

35 CONTINUED:

35

FLORENCE

A more pressing matter -- Joyce Byers can't find her son this morning --

HOPPER

Yeah, alright, I'll give her a call. Just give me a minute --

FLORENCE

Chief, Joyce is very upset and --

HOPPER

What have we talked about? Morning is a time for contemplation and coffee.

FLORENCE

Chief, she's --

HOPPER

Contemplation. And coffee.

Hopper heads up to the second floor.

A36 INT. POLICE STATION - UPSTAIRS - MORNING

A36

He crashes to a stop. Almost spilling his coffee. *Shit.*

REVERSE ANGLE:

Joyce is already *in* his office.

She looks back at him. Not happy.

36 INT. POLICE STATION - HOPPER'S OFFICE - MORNING

36

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! Type-hammers slam ink onto a police report.

A single, ominous word forms one letter at a time: "MISSING."

Hopper looks up from the typewriter. He now has on a pair of READING GLASSES, which lend him a more earnest look. His desk, however, shatters the illusion: it's cluttered with papers and mugs and candy wrappers, like the desk of a child.

Joyce paces. Dragging on a cigarette. She's on edge. So far out she might just fall right off.

JOYCE

I've been waiting an hour --

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

HOPPER

And I apologize again --

JOYCE

-- AN HOUR --

HOPPER

I understand. But a boy his age,
most likely he's playing hookey --

JOYCE

Not my Will, no. He wouldn't do
that. He's not like that --

HOPPER

You never know. My mother thought
I was on the debate team, when
really I was screwing Chrissy
Carpenter in the back of my dad's
boat --

JOYCE

Will's not like you. He's not like
me. He's not like most.

She's takes another drag on her cigarette. Fights tears.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

He's got a couple of friends. But
everyone else, they -- they make
fun of him. Call him names, laugh
at him, his clothes --

HOPPER

His clothes? What's wrong with his
clothes?

JOYCE

I-I don't know. Does it matter?

HOPPER

Maybe.

Joyce takes another drag.

JOYCE

Lonnie... Lonnie always said he was
queer --

HOPPER

Is he?

JOYCE

He's missing. That's what he is.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

Hopper scratches his stubble.

HOPPER

You hear from Lonnie lately?

Joyce hesitates. This is an uncomfortable subject.

JOYCE

He was in Indianapolis last I heard. That was about a year ago. But he's got nothing to do with this.

Hopper rummages around his desk. Unearths a pen and a pad.

HOPPER

What's his number?

JOYCE

I told you, he's got nothin' to do with this --

HOPPER

Kid goes missing, ninety-nine times outta a hundred the kid's with a parent or relative --

JOYCE

What about the other time?

HOPPER

What?

JOYCE

You said "ninety-nine outta a hundred." What about the other time? The one.

Hopper removes his reading glasses. Leans forward.

HOPPER

This is Hawkins, Joyce. In four years, you know the worst thing I've seen? You know what it was?

(beat)

When that owl attacked Eleanor Gillepsie. Thought her hair was a nest. I mean -- it does look like a nest, doesn't it? All that frizz?

Hopper chuckles at the memory. Trying to lighten the mood.

Joyce begins to relax a little. But only a *little*.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

JOYCE
I'll call Lonnie. He'll talk to me
before he talks to a --

HOPPER
-- pig?

JOYCE
Cop.

Joyce sits down. She snuffs her cigarette in an ashtray. Then she looks back up at Hopper. Her eyes are bloodshot. Glassy.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
Find my son, Hop. *Find him.*

Hopper takes this in. All at once he feels burdened with a responsibility he doesn't want. He finds his composure, nudges his glasses back on his nose, and resumes typing.

Hammer type SLAMS paper. WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

A37 **EXT. HAWKINS LABS - DAY**

A37

Black, unmarked sedans accelerate up to the entrance.

They slam to a stop and --

37 **OMITTED**

37

&

&

38

38

39 **INT. HAWKINS LABS - CORRIDOR - DAY**

39

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! Shoes drum on linoleum as...

DR. MARTIN BRENNER, 40s, leads a group of NSA AGENTS through the corridors of the lab. Dr. Brenner wears a casual suit, loose tie, stubble. He clearly hasn't slept in some time.

All around them -- chaos. Scientists whipping to and fro.

SCIENTIST #1 turns to the LEAD AGENT.

SCIENTIST #1
We've evacuated the east wing --
sealed it off, following quarantine
protocol --

They arrive at a PLASTIC QUARANTINE DOOR.

Brenner ZIPS open the plastic door and --