

ARAÑAS ZOMBIE

Written by

Chad Briggs
214-566-9812
me@chadbriggs.com

EXT. ENTRY TO HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

It is a clear summer night and moonlight shines over the entrance of a housing development. The sign by the gate proclaims Marion Heights in elaborate script. A luxury sedan rolls up to the gate and keypad. A WOMAN is talking on her phone in one hand while punching the gate code out the window in the other.

WOMAN

Thank god the company helped build this neighborhood right? I don't have to live in that shitty small town.

The gate starts to open slowly. The WOMAN plops back in the seat, still talking.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

No idea why it's all the way out here. I know... miss you.

(sing songy voice)

Be back for a visit in two weeks though.

(normal voice)

Babe! Your so naughty...

The car rolls through the open gate.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

The car pulls into the driveway of an expensive, super modern home. The house is a very affluent neighborhood, relative clones of her house lining the street. Once the car is in park, she opens the door still chatting away. She grabs her briefcase, tucks the phone into her chin while she rummages in her purse, and heads to her front door.

WOMAN

Yes! Can you believe it? His hand cradled my ass in the lab! Apparently telling him I was a lesbian a few days ago wasn't enough of a clue. Hang on a sec.

She takes a flyer hanging on her door and gives it a once over. The flyer is from "Verminate Corporation" informing her that a quarterly pest check up has been completed. The Verminate mascot, an adorably drawn spider, peers up from the company logo with a wink and thumbs up. Below is the Verminate slogan "Putting Families First!" She crumples the flyer into a ball, shoves it in her pocket, and opens her door.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE

She puts her briefcase down on a side table by the door. She shuts the door behind her and takes off her shoes, still talking.

WOMAN

Ha, no your quite correct darling.
A PhD from Stanford and multiple
published papers don't grant you
immunity to perverts. Should have
seen the look on his face when I
told him what would happen to that
hand if it touched me again.

Suddenly slight vibrations shake the house with a sequence of rapid pulses. Startled, she grabs her cell phone closer but stops talking. Greeted only by silence, she shakes it off.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

... Uh yeah, still here. Sorry
about that. Thought I felt the
house shake. I think I need to go
decompress a little. Later babe.

She hangs up and puts down her phone as she heads to the kitchen. As she moves, we see a mysterious shape scurry in the background, undetected by the woman.

INT. KITCHEN

She takes a wine bottle and glass from her kitchen cabinet and pours herself a drink. She unbuttons her top blouse button and lets down her hair a bit, all the better to savor the wine.

Relaxed, she lets out an audible sigh and turns. She's face to face with a two foot wide spider hanging from a thick web strand.

The spider is the stuff of nightmares with long black legs, dripping fangs, and inky black eyes. She screams and steps back, her wine glass shattering on the floor. She backs up against the counter, grabs a knife from the rack.

She launches forward and slams it into the spider, driving the knife through the spider and into the kitchen island. The spider screams and squiggles, its arms twirling menacingly. The spider starts to struggle against the knife, ripping its flesh as it pulls. The woman ducks behind the kitchen island, trying to put distance between them.

She hears the spider thrashing on the opposite side of the island and the suddenly the noise is gone. After a moment of silence, she peaks around the counter wondering if she imagined the whole thing. The knife is still wedged into the kitchen counter, along with a leg and part of the spiders body, but the rest of it is gone.

She frantically looks around and sees her phone is on the opposite counter. Trembling in fear she dares to reach out for the phone. As her hand nears the phone, a spider leg smashes through the entire body of the device. The spider that ripped itself off of the island is limping along, strange puss and protrusions starting to bulge out from where it's missing parts were. It hisses at her with hatred.

She attempts to dart out of the room but then falls down hard onto the floor, something entangling her feet. She looks down to see a sticky strand of spider web has tripped her up. She struggles against the web but no use, it's too strong. She looks back over to the counter, the spider as disappeared again!

She starts yanking on webs again with all her might, and suddenly ooze and puss starts dripping on her head. She starts whimpering and slowly turns her head up toward the source of the dripping. The spider is on ceiling above her, the protrusion on it's damaged side twisting and changing. It launches itself straight at the woman with blinding speed.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

We hear the woman scream at the top of her lungs. Blood splatters against her window, clearly visible from the street.

TITLE SEQUENCE: ARANAS ZOMBIE

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM

A high school science class with twenty students is in progress. Near the front of the class sits ANA MARTINEZ, a Hispanic girl with a ponytail. She is wearing an old, beat up Battlestar Galactica t-shirt and a pair of discount corrective eye glasses slightly too big for her head. The shirt has a picture of Lee Adama's face and has the caption Apollo Forever. She pushes the glasses back up on her face and listens intently to the lecture.

Teaching the class is a very hipster Caucasian female, MISS BRAMBLER. Behind her on the wall are diagrams of spider anatomy and photos of various species.

MISS BRAMBLER

Like many other creatures, spiders come in all shapes and sizes. *Argyrodes colubrinus*, the Whip Spider. *Bagheera kiplingi*, one of the few vegetarian spiders....

As Miss Brambler drones on, Ana glances down fondly at a beaten up locket on her necklace. She opens it. The locket contains a picture of a striking young Hispanic man and woman. Ana snaps back to reality as a stoner student next to her shouts out:

STONER STUDENT

Don't forget about those mutant spider queens man! When we gonna study those suckers?

The class chuckles at the boy's comment. Ana rolls her eyes.

MISS BRAMBLER

Actually, the vast majority of spider species don't have queens. Anyone know why?

Ana raises her hand.

MISS BRAMBLER (CONT'D)

Ana?

ANA

Spiders are highly territorial, to the point of being aggressive at the sight of other spiders.

MISS BRAMBLER

That's right! At least ONE of you read the assigned chapter.

Miss Brambler gives an accusing look to the rest of the room before continuing on with her lecture. In hushed tones, the popular kids behind Ana jeer.

POPULAR KID

You know why Ana reads so much about spiders?

POPULAR KID 2

Why?

POPULAR KID

They're the only things freakier than her!

They titter. Ana ignores them, pretending not to care, but her face betrays her.

The bell clangs and everyone starts gathering up their books.

MISS BRAMBLER

Okay, everyone! Remember, test next week! Study or fail, per usual! And I hope to see you guys at the festival this weekend!

Ana approaches Miss Brambler as she wipes off the dry erase board.

ANA

Hey Miss B! Great lecture today.

MISS BRAMBLER

Thanks Ana! Wish I had a few more as dedicated as you.

ANA

And is that a new shirt? Makes you look really sophisticated!

MISS BRAMBLER

Uh.. Thanks?

ANA

Did you know I voted for you as "best teacher" in our yearbook?

MISS BRAMBLER

That was very nice of you but...

ANA

And I don't know if you noticed, but I turned in every...

Miss Brambler suddenly realizes where this is going.

MISS BRAMBLER

Ana... stop. IF my research wins the state grant, and IF there is enough money for the summer wildlife trip.... I promise you'll be included in the group. Just like I told you last month.

ANA

And the month before that. But science demands rigourous testing of a hypothesis right?

Miss Brambler chuckles.

MISS BRAMBLER
It certainly does.

She then gets a sly look in her eye and leans towards Ana.

MISS BRAMBLER (CONT'D)
Wanna see a sneak peak of the
research?

Ana nods excitedly.

MISS BRAMBLER (CONT'D)
Cool. Check this out!

Miss Brambler walks over and unlocks a cabinet. She takes out a glass box that is separated by a retractable glass panel in the middle. On one side of the case is a docile looking tarantula, the other side is empty. Miss Brambler sets the case on the table and clears her throat as he begins the dry run of his pitch.

MISS BRAMBLER (CONT'D)
On one side we have our lovelorn
tarantula, Donald. Donald say hi!

The spider sits frozen in place. Ana waves to him anyway.

ANA
That's a Theraphosoidea
Aphonopelma!

MISS BRAMBLER
Impressive! I'm not sure your
classmates even know that spiders
have eight legs. Now watch this.

Miss Brambler temporarily lifts the glass in the middle and tries to coax the spider to action.

MISS BRAMBLER (CONT'D)
Go to the other side boy! Come on!

The spider still doesn't move.

MISS BRAMBLER (CONT'D)
So as you can see, much like your
classmates, he doesn't listen.

Ana snickers. Miss Brambler shuts the glass divider, returning it to it's original state.

MISS BRAMBLER (CONT'D)
 Allow me to introduce our love
 interest, Daisy.

She reaches into her desk and pulls out a crudely constructed cardboard spider with a pink bow on top. Ana looks at the fake spider skeptically.

ANA
 Miss Brambler, you know that pink
 bows to signify a female gender is
 a tired trope, surely you could...

Miss Brambler interrupts her.

MISS BRAMBLER
 Public school budget.

Miss Brambler shrugs. Ana shrugs as well, acknowledging it's a good enough answer for her at the moment.

Miss Brambler proceeds ahead with her pitch.

MISS BRAMBLER (CONT'D)
 Now... one of the great mysteries
 in the spider kingdom is given
 their anti-social tendencies and
 terrible eyesight, how are males
 able to distinguish the opposite
 sex? Research has shown that the
 females excrete a pheromone that
 the males can sense. So here....

Miss Brambler takes out a small spray bottle with a pump action top.

MISS BRAMBLER (CONT'D)
 is my own synthesized "love"
 pheromone, sample variation, uh,
 129.

On the bottle label, the numbers 126,127, and 128 have been crudely crossed out and replaced with 129.

MISS BRAMBLER (CONT'D)
 For months I've been fine tuning
 the formula. Let's see how this
 batch does.

MISS BRAMBLER spritzes the fake spider with a half-pump and then shuts the glass lid. She then places her hand on the middle glass panel.

MISS BRAMBLER (CONT'D)

All I do now is lift the divider
and...

Before Miss Brambler can even finish the sentence, Donald the spider starts twitching. In a blinding flash he smashes through the glass divider by sheer unnatural force. Miss Brambler and Ana jump back, the lid flipping off the case.

The case starts rocking... rhythmically. The bow that was on Daisy's head flies out and onto Ana. She catches it, freaks out, and drops it immediately. They grimace during the intense carnal action, but can't look away. Several seconds later, the ruckus stops.

In the case, Donald is on his back, his body heaving up and down as if he's trying to catch his breath. Daisy has been flattened.

ANA

I... I don't think love is the
right word for that, Miss B.

After surveying the mess, Miss Brambler clears her throat and lifts up a voice recorder.

MISS BRAMBLER

Batch 129 notes: decrease sample
concentration by.... a lot.

EXT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Moments later we see Ana walking down a long deserted stretch of lockers. She crosses under a giant banner adorned with grinning skeletons that says "Dia de los Muertos Festival, this Saturday, Nov 1". Eerie shadows give the hallway a sense of forboding. A large individual is behind her, watching her walk. He wears a motorcycle vest with a menacing skull capped by a bandana and the logo "El Manojito Loco".

Ana rounds a corner, almost to the exit. Suddenly three students step in front of her, each wearing the "El Manojito Loco" vest. She clutches her books tighter as she's forced to a stop.

ANA

Hey... uh... what's up... homies?

The group laughs menacingly. Tension fills the air as they circle their prey. The first gangster that speaks up is LIL' LOBO. His dark sunglasses and goatee are in stark contrast to his pale and wiry build.

LIL' LOBO
 "Homies" huh? We look like your
 "homies" chica? What you think D-
 Neece?

Trailing behind Lil' Lobo is D-NEECE. She has Asian features but is straight up Chola with her penciled eyebrows, hoop earrings, and mid-riff baring open flannel.

D-NEECE
 This chica wasn't at my Quinceañera
 Lil' Lobo. My man Smoke Dawg, que
 piensas?

The last gangster is a wide, muscular black teen. His flannel has the sleeves cut off revealing his massive arms adorned with gang tatoos. He cracks his knuckles.

SMOKE DAWG
 Yeah homegirl, I got some
 "piensas".

Smoke Dawg licks his lips. Lil' Lobo howls like a wolf. The group breaks into laughter. Ana flinches but keeps her composure. Lil' Lobo leans in and whispers.

LIL' LOBO
 You in El Manojito territory
 now.

Ana blinks in disbelief. She struggles to speak.

ANA
 This... this is...

LIL' LOBO
 Que?

ANA
 This is the most racist shit ever!

The gangsters step back, startled.

ANA (CONT'D)
 I mean, "Lobo", if you want to roll
 your R's even harder I can give you
 a jackhammer. And it looks like a
 caterpillar died on your face.

Ana rips off the fake goatee from Lil Lobo's face. Lil' Lobo gasps horrifically.

LIL' LOBO
 (In refined British
 accent)
 Owww! But that added gravitas!

ANA
 You're still using the fake British
 accent too? It's been a year since
 the Hamlet production! You didn't
 even have a speaking part!

LIL' LOBO
 (Now in his normal
 American accent)
 Yeah but it's about texturing the
 role!

Ana walks over to D-Neece.

ANA
 And, oh honey. Are you supposed to
 be the Mexican Miley Cyrus?

D-Neece's face melts to a childlike pout.

D-NEECE
 But I read on Tokyohive.com that
 Miley was HUGE in Mexico!

ANA
 Stop trusting the internet!

She turns to Smoke Dawg. He growls at her.

SMOKE DAWG
 Go on chica. Try to take me on.
 Just. Try.

Ana glares intently. Then points to his arm.

ANA
 It's not "Sin Numbers."

Smoke Dawg's scowl fades into a look of pained confusion. We
 see one of his tatoos says "Sin Numbers" in old english text.

SMOKE DAWG
 Say whaaa?

ANA
 It's "SIN NOMBRE!"

Ana licks her thumb and furiously scrubs his arm, wiping off part of what is revealed to be a temporary tattoo. Smoke Dawg squeals and swats at Ana's hand.

SMOKE DAWG

Girl! You know how LONG it took me to draw those on! Shooo! Shoo!

Ana sighs with a mixture of frustration and compassion.

ANA

Guys, you know I love you, but really? Is it Chicano stereotype week?

SMOKE DAWG

You didn't hear, girlfriend? They announced the name of the fall play!

D-NEECE

Sons of Anarchy: The Musical!

As D-Neece announces the title, Smoke Dawg makes a grand gesture with his arms showcasing an imaginary floating marquee. D-Neece bounces up and down and claps her hands rapidly.

D-NEECE (CONT'D)

Nante subarashii no?

LIL' LOBO

(In British accent again)
And honestly luv, with our brilliant method acting... we can't possible bugger this up.

SMOKE DAWG

Not that I mind a good buggering.

The trio all beam proudly.

ANA

You guys thought the easiest way for...y'all to get a part... would be to audition... as Mexican gang bangers? Really? You really are locos.

LIL' LOBO

These roles also help immerse us in the hard labor were doing to build those festival booths.

ANA

So... only Mexicans do
construction, now?

SMOKE DAWG

Nah, Chica. I think they do yard
work too?

The other two nod in agreement thoughtfully. Ana tries to collect herself in spite of the asinine comments.

ANA

You know what? Let's pick this up
later. Those festival booths you
speak of aren't going to build
themselves. Come on.

EXT. SCHOOL FAIRGROUNDS

The group is working on the grounds, nailing signs to the concession sign advertising "Honor the Dead Hot Dogs: \$1"

ANA

Hey, hand me that hammer, por
favor?

D-Neece hands her the hammer, and then practices saying "por favor".

LIL' LOBO

(Back in gangster persona)

Why we takin orders from some chica
perdedor who got a picture of Lee
Adama on her shirt?

Ana looks down at her shirt with a picture of Lee Adama, one of the main characters in the cult TV show Battlestar Galactica. She lets out an affectionate sigh.

ANA

What can I say? I've always been a
Adama girl.

SMOKE DAWG

He sure was fine.

D-NEECE

Mmmmmmm Hmmmmmm! Almost as fine
as... Johnnnnn-eyyyy.

Ana practically shoots invisible daggers from her eyes at D-Neece.

SMOKE DAWG

When you gonna ask that boy out
anyway? Or is he fair game for me?

ANA

(embarrassed)

Both of you shut up! He's a nice
guy but that's it. Besides he works
for my abuelo.

SMOKE DAWG

Uh huh.... girl you can't hide the
fact you itching for some one on
one "dradis contact."

D-NEECE

(covers her mouth with her
hands like a schoolgirl)

Tee-hee-hee!

D-Neece and Smoke Dawg both bump fists. Ana tries to swat
them with her sign but they jump out of range.

ANA

You fracking toasters!

Lil' Lobo rolls his eyes at the Battlestar adoration.

LIL' LOBO

Auggg! If I hear ONE more of you
chavs make a Battlestar Galactica
reference I'm going to lose it.

Ana, Smoke Dawg, and D-Neece all snap their feet together and
give a Battlestar Galatica style salute.

D-NEECE, ANA, SMOKE-DAWG

(Together in unison)

SO SAY WE ALL!

LIL' LOBO

Bloody fraking hell.

Lil' Lobo storms off down the fairgrounds.

D-NEECE

(yelling after him)

You said "fraking"!

LIL' LOBO (O.S.)

AGGGGGGHHH! It's a sickness!!

The remaining group giggles. Ana looks down at her watch.

ANA

I gotta go. You two get Mr.
Personality Disorder back to work,
there's still a lot to do before
the festival.

The group waves bye and Ana takes off towards parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT

As Ana leaves the Fair grounds, she sees Mr. Miller, the fat middle-aged vice principal of the school, is walking the lot and talking to Alexander Ortega, CEO of Verminate Corporation. He is tall, older man in an immaculately pressed white suit. His face has a few creases of age but is offset by determined, steely eyes inset in hawkish features. He walks with a slight limp, aided by a stainless steel walking stick. The top of the stick is somewhat long and rectangular. On one side is a flat black surface. The stick exudes elegance and looks like it just rolled off the assembly line.

MR. MILLER

... so you can see the Verminate sponsorship money is going to excellent use! The rides this year are bigger than the ones we've had before and we've expanded parking to accommodate for hundreds of more festival attendees.

ALEXANDER

And the area for the Verminate booth? You have the area I selected reserved for us?

MR. MILLER

Of course Mr. Ortega, the space at the front, centrally facing the rest of the fairground, just like you asked. But your sure you don't want us to build the booth for you? There should be plenty of money left in the budget to...

Alexander abruptly cuts off Mr. Millers line of questioning.

ALEXANDER

I appreciate your concern, but Verminate will handle getting the booth materials to the fairgrounds. We have a special design we've been working on at our office to commemorate your event.

(MORE)

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Any money that's left over, you just use that to update your science labs at the school. I want only the best for the people of this town.

MR. MILLER

Your truly a gentleman Mr. Ortega, the people of this town can't thank you enough for all you've done.

ALEXANDER

Thank you, Mr. Miller. Kind as always.

Ana approaches them.

ANA

Mr. Miller, I'm going home for the day but I'll be back to finish up tomorrow.

MR. MILLER

That's perfectly fine dear. Our future valedictorian should get her rest.

A faint glimmer of recognition comes over Alexander's face, a faded memory bubbling to the surface.

ALEXANDER

And who might you be?

ANA

My name is Ana Martinez, sir.

Ana formally reaches out her hand for the greeting. Alexander looks amused and shakes it.

ALEXANDER

Ana... always a pleasure to meet someone with such good manners. I am Alexander Ortega, of the Verminate corporation.

ANA

Oh yes. I know exactly who you are Mr. Ortega.

Ana's frigid response surprises Alexander. Mr. Miller picks up on the tension and tries not to fumble an awkward explanation.

MR. MILLER

Uh... Mr. Ortega... Ana's grandfather was the exterminator for the school before... uh... your company acquired the contract.

ALEXANDER

Oh dear... terribly sorry. I hope there are no hard feelings?

Ana give her best insincere smile.

ANA

Oh, of course not sir.

ALEXANDER

Splendid. Have you considered having him look at our job openings? Perhaps he...

Ana cuts off Alexander in mid-sentence.

ANA

Have nice day Mr. Miller.

Ana holds the smile long enough to turn and walk away, the smile becoming obvious contempt. Alexander studies her as she departs.

ALEXANDER

That young lady seems oddly familiar.

The moment passes and he turns his attention back to Mr. Miller.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Now, lets talk about setting up the scholarship program for your senior students....

As Ana gets near the parking lot, she sees a man standing outside a beat up truck sporting the logo "Pest Platoon". In the middle of the logo is a roach brandishing an ammo belt, also holding a assault rifle and wearing a combat helmet. Worry creeps across Ana's face.

ANA

No no no no....

She runs towards the truck and DANNY MARTINEZ, her grandfather.

Despite his short stature and workman's clothes, Danny carries a menacing, quiet air that makes intimidating to strangers. His rough, creased face brightens as Ana run towards him.

DANNY

Hey there, nieta! You have a good day?

ANA

Abeulo! I told you! Park at Lot B and I'll come to you!

Danny looks confused.

DANNY

No one's around this late, so I thought I'd save you the walk.

ANA

Someone's always around! Come on.

Ana climbs into the truck quickly and nervously while Danny walks to the drive's side. He starts the car and the engine sputters loudly, belching out fumes.

ANA (CONT'D)

Does this thing have to be so loud?

Danny pats the dashboard proudly.

DANNY

Loud but reliable, just like your abeulo!

A sports car drives up beside them, full of the popular students that were giving Ana a hard time.

POPULAR STUDENT #1

Well well, if it isn't bananas ana and grandpa shit eating stinkbug!

POPULAR STUDENT #2

Shouldn't you be at home playing with roaches?

The kids in the car laugh and peel out of the lot. Ana shrinks down in her seat while Danny's face is a stone cold glare, his emotions very much in check.

ANA

This is why I don't want you parking here!

Danny gently puts his hand on her back.

DANNY

Hey.. Hey... Don't pay any
attention to those grandes matones!

ANA

Every school, every town, it's
always the same. Only the outcasts
want us.

Too frustrated to finish the conversation they've had many times before, Ana turns her head and stares out the window. Danny searches for the right words, but he knows it's just that... words.

DANNY

I'm sorry nieta... but you have to
trust me. This too will pass.

Ana calms down and squeezes his hand, mustering a faint smile.

ANA

Let's just go home, okay?

Danny steers the truck out of the parking lot. As they drive out, he stares down a Verminate van that drives by on the other side of the street.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Police tape circles the house where the woman was attacked earlier. A crime scene investigation is in progress. A police car marked "Sheriff" pulls up and out steps a striking 50ish black woman, MATTIE DIGGS. Her deputy, JIM THOMPSON, heads over to greet her.

JIM

Afternoon, Mattie.

MATTIE

What's the word, Jim?

JIM

Got a complaint from some residents
about what looked like blood on the
window. Me and Tom got here, door
was unlocked. Found some nasty
stuff in there.

MATTIE

How nasty we talking?

JIM

Worse than my wife's lasagna.

Mattie chuckles, then they enter the house.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE

Inside the house Jim and Mattie make their way into to the kitchen to a grisly sight. Blood is splattered all across the floor. Several smaller splats and smears lead out towards the side window that has been smashed.

MATTIE

What's all this?

JIM

Whatever did this looks like it left through the window.

MATTIE

Looks like an animal?

JIM

Something like that.

One officer rushes by them, headed for the bathroom to throw up.

JIM (CONT'D)

Uh, brace yourself okay?

They enter.

INT. KITCHEN

The body of the woman that was attacked earlier has been mangled beyond recognition. Blood covers the entire area, guts are strewn about. The jaw is ripped off the face. An eye is gouged out. The abdominal cavity is shredded to a puree. Mattie covers her mouth with a rag to help with the stench.

JIM

Hard to tell from the mess, but early estimates are she has probably been dead a day. We believe this is the house's owner, Robin Smith.

Mattie carefully steps around the scene, putting on a pair of latex gloves to avoid contamination.

MATTIE

What the hell could do this?

JIM

Animal we're guessing. Seems too brutal for any man.

MATTIE

Possible. But I've never seen an animal attack like this. And inside her home? Would that have mean it was waiting for her? How did it get in and out?

JIM

It used the door?

MATTIE

Turning the knob? You said you found it closed when you entered, right?

JIM

Yeah. Then someone faked an animal attack?

MATTIE

But if they did, the question would be why?

Jim flips through his notebook.

JIM

Oh, yeah. If this whole scene wasn't strange enough, listen to this: A few of the neighbors felt a tremor around the probable time of the murder. So I checked with the quake nerds at the regional geological service. They registered something faint on their system, but have no idea where it came from. We're not by any fault lines. Said they've been detecting these tiny, unexplained tremors for the past few weeks.

Mattie kneels to examine what's left of the body. She notices a piece of plastic underneath the scattered flesh; poking out from the side. Using her pen, she slides the piece of plastic out and we see it's an ID badge reading: Robin Smith, employee of Verminate Corporation.

MATTIE

Who did this to you Robin? And why?

One of the CSI officers in the room yelps.

CSI OFFICER

Uh, guys? You need to see this.

The CSI Officer leads them over to the kitchen island. On it is the mangled body remains of the spider.

MATTIE

What the hell?

JIM

Is that like, part of a spider?

CSI OFFICER

Yeah, but check this out.

He touches the CSI and the flesh quivers.

CSI OFFICER (CONT'D)

All my years, I've never had a crime scene fight me back before.

JIM

What the hell is that?

CSI OFFICER

More importantly, what the hell do we do with it?

MATTIE

Bag it. It could be related.

CSI OFFICER

Do I have to?

Mattie sighs. She grabs the bag and walks over to the island. She rips out the knife and the part plops into the bag. She looks at the bag, then the knife.

MATTIE

So whatever attacked her, she fought back, but it wasn't enough.

JIM

Then I gotta ask, if a knife wouldn't do it, what would?

MATTIE

Good question.

She hands the bag to the grossed out CSI Agent.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

Get this thing on ice until we can
get someone to look at it.

The CSI agent puts the bag in a cooler with a bed of ice. He latches the lid and walks off. As he walks off the cooler bumps a door frame slightly the lid unlatches and starts to open up. Jim catches this from the corner of his eye and warns him.

JIM

Bob! Watch the latch. You still
haven't replaced that thing?

CSI OFFICER

Ahhh! Piece of... thanks for the
heads up.

He latches the cooler shut again and heads off.

EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE

Ana is outside checking the mailbox at her house. She pulls out a wad of envelopes that appear to be bills, marked "past due". She frowns, then is startled by a loud, cranky voice.

MR. O'CONNELL (O.S.)

ANA! Get over here and take a look!

Ana jumps in surprise. She then grimaces and puts on her best fake smile face. She turns to face an elderly man sitting on his front porch next door, MR. O'CONNELL. The boredom of his retirement years has led him to conspiracy theories that he happily shares with anyone he thinks will listen. This is a typical day for Mr. O'Connell and he is doing what he does best: sitting on the porch with his binoculars looking for trouble that never comes.

ANA

Hello Mr. O'Connell! Anything
exciting today?

Seizing the conversation opportunity, Mr. O'Connell pulls his binoculars away and gestures to his new discovery in the sky.

MR. O'CONNELL

Chemtrails Ana! Look! Dozens of
them all over! The CIA is using us
a guinea pigs for chemical warfare!

Ana looks up in the sky, and sees rows of long puffy streaks.

ANA

You mean the condensation trails
from commercial airliners?

MR. O'CONNELL

Commercial death from above, little
girl!

ANA

They're pretty harmless.

MR. O'CONNELL

Oh... is that what big brother is
TWITTING you kids these days?

ANA

Tweeting.

MR. O'CONNELL

Who caused 9/11? Who helped Lee
Harvey Oswald? You even know what
Roswell is?

ANA

Terrorists, no one, an Air Force
Base.

MR. O'CONNELL

Well, sure! If you listen to the
lizard people's answers.

ANA

Really?

MR. O'CONNELL

Yes ma'am! You need to wake up!
That fluoride tap water messes with
your brain, makes you believe that
the moon landing..

ANA

Is real.

MR. O'CONNELL

(exasperated from the
constant rebuttals)

Ah, you can lead a horse from
fluoride, but he still wants to
drink it.

A white Verminate Corporation van drives by to a house down
the street. Two cheerful employees exit to greet a homeowner
in his front yard.

Mr. O'Connell perks up again at this new development and immediately starts watching through his binoculars.

MR. O'CONNELL (CONT'D)

Those vans been workin'
with the planes and lizard people,
Ana! I just know it! Don't worry
tho, been watching them like a
hawk!

The resident owner and the Verminate technicians walk inside his home.

MR. O'CONNELL (CONT'D)

Poor Jim is inviting the devil
himself into his own home. They're
probably drinking tap right now.

Mr. O'Connell continues to spy as Ana quietly turns away and tip toes towards the garage to escape the conversation.

EXT. DANNY'S GARAGE

Ana rounds the corner and nears the door, resuming a normal gait. But she slows down again when she hears voices coming from the inside. She heads to a side window and peers in as stealthy as she can. Inside she sees her Grandfather talking to high school student JOHNNY MORALES.

INT. DANNY'S GARAGE

Danny is leaning over a wooden supply table watching Johnny pace in a frantic gait, while talking spastically with his whole body.

JOHNNY

You can't afford NOT to go after
these guys! Customers are canceling
because they say your treatments
aren't working, but that's bogus!

DANNY

Johnny, it's not that simple.

JOHNNY

I can help you find another
supplier for your sprays!
I got this cousin down in Houston,
he probably knows some guys...

DANNY

Johnny....

JOHNNY

Or we can make fliers, I know how to design them, they'll look real good. Maybe get some good paper stock from my second cousin Raul...

DANNY

Johnny...

JOHNNY

And sayyyyyy, you know what? I bet my other cousin, Javier, he would totally help us with....

Danny slams a large knife down on the wooden desk embedding it deep within.

DANNY

JOHNNY!!!!

Johnny is startled and jumps back. Ana gasps and puts her hand over her mouth.

JOHNNY

I'm sorry! I'm sorry. I know I'm getting carried away, but I we CAN do this!

DANNY

We can't do anything. Not anymore.

JOHNNY

Mr. M?

DANNY

I can't afford to pay you.

JOHNNY

But you have four people lined up for service this weekend.

DANNY

They cancelled this morning.

Johnny is stunned. Danny goes over to a little lock box and opens it. He takes out a small wad of cash and walks over to Johnny.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You're really a good kid, hijo. Hard worker. Loyal. Here.... this will help till you get the next thing lined up.

Danny puts the cash in Johnny's hand and then gives him a stern hug. Johnny is trying his hardest not to get choked up.

JOHNNY

Ever since my dad came back from his tour you've helped us so much, even got him that VA specialist... why can't I help you?

Danny cracks a faint smile.

DANNY

No need to. I got a special appreciation for the men and woman that put their lives on the line for this country.

Johnny looks down at the money and pauses briefly.

JOHNNY

Let me stay on. You don't have to pay me until you get some more customers and...

DANNY

No, hijo. No. Tu madre te necesita. I'll be fine.

JOHNNY

Well... at LEAST let me make you a new logo. That Rambo Roach weirds people out.

Danny walks over and pulls the knife out of the desk and shoots Johnny an intense look.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Okay okay! I get it.

DANNY

Good luck kid. And do me a favor, don't tell Ana yet? She's got enough to worry about as is.

Johnny nods and heads for the door. Danny leans on the work table and stares at the surface. In the corner of his eye he looks over at a newspaper with a large coupon for Verminate Corporation services that displays their smiling mascot. His face contorts with rage and he slams the knife down through the mascot's face into the workbench.

EXT. DANNY'S GARAGE

Ana is so floored by the event she just witnessed that she's still standing by the window, and almost misses Johnny as he heads outside. Snapping out of her haze, she panics at the thought of being discovered eavesdropping.

She awkwardly grabs a hose and starts watering the weeds by the garage. Johnny is startled to find Ana standing there, but Ana reacts as if this is all perfectly normal.

ANA

Oh, hey Johnny! I didn't know you were working today.

JOHNNY

(startled)

Hey Ana... I uh... just wanted to stop by and see Danny for a second. Are you... watering weeds?

ANA

(awkwardly)

Oh... I like to give them a final meal before pulling them. More humane, right?

JOHNNY

Yeah... okay.

ANA

Um... anything new with you?

JOHNNY

No.. Nope... Well, I mean, nothing we need to discuss. But if there was something, of course we'd talk about it... unless I couldn't.

ANA

Of course! No need to talk about stuff we can't talk about! Soooo much other stuff to talk about besides what you and abuelo just talked about!

JOHNNY

Right??? I mean, lets talk about how great you look in that shirt! Not that I'm about your looks! Your so much more.... your looks are nothing really. Don't get me wrong tho, you always look amazing...

Johnny is mortified at the words that has come out of his mouth, Ana registers them with a mixture of embarrassment and adoration.

ANA

Wow... thank you. For what it's worth, I'd never lay you...

Ana stops herself short of giving away her eavesdropping.

JOHNNY

Oh, ah, okay.

ANA

Off your job! I mean, I'd totally lay you, like THAT...

JOHNNY

Ah...

ANA

Not that we would! Or even could, because you're employed here, and I've never gotten a worker off.. I mean laid off...

Ana laughs nervously. Johnny joins in.

JOHNNY

(through the nervous laughter)
You know don't you?

ANA

(through her nervous laughter)
I heard the whole thing!

The two stop.

ANA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Johnny. I didn't mean to listen.

JOHNNY

That's okay. I think it's better you know.

ANA

Yeah. Abuelo is so private... I wish there was a way I could help.

Johnny looks down.

JOHNNY
(pauses for a beat, then
lowers his voice)
Walk with me?

They walk out towards the curb.

INT. EVIDENCE LOCKER

The CSI from the murder scene walks into the evidence locker and puts the cooler with the spider remains on the edge of the table. As he walks out of the locker, the door slams shut jarring the table slightly. The top of the cooler cracks open, failed by the faulty latch once more.

EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE

Johnny and Ana stop by the side of Johnny's car.

ANA
Johnny, I know he'd never do that
unless he absolutely had to.

JOHNNY
I'm not mad or anything. Mostly
feel bad... for you both.

ANA
I think he's been trying to hide
how bad it's gotten.

JOHNNY
Ah.. I wouldn't sweat it. The
Clients love him. They'll come
around.

ANA
What are you gonna do next?

JOHNNY
Not sure. I can't bring myself to
tell mom. Guess I gotta get another
part time job ASAP.

ANA
How's your Dad doing?

JOHNNY
The nights... are rough. Sometimes,
he talks about his leg like it's
still there.

Ana thoughtfully rubs the locket around her neck.

ANA

I know what that's like to miss something that isn't there.

Johnny notices.

JOHNNY

That locket... it has your parents in it, right?

ANA

Si.

Ana opens up the locket and holds it out for Johnny to see.

ANA (CONT'D)

I don't have much else left of them. When they died in the fire, most of their stuff burned too.

It's an old locket and is slightly dinged and bent in some places from years of wear and tear.

JOHNNY

Hey.. you know what? Let me borrow that, okay? My dads got a little metal workshop in back, I think I can clean it up for you. Just a little thank you for all the stuff you've done.

Ana smiles at the gesture.

ANA

Sure, I'd love that. Just be careful, okay?

JOHNNY

(winking)
Guard it with my life.

Johnny takes the locket and looks at it.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Your mother was a beautiful woman.

ANA

She was.

JOHNNY

You have that in common.

Ana looks up at Johnny and the rest of the world melts away. They lean in closer, their lips drawing near. Right as they are about to connect....

MR. O'CONNELL
Hey Johnny boy! You watching out
for those poison clouds?

Record scratch moment. Johnny and Ana pull away.

JOHNNY
(gritting his teeth)
No... uh... but I'll check it out
when I get home!

MR. O'CONNELL
You do that! I'm seeing more of
them every day!

Mr. O'Connell sees another plane fly overhead. He whips his binoculars up to follow it.

MR. O'CONNELL (CONT'D)
I tell you, up to no good! Probably
trying to make it rain flouride!

Ana and Johnny resume their old mannerisms.

JOHNNY
So, where were we?

ANA
Uh, about to...

They hug awkwardly.

JOHNNY
So, okay. Later. Promise I'll be
careful with the locket.

ANA
Thanks.

He skips over the hood of the car to the drivers side. He stops before getting in the car.

JOHNNY
Oh hey, by the way, see if you can
set up Mr. M's voicemail. He can't
get the hang of it.

Ana face palms.

ANA

Uggg... I'll try. But that man
hates technology.

Johnny laughs and then gets in his car. As he pulls away, Ana watches as he disappears, reaching for her locket out of habit. She remembers it's not there anymore then heads back into the house.

INT. POLICE STATION

Mattie and Jim are working away at their desks in a sparsely populated police station. Mattie is on the phone.

MATTIE

Yes, I understand. Thank you.

Mattie puts the receiver down and rubs her face.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

Another dead end. Robin didn't seem to do much besides go to work and go home. She had just moved to the town, as she had just been promoted by Verminate. I don't see anybody with a grudge against her, unless maybe she didn't tip her pizza boy.

JIM

So what now?

MATTIE

Let's go to her office with our pictures of the bug. Maybe they'd be able to tell us something.

JIM

PD betting pool that says it was a poodle that went crazy.

A smile creeps across Mattie's face.

MATTIE

I hope that's all it is. Whatever it was, I don't want to see one of those things face to face... ever.

INT. EVIDENCE LOCKER

Inside the evidence locker, the cooler containing the spider parts is gurgling. We see splashes of melted ice leap out of the top crack. The cooler starts bumping around on the table.

INT. DANNY'S GARAGE

Ana pops the door open slowly, weighing what to say to her grandfather. Danny is leaning up against his truck, deep in thought. Ana walks over and leans on the truck beside him, tries to crack a joke.

ANA
Hey there old man, something
"bugging" you?

Danny cracks a faint smile, but doesn't look away from the floor.

ANA (CONT'D)
It's gonna be okay you know? We've
always figured it out before.
Unidos como familia.

Danny smiles wider and looks at her.

DANNY
It's not that nieta. Things are
changing... so fast. I wish I had
time to catch my breath.

Danny looks over to Ana and sees that her necklace is gone. He immediately becomes alarmed. He grabs her by both shoulders.

DANNY (CONT'D)
ANA! Where is your necklace? What
happened?

ANA
Whoa... whoa... hold on...

DANNY
Did someone take it? Tell me right
now!

ANA
Abeulo, you're scaring me!

Danny calms down a tad and takes a breath.

DANNY
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...

ANA
Johnny took it.... said he wanted
to fix it up as a thank you to us.
What's the big deal?

DANNY
 (relaxing a little more)
 Johnny has it... okay... okay...

Danny sees he's frightened Ana.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 Lo siento, chica. All this business
 stuff must be getting to me, eh?

Danny forces a faint smile.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 I made a promise to your father to
 take care of you. When your wear
 that locket, their spirits are
 always with you. Entiendes?

ANA
 I do. I'll get it back as quick as
 possible.

Danny nods. She gives Danny a quick hug.

ANA (CONT'D)
 You know what? I think I could use
 some gorditas for dinner tonight.
 How bout you?

DANNY
 Suena bien! Gorditas and that show
 of yours, uh...

ANA
 Battlestar? Frack yeah! Let's watch
 the one where they FTL onto the
 planet! The Galactica free falling
 in the stratosphere... something
 that big heating up to almost 1600
 degrees Celsius.. zipping by at
 terminal velocity?? Isn't that SO
 awesome?

DANNY
 Not gonna argue with that brain! Go
 get dinner started and I'll be
 right behind you.

ANA
 Oh, and please let me set up your
 mobile voicemail.

DANNY

Pffft, cell phones. Can't win a customer that way! Better to talk people... face to face!

ANA

Hmmm... your right. OH, by the way the Organization of Grumpy Old Luddites called? I think they want you to run for president!

Danny mock growls and takes his cell phone out, pretending to wind up to throw it at her.

DANNY

Why you little....

Ana giggles and shuts the door quickly.

Danny's expression fades. He goes to the door and locks it. Danny walks back over to the desk and pulls out a small metal box. He unlocks it with a key from around his neck that hangs next to another locket. From the box he pulls out another cell phone, high tech and sleek. Using it like a pro, he activates a retina scan and thumbprint verification. The phone unlocks to the home screen. He dials a number and puts the phone to his ear.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Alpha Bravo Niner Sierra. Project Arañas Zombie is a go. Latest test was successful. Will continue to proceed as discussed.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT

As the sun begins to set, Mr. Miller is wondering the lot continuing to inspect it after everyone has gone home.

MR. MILLER

This really is going to be the best festival the school has ever had.

There is a series of shakes.

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)

The hell was that?

Mr. Miller hears a skitter.

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)

Hello? Is someone there?

Mr. Miller moves forward. He turns, and there's a zombie spider, shoveling cotton candy into its mouth. It turns at him and screams.

Mr. Miller falls back, scrambling to get out of there, while the zombie spider skitters into the concession stand, out of sight.

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no!

He is making it to the parking lot, when he turns a corner and is thrown right into a web.

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)

Agg! No, no, no! What the hell is this!

Struggling against the web, he suddenly freezes. Another spider is in front of him, screeching.

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)

Come on, come on. What is this made of?

He hears another screech. He turns his head as best he can and sees the original zombie spider, still stained with cotton candy.

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)

Two of them?! How the hell are there two of them!

The spiders see each other and screech even louder. They pounce into the web and attack each other. Mr. Miller is right in the center, and the spiders fight right through him, slicing him up. He sinks into the web, dead. The zombie spiders keep fighting until they are also in pieces and the web is destroyed. As we pull away from the scene, more slight vibrations shake nearby objects then stop.

EXT. SCHOOL FAIRGROUNDS

Night has now completely fallen.

An unknown party sweeps all of the parts of the spiders and Mr. Miller into a box and carts it off, destination unknown.

EXT. VERMINATE CORP

The next morning, Mattie and Jim visit the facilities of the Verminate Corp. The building is an incredibly impressive, high security monstrosity right at the edge of the town.

INT. VERMINATE CORP - LOBBY

Mattie and Jim walk up to the front desk in a vast lobby filled with technology hawking Verminate's achievements. The employee at the front desk greets them before they get close.

EMPLOYEE

Hello there! Sheriff Diggs?

MATTIE

That's me.

EMPLOYEE

We spoke on the phone? I'm to provide you on a tour of our facilities and answer all your questions.

MATTIE

Great, shall we?

EMPLOYEE

Of course. Here are your guest badges, clearance level 1 badges, and VIP tour badges.

She hands Mattie and Jim the badges. Mattie looks around the lobby and sees more armed guards than she would expect for a pest control company.

The employee opens the door to start the tour. She gestures to the opening.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Now... shall we?

Mattie cracks a forced smile and they follow her through the door.

INT. VERMINATE CORP - R&D CENTERS

Jim and Mattie are being lead on a tour of the facilities. The group passes by several different rooms of people performing tests on insects: spraying them, dropping robotic shoes on them, watching them swim.

EMPLOYEE

Here we see Verminate employees testing the latest in our gas technology in all known insect conditions. From your basement to your toilet, we're prepared for it all.

JIM

Gross.

EMPLOYEE

Verminate is more than happy to help families face the "gross" stuff, after all it's all about preserving the American dream.

MATTIE

By stomping on insects?

EMPLOYEE

Ha! Not quite.

The employee takes them to a section of the tour where they are presented with a huge flatscreen monitor. The monitor runs a looping video showing an impressive array of economic incentives provided by the Verminate Corporation.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

At Verminate, we believe small towns are the lifeblood of this great nation. Our corporation generates millions of dollars annually for small town economies across the country. It's all made possible thanks to our scores of our franchises and research centers.

JIM

Wow. Impressive.

EMPLOYEE

Thank you. And as you probably know, we are the platinum sponsor for your very own Day of the Dead festival. This research center alone employs over one hundred local townspeople and... Oh, oh my. I didn't think he'd be here this early.

On the other side of the glass where the group are watching scientist conduct experiments, in walks Alexander Ortega with his bodyguards and a research scientist, inspecting the experiments. He flashes a baking soda white smile to the police and waves.

MATTIE

Who is that?

EMPLOYEE

That is Mr. Ortega. Our CEO and fearless leader.

JIM

Can we speak with him?

EMPLOYEE

Mr. Ortega is has an extremely packed schedule. I should be able to answer any questions you might have if you....

MATTIE

Does he know one of his employees has been murdered?

EMPLOYEE

I... don't know. I... I don't actually talk to him.

Mattie sees a employee open the door leading to the room with Mr. Ortega.

MATTIE

It's easy. Here, watch me.

Mattie and Jim make their way over and catch the door before it closes. They walk on in. The employee becomes visibly flustered.

EMPLOYEE

Wha... wait, wait! You can't go in there, that's a restricted area! Please if you just let me...

When they get near him, the two large bodyguards step between.

BODYGAURD #1

Can we help you, ma'am?

Mattie flashes a badge.

MATTIE

Need to talk to your boss, pal.

ALEXANDER

Now, now... stand down boys. My apologies dear. They are overly anxious to do their jobs.

Alexander steps out to face Mattie. She sees the bodyguards are packing firearms inside of their suit coats.

MATTIE

Firearms? Seems like a lot of security for a research center. Worried a cockroach is going to swear vengeance?

Alexander chuckles.

ALEXANDER

You'd be surprised. Some of our research tends to draw a more... radical crowd. There are many undesirables who would use our chemicals to do... unpleasant things.

MATTIE

I see.

ALEXANDER

Now what can I do for you Sheriff...

Alexander looks at her nameplate.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

... Diggs.

MATTIE

Yesterday we found the body of one of your employees at her house, Robin Smith.

Mattie shows Alexander pictures from a folder she has with her. Shock and horror washes over his face. He motions the pictures away.

ALEXANDER

My god Sheriff... what happened to that poor woman? Miss Smith was one of our lead researchers.

MATTIE

That's what we are trying to find out. Did you know her personally?

ALEXANDER

She had just recently transferred here to lead our R&D branch. I had not yet had the pleasure to meet her myself.

MATTIE

Isn't that weird? Not to meet your lead researcher?

ALEXANDER

Verminate Corporation has over 1000 employees worldwide Sheriff, many of them researchers like Miss Smith. In a week or two, I would have made room in my very crowded schedule to become better acquainted with her.

MATTIE

She have any professional duties that would make her unpopular?

ALEXANDER

Hmm... well... she did help our legal team pass some legislation making cheaper, environmentally unsafe pesticides illegal. We only use the best, but our competitors? Some use poison so bad it would be better to keep the bugs.

MATTIE

You think they would kill her over that?

ALEXANDER

I do not know. But at the least, someone may have had the thought. After the bill's passing, we received quite a bit of unflattering correspondence from our less principled competitors.

MATTIE

Hmm.

ALEXANDER

Anything else?

Mattie looks to Jim, who shrugs.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Well, time is short and I must depart for my next meeting. I promise you our complete cooperation. My assistant here can provide you with whatever documents you might need. Hopefully I shall see you at the day of the dead festival under less grim circumstances.

Alexander shakes Mattie's hand and his bodyguards move him out the doors. The employee escorts Mattie and Jim back to the front.

EXT. VERMINATE CORP R&D FACILITY ENTRANCE

Jim and Mattie walk back to their squad car.

JIM

You thinking this is part of some vendetta against Verminate corporation?

Mattie scans the Verminate corporate grounds.

MATTIE

Maybe. Verminate's expansion into hundreds of small towns hasn't exactly thrilled some folks. They don't call them the "WallyMart of pest control" for nothing. Let's talk more to some locals.

EXT. LIL' LOBO'S RESIDENCE

Ana, Johnny, and El Manojito are relaxing in Lil' Lobo's residence.

LIL' LOBO

Man, there is nothing more dope than my mama's fried cheese.

D-NEECE

Yeah, Dawg.

ANA

You kidding me? I saw you take that out of a box from the store!

LIL' LOBO
 Part of the role homegirl.
 Everybody know a gangsta's mama
 keeps them well fed.

Ana facepalms. Johnny chuckles.

SMOKE DAWG
 Yo yo, you guys representin' at the
 festival tonight?

Ana shakes her head defiantly.

ANA
 Frak no! That jerk Ortega is
 running the whole thing. Got Mr.
 Miller wrapped around his pinky.
 He's the reason my grandpa is
 struggling. Verminate is a company
 full of jerks! Just ask Johnny.

Johnny doesn't say anything. He is quietly trying to pack up
 his belongings and leave the room.

ANA (CONT'D)
 Tell them how tacky the leaflets
 were, Johnny!

Johnny still doesn't say anything, starts creeping towards
 the door. Ana faces him.

ANA (CONT'D)
 Johnny?

JOHNNY
 Whoah, hey, look at the time.

Johnny stands up and tries to head for the door.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
 You guys enjoy the festival
 tonight!

Ana blocks him.

ANA
 Why are you acting so weird
 all of a sudden?

D-NEECE
 You're not going to the festival?

JOHNNY
 Uh..

ANA

Are you?

JOHNNY

Well.. Uh... no. I have to work tonight.

ANA

You got a new job? Why didn't you say something? That's AWESOME!

SMOKE DAWG

Damn dawg! You move fast! Just how you like your women... eh?

Johnny punches Smoke Dawg in the arm. The pain causes him to break character.

SMOKE DAWG (CONT'D)

Owww! You brute!

JOHNNY

Uhhh.. I didn't say anything because I wasn't sure you'd approve.

ANA

Why would I.... *gasp*... are you dealing drugs?

JOHNNY

Whaaa? No. No. Drugs, pff. I mean, I don't like taking cough medicine when I'm sick! I'm just working in a warehouse... for Verminate R&D. Drugs??? I'm like this is your brain... this is your brain on drugs...

The words "Verminate office" slowly wash over Ana and then her face contorts with rage. She starts pummeling Johnny with fried cheese.

LIL' LOBO

Hey, man! Don't waste the queso!

He backs up, attempting to shield himself she continues her assault.

ANA

VERMINATE??? How could you??? After all he's done for you? You no... good... fracking... cylon!!!

JOHNNY

Ana! Ana! Just.. Ow!! Hold up! You know I'd pick Danny in a heartbeat, but I've got no choice! My family needs the money!

ANA

So that's it???? You're just a low life mercenario! Ten bucks an hour is all it takes for you to betray someone who treated you like familia???

JOHNNY

No..... Of course not! ...They actually pay 15 an hour.

ANA

AGGGGG!!!!!! I hate you Johnny Morales!

Ana stomps off. Johnny tries to catch his breath.

JOHNNY

Ana! Come on! Wait!

Lil' Lobo walks over and puts a hand on his shoulder.

LIL' LOBO

That was some cold shit amigo.

D-NEECE

Yeah, homes, stone cold....

JOHNNY

You little punks....

Johnny starts throwing fried cheese at them.

INT. DANNY'S GARAGE

Mattie's sheriff car pulls into the driveway as Danny is loading boxes into his pickup truck. He appears to be in a hurry. Through the open garage door, we see several boxes are strewn about, apparently having been rummaged through. Mattie exits her car.

MATTIE

Afternoon Danny.

DANNY

Howdy Sheriff.

Danny continues to load boxes despite Mattie's presence.

MATTIE

You busy?

DANNY

Busy enough.

MATTIE

Got something you might be able to help with if you got a minute.

DANNY

Sure thing Sheriff. One sec...

Mattie notices the pickup seems unusually full. Moving to a new house full.

MATTIE

You always carry this much stuff for a job?

DANNY

Yep. Never know what tool a job calls for. Come on in.

Danny plops the box he's holding into the back of truck and heads back inside the garage. Mattie casually strolls in behind him.

INT. DANNY'S GARAGE

As Danny moves some boxes around Mattie sees an open box with a picture frame on top. The frame has had some dust wiped off recently, and is a picture of a young Danny in full combat gear with three other soldiers.

MATTIE

Danny, you moved here... what... two years ago?

DANNY

Si.

MATTIE

And how many police events have you and Ana attended?

Danny chuckles.

DANNY

Me and my chica, we love BBQ. And
BBQ for the men and women in blue?
All the better.

MATTIE

All that time I had no idea you
were in the service.

Danny puts down his box and walks over to Mattie and the photo. He takes the photo out of her hand and gives it a look.

DANNY

It was a lifetime ago. World's
different now. I don't even think
about it much these days.

He fakes a half smile and sets the photo back down, picture facing the table.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What can I do for you Mattie?

Mattie takes out her folder on the case

MATTIE

You hear about the murder over on
Midway Lane the other day?

DANNY

Can't say that I have.

MATTIE

A researcher from the Verminate
Corporation was mysteriously killed
in her home. You know what, poor
choice of words. Mysteriously
mangled is better.

Mattie thumbs through her folder and shows him images. Danny's face doesn't register anything as he looks at the images. Mattie studies his reactions. He looks back up at Mattie.

DANNY

Pretty nasty scene there Sheriff.
That poor girl.

MATTIE

Poor girl indeed. Being in the biz of pest control I figure you to be pretty familiar with the local wildlife. Any idea what could have done that?

DANNY

No idea. Never seen anything like it. Maybe a coyote or something.

MATTIE

Coyote huh?

DANNY

Something wild.

MATTIE

We found this spider part at the scene. It's in our evidence locker right now, probably stinking to high heaven.

She shows him another picture.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

Seen that before?

Slight pause as Danny studies it quietly.

DANNY

Part of a spider, maybe?

MATTIE

You don't know?

DANNY

I kill spiders, I don't study them.

MATTIE

If I'm being really honest though, something tells me this feels more like "man" than "animal". One with a grudge against this lady or her employer.

Danny's face is still almost expressionless.

DANNY

That would have to be one mighty angry, sick individual.

MATTIE

Did you hear that she helped pass
the legislation banning those
environmentally unsafe chemicals?

DANNY

Of course, that chicka made a brand
of chemicals I've been using for
years illegal.

MATTIE

You ever feel the need to express
your... concerns to Verminate?

Danny shrugs.

DANNY

I can always get more chemicals.

MATTIE

I'm sure you can.

DANNY

Sorry I'm not much help. I'll keep
an eye out for coyotes. Or... loco
spiders.

MATTIE

Yeah... you do that. Me and
Jim will keep digging.

DANNY

Hope you're digging through the
right dirt.

MATTIE

Thanks.

Danny nods. Mattie heads towards the exit.

DANNY

Hey Mattie!

MATTIE

Yeah?

Danny eyes her sternly.

DANNY

Be careful.

Mattie nods and starts to walk to her car.

INT. VERMINATE CORP R&D FACILITY ENTRANCE

A group of new hires at Verminate's R&D facility are being led on a tour by the same employee in a white coat. In the crowd of hires is Johnny. The tour comes to a stop in front of two giant glass, yet heavily secured doors. Behind the glass is a long hallway with another series of doors adorning its length.

EMPLOYEE

Our next stop is the R&D labs on the right. If any warehouse personnel has a lab delivery, you'll be required to leave them here and page a researcher on the intercom. They will meet you in the lobby area, as the R&D labs are strictly forbidden to all other employees. Also, forms AT-10b, AT-5a, and....

Johnny looks through the glass doors, down the hallway of the R&D labs entrance. Two men are pushing a series of crates down one hallway, where they stop in front of large steel doors. Lights on each side of the door start rotating and flashing as the doors open.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

...and finally form AT-69. Watch out, that one's only for the adventuresome types.

The tour leader pauses for the laughter. Crickets. Her face becomes slightly indignant.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Hmph. Please follow me to the next stop, our security substation.

As the group begins to move, Johnny takes one last look down the hallway. One box jitters about and falls to the floor. The other boxes move slightly.

EMPLOYEE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mr. Morales! Please stay with the group.

Johnny snaps back to the guide.

JOHNNY

Oh... sorry.

Johnny looks to the glass, but the door is shut; the men and strange boxes are no longer visible.

EXT. TOWN STREET - NIGHT

Night has almost fallen as Mattie's cruiser makes its way to the station. She sees Ana walking down the street by herself, clearly fuming. She pulls up beside her.

MATTIE

Hey darling! What you doing here
all by yourself?

ANA

Doing the only thing that makes
sense tonight... getting ice cream.

MATTIE

Shouldn't you be going to the
festival tonight with your friends?

ANA

Day of the dead is stupid.

MATTIE

Uh.. okay?

ANA

Festivals are for stupid people,
especially stupid boys.

Mattie smiles as she sees where this is going.

MATTIE

Well... that may be true. Tell you
what, why don't I give you a ride
home? Gotta swing by the station,
but I can drop you off after?

ANA

Ugggg! I know how Six felt when she
shoved Baltar's stupid head into
that mirror.

Mattie smiles sympathetically.

MATTIE

Come on Banner. Get in before you
start turning green.

Ana climbs in the car, and her phone vibrates. She takes it out to see who's calling. The caller id reads "Johnny Morales".

MATTIE (CONT'D)

Anybody important?

ANA

Wrong number. I just want to be
some place quiet.

MATTIE

No place quieter than the police
station.

INT. EVIDENCE LOCKER

The cooler is no longer on the table, but on the floor. The
top is wide open and melted ice is all over the floor around
the landing area. The spider part is nowhere to be found.

INT. DANNY'S CAR

Danny, now his car fully packed, is ready to go. He unlocks
his technically advanced phone again, once again using the
retina scan and thumbprint to get to the home screen.

He stares at the screen for a second, thinking. Then he
sighs.

DANNY

Sorry, Ana. I wanted something
better for you.

He holds up the phone.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Alpha Bravo Niner Sierra. Initiate
phoneix protocols. I repeat,
Initiate Phoenix protocols.

He hangs up the phone and quickly shifts the car into gear,
driving off fast.

INT. SECRET COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

A group of Verminate employees is in a room, typing on a
screen.

VERMINATE EMPLOYEE

We got the signal.

VERMINATE EMPLOYEE 2

Roger. Follow the procedure. Shut
down all communication to the town.

VERMINATE EMPLOYEE

Copy that.

He presses some buttons.

INT. VERMINATE CORP CAFETERIA

Johnny sits at his own table in the sparsely populated cafeteria of the night shift at Verminate. He's barely touched his food and he's got his phone to his ear. We hear Ana's voice faintly through the receiver.

ANA (O.S)

Hi! You've reached Ana Martinez! If you're not a cylon, please leave a message after the jump. *beep*

Johnny sighs and holds up Ana's locket, now newly polished and restored.

JOHNNY

Hey Ana... look... I know you're mad at me, but I fixed your locket. I'll put it in your mailbox after my shift if you want, but please call me?

He hangs up. Thinking, he dials another number.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(Muttering)

I'm gonna regret this one.

His thumb presses the call button.

SMOKE DAWG

Mi hermano Morales in the house!
What up ese?

JOHNNY

Hi, "Smoke Dawg." Are you guys going to the festival?

INT. LIL' LOBO'S RESIDENCE

Smoke Dawg is relaxing on the couch, watching D-Neece and Lil' Lobo play video games.

SMOKE DAWG

Soon, amigo, right now we be crunking hard on the diddy kong racing, N64 emulator Old skool style. Icicle Pyramid level for life. You feel me, homes?

In the background on Smoke Dawg's end of the line, we see D-Neece claim victory over Lil' Lobo.

D-NEECE
First place, puta!

Breaking character, D-Neece starts doing an incredibly awkward j-pop victory dance. Lil' Lobo throws down his controller in anger.

LIL' LOBO
(IN ENGLISH ACCENT)
Bloody wanker!

LIL' LOBO'S MOM (O.S.)
JUNIOR! Watch your mouth!

LIL' LOBO
(IN AMERICAN ACCENT)
Sorry mom!

D-Neece gives him a schoolgirl peace sign and then giggles with both hands to her lips. Listening to all this over the phone, Johnny gets frustrated.

JOHNNY
Well, if you do, will you talk to
Ana and apologize for me? Hello,
hello?

His phone beeps and realizes he's dropped the call. Zero bars. He tries to call again, but the signal is too weak.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Weird. What happened to the signal?

Smoke Dawg realizes that Johnny has abruptly hung up.

SMOKE DAWG
Loco vato!

Smoke Dawg heads back for his turn at Mario Kart. He breaks character and squeals in a girly fashion.

SMOKE DAWG (CONT'D)
My turn!

Both arms raised straight in the air, spirit fingers twirling, he runs over and effeminately jumps on to the couch.

Johnny thinks.

JOHNNY
Maybe I'll get a better signal
outside.

INT. VERMINATE CORP R&D FACILITY ENTRANCE

Johnny looks at the time on his phone.

JOHNNY
Only five minutes left for my
break. Gotta hurry.

As Johnny rushes to the outside, the outer glass doors swing open and a lab technician trying very hard to pull a cart with boxes indoors collides into Johnny. One of the boxes goes flying and spills open, revealing Mr. Miller's hand.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Oh man... mister I am soooo
sorry... here let me give you a....

As Johnny tries to help pick up the boxes he picks up the severed hand without thinking, and stares at it in disbelief.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
....hand?

Freaking out, he jumps back and throws the hand at the lab technician. The technician spazzes out as he catches the hand, falling over backwards on the boxes. A box with a angry zombie spider is exposed in the process and thrashes itself at the boxes glass door, itching to maim and destroy anything that moves. Johnny's panic meter goes through the roof and he takes off down the hallways screaming.

The lab technician scrambles for his phone and dials a number.

INT. VERMINATE CORP SECURITY GUARDS

Two security guards are watching the screens. One guard has the name tag "Keller" pinned to his uniform crookedly.

KELLER
Man, all these monitors, and not
one has porn.

The phone rings and the guard answers.

LAB TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
We've got a breach! Category 5!

The guard's eyes go wide.

KELLER

Oh Shit.

He hits a red button on the desk that says "Security Lockdown" and klaxons and lights come alive.

INT. VERMINATE CORP R&D FACILITY HALLWAY

Johnny is nervously sprinting down the hallway when lights and alarms go off across the facility. He nearly jumps out of his skin.

JOHNNY

Gahhh!!!

He tries to open the doors to the outside, but they're locked.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Frak, frak, frak, frak!

He darts off to the warehouse, looking for a place to hide.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Back at the station, the doors swing open and Ana and Mattie walk in. Ana is still pouting and fidgeting with her phone. She's trying to text Danny, but nothing will go through. The station is on a skeleton crew, just Jim and a lone dispatch operator remains.

MATTIE

Hey Jim, any news?

JIM

Nope, just enjoying a little calm before the intoxicated storm.

Mattie chuckles at the joke.

MATTIE

The rest of the guys out on patrol?

JIM

Yep, shouldn't be too long before they start filling up the cells.

MATTIE

I hope not. Be nice to have the festival go off without driving up the price of Patron for once.

JIM

You always were a dreamer. Here.

He hands her some paperwork.

JIM (CONT'D)

Got some forms to fill out for you.

MATTIE

Ah, great. You mind running Ana home, then?

JIM

Sure thing.

Jim turns to Ana.

JIM (CONT'D)

Hey, kid. Where's your festival spirit?

ANA

Up your festive butt!

Jim is taken aback by the outburst, stunned. Ana's eyes go wide considering the extremity of her response.

ANA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry sir, that was an impolite, illogical response! What's wrong with me???

She trudges over to a chair and buries her face in her hands. Jim looks at Mattie with a "What the hell" expression. Mattie mouths the word "Boys." Understanding washes over Jim.

JIM

I'll grab the keys and pull the cruiser around front. Think I left them at my desk, but if not I'll check the ol' buttocks. Store a lot of things there apparently.

Mattie lets out a small giggle. As Jim goes over and grabs the keys, they hear some pings in the air conditional ducts.

JIM (CONT'D)

You hear that?

INT. VERMINATE CORP R&D FACILITY WAREHOUSE

Johnny bursts through doors of one of the lesser used facility warehouses. He takes out his phone and tries to make a call but nothing happens.

He mutters under his breath as he sees the phone doesn't have any reception. A noise in the distances startles him. He drops his body in awkward fashion trying to be stealthy, only to succeed in taking the shape of a deranged flamingo. In the distance he sees two guards enter the dimly lit warehouse with flashlights.

GUARD ONE

Spread out, he's in here
somewhere...

Johnny panics and ducks between two plastic drums.

He looks behind him to check his rear. With no one advancing from the back of the aisle, he starts moving forward. Hearing something skittering behind him, he turns, afraid it's a spider. He comes face to face with an armed guard. The guard promptly cracks him in the face with the butt of his rifle. Johnny's world goes black.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

MATTIE

What the...?

ANA

Is something in the vents?

The dispatcher gets up, puts a chair by the vent, and stands up to listen. There is a growing tension of that "something bad is about to happen" moment as her face nears the vent.

DISPATCHER

I don't hear anything. Probably
just a rat.

The tension dies down. The dispatcher walks back over towards Ana, Jim, and Mattie.

DISPATCHER (CONT'D)

You know we should consider...

SMASH! A black shape crashes through the air duct above and down onto the dispatcher, blood flying everywhere. Ana screams and huddles backwards. Jim and Mattie unholster their sidearms and swiftly navigate the rows of desks.

They turn and on the floor see a large, black, monstrous spider on top of the dispatcher. Its body is completely hairless; rigid segments of flesh are covered in pockets of decay. The open, dying flesh quivers with mushy, puss filled material beneath. Four large eyes in the middle of the head are filled with a murky dark mist. The fangs protrude like blackened tusks, fresh with blood.

Using the sharp points of its legs like spears, the spider rips huge chunks of flesh off the dispatcher. One leg severs the dispatcher's arm clean from her body with a flurry of stabs.

Sensing Jim and Mattie, the spider reorients slightly to face them and freezes unnaturally. It slowly lifts the front of its body, as if attempting to stand upright, and high enough for Jim and Mattie to see the grouping of claws that are an organic meat grinder on the spider's underside. It then squats back on its back legs.

MATTIE

What the hell is that???

The spider hurls towards the duo and they open fire. The majority of slugs rip into the spider's body but don't even slow it down. Mattie dives out of the way just in time, but Jim isn't so lucky.

The spider barrels into him and they both go sprawling back onto one of the desks. The claws on the underside move at blinding speed and burrow deep into Jim's torso, liquefying it instantly. Blood and pureed skin chunks fly everywhere, even landing on Ana and Mattie. The spider jams two front legs into Jim's eye sockets and pulls, tearing his head clean off. The head flies past Ana and smashes against the wall behind her. The spider jumps onto the floor and bolts towards Mattie.

Mattie unloads the remainder of her magazine, this time the bullets blow off the spider's legs and it tumbles out of control, clawing at Mattie as it rolls by. With no means of propping itself up properly, and large chunks of the body missing, the spider is immobile and left struggling on the floor. Ana runs over to Mattie's side.

ANA

Mattie!!! Are you okay?

MATTIE

I will be when I know what hell that was.

The spider gurgles liquid and ceases all movement.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

Ouch!

ANA

You're hurt!

Mattie has deep gouges on her legs and arm.

MATTIE

Just help me up.

As Ana attempts to help Mattie up, a wet scrunching noise emits from the spider. As the two women look over, they see the spider's body spasm. The huge holes in the body are filling with a puss like goo and slowly turning black. Where the severed limbs were, goo shoots out and a new limb wiggles out the goo in a horrific fashion. Within a matter of seconds, the spider has almost regenerated to a fully functioning state. In the last stages of molting it turns at the two and hisses, starting to crawl towards them and picks up speed as it goes. Ana screams in terror and Mattie puts Ana behind her.

The spider advances. They try and back away, but Mattie's wounds make it difficult. The spider starts moving faster and faster, closing the gap. Mattie starts pushing Ana behind her.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

Get behind me!

Suddenly a man crashes through the station window and into a defensive crouch. He clutches a military grade combat shotgun in his hand. Glass shatters everywhere and the spider lurches back to assess the new threat. The commando figure executes a perfect roll, and then immediately goes into a brisk walk towards the spider firing the shotgun. Ana and Mattie are stunned to see the figure is Danny in full combat gear and camo paint, looking every bit an intense delta squad veteran.

The shotgun slugs shred the spider in large chunks. Danny finishes it off with violent yell, bringing his heavy combat book down on it's mass. The spider snaps in half and parts of it go flying everywhere. Danny spits on the carcass and growls.

DANNY

Pudrirse en el infierno, demonio!

Still shell shocked, but needing to process this confusing turn of events, both Ana and Mattie call out to Danny.

ANA

Grandpa?!

MATTIE

Danny!?

DANNY

We need to move. Now!

Danny motions them towards the door. Too stunned to argue, the three haul out of the station.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Outside, Danny points to the pest platoon truck.

DANNY

Vamosos!

They jump into the truck and speed off.

INT. PEST PLATOON TRUCK - NIGHT

Ana and Mattie start to pepper Danny with questions.

MATTIE

Danny, what the hell was that thing?!?

ANA

And why are you dressed like a GI Joe action figure?

Danny tries to maintain his concentration as he drives through the town streets at an extreme speed.

DANNY

We're getting you both out of town immediately. I'll explain at the safe house.

MATTIE

Safe house? You barely can afford a truck, how do you own a safe house!?

ANA

Grandpa, what the frak just happened?! I don't...

DANNY

Both of you shut up and let me....

EXT. CITY STREETS

A white van screeches to a halt in the street in front of Danny.

Danny slams on the brakes, and then quickly puts the car in reverse and drives backwards. Another van rolls out in from behind and cuts him off again. Danny reaches for his shotgun, but before he can do anything several armed men have surrounded the car, assault weapons aimed directly at them. He slowly lifts up his hands.

The men drag Danny, Ana, and Mattie out of the car and force them onto their knees, hands behind their head. A luxury town car pulls up, the headlights blinding Danny and the two women. The back door opens and Alexander Ortega steps out. He walks to the three captives and leans down towards Danny, only inches from him. He studies his face with morbid curiosity.

ALEXANDER

As I live and breathe, a face I
never thought I would see again.
It's been a very, very long time...
.. "amigo".

The three captives are taken aback by Alexander's greeting. Danny glares at him.

DANNY

Who the hell are you?

Alexander stands back up, feigning hurt feelings.

ALEXANDER

Don't recognize me? I'll pass on
the compliments to my plastic
surgeons.

Alexander pauses and gives a mischievous smirk.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

You may no longer recognize the
artist, but I'm sure you remember
my art. I believe you were at great
admirer of Arañas Zombie, no?

Recognition flickers over Danny's face and he growls back.

DANNY

You should have stayed in South
America, Puta.

Mattie shakes her head, still trying to make sense of the nights events.

MATTIE

Danny, you know Mr. Ortega!?

Alexander smirks.

ALEXANDER

"Danny" eh? Ahhh... don't worry. I'll play along. Though you understand if my acting is a bit "stiff."

Alexander taps his bad leg.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Still hurts when it's cold.

Ana is still dumbfounded by all this.

ANA

You... you crippled the CEO of Verminate Corporation??? Business wasn't THAT bad....

Alexander turns to Ana and walks over.

ALEXANDER

And you...

He runs the tip of his cane along her cheek.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

You have his eyes. I suspected it the moment I saw you at school. And this...

Alexander takes out the necklace, open and exposing the two photos, then dangles it front of Ana. She stares at it, dumbfounded that he has it.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

... confirmed it.

Danny's eye flare wide as he sees the necklace.

DANNY

NO!

He starts to leap at Alexander. A guard intervenes and strikes him in the gut with his rifle. Danny crumples on the ground. Alexander turns back to Ana.

MATTIE

STOP! Take us if you want, but let his granddaughter go.

Alexander looks at Ana with a puzzled expression, then looks at Danny.

ALEXANDER

Granddaughter?

He looks back to Ana.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Granddaughter?!?!

Alexander starts to laugh hysterically.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Is that the lie that has you defending this evil old man? This man isn't your grandfather! This... man....

Alexander wiggles the tip of his cane in Danny's direction.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

... is responsible for the death of your parents.

Ana looks Danny in disbelief, waiting for him to say it isn't true. Danny just looks down at the ground, then at Alexander. Danny's teeth clench.

DANNY

I'm going to kill you this time, I swear it. La muerte por mi mano.

Alexander cackles with delight. He puts the necklace back in his suit pocket.

ALEXANDER

This is perfection. Gather them and take head back to the lab. I know just how to prove everything this man fights for is worthless.

The soldiers lift up the three captives and load them into the back of the van.

INT. VERMINATE CORP CARGO VAN

Ana, Danny, and Mattie sit shackled to the inside wall of the van. Danny tries and fails to get out of the shackles.

He ceases his struggle, exhausted. He turns to Ana who hasn't said anything since being put in the van. She blankly stares at the floor. Danny tries to scoot over to her.

DANNY

Ana, you have to understand why I did this...

Ana scoots away then turns and yells.

ANA

I don't care! How could I? I don't even know who you are!!!

DANNY

Hija, por favor! I've loved you like my own!

ANA

You're a liar! For all I know, you've been planning to kill me too!

Ana turns away from Danny and sobs. The words cut through Danny like a knife. He gives up, right now there's nothing he can say. Mattie stops struggling with her restraints and turns to Danny.

MATTIE

Look, Danny... or whatever your name is... Ana doesn't want to talk, but I am all ears. What the hell is going on in my town?

Danny nods his head.

DANNY

I will tell you everything. Both of you.

Ana still doesn't say a word. Danny starts his tale.

INT. PEST PLATOON HQ - FLASHBACK

The pest platoon HQ is a underground bunker filled with the best technology the early 90's had to offer. A soldier talks on a large, early model cell phone. He finishes his call and hands it off to an officer. Turning, we see a young Danny Martinez.

DANNY (V.O.)

Twenty years ago I was leading delta force operations in the US
(MORE)

DANNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

army. My team investigated arms trafficking with the South American cartels. We heard rumors about a cartel working on projects beyond your usual narco ambitions. A cartel so powerful they had ties to governments all over the world.

The group is analyzing an intelligence report and talking about it.

DANNY (V.O.)

We established a joint task force with the CIA to investigate the lead. One of the CIA's top research scientists went undercover. The intel that came in was... disturbing. Cartel prisoners being mutilated. Genetic engineering involving animals. Stranger yet, the projects came from the vaults of old Nazi experiments. There was one project they kept under lockdown more than any other, project Aranas Zombie. The brass wanted more, so I pushed our mole within the cartel to go deeper.

INT. VERMINATE CORP CARGO VAN - PRESENT DAY

Danny looks at Ana.

DANNY

My decision cost him his life. And that man was your Father, Sonny Martinez.

At the sound of her father's name, Ana's head turns slightly. She has stopped sobbing, but doesn't face Danny.

INT. PEST PLATOON HQ - FLASHBACK

Danny is given a communication report by one of the officers. He reads it and becomes distinctly concerned.

DANNY (V.O.)

One day Martinez contacts us, tells us he stumbled on really bad stuff that's threatening to blow his cover and he needed immediate extraction.

(MORE)

DANNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So I assembled my squad of our top three commandos: El Caimán, Rapido, and Ojo Muerto.

Three distinct commandos flank Danny, with a dozen more generic ones behind them. In over the top 90's movie trailer fashion, the camera heroically frames the four men and the soldiers behind them. An intense graphic type flies out that boldly proclaiming "The Pest Platoon". Then each squad member is focused on one by one, with more flashy type announcing each man's skill sets. They resemble the stats on the back of old GI Joe action figures.

El Caimán: Heavy weapons expert. Prefers fusion powered, laser firing mini-guns. Proficient at juggling, dynamite, and cooking catfish.

Rapido: Master of 12 forms martial arts. Perfected the deadly Pinata Kick. Catches bullets with his teeth.

Ojo Muerto: Long range kill specialist. Uses dual, custom-made, 44 magnum sniper pistol. Interior decorator to the stars.

INT. VERMINATE CORP CARGO VAN - PRESENT DAY

Mattie interrupts the flashback again.

MATTIE

El Caimán? Rapido? Ojo Muerto? This is some cuckoo Rambo bullshit, Martinez. Please tell me they didn't have 'special skills'?

Danny scoffs in nervous denial.

DANNY

What!? You think this is some kind of cheesy, creature feature action movie?

(*beat*)

But it would look cool if the titles were bold and metallic with...

Danny sees Mattie eyeballing him with an arched eyebrow.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I mean, of course they didn't! Stop interrupting me!

EXT. CARTEL LAB - FLASHBACK

We see the platoon sneaking up to the installation when suddenly scores of lights and alarm klaxons come alive. The enemy pounces on the platoon.

DANNY (V.O.)

We were supposed to slip in undetected, but it was a set up. Someone in Washington sold us out.

The combat is outrageous. Thrown grenades explode by the dozen and scores of men go flying from the blasts. Some soldiers have mini-chainsaws on the front of their guns, others are using machine-gun style crossbows. Ninjas rappel down walled surfaces and do multiple flips. The squad fights them all with ease.

INT. CARTEL LAB - INNER SANCTUM

After the fight, the crew bursts into the room where Martinez is being held.

DANNY (V.O.)

We searched for Martinez and found him being tortured.

They see him tied to a chair in bad shape, large cuts and bruises everywhere. The scientist torturing shares many facial features with Alexander Ortega. The scientist panics and waves to yet another group of guards.

SCIENTIST

Kill them! Kill them all now.

The guards advance on the Pest Platoon, but the Platoon kicks into high gear and cuts them all down. Realizing he's on the losing end, the scientist fires off a lone bullet that perforates Martinez's torso and he collapses to the floor. The cartel scientist then flees the room.

The commandos quickly subdue the remaining guards and Danny rushes over to Martinez, applying pressure to the wound, but Martinez is already bleeding out.

DANNY

GET ME THE DAMN MEDIC NOW!

SONNY MARTINEZ

That man... he's called Spinne. Using bio-weapons.

DANNY
Don't talk, don't talk!

Sonny grabs Danny's hand.

SONNY MARTINEZ
...cartels are pawns, expanding...
want to be... to use spiders to...

He hands Danny a locket from around his neck.

SONNY MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
Don't let them...

He motions to Danny, who leans closer to listen. Their dialogue is inaudible.

DANNY (V.O.)
He handed me the locket, asked me
to keep you safe.

As he talks into Danny's ear, he squeezes the locket tight. The hand goes limp as he gives his last breath.

DANNY (V.O.)
In a rage, I went after Spinne.

INT. SECRET ROOM

Danny bursts into the room. Alexander fires at Danny and misses. Danny returns fire hitting Alexander square in the leg. Alexander screams.

A wounded Alexander props himself up and watches what's left of his men slowly get picked apart. His face contorts with rage. Danny zeroes in on him.

DANNY
It's OVER Spinne!

ALEXANDER
No, mi amigo. It is just beginning.

As the last word escapes his lips with spittle flying, Spinne hits a button on a shiny metal device. A cage opens with a zombie spider shooting out. It jumps after members of Danny's squad, ripping them apart.

Alexander limps towards the back of the room, laughing manically. Danny starts blasting away at the creature, trying to pull his crew out of the room to safety.

INT. OUTSIDE SECRET ROOM

Once they clear the room, they seal the door behind them as giant spider sized dents start pounding into the door.

DANNY (V.O.)

That thing killed everything in its the way. Our men. Their men. We hit the place with bunker busters and hellfire rockets. All that was left was ashes.

INT. VERMINATE CORP CARGO VAN - PRESENT DAY

Danny hangs his head.

DANNY

But that wasn't the worst. Our team went to your house to let your mother know your father had died in the line of duty. When we got to your house there was blood everywhere. We tore the place apart and found you hidden in a panic room. But not a single trace of your mother.

Danny lets out a heavy sigh.

DANNY (CONT'D)

So yes chica, it's my fault. Your old man gave his life for his country. Your mother gave her life for you. All because of the mission.

Ana is looking down at her feet.

DANNY (CONT'D)

The cartel has a long memory. So I took you and vanished. I went dark. Tried to give you a normal life.

Danny looks at Ana longingly. She doesn't budge. He turns his attention to Mattie.

DANNY (CONT'D)

On the Tor Darknet I started seeing stories of the Aranas Zombie project being revived. One company in particular felt just like a cockroach skittering in the shadows.

MATTIE

Verminate.

Danny nods.

DANNY

So the last few years I started to
investigate them on the down low.
But what I found...

The moving van comes to a halt and the doors open. The three
are yanked out and dragged into the R&D building.

GUARD TWO

Boss wants them taken through the
back entrance. No eyeballs.

The guards force them through a back passageway.

INT. R&D BUILDING

They are dragged deeper and deeper into the building until
they get to the massive steel doors in the R&D wing.

ALEXANDER

The wonders you three are about to
see. Onward through the looking
glass!

Alexander grins like a maniac puts his hand on the security
pad. The massive doors grind open.

INT. SECRET LAB

Inside is a long catwalk surrounded by darkness that leads to
a lab in the center of the room. The lab is filled with all
sorts of chemicals, machines, and a giant wall of monitors.
As they get to the lab, they see Johnny is on his knees,
hands behind his back . Ana's eyes light up.

ALEXANDER

Behold! I want you to...

Ana lurches towards Johnny, startling Alexander.

ANA

Johnny!

She rushes to him. Up close we see he's taken quite a
beating.

JOHNNY

(WEAKLY)

Ana, they're monsters... you've got
to get out of here...

Alexander steps in front of Ana and shoves her backwards.

ALEXANDER

We don't have time for you brats or
your puppy romance!

They clam up, frightened by the outburst. The guards force
everyone on their knees, hands tied. Alexander turns to
Danny.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

American children. No manners.
Now Danny, I've got some new
friends who have just been dying to
meet you.

Alexander hits a button on one of the computer terminals and
row by row lights start to flicker on in the vastness around
them. Long red tapestries with drape the walls. In the center
of each tapestry enclosed in a white circle is a symbol that
looks like a cross between a spider and the Nazi swastika.
In the area outside the platform, glass case after glass case
of zombie spiders are stacked in neat rows. Hundreds of the
spiders crawl frantically in their boxes, excited by the
change in lighting. The group recoils in horror while
Alexander beams like a proud parent. He turns and walks over
to Ana.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

You're a girl who digs you some
science, yes? Pay attention, class
is in session.

Alexander clears his throat and stands stoically.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

You remember our ads, Verminate is
a "Family First" business. The
public loves that sentimental
claptrap don't they? My father
though, his first priority was
finding the bottom of a tequila
bottle. My mother and I lived in
fear of the depths of that bottle.
Often after his frequent beatings
he would pass out on the couch.
Then she would tell me stories of
my true heritage.

(MORE)

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

The stories of my grandmothers exploits in Die Spinne, the Spider Network of the Nazi regime. Hundreds of the Nazis connected in safe places around the world, including my homeland in Argentina.

Alexander walks over to one of the cases and lovingly places his hand on the glass. The zombie spider lashes out at his hand, but Alexander's loving gaze persists. His eyes become glassy and his voice low.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

One evening, my father reached the bottom of a deeper bottle. And he took my mother from me. Took her and replaced her with a broken, bloody heap that lie weeping on the floor. That very night, I introduced my father to the *Latrodectus curacavinesis*. Ana, you want to tell everyone the more common name of that species?

ANA

The black widow.

Alexander nods somberly.

ALEXANDER

One black widow bite can be fatal. But my entire collection of them? Well, the doctors were truly perplexed how so many wound up in the couch where he passed out.

Alexander turns towards Danny.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

After his death, my mother and I devoted ourselves to the resurrection of the glorious Reich. Much like our German predecessors, we would use science to advance our cause.

MATTIE

You think your a Nazi?? But you're latino you numbskull!

ALEXANDER

On my mothers side, very much so. And Hitler was a bigoted fool.

(MORE)

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

But he understood how to rule through fear and oppression... that was his genius.

Alexander walks to a cabinet and takes out a small metal sphere. He pushes a button on top of the sphere and a red ring around the ball starts flashing red. He quickly lifts the lid, tosses the ball in, and slams the lid shut. He comically puts his fingers in his ears, anticipating a loud explosion, and a deep "whomp" sound fills the room as the ball explodes in the case and smoke floats up through the holes in the top of the box. When the smoke clears, the spider has been blown into chunks, legs and parts everywhere. The head is still attached to one of the larger chunks, which starts vibrating and twitching.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I stumbled across an old formula by a German scientist trying to resurrect dead flesh. He couldn't get it to work on humans. So I decided to continue his work, but start with something... smaller.

Alexander points to the glass box, where the spider is regenerating, angry now, it is thrashing its regenerating chunks against the glass.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

My boys are genetically designed to adapt against death itself. Necrosis pumps through their veins. The silly, superstitious cartels even gave the project a name: Arañas Zombie.

Alexander runs his finger along the glass of the box.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Just imagine, an entire army of these creatures! No force in the world that could stop them.

The spider is now fully formed and hind legs are up in the striking pose, underbelly teeth gnashing. Alexander beams proudly.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

But I had a tiny problem.

DANNY

You're batshit crazy?

Without skipping a beat, Alexander smacks him across the face leaving a gash. Ana starts to wiggle towards Danny, but stops when Alexander turns to her.

ALEXANDER

Our genetic tweaks made these lads
a bit unsocial, even more so than
your normal arachnid.

Alexander motions to one of the other researchers in the lab. Two of the spiders are dumped in a box together. They immediately start tearing each other into pieces. As they fight, they rip off flesh and the flesh regenerates in a never ending cycle of death and rebirth.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I needed a way to communicate with
my misunderstood children, but alas
I lacked the vocabulary. Lucky for
me, Ana's father intervened. He
turned out to be our most gifted
researcher on spider communication.

Alexander walks over to Ana.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Tell me niñita, do you know how
spiders communicate with one
another?

Ana stares at him terrified, but defiant. She says nothing.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Hm. Maybe you need a hint.

Alexander winds up his cane and slams it onto Johnny's leg. Johnny yells in pain. Ana gulps and stammers out an answer.

ANA

Vi... Vibrations! Spiders are very
sensitive to them.

ALEXANDER

Correct! Know the proper vibration
sequence, and you can speak simple
words like "stop."

Alexander taps the top of his cane a few times. A few pulse vibrations gently rattle the area. The spiders in the box stop, becoming dead calm.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

And kill.

Another set of taps on the control surface of the cane and more pulses go out. The spiders resume their ballet of death, but with even more frequency than before.

MATTIE

You're seriously disturbed Ortega.

ALEXANDER

Delightfully so.

Alexander turns back to Ana.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Ana, your father, he did the impossible. Created an entire language codex for me. But... he broke my heart. Said he wouldn't share it with me. I was in the middle of convincing him to change his mind when your "grandfather" interrupted. So I ended our conversation with a bullet.

Ana's eyes start to well up with tears of anger.

Alexander quickly walks over to Danny.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I'm going to make this easy on you amigo. Martinez had to have shared his information with you. Tell me where it is, and I won't have the same conversation with Ana I did with her father.

DANNY

Fuck off.

Alexander smirks.

ALEXANDER

I was hoping you'd be stubborn.

He turns to one of the guards.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Do it.

The guard walks over to Ana and puts the assault rifle to her knee, while another holds her still. The guard flicks the safety off and starts to squeeze the trigger.

DANNY
NO! STOP! Stop... I'll tell you...
I'll tell you.

Alexander and the guard turn their attention back to Danny.

DANNY (CONT'D)
It's inside... her locket.

Alexander pulls the locket out of his pocket. He smashes it against a table and what looks like the worlds tiniest CD-ROM disk falls out. He tosses the bent locket at Ana where it falls at her knees. He peels the CD-ROM out of it's protective packaging and hands it to his assistant who puts it in a tiny optical drive. We see a progress bar start to go across the screen and then stops at 50%. The screen says "Insert disk #2". Alexander snarls.

ALEXANDER
The rest of it Martinez! NOW!

Alexander motions to the guard and he rests the barrel of the gun on Ana's leg once more. Danny looks at Alexander with venomous contempt.

DANNY
It's... it's... in my locket.

Danny shrinks down, defeated. Alexander walks over to the necklace that disappears beneath Danny's shirt and yanks it out.

ALEXANDER
Oh my. So touching! Look at this
Ana! Our geriatric commando here
really does care for you!

He takes out the second tiny CD-ROM disc underneath the pictures and then tosses the locket at Ana's feet next to the other one. Her eyes well up at the sight, a photo of her when she was younger riding on Danny's shoulders. She looks longingly up at Danny. Alexander tosses the second disc over to the tech at the computer.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
Upload it to my control surface!

The tech pops in the disc and starts the upload. The screen flashes with an "upload complete" and the control surface on the top of Alexander's cane glows green. A devilish grin spreads across his face.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
(WHISPERING TO HIMSELF)
Granizo la araña.

Alexander presses a button on the stick. A much more intense and rapid series of vibrating pulses shoot out from the stick causing a undeniable quake. The spiders thrash against the walls of their prisons with unnatural intensity. In a symphony of shattering glass, all the zombie spiders smash through their prisons and stream down the walkway towards Alexander. Everyone but Alexander scoots back from the approaching horde in terror. The swarm moves in sync, the entire mass swirling with one coordinated sense of purpose. Alexander spreads his arms open as to welcome them.

The spiders swirl around him before lifting him up on top of the horde. He looks around adoringly at the mass of zombie spiders swarming around him.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
Good little soldiers! These boys
deserve a treat, don't you think?

Alexander looks over at one the research assistants in the lab solemnly.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
My friend, you've served me loyally
and deserve to witness the glory of
the new reich! How ironic it is
that I've been ordered not to leave
witnesses.

The research assistant's eyes go wide. Alexander shrugs and taps the control surface. A small group of spiders peel off from the mass and leap at the researcher. He is ripped to pieces, with blood and guts spraying all over the room. More spiders advance and tear into the Verminate corp mercs in similar fashion. Alexander turns his attention to his captives. Danny pushes Ana further behind him. Ana scoops up the two lockets and clenches them tightly.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
After my boys finish snacking, I've
told them you should make a
excellent main dish. I've warned
them to eat slowly now, no sense in
getting indigestion. If you'll
excuse me, I believe an evening
stroll is in order. Maybe even join
our little community at the
festival.

Johnny rages at Alexander.

JOHNNY

NO! My family is down there! You promised you wouldn't hurt them!

Mattie holds Johnny back from getting to his feet and throwing himself at Alexander.

ALEXANDER

Did I also mention I'm a chronic liar? I was making my therapist rich... until I killed him.

DANNY

This isn't over cabrón. I promise.

Mattie steps by Danny and joins in.

MATTIE

We're gonna stop you.

ALEXANDER

Very moving. Really. Adios... amigo.

Alexander taps his control surface and the spider horde swarms off with Alexander riding on top.

The spiders left behind have finished shredding the employees into mushy, bloody goo and turn to the group.

DANNY

Everyone behind me!

JOHNNY

I don't wanna die.

ANA

I'm sorry for what I said earlier, abeulo! I love you!

Danny and Ana hug.

JOHNNY

I love you Ana!

Ana looks startled at Johnny. Danny looks at Johnny and growls. The spiders slowly skitter towards the group. Everyone continues to scoot back, but they are out of options.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere, a huge explosion rocks the top of the room. Debris rains down between the group and the spiders. The spiders survival instincts kick in and they scurry away to safety.

Three older men around Danny's age quickly rappel down on ropes and land. Danny's Pest Platoon strike dramatic combat poses! From out of nowhere lasers burn into floating chunks brushed steel, carving out the names of each man as they float by them. We see Danny has drifted off, the imaginary titles existing only in his head.

DANNY
(MUTTERING)
I knew it would look awesome!

Mattie looks stunned at the trio of commandos.

MATTIE
Are you shitting me? Is that
the.... the...

Danny snaps back to reality.

DANNY
The Pest Platoon rides again!

The spiders hurl themselves after the recent arrivals in a frenzy. The Pest Platoon wastes no time and immediately retaliates. El Caimán unleashes the fury of his laser mini-gun into the mass of spiders driving them back. Rapido moves with the grace of a ninja, slicing through the spiders with his katana. Some of the spiders he flips up and explodes into sticky chunks with a powerful roundhouse kick. Ojo Muerto is expertly picking off spiders bullet by bullet with his handguns at a blazing speed. Despite the deadly efficiency of the group, they can't keep the spiders down. The decimated spiders twitch and spasm, willing themselves back to life.

OJO MUERTO
MOVE! We'll keep them at bay!

On his way out Danny grins at Ojo.

DANNY
Losing your touch amigo! What took
you so long?

OJO MUERTO
Bingo night!

EXT. CITY STREETS

The popular kids are chilling out in their car, smoking joints. Smoke rolls out of the windows.

POPULAR KID
I'm bored. Maybe we should have
gone to the festival.

POPULAR KID 2
Nah, that place is for losers.

POPULAR KID
We could make fun of them.

POPULAR KID 2
Sure, but we get to do that enough
during the week.

POPULAR KID
True.

One of popular kid suddenly freaks out in the haze of pot
paranoia and desperately brushes his shoulder.

POPULAR KID 2
Ahhhh! Ahhhh!

POPULAR KID
What's up?

POPULAR KID 2
I thought... I thought there was a
spider on my shoulder.

POPULAR KID
Ha! You dork, you're fine.

POPULAR KID 2
Hey! Spiders are freaky man!

POPULAR KID
Pfff. They're more afraid of you
than you are of them.

They both start to giggle uncontrollably. At about that
moment, Alexander's army of spiders swarms around the corner.

POPULAR KID (CONT'D)
What the...

The second kid looks at his joint in shock.

POPULAR KID 2
This is some powerful shit.

The wave of spiders pours over their car, shredding the popular kids into a million pieces. The spiders continue onward, not even slowing down from the carnage.

INT. VERMINATE CORP R&D FACILITY ENTRANCE

As the group darts out of the facility, they see a horrific site. Alexander and his new pets have slaughtered everyone in sight. A trail of body parts and blood has been blazed out of the compound. Johnny grabs a set of keys from one of the bodies of the security card.

JOHNNY

Over here!

Johnny use the keys on the door and it groans open letting them into the outside world.

EXT. VERMINATE CORP

They all come out, and see a wave of destruction headed towards the town.

MATTIE

He went that way!

Johnny hits the dongle on the keychain and one of the vans parked in front of the building beeps and flashes its lights.

DANNY

Come on!

The group piles into the van.

INT. VERMINATE CORP CARGO VAN

The group debates in the back, while Rapdio and Ojo Muerto drive up front.

EL CAIMAN

We have to get out of town jefe...
pronto!

JOHNNY

We can't! What about the festival?
My whole family is there!

Danny shakes his head.

DANNY

No, hijo, we can't stop these things. A few of these demonios almost took out our entire platoon, and now there are hundreds.

MATTIE

I'm not leaving the people that I'm sworn to protect!

DANNY

There's nothing we can do to protect them! We need to fall back.

While the group furiously debates their options, Ana is quietly contemplating in the corner, her mind racing. Suddenly her eyes light up.

ANA

SEX! We need sex!

Everyone is startled. Johnny perks up noticeably and smiles at Ana. Danny sees this and makes eye contact with Johnny, drawing his survival knife with a sneer. El Caiman restrains his arm. Johnny gulps.

ANA (CONT'D)

No, I mean use sex! Mr. Ortega always used male nomenclature when he talked about the spiders! All those spiders are derived from male DNA!

EL CAIMAN

What does that do for us?

ANA

My science teacher at school was testing a spider pheromone excreted by female spiders. We can use that to manipulate their natural instincts and override the codex!

Ana looks at the group expecting an overwhelming response to her plan. Everyone stares at her blankly. She rolls her eyes and dumbs it down.

ANA (CONT'D)

Look... we can spray stuff in my teacher's lab that will stop the spiders.

Everyone has a "Ahh...." look.

DANNY

Even if that were the case Chica,
we couldn't spray them all?

ANA

We don't need to, I have a plan! We
can do it Abeulo! We can save these
people!

EL CAIMAN

This idea is loco, hombre. There is
a good chance we all die.

Danny looks at Ana and sees the concern for her friends and
Johnny's family in her face.

DANNY

I let down one family years ago.
Never again.

Ana smiles. He looks back at El Caimán.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Besides, I've missed kicking
terrorist ass.

El Caimán and Danny smile and bump fists. The van heads
towards the festival.

EXT. SCHOOL FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT

Outside the festival, the group takes position at a secluded
vantage point. The pest platoon drags a rather large crate
behind them and sets it down.

Alexander has pushed all the festival attendees into a corner
with his spider army. He has ordered the spiders to stack
themselves into a tall, grotesque looking throne. He is
sitting on the throne, casually lounging and laughing at the
antics of his spider army.

The spiders dart in and out, toying with the crowd and
occasionally dragging one of them off to be mutilated in
front of the horrified survivors.

A police officer out of Alexander's eyesight, hidden among
the midway rides, steps out from behind his cover. Mattie's
eyes go wide.

MATTIE

(WHISPERING)

That's Bob!

She starts to yell out after him, but Danny covers her mouth. The officer fires his service pistol, but spiders immediately leap up from the swarming mass and absorb the bullets into their bodies. Alexander takes notice and frowns at the officer before tapping out more commands. The officer tries to flee but is promptly devoured by a group of spiders. Gasps and sobs emerge from the trapped crowd.

ALEXANDER

Everyone please remain quiet!

He stands up from his throne and taps his control surface. Pulses buzz out and the spiders form small step platforms below him. He walks down the evolving stairway to the ground.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, I want to offer up my most heartfelt thanks on behalf of myself and the scientific community. Your unwilling participation in this field test has not gone unnoticed!

From somewhere in the crowd, Mr. O'Connell yells.

MR. O'CONNELL

AH HAH! I told you we were lab rats! I told all of you! But did you listen to me?

Mr. O'Connell continues to rant in vindication. Alexander is stunned at this recent protest.

ALEXANDER

Is this gentleman always so worked up?

Some in the crowd sheepishly nod their heads. The control surface is tapped and a spider darts into the crowd, dragging Mr. O'Connell out and into the far section of the carnival to be eaten. He continues to protest through his abduction.

MR. O'CONNELL

Not surprising they're using spiders you know! Cause the lizards are busy in Mexico using those Mariachi bands to control everyone's minds!

As he is finally dragged out far enough to be quiet, a few members of the crowd cheer. They are quickly shushed by people with common sense.

EXT. VANTAGE POINT

From the secluded vantage point, the group continues to formulate a plan.

DANNY

Ana, you see this Brambler lady?

Ana scans the crowd, and sees Miss Brambler in the midst.

ANA

I see her!

Danny looks where she's pointing and nods.

DANNY

Okay, Pest Platoon! Mattie! You create a diversion at the north end of the school, draw Alexander's attention. Me and Ana will rendezvous with Brambler. I'll radio rendezvous coordinates from there. Everybody ready?

JOHNNY

Wait! What am I supposed to do?

Danny walks over by Johnny, almost nose to nose. Johnny gulps. Danny whips up what looks like a pen. He places it in his hand.

DANNY

When Mattie gives the signal, you point that right at the school and press the button.

Johnny looks down at the pen.

JOHNNY

A laser pointer? That's it?

Danny grabs Johnny by the shoulders.

DANNY

Listen to me hija! This is important! When you see Mattie's signal, you point that damn pen at the school. Understand?

JOHNNY

Yeah, whatever.

Danny nods.

DANNY

Alright then, let's head out!

EXT. SCHOOL FAIRGROUNDS

Alexander is still addressing the townspeople. Some of the townspeople have actually gotten bored and sleep because the speech has droned on.

ALEXANDER

...so thanks to your support, our Verminate labs all across the country will soon be releasing an arachnid blitzkrieg. The glorious eighth Reich will be baptized in your blood!

Alexander raises his staff in the air dramatically, preparing to send out another series of commands, but a voice from the direction of the school startles him.

OJO MUERTO

Hey puta! Remember us?

Alexander snarls. Mattie and the Pest Platoon have taken up a position by the school entrance and open fire with a torrent of lead and energy. The spider masses rise up like a tidal wave to meet the onslaught of projectiles, forming a barrier of death. Score after score of injured spiders fall from the barrier, but for every spider that falls, another has regenerated and taken its place. Now that Alexander is distracted, Danny and Ana approach Miss Brambler.

MISS BRAMBLER

Ana! Oh my god! I thought I was going to die! Those things.... Those terrible, yet fascinating, horrible things!

ANA

Miss Brambler! We are going to get you out of here, but we need your help. I need to go get your pheromone so we can stop them!

Brambler blinks, still disoriented from everything that has happened.

MISS BRAMBLER

Uh.... yeah, sure. It's in my office, inside the safe. I can open it for you.

DANNY

We need to get moving.

The three head off to the opposite exit of the school. From the corner of his eye, Alexander catches the three opening the door and darting in. He grits his teeth and taps the control panel. Several dozen of his spiders split from the main group and carry him off towards them, the remainder still advancing on the Pest Platoon.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Danny, Miss Brambler, and Ana rush into the school lab. Danny stands guard at the door.

DANNY

Hurry, hurry!

MISS BRAMBLER

It's right here.

Miss Brambler slides over by the safe and punches in the code. She reaches in and holds up the small spray pump tube.

MISS BRAMBLER (CONT'D)

How is this going to help exactly?

ANA

I'll show you. We have to get back to the fairgrounds.

She hands Ana the tube.

DANNY

Come on, let's go then!

The trio exits the room.

EXT. SCHOOL FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT

Outside, the wave of spiders is advancing closer to Mattie and the Pest Platoon.

EL CAIMAN

Shit! I'm running low on ammo!

RAPIDO

Same here!

OJO MEURTE

Same!

EL CAIMAN

Mattie! We are going to draw these bastardos into the school! You circle around and help the crowd. Comprende?

Mattie nods.

Mattie and the group dart into the school.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Once inside the school, the Pest Platoon darts off down one hallway while Mattie makes a run for the back exit. The spider wave swarms after them while missing Mattie.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Ana, Danny, and Miss Brambler are frantically searching for a clear exit. They hear gunfire and destruction in the distance.

ANA

It sounds like they're inside!

DANNY

What's the fastest way out of this place?

MISS BRAMBLER

Right around this corner, just over here...

Before she can finish the sentence, one of the hallway doors smash apart from a spider avalanche and the wood slams Miss Brambler against the wall. The spiders pounce on her prone form and mutilate her in unspeakable ways. Further down the hall, Alexander rounds the corner on a carpet of moving spiders, a smug smile on his face. Danny pushes Ana in the opposite direction and they start running. A few low, rapid vibrations course through the hallway and a split second later Danny falls to the floor.

DANNY

Fall back!

Ana looks back to see that a spider has shoved a pointy leg through his calf muscle. He screams, but quickly kicks it off and decimates it with a shotgun round. He looks to Ana.

DANNY (CONT'D)

RUN!!

Ana hesitates, her eyes welling up as she shakes her head no. Danny repeats his request as a plea.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Run.

Ana takes a step towards Danny, but then bolts off down the hall, tears streaming down her cheeks.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

After running blindly, she realizes she has no idea where she has ended up. The hallways are dark and empty. She slows down to get her bearings, every footstep making an ominous echo. She catches her breath, but freezes in fear when she feels a single low vibration. She hears a succession of fast scraping noises behind her. She sees a storage closet and tries her luck. The door opens. She quickly enters, shutting the door behind her and turning the lock.

INT. SCHOOL SUPPLY CLOSET

Ana presses her shoulder up against the door, preparing to hold it shut if the lock failed. She turns around to see three gray, skeletal faces. Ana screams. The skeletons quickly cover her mouth.

SMOKE DAWG

Calm down chica! It's just us!

Ana quickly calms when she see that it's the El Manojito Loco trio, with their faces painted for the Day of the Dead festival.

LIL' LOBO

As soon as we saw those arañas, we hid homegirl! Madre de dios! What were those things?

D-NEECE

This whole scene straight trippin' yo!

Rattled one time too many over the course of the evening, Ana starts sobbing.

ANA

I can't do this anymore! They killed my grandpa!

The trio's acting facades swiftly drop from the delivery of the news. D-Neece consoles Ana, teenage girl to teenage girl.

As if through osmosis, D-Neece starts crying as well. Smoke Dawg tries to hold out, but starts bawling and joins them. Lil' Lobo puts his arm around a sobbing Smoke Dawg, then looks solemnly at Ana.

LIL' LOBO

Your gramps was a good bloke lass.

D-NEECE

Anybody got a tissue?

They all start checking their pockets. Ana reaches in hers and pulls out the lockets she confiscated from the earlier events at the lab. She stares down at the lockets, then clenches them together tightly.

ANA

(WHISPERING)

I'll make him pay abeulo.

Ana wipes away the tears and starts to clear her head. She puts away the lockets in the safety of her pockets. Activating the flashlight on her phone, she looks around the room.

ANA (CONT'D)

There has got to be a way out of here.

She spies some items against the corner wall.

ANA (CONT'D)

Is that thing still out there?

Smoke Dawg goes up to the window of the door and peers out. The spider is still crawling along the floor outside, looking for it's prey. Smoke Dawg nods nervously.

ANA (CONT'D)

I have a plan. Huddle up everyone!

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

The zombie spider creeps along the hall, searching for prey. We see the broom closet door open slightly in the background. A cleaning bottle rolls out of the door and down the hallway in the direction away from the spider. As it rolls, the plastic on tile makes a tapping noise. The spider instantly senses this, turns around, and darts after it. Once the spider reaches the end of the hallway, it's starts tearing the bottle apart.

While the spider is occupied, the groups starts to sneak out of the door and quietly sneak down the other direction. Suddenly they feel several more vibrations hum through the school.

LIL' LOBO (WHISPERING)
What the bloody hell was that
rumble?

The look back at the other end of the hallway and the spider freezes. It quickly climbs up the wall and disappears into the ventilation system with a crash.

ANA
Bad news! Let's get out of here!

The group takes off running down the hall.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS

As they round the next corner, they see a mass of spiders hurtling towards them from the opposite end of the hall. They turn around to run the other direction when they are cut off by more spiders.

The spiders block them off, turn by turn, herding them down a specific path. Finally the group is forced through a set of doors into the gymnasium, where they quickly slide to a halt at the sight inside.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM

The interior of the gym is crawling with zombie spiders. The gym floor looks more like a pool rippling with spiders. The Pest Platoon stands trapped in a small vacant area of the gym, prepared to go down fighting. Alexander stands atop a tall column of spiders, his hands behind his back. His eyes twinkle as he sees Ana.

ALEXANDER
About time. Practically had to draw
you a map.

The spiders mass between El Manojito Loco and Ana, separating them and forcing El Manojito Loco next to the Pest Platoon.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
Once again, I underestimated your
parental guardian Ana. This time I
will personally supervise his
death.

The doors on the other side of the gym fly open and a handful of spiders drag Danny through the gymnasium floor. Danny struggles in vain against the sharp legs dug into his body.

ANA

ABUELO!

The spiders drag Danny to the middle of the gym and then rip their legs out from his body. Danny grimaces as the spiders form a circle around him. Alexander floats down from his pedestal. He looks down at Danny.

ALEXANDER

But first amigo, you'll watch the Martinez girl die.

DANNY

DON'T TOUCH HER YOU MONSTER!

Alexander smirks and touches his control surface. Vibrations pulse outwards. The spiders swarm for Ana. Ana looks at her grandfather, bleeding and in pain, then to Alexander, then back to the oncoming swarm. Right before the spiders reach her she blurts out a cry.

ANA

YOU'RE FATHER WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOU!

Not expecting that to be a teenage girl's last words, Alexander sends out another command. The spiders stop inches in front of her, feet chittering on the floor.

ALEXANDER

Odd choice of words for someone about to be eaten alive.

ANA

All this time you've let spiders do your killing. Your father, your soldiers, these innocent people. All you do is click your heels watch. You're pathetic! You've become the coward your father always knew you'd be. Not man enough to do the job yourself. Even a teenage girl can see that.

Alexander tilts his head, barely concealing the rage threatening to bubble forth. His mouth contours into a quivering smirk.

ALEXANDER

My my. Trying to strike a nerve are we?

Pulses throb out and the spiders lower Alexander to the ground. More of the spiders swarm behind Ana pushing her towards Alexander. Alexander leans down to her and puts his hands on her throat. Ana gulps.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Anything else, before I personally snap your little neck?

ANA

Yeah... FRAK YOU!

Ana grabs the bottle of pheromones stashed in her back pocket. She fires off a succession of squirts into Alexander's face. The spiders swarm, protectively pushing her back away from their master. She tumbles to the floor and scoots towards Danny. Alexander wipes his eyes.

ALEXANDER

You arrogant... little... brat. I don't know what you hoped to accomplish with this foul stench, but it's the last thing you'll ever do.

He punches in another command. The spider mass stops moving in unison, pockets of them next to him starting to excitedly twitch back and forth. Alexander is dumbfounded the spiders have not responded to him.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

He tries to hit another command. The spiders leave formation and swarm around Alexander.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Listen to me, damn you!

He frantically sends out pulses while he backs away from them. They refuse to obey.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Stop! Stop!!!

He screams as the spiders assault him en masse, piling on top of him. Danny and Ana squirm with revulsion as they watch.

DANNY

Are those things... trying to mate?

Ana shakes her head, then quickly turns away.

ANA

Time to end this.

Ana takes the lid off the spray bottle and chucks the bottle into the crowd of spiders. The bottle is shredded and the liquid sprays all over the mass of spiders on top of Alexander. This intensifies the action even more. Underneath the squirming mass we hear Alexander screaming.

ALEXANDER

Stop!!!! Don't stick that there...
Argggggggggg!!!!

On the other side of the teeming mass, El Manojito Loco and the Pest Platoon flinch.

OJO MEURTE

That ain't right.

After a blood curdling scream and several wet popping sounds, the walking stick and control surface get ejected from the midst of the carnal gathering, flying through the air before smashing on the ground and shattering into several pieces with electric sparks flickering everywhere. The swarm of spiders slow to a halt. They move sluggishly as if a fog has been lifted from their tiny brains. The next few seconds are almost eerie. The remaining human survivors standing rigid with apprehension, not sure what will happen next. The spiders poke at each other as they stagger around, slowly regaining their antagonistic behavior.

ANA

Oh no... oh no....

DANNY

What's wrong?

ANA

They aren't getting orders anymore, so their natural instincts are kicking in. They're establishing territory. This gymnasium just became ground zero for world war spider.

The spiders hiss and jab at each other, then begin to tear and slash, their regenerative properties expanding the violence.

ANA (CONT'D)

We need to get out of here!

DANNY

RAPIDO! PINATA KICK!

The platoon nods and Rapido pushes the teenagers behind them. Using his sword he flips one of the spiders into the air, and then we see the world via Pinata Vision! In slow motion, the spider flips through the air while the room glows and sparkles. The spider morphs into a colorful pinata version of itself and becomes completely frozen, as does the rest of the world around Rapido. He leaps up to execute his signature move. The energy from his foot hits the spider so hard it flies to the back of the room, creating a vortex of wind that sucks other spiders into it while clearing a small path for the platoon. The world returns to real time and the flying spiders splat against the wall into piles of decaying mush. Rapido orders them to move through the newly cleared path. Ojo scoops Danny up and helps him limp to safety.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Platoon on me! Converge on the front exit!

As they hurry out, Danny grabs his high tech cell phone, presses a few buttons.

EXT. SCHOOL FAIRGROUND - NIGHT

Outside the school, Mattie has led the crowd away from the school. She is trying to calm them amidst a barrage of inquires and questions. Mattie turns as she hears someone scream her name. The front doors to the school burst open with our group.

DANNY

Mattie! The signal! NOW!

Mattie reaches into her backpack and takes out flashlight, shining it wildly at the hidden vantage point.

EXT. SCHOOL FAIRGROUND - HIDDEN VANTAGE POINT - NIGHT

Johnny is moping about being left behind.

JOHNNY

A laser pointer? Really? Are there zombie cats too?

Johnny sees Mattie's light flashing. Scoffs, he points the pen at the school.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

This is so lame.

He presses the button and a bright laser pointer beam streaks out and hits the school.

Suddenly, the crate next to him slams open. An RPG launcher with several rockets mounted on its frame lifts out of the box. Homing in on the red laser, the RPG projectile launches its payload into the school.

The school erupts into an inferno, the blast knocking Johnny onto his rear. Down near the school grounds the group hit the ground for cover and Mattie and the town retreat as far back as they can from the newly formed fireball. Johnny looks down at the pen. Dumbfounded, he can't fully comprehend what just happened.

EXT. SCHOOL FAIRGROUND

As ash floats down from the sky. Everyone tries to recover. Rapido lifts Danny to his feet.

RAPIDO

Just like old times, eh hombre?

DANNY

Good thing I still had some fireworks in storage.

Both men chuckle. Danny and Ana embrace in a big hug. El Manojito have some new heroes, as the three are intently studying the Pest Platoon members method style, trying to walk the walk and talk the talk. Johnny comes running from the vantage point and sees his family in the crowd of survivors. He and his family immediately embrace. Ana and Johnny see each other and run together for their own hug. Mattie walks up to Danny and pats him on the shoulder.

MATTIE

Phones appear to be working again.

DANNY

Good.

MATTIE

We've still got a lot to talk about.

DANNY

We're out of time, Sheriff.

Ana and Johnny return to Danny.

ANA

Is it over abuelo?

Danny turns to Ana, and sadly shakes his head.

DANNY

These things are all over the country. Me and the guys have to stop them.

ANA

I'll come with you! I can help!

DANNY

Mi Hija... I promised your father I'd give you a normal life. What me and the guys have to do next is as far from normal as it gets.

Ana's eyes water.

ANA

But I don't want to lose you again!

DANNY

You're safe here, chica. To keep it that way, we have to go.

ANA

No.. You can't... there has to be a way...

DANNY

I'm sorry Ana, you know there isn't. You've seen what they can do.

Ana regains some of her composure and wipes away a few tears. She nods.

ANA

But how will I know your okay? Will you...

With impeccable timing, the Pest Platoon walks over.

OJO MEURTE

Still wanted by the government, we will survive as soldiers of fortune.

RAPIDO

If people have a problem, and if no one else can help...

EL CAIMAN

...and if you can find us, maybe.. just maybe... you can hire....

OJO MEURTE, RAPIDO, EL CAIMAN
 (Together in unison)
 THE PEST PLATOON!

Mattie, Danny, Ana, and Johnny stare, not believing what they just heard. The former El Manojito Loco trio clap and applaud.

SMOKE DAWG
 Amazing! Like totally O. M. G.
 amazing!

D-NEECE
 Chills! Seriously! I got chills!

LIL' LOBO
 Bloody brilliant mate! Incredibly
 layered and complex!

Danny stares at his old platoon.

DANNY
 You guys have been saving that one
 for a few decades haven't you?

The platoon members all smile broadly and nod enthusiastically. El Caiman gives a hearty thumbs up. Mattie nods towards the crowd of festival goers.

MATTIE
 What am I supposed to do about
 them?

DANNY
 Don't worry about it. The press
 will be fed some cover story. And
 these people would rather believe
 that than face the truth.

MATTIE
 How do you know that?

DANNY
 Trust me. The forces at work here
 haven't played their final hand.
 And they bought out the press a
 long time ago.

Danny leads Mattie over to Ana.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 Mattie, I need you to keep her
 safe.

Mattie solemnly nods. Tears start falling again from Ana's eyes. She takes Danny's old locket with her picture in it and hands it to him.

ANA

Here, Abuelo. So I can be with you.

Danny looks down at the pictures and smiles, tears of his own welling up. He puts it on.

DANNY

Your parents would be so proud.

JOHNNY

Don't worry Mr. Martinez! I'll protect her too.

DANNY

I know you will kid. Come here.

Danny smiles and puts his arm around Johnny. They walk a bit away from the group for some privacy.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You're a good man, Johnny.

Suddenly Danny squeezes Johnny in painfully close, his arm around Johnny's neck.

DANNY (CONT'D)

But if you EVER break her heart or hurt her in any way, well... that will be a bad day for everyone.

Johnny squirms.

JOHNNY

Heh... uhm... uh... of course not Mr. Martinez. I would never do that! Besides you wouldn't hurt me would you? After all we've been through?

Danny stares him down. The silence is never wracking for Johnny. Danny busts out a hearty laugh. He lets Johnny go and slaps him on the back.

DANNY

Ha ha! Of course not niño!

Johnny chuckles relieved laughter. Danny's demeanor grows grim again.

DANNY (CONT'D)

But those guys? I'm not so sure.

Danny thumbs over in the direction of the Pest Platoon. Rapido makes a slicing motion across his throat. El Caimán cracks his knuckles and neck so loudly it sounds like a gunshot. Ojo Muerto holds a lighter flame underneath his palm, flesh singeing. His face shows no pain, only a crazy, unpredictable look in his eyes.

Johnny gulps, nods up and down rapidly, stammering.

JOHNNY

Under... understood sir!

Johnny runs back towards his family. Mattie and Ana come back up to Danny and he hugs Ana one last time. He turns to Mattie and shakes her hand.

MATTIE

I don't think you ever told us your real name?

DANNY

I think Danny Martinez suits me just fine. Same name as my grand daughter.

He looks down at Ana and winks. She smiles back. After one more hug with Ana, Danny climbs in the van and the Pest Platoon drive off. Mattie, Ana, El Manojito Loco, and Johnny all wave as they leave. Mattie and Ana pull away from the group and look at the burning school.

ANA

You think I'll see grandpa again?

Mattie puts her arm around Ana.

MATTIE

I know you will Ana.

The girls smile and walk back to the crowd while emergency vehicles arrive at the scene. In the corner, a nearby pile of rubble moves. The two freeze, worried it's a spider. A hand claws it's way out in a menacing fashion with an evil cackle following it. Mattie and Ana pull back, preparing for the worst. The cackle turns to coughing and we hear a familiar voice yell out.

MR. O'CONNELL

Somebody help me!

Mr. O'Connell's head pops up, scraped and bleeding. Ana and Mattie run over and pull the rubble off him. He speaks through his coughs.

MR. O'CONNELL (CONT'D)
I thought I was a goner, but then those things dragged me into the school and dropped me. What the blazes is going on???

He grabs Mattie by the arm and pulls her close, cackling and coughing.

MATTIE
Mr. O'Connell, what's wrong?

MR. O'CONNELL (WEAKLY)
Sherrif... come closer... I need to tell you..

Mattie leans in.

MR. O'CONNELL (CONT'D)
Sheriff.... I... I ... I told you about those chemtrails! I want my name mentioned in the report! I want to be on the record stating that I PERSONALLY asked you to investigate for months....

Mr. O'Connell rambles on with his usual complaints despite the near death experience. Mattie sighs, grudgingly helping him towards the medics.

INT. SOUTHLAND DEVELOPMENT GROUP OFFICE

Past a set of doors that say "Southland Development Group, CEO," is a darkly lit office. An older lady near her late 80's sits in a wheelchair behind a massive desk. Enormous floor to ceiling windows display the city down below. One wall is a bank of TV's playing news. One station in particular is covering the explosion at a high school.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
The world was shocked earlier this evening to find entrepreneur Alexander Ortega had died. Ortega was attending a fundraising event at a Texan high school when a freak gas main ignited in the building killing him and several others.
(MORE)

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Federal authorities on the scene reported the gas caused mass hallucinations among the crowd. Verminate Corporation is a subsidiary of the Southland Development Group, just like us here at Channel 9. Our hearts go out to our corporate family who....

The woman in the wheelchair rocks in anguish to the news. Her form silhouetted against the light outside, she stands slowly and the blanket covering her legs falls to the ground. We see her lower half is that of a spider, glistening and black. The legs spread out and flex, assuming a menacing pose. Releasing pent up anguish and rage, she screams and smashes the thick glass window with her legs with unexpected strength. Air comes rushing in and sucks papers out into the night. She turns her head sideways at uncanny speed, revealing glowing red eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.