

21 **EXT. HOPPER'S TRAILER - MORNING** 21

Hopper steps out onto a decrepit porch.

He lights up a **HAND-ROLLED CIGARETTE**. Drags on it.

His trailer is perched on the shore of a lake. It's a bit lonely out here. But damn if it isn't beautiful.

Hop rubs his arms. Getting cold. Enough beauty for now.

22 **INT. HOPPER'S TRAILER - BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER - MORNING** 22

- Hopper showers. So tiny in here his body barely fits.

- Hopper studies his beard in the mirror. Considers shaving. Doesn't.

- Hopper pops open a **PLASTIC VIAL** labeled "**TUINAL**." He shakes out two capsules. Red and blue. Scoops a mouthful of water. Washes them down.

23 **INT. HOPPER'S TRAILER - BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER - MORNING** 23

Hopper dresses. He yanks on a pair of brown pants... a matching brown collared shirt... a belt with a holster... a **9MM GLOCK**... a gray hat... and lastly, he clips on...

A **GOLD BADGE**. It reads:

HAWKINS POLICE. CHIEF.

Behind him, the TV continues to drones...

LOCAL NEWSWOMAN (ON TV)

... In other news, it seems like you may want to stay in tonight -- or pack an umbrella. Let's go now to everyone's favorite morning weatherman, Charles. Charles?

Hopper heads out the door. The trailer door **RATTLES** shut.

24 **OMITTED** 24

25 **EXT. BYERS HOUSE - MORNING** 25

We **TILT** from the darkening sky to find the Byers house. The laundry hangs. It billows a bit in the gathering wind... A storm is coming...

26 **INT. BYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING** 26

JONATHAN BYERS, 16, Will's older brother, cooks breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

He is lanky with long hair. Quietly handsome... but he wouldn't believe it if you told him.

JOYCE (O.S.)
Where the hell are they?!

His mom, JOYCE BYERS, late 30s, races past, frazzled. She wears a wrinkled "Melvald General Store" uniform.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
Dammit!

JONATHAN
Check the couch.

Joyce does. She finds her keys under a cushion. Thank God.

She snatches them up, gives Jonathan a quick peck on the cheek, and races for the door, only to pause at the last second, realizing something. She turns back to Jonathan.

JOYCE
-- Will? Where's Will?

JONATHAN
Sleeping, I guess.

JOYCE
You gotta make sure he's up,
Jonathan, how many times -- ?

JONATHAN
I'm making breakfast --

Joyce shakes her head. Irritated. She hurries down the hallway. CLAPS HER hands.

JOYCE
Will -- Will come on, get up.

Joyce throws open the door to Will's room. It's empty.

27 INT. BYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

27

She strides back over to Jonathan. Worried now.

JOYCE
He came home last night, right?

JONATHAN
He's not in his room?

JOYCE
He come home or not?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

JONATHAN

I don't know --

JOYCE

You *don't know*?

JONATHAN

I got back late, I was working --

JOYCE

You were working?

JONATHAN

Eric asked if I could cover for him, I said yeah; I figured we could use the cash --

JOYCE

We talked about this -- I told you not to take shifts on nights I'm tending, I *specifically* told you --

JONATHAN

He was over at the Wheelers' all day. I'm sure he just stayed over.

JOYCE

I can't believe this.

JONATHAN

I'm sorry --

JOYCE

I *can't* believe it.

Joyce grabs the kitchen wall phone. Dials a number.

28 INT. WHEELER HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - INTERCUT

28

A WALL PHONE RINGS at the Wheelers. It is chaos over here.

Mike is grabbing syrup from a cabinet; Nancy is eating scrambled eggs, HOLLY, 3, is crying; Ted is watching the morning news; and now the phone is ringing. *The fucking phone.*

Karen answers. Holly squirms in her arms.

KAREN

Hello?

JOYCE

Karen -- it's Joyce.

(CONTINUED)