

**The Stowaway**

Written by

Nacho Poncharelo

FADE IN:

**EXT. SOMEWHERE NORTH OF THE MEXICAN BORDER - NIGHT**

A junky old BOX TRUCK zooms along a desolate highway.

A logo on the side - "FIDALGO'S FRUTA FRESCA!". Underneath, a cartoon avocado wears a cheesy smile and a large sombrero.

The truck passes a weathered sign - "YOU ARE LEAVING NEW MEXICO - HASTA LA VISTA!".

**INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT**

The interior is a mess.

Junk food wrappers and who-knows-what on the seats and floor. Ashtray full to the brim with chewed cigar butts.

RED (55) sits with his gut wedged against the wheel. He's a slob of a man. A mop of greasy hair sprouts beneath a worn Cleveland Indians baseball cap.

He talks angrily into his cell phone while chewing a half-smoked soggy cigar.

RED

I don't give a rat's ass what he said! He's the one gone 'round actin' crazier than a sprayed roach!

We don't exactly hear the other end of the conversation, just filtered words here and there.

RED

You know what, you're making me throw up a little in my mouth. It's givin' my cab a nacho puke stench.

(then)

All I'm sayin' is he owes me an apology, and I ain't deliverin' shit until I get one!

Garbled, but heated words on the other end.

RED

Then the SOB knows where to find me!

(calm)

Okay, bye Marge.

Red GRUMBLES as he ends the call.

RED

I'm cursed, that's what it is. I'm  
a goddamn retard magnet.

He lights up his cigar and flips on the radio.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O)

..far as we know the EPA are still  
cleaning up the spill. We'll report  
back with an update on the hour-

Red spins the dial, stops at some tunes. Cranks the volume.

**INT. REAR OF TRUCK - NIGHT**

As the soft, muffled SOUNDS of smooth R&B wafts through the aluminum walls, we WEAVE among a stack of wood crates, as high as the ceiling, brimming full with fresh avocados.

At the furthest stack, an avocado breaks free and tumbles to the floor. It squishes next to a pair of BOOT TOES that stick out from behind the crate.

We slowly MOVE in closer, round the crate to find --

It's just a pair of empty, dirty old boots.

But then something catches our eye - a tiny SPIDER with SPINDLY LEGS crawls free from between two avocados. Big bulbous ass. Red markings on its head. Ugly. Creepy.

It sits atop the avocado as if surveying its new surroundings. Then it scurries down the crate and hops onto the metal floor.

Quick as a flash, the spider darts between the crates and sprints toward the rear of the truck.

Then vanishes through a small gap in the seal of the door.

**INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT**

Red takes a final toke from his cigar and cracks open the window, flicks the butt out.

He hocks a giant loogie and spits out the window. Just as he winds it back up, the spider SNEAKS in through the opening.

And quickly scurries away behind Red's seat.

Red wipes a blob of spit from his chin as the spider slowly creeps up onto his right shoulder.

It just sits there. Until that is, Red spots it. He SHRIEKS.

RED

Ahh!!

Red frantically SWATS it away. The spider lands on the passenger seat, instantly scurries under it.

#### **OUTSIDE THE TRUCK**

As it swerves into the oncoming lane and back again.

#### **BACK INSIDE**

Red white-knuckles the wheel. Sweat pools in the folds of his neck and stains the armpits of his shirt.

RED

Jesus! What the? I mean, Christ,  
whoah!

Red shakes off the remaining adrenaline and composes himself.

His eyes dart between the road -- the chair -- the road --  
the chair.

Red cautiously reaches for the glove box, flips it open and reaches in. His hand comes out holding an abused copy of PLAYBOY MONTHLY.

Red drops it in his lap and rolls it into a makeshift BATON.

RED

Right, where are you, you little  
freak!?

He raises his weapon, ready to bring it. Eyes squinting, focusing on every dark corner. Every nook. Every cranny.

The spider crawls up onto the rim of a coffee cup in the drinks holder.

Red spots it. Eyes wide as --

**WHACK!!**

He clobbers the cup with the magazine, launching it across the cab into the passenger door. The cup explodes into a shower of black coffee.

RED

And Heywood crushes one toward  
South America!

But the spider scurries up the passenger window out of harms way. And far from reach of Red.

It hops onto the dash and scampers across it.

Red targets the thing, about to strike when -- it vanishes into the AIR VENT.

RED  
Why you little.. ughhh!  
(composed)  
Alright, you wanna play games, huh?

He reaches for the A/C controls.

RED  
Get ready for a spider-nado!

Red flips on the fan and dials it up to MAX.

A DEAFENING jet of air blasts through the vents.

Red's eyes dart from vent to vent. He watches and listens.

Something RATTLES and PINGS like a ball in a pinball machine.

Red's eyes follow -- left -- right -- then settle on the vent in front of him.

ZWOOSH!!

The Spider flies straight out of the vent. At us.

And lands on Red's cheek, fangs sinking into his skin.

Red SCREAMS. Reflexes taking over, he WHACKS himself in the face with the magazine.

#### **EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT**

The truck ROARS by, zig-zagging across both lanes. It swerves onto the verge, churning up mud and grass in its wake.

Then far on down the road it breaks HARD. The tires SQUEAL as they lock up.

And skids to a stop amidst a cloud of smoke.

#### **AT THE TRUCK**

We PUSH in, the truck bathed in the smokey red glow of its tail lights.

Door flings open. Red leaps out, dancing and flailing as if caught on fire. Except of course, he's not.

Red frantically rubs his arms, his legs, his hair as if expecting something to fall out. But nothing does.

His attention goes back to the cab. He composes himself. Slowly takes a step forward and leans in.

To see the spider on the passenger seat.

Watching. Judging. Taunting.

RED

Sonova..

(realizing)

You're just an itsy bitsy spider.

Red takes another step, hand slowly reaching under the driver seat.

RED

That went up the *wrong* water spout.

He un-clips something. Hand comes out holding --

An emergency FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

RED

So down came the *pain*..

Red untangles the hose and aims the nozzle at the spider.

He yanks the safety pin with his thumb, as if it were a grenade he was holding - *CHINK!*

RED

And blasted that *ugly, freak-of-mother-fuckin-nature* out!

Red pulls the trigger hard - *SWOOOOSH!!*

A jet of white LIQUID POWDER sprays the spider, the door, the seats. Everything.

It's a complete WHITE OUT.

**OVER WHITE**

COUGHING. SPUTTERING.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT**

The dust settles forming a blanket of white powder over the entire interior, like a snowy landscape.

Red lowers the extinguisher. White residue coats his hands and arms. He leans in.

To find the spider on its back, smothered under a cloak of powder. It squirms and kicks. But then it tires, defeated.

RED

Ha-hah!

Red climbs in. Repulsed, he picks the spider up between his thumb and forefinger. And flicks it onto the --

**EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - NIGHT**

SPIDER'S POV: A kaleidoscope-view as Red approaches. A sick, sinister grin on his face as he raises his boot and --

*SQUISH!*

Red lifts his boot. The spider prized from the road like icky gum stuck to a shoe.

He grimaces, then scrapes the gooey remains away on the road.

Red touches his cheek and WINCES.

He begins to feel a little light headed, starts to stagger around as if drunk.

Shaking it off, Red picks up the extinguisher. His eyes go to the back of the truck.

Red squints as --

**INT./EXT. REAR OF TRUCK - NIGHT**

Door flies open. Red aims the extinguisher in, as if holding an AK-47 in his hands.

RED

Anyone else wanna screw with me?!

He pokes his head in, looks around. Just a bunch of avocados.

RED

Yeah, what I tho-

An avocado falls from a nearby crate, rolls to a stop in front of Red.

A small spider scuttles out from its place.

Red jumps.

RED

Ahh!

He quickly douses the spider with the white stuff and sends it flying.

Another spider pops its beady eyes through.

Red looking through an imaginary scope as --

RED

Say hello to my little red!

He lets loose - *SWOOOSH!*

Red leans in, grabs the crate and yanks it out. He side-steps as the avocados tumble out onto the road.

As do spiders. TONS of them. They scatter everywhere in their attempt to escape.

Red goes all Hicks on their ass.

RED

Oh, you want some too?!

*SWOOOSH!*

RED

And you?! And you?!

The spiders are flung in all directions. Some make their escape, others are entombed under a blanket of white stuff.

Red STOMPS around, crushing as many as he can.

He lets out a maniacal LAUGH into the night.

The extinguisher empties. Red stands amidst a mass of white broken crates and squished fruit.

He dances in a circle, feeling like an accomplished man. He tosses the extinguisher aside and slaps his hands clean.

Job fucking done.



**INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT**

Red climbs in, slams the door.

He relaxes into his seat. But something doesn't feel right.

Adjusting the rear view mirror, Red stares at himself for the first time. His eyes widen. He GASPS.

RED

Ohmygobbdth.

As he speaks, drool dribbles from swollen lips.

His cheek now the size of, ironically, an avocado. A web of veins stretch out from the bite site.

Red probes it with his finger. Puss and venom OZZES from the center, already formed into a nasty blister.

He GRIMACES, tries to focus but all he sees is a trippy ghost-like trail as he waves his hand back and forth.

Red picks up his phone. A COBWEB stuck to the bottom stretches as he lifts it free.

RED

Whath the thuck?

He tries to dial a number, but his fat fingers just punch random digits.

His eyelids feel heavy. His head even heavier.

Red freezes as he loses all motor functions.

And finally, he passes out.

**EXT. DESERTED ROAD - LATER**

Crickets CHIRP. A distant owl HOOTS.

The truck looking like it puked out a winter wonderland onto the side of the road.

**INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT**

Red's eyes flick open. Widening like SAUCERS.

He looks down to find himself MUMMIFIED in COBWEBS. His entire body cocooned.

Red tries to SCREAM but taught webbing covers his mouth, his nose. All we hear are his muffled CRIES.

His eyes dart around the cab. Webs stretch over everything.

Then Red realizes something. It's as though he's in..

A spider's lair.

His eyes focus on something in front of him.

Something stuck to the outside of the windshield.

Something goddamn hideous.

A SPIDER. Big, black and hairy. Like a gorilla's hand.

It's fuzzy body THROBS up and down as it eyes its prey.

Red shuffles in his seat, tries to break free from his bonds.

Sensing this, the spider CRAWLS along the windshield.

It TAP-TAP-TAPs the glass, one hairy foot at a time.

Red's saucer-like eyes follow as the monstrosity moves across the glass, heading toward the passenger door.

TAP... TAP... TAP.

Red's eyes dart toward the door, widening even further when he spots the passenger window is cracked open.

He squirms in his seat, flopping onto his side, face up toward the windshield. Only glass between him and the spider.

Red shuffles with all his might, tries to reach the door.

His eyes zooming in -- the window -- the spider -- the window -- the spider.

Which crawls closer. And closer..

Red manages to heave himself upright, he inches instead toward the driver door.

The spider reaches the passenger door window, its hairy leg entering the crack. Then another leg. And another.

Until it's now completely inside, dangling upside down from the roof.

So it lets go.

And plops itself upright on the passenger seat.

Red lets out a muffled SCREAM. He looks down at his left hand. Tries to free it from the web.

He pokes his pinky finger through and shifts closer to the door. Focusing intensely on his hand -- the door -- his hand.

The spider, seemingly in no hurry, crawls toward its prey.

Red manages to free another finger. Two of them now, enough to grip that handle.

But the spider's having none of it. Its now on the driver seat. A fuzzy leg reaches out, probing Red's entombed thigh.

Red squirms in his seat. He manages the tip of his pinky on the door handle. Flicks it a little.

The spider puts another leg on Red. And another.

Red's pupils are stretched far into the corner of his eyes, now bulging out of their sockets.

He flicks the handle again. This time the door unlocks.

It flings open, taking Red along with it.

**EXT. DESERTED ROAD - SAME**

Red GROANS as he flops out of the truck. Still tightly cocooned, he rolls away and into the road.

Dazed, he glances back to see the spider SPRING from the driver seat and onto the road. It scurries after him as --

A horn BLASTS. A set of HEADLIGHTS breach the horizon.

Red lets out a muffled SCREAM as he turns to see an EIGHTEEN-WHEELER barreling toward him.

Considering his options, or lack thereof, Red rocks back and forth, enough to get the momentum to roll his fat body away from the spider.

And into the path of the iron monster.

Red shuts his eyes tight and begins to pray. Of course, all we hear are his muffled, mumbled words.

Which are soon drowned out by the THUNDEROUS ROAR of the eighty thousand pounds of steel racing toward him at breakneck speed.

The headlights spread across the road, lighting him up like some giant shiny chrysalis.

Red SCREAMS loud. Horn BLARING even louder as --

The semi ROARS above him. Its massive wheels RUMBLE by on each side, mere feet from his body.

The DEAFENING windlash literally BLASTING the webs off him. Leaving a vortex of leaves and loose cobwebs swirling around, until they flutter away into the night air.

Red's eyelids flick open. He looks down at his now free limbs, remarkably all still attached.

He can't believe it.

Red watches as the semi's tail lights vanish on down the road, swallowed up by the darkness.

Blessing his lucky stars, he kicks and tears through the remaining webs then rolls onto his side.

Only to come face to face with the spider, just inches away.

The spider's body throbs up and down. Paralyzing goo drips down razor-sharp fangs.

Red, about to make a run for it when --

The spider backs up, turns and quickly scurries away under the truck.

RED

Yeah, run away you goddamn freak!  
Ain't so tough now are-

Red freezes.

An ENORMOUS SHADOW creeps over him, engulfing his body in darkness.

He looks up, and straight into the drooling mouth of a GIANT SPIDER. The size of a small car.

Two quivering flaps of skin flank tusk-sized fangs. Eight eyes the size of hubcaps. Grotesque and goddamn terrifying.

Red's eyes WIDEN as the spider spreads open its mouth.

RED

Oh fuck.

And plunges its fangs into Red's belly with a sickening, gooey CRUNCH.

Red SHRIEKS.

We PULL away as spiders of every shape and size scurry along the road toward Red, not wanting to miss out on a free meal.

And as his body is swarmed by the eight legged freaks, all we hear is Red's bloodcurdling SCREAMS echo into the night.

FADE OUT.