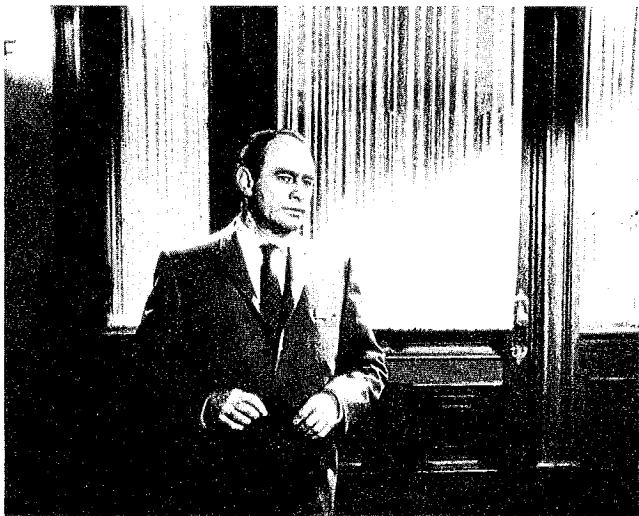






Norman: I mean, she didn't have to go to work or anything like that. He left her a little money. Anyway, — a few years ago, Mother met this man.



Norman: And he—he talked her into building this motel. He could've talked her into anything.



Norman: And—when he died, too, it was—just too great a shock for her. And—and the way he died—



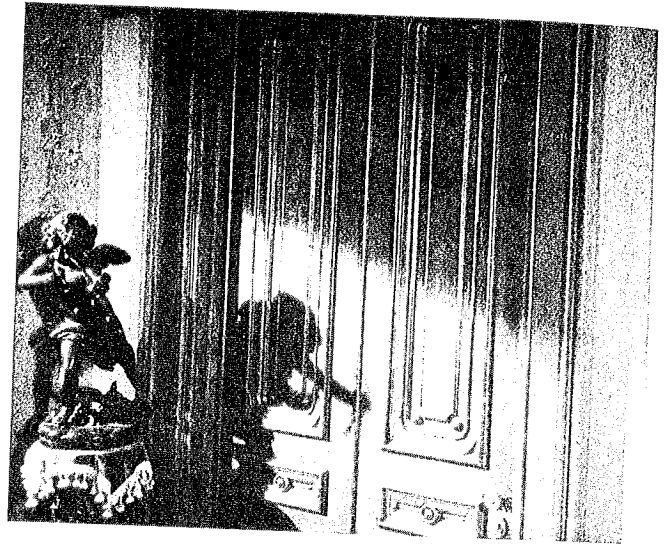
Norman: I guess it's nothing to talk about while you're eating. Anyway, it was just too great a loss for her. She had nothing left.



Marion: Except you.



Norman: Well, a son is a poor substitute for a lover.





Sam: Come on.



Norman: Hello.

Sam: I was just coming up to ring for you.

Norman: Oh. I suppose you want a room.



Sam: We were gonna try to make it straight to San Francisco, but uh—we don't like the look of that sky. Looks like a bad day coming, doesn't it?

Norman: Okay.



Norman: I'll take you to Cabin Ten.

Sam: Better sign in first, hadn't we?

Norman: No, that's not necessary.



Sam: Huh-uh! My boss is paying for this trip, and uh—Well, it's ninety percent business and he wants practically notarized receipts. So uh—I'd better sign in and get a receipt.



