

IT

Written
by
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Based on the novel
by
Stephen King

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Warner Bros.

OPEN ON:

Rain. Lashing a windowpane. A PIANO PLAYS somewhere off screen. Beethoven's *Fur Elise*.

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - DAY

A little boy gazes out into the storm. Nervous, eager, sweet. Meet GEORGE DENBROUGH (9).

GEORGE

You sure it's not too bad out there?

Will (13), his older brother, sits up in bed propped against a pile of pillows, surrounded by tissues and sheets of newspaper. HEADLINES and TOYS tell us this is the late 80's -- October, 1987 to be exact. He puts finishing touches on

A PAPER BOAT

WILL

Don't be such a wuss. I'd come if I weren't dying. Now get the paraffin.

GEORGE

In the cellar?

WILL

You want it to float or not, Georgie? Go on. Storm's not gonna last forever.

GEORGE

Okay, Willy.

George jumps up obediently and goes.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

OCTOBER 1987

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

George hurries downstairs. He catches 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 - WILL'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 -- IT.

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A WALKIE-TALKIE SQUAWKS next to Will. The sarcastic walkie-talkie filtered voice of RICHIE "TRASHMOUTH" TOZIER (12), his neighbor, filters through the plastic speaker.

RICHIE
(walkie-talkie filtered)
Willy-boy.

Will, annoyed, picks up the walkie-talkie. While looking through his rain blasted window.

WILL
Trashmouth.

They wave at each other. Richie, bug-eyed glasses, turns the wave into a middle-finger.

RICHIE (O.S.)
Thought you were sick.

WILL
I am.

RICHIE (O.S.)
Is it mortal?

INT. CELLAR DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Flinging it open, George ventures his arm into the DARK VOID. He gropes around and finds the LIGHT SWITCH. Nothing. George snatches his arm back.

GEORGE
Oh, balls. The power.

The dark basement glares back at him, taunting.

*****HERE WE DO SOME SORT OF CALL FROM WILL UPSTAIRS THAT IS A "CODE" THEY DO WITH EACH OTHER. THIS WILL COME BACK TO HAUNT US LATER.*****

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

*****GEORGIE RESPONDS WITH HIS OWN CALL FROM DOWNSTAIRS*****

RICHIE (O.S.)
What was that?

Will coughs hard into a tissue. Half-impatient, half-joking:

WILL
Nothing. Georgie and I are making
a paper boat. Got to go-

RICHIE
Wait-!

Will turns off the walkie-talkie.

INT. KITCHEN - WILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

George rubs the gooseflesh on his arms.

GEORGE
(to himself)
I'm getting it. I'm going to get
it. I'm going in. I'm...

He steels himself and plunges into the void.

INT. CELLAR - WILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

George scrambles down four steps to THE CELLAR SHELF and sifts through junk as fast as he can: SHOE-POLISH, RAGS, a dusty bag of colored BALLOONS, a broken FLASHLIGHT, two mostly empty bottles of WINDEX, and an old can of TURTLE WAX.

George stops and gazes upon the CARTOON TURTLE with hypnotic wonder. CUT TO POV of something lurking in recesses of the basement, watching GEORGE framed in the light of the doorway.

Sensing this, George snaps out of it, grabs the BOX OF PARAFFIN near the back of the shelf, and hurries back up the stairs, slamming the door in our/It's face.

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Will 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.

GEORGE
Can I do some?

WILL
Okay. Just don't get any on my blankets or Mom'll freak.

George dips his finger and spreads it.

GEORGE
Too cool.

They finish up and Will gives the boat to George.

WILL
There you go. She's all yours.

GEORGE
She?

WILL
You're the Captain, ain't ya?
Captains call their boats she. Now
put on your rain stuff or you'll
wind up stuck in bed like your
stupid brother.

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

GEORGE
Thanks, Willy.

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

WILL
Be careful out there!

EXT. WITCHAM STREET - DAY

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

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

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*, where a gouge in the blacktop sends it sweeping diagonally across toward a STORM DRAIN.

George races after, trying to grab the boat before it's swallowed up with all the rainwater. He SLIPS AND SPILLS to the blacktop, crying out in pain.

The PAPER BOAT surfs up to the drain, circles around twice, and goes in. George look ready to cry.

GEORGE

Willy's gonna kill me.

He walks over to the drain and peers in, water falling into darkness. A dank hollow sound comes from within. Suddenly

EYES PEER BACK AT HIM -- from THE GREASY WHITE FACE OF 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. Meet PENNYWISE aka BOB GRAY.

George recoils back, shocked by Pennywise's presence. A VOICE, a perfectly pleasant and reasonable voice, rises up.

PENNYWISE (O.C.)

Hello, Georgie.

George looks around him.

An OLD WOMAN watches him from the kitchen window of a house just behind the 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.

PENNYWISE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Lost something?

George expression mellows from fear to child-like wonder, like he's seeing a circus bear balanced on a ball .

GEORGE

How did you get down there?

PENNYWISE

Me? Why the storm of course. Just bleeew me away. It blew the whole circus away. How'd you like to join the circus, Georgie?

The faint, off-key sound of CALLIOPE MUSIC can be heard. George inches closer to the storm drain.

GEORGE

Is there cotton candy?

PENNYWISE

Cotton candy? Oh yes. Cotton candy and bearded women and elephant shit and all the balloons a little boy could want. You like balloons, don't you Georgie?

GEORGE

I sure do. Do they float?

George takes one last fatal step forward.

PENNYWISE

Float? Oh indeed they do, Georgie. Indeed they do. Everything down here floats. And when you're down here with us...

The clown's sing-songy voice curdles into something horrible, primal even, as George's arm is seized by Pennywise's unusually LONG arm and CLAW-like hand.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

YOU'LL FLOAT TOO!

George's SCREEEEEEAAAAAM rings through the sewers as we...

CUT TO the OLD WOMAN's POV again. The cat devours its food, the old woman pleased with his appetite does not notice...

RACK FOCUS... Georgie's rag doll body flung left and right as Pennywise feeds on him and tries to pull him through the metal grate into the sewer.

SMASH CUT TO:

Soaring, percussive MUSIC crescendos over a wide shot of glacier-cut mountains. Then, SILENCE.

Title card:

JUNE 1988

EXT. DERRY - AERIAL - SAME

PAN OFF glacier-cut mountains to reveal the TOWN OF DERRY, MAINE, settled on a crosscut of the Penobscot River and Kenduskaeg stream. It's a sturdy, picturesque Northeastern town like any other, its rough-hewn industrial past bleeding through a gentrified, decaying present.

TILT STRAIGHT DOWN to HANLON ABATOIR

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.

EXT. HANLON ABATTOIR, OUTDOOR PEN - DAY

LEROY HANLON (50s) works to move the sheep into line while his son MIKE HANLON (13) watches from behind him.

LEROY

Open the gate.

MIKE

I'm sick of this, dad.

LEROY

People need to eat. Now open the gate.

Mike opens the gate.

MIKE

How would you feel if you were one of them?

Leroy, haunted by this thought answers gruffly-

LEROY

Humans aren't raised to be food.

As if he were lying, that humans sometimes *ARE* raised for food.

The sheep flood into a thinner pathway leading to the interior of the complex. Leroy watches them as does Mike.

MIKE

Everyday, watching them stupidly walk into that killing pen. This isn't a normal kid's life. You won't even let me go to school.

INT. HANLON ABATOIR, SLAUGHTER PEN - DAY

Leroy takes the cattle bolt, places it on the head of the first sheep. WOOMP. The sheep drops dead.

LEROY

Now why would you want to be in public school with the rest of those people down below, in Derry?

He hands it to Mike, expectantly. Mike dispassionately takes the mechanism and approaches a sheep.

MIKE

Because I want to be in boring classes with other boring kids and draw pictures in text books and play baseball and go to dances and grind.

He places it on the head of the next sheep, but can't bring himself to pull the trigger.

Leroy does it for him. WOOMP. The sheep drops dead.

LEROY

I know, son. I get it. But you aren't like those people. We may work with sheep, but those people are sheep. Trust me.

The last point Leroy believes in like gospel.

A SCHOOL BELL RINGS

EXT. DERRY MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Doors fling open and ROWDY 6TH, 7TH, and 8TH GRADERS spill out. Books are hurled in the trash, papers strewn all over the recess yard -- summer is officially commenced.

Swept up among this madness is...

WILL DENBROUGH (13)

Handsome, gangly, red-headed, the memory of his brother still fresh. He walks with his dorky friends, all talking over each other: EDDIE KASPBRAK, his EPI-PEN JR. (an adrenaline injector for kids with life-threatening allergies) holstered in his medicine-filled fannypack; STAN URIS (12), a trim and tidy Jewish kid who dresses like a mini-accountant; and RICHIE TOZIER, the neighbor with the walkie-talkie, a comic book and video game freak with bug-eye glasses.

EDDIE
So how's it work?

STAN
What work?

RICHIE
So long suckas!

Richie flips off the school.

WILL
Richie!

EDDIE
The ceremony. Your Bar Mitzvah.

WILL
It makes you officially a man
right?

STAN
Kind of. I read verses. From
the Torah.

RICHIE
Then a seventh dimensional
door opens up and Stan here
has to slay his Ronin master
over a pit of death. He wins
his schlong grows like six
inches.

STAN
Shit, I don't need a Bar Mitzvah
for that.

Richie howls.

WILL
Just your mom's Cosmo.

EDDIE
Marie Claire.

RICHIE

Vogue man. It's all perfumed. I put
on my 3-D glasses and it's like
you're there.

Richie "motor boats" the air in front of him.

ANGLE on a GROUP OF fashionably dressed GIRLS NEARBY. The
bigger, heavier one of the group notices someone off screen.

GIRL #1

There's the ho-bag, now.

PAN to see BEVERLY MARSH (13) a dazzling cloud of auburn hair
and lovely green-gray eyes. Her clothes aren't as nice as the
group of popular girls, but she holds her head high.

GIRL #2

She's the one all the eighth grade
boys talk about.

GIRL #1

They say she gives the best
bjs.

GIRL #1 (CONT'D)

Probably the only way she can
afford those rags she wears.
Give me your rings, Gretta.

Beverly sees the girls as Girl #1 puts Gretta's rings on her
fingers. Sensing trouble, she turns around and ducks right
back into school.

GIRL #1

Hey cock breath, come here!

PAN back to WILL and his dorky friends. Eddie stops dead,
pointing to-

EDDIE

Jesus, she's still here?

The RABBI'S WIFE, sleepless and desperate, lurks on the edge
of school property, scanning the throngs of departing kids
with desperate eyes. Next to her, a FRONT LAWN MARQUEE reads:

REMEMBER THE CURFEW.

7 P.M.

DERRY POLICE DEPARTMENT

STAN

What do you think she's thinking?

WILL

Maybe she expects her son to just
walk out of the school with the
rest of us.

RICHIE

Yeah right, Dorsey Coen's been living in home ec these last three weeks.

EDDIE

They're not going to find him.

RICHIE

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

Richie is CHECKED TO THE PAVEMENT by TRAVIS BOWERS (16), a sadistic tower of muscle. 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. His thug sidekicks laugh: SNATCH 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.

Victor grabs Stan's yarmulka and tosses it into the window of a departing bus.

VICTOR

Frisbee, fuck nut.

Snatch burps in Eddie's face. Eddie wilts under the smell. Will scoops up the remains of Richie's glasses, smashed by the bus.

WILL

You suck, Bowers!

Travis and his goons turn. They glare at Will menacingly.

TRAVIS

You say something?

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

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Thought so. You got a free ride this year because of your little brother. But ride's over, Denbrough.

(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

This summer's gonna be a hurt train, for you and your faggot friends.

(to Snatch and Victor)

Let's roll. We got a lard ass to find.

EXT. EMERGENCY EXIT - DERRY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A door opens by the dumpsters and out peaks BEN HANSCOM (13), the "lard ass" in question, making sure the coast is clear. He wears an oversized sweatshirt and a pair of girly high-waisted blue jeans.

BEVERLY

Soooo, you gonna let me go by or is there a secret password or something?

He turns to see Beverly.

BEN

Sorry.

He steps aside. Beverly tip-toes past, lighting a cigarette like a pro.

BEVERLY

"Sorry"'s not much of a password. Now "kittyhawk," that's a good one.

BEN

Ballyhoo?

BEVERLY

Riproar.

BEN

Barnburner.

Beverly smiles and offers Ben a smoke. He refuses. She shrugs and blows a smoke ring in his face.

BEVERLY

If you're worried about Bowers and his merry band of a-holes hassling you, don't. I saw them all leave out front.

BEN

Thanks.

BEVERLY
You're the new kid right? 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 know, like the
constitution test, and stuff.
(realizing he's vomiting
nonsense)
I'm Ben.

Bev smiles, knowingly. It's clear he likes her. Ben notices a
FAINT YELLOW BRUISE on her forearm. Bev notices him noticing.

BEVERLY
(off Ben's look)
I slipped in the shower. What's
your excuse?

BEN
I fell on three boxes of donuts.

Beverly laughs.

BEVERLY
Well, see ya around Ben from sosh
class. "Get laid in the shade."

BEN
Uh, you too, Beverly. "Stay cool."

Ben watches her go, totally smitten.

BEVERLY
K.I.T.

INT. WILL 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.

INT. WILL DENBROUGH'S HOUSE - WILL'S ROOM - SAME

Will Denbrough laces his shoes. As he leaves his room, he notices the door to George's room is open, his FATHER, ZACH DENBROUGH (30s), lost in thought notices him.

ZACH
(without emphasis)
Hey Champ. Going out to play?

WILL
Yeah, Dad.

Will looks like he wants to say more, but doesn't have the words to articulate it.

INT. WILL DENBROUGH'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jumping down the stairs and rounding the corner, he sees his catatonic Mother, silhouetted by the midday light, sitting in the darkness, staring blankly at the piano.

WILL
Hi, Ma.

Growing accustomed to his parent's lack of communication, he sifts through a PILE OF UNOPENED MAIL on the dining table and finds his report card. Opens it. All A's.

WILL (CONT'D)
I got my report card.

He holds the paper limply in his hands. She doesn't acknowledge him and instead gets up and slides the doors shut to the piano room.

INT. EDDIE KASPBRAK'S HOUSE - DAY

Eddie, Richie, Will, and Stan scramble in the front door like feral animals. An enormous 300-pound woman sits in the living room doing a puzzle on her own stomach. SONIA KASPBRAK (40s).

EDDIE
Hi Mom.

WILL
Mrs. Kaspbrak.

RICHIE
Ma'am.

INT. EDDIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

They raid the kitchen, stuffing Capri Suns, Ding Dongs, whatever snacks they can find into their backpacks. Mrs. Kaspbrak calls from the room.

MRS. KASPBRAK

Eddie-bear, where are you boys off to?

RICHIE

Eddie-bear?

Will elbows him.

WILL

Just my backyard, Mrs. K. We got a new, uh, badminton set.

MRS. KASPBRAK

Okay. Just don't go rolling around too much on that grass, sweetie. Especially if it's just been cut. You know how your allergies get.

EDDIE

Yes, ma.

MRS. KASPBRAK

Isn't he cute, boys? So *cute*.

She wiggles her fat toes at him. He's mortified.

WILL

Cutest boy we know, Mrs. Kaspbrak.

RICHIE

The Miss America of cute boys. Seriously.

EDDIE

Bye ma.

Fast as they came the boys blow out the front door.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF LIBRARY - DAY

Will, Rich, and Eddie speed past the library.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

All green globes, curving iron staircases, and shadowy charm. A librarian, MRS. STARRET (50s) places a stack of books in front of Ben.

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. It's--

He glances at a newspaper behind her: "*BODY FOUND NEAR CANAL NOT THAT OF COEN YOUTH, BORTON ANNOUNCES.*" Safe.

BEN (CONT'D)

Inspiring.

Mrs. Starret smiles sweetly at this large boy.

MRS. STARRET

Well, even with all this terrible disappearing of kids business, a boy should be with his friends, outside, having fun.

She starts stamping his books. CHUCHUNP.

BEN

(embarrassed)

I'll try, Mrs. Starret.

CHUCHUNP. CHUCHUMP.

MRS. STARRET

What are all these for anyway?

CHUCHUMP.

BEN

I'm reading about the history of this place. You know how many spooky things have--

ONE-ARMED OLD MAN

Excuse me, miss?

A ONE-ARMED OLD MAN comes up behind them wearing a U.S.S. Indianapolis cap.

ONE-ARMED OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Where's the children's section?

CHUCHUMP. Mrs. Starret slides Ben his stack of books.

INT. BEVERLY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Beverly opens her fridge. There's nothing in it but a plastic jug of margarine, some half-molded white bread, and suspect milk. She sniffs the milk.

INT. BEVERLY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Beverly sips the milk, leaving a wholesome white mustache on her upper lip. She looks up to see...

Her Mother, MRS. MARSH (30s), a former prom queen long since faded, watching her. Studying her.

MRS. MARSH

Bev.

BEVERLY

Yeah, Mommy?

Mrs. Marsh sounds like she might be on sedatives.

MRS. MARSH

You had your monthly, yet?

BEVERLY

What Mommy?

MRS. MARSH

Bleeding, between your legs?

Disgusted, Beverly shrinks.

BEVERLY

No. Why?

MRS. MARSH

Soon, soon I figure. And then you'll be a woman.

She sits down next to Beverly, grasping with her clammy palms Beverly's free hand.

MRS. MARSH (CONT'D)

When it happens, once every 27 days, you'll bleed, and you'll bleed the most right before the end.

Beverly, squeamishly tries to remove her hand from her mother's, but the harder she pulls away the harder the Mother holds onto her.

MRS. MARSH (CONT'D)

I want you to go to the pharmacy today. To be prepared. You'll need to buy these.

Mrs. Marsh holds up a BLOODY TAMPON from a string.

INT. DERRY SYNAGOGUE - DAY

The Rabbi and Stan read the TORAH. Stan is repeating and learning pronunciation of the words for his Bar Mitzvah.

He starts to lose attention as he looks around the ornate room and the beams of light fingering out from the windows.

RABBI

Are you paying attention?

STAN

Yes, sir.

RABBI

Pay attention, son. This is important. This is about you becoming a man.

STAN

I am. I'm taking this very seriously Rabbi.

The Rabbi removes his glasses and looks at Stan. His thoughts carry him away.

RABBI

Not everyone gets this opportunity, Stanley.

Stanley nods.

RABBI (CONT'D)

My son, God bless him, might never get a bar mitzvah. Do you realize that?

The Rabbi squares up to Stanley, holding both of his shoulders.

RABBI (CONT'D)

We may never see him again, he may be dead now. And death is forever, Stanley, you don't come back from death.

Stanley nods as the Rabbi starts to tear up. He pulls Stanley in close to him, as if Stanley were his own long lost son. Stanley, pressed against the Rabbi can hardly breath.

STAN

Rabbi, I need to go pee.

The Rabbi cries.

STAN (CONT'D)

Rabbi, can I go pee please?

The Rabbi stops, distances himself from Stan again and looks deep into his eyes.

RABBI

Of course.

He lets him go.

INT. DERRY SYNOGOGUE, DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Stanley walks down the old, molding stone stairs to the basement of the synogogue. It's a rounded staircase that spirals into the deeper foundations of the building.

He can't find the bathroom, but he does see the Mikveh--a cleansing room for the women of a synogogue during their monthlies. It drips water and is lit by a spare light bulb.

INT. SYNOGOGUE, MIKVEH - SAME

Stanley walks in, knowing no one is watching him and unzips his pants to relieve himself in the pool of water.

Suddenly, he notices something bubbling from below. A NAKED WOMAN, her pale white skin glowing from the light.

He backs away and quickly zips up his pants.

The woman rises to the surface, exhaling a long held breath of air. She dries the water from her eyes and looks at Stanley, not at all bothered by her nakedness or Stanley's witnessing of it.

NAKED WOMAN

You like looking at my body?

STAN

I... I.

NAKED WOMAN

It's okay, I won't tell anyone.

She looks down towards her privates, still below the water.

NAKED WOMAN (CONT'D)

Do you want to see the rest of me?

Her hands slowly move towards her pussy, touching herself. Stanley starts to back away.

STAN

I should probably be getting back-

NAKED WOMAN

You're going to be a man soon, won't you? I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

She starts to get out of water.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND her as she steps out of the water, towards him. The naked woman's back is full of sores and bleeding, her butt shredded and rotten.

And as she rises from the water, we see that her legs have been reduced to bones and gristle.

NAKED WOMAN (CONT'D)

Come here Stanley, come float with me.

Stanley trips over himself back peddling. He turns around and jets out of the room just as the naked woman lunges.

INT. DERRY SYNOGOGUE, MAIN FLOOR - SECONDS LATER

Stanley runs up and into the arms of DORSEY COEN'S MOTHER, breathless. He looks up at her and SCREAMS and runs out of the building. The Mother looks at the Rabbi, perplexed. He shrugs and cleans up from their study session.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Ben sits at a table of six by himself, flipping through books on DERRY'S HISTORY.

INDIANS, COLONIZATION, DISAPPEARING SETTLEMENTS, LOGGING, MURDERS, MASSACRES, it gets more and more violent. Glancing up, he sees...

The one-armed old man plunk a NICKEL into a jar and take a STAMPED POST CARD from a tray by the door. A poster there reads:

**LIBRARIES ARE FOR WRITING TOO.
WHY NOT WRITE A FRIEND TODAY?**

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - LATER

Ben sits on the steps, POSTCARD in his lap. He clicks a pen open and, brow furled in concentration, dashes off a HAIKU.

BEN
(whispering it outloud)
Your hair is winter fire,
January embers
My heart burns there, too.

EXT. CANAL STREET - LATER

Ben is about to the drop the postcard into a MAILBOX when has second thoughts. He holds it just over the slot. We see that it's addressed to: MISS BEVERLY MARSH, LOWER MAIN STREET, DERRY MAINE, ZONE 2. Ben closes his eyes, steels his courage

AND LETS GO.

TRAVIS (O.C.)
Hello hot tits.

Travis, Snatch, Hockstettler, and Victor prowl toward him. Ben bolts, ass swinging back and forth like a girl. Travis and his gang take off after him...

EXT. KANSAS STREET - CONTINUOUS

It's no contest. Ben rounds the corner and just makes THE KISSING BRIDGE, a historic covered wooden bridge carved with thousands of hearts crossing right where the canal turns into the wild, untamed barrens, KENDUSKAEG STREAM rushing below.

TRAVIS
Gotcha!

They snag Ben and fling him against the railing. Travis flips up his sweatshirt, exposing his fat belly, and slaps it hard. Ben screams like a rabbit, whipsawing back and forth.

SNATCH
Look at that gut!

VICTOR
Sounds like a pig. Don't he sound
just like a pig?

Victor SQUEALS like a pig in Ben's face.

BEN
You better quit, I swear.

Travis pulls a BUCK KNIFE from his jeans. Ben's eyes go wide.

TRAVIS
Or what? You'll go crying to mama?
I'll give you something to cry
about.

Ben looks around for help. A CAR comes slowly down the street. Travis hides the knife, pressing its steel against Ben's white belly.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Go ahead. Yell. You'll be picking
your fucking intestines off your
sneakers.

The OLD COUPLE behind the wheel CATCH EYES WITH BEN, see his tears, and STEP ON THE ACCELERATOR. Ben sees A CLOWN riding in the back seat, grinning -- PENNYWISE.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Okay, tits. It's exam time. First
question: when I say 'Let me copy'
during finals what do you say?

BEN
Yes! I say yes! Okay! Copy all you
want!

TRAVIS
That's good. Now how can we make
sure that sticks?

BEN
I don't--

In two quick motions Travis SLASHES A BRIGHT RED "T" in Ben's belly.

Snatch and Victor laugh. Hockstettler pulls out his lighter and a can of hairspray.

HOCKSTETTLER

Let me light his head on fire like
Michael Jackson.

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

TRAVIS

No! Hold him. I'm gonna carve my
entire name on his cottage cheese
filled ass.

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

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, eye to eye with

A HUB CAP

TRAVIS

Oh, you're dead, tits.

Travis comes leaping over the railing with the knife, Victor
and Snatch right behind. Ben grabs the hub cap and HURLS IT

PELTING Travis IN THE FACE

Travis trips up, taking down Victor and Snatch with him. They
all splash down in the stream, where Travis LOSES THE KNIFE.

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

THE BARRENS

Travis gropes around for his lost knife, suddenly hysterical.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

My knife, Goddamn it! I lost my
daddy's knife!

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

EXT. THE BARRENS - DAY

Another boy's hand fishes around under water and grasps upon something. ON Will as he PULLS OUT A SNEAKER. Behind him...

RICHIE and STAN throw branches, rocks, whatever into the middle of the stream trying to DAM IT UP.

RICHIE

C'mon Eds get your ass down here
and help.

EDDIE paces the embankment with their shoes and socks and backpacks. He looks anxious.

EDDIE

No way. There's sixty million
diseases in that stream. It's gray
water.

RICHIE

What's gray water?

EDDIE

Tell 'em Will. Your dad works for
the public works.

Will is studying the sneaker.

WILL

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

EDDIE

Sewer water. Pee and poop. I'm
telling you guys you're splashing
around in Derry's toilet.

Richie and Eddie shrug and continue building their dam.

RICHIE

Smells alright to me.

WILL

Guys?

EDDIE

Seriously. I don't know why
we're down here. There's
poison ivy and mosquitos and
God knows what else could get
us sick. Not to mention we're
all alone down here. What if
we run into that psycho who's
been picking off kids.

Guys-- WILL RICHIE
 I overheard my mom talking to
 my aunt in Bangor. She says
 it's a sex fiend. Some
 drifter. But no one from
 Derry. Couldn't be.

WILL
 Guys! Shut up!

They all shut up and turn to Will.

RICHIE
 Whatcha got there Willy boy?

Will comes sloshing up. He flips Richie the sneaker.

WILL
 Look inside.

Richie does. "DORSEY COEN" is written in black marker.

RICHIE
 Son of a--

Richie tosses it to Stan who drops it like a hot potato.

WILL
 Stan, you idiot.

STAN
 Sorry.

EDDIE
 What's the big deal? It's just a
 sneaker.

Will has to fish it back out of the water.

WILL
 It's Dorsey Coen's sneaker.

EDDIE
 Shit. This isn't good, guys. This
 seriously isn't good. We should go.

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

WILL
 If he's still running.

STAN

What if... he's still around here?

They all lock eyes. Will and Richie come to a decision. They pick up sticks and start sloshing down stream where the shoe was found. Stan stays frozen.

WILL

Dorsey!

RICHIE

Dorsey!

EDDIE

Guys-- Guys stop. We're gonna get in trouble.

RICHIE

For what?

EDDIE

I don't know. Disturbing evidence. Contaminating a scene. We should just mark where we found the shoe and leave an anonymous note to Chief Borton. My mom would have a major cow if she knew I was playing down here, I kid you not.

RICHIE

Shit, Eds you get within twenty feet of a peanut she has a whole herd. I don't want to think what she'll have if you come home with another kid's corpse.

EDDIE

That's not funny, Richie. That's so not funny. Will, please.

WILL

I'm with Richie. If I were Dorsey I'd want us to look for me.

EDDIE

Fine. You guys can do what you want but I'm going. I have no interest in seeing the muddy mangled body of some--

He turns to see BEN STUMBLE FROM THE WOODS all bloody. Eddie screams and sloshes out into the stream he was so assiduously avoiding.

They all see Ben.

RICHIE
Holy friggin' Moses. What happened
to you?

BEN COLLAPSES on the river bank. The boys rush to his side.

EXT. UP-MILE HILL - DAY

Mike streaks past homes and businesses on his bike, riding into THE CENTER OF DOWNTOWN. He carries a package of MEAT on his bike.

INT. COSTELLO'S MARKET - DAY

Mike makes his delivery and gets cash from MR. COSTELLO, the grocer.

INT. DERRY SAVINGS AND LOAN - DAY

Mike deposits the money and takes a free lollypop from the teller.

EXT. DERRY SAVINGS AND LOAN - DAY

Mike steps outside, throws up the kick, and pushes his bike out into the street. Will's crew WHOOSHES PAST on their bikes, Will and Eddie, and Stan and bloody Ben riding double.

RICHIE
Heads up, homeschool!

MIKE
Eat me, townie!

EXT. KISSING BRIDGE - DAY

Travis, Snatch, Victor, and Hockstettler are still looking for the knife in the water under the bridge.

SNATCH
It probably got washed away,
Travis.

Travis grabs Victor by his collar and growls in his face.

TRAVIS
It ain't been washed away. It's
been stolen.

VICTOR
Stolen, by who?

Travis points up the embankment at Mike, biking home over the bridge.

TRAVIS
That nigger right there.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Mike bikes home, sucking on the lollypop, when he notices something coming up fast behind him.

TRAVIS and his boys in a beat up Trans Am.

He starts peddling faster. Sees the KITCHENER IRONWORKS sign ahead and skids right down its path towards the ghostly titanic ruin.

EXT. FIELD - KITCHENER IRONWORKS - DAY

Mike looks around for a place to hide, a bird spooking off from the twisted carcass of the factory building. The Penobscot River flows behind.

Travis and his boys skid to a stop in the field, machinery blocks their pursuit by car so they jump out on foot.

Mike finds a SMOKESTACK laying in shattered sections in the grass. He stares into its big black bore, picks up a loose tile, and pitches it in. It lands with a faint echo in the darkness.

INT. KITCHENER IRONWORKS - MOMENTS LATER

Travis, Snatch, Victor and Hockstettler search for Mike in the SKELETAL REMAINS of the old ironworks structure itself, an open wound of twisted iron beams.

Oblivious to any danger other than their own volatile potential, we get a sense that around every corner, some ominous figure is just ducking out of sight.

Mike clocks them from inside the smokestack, the dodges around the perimeter of the ironworks structure.

He nears the CELLAR HOLD, a yawning chasm on the edge of the ruins. Sees a Derry Historical Society PLAQUE:

**ON THESE PREMISES
AN EXPLOSION TOOK THE LIVES
OF 102 SOULS (88 CHILDREN)
EASTER SUNDAY, 1906.
MAY THEY REST IN PEACE**

PENNYWISE appears across the cellar hold OVER HIS SHOULDER. When Mike looks up from reading Pennywise IS GONE.

Mike looks back across the weedy field to THE FENCE, his bike still leaned against it. It seems a million miles off.

EXT. KITCHENER IRONWORKS

Travis and the boys continue to explore the far side of the factory, sensing Mike may have made a run for the river.

INT./EXT. KITCHENER IRONWORKS

Sensing an opportunity, Mike books it back to his bike.

INT. KITCHENER IRONWORKS

Hockstettler notices something off screen. Walks towards it.

Following Hockstettler we see what he sees: a lone BALLOON, as if just leaving the grasp of a child, floating up in the air.

HOCKSTETTLER
What the fuh...

He looks back at Travis and the others, who are sniffing out the weeds near the river.

EXT. KITCHENER IRONWORKS

Mike gets to his bike and starts pushing it up the hill. He looks back towards the factory. Travis and his boys still haven't come back to their car. Mike pedals home.

INT. KITCHENER IRONWORKS

Travis, angry they didn't find Mike huffs back across the field, throwing a piece of scrap pipe he found against a giant corrugated wall. The entire factory vibrates with the gonging sound.

TRAVIS

Let's go! That jungle monkey ain't here no more.

Travis walks obliviously past AN EASTER EGG, smeared with bloody fingerprints, but Hockstettler sees it, picks it up.

HOCKSTETTLER

I'm staying.

The three of them turn towards Hockstettler like he's insane.

TRAVIS

Why?

HOCKSTETTLER

I don't know.
(laughing)
I want to see its insides.

He points towards the door leading to the dark innards of the factory.

HOCKSTETTLER (CONT'D)

You guys want to come?

TRAVIS

(disgusted)
Why the- Hell no. You mental?
This place gives me the creeps.

EXT. KITCHENER IRONWORKS

Travis and the others load up and peel off in their car.

Hockstettler watches them leave, a cloud of dust in their place, then turns towards the darkest parts of the factory, as if pulled deeper into the core unconsciously.

ANGLE OVER CELLAR HOLD, Hockstettler peers in. He grabs a handhold and sways over its cavernous depth.

HOCKSTETTLER'S POV: Nothing but darkness.

Hockstettler takes out his lighter and hairspray, launching a fire ball that illuminates the cavern below.

Monoliths of rusted machinery, half-submerged in stagnant puddles of black mud.

And for an instance, a CLOWN. Pennywise. Then blackness again.

Hockstettler saw IT, but doesn't believe it. He unleashes another fire ball. For a second we see the faces of DEAD CHILDREN amongst the monoliths.

Hockstettler isn't sure if he's seen right. He walks in, the hair rising on the back of his neck.

INT. CELLAR HOLD - SAME

Hockstettler carefully maneuvers his way down into the hold. His feet, blindly tapping for purchase.

HOCKSTETTLER
I ain't afraid. Any you ghosts
down here can't hurt me.

As if it were a mantra, to make himself feel less scared.

HOCKSTETTLER (CONT'D)
I seen ghosts. I did them in their
butt holes.

And out of the darkness...

PENNYWISE
Did they float?

He freezes. Did he hear that or was that in his head?

HOCKSTETTLER
I, I- Who's there?

Hockstettler lights a ball of hair spray, it illuminates the walls near him, but nothing far away.

HOCKSTETTLER (CONT'D)
There's no one down here. There's
no one that can hurt me.

He moves down deeper. Lights the hair spray again, and for second, we think we glimpsed, deeper in the shadows, Pennywise.

PENNYWISE
(whispering)
Patrick... Answer me.

Now sure he's heard something, Patrick stops. His breathing starts to rapidly increase. He wants to back up, but he's frozen.

He lifts up his hair spray can, finger shaking on the plastic nozzle, he lifts the lighter. CLINK. The flint lights up the small flame. Sputtering in the flowing air in the cellar. His breathing is arrhythmic, compressed.

PENNYWISE

Because down here, we all float.

He sprays. The flame spits out and out of the darkness, PENNYWISE the clown leaps onto Hockstettler, tumbling him into the cellar hold, he drops the lighter and hairspray, which rolls down to the feet of a child. A DEAD CHILD.

EXT. KEENE'S PHARMACY - DAY

The pack of boys, Will, Richie, Ben, and Eddie come biking down Center Street and swing into RICHARD'S ALLEY. They jump off, bikes clattering to the pavement.

WILL

Okay Richie, you and...

BEN

Ben.

WILL

Ben stay here. We'll get some bandages and stuff.

Will and Eddie race in, leaving Ben and Richie in the alley which is emblazoned with a COLORFUL MURAL about the FBI's ambush of the infamous Bradley Gang, a celebrated slice of Derry town history.

BEN

Thanks for helping me.

RICHIE

You're not the only one on Bower's shitlist.

Ben nods, grateful for the company. He notices in the mural, in one of the windows, a CLOWN watches the ambush with glee.

INT. KEENE'S PHARMACY - DAY

Eddie snatches cotton balls and antiseptic and bandages off the shelf like an expert. He checks the prices.

EDDIE

Woah, that's a lot of money. Will?

Will pulls out one crumbled dollar.

WILL

All I got. You got an account here don't you?

EDDIE

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

WILL

Well we need to do something. That kid out there looks like someone killed him.

They glance at the mirror where MR. KEENE (70s) the grumpy, eagle-eyed pharmacist watches them like a hawk.

BEVERLY (O.S.)

You consider a diversion?

They all turn to Beverly, who stands there sly and smiling.

WILL

Huh?

BEVERLY

Your friend there. He has that thingy he always carries around in his cute little fannypack right?

EDDIE

My EpiPen Jr.?

BEVERLY

Yeah. For when he spazzes out.

EDDIE

I don't spaz. Those are allergic reactions. Life threatening allergic reactions.

BEVERLY

Whatever. The point is he has a track record right? Of spazzing out.

EDDIE

I don't--

WILL

Eds, shut up. She's on to something.

INT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Mr. Keene fills prescriptions. Eddie flops out of the aisle clutching his throat. Will and Beverly run out after.

WILL

Oh no. Eddie! Eddie!

BEVERLY

I knew I shouldn't 'a given him that granola. Mr. Keene!

MR. KEENE

You guys know the drill, don't you?

Will fishes the EPI-PEN from the fanny pack.

WILL

I'm a pacifist.

BEVERLY

My mom doesn't like me handling needles.

Annoyed, Keene comes out from behind the counter. He kneels next to Eddie and takes the pen, plunging it into his thigh. Will screens Beverly as she SHOPLIFTS THE SUPPLIES and SLIPS OUT THE STORE. Eddie opens his eyes, breathing normal.

EDDIE

Thanks, Mr. Keene. That one was a real shit kicker.

EXT. KEENE'S PHARMACY - DAY

Will and Eddie race out laughing. Bev is waiting on the curb to meet them. She flips Will the stolen goods.

BEVERLY

Not bad for a bunch of amateurs.

She flashes a pack of STOLEN CIGARETTES and struts off towards her house. THEY LOVE THIS GIRL. Will closes Eddie's mouth and they hustle round the corner into RICHARD'S ALLEY.

WILL

We got it!

He flips Ben his medicine. Stan runs up from behind, still looking blanched from his synagogue experience.

EDDIE
Shit Stan, what happened to you?
You look like you've seen a ghost.

STAN
Nothing.

He sees Ben there, looking like a train wreck.

STAN (CONT'D)
What happened to him?

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

ANGLE ON A CLOSE-UP of the "Coen shoe" placed on a desk in front of CHIEF BORTON and OFFICER BOWERS, Travis' hillbilly father. Will is alone in the room with them while--

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN BULL PEN - SAME

Ben, all bandaged up, looks on with Eddie, Richie, and Stan as Will speaks to the police officers.

BEN
Beverly was there?

EDDIE
Yeah.

BEN
And she stole this stuff for me?

Stanley wants Ben to shut up, but Ben is beyond excited.

BEN (CONT'D)
Did she know it was for me?

RICHIE
I don't think she even knows you're alive man.

BEN
Yes she does.

STAN
What's going on in there?

RICHIE (CONT'D)
What do you think? He's handing 'em the kid's shoe. It's riveting.

Ben checks his Timex, cracked but working.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Takes a lickin' and keeps on
tickin', huh?

 BEN

My mom gave it to me so I wouldn't
be late for curfew.

 EDDIE

I think he means you, Big Ben.

The boys shove him playfully. Ben shoves back.

 BEN

It's funny, 'til the last week I
didn't think anyone knew my name.

 RICHIE

You're pretty friggin' hard to
miss.

 EDDIE

Guys, you think whoever kidnapped
Dorsey might of, I dunno... got
Georgie too?

 RICHIE

If he creeps in storm drains,
maybe.

 BEN

Who's Georgie?

 EDDIE (CONT'D)

Will's little brother. Or was.
Before your time.

 RICHIE

Will won't talk about it but the
kid's arm got ripped clean off in a
flash flood or something.

Richie turns towards Stan, who's been unnaturally quiet this
whole time.

 RICHIE (CONT'D)

Cat got your tongue?

 STAN

What?

 RICHIE

Why are you so quiet?

 EDDIE

What's Chief Borton going to
do with a shoe?

 STAN

I'm not. I'm listening.

 BEN

A storm drain. Crazy.

Will steps out.

RICHIE

Well?

EDDIE

What did he say?

WILL

Nothing. Thanked me for being a good young citizen.

RICHIE

So let's get outta here. Police stations always make me feel guilty of something.

EXT. OLD CAPE STREET - DAY

The five losers bike home, Will and Eddie, Stan and Ben riding double. Will skids up to a chain link fence by the rail yards. Eddie jumping off to take his usual short cut. They all splinter off their different ways.

EDDIE

Later days.

RICHIE

Barrens? Don't fag out.

WILL

Fag you later.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will lays out on the carpet in front of the TV, eating ice cream from a carton. His parents sit on opposite ends of the couch like bookends, father flips through a *Popular Mechanics*. His mom stares at the TV, her mind elsewhere. There seems to be no connection between any of them.

WILL

I found something today.

No response. Finally his Mom stirs.

SHARON

You say something honey?

WILL

That missing Coen boy. I found a clue.

His parents flash looks.

ZACH
Stay out of it, Will. Let the
police handle these things.

They go back to watching TV. Will tries for some sort of
connection.

WILL
What about Arcadia?

His dad stops mid flip, all the air going out of the room.

WILL (CONT'D)
We haven't talked about our park
trip at the end of the summer.
Usually by now we're all looking at
the brochure together. We have so
much fun there every--

Will's dad throws the magazine down.

ZACH
Enough.

He storms out to his workshop. Sharon is too upset to look
her son in the eye.

WILL
What did I say?

SHARON
Nothing... Your father, it's just
too much to deal with right now.

WILL
I'll mow lawns. Paint fences.
Whatever.

SHARON
It's not that.

She loses it for a moment, then composes herself.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Your brother just looked forward to
this trip so much. That park was
his favorite place in the world.

She takes Will's carton and retreats into the kitchen. Will
is left all alone, TV blaring, spoon hanging over nothing.

WILL

Mine too.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A slummy apartment over Lower Main Street. A Red Sox game blares on from somewhere down the hall. We track down the hallway and PAN just as Beverly starts to unzip her pants and close the door.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Beverly finishes peeing. She reaches for toilet paper but there isn't any. She rifles through the toiletries under the old fashioned sink basin looking for anything she can use-

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 stands, her pants still around her ankles, leaning 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 meet you, Beverly.

She gasps, backpedaling, pulling up her pants.

BEVERLY

Who are you?

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

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)

*I'm Matthew... I'm Dorsey... I'm
Veronica... I'm Georgie... Come
play with us down here... Come play
with the clown... You'll float,
Beverly. Oh how you'll float...*

Terrified, Beverly dashes out.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bev finds HER FATHER (40s) asleep in front of the TV, still in his janitor's uniform from Derry Home Hospital. His toolbelt is thrown up on the coffee table.

She tip-toes over and steals the TAPE MEASURER.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

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 measurer. 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

What the devil's gotten into you,
girl?

BEVERLY

The bathroom! Daddy, in the
bathroom--

His arm shoots out and GRABS HER WRIST LIKE A VICE.

MR. MARSH
Someone peeking at you, Bevvie?
Huh?

BEVERLY
No... the sink... in the sink...

He stalks past, dragging her behind him. 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.

He shoves her against the wall. Hard.

MR. MARSH
You know I hate gettin' rough with
you. I never do when you don't
deserve it.

He points back to the gory sink.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)
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. He doesn't seem to see any of it. Only Beverly can. She realizes this.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)
Answer me girl.

He raises his hand.

BEVERLY
The sink... I was... I thought I
saw a spider...

Uncertain whether he'll hit her anyway, she closes her eyes and prepares for a smacking.

MR. MARSH
(smiling)
A spider?

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

He lowers his hand, gentle now, proprietary.

MR. MARSH

I worry about you, Bevvie. I worry
a lot.

Smoothing out her hair over her forehead. The blood on her
face like finger paint. This is when he scares her the most.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

You know why I don't drink or smoke
or chase after women like other
fathers do?

BEVERLY

Because you love momma?

MR. MARSH

Not just her, Bevvie. You. You're
almost a woman now, too. And I got
me all I need right here at home.

He rests his forehead against hers, breathes in her scent,
goes back down the hall to his game.

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. WILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

...onto Will's head. He doesn't stir. But then it is
followed by SEVERAL OTHERS. Finally, he awakes. Looks up.

A leak in the ceiling.

Will flips back his covers.

INT. BATHROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Will grabs a bucket from a utility closet and, walking back,
sees Georgie's room's door open...

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will enters, the room frozen in time. GEORGIE'S TOY BOX is
open. Photographs and posters line the walls.

STAR WARS bedsheets crisp and military tight on the bed. A Lego Turtle on the night stand. Will picks it up.

Will sits down, Turtle in hand, and 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 George. Photographs of George, illuminated by passing cars, seem to watch him from the walls.

A SHADOW seems to stretch across Georgie's room from the doorway.

Will looks up but no one is there.

INT. CORRIDOR - WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

WILL
Hello? Dad?

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

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

WILL
Ma?

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

*****WILL HEARS GEORGIE'S "CODE" CALL FROM THE OPENING SCENE. IT COMES FROM THE KITCHEN*****

Will 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 - WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

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

WILL
(voice quivering)
Georgie?

*****WILL RESPONDS WITH HIS OWN "CODE" CALL. THERE IS NO IMMEDIATE RESPONSE*****

Will 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...

*****GEORGIE'S "CODE" CALL, COMING FROM THE BASEMENT*****

INT. CELLAR - WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Will 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, Will 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

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

GEORGE IN HIS YELLOW SLICKER.

Rain rolling off him like he's still in a storm flooding the cellar. He looks up at Will.

GEORGE
Why'd you make me go, Willy?

WILL
Georgie?

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

GEORGE
Help me, Willy.

Will grabs a rake from the wall and pokes its tip into the water. It's a good six inches deep.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You'll float.

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

Will recoils. Georgie glides over the water towards Will, and we realize there is a creature beyond it, the colors of a clown's costume, PENNYWISE, propping up Georgie's body like a MEAT PUPPET.

Horrified, Will races up the stairs as...

PENNYWISE crosses the flooded basement and scuffles up the steps after Will, arms and legs splayed out like a charging crocodile, Georgie's limp corpse strapped to his back.

Will slams the door on Pennywise's/Georgie's gross face.

INT. WILL DENBROUGH'S HOUSE, WILL'S ROOM

Will slams the door of his room and hides in his bed. Panting. The DOOR KNOB starts to rattle.

Drip. Will looks up. The leak from the ceiling getting worse. The DOOR KNOB rattles even more. Shaking until it seems like its going to fall off.

Silence. Will approaches the door. He grabs a baseball bat and prepares to attack. Swinging open the door, ready to swing... it's his FATHER.

ZACH
Will.

Seeing the bat.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Easy! What's wrong? What's all the noise about?

Will exhales, safety.

WILL
There's a leak in my ceiling. Then I went to check the cellar and its flooded and--

Zack looks at Will's ceiling.

ZACH
Where's the leak, son?

Will points at it but nothing registers for Zach.

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

Will and Zach stand over the stairwell. Zach turns the light on and walks down, much to Will's horror, into a puddle of water.

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

Will holds himself, too freaked out to speak.

EXT. EDGE OF THE BARRENS - MORNING

Will, Stan, Richie, Ben and Eddie stand at the edge of a police cordon. Beyond, CHIEF BORTON and A LINE OF POLICE OFFICERS, SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES and VOLUNTEERS sweep the woods with blood hounds.

RICHIE
But we got a project we're working
on out there.

CHIEF BORTON
Barren's will be off limits for
now, kids. Go on into town and
play there.

They all look on in disappointment. Then pick up their bikes and head back into town.

A dog picks up a scent near A MORLOCK HOLE -- a cement cylinder that sticks about four feet out of the ground with a vented iron manhole cover stamped: *DERRY SEWER DEPARTMENT*. A drone comes from somewhere deep within.

Officer Butch Bowers arrives with news for Chief Borton.

OFFICER BOWERS
We've got another one, Chief.

CHIEF BORTON
Another what?

OFFICER BOWERS
Kid gone missing.

CHIEF BORTON
Dear Lord. Who is it?

OFFICER BOWERS
One of my son's friends. Patrick
Hockstettler.

PAN OVER to reveal Travis, waiting meekly inside Officer
Bowers' squad car.

CHIEF BORTON
The family notified you directly?

Officer Bowers nods for Travis to approach.

OFFICER BOWERS
Then I did a little investigating
of my own.
(to Travis)
Tell him what you told me, boy.

Travis doesn't know where to start.

OFFICER BOWERS (CONT'D)
Tell him, damn it! Tell him who
you last saw him with.
(he turns to Chief Borton)
The negro boy from outside of town.
The ones who run the abatoir.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

BEN'S HAIKU is propped on a night stand.

Beverly stirs awake. Her sheets and pillows are smeared with
blood. Her face crusted with dried gore.

Groggy, and nearly sleep walking, she sits up and walks out
without taking stock.

INT. BEVERLY'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Bev opens the door, wiping her eyes she approximates the
sink, bends over to wash her face and eyes. With the first
crust of blood removed from her eyelids, she looks into the
mirror and let's out a choked, exhaling GASP of horror.

Surrounded by brown and crusty wallpaper, is Beverly's
realization that the blood was not a dream.

Beverly's Mom appears in the doorway. Beverly turns to her,
speechless, in shock.

MRS. MARSH

Darling, sometimes I look at myself
in the morning and think the same
thing.

Beverly tiptoes out of the horror scene. She shyly looks at her mother as she dries her hair over a blood-drenched sink, oblivious to it all.

MRS. MARSH (CONT'D)

Look at these roots.

Beverly is speechless.

INT. HANDLON ABATTOIR - DAY

Puddles of BLOOD seem to lap like small waves towards us. PAN UP to reveal Mike and Leroy sweeping the blood and water out of the slaughtering pen.

Officer Bowers followed by SEVERAL POLICE OFFICERS enter the facility.

OFFICER BOWERS

Leroy Hanlon?

Leroy turns and notices the officers for the first time.

OFFICER BOWERS (CONT'D)

We need to bring in your boy for
questioning.

LEROY

For what?

OFFICER BOWERS

Police business.

Mike turns to his father, frightened, shaking his head.

LEROY

We need a lawyer?

He looks at Mike, searching for any indication what this could be about. Travis appears in the distance and Mike instantly knows.

MIKE

Dad, it's-

Officer Bowers roughly grabs Mike by the neck and starts to lead him out.

OFFICER BOWERS

Let's go, boy.

LEROY

Hey! No need for that.

He grabs Officer Bowers by the arm. Bowers quickly and excessively puts Leroy in a wrist lock and throttles him against the killing pen fence. Leroy moans in pain.

OFFICER BOWERS

Search this place, now. It's the perfect place to hide a body if you ever needed to.

Officer Bowers looks around in disgust. Travis smiles from the safety of distance and local power.

LEROY

This ain't right! You need a warrant, you can't just-

Leroy seizes his arm, then his chest, then crumples to the ground, losing consciousness in the puddle of blood.

MIKE

Dad!

Mike tries to rush for him but he is forcefully escorted to a waiting police car. Other Officers look to Bowers for direction. Officer Bowers turns Leroy over.

OFFICER BOWERS

Call an ambulance.

EXT. BEN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

ALL of the boys have gathered in Ben's room. An aimless summer morning with nothing to do. They play with his junk and are generally turning his room over. Will examines a pair of walkie-talkies not unlike his own.

RICHIE

Whoa, what's with the history project, Benny-boy?

Richie notices that Ben's walls are covered in xerox copies and historical drawings, all relating to Derry's history.

BEN

Oh, uh, when I first moved here I didn't have anyone to play with or anything, so I just started hanging out in the Library.

All of the boys turn and look at Ben. Seriously?

RICHIE

What are you, the "Reading Rainbow"?

EDDIE

He's a regular Jordy Laforge.

Stan takes a closer look.

STAN

Why is it all, like, people getting killed and missing kids and stuff?

BEN

I don't know. There's just a lot of that here. Been that way since the original settlers.

Will, who was more interested in a Viewmaster, turns and looks at the walls now. Sees a copy of an old-timey document with 300 signatures. INCORPORATION OF THE TOWNSHIP OF DERRY.

WILL

You have a copy of the Town Charter. Seriously?

BEN

Derry started as a logging camp before it was officially on any maps. 300 people signed the charter that made Derry Derry. A month later they all disappeared, without a trace.

RICHIE

The entire town?

Eddie is freaked out by this revelation.

BEN

The people, the livestock, everything that was alive.

STAN

Jesus.

EDDIE

Holy fuck.

RICHIE

(to Stan)

Aren't you supposed to be Jewish?

Stan thumps Richie in the stomach while still paying attention to Ben.

BEN

People in neighboring settlements thought it was Indians or something but there was no sign of an attack. The only clue was a well house that was burnt down to charcoal.

RICHIE

Shit, maybe we could get Derry on Unsolved Mysteries!

Ben points out on an old map that has a translucent modern map drawn by hand laid over it, his tracing coordinates-

BEN

It was here. Right on the corner of what's now Witcham and Jackson.

EDDIE

Hey, isn't that where Will's brother, Georgie-

Richie slaps Eddie in the back of the head. His fierce eyes castigating Eddie for not thinking before speaking, Eddie confused, "wha-?"

WILL

Yeah, it's where Georgie died.

BEN

I'm sorry. I didn't-

RICHIE

(to Eddie)
Good job numb nuts.

WILL (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it. Why do you have all this stuff anyway? I mean. What are you going to do with it?

Will can't take his eyes off all of the information.

BEN

I don't know. It was just a way to kill time, I guess.

RICHIE

It's summer, dorkus. If you're gonna kill time, do it right.

EXT. BASSEY PARK QUARRY, ROPE SWING - LATER

Will, Richie, Eddie, Stan, and Ben, stripped to their tightie-whities (except Ben who still has a T-shirt), stand in a line staring at the edge of a rocky outcropping in a quarry turned pond. The black water of the pond foreboding, endless.

WILL
Who's first.

RICHIE
Eddie?

EDDIE
Screw that.

BEN
I'll go.

EDDIE
Ben, 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?

STAN
Don't get him started.

WILL
I'll go first.

BEVERLY (O.C.)
Too late.

The boys turn around to see Bev in a one piece summer dress. She pulls off the dress quickly, down to her underwear, sprints off the edge and jumps into the water. BOOM. Cannonball.

The boys, not wanting to be showed up by the girl take one last look at each other and jump in. SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH!

All except for Eddie, who crawls down the rock outcropping and stares at the screaming and laughing kids enviously.

RICHIE

What are you waiting for? Why
don't you get in you pussy?

Eddie dips the toes of one of his feet in. Flabbergasted,
Richie gives up on motivating Eddie.

Richie dives under the water and swims beneath the kicking
legs of all his friends, a shark's P.O.V. He doesn't see...

PENNYWISE floating in from the depths beneath him.

On the surface Ben yelps, something yanking his leg. Richie
surfaces.

BEN

Very funny, Richie.

RICHIE

I thought so.

Something yanks Richie's leg too. Hard. He and Ben wait for
whoever it was to surface from the inky water.

Ben sees Will, Bev, and Stan swimming back toward Eddie on
the edge of the quarry. They scream and laugh and swim their
asses back to land.

EXT. BASSEY PARK QUARRY, SHORE - LATER

The SIX of them now sunbathe on the rocks at the edge of the
pond. Their eyes are closed, soaking in the vitamin D,
except Ben, who can't take his off of Beverly's tanning body.

Will sits up and looks out at the water. It is so black it
seems other worldly. Not breaking his stare from the water,
he addresses the group.

WILL

Do you guys ever feel there's
something wrong with Derry. Like
it's, I don't know, haunted or
something?

EDDIE

Haunted how?

WILL

I keep thinking about Ben's walls.

Ben, happy to have something else to focus on other than
Beverly, looks at Will.

BEN

You mean how all sorts of disasters and disappearances and stuff keeps on happening here?

WILL

Yeah. It's strange.

Stan opens his eyes and joins in.

STAN

Like any town, right? That's been around long enough, bad stuff is bound to happen. I mean, have you read the Torah?

Richie, turns over to work on his back.

RICHIE

Boys, you're ruining my sunbathing vibes with all this chitter chatter.

Beverly, eyes still closed, places a cigarette in her mouth and lights up. Ben notices her hands shake as she holds the cigarette in her mouth. The smoke swirls and dissipates over them.

BEVERLY

Have you been seeing "things" Will?

Will whips his neck to Beverly. He can't tell if she is making fun or if she is seriously asking him for a bridge.

WILL

I... If I tell you guys something you won't think I'm crazy.

RICHIE

We already know you're crazy, Will. No judgement here.

WILL

I saw Georgie last night. Only. It wasn't him.

EDDIE

Like. In your dreams?

WILL

No. In my house, he tried to get me to go into the basement with him.

RICHIE

That wasn't Georgie, that was your neighborhood sex offender making a house call.

WILL

Shut up Richie. It wasn't just him. I saw this other... I don't know.

STAN

What did you see Will?

BEN

The clown?

Will, Stan and Eddie look at Ben.

WILL

Yes. That's what it was, a scary looking clown. And it had these teeth...

STAN

I saw something, too. In the basement of the synogogue.

RICHIE

I take it back. I'm judging all of you and you are all friggin' wackos.

Beverly, still laying there, exhales a long trail of smoke.

BEVERLY

I need to show you guys something.

EXT. LOWER MAIN STREET - DAY

The FIVE boys and Beverly stand outside her slummy apartment building. She looks frightened to go inside.

BEVERLY

My Daddy will kill me if he finds out I had boys in our apartment.

BEN

Isn't he at work?

BEVERLY

Sometimes he comes home for a nap.

WILL
 We should leave lookouts. Ben,
 Stan, can you?

Ben is ready to protest. Then succumbs, crestfallen.

STAN
 What does he look like?

BEVERLY
 My Daddy? Mean. Like a drunk.

Will, Richie and Eddie go with Bev.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bev opens the door. It creaks open. The apartment seems to be empty. Afternoon sunlight illuminating floating dust motes. She scouts around and lets them in.

Will, Richie, and Eddie follow her to a closed door at the end of the hallway -- THE BATHROOM DOOR

BEVERLY
 In there.

RICHIE
 Can you give me an indicator of
 what I'm about to walk into?

BEVERLY
 You'll see.

RICHIE
 I hope it's Ed McMahon and I've
 just won publishers clearing house
 10 million dollar sweepstakes. But
 if it is, you really didn't have to
 go through so much trouble, you
 could have just brought Ed to the
 quarry.

She has no intention of going in. Will pushes past Richie and opens the door.

EDDIE
 Oh God. Oh God.

THE BLOOD

Still there, faded into maroon clouds on the mirror and wallpaper. Richie reels back into the hallway with Beverly.

She looks from Richie to Will.

BEVERLY
You really see it?

RICHIE
It's like someone slaughtered a pig
in here. Or a parent.

Richie is slack jawed.

WILL
What happened?

Bev is so relieved she almost cries.

BEVERLY
The sink. It came out from the
sink. My parents couldn't see it.
I thought I was going crazy.

Will goes to Eddie, who still stands frozen in terror.

WILL
You okay, Eddie? Eddie Kaspbrack?

Eddie snaps to it, suddenly more composed, resolute even.

WILL (CONT'D)
Ed. Go outside. Get Ben and send
him in here.

Eddie just nods and walks out the door.

WILL (CONT'D)
You see it, don't you, Richie?

Richie nods.

WILL (CONT'D)
We can't leave it like this. Let's
clean it up.

INT. BEVERLY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Will, Richie, Ben and Bev 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, Will and Bev's hands touch, a spark between them.

EXT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Stan and Eddie stand lookout on a curb below.

STAN

What's taking them so long?

EDDIE

There was a lot of blood.

Eddie shakes his head. Something disturbing catches his attention.

INT. BEVERLY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Will pours the last of pink bucket water down the bathtub drain. The bathroom now as clean as it ever was. The bucket is filled with blood stained rags.

RICHIE

All I'm saying is maybe there's some weirdo going around Derry dressed as a clown. You know, like the Joker in a "Dark Knight" comic. Some whack job who likes to dress up and kidnap kids.

WILL

Okay, so how did he put Georgie in my basement?

BEVERLY

Or blood in my sink?

RICHIE

I don't know. Who knows how crazy people do things, right?

Pebbles hit the window. Richie goes over, sees Eddie and Stan jumping up and down. The sound of footsteps come up the hallway. They look at each other, who's the extra footsteps?

INT. STAIRS TO BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mr. Marsh fumbles with his keys outside the door.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

They race through the apartment to a window that opens to fire escape into the alley. Bev throws it open and Will, Ben, Bev, and Richie climb through.

WILL

You okay?

BEVERLY

I am now. Thanks to you guys.

The window slams shut behind them just as Mr. Marsh enters the hallway.

He sees a bloody rag on the counter and picks it up, wiping his sweaty face, smearing blood all over it.

INT. POLICE STATION, CHIEF BORTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Chief Borton and Officer Bowers hand Mike's mom a copy of Mike's signed statement. He nearly has to defend himself from her anger.

CHIEF BORTON

Ma'am. Ma'am.

(BEAT)

Ma'am!

MIKE'S MOM

His father is in the hospital in critical condition and you, you're supposed to be protecting the children!

CHIEF BORTON

Ma'am. We were just doing our job, but he's free to go home with you, now.

MIKE'S MOM

He damn well better be.

Officer Bowers leans into Mike.

OFFICER BOWERS

You got lucky, boy. Could have been you who disappeared. Be careful next time creeping around old places like that.

MIKE

I told you who chased me there.

Mike nods to TRAVIS BOWERS, who is sitting, shamefully, in an office next door to Chief Borton's office.

OFFICER BOWERS

Oh, and he will be punished, don't you worry, I swear on my belt buckle he will.

Officer Bowers smiles, looks at Travis, whose face reveals he knows he will get a whooping that night.

MIKE'S MOM
 C'mon, Mikey. Your father needs
 us.

Mike turns and follows his Mom obediently out of Chief
 Borton's office.

INT. POLICE STATION, BULL PEN - SAME

On their way out, Mike and his Mom pass Will, Ben, Bev, Stan,
 Eddie and Richie scrambling in the door to the station.

RICHIE
 What happened, homeschool?

Mike says nothing, his eyes looking forward in anger. Will
 and the others rush toward Chief Borton's office.

OFFICER BOWERS
 (blocking the way)
 Whoa whoa. Where do you crumb
 snatchers think you're going?

WILL
 We know what's been taking the
 kids. Chief!

Borton steps out. His long day just got worse.

CHIEF BORTON
 It's okay, Butch. Someone try to
 do something to you kids?

BEN
 Not someone. Something.

BEVERLY
 There's like this spirit.

BEN
 A clown.

STAN
 Or sometimes it's something else.

EDDIE
 Only us kids can see it.

Borton narrows his eyes at Richie, the only one silent.

BORTON
 Okay, stop. Is this you Tozier?
 Did you put them up to this little
 practical joke.

WILL

No, we all saw it.

OFFICER BOWERS

Such wild imaginations. Too bad we can't bottle their little brains. Dry them out and grind them into powder to salt our food. Maybe then we'd see, what was it again?

Borton's exhausted. He's having none of it.

CHIEF BORTON

You youngsters realize there's a penalty in Derry for filing a false police report. I don't want to have to call your parents, now.

BEVERLY

But we're not lying.

CHIEF BORTON

You have any evidence?

The kids all look at each other, stymied.

CHIEF BORTON (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. I don't want to hear another word of this, not here, not a whisper of it anywhere. Now go home, all of you. Eat dinner with your families, sleep and have sweet dreams in your pj's. And tomorrow, you're going to go play like normal kids and forget all about this fantasy about murder and monsters. This is an adult matter. You got it?

BEN

But you adults aren't doing anything!

OFFICER BOWERS

Watch your tone, boy.

The kids all stand there, Borton's big frame intimidating.

CHIEF BORTON

I don't see you leaving.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The kids all step outside, morally deflated.

WILL

I guess we're on our own.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD over the PENOBSCOT RIVER:

JULY 4th, 1988

EXT. DERRY - AERIAL - SUNSET

A smoky haze obscures the setting sun and rough hewed mountains.

EXT. KANSAS STREET - DUSK

CRRRRRACK! A mailbox explodes as a Trans-Am speeds off, the boys inside it whooping and laughing their heads off.

The car swings up to another and Travis Bowers leans out of the window, throwing in a SIZZLING M-80.

He shuts the lid, pulls back into the passenger seat, and screams to the driver, Victor.

TRAVIS

Go! Go! Go!

Victor hits it and they roar off. Snatch and MOOSE SADLER (16) scrunched like sardines in the backseat. They all look back to see...

CRRRRRACK! The mailbox explodes. The boys share a hip flask bottle of Southern Comfort-

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

God I love the Fourth.

SNATCH

It's my turn. Pass one back.

Travis fishes the bag full of M-80s and bottle rockets and they blow another mailbox.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK

Mike enters, sheepish. Leroy is in bed, full of tubes to bleeping machines. He looks decimated. Mike's mom is on her way out.

MIKE'S MOM

You'll be okay?

Mike nods. She squeezes Mike's shoulder as she goes.

LEROY

Mom tell you what's the what?

MIKE

Doctors say it's inside your bones.
And spreading.

LEROY

Your Mom's going to need you to be
strong, Mikey. Help keep the
abatoir running.

Mike nods.

MIKE

I'll try.

LEROY

You do or you don't do. No try.

Leroy coughs. His lungs are filling with fluid.

MIKE

It's my fault.

LEROY

Stop that, Mike. There's no one to
blame here. It's nature taking its
course.

MIKE

You're coming home though, right?

Leroy looks at his son, sadness etched in the lines of his sullen face.

LEROY

Pull up that seat.

Leroy indicates a chair next to the bed. Mike pulls it up and sits next to his Dad, leaning in close.

LEROY (CONT'D)

There's something I never told nobody. Not even your mom. Something that I think you should know in case...

MIKE

In case of what?

He coughs again. Mike can smell the creeping death coming from his father's insides.

LEROY

When I was about your age. Me and my buddies would go to this place along the canal...

EXT. THE BLACK SPOT - DAY

YOUNG LEROY (13) and YOUNG DICK (13) sneak up along the rail of the canal outside a raucous, crowded little gin joint. Only black folks stand in line to get in, music and reverie blaring from within. The two boys look at all the pretty girls and snazzy men with awe.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK

MIKE

Dad, I'm responsible. You don't need to tell me some long tale about drinking and driving or safe sex. I'll take care of things-

Leroy squeezes Mike's arm, frustrated. Harder than he thought he could squeeze.

LEROY

I'm. Not. Done.

Leroy groans through his teeth.

LEROY (CONT'D)

This isn't about you, Mike. It's not even about me. It's about Derry. This town is like poison.

He coughs again.

MIKE

Dad?

LEROY

Shut up and listen to me. There was one night, 1960. I remember because it was August and Chubby Checker just dropped "the twist".

INT. THE BLACK SPOT - NIGHT

A hot hot night, the little shack filled up to the rafters with people dancing, twisting, enjoying themselves. YOUNG LEROY and YOUNG DICK push their way through the sweaty bodies to a window. They find some floaters on the sill there and drink them up. Out the window Leroy notices...

MEN IN WHITE ROBES

Stalk from the woods and light torches.

EXT. THE BLACK SPOT - NIGHT

The men in white robes -- THE MAINE LEGION OF DECENCY -- barricade the door with a cart and light the timbers on fire.

INT. THE BLACK SPOT - NIGHT

Smoke starts to take over the place. People panic, stampede the doors. They don't budge. Women, men are crushed against the hot door as people push against them to get out. Young Leroy among them. He's grabbed by his friend Dick who pushes him out the window.

EXT. BLACK SPOT - NIGHT

Dick and Leroy go stumbling and coughing away from the blazing shack, their eyes burning with smoke, blinded. They trip over the edge into the dark waters of the CANAL.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

He seems to float off into a reverie.

LEROY

Worse thing I ever seen. And the smell, that awful smell -- all cooked flesh. Somehow we ended up in the water.

(MORE)

LEROY (CONT'D)

Floating in the blackness, I could still hear all them screams. It wasn't until I surfaced that I could see the truth of it all. Of Derry.

MIKE

What truth?

LEROY

I saw something, Mikey. Through the smoke and the burning. Something I can't even really explain, but it was there, Dickie saw it, too.

MIKE

What did you see?

A NURSE walks in with a chemo bag.

NURSE

Mr. Hanlon, you ready?

Mike and Leroy lock eyes. Leroy leans in, whispers so the nurse can't hear.

LEROY

I saw what was really responsible for that fire, Mikey. Not the Legion. See those white boys, they were there, but there was something else, orchestrating 'em. Had 'em all in a fit and frenzy, moved to his whims. This thing, I don't even know how to describe it...

EXT. CANAL BESIDE THE BLACK SPOT - NIGHT

A balloon surfaces from the waters, bringing with it PENNYWISE. It pulls him over to a survivor swimming in darkness and Pennywise pounces, dragging the victim under water.

Leroy and Dick see this and are horrified. They begin swimming back to the edge when a balloon surfaces nearby, again pulling Pennywise, his face smeared with blood, from the water.

It drags the clown toward them. They climb out of the canal just as Pennywise gets within striking distance. Instead he pounces on a woman there, dragging her under kicking and screaming.

On the shore Leroy rests in Dick's arms, the Black Spot now just a heap of smoldering char, the grounds littered with burned up bodies.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Mike looks at his father, terrified.

NURSE

Mr. Hanlon?

LEROY

(he grabs Mike's shirt
violently)

Be careful out there son.
Especially by the canal. The water
in Derry is no place for no one,
especially a youngster like you.

The nurse hooks up the chemo bag to Leroy's IV. She turns towards Mike.

NURSE

You might want to wait outside.

Mike hesitantly leaves the room as she pricks the needle into his dad's catheter, Leroy wincing.

INT. HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mike steps out into the corridor. The hospital seems eerily dark, empty and quiet.

A LIGHT STROBES down the long hall. It draws Mike to it, like a moth to a flame. He turns the corner and sees...

A fire alarm pulled, white greasy fingerprints on the lever. Emergency lights strobe along the walls. No sound of an alarm. No doctors or nurses anywhere.

Suddenly, at the end of the long corridor, a SHEEP trots out from a door, staccato in the strobing light. It stops, looks at Mike, then trots into another door.

Mike starts after it, baffled. He approaches the door the sheep walked into, a stream of WATER FLOODING OUT ONTO THE FLOOR.

He stops, the water rushing past his feet. He looks back behind him, the normally lit hallway now far far away.

BAAA

He hears the sheep just inside the open door. He enters through it without noticing the stencil on the glass of the door: "**DERRY COUNTY CORONER.**"

INT. HOSPITAL, CORONER'S OFFICE

Mike enters a windowless bunker like room with all the metal corpse lockers, metal autopsy table and a sink in the corner, the emergency lights still strobing.

The sheep is nowhere to be found.

Instead Mike finds, in the middle of the floor under the autopsy table, a DRAIN GURGLING UP WATER, the source of the flooding out into the corridor.

SLAM!

The door slams behind him. Mike runs over to it, jiggles the lock, but it won't open. Behind him, in between flashes of the strobe, PENNYWISE APPEARS THEN DISAPPEARS...

Mike stops dead, sensing It's presence like he did at the old Ironworks. He slowly looks back as...

ONE OF THE CORPSE LOCKER DOORS CREAK OPEN

Mike opens his mouth to scream but nothing comes out.

He's pounding on the door.

MIKE

Somebody! HELP! Let me out!

(beat)

Dad! Mom!

He looks over his shoulder while continuing to BANG. The tray inside the open locker slowly slides out, like a tongue from a mocking black mouth. On it, under a white sheet, is a CORPSE.

Mike dares look back just as the sheet catches and the corpse is uncovered. It's none other than PATRICK HOCKSTETTLER, whose legs and arms (up to the elbow) have been bit off, smaller, CHILD SIZE bite marks cover his body.

Mike jumps to a corner where he grabs a saw to defend himself.

Water spews up from the drain with more and more pressure, a pool now covering the floor, the edge of which seeps toward Mike.

Mike climbs up on a chair, afraid of the water, now with a full view of Patrick's mutilated body.

JUST THEN PATRICK TURNS HIS HEAD AND LOOKS AT MIKE

PATRICK
It's killing your daddy, Mikey.
Eating him away.

MIKE
Shut up.

PATRICK
A worm inside a rotten apple.
We're all apples, Mikey. All of us.
You know the thing about apples --

MIKE
Stop it.

Patrick's expression turns into a horrific, fearful murmur.

PATRICK
-- they float.

MIKE
No!

THE WALLS START TO SLIDE IN. As if the room were shrinking. The walls shepherding him towards Patrick's talking corpse.

Mike reaches behind him, scraping at the walls, looking for anything with purchase. His hands find the FIRE ALARM. Pulls it.

This time the alarm SOUNDS and the strobe lights freeze, the room now fully lit.

Mike looks back, calipers raised, and sees the locker doors closed again, no water on the floor.

The door opens behind him. It's the CORONER, Chief Borton, and PATRICK'S PARENTS there to identify the remains of their boy.

Mike is nearly catatonic. He holds onto the Chief, catching his breath.

CHIEF BORTON
What are you doing here, son?

Speechless and terrified Mike races past them out of the hospital.

EXT. OLD CAPE STREET - NIGHT

Mike walks home, distraught, mindless to the traffic. He is nearly hit by a car as he storms away from the hospital.

A Trans Am turns a corner behind him. Headlights on high-beam. It stops.

Mike turns, sees, realizes who it is, runs.

INT. TRANS AM - SAME

Travis climbs out of the passenger seat and over to the driver seat.

TRAVIS

Move.

Victor gets out and runs around the car.

SNATCH

Hey, ain't that the little shit
your dad gave you a whoopin' over?

Furious, Travis slams on the gas pedal. POV of CAR, giving chase to Mike.

TRAVIS

I'm gonna run him over.

EXT. DERRY SIDE STREET - SAME

Mike runs for his life, jumping fences, turning corners, and running through pedestrians.

Travis' Trans-Am can't always speed, due to the amount of people on the street.

Just when he's about to get within biting distance, BOOM.

The first of a long series of FIRE-WORKS, explodes over the Derry sky, illuminating the street in a series of FLASHES.

EXT. BEN'S HOUSE, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Will, Richie, Stan, and Eddie have gathered on Ben's roof to watch the fireworks.

They nod in agreement.

BEVERLY
I think it depends.

Beverly looks up from a SPREAD OF FIREWORKS laid out on a red white and blue Captain America towel.

EDDIE
On what?

WILL
What we're scared of. It was Georgie's corpse for me cuz, cuz that's what I care about. It was a naked woman for Stan because he's so afraid of-

RICHIE
Getting laiiid.

STAN
Only because your Mom-

RICHIE
You really want me to start talking about your Mom? Don't get me started cause it won't stop.

WILL
Back to point. It showered Beverly in blood cuz...

RICHIE
Cuz blood always freaks a girl out.

BEVERLY
Wow, you really don't know shit about girls do you?

Will smiles.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
"IT" showered me in blood because I just got my period... and...

Eddie recoils in disgust while Beverly's mind goes to dark places, to her father, and what being a "woman" might mean to him now. Ben and Will both notice this change in her demeanor.

RICHIE
I didn't need to know that.

WILL

It. It's everything and anything.
All our nightmares. All evil,
wrapped into one.

BEN

Into one freaky looking clown you
mean. That's the only form that
seems to repeat.

RICHIE

Ironic right? Something that's
suppose to make kids laugh,
actually being super freaky.

He does it Rick James style. Everyone laughs.

EDDIE

It makes sense though. If it's
killing kids. A clown is the
perfect cover.

BEVERLY

Adults just ignore them. But kids,
like your brother, Georgie...

WILL

They want to get closer. See their
tricks.

Just then Will sees MIKE running for his life down the
street.

WILL (CONT'D)

Shit. Isn't that-

RICHIE

Home school.

They look where he's running from and see Bowers Gang, in the
Trans-Am delayed by foot traffic.

EDDIE

They're going to cream him.

STAN

At least it won't be our problem
for a night.

BEVERLY

That's cowardly, Stan.

BEN
 Beverly's right. We can't always
 hide from them. We need to do
 something.

STAN
 How?

WILL
 With these.

Will points to their arsenal of fireworks.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEN'S NEIGHBORHOOD - MINUTES LATER

Mike runs past families and kids distracted by the fireworks display happening overhead, Bowers gang almost on him in the Trans Am.

Mike cuts between a lawn between two houses, hopping a fence. Bowers hits the gas and fishtails it around the next block to cut Mike off.

Will and his gang see this and take a short cut of their own. Ben, boy-boobs jiggling, takes up the rear.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Mike spills out between lawns on Neibolt street; a dead end. There is a small pier that cuts into the canal with an old abandoned "lock house" at the end.

The Trans-Am roars into view at the other end of the block. Revs the engine.

INT. TRANS AM - NIGHT

Travis is focused on Mike, who is frozen in the street.

TRAVIS
 Got the little fucker now.

Another boy runs out with him. Will.

VICTOR
 Is that that pussy Denbrough?

TRAVIS
This night just gets better and
better.

Travis slams on the gas.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET - NIGHT

Tires screeching. Travis guns it straight for Mike and Will.

WILL
Don't move.

MIKE
You nuts?

WILL
Trust us. We're here to help you
take these jerks.

MIKE
We?

Looking to the side, Will has his walkie-talkie.

WILL
(into the walkie-talkie)
Not yet... not yet. Now!

Between the Trans-Am and Mike and Will, Ben and Richie heave their shoulders into a large steel DUMPSTER filled with construction material. They push it down a driveway that leads to the street. It creaks, starts to wobble, then move down the incline. When it hits street level, though, the gutter stops it from going out into line of the Trans Am.

BEN
Fuck.

Will sees this.

WILL
Oh shit. Abort! Abort!

MIKE
Abort? What does that mean.

WILL
Run!

They're about to dodge the car when-

BEVERLY jumps out firing off her 6-BARRELED MORTAR handheld, aimed horizontally, at the car. THUMP. The recoil throws her back while the rocketing projectile explodes in front of the Trans-Am. Travis and the boys shield their faces SCREAMING as the front windshield explodes.

BEVERLY

Woah!

THUMP. This one knocks her to the ground as the second mortar flies right towards the Trans Am. Travis yanks the wheel to the LEFT as the firework EXPLODES on the side of the car. He slams on the breaks as Victor, Snatch, and Moose are flung forward. Victor smashes his face on the dash board.

MIKE

Is that girl for real?

WILL

Real as it gets... Now, Stan and Eddie!

Eddie and Stan charge from behind a hedge. Lighting bottle-rockets aimed at the car. Travis and his boys have to duck for cover as ONE of the rockets ZINGS through the car.

TRAVIS

Those little motherfuckers. Get out, get out!

The OLDER BOYS climb out the windows, ducking and covering their eyes from the ONSLAUGHT of bottle rockets and roman candle projectiles.

Crouched behind the trunk, Travis lights up three M-80's WITH CLOWN FACES on them and tosses them like grenades at Beverly, Stan, and Eddie's positions.

The M-80's blow HUGE fist sized holes in the blacktop, bigger than can possibly be legal, exploding gravel peppering the kids, stunning them for a moment.

STAN

Holy hell. What kinda gear do they got?

WILL

I don't wanna stay and find out.

Ben and Richie race up from behind, letting loose another barrage as they pass Bowers' gang and the Trans Am, giving cover as the FIRE FIGHT, literally, becomes a retreating manoeuver towards the pier at the end of Neibolt street.

Travis' boys cover their eyes but they make aggressive progress towards the kids with their terrifying M-80's.

TRAVIS

I've been waiting all summer to run into you, Denbrough.

WILL

Leave us alone Bowers. I don't want anyone to get seriously hurt.

TRAVIS

Hurt? When I'm done with you, you'll wish you were in that storm drain with your brother.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET PIER - CONTINUOUS

They regroup at the mouth of the pier, water on both sides, Bowers in front. He throws another M-80, which tears into a wood plank. Splinters shoot everywhere.

BEVERLY

Will, we need cover--

BEN

The house. It's our only chance!

Ben points to the Neibolt Street house on stilts over the black water. An imploded, condemned structure that slopes like a man's half eaten face. Eddie is instantly horrified.

EDDIE

I don't think that's a good idea.

RICHIE

When do you ever think anything is a good idea?

WILL

Okay. Ben, we'll hold him off while we can, you and Stan see if you can find a way in.

Covering them, Mike, Richie and Will continue to fire off what fireworks they have left. Bowers' boys light off another barrage of M-80's. Will, armed with a plank bats one back like a baseball. BOOM! It explodes at Victors feet.

Ben quickly runs towards the house, followed by Stan and Bev.

Eddie, stuck in the middle, goes after them down the pier.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben and Stan split up looking for a way in. All windows and doors are boarded up or locked.

EDDIE
Really guys, there has to be another option.

RICHIE
You want to swim?!

EDDIE
I'm serious. This house--

BEN, STAN, & BEVERLY
Shut up, Eddie.

And then, as if by magic (or by Pennywise), one of the 2x4s that cover a window to the basement slips to the ground.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET PIER - NIGHT

Will finds the backpack empty as Mike shoots off the last bottle rocket. Will picks up some rocks as ammo. Mike and Richie instinctively follow suit. Will winds up and...

WILL
Charge!!!

NAILS MOOSE IN THE FOREHEAD, drawing blood.

Travis and the others stop dead, incredulous, as rocks pelt them. It turns into a crazy rock fight. Will looks back. He can't see any of his friends who are on the other side of the house.

WILL (CONT'D)
(to Ben)
Guys hurry!!!

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben and Beverly look at the window into the blackened hole, then at each other ominously.

BEVERLY
Rock, paper, scissors?

STAN
I'll go.

Not wanting to be one-upped by Stan, Ben pushes him out of the way.

BEN
No. I'll go.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET PIER - NIGHT

The fight is getting desperate. Both Will and Mike bleed from rock hits. Will, Richie, and Mike see Bev waving them to come. They run for their lives towards the house, Travis and his goons on their heels.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE - NIGHT

Will, Richie and Mike round the corner of the house. Will looks down the pier, no one, then THEY HEAR BEN.

BEN
(whispering loudly)
Down here!

TRAVIS (O.C.)
I'm gonna kill you, losers! I swear
I'm gonna kill you all.

Will sees a broomstick wave in the opening, beckoning them to come in.

WILL
Go! Go! Go!

Mike and Richie slip in, lowering themselves onto a floor littered with crates and boxes. Will last in just as...

Travis and his buddies round the house. Moose walks right by the window they slipped into but doesn't seem to see it.

TRAVIS
Where are they?

Victor and Snatch look at Travis for direction. Unmoved, Travis walks around the boarded up house looking for a way in.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, BASEMENT

The kids catch their breath and lick their wounds. The basement is a derelict and creepy undercarriage to a canal lock house.

A huge coal ENGINE bulked in the shadows, and next to it an old COAL BIN and stone channel that leads directly to the canal and water.

RICHIE
If we die here I just want to say
that fight was friggin' awesome.

WILL
Shhhhhush.

Richie does a little pistol shoot with his hands to Ben and mouths "awesome." Ben smiles.

EDDIE
(to himself)
We shouldn't be here.

Will watches Travis and his boys walk past the basement window again. Ben looks to Beverly, sees some gravel in her leg like buckshot.

BEN
(whispering)
You okay?

BEVERLY
It's just a scrape.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE

Travis is getting frustrated. He can't find where or how the kids have gotten into the house. He looks straight at the window the kids crawled through, the 2x4 is still somehow attached from the outside.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, BASEMENT

The kids can see Travis staring straight at them through the window, the 2x4 is non-existent, as if Pennywise is preventing the boys outside from seeing in or entering.

STAN
They can't see the window?

EDDIE
(still repeating)
We shouldn't be here.

RICHIE
Don't count your chickens.

RICHIE

(to Stan)

Why do you keep using our teams,
guy?

STAN

Wha?

MIKE

What does he mean by "IT?"

Will looks to the gang, they all nod. He turns back to their newest member.

WILL

Something's wrong with Derry.
Haunting it. Hunting and killing
kids. We've all seen it.

Mike looks at them all, judging their earnestness. Feels he can trust them, an instant connection with people whose fear clings to your own.

MIKE

I know. I've seen "IT" too.

Just then, the house seems to shiver. As if its foundation had shifted. A CLANKING SOUND resonates from the pipes. Water BEGINS TO SEEP in through the cracks in the basement.

BEVERLY

What exactly did you see here,
Eddie?

Ben goes to the window they came through, but instead of seeing out, it's now covered by the 2x4.

BEN

Guys, uh--

He looks at their feet. They all do. Water coming in fast. Ben bangs a coal stoker against the boarded window. Rock solid. Will looks for a way out. The stairs.

WILL

Stairs.

Suddenly they HEAR FOOTSTEPS, above. They look up as dust falls from one side of the roof, slowly making its way to directly over them. To the stairs.

EDDIE

(whispering in fright)
It's here.

Will grabs on to Beverly's hand. She holds onto his with equal vigor. Richie holds onto Eddie.

Ben holds the stoker like a sword. Mike grabs a shovel. They lead the way up the stairs.

Unless otherwise noted, they ONLY WHISPER now.

RICHIE

I'm not going up there.

The others ignore him, follow Ben and Mike up the stairs.

Richie looks around him at the scary basement, the furnace hulking in the corner like a being with eyes. The water surrounds his shoes. He runs up after his friends.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, 1ST FLOOR

A door opens in the middle of the kind of creepy hallway you don't want to find yourself in, ever. Scummy yellow water stained wallpaper peeling like dead skin from walls. Sconces hanging from their sockets and detritus is built up on the wooden floor boards. No footprints anywhere.

Ben sticks his head out. He looks left, nothing, he looks right, nothing. Directly in front of him, through a dark parlor, is the FRONT DOOR.

As Ben disappears into the stairs again, the door closes, revealing PENNYWISE THE CLOWN, at the far end of the hallway.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, BASEMENT STAIRS

Ben still has his hand on the door knob.

BEN

The front door is right there.

Will nods. Let's go.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, 1ST FLOOR

Pennywise is gone.

The kids all file out, sticking close to the filthy walls. They dart into the dark parlor for the door, followed last by Richie...

The room seems to extend and last longer than anticipated. Finally they get to the door. Ben tries it. Nailed shut.

EDDIE
Shit. Guys, look.

Everyone turns and sees HUNDREDS OF CROWS perched atop the railing of the main staircase and in the rafters above.

MIKE
There must be a window open.

Will reads his mind, an upstairs window might be their only chance to freedom.

WILL
C'mon.

Will leads the way upstairs.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR

The children, petrified, slide up the stairs as silently as possible, trying not to disturb the watching crows. Or alert whatever else is there. The stairs creak and snap loudly.

They get to a 2nd floor hallway, the wind from an open window blowing trash around. Will looks around...

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR BEDROOM

He beckons them into a bedroom with AN OPEN WINDOW. They step over a moldy bare mattress shoved against the wall.

Beverly is the first one out the window, then Stan, then Richie, then Ben. Ben looks back and sees Eddie standing by the doorway to the hallway.

BEN
Eddie, what are you doing?

Eddie turns towards them, realizes he must have lost consciousness for a second, doesn't understand why he was standing there. He walks towards the window when

THE FLOOR GIVES WAY and he tumbles down to the first floor.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, 1ST FLOOR, KITCHEN

If the house weren't spooky enough, this room is the spookiest. A bunch of furniture is gathered in the middle of the room covered in sheets. A dusty old refrigerator stands in the corner. Dust everywhere begins to clear from Eddie's fall. He is knocked out. His arm is clearly broken.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR

Will, Mike, and Ben rush back into the house.

WILL

Eddie!

Will runs around the gaping hole in the floor and tries to run down the stairs when...

THE FLOCK OF CROWS ATTACK

Will covers his eyes as the birds prevent him from going down. Mike and Ben shore themselves behind him.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR BEDROOM

The other kids scream from the window.

BEVERLY

What's happening?!

RICHIE

Whatever it is, we don't want to go back in there.

BEVERLY

We have to do something.

She looks around.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Follow me!

Beverly leads Richie and Stan down to the edge of the roof.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR

Will, Mike, and Ben are being pelted by the birds still. They retreat back into the bedroom and shut the door.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, 1ST FLOOR, KITCHEN

Eddie, coming back to consciousness, looks around the room. He moans in pain.

EDDIE

Guys?

From the hole above, Will and Ben appear.

WILL

Eddie.

Realizing he is alone.

EDDIE

Get me out of here.

WILL

We tried, we can't get down stairs.

EDDIE

What do you mean you can't get down stairs?

Eddie looks around the creepy room at the sheets. Something horrible could be under any one of them.

WILL

Do you see anything you could use to climb out?

EDDIE

I- I think I broke my arm.

He holds it up and the lower part of his arm hangs irregularly. Behind him the old refrigerator SHAKES, SOMETHING INSIDE.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's 15 feet sheer drop above the dilapidated pier. Richie is too scared to jump.

BEVERLY

I don't know, Richie.

RICHIE

You gotta a better idea?

Glass breaks and CROWS STORM OUT OF A WINDOW behind them. Startled, they all lose their footing and fall, crashing down onto a pile of rope below.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, 1ST FLOOR, KITCHEN

Eddie looks to the shaking fridge. Blood oozes out of it and starts to cover the floor, inching towards him. Eddie backs away, horrified.

EDDIE

No. No no no. Will? Help me!

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR BEDROOM

Will sees the blood, looks to Ben and Mike.

WILL
What do we do?

BEN
We can't leave him alone down
there.

Mike looks at the old moldy mattress.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, 1ST FLOOR, KITCHEN

Eddie hops onto a rocking chair as the whole floor is coated
with BLOOD.

EDDIE
Hurry, guys!

The fridge door starts to YAWN OPEN. Eddie curls in a ball
and closes his eyes.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
This isn't happening. This isn't
happening.

Inside is Pennywise, all curled up. He unfurls himself like
a coiled snake, holding a balloon on a string. It drags him,
floating just above the bloody floor, across the room toward
Eddie.

PENNYWISE
Open your eyes Eddie-bear. I
brought you some cracker-jack.

EDDIE
Go away!

PENNYWISE
Away? But I just got here? And
we're gonna have soooooo much fun,
you and me. Now open those
peepers.

EDDIE
No.

PENNYWISE
Kee-mon Eddie Bear. Don'cha wanna
see the show? You're the main
event.

Eddie does. Pennywise is over him now, his teeth like razors, his clawed hands reaching out for Eddie's neck.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

You all taste soooooo much better
when you're afraid.

Eddie screeeeeeeeams!

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR

Mike lifts up the mattress and sees a decomposed corpse of some child underneath it. He screams, falling backwards towards Will and Ben.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, KITCHEN

SUDDENLY ALL THREE OF THEM

Fall onto Pennywise, smacking into the floor, blood splattering the walls, impact cushioned by Pennywise's body. They instantly fall to the side.

Will, Mike and Ben look over to see what broke their fall- a just as startled Pennywise, writhing in anger.

WILL

Ah, fuck!

Eddie scurries away from Pennywise, who bares his fangs at Will.

CRASH!

Just then the board from the window rips off to Richie, Stan and Beverly.

She fires a bottle rocket at Pennywise's face, exploding right into his eye. The clown reels back howling.

Richie and Ben jump in and grab Eddie.

Pennywise pulls the rocket out of his burned socket and growls at the boys, morphing into an ORANGE GAS that shoots back into the fridge.

Eddie, Ben and Richie climb to safety through the window, while Will watches from the window frame Pennywise's escape.

EXT. EDDIE KASPBRAK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The kids BANG on Mrs. Kaspbrak's door. She opens it, sees his broken arm and freaks.

EXT. EDDIE KASPBRAK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Kaspbrak is placing Eddie in the front seat of their family car. He is delirious with pain.

MRS. KASPBRAK

You! You all did this!

She slams the door shut, hurting Eddie on the inside. The kids are all too spooked to talk coherently.

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)

You know how delicate he is!

RICHIE

We were attacked, Mrs. K. Travis Bowers and--

MRS. KASPBRAK

Stop it! Just stop it! If it weren't for you boys and that little tramp they'd have nothing against my Eddie-bear... Ohh, where are my keys?

She's nearly in tears searching her purse. She dumps it out on the ground, prescription bottles, used kleenex's, food, deflated balloons. Gets on her knees and picks through it.

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)

Eddie's done with you kids, you hear?

She gets up when she finds the car key, speaking with such vitriolic focus, she seems possessed.

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)

Don't come around here again, you don't deserve him. You're reckless, churlish little boys.

(to Will)

This is why your little brother died, William, because you are a LOSER, a reckless reckless reckless loser. God help me if I were one of your parents.

She gets in the car and screeches away towards the hospital. They ALL watch the car disappear down the street.

RICHIE
Well, that went well.

BEN
Guys, I hate to pile on bad news.

Ben noses up to the window, Mrs. Kaspbrack's TV set flashing in the dark. They all nose up, see what Ben sees.

STAN
No.

ON THE LOCAL NEWS: Chief Borton and Officer Bowers pose in front of camera with THE ONE-ARMED OLD MAN in the U.S.S. Indianapolis hat in handcuffs. Caption under them reads:

"CHILD SERIAL KILLER APPREHENDED BY LOCAL POLICE. DERRY CITIZENRY BREATHS A SIGH OF RELIEF."

BEVERLY
That can't be true. We just saw
"IT."

Mike just shakes his head.

MIKE
This is all crazy. Who are you
guys anyway?

BEN
The only losers in town-

WILL
Who know what's going on.

RICHIE
Welcome to the club, kid.

They half-heartedly pat Mike on the back.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD OVER THE LAST SLIVER OF LIGHT BEYOND DERRY'S MOUNTAIN RANGE.

AUGUST

Tilt down to the OVERHEAD shot of what we expect to be "Derry 1988", but instead we see forests, logging trails, a hardscrabble 19th century downtown, and a LOG CABIN SALOON squatting on the edge of the swollen Kenduskeag canal. Smoke billows from its chimney, day drawing down to a misty dark.

EXT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Follow from behind, a MAN in a lumberjack's jacket walking through the muddy, waterlogged street, a double-bitted ax slung over his shoulder.

A WOMAN pleads with the Sheriff on the side of the street.

WOMAN

He didn't run away, sir! He's just a child, missing now for more than three days!

She sees the MAN.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(to man)

Have you seen my baby, Claude?
He's been gone near...

Claude ignores the woman...

Chryon:

1879

And walks into the saloon, "SILVER DOLLAR" carved deep and poorly into the wood over the door.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON - NIGHT

Dozens of loggers are bellied up at the bar, drinking beers, spitting chew on the sawdust covered floor. The man with the ax, CLAUDE HEROUX, elbows himself a place at the bar and throws down a TWO DOLLAR BILL.

The bartender brings Heroux a schooner of beer, one hardboiled egg in a bowl, a shaker of salt and some change. Heroux salts the egg and the beer, his piercing eyes stuck on

A CARD GAME AT A TABLE OF 5 MEN IN BACK

He devours the egg, downs the beer, then lets out a belch. The man next to him gives a friendly nod. Heroux doesn't respond. He kicks back from the bar, dragging his ax behind.

Heroux walks past a piano being played, whispers something into the players ear, then throws the change from his meal -- \$1.85 -- onto the piano top. The piano player tips his hat and changes tune to something more festive, manic almost.

Heroux continues into the back, walking like a man in a half dream.

At the table, EL KATOOK deals out a hand to a group of railroad bulls -- TINKER MCCUTCHEON, FLOYD CALDERWOOD, "STUGLEY" GRENIER, and EDDIE KING, a bearded man whose spectacles are almost as fat as his gut.

FLOYD CALDERWOOD
You sitting in Claude?

Floyd reaches out to grab his hand when...

THUNK!

Heroux's ax falls, chopping of Floyd's hand at the wrist. Floyd recoils back shrieking, blood spurting from the stump, his severed hand remaining on the table.

At the bar somebody calls for more beer. The bartender takes a casual look back just in time to see...

Heroux bury his ax in Tinker McCutchoen's head. The big man tries to get up, blood pouring down his face, then sits back down again. A second chop finishes him.

Floyd, writhing under the table, gropes for his hand on the table above it. Heroux chops his other hand off, Floyd screams even louder.

Laughter from the bar as patrons rub the bartender's bald head for luck. The piano playing only gets more giddy and festive, then we see who's playing it:

PENNYWISE, fingers dancing across the keys like a virtuoso.

Heroux turns to Ed Katook, who struggles to pull his clutch pistol from its shoulder holster. He slings the ax sideways just as Katook gets the pistol out, burying it in his back.

CRACK!

A shot goes off. But at the bar, conversation between two loggers turns to the weather. This winter will be a jeezer.

Fat Eddie King falls to the floor trying to crab away from the table. Heroux, bloody ax dragging on the floor, comes over to the fat man who pleads.

EDDIE KING

Please Claude, I just got married
last month.

The ax comes down into Eddie's ample gut. Blood sprays all the way up to the Dollar's beamed roof.

Men at the bar laugh and eat their boiled eggs, dully aware of the gorefest behind them.

Heroux pulls the ax out of his gut like you would a softwood tree, rocking it back and forth. It finally comes free and he brings it down again.

THWAP!

Eddie's severed head goes rolling over toward the bar, right to the foot of a drunk, who without breaking his call for another drink, kicks it away.

In back, Heroux turns to the last man cowering in the corner: Stugley Grenier. He takes a swing and Stugley ducks it, ax splintering the floor.

Stugley scrambles into the OUTHOUSE and closes the door behind. Heroux, now totally slicked with blood, stalks over and begins chopping his way in.

He finds the windowless room empty. A sound comes from deep in the pooping hole. He looks down just in time to see...

Stugley's boots disappear through the pool of shit and piss.

Heroux steps out of the outhouse into the carnage of the back room. Exhausted and bloody from tip to toe, he takes a seat at the card table, props his ax next to him, and starts drinking what's left of the slaughtered men's beers.

No one in the saloon seems to pay much mind to this. No one except Pennywise at the piano, who takes great pleasure in the scene and the ditty he's playing, a greasy white smile on his giddy, evil face...

INT. BEN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

The Loser's Club sits in front of Ben.

BEN

And that is the story of the Silver Dollar Saloon.

They look horrified.

RICHIE

The point of telling us was?

Ben looks at Will.

WILL

I think it's pretty obvious.

BEVERLY

Derry's not just haunted, it's cursed.

MIKE

Just like my pa was trying to warn me the night I met you guys.

BEN

That clown, whatever "IT" is, has been around Derry doing nasty things for a long long time. The Black Spot fire. The Bradley Gang massacre. All the way back to the first settlers who disappeared.

Richie holds up a dog-eared copy of "A History of Old Derry".

RICHIE

I don't know, man. That flapjack story--

STAN

Lumberjack.

RICHIE

Whatevs. It sounds like bunk to me. Didn't the guy who wrote this go insane or something?

WILL

Exactly. No one listened to him like no one listens to us. And unless we do something, "IT's" never going to stop.

STAN

What do you mean, us, Will? We're just kids.

BEVERLY

We hurt it at Neibolt. That's gotta mean something.

MIKE

Everything dies.

Richie looks at Mike, rolls his eyes.

WILL

We can kill it.

RICHIE

Okay Schwarzenegger twins, simmer down. We can't even free Eddie from "mom jail" let alone take down some freaky shape-shifter with a mind-meld on all the adults of Derry. However, I do believe we could sell this story to "Tales from the crypt."

BEN

No, no. This is far too whacked for "Tales."

STAN

I don't want to see "it" again. Ever.

WILL

I don't think that's a choice, Stan. "IT" knows we know. We hurt it. It's going to want to hurt us back.

MIKE

It's only a matter of time one of us is found half eaten in the Barrens. Or worse.

This is too much for Stan. He grabs his backpack.

STAN

I need to study for my bar-mitzvah.

Stan goes. All the kids look to each other.

BEVERLY

He's just scared.

WILL

We're all scared. That's what it feeds off of. I heard the clown tell Eddie as much. Our only defense is to stick together.

RICHIE

Yeah well, the only time I've been spooked is when I'm with you jokers. I'm thinking I might be safer at home. At least I know my parents won't try to kill me.

Richie goes too, leaving just the four.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Will enters the back door and grabs Stan's invitation for his Bar-Mitzvah off the fridge:

**HAROLD AND RUTH URIS
CORDIALLY INVITE YOU
TO
THE BAR-MITZVAH OF THEIR SON
STANLEY URIS
ON
SATURDAY, AUGUST 13TH, 1988**

He hears fighting in the hallway.

SHARON

Put it back up there! Put it back now!

ZACH

I just thought, someone else--

INT. WILL'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

His mother stands in the way of his father who holds the chest of Georgie's toys.

SHARON

I don't care about anyone else. I care about Georgie. I care about my little boy who's gone.

WILL

Hey.

They both startle and look at Will standing there.

ZACH

Willy, we need a minute--

WILL

Why? To scream at each other more?

SHARON

This is between your father and me.

WILL

And Georgie right? You, dad, and Georgie.

ZACH

Willy, stop.

WILL

No. You stop. I hate it. Tip toeing around you guys like I don't exist. Like I'm the one who died and the only one who's still here is Ge--

SLAP!

His mother hits him hard. She instantly regrets it. She runs down the stairs sobbing. Zach reaches out a comforting hand.

ZACH

You okay?

WILL

What do you care? At least she heard me.

ZACH

Son--

WILL

I miss Georgie, too.

ZACH

We know.

WILL

Do you? Because it seems like every adult in this town is blind to what's really happening, blind to what any of us kids are going through.

Will shoulders past his father and runs out the door.

EXT. CORNER OF WITCHAM AND JACKSON - DAY

Will sits on the curb across from the storm drain that killed Georgie. His eyes burn with anger. He stares into the dark void, half expecting Pennywise's face to appear any moment.

WILL

C'mon, clown. Show your ugly face!
I'll stick another firecracker in
it for Georgie. Blow your whole
stupid head off. Send you back to
wherever a creeper like you comes
from. Where are you!?

He listens for a response. Nothing. Just the bubbling sound of water rushing through the sewer. Water. Something dawns on Will.

EXT. OLD IRONWORKS - DAY

Will bikes up to the edge of the hulking old structure. He clocks the river flowing just beyond.

Hundreds of black ravens, the same birds from Neibolt, watch him from perches all along the skeletal structure.

EXT. BEVERLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Will sees Bev's mom leave for work, then bikes around back where he clocks a tangle of pipes protruding from the back of the building down into a MORLOCK HOLE marked Derry Sewer.

Mr. Marsh watches Bill from the window above.

EXT. BARRENS - DAY

Will tramps down to the spot where he found the shoe. He looks back down the stream, water trickling out of the sewer pipe into the Barrens. The water.

Something watches him from inside the cylinder of the pipe.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET - DAY

Will bikes up to the mouth of the pier, the house suspended over the canal, its imploded facade seeming to gape back at Will like Munch's "The Scream." Water again. In Will's mind, it all comes together.

EXT. EDDIE KASPBRAK'S HOUSE - DAY

Eddie and his mom sit on the couch and watch soaps. Eddie plays with a loose thread of his cast, twisting it in his fingers, not a friend's signature anywhere.

KRSSST

WILL (O.S.)
Eddie? Eddie you there?

His walkie crackles from a high shelf over the TV. Mrs. Kasprack looks at her son, eyebrows raised.

MRS. KASPBRAK
I thought I took the batteries out
of that thing?

Eddie shakes his head, as if to say he didn't know. She points for him to get it.

WILL (O.S.)
Eddie? I know where to find--

He grabs the walkie, holds it tenderly in his hands.

MRS. KASPBRAK
Turn it off.

He complies. BANG BANG BANG. They both look at the door.

INT. EDDIE KASPBRAK'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR

Mrs. Kasprack angrily swings open the door. A surprised DR. HANDOR, Eddie's general practitioner, is on the porch there.

MRS. KASPBRAK
Oh! Dr. Handor. You gave me a
fright.

She spots Will over his shoulder, straddling his bike in the middle of the street.

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)
C'mon in.

They step inside. Will pockets his Walkie and goes.

INT. EDDIE KASPBRAK'S HOUSE, EDDIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dr. Handor checks Eddie's cast.

DR. HANDOR
How you feeling, son? Any pain?

EDDIE
No. Feels fine I guess.

DR. HANDOR
Kept the cast pretty clean, I see.
Didn't you want any of your friends
to sign it?

EDDIE
I'm not allowed to see them.

DR. HANDOR
Why not?

EDDIE
My Mom thinks they're the reason I
got hurt. She says I'm sensitive
and they don't take care of me like
she does.

Dr. Handor wants to say something, but hesitates.

DR. HANDOR
She means your allergies? Is that
it?

EDDIE
Yeah. Mom says I should always
carry my Epi-pen with me, in case I
ever have an episode.

DR. HANDOR
Mother knows best. Is that it?

Eddie shrugs.

Dr. Handor smiles, considering his next thought. He leans in,
too close for comfort for Eddie. For a moment it's creepy.

DR. HANDOR (CONT'D)
Eddie, do you know what a placebo
is?

EXT. TRAVIS BOWER'S BACKYARD - DAY

A bottle of Southern Comfort sits on a log. BLAM!

Bowers 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' numb nuts?

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.

SNATCH

It's not staying.

Bower lines up a shot, sight of the barrel on the cat.

TRAVIS

Hold it there, butt cheese.

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.

OFFICER BOWERS (CONT'D)

Normally I use a rod and cleaner not bullets and whiskey.

(MORE)

OFFICER BOWERS (CONT'D)
You two punks put your sticky
little fingers on my firearm here?

Victor and Snatch are too scared to talk.

VICTOR
N-N-No sir.

Butch turns the gun on Travis at his feet.

OFFICER BOWERS
You're not worth the salt you lick
boy. I don't know how I let you
squirm your way out your momma's
womb.

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.

Victor and Snatch tip-toe over to Travis, not knowing what to say or do. 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 KNIFE. The one he lost at the beginning. And attached to the string a note:

TO: MR. TRAVIS BOWERS
FROM: MR. ROBERT GRAY

A murderous look screws onto Travis' face as he turns his attention to his house. And his pa inside.

He snaps the string and starts toward the front door with the knife. The balloon floats up into the darkening sky.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

A THUNDERCLAP outside. The coroner steps out the door. Will and Mike slip in behind him, Will propping open the door with his Walkie.

MIKE

Patrick was in one of the lockers.
 All the water bubbled up from
 there.

The drain. Will goes to it. Gazes down into the blackness.

WILL

The sewers.

MIKE

What?

WILL

"IT." Whenever it shows up,
 there's always water around. The
 storm drain where Georgie died.
 The leak in my room. Beverly's
 sink.

MIKE

My dad saw it near water, too. The
 canal.

WILL

I'll bet if you trace every
 terrible event in Derry you'll find
 the same thing. Water. With the
 Penobscot river on one side and
 Kenduskeag canal cutting through
 it's impossible to escape.

MIKE

Unless you live way out in the
 sticks like I do. We have to tell
 the others.

Will realizes something.

WILL

Shit, Stan's bar mitzvah. I almost forgot.

MIKE

I wasn't invited.

Will hands him his invite.

WILL

You are now. Let's go!

A pair of YELLOW EYES glow from the drain.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Beverly, all gussied up in a pretty white dress, heads for the door. A hand snatches out from behind and seizes her arm.

MR. MARSH

Where you think you going girl?

BEVERLY

My friend's party. I told ma--

MR. MARSH

You're all prettied up. Who you all prettied up for?

BEVERLY

No one.

He shoves her against the wall, eyes her little body up and down. Caresses her hair.

MR. MARSH

Don't lie to me, Bevvie. You know how I worry about you. I worry a lot.

BEVERLY

I know daddy.

MR. MARSH

People in town seen you. Got to sayin' things. Like how my little girl been sneakin' around all summer long with a pack of boys. Only girl to the pack.

BEVERLY
They're my friends, daddy.

He squeezes her cheeks with one hand, holding her head in place.

MR. MARSH
You sure about that, Bevvie?

BEVERLY
I-- I swear. They're just friends.

MR. MARSH
Friends? I know what's in them boys minds when they look at you, Bevvie. I know all too well. They want to do bad things. Did you let them do bad things to you?

He looms over her. Something in his manner is detached. Like he's there but isn't there.

BEVERLY
I'm a good girl daddy. Good, just like you raised me.

MR. MARSH
Is that so? Then what's this?

He pulls out Ben's Haiku Poem.

BEVERLY
Where'd you--

MR. MARSH
You had it squirreled away in your underwear drawer. Why would you want to hide it with your underwear Bevvie? What else are you holdin' out from me.

BEVERLY
It's nothing, daddy. Just a poem.

MR. MARSH
(reciting)
*Your hair is winter fire,
January embers
My heart burns there, too*

He grabs her by the hair and pulls her up to him.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)
Sounds lusty to me. Who wrote it.
Which one of your boyfriends?

BEVERLY
I told you I don't have one.

MR. MARSH
Don't lie to me!

He drags her down the hall by the hair.

BEVERLY
Daddy stop. You're hurting me.

MR. MARSH
You're ma says you're a woman now.
You bled. What other womanly
things you been doing down in the
deep dark woods with those boys,
Bevvie.

He throws her into his bedroom.

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

MR. MARSH
Let's see then. Prove to me you
been good.

She doesn't know what he means.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)
Take off your tights.

BEVERLY
What?

MR. MARSH
I love you Bevvie. You're special.
You're such a pretty girl. But
there's plenty of boys happy to
roon a pretty girl. Plenty of
pretty girls willing to be roont. I
need to know if you're intact.

He unbuckles his belt, but he doesn't look at her like he
wants to whip her, there's another hunger in his eyes.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)
Your tights, girl. Take 'em off.

BEVERLY

Daddy, please.

He slides off his belt and grabs her, smiling, a smile that feels all too reminiscent of a clown.

MR. MARSH

You'll like it, Bevvie. Be like you're floating.

Bev kicks him in the balls. Her father lets go, crumpling down. She knees 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 lunging towards 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 face. He slumps down, unconscious.

She rushes out, then uses a chair propped against the knob to shut him in the bathroom. Terrified she races out the front door.

INT. EDDIE KASPBRAK'S HOUSE - DAY

Eddie stands in front of his mom, eyes blazing.

MRS. KASPBRAK

Placebo? Who told you that? Dr. Handor? He has no right. No right to say you're making up your sickness.

EDDIE

Not me, momma... You.

MRS. KASPBRAK

What?

EDDIE

He said I was never allergic until you made me start carrying around my Epi-pen. You put those allergies in my head.

MRS. KASPBRAK

That's a lie, Eddie! A bold faced lie. You're my treasure. The only thing I want in this world is to see you safe and healthy.

EDDIE

Then why did you send my friends away?

She starts to feel the fluttery bird of panic.

MRS. KASPBRAK

They were bad boys. You know that. And you... You were so sick when you were little. So very sick. It hurt me so much. I never want to see you go through that again. And I've kept you healthy, haven't I?

EDDIE

You lied to me mamma. You've been giving me medicine that's not really medicine.

MRS. KASPBRAK

Eddie-bear, please--

EDDIE

This is what's going to happen now.

He pulls out his Epi-pen and throws it in the trash. Mrs. Kasprak gasps.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I'm going out that door and you won't stop me. I'm going to my friend Stan's bar-mitzvah and when I come home you're never going to tell how weak or sick or delicate I am ever again.

THUNDER crackles outside.

EXT. DERRY STREETS - DAY

Will and Mike tear through the howling rain on their bikes. They almost collide into Beverly who comes dashing around a corner.

WILL

Bev. You okay?

BEVERLY

No. No I'm not.

She looks back over her shoulder, terrified and wet and shivering.

MIKE

What happened. Bowers?

BEVERLY

No. My daddy. He... he...

WILL

What? What did he do Beverly?

She looks at both of them, tears running down her face, her pretty dress soaked in the rain.

BEVERLY

I don't know. I don't know if it was him, or...

MIKE

What?

BEVERLY

I think "IT" was there, controlling him, I don't know, I can't go back, I can't go back, Will. I don't know what-

She starts to cry on Will's shoulder. Will looks at Mike. They both look up at the convulsive yellow sky. SOMETHING BIG is about to happen and they both know it.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY

With torrential downpour outside, leaking water drips from the ceiling onto the crowd below, who have cheerfully employed umbrellas indoor to deal with the nuisance.

Stan is giving a nervous, but otherwise successful reading of the Torah, despite the howling wind and end of days vibe.

Richie and Ben sit in the back in their little jackets.

BEN

This storm is crazy. Like the sky's gonna fall.

SLAM! Everyone looks back towards the door, blown open by the wind, and at Eddie, who sheepishly was trying to slip in.

Stan smiles at his friend, pleased he's out of "mom jail."
The CANTOR gives him a nudge and continues reading.

Eddie slides in meekly next to Richie and Ben, checking his clip-on bowtie.

RICHIE
(through his teeth)
Way to make an entry, Eddie-bear.

BEN
How'd you escape?

EDDIE
Guess I'm not as weak as I thought.

INT. TRAVIS BOWER'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door creaks open, Victor and Snatch poking their heads in, both soaked to the bone.

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, the knife left in his eye.

SNATCH
Holy shit.

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 .45, All slicked in blood, his eyes glazed.

TRAVIS
It's my gun now.

He turns and looks at Snatch and Victor in the doorway.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY

The STORM GROWLS outside. Richie, Ben and Eddie look at each other, a little on edge. Suddenly the doors crash open again and Stan stops, once again, looking up...

Will, Bev, and Mike slink into the back of the synagogue, soaking wet. The Rabbi's wife shoots them a look of daggers.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY

The reading is over and the crowd starts to gather to leave for the reception. Will, Bev, Ben, Richie, Eddie, and Mike are all huddled together. Stan is the only one not there.

RICHIE

What do you mean your dad attacked you?

BEVERLY

It was like that lumberjack Ben told us about. The one from the Silver Dollar. He had this look. Like someone was pushing him to do it.

WILL

Not someone. "IT".

Eddie, thinking about his mother.

EDDIE

You guys, if "IT" can take over Beverly's parents, why not the rest of ours?

BEVERLY

I can't go back there guys. He'll kill me. Or worse.

This sinks in to everyone. There's only one thing they can do.

MIKE

Will knows where to find "IT."

EDDIE

What do you mean?

WILL

The sewers. Me and Mike figured it out. That's how it gets around. That's where it lives.

RICHIE
Whoa whoa whoa. You don't really
mean--

BEN
If it means protecting Beverly,
count me in.

Beverly looks at Ben, consistently impressed by his defense
of her.

EDDIE
Wait, count you in to what?

WILL
The sewers. We go in. All of us.

RICHIE
And friggin do what? In this
storm?

Water is actively dripping on them.

WILL
Get rid of "IT" before "IT" gets
rid of us, one by one. It doesn't
know what to do when all of us are
together, you have to believe me.

INT./EXT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY

Stan shakes hands with his aunts and uncles near the front
door. The wind whips up the women's dresses and unhinges
umbrellas. Will and the gang run to him and whisk him out.

STAN
Hey guys. How'd I do?

RICHIE
I hope your schlong grew those 12
inches cuz you're gonna need it.

STAN
What do you mean?

WILL
C'mon!

The storm picks up force, wind blowing umbrellas inside out
and from the hands of guests trudging back to the parking
lot. One goes tumbling across the gardens and into...

THE BLACK BOILING RIVER and sinks into the dark water.

INT. ZACH DENBROUGH'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Will and the gang arrive like their own hurricane in the dark cellar workshop. Whipping around the room and picking up objects, Will unfurls a map on his dad's work table.

The other kids stock up on whatever armor or weapons they can find -- crossbow, hockey pads, a hubcap as shield, a sledgehammer, a hockey stick shaved into a stake, satchel full of car flares, hairspray. Stan is still processing what's going on. Mixed with their formal wear for the event, they look mildly ridiculous.

STAN

Hold on. How are we-?

Richie hands Stan a chainsaw.

RICHIE

Happy bar mitzvah, Jason. Bet you didn't put this sucker on your gift list.

Someone pounds at the door.

ZACH (O.S.)

Will, what are you doing in there?
Open up.

Everyone looks to Will. He folds up the map into a backpack.

WILL

We need to protect each other Stan.
The seven of us is all we have.
Together "IT" can't hurt us. I
promise.

STAN

How do you know?

More knocking.

ZACH (O.S.)

Willy, now! We need to talk.

Will steps up to Stan.

WILL

I have faith. Just like you.

Stan looks to the others, everyone scared but ready for battle. Stans steels himself, owning up his chainsaw. The door shakes with Zach behind it.

ZACH
Damn it, Will!

Will opens the back window and the kids slip out.

EXT. OLD IRONWORKS - DAY

The losers -- ALL 7 OF THEM -- stand on the threshold of the Old Ironworks cellar hold, the very same one PATRICK HOCKSTETTLER died in... a yawning chasm of mud, pools of water and hulking, shattered old boilers.

The rain and wind howls, lightning cracking overhead. Will points to a huge SEWER PIPE that juts out of the muck.

WILL
(yelling)
This is our only way into Derry's original sewer system before it was sealed off and modernized.

BLING!

A bullet sparks off a iron post next to Will's head.

Travis, Snatch and Victor stand at the crest of the road leading to the factory. Travis has his dad's gun, aimed like Dirty Harry at them. He pops off another round, BLANG-PING.

BEN
Oh, fuck!

Will grabs Bev's hand, who grabs Ben's who grab's Eddie's and on down the line. They follow Will around the cellar hold to a giant conveyor belt toppled against the edge. They scale down it into the chasm, bullets pinging around them.

CLICK CLICK CLICK. Travis runs out of ammo. He throws the gun away and pulls out the bloody knife.

VICTOR
Man, this is where Patrick Hockstettler went missing.

SNATCH
No way I'm going down there.

Travis glares at Snatch, PENNYWISE appearing near the boy in a flash of lightning.

Travis lunges with the knife and plunges it into Snatch's tummy. Victor watches in horror.

TRAVIS
 (to Victor)
 Still have second thoughts?

Victor shakes his head no. Snatch stumbles back and plunges into the darkness of the cellar hold...

INT. CELLAR HOLD - SAME

SMACK! Snatch's lifeless body slams into the muck right in front of Will and the others.

EDDIE
 Oh my God oh my God!

WILL
 Don't look back!

They dart into the blackness of the huge, rusty pipe.

Travis turns back to Victor, a dull craze in his eyes. He gestures to the conveyor the kids climbed down.

TRAVIS
 After you.

INT. SEWER TUNNELS - DAY

The losers follow Will, who uses his dad's map to lead them deeper and deeper into the sewers which roar and chime with rushing water. They turn a corner and come to...

A DEAD END

The stream of water seems to disappear under the stone wall there. Everyone is terrified.

BEVERLY
 Now what?

STAN
 Uh, guys?

He shines his light on something in the corner...

WILL
 There's suppose to be a tunnel here. The last tunnel that's shown on the map.

It's a SHOE. Eddie comes over it.

EDDIE
Dorsey's other shoe.

Stan sweeps his flashlight up the wall. What he finds makes Richie spring back.

RICHIE
Uh, guys!

Scrawled in blood on the stones is a warning:

**STOP NOW OR I'LL KILL YOU ALL!
WORD TO THE WISE FROM PENNYWISE**

MIKE
Pennywise?

BEN
Shit, "IT" has a name.

Footsteps echo from behind them.

WILL
Keep moving!

Stan finds a loose stone.

STAN
Here. Will, over here.

They all kick at the stones, which give way to...

INT. SEWER TUNNELS - DAY

Travis and Victor race down the tunnels after them. They turn the corner and come to the dead end, a pile of stones kicked out from a BLACK HOLE. Travis kneels down and looks into it. He can see Will and the gang's FLASHLIGHTS...

TRAVIS
I seeeeeeeeeeee yoooooooouuuu losers!

INT. BLACK HOLE - DAY

Will and the others slish on their hands and knees down the hole, with roots and bursting through its stone ribs.

It grows narrower and narrower to the point of complete and utter claustrophobia. Mike looks back past Ben and sees...

Two shadowy figures crawling toward them.

MIKE

Hurry!

Will, leading them, comes to a SMALL CORKSCREW in a tangle of roots blocking them they all have to wrench their way around.

Ben, the last of the group, GETS STUCK.

BEN

No no no no no! Guys!

Travis bears down, his knife clenched in his teeth.

TRAVIS

I'm gonna carve you up, tits. I'm going to stick this blade right up your asshole and split you in two. Feed your ass fat to the friggin' pigs.

He starts squealing like a pig. Ben is freaked. Two pair of hands grab Ben's arms and yank hard. He wrenches through the corkscrew and stumbles out into...

INT. MEMBRANOUS CHAMBER - DAY

A thin membrane floats over gelatinous water, very delicate, almost skin like. Underneath, thousands of spiders swim, nest and writhe. He can actually feel their legs push against the underside of the layer.

BEN

Oh my God oh my God oh my God.

WILL

Don't jiggle it too much, whatever you do.

MIKE

We don't want it to tear.

Ben freezes, the spiders knowing he's there and gathering under his butt. Bev, Stan, Eddie and Mike look on from solid ground on the other side of the membrane.

BEVERLY

Take off your shoes. You'll be fine. Just move real real slow.

Ben, Mike and Will take off their sneaks and crawl across the membrane with great care. SPIDERS GATHER wherever they press a knee or hand, the whole thing sloshing like a water bed.

INT. BLACK HOLE - DAY

Travis and Victor get to the corkscrew pass. There's no way Travis, huge compared to the other kids, will fit through.

TRAVIS

No! No no no no! Fuck!

VICTOR

We'll never fit. We've gotta go back.

Travis grabs Victor by the scruff of the neck. A crooked, bloodthirsty look flashes across his ugly face.

TRAVIS

I need to hear them squeal. Now you'll fit.

He puts the knife into Victor's hand and points to keep going. For a split second Victor thinks about stabbing him, but he's too scared. He squeezes his rangy frame through the roots into...

INT. MEMBRANOUS CHAMBER - DAY

Victor flops out onto the membrane just as Ben, Will and Mike join the others on firm ground.

EDDIE

Hurry.

Victor sees them. He's freaked.

VICTOR

No. Guys. Wait! Please! Travis has gone insane. I'm not trying to hurt you, just...

Now noticing the room he is in, realizing the danger.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Take me with you!

Everyone looks to Will, who sees something on the membrane that gives him pause.

WILL

Victor.

Will is pointing. Beverly follows his eyes to the knife in Victor's hand, which has PUNCTURED THE MEMBRANE.

BEVERLY

Oh no-

Spiders spill out onto it's surface.

VICTOR

Oh god oh god!

He freaks, spiders jumping on him, his motion only ripping the membrane more. It finally tears and Victor plunges beneath the membrane, spiders devouring him, Victor screaming in agony as they fill his mouth.

Horrified, Will and the others run for their lives.

INT. BLACK HOLE - DAY

Travis hears the screaming, enjoying it.

TRAVIS

Good. That's good, Vic. Kill 'em.
Kill 'em all!

Suddenly spiders start spilling out from behind the roots of the corkscrew. Travis screams, and kicks them away. But more come. Freaked, he retreats back to the sewer tunnels.

INT. IT'S CAVERN - DAY

Will, Ben, Bev, Mike, Eddie, Stan and Richie stumble from the dark into a massive, soaring, subterranean Pantheon-like hall, sewer water streaming past their feet...

In the center of the floor is a massive OCULUS, open to what appears to be the edge of INFINITE SPACE. The water from the sewers flows down into seven channels around this opening, ending at...

SEVEN WATERFALLS THAT FALL UPWARDS into a reflecting pool that covers much of the ceiling, surrounding a stone island with a CRYPT TYPE STRUCTURE.

The whole cavern seems to be lit from within, a sickly, pulsing ambient light coming from everywhere and nowhere.

RICHIE

Something tells me we're not in
Derry anymore.

BEN

You think?

Will heads toward the edge of the oculus, where the waterfalls stream up.

EDDIE

Don't get too close to the edge,
Will.

MIKE

It's up there isn't it? That's
where "IT" sleeps.

Pointing at the reflecting pool.

STAN

You mean Pennywise.

WILL

It doesn't matter what it calls
itself. What matters is it's
afraid to show us what it really
is. Which means we can beat it.

Will sees Beverly over by one of the waterfalls.

BEVERLY

Guess I'm going first again?

WILL

Beverly, wait-!

She jumps into the waterfall and it sweeps her up up up to the ceiling.

Will and the boys swap holy shit looks. Ben jumps in after her, then Will, Mike, and Stan.

Richie looks to Eddie, who has the same terrified look as at the quarry. He holds out his hand.

RICHIE

You still afraid of a little grey
water?

EDDIE

You still wear diapers at night?

Eddie grabs Richie's hand and they jump into the waterfall together. They are swept up up up into...

INT. THE REFLECTING POOL ON THE CEILING - CONTINUOUS

Plunging into the pool with the others. For a moment they all flap and kick under water, unsure which way is up, then Bev grabs them both and pulls them to the surface.

They're upside down now, the oculus opening to space below them, gravity seeming to work by its own rules in here..

WILL

We all here?

Richie looks back where they just "fell" from.

RICHIE

Mind equals blown right now.

The camera flips around and THE WORLD RIGHTS ITSELF, the oculus now above. The pool, which seemed small before, is now enormous -- like a dark, brooding lake -- the crypt island very far from them.

MIKE

This is nothing like what it looked like from below.

EDDIE

It's in our head. All the stuff we see. It's like the allergies my mom said I had. We make it real.

STAN

We do. Or IT?

WILL

Guys, the island. Let's swim.

They splash toward the crypt island. Ben is the first to feel something brush past his leg. A replay of the quarry.

BEN

Not funny, Richie.

He looks back and sees no one. Richie is a couple of lengths to his left.

RICHIE

What?

Ben suddenly realizes. Bev also feels something on her foot.

BEVERLY

The water. There's something in the water with us.

Suddenly a WORMY TENTACLE extends from the water behind Mike. Will sees it and whacks it away with his baseball bat.

WILL

Hurry!

The kids hustle it freestyle across the pool for the island.

WE PULL BACK WIDE TO SEE a monstrously big, faintly outlined starfish-like creature with an orange glowing eye, lurking in the depths of the reflecting pool.

Will, then Bev, then Richie dodge a tentacle and all get to the island. Stan is not far behind, with Mike, Eddie and Ben taking the rear, swatting back more tentacles.

From under Stan the ORANGE EYE APPEARS, the dark water around him suddenly aglow. He looks down into it and it becomes clear the eye is really a mouth, and the orange is coming from deep inside its bowels -- THE DEADLIGHTS.

Stan looks directly into them and is mesmerized, so much so that he stops swimming.

WILL (CONT'D)

Stan what are you doing!

Paralyzed, Stan starts to sink toward the deadlights when Mike, shielding his eyes, grabs Stan and swims him back to the surface.

All the kids give cover with their weapons -- shooting flares, swinging the sledgehammer, impaling with the stake, using the hubcap as a shield -- so that Mike, helped by Ben and Eddie, can drag Stan onto the island.

EDDIE

Stan? Stan, are you okay?

BEVERLY

Stan!

He stares blankly ahead, as if his mind was wiped blank.

WILL (CONT'D)

Stan, it's us. You in there buddy?

Another tentacle squirms out of the water toward them. Ben shoots it with a crossbow. It goes slithering back in.

BEN

Guys. I don't think this is the best place to hang out right now.

EDDIE

Stanley, snap out of it.

Stan blinks conscious. He looks at them all.

STAN
Where am I?

RICHIE
The worst and only bar mitzvah
party you will ever have.

They help Stan to his feet. Mike looks back over his shoulder for the monster.

MIKE
Guys, the water thing. IT's gone.

Indeed, the reflecting pool is placid as ice.

Will looks back to the crypt, an obsidian stone heptagon-shaped structure the size of one of Mike's killing pens.

WILL
Maybe. Or just changing into
something else.

EDDIE
What do you mean?

WILL
It's using our fears against us.
It wants us to be afraid.

EDDIE
Because we'll taste better.

RICHIE
And that's supposed to rally us,
Will?

WILL
We have to stick together, to help
each other against that kind of
fear you only have when you're
alone. Alright?

They all nod and follow Will onto the structure, starry deep space through the oculus visible over their shoulders. They come to a child-sized TRAP DOOR with an ancient, cosmic marking. The only way in or out.

WILL PUTS HIS HAND ON THE LATCH

WILL (CONT'D)
Ready?

The kids steal themselves, weapons ready. Mike hammers a clip into the stone and ties a rope to it. Nods all around.

WILL TURNS THE LATCH

The door creaks open. Nothing but pure blackness inside. Mike throws down the rope. Will looks at Bev.

WILL (CONT'D)

My turn.

Will takes a breath, drops in...

INT. IT'S CRYPT - DAY

Will shimmies down about 5 feet of rope and lights a car flare, illuminating the chamber in a blood red pall. The walls inside are rough, like the surface of a meteor.

Directly under the trapdoor is a fountain like hole in the floor open to the reflecting pool. Floating on the water is

GEORGIE'S PAPER BOAT

Pennywise emerges from the shadows behind Will, clinging to the wall, joints all turned and wrong, like a spider.

PENNYWISE

Welcome to the circus, Willy.

SLAM!

The trapdoor slams shut and slices the rope. Will falls to the floor, flare falling into the water. It dims but doesn't go out.

It's near PITCH BLACK. Just Will and Pennywise. He can hear his friends banging on the door, calling for him but can't see anything.

There's scuffling all around him. Close. Will dives into the water for the flare. Rises. Sweeps it around.

NOTHING.

WILL

I'm not afraid of you, clown.

PENNYWISE

Your brother wasn't afraid either.

A PAIR OF ORANGE EYES GLOW ABOVE HIM, IN THE DARK. Will can't see him.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)
 Not until I chewed his little
 muscles up.

Will turns just in time for the eyes to recede into the
 black. The pounding on the trap door has stopped.

WILL
 Guys?

PENNYWISE LUNGES FROM THE CEILING

WILL (CONT'D)
 Ahhhh!

Will drops his bag of flares and scrambles off, tripping over
 the hole in the floor, leg sloshing in the pool.

Glimpses of Pennywise scuffling in the dark like a spider.

Will finds a corner, the flare running out of spark. He
 waves it this way and that, illuminating the dark in front of
 him. Swinging his baseball bat wildly at shadows.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Come out from the dark then. Come
 out from behind that stupid mask
 and show me what you really are.
 C'mon!

Will looks at the last light of his flare, waiting for the
 end. He looks the bat in his clutch only to see it's morphed
 into...

A BOY'S SEVERED ARM

He throws it away into the darkness. The flare goes out.

PITCH BLACK

PENNYWISE
 Ooooh I'd love to, Will. I'd just
 love to show you my deadlights.
 Only you wouldn't understand. And
 I need you to, Willy, I really
 really need you to understand
 what's going to happen to you.
 What it means for a little kiddie
 like you... to float.

A light seems to emanate from the pool underneath them,
 illuminating the space, illuminating...

PENNYWISE, STANDING IN THE CORNER

Will sees all of "IT" now. From his bare crusty feet to his bald head. His claw-like hands and his emaciated acrobat-like body. He floats just a few inches over the stone floor.

Will's eyes fall to the baseball bat half-way between them. He lunges for it, Pennywise knocking it away. The clown seizes his neck, smiles hungrily, bares his twisted fangs.

WILL

I'm sorry, Georgie.

Pennywise goes for a bite and...

THWACK

An arrow shoots through it's face. The injured clown recoils away. Bev flops out from the reflecting pool, followed by Ben, Richie, Stan, Eddie, and Mike.

BEVERLY

Break into our homes, we break into yours.

Pennywise pulls the arrow from his bloody mouth.

BEN

Charge!

THE LOSERS ATTACK PENNYWISE WITH EVERYTHING THEY GOT

Mike with crow bar, Stan with chainsaw, Ben with a hub cap shield and sledgehammer, Richie with his hockey stick stake, Eddie with a nail gun. Will grabs his bat and joins them.

Pennywise tries to fend off this "Lord of the Flies" rebellion, becoming bigger, fiercer, more grotesque, but the kids are too much. Just when they have "IT" bleeding and backed into a corner for the death blow...

PENNYWISE

Wait!

Will grabs Ben's sledgehammer. The creature that looks up at them isn't Pennywise but... GEORGIE

PENNYWISE/GEORGIE

Please, Willy. Please don't hurt me.

WILL

You're not Georgie.

PENNYWISE/GEORGIE

I am. I'm in here, Willy. We all are. This is the place we float.

BEVERLY

Will, it's a trick.

PENNYWISE/GEORGIE

It's not your fault Willy. Not you're fault I'm stuck here. But you're hurting us all.

MIKE

It's trying to get to you, Will. Kill it. Kill it now.

WILL

No! I have to think.

PENNYWISE/GEORGIE

Mom and dad they should know. They should know it's not your fault. I'll tell 'em. I'll tell 'em as long as you don't hurt us anymore.

Will is confused. This is the one thing he wanted to hear. Beverly hands him his satchel with the car flares.

BEVERLY

Finish him, Will. For all of us. For Georgie.

Will looks to the scared little boy on the ground.

RICHIE

I'm taking this fucker out.

WILL

No.

Will grabs his stake away. He turns to Georgie. Kneels down. Takes his wet little head in his hands.

WILL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry I didn't go out there with you. I'm sorry I was sick.

GEORGIE

It's okay, Willy. I know. Everything'll be okay.

*****WILL DOES THE CALL BACK AND SOMETHING IN THE WAY GEORGIE RESPONDS SNAPS WILL OUT OF HIS STUPOR. GEORGIE'S GONE*****

WILL
Hairspray.

Bev sprays it through his lit flare. Torching Georgie.

GEORGIE
No! No Willy! Please!

GEORGIE REVERTS BACK TO PENNYWISE, screaming horribly and lunging at the kids one last time. IT finally gives up, slumping to the floor dead, a black charred clownish corpse.

Richie touches the remains and they deflates, almost as if a balloon.

The trapdoor above them blows away, as if it were sucked off by a cyclone, out of the oculus, and into what looks like the stars of outer space.

EDDIE
Did we kill it?

Will isn't sure, he looks at the rest of them.

MIKE
You did it, Will.

Bev hugs him. Ben watches, enviously.

RICHIE
It's miller ti--

Suddenly the GRAVITY SPELL WEARS OFF and the kids all fall to the ceiling of the stone crypt. Bev almost falls out into space, caught by Ben just in time.

The water from the waterfalls and from the reflecting pool all collapse back toward the floor, along with some of the stones in the crypt around them, which begins to crumble.

At first the losers hang on, afraid to fall, but eventually they lose grip and fall toward the oculus, which has begun to fill up with the water from the falls and reflecting pool.

They all plunge safely into the new pool below, Will's foot kicking out the bottom of it into outer space before being pulled back by Stan.

WILL
We've got to get out of here.

INT. DERRY SEWERS - DAY

The losers hurry their way out of the sewers, storm water quickly rising around them. Will leads the way with a car flare. They come to another dead-end grate.

RICHIE

Shit!

WILL

We'll get out. C'mon.

INT. ANOTHER PIPE - LATER

They continue to look for a way out, the water now up to their chests. The losers look cold, lost, and in despair.

STAN

We're going to drown down here
aren't we?

EDDIE

I'm so cold.

MIKE

All this water. It's still
going to win.

WILL

No. I don't know--

BEN

We're dead. So dead.

BEVERLY

Guys, stop it. Focus.

Everyone turns to Bev. Their muse. Their light.

SHE TAKES EDDIE'S FACE IN HER HANDS

SHE TAKES STAN'S FACE IN HER HANDS

SHE TAKES RICHIE'S FACE IN HER HANDS

SHE TAKES MIKE'S FACE IN HER HANDS

SHE TAKES BEN'S FACE IN HER HANDS

SHE TAKES Will'S FACE IN HER HANDS

EXT. PENOBSCOT RIVER - DAY

One by one the kids shoot out of a STORM PIPE into the PENOBSCOT RIVER, just like Georgie's paper boat. They pop up like tops, blinking owlshly against the daylight.

The sky is blue. The storm has passed.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DUSK

Will, Bev, Mike, Ben, Richie, Eddie and Stan slump soaked, shivering, and exhausted on the embankment. Derry is in full view across the river, a red ball setting behind it.

They gather themselves on the bank, breathing hard as the adrenaline of survival courses through their veins.

RICHIE

Now can we celebrate?

BEVERLY

Will?

Stan sees an OBJECT GLITTER in the sunlight. He picks it up, face sober and thoughtful -- an old GLASS COKE BOTTLE. He takes it by the neck, shatters it against a rock, and

LOOKS TO WILL, NODDING

Will knows exactly what this means. He steps up to Stan, who SLASHES Will'S PALM with the shard. One by one the others approach, Stan slashing everyone's palms, does his own last.

WILL

Swear, guys. Swear if IT isn't dead, if it ever returns, we'll come back and fight it together.

They all clasp hands and lock eyes. A BLOOD OATH IS SWORN.

INT. TRAVIS BOWERS HOUSE - DUSK

Travis, hair now SHOCK WHITE, expression blank and broken, sits in his chair in front of white fuzz of the TV. His father's corpse is still on the floor, blood matted everywhere. POUNDING ON THE FRONT DOOR.

EXT. TRAVIS BOWERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Chief Borton and other Derry cops frog march Travis out of the house in cuffs through a scene of POLICE, NEWS REPORTERS, and a CORONER CARTING OUT A BODY BAG.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mike races past nurses and doctors, a swell of optimism building with every stride. He turns the corner into...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Leroy's bed is empty. His mom is packing up his dad's things. She looks up, tears in her eyes. Mike is devastated.

MIKE

But we beat It. We beat the cancer.

MIKE'S MOM

What are you talking about?

MIKE

Derry. The clown. It.

Mike's mom takes him into her arms.

MIKE'S MOM

He's in a better place, Mikey. I know it's hard to believe. But you have to. Remember what your father always said...

EXT. HANLON FARM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Leroy shows Mike a baby lamb, freshly born from its mother's womb.

LEROY

See son, everything has a cycle. Just when you think the world couldn't get any colder, something good always grows.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Mike holds his mother tight, remembering, tears rolling down his cheeks. A PIANO BEGINS TO PLAY...

EXT. WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Fur Elise. Will recognizes it as he comes up the front walk. It comes from INSIDE HIS HOUSE. He races inside, hopeful, past a box of Georgie's toys left out on the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

SEPTEMBER

EXT. WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Zach and Sharon Denbrough pack the last of the camping gear on top of the family Wagoneer.

ZACH

Load up!

Will stands at the curb with his gang -- Richie, Ben, Bev, Eddie, Stan, and Mike. They hand him a present.

BEVERLY

We all pitched in.

EDDIE

Well Richie mostly.

RICHIE

I had to mow like five hundred lawns. Stan smoked the clippings.

STAN

What does that even mean?

BEN

You gonna open it?

Will does. Inside is a VINTAGE PENTAX CAMERA.

MIKE

We hear Arcadia's pretty amazing this time of year.

BEVERLY

Take some pictures for us.

WILL

Thanks.

They have a group hug.

SHARON
Willy c'mon!

INT. WILL'S WAGONEER - MOVING - DAY

They pull out of the driveway, camera on Will's lap. Zach and Sharon smile back affectionately from the front seat.

Will turns to see his friends wave bon voyage with their SCARRED HANDS. A reminder of an oath to be kept.

EXT. WITCHAM & JACKSON STREET/SKY OVER IT - DAY

As Will drives off we RISE UP UP UP over the intersection Georgie was killed, HIGH OVER DERRY, until we come to...

A floating RED BALLOON

It POPS!