

IT

Written
by
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Based on the novel
by
Stephen King

Current revisions by
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I'm every nightmare you ever had! I am your worst dream come true!
I'm everything you ever were afraid of!

OPEN ON:

Rain. Lashing a windowpane. A PIANO PLAYS somewhere off screen. Charles Ives's *Sonata No 2 for Piano*.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - DAY

A little boy gazes out into the storm. Nervous, eager, sweet. GEORGIE DENBROUGH (7).

GEORGE

Sure I won't get in trouble, Bill?

BILL (13), his brother, sits up in bed, surrounded by tissues and sheets of newspaper. Finishing creases on a PAPER BOAT.

BILL

Don't be a wuss. I'd come with you if I weren't (cough) dying.

GEORGE

You're not dying.

BILL

You didn't see the vomit coming out of my nose this morning.

He throws a Kleenex at Georgie.

BILL (CONT'D)

Now g-g-go on, get the wax.

GEORGE

In the cellar?

BILL

You want it to float don't you?

Georgie. Hesitant. Scared, even. Resigned, he looks over at the WALKIE TALKIES laying on the shelf. Grabs one and goes.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

OCTOBER 1988

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Georgie hurries downstairs, catching a glimpse of their mother SHARON DENBROUGH (30s) in the parlor playing piano, an earthy beauty transported to another world while she plays.

INT. KITCHEN - BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

George's stomach sinks as he comes face to face with THE CELLAR DOOR -- the only thing between George and the monster in the basement of his imagination.

INT. CELLAR DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Flinging the door open, George ventures his arm into the DARK VOID. He gropes around and finds the LIGHT SWITCH. Nothing. George snatches his arm back. The dark basement glares back at him, taunting. *One... Two...*

Walkie CRACKLES. Georgie jumps, startled.

BILL
(over walkie)
C'mon! H-Hurry up!

Recovering, Georgie scrambles down the steps to THE CELLAR SHELF. Sifts through junk as fast as he can: a BROKEN FLASHLIGHT, TURTLE WAX, a bag of colored BALLOONS.

He grabs the BOX OF PARAFFIN near the back of the shelf, and hurries back up the stairs as we quickly track towards him, about to pounce. The door slams in our face.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bill melts a chunk of paraffin with a match in a ceramic bowl, then dips his finger into the hot liquid and smears the wax along the sides of the boat.

BILL
There you go. She's all ready,
Captain.

They both grin, the cozy room full of cheerful brotherly love. George kisses Bill on the cheek, startling him.

GEORGIE
Thanks, Billy.

BILL

D-Don't forget to put on all your
rain stuff before you go out or
mom'll blow a circuit.

He goes. Bill looks to the rain-lashed window, piano still playing. He's suddenly filled with a sense of foreboding.

EXT. BILL DENBROUGH'S HOUSE - DAY

Holding his boat, George exits through the Front Door. Once more, the Walkie in his Slicker's Pocket CRACKLES to life --

WILL

(through Walkie)
Be careful.

George stops and looks up at his Brother in the window looking down on him. Georgie gives a little wave.

EXT. WITCHAM STREET - LATER

A DEAD TRAFFIC LIGHT sways overhead, its black lenses gazing back at A BOY IN A YELLOW SLICKER AND RED GALOSHES.

George races down the street past dark houses after his PAPER BOAT, which sluices along a gutter swollen with rushing rainwater toward the intersection.

Angle on the dripping street signs: WITCHAM & JACKSON.

Rain taps on George's hood sounding to his ears like rain on a shed roof, a comforting almost cozy sound. The buckles of his galoshes make a merry jingle as he goes.

The boat whistles past a blockade of sawhorses marked *DEPT OF DERRY PUBLIC WORKS*. Georgie ducks under one to keep up with his boat. Continues to run, head down until --

SMACK! He runs right into one of those sawhorses, cutting off his path. Georgie falls back while the Boat sails on.

GEORGE

No!

George gets back to his feet. Chases after his paper boat, reaching it just as it surfs up to the drain, circles around twice, and is swallowed up. George looks ready to cry.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oh, Bill's gonna kill me.

He peers into the storm drain, water falling into darkness. A dank hollow sound comes from within, the boat kicking in and out of the shadows.

George snakes his arm through the grate, reaching for the boat, his nose pressed against the curb. Just as he's about to get it a face appears.

A GREASY WHITE FACE

George recoils from the storm drain, spooked. That's when a VOICE, a sad voice, rises up.

PENNYWISE

This your boat?

George looks around, hoping someone else is around to hear this. It's just him and the torrential rain. An OLD WOMAN watches from the window of a house behind the storm drain.

CUT TO:

POV from the OLD WOMAN's house. She turns her attention back to her cat, scraping out the wet innards of a can of tuna into a plate on the window sill. It meows.

BACK TO GEORGIE:

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

It's a nice boat. Floats.

George looks back at the drain. Deep inside there, lingering just on the edge of the shadows...

IS A CLOWN

Not Bozo, or Ronald McDonald, but something more old world, freakish, like that of a 19th-century acrobat -- bald, lithe, almost child-like. PENNYWISE.

GEORGE

Why are you in the sewer?

PENNYWISE

Oh, the circus said not to say.

GEORGE

How come?

PENNYWISE

They don't let me in on that stuff. I just do my tricks for the kids. You look like a nice boy. I'll bet you have a lot of friends.

GEORGE

Three. But my brother is my best
best...

George glances at the paper boat, now kicking between
Pennywise's gnarly white feet. Pennywise picks up the boat.

PENNYWISE

Your best best. Is this his boat?

GEORGE

He made it for me.

A big grin swells across Pennywise's face.

PENNYWISE

That's a good brother. Where is he?

GEORGE

In bed. Sick.

PENNYWISE

Let me cheer him up. I'll bring you
both to the circus.

GEORGE

He won't want to go.

PENNYWISE

Why not? There's cotton candy and
bearded women and all the balloons
your brother could want.

GEORGE

He's 13. He thinks balloons are
dumb. And clowns are dumb.

Pennywise's face turns, a dawning awareness.

PENNYWISE

Well you don't do you?

George shrugs.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

I'll take just you then.

GEORGE

I don't know. I'm not supposed to
talk to strangers.

PENNYWISE

Smart parents, smart parents. Well
I'm Bob Gray. Pennywise to my
friends. What do they call you?

GEORGE

G-Georgie.

PENNYWISE

Georgie. Now we aren't strangers,
are we?

George shrugs, still not convinced.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

I promise I'll have you back in
time for dinner. Give me your hand,
we'll shake on it.

GEORGE

You're still a stranger. I don't
want to talk to you.

PENNYWISE

Okay, shake and give me the silent
treatment. Zip your lip up and
shake --

With his left hand Pennywise pretends to zip his own lip
while offering his right through the sewer drain.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

-- and I'll give you back your
boat.

Pennywise holds Georgie's boat out of the drain with his
right hand. Georgie reaches out both hands, his left to
receive his boat and his right for a handshake to signal
their friendship. He gets ever closer when --

Pennywise lunges. Grabs Georgie's hand. Jerks him down and
toward the sewer, baring his mouthful of razor-like teeth.

CUT TO the OLD WOMAN's POV again.

The cat devours its food, the old woman pleased with his
appetite. She hears a scream and looks up, dropping the food
and heading for her door as quickly as her old bones permit.

BACK ON GEORGIE

On the ground. Crawling away from the drain. A gnawed and
bloody stump where his right arm used to be seconds ago.

But at least he's getting awa--

YANK! Georgie is pulled back into the blackness of the Storm Drain. Screaming as loud as his little lungs can manage.

CUT TO the OLD WOMAN'S POV one last time.

As she totters from her building, staring in terrified wonderment at the drain across the street which has swallowed Georgie Denbrough whole --

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

JUNE 1989

EXT. DERRY - AERIAL - DAY

In the distance, settled on a crosscut of the Penobscot River and Kenduskaeg Stream rests the TOWN OF DERRY, MAINE.

TILT STRAIGHT DOWN to HANLON ABBATOIR

SEVERAL multi-acre, manure filled sheep pens stand empty. One has 50 sheep ready for slaughter, a path leading from the pen grows narrower as it feeds into an industrial complex designed for slaughter.

CUT TO:

A SHEEP. Big and bleating. Looking right at us.

STUNBOLT GUN enters frame. Inches from the Sheep's *glabella*. Also known as 'that space between your eyes.'

It's held there. For a squirm-in-your-seat amount of time.

VOICE (O.S.)

Pull it, son.

That's LEROY HANLON (60s). He looks much older though. Working every day of your life will do that to you. And he's the Hanlon in --

HANLON ABBATOIR

It's his grandson MIKE (13) that holds the Stunbolt Gun. Leroy describes Mike as 'soft'. Because of reasons like this:

VOICE/LEROY

Go on now. Pull it.

Mike's hand shakes. Nerves getting to him.

MIKE

I don't want to do this.

LEROY

People need to eat.

MIKE

But how would you feel? Raised for food...

LEROY

Like I'd want you to get it over with is how I'd feel... Remember what I told you? You gotta do this quick. If the animal senses what you're about to do, if it starts to fear you, adrenaline courses through its body and changes the taste and the meat winds up tough.

He snatches the Stunbolt away from Mike. And without a moments hesitation he squeezes the trigger and --

Whompf! The Sheep falls. Mike stares at its bleeding-out carcass as Leroy hangs the Stunbolt.

LEROY (CONT'D)

You need to start taking more responsibility around here, Mike. Your Dad was younger than you when he took this over...

MIKE

But what if I can't? What if I don't want to do this, be here...

LEROY

Look at me. Let me tell you about being here. 'Cuz you need to understand something. There are two places you can be in this world. You can be out here, like us. Or you can be in there, like them...

Leroy points to the other Sheep. Lined up and waiting in the Slaughter Pen for their turn with the Stunbolt.

LEROY (CONT'D)

And if you waste too much time
hemming and hawing, that choice is
gonna be made for you. 'Cept you
won't know it til you feel the bolt
blast right between your eyes...

INT. DERRY MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Doors fling open and ROWDY 6TH, 7TH, and 8TH GRADERS spill
out into the halls like sheep. Books are hurled in the trash,
lockers emptied out, papers strewn all over -- summer is
officially commenced. Swept up among this madness is...

BILL DENBROUGH (13)

Handsome and gangly, a boy straight out of a Sally Mann
photo, still haunted by the memory of his little brother.

EDDIE KASPBRAK (13)

A boy abnormally small for his age, his INHALER holstered in
his medicine-filled fannypack;

RICHIE TOZIER (13)

A video game and television freak with bug-eyed glasses;

STANLEY URIS (13)

Tightly wound. Repressed. Anxious. Wears a kippah.

BILL
How's it work?

EDDIE
They slice part of his penis off.

RICHIE
That can't be true. He'd have
nothing left...

Eddie takes a puff off his INHALER.

STANLEY
That's a real knee-slapper, Richie.
So funny I forgot to laugh...

RICHIE
So which is it? Knee-slapper or you
forgot to laugh?

BILL
For serious, Stan. Wh-what happens?

STANLEY

I don't know, I read some stuff
from the Torah and make a speech
and then suddenly I become a man.

RICHIE

That sounds like a lot of work. I
became a man by banging Ed's mom...

STANLEY

Richie. Gross.

They turn right toward the exit leading to endless summer but
we push forward through the swarms of school kids and find --

TRAVIS BOWERS (16) and his thug sidekicks: BELCH HUGGINS
(15), PATRICK HOCKSTETTLER (17) and VICTOR CRISS (15) -- one
a lunkhead oaf, another a perpetually giggly fire-starting
sociopath, and the last one a scrap and scab junk yard dog
type. They nudge each other to look over at --

BEVERLY MARSH (13). Tossing a cloud of auburn hair away from
her wary green-gray eyes. Proud but not conceited, she's the
envy and natural enemy to all popular girls.

Speaking of which --

A group of PRETTY POPULAR GIRLS, some in field hockey
uniforms with pleated skirts they've rolled up extra short
and carrying their sticks, join Travis and the others.

The prettier leader, GRETTA (14), rolls her eyes as she sees
who has their attention...

GRETTA

If I have to see that bitch one
more time this summer...

A GIRL next to Gretta drops her backpack to her side and
fishes out a field hockey ball from its front pocket.

GIRL #1

I think I can handle this.

Tee-ing up the ball she smacks it towards Beverly's shins.
Quick, a startled Beverly lifts one leg and the ball hits the
lockers behind her with a loud CLANG.

GIRL #1 (CONT'D)

Sure know how to spread 'em, slut!

Peals of laughter from the group.

Beverly turns and darts down the hallways so they can't see the reddening of her face.

GRETTA
Run, bitch!

EXT. EMERGENCY EXIT - DERRY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Pudgy BEN HASCOMB (13) lingers with his bike. He has headphones ON, connected to a Walkman. Doesn't hear the door open behind him and Beverly step out. Ben blocks her way.

She taps him on the shoulder. Startled, he turns and rips off his headphones. Like he's embarrassed.

BEVERLY
You gonna let me go by or is there a secret password or something?

BEN
Sorry.

He steps aside. But Beverly doesn't move. Instead lights a cigarette like a pro. Exhales a long stream of smoke before --

BEVERLY
"Sorry's" not a password. Travis and his goons are over by the west entrance so you should be fine...

BEN
I wasn't...

He was.

BEVERLY
What are you listening to?

She grabs his headphones before Ben gets a chance to react. Which is a shame. Because as she puts 'em on all we hear is --

I'll be loving you forever... As long as you want me to be...

Ben. Red. Beverly. Surprised.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Wow. New Kids on the Block.

BEN
I don't even like them. I was just... y'know...

BEVERLY
Oh, wait. You're the new kid,
right? Now I get it...

BEN
There's nothing to get --

BEVERLY
It's fine, really. I'm --

BEN
(blurting)
Beverly Marsh.

A little too quick. His ears turn red with embarrassment.

BEN (CONT'D)
I just know 'cuz we were in social
studies. Together, in the same
class. You were...
(ugh, forget it)
I'm Ben. But everyone pretty much
just calls me --

BEVERLY
"The new kid."

BEN
Even though I've been here four
months already...

BEVERLY
Well Ben, there are worse things to
be called...

Ben crushing on her.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Can I sign your yearbook?

She doesn't even wait for his answer and takes his YEARBOOK
out of his hands. Opens it and sees she's the first, and
only, to sign it. Her heart breaks a little for him. She
writes "*Stay Cool*" and signs her name with three hearts.

Ben sees a FAINT YELLOW BRUISE on her forearm. Beverly
notices him noticing.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
"Stay cool" Ben from sosh class.

BEN
Uh, you too, Beverly.

Ben watches her go, totally smitten.

BEVERLY

"K.I.T."

Feeling brilliant for an instant--

BEN

"Get laid in the shade!"

Then smacks his head. "Laid in the shade"? Really? Burning with shame he hops on his bike.

Through the parking lot past a DERRY POLICE BOOTH, where a little gathering of cops eat donuts (CHIEF BORTON among them) not doing jack shit. The school MARQUEE reads:

REMEMBER THE CURFEW

7 P.M.

DERRY POLICE DEPARTMENT

Find Bill, Eddie, Richie and Stanley nearby watching --

The mother of Dorsey Corcoran, sleepless and desperate, scans the throngs of departing kids. Her desperate eyes fall on Bill, Richie, Eddie and Stanley. They avert their stares.

STANLEY

She actually expecting to see him?

EDDIE

Like, Dorsey Corcoran's been hiding in Home Ec the last three weeks.

BILL

You think they'll find him?

RICHIE

Sure they will. In a ditch. All decomposed, covered in worms and maggots and smelling like Eddie's Mom's va--

Richie is CHECKED TO THE PAVEMENT by Travis Bowers. His glasses fall off and a pile of comics and video game magazines spill from his back pack.

TRAVIS

Sorry chode. Didn't see you.

Travis kicks the glasses away. Victor grabs Stanley's yarmulke and tosses it into the window of a departing bus.

VICTOR
Frisbee, fuck nut.

Belch burps in Eddie's face. Eddie wilts. Bill scoops up the remains of Richie's glasses, smashed by the bus.

BILL
You suck, B-B-B-B-Bowers!

Travis and his goons turn. They stare at Bill menacingly.

TRAVIS
You s-s-say something, p-p-pussy?

Everyone around them stops and watches, waiting for Bill to respond. Eddie gives Bill a look to shut it. He does.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Yeah, thought so. You got a free ride this year because of your little brother. But ride's over, Denbrough...

He starts to move toward Bill. But he catches sight of Chief Borton. Or more importantly, OFFICER BOWERS. Travis' father. Sadly, we'll meet him more officially later.

Travis looks back at Bill and the others. Tension. He steps back, giving the Boys some room to breathe. But not too much.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
This summer's gonna be a hurt train, for you and your faggot friends...

He heads off toward Victor's Trans Am.

EXT. WITCHAM STREET - STRIP MALL - DAY

Backpacks. Unzipped. Stuffed with old homework, school projects, battered notebooks, broken pencils.

Bill, Richie, Stanley and Eddie shake their backpacks out over a dumpster in the back of Keene's Pharmacy.

Purging themselves of the school year.

EDDIE
Best feeling ever.

RICHIE
I know one that's better.

Masturbating.

BILL
B-Barrens tomorrow, right?

Eddie, Richie and Stanley look at each other. The mood has changed. Back to Bill:

STANLEY
Are we really going to start off
the summer looking for dead Dorsey?

EDDIE
Stan --

BILL
He isn't dead.

STANLEY
Just missing. Right. Sorry, Bill.

Richie sees Mike on his bike pedaling past 'em. Richie waves.

RICHIE
Hey homeschool...

MIKE
Hey...

They watch as Mike continues on, ultimately disappearing around the corner. Like he's some sort of urban legend.

RICHIE
Do home-schooled kids even get
summer vacation, ya think?

EDDIE
Their whole life is summer
vacation...

STANLEY
I don't know. I bet it's lonely.

Nevermind that --

BILL
S-So tomorrow? Barrens?

STANLEY
We'll be there.

They all peel off in different directions. Bill and Richie on their bikes, Eddie and Stanley on foot.

INT. BILL DENBROUGH'S HOUSE - DAY

Dust collects on the piano in the living room. A stale quiet suffocates the house. The only sound the ticking of a clock and the distant yelling of playing children.

EXT. BILL DENBROUGH'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill walks up his driveway as --

BILL

He th-th-thrusts his fists against
the po-po-po-po-SH-SH-SHIT...

Breathe deep, Bill. Take it slow.

BILL (CONT'D)

He th-thrusts his fists against the
po-posts... B-but still insists he
s-sees the ghosts.

Skids to a stop at the mailbox. He opens it and sifts through mail, coming across a BROCHURE FOR ACADIA NATIONAL PARK.

His face lights up.

BILL (CONT'D)

Hey Ma.

She's watering their planters, mind a million miles away. Only when one overflows and spills onto her shoes does she snap out of it --

SHARON

Damn it, Bill. You could've said
something.

She goes to the spigot and turns off the hose.

ZACH (O.S.)

Bill! That you?!

Bill pushes his bike up to the GARAGE, brochure in hand.

Sees his dad, ZACH DENBROUGH (40), sits at his woodworking bench whittling a lump of wood into a DUCK DECOY. Behind him dozens of colorfully painted decoys are arranged on display.

BILL

Western Grebe. Want help painting --

ZACH

I thought we agreed.

He points to the corner, which is taken up by an elaborate, labyrinthine, scale model of the Derry sewers made out of yellow plastic hamster tubes.

BILL
Before you say anything.

ZACH
Bill --

BILL
Just let me show you something first...

Bill grabs a G.I. JOE ACTION FIGURE off the tool bench and sticks it in the tubes. He turns on the hose, sprays it at the model, and G.I. Joe goes sweeping through the plastic tunnels. Shooting onto the drain marked "Barrens."

BILL (CONT'D)
The Barrens. It's the only place --

ZACH
He's gone, Bill.

BILL
But if the storm swept Georgie in, we should've --

ZACH
He's gone. He's dead. What's done is done. Now please take it down.

Zach folds a SEWER MAP that Bill had stapled above.

ZACH (CONT'D)
And next time you take a sewer map from my workshop ask permission.

Gut punched. Bill looks to a HAMSTER IN AN EMPTY CAGE.

BILL
Guess you get your tunnels back.

As he starts disassembling the model -- quietly, to himself --

BILL (CONT'D)
He thrusts his fi-fists... against the po-posts...

Water leaks from the mouth of the hose and pools slowly at his feet. A sinister tremor disturbs its surface, or the reflection of a face...

EXT. COSTELLO AVENUE MARKET - LATER

Mike exits and hops on his bike. Doesn't notice Victor's Trans Am pass him on the street. But we do. And as Mike takes off in the other direction we keep with the Trans Am as it stops and makes a slow U-Turn. Uh-oh...

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - DIRT ROAD - LATER

Mike on his bike. On his own. Working his way back to the Hanlon Homestead when --

Victor's Trans Am appears behind him.

INT. VICTOR'S TRANS AM - CONTINUOUS

Victor behind the wheel. Travis reaches over and HONKS the horn. Mike turns. "Oh shit..." all over his face.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Mike pedals fast as the Trans Am screams up on him, like it's going to chew 'im up and spit him out. At the last second --

Mike turns off the road. Losing control of his bike. Leaps off but its speed keeps it upright and it CRASHES into --

A GNARLED, LIFELESS TREE.

Trans Am blasts past Mike. Amazing you can even hear their laughter over the roaring engine. Leaning out of the window --

TRAVIS

Stay the fuck out of my town!

Trans Am disappears around the bend. But it isn't until the sound of the engine fades that Mike gets back to his feet.

Collects himself.

Walks back to his bike, half-hidden in the bushes. Rips it free from the brushwood and kneels to examine it.

Bent rim, broken spokes, snapped chain.

As he inspects the tires, he freezes. Like he senses a presence behind him. He turns right as --

Something darts into the bushes. Can't be sure what it was but it looked like a messy mass of MELTED HANDS.

Not wanting to investigate further, Mike stands and starts to quickly push his bike back onto the road and out of town.

INT. DERRY SYNAGOGUE - DAY

Stanley reads from the TORAH as the RABBI -- aka Stanley's Dad -- watches over his shoulder. Waiting for a fuck up.

STANLEY
*Baruk atah Adonai, eloheynu
 meleek...*

There it is.

RABBI
Melehk. Start again.

Trying harder -- nervous --

STANLEY
*Baruk atah Adonai, eloheynu
 melehk... melehk...*

Oy vey --

RABBI
Ha'olam...

STANLEY
Ha'olam, asher bahkar mikal..

RABBI
*Banu mikal! You're not studying,
 Stanley. You're not studying and
 yet this is exactly what this time
 is about... Taking responsibility
 for one's own religious life. If
 you don't want to study for you,
 think of your mother. Think of me.
 How is it going to look if the
 Rabbi's son can't even finish his
 reading? Do you want to bring shame
 on me and your mother, after all
 we've done for you?*

STANLEY
 No, sir.

RABBI
 Or on people of this Synagogue?

STANLEY
 No, sir.

RABBI
On yourself?

Stanley shakes his head.

STANLEY
No, sir.

RABBI
Your actions say otherwise.

Stanley's eyes well up with tears. Doesn't want to be a disappointment. Not to his Father. Not to anyone.

The Rabbi hands Stanley the scroll.

RABBI (CONT'D)
Put the scroll away. No one up here
is using it anyway.

INT. DERRY SYNAGOGUE, DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Ashamed, Stanley walks down the old, molding stone stairs to the basement of the synagogue. He finds his

DAD'S OFFICE

A scholar's study. Rabbinical papers, journals, and books. So many books. On one of the walls hangs a PAINTING: *Judith*. Standing naked, holding her sword in one hand and the decapitated, bloody head of Holofernes in the other.

Stanley glances up at Judith as he passes with the scroll. Like he can't help himself. Even though he'd rather not.

Creak...

Behind him, the Door to the Mikveh OPENS. A darkness beyond, seems to beckon him. Stanley steps toward. Like he might enter. But instead --

He SLAMS the door shut. Spooked.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET - DAY

Eddie walks down the street with crumbling asphalt that runs along the canal and the OLD TRAIN YARD.

Beep beep beep. He looks at his Casio Calculator Watch. Alarm has been set. Stops. Digs into his pocket.

Pulls out a BOTTLE OF PILLS. Open it and dumps a few into his hand. Different colors. About to pinch one up but --

Man, can't shake the feeling he's being watched.

He looks over at

THE HOUSE ON 29 NEIBOLT STREET

A plot infested with giant ratty sunflowers that hem in an abandoned, boarded up structure with a rotted, sloping facade that looks like Munch's The Scream.

But no sign of anyone inside. Or out.

Unnerved, Eddie quickly looks at his pills. Starts to walk again as he tries to put them back in the bottle when --

CoughCough.

Not sure from where.

Startles Eddie. Drops his pills. They scatter over asphalt.

EDDIE

Shit.

He looks back over at The House on 29 Neibolt Street.

Still no sign of anyone.

But hey, do you remember if the Front Door was open before?

Because it is now.

Eddie quickly kneels. Trying to collect his scattered pills and stuff 'em back into his Medicine Bottle.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Moms gonna kill me...

He reaches for A RED PILL when --

SOMEONE ELSE'S HAND picks it up instead. And let me tell you about this hand. If I can. Without throwing up.

Start with The Thumb. Or what's left of it. Because really it's nothing more than a NUBBIN which serves as an outpost in a sea of flaky flesh full of Open Sores and Hanging Scabs. Glistening with puss. And snot. Probably a mix of both.

It is the Hand of Disease.

It is the preview -- the amooze *blech* -- of what is to come as Eddie looks up and sees --

A leprous, tumorous HOBO. A case study for Everything Awful Ever. A wet sponge of sickness.

HOBO

Think these'll help me?

Hobo COUGHS again.

Eddie squishes his face. He can feel the spittle stick and his skin absorb the messy microbes especially as --

Hobo blows his nose into his hand. Wipes it on his Coat Sleeve. We see the hint of a WHITE RUFFLE underneath.

I mean, maybe you see it. Or maybe you're too focused on the long string of snot that droops down from his nose.

HOBO (CONT'D)

Think these'll make us float?

Hobo limps toward Eddie. Dragging his dead leg behind him.

Eddie scrambles back.

Not realizing he's making his way closer to The House on 29 Neibolt Street. Until he turns around and sees --

An Orange Glow emanating from underneath the Front Porch. As if a sunset is happening just beyond the rotted lattice.

Eddie.

Fixated on that glow.

As the Hobo gets closer and closer.

We might lose Eddie here but --

BeepBeep.

Of his Watch again.

Blinks.

Eddie realizes the Hobo is right on him -- how'd he get to him so quick? -- and takes off running into the

BACK YARD

Reaches the Chain Link Fence.

Looks back at the House and sees --

Pennywise.

On the Back Porch.

Holding a bunch of Stringed Balloons in one hand as he waves to Eddie with the other.

PENNYWISE

Where ya going, Eds? If you lived here you'd be home by now!

Scared sick, Eddie begins to climb the fence. Not an easy feat for someone of his weak and feeble nature.

Falls to the other side.

Looks back. Ready to see something even worse but --

Pennywise is gone.

Eddie pulls out his Inhaler. Takes a puff.

INT. HANLON HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike picks at his food. Leroy studies him. Half-amused.

LEROY

Long day?

Mike. Lost in thought.

LEROY (CONT'D)

Something happen while you were out on collections?

Says that like he already knows the answer. Which is why Mike glances up at him. For a small moment.

LEROY (CONT'D)

Saw your bike. You have another run in with the Bowers boy? Or is it something else...

MIKE

Something else like what?

LEROY

Dunno. You tell me.

And right before we think Mike is going to confide in his grandfather, he stops. Has questions of his own:

MIKE

Why do we live outside of town? Is it because of the Bowers?

LEROY

No. We live out here because I want the best for my grandson. See, it's not just the Bowers that ain't right... It's that whole town that's wrong...

Before going further, he pauses to consider his grandson. Is he old enough? He decides. Sets down his fork. He leans in. It's time for him to learn the truth about Derry:

LEROY (CONT'D)

Do you know what a haunt is?

INT. EDDIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

While Eddie watches, Bill and Richie raid the kitchen like feral animals, stuffing Capri Suns, a bag of marshmallows, whatever snacks they can find into their backpacks.

EDDIE

What if someone catches us--

BILL

It's the public works. We're the public, aren't we?

One cabinet is FULL OF PILLS. Ignoring that, the boys collect their things and head into the

LIVING ROOM

On their way out the Front Door. MRS. KASPBRAK, an enormous 300-pound woman, is stuffed into a recliner. Muumuu. Moles. Curlers. Painting her nails as her eyes are glued to *Donahue* on their small Zenith TV. Maybe she won't notice them leav--

MRS. KASPBRAK

Eddie-bear --

Damnit. She did.

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)

-- where you boys off to in such a rush...?

Eddie to Bill and Richie: *Help. Please.*

BILL

Uh, just my b-backyard, Mrs. K. We got a new badminton set.

She looks them over, assessing whether this is a lie.

MRS. KASPBRAK

Okay, but sweetie don't go rolling around on the grass. Especially if it's just been cut. You know how your allergies can get.

EDDIE

Yes, ma.

BILL

I'll take good care of him, Mrs. K.

Almost home free but --

MRS. KASPBRAK

Eddie? Aren't you forgetting something?

Eddie slumps. Knows exactly what he's forgetting. He trudges over to his Mother. As the other boys watch. Kisses his Mother on the cheek. She smiles.

RICHIE

Want one from me too, Mrs. K?

Bill chokes down laughter. Mrs. Kaspbrak shoots a look at Richie. Like, you wish. On their way out --

EDDIE

Knock it off, Rich.

INT. DERRY LIBRARY - READING ROOM - LATER

Green globes, curved iron staircases, shadowy charm. Ben sits at one of the long tables. Outside the Window, he sees --

Bill, Richie, Eddie and Stanley pedal past. A sharp reminder of his solitary state. He looks down at a POSTCARD. Reads the poem he's written on it:

BEN

Your hair is winter fire/ January
Embers/ My heart burns there, too

Satisfied, he addresses the postcard to "Bev Marsh" when --

THUMP!

Pointy-nosed MRS STARRET, 40s, slaps a dusty old book on the table next to Ben. He jumps, startled. Jeezus...

MRS. STARRET
Found it. It was behind the radiator in the basement.

BEN
Thank you, Mrs. Starret. Why wasn't it in the stacks?

He goes for it but Mrs. Starret slides it back. Out of reach.

MRS. STARRET
Isn't it summer vacation? I would think you'd be ready to take a break from the books.

BEN
I like it in here.

He glances at a newspaper on a table there, a headline with a grisly photo reads: "*BODY FOUND BY CANAL NOT CORCORAN BOY*"

BEN (CONT'D)
My mom works two jobs so it's better than being home alone.

MRS. STARRET
A boy should be spending his summer outside with friends. Don't you have any friends?

BEN
Can I have the book now?

MOMENTS LATER

Ben slides the dusty old book to him, its jacket reads: "*A HISTORY OF OLD DERRY BY BRANSON BUDDINGER.*"

He flips through pages. Through history. Renderings of Early Penobscot settlements. Looting by the British in 1812. Sawmill boom soon after. And then PHOTOGRAPHS. Like this one:

Children at the OLD IRONWORKS, in their Easter best holding baskets of eggs, gathered around a CIRCUS WAGON. Whatever they are looking at, entertained by, is just out of sight.

He turns the page and is greeted with a HEADLINE:

EASTER EXPLOSION KILLS 88 CHILDREN, 102 TOTAL

Underneath, another PHOTOGRAPH of the Ironworks. Or what's left of it. Which isn't much. He turns the page to find --

A PHOTOGRAPH.

Townspeople surround a tree. Pointing up at something in its branches, with varied versions of horrified expressions.

What is it? There in the branches?

Ben turns the page. Same Picture. Almost. Because we're CLOSER now to the object in the tree. Ben turns the page again. CLOSER. Another page. CLOSER. Another. CLOSER.

This continues until we're right in the branches with --

THE DECAPITATED HEAD OF A SMALL CHILD.

Ben slams the book shut and pushes it away. He looks around the library, spooked. Mrs. Starret blithely stamps books behind her desk. Everyone goes about their business.

But what about --

THAT PINK EASTER EGG

At the top of the stairs leading to the Archives.

Does no one else see it?

Curious, Ben gets up from the table. Grabs his postcard and stuffs it into his pocket. Eyes on the egg. Walks over.

He picks the egg up. Hefts it.

Ben looks around, getting the uneasy sense he's being watched. He's about to turn back when he sees --

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS

ANOTHER EASTER EGG. Yellow. With a RED BALLOON tied around it. Ben goes down into the

ARCHIVES ROOM

Even in the daytime it's dark. So there's no telling what stalks the labyrinthine aisles with high-walled shelves.

Ben picks up the yellow egg. Stares at it. Considering.

VOICE (O.S.)
That one is mine!

A SMALL HAND snatches the Easter Egg from Ben. Startles the hell out of him. He sees a BOY, 8, disappear down an aisle.

He's carrying an Easter Egg Basket and wears a Knicker Suit, as was the style at the beginning of last century.

BEN

Wait!

Ben chases after him.

Loses him in the aisles. But a growing sense of fear as he rounds the corners. What was that? And that?

Noises. Fade. Shadows. Creep.

Ben finds himself back at the beginning.

Crack.

Like a dropped egg.

Ben looks over at the stairs. Yolk oozes down a step.

BOY

Look what I found, Benny.

From the top, the Boy takes a step down. Only his legs are visible, the rest of him obscured by the overhang.

He takes another step. Wobbly, like he might fall. A little more of him is revealed. No basket. So he uses the crook of his arm for his eggs. Not the best way to transport 'em and --

Crack.

One more egg gone.

He takes another step down. Revealing his torso. And then another step, revealing --

The Boy. Headless. Little wisps of smoke curl up into the air, coming out of the gaping hole that used to be his neck. He takes another step and loses the other eggs.

Crackcrackcrackcrack...

Ben takes off running into the aisles. Boy chases. Ben screams, running as fast as his fat legs can take him. Until he runs right into --

Mrs. Starrett.

MRS. STARRETT

I think it's time you leave.

Ben. Catching his breath. Looks behind him. No sign of the Headless Boy. Or the eggs.

EXT. DERRY LIBRARY - DAY

Ben exits. Rattled. Clutching the postcard. Crosses over to
MONUMENT SQUARE

Walks by the STATUE OF THE GOVERNOR OF MAINE. Its eyes seem to follow Ben. Sensing this, Ben meets its gaze. Unnerved.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Where you off to, Chubs?

Fuck. Travis steps out from behind the statue. Ben stuffs the postcard into his bag, spins around and --

Behind him, Hockstettler. Victor and Belch on either side.

HOCKSTETTLER

Can we come?

EXT. KISSING BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Travis and the boys drag Ben onto the bridge. They fling Ben against the railing and flip up his sweatshirt, exposing his fat belly. Belch slaps it hard. Ben screams.

BELCH

Look at the cellulite!

Victor squishes it in his hands, SQUEALING like a pig. Patrick pulls out his lighter and a can of hairspray.

HOCKSTETTLER

Let me light his hair like Michael Jackson.

Hockstettler jettisons a fireball with his make-shift flame thrower, just past Ben's head.

TRAVIS

Just hold him.

Travis pulls the buck knife from his jeans. Ben's eyes go wide. He looks around for help.

A CAR putters down the street and crosses the bridge.

An OLD COUPLE sit in front with glazed looks. They catch eyes with Ben. See his tears. But do nothing. As the car passes, reveal in the backseat --

A RED BALLOON.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Okay, new kid. This is what us locals call the kissing bridge. It's famous for two things. Sucking face and guess what else?

Ben scans his surrounding, the bridge's old wooden beams CARVED UP with hundreds of hearts and names of lovers.

BEN

Wait! Travis, don't--

In two quick motions Travis SLASHES A BRIGHT RED "T" in Ben's belly. Victor and Hockstettler laugh. Belch is unsettled.

BELCH

Whoa, Travis.

TRAVIS

Shut up. I'm gonna carve my whole name on this cottage cheese.

Ben is too shocked to scream. He looks over his shoulder at the stream behind him, then back at Travis's bloody grin.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Now say it with me. What comes after T?

Ben plants his heel in Travis's chest and launches himself backward over the railing, out of the grip of Victor and Snatch. Travis is knocked back on his ass onto the pavement.

EXT. KENDUSKAEG STREAM - CONTINUOUS

Ben tumbles down the culvert, fetching up hard against a fallen tree. He picks himself up as --

TRAVIS

I'm gonna cut your tits off! I swear to fucking God.

Travis leaps over the railing with the knife, Victor, Snatch and Hockstettler right behind.

Ben darts off across the water into a thicket of woods.

THE BARRENS

Travis trips, tangling up his whole crew. They all go splashing down in the stream, where Travis LOSES THE KNIFE.

Travis gropes around for his lost knife, suddenly hysterical.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Find my knife! My old man will
kill me! You two find fattie.

Travis and Victor search the stream, hands passing right by where the BLADE IS WEDGED UNDER A LOG.

Hockstetter and Belch take off after Ben.

CUT TO:

A VENTED IRON MANHOLE COVER. Stamped onto it is --

Derry Sewer Department

This is the Morlock Hole. A cement cylinder that sticks about four feet out of the ground. A DRONE. Somewhere deep within.

We move beyond it to reveal,

THE BARRENS.

A messy, untamed tract of land. Big and green and wild. We follow a trickle of water to its source --

A LARGE SEWER DRAINPIPE.

Eddie paces at the entrance. Stanley moves to join Richie further inside, scraping a branch against its grimy corrugated walls. Stanley turns to Eds --

STANLEY

Aren't you coming in?

EDDIE

Uh-uh. It's gray water.

RICHIE

What the hell's gray water?

EDDIE

Tell 'em Bill, what your Dad said.

Bill is deeper in the LONG CAVERNOUS SEWER PIPE, which extends into pitch darkness. Beyond it though, you get a sense of something lurking... something waiting...

BILL

It's where all the wa-wa-wash water
and storm drain runoff goes.

EDDIE

It's sewer water. Piss and shit.
I'm telling you guys you're
splashing around in millions of
gallons of Derry pee.

Richie dips his branch in the water and sniffs the tip.

RICHIE

Smells okay to me.

Bill sees something in the muck and fishes it out.

BILL

Guys.

EDDIE

Serious. Have you ever heard of a
staff infection --

BILL

Guys!

They all shut up and turn to Bill, holding a sneaker.

STANLEY

Shit, don't tell me that's--

BILL

No. Georgie wore galoshes.

He flips Richie the sneaker, nods to look inside. Richie
flashes his key-ring light, sees "D. CORCORAN" written on the
sole in black marker.

EDDIE

Who's sneaker is it?

Bill fishes it out with a branch, afraid to touch it.

RICHIE

Dorsey Corcoran.

EDDIE

Shit. For real? Oh fuck. That
totally freaks me out...

RICHIE
 How do you think Dorsey feels?
 Running around these woods with
 only one friggin' shoe.

The Others look at Richie: *Did he really just say that?*

STANLEY
 What if... what if he's still here?

They all lock eyes.

Richie picks up a stick and starts sloshing deeper into the dark pipe where the shoe was found. Eddie stays frozen.

RICHIE
 Dorsey!?

EDDIE
 Really! Stop! We're gonna get in
 trouble. Richie!

RICHIE
 What?

EDDIE
 My mom will have an aneurism if she
 finds out I was playing down here,
 I'm serious.

RICHIE
 Eds, you get within twenty feet of
 a peanut she has a cow. Come home
 with Dorsey Corcoran's corpse, she
 might actually have a whole herd.

EDDIE
 That's so not funny. Bill?

Bill, who has been uncommonly quiet, finally speaks.

BILL
 If I was D-Dorsey I would want us
 to find me. Georgie too.

He dumps out a bag of marshmallows and bags the shoe.

RICHIE
 Who do you think is doing this?

BILL
 I don't know. Maybe this will help
 us find out...

EDDIE

What if I don't want to find out?

RICHIE

What?

EDDIE

No offense, Bill, but I don't want to end up like... I don't want to go missing either...

STANLEY

He has a point.

BILL

Y-y-you too?

STANLEY

Don't you guys feel it? It's like something is out there... watching us... like it wants us...

BILL

What are you talking about?

RICHIE

Yeah, Stan. You're really creep --

RUSTLING.

From the bushes.

They freeze. Waiting. Wondering. Is Stanley right?

MORE RUSTLING.

A FIGURE crashes out of the brush.

Eddie falls back.

None of 'em speak as we reveal, Ben. Barely standing before them. Beaten. And bloody.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Holy fuck. What happened to you?

Ben collapses.

EXT. BARRENS - CONTINUOUS

Hockstetter and Belch split up. One going this way. The other going that. Hockstetter hears commotion up ahead. The Boys.

He smiles and picks up his pace. Passing the droning Morlock Hole as he creeps up toward the Sewer Drainpipe.

Our boys are in for it.

Hockstetter peeks through the bushes. But no sign of Ben, Bill, Richie, Eddie or Stanley. But he hears the ECHO of --

FOOTSTEPS.

From inside the Sewer Drainpipe. *SplishSplashing* through the water. Hockstetter enters the --

SEWER DRAINPIPE

HOCKSTETTER

I hear ya, fattie.

He giggles, excited by the chase. It bounces off and around the sewer walls. As he steps further in.

Approaching the darkness, Hockstetter pulls out his LIGHTER and his can of HAIRSPRAY. Flicks the lighter. Presses down on the spray can valve and --

Whooosh!

A flickering and licking long stream of flame shoots out ahead of him. A makeshift flamethrower.

Illuminates the Sewer for an instant before --

Blackness returns.

Hockstetter takes a couple more steps. Sound of trickling water, faint noise of distant traffic overhead. And...

...that's not calliope music is it? For a split second I thought I heard... Nah, never mind. Anyway --

Whooooosh!

More grey water. More slimy sewer walls. More darkness.

Hockstetter stops in a SHAFT OF SHARPLY SLICED SUNLIGHT, shining through the SEWER GRATE directly above him.

He listens.

Something there. In the darkness beyond. *PitterPatter* of Footsteps. Wet, raspy breathing. Sniffing.

He steps out of the light and into the dark.

HOCKSTETTER (CONT'D)

Don't think you can stay down here
all damn day now!

Whooooosh!

Nothing. Darkness returns and an eerie silence settles in.

Whoooooosh! Whoa --

DEAD CHILDREN.

Surround Hockstetter. Staring at him. Their eyes lit by the orange flame. Or is that orange glow coming from within them?

Can't tell. Happens all too quick before their cloaked again in the black nothingness of the sewer.

Hockstetter quickly flickers the lighter.

A soft glow.

Holds up the spray can. Presses down. But it doesn't work. So he *RATTLE*rattle*RATTLES* it. Like a rattlesnake about to strike. Sound amplified by the tunnels.

Whooosh!

MORE DEAD CHILDREN. And standing among them...

Pennywise.

His smile begins to grow, as his jaw becomes unhinged. Revealing rows and rows of teeth right before --

Blackness returns.

Hockstetter about to flick his lighter again but instead --

Crunch.

He SCREAMS.

Hear his FOOTSTEPS.

Running.

We don't see him again until he stumbles and falls into another SHAFT OF LIGHT. He looks chewed and spit out. Like a bad piece of gristly meat.

He looks up into the light.

HOCKSTETTER (CONT'D)
HELP! DOWN HERE! HELP!

EXT. KANSAS STREET - CONTINUOUS

On the Sewer Grate. As cars drive past and pedestrians walk by. No one hears the horrible screams. Except for us.

And only because we know it's there.

INT. SEWER - CONTINUOUS

Hockstetter looks behind him. Something fast approaching. He gets back to his feet. Runs as fast as he's able.

In and out of periodic light.

Stumbles again. Tripping over a RUSTED, BROKEN PIPE. He picks it up. Turns.

HOCKSTETTER
COME ON! COME ON! LET'S GO!

He waits. Ready to throw down. Sees something slowly approach in the darkness. Can't make it out yet... but then barely...

A RED BALLOON floats toward him.

Only stops when it gets right up to his bleeding, bruising face. So he can see something written on the other side.

He rotates the balloon to read --

I LOVE DERRY!

POP!

Balloon breaks.

Pennywise right behind it.

Hockstetter opens his mouth to scream.

Pennywise lunges.

Dragging Hockstetter back into the blackness for good.

EXT. RICHARD'S ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The kids tear into the alley, dazed and bloody Ben riding double with Richie, bikes clattering to the pavement.

BILL
You guys wait here.

Bill, Eddie and Stanley disappear around the block.

INT. KEENE'S PHARMACY - DAY

Tampons. Lots of varieties. Too many. Beverly stares at them all. Overwhelmed and unsure.

GRETTA (O.C.)
Dad, I'm gonna take off early...

Gretta appears from the back. Beverly turns away to hide as her sworn enemy exits through the Front Entrance right at the same time that Bill, Eddie, and Stanley rush in --

GRETTA (CONT'D)
Watch it, losers!

We stay with the boys as they race down one of the aisles. Eddie snatches cotton balls and antiseptic and bandages off the shelf like an expert. Bill checks prices.

BILL
Woah, that's a lot of dough.

Eddie pulls out one crumbled dollar.

EDDIE
All I got.

BILL
You have an account here don't you?

EDDIE
You crazy? My mom finds out I bought this stuff for myself I'll spend the whole weekend in the emergency room getting x-rayed.

They glance at the mirror where MR. KEENE (50s) the grumpy, eagle-eyed pharmacist watches them like a hawk as he fills prescriptions. Beverly comes up behind them.

BEVERLY
Where's the fire?

STANLEY
None of your business.

EDDIE

There's a kid outside, looks like
someone killed him.

BEVERLY

Shit. Can I help?

INT. KEENE'S PHARMACY - DAY

Beverly puts her tampons down at the counter. Mr. Keene
smiles at her.

BEVERLY

I like your glasses, Mr. Keene. You
look like Clark Kent.

MR. KEENE

(flattered)

Oh, I don't know about that.

BEVERLY

Can I try them?

Surprised by the request, he tentatively takes them off and
hands them to Beverly. She puts them on and smiles back.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

What do you think?

MR. KEENE

Did Lois Lane wear glasses?

She takes them off and hands them back, knocking over a
display of CIGARETTES. They clatter to the floor.

BEVERLY

Shoot. Sorry.

Mr. Keene leans down to pick them up. Beverly looks to Bill
and Eddie who grab the bandages and race out the store.

EXT. KEENE'S PHARMACY - DAY

Bev strides out. Bill waits for her by the curb under a
COLORFUL MURAL about the FBI's ambush of the infamous Bradley
Gang, a celebrated slice of Derry town history.

BILL

Th-Thanks.

He tries to give her his crumpled bill and some change. She
flashes a pack of STOLEN CIGARETTES.

BEVERLY
Even Steven.

She looks over and sees Ben, Eddie and Richie in the alley. Staring at her. She waves but then realizes --

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Wait -- Ben from sosh?

ON BEN

He's trying to decide what's worse. Being seen like this or being caught listening to New Kids on the Block.

Answer: Doesn't matter. They both suck.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
You okay? That looks like it hurts.

Trying to man up --

BEN
Nah, I'll be fine. I just fell.

RICHIE
Right into Travis.

BILL
Sh-shut it, Richie.

RICHIE
Why? It's the truth...

BEVERLY
Are you sure they got.. the right stuff... to fix you up?

Ben smiles, nods. The inside joke between them eases the pain a bit. He's about to say something but --

BILL
W-we'll take care of him. Thanks again, Beverly...

BEVERLY
Sure. See you around.

They watch her walk back down the Alley and turn onto Center Street. Bill -- like Ben -- is smitten.

STANLEY
Good going bringing up Travis, Richie...

EDDIE
Yeah, you heard what she did.

BEN
What'd she do?

BILL
Nothing. They're just rumors.

RICHIE
Who cares if they are or not, this
blood ain't gonna clean itself...

They get to work on Ben.

But we PAN UP to the MURAL and notice, painted in the shadow of one of the windows, a white face watching the ambush with a bloodless, sinister smile. PENNYWISE.

CUT TO:

A FRESH BANDAGE.

Ben peels it away, inspecting the wound underneath.

STANLEY
How's it looking?

BEN
Better...

They're at

BASSEY PARK QUARRY, LOVER'S LEAP

A massive rock formation.

Ben looks at Bill, Richie, Stanley and Eddie all stripped to their tightie-whities, standing in a line staring at the edge, the black water foreboding, endless.

BILL
Who's first?

RICHIE
Eddie?

EDDIE
Screw that.

Ben walks over. He wants to earn his keep.

BEN

I'll go.

EDDIE

With those cuts you have on your chest, I'm not sure if getting in this water--

RICHIE

Will you stop with the grey water shit. You make it seem like any water we get in is like swimming in an out-house.

BEN

What's grey water?

RICHIE

Don't get him started.

BILL

I'll go first.

BEVERLY (O.C.)

Gang of sissies.

The boys turn around to see Bev stripping out of a one piece summer dress down to her underwear. Before they can comprehend what's happening, she sprints off the edge and jumps into the water. BOOM. Cannonball.

The Boys look at one another. And then one by one --

They jump.

Don't know what color your eyes are baby but your hair is long and brown...

EXT. BASSEY PARK QUARRY, SHORE - LATER

...legs are strong, and you're so so long and you don't come from this town...

Beverly lays out on a rock. She's sun-drenched. As Richie's Boom Box nearby continues playing Love and Rocket's 1989 summer radio hit "I'm Alive".

Bill, Ben, Stanley, Richie, Eddie lay on other rocks, leaving a distance between them and Beverly. None of 'em bold enough to lay near her. But all of 'em wishing they were as they sneak their stares in.

I'm alive, huh, huh, so alive...

Beverly turns to lay on her stomach, the sudden movement startling the boys, so they all look away. Busy themselves with other things...

Like Richie turns to Ben's Backpack. Filled with books and papers. He starts to go through it as he realizes --

RICHIE
Newsflash, school's out for summer.

BEN
That's library stuff. Not school stuff...

Richie finds The Postcard.

RICHIE
Who sent you this?

Ben snatches it away.

BEN
No one.

He looks over at Beverly. Specifically, at her KNAPSACK. Eddie flips through a book on the History of Derry.

EDDIE
What's with the history project?

BEN
Oh, uh, when I moved here I didn't have anyone to hang out with or anything, so I just started spending time in the library.

RICHIE
Seriously? You went to the library? On your own? For fun?

Bill and Richie take a closer look. Beverly joins them.

BEVERLY
I want to see too...

She sits down next to Bill. He can barely concentrate with her so close to him. Skin smells like sun lotion.

Beverly looks at him and smiles. Not sure what to do -- oh, awkward youth -- Bill turns back at Ben's Research.

A XEROX shows an 1879 newspaper story with two old photos: the first of loggers posed in front of the Silver Dollar Saloon with schooners of beer in one hand and axes in the other, the second of five bodies chopped up on the sawdust floor. Headline screams: "FIVE MASSACRED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT"

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Why is it all of people getting killed and missing kids?

BEN

Dunno. That's Derry I guess.

EDDIE

Like any town, right, been around long enough, bad things happen? I mean, all history is a long line of bad things happening to people.

STANLEY

Try reading the Torah.

BEN

Yeah, but Derry's not like any town I moved to. And we've moved a lot. Did you guys know people die violently here or disappear like six times the national average?

BEVERLY

You read that?

BEN

(nodding)

That's just adults. Kids are worse. Way worse.

The Kids look at each other. Creepy...

BEN (CONT'D)

I've got more stuff if you wanna see it...

Off their "Fuck Yes" faces --

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Panicking, Ben hurries into his messy bedroom. We can hear the others coming up the stairs behind him as he kicks dirty underwear under the bed -- tosses PJs in his dresser -- stuffs books of poetry into his desk right before --

Beverly enters.

Followed close behind by the other Losers.

Ben turns, wondering what he was thinking to invite them all here. Jeezus, what did he forget?

All the attention is on his Bedroom Walls. Every inch is papered with more Xerox Copies of Newspaper Articles and Photographs. All on the History of Derry. Loggers drinking beer in the Silver Dollar in the 1880s. Little Kids on an Easter egg hunt at the Old Ironworks in 1907. FBI MEN stand over a bank robber's bullet riddled car in the 1930s.

RICHIE

Wow...

BEN

Cool, huh?

Richie looks at him, concerned.

RICHIE

No.

Stanley sees a copy of an old document with 90 signatures. INCORPORATION OF THE TOWNSHIP OF DERRY.

STANLEY

What's this? Declaration of Independence?

BEN

The charter for Derry Township.

RICHIE

Nerd alert...

Ben quickly looks over at Beverly. Trying to cover --

BEN

No, it's kind of interesting. Derry started as a beaver trapping camp.

RICHIE

Still is. Am I right, boys?

Beverly shakes her head. Bill throws him a look: *D-dude...*

BEN

Ninety-one people signed the charter that made Derry. But then, later that winter, they all disappeared, without a trace.

Lets it sink in. He's got 'em.

EDDIE
The entire camp?

Eddie is freaked out by this revelation.

ON BEN'S DESK

Next to some half-built models, Bill finds a few SLIDES. Holds them ONE BY ONE up to the light as Ben continues:

BEN
There were rumors of Indians but no sign of an attack. Others thought it was a plague or something. It was like everyone just woke up one day and left. The only clue was a big hole in the ground where the wellhouse was.

RICHIE
Jesus, we could get Derry on unsolved mysteries!

Intrigued by all the stories, Beverly finds herself over by Ben's Bedroom Door. Obscuring more articles. She starts to close the door to get a better look and sees a POSTER hanging' tough on the back. New Kids on the Block.

She turns and sees Ben. Beet red, staring right at her. Horrified. *That's what he forgot...*

Beverly quickly opens the door again before any of the other kids see it. Ben exhales, relieved. Kind of.

ON BILL. Holding up another slide: The First Map of Derry.

BILL
Wh-where was the wellhouse?

BEN
Somewhere in town, I guess...

STANLEY
What's the point of all this? What are you gonna do with it?

BEN
Dunno. Just killing time I guess.

RICHIE
Benny boy, if you're gonna start killin' time with us fools, do it right...

Richie opens his backpack, full of teeth rotting and MSG-filled goodies. The kids pounce. Bill looks thoughtfully over the walls and books, then at DORSEY CORCORAN'S SHOE.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Bill hands Dorsey Corcoran's shoe, still wet in a marshmallow bag, a map rolled into it, to Chief Borton (50s, pudgy). The wall behind him is plastered with fliers of kids, each with "MISSING" or "MURDERED" over their smiling faces -- with names like Dorsey Corcoran, Betty Ripson, Chad Lowe, Missy Albrecht, and others aged 3 to 19.

BILL

We found it in the barrens.

Borton looks over at Officer Bowers. *Christ...*

CHIEF BORTON

Thank you, son, we'll take it from here...

BILL

If it's a serial killer aren't you suppose to call in the F-F-FBI or something?

OFFICER BOWERS

The FFFBI? They must be real official...

Laughs, proud of his own joke but --

BILL

This isn't some joke. Look at all the bad stuff that happens here. People disappear here six times more than the nat-nat-national average. With kids it's even worse and what do you do? Nothing.

CHIEF BORTON

These things happen. Every now and then a town suffers some weather, doesn't mean we need outsiders lifting the lid in our outhouse. Derry can take care of her own.

BILL

(pissed)
Y-y-you...

Prick? Asshole? Fucknut?

BILL (CONT'D)

Useless.

He turns and leaves.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A slummy apartment over Lower Main Street. Beverly's Dad, MR. MARSH (late 30s), still in his janitor's uniform from Derry Home Hospital, sits passed out in front of the TV.

Entering the apartment, Beverly quietly tiptoes past him.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT, BEVERLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beverly dumps out her knapsack. Among her belongings, she finds a POSTCARD. With a familiar poem.

From the Living Room, her Father clears his throat. Is he up? Taking no chances, she hurries into the

BATHROOM

With the Post Card. Shuts the door. Locks it. Reads the poem aloud to herself --

BEVERLY

Your hair is winter fire/ January
Embers/ My heart burns there, too

It's from 'Your Secret Admirer'.

Beverly blushes. Sees there isn't any return address. As she wonders who it could be from she hears --

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)

Help me.

Beverly looks around for the voice, startled.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Help me, Beverly.

It comes from THE SINK DRAIN, above her head. She leans forward over the basin, looking down into the dark void...

BEVERLY

Is s-someone there?

Nothing. BEV'S EYE PEERS DOWN THROUGH THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)
We all want to play with you.

She gasps. The single voice turns into a cacophony, bubbling up through the ages.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*Come play with us, Beverly. Come
 play with the clown. You'll float.*

Terrified, Beverly dashes out.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill's mom washes the dishes while Bill sits at the table and eats a bowl of ice cream. Zach flips through a *Popular Mechanics*, still in his overalls from the DERRY PUBLIC WORKS.

BILL
 Did you guys see the brochure?

No response. Finally his dad stirs.

ZACH
 Sorry?

BILL
 Acadia. I thought we could start
 planning our park trip this year.

His dad stops mid flip, looks to Bill's mom who's on edge.

BILL (CONT'D)
 Otter Cove. Bubble Pond. Cadillac
 Mountain.

His mom throws down a dish and, unable to compose herself, storms upstairs. All the air goes out of the room.

BILL (CONT'D)
 What did I say?

Zach wants to respond but can't. He goes to the sink and turns off the faucet.

ZACH
 Sorry, champ. Your mom and I, we--

BILL
 If it's about money, I'll mow
 lawns, paint fences, whatever.

ZACH
It's not that.

He fiddles his wedding ring. Zach is too upset to look his boy in the eye.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Your brother just looked forward to this trip so much, you know. It was his favorite.

He takes Bill's bowl of ice cream, throws it into the sink and goes, Bill's spoon left hanging over nothing.

BILL
Mine too.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bev finds HER FATHER (40s) now asleep in front of the TV. His toolbelt is thrown up on the coffee table. She creeps over and steals the TAPE MEASURE.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Beverly stands over the sink basin, tape measure in hand. The voice is silent.

BEVERLY
Hello?

She unfurls the tape into the drain, its tip disappearing into the void. FOOT BY FOOT she snakes the tape into the drain, until it's fully extended at 20 feet.

She waits for a voice. Nothing.

Slowly, she begins to reel the tape back in, counting down the length as it winds back in. 16 feet... 15 feet... 14 feet... AT 13 FEET VISCOUS BLOOD COATS THE TAPE.

BEVERLY GASPS and drops the measure. It goes clattering into the sink, the tape coiling up like a snake, blood flickering everywhere as she stumbles back, tripping into the shower.

BLOOD GOUTS UP FROM THE SINK DRAIN

Like a demonic ejaculation -- blood splatters the mirror, the wallpaper, bouncing off walls and covering Beverly. She SCREAMS and runs out the door...

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

...into her father, who comes charging up the hall. She screams again, recoiling away.

MR. MARSH
You okay, Bevvie?

BEVERLY
The bathroom! In the bathroom--

He places his hand on her cheek, tender.

MR. MARSH
Daddy's here now. It'll be okay.

He takes her hand. They step into...

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Marsh looks around, eyes wide, blood splattered everywhere, but the blood doesn't register with him.

MR. MARSH
Bevvie, child, what's my tape
measurer doin' outta my toolbelt?

He steps over and grabs the BLOOD-COATED TAPE, clipping it onto his belt, blood on his hands now too.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)
You should ask me if you want to
touch my things. I ask you, don't
I?

BEVERLY
I-- I--

He doesn't seem to see any of it. Only Beverly can. She realizes this.

He pulls back the shower curtain, leaving behind bloody fingerprints. A spider scurries toward the drain.

MR. MARSH
Was that it? A spider?

Bev's speechless. She staggers back. He catches her wrist.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)
Bevvie, you okay?

BEVERLY

Yes. That's it. The spider.

MR. MARSH

(smiling)

I thought so. They can't hurt you.
You know that don't you?

He crushes the spider under his boot, grinding it in.

BEVERLY

Yes, sir. I'm sorry for waking you.

He comes over to her, smoothing out her hair over her forehead, proprietary. The blood on her face like finger paint. This is when he scares her the most.

MR. MARSH

You worry me, Bevvie. You worry me a lot.

BEVERLY

I know, daddy.

He rests his forehead against hers, breathes in her scent.

MR. MARSH

You're growing up so quickly.

He looks her up and down.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

You were Daddy's little girl, now,
you're changing. Tell me you're
still Daddy's little girl?

She averts her eyes, nods, placating. Satisfied, he goes back down the hall to his game. Beverly darts into her bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

INT. DETAIL ON CEILING - NIGHT

ANGLE ON a wet, dark spot as it grows on a white plaster ceiling, the first droplet of water forming. SLOW MOTION as it breaks away and falls through space...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

...onto Bill's face. He doesn't stir. More droplets follow. Tap, Tap, Tap. Finally, Bill awakes. Looks up at:

A leak in the ceiling.

Bill flips back his covers.

INT. BATHROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bill grabs a bucket from a utility closet and walking back sees the door open to the GEORGIE'S ROOM, a light on...

INT. GEORGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bill enters, the room frozen in time.

GEORGIE'S TOY BOX is open, a Lego Turtle standing next to it, as if taken out to play.

Bill picks it up and sits down, Turtle in hand. He indulges in the sadness that has engulfed his home for months. The loss of his brother hitting him full force, he closes his eyes to fight back the tears, but cannot.

He cries for Georgie. Photographs of Georgie, illuminated by passing cars, seem to watch him from the walls.

A SHADOW seems to stretch across Georgie's room from the doorway. Bill looks up but no one is there.

INT. CORRIDOR - BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill steps out of Georgie's room and finds DARK FOOTPRINTS IN THE CARPET. He leans down and touches one -- squishy and wet. They track down the dark staircase.

Bill, heart pounding, follows the wet footprints down the stairs, careful not to step in any of them.

BILL

Dad?

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

At the bottom of the stairs Bill finds the footprints lead TOWARD THE KITCHEN WHERE...

BILL

Ma?

Bill sees a YELLOW FLASH of something ducking around the corner. Startled, Bill drops the Lego turtle, which smashes into pieces and scatters across the wood floor...

Bill looks back up the stairs half-expecting his parents to wake up. Nothing but an eerie silence. He gathers his courage and follows the wet footprints into...

INT. KITCHEN - BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill steps in, face to face with THE CELLAR DOOR, the door creaking closed, light snapped on behind it, footprints disappearing down into the cellar.

He slowly approaches the door and reaches out for the handle, but stops with second thoughts. He starts backing away, too spooked to go down, when he hears...

A CHILD WEeping BEYOND THE DOOR, then...

BILL
(voice quivering)
Georgie?

INT. CELLAR - BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill opens the door, rickety stairs leading down into darkness, the weeper somewhere in the recesses, along with the steady sound of a LEAK.

Steeling himself, Bill descends. He gets to the last few rungs and is thrown off for a moment seeing HIS REFLECTION in the basement floor, as if it were A BLACK MIRROR. He realizes

THE CELLAR HAS FLOODED

Bill looks up toward the leak/weeping sound and sees, curled in the same corner where we had that opening POV...

GEORGIE IN HIS YELLOW SLICKER.

Rain rolling off him like he's still in a storm flooding the cellar. He looks up at Bill, his skin bloodless, paper thin.

GEORGIE
I lost it, Billy. Don't be mad.

BILL
Georgie?

Bill moves to step into the water when he hesitates, holding his foot over it. He looks to Georgie whose expression of distress seems insincere.

GEORGIE
It just floated off. But, Bill...

Bill grabs a rake from the wall and pokes its tip into the water. Impossibly, it goes ALL THE WAY TO THE HILT.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

If you come with me, you'll float
too.

Water and muck pour from his mouth as he says these last words, an endless cascade.

Bill recoils, back-peddling up the steps.

Georgie starts to glide over the water toward Bill, who realizes there is a creature beyond it, white face half submerged like a crocodile, propping up Georgie's body like a MEAT PUPPET.

PENNYWISE begins to surface.

Horrified, Bill bolts up the steps, slamming and locking the basement door behind him.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill runs out of the kitchen, sliding on the scattered Legos and cutting his feet. He bounds up the stairs right into...

His dad, wearing PJs. His mom shows at the door, not happy.

ZACH

Easy! What's with all the
slamming?

INT. BILL'S HOUSE, BASEMENT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Bill and Zach stand over the stairwell. Zach turns the light on and walks down, much to Bill's horror...

BILL

Dad? Don't!

Into a puddle of water.

ZACH

Dry as a bone, Bill. Sure it
wasn't just a dream?

Bill holds himself, too freaked out to speak.

INT. TRAVIS BOWERS HOUSE, TRAVIS' BEDROOM - DAY

Travis puts cream on FRESH BELT LASHES across his back. All around him on the walls are posters of monster trucks.

A HONK from outside.

He throws down his shirt and goes into the

LIVING ROOM

Passing his father, Officer Bowers. In his knock off La-Z-Boy drinking a beer and watching the newest episode of 'COPS'.

OFFICER BOWERS

Where you off to?

TRAVIS

Out with the guys.

Travis goes to pass him. Officer Bowers reaches out and stops his son from going any further. Travis straightens. Knows the routine all too well --

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Vic's house. Probably stop at Red Apple first, pick up some things.

Officer Bowers stares him down. Like he isn't sure what to do with his son. Most likely knock him around some more. But nah, too much work right now.

OFFICER BOWERS

Get me another beer from the fridge before you leave.

EXT. TRAVIS BOWERS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Travis runs out to Victor and Belch waiting in Victor's Trans Am. Belch is in the Passenger Seat.

TRAVIS

Out.

BELCH

I thought--

TRAVIS

Did I fuckin' stutter?

Belch gets in the back.

BELCH

You hear from Hockstetter any? Vic and I are wondering --

TRAVIS

Who cares.

VICTOR

What about your dad? He get on you about the knife?

TRAVIS

That fat ass knows he touches me I'll rip his head off. Now can you fucking drive please and thank you very fucking much?

BELCH

Where to?

And as if to answer to his question, Mike rides by on his bike. Off to collect more payments.

TRAVIS

Go.

EXT. LOWER MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bill and Richie wait as Ben, Stanley and Eddie join them.

STANLEY

What's going on?

BILL

Bev called. She's freaked out about something... Sh-sh-she told us to wait out here until --

Beverly bursts out of the Apartment Building.

BEVERLY

You made it. I need to show you guys something...

BEN

What is it?

RICHIE

Did we just win the Publishers Clearing house ten million dollar sweepstakes? If Ed McMahon is in there I'm to going to lose my sh--

BEVERLY

I just need to know I'm not crazy.
But my Dad will kill me if he finds
out I had boys in our apartment.

BILL

We'll leave a lookout. Richie?

RICHIE

Yeah, whatever. Ed McMahon can
wait...

Bill, Stanley, Ben and Eddie go with Beverly.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Beverly opens the door. Afternoon sunlight illuminates
floating dust motes as Bill, Ben, Stanley and Eddie follow
her to the closed BATHROOM DOOR.

BEVERLY

In there.

STANLEY

What are we about to walk into?

BEVERLY

You'll see.

She has no intention of going in. Bill pushes past Ben and
opens the door.

EDDIE

Oh God. Oh God.

THE BLOOD

Still there, faded into maroon clouds on the mirror and
wallpaper. Eddie reels back into the hallway with Beverly.
She looks from Ben to Bill.

BEVERLY

You see it?

Bill nods.

BILL

What happened?

Beverly is so relieved she almost cries.

BEVERLY

The sink. It came out from there.
My Dad couldn't see it. I thought I
was going crazy...

BILL

You're not going crazy. I saw
something too.

STANLEY

You did?

BILL

Georgie.

EDDIE

Like a ghost?

BILL

N-no. He tried to get me to go into
the basement with him. It wasn't
just him either. I saw this
other... I don't know.

STANLEY

What'd you see, Bill?

EDDIE

The clown, right?

Bill doesn't say anything. Which says it all. Eddie starts to
hyperventilate. Everyone looks over at him.

BEVERLY

You okay, Eddie?

BILL

Go outside. Keep Richie company,
okay?

Eddie just nods and walks out the door.

BILL (CONT'D)

We can't leave it like this.

INT. BEVERLY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Bill, Stanley, Ben and Beverly clean like grim elves, using a
bucket of hot water, ajax, and some cloth rags. Slowly the
blood washes out. Reaching for the same rag, Bill and Bev's
hands touch, a spark between them.

EXT. BEVERLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Eddie and Richie stand lookout on the curb below. Eddie still disturbed by what he saw.

EDDIE
So much blood...

INT. BEVERLY'S BATHROOM - DAY

While Ben and Stanley carry out trash bags of soaked towels, Bill and Beverly pour the last bucket of pink water down the bathtub drain. The bathroom now as clean as it ever was. The bucket is filled with blood stained rags.

BEVERLY
January embers...

BILL
Huh?

BEVERLY
The poem?

BILL
(embarrassed)
I don't really know much poetry.

He turns on the faucet to flush out the sink.

BEVERLY
Oh. Nevermind then. I was just...

They watch the water cyclone around the drain. Hoping the awkwardness will get flushed away too...

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
It's not true, y'know. What they say about me...

BILL
I know. I never b-believed it. None of us do. We like ha-hanging with you...

Beverly smiles. Relieved. Shuts off the water.

BEVERLY
Thanks, Bill.

BILL

Don't thank me too much.
Unfortunately according to most
people hanging with us makes you a
loser...

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ben stands, stunned at the wonder of being in *her* room. He hears a giggle and looks out into the hall. Sees Bill and Bev at the end of it, having their moment.

CUT TO:

A PUDDLE.

Reflection of the Losers' ripple away as they push their bikes through it, walking along the stretch of

KANSAS STREET

That borders the Barrens.

Beverly looks over at Bill. His brow furrowed. Like he's trying to solve a complicated math problem in his head.

BEVERLY

What is it, Bill?

BILL

All that blood at your place, and you s-say your folks didn't see any of it... Last night at my house, with Georgie and the water, my Dad just acted like everything was normal... I think if you're a grown up...

EDDIE

They can't see It.

RICHIE

Can't see what?

BEVERLY

It.

BILL

That's why the cops won't help, our parents, teachers...

They stop. Because up ahead they see VICTOR'S TRANS AM. Parked on the side of the road.

EDDIE
We should --

BILL
Wait.

He points to MIKE'S BIKE tangled in the weeds next to it.

BILL (CONT'D)
Isn't that Mike's?

BEVERLY
We have to help him.

RICHIE
We do?

BILL
If we don't, who will? That could
be any one of us...

CUT TO:

A PILE OF FRESH, GROUND MEAT. Raw, bloody. A fly buzzes
around it. Like, *jackpot...*

TRAVIS (O.S.)
Eat it.

Belch and Victor continue laughing as --

Travis' WORK BOOT pushes Mike's head closer to the meat in
the dirt. Mike tries to resist. But Travis pushes harder.

We're in the

BARRENS

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Eat it, ya fucking mutt.

Mike's nose touches the wet meat. The faintest *squish*.

Travis pushes down again -- Mike's hands slip in the gravel --
splat! -- his face goes into the meat.

Travis and his Boys whoop it up.

Still flat on the ground, Mike wipes the meat off his face.
And even in the midst of this, something BRIGHT RED in the
brown and green Barrens catches his eye.

A CLOWN?!

Watching from the fringe.

Applauding the --

WHAM!

Mike gets kicked in the head. Damn, that hurt. Pushed to the brink, he forgets what the fuck he just saw. Grabs a fistful of meat and --

Whips it up at Travis and his Boys. Covers them in blood and ribbons of lamb and beef.

Mike tries to scramble away but --

Belch hooks him by the collar. Throws him back down into the gravel. Travis jumps on top. Grabs a handful of gravel and --

WHAM!

Travis gets hit HARD in the face with a rock. That'll leave a nasty wound that won't go away for the rest of our story.

Attention snaps over to the --

LOSERS. Standing like saviors.

RICHIE

Holy shit.

STANLEY

Nice throw.

BEVERLY

Thanks. But don't act so surprised.

BILL

(to Mike)

RUN!

Mike uses the second of distraction to push off of Travis and get back onto his feet. He races over to join the Losers'.

RICHIE

ROCK WAR!

WHAM! Richie gets pegged with a Rock thrown by Belch. Maybe he should have kept his trashmouth shut.

Loser's pick up more rocks. Starts whipping 'em at Travis, Victor, Patrick, and Snatch.

The Bowers Gang returns fire. Everybody ducks for cover, trying not to get hit. It's a brutal battle.

Cornered, Bill yells out his orders --

BILL

Run!

They do. And don't stop until they're safe. And as they all catch their breaths on

CANAL STREET

Mike turns to the group.

MIKE

Thanks but you shouldn't have done that. He'll be after you now too.

EDDIE

Travis? He's always after us.

BILL

I-I guess that's one thing we all have in common...

RICHIE

Yeah, Homeschool. Welcome to the Losers Club...

Off our Losers --

TITLE CARD OVER A MANHOLE COVER MARKED "DERRY PUBLIC WORKS"

JULY

A foot steps over it as we pan up to...

EXT. CANAL STREET - DAY

The Town prepares for a celebration. Red, White and Blue Banners. Fireworks For Sale Signs. A Brass Band rehearses.

BEN

(pre-lap)

I was thinking about It. Ironworks explosion in 1904. Bradley Gang in '32. The Black Spot in '59. And now with Georgie, Dorsey and the rest... It seems like this bad stuff happens nearly every thirty years...

We find the Losers in

MONUMENT SQUARE

On a bench by the Paul Bunyan Statue.

STANLEY

So what -- this town is cursed?

MIKE

That's what my grandfather
thinks...

All eyes on Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You guys know what a haunt is?

RICHIE

You mean like in a 'who-ya-gonna-
call' sense?

MIKE

No, not like that... A haunt can
also mean like a feeding ground for
animals... Or for something else...
My grandfather told me he thinks
all the bad things that happen in
this town are caused by one
thing... An evil thing... that
feeds off the people of Derry...

STANLEY

But It can't be one thing. We're
all seeing something different...

MIKE

Yeah, but I think it's because It
uses our worst fears to scare us...

BILL

I guess that's why I'm seeing
Georgie...

EDDIE

I saw a walking infection. What'd
you see, Mike? Anything?

MIKE

Hands. Lots of hands, melted
together by fire...

RICHIE

Oh my God. That. Sounds. Awesome.

MIKE

Well, what are you afraid of?

RICHIE

Clowns.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bill can't sleep. He lays in bed, eyes wet with tears, as he stares at the lone Walkie Talkie on his shelf. Can't bear to look at it any longer, he rolls over to his other side.

Which is why he doesn't see --

The Walkie's POWER LIGHT blink GREEN. And a moment holds before...

...STATIC.

Bill sits up and looks over at the Walkie. Its Talk Light BLINKS on. Off. On. He reaches for it when --

GEORGIE

(through Walkie)

...ill? Bill?

BILL

Georgie?!

He grabs the Walkie.

GEORGIE

(through Walkie)

Help me, Bill. I'm scared.

BILL

(into Walkie)

Wh-where are you?

GEORGIE

(through Walkie)

It... It's dark but it's like, like a tunnel, an upside down --

A BURST of STATIC. LOUD. Before silence.

Bill. Eyes red. Tears hot.

BILL

(into Walkie)

Georgie! GEORGIE!

Bedroom Door OPENS. It's Zach. Backlit by the dim light in the Hallway as he says --

ZACH

Bill? What's going on in here? Why aren't you asleep?

Clutching the Walkie, Bill looks up at his father. So much to say... But would he listen? Would he believe? Bill decides.

BILL

It's nothing. Sorry.

ZACH

Go back to sleep.

He shuts the door. Shadows return. Darkness and then...

CUT TO:

BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT.

Illuminates the Sewer Map taped to the back wall of

DENBROUGH GARAGE

The light is from an OLD CAROUSEL SLIDE PROJECTOR Bill has positioned on a couple of stacked boxes.

The Losers huddle around it like a campfire.

BILL

(to Ben)

Did you bring the map?

Ben pulls a SLIDE out of his pocket and hands it over. Bill inserts the slide into the tray of the Projector.

He clicks the advance button and --

Gah-guh!

Carousel Tray rotates.

THE OLD MAP OF DERRY is overlaid with the Sewer Map.

BILL (CONT'D)

Look. Th-there's the Ironworks.
There's the Black Spot. Everywhere
It happened is all connected by the
sewers and they all meet up at...

BEN
The wellhouse.

STANLEY
It's in the house on Neibolt
street...

Eddie takes a puff off his inhaler.

RICHIE
You mean that creepy ass house
where all the junkies and hobos
like to sleep?

BEVERLY
I hate that place. It always feels
like it's watching you.

BILL
That's where It lives.

Eddie goes over to the Sewer Map and rips it off the wall.

EDDIE
Can we stop talking about this?
This is summer -- we're kids --
we're supposed to be --

RICHIE
I agree with Eds -

BILL
No put the map back --

Gah-guh!

Projector Tray rotates. So it's back to being a WHITE SQUARE
OF LIGHT shining on Eddie. No more Map of Derry.

BILL (CONT'D)
What happened?

Gah-guh!

Rotates again.

Gah-guh! And again. Gah-guh! Gah-guh!

Mike tries to stop it.

Suddenly, OLD VACATION SLIDES FROM ACADIA NATIONAL PARK
APPEAR. The Denbrough Family in Happier Times.

When Georgie was still alive.

There they are hiking. There they are swimming. There Georgie is on the edge of the lake. There he is again.

And again. Same photo. Again. Wait a minute...

Gah-guh! Gah-guh!

The Carousel continues to spin. That same slide. But now it looks as if Georgie is moving.

Bit by bit. And the entire scene is becoming animated. Ripples in the lake. Georgie turning to camera.

An expression of pure fear on his face --

BILL (CONT'D)

Georgie?

RICHIE

What the fuck?

Gah-guh! Gah-guh!

Georgie runs toward camera.

BEVERLY

Turn it off...

Gah-guh!

No one moves. Fixed on this event.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Turn it off!

As Georgie continues to run -- no sound -- but his mouth screaming for help -- as he looks back toward the lake and --

What's he see?

Stanley goes over and pulls out the cord.

Gah-guh!

That doesn't do shit.

BILL

Georgie!

Gah-guh! Georgie runs off of frame. *Gah-guh!* As the thing he was running from appears. *Gah-GODDAMNIT --*

It's Pennywise. In the middle of the lake. Standing on water. Waving. At camera. At the Losers. At Us.

RICHIE
Holy shit...

STANLEY
That's It. That's him.

Carousel spins faster and faster, which makes Pennywise's wave smoother and smoother until -- *in the span of a click* --

Pennywise appears right up against camera. Losers SCREAM.

Mike kicks the boxes and the Carousel crashes to the ground. No more Pennywise on the wall. *Phew...*

STANLEY (CONT'D)
How'd that even happen?

EDDIE
It saw us. It knows who we are now.

BILL
It always did...

BEN
At least he's gone now.

BEVERLY
Uh, guys?

MIKE
Yeah but for how long?

BEVERLY
Guys?

BILL
We need to --

BEVERLY
GUYS!

They look over at Beverly. She's staring at something above them. They follow her gaze up to the

CEILING

To where the Carousel is now projecting. With more space between it and the ceiling, the square frame is bigger now.

And so is Pennywise. Staring down at them with a freeze-frame snarl. Until --

He POPS OUT of frame.

Fast at first -- but then almost in slow-motion -- as if he's diving into the frigid waters of our reality.

He reaches out toward Beverly --

She falls to the floor to try and distance herself but it isn't going to help. He's just about to grab her when --

GARAGE DOOR OPENS.

Flooding the room with light which in turn makes Pennywise disappear. The Losers look over at --

Ben. By the Garage Door Opener.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Thanks, Ben. Good thinking.

He walks over to her. Helps Beverly get back on her feet.

Stanley looks over at Richie. His face pale, his mouth open, his mind blown, his fear palpable.

STANLEY
No jokes this time, Rich?

Richie shakes his head. Doesn't have anything to say. For the first time in his life. Uneasy silence broken by --

BILL
Okay so... Let's go.

BEN
Go? Where?

BILL
Neibolt. That's where Georgie is...
We have to go...

STANLEY
After that? No. No way.

RICHIE
Yeah, I'm with Stanley.

BILL
Fine. Then don't.

MIKE
Wait -- Bill --

But he doesn't wait. Bill hops onto his bike.

BILL

That thing took my brother. I'm going...

He takes off.

EXT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET - LATER

Bill hops off his bike and stares at the house. A little less brave now that he's there. As he walks --

BILL

He th-thrusts his fists against the posts and still insists...

A LONE BIRD SQUAWKS across the sky somewhere overhead. Startles him. He stops. Regards the house.

Not sure he can do this.

BEVERLY (O.S.)

Bill!

He looks over. Sees Beverly and the rest of the Losers ride into view. They skid to a stop beside him.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

You can't go in there. This is crazy... Someone could get hurt.

Eddie puffs his inhaler. His eyes locked on the porch. Where he saw Pennywise earlier.

BILL

I already said you don't have to come in with me. But what happens when another Georgie goes missing? Or another Dorsey? Or one of us? Are you just going to pretend it isn't happening like everyone else in this town? Because I can't. Even if I wanted to I can't -- I go home and all I see is that Georgie isn't there. His clothes, his toys, his stupid stuffed animals but Georgie... He isn't....

(points to Neibolt)

So walking into that house... For me it's easier than walking into my own...

He trudges up to 29 Neibolt. His speech settles in.

RICHIE

Wow...

BEN

What?

RICHIE

He didn't even stutter once.

Richie follows him. Soon, they all do.

EXT. NEIBOLT HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

At the windows, the Losers cup their hands around their faces, trying to get a sense of what awaits them inside but --

RICHIE

-- I can't see shit.

Bill steps back and over to the Front Door.

Reaches out for the KNOB as a breeze blows -- an unnatural one? -- and -- *clack!* -- door unlatches.

He looks back at the others. They're all staring at the door. Wondering what's beyond.

Freaked out, Eddie takes another puff off his inhaler. Richie grabs it from him and does the same. He coughs. Gross...

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Tastes like battery acid.

Eddie snatches it back.

As Bill is about to push open the door --

MIKE

Wait.

They look at him.

Mike steps off the porch and picks up a broken wrought-iron FENCE ROD. Holds it like a weapon.

Good idea.

They all scatter and search

IN THE YARD

A brick, a sharp-ended stick, whatever they can find. Richie picks up an empty BEER BOTTLE and smashes it against a rock.

Just like they do in the movies.

Harder than it looks.

And when he does finally manage to break it, it just shatters to a million, useless little pieces.

He looks to Mike:

RICHIE
I'll just stand behind you.

MOMENTS LATER

The Losers reunite on the Front Porch. Nod to Bill: *Okay, now or never...*

Bill pushes the Front Door OPEN and takes us inside.

INT. NEIBOLT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Condoms, Candy Wrappers, and Cigarette Butts litter the floor. Old Magazines and Newspapers stacked so high it's like they're holding up the second floor.

And Graffiti. It's everywhere.

Screw Derry. Just Say Yes. Class of Who the Fuck Cares.

Everything about this place feels like a nest made by junkies and serial killers. Shredded carpet. Broken Furniture.

The Losers take it all in.

BEVERLY
This place stinks. I can smell it.

MIKE
I smell it too.

RICHIE
Don't breath through your mouth.

BEVERLY
Why?

RICHIE
'Cause then you're eating it.

He picks up a water-stained MAGAZINE. It's *Famous Monsters of Filmland*. On the cover, a Werewolf.

Beverly sees an OLD LANTERN on one of the shelves. Right next to a dismembered Doll. She tries turning it on.

It flickers to fluorescent life.

BEN

If there's a well here it'd have to be in the basement, right?

STANLEY

Does this place even have a basement?

EDDIE

I hope not.

BILL

L-let's find out.

He moves toward the kitchen BUT FROM UPSTAIRS --

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello? Is someone here?

Eyes shoot up to the ceiling above them. Ben looks over at Bill and wonders softly --

BEN

Georgie?

Bill shakes his head: No...

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)

HELLO?!

Over to the foot of the stairs --

BEVERLY

Down here! We're down here!

We SLOWLY PUSH UP the steps.

Leaving the Losers' behind as we drift down the

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Rotted, water-stained wallpaper with elves on it peels like dead skin from scummy walls. Ripped orange carpet.

As we approach the FAR CORNER, we begin to hear from just around the other side, a LOW FREQUENCY BUZZ.

BZZZZzzzzzzzzZZZZZZzzzzzz....

It's unsettling.

And growing louder the closer we get.

From around the corner --

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)
Help me, please...

FOOTSTEPS.

Up the stairs.

BILL (O.S.)
Wait -- Bev --

We spin around and see Beverly standing at the top of the steps. The Other Losers cram themselves around her.

BILL (CONT'D)
We need to be cautious.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hello?

They move down the hall.

Floorboards *creeeek* and *grooaaan* under them as they each take steps. As if any moment the floor might give way.

Which it will. But not yet.

The Losers look into the Bio-Hazard Bedrooms as they pass.

Nearing the Corner at the end of the Hall.

MIKE
You guys hear that?

They listen.

To that slightest *bzzzzzzZZZZZZzzzzzzZZZZZZzzzzzzZZZZZZ*.

As they make the turn and -- oh, it's --

ANOTHER HALLWAY

A nearby corroding PLUG the source of the buzz.

The Losers continue on

Fixated on That Door at the End of the Hallway.

But behind them,

SqueakSqueakSqueak...

They turn.

Shit.

Pennywise.

Pedaling an old, rusted tricycle.

Its front wheel bent.

SqueakSqueakSqueak...

He stops.

Right by the plug.

Losers press themselves up against the wall. Each grab hold of the other standing next to them.

EDDIE

Oh shit oh shit oh shit...

Buries his face into Richie's shoulder. Can't look.

BILL

WHERE'S G-G-GEORGIE?!

PENNYWISE

(in the Child's Voice)

Who's Geor-- oh -- sor--

(in normal voice)

-ry, who's Georgie?

He LAUGHS. Eyes the children. Counting...

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

Boymeat. Boymeat. BoymeatBoymeat.

BoymeatBoymeat...

(ooh, Beverly)

Girlmeat. Yes. Sweet, salty

bloodgorged girlmeat...

He inches forward, breathing in deep.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

Use your thin blue veins like

straws, little ears like spoons...

That plug SPARKS. Pennywise looks over at it. *Ahem.*

Through the hole.

We go with him, landing hard somewhere in blackness.

His arm SNAPS.

He SCREAMS.

EDDIE

My arm!

ABOVE HIM,

Beverly trips and her lantern rolls off the edge.

Lands beside Eddie.

Light still on, illuminating the

KITCHEN

Windows blacked out with tinfoil and newspaper.

Eddie Tries to get to his feet but MORE DEBRIS falls on top of him. Pinning him down by the old, busted REFRIGERATOR.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The Losers SCRAMBLE, trying to find a way out. Monstrous Pennywise has disappeared. They realize --

RICHIE

Eds! We need to get to Eddie!

IN THE KITCHEN

Using his good arm, Eddie tries to dig himself out from under the pile that has him pinned. Faster and faster as --

Refrigerator Door OPENS, revealing --

Pennywise.

Contorted into the impossibly small space. He unfolds and untangles himself from inside the refrigerator.

He straightens.

Reaches down and grabs hold of Richie's Broken Arm.

Nearby, A DOOR OPENS.

An Orange glow pulsates inside, illuminating a set of stairs leading down to the Basement of Neibolt.

Nothing good happens down there.

PENNYWISE

Time to float.

Pennywise drags Eddie toward the Basement Door.

Eddie SCREAMS some more.

Behind them --

The Losers appear in the Kitchen.

United.

They grab hold of Eddie. Trying to pull him back from Pennywise. Pennywise opens his mouth, snarling.

Richie grabs Eddie's Inhaler from his holster.

RICHIE

Try some battery acid, asshole!

PUFFS the Inhaler in Pennywise's Face. The Clown SCREECHES. Like it's burning through his skin. He lets go of Eddie.

Allowing the Losers to pull Eddie away as Mike throws the Fence Post at Pennywise. SPIKES him in the chest.

The Losers haul ass back into the Living Room.

BEVERLY

GO! RUN!

EXT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET - DAY

Richie's pulled out and the kids stumble through the sunflowers to their bikes. Away from Neibolt, the whole house seeming to laugh at them from behind...

As Eddie balances himself on Ben's bike, Ben looks over. Sees Beverly wrapping her arms around Bill as they ride together.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - LATER

Mrs. Kaspbrak shoves Eddie into the back seat, hysterical.

MRS. KASPBRACK

You. You did this!

She slams the door on Eddie and fumbles for her keys.

MRS. KASPBRACK
You know how delicate he is.

BILL
We were attacked, Mrs. K.--

MRS. KASPBRACK
Don't! Don't even try to blame
someone else...

Mrs. Kaspbrack pulls out all sorts of garbage from her purse until she finds the keys, dropping them.

BEVERLY
Let me help.

She smacks Beverly away.

MRS. KASPBRACK
Back! Get back! What's a little
girl even doing with a gang of boys
like this. If I was your mother
I'd be sick. Sick!

WILL
Mrs. K, I swear--

MRS. KASPBRACK
No! You're monsters. Reckless,
selfish monsters. Eddie's done
with you, you hear! Done.

She jumps into the front seat and turns the engine.

MRS. KASPBRACK (CONT'D)
I don't want to see any of your
faces ever again!

She slams the door and the car squeals out of the driveway. Bill and the kids stand all rag tag there, low and shaken.

EXT. KANSAS STREET - LATER

Bill, Richie, Beverly, Stanley, Ben and Mike walk along.

BILL
We'll need to go back. Prepared
this time...

STANLEY
You're crazy...

BEVERLY

Why? He's right. No one else is going to do anything.

RICHIE

Eddie was nearly killed! By some shape shifting demon monster that almost used my guts for garters...

MIKE

But we hurt it. That's something.

BEN

Great, so next time it will just be madder and bigger and not mess around to kill us.

BEVERLY

We can't pretend it's going to go away. Because it's not. Ever. You know that, you did your research --

BEN

So I'll go away and not come back. Not my problem anymore. You can't wait to get out of this town either you said --

BEVERLY

-- because I want to run towards something. Not run away. That's what cowards do...

Ouch. Burn. Ben.

RICHIE

Oh who invited you into the group anyway? Let's face facts. Real world. Georgie is dead. Stop trying to get us all killed just like you got him killed...

A deep cut. Richie moves to go. Bill blocks him.

BILL

I didn't get my brother killed-

RICHIE

Out of my way, Bill. You couldn't save him but you can still save yourself...

BILL

T-T-T-Take it back! You're scared.
We all are. But take that back!

They start shoving each other. Shoves turn to punches. A pounding of pent up anger, pent up fear. Bill lands a heavy blow and Richie falls to the ground hard.

He gets up. His face stings red.

RICHIE

You're just a bunch of losers and
you'll get yourselves killed trying
to stop this stupid killer, when
none of it makes any difference.

Richie and Bill start to go at it again but Mike and Ben step in to separate them. Ben checks Bill to the pavement.

Beverly pushes Ben away.

BEVERLY

What are you doing! Stop!

She drops to Bill's side. Ben is crushed.

BEN

Richie's right. Bill doesn't care
about anybody but himself. We all
have shit too. I'm sick of it.

He and Stanley help Richie up.

BEVERLY

This is what It wants. It wants us
divided... That's what it was doing
in Neibolt... Separating us...

RICHIE

Well It got what it wants. But at
least I'm alive. And I plan on
staying that way...

Richie, Ben and Stanley go. Bill looks to Beverly and Mike. Mike splits off from them too.

BEVERLY

Mike, wait...

MIKE

No. I can't do this. I should have
listened to my grandfather. I'm an
outsider, I need to stay that --

BILL
But we're all outsiders --

MIKE
No. You're not.

He walks away. Leaving only Bill and Bev.

EXT. DERRY - VARIOUS - DAY

Warehouse Row. City Center. Memorial Park. A LONE PATROL CAR creeps down West Broadway, passing the Synagogue.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - CONTINUOUS

Stanley is reaching the Dvar Torah part of his Bar Mitzvah ceremony, nervously finishing a verse from a scroll.

STANLEY
...may'ansho sheh'la'zeh.

He glances up at his mom, who refuses to smile. At Richie seated in the back. And then at the Rabbi. Who nods: *Go on..*

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Um, reflecting on what I just read,
I like what it says about
indifference. When you're a kid...

His eyes fall on the empty seats next to Richie. Rattles him.

RABBI
Stanley.

STANLEY
Well, when you're a kid you think
the universe revolves around you.
That you'll always be protected and
cared for. Then one day something
bad happens and you realize that's
not true...

EXT. HANLON ABBATOIR - CONTINUOUS

A SHEEP stands in its pen. Separated from its flock. Leroy hands Mike the Stunbolt Gun. Like, *let's try this again...*

STANLEY (O.S.)
 Suns go out and animals go extinct
 and whole nations go crazy and kill
 a people they don't like and none
 of it seems to matter.

Mike aims the Stunbolt. *Whompf*. Sheep falls dead.

EXT. BEVERLY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beverly brushes her hair. Her eyes spot the smallest fleck of blood on one of the tiles. She can't look away.

STANLEY (O.S.)
 That's why our friends and faith
 and family are so important.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will sits at the dinner table. Eating alone.

STANLEY (O.S.)
 We matter. Even if, to the
 universe...

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY - READING ROOM - DAY

Ben looks up at a PAINTING of the First Derry Settlement. At first it appears like the Fur Trappers are on the hunt, lying in the prone position. But closer inspection reveals --

RICHIE (O.S.)
 ...we're too small to notice.

They're dead. Because Whatever they were hunting found them instead. And as we PUSH IN on that WELLHOUSE we CUT TO:

TITLE CARD over the PENOBSCOT RIVER:

AUGUST

Tilt down to the OVERHEAD shot of what we expect to be "Derry 1989", but instead we see NOTHING, just the intersection of a stream and river and the surrounding wilderness, towering black pines as far as the eye can see.

This is Derry in --

1637

INT. WELLHOUSE - NIGHT

ABIGAIL, 19. Rushes in and SLAMS the door. As if trying to keep Satan himself out. She clutches her BABY to her breast.

Kneels by DYING EMBERS in the hearth. She blows on 'em but a flame never catches. Her Baby starts to fuss...

ABIGAIL

Hush now, shhhh... it'll be --

She stops.

Realizes that the SMALL CANDLE CHANDELIER slowly spins above her. As if some unnatural force has caused its light to rotate around the room, like tiny primitive searchlights.

She hears something slithering in the gray shadows by the Well. Occasionally we catch glimpses of a BLACK SILHOUETTE.

Shifting its shape. As if trying to decide on a form.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Please, Devil... leave us be...

Shape shifts again.

A beam of light passes, revealing PENNYWISE, naked, lithe, flesh pale and translucent, a half-formed imitation of a human, opens his maw full of large razor sharp teeth, dripping with saliva.

As the Tin Can spins clockwise, Pennywise moves counter around the room. Each time the light hits his face --

It's different.

A Man. A Woman. A Beast. A Monster. Tim Curry.

PENNYWISE

You mistake me woman. No mere devil, I am the Eater of Worlds.

His voice is guttural, unnatural.

ABIGAIL

But my child, not my child... He is innocent...

PENNYWISE

So you say.

The Baby SCREAMS. Pennywise smiles.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

Beautiful fear...

ABIGAIL

I pray Thee, take me.

Abigail shuffles back.

PENNYWISE

I will. And then, him. And thy husband and the rest of thy children, and all the savages who brought you here. And when you all rot in the earth, I will pick thy bones dry until no meat is left to pick. And then I will seek out thy bones and consume thy souls until nothing is left but the weeds!

(beat)

Or you will occupy yourself otherwise and not interfere. I will take her and you will live, and those of thy other children -- in whom I take no interest. And you will thank ME fever and frost did not damn you to the soil.

Abigail looks down at her baby again. She's shaking, doesn't want to let go. Behind her, the Door OPENS.

A Little Boy, 6, asks --

BOY

Mama?

ABIGAIL

NO! OUT! NOW!

Frightened by his mother, the Boy runs.

Abigail turns back to Pennywise. Wherever he may be now in the room. The light somehow seems to spin faster now.

She kisses her baby and sets it down. It BAWLS.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm so sorry...

She turns away from the baby. Faces those dying embers. We keep on her face as they seem to begin GLOWING BRIGHTER AS --
OVER HER SHOULDER -- OUT OF FOCUS --

Pennywise crawls over to the Baby and starts to feast. SHARP CRY FROM THE BABY CUT OFF as we hear a CRUNCH.

Abigail continues to look into the BRIGHT ORANGE GLOW of not the flickering fire...

...but the DEADLIGHTS.

Her expression changing. Fear. Denial. Grief. Acceptance. And then nothing. Just a glazed look.

AS IF NOTHING HORRIFIC IS ACTUALLY HAPPENING BEHIND HER.

EXT. TRAVIS BOWER'S BACKYARD - DAY

BLAM! Of a gun.

A bottle of Southern Comfort sits on a log.

Travis shoots at it with his dad's police issue .45. Victor and Snatch look on, giggling.

He finally tags it, the bottle shattering into a thousand pieces. They all whoop and holler.

SNATCH

Can I try?

He reaches for the gun. Bowers pushes him back.

TRAVIS

Sure. Go put the next target out there.

Travis points to the cat that's lounging there in the grass.

SNATCH

You're foolin' right?

TRAVIS

Do I look like I'm foolin'?

Snatch grabs the kitty and runs out to the stump. He wipes away the glass and sets the cat down. It starts to meow and tries to get away.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Just hold it.

Bower lines up a shot, sight of the barrel on the cat. Finger pressing the trigger-

SNATCH

Wait!

OFFICER BOWERS (O.C.)

What the hell is this?

Officer Bowers steps from his police cruiser in the driveway. His face as red as fire.

TRAVIS

Nothing, pa. Just cleaning your gun like you asked.

OFFICER BOWERS

Cleaning my gun, huh?

He stalks up and grabs the gun from Travis. Smells it.

WHAP! He smacks Travis hard in the face, knocking the big boy to the grass. Butch turns the gun on Travis at his feet.

OFFICER BOWERS (CONT'D)

You're not worth the salt you lick, boy. I don't know how God spanked life into you.

TRAVIS

Pa, I'm---

BLAM!

He shoots the ground around Travis' feet. Travis squeals like a girl, utterly terrified. BLAM! BLAM! A large wet stain spreads around his crotch. Butch Bowers raises the pistol, as if he were about to whip Travis, who falls to the ground.

Butch shakes his head.

OFFICER BOWERS

(to the boys)

Look at him now boys. Nothing like a little fear to make a paper man crumble.

(to Travis)

Clean your drawers 'fore you come inside.

He spits out his disgust, stalks inside.

BELLS RING --

INT. KEENE'S PHARMACY - DAY

-- above the door as Eddie enters, his arm still in a cast. He sees Greta at the Cash Register reading a SEVENTEEN MAGAZINE. She watches him, amused. Because she's bored.

MR. KEENE

Here for the refills, Eddie?

Eddie nods. Mr. Keene sighs and disappears in the back. Once they're alone --

GRETA

No friends, huh?

Eddie looks around. She talking to me?

GRETA (CONT'D)

Your cast. No signatures or anything... So sad.

Eddie looks down at his cast. White. Plain. And yeah, sad.

EDDIE

I didn't want to get it dirty...

Greta leans on the counter. Casts a quick look over to the back counter. Where her father could appear any minute.

GRETA

You know it's all bullshit.

EDDIE

Um, what is?

GRETA

Your medication. They're placebos.

EDDIE

What does placebo mean?

Greta shakes her head. This kid just doesn't get it...

GRETA

Placebo means bullshit. Just what I said...

MR. KEENE (O.S.)

Okay, here we are Mr. Kaspbrak...

Eddie looks over as Mr. Keene comes back with his Medication.

Ringggg.... Rinnggg....

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rrrrrrin--

Beverly picks up the phone.

BEVERLY
Hello?

BILL
(on phone)
Hey. It's me.

Beverly smiles. But still --

BEVERLY
You know not to call me here...
What happened to our signal?

INTERCUT:

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bill stands at his desk. Below him through the floorboards, we can just make out his parents arguing.

BILL
You answered before I could hang
up. You okay?

BEVERLY
I'm fine.

BILL
Y-you hear from anyone?

BEVERLY
No. You?

Bill doesn't answer. Doesn't need to...

BILL
Feel like doing something? I d-
don't like you being alone...

BEVERLY
I don't like you being alone
either...

As they talk, we drift out of the Bedroom and down the
Hallway and into the

KITCHEN

To find Mr. Marsh listening on the other line.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Usual spot? Ten minutes?

BILL
See you then.

He hangs up.

EXT. TRAVIS BOWER'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Travis does everything he can not to cry.

VICTOR
You okay, Travis?

An odd wind stirs through the grass there, a yellow menacing gathering of clouds overhead. Travis suddenly notices...

A BALLOON, bobbing over his mailbox, string connected to something stuffed inside.

Travis pushes past his two cronies and goes over to the mailbox. Inside he pulls out THE RAMBO KNIFE. The one he lost at the beginning.

A murderous look screws onto Travis' face as he turns his attention to his house. And his Dad inside. Travis snaps the string and starts toward the front door with the knife.

The Balloon rises up.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beverly stands in front of the mirror, buttoning up her shirt. Freezes when she sees behind her --

Creeeeeeeeaaaak.

Of her Bedroom Door as it opens. In the reflection, she can see her Father standing at the threshold.

BEVERLY
H-Hi, Daddy...

MR. MARSH
You're looking prettied up, Bevvie.

BEVERLY
I'm not prettied up, Daddy. I wear this almost every day...

MR. MARSH
Who was that you was talkin' to
just now?

BEVERLY
A friend.

Mr. Marsh enters the room.

MR. MARSH
Is that the boy you been running
around with?

BEVERLY
He's just a friend.

Mr. Marsh sits on the edge of her bed.

MR. MARSH
Well come over here, give your
daddy a minute.

She reluctantly goes over. Gives him a kiss. He snatches her
wrist as she pulls away.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)
You know I worry about you, Bevvie.
I worry a lot.

BEVERLY
I know daddy.

She tries to go, but he holds on to her wrist.

MR. MARSH
People in town got to saying some
things to me. About you. Sneakin'
around all summer long with a pack
of boys. Only girl to the pack.

BEVERLY
They're just friends Daddy, I
swear...

MR. MARSH
I know what's in them boy's minds
when they look at you, Bevvie. All
too well...

He squeezes harder. It begins to hurt.

BEVERLY
Daddy, my hand--

MR. MARSH

Your ma says you're a woman now.
What's that mean? You been doing
womanly things down in the woods
with those boys?

He jerks her closer to him, proprietary.

BEVERLY

Nothing. Please, daddy. You don't
have to worry. I promise.

MR. MARSH

No? What's this?

He pulls out Ben's Postcard.

BEVERLY

It's nothing. Just a poem.

MR. MARSH

A poem? You squirreled it away in
your undies drawer. Why would you
want to hide it there, Bevvie?

He looks at her legs.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

Slip down them shorts.

BEVERLY

What?

MR. MARSH

I need you to prove to me you're
still mine...

Beverly tries to resist.

BEVERLY

No...

MR. MARSH

C'mere...

BEVERLY

No! Daddy!

Bev wrestles away, falling back and smacking her head on the
floor. She starts crabbing away on her back down the hall.

Her dad lunges on top of her.

MR. MARSH,
 Them little boys, Bevvie. Do they
 know you're my --

Bev knees him in the balls. Her father lets go, crumpling down. She kicks him in the face as hard as she can, his head flying back into the side of the door.

Beverly tries to race out the door but he snatches her ankle and she trips into the hallway. By the time she is up he is already charging after her. She stumbles back into the

BATHROOM

and shuts the door, trying to lock herself inside. He kicks the door open before the lock catches.

Without thinking Bev grabs the toilet top and smashes it in her dad's crown. He slumps down. Unconscious. Suddenly --

From the Faucet. From the Shower. Between cracks in the tile.

BLOOD.

Gushes everywhere.

Beverly runs back into the

HALLWAY

Pennywise stands there. Balloons in hand. Beverly realizes she has nowhere to go. Pennywise releases the balloons. They float up and *POP!POP!POP!* as they hit the ceiling.

BLOOD bursting out of them.

INT. TRAVIS BOWER'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door creaks open, Victor and Snatch poking their heads in...

SNATCH
 Travis?

VICTOR
 Mr. Bowers?

Nothing. They see a streak of blood on the floor that leads to the KITCHEN and Butch Bowers on the linoleum floor in a red pool, stabbed dozens of times.

SNATCH
 Holy fuck.

Victor vomits.

The cat slips in and starts licking up the blood.

SNATCH (CONT'D)
Travis, dude, you okay?

Snatch continues on into the LIVING ROOM where he finds TRAVIS sitting in Butch's favorite Lazy-boy in front of the TV, which is turned on to PENNYWISE THE CLOWN SHOW.

He holds the knife, slicked in blood, his eyes glazed. He turns and looks at Snatch and Victor in the doorway.

TRAVIS
It's my knife now.

EXT. DERRY STANDPIPE - DAY

On his bike, Bill makes endless figure eights. He keeps looking in the same direction. Waiting for Beverly. He checks his watch. Makes a decision.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY/BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Bill sees the Front Door ajar. Pushes it open, revealing all the blood. And Mr. Marsh. Knocked out on the floor.

BILL
BEVERLY! BEVERLY!

Searching... searching...

Inside

BEVERLY'S BEDROOM

Right above her bed. Scrawled in blood.

YOU'LL DIE IF YOU TRY!

Bill races out of the room.

CUT TO THE:

FINAL FIGHT.

The side-scrolling Arcade Game, I mean.

Richie plays, kicking and punching away his frustration as he progresses through the game. We're inside the

ARCADE

Richie is at the 'FINAL BOSS BATTLE'.

RICHIE
Finally! Anyone wanna watch me --

BILL (O.S.)
RICHIE!

Bill races over as the Final Boss Fight BEGINS.

BILL (CONT'D)
It got Beverly.

Richie looks at Bill, a moment between them.

RICHIE
I'll call Eddie and Stanley. You
get Ben and Mike... We'll meet up
at the standpipe.

BILL
Th-thanks.

RICHIE
Hey, what are friends for, right?

Richie and Bill leave. As we pan back to FINAL FIGHT to find
Richie's Player 'CODY' getting the shit kicked out of him.
Hope that isn't a sign of things to come.

Probably is, though.

INT. KASPBRAK HOUSE, EDDIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Eddie on the phone with Richie --

EDDIE
Meet you there.

He hangs up. Stares at himself in the mirror. Can he do this?
He can do this. About to go --

But Mrs. Kaspbarak enters. Licks her fingers clean of
whatever she was eating earlier. Probably lots of things.

MRS. KASPBRAK
And just where do you think you're
going off to?

EDDIE
Out with my friends.

MRS. KASPBRAK

No sweetie, you can't go. You're still getting over your sickness, remember?

EDDIE

My sickness? What sickness, Ma?

He goes over to his closet. Pulls out the Plastic Bag he got at the Pharmacy. Dumps out all the untouched medication.

Mrs. Kaspbrak. Horrified at the sight.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Know what these are? They're placebos! They're bullshit!

MRS. KASPBRAK

No, they help you, Eddie. They help me. You were born so early, you were so delicate and fragile that I had to protect you --

EDDIE

How can any of this protect me?

Eddie stops. Realizes:

EDDIE (CONT'D)

The only people looking out for me were my friends... You made me turn my back on them when I really needed them... But now they need me so I'm going.

Charges past her and down the stairs. She stands at the top, the bulk of her threatening to tumble down.

MRS. KASPBRAK

EDDIE! EDDIE! YOU GET BACK HERE!
DON'T DO THIS TO ME EDDIE!

But Eddie does. Eddie leaves.

EXT. MONUMENT SQUARE - LATER

The Losers reunited. Save for one. The serious nature of their task weighs on 'em. Richie sees Mike's Stunbolt.

MIKE

Better than a broken bottle.

BILL

If anyone wants to bow out now...

BEN

No. Remember what Beverly said. We all go or none of us do... That's the only way we can defeat It.

Bill nods.

BILL

Then let's go to Neibolt.

CUT TO:

OVER BLACK,

An old DOO-WOP RECORD plays, amplified by distant and crummy speakers: *You're my love, you're my angel, you're the girl of my dream...*

ON BEVERLY

Snaps awake. Where is she? Looks like --

A DARK TUNNEL

Made of rubble and rust.

I'd like to thank you for waiting patiently...

A noise. She turns. At the far end of the tunnel, a SHADOW OF MR. MARSH appears on the wall. Nightmarishly exaggerated.

Daddy's home... Daddy's home to stay...

Beverly stands. Fists clenched. Ready to go round two with her father. But then the record begins to *slow* down as the shadow morphs into --

A GIANT SPIDER.

Beverly scrambles the other way at the Spider's Shadow continues to grow. She chances a look back and right when you think the Spider is about to turn the corner --

It's Pennywise instead. Making SHADOW PUPPETS with his hands. He stops and points behind Beverly -- *so scared* is he --

She spins and sees Pennywise right in her face.

Beverly falls back, out of reach. He approaches, towering over her. Sharp Teeth bared as she cowers. But wait. He stops. Something is off. But what?

CLOSE ON: Beverly's hand. Fingers curled around rock.

BEVERLY
I'm not afraid of you.

WHACK!

She SMACKS him across the face with the stone. Knocks Pennywise aside and takes off running.

Pennywise rises up. Filled with rage.

EXT. NEIBOLT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Boys drop their bikes on the lawn. They stare at the house that looms before them. This is It.

As they walk up toward their probable deaths, they fail to notice Vic's Trans Am appear at the end of Neibolt.

Creeping along, like a lion in tall grass.

INT. VICTOR'S TRANS AM - CONTINUOUS

Travis slows to a stop.

TRAVIS
Like lambs to a slaughter, wouldn't you say fellas?

He looks over at Victor in the Passenger Seat and Belch in the back. They're both dead. Throats slit into gaping grins.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Yeah, sure you would.

INT. NEIBOLT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Front Door opens. Stirs the dimness and dust. They enter.

MIKE
Where do you think she'll be?

BILL
B-Basement. The well. That's where he was going to take Eds, right?

He looks over at Eddie. Still at the threshold. Rattled.

BILL (CONT'D)

As long as we don't let fear
overtake us we can do it. But we
have to do it together...

Eddie looks past Bill and into the house. Then meets Bill's eyes. Nods. And then enters.

CUT TO:

Still running and scrambling, Beverly rounds a sharp corner and steps into what Uncle Stevie calls --

THE MACROVERSE

I know it sounds expensive but it isn't. Picture an ENDLESS FIELD OF BLACK. Like space. Or death. Beverly looks behind her. No way to turn back. Has to push forward.

INT. NEIBOLT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As the boys investigate further, the house wheezes with its creaks and groans. Like it's been disturbed from sleep.

BANG! BANG! From the

KITCHEN

Boys hurry in. Something *BANG!BANG!BANGS!* against the Basement Door from the other side. Bill rushes over.

EDDIE

Wait -- no --

BILL

It could be her.

He tries to open the door. But it's stuck in its frame. The Others come over to help and -- *BANG!* -- it flies open. Boys fall back. A DOZEN RED BALLOONS float out from the Basement and into the Kitchen. Nothing beyond.

EDDIE

It isn't her. It's him.

Bill gets to his feet. Deep breath.

BILL

C'mon. Stay close.

He steps down into the void. Richie, Eddie and Stanley follow right behind him. Stairs shake and wobble with each step.

ON BILL

He steps off the stairs -- *splish!* -- and finds himself stepping into inches of water. Because now he's inside the

SEWER

Intestinal. Exaggerated. Like they were constructed by a child's dark imagination. Bill looks back for the others. But they're gone. Along with the basement stairs.

BILL (CONT'D)
G-Guys! Hello?!

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Richie, Stanley, Eddie, Ben and Mike steps off into the basement. But no sign of Bill. He's vanished.

EDDIE
Where's Bill? We were supposed to stick together...

RICHIE
BILL?

INT. SEWER - CONTINUOUS

Bill searches for a way out. Trying to remain calm, trying to remain brave -- repeating over and over again --

BILL
H-he th-thrust his f-fists into the posts and still insists he s-sees the...

A SHADOW passes over him. Bill stops.

PENNYWISE (O.S.)
...g-g-ghosts.

Bill looks up. Sees Pennywise smiling at Bill through a Sewer Grate. Blood drips from his teeth and down onto Bill.

Bill swallows down his fear, stands his ground. Pennywise drools, deciding...

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)
Not yet seasoned. But I know a boymeat that is...

He laughs and steps away. Off Bill's 'oh shit' look --

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The Boys search the shadows of the basement for Bill. Somehow it seems more sprawling than the house above them.

Near Eddie. A *'did I just hear that?'* WHISPER --

BILL (O.S.)

Eddie!

Eddie turns. Where'd that come from?

EDDIE

Bill?

He creeps further into shadow. Stops. Senses something off. Looks down at his feet as the floor opens up under him.

He drops into a

SMALL ROOM

Like we're inside a tumor. Walls made of SCABS and SCARS. Floor cobbled with WARTS and ULCERS. Eddie groans.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I think I'm gonna be sick...

Behind him, the Hobo appears and grabs him.

HOBO

I already am.

Eddie SCREAMS.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ben turns, realizing --

BEN

Where's Eddie? He was just here.

STANLEY

It's separating us. We need to get help...

They move toward the stairs. But Travis appears at the top. He starts to descend. Blood-caked Knife in hand.

TRAVIS

Baaaa... Baaaa...

RICHIE

Guys -- it's never good when the person with the knife starts making animal noises -- especially when that person is Travis...

Ben turns. Searches for a way out. Finds a Rotted Piece of Plywood blocking the bottom of a rusted COAL CHUTE.

BEN

Here! Climb up!

The Others race over. As Travis steps off the stairs, Mike guards the chute with the Stunbolt as the other squeeze themselves in and up --

BEN (CONT'D)

Mike! Let's go!

Mike crawls in. But the Others aren't yet out.

STANLEY

Shit... Mike...

MIKE

Just go. Find the others. I'll hold Travis off...

RICHIE

Mike --

MIKE

(re: Stunbolt)

I came prepared, remember?

Mike ducks back out of the Chute. And faces his nemesis.

EXT. MACROVERSE - CONTINUOUS

Beverly continues through the thick fog of suffocating blackness. Sticks to her like cobwebs. She stops. Sees a FLICKERING CAMPFIRE in the distance illuminating --

A DECREPIT 19TH-CENTURY CIRCUS WAGON.

The same we saw in a daguerreotype of the Old Ironworks in the Library. Its peeling billboard promises "*PENNYWISE THE DANCING CLOWN!*" Tattered children's clothes, toys, and bones are scattered all around its small painted wooden wheels.

From the WELL nearby, she hears --

BILL (O.S.)
HELLO? ANYONE?

BEVERLY
BILL!

She races over to the Well. Looks inside and sees a GLOWING ORANGE LIGHT. Its dim but the longer we look, the brighter it gets... Beverly tries to back away but --

ClankSnap! ClankSnap! Chains WHIP OUT and WRAP around her. Holds her there. She can't look away. Her face goes slack.

PENNYWISE (O.S.)
Come float with us, Bevvie...

INT. SEWER - CONTINUOUS

Bill runs through the sewers. Desperate. Up ahead, he hears Eddie SCREAMING. He races in the direction of his howls.

BILL
EDDIE!

Stops at a Derry Public Works MAINTENANCE DOOR. Keep out. Bill looks through the small grated window to see --

The Hobo wrangling Eddie. His Hand of Disease smothering Eddie's mouth as Eddie hyperventilates. Or tries to.

BILL (CONT'D)
FIGHT IT, EDS! FIGHT IT!

Seeing Bill, Eddie's eyes go wide. Like a surge of life just rushed through him. He relaxes -- takes a moment -- then --

CHOMP! Eddie BITES into the gooey flesh of the Hobo. Stunned, Hobo releases and Eddie scrambles to the Door. But he slips on the muck and disgusting on his way over. Gets up.

Finds the Hobo blocking his way out.

HOBO
You look like you're coming down
with something, Eds...

Eddie balls his hand into a fist. And then SMASHES it right into the Hobo's stomach. His fist travels through the blood and guts until it comes out the other side and --

Grabs the knob. Eddie opens the door as he pushes the Hobo aside and runs into the

SEWER

And collapses into Bill's arms. He spits out bits of flesh.

EDDIE

I'm not scared anymore, Bill. I'm really really grossed out but I'm not scared...

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Travis SWIPES at Mike with the Knife. Mike dodges it, but slips and falls back. Stunbolt rolls away.

TRAVIS

I told you to stay the fuck out my town, didn't I?

He picks Mike up. Throws him against the wall. Brick chunks fall, crashing through termite-infested wood, revealing --

The Well.

INT. COAL CHUTE - CONTINUOUS

Stanley, Richie and Ben climb. Flinching as they hear the BANGS of the brawl between Mike and Travis.

At the top of the chute, Stanley pushes open the Access Door. Crawls out first, followed by Richie and Stanley.

They stand, finding themselves in the

MACROVERSE

RICHIE

What is this place?

Ben spots something in the distance. The flickering flames of a campfire. Illuminating a Circus Wagon. And look, there's --

BEN

-- Beverly!

Yes, Ben. It's her. Kneeling by the Well. That Orange Glow inside getting brighter... Brighter...

The Boys race over to Beverly. Try to shake her out of the trance but it's no use...

BEN (CONT'D)
 Beverly -- Hey -- Bev -- it's me,
 Ben from Sosh... remember?

RICHIE
 What is she staring at?

He's about to look inside but Ben stops him.

BEN
 No, don't.

RICHIE
 Why?

BEN
 Cause she looked and... well, look.
 We need to find something to get
 her out of these chains...

Stanley looks over at the Circus Wagon.

STANLEY
 Maybe there's something in there.

He races over, entering into the

CIRCUS WAGON

Dusty old carnival show lights flicker on inside,
 illuminating the creepy decaying interior. In the corner,
 Stanley sees a WOOD AX. He moves toward it but --

VOICE (O.S.)
 Come to float, Stanley?

Stanley stops. Terrified.

Emerging from the shadows is *JUDITH*. From the Painting in the
 Rabbi's Office. Naked. Skin stained red with the blood of
 Holofernes. Like she bathed in it.

Stanley averts his eyes.

Paint drips off of her, streaking parts of her into abstract
 deformity. Hinting at a gruesome layer underneath.

JUDITH
 Look at me, Stanley. Like you do in
 your Daddy's office...

She wipes her arm across her face, clearing away some of the
 dripping wet paint. Smile smearing into a clownish grin.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

I can smell your fear, your salted
meat...

She lunges on top of Stanley. He falls, knocking his head
hard on the floor. Blacks out. Judith about to feed as --

Richie rushes in. Doesn't see Judith. Just Stanley passed out
on the floor. He goes over --

RICHIE

C'mon, Stanley...

Can't help but look at his clownish surroundings. Circus
Posters. Creepy Clown Figurines. Clown Paintings.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Not the best place for this,
Stan...

A tune begins:

*All around the mulberry bush, the monkey chased the weasel,
the monkey thought it was all in good sport...*

Richie looks over. Sees a JACK-IN-THE-BOX. A familiar clown
painted on the side. Its handle slowly turns and --

Pop!

Richie flinches. We all do. But nothing happens. In fact, the
handle begins to turn again. Song starts over.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mike. On the floor. Trying to get to his feet. But the pain
and the fear, it's starting to get the better of him.

Oomf! Travis KICKS him again while he's down.

EXT. MACROVERSE - CONTINUOUS

The Orange Glow reflecting off of Beverly's Face is ever
brighter. Like it might start to burn her.

BEN

Please, Bev...

INT. SEWERS - CONTINUOUS

Bill leads Eddie as they run. This way. That way.

EDDIE

Do you know where you're going?

An intersection. Bill stops. Unsure. Until he sees at the end one tunnel, an ORANGE GLOW dimming the darkness.

BILL

This way.

He runs toward the glow. Getting brighter as they get closer.

INT. CIRCUS WAGON - CONTINUOUS

...the monkey thought it was all in good sport... POP! Goes the weasel...

Nothing happens. Again. Richie tries to pull Stanley toward the door. But the dead weight, so heavy.

RICHIE

I don't want to have to leave you,
Stan. C'mon... Help...

EXT. MACROVERSE - CONTINUOUS

At the door of defeat, Ben hugs Bev. Doesn't want her to go through this alone. And in the first moment of passion in his life, he kisses her. Something inside of Beverly -- the light of life, maybe -- flickers.

BEVERLY

Your hair is... January embers...

BEN

My heart burns there too.

He squeezes her tighter until it's broken by --

BILL (O.S.)

Beverly! Ben!

They look over as Bill and Richie runs toward them.

INT. CIRCUS WAGON - CONTINUOUS

...the Monkey chases the weasel... The Monkey thought it was all in good fun.... It stops. For an eternity, feels like.

Richie lets go of Stanley. He might run. And then --

PENNYWISE leaps out.

PENNYWISE
POP GOES RICHIE!

Richie SCREAMS.

Pennywise -- as if mounted to a spring -- leans over Richie, ready to feed off the fear. Richie too scared to move.

But as Pennywise gets nose to nose with Richie, his face morphs from flesh to the PLASTIC SKIN OF A TOY CLOWN.

Hands grab Richie. He turns, freaking out. But --

BILL
-- it's us, Rich. It's us.

And as Stanley starts coming back to consciousness...

EXT. MACROVERSE - CIRCUS WAGON - CONTINUOUS

...Bill, Eddie and Richie help him out of the wagon. Nearby, Ben tries to free Beverly from her chains.

BEN
Help! I can't -- C'mon! Hurry!

Richie, Eddie and Stanley rush over to help. But Bill catches sight of *something* running away from them in the distance.

A Small Figure in a Yellow Rain Slicker.

BILL
Georgie!

He takes off.

RICHIE
No! Bill! Wait!

But Bill doesn't have time to wait. He races deeper into the darkness, chasing after his little brother.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mike is on his knees. Wobbly. Travis approaches with the Stunbolt in one hand as he drags the Compressed Air Cannister along the floor behind him. Travis presses the pistol right against Mike's *glabella*. You know what that is.

TRAVIS
I'm going to kill you and then I'm going to kill all your friends...

Mike looks at Travis. Like he's given up. But then --

MIKE

No. You won't.

Mike grabs Travis. Holds him tight as he pulls him back and they both disappear down into the Well and we fall with them.

INTO THE WELL

Mike tumbles, like a lost sock. Catches sight of Travis falling further below, the Stunbolt beyond him.

And then he sees it.

The Perfect Bright Orange Circle below. The Losers -- his friends -- surrounding it...

EXT. MACROVERSE - CONTINUOUS

SPARKS! As Richie snaps the chains around Beverly with the Ax. Now free, she stands up and gives Ben a hug --

BEVERLY

Thank you...

CLANK!

They look over as the Stunbolt rolls off the edge of the well and stops at Eddie's feet.

RICHIE

That's Mike's...

SCREAMING.

As Travis falls from above into the Bright Orange Lights. Falling fast behind him is Mike. He hits the edge of --

THE WELL

Ouch. Grabs it. But slipping fast.

Beverly dives over and grabs onto him to help. The Others all join in and start to pull Mike to safety as --

Skitter... skitter... skitter...

Up the side of the wall, a Melted Mess of Hands appear. Grab onto Mike's ankle. Pulling him down into the Dead Lights.

Afraid, Mike tries to kick 'em off. But he's losing the battle. Gathers his strength. And courage.

MIKE

Let! Me! Go!

Punctuates each word with a kick. And with the final one, the hardest one, the hands fall away. Mike is free.

And is pulled to safety. But the safety is fleeting as the ground under their feet TREMORS. Like it's the start of something big...

BEVERLY

We have to find Bill.

EXT. MACROVERSE - THE DARKNESS - CONTINUOUS

Bill stops. Looks that way. No Georgie. This way. Uh-uh.

BILL

GEORGIE!

He squints. Sees something approach. Coming at him *fast*. Is it...? Is that Geo--

PENNYWISE.

Like freight train at full speed, charges into Bill and picks him up by his collar. Shoves him against a wall that only just now appeared behind him.

Pennywise. Bill. Face. To Freakish, Fanged Face.

PENNYWISE

A feast for Pennywise. Ripe fear, raw fright, a belly full of blood-dripping dread. Can you smell tasty Georgie on my b-b-breath, B-B-Bill? I bit down on his windpipe as his last word was uttered... 'Billy', he whimpered, 'Billy' he wanted, Pennywise he feared and Pennywise I fed. I still pick his little boy meat from my teeth...

Flecks of flesh hit Bill in the face as he says this.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

Now I grow hungry again.

BILL

Y-You're going to stay hungry. We're not scared of you anymore. None us of are. We're going to make your worst fear come tr-true...

In the blackness, they hear the Losers' calling out for Bill. The Tremors find their way to Bill and Pennywise. Confused, Pennywise looks down at the ground. What's happening? He looks back up at Bill.

BILL (CONT'D)

You're going to starve.

ON PENNYWISE. That word. *Starve*. It lights a spark in his eyes we haven't seen before as it resonates in the ancestral cave of his mind like a chain reaction in a firework factory. Belief has turned against him. And probably for the first time in millenniums, it grips his heart. Whatever that is.

Pennywise drops Bill.

And retreats into the darkness.

CUT TO:

THE OTHER LOSERS. In the darkness. Holding their torches high, searching for their leader.

STANLEY

Bill! BILL!

Up ahead,

BILL (O.S.)

OVER HERE!

They run, shouting. Tremors turn to QUAKES. It's like the whole universe is about to collapse around them.

BEVERLY

BILL!

There. Up ahead. On his knees. She helps him to his feet.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Bill nods. Even though he isn't.

BILL

H-He took off. We need to find and kill It. It won't stop until we do.

Bill grabs the Stunbolt from Mike and heads off into the

QUAKING DARKNESS

The Losers hunt Pennywise. With every encounter, It takes on one of their Fears. Headless Child. Judith. Hand Creature.

And each Loser steps up and confront It.

Throwing their torches at It -- letting go of their Fears -- causing It to retreat into the blackness. Until only Bill's Torch remains. In its flickering light, they catch the faintest glimpses of Pennywise.

Circling around them.

PENNYWISE (O.S.)

A truce to be true. A deal to be struck. Ignore this, forget me, and I will let you all grow and thrive, living happy lives until you die happy deaths at age hundred and one...

BILL

NO! No more...

Psssh! Bill's TORCH extinguishes. Leaving the Losers huddled in the darkness.

RICHIE

Maybe we should have at least discussed the deal first...

THIN SHAFTS OF LIGHT appear. Like the sun shining through a sewer grate, almost heavenly as they illuminate --

Georgie. In his rain slicker. Holding his Paper Boat.

GEORGIE

Let him go, Bill. He said I could come back if you let him go... Please, Bill...

Bill hesitates.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

It's really me, Bill. It's Georgie. He kept me here... You can take me home... You can save me...

Bill unsure. So badly wants to believe.

BEVERLY (O.S.)

Bill.

He turns. Sees Beverly. With the rest of the Losers. He faces back to Georgie. Holding his arms out to Bill: *Hug me...*

BILL

I want you back more than anything
else...

Bill takes a step forward to Georgie. And he raises his arms.
But not too hug him because he has in his hands --

The Stunbolt.

BILL (CONT'D)

But you're not Georgie...

Georgie turns to --

Pennywise. Razor teeth. Ready to lunge.

BLAM!

Stunbolt goes off.

Hits Pennywise right between the eyes.

His face RIPPLES, like a rock hitting the surface of a lake.
A CONCENTRIC NIGHTMARE with petals of HORROR that BLOSSOM
then WITHER away. The history of Derry's Fears flash and form
before their eyes, a thousand nightmares conjured by the
imaginings of Derry's lost and eaten children. IT is wreath
of Screaming Hands. IT is the Rotting Flesh of Disease. IT is
the Fangs of a Predator. IT is a Crown of Bloody Thorns. IT
is the Floral Ring at Georgie's Memorial soaked in blood. IT
is a Mouth That Screams Inside a Mouth That Screams Inside a
Mouth That Screams Inside.... IT is... IT is... IT is...

Until IT transforms back into a slithering, shapeless mass
and slinks its way back to the Well.

The Losers chase.

And as It disappears down to the bottom, we catch one last
glimpse of Pennywise's Face. And he looks afraid. As the
Darkness brightens...

It isn't.

And the Losers find themselves in the

BASEMENT

The seven of them.

Together.

In the corner of the basement, Bill spots a dirty, wet patch
of YELLOW. He walks over and pulls at it, revealing --

Georgie's Rain Slicker.

Bill falls to his knees and starts to cry. Months of pent up anger and grief, he lets it all out. The Other Losers walk over and surround him, a circle of love and friendship.

EXT. THE BARRENS - DAY

Bodies of children disgorge from the sewer pipe the Losers' found Dorsey's shoe in, into a swollen stream. It's hard at first to distinguish who is who, everyone is covered in mud.

Among them, a body blinks and sits up. It's Travis.

TITLE CARD:

SEPTEMBER

EXT. RIVERBANK - DUSK

A GLASS SHARD glistens in the sun. A hand picks it up. Beverly's. She walks back to the group.

BEVERLY

Swear it, guys. Swear if IT isn't
dead we'll all come back..

She hands the SHARD to Bill, who SLASHES her PALM with it. One by one the others approach, Bill slashing everyone's palms, does his own last before --

They all clasp hands and lock eyes.

A BLOOD OATH IS SWORN.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bill finishes up packing. Zach pops his head in.

ZACH

Almost ready, champ?

Bill nods.

ZACH (CONT'D)

You were right.

Zach throws down a paper on Bill's bed. Travis and his dad under the caption "SON ADMITS MURDERS, SAYS MY DADDY MADE ME DO IT."

ZACH (CONT'D)

I'm proud of you son.

He goes. Bill looks at the ceiling, water stain now gone. Still uneasy.

EXT. WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill packs his suitcase and looks out for his friends, someone to send him off. No one. His mom closes the truck and kisses him on the forehead. Still distant, but trying.

SHARON

I know it's not Acadia, but maybe we can make new memories. Just us.

BILL

It's cool, Ma.

INT. BILL'S WAGONER - MOVING - DAY

They pull out and Bill looks ahead, now wishing he could stay with his friends. As they pass Witcham and Jackson Bill glances out at the infamous storm drain.

Then he notices behind him one, two, three, four, five, six HUFFY BIKES swing out into the road, chasing him. Ben, Bev, Richie, Mike, Stanley and Eddie all peddle like mad after him waving goodbye.

Bill waves goodbye and puts his hand against the glass as they drive away, the swarm of bikes trying to keep up behind, until finally, turning a corner...

His friends are gone from sight.

EXT. DERRY/SKY OVER IT - DAY

As Bill's wagon drives off we RISE UP UP UP over Bill's neighborhood, then HIGH OVER DERRY and the rivers and all black pines as far as the eye can see, until we come to...

A floating RED BALLOON

It POPS!

The End

