then?

ROMERO

Yeah, nobody's gonna miss those grease balls trust me. They had it coming.

NORMA LOUISE

Thank you.

ROMERO

My guys'll be here shortly to get the bodies. Go ahead and wait in your office. If I have any more questions I'll come and get you.

NORMA LOUISE

Okay.

Norma gets off from the cruiser and shuffles her way to the motel.

ROMERO (O.S.)
Oh and Ms. Bates?

Norma turns to face Romero

ROMERO
Stay of out of trouble.

EXT. FOREST AREA OF WHITE PINE BAY -- NIGHT

LIT BY HEADLIGHTS:

Waters boxy sedan's parked in an open field.

The doors and trunk are open and the windows down.

Dylan with a jug in his hands pours gasoline all over the car.

Remo, head banged up, watches from behind leaning against his truck, enjoying a cigarette.

Dylan pours the last bits of the jug out and tosses it aside. Remo WHISTLES at him and Dylan turns to catch a ZIPPO LIGHTER.

He strikes it and tosses it into the seat.

The car goes up in flames, like a glorious bonfire to Valhalla.

Dylan and Remo hop inside the truck and take off. The blaze looms in the b.g. against the forest. It EXPLODES as they turn down the road OFF SCREEN.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. BATES HOUSEHOLD - PORCH - NIGHT

Norma sits in a chair, still wrapped in a blanket, a cup of tea in her hands.

She stands up and waves.

Coming up the stairs, Norman and Dylan side by side, for once actually looking happy to be in each other's company.

Norman comes onto the porch first and Norma hugs him.

NORMA LOUISE

Honey, how was your day?

NORMAN

Good, mother.

She looks over Norman's shoulder at Dylan with an expression saying something like "*what about Waters?*"

Dylan smiles, gives her the thumbs up.

They all go inside and shut the door.

EXT. RIVER BASIN -- NIGHT

A waterfall roars in the background. The pool below it a cloud of mist. Further down, the surface calm and serene.

The river dies here.

The shore is fine gravel, a mossy tree trunk, and some big rocks.

A great place during the day to go for a swim or be alone with your thoughts.

But for all it's picturesque qualities something looks out of place, something close to where the water meets the shore.

Something like a shoe, A PENNY LOAFER, ebbing back and forth against the water.

A SPLASH!

As out from the water comes a HAND, crashing down hard on to the sand.

It grips the earth tight then strains, pulling out from under the surface, WATERS'S beaten and bloody face.

He lets out a GASP and collapses against the ground. He's made it far enough, it's okay if he dies now, he just didn't want to drown.

He lays there waiting to be whisked away when something catches his ear. It's very faint, but undeniable, THE WHOOSH OF PASSING CARS. A road must be near by. Then as if magnetized, a second wind hits him and he's up.

The shore side around him, desolate and depressing, he turns from it.

Up the slope he goes, when his foot hits something, hard.

Waters looks down.

THE TWISTED MANNEQUIN HEAD stares up at him.

Disgusted by the sight of it he kicks it to the water and keeps walking.

The shivers set in, as he marches up the embankment to the forest above, and beyond that, hopefully salvation.

END OF SHOW