

# SPIDERS AND SNAKES

an original short script

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FADE IN:

EXT. INTERSTATE OVERPASS - DAY

SKYLER and CHUCK, scraggly dressed teenage boys with boredom written across their faces, dangle their feet high above the traffic. They pass a 24-ounce can of beer back and forth.

Skyler's eyes dart from vehicle to vehicle like a computerized probe. Chuck counts cars with his finger.

SKYLER

One hundred.

CHUCK

No way, Skyler. Yellow never beats red.  
... Okay, now I'm countin' yellow.

Skyler waves his hand to show he doesn't want to play again.

SKYLER

Thought when I got my license I'd be free. Free to get out of this stupid town. Not much good without wheels.

CHUCK

I never even been outside the county.

SKYLER

How are we gonna meet girls? Real girls. College girls. ... Think *that's* what I'm most afraid of, Chuck -- that I'll die before I get to tell a girl I love her.

CHUCK

We coulda gone down to the river with Curtis. His sister likes you.

SKYLER

His sister's thirteen. And I never wanna see another snake as long as I live.

CHUCK

How 'bout spiders?

SKYLER

Not spiders, neither.

CHUCK

Then you'd best take a look on your...

Skyler spots a black widow on his shoulder. He brushes it off, stands and watches the spider hurry off into the grass.

The boys stroll aimlessly across the bridge toward a sleepy farming town. Skyler chugs the rest of the beer.

SKYLER

Why'd I have to be born *here*? Don't even have a damn freeway exit.

They stop at the edge of the bridge and watch the cars.

SKYLER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Look at 'em. They all got someplace to go. ... Most exciting thing that's happened to me in sixteen years is when Rebecca Hoover reached for the door knob and accidentally grabbed my...

On the freeway below, a white van veers across three lanes and PLUNGES into a drainage ditch just beyond the bridge.

The boys race down a steep embankment toward the roadway.

INT. VAN - DAY

MARGO, a hauntingly attractive woman in her late teens with long hair and a petite frame, buttons her blue shirt and nervously rifles through a purse. She finds lipstick and quickly applies it while keeping an eye on the road outside.

Margo spots Skyler and Chuck approaching the van. She reaches for something on the floor, stuffs it in her purse.

EXT. FREEWAY - SHOULDER - DAY

Smoke rises from the crumpled front of the van. Margo hops out, SLAMS the door. Her shirt and black pants seem bulky, too big. She scurries toward -- then right past -- the boys.

SKYLER

Miss, are you okay?

Chuck steps toward the van until Margo looks back and...

MARGO

Get away. It's gonna blow!

Margo scampers up the embankment like a chased squirrel. Skyler and Chuck exchange puzzled glances, then follow.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Margo tries but fails to flag down a car near the overpass.

SKYLER

You know, you're fleeing the scene of an accident.

MARGO

Do you have a car?

SKYLER

The cops can give you a ride.

MARGO

And ask me a hundred questions.

Margo blocks the road. An old rust bucket screeches to a halt. Out jumps the surprised driver, GAYLORD YEW, a good-looking older man wearing too many layers for warm weather.

GAYLORD

What the Sam Hill are you trying to...

MARGO

Can you give me a ride? Please?

GAYLORD

You about gave me a...  
(noticing the boys)  
Skyler? Chuck?

SKYLER

Hey Gaylord. Sorry about that.

GAYLORD

(looking at Margo)  
Don't tell me. ...  
(suddenly impressed)  
Say, you're not that Jenny Williams, the cheerleader, are you?

SIRENS wail in the distance, down on the interstate. Margo leaps into Gaylord's car, leans out the window and pleads.

MARGO

*Please?* It's not far.

SKYLER

She had a little accident down on the...

MARGO

Skyler, don't. It's embarrassing. Can we please just go? *Now!*

Gaylord nods in acknowledgment, whispers to Skyler:

GAYLORD

Ah, I gotcha. Only thing worse than a woman on the rag is a woman on the rag without a rag. Come on, boys, let's take her home. Where does she live?

Skyler answers by hunching his shoulders, heads for the car.

CHUCK

Skyler, this ain't right. She--

SKYLER

Then don't come with us.

Chuck watches the car SPUTTER off. Glances at the freeway as three police cruisers pull over near the van. He spots a spider crawling up his leg, swats it dead with his hand.

INT. GAYLORD'S CAR - DAY

Skyler, alone in the back, stares up front at Margo.

MARGO

And then a left here.

Gaylord turns off the main road into a newer subdivision.

GAYLORD

Now I know who you are. Harry and Barbara's little girl, Margo, back from college to watch the house while they're in Hawaii. Why didn't you say so?

MARGO

I'm late. I was supposed to be home Thursday.

She touches Gaylord's shoulder, gives him a seductive look.

MARGO (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Please don't say anything.

INT./EXT. GAYLORD'S CAR/COUNTRY HOME - DAY

Gaylord pulls into the driveway of an expensive home and opens the car door for Margo. He smiles and winks at her.

GAYLORD

Won't speak a word.

SKYLER

Goodbye, miss... Margo.

The car pulls out and heads down the road. Skyler watches Margo through the back windshield. She stands at the front door, watching him, until the car drives out of sight.

GAYLORD

Not *your* gal after all, huh, Skyler? Guess she is a little old for you. And a little young for this old snake.

SKYLER

I've never met anyone like her.

EXT. COUNTRY HOME - DAY

Margo tries the front door. Locked. Same with the side and back. She removes a screen, crawls in through a window.

INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Two sets of keys hang by the door. Margo snags them both.

GARAGE

Margo approaches a hot yellow sports car, then thinks better of it. She hurries over to the other car, an older Ford Taurus. She tries one set of keys, then the other.

INT. FORD TAURUS - DAY

Margo STARTS the car. The RADIO, and local news, comes on.

BROADCASTER (V.O.)  
 ...the fugitive is traveling alone and  
 wearing a blue shirt and black pants.  
 Anyone with information on the  
 whereabouts of...

Margo cuts the radio, studies her clothes and runs into...

INT. COUNTY HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Feminine decor, college pennants, photos of half-clothed men.

Margo holds a pair of jeans to her waist. Looks like they'll fit. She pulls a bra out of a drawer, presses it to her chest. It's a full cup size too big, maybe two.

Margo yanks off her shirt. Beyond the delicate smoothness of her back and shoulders, a voyeur peers in through the window. It's Skyler. His eyes widen as Margo dons a sexy blouse.

INT./EXT. FORD TAURUS/BACK ROAD - DAY

Margo, braless and dressed like a high-priced whore, speeds past cows, barns and houses. She turns on the CD player, which BLASTS country music. She grimaces and turns it off.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 I hate country, too.

Margo nearly drives off the road as Skyler climbs up front.

MARGO  
 Shit. You scared me.

SKYLER  
 You scare *me*, but I'm here anyway.  
 Thought maybe you could use my help.

MARGO

I don't need *anyone's* help. Thanks.

SKYLER

You broke into your own house, drained your piggy bank and the cookie jar, left the garage door open and you didn't leave a note. And the grocery's the other way.

MARGO

I'm letting you out at the next house.

SKYLER

Look, I've heard the stories about you at school. The drinking, the drugs, the sex. You're a legend. ... I wanna go with you, Margo, wherever you're going.

MARGO

You have no idea what you're getting into.

Around the bend, cop cars form a roadblock at the interstate entrance. Margo slows but there's no easy way to avoid it.

MARGO (CONT'D) (cont'd)

My boyfriend beat me. He was drunk. Drove off the road. ... I *hate* him.

SKYLER

So you left him in the van?

MARGO

Don't let 'em take me back there, Skyler.

A tall town cop, ATKINS, leans into the driver's window.

ATKINS

License and registration please...

Skyler leans over, throws his arm around Margo.

SKYLER

What's this all about, Freddie?

ATKINS

Oh, hey there, Skyler. Didn't see ya. We're lookin' for a... well, it doesn't concern you kids. Go on through.

Margo drives on. Skyler stays where he is, rubs her arm.

MARGO

You can stop now.

Skyler kisses her on the cheek, returns to his seat. She smiles at him, wryly, and drives onto the interstate.

SKYLER  
That roadblock was for you, wasn't it?  
(no answer)  
Where are we going?

MARGO  
As far away as possible.

SKYLER  
What about your parents?

MARGO  
My parents? ... Oh, they don't care about me.

SKYLER  
They're paying your way through college, aren't they? That's something.

Margo frowns, looks straight ahead.

SKYLER (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
You dropped out, didn't you? And now you're stealing your parents' car.  
(almost delighted)  
Oh my God. This is so, so... wrong.

MARGO  
You're the one who broke into *my* garage.

SKYLER  
Just wanted to be with you.

MARGO  
Bullshit.

Margo turns and studies Skyler. Her eyes soften. She breathes a SIGH.

MARGO (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
You're lucky I just happen to need you right now.

SKYLER  
You need my *advice*.

MARGO  
I need a traveling partner. I fall asleep sometimes.

Skyler studies the puzzle before him, touches her hair.



SKYLER

Look, Margo, why don't we go back to your house, talk this over? Running's not the answer. What if your boyfriend was hurt?

Margo LAUGHS.

SKYLER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Margo, please, take the next exit.

Skyler grabs the wheel as the exit approaches and tries to steer the car toward it. Margo SLAPS his hand away.

MARGO

Stop it, asshole!

Skyler grabs the wheel with both hands. The car veers back and forth. Margo reaches into her purse. A gun FIRES.

Skyler falls back into his seat, looks down at his stomach. No wound. He spots a large bullet hole in the passenger's side door panel.

Margo pulls the car to the side of the highway, keeps the gun pointed at him.

SKYLER

I'm not gonna hurt you. I just wanna help you.

MARGO

Look, I'm innocent, okay?

SKYLER

No law against killing a car door panel.

She studies him, puts the gun away. His heart settles back into his chest.

SKYLER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Why are the cops swarming like bees when all you did was leave the scene of an accident?

MARGO

Maybe it's not my first 'accident.'

She moves closer to him.

MARGO (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Thanks for helping me back there. I've never had a guy do anything for me.

SKYLER

I can't believe that. Look at you. You're hot. And your eyes, they're...

(MORE)

SKYLER (cont'd)  
hypnotic. It's like there's a whole  
universe spinning around inside them.

She LAUGHS, softens... and smiles.

MARGO  
Spinning out of control?

SKYLER  
What about your boyfriend, he must've  
been good to you? ... Once?

MARGO  
Things just... got really complicated.  
... My relationships tend to be short-  
lived. Men can make me *so* angry. And  
then they... they go away.

SKYLER  
Why would *any* guy want to leave *you*?

MARGO  
Maybe I don't give them a choice. I  
don't know why I'm like this. ... My life  
is *so* fucked up.

For the first time, Margo appears vulnerable. A tear streaks  
down her cheek.

SKYLER  
It's okay... you can cry.

She wipes her eyes, quickly straightens up.

MARGO  
No. I can't.

SKYLER  
*That's* your problem. You're afraid to  
open up. You've obviously been hurt  
before. But that doesn't mean *I'll* leave  
you like all those other reptiles.

He gently caresses her face with his hand. She swoons.

SKYLER (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
See? I'm warm-blooded. You can trust  
me.

Their eyes lock. He moves closer, as if to kiss. But she  
pulls back, nervously glances down the highway behind them.

MARGO  
Okay, then *you* drive.

She climbs over him to switch seats. But in mid-shift, he pulls her down on his lap. He pulls her closer; she resists.

Then, suddenly, Margo kisses him with the passion of a long-lost love, devouring his lips and thrusting her tongue deep inside his mouth. He GASPS for air. She overpowers him with unbridled passion.

Then, just as suddenly, she stops and plops down beside him in the passenger seat. Her nervousness returns. She glances out the back window. He takes a moment to recover.

MARGO (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Come on, let's go!

EXT./INT. FREEWAY/FORD TAURUS - NIGHT

The Taurus speeds down the interstate, passes car after car. Skyler glances at the speedometer as it approaches 90.

Margo sleeps. Her head rests against Skyler's shoulder. His arm drapes across her back like a blanket.

Skyler abruptly glances into the rearview mirror. The flashing lights of a police car color his face.

He glances down at the sleeping Margo.

Skyler pulls off the road, onto the rough surface of the shoulder. Margo wakes up, startled.

SKYLER  
Got pulled over. Just relax.

A state policeman, R.C. MASON, approaches the car with caution. He checks Skyler's license.

SKYLER (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
It's my uncle's car. I'm taking my girlfriend back to college.

MASON  
Not at that speed, you're not.

Mason presents Skyler with a speeding ticket for his signature. Skyler takes a while to sign it and hand it back. The trooper studies the ticket, gives Skyler a look, nods.

MASON (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Have a nice night.

Skyler drives off, slowly, with an eye on his passenger.

INT. FORD TAURUS - NIGHT

Margo gives Skyler a relieved smile.

MARGO  
Thank you. Again.

SKYLER  
I'm pulling over at the next exit.  
You're on your own from here.

She points the gun at him.

MARGO  
No, I need you. You're my savior. And  
you *know* you want to be with me.

SKYLER  
Put that down and we'll talk about this.

Margo scoots closer, runs her fingers through his hair.

MARGO  
What's to say? Isn't this every teenage  
boy's fantasy? To be seduced by an older  
woman? A college girl? A *bad* girl?

Margo kisses his neck, runs a hand down to his lap.

MARGO (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Stay with me and I'll give you what you  
want.

SKYLER  
We're not doing it while we drive, are  
we? Didn't cover that in driver's ed.

Margo kisses him, grins slyly, unbuttons his pants and moves  
her head below the steering wheel.

SKYLER (cont'd)  
Oh, God.

Skyler struggles to keep the car in its lane as Margo  
pleasures him. His head falls backward. In the rearview  
mirror, he spots another state police cruiser.

Margo doesn't notice as the cruiser pulls up beside them.  
It's Mason. He signals to Skyler, points up ahead. Skyler  
nods, as best he can, and MOANS -- fully absorbed in what  
Margo is doing.

INT./EXT. FORD TAURUS/FREEWAY - NIGHT

Skyler covertly follows the trooper off the road, where more  
cop cars wait. Mason, Atkins and TWELVE OFFICERS from  
various jurisdictions approach, guns drawn. The car stops.

Skyler's body convulses as the waves of an orgasm overtake  
him. Margo picks her head up for an unpleasant surprise.

SKYLER

I.. I wrote a note on the ticket. It's for your own good, Margo.

MARGO

You little snake!

SKYLER

Just explain everything. Then we can be together.

Margo points her gun at Skyler's chest and teases the trigger. He searches for the words that will save his life.

SKYLER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I ... I love you.

The longest five seconds of Skyler's life seemingly take hours to unfold. Margo can't pull the trigger.

She holds the gun to the side, grabs his hand.

MARGO

Sorry for getting you mixed up.

SKYLER

I... I was already mixed up.

They stare at each other for a moment. Skyler glances out at the officers, waiting for her next move.

Margo empties her gun. The bullets roll harmlessly down the seat. Skyler smiles with relief -- and love.

SKYLER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I'll wait for you, however long it takes. Just tell the truth.

MARGO

Truth is... I ruined your love for me long before we ever met.

SKYLER

(puzzled)  
Who are you?

Margo leans in and kisses him on the lips.

MARGO

Just a spider... caught in her own web.

Margo keeps her eyes locked on his as she slowly inches her way to the passenger's door, gun still in hand. She places her other hand on the door handle... swings the door open and jumps out.

SKYLER

Margo, no!

Before he can get the word out, Margo points her gun at the cops and pulls the trigger. CLICK.

The officers, including Mason and Atkins, open FIRE. Some FIRE repeatedly.

Margo manages a few more "shots" from her empty gun, then drops to the asphalt, covered in blood.

Skyler jumps out of the car and rushes to Margo's side. Her eyes stare heavenward. It's too late. She's dead.

EXT. FREEWAY SHOULDER - DAY

Mason and Atkins console Tyler as the body is covered.

MASON

You did the right thing, son.

SKYLER

Yeah, whatever.

ATKINS

Name's Carla Brown. Just killed two federal marshals and a female guard who were transporting her to maximum security.

SKYLER

She was a prisoner?

MASON

Murdered two of her boyfriends. Right after she had sex with them, she shot them through the heart. They called her the black widow.

Skyler just stands there, on the side of the interstate, with his heart fully exposed. And also his...

MASON (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Son... you might wanna zip up.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - DAY A WEEK LATER

Skyler and Chuck dangle their feet above the traffic. Chuck sips a 24-ounce beer and offers it to Skyler but he declines.

CHUCK

This town sucks. I'm gonna go up to the mountains with Curtis. His sister likes me, you know. ... Wanna go with?

SKYLER

Naw. Got someplace to go.

Skyler glances at the busy freeway as if counting the cars.

CHUCK

Where?

SKYLER

Huntin' for spiders.

Chuck gives him a clueless look.

Skyler walks off toward town. A spider watches him from her web.

FADE OUT