

shIT

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FADE IN:

INT. SEWERS - DAY

A dank tunnel lined with brick and excrement. Four boys BILL, STAN, EDDIE and BEN(all 11) wait at a T intersection, lit by Ben's matches.

SUPER - BENEATH DERRY MAINE AUGUST 1958

BILL

The system map says we go right.
Deeper into the oldest section.

BEN

I still don't like how we left
the other three behind.

BILL

Its only a five page script.
Having to juggle even dialogue
between seven chars would make
the read unrealistic.

Bill consults the map again. Gestures to the right.

BILL

That way.

The four trudge off, Ben lighting new matches.

BILL

Keep your eyes peeled for any
unusual objects. Like a whistle.

STAN

A whistle? Like a toy?

BEN

Yep. Its vital in our quest to
kill It. An ancient weapon.

EDDIE

What the__aren't we doing the
Ritual of Chud? I thought...

Bill pauses to check the surroundings.

BILL

Nope. In the future this story
will most likely be made into a
movie. The sight of me and It
standing and gazing into each
eyes won't be riveting.

STAN

But what about the spacey stuff?
The Turtle, you sliding across
the Universe, the stars?

BEN

Not gonna happen. Mike dug up
some material about this whistle.

They continue on as Bill examines the walls.

BEN

Ok, so this dude in nineteen
thirty, during the last cycle It
was active? He came down into the
sewers, armed with a whistle
carved from an ancient bone. He
had heard of an old Indian legend
and worked out that the tribes of
Derry had battled It way back.

EDDIE

Wow, that info dump was almost as
big as the turd I did last night.

STAN

So he blew into the whistle and
it magically crippled It?

BEN

Not quite. The Ritual of Crap as
it was named, called for the
whistle to be inserted as far up
the spider's rectum as possible.

A bit of silence as they 'digest' that.

EDDIE

The spider's clacker? The whistle
goes in and...wow.

BILL

Yep. The whistle needs to be deep
into the colon. Then the noxious
gas flowing through the whistle
ignites with the spells carved
into the bone and...BOOM.

BEN

But this guy only caused a
partial explosion. He died from
severe shit inhalation. His body
is still here somewhere...ah yes.

Bill kneels next to a skeleton jammed into a wall cranny.

BILL
This is him! But its just bones.

GEORGIE(O.S)
Is this what you're looking for?

The boys spin around. Bill's lost brother GEORGIE(6) stands there in a slimy raincoat and galoshes. His single hand holds up a...whistle.

BILL
Georgie! I knew you'd be alive.

GEORGIE
Well, only just. My diet since October has been mainly rats.

BILL
You found the whistle. Great, now we can kill it.

GEORGIE
Um, no. My master Pennywise sent me to find it. So...bye bye.

He turns and runs off.

BILL
Ah fuck no, Georgie!

Suddenly, Stan takes off after him, catches up. He grabs Georgie's lone arm, hauls on it.

GEORGIE
Let me go. Let...me...go!

Theres a ripping sound and Georgie's arm comes off. He tumbles forward into the filth; Stan falls back, holding the arm. The whistle flies up, lands in Bill's palm.

Georgie sits up; a fair effort with no upper appendages. He gazes at the boys.

GEORGIE
Bill? You've come to rescue me!

BILL
Having his other arm ripped off seems to have freed him from It's spell. He's normal again.

BEN
Well, almost normal.

GEORGIE
True. I'll have to give up those piano lessons.

Stan helps him to his feet.

GEORGIE

The lair of Pennywise isn't far.
Lets go and fix him, hey?

They hurry down the tunnel. Finally, Bill's matches light up a small wooden door, a strange symbol carved on it.

BILL

After you, Georgie.

Georgie nears the door, looks around. Shrugs his armless shoulders. Bill hugs him.

BILL

Only kidding with ya, bro.

He turns the handle. Before he can open it, Georgie whispers in his ear. Bill smiles, nods.

BILL

Sounds like a plan.

He takes the whistle, crams it into Georgie's mouth. It forms an 'O', jammed between his lips. Bill looks at the others. Pushes open the door.

BILL

Time to wreck some spider
sphincter, boys.

They pile through the door, it closes. Moments pass. Then...the sound of SCREECHING. Flickering light beneath the door. More SCREAMING, a huge PLOP, then...silence.

The door opens, the boys tumble out, retching, gasping for air, covered in excrement. Georgie looks like a small turd on legs he's that brown.

BILL

We have to go back in. I don't
think we killed It.

BEN

No way, big Bill.

STAN

It has to be dead. Georgie was
completely inserted in its arse!

EDDIE

Yessir! Nothing could survive
that penetration. Or explosion.

BILL

We can't take that chance. I
don't wanna be back here in
twenty seven fucking years.

GEORGIE

The guys are right, bro. I'm not
going back up that clacker again.

Bill rolls over to look at Stan and Eddie. They shake
their heads, 'nope, fuck that'.

INT. SEWER OUTLET - DAY

Georgie stands at the bottom of a ladder, looking up.
Above him, Bill looks down, the sky a small circle of
blue. Then he's gone. Georgie frowns.

GEORGIE

Um...guys? I have no arms,
remember? So, ah, I can't really
climb this without, you
know...help. HELP!!!

TWENTY SEVEN YEARS LATER

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A POLICEMAN listens to STAN'S WIFE(36). In the bath is
STAN(38)dead with a toilet roll jammed in his mouth. On
the wall, the word 'shIT' is scrawled in red lipstick.

STAN'S WIFE

...had a phone call, then he said
he was taking a bath. I fell
asleep watching tv and...

POLICEMAN

You said there was a note, Ma'am?

She hands him a piece of paper. He scans it, shrugs.

POLICEMAN

'Mike from Derry called. It has
returned. We must go back to
finish the job. But I cannot face
that so I end it here because
Mike said that its...

He looks up, frowns.

POLICEMAN

'...my turn with the whistle'.