

# Dewey visits the Bates Motel

*(Be sure to read the introduction before starting Dewey's adventure!)*

After deciding to take a break from New York acting jobs, Dewey performed in a radio drama show which included an advertisement for the Bates Motel. He decided to visit it, accompanied his his new girlfriend, Freda. He had this conversation with his cousin Tim:

“Dewey, I hear you’re at the Bates Motel. Whatever you do, don’t use the showers in the Bates Motel,” Tim said.

“Heck, why not?” Dewey asked, quizzically.

“I’ve heard that people have been murdered in the Bates Motel showers,” Tim said. “It may not be safe, even for a big, tough guy like you. I can’t imagine what would happen to your girlfriend.”

“Aw, come on. Everyone here seems nice. That guy who checked us in seemed kinda’ weird, but he didn’t look like he had the gumption to kill anyone,” Dewey replied.

“Dewey, appearances can be deceiving. Your record of reading people is less than stellar. Please be careful” said Tim.

“Ah will. Oh crap! There’s one of those screams again. Man, that’s been going on all night. It sounds like some sort of weird bird to me. It’s got to be a bird. Ah mean, why would women be screaming all night long?”

“Dewey, that scream didn’t sound like an animal. Where’s your girlfriend, Dewey?”

“Oh, crap. She said she was going to take a shower ...”

Tim heard the click of the receiver.

After Dewey put down the phone, he broke down the door to his girlfriend’s room. She was about to take off her robe and enter the shower. “Don’t go into that shower!” Dewey cried out. Dewey grabbed her and pulled her away from the shower. Suffice to say, she was shocked and wondered what had gotten into Dewey.

Dewey heard something suspicious and ran outside. He saw a man dressed like a woman. The man was running away and hiding something. Unfortunately, Dewey’s trick knee, the result of his college football injury, buckled and Dewey could not catch the man.

However, his girlfriend saw the man as well as Dewey’s attempt to catch him. She realized that Dewey had not been trying to hurt her, but in fact had saved her life.

“Let’s get the heck out of here!” he said to his girlfriend. She threw on some clothes, they threw their bags into the back of Dewey’s pickup, and roared out of the Bates Hotel parking lot. Dewey later told Tim that there were a lot of police cars and ambulances headed toward the hotel. But Dewey “kept his pedal to the metal” and got out of town just as fast as he could.

His pickup didn’t take kindly to the high-speed driving. It broke down a few miles outside of the town. However, the ever-resourceful Dewey dug up some baling wire from the back of his pickup and messed around under the hood. The pickup roared back to life and they broke every known speed limit in order to put more miles between them and the Bates Motel.

Dewey decided to try to visit his brother Huey. Huey is a government scientist working on top-secret projects. Dewey doesn’t say much about him.

Dewey was in a bar once and struck up a conversation with a stranger. He happened to mention

that he thought Huey may have worked on the A-bomb project. The stranger immediately left. Two large men in black suits and sunglasses dragged Dewey out of the bar and slammed him against a wall.

They told him that “loose lips sink ships” and that he’d better not ever say anything about his brother again. Dewey agreed, and they let him go.

So, Dewey is nervous about trying to contact Huey. He’s got a phone number for Huey, but every time he calls Huey, he hears these mysterious “clicks” while they’re talking. He figures someone is eavesdropping on them. You can’t get much past old Dewey.

Even the letters Dewey gets from Huey look like they’ve been opened and closed. “Man, don’t tell me they’re reading my mail now!” Dewey thought.

Dewey and his girlfriend decided to head toward the last known address of Huey. It turned out that it was near a large military base. Dewey drove to the house and nervously rang the doorbell.

A large burly man, the spitting image of Dewey, opened the door. “Dewey!” he said. “Long time no see! Come on in.”

“May ah bring my girlfriend in?” he asked.

“Sure, Dewey. But I thought you had sworn off women after what your ex-wife did to you,” Huey said.

“How did yew know about that? Ah didn’t send yew any letters about that or tell yew on the phone,” Dewey exclaimed.

“Oh, Dewey, I make it my business to know about all sorts of things. I worry about you, living alone on the family farm and then making those trips to New York every so often,” Huey said.

“Don’t worry about me,” Dewey said. “I have a Rottweiler named Musial and a large collection of firearms. Ain’t nobody goin’ to hurt old Dewey,” he said.

“Well, be careful,” Huey said. “Someday, someone may try to get to me by hurting you,” Huey said.

“This ain’t about no top-secret stuff, is it?” Dewey said. “The last time I said anything about you, I got pulled out of a bar by two big men in black suits. They slammed me against a wall and told me not to talk about you.”

“I’m sorry, Dewey,” Huey said. “Those guys get kind of overprotective. Ever since the war ended, they don’t have a whole lot to do, so they go out and try to find spies.”

“I ain’t no spy!” Dewey said.

“Oh, I know that,” Huey said. “Still, you’ve got to be very careful.”

The conversation turned to other things: The Bates Motel incident, Dewey’s dog, his acting career, his writing career, and his new girlfriend.

“Dewey, you haven’t introduced me to your girlfriend,” Huey pointed out.

“Her name is Freda Farnsberger,” Dewey said. “I met her at one of the Vintage Radio shows. I was supposed to mingle with the audience. I saw her and knew I had to talk to her. The rest is history.

“Ah decided to invite her on this trip to get to know her better,” Dewey said. “I want to assure you that we are staying in separate rooms at night.”

“Dewey, always the gentleman. Well, I’ve got to go to work. It’s been good to see you,” Huey said.

“Likewise,” Dewey said.

Dewey and Freda got up and Dewey opened the door. “Crap! Not them again!”

“What is it, Dewey” Huey asked.

“It’s those men again! The ones at the bar! Hey, I ain’t done nothing wrong. I’ve kept my mouth shut about yew!”

The men came up to the door. "Dewey Webster? We need to talk with you. Now."

"Hell if I'm talking to yew again!" Dewey said. He went through the door and slammed into the men with his best football block. Both fell backward onto the ground. They reached into their jackets, apparently to pull out guns. But Dewey was ahead of the game.

Dewey had pulled out a gun from his pocket and pointed it at one of them. "Yew get the hell out of here and leave me alone. I ain't done nothin'. I've kept my mouth shut. I've been mindin' my own business."

"Mr. Webster," one of them said. "You're not in trouble. We want to talk to you about a special mission."

"Huh?" Dewey said.

"Come with us," the man said. "It's OK, Dewey," Huey said. "I know these guys. They're telling the truth."

"What the crap?" Dewey said.

Dewey and Freda went with the men. Dewey was onto a new adventure.