

## IT's Lonely in Love

By Jake Lewis

*Lights rise on a bar.*

*Seated at the counter is PENNYWISE THE CLOWN from Stephen King's "IT."  
He is currently wallowing in his drink.*

*After a few moments, KURT BARLOW, the vampire from King's "Salem's Lot" enters.  
He looks around a moment, sees PENNYWISE, and walks over.*

BARLOW:

Hey, duuuuude.

PENNYWISE:

Hmm? (*Looks up, and through a drunken haze, recognizes him.*) Kurt! Buddy ol' pal ol' chum!  
Thanks so much for coming out!

BARLOW:

I would've been here sooner, but...sunlight...y'know.

PENNYWISE:

No worries! Can I get you a drink?

BARLOW:

Just feasted on the blood of an innocent on the way over, but thanks. (*Sitting next to him.*) I  
gotta be honest, you had me a little worried when you called earlier. You sounded really on  
edge.

PENNYWISE:

I know, I know. Typical Pennywise, right? Probably the most famous killer clown in all of history,  
and yet...

BARLOW:

Yet?

PENNYWISE:

I dunno, I just feel so lonely. Unloved.

BARLOW:

C'mon, you're adored. I mean, look at your box office receipts.

PENNYWISE:

I don't mean fame. I mean, true love. The kind that will keep me happy and content between my  
25 year feeding periods.

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BARLOW:

What about...argh, what was her name...the one with the sledgehammer?

PENNYWISE:

Annie? She was psycho! I had to cut her loose. Did you know she wanted me to stop killing children?

BARLOW:

Seriously? But that's, like, who you are! Might as well ask a cow to stop making milk!

PENNYWISE:

Not *quite* the same. But yeah. Kicked her to the curb. She was not happy about it. But sometimes, I dunno. I just think I made a mistake there and should've kept her around just for someone to cuddle with when it gets dark and cold.

BARLOW:

Look, I've always liked you...

PENNYWISE:

Woah. Slow your roll. I'm your best friend, you know that, but I'm only interested in the ladies. You do your neck-sucking thing all you like, but--

BARLOW:

Easy, killer. That wasn't where I was going. I was going to say, why not only kill adults? Maybe you'd find someone who's down with that? Because, I gotta admit, killing kids? Hard to get past that. Even for me.

PENNYWISE:

Didn't you just tell me that it's part of who I am?

BARLOW:

Let me ask you: When you killed those folks from Derry after they were all grown-up, was it any less enjoyable than when you killed their friends as kids?

PENNYWISE:

Well. No. But! That might've been because I'd haunted them for so long. The build-up, you know.

BARLOW:

You're talking to a guy who's been alive for hundreds of years. Trust me. I get build-up. But you're one scary dude! I think if you just reframed your approach, the ladies would dig it.

PENNYWISE:

Really? You think so?

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BARLOW:

*(Looking off.)* See her over there? The one who's dressed like she lives in Amish country?

PENNYWISE:

*(Looking in that direction.)* The redhead?

BARLOW:

Yeah. It's the innocent-looking ones who are *freaks*.

PENNYWISE:

*(Smoothing his hair down, sitting up straight.)* What should I do? Go up to her?

BARLOW:

Duh. But listen. Be totally up front. Don't hide who you are, ok? Women appreciate honesty.

PENNYWISE:

But what if she doesn't like that I eat people with my razor-sharp teeth? And that I live in a sewer?

BARLOW:

Dude, women love bad boys! I mean...*(speaking in confidence)* I haven't lived this long on blood alone, if you know what I'm saying.

PENNYWISE:

No, I don't know what you're saying. But you're right! What've I got to lose, right?

BARLOW:

More like, what's *she* got to lose?

PENNYWISE:

Just her life! *(Bursts out in a cackling laugh. Then, seeing BARLOW is not laughing along, he gets serious again.)* Right. No killing your girlfriends. My bad.

BARLOW:

You can do this. I believe in you!

PENNYWISE:

*(Psyching himself up.)* I'm frickin' Pennywise. I got a lot to offer! *(Exits.)*

BARLOW:

Bartender? I need to whisper something in your ear...

*Lights fade. The End*