

**ALFRED HITCHCOCK AND THE MAKING OF *PSYCHO***

Screenplay by  
John J. McLaughlin

Based on the book by  
Stephen Rebello

Original *PSYCHO* screenplay by  
Joseph Stefano

Based on the novel by  
Robert Bloch

Original *PSYCHO* theatrical trailer  
Written by  
James Allardice

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TITLE CARD, WHITE LETTERS ON BLACK BACKGROUND: THIS IS THE STORY OF TWO MEN AND THE WORLDS THEY CREATED.

FADE TO:

EXT. WISCONSIN MARSH LAND - DUSK

Clumps of grass smolder all over a field near a patch of pines. We move across some of the embers, and see dirt being shovelled on them to extinguish them.

HENRY GEIN (O.S.)  
We're just lucky it didn't reach  
the trees....

EDDIE GEIN (O.S.)  
Hey, we got the grass burned off,  
didn't we?

We find HENRY and EDDIE GEIN shoveling out the flames. Both are in their mid thirties, but Eddie is only five feet tall and has a lazy eye-- very mild mannered and non-threatening; Henry seems much more self-assured. It is May, and both have flannel shirts with the sleeves rolled up-- both are sweating and have been working hard for hours.

HENRY GEIN  
It was a dumb idea, Eddie.

EDDIE GEIN  
We could try and grow beans or  
something out here...You're the  
smart one, what do you think?  
Turnips, maybe?

HENRY GEIN  
Eddie, we've been over this...

EDDIE GEIN  
Yeah, but, you were kidding  
around...

Henry walks over to another flare-up near the pines. Eddie, looking hurt, looks over at the ramshackle farmhouse, then at his brother who shovels dirt onto some flames.

OVER WITH HENRY

Henry shovels furiously and finally gets the mini-blaze under control. Eddie approaches cautiously, then adds a few token shovel fulls of dirt.

HENRY

That wind kicks up again, we'll be out here all night.

They work side by side. Henry won't look at his brother.

HENRY

I hear there's gonna be an aircraft factory outside of Milwaukee... lotta jobs come June.

EDDIE GEIN

You can't leave, Henry. She needs both of us, she--

HENRY

(annoyed)

Can you stop being a momma's boy for one goddamn second... Look at yourself, Eddie! She's got you twisted. Can't you see that?!

Henry glares at Eddie and Eddie shrinks back. Henry feels a little guilty, but Eddie shovels some more dirt. Henry turns and goes back to shovelling-- we move in on him.

HENRY

I'm not trying to hurt you. Just...Jesus, you got to live your own life someday. She can take care of her own goddamn self. Even if you don't come with me now, one day you'll meet someone, or you'll--

CLANG. He is hit by the shovel in the back of the head and goes down. Eddie slowly steps forward into frame, putting down the shovel. The look on his face isn't anger-- it's a BLANK. After nodding for several seconds, he walks away.

We pan quickly away until we find ALFRED HITCHCOCK, in his trademark suit. It's as if he's been watching the whole thing, standing in the smoldering field. And now he turns, looking into the camera.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Brother has been killing brother since Cain and Abel, yet I, for one, did not see that coming. I was as blind-sided as poor Henry over there.

(MORE)

ALFRED HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)  
The authorities shared my naiveté,  
and thus believed the young man's  
tale that Henry fell and hit his  
head on a stone, dying  
accidentally.

He smiles slightly.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Of course, if they *hadn't* believed  
him, Eddie would never have had the  
opportunity to commit the heinous  
acts for which he became famous....  
and we wouldn't have had a movie.

EXT. BATES MOTEL SET - TRAILER RECREATION - DAY

A RECREATION of the original *PSYCHO* trailer, in which  
Hitchcock walks us through the locations, but no actual  
footage from the movie is seen.

Hitchcock is a tiny figure seen from above, standing in front  
of the *PSYCHO* motel set. As harmless, almost comical music  
plays, bold white letters appear on the screen: *THE FABULOUS  
MR. ALFRED HITCHCOCK IS ABOUT TO ESCORT YOU...*

The letters fade and new ones appear: *ON A TOUR OF THE  
LOCATION OF HIS NEW MOTION PICTURE, "PSYCHO."*

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
"Good afternoon....here we have a  
quiet little motel, tucked away off  
the main highway and, as you see,  
perfectly harmless looking...when  
in fact, it has now become known as  
the scene of a crime."

CUT TO:

INT. BATES MOTEL - CABIN ONE SET - TRAILER RECREATION

Hitchcock enters cabin one-- the set where Norman Bates will  
kill Marion Crane. As he looks briefly around, he walks past  
shadowed silhouettes of BIRDS on the wall. The bed is in the  
foreground.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
"All tidied up."

He sees a door and walks to it, turning to tell us:

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
"The bathroom."

He opens the door and reaches in to switch on the light.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S HOME BATHROOM - NIGHT

A playful CHA-CHA TUNE teases in the background. We see a gleaming bathroom. Slowly panning past the open, mirrored door, along the white tiles and glistening fixtures, we assume we are in the Bates Motel bathroom.

A caption slides in from the side, "BEL-AIR, CALIFORNIA, 1959" then slides out the other side-- in the style of the captions and titles in "Psycho" itself.

At the end of the pan we surprisingly find Hitchcock soaking in the bathtub. In his sixties, corpulent, he has a glass of red wine next to him and his nudity is covered only by the copy of the LONDON TIMES he's reading. He is reserved to the point of being haughty, even in this state.

Very slowly, he raises his eyes until he's looking into the camera-- he's making eye contact with us!

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

If I'd known you were coming, I'd have thrown something on.

He lowers his eyes to his newspaper-- allowing our presence but choosing to ignore us. He takes a sip of wine and hears a bedroom bureau being opened. As a breeze blows through the window, the door slowly opens. His eyes shift slowly toward the door, and then his head turns, cocking to get a view of the FULL-LENGTH MIRROR on the bathroom door.

IN THE MIRROR

We see Hitchcock's wife ALMA, a trim, serious woman in her late fifties, standing across the bedroom, at her dresser, back to us. There's something of the essence of Barbara Bel Geddes in VERTIGO about her. She has on a black half-slip and is hooking on her large black bra.

She moves a little to open another drawer.

HITCHCOCK

He is watching intently, and when Alma moves he has to shift a little in the tub to maintain his view. The water ripples. It is not so much a sexual excitement-- the excitement for Hitchcock is in watching someone who doesn't know she's being watched. He is enthralled.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alma, although she can't see her husband, can feel the eyes on her. She is neither upset nor amused, as she goes about her business, taking a skirt from the drawer.

The bedroom has TWIN BEDS. We move around them and around Alma until we can see Hitchcock staring at her in the mirror from the tub.

ALMA  
(without turning)  
What are you looking at?

Hitchcock, caught, immediately rattles his paper, pretending he's been reading it the whole time.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
What's that, m'dam?

She turns and walks casually to the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Standing before him in black bra and half-slip, Hitch has no interest in her, and keeps staring at his paper, pretending he never snuck a peek. She goes along with it:

ALMA  
In the paper, Hitch. What are you looking at?

She steps into her skirt as his mood turns sour at a piece in the paper.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Now the press is crowning him the master of suspense....

ALMA  
Please. You came this close to owning those rights, that could have been your picture...

She goes to the mirror and puts on LIPSTICK.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
"Mr. Clouzot has taken his rightful place as the new Alfred Hitchcock."  
(folding the paper)  
Why get a new one when they could just refurbish the old one?

ALMA

Stop it. You've been nothing but brilliant your entire career. *Les Diaboliques* had a couple of shocks and it got people's attention; that's all.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

(thinking hard)

It had more than that. It had a...simplicity. No Cary Grant...no James Stewart to weigh it down...

ALMA

James and Gloria are coming to dinner Friday. And I don't care what anyone says, he was fantastic in *Vertigo*...

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

He looked like an old man. If anyone came in late and missed the setup, they'd have likely asked, "Why is that girl kissing her grandfather?"

ALMA

(kidding)

Wait...you mean that wasn't the story?

Alfred settles back in the tub, depressed.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Maybe they are done with me...

Alma caps the lipstick. She puts down the TOILET SEAT (*Psycho* was the first movie with a toilet in it). She sits on it, reaches down and strokes his hair maternally.

ALMA

Don't be depressed. It aggravates the hell out of me.

He raises an eyebrow, looking at her.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

You sound just like my mother sometimes...

(looking in her eyes)  
Tell me, mommy. Am I too old?

ALMA  
(without hesitation)  
Yes. And you always have been.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
(drolly)  
You always know precisely what to  
say to hurt me, don't you?

ALMA  
Yes.

He smiles at her ribbing. She walks back to the bedroom, and, still in view, gets a blouse and puts it on.

ALMA  
You've just got to find the *next Les Diaboliques*. Has Peggy found any decent books for you?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Sleeping pills with *dust jackets*.

He grabs a towel and places the Times on the toilet.

ALMA  
Somewhere there's a story...and  
it's been waiting for you...

Alfred goes to stand, but loses his balance. He grabs onto the SHOWER CURTAIN as he falls back, and wrenches the curtain from the RINGS on the rod.

THE ROD

We see the curtain fly loose and the rings spin on the rod.

HITCH

He looks up at the image of the shower curtain rings, intrigued, making a mental note. It's an image that will be in the movie, *PSYCHO*, at which the world will soon gasp. He glances at us, and raises an eyebrow.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GEIN FARM - 1945 - DAY

A SHOVEL breaks into the hard scrabble Wisconsin ground. If this is any indication, it isn't much of a farm. A CAPTION slides in, "PLAINFIELD, WISCONSIN, 1945," and slides out.

Pulling back, we see it is the mild-mannered Eddie, a year after we saw him last. He wears a flannel coat, plaid flannel shirt, a hunting cap and two-days growth of beard. Behind him, a white farmhouse; large and in need of paint; rundown but not to the point of looking like "a haunted house."

There is nothing ominous until a shrill voice yells-- harkening to the moment in *PSYCHO* when "Mother" yells for Norman.

AUGUSTA GEIN (O.S.)  
Eddie?...Eddie?!!

Eddie jabs the shovel into the ground, and with no hesitation or ill-feeling, hurries into the house.

EDDIE GEIN  
Coming, Ma...

INT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE - 1945 - CONTINUOUS

Eddie goes inside. It is lightly cluttered and dirty, but certainly not as bad as it will be in several years.

AUGUSTA GEIN (O.S.)  
Eddie! Where are you?!

EDDIE GEIN  
I'm right here...

He heads up the stairs.

AUGUSTA GEIN (O.S.)  
Who were you talking to?!

EDDIE GEIN  
No one...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

We see the bathroom door is open-- but the inside that we see is much more dark and grim than Hitchcock's bathroom. Eddie walks past the camera, through the bathroom door. Eddie is very dutiful-- he should not seem resentful as in Tony Perkins' portrayal. He wants to take care of his mother.

AUGUSTA GEIN (O.S.)  
Was it that woman we saw at  
Smith's? His little harlot?

EDDIE GEIN  
I told you, ma, I wasn't with  
anyone. You'll catch cold...

He takes a towel off a rack and then leaves our view for a moment.

AUGUSTA GEIN (O.S.)  
My legs hurt...

EDDIE GEIN (O.S.)  
It's okay...I got you...

AUGUSTA GEIN (O.S.)  
I didn't know where you were...

EDDIE GEIN  
Shhh...It's okay...

Eddie comes out of the bathroom, carrying the old woman, wrapped in towels. We cannot see her face-- and it harkens to the moment when Norman carries his mother to the fruit cellar to hide her.

Eddie carries her to the bedroom.

INT. EDDIE'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM

It is an immaculate but dark room and should be furnished somewhat like the *Psycho* mom's room.

Eddie puts the woman on the bed and we follow him to the dresser. He picks up a slip, perhaps lingering too long before putting it aside and getting a cotton nightgown. Out of focus, in the background, is the figure of Eddie's mother.

AUGUSTA GEIN  
I don't know what I'd do without  
you, son...

EDDIE GEIN  
Awww...

Eddie turns and we stay on his face as he dresses her.

EDDIE GEIN  
I don't know what I'd do without  
you either.

As he pulls the nightgown down, taking care to slowly smooth out the wrinkles, he reveals her face to us for the first time. Augusta is a hard, old woman; her face contorted by a stroke.

AUGUSTA GEIN  
Where is your brother?

EDDIE GEIN  
Henry's dead, Ma. He died in the  
fire in the woods. Last year.

AUGUSTA GEIN  
Is he out with that tramp? Even to  
touch himself is less of a sin...

EDDIE GEIN  
He's dead, Ma. You remember.

AUGUSTA GEIN  
My leg hurts...

EDDIE GEIN  
It's okay...rest--

AUGUSTA GEIN  
Don't leave me.

EDDIE GEIN  
I won't...

She lays back.

AUGUSTA GEIN  
Come into bed with me, Eddie.  
Don't leave me....

He puts a small blanket over her. She looks uneasy and in pain. Still wearing his jacket and coat, he takes off his shoes and crawls up next to her in the bed. He stares at her face, but she's looking up at the ceiling, as if he isn't even there. He reaches out and he takes her hand.

AUGUSTA GEIN  
I'm afraid of being alone...

He looks up at the ceiling, too. After a few moments:

EDDIE GEIN  
Me, too...

His eyelids heavy, he closes them.

EXT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE - 1945 - NIGHT

A crow flies past the moon and into the tree in front of Eddie's house.

## INT. EDDIE'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The moon passes the window, and light is thrown on Eddie's face in bed. He is still in his coat, but his hat has fallen away from his head. He opens his eyes and stretches a little, getting his bearings. He looks next to him suddenly:

AUGUSTA GEIN

Is in the position where we last saw her except her eyes are bugged and her mouth is horrifically twisted open. There is a large wet stain beneath her where her bladder released.

EDDIE

Eddie draws back slowly. He is still holding her hand. He stares at her for a few moments, but she doesn't blink.

EDDIE GEIN  
(whispering)  
Ma?....

No movement. Trembling he reaches out and puts his hand on her cheek. He closes his eyes tightly.

EDDIE GEIN  
(feebley)  
No....Don't be afraid, ma....I'm  
here with you... I'm here....

A startling pre-lap: a burst of LAUGHTER from TWO WOMEN.

## INT. HITCHCOCK'S LIVING ROOM - 1959 - DAY

Patricia Hitchcock, 20's, is on the couch reading. Alma is standing in the doorway. Both are laughing hysterically.

ALMA  
Oh, God...

PATRICIA  
You are such a deviant, dad....

ALMA  
Take that off!

## ON THE STAIRS

Hitchcock is standing on the stairs in a long DRESS. He makes no attempt at walking or sounding like a woman.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
You could at least buy me dinner  
first. I'm not easy you know...

PATRICIA  
Dad, what are you doing?!

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I was just in the closet...

ALMA  
You should have stayed in the  
closet.  
(to Patricia)  
That was your grandma Emma's.

PATRICIA  
You look just like her pictures.  
That is *so* frightening!

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
My mother used to make me stand at  
her bedside and tell her stories.  
It was quite excruciating. There  
are only so many tales about  
princes turned into frogs and  
talking pussies one can tell.

ALMA  
At least she didn't live to see  
this. Take it off.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I'm quite getting used to  
this...the air flow is very  
agreeable.

Alma nods sternly up the stairs, struggling to keep a  
straight face. Patricia is still laughing. Alfred lowers  
his head and trudges back upstairs.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
If I'd had a wig, you'd never have  
known it was me.

He disappears up the stairs.

EXT. PLAINFIELD CEMETERY - 1945 - DAY

A wrought iron arched gate, announces the place: PLAINFIELD  
CEMETERY as a caption zips in along the bottom: "DECEMBER 31,  
1945" then zips out the other side of the frame. The trees  
are dead and there's a blanket of snow on the ground.

We see TWO GRAVEDIGGERS, one OLD, one YOUNG, lowering a coffin into a concrete box that is set in the ground. They move a concrete slab over the top. The whole structure will only sit a foot beneath the surface.

YOUNG GRAVEDIGGER  
She's already in a box? Why did we  
need another box?

OLD GRAVEDIGGER  
It's the damned hard scrabble.  
Sides of the hole would collapse if  
there wasn't wood or concrete  
around it...

YOUNG GRAVEDIGGER  
We didn't do it this may in  
Kenosha.

OLD GRAVEDIGGER  
Yeah? Go back there if it's so  
goddamn great...

YOUNG GRAVEDIGGER  
There's a great diner in Kenosha,  
too....

We pull back from them, losing their conversation.

IN THE DISTANCE

We find Eddie Gein watching the work, alone. As tears come down his cheeks the cold air starts to freeze them.

INT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE - 1945

In a long shot from the stairs landing, we see the door slowly open and the tiny figure of Eddie Gein standing there. He looks around at all the empty space before entering.

He takes off his coat and puts it on a hook-- he has on a rumpled black suit and tie.

AT THE BASE OF THE STAIRS

Eddie steps slowly to the bottom of the stairs and looks up. At the top is his mother's door, open a crack. He slowly ascends.

INT. EDDIE'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM

The slightly open door creeps slowly open and there stands Eddie.

He looks at the room-- the bed is made, everything is perfectly neat. One of his mother's dresses is over the back of a chair and he strokes it slightly.

Overcome, he throws open the door and rushes out of the room. With the door open, we see him running down the stairs and then slamming out the front door.

EXT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Eddie rushes around to the back, nearly hysterical. He sees a pile of old wood and starts gathering it in his arms. As he walks away with it we hear a PRE-LAP of hammering.

INT. LANDING OUTSIDE OF EDDIE'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM

The hammering sound continues. We see the pile of wood on the faded carpet. The hammering stops for a moment, and we see Eddie grab a piece of wood. We follow him as he slaps it up against his mother's door. He is sweating, has nails in his mouth and a mad look of determination on his face. Almost in a panic, he hammers up the board.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HITCHCOCK'S PATIO - SUNSET

We start on the sunset and it's a scene of the utmost tranquility. We slowly move over and see the beautifully landscaped garden which overlooks a pool, surrounded by palm trees. Hitchcock, in a WHITE ROBE, sits on a lounge chair. On one side, scripts and novels are piled on a table next to him, on the other side, a table with a bottle of the outstanding CHATEAU CHEVEL BLANC '53 and a half-filled glass.

He closes a book with a trace of disgust. He empties the last few drops from the bottle, swirls it in the glass, then downs it with great pleasure. With tremendous labor, and showing a bit of a buzz, he lifts himself up off the lounge chair.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hitchcock comes in from the patio, in his robe, carrying the large bundle of books and manuscripts to the stairs.

HITCHCOCK STAIRS

Although it is a very different looking staircase than in *PSYCHO*, Hitchcock's ascent up the stairs should be shot the same way Martin Balsam's was in the film (but without the giant overhead shot). The opening MUSIC from the film accompanies the increasingly cautious climb.

A door at the top of the stairs opens slightly; Hitchcock eyes it as he reaches the landing.

Alma steps out suddenly from a DIFFERENT DOOR. She is wearing a robe and has cold cream on her face.

Hitchcock, startled, staggers back. He grabs the banister just in time to keep himself from falling. He has to drop

#### HIS BUNDLE OF WORK

And it falls. One BOOK TUMBLES DOWN THE STAIRS.

#### THE BOOK

We follow it as it tumbles and turns, tracking down the stairs after it. It lands at the base of the stairs and we see it is "PSYCHO, by Robert Block." The book title has the same fractured lettering used in the PSYCHO movie poster and film titles.

#### AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Pat comes out of the other open door, as Alma tries to sooth her frazzled husband. The PSYCHO opening music fades quickly out-- as if Hitchcock had a thought, but now it's gone.

ALMA

Are you all right?

PATRICIA

What happened?!

Patricia picks up most of the work and piles it on the top step.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Mommy ambushed me at the top of the stairs in that fiendish mask.

PATRICIA

You scared her first with that dress.

Patricia rushes downstairs and grabs the book and some papers without glancing at them.

ALMA

I'm sorry, Hitch, are you okay?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I'm fine, but I may have to open  
another bottle of Chevel  
Blanc...what's this?...

Patricia hands her father the *Psycho* book. He is curious.

ALMA  
Peggy sent it over the other day.

PATRICIA  
This fell out. It says it's  
loosely based on that guy in  
Wisconsin from a couple of years  
back...Ed Gein...

She hands him the papers.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Paramount's coverage....

He scans it, interest mounting.

ALMA  
Do they like it?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
(with relish)  
They detest it....

He hands her the coverage, then walks off to the bedroom,  
already reading the book.

CUT TO:

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hitchcock, in pajamas, sits up in his twin bed with a tiny  
reading lamp over the *Psycho* book. Alma is half asleep in  
the other bed.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
(reading as he speaks)  
If our life was a movie, and we  
were in the same bed, it would not  
be acceptable.

ALMA  
We wouldn't fit in the same bed.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

We could not be in the same bed together without each of us having one foot on the floor. Because in someone's mind, fornication is quite impossible unless both feet are in the bed.

ALMA

If you stuck to your diet we *might* fit in the same bed. But the fornication part still doesn't appeal to me.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

I'm not talking about us, I'm talking about a movie about us....

He completely trails off, engrossed by what he's reading. An impish smile comes to his lips and his eyes widen. She sits up in bed, waking now.

ALMA

What are you talking about?

He hands over the book with the page open, then adjusts his blankets. She grabs reading glasses and sits up.

ALMA

"Mary started to scream, and then the curtains parted further and a hand appeared, holding a butcher's knife. It was the knife that, a moment later, cut off her scream...And her head."

She is slightly amused; not disgusted at all.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

A likeable heroine steals money, makes one wrong turn and is hacked to death, in a motel bathroom.

ALMA

It would certainly pull the rug out from under them.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

The movie's biggest star dead in the first half hour. They'll know then they're seeing a movie... where *anything* can happen.

She looks at him and is pleased to see the total obsession in that far away look of his-- as if he's already seeing the film play out in his mind. The "PSYCHO car travelling music" begins softly in the background.

INT. LEW WASSERMAN'S MCA OFFICE - DAY

The PSYCHO driving music continues unobtrusively. Hitchcock sits with LEW WASSERMAN, Hollywood deal-maker and Hitch's agent. Lew is thin, and wears thick glasses, a black suit and a thin tie.

LEW WASSERMAN

It's a terrible idea, Paramount  
won't bite, forget about it. "The  
Widow Loved Company," is available.

Hitchcock stares at him blankly.

LEW WASSERMAN

You asked my advice.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

No, I didn't, Lew.

LEW WASSERMAN

You should have.

After a pause, Hitchcock hands over the book.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

It's written by a man named Robert  
Bloch. If you mention my name as  
being involved in the project,  
you'll drive the price up to a  
hundred thousand or more.

LEW WASSERMAN

(sarcastically)

Oh? Really. Is that how this  
business works?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

I expect you can get it for twenty.  
But I want you to get it for ten.

LEW WASSERMAN

I'll get it for five.

Hitchcock looks satisfied.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY HOGAN'S BAR - 1946 - NIGHT

A beer is pulled from a tap. The *PSYCHO* music continues unobtrusively in the background throughout the scene. A CAPTION slides in, "Mary Hogan's Bar, 1946," and slides out.

It is a very grim small town bar, with a few men scattered, drinking. MARY HOGAN, a large-framed, dominating middle-aged woman is at one end of the bar, chatting amicably with a couple of YOUNGER MALE CUSTOMERS.

Wearing his winter coat, we find Eddie at the opposite end of the bar, drinking a beer. He still looks distraught over his mother's death, but is somewhat distracted by the pulp men's magazine he's perusing.

A small, fat, mentally feeble old man, GUS, toddles up near Eddie. He tries to signal for a beer but Mary is occupied with the other customers.

GUS

Whatcha looking at, Eddie?

EDDIE GEIN

This is a unique publication; I ordered it from Europe. Here...

Gus looks at a picture and doubts what he's seeing.

GUS

You telling me that's skin? Human skin?

EDDIE GEIN

The greatest medical discoveries of the twentieth century came out of the Reich, Gus. It was all in the approach, everything they did was pure science. They didn't feel anything 'bout what they did because they could see beyond this world to the next.

Mary finally sees Gus and brings him a beer. Eddie tries to make eye contact with her-- she gives him a token smile and moves down to the other end of the bar. Gus drinks his beer and turns the page of the magazine.

EDDIE GEIN

See? You can't learn about people studying rats and monkeys. You learn about people looking at their bodies, Gus.

(MORE)

EDDIE GEIN (CONT'D)  
Looking at their physical parts.  
(lost in thought)  
We just wear these bodies, after  
all. We wear them until we're dead  
and through with them.

GUS  
God, Eddie; how do you know so  
much?

EDDIE GEIN  
I don't know enough, Gus. I don't  
know enough about anything at all.

Eddie drinks his beer and Gus follows, drinking his.

EDDIE GEIN  
I'd let you help me.

Gus smiles, genuinely appreciating Eddie's offer.

#### THE PULP MAGAZINE

A gruesome grainy B&W photo of South American cannibals  
stripping the flesh off a headless white woman and eating it.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK (V.O.)  
I suppose it's a matter of taste...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK - 1959 - DAY

Alfred Hitchcock, in his trademark dark suit and tie, walks  
nose in the air, in bustling midtown. He glances at the  
camera.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
(continuing)  
But in some cultures, "a little  
meat on the bones" is seen as a  
desirable attribute.

He pauses before entering the Paramount building. One of the  
*Psycho* style title captions slides in, "PARAMOUNT PICTURES,  
NEW YORK CITY, 1959," then slides out.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Alas, not in modern society. My  
physician used the "f" word last  
week to my face. "Fat" that is.

He enters the building.

## INT. PARAMOUNT ELEVATOR - DAY

Hitch enters the elevator, and pushes the button. An OLD STATELY WOMAN with a small dog waves for him to hold the elevator. (This woman is much like Hitch's mother, and is a type often represented in his films.)

OLD STATELY WOMAN  
Hold that-- hold it...

Very calmly Hitchcock hits the "DOOR CLOSE" button, but the Woman manages to get through the door in time.

OLD STATELY WOMAN  
Thank you, I--

She realizes his finger is on the "Door close" button, and her look turns from thanks to scorn. He's caught in the act but gives her a petulant glare before slowly turning away from her, toward us. He whispers, so the Old Woman won't hear.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I told Dr. Davies it was a combination of growing up the son of a grocer, and this suit-- I'm the first to admit it's not terribly flattering. But I own six of them.

He turns nonchalantly-- as if we were never there with him-- and rides in silence with the Stately Woman. He starts looking at her dress, even feeling the material-- it's the DRESS we'll see Tony Perkins wear in *PSYCHO*!

ALFRED HITCHCOCK (PRE-LAP)  
Audiences want something different.

BARNEY BALABAN (PRE-LAP)  
The audience won't know what to do.  
They need something to hold on to.

## INT. PARAMOUNT BOARD ROOM - DAY

BARNEY BALABAN, a small but powerful man is at the head of a large but mostly empty table. He swivels slightly in his chair. He has THREE EXECUTIVES next to him. There is a copy of the novel *PSYCHO* in front of him. He is not pleased, but tries to keep it under the surface.

Hitchcock sits further down the table with empty chairs on either side of him.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Exactly. If you're going to throw someone down the stairs, why not first remove the bannister.

BARNEY BALABAN

Because they won't like that, Hitch. And they'll tell their friends, and their friends will tell their friends, and you'll have a dead picture.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

You can make that judgment just because you don't like one little thing about the project?

BARNEY BALABAN

We don't like anything about it. We don't like the title, we don't like the story, and we really don't like the guy in the dress.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

I think I know something about making movies, Mr. Balaban.

BARNEY BALABAN

You know what you know, Hitch, I know what I know; and I know that every time you want to do something "different"-- *The Wrong Man*, *The Trouble with Harry*, *Vertigo* -- someone loses money.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

(bristling)  
Lew Wasserman warned me....

BARNEY BALABAN

Here's something else I know: when you get to be your age and you need a success, you don't get it by alienating the people who just paid seventy-five cents to see your picture.

Hitchcock bites his tongue, barely holding his cool at being called "old."

BARNEY BALABAN

(frustrated)  
Kim Novak makes a lot of money.  
(MORE)

BARNEY BALABAN (CONT'D)  
That's why we put her in the whole movie, not just the beginning.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I'm sorry, the thought of ever working with Kim Novak again makes my flesh crawl.

One of the Executives starts to laugh quietly, but a fiery look from Barney stifles him.

BARNEY BALABAN  
She's a lovely girl.  
(to Hitch)  
We have a lot of other properties that we adore. Have you thought about "The Widow Loved Company" or that...  
(looking for help from the executives)

That Agatha Christie one...

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
You mean the one where the detective gathers the suspects and announces the killer at the end like all the rest of her books?  
(condescendingly)  
"Psycho" is my next picture.

BARNEY BALABAN  
Not with us.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Are you telling me "no?"

BARNEY BALABAN  
Absolutely not, Hitch. I would never do that. But we're not doing it.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
What if I said I could bring it in for a million dollars?

The Executives try to hide their incredulous reactions.

BARNEY BALABAN  
Your budget will be gone before we pay Jimmy Stewart and the female star you're going to kill...

Hitchcock is stunned. He scans the faces of the executives looking for anyone to take his side-- but they are a solid front. Hitchcock takes a deep breath then raises his imperious chin higher and walks from the room.

Barney looks at his associates and shakes his head. He pushes the *Psycho* novel away in disdain.

BARNEY BALABAN

The public would hate it. The critics would bury him. They'd absolutely bury him.

CUT TO:

INT. HARDWARE STORE - 1946 - DAY

It is a hardware store not unlike the one Sam runs in *PSYCHO*. There are rakes, hoses and even guns on the walls.

At a penny scale, a SHOVEL in one hand, Eddie is checking his profile in the mirror, matching the last position in which we saw Hitchcock. He taps his neck, trying to make his double chin disappear. IRENE HILL, a woman in her forties, holding the hand of her TODDLER, comes up behind him.

IRENE HILL

Youth is wasted on the young, my mother always said.

EDDIE GEIN

(impressed)

Did she? That's clever enough to be in a book, or on a calendar or something.

IRENE HILL

How you holding up? You look thin.

EDDIE GEIN

Good.

IRENE HILL

You know, the invitation's open, whenever you want to come up for a home-cooked meal. The boys love seeing you.

The Toddler stares vacantly at Eddie. Awkwardly, Eddie raises the shovel.

EDDIE GEIN

Thanks, Mrs. Hill, but I got a lot  
to get done.

Behind the counter is BERNICE WORDEN, a large, unattractive widow. She smiles sympathetically at Eddie.

EDDIE GEIN

What's the damage, Bernice?

INT. AIRPLANE - 1959 - DAY

It is a relatively small plane, and Hitch stares out past the twin propellers on the wing at the clouds. Next to him, Lew Wasserman, in his suit, is eating the olive out of a martini.

LEW WASSERMAN

Fuck, Balaban. We don't need the  
rat bastard.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

I'll shoot in thirty days. Black  
and White, not Technicolor. I won't  
use my feature team, I'll use the  
crew from my television show.  
They're used to going fast...

LEW WASSERMAN

You need a writer. Jim Cavanaugh.  
He won't cost a fortune, but you'll  
love him.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

I thought I'd get the man who wrote  
the novel.

LEW WASSERMAN

Robert Bloch? Not available.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Can we shoot on the Paramount lot?

LEW WASSERMAN

Not available. We'll use  
Universal. How about Cavanaugh?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

You're sure Paramount will  
distribute if we shoot at  
Universal?

LEW WASSERMAN

You put up the million, wave your fee, I'll get you sixty percent of the picture. What about Cavanaugh?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Fine.

(staring out the window)

Was Robert Bloch really unavailable, Lew?

LEW WASSERMAN

(taking a drink)

How the hell should I know. I don't represent him.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S KITCHEN - DAY

We pan across a table filled with various leftovers and find Hitch, in his suit, taking more out of the fridge. He's in the middle of fixing a large sandwich with a few different side dishes. He looks at the camera, noticing us.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

I thought I'd enjoy a snack before Alma finds me. She tends to side with my physician on consumption issues.

He pours himself some wine, and is about to drink but Patricia rushes in.

PATRICIA

Dad, when did you get home? Joe's on the east coast on business, I told him to drop in on you...

(taking one of his side dishes, eating)

This stuffed artichoke is superb-- is this all that's left, I'm sorry; does mom know you're home?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

No, and I'd rather...

Patricia grabs the glass of wine, walks to the door and opens it, yelling out:

PATRICIA

Mom...Dad's back....

Patricia drinks the wine. Hitchcock glances at us, then goes to pour another glass...only a couple of drops come out of the bottle. He's frustrated. Patricia takes some fancy olives from her father's plate, from right in front of him.

PATRICIA

These olives weren't top notch,  
they were a little soft--

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Don't you have your own house,  
dear? With your own food?

Alma walks in.

ALMA

Hitch, I thought you were taking  
the later flight?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

There wasn't that much to discuss  
at Paramount.

ALMA

Tell me.

She goes into the fridge, looking for something.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

*Psycho*'s my next picture.

ALMA

They went for it?!

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

No.

Patricia and Alma are stunned. Alfred goes for another side dish but Patricia takes it from him, eating compulsively.

PATRICIA

Don't they know audiences want  
something different?

Alma turns with a bowl of cottage cheese. She puts it in front of him and removes the sandwich. She puts some cherry tomatoes around the outside in a pattern for him, and he is aghast watching her. She pokes some celery in the middle.

ALMA

If they're not making it, who is?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I am. I'm using my own money.

Both women are shocked again, but not laughing this time. Alma starts eating the sandwich, lost in thought. He glances at the cottage cheese and tomatoes with disgust.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Am I truly expected to eat this?

Patricia looks at the bowl, then slides it over and starts eating it herself. Hitch, with no food, shakes his head.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S OFFICE - DAY

TYPEWRITER

A close-up of the workings of a REMINGTON TYPEWRITER as Psycho DRIVING MUSIC plays.

THE OFFICE

JAMES P. CAVANAUGH is typing madly at the machine, sleeves rolled up but still sweating. A title zips in (and out) that reads: SCREENWRITER: JAMES P. CAVANAUGH. Hitchcock is hovering, looking over his shoulder, a large cigar in his mouth.

CAVANAUGH'S FACE

He looks distressed and stops typing as Hitchcock's CIGAR eases into frame. He sees Hitchcock reading the words on the page and not looking at all thrilled. Cavanaugh is worried.

Hitchcock slowly pulls the sheet of paper from the typewriter, repulsed.

EXT. PLAINFIELD CEMETARY - NIGHT

We see a shovel tamping down dirt on a fresh grave. Moving up, we see the headstone reads CAVANAUGH SCRIPT.

Pulling back we see it's Hitchcock with the shovel.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
The screenplay by Mr. Cavanaugh met with a grisly end as soon as I made the mistake of actually reading it. May it rest in peace.

Hitchcock hears noises, then puts his fingers to his lips to quiet us, and nods our attention to the other end of the cemetery. Hitchcock watches intently and unnoticed. (We do not see him again in the scene.)

We pan over and find Eddie and Gus are digging at a fresh grave belonging to the middle-aged MRS. ELEANOR ADAMS-- the grave is right next to the plots of EDDIE'S PARENTS. They have a lantern burning, but no worry-- there is not a living soul for miles that could see it. They hit the top box within the grave, and both stop to look at each other. Eddie grabs the lantern.

EDDIE GEIN  
It's a wood one! Get it open...

Gus grabs a claw hammer from his belt and pries open some of the planks on top of the coffin.

GUS  
Mrs. Adams made good pancakes. You ever have her pancakes at the church, Eddie.

Eddie nods, but is distracted, and motions for Gus to hurry. Gus then drops down into the box onto the coffin itself. Eddie hands him down the lantern. Eddie waits at the top of the outer box-- licking his lips excitedly. He looks over at his MOTHER'S HEADSTONE.

EDDIE GEIN  
Can you get it?

We hear prying, then a groan. Gus lifts his head out of the box gasping for air. Eddie looks at him expectantly.

GUS  
What do we do now?

Eddie looks elated. He turns away for a moment, then looks at Gus steadily.

EDDIE GEIN  
Lift her out to me.

GUS  
You remember her pancakes, Eddie?

EDDIE GEIN  
(trembling)  
Yeah. My mother never cared for them...I didn't either....

## LONGSHOT OF THE CEMETARY

Hitch is nowhere in sight, nor is the "script grave." We can see the light thrown from the lantern onto Eddie, as he kneels and lifts a silhouette out FEET FIRST. Mrs. Adams' best dress and slip fall down around her head. We can barely make out that she's wearing large old-lady panties.

CUT TO:

## INT. HITCHCOCK'S OFFICE

Again we open with the Remington, and Hitchcock hovering behind the man typing.

But this time it's the cocky JOE STEFANO, 37. Hitchcock eases closer to the page and starts to read, suddenly looking pleased and intrigued. Stefano smiles and nods slightly.

A title zips in (then out) that says: SCREENWRITER: JOE STEFANO.

CUT TO:

## INT. HITCHCOCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alma and Hitch, each in their twin beds, as Alma finishes reading the *PSYCHO* script. Hitch is waiting on pins and needles as Alma closes the script.

ALMA

Are you sure you want to do this?

HITCHCOCK

You don't like it?

ALMA

It's not that.

HITCHCOCK

You look very serious. That worries me. Why wouldn't I want to do it, mommy? Is it the financial risk?

ALMA

It's not the money.

(putting the script aside)

A maniac murders and mutilates at least two women. A writer glorifies it with a novel.

(MORE)

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Another writer glorifies it in a screenplay. Why do you need to glorify it with a movie?

HITCHCOCK  
Alma, my dear, you sound frightfully like the grey mice who run Paramount. Or worse. A censor.

ALMA  
Now that's a low blow.

HITCHCOCK  
I'm not glorifying anything. I'm making a "moo-vie."

ALMA  
But *why*?

His mind reels and he looks her deep in the eyes.

ALMA  
Why does *this* story appeal to you?  
Why Norman Bates?

HITCHCOCK  
I suppose it's because he's so different than anyone I've ever known. I think we each strive to understand the things we can't fathom.

She looks at him, then smiles sadly and nods.

HITCHCOCK  
It's the biggest gamble of my career. I could play it safe, not make it, and no one would say a word against me. Maybe I don't want to do this movie-- maybe I just don't like the fact that people think I can't.

(looking into her eyes)  
If I thought you were one of those people, Alma...I don't know if I could go on.

She puts her hand lovingly on his shoulder.

ALMA  
I think you'll do a magnificent job, Hitch. And you know that.

He looks at her for several moments, getting back his confidence, relieved and ready to make his big jump.

CUT TO:

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BATHROOM - DAY

Hitchcock, in suit and tie, enters. He looks at himself in the medicine cabinet mirror for several seconds, then sighs. We remain over his shoulder, looking into the medicine cabinet as he shakes out a couple of aspirin. He puts the bottle back, then closes the mirror. But we:

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE GEIN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

It is Eddie's reflection, not Hitchcock's, that we see as he closes his medicine cabinet! He has come out with a bottle of alcohol that he puts on the corner of the tub.

He moves back to the doorway where Mrs. Adams' body is on the floor, wrapped discretely in sheet. He drags it to the empty tub, then lifts it to the edge and pushes it in.

We see Eddie as he stares down blankly at the body. He looks very upset with himself for a moment, then glances back in the mirror and sighs.

He kneels down next to the tub. He is doing something with his hands, but it is out of our view.

After a few moments and minor difficulty, we see Eddie is pulling Mrs. Adams' dress away from her body. We do not see the body, but see the unconscious way Eddie caresses the dress as he stares down into the tub.

INT. BATES MOTEL - BATHROOM SET - TRAILER RECREATION

In the final shot of the trailer, the shower curtain is flung back, and Vera Miles (not Janet Leigh) stares into the camera and SCREAMS FOR HER LIFE. The word PSYCHO, in fractured lettering, appears over her face, and the distinct Bernard Hermann violins SCREECH.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTION PICTURE CODE REVIEW OFFICE - DAY

Two bald, middle-aged men and one stern woman with her hair tied back are looking through scripts. They sit in chairs in front of a coffee table.

A title slides in, "MPAA, board of review, Los Angeles CA, 1959" then slides out. Hitchcock has his script closed in his lap. He looks like he enjoys it when one MEMBER whispers to another, and pages are frantically turned.

REVIEW HEAD  
Page thirty-five.

The members race to page thirty-five. Hitchcock sighs and turns to the page in his script. He glances at it.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I assure you, all of my murders are  
models of taste and discretion.

REVIEW HEAD  
You can't have a knife going into a  
woman. You realize that.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Of course, it's only "suggested."

REVIEW WOMAN  
Page forty-six. Forty-seven.  
Forty-eight.

The Members race to the page. Hitchcock slowly looks in his script.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
The scene will be shot with a keen  
eye for decorum.

The Reviewers glare at Hitchcock. He is stone-faced.

REVIEW OLD MAN  
Going back...Page two...

We hear the flurry of script pages as Alfred Hitchcock, motionless, looks frustrated.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S DINING ROOM - MORNING

Patricia taps at the shell of a soft-boiled egg. There is fruit, bacon and toast on her plate. The same meal is at Alma's setting. At the head of table, Hitch waits for his.

PATRICIA  
You know, you don't have to put me  
in it. I have a husband, it's not  
like I have to work.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Nonsense, dear, you talk like it's  
nepotism when you're perfect for  
the part.

PATRICIA  
And don't forget "cheap."

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
"Within budget."

Alma brings Hitch a bowl with unattractive contents.

ALMA  
It's farina with prunes.

She sits and crunches a piece of bacon as he stares at her.  
He slowly moves his eyes back to his daughter.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Don't tell me you won't do it?

PATRICIA  
No...I want to. It's only, you're  
different on the set.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I'm not different. It's just at  
home, I love you, and at  
work...you're an actor.

ALMA  
And he hates actors.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Everyone does.

He pushes the bowl away.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Hitchcock stands at a board with publicity photos of actors  
on them and a schedule of fittings and days they will report.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
He has that 'shy boyishness...'

PEGGY ROBERTSON  
The girls all love him...

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
No one will ever suspect Anthony  
Perkins.

(MORE)

ALFRED HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)  
He owed Paramount a picture, I've  
got him cheap...And he's the most  
expensive one. He suggested Martin  
Balsam for the cop-- I like that.  
Janet Leigh-- her body is  
spectacular. Do you think I'll get  
her nude? You met her.

PEGGY ROBERTSON  
I don't think so. She has  
children.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
What does that have to do with  
wearing clothes? Send her another  
three dozen roses. John Gavin--  
(he isn't impressed)  
We'll see what we can do. And of  
course Vera. She's still under  
contract to me-- why not. All that  
money I spent on her. The screen  
tests, those beautiful suits Edith  
designed for her, the new makeup  
and hair. I invented her.

PEGGY ROBERTSON  
It wasn't her fault she couldn't do  
*VERTIGO*. She was pregnant.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
She would have been my new Grace  
Kelly. Instead, she wanted to be  
an Encino housewife, popping out  
babies with her Tarzan husband.

PEGGY ROBERTSON  
Who wouldn't want to marry Tarzan?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Three children? Anything more than  
two is positively vulgar.

PEGGY ROBERTSON  
You're really going to make Vera  
Miles play a supporting role?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
She's next door for a fitting right  
now. Which reminds me... Something  
I have to look into.

He turns and heads into his private office, closing the door  
gently. She tisks at him, disappointed with his pettiness.

## INT. HITCHCOCK'S PRIVATE OFFICE

Hitchcock strides through to his private bathroom. The lights are on.

## INT. HITCHCOCK'S PRIVATE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

*PSYCHO DRIVING MUSIC BEGINS.* Hitchcock enters and stands before one of several small oil paintings on the wall before the mirrored sink and toilet. He looks at the camera and holds a finger to his lips, shushing us as well as involving us as conspirators.

He reaches over and flips off the light-- there's still light from the office coming in and he's in heavy shadows. He lifts one of the paintings off the wall, placing it on the edge of the sink. *LIGHT BLASTS THROUGH A HOLE* he's exposed by removing the picture.

We hear two women SPEAKING on the other side of the wall.

Hitchcock moves his eye carefully up to the light coming in on the wall.

## THROUGH THE HOLE

We catch an unsteady glimpse of VERA MILES, in bra and panties, standing on a stool with her arms out. The *PSYCHO DRIVING MUSIC* ends.

## INT. FITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We start on HITCHCOCK'S EYEBALL which fills the frame through a tiny hole in the flocked wallpaper in the middle of a cluttered fitting room.

We pull back very slowly from the hole until we see the whole room, and how hard it would be to see the hole if you didn't know it was there! During this pull back, Vera Miles, in her underwear and wardrobe assistant RITA RIGGS, chat and go about their business, oblivious to the presence of a watchful eye! Rita puts some tweed around Vera's waist and pins it.

## VERA MILES

You've got to be kidding, sweetie.  
This is the drabbiest, frumpiest  
tweed I've ever seen; a librarian  
wouldn't be caught dead in this.

## RITA RIGGS

I wouldn't have picked it. He got  
Miss Head to do yours as a special  
favor.

She gets on her knees and pins down the side. Vera is seething.

VERA MILES

I sometimes think he'd be happier if he could cut me into pieces and pose me. Do you think he hates women?

RITA RIGGS

(surprised)

No. Why would you say that?

VERA MILES

Women haven't been meeting very nice ends in his recent projects.

RITA RIGGS

He doesn't write them. He just directs.

(standing)

Take your bra off; wait until you see this thing he picked out.

Rita goes to get the bra. We see Vera from behind as she takes off her bra and steps off the stool. She walks with the bra toward a hook which is right near the HOLE where we just saw Alfred's eye!

Vera hangs the bra but sees the tiny hole and looks closer. Alfred's eye is no longer in sight, and there is just darkness from the other side. She finds it odd, then feels a bit of a chill and slowly covers her breasts with one arm.

VERA MILES

Is the window open? I just got a chill...

RITA RIGGS (O.S.)

No...but it is cool in here....

She moves the hanging bra over a few inches so it covers the hole, then thinks nothing more of it when she sees the hideous bra that Rita's bringing for her.

VERA MILES

Jesus...he really does hate me.

EXT. BATES MOTEL SET - TRAILER RECREATION - DAY

The grainy, scratched recreation finds Hitchcock standing with the motel behind him, but he takes several steps and ends up with the Bates' house as his backdrop.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

"This motel also has, as an adjunct, an old house, which is, if I may say so, a little more sinister-looking; less innocent than the motel itself."

He turns and glances at the house, then points to it.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

"And in this house, the most dire, horrible events took place.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE - DAY

In the kitchen, we move slowly across trash and newspapers, piled everywhere. There is grime and dark stains on the cabinets and counters. We cross the sink-- one side is piled high with filthy dishes, the other is piled with KNIVES of various shapes and sizes.

GUS (V.O.)

Why do we only take old ladies?

EDDIE GEIN (V.O.)

It's scientific method, Gus. It's not a thing...you'd understand, okay?

We move across a counter and see a WOMAN'S HEAD, severed, stained, still with the hair on. Then past several boxes filled with noses and fingers. There are TWO SEVERED HANDS, FOLDED IN PRAYER, (not unlike the shot Hitchcock gets in "Mother's room" of the hand sculpture).

GUS (V.O.)

You ever feel like there's someone else here?...Someone watching us?

We pass through a wisp of smoke, then find Eddie, in a stained apron, working on a body. We cannot see what he is doing. His expression is tired and jaded-- like what he's doing isn't bringing him any joy.

EDDIE GEIN

Like God or something?

Pulling back we see Gus, in the foreground, facing away from Eddie, sitting in an arm chair smoking a pipe. He glances around the room. Gus's face is twisted and tired.

GUS  
Like there's eyes in the  
walls...that can see us...

Eddie scoffs and continues working.

GUS  
Shelly's putting me up in Ratcliff.

Eddie is upset--this is the first he's heard of this.

EDDIE GEIN  
What do you mean?

GUS  
The old age home. Doc told my  
daughter I shouldn't be alone cause  
of my ticker.

Eddie is distraught.

EDDIE GEIN  
You can't go.

GUS  
(lost in thought)  
Three meals a day. Clean sheets.  
What more do any of us want?

Eddie looks about ready to cry. He puts down his tools. He looks at what he's working on and suddenly seems repulsed.

EDDIE GEIN  
Yeah...

He opens a kitchen drawer, doesn't see what he's looking for, then rummages through the next. He gets out an old .22 handgun and puts it in his pocket.

INT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eddie comes in and locks the door. Out of focus, hanging from the rod, we pass a pair of "shrunken heads" dangling by their hair.

Eddie steps to the mirror, takes out the pistol and shoves it in his mouth. He pants, terribly afraid. After a few seconds he takes it out of his mouth and it drops with a rattle into the sink.

## FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHOWER CURTAIN

Through the opaque shower curtain we see the silhouette of Eddie as he throws back his head.

CUT TO:

## STORY BOARD PANEL

It is Saul Bass's drawing of the silhouette of Norman Bates, on the other side of the shower curtain. A woman showering is in the foreground of the panel.

SAUL BASS (O.S.)  
And he gets here, he's seeing her,  
she never notices.

We PAN across the panels and see the next panels. THE FIGURE THROWS OPEN THE CURTAIN, RAISING THE KNIFE.

THE WOMAN TURNS, SCREAMING, over three panels.

SAUL BASS (O.S.)  
She screams, he strikes.

## THE KNIFE COMES DOWN

SAUL BASS (O.S.)  
The audience is going to put the  
tiny pieces together in their own  
minds...

THE NAKED WOMAN covers herself.

## INT. PHOENIX MOTEL SET - DAY

A caption sweeps in, UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, NOVEMBER, 1959. It lingers for a moment over the following, then sweeps out.

Hitchcock, in suit and tie, is sitting on a directors chair, with SAUL BASS on a chair next to him with the story board.

Hitchcock barely nods. Saul is uneasy, but sees it as a sign of approval. Hitchcock is looking at what's happening in the scene he's shooting now.

HITCHCOCK  
(muttering)  
Which will be more horrifying? The  
shower or this love scene?

There is a CAMERAMAN, and an AC measuring the distance to the bed. JOHN GAVIN is on the bed in slacks, no shirt.

JANET LEIGH is next to him, in her oversized bra and half slip. There are TWO LIGHTING TECHNICIANS trying to light the couple.

Hitchcock takes a few steps from his chair, behind his Cameraman.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

It's the middle of the day and you've met for a tryst. There's been penetration of some sort and it was not entirely unpleasant. Mr. Gavin, perhaps you can play the scene less like a hollow tree and more like a man basking in the post-coital glow.

JOHN GAVIN

It feels strange with my shirt off. And it's not easy to keep my feet on the floor and be in bed. It's just not natural...

Alfred stares at him with contempt for a moment, but Gavin doesn't notice, and tries to rework his position on the bed.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Yes.

(whispering to Cameraman)  
Keep him out of the shot as much as you can...

The Cameraman nods slightly and Hitchcock walks back to his chair.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Okay, lets get the stand-ins back for the lighting...

SECOND ASSISTANT (VOICE IN DISTANCE)  
Stand-ins on the set!

Rita Riggs is ready with a fluffy white robe for Janet and she walks over to her chair which is next to Alfred. He is back to looking at the storyboards, and Janet comes to peek.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

You're going to sell a lot of those brassieres. I suggest we all buy stock in the engineering firm that constructed the prototype. Did you get the roses?

JANET LEIGH

They're beautiful, Hitch. They're  
absolutely--

(looking at the boards)

Is that supposed to be me?!

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

(glancing disinterested)

Yes.

(looking at Saul)

Have you tried Petronni's yet?  
They've brought in a new chef from  
Milan. The veal is nothing short  
of a revelation.

JANET LEIGH

(being diplomatic)

I thought we had the discussion  
already...I won't take off my  
clothes.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

I would never ask you to. We'd  
never see anything on screen if you  
did, by the way. I already  
promised the censors.

JANET LEIGH

Every grip and electric would see.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Why else would they be working for  
next to nothing?

She points out a few panels on the boards. Saul looks a  
little upset, but Hitchcock seems like he's toying with her.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Those represent less than a blink  
of an eye in screen time. Don't  
worry-- your stand-in will shoot  
whatever you're not comfortable  
with.

He nods. Janet's STAND-IN takes off a robe to get on the  
bed. She is completely naked for a moment, then gets into a  
slip and bra like the one's Janet is wearing. Many of the  
men go slack-jawed, but the Stand-in doesn't seem embarrassed  
in the least. Janet is flustered. Alfred is steady.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

(to Saul)

They said I can't have a knife going into a woman--let's get a shot of one coming out. I want a shot of the drain, too, with her blood circling down.

He hands Saul the boards and Saul walks off with them.

JANET LEIGH

(pointing out a few)

She's shooting the scene for me?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

It's not a problem. You'll have some time off, and I can almost guarantee the bulk of the performance will be yours. After all, you're the one everyone wants to see.

He turns and looks her in the eye. She is stunned by what he's just said, but he seems distracted by her head.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Your hair needs a little more texture. You've been in bed for the last forty-minutes.

She feels at her hair, unsure of herself, then walks off. Alfred is alone in his directing chair as we hear bustling and busy chatter as the set-up is created. He turns and looks into the camera, somewhat satisfied.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

We'll see.

Peggy comes over with a batch of papers for him to look at, and Hitchcock's attention is taken away from us.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - REAL ESTATE OFFICE SET - DAY

Crew is working in the background. Janet Leigh and Patricia are at their desks as Hitchcock blocks the scene for Janet.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Mr. Lowery goes in his office with Cassidy, and you feel that money. It's heavy in your hand.

Janet Leigh holds up the wad of fake bills, looking it over.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Caroline, you want to see it, too,  
walk over, take it. And your line--

PATRICIA  
"He was flirting with you...I guess  
he noticed my wedding ring."

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
(to Janet)  
Get the money back from her, into  
the envelope and safe into your  
purse. Camera ready?

He turns to go to his chair.

JANET LEIGH  
I have a question.

The nearby workers stop, aghast. Patricia stiffens. Hitch  
slowly turns. Janet is innocent and oblivious.

JANET LEIGH  
Wouldn't it make more sense if my  
desk was next to Mr. Lowery's,  
instead of tucked way over here?

Alfred stares at her, weighing her motives for several beats.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
No.

He turns, nose in the air, and walks over to the camera. Pat  
is a little embarrassed. She extends her hand to Janet.

PATRICIA  
We haven't been introduced. I'm  
Pat Hitchcock.

Janet's mouth drops, and she points to Hitch, then puts it  
together. She nods, and feels like an idiot for putting the  
director on the spot. Patricia gives her a friendly wink.

INT. MARY HOGAN'S BAR - 1954 - DAY

It is dark and very empty. A CAPTION rides in from the left,  
"PINEGROVE WISCONSIN, DECEMBER 8, 1954" then rides out the  
other side.

Eddie is at his spot at the bar, muttering slightly to  
himself, laughing at whatever he's thinking. Sometimes he  
shakes his head a little-- whatever he's thinking it's  
bringing about a wide range of emotions.

EARL, a bulldog of a man, drinks heartily. Mary is toward the middle of the bar, having a laugh with customers.

EARL  
Let me tell you 'bout Plainfield  
where our friend "Saggy Bag-eye"  
there is from.

Eddie tries to smile and play along.

EARL  
Guy who founded the town in the  
1800's gave some land to his  
friend. Friend made a good go of  
it, the guy demands the land back.  
The guy attacks the friend, but he  
gets stabbed himself. You heard  
this, Eddie?

EDDIE GEIN  
No, sir.

EARL  
The Guy's buddies chase him; he  
goes to the police for protection.  
The police hand him over to a lynch  
mob...and that's the history of our  
fair neighbor Plainfield.

The group, and Mary, laugh heartily. Eddie joins in. Mary comes over near Eddie to draw some beer.

EDDIE GEIN  
Hey...ah...Mary, I've been thinking  
of something.

MARY HOGAN  
What's that, Eddie?

EDDIE GEIN  
Maybe we could go ice skating  
sometime.

Mary is surprised. The boys down the bar laugh and hoot.

EARL  
Watch out for that sleepy eye of  
his, Mary!

Eddie is embarrassed and blushes.

MARY HOGAN

That is so nice of you. But I  
can't skate.

EDDIE GEIN

Neither can I...so I thought we  
could hold on to each other so we  
don't fall.

Mary is taken aback but is also curious about the bluntness  
of the pick-up line. The men down the bar laugh. Mary sees  
how uncomfortable Eddie is and leans in to whisper to him.

MARY HOGAN

Let's just give them something to  
think about, huh? Where'd you get  
a line like that?

EDDIE GEIN

I sent away for this thing, "How to  
talk to Women." Thought it would  
be a whole book, it's a pamphlet.

MARY HOGAN

You should get your money back.

EDDIE GEIN

That's the kind of thing my mother  
would say...

She strokes her fingers under his chin sweetly and gives him  
a little wink. The men down the bar are stunned.

BAR - LATER

The men are finishing drinks, checking their RIFLES.

EARL

Okay, Mary, we'll bring you some  
venison in a few days...

MARY HOGAN

I hate venison, but good  
shooting...

(to Eddie)

You going out hunting, Eddie?

EDDIE GEIN

No....no. Don't care for it...

The men leave. Eddie sits looking around-- the place is  
empty.

Mary busies herself, cleaning up the mess made by the men. Eddie moves down the bar to be closer. He grabs a handful of peanuts and stuffs them in his mouth. He smiles at her.

MARY HOGAN  
So what's on your mind? Skating?

She laughs at him a little, and goes about her business.

EDDIE GEIN  
It's not the mind so much...it's  
the heart...

Mary tries to be polite, but is a little creeped out at being alone there with Eddie. He slides down another seat to be closer.

EDDIE GEIN  
No one knows what goes on in a man's heart. He may be proper as an English Lord; polite, refined, wear a suit and tie...but there could be a fire in him. Nobody can tell it's there, blazing away.

*It is (unknowingly, of course) an apt description of Hitch.*

MARY HOGAN  
That in that pamphlet, too?

EDDIE GEIN  
It's just what's in here...

He taps his chest lightly. She smiles a little, thinking he's crazy and trying to figure a way to get rid of him.

As soon as she looks away, Eddie reaches in his pocket, takes out his small .22 handgun, and shoots. She falls in a heap next to the bar.

Eddie, distraught walks in a circle, closing his eyes tightly. He stops and opens his eyes; continuing to talk to Mary as if she was alive.

EDDIE GEIN  
The only thing like a chimney on a man, are his eyes. You look there. You look there, some time...

We see Mary's dead eyes are frozen open in horror. The position of her face against the floor is reminiscent of how Janet Leigh will be posed in the shower scene.

Suddenly, little Eddie is dragging the hulking Mary Hogan by her ankles across the floor and out of frame.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - CAR SCENE - DAY

We open on Hitchcock's eyes, staring ahead intently through heavy lids. We only see him, not what he's directing.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

They could be anywhere...Is that a police car ahead? No, just your imagination. Maybe you should just turn around...but what's waiting there?

As he continues, we pull back and see:

THE REARVIEW DRIVING SET

Janet is in the driver seat of a partial car, which is rocked by stage hands. The camera and Hitchcock are right in front of her. Behind her, moving roads are projected and a half a dozen people are there to make sure it's right.

Electricians, off to the side, turn mounted headlights on a board so the light drags across her worried face.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

(continued)

Disgrace, ruin. Surely you'll lose the man you love....You could put the money back, but they saw, you, your boss and that vulgar man who seemed to smell the sex on you from your lunch time tryst and practically invited you to his bed....

The REAR SCREEN projection film breaks and a frame burns. Technicians yell and hustle around. It's a good thing for the stop, because Janet is blushing. She looks at Alfred and shakes her head.

JOAN HARRISON steps up next to Hitch.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Fine.

(to the AC)

Circle that.

(aloud)

Fix that, gentleman...

(MORE)

ALFRED HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)  
(to Joan)  
Did you send that telegram to Mr.  
Hermann?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR  
Okay, let's keep moving! Get a new  
print in there...

JOAN HARRISON  
He's not answering. He must be  
busy.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
He wants more money. Send him a  
telegram that I'll meet his price  
and he should start work. Maybe he  
can save this...

JOAN HARRISON  
(quietly)  
Are you concerned?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
(dismayed)  
No...we can always cut it into a  
two-parter for the television  
series.

JOAN HARRISON  
This'll cheer you up-- Tony's back  
from New York.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Very good.

JOAN HARRISON  
(gossipy)  
And you'll like this bit even more.

He's intrigued, and leans in eagerly.

JOAN HARRISON  
A friend of mine saw him and Tab  
Hunter...dressed as women.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
(amazed)  
In a play? Or preparing for this?

JOAN HARRISON  
Bar hopping in Greenwich village.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Oh. My.  
(thinking it over)  
It's hard to visualize.  
(thinking more, nodding)  
What kind of courage does it take  
to do that....He is a homosexual,  
then?

She looks at him as if the question doesn't need an answer.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

I always say, if I hadn't met Alma  
who knows what might have happened.  
I think, in a certain way...my  
mother tried her best to make sure  
no woman ever measured up to her.

JOAN HARRISON

She was a bit controlling.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Controlling? My mother? No. Not  
in the least; you're teasing now...  
(unable to get over it)  
Out in public?

JOAN HARRISON

I'm sure he'd take you along next  
time.

He gives her a glance as if she's being too catty, and she  
smiles at him and pats his shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. MOTEL OFFICE SET - TRAILER RECREATION - DAY

The goofy music plays and Hitchcock comes around the corner,  
glancing in the camera. He enters and stands in front of the  
door to Norman's private office.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

"This young man, you had to feel  
sorry for him. After all, being  
dominated by an almost maniacal  
woman was enough to drive anyone to  
the extreme of, ah, well, let's go  
in."

INT. NORMAN'S PARLOR SET - TRAILER RECREATION - CONTINUOUS

Hitchcock enters and guides us around the room.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

"I suppose you'd call this his hideaway. His hobby, as you see, was taxidermy. Crow here, an owl there. Now an important scene took place in this room-- there was a private supper here. And, by the way...."

He turns to a picture of a woman being raped by two older men, SUSANNAH AND THE ELDERS.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

(continuing)

"This picture has great significance...because...because..."

He looks a bit uncomfortable about saying.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DRESSING ROOM AREA - DAY

We pull back from the PAINTING, which Hitchcock is carrying at his side as he strides along. He hears voices and he slows-- It is Vera Miles talking quietly to Janet Leigh.

Hitchcock stops short of the open door, and, staying out of sight, creeps closer to listen.

VERA MILES

(quietly)

What he tries to do...is change  
you...like you're not good  
enough...

JANET LEIGH

Vera...no, no....

VERA MILES

He is the Jimmy Stewart part in  
Vertigo...

She gets even quieter and Hitchcock can't hear. He glances around, then takes a half step closer.

INT. JANET LEIGH'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vera is sitting on the table leaning in and whispering to Janet, as the star has her hair fixed by a Spanish HAIRDRESSER.

We cannot really hear what Vera is saying, but she stops short and the room goes cold as they see ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S DISTINCT SHADOW PROFILE creep closer, on the wall by the open door!

The women look at each other, crept out. The Hairdresser makes the sign of the cross for herself.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
Mrs. Leigh, on the set in five...

JANET LEIGH  
I'll be right there....

They watch as the shadow backs out of view.

INT. NORMAN'S PARLOR SET - DAY

Hitchcock stands next to TONY PERKINS, the young, gangly heart-throb about to forge a whole new persona for himself. Hitchcock holds the painting he was carrying against the wall.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
When she leaves, you give her time  
to get in the room, then you step  
quietly to the wall. You can hear  
the door...she's so close.

Janet Leigh walks over from her dressing room, trying her best to seem at ease. Hitchcock gives her a pleasant nod.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
You may even be fighting the urge,  
but you can't control it. You lift  
the painting.

He lifts the PICTURE up, revealing the gaping hole that leads to a pinhole through the cabin #1 wall.

TONY PERKINS  
Why am I watching her?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
It's really about watching your own mother, isn't it? Perhaps Norman secretly watched his mother preparing for her bath each night when he was a boy. I remember my childhood home had a small transom over the door to the bath one could access with a chair if one was quiet.

TONY PERKINS  
So, I'm not seeing her?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Of course you're seeing her, but  
the first glimpse any boy gets of a  
nude woman is of his mother. By  
seeing this woman in her place, in  
a way you're betraying that sacred  
memory.

JANET LEIGH  
Does the painting have any  
significance?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
No.

TONY PERKINS  
Actually, it's "Susannah and the  
Elders," isn't it?  
(to Janet)  
It's a story from the bible. The  
elders spy on Susannah bathing,  
then they rape her....

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
You know that, but your character  
hasn't a clue.

JANET LEIGH  
But...he doesn't rape Marion?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
He's impotent.

TONY PERKINS  
I am?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
But you have a large knife...

TONY PERKINS  
Why is there a gaping hole on this  
side and then a tiny hole.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
You want to be able to see through  
the hole at the greatest possible  
angle in case she walks out of  
view...You'd even be able to look  
at her down in the bed if she went  
there, alone or with a lover.

(MORE)

ALFRED HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)  
If your eye is two inches further  
back, the angle would be cut down.  
Try it.

Tony presses his face to the hole. We see what's on the other side-- just stage hands moving flats around.

TONY PERKINS  
God...you really research these  
things, don't you?...

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
(after a moment)  
Yes.

JANET LEIGH  
Hitch, have you given any more  
thought to the shower scene...I  
only ask because it's coming up.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
My only thoughts have been how to  
best protect you, my dear.

She is put at ease.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Now, if you have on your black  
lingerie, you can start getting  
undressed...

Janet nods and walks off with Tony, and they discuss the scene. Alfred is left holding the painting, looking off at Janet longingly. He glances at us. We start to hear "The Witches Sabbath" from Boito's opera "Mefistofele."

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE - 1956

A caption slides in, "PLAINFIELD, WISCONSIN, 1956," then slides out.

The music continues, and we see it is coming from an old 78 on a Victrola. There are a number of close shots, and we aren't sure where we are or quite know what's happening:

Odd shapes of FLESH, bloodless and leathery, are cut by a long thin knife.

Hands work with dexterity.

CUT TO:

## EXT. HITCHCOCK'S HOUSE - 1959 - NIGHT

The "Mefistofele" continues as Peggy's car pulls into the drive. Hitchcock lets himself out and strides regally toward the door as she drives away.

As he reaches the front door, a delivery MAN rides up the drive on a scooter. He hands Hitchcock a MANILA ENVELOPE. Hitchcock gives the Man a tip, puts the envelope under his arm without looking at it, and strides into the house.

CUT TO:

## INT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE - 1956 - NIGHT

The grisly montage continues, with the music not skipping a beat. The oddly shaped pieces of flesh are placed in a careful pattern on the floor.

A large LEATHER CRAFT needle is threaded.

Strips of flesh, in close-up, are sewn together. It is a difficult process.

Hands work with dexterity.

CUT TO:

## INT. HITCHCOCK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

There is a natural pause in the music. Hitchcock, in a smoking jacket, with a large CIGAR in his mouth, goes to a then-state-of-the-art hi-fi system, puts on a recording of Mefistofele and places the needle on the record in the exact spot we need to be to continue the music smoothly.

Hitchcock goes to a wing-back chair and sits. He lifts up what looks for a moment like a dagger, but is a silver letter opener. He lifts the manila envelope and starts slicing through the top as the music behind him grows more demonic.

It reaches a fever pitch as Hitchcock takes a stack of papers from the envelope and looks at them.

Just then, the MUSIC STOPS. Hitch turns his head slowly and sees Alma has lifted the needle, and is staring at him with disapproving eyes.

ALMA

What is that, Hitch?

He meets her head-on, staring right back.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
You know very well what it is,  
mommy.

He looks down at the papers, skimming through a few pages.

ALMA  
People are entitled to privacy.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
When they are working for me,  
they're not people. They're  
employees. What they say during  
the time I pay them, in the  
dressing rooms I pay for, belongs  
to me.

Alma stalks over, furiously.

ALMA  
Give me that transcript.

He ignores her, concerned as he finds what he's looking for.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
She's trying to turn her against  
me.

ALMA  
Who? Who this time, Hitch?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Vera.

(reading)  
"He is the Jimmy Stewart part in  
Vertigo. He changes you into  
something or someone else and then  
he kills you."

(to Alma)  
You see why I have to do this?

ALMA  
No. And if you had any sense,  
you'd tear it up and not even look  
at it...

She stalks out of the room, heading toward the stairs. He stands and reads loud for her to hear, as she pretends to ignore him.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
"He tears you into little pieces  
then sews them back up into the  
woman he wants...."

She is gone. He looks at the next part, a little stung, unexpectedly seeing some truth in it.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
(softly)  
"The woman he needs..."

He lets the papers drop down to the table. He heaves a sigh.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE - 1956

The Victrola needle beats against the end of the 78.

At the sink, hands are rinsing something. When they emerge with the object, we see a hand cupping a female breast as part of a larger piece.

We finally see Eddie's face as light seems to emanate from him as he works, sewing.

EXT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE - 1956

It is a long shot of Eddie's house, the moon rising behind him. We hear his door, then catch heavily shadowed glimpses of Eddie, wearing the STITCHED TOGETHER PIECES OF VARIOUS WOMEN, running past, hollering, happy and free.

CLOSE-UP

We move in on the face and any chance that this was an actual woman slips away. Eddie throws back his head-- the face of a woman he's fashioned into a mask, hair still attached, falls partly away, revealing Eddie's face. His eyes are closed and he is in ecstasy. Eddie laughs.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hitchcock looks lonely and isolated, shot from the far corner of the immense room. He puts the transcript aside, then hefts a huge accordion file onto the couch next to him.

CLOSE-UP

A couple of reams of transcripts, pages of interest marked with paperclips.

We see the pudgy fingers working through them, and see words that people have said-- even Alma-- from throughout our story.

We move up to Hitchcock's eyes as he studies them. We see a moment where he looks guilty, but he just can't stop himself from continuing.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAINFIELD - SUNSET

It is another lazy day in Plainfield as we move slowly in on the Hardware store.

A caption slides in: "BERNICE WORDEN'S HARDWARE STORE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15th, 1957," then slides out.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - SUNSET

Bernice Worden is behind the counter. She is writing out checks for a couple of bills. Her son, FRANK, in his thirties, is stocking .22 rifles onto a wall rack. Eddie Gein is leaning against the counter, flirting. Bernice pretends to be flattered but Frank is outwardly annoyed.

EDDIE GEIN  
Whatcha doing?

BERNICE WORDEN  
Just paying the bills.

EDDIE GEIN  
Hunting season starts tomorrow.  
(nodding to the rifles)  
Must be good for business.

BERNICE WORDEN  
Gun and ammo sales go up, but not many customers when every man in the county is out in the woods.  
You going out, get you a buck?

EDDIE GEIN  
Never had the stomach for it.  
(edging closer)  
What say you and me hit the roller rink tomorrow?

BERNICE WORDEN  
Oh, well thanks Eddie, but I never learned to skate.

EDDIE GEIN  
Neither did I. Thought we  
could...hold each other up.

She laughs at him, but Eddie feels the scowl from Frank.

FRANK WORDEN  
What exactly did you want again?

Uncomfortable, Eddie leans back from the counter.

EDDIE GEIN  
How much for Anti-freeze?

FRANK WORDEN  
Ninety-nine cents....

EDDIE GEIN  
Didn't bring my money, and see  
you're closing...I'll stop by some  
other time.

He pauses, waiting for her to object, but it's obvious she'd  
like him to go. Frank steps up next Eddie.

EDDIE GEIN  
Just leave you to your...ah...

He motions to what she's doing.

BERNICE WORDEN  
The water bill.

EDDIE GEIN  
Sure. Hey want to know the best  
way to save on the water bill?

She forces a smile. There's something sad about him, and she  
does not treat him with disdain. But Frank's patience is  
wearing thin.

EDDIE GEIN  
Shower with a friend.  
(with a twisted grin)  
Read that in a magazine. Shower  
with a friend.

She nods, forcing a smile, then lowers her head to her  
business. Eddie makes an awkward exit.

CUT TO:

## INT. BATES MOTEL - BATHROOM SET - TRAILER RECREATION

Hitchcock steps in the door of the brightly lit bathroom set in the grainy trailer recreation.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

"Well, they've cleaned all this up now. Big difference. You should have seen the blood. The whole, the whole place was, well, it's too horrible to describe. Dreadful."

## INT. BATES MOTEL - BATHROOM SET - DAY

One of the walls is removed for the camera set-up. Saul Bass positions the camera man. A title slides in, "Universal studio, December, 1959."

Hitchcock sits in his director's chair, smoking a big cigar. Sitting next to him, legs crossed, is the NAKED STAND-IN. She casually leafs through a magazine, not TRYING to conceal anything.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Napa Valley...is your family in the wine business?...

Uncomfortable, Janet Leigh walks over in a robe. She stands in front of Hitchcock, but he ignores her, enthralled with the stand-in.

STAND-IN

Not my parents, but my Uncle Carlo, tests the soil for a few of the vineyards...

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Which ones...

STAND-IN

Bogle, Mumm--

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Marked improvement since fifty-four.

JANET LEIGH

Hitch...

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Does the soil change...

STAND-IN  
There's factors...the  
rainfall...pollution drifting up  
from the south...

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
What can they do?...

JANET LEIGH  
(to the Stand-in)  
I'm sorry...

The Stand-in tsks apologetically and turns her attention to the magazine. Very slowly and deliberately Hitchcock turns his head and looks down his nose and the end of his cigar at Janet. It's as if he's just realized she's there.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Janet. There was a mistake in the  
call. You didn't need to come  
today-- I think we can get on  
without you.

JANET LEIGH  
Can we talk about this?

Alfred seems surprised, but when he turns and gives the Stand-in a subtle look, the woman gets up and walks away, leaving them alone--as if he's planned this. He looks at Janet quizzically. Janet heaves a huge sigh.

JANET LEIGH  
My mother always said, have  
confidence in yourself and you can  
lick anything.

Alfred takes his cigar from his mouth. He looks her in the eye with all sincerity as he puts his hand lightly on hers.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
My mother said the same thing...

He smiles gently.

EXT. PLAINFIELD CEMETARY - 1957 - DAY

There is snow falling and some on the ground. A title slides in, "PLAINFIELD, WISCONSIN. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1957," then slides out.

We pan slowly across the graves and find AUGUSTA GEIN'S HEADSTONE. A little further and we find Eddie, sitting in the snow next to it. He looks confused, torn by guilt.

He looks like he's been there for awhile and crying. He puts a hand on top of the stone and strokes it. In the other hand he rolls two twenty-two rifle cartridges in his hand.

EDDIE GEIN  
Help me, ma. I can't...stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

The small town Main Street is extra quiet today-- first day of hunting season. Only one CAR drives up slowly and pulls to a stop-- Eddie's.

Eddie-- mind seemingly blank-- gets out and looks at the front of the store.

He is startled by Irene Hill, (the woman we met years ago at the Hardware store), who now comes out of the bakery.

IRENE HILL  
Still coming for dinner tonight,  
Eddie? The kids are excited.

EDDIE GEIN  
Wouldn't miss it, Mrs. Hill.

He takes off his hat to her and he waits for her to walk away before entering the hardware store.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - A LITTLE LATER

Bernice gets the anti-freeze and brings it over.

BERNICE WORDEN  
There you go, Eddie. I'll just  
write you up...

Bernice writes a receipt, and Eddie counts out coins.

EDDIE GEIN  
So...Frank and them out?

BERNICE WORDEN  
Since six this morning.

Eddie looks her in the eye and she smiles maternally at him. Eddie suddenly looks guiltily away. He takes his jug and heads out.

EDDIE GEIN  
Alright then.

Eddie leaves the store. Through the window we can see him bring the anti-freeze and put it in the back of his car.

Bernice thinks nothing of his departure. She comes around the counter to straighten a display. Outside, Eddie takes a deep breath, then comes back in.

EDDIE GEIN

Long as I'm here...mind if I take a look at one of those Marlins?  
Thinking of trading mine in...

BERNICE WORDEN

Sure...change your mind about hunting?

He laughs feebly and takes a rifle down from the wall. Bernice goes back to straightening her display.

ON EDDIE'S HANDS

As he slips one of his twenty-two cartridges out of his pocket and, hand shaking, puts it in the rifle.

BERNICE

She sees something outside. A CAR passes, BACK-FIRING.

BERNICE WORDEN

Oh, you are kidding me! Is that Bud's new car? How can he even fit that in his garage?

Bernice, looking through the glass front door, suddenly catches a glimpse of Eddie behind her. He raises the rifle so that's it's pointed at her.

We move around to look at her face. She doesn't get it at first-- like the sight is so out of the expected, her brain needs time to process it. She is not afraid at all.

BERNICE WORDEN

Eddie? Be careful with--

She is about to turn when BLAM. Her eyes widen, then she falls out of frame, revealing Eddie holding the smoking gun.

CUT TO:

INT. WARDROBE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Rita molds MOLESKIN to Janet's breasts.

RITA RIGGS

It's moleskin, and we can cut and  
reshape them as the shot demands.

JANET LEIGH

And you're sure they'll stay on?

RITA RIGGS

Mr. Hitchcock says they will.

Neither woman looks absolutely sure, but they continue with  
uneasy faith in what they're doing, each trying her best to  
reassure the other.

JANET LEIGH

They'll stay on.

INT. BATES MOTEL - BATHROOM SET

Janet enters the set in her robe.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

(yelling out)

Everyone who doesn't have to be  
here, please leave now...

"MOTHER" has her back to Janet, and is being tended by a make-up man, JACK BARRON. Seeing the person she *thinks* is Tony, cheers her up.

JANET LEIGH

Tony, you look--

Mother turns-- it is MARGO EPPER, a woman, made to look like a man in a dress. Worst of all, her face is half-done in black-face. She jumps back, startled--only to be startled again by bumping into Hitchcock who is standing right behind her. She clutches her robe tight.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Tony has to be in New York this  
week. Margo is standing in as his  
mother.

JANET LEIGH

Why's her face like that?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

We could make out the features  
through the shower curtain. The  
room is too bright to get her face  
in shadow-- So we made our own.

(MORE)

ALFRED HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)  
(pausing)  
Let's begin.

She nods.

SHOWER MONTAGE

During the short montage, there is no Bernard Hermann music. Most shots show the camera crew and the variety of camera set-ups.

There is shot after shot of Janet, in the shower, struggling to keep the mole skin on.

A make-up person squirts BOSCO CHOCOLATE SYRUP onto Janet to simulate blood. She is cold, and tired.

We see Hitchcock; watching very carefully.

Janet, shivering and exhausted, has a robe wrapped around her by the concerned Rita.

Hitchcock breathes a sigh.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alma is in her twin bed, facing away from the bathroom where the light is on and Hitchcock is puttering around. Her eyes are open; her expression is frosty.

Hitchcock enters, in a robe, breathing heavily. He is close to Alma's bed, but she has her back to him and doesn't move.

He unties his robe, and puts his hand awkwardly on her shoulder.

ALMA  
It's late.

Hitchcock seems slightly annoyed, but it didn't seem to be working anyway. He raises his nose, turns slowly and walks out of the room.

INT. BATES MOTEL - BATHROOM SET

A continuation of the montage, we start on a close shot of Hitchcock. He's watching more intently than last time but is now tired and frustrated looking.

This montage contains a lot of STABBING and SLASHING.

Janet is having trouble. She's been doing this scene a week straight. The knife comes at her-- she can no longer hold onto the moleskin.

A few shots between takes of Janet crying and confused, soaked and shivering.

Hitchcock, watching her suffer, and casually pointing the crew to the next camera set-up.

We see Janet's footwork as fake chocolate blood runs down her legs. We see the moleskin in the bottom of the tub, but Janet is still fighting off the knife, continuing the scene.

Stabbing through the water. Plunging into her stomach.

Hitchcock gets into the stabbing--flinching his encouragement, showing his pleasure, completely mesmerized and finally, thrilled.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE - 1957 - DAY

We see the CASH REGISTER from Worden's store in the middle of the floor. From the otherwise empty living room, we hear clunking, then move over to catch a glimpse of Eddie as he drags Bernice Worden's body, in large white bra and girdle, up the stairs, feet first-- the clunking is from her head on the steps, which is wrapped in her dress. The dress has a small circle of blood on it, from the gun wound.

INT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eddie approaches the shower curtain, then throws it open (like Bates does in the motel). He pushes Bernice into the tub, her hand remains dangling over the side. He pulls the dress off her head and drops it on the floor. He turns on the water in the tub. Out of breath he leaves the room to fetch tools.

As soon as he goes, we see something startling. Bernice's fingers CLUTCH suddenly to the end of the tub. The heavy base ending of the "Psycho Shower music" starts playing.

CUT TO:

INT. BATES MOTEL - BATHROOM SET - DAY

The shot of Marion's hand trying to clutch onto the wall as blood washes down from it. The end of "Psycho Shower music" continues.

INT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE - 1957 - STAIRWAY

Eddie walks up the stairs with knives wrapped in a piece of canvas, as the music continues.

## INT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eddie walks in and stops. His jaw falls. He drops the tools and hurries to the tub. Bernice Worden is gone! The water is running, mixing with her blood, and down the drain. As we watch the water we hear him bolt out of the room.

CUT TO:

## INT. BATES MOTEL - BATHROOM SET

The music continues and is winding down. The camera is set up in the tub, and we move down slowly to see what the movie camera is seeing-- the "blood" circling down the drain.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Is watching the shooting, an unlit cigar in his mouth. Janet is in the background, in a robe, being comforted by Rita Riggs and Peggy Robertson.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
(laconically)  
Cut...

CUT TO:

## INT. HITCHCOCK'S OFFICE - MORNING

Pat enters, knocking lightly. Hitch, in his suit, is on his back on the couch. He sits up when he sees her--he is tired and his eyes are heavy.

PATRICIA  
Dad?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Come in dear, I was just working  
out this scene in my head.

PATRICIA  
Are you okay?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I'm coming down with a cold. What  
time is it? I have to get to the  
set.

He gets up and gathers his script and boards.

PATRICIA  
I was at the house this morning--  
are you and mom having a fight?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Your mother and I never fight.  
She'd tear me to shreds.

PATRICIA  
(looking around)  
Did you sleep here last night?

Hitch looks at her and shrugs with a smile. He brushes her hair back from her face tenderly.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I wouldn't call it sleeping.

INT. NORMAN BATES HOUSE - TRAILER RECREATION - DAY

Hitchcock comes to the base of the stairs.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
"It was at the top of these stairs  
that the second murder took place.  
She came out of the door there and  
met the victim at the top. Of  
course, in a flash there was the  
knife, and in no time--"

His fingers spiral and he looks mildly disgusted.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
"The victim tumbled and fell with a  
horrible crash. I think the back  
broke immediately, and hit the  
floor. It's difficult to describe  
the way...the twisting of the...of  
the....I won't dwell on it. Come  
upstairs."

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE - 1957 - DAY

The upstairs landing is empty. A title slides in,  
"PLAINFIELD, WISCONSIN, 1957," then slides out.

Eddie startles us as he bursts out of the bathroom into close-up! He stops and slowly turns, looking for his missing victim.

EDDIE GEIN  
Bernice? Bernice...I'm sorry....

He slowly looks down and sees a wet footprint leading down at the top of the stairs.

He agonizes for a moment before he takes one of the knives out of his kit and steps slowly toward the stairs, trying to see where she might be hiding down in the living room.

HIS FEET

As he's about to take the first step, a hand thrusts out of the shadows and grabs him by one of his ankles.

EDDIE

He crashes about halfway down the stairs, lands face down in an awkward position and is motionless.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Bernice Worden crawls out of her hiding place in the shadows, and looks down the stairs at her motionless captor.

She struggles to her feet. She has a bullet wound at the base of her skull--but the bleeding has stopped, and it is mostly covered by her hair. She is in her giant bra and girdle.

She grabs onto the bannister and pulls herself to her feet. She tries to cry out but has no voice. She looks around--the only way out is past the motionless body on the stairs.

She looks around, grabs a candle from a holder on the wall. She tosses it down and it hits Eddie-- he doesn't flinch. She closes her eyes, gathering her courage, then starts down the stairs as fast as she can.

FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS

Bernice makes it several steps past Eddie when he suddenly leaps on her back and tumbles down on top of her.

We see only Eddie as he rises into frame then guiltily raises the knife.

INT. GEIN SUMMER KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

It is a very dark, grim room. It is not insulated, and we see Eddie's breath as he passes. We hear rustling-- then the SCREECH of a PULLEY. Another SCREECH, then ANOTHER. It sounds remarkably like the VIOLIN SCREECHES that will highlight Bernard Hermann's score of the murder.

Bernice Warden's bare legs ease into frame, being pulled up by a cord attached to her ankles.

We move over and roll focus to Eddie's face, as he struggles, pulling the cord, the pale, rising corpse a blur behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHO HOUSE SET - STAIRCASE - DAY

It is the familiar set, but as a scene manned by a movie crew. The camera is on a crane above the stairs.

Sitting with Anthony Perkins and Saul Bass, is MITZI, a little person dressed as mother.

SAUL BASS

We'll shoot from above so we won't  
be able to tell how tall you  
are....

Nearby, Martin Balsam is on a phone, held by Peggy Robertson.

MARTIN BALSAM

Should I have some inkling of  
what's waiting upstairs?

He listens.

MARTIN BALSAM

I see...Gotcha....Okay, well take  
care of yourself...

(handing the phone to  
Peggy)

He wants to talk to Saul.

Peggy brings the phone over to Saul Bass in mid-conversation.

TONY PERKINS

It just seems strange...I know it  
would cost a lot to shut down, but--

SAUL BASS

It's my storyboard-- It's my movie  
really-- I'm the one who directed  
the shower scene...

Peggy recoils as she stands in front of Saul with the phone. He looks guilty as she holds it out for him.

PEGGY ROBERTSON

Mr. Hitchcock wants to talk to you.

Saul hesitates, then takes the phone.

SAUL BASS

Did he...hear me....?

Peggy looks away then walks off smugly.

SAUL BASS  
Hey, Hitch...we all miss you...

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hitchcock is propped up in bed, surrounded by storyboards and script pages. He is zonked by fever and congestion.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I don't want these shots you have  
in the boards of the railing and  
Martin's feet. Wrong point of  
view. You're telling the audience  
what's going to happen....

He listens as Alma comes in with soup on a tray.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
You don't get killed for walking up  
stairs-- don't shoot it as if  
that's what he expects to  
happen....I'll be back in tomorrow.

He hangs up the phone. Alma plumps his pillows and puts the tray on his lap. She looks at him, concerned.

ALMA  
There's a problem. Tell me.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
It's hard not being there, and  
we're already days behind schedule.

Alma sits on the edge of the bed and tucks a napkin up under his chin.

ALMA  
No. There's something else.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Last week I overheard Joe Stefano  
saying *Psycho* had nothing to do  
with Bloch's book, nothing to do  
with me, that it's all his script.  
Now I just heard Saul Bass saying  
something similar about his own  
contributions...

She looks at him and nods, understanding, as he starts eating his soup.

ALMA

Well, all that says is it's going extremely well. If it was abysmal they'd be saying-- "Hitch said to do it that way," or "it's all Hitch's fault."

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

I'm glad they're so sure. Because I'm not.

ALMA

I am.

Hitch laughs slightly and looks at her gratefully. He puts his hand on hers.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

You know what I always say, don't you?

ALMA

What's that?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

What would I do without m'dam?

He looks at her, sorry for past transgressions. She is touched, and a quiet, sweet moment passes between them.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR ROOF - TRAVELLING - DAY

We see a close-up of a dead BUCK tied to the roof of a car. A title comes in from the side, "PLAINFIELD, WISCONSIN, NOVEMBER 16, 4:40 p.m.," then leaves on the other side of the screen.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Frank Worden gets out of his car in front of the gas station. He's staring at the buck on the roof of another car.

FRANK WORDEN

Nice one, Charlie...

DRIVER

Nothing yet, Frank?

Frank shrugs. He heads into the store.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - CONTINUOUS

The bell rings over the door, as Frank enters.

FRANK WORDEN  
Hey mom, back for a spell...

He is surprised that she isn't there and the door is open.

FRANK WORDEN  
Mom?

He looks behind the counter, puzzled. He notices the CASH REGISTER IS GONE-- a clean spot on the counter where it stood. He picks up a phone and dials.

FRANK WORDEN  
Art, Frank Worden...the store's been robbed. Register's gone...  
No, I don't--  
(seeing something)  
Wait.

He see a streak of blood, left when her body was dragged to the door.

FRANK WORDEN  
There's blood on the floor...  
(he listens, frustrated)  
She wouldn't go out and leave the door unlocked...now can you get down here, I--

He stops suddenly when he sees the anti-freeze receipt.

CLOSE-UP

The handwritten receipt for ANTI-FREEZE, dated that day, November 16th.

ART SCHLEY  
(over the phone)  
Frank?...Frank, you still there?

FRANK WORDEN

He looks sickened.

FRANK WORDEN  
That bastard...

ART SCHLEY  
(over the phone)  
Frank?!

FRANK WORDEN  
(on the phone)  
Eddie Gein was here, Art. It was  
Eddie Gein.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

We see Alma, alone, looking sure of herself and determined, striding down the hall. She stops in front of a door, knocks and enters.

INT. SAUL BASS'S OFFICE - DAY

It is a small office with a couple of drawing boards and stacks of storyboards everywhere.

Saul is sitting, working, and is surprised and pleased to see Alma.

SAUL BASS  
(standing)  
Alma....what a surprise.

He sees by her expression, she's all business.

SAUL BASS  
To what do I owe this pleasure?

ALMA  
There's a screening of the shower scene tomorrow for the Universal people, a couple of Paramount people, and the code office. Also, I'm hoping to get Bernard there...

SAUL BASS  
I thought Hitch was against adding music to that sequence...but I'd be glad to talk to him about it.

ALMA  
I came to tell you, you will not be attending the screening.

He looks stunned, but not apologetic.

SAUL BASS  
What did I do?

ALMA  
I've heard what you've been telling people, and I'm here to tell you this. Hitch is a genius with you, and he's a genius without you. I know he's not one to spread credit; but I'm not one to stand by and let you take it.

SAUL BASS  
Alma, let me explain what you might have heard...

ALMA  
We all contribute. But there's one director.

He would argue, but Alma's glare tells him he's not going to win against her. He shrugs slightly.

SAUL BASS  
Absolutely. You know there's no one I admire more than your husband.

She gives him a look, then turns and leaves the office.

CUT TO:

PSYCHO FOOTAGE

We see a piece of the shower scene, but without any of the music or sound effects that make it so powerful.

INT. STUDIO SCREENING ROOM - DAY

The footage is not going over well-- the reaction is flat as we move across the faces of the few viewers.

Two Universal executives are sitting with Barney Balaban, the Paramount executive. Barney checks his watch out of boredom.

The three MPAA Censors look appalled.

Bernard Herman is sitting in the back row with Alma, and he's making notes. She has her poker face on, but she glances back at Hitchcock who is pacing around, beside himself by the projection room door.

INT. OUTSIDE SCREENING ROOM

The executives leave, seeming unimpressed as Hitchcock nods his good-byes. Alma comes out and takes his arm. Bernard walks up to Hitch.

BERNARD HERMANN  
What I've got in mind is really  
going to play.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I don't want music in the shower...

BERNARD HERMANN  
You'll listen.

He walks off. Hitch is annoyed, but the Review Censors come out.

REVIEW OLD MAN  
You're going to have to cut the  
nudity.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
What nudity? It was suggested.

REVIEW WOMAN  
Actually...I didn't see any  
nudity...

ALMA  
A woman of Janet Leigh's stature  
would never take off her clothes.

REVIEW WOMAN  
But I did see a knife hitting her.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
No. We didn't do a shot like that.  
Perhaps we inadvertently touched on  
one of your personal fantasies.  
I'd love to talk more with you  
about it....

REVIEW WOMAN  
Really, I could have sworn...

REVIEW OLD MAN  
No, he's right. But I could have  
sworn there was nudity...

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I'll go over it again, make the changes, and set up another screening for your office...

The Review Board looks as if they know they're being conned, but they move off, talking amongst themselves.

ALMA  
There was nudity.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
A little. Her breasts are very large, dear, it was hard not to show them.

ALMA  
And there was a knife plunging into her stomach.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I actually shot it pulling out, but showed the footage backwards. But what did you think otherwise?

ALMA  
You'll have to cut the frame where she blinks when she's dead.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
We've seen the footage a thousand times. She doesn't blink, mommy.

She gives him a short smile.

INT. EDITING ROOM - DAY

The EDITOR runs the scene a frame at a time through a Moviola. He stops on Janet, face against the floor, blinking.

EDITOR  
I'll be damned...

He walks toward the door.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Insert the shower head. And trim eight frames off approach to the curtain, and four frames off her scream.

EDITOR  
What about the changes for the  
review board?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
We'll say we took their suggestions  
and show them the exact same cut  
next week.

He stops at the door and looks at the camera, smiling  
slightly with great pride.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
There's no one like Alma. No one.

Hitchcock leaves, shutting the door behind him.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S OFFICE - DAY

JACK BARRON and ROBERT DAWN, make-up men, sit across from  
Hitchcock.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
She's been around a long time, and  
like a fine wine, she's only gotten  
better. By better, of course,  
gentlemen, I mean more frightening.

JACK BARRON  
You didn't like the sketches?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I don't want sketches.  
(looking at a letter)  
We asked the Los Angeles College of  
Mortuary Science "What would be the  
condition of the corpse of a woman  
who had been poisoned at age forty--  
embalmed and buried--then, after  
two months, disinterred and kept in  
residence for ten years?"

JACK BARRON  
Did you...tell them why you wanted  
to know? .

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Of course not. But it must be a  
common question, because their  
response came in something very  
near a form letter.

(reading)  
(MORE)

ALFRED HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)  
"Mummified with brown leather-like  
skin over the bones."

JACK BARRON  
And the worms coming out of eye  
sockets?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Absolutely not. Norman would never  
allow it. Let's show some respect.

JACK BARRON  
What else can you say about her?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
What do you mean? She looks like  
my mother.

Jack and Robert glance at each other.

ROBERT DAWN  
Like your mother?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Anybody's mother, everybody's  
mother. She's that image we have  
in the back of our minds, that's  
always watching, always judging,  
standing behind us, waiting for us  
to fail. You'll never be good  
enough, never be thin enough, never  
be clever enough. We want  
desperately to please her, but we  
absolutely abhor her all the same.

There is a stunned silence for a few moments. Hitch seems a  
little taken aback by his own description, but stands behind  
it.

JACK BARRON  
(getting it)  
Ohhh! You mean my mother.

Hitchcock raises an eyebrow, then takes a cigar from a box on  
his desk. He offers to the men, but they shake their heads.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DRESSING ROOM AREA - DAY

Hitchcock walks arm in arm with Janet Leigh toward her  
dressing room.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

It was more than a pleasure having  
you here, and I shall miss you  
terribly.

JANET LEIGH

It was my pleasure, Hitch...

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

I'd pleasure you anytime, my dear.  
Thank you, too, for not succumbing  
to the negative forces that  
unavoidably present themselves upon  
the set.

JANET LEIGH

What negative forces?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Vera.

She laughs at him.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

I'll only have Tony now to keep me  
sane. I don't see how I can  
continue...

JANET LEIGH

Oh, nonsense. You love it....

She goes into her dressing room and he waits outside,  
listening. He looks a tiny bit concerned that he hasn't  
heard anything, but then hears her SCREAM for her life!

He seems satisfied, as people come running to help.

INT. JANET'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see Janet holding her chest, trying to catch her breath.  
In the foreground, the "mother" prototype is sitting facing  
her-- we only see the back of its head.

Alfred steps into the doorway as others gather in the doorway  
behind.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Oh. It's only Mrs. Bates. Since  
you're finished, I told her she  
could have your dressing room.

The crew, so concerned a moment before, laughs. Alfred  
takes a few steps and looks into the camera.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I had to try it out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATES MOTEL SET - TRAILER RECREATION

Hitchcock in front of the house.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
"In that window in the second  
floor, the single one in front,  
that's where the woman was first  
seen."

EXT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE - 1957

We hear garbled voices over a police radio in the background as we follow ART SCHLEY, the thirty-two-year-old sheriff, through the snow, approaching Eddie's house, gun drawn. The hand-held camera catches glimpses of two other OFFICERS, including the grizzled CAPTAIN SCHOEPHOERSTER from other ends of the house.

Art looks through the filthy window of the summer kitchen and sees a BLUR OF WHITE hanging from the rafters. He checks the doorknob-- it turns.

ART SCHLEY  
Eddie....we want to talk to you...

He readies his gun, then throws open the door. We do not have to see the hanging corpse; we can tell by his reaction what he sees. The body, headless and gutted, is strung up by its heels.

Art stumbles back out of the house.

CAPTAIN SCHOEPHOERSTER

He is peeking in a window when he hears VOMITING. He looks and fifty yards away, Art is on his knees by the summer kitchen door. The Captain draws his gun and runs to Art.

CAPTAIN SCHOEPHOERSTER  
Art....

When he reaches Art, the Sheriff is getting up and steadying himself.

ART SCHLEY

I found Bernice Worden. She's hanging in there like a dressed-out deer...

The Captain steps into the doorway and shines his flashlight. He stares blankly at the sight, which we do not see.

He steps out of the doorway, looking at Art, nodding sullenly.

CAPTAIN SCHOEPHOERSTER

I don't mean to sound flip....but where's her damned head?

CUT TO:

INT. FRUIT CELLER SET - DAY

Hitchcock shares a laugh with Anthony Perkins, who is wearing a dress for the scene.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Of course, the Les Deaux is overrated, but there's a smaller restaurant around the corner on Rue de Dunkerque, called...wait, what was it--

The Assistant Director approaches.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Hitch, sorry to interrupt...Vera wants you in her dressing room.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

I didn't know she felt that way about me....

Tony laughs as Hitchcock walks off.

INT. VERA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

It is much smaller and darker than Janet's was. Hitch enters and there's Vera, in her costume for the final scene, holding a mic on a wire, staring at him accusingly.

VERA MILES

What's this?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
It seems to be a microphone. I'll return it to the sound department if you're finished with it.

He takes it out of her hand.

VERA MILES  
You know what? I'm calling my agent.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Your scene is next. It's your last bit of business-- finding the body in the fruit cellar.

VERA MILES  
It'll have to wait.

Alfred steps up, looking menacing.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Vera. It's a very small picture, and I'm not even sure if it will be any good. But I do know this. You'll do the scene now, or all of your close-ups will be replaced with unflattering shots of the back of your thick head.

She stares at him bristling.

CUT TO:

INT. FRUIT CELLER SET - DAY

Vera walks cautiously down the stairs, looking around. We can see the camera and Hitchcock sitting in his chair.

HITCHCOCK  
Easy....easy...something's here, you can feel it....

She walks and he suddenly points to a chair where "Mother" sits, her back to us.

HITCHCOCK  
It's her, it's the old woman. She's been here all the time. Now you can get your questions answered. Now you can find out about your more attractive sister.

Vera is right behind the old woman.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE - 1957

Schley and Schoephoerster walk through, disturbed. They see shrunken heads on the wall.

ART SCHLEY  
That's definitely the cash register....

CAPTAIN SCHOEPHOESTER  
Jesus, Art...tell me this chair cushion isn't made of what I think it's made of...

Art glances at it, then sees a bowl-- it is a HUMAN SKULL with the top sliced off! Schley turns away.

DEPUTY (O.S.)  
Captain, Sheriff....

They walk to the living room where the Deputy is looking into a box, stunned.

DEPUTY  
You want to take a look in this box?

Schley looks and closes his eyes.

DEPUTY  
What are they?

ART SCHLEY  
(trying to be delicate)  
Parts. Parts he...removed from females.

DEPUTY  
Female parts?

Art looks dizzy.

ART SCHLEY  
I think we better find Eddie.

CUT TO:

## INT. FRUIT CELLER SET

In a recreation of the scene (with cuts to Hitchcock staring intently) Vera puts her hand on "Mother's" and the corpse turns around. We see her frightening skin-covered skull.

Vera screams and moves back, hitting the dangling LIGHT BULB which swings back and forth, in and out of frame.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

There she is. She's the one behind all of it! She caused everything.

(pausing, almost to himself)

There's his mother....

We end on the light bulb swinging back and forth in front of Hitchcock's own face.

CUT TO:

## INT. IRENE HILL'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Eddie sits on the living room couch, sipping coffee from a mug. He's in a flannel shirt, relaxed, but a little sad.

Irene is clearing away the dishes from dinner in the connected dining room. Her two BOYS, seven and twelve, are running around the living room wildly.

The whole scene should be as bland and full of Americana as Hitchcock's personal favorite, SHADOW OF A DOUBT.

IRENE HILL

You okay, Eddie?

EDDIE GEIN

Yeah, I just can't get warm. You ever feel like that?

IRENE HILL

This cold goes right through you, especially when you have no meat on your bones.

EDDIE GEIN

Even the coffee doesn't help--

IRENE HILL

Maybe you picked up the flu? You should see a doctor...

EDDIE GEIN

Nah. All I need's a great meal  
like that once in awhile.

IRENE HILL

If you'd give up being a bachelor,  
you'd have someone taking care of  
you; you could have a good meal  
three times a day. Maybe that is  
all you need-- We should really  
find you a woman.

EDDIE GEIN

I'm okay--

IRENE HILL

I'm gonna keep my eyes open for the  
right woman for you. You just ask  
Mary Carter-- I'm a pretty good  
matchmaker.

EDDIE GEIN

Yeah. Okay...Hey!

He's almost knocked over by one of the kids. He laughs and  
puts down his coffee as one of the kids flips over the couch.  
Eddie wrestles him, and the brother jumps on his back.

Eddie laughs and falls over on the couch. Irene comes over  
and tries pulling the boys off of him.

IRENE HILL

Easy, guys. Do you want me to send  
them up to bed?

EDDIE GEIN

They're fine...fine boys.  
(looking out the window)  
Hey, is that Bob coming up the  
street?

IRENE HILL

Been late every day since he got  
that new bike. He's gonna get it  
for missing dinner...

BOB, sixteen, jumps off his bike out in the yard then bolts  
into the house.

BOB HILL

Mom, Dad, you won't believe it....

IRENE HILL

Your father's at the store, and  
what did I say about wiping your  
feet?

Bob's excitement goes unabated as he backs up and wipes his feet on the mat.

BOB HILL

Can I ride into town?

IRENE HILL

I think you still have homework...

BOB HILL

Please. Mrs. Worden got kidnapped,  
maybe killed. Tommy Jessop got it  
from his Aunt who works the  
switchboard at the sheriff's.

Irene is overwhelmed. Eddie squirms slightly.

IRENE HILL

What happened?

BOB HILL

They robbed her store and took her  
with them.

EDDIE GEIN

That's...awful.

Irene turns to Eddie and points. For a moment he thinks he's being accused, but it's very innocent:

IRENE HILL

Remember two, three years ago when  
we first heard about that Mary  
Hogan woman-- you came to dinner  
that night, too.

EDDIE GEIN

What are the...ah...chances?

BOB HILL

What if Eddie gave me a ride?

IRENE HILL

Bob, we can't ask Eddie to do  
that...

BOB HILL  
Just down to the store and right  
back--it's five minutes...

(to Eddie)  
You want to know what happened,  
don't you?

EDDIE GEIN  
Yeah....okay...I'm curious.

IRENE HILL  
If you're sure it's not imposing...

EDDIE GEIN  
(stuck)  
No problem. Sure we can take a  
ride.

Eddie looks out the window as he sees FLASHING LIGHTS  
approaching the house. Irene doesn't notice.

IRENE HILL  
But run up and get your heavier  
coat.

Excited he runs upstairs.

IRENE HILL  
You sure it's no problem?

Eddie smiles as amicably as he can. Irene sees the  
approaching Sheriff's car with the lights on. She gets up  
and goes to the window, puzzled.

EXT. IRENE HILL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Irene steps outside as Sheriff Schley and the Deputy get out  
of the car. The Sheriff immediately wanders to Eddie's car  
and glances inside.

IRENE HILL  
What's going on, Art?

ART SCHLEY  
Someone thought maybe Eddie was  
here?

IRENE HILL  
He's inside-- he's was just going  
to go with Bob to town. What  
happened to Bernice?

Eddie loafed out of the house, looking embarrassed, pulling on his hunting hat.

EDDIE GEIN  
Hey, Art.

ART SCHLEY  
Eddie...think you could take a ride over to your house with us?

EDDIE GEIN  
Sure.

He steps toward his car, but Art steps in front of him and nods to the police car, where the Deputy is holding open the back door. Irene looks confused, as does Bob when he comes out to see.

EDDIE GEIN  
Okay...  
(to Irene)  
Well, thanks for the pork chops.  
Out of this world. Bob--sorry--  
can't do it tonight.

They help Eddie into the car. The Deputy gets in next to him. The Sheriff gets in the front.

INT. POLICE CAR - TRAVELLING - EARLY EVENING

The three ride in awkward silence for several moments.

ART SCHLEY  
Where were you today, Eddie?

EDDIE GEIN  
Puttered around...kind of cold,  
took a nap then went over to the  
Hill's house.

They are quiet again. Eddie laughs awkwardly and shakes his head.

EDDIE GEIN  
Somebody framed me.

ART SCHLEY  
Framed you? Framed you for what?

Eddie, flustered, can't find the words, so he just sits back holding his tongue.

CUT TO:

## INT. EDDIE GEIN'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

We see the front door as it opens, and Eddie, now being held by the arm by the Deputy, is spewing random excuses.

EDDIE GEIN

People have keys, I was out all day, I was--

He stops when he sees what's ahead. It's the reaction of someone at a surprise party.

In the Living Room, about twelve OFFICERS and MEDICAL EXAMINER EMPLOYEES, scattered about the room, stop their search and look at Eddie. LARGE LAMPS, almost like MOVIE lights have been set up and run by a generator-- Eddie had no electricity. In fact, the whole scene is reminiscent of the crew activity on the *Psycho* film. One OFFICER is filming with a 16mm BELL & HOWELL.

ART SCHLEY

So tell me, Eddie...we found her body, we found her heart in a bag, we found her entrails....where's Her head?

Eddie is stunned into silence.

Captain Schoephoerster calls down from the landing. Another OFFICER is taking a crowbar to the boards nailed up in front of his mother's room.

CAPTAIN SCHOEPHOERSTER

I think we found his hiding spot.

Eddie, seeing what they're doing, suddenly shows emotion as he completely freaks out!

EDDIE GEIN

No! No!

He breaks free from the Deputy and makes a dash for the stairs. A moment later he is pinned face down on the stairs (on the spot where he attacked Bernice) by Art and the Deputy. Art cuffs his hands behind his back, and the Deputy hauls him to his feet. Both men hold him and lead him upstairs.

The last of the boards are pried away.

EDDIE GEIN

You can not go in there! I won't let you to go in there!

CAPTAIN SCHOEPHOERSTER  
What are we going to find, huh?  
How many victims you have hidden in  
here!

EDDIE GEIN  
(overlapping)  
No! Stop him! No!

They stand Eddie before the door, and throw it open. The cops are stunned by what they see-- no bodies, no gore, no litter or newspapers or trash like in the rest of the house. Just a neat, perfectly preserved room, with the bed perfectly made.

EDDIE GEIN  
That's...my...mother's...room!!  
(whispering)  
I miss her...

He collapses to his knees, blubbering and moaning in anguish. His cries are full of all his years of pain and loneliness. The cops glance at each other. At that moment, the Sheriff looks like he feels sorry for him, and gives Eddie's shoulder an awkward pat.

In an almost comical moment, Eddie clutches on to the Sheriff's leg, weeping into his pant leg. Art is forced to give Eddie a few more consoling pats.

CAPTAIN SCHOEPHOERSTER  
Sheriff...why are you comforting  
this...butcher??

Art looks at the Captain and shrugs, not at all sure himself.

ART SCHLEY  
(defensively)  
Well...he's still a goddam human  
being.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHO HOUSE SET - MOTHER'S ROOM - DAY

Hitchcock steps around, pointing out features of interest.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
"Here's the woman's room, still  
beautifully preserved. And the  
imprint of her figure on the bed  
where she used to lay."

INT. PSYCHO POLICE STATION SET - DAY

Hitchcock sits watching as Vera, John, and the FILM'S SHERIFF wait with extras for the psychiatrist to emerge. Hitchcock looks bored as he watches from his chair near the camera. Peggy Robertson sits next to him, and senses his lack of interest.

FILM SHERIFF

If anyone gets any answer, it'll be the psychiatrist. Even I couldn't get to Norman, and he knows me...

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Simon.

SIMON OAKLAND, as the psychiatrist, makes his entrance.

POLICE OFFICIAL

Did he talk to you?

SIMON OAKLAND

No...I got the whole story, but not from Norman. I got it...from his mother.

(pause for shock)

Norman Bates no longer exists. He only half-existed to begin with. And now, the other half has taken over....probably for all time.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Cut...New set-up...

Crew members bustle around. Vera scowls at Hitchcock as she passes him, but he ignores her.

PEGGY ROBERTSON

A little dry, isn't it?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

(disgusted)

A long, labored scene filmed solely to justify to the censors that in this picture, a man will sometimes be wearing a dress.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURE CELL SET - DAY

It is a large, grey room, with only one figure in it.

Tony Perkins, sitting in a chair, wrapped in a blanket, staring out blankly.

Hitchcock steps close to Perkins-- we do not see the camera or the crew, only Perkins staring and Hitchcock, reading from a script, playing out the voice in his head. He uses his OWN voice, not a false woman's voice.

The camera tracks in-- but unlike the movie, which tracks in on Norman, we track in on Hitchcock.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

"It's sad when a mother has to speak the words that condemn her son. But I couldn't allow them to believe that I would commit murder. They'll put him away now, as I should have, years ago. He was always bad. And in the end he attempted to tell them I killed those girls and that man. As if I could do anything except just sit and stare, like one of his stuffed birds. They know I can't even move a finger. And I won't. I'll just sit here and be quiet....just in case they do suspect me."

He stops, looking at Tony as he shifts his eyes around crazily.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

"They're probably watching me. Let them. Let them see what kind of a person I am."

(to Tony)

A fly just landed on your hand.

Tony looks down at his hand.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

(continuing)

"I'm not even going to swat that fly. I hope they are watching, they'll see; they'll see and they'll know and they'll say, 'Why she wouldn't even harm a fly.'"

Tony looks up and smiles as "Mother."

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Cut; print that.

We see the crew relax after the scene.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Ladies and gentleman, thank you for  
your participation in this trifle.  
I wish you all well, and we'll see  
most of you on the television set  
next week...

The crew claps and starts to break things down.

Anthony Perkins gives his blanket to the wardrobe person,  
comes over to Alfred and HUGS HIM, patting his back gently.  
Hitch is a little uncomfortable.

TONY PERKINS  
We did it...God...I can't thank you  
enough....

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Magnificent. You truly are Norman  
Bates.

TONY PERKINS  
I think we both are.

Hitch nods and looks at the camera.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
This is a private conversation. I  
don't appreciate you listening in.

Tony pays no attention to Hitch's "aside," and continues.  
Hitch turns and looks at him again.

TONY PERKINS  
The beautiful thing is...he did  
these terrible things. But we've  
made him so...sympathetic.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Yes, we have.

They start to talk as they walk toward the dressing area.

TONY PERKINS  
Can you imagine, though? He must  
have had a hard time of it, growing  
up with a mother like that...

Hitchcock thinks for a few moments.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Yes. I'd say he did.

They walk off together.

CUT TO:

A STRAIGHT RAZOR

Is slowly sharpened on a strop against a glistening white background.

We see now Hitchcock's pudgy fingers on the razor. It is lifted to his neck.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Hitchcock is bare from the waist up, with a towel around his neck, shaving. The razor flicks away a tiny clump of hairs on the dry side of his face, then he continues shaving on the side that still has shaving cream.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Anything could happen. My hand could slip and cut off my head.

He playfully holds the razor at his neck again, staring at the image.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
If it bounded out of the bedroom and rolled to the stairs, who knows how far it could go...my head out on its own in Bel-air....

Alma enters, fully dressed with the London Times.

ALMA  
Then you won't see how it ends.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I don't care how it ends. It's not a well-crafted picture. I should have stuck to the movies I know how to make. It was too late to try anything different.

Alma looks at him and shrugs.

ALMA  
You're right.

Hitchcock stops shaving in mid-stroke. Alma puts down the newspaper for him and walks out of the room into the bedroom, where we can still see her.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

I should have taken Barney's advice  
and--

(insulted)

What do you mean, "I'm right?"  
What kind of thing is that to say?

ALMA

(looking over her  
shoulder)

Don't get cross with me. I was  
agreeing with you. I'm very  
agreeable today.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Here I am at my lowest hour, I'm  
tired, I'm beaten, I'm about to  
lose our investment...

ALMA

And don't forget the loss of  
prestige.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

And you're agreeing with me.

He shaves more briskly.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Well, I find that quite  
disagreeable, mommy.

ALMA

Then maybe you should go down to  
the editing room and get to work.

He glances at her and she turns away, leaving the bedroom.  
Hitchcock checks his shaven face and is satisfied.

CUT TO:

INT. EDITING ROOM - DAY

Film hangs everywhere in bins; there are a couple of  
ASSISTANTS working. Joan Harrison, Peggy Robertson and  
Hitchcock are gathered near an upright moviola as the Editor  
rushes in with a roll of magnetic stock.

EDITOR  
I just got the transfer of Mr.  
Herman's score...

He threads up the stock on the Moviola, where the picture is already threaded.

EDITOR  
Now, this is by no means a final product, but just so you can see...

They gather around the small Moviola screen and watch the shower scene with the music-- we catch glimpses of it, but mostly we see what Hitchcock is looking at: Peggy's face, Joan's face, the face of the two Assistants who roll over and crane their necks to see. He's not watching the picture at all.

Suddenly, at the point where the shower curtain flies back and the violins screech on the sound track, Joan jumps back.

Hitchcock looks down and Peggy has grabbed hold of his arm. Hitchcock looks at the faces of the Assistants-- even though they've seen this hundreds of times, they are totally engrossed by the addition of the music.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Try a knife in a melon for the sound of the stabbing. And two more frames off the first stab.

The Editor makes a note. Hitchcock keeps watching the viewers. As the scene comes to an end, Joan has a chill and wraps her arms across her chest. The assistants exhale, as if they've been holding their breaths the whole time.

EDITOR  
What do you think?

PEGGY ROBERTSON  
I think I'm never going to take a shower again.

EDITOR  
What about it, Hitch?

They look at him. He is thinking hard, and, not one ready with compliments, struggling to cover his enthusiasm.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Possibilities.

The Editor nods at him, then motions for his Assistants to go back to work.

Hitch looks down at his forearm-- Peggy's hand is still latched onto him. She loosens her grip and withdraws it. He leans in close to Joan who starts taking notes.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

We need an onslaught of promotion. Get the publicity machine of Paramount working-- I want something along the lines of what Clouzot did with *Diaboliques*-- No one's allowed in late, no one can reveal the ending, we challenge people to see this film, and then we challenge them to keep it a secret. "Care and Handling of *Psycho*," we'll call it, and we'll make the theater owners come on board, make them sign contracts-- that'll get us press.

JOAN HARRISON

Should we get the critics on board?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

It's not for them. In fact, no critic screenings...no previews at all.

JOAN HARRISON

They're not going to like it...

PEGGY ROBERTSON

You have the censors in your office in half an hour...

Hitchcock sighs-- another headache, but overall he's revitalized and full of energy. He hurries toward the door.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

No footage from the movie in the trailers. We'll get a shot of Vera screaming in the shower instead of Janet-- ought to confuse them. Get some publicity stills of Janet in the bra and slip...the white one, of course. Oh...and remind me to send Bernard Hermann a bonus.

Hitchcock strides out. Joan glances back at Peggy, stunned.

JOAN HARRISON  
Did he actually say, "bonus?!"

CUT TO:

INT. HITCHCOCK'S OFFICE - DAY

The Censors sit across from Hitchcock, who looks completely in control now.

REVIEW HEAD  
Mr. Danforth no longer sees the nudity, but now he sees the stabbing. Mrs. Kramer no longer sees the stabbing...or the nudity. It all goes by so fast...

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Trust me. My own reputation is at stake here. There is only suggestion. And now that we've added music, it plays much softer...she practically seems alive when the scene ends.

The Censors look at each other, but no one objects.

REVIEW HEAD  
Well...on that note. You have our approval...

He stands and shakes Hitchcock's hand. Hitchcock smiles angelically.

INT. SOUND RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Hitchcock raises a large knife and plunges it into a watermelon as a TECHNICIAN with headphones on makes a recording. He shakes his head, disapprovingly.

Hitchcock stabs another melon. This one gets a thumbs up from the technician.

CUT TO:

INT. PARAMOUNT BOARD ROOM - DAY

The brain trust is speaking amongst themselves as Barney Balaban enters.

BOARD MEMBER

Barney-- what's he doing? This campaign is costing a small fortune.

BARNEY BALABAN

He paid for the thing, all we're doing is publicity, we have to do it as a show of good faith.

BOARD MEMBER

But we can't let him snub the critics.

BARNEY BALABAN

Trust me, the reviews won't be any better than they would have been. I almost walked out of the screening.

ANOTHER BOARD MEMBER

Can we fix it?

BARNEY BALABAN

It's not worth it. It's a minor Hitchcock movie. We get the people in who come for his name, and the second week we're dead anyway...

BOARD MEMBER

Was it really that bad?

Balaban looks very depressed.

EXT. HITCHCOCK'S PATIO - MORNING

Hitchcock eats melon with Patricia and Alma. There are dozens of melons, leftovers from the sound tests, on the table. Hitch looks content eating.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

I told you he'd hate it.

ALMA

I thought he was very diplomatic.

(to Patricia)

He came up to us after the screening and said, "Hitch, maybe somewhere there's an audience who wants to see a woman showing off some underwear and getting killed in the second reel by a bird-stuffing pansy, but I doubt it."

PATRICIA  
(sarcastically)  
Well, you can take that several  
different ways.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
(confident)  
We'll just see.

PATRICIA  
I'm glad you two stopped fighting.  
Just looking at Dad made me  
miserable.

ALMA  
Your father and I never fight.

Alma puts her hand over her husbands and he gives hers a  
squeeze. Patricia nods slowly.

PATRICIA  
The really important question, the  
thing I have to know is, why do you  
have so many melons?

ALMA  
It's your father's new hobby.  
Stabbing fruit.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
It's better than what your mother  
tries to feed me.

Alma looks at him archly and he looks away, still eating.

#### PUBLICITY MONTAGE

With the *Psycho* Music playing, we see some of the startling  
LOBBY CARDS, POSTERS, and print Ads for the movie. Several  
on them only have Hitchcock's picture as he "shushes" us to  
not reveal anything we've seen.

We see annoyed THEATER OWNERS signing contracts.

#### INT. SOUND RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Hitchcock is at a large microphone, taping a radio ad.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
"It is not true, as has been  
suggested, that *Psycho* frightens  
the moviegoer speechless.  
(MORE)

ALFRED HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)  
I understand a number of men sent  
their wives there in hope that this  
was true...."

INT. HEARING ROOM - WISCONSIN - 1958

A title zips in, "Edward Gein, psychiatric review. November 25, 1957, Central State Hospital, Wisconsin," then zips out. Eddie sits at a table, relaxed wearing a white shirt and tie, shackled hand and foot. Art Schley, in a suit, stands behind Eddie with one hand on his shoulder.

Across from him are three men, the SANITY REVIEW BOARD, not unlike the Censorship Review Board members. The leader is the white haired DOCTOR SCHUBERT-- we join them mid-interview.

There are blown-up stills of Eddie's victims displayed on easels.

DOCTOR SCHUBERT  
Police recovered a box of female  
sex organs at your house. One was  
painted silver. Was that one  
significant?

EDDIE GEIN  
Just tried to preserve it with the  
paint.

DOCTOR SCHUBERT  
What was your usual means of  
preservation?

EDDIE GEIN  
Salt.

DOCTOR SCHUBERT  
Did you ever put a vagina over your  
penis?

EDDIE GEIN  
I might have. Don't remember.

DOCTOR SCHUBERT  
There were other body parts and  
things fashioned from body parts,  
flesh, teeth, bones. Can you tell  
us what went through your mind when  
you were engaged in these  
activities?

There is a long pause as Eddie thinks, taking it very seriously. Art Schley shifts back and forth behind him.

EDDIE GEIN

I was trying to make something...  
out of bits and pieces. It was like  
I was telling... a story...to  
myself...about myself.

DOCTOR SCHUBERT

Did you see your life as a book, or  
a movie?

EDDIE GEIN

No. I was making something more  
like...I don't know.

DOCTOR SCHUBERT

A world where your mother was still  
alive?

EDDIE GEIN

(very simply)

Sort of...but it was more like  
a...like a *brand new world*, I  
guess. And everything was kind of  
like the last world. But this  
time... I was God.

They stare at Eddie who seems lost in thought. Art pats  
Eddie's shoulder lightly.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

We see a tight shot (not seeing the entire screen) of the  
movie projected. It is Norman putting the car in the swamp.  
We hear GALES OF LAUGHTER.

INT. BACK OF THE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

We move down from the projection beam and find Hitchcock, in  
the back of the theater, standing next to Alma. We do not  
see any audience members, we only hear them laugh. Hitchcock  
seems confused by the laughter.

Alma glances at him and leans closer.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

(whispering)

*Why are they laughing?*

Alma doesn't find it a cause for a concern, and pats his  
shoulder lightly to put him at ease. He is consoled.

He tightens again as the audience HOWLS again and this time Alma can't help but chuckle along, too.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER LOBBY - LATER THAT NIGHT

There is a line of people out the door waiting to get in, and a pool of reporters and photographers in a roped off area.

On the other side of the inner doors, the audience suddenly SCREAMS for their lives! The people on line look at each other, frightened but tantalized by the prospect of what they will see at the next show.

Moments after the screams die down, Hitchcock and Alma slip out of the theater. There is applause as people recognize him and the flash bulbs start popping from the photographers.

WOMAN WAITING ON LINE  
Mr. Hitchcock, how does it end?

He seems like he's considering telling her for a moment, then stops himself.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I promised not to tell.

He gets a laugh. The reporters run after him as he tries to leave and the people on line suddenly rush him for autographs. All are excited and in awe. Alma is pleased to stand a few feet back from him and let him bask in the glory.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK HOTEL ROOM - DAY

It is a lovely suite. There are dozens of large flower arrangements and fruit baskets, with congratulatory banners on them. Alma sits at the table going through a large stack of telegrams. Hitchcock is looking out the window. He looks a little irritated.

ALMA  
Here's one from Jimmy,  
"Congratulations--you've outdone  
them all."  
(another)  
"Congratulations, Hitch, well  
deserved!" Barney Balaban and your  
friends at Paramount Pictures.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
I don't mind that they laughed.

ALMA  
And screamed.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
But *Trouble with Harry* got fewer laughs and that was a comedy.

ALMA  
It's nervous laughter. They're on edge, terrified, and then something light happens, it's even funnier!

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
And about that. It isn't that shocking. I think the appearance of the nun at the end of *Vertigo* is more harrowing than anything in this.

ALMA  
Hitch, why can't you just be satisfied?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
(not buying it himself)  
I am satisfied, mommy.

She shakes her head and goes back to the telegrams, pulling one. He picks up some newspapers.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
"A very minor work..."  
(next paper)  
"Merely an episode of his television show padded out to two hours..."  
(next paper)  
Here. Bosley Crowther in the Times, "A blot on an honorable career..."

He looks at Alma and she shrugs it off.

ALMA  
I'm telling you. You've tapped into something...who cares what critics say. People are going crazy for it.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

"Slow paced for Mr. Hitchcock and given over to a lot of detail."

(putting the paper down)

I think Mr. Crowther is a good man and it's a fair review.

(frustrated)

It's not my best.

ALMA

No one's saying it is. Are you sure you feel okay?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

I'm fine, I'm just trying to get you to understand. To me...the film is like a vintage from a poor year...you know, it's like that Cabernet we had in Nice last year... not terrible but--

ALMA

You've given them wine your whole career, but this one is not wine, Hitch. Don't you see?

He is confused.

ALMA

(pleased)

It's beer.

The very notion seems to cut him. She goes back to the telegrams.

ALMA

Here's one from Lew Wasserman.

"What will you do for an encore?"

She finds it amusing, but it is a question that lands the knockout punch to Hitchcock's mood.

He starts to look depressed as he steps toward the window, at a complete loss. He stares straight ahead and we see him BLINK twice.

INT. CENTRAL STATE HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

It is a cozy, nicely lit dining room. Several calm INMATES are eating at different round tables around the room. An ATTENDANT is watching, although there isn't much to watch-- no one seems violent or dangerous.

Near him, a young ORDERLY is mopping the floor. (Note: There are NO female patients nor staff members in this hospital.)

A title zips in, "July 21, 1960, Central State Hospital, Wisconsin" and zips back out.

Eddie is at a table near the Orderly, with two other smiling patients, including a soft spoken older man, CHET. Eddie has changed in the last couple of years. He is a little heavier, his hair is whiter, and he is very much at ease-- much happier than any time we've seen him in his tale. He is enjoying his dinner.

EDDIE GEIN  
That Chicken ala king is just out  
of this world.

ATTENDANT  
I'll let Morris know. Wait til you  
try the gooseberry pie.

In the background, as Eddie eats the pie, savoring it:

ORDERLY  
Guess what I'm doing this weekend?

ATTENDANT  
What?

ORDERLY  
Claudine and I are driving to  
Chicago, staying with her folks,  
and we're all seeing that movie,  
*Psycho*.

The Attendant knows the connection, but the Orderly DOESN'T HAVE A CLUE that Eddie was the inspiration for *Psycho*, and NEITHER DOES EDDIE! He doesn't seem to pay attention to the conversation.

ATTENDANT  
(shaking his head)  
Clive...

ORDERLY  
No, really, you heard about it?  
They say it's the scariest thing  
anyone's ever seen....can't wait.

ATTENDANT  
Yeah.  
(glancing at Eddie)  
Want me to tell you how it ends?

ORDERLY

Do not reveal the secret-- haven't you seen the ads? How do you know how it ends anyway?--

The Attendant pulls Orderly aside, and whispers to him, nodding toward Eddie. The Orderly's jaw drops! It is the coolest thing he's ever heard and he looks at Eddie like he's a celebrity.

Meanwhile, Eddie yawns, content.

EDDIE GEIN

The pie's even better than the chicken ala king!

ATTENDANT

Morris is on a roll, huh?

The Orderly takes a piece of pie from an empty spot at another table and puts it in front of Eddie.

ORDERLY

Have another piece, Eddie.

EDDIE GEIN

(surprised and touched)  
Well that's....Thanks a lot, Clive.

Orderly looks at him in awe. The Attendant, finding it amusing, guides his friend away, and the Orderly whispers questions excitedly.

EDDIE GEIN

We gonna play gin rummy tonight,  
Chet?

CHEP

Sure-- new guy, Phil wants to play,  
too.

EDDIE GEIN

More the merrier.

CHEP

You really like it here, don't you?

EDDIE GEIN

It's like I took a bottle of pop  
and shook it all up. It was  
spraying all over and I couldn't  
stop it. This place is like a  
cork. This is a good place.

CHEP

I think you're the happiest guy I ever known. How you do it?

EDDIE GEIN

I tell you. You live your life, and it's hard sometimes... unbearable, almost. Here's the secret, Chet; the big secret no one else knows or wants to tell...

(leaning closer, whispering)

There is a God. And he's so big and powerful, he doesn't always know you're there. It's not his fault; it's not yours. He's God, and you're nothing more than a speck in all he's made.

(he eats pie, savoring it)

But if you can get his attention...and he sees your suffering...he'll take care of you.

He takes a long drink of milk. He is content.

EDDIE GEIN

My mother used to tell me-- She passed away, God bless her...

CHEP

Amen.

EDDIE GEIN

My mother used to say, the one thing God truly loves and understands...is suffering.

(thinking)

After all, he invented it.

Eddie takes one more bite of pie, and looks like he's in heaven.

EDDIE GEIN

(winking)

Let's go play cards.

The men get up and walk off together.

CUT TO:

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alma is in her twin bed, asleep.

A title slides in that says, "Later that same night, Bel-air, California," and slides out.

Alma's eyes flutter open. She has an uneasy feeling and turns slowly. She finds Hitchcock, in his bed, on his back, staring at the ceiling, very depressed and frustrated.

ALMA

Hitch?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Hmm?

ALMA

You okay?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Back on my diet tomorrow. I think that pie I had gave me indigestion.

ALMA

(drifting off)

I told you not to have that. It was your mother's recipe...

There is quiet for a few moments, and Hitchcock sighs. Just as Alma is back to sleep:

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

I read a piece in the Times about a woman being attacked by a man with a knife...and the man said he did it because of my motion picture.

ALMA

Well, that's ridiculous. He must have been deranged.

They are quiet again for several seconds. Alma drifts again.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Now that the bottle's uncorked, my fellow directors are out there, thinking of ways to top me. Ways to be even more shocking. Some of them will succeed. Maybe Clouzot. Maybe someone else.

He sits up on the edge of the bed.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

And I ask myself...what have I done?

(MORE)

ALFRED HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)  
(no response)  
Mommy?

Alma has fallen asleep. Hitchcock sighs and slowly turns to look at the camera to speak directly to us.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Women are always falling asleep at the most inopportune times. By the way, that bit about the pie: Yes, Mr. Gein and I each had pie this evening. But it would be rather a simplistic view to draw some sort of correlation between the two of us over our choice of dessert. It would be just the kind of thing an audience would do.

He stands up, and we see his commanding profile.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
Now if you'll excuse me, I must repair to my den and search for my next project. Goodnight.

He walks off as "Funeral March of a Marionette" plays. We see the shadow of his profile stop in the doorway-- lingering, watching us. After a moment he walks on.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE OVER BLACK: MANY CRITICS WHO PANNED *PSYCHO*, INCLUDING BOSLEY CROWTHER, LATER REVISED THEIR OPINIONS AND SIGHTED IT AS ONE OF THE BEST FILMS EVER MADE.

FADE TO:

THE FILM MADE FIFTEEN MILLION ITS FIRST YEAR AND COST HITCHCOCK JUST OVER 800,000. ALTHOUGH IT MADE HIM VERY WEALTHY, HE WAS AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN ITS PHENOMENAL SUCCESS.

FADE TO:

EDDIE GEIN LIVED IN COMFORT IN MENTAL INSTITUTIONS UNTIL HIS PEACEFUL DEATH IN 1984.

FADE TO:

AFTER YEARS OF SEARCHING, HITCHCOCK'S NEXT PROJECT AFTER *PSYCHO* WAS *THE BIRDS*. HE DIED AT HOME IN BEL-AIR IN 1980.

FADE OUT.

The End