

EXT. RAINY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Music suggesting Hitchcock's PSYCHO plays as Osama bin Laden drives through the rain - we see him from the POV of the hood ornament.

He wears a BLOND WIG.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Norman is behind the counter.

NORMAN

Yes?

OSAMA

(with a flat affect)

I would like a room.

NORMAN

We've got twelve of them, so take your pick. When they built the new highway it took all the traffic elsewhere, so you're the only guest. You're all alone. There's no one to hear you scream. Don't be afraid.

OSAMA

I'm not.

NORMAN

Good. Hey - you're not here about that girl, are you?

OSAMA

What girl?

NORMAN

The blonde who disappeared. Marion Something. Swan. Sparrow. Crow! Marion Crow! She ate like a bird. Or so they said. I never met the woman.

OSAMA

I am not here about the girl. I just need a room. It is very rainy out. Are you going to give me a room or not?

NORMAN

I'll give you room number one, right next to the office. I don't have a peephole to watch you or anything.

OSAMA

That is good. Tell me, is there a bazaar or marketplace where I might purchase some food?

NORMAN

I'm sorry, we're way off the beaten track. Far away from everything. A scream in the middle of the night would never be heard.

(quick and casual)

Would you like to eat with me?

OSAMA

(almost overlapping)

Love to.

IN. NORMAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The walls and shelves are flocked with stuffed birds.

NORMAN

I'll give you half of my sandwich.

Osama sits and so does Norman.

OSAMA

I see you collect stuffed birds.

NORMAN

I love them. There's something so cuddly about stuffed birds.

OSAMA

I agree if you want me to.

Suddenly, Norman speaks shrewishly, in a sort of inept ventriloquism from behind his sandwich, pretending one can't tell it's him talking.

NORMAN

(as Mother Bates)

Norman? Norman! Who do you have in there with you? It's not a *girl*, is it?

(Norman as himself)

No, Mother. It's not a girl.

(Norman as Mother Bates)

It better not be - because you know what girls do! They touch you with their filthy hands and make you unclean. Unclean! Unclean!

(Norman as himself)

I told you it's not a girl.

(Norman continuing, as Mother Bates)

Then who is it?

(Norman as himself)

It's just a nice, middle-aged Saudi Arabian man in a blonde wig.

(Norman as Mother Bates, after a pause)

They're the worst kind! That's just the sort you have to watch out for!

(Norman as himself)

Mother, shut up. You're embarrassing me again.

We hear a DOOR SLAM. Osama, who's been deadpan up to this point, is startled by it.

OSAMA

(deadpan again)

Your mom seems nice.

Norman stands up so fast that his plate topples to the floor.

NORMAN

(suddenly hysterical and too dramatic)

Wouldn't you be crazy, too, if you'd found your husband dead beside you in bed!? Mother needs help, not

condemnation! She's a sick woman!
If I don't help her, who will? Oh,
I know, you're like the rest of them,
who cluck sympathetically and suggest
oh-so-tactfully that mother be locked
in an institution forever - well, do
you know what those places are like!?
The screaming and the weeping and the
ranting and the raving? Do you?

Osama calmly picks up Norman's half sandwich, puts it back
on the plate and hands it back to him.

Norman sits.

OSAMA

Not really. Here. You dropped your
sandwich.

NORMAN

(calm again)

It's just, everybody goes a little
crazy sometimes. You know? Like
this woman who came to the hotel
once. She had just stolen \$40,000
from her employer because she and
her lover were too poor to get set
up in an apartment. Do you
ever go... a little crazy?

OSAMA

You mean, like blowing up the two
of the tallest buildings in the world
and causing thousands of innocent
people to die?

NORMAN

I said "a little crazy," not frigging
insane.

OSAMA

(rising)

I'd better go to bed.

NORMAN

(handing it to him)

Here's your key, freak.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

NORMAN'S POV: Seen through the "peephole" Osama sits at the desk and writes.

OSAMA

(to himself.)

Dear Diary: This seems like an odd motel. I do not feel safe here. It is run by a strange man who has a lot of dirty, stuffed birds in his office. I feel dirty just thinking about it. I will take a shower now.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

It's a pristine, white motel bathroom.

Osama, in shower cap and union suit, showers, singing a few bars of *The Taliban Twist*, a *capella*.

Suddenly, Norman, in a GRAY WIG and with a baggy DRESS over his clothes, rips aside the shower curtain.

Violins screech as he repeated stabs at Osama...

But Osama's got a big knife, *too*.

He and Norman stab each other multiple times but they're still alive.

NORMAN

Wait a minute! Stop! Hold it!

OSAMA

What?

NORMAN

Why are we fighting?

OSAMA

What do you mean, why are we fighting? So we can kill each other.

NORMAN

Exactly! So what do we have in common?

OSAMA

(same inflection and cadence as the previous line.)
Both wearing wigs.

NORMAN

(again, same inflection and cadence)
Beside that.

OSAMA

(same inflection and cadence)
I give up.

NORMAN

We like to kill people.

OSAMA

(pause)
Well, I do like a bit of murder now and then.

NORMAN

Oooo - I have a feeling we could be best friends. Tell me all of your favorite methods.

Osama and Norman sing: "THE MURDER DUET"

NORMAN

I guess that I'm sort of a pervert
'Cause sex is the cause of my crime
A beautiful girl puts me in a whirl
I murder her e-ver-y time!

OSAMA

I like to obliterate masses
Exterminate folks by the bunch
I don't get a thrill unless I can kill
At least several thousand by lunch - Yessir!

At least several thousand by lunch.

NORMAN

We don't have to hide our love for homicide
So let's be proud and tell the crowd about our side

OSAMA

We're misunderstood and they don't think we're good
Because we say that every day - we need a victim to slay

NORMAN

I like to stab girls while they're drowning
The shower contains Jezebel
The innocent splash combined with a slash
Can turn my motel into hell.

OSAMA AND NORMAN

We don't have to hide our love for homicide
So let's be proud and tell the crowd about our side
We're misunderstood and they don't think we're good
Because we say that every day - we need a victim to slay

NORMAN

I simply adore strangulation
Your fingers are stopping her breath
No antidote will repair her poor throat
Asphyxia causes her death

NORMAN AND OSAMA

We've been known to use high explosives
Because they turn bodies to goo
Then there's no extraneous corpus or cranius
And therefore no clues to pursue.

OSAMA

I think I will try it with smallpox
I wonder if I have the skill
The subway is best for making a test
To see if it makes them all ill - how nice!
I'd like to make everyone ill.

NORMAN

We don't have to hide our love for homicide
So let's be proud and tell the crowd to hear our side

OSAMA

We're misunderstood and they don't think we're good
Because we say that every day - we need a victim to slay
So send my way my next of prey - I need a victim to slay

NORMAN

Today!