

# THEY HAVE EIGHT

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*Logline: When an escaped super spider arrives at an elderly home, a selfless woman has to save the seniors from the creature and a co-worker who might be an even bigger monster.*

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*LOOK AFTER THE LAND  
AND THE LAND WILL LOOK AFTER YOU,  
DESTROY THE LAND  
AND IT WILL DESTROY YOU."  
- ABORIGINAL PROVERB*

**OVER BLACK.**

Chainsaws buzz...

Bulldozer engines roar...

Horns blare...

THUD! THUD! THUD...

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

..... CRASHING.....

..... Silence.....

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Trees are cut down. Flowers crumble underneath massive tires, and track chains topple over thick and small branches.

Blades dig deep into the ground to eliminate the rest of the roots and mutilated tree stumps.

Defenseless ANIMALS evacuate their homes and run for their lives, frightened.

A once beautiful forest ecosystem, booming with creatures, is now murdered by man.

A clean billboard near a construction trailer reads:

ACRES DEVELOPMENT IS A SUBSIDIARY OF CRAVEN CORP.

INT. CRAVEN CORP. - ARACHNID LAB - DAY

Squeaky clean, white countertops are lined with microscopes, beakers, and other lab utensils.

In clear acrylic cases, there are DOZENS OF SPIDERS of various sizes and colors from all over the world.

These spiders are used for medical and military research.

SCIENTISTS examine the spiders. They poke, prod, lift legs and pull back fangs. Scientists extract DNA and milk their venom.

Deadly and non-deadly spiders are separated.

NON-DEADLY;

Dive Bell Spider: FEMALE SCIENTIST studies the arachnid. The spider swims to the surface and gathers bubbles to create an oxygen tank for its underwater sanctuary.

Dive bell spiders live entirely underwater.

Huntsman Spider: Largest leg span of any spider. TWO SCIENTISTS stand near an LED-lit countertop with a ruler along the edge.

A long and narrow glass barricade has been constructed. They release the Huntsman spider. They release the Huntsman spider and clock its speed and distance, 3 feet per second.

Trapdoor Spider: Pops out of its underground dungeon to nab a quick meal.

Cobalt Blue Tarantula: Its case is inhabited by colorful tropical leaves and plants. Its gorgeous iridescent blue legs reflect off the water in its bowl.

DEADLY;

Brown Recluse, Brazilian Wandering Spider, and a juvenile Funnel-Web Spider.

**FUNNEL-WEB SPIDER:** Head is black, smooth, and glossy. Its brown abdomen is large, with eight hairy and thick legs.

An attractive appearance for the *most venomous spider in the world.*

It has built an extravagant burrow from a small hollowed-out log. An array of webs occupy the exterior of its home as a warning system.

Sticks and webs reinforce weak areas. It drinks from a tiny bowl of water.

A male LAB INTERN (20s), puts on latex gloves. He grabs the Funnel-web spider --

SCIENTIST #1  
Stop. What are you doing? You need thicker gloves.

He gives industrial-type gloves to the Lab Intern.

SCIENTIST #1  
Its fangs can penetrate shoe leather and fingernails.

LAB INTERN  
Good thing they can't jump.

He anxiously puts on the gloves and grabs the funnel web as gently as he can.

Spider postures up to make itself look larger. A stern warning aimed at the Lab Intern. Venom droplets secrete at the tip of its fangs. DEFENSIVE.

Lab Intern is persistent to remove the spider. Spider throws prickling hairs from its belly. Lab Intern coughs from the irritating hairs.

Spider crawls into its burrow for safety.

SCIENTIST #1  
Having trouble? It's just a spider.

Lab Intern's ego is bruised. He's tired of this lesser creature, breaks the webs, and knocks over the water bowl.

Spider exits the burrow, slowly. He snatches it by the large abdomen and passes it to Scientist #1.

He jams a needle into the spider's abdomen, containing an unknown BLUE substance.

Spider goes limp.

Lab Intern tosses it back in the acrylic case with its mangled environment and places a few CRICKETS inside.

SCIENTIST #1  
It won't be hungry. I fed it this morning. It'll be another couple of weeks before it eats again.

LAB INTERN  
 (looks at clock)  
 Speaking of food. It's lunchtime.

SCIENTIST #1  
 We'll check on it later.

They exit.

Funnel-web spider doesn't move as crickets jump on it. *Is it dead?*

INT. CRAVEN CORP. - ARACHNID LAB - LATER

Lab Intern and Scientist #1 come back from lunch.

The Funnel-Web's spider case is a blanket of wall-to-wall webs that looks like paper.

LAB INTERN  
 What the hell?

They open the case and can't see anything. The crickets are all gone. Scientist #1 puts the gloves on and reaches into a white abyss. He struggles to destroy the thick-ass webs to locate the spider.

He places a heat lamp directly over the burrow to draw out the spider. A noise comes from the inside. Webs vibrate.

OTHER SPIDERS take notice of the noise.

WHAM.

Funnel-web spider jumps on the Scientist's arm. It's bigger, no longer a juvenile...

Lab intern is quick. He catches it with a beaker.

LAB INTERN  
 I thought they couldn't jump. It molted into an adult in an hour?!

SCIENTIST #1  
 Hurry up. It needs to be transferred for additional testing.

LAB INTERN  
 What will you call it?

SCIENTIST #1  
 What cannot be named cannot be known.

Lab Intern puts the spider in a SMALL METAL CONTAINER...

INT. CRAVEN CORP. TRUCK - CARGO BED - NIGHT

A FREEZER. Multiple containers fill space. The small metal container is slammed inside.

A cargo bed window is behind the driver's seat. A male DRIVER (20s), opens the window. HONK.

DRIVER

Let's go!

He leaves the window open.

TRUCK LOADER straps down the metal container... Mostly.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Huge trucks with attached cutting machines surround mangled tree stumps as far as the eye can see.

INT. CRAVEN CORP. TRUCK - NIGHT

Class 4 commercial truck. Sleek and modern with no company logos. The driver puts the pedal to the metal and runs over a large RABBIT.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CRAVEN CORP. TRUCK - CARGO BED - NIGHT

The sudden bump jerks the small metal container out of its harness and hits the wall.

The lid PARTIALLY opens...

SPIDER LEG peeks from under the lid.

Second leg comes out, then another...

The funnel-web spider EMERGES.

INT. CRAVEN CORP. TRUCK - CARGO BED - NIGHT

Spider crawls toward the open cargo bed window.

Driver is in its sight.

INT. CRAVEN CORP. TRUCK - NIGHT

Driver passes by a VACANT MANSION with a "For Sale" sign. He pumps up the radio and gets a text on his phone. He takes his eyes off the road to read it.

Spider crawls on the lid of his ENERGY DRINK.

Driver grabs the drink and opens his mouth for a sip...

Spider BLITZES into his mouth and spreads his lips open with its hairy legs. It's so fucking fast.

Driver gags on the spider's abdomen, unable to scream. His neck protrudes in the shape of the spider. Spider's hairs tickle his throat as it descends into his belly.

WHAM.

The truck hits a guard rail, goes off a cliff, and tumbles down the embankment.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Cooling system goes out...

Cargo doors break away...

CARGO FLIES OUT.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Windshield breaks and forest remnants fly in. A large BRANCH IMPALES the driver's face.

The truck tumbles and lands in the middle of a vibrant forest habitat, untouched by the devastation of man. For now.

Driver is motionless. Moments pass...

Suddenly, his body twitches.

Spider bursts out from the Driver's back, and the force causes his SPINAL VERTEBRAE to burst outward.

The spider crawls out of the driver's limp body.

Spider is BIGGER. Baseball size. Its legs glow BLUE.

The only survivor. The Spider.

We will call it... 8

EXT. SHADY OAKS SENIOR LIVING - DAY

Secluded, a large senior living community sits on an open woodland ecosystem flooded with acres of biodiversity.

The facility has a welcoming curb appeal. It looks more like a small resort. **This property is a gold mine.**

INT. SHADY OAKS SENIOR LIVING - LOBBY - DAY

A large receptionist's desk is bare, with a single empty chair. An outdated visitor log indicates no recent visits.

There's some MAIL in a basket.

INT. SHADY OAKS SENIOR LIVING - KITCHEN - DAY

Very 80s. Cabinets are built-in and made with solid wood, unlike that fake Ikea shit. Appliances are integrated into the kitchen cabinetry. A few cracks in the floors leave uneven surfaces to trip on.

LANA TORRES (20s), a Hispanic female, has an old soul and genuine personality that makes her easy to talk to.

She gathers food trays on a cart. She opens a full refrigerator and stacks lunches and applesauce.

INT. SHADY OAKS - GRAND BALLROOM - DAY

Biggest room. It has vaulted circular ceilings made up of colored glass murals.

Happy SENIORS play retro board games on antique tables and sit on comfy chairs.

Lana greets everyone and distributes food trays to the seniors. STAFF help them eat their meals.

A black man, MR. COLE (60s), looks 40s. He's fit and would be the favorite uncle of any family. He moves slowly with lower back pain. Lana dashes to help him to a nearby chair.

Lana helps MS. WILSON (55), put on her sweater and gently pulls out her hair. She has an approachable warmth and values privacy and conservatism.

Lana picks up any slack and cleans up after people. She performs other mundane caregiving tasks. It might be boring to others, but not Lana.

INT. MR. OAKS' ROOM - DAY

Top floor. A functional retreat that becomes a self-contained living area suited for an 80s rock star or wealthy tycoon. Instead...

MR. OAKS (70s), is a private white man with integrity and thoughtfulness, but that's not how he gained his wealth.

He lays on a hospital bed with a beautiful wooden headboard occupied with medication.

Lana knocks on the door and enters with a food tray.

Mr. Oaks reads a LETTER.

LANA

Good morning, Mr. Oaks. How are we feeling today?

MR. OAKS

(coughs)

Doing fantastic.

Lana places the food tray on his lap. He continues to read the letter.

MR. OAKS

(re: letter)

Bastards can't take a hint. I told them I'm not going to sell this place.

LANA

Watch your blood pressure.

MR. OAKS

Yeah. Yeah.

Still reads... Lana takes the letter from him.

MR. OAKS

-- Hey, that's important.

LANA

If you don't have your health --

MR. OAKS

-- Then you don't have anything. I know. I know.

She pulls out a couple of pills from different bottles and hands them to Mr. Oaks. She knows what she's doing.

MR. OAKS  
I told you I'm not taking that  
shit. It has a nasty aftertaste.

She attempts to give him meds. He cringes like a child who  
doesn't want to eat their veggies.

LANA  
I'm not leaving until you take  
them. C'mon, Mr. Oaks. Please.

MR. OAKS  
Nope.

Lana smashes up the pills and puts them in a glass of water.

LANA  
You know, being sick is just your  
body telling you to slow down, so  
everyone else around you can keep  
up.

MR. OAKS  
Exactly. How's your grandma?

LANA  
Better than you.  
(hands him water)  
Drink it slow. Your medicine is  
inside.

MR. OAKS  
Seriously?

LANA  
You'll barely taste it.

MR. OAKS  
(he drinks)  
You'll be a good nurse.

LANA  
I applied to the program in San  
Diego. It's expensive, but I've  
been saving.

MR. OAKS  
Speaking of that, it's time I give  
you a raise. Look on the desk.

An ENVELOPE reads, "Lana".

MR. OAKS  
Open it. Quit stalling.

She opens it. It's a CHECK for \$10,000. Lana is speechless.

MR. OAKS  
You're welcome.

LANA  
I can't take this. I don't know if  
I even got accepted.

MR. OAKS  
You will.

LANA  
Are you sure? You can use it to  
make some upgrades around here.

MR. OAKS  
If it isn't broke, why fix it?  
We're all fine.

LANA  
I don't know how to thank you.

MR. OAKS  
Pizza for dinner.

LANA  
Deal.

MR. OAKS  
And just do me a favor, ok?

LANA  
Anything.

MR. OAKS  
Keep this between us. Don't tell  
your grandma. Can you do that?

LANA  
Of course.

Lana is confused but will obey his wishes.

INT. GRANDMA TORRES AND LANA'S ROOM - DAY

Two twin beds are adjacent, and one is Lana's.

Mostly full of Grandma's stuff. The walls have religious  
trinkets and a big wooden cross.

Minimal and old-fashioned comfy furniture crowd the small  
room. It may not be much, but it's home.

GRANDMA TORRES (78), tranquil and noble, the matriarch in Shady Oaks. Her wise withered face shows her old age, but she's the most healthy out of all the seniors.

She sits on a bed and watches her Novellas.

Lana enters and greets her grandma with a kiss on each cheek. Grandma speaks with a thick Mexican accent.

*Note: Italics are spoken in Spanish with English subtitles.*

LANA

Hi, Grandma. I got lunch.

GRANDMA TORRES

*Hello, granddaughter. Have you heard anything back from the University?*

LANA

Not yet. What's going on in this episode?

GRANDMA TORRES

*Lupe tells Hector that she's been sleeping with his twin brother while recovering from brain surgery. She wants a divorce so she can travel the world with him.*

She has trouble with the applesauce lid. Lana helps.

LANA

Mr. Oaks says hi. He asked about how you --

GRANDMA TORRES

-- Can you get my glasses, please? They're sitting over there.

Lana reaches for the glasses and encounters a BLACK WIDOW near a display of the Ten Commandments.

She screams.

GRANDMA TORRES

*What's wrong?!*

LANA

Black widow!

She grabs a newspaper and rolls it up.

Ready to smash it...

GRANDMA TORRES  
*What are you doing?*

LANA  
Going to kill it.

GRANDMA TORRES  
(to black widow)  
*Come here, little beautiful. No one  
is going to hurt you. I promise.*

Grandma takes the newspaper from Lana and unrolls it.

GRANDMA TORRES  
*You're a little fatty.*

She moves the newspaper close to the large black widow, careful not to damage her web.

LANA  
What are you doing? Kill it.

GRANDMA TORRES  
*Read number six.*

LANA  
"Thou shall not kill." I think God  
meant people.

GRANDMA TORRES  
And you know this for a fact?

Black Widow crawls onto the newspaper, and Grandma carefully moves it to the window ledge.

The spider crawls off the newspaper and onto the window.

GRANDMA TORRES  
*She's trying to figure out where  
she wants to go. Whatever direction  
will be a new part of life. A  
better one. Just like when I came  
to this country.*

Black Widow crawls away.

GRANDMA TORRES  
*Spiders are said to be protectors.  
Besides, we need them to kill the  
cucarachas.*

She touches her granddaughter's cheek, and share a smile.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

8s new world bustles with strange fresh creatures.

It has an unfathomable appetite. It moves fast. Long, thick legs scurry across the ground with a broken rhythm.

It pauses at the sight of a SQUIRREL.

Squirrel hears something and stops. 8 has its prey in sight, but the squirrel can't see it.

WHAM.

8 lunges. Its fangs puncture two holes and breaks the squirrel in half like a toothpick.

8 digs its fangs deeper to expel digestive enzymes to liquefy its prey. Legs glow blue.

Suddenly...

8 sheds an EXOSKELETON. It's bigger by a couple more inches. What can take hours or days happens in moments.

BARK.

BARK.

8 turns its attention to a RUNNER with his DOG.

INT. SHADY OAKS - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

Lana takes a small break and skims through a SAN DIEGO UNIVERSITY brochure.

She flips through the brochure page and reads the cost of tuition. She skips past it to the picture of students helping patients and graduation success stories. She's excited.

CHU (20s), if Cardi B were a flamboyant gay Asian male, it would be this guy. Everyone needs someone like this on their friends' list.

CHU

Sup, Chica. You hear back yet?

LANA

No. I wish everyone would stop asking me.

CHU

Excuse me for caring.

LANA  
Sorry.

CHU  
Here comes Jake. Say yes.

LANA  
What?

JAKE (20s), has the charm of a prince and a firefighter's physique, but he's more sheep than a shepherd.

JAKE  
Hey, Chu. Hi Lana.

CHU  
Don't ask her if she got in.

JAKE  
Ok. Actually, I wanted to ask something else. Today's my birthday, and I wanted to see if you wanna hang out with me.

LANA  
Oh... huh.

Awkward silence.

CHU  
Damn girl. It's his birthday.

LANA  
Sure, but can we make it for next week?

JAKE  
Cool. You could use a well-needed break, especially after Mr. Oaks got sick.

LANA  
Thanks, and happy birthday.

CHU  
Happy birthday, Jaky-boi.

He spansks Jake in the ass and exits.

JAKE  
I saw a limo here the other day.

LANA  
That's the developers who want to  
buy the land.

JAKE  
I better start looking for another  
job, I guess.

LANA  
Mr. Oaks isn't selling.

JAKE  
Well, that's good. More time to be  
around you.

Lana can't help but swoon a little.

INT. FOREST - NIGHT

VROOM. VROOM.

Heavy tree-cutting machines are an invasive species.

Giant-sized wheels barrel across plant life.

Engine noises echo in the cold night. Black smoke toxifies  
the fresh air. Oil seeps into the clean dirt.

Sharp blades slash through ancient trees. They crash on top  
of rabbit and prairie dog holes.

FOREMAN (40s), a rugged male, studies blueprints for a large  
building on top of a heavy-duty truck. An Acres Development  
logo is on the door.

Young female ASSISTANT (20s), likely hired for eye candy  
rather than her work experience. She skims through paperwork.

ASSISTANT FOREMAN  
Sir, sir. We need to be careful.  
Parts of this area are protected.

Nearby... A CONSTRUCTION WORKER chainsaws a tree with an "X."  
A BABY RACCOON looks at the man about to demolish his home.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER  
(to baby raccoon)  
Better move. I got a job to do.

He taunts the animal with his chainsaw. Baby Raccoon stands  
its ground... He cuts.

Animal scurries away.

A large tree topples on a huge FUNNEL WEB. An ugly display of destruction and lack of compassion.

Ground shifts. 8 hides under a trap door in the ground.

It peeks out and sizes up the Construction Worker.

POW.

8 pops out and seizes the Construction Worker.

SCREAMS muffle beneath the earth.

Wildlife stops and listens, curious.

The ground rumbles...

8 surfaces from the trapdoor.

It's GROWN...

The size of a large dog.

8 scans its geographic area...

Paths of habitat desolation surround 8 and nearby animals. It needs a new home.

Shady Oaks is on the horizon.

INT. MS. JOHNSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Small with an open floor plan.

MS. JOHNSON (50s), wears bifocals, pink shorts, and a t-shirt with two fat cats on her breast that reads, "BIG OL' KITTIES." Lana pulls out medications.

MS. JOHNSON  
(re: medications)  
I don't want to take them.

LANA  
Ok. We'll try again later.

Ms. Johnson's wrist is bruised.

LANA  
What happened here? Did you fall?

MS. JOHNSON  
I don't remember.

Lana enters the bathroom and comes out with some muscle rub and a bandage. She massages Ms. Johnson's wrist and wraps it.

LANA  
(re: wrist)  
How does that feel?

MS. JOHNSON  
Much better now. And thank you,  
Lana, for getting him for me.

An orange tabby cat with a facial deformity walks about. His name is KING.

LANA  
I know the other place you were in  
didn't let you have a cat.

MS. JOHNSON  
Because of my condition.

LANA  
Hard to forget you have a cat.

They look at King.

Ms. Johnson grabs a glass of water and takes her meds with no fuss. Lana gives her cans of wet cat food for King.

MS. JOHNSON  
Good night dear.

Lana exits with a smile.

Ms. Johnson picks up King and holds his face to hers. She forgets her injured wrist. She's just too happy.

MS. JOHNSON  
Are you Hungry?

MEOW. She puts him down and opens a can of wet food.

MS. JOHNSON  
Half a can. So you don't get fat.

A dead GRASS SPIDER is next to King's bowl.

She pours the remaining food. A reward for killing the spider.

MS. JOHNSON  
Protecting your kingdom. Who knew  
so many spiders were around here?  
Like they're moving in.

INT. SHADY OAKS LIVING - NIGHT

Lana enters with a medium PIZZA. She approaches the reception desk and checks the mail.

She grabs a LETTER addressed to her from the university. The letter she's been waiting for.

She puts the pizza down and prepares herself for news to come. She is about to open it... Stops.

She doesn't know how she'll handle the news. Good or bad.

INT. MR. OAKS' ROOM - NIGHT

Lana enters. She puts the pizza on the desk.

Mr. Oaks lies on the bed.

He faces away.

LANA  
Mr. Oaks?

He doesn't move.

LANA  
I got the letter. I'm so nervous.

No response.

LANA  
Mr. Oaks?

She turns his face toward hers.

His eyes...

Lifeless.

She shakes Mr. Oaks' body.

Nothing.

She checks his pulse on his wrist, neck, and even the bottom of his foot... *Nada*.

LANA  
No.

Her eyes show the feelings of her heart.

She kisses his head.

EXT. SHADY OAKS LIVING - LATER

AMBULANCE parks, and two EMTs haul out a gurney.

Lana is in a trance of uncertainty and sadness as she processes the beams of ambulance lights.

EMTs load Mr. Oaks' body.

Female EMT #1 (30s), approaches Lana with compassion.

EMT #1  
Are you his next of kin?

LANA  
No. I'm just an employee.

EMT #1  
You seem more than that. Maybe a  
great friend?

Lana sheds a slight smile. Her eyes reminisce of the memories with Mr. Oaks.

EMT #1  
I'm sorry for your loss.

LANA  
Thank you. I'll contact his lawyer  
to go over the arrangements.

INT. SHADY OAKS - OFFICE - NIGHT

Lana's noise from her grief disrupts the subtle music of mother nature that comes from the open window.

LANA  
(over intercom)  
All seniors and staff, please  
report to the rec room immediately.

She places the unopened university letter on the desk. There are more important things to deal with.

Abruptly, the outdoor noise stops and grabs her attention.

A GRASSHOPPER jumps in and lands on her desk. She jumps back.

Another grasshopper hops in.

She shuts the window.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jake enters in haste with Grandma Torres. She immediately notices Lana's cathartic state.

GRANDMA  
(in Spanish)  
*What's happening?*

JAKE  
I just saw an ambulance pull out.  
What's going on?

LANA  
Mr. Oaks. He's dead.

Grandma drops her cane and collapses. Jake catches her.

LANA  
Oh my god, Grandma.

JAKE  
Mrs. Torres.

Jake consoles Lana. She clutches him hard.

JAKE  
I'm so sorry. I know how much he  
meant to you. Who's going to break  
the bad news to everyone?

LANA  
It should be me.

JAKE  
It doesn't have to be. Maybe do it  
later. You should take a breath.

All the seniors and staff gather.

Chu escorts MR. ARNOLD (60s), a Vietnam War vet. Like many  
vets, the government didn't take care of him.

MR. ARNOLD  
What's this about? You interrupted  
me from my favorite show.

CHU  
What's that, "Ru Paul's Drag Race?"

MR. ARNOLD  
No, "Your Mom and Me."

Lana trembles.

Staff notice and get serious.

LANA

With great pain and sadness... Mr. Oaks is no longer with us.

MS. JOHNSON

Did he get a better job?

MR. ARNOLD

No, you old goat, he's dead. Right?

LANA

I'm afraid so.

MS. WILSON

God. No. I hope he didn't suffer. Was it the cancer?

Lana nods her head.

Mr. Cole comforts Ms. Wilson.

MR. COLE

Did you notify his family?

LANA

I never met them. I left a voicemail for his attorney.

MR. ARNOLD

I met his grandson once when he was small. What's going to happen to this place? I heard rumors there's an offer on the property.

MS. WILSON

This place was hard to manage for Mr. Oaks when he was sick. He did his best. Thank God for you, Lana.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Are we still going to get paid?

YUUKI (20s), female, comes from a traditional Chinese background. The most professional in her job next to Lana.

YUUKI

Who is going to be in charge? I can't do anything but this. I can lose my visa.

Staff and seniors argue about who should run things. Lana's name comes up.

She's confused and not sure how to interject with her own feelings.

LANA  
(softly)  
But... I plan on going back to school.

Everyone's faces are unsteady.

MS. WILSON  
I love it here. If there is a will,  
there is a way.

YUUKI  
I like it here too.

MR. ARNOLD  
This place is a dump. But I'm too  
old to be moving.

STAFF MEMBER #2 takes off his name badge and exits.

A SECURITY GUARD does the same.

Chu walks toward the door.

LANA  
Chu?

CHU  
(shuts the door)  
I ain't bailing on y'all hood rats.  
Anybody else who tries leaving will  
get an ass-whooping.

MR. ARNOLD  
You mean ass licking.

CHU  
That too.

LANA  
I'll talk to the lawyer. Everyone  
go back to bed and stay positive.  
It's what Mr. Oaks would want.

MS. JOHNSON  
I don't know what's going on.

LANA  
Don't worry. Everything will be ok.

Not sure if she says this to comfort Ms. Johnson or herself.

EXT. SHADY OAKS LIVING - LAWN - DAY

Old school 90s, bubble gum pop music plays in the background.

STAR (19), teaches dance moves to the seniors. She's a hipster version of Ariana Grande. Her naïve personality comes off as white entitlement, but it's more of an innocence.

Seniors attempt to keep up with her sexy moves.

Lana approaches. Star jumps on her with a big ass hug.

STAR

I'm sorry, Lana. It must be so hard for you. They told me you found the body. If you need to talk, I'm here.

Lana speaks nothing but says everything as she returns the heartfelt hug.

An OLD LADY grabs her hip, and another falls. Ms. Wilson helps her fallen companion.

LANA

What are you doing? Someone's going to get hurt. Shut it down.

STAR

I'm trying to cheer them up.

Lana notices the seniors have fun. She's happy about this.

LANA

Few more minutes, and make sure to keep them cool. It's hotter this year.

Star shows Lana a spray bottle and sprays water in the air.

LANA

And no more sexy dances. Someone's going to break a hip.

STAR

These moves got me over 5,000 followers.

Star skips her way back to the seniors. She shuffles through her phone and picks a song.

STAR (O.C.)

Are you ready for some Bieber fever?!

Seniors cheer with their fragile bodies. Star dances and sprays water in their faces. She grabs her dancing partner Ms. Wilson and records a video of the fun.

Lana gets a text message from Mr. Oaks' lawyer:

"Lana, can you meet me at my office tomorrow at 9am? Bring your grandma, Mrs. Maria Torres."

She's confused about her grandma but simply replies, "Yes."

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

A patriotic-looking gas-guzzler of a TRUCK is parked near a bright orange tent. An unattended fire crackles.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

BARRON (21), grabs a BEER from a cooler and pops it open. His date, TIFFANY (18), kisses him all over. They make out and take each other's clothes off. She rubs her hands on his abs.

TIFFANY

Oh, baby, you're hard as a rock.

BARRON

I have a soft spot too.

TIFFANY

(kisses his chest)

Your heart?

BARRON

No. The tip of my dick.

He pushes her head down to his junk. Moments later -

BARRON

Shit!

TIFFANY

Again babe?

BARRON

I gotta take a piss.

TIFFANY

Gross. I don't want to suck on pee dick.

BARRON

Shut up. I'll be back.

EXT. LAKE - SAME

Over the lake, a worn billboard.

"LIVE. PLAY. WELCOME TO SHADY OAKS RETIREMENT COMMUNITY 10 MILES."

The lake is POLLUTED with single-use plastic. Barron tosses the beer can in the lake and urinates in the water.

A GIGANTIC WEB is suspended over part of the lake and runs up the trees. Its design is intricate for unassuming prey.

Barron takes a closer look...

A web of terror has collected remnants of rats, pigeons, squirrels, and an eagle head.

INTERCUT: INT. TENT/EXT. LAKE

Tiffany snaps sexy selfies. She puts her clothes back on.

TIFFANY  
Let's go, Barron!

Barron whips out his POCKET KNIFE and pulls on a DEAD RABBIT from the web.

BARRON  
Tiff, want a lucky rabbit's foot?!

He pulls with both hands. He tugs with no accord. The DOG BONES fall from the tree and hit him in the face.

SMACK.

He falls on his ass and scurries back into a web behind him. He's stuck.

The disturbance fusses the creature responsible for the mosaic web of demise.

No birds chirp. No cricket noises. No owls, hoot. Instant silence snags Tiffany's attention.

Barron SCREAMS. Tiffany exits the tent.

TIFFANY  
Barron?!

Something large and white flies toward her.

WHAM.

Barron lands by her feet, crocheted in webs. She screams and sprints to the truck.

His body still moves.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Tiffany starts the engine and reverses. The truck jerks violently. A web is attached to the front axle.

TIFFANY

No, no, no!

She continues to reverse; tires dig in the ground. Grill and axle rip-off. She exits the car and runs -

INT. FOREST - NIGHT

Only Tiffany's screams keep her company.

She eyes Shady Oaks between the trees. So close, but so far.

She trips over something and hits her head. A long spider leg is attached to an ABDOMEN.

It's the EXOSKELETON of 8.

Something's behind her. In the brush...

Birds fly away. Small animals escape the brush, and other spiders scurry off.

A slight shimmer appears.

She stares at it...

EIGHT EYES open.

WHAM.

Bye Tiff.

EXT. SHADY OAKS LIVING - NIGHT

8 circles the building.

The basement doors are slightly ajar.

8 props one of them open...

A NEW HOME.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Big. Paintings of law firm partners hang on the walls.

Two chairs are across a redwood desk. One of them is occupied by DONALD OAKS (40s), the definition of entitled.

His younger son, JR. (11), sits in the other chair. He puts his feet on the desk and plays a game on his phone.

KAREN (40s), his mother, wears an organza hat and sunglasses. She stands next to a window and scrolls through social media on her phone with a glittery Coach case.

HARRY (20s), could be a Men's Health magazine poster boy. He never does anything without a good plan.

The Oaks family is dressed in expensive clothing from a private collection of famous designers.

Harry is not. He's out of place from the family except for his GOLD ROLEX WATCH.

Lana enters the room with Grandma on her arm.

Grandma Torres wears a single pretty floral gown. Something only old people would wear.

Lana wears a women's business suit. Faded and worn, bought from a thrift store. She wears it with confidence.

Harry is taken aback by Lana's natural appeal. Something unusual in his world.

Lana extends her hand to Karen.

LANA

Hi, I'm --

KAREN

-- The trash is over there.

She pulls out trash from her oversized designer handbag and gives it to Lana.

LANA

Oh. I'm not --

DONALD

-- Here, take this.

He pulls out candy wrappers from his pocket.

HARRY  
No. Mom. Dad. She isn't  
housekeeping. You must be Lana.

He extends his hand like a gift to her.

LANA  
Yes, I am.

HARRY  
It's nice to meet you.

They shake hands. He stares at her in a flirtish way.

LANA  
This is my grandma.

He bends down to shake her grandma's hand.

HARRY  
(in Spanish)  
*Nice to meet you.*

Grandma nods and greets him back.

HARRY  
Please forgive my parents --

DONALD  
Jesus Christ! How much longer?! He  
said 9 o'clock.

Lana checks the oversized clock in the room. It's 9:03 am.

LAWYER (50s), enters. Gives a shit but knows certain cases  
aren't going to win. He greets Lana with heartfelt  
compassion. He gives no fucks for the Oaks family.

Lawyer pushes Jr's feet off the desk before he flops himself  
in his overpriced leather chair. Let's get this over with.

Neither of the men offers their seat for the old woman.

LANA  
(to Donald and Jr.)  
Is it ok if my grandma sits down?

DONALD  
This won't take long, sweetie. Do  
you know why they're here?

He gestures to Lana and her Grandma but doesn't look at them.

Grandma isn't taking that shit. She nudges the boy with her cane for him to get up. Jr. obeys with a scornful face.

The lawyer flips through some documents.

LAWYER

Thank you for coming. As you know, Mr. Joseph Oaks has passed away from pancreatic cancer.

Grandma Torres does the holy trinity.

LAWYER

We're here to go over his estate. He didn't have much except for Shady Oaks Retirement Home and some other things.

DONALD

Maybe if he didn't waste so much money on keeping that place up.

KAREN

Or if he would have charged more and ran it like a business instead of a charity.

LANA

Seniors can't afford anywhere else. They're grateful to Mr. Oaks. He loved it there.

KAREN

Excuse me. Who the hell are you?

JR.

Housekeeping?

DONALD

Nurse?

LANA

Friend.

LAWYER

(to Donald)

Lana works at the home with your father. Anyway, there's been an offer on the land.

Lawyer pulls out the OFFER LETTER.

DONALD

We'll take it.



LANA  
What about the seniors?

LAWYER  
I don't need theirs. Just yours.

Lana shoves the offer letter away.

LANA  
I can't.

DONALD  
Don't be stupid. Imagine what you  
can do with that kind of money.

LANA  
I said no.

KAREN  
(to Lana)  
Who's going to run the home? You?

GRANDMA TORRES  
(*in Spanish*)  
*She's been doing it already  
and a great job.*

JR.  
Speak American. No one  
understands you.

LANA  
I can do it.

DONALD  
Run that place? Sure. With  
what money, honey?

Good question and Lana knows it.

KAREN  
Don't look at us. We don't give  
handouts.

LAWYER  
Currently, you have enough money  
for payroll, and that's about it.

Lana pulls out the CHECK that Mr. Oaks gave her. She stares  
at it.

GRANDMA TORRES  
(re: check)  
Where did you get that?

She knows but is still shocked.

Lana turns to her grandma for confirmation. They have a  
conversation with their eyes.

Lana hands the check over to the lawyer.

LAWYER  
Are you sure?

She nods.

DONALD  
You think that's going to be  
enough?

LAWYER  
It'll buy you some time, but not  
much.

HARRY  
Who gets the life insurance?

DONALD  
You ask like you're the  
beneficiary.

HARRY  
Fuck you, Dad.

KAREN  
Don't talk to your father  
that way.

Lana's cue to exit. She helps her grandma out of the chair.

Lawyer opens his folder and hands a SEALED ENVELOPE addressed  
to MRS. MARIA TORRES.

Grandma Torres takes it with hesitation. Lana is a bit  
curious but keeps her eyes in her skull.

KAREN  
What's that? Why does she get it?  
What does it say?

Nosy bitch. Karen tries to peek at the letter.

Grandma Torres wasn't born yesterday. She shoves the letter  
in her leather purse. She'll read it later.

LAWYER  
If you need anything, just call.

He extends his hand to Lana. She hugs him. He's caught off  
guard but is genuinely touched by Lana's empathy.

Lana and Grandma Torres exit.

LAWYER  
Life insurance is paid out once the  
autopsy report comes back. Until  
then, I can't release the name. Per  
your grandfather's request.

DONALD

What am I going to do now?

LAWYER

Try and convince her to sell. Good luck with that.

EXT. LAW FIRM PARKING LOT - DAY

Lana's 2003 Ford Escort car sticks out in a sea of high-end luxury cars, like a zebra in a herd of lions.

INT. LANA'S CAR - SAME

Lana helps her grandma in. Grandma grabs Lana's face and smiles at her. She's proud of her.

LANA

I'm sorry I didn't tell you about the money. He made me promise.

GRANDMA TORRES

I understand.

HARRY

(approaches Lana)

Hey! Sorry about my parents. Primarily my dad. He can be a grade A asshole.

LANA

Your mom is a piece of work too.

Harry is surprised by her comment.

LANA

Sorry. I shouldn't have said that.

GRANDMA TORRES

(in Spanish)

*You're not wrong, Mija.*

LANA

Grandma!

HARRY

It's ok. She had it coming.

LANA

I'm sorry about your grandfather.

HARRY  
You really cared for him, huh?

LANA  
He was a good friend and mentor. He hired me out of high school.

HARRY  
(concerned)  
So, you're going to try and run that big place by yourself?

LANA  
There aren't many seniors and staff. It can't be too hard.

HARRY  
Then, why bother? Just sell.

LANA  
If I can't handle a couple of seniors and staff, what makes me ready to be a nurse and help hundreds of people?

HARRY  
You're a nurse?

LANA  
Not yet. Going to go back to school.

HARRY  
Why'd you stop?

GRANDMA TORRES  
(almost resentful)  
Joseph.

LANA  
When he got sick. I haven't been out of school for that long, Grandma. Besides, Joseph let us move in there together so I could save money.

HARRY  
That place was a big part of my grandfather's life. Maybe I can come by and help.

LANA  
Thank you, but you don't have to.

HARRY  
It's still a free country and my  
grandfather's business... I mean  
home.

LANA  
That it is.

HARRY  
I can start tomorrow.

LANA  
Sounds good. See you then.

Lana enters her car and drives off.

A FALSE WIDOW Spider darts across Harry's shoes...

He kicks it off; it lands on its back.

The spider scrambles to find its legs and crawls away.

Harry steps on it.

INT. GRANDMA TORRES AND LANA'S ROOM - DAY

Lana enters.

Grandma stands and expects a hug and kiss on both cheeks, but  
is disappointed.

LANA  
Here's your breakfast.

GRANDMA TORRES  
It's cold.

LANA  
Sorry. Busy. Eat up.

GRANDMA TORRES  
What about the novella? In this  
episode --

Lana slams the door shut.

Grandma opens her applesauce. She can't.

She watches the novella.

Alone.

INT. SHADY OAKS - OFFICE - DAY

Lana shifts boxes around and shuffles paperwork. She drops herself in the chair.

Chu enters.

CHU

Hey Chica, those two wrinkly farts are in the pool again.

LANA

No one is allowed in unsupervised. They know this.

CHU

That's what I told them, but they didn't listen. I swear they got their hearing aids from the 99-cent store.

LANA

I'll talk to them. Can you take over room checks with Yuuki?

CHU

Yeah, if I can find her skinny ass.

LANA

Let me see if I can get her.

She gets on the intercom... Static.

LANA

(over intercom)  
Yuuki?

She presses the button again.

LANA

Yuuki?

The intercom makes a buzzing noise. It's not working.

LANA

Just find her.

CHU

How?

LANA

The old fashion way. Look.

CHU  
Damn, bee-yotch. Ok.

LANA  
I'm sorry, Chu --

CHU  
-- Let me go find Hello Kitty.

LANA  
And please finish the laundry.

KNOCK.

KNOCK.

Mr. Cole enters.

MR. COLE  
How are you doing, Lana?

LANA  
Busy.

She examines employee schedules and duties on a clipboard. It's a grid of employee names, dates, and times, with checkmarks and initials.

A lot of missing checkmarks.

MR. COLE  
I wanted to give you this. It was given to me by my sensei.

Lana's preoccupied.

MR. COLE  
To say thank you.

He extends the GIFT to her, wrapped in a purple silk cloth.

Phone rings. She answers and grabs the gift from Mr. Cole. She doesn't unwrap it.

LANA  
(into phone)  
Past due. How many days?  
(to Mr. Cole)  
Let's talk later.

He nods and exits.

Jake enters.

She's still on the phone and pays no mind.

LANA  
(into phone)  
I'm so sorry. We'll try and get you  
a check as soon as possible. She  
hangs up the phone.

JAKE  
Is everything ok?

LANA  
Can things get any worse?

JAKE  
At least the AC works.

LANA  
(re: past-due bill)  
I think I have enough to cover it.  
I can pull from my savings.

JAKE  
That's for your move and tuition.

LANA  
We're past due. They're asking for  
cash on delivery.

JAKE  
I'm here to help in any way I can.  
How did the meeting go?

LANA  
I don't even know where to begin.

She hears a car pull up and looks out the window.

It's Harry in a Porsche.

She knocks on the window to grab his attention.

They wave at each other.

JAKE  
Who's that?

LANA  
Mr. Oaks' grandson. He's offered to  
help me out around here.

JAKE  
I didn't know he had a family.

LANA

Please give him a uniform when he comes in.

JAKE

I don't know anything about this guy. You know I vet all my guards.

LANA

It's just for the meantime until I figure out where he might be the most use.

Harry enters without knocking and breezes by Jake.

Lana extends her hand for a shake, and Harry hugs her instead. She hugs back with graciousness.

LANA

Thanks so much for coming.

HARRY

I'm a man of my word.

JAKE

I'm Jake. Security Supervisor.

He extends his hand to Harry, who ignores it.

HARRY

Wow. This place is just like I remembered it when I was a kid. I forgot how big it was.

LANA

I know, right. Anyway, if you don't mind starting immediately, there's a lot to do. Jake will get you settled in. Please?

JAKE

(nods)

I'll see you later for dinner.

LANA

Dammit. I forgot we rescheduled it for today. I can't. I have to put up the decorations in the rec room for movie night.

JAKE

Are we still doing that?

LANA

Of course. To honor him, and it was Joe's favorite day of the month.

JAKE

Have someone else do it.

LANA

Everyone is already working their butts off. That just leaves me. Besides, they'll do it wrong, or something will happen, and I'll have to take care of it anyways.

JAKE

No, you don't. You haven't had time to grieve. You have been running around everywhere for everyone.

Jake and Lana have a long stare-down.

Harry gets a little awkward.

She notices.

LANA

Jake will show you around. Make sure to clock out on time. We can't afford overtime.

Lana goes back to typing on the computer.

Jake exits.

Harry waves bye to her as he leaves.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

A few gray lockers are against the walls. Half are empty, with name tags stripped off of them.

All cameras and monitors are ONLINE. Basement camera has some webs on it. Harry glances at them and struts around the room.

Jake gives Harry a uniform.

JAKE

You can have the day shifts. I work with Lana at night.

HARRY

I don't mind working nights if it's with Lana.

JAKE

Excuse me.

HARRY

Oh man, I'm sorry, bro. I didn't know you guys were a thing.

Harry undresses, not ashamed of exposing his Captain America body. He's in shape as Jake.

JAKE

We're not. I mean, I'd like to be and all... Lana wants me to show you around first.

HARRY

No need. I remember this place when I was a kid.

JAKE

Fine. Catch up when you're done.

Jake exits.

INT. MR. ARNOLD'S ROOM - DAY

A large U.S.A. flag hangs above Mr. Arnold's bed. War memorabilia and photos with fellow soldiers flank him.

He watches RU PAUL'S DRAG RACE. Chu enters with Harry. Mr. Arnold switches the tv to reruns of M.A.S.H.

His room is unkept, with open drawers.

Chu cleans as he introduces Harry to Mr. Arnold.

CHU

(to Mr. Arnold)

This cutie pie is Harry. He's going to be helping out.

HARRY

Hi, Mr. Arnold. Do you remember me?

MR. ARNOLD

(squints)

I remember that smug ass smirk of yours.

Mr. Arnold's lieutenant uniform is dusty and wrinkled.

Harry attempts to pick it up...

MR. ARNOLD  
Don't touch it.

Harry steps away to a nearby open drawer and peeks inside. He does a double-take.

Mr. Arnold notices.

MR. ARNOLD  
Quit snooping around!

CHU  
Ok, boomer. Calm down. He's just trying to help.  
(re: military uniform)  
Do you want me to get it dry-cleaned for you?

Chu picks it up respectfully and carefully moves the uniform, laying it across his forearm.

MR. ARNOLD  
I don't give a shit. Look where that thing got me.

He coughs and stands up with the help of a CANE.

CHU  
Breakfast is getting cold. Make sure you eat all of it.

MR. ARNOLD  
It tastes like a bear wiped his ass with it.

Chu grabs Mr. Arnold's laundry in a rush.

He sorts clean from dirty, not noticing what he holds, including his underwear.

MR. ARNOLD  
Don't be sniffing my underwear either, rice-queen.

CHU  
Not my flavor. I prefer nut huggers with pink lace.

MR. ARNOLD  
Goddamit Chu. How gay are you? I mean, if there were levels? You would be here.

Mr. Arnold points his middle finger high in the air.

CHU  
No. It would be here and on my  
knees.

Chu puts his middle finger by his junk.

Jake enters.

HARRY  
It's warm in here. What's up with  
the AC?

JAKE  
It's fine in Lana's office. I'll  
tell her about it. What took you so  
long?

HARRY  
I'm sorry. I ran into the  
delightful Chu.

Chu puts forth his hand like a princess. Harry kisses it playfully. They laugh, but Jake is immune to Harry's charm and playfulness.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

1970s took a dump in here with the wallpaper and rugs. The furniture is a little more modern, early 90s.

Lana enters with boxes of decorations stacked in her arms. She can barely see over them.

To her surprise, decorations are already up.

Grandma Torres sits on a chair.

LANA  
Grandma, how did you do all this?!

Grandma shakes her head and points to a MAN in uniform.

He puts up a banner that reads, "MOVIE NIGHT."

He wears earbuds, blasts synth-pop music, and dances around.

Lana taps him. He jumps back and yanks his earbuds out.

LANA  
Jake. Thank you.

He turns around...

LANA  
Harry?!

HARRY  
Lana.

LANA  
I'm sorry. I thought you were --

HARRY  
-- Jake? Sorry to disappoint.

LANA  
Don't be. You did all this?

HARRY  
Well, not all of it. Your grandma  
helped too.

LANA  
Really?

HARRY  
She mostly sat there and pointed  
while bossing me around in Spanish.

Grandma gives him a thumbs up.

LANA  
Grandma, what are you doing down  
here so late?

HARRY  
I ran into her earlier, and we  
started talking. Don't worry. I'm  
off the clock.

LANA  
Everything looks great.

They grab the ladder at the same time...

Hands touch.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

The kitchen and basement cameras are OFFLINE.

Jake watches Lana and Harry.

He zooms in on Lana and Harry talking to each other.

Jake is jealous.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A few miles from Shady Oaks. Two white male hunters, SPENCER and ADAM (40s), dress in Realtree camo attire. They cut a fence that has a sign: Private Property.

ADAM  
Should we be doing this?

SPENCER  
This land is going to get shredded anyways. Don't be a pussy and help me.

They cut the fence and enter. They trek the land, and Spencer lays a bear trap on the floor.

ADAM  
I don't want to be here that long.

SPENCER  
Quit your bitching.

SNAP.

ADAM  
What was that?

SPENCER  
Maybe construction.

Adam's dumbass investigates.

CRACK.

Adam heads back to his friend.

A broken rhythm speeds toward Adam. He dashes to his friend Spencer, who finishes setting up the trap.

ADAM  
Spencer? Spence? Let's get out of here.

SPENCER  
(irritated)  
Next time, I'm bringing your sister.

Spencer hears the same noises.

They cock their RIFLES.

TWIP.

A web shoots out from the darkness, straight at the hunters.

SPENCER  
What the fuck?!

WHAM.

8 jumps out of a bush and attacks Spencer. He falls back and lands head-first on his bear trap.

He gets a shot off and inadvertently shoots Adam in the head.

Easy meals for 8. Legs glow blue. 8 webs up the bodies and drags them to SHADY OAKS BASEMENT.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Naturally, Lana is the only one here. Tired, she grabs trays and stacks them on a cart.

She opens the fridge and cringes at a rotten smell that hits her nostrils. She checks the food ALL BAD.

**Thermostat dial reads 110.**

She checks the other fridge. Same.

She investigates behind the refrigerator.

Both plugs are DISCONNECTED.

Hundreds of dollars of food wasted. She smells and inspects each item to see what's still edible and places the good food on the trays.

There are more empty trays than food.

INT. GRANDMA TORRES'S ROOM - DAY

Grandma knits a scarf. Lana enters with a pitiful breakfast.

GRANDMA TORRES  
(in Spanish)  
*Good morning. Are you going to stay  
this time?*

LANA  
I can't.

GRANDMA TORRES  
(disappointed)  
Oh. Ok.

LANA  
Maybe a few minutes.

Grandma perks up. They watch a novella on a large tube TV. Together.

On the TV, an elderly person is in pain and dies. Lana gets emotional.

Grandma comforts her with a warm hug that fills the room.

LANA  
I miss him. But that's not the number one reason why I'm sad.

GRANDMA TORRES  
*What is?*

LANA  
Seeing Mr. Oaks that way made me think about your death. I don't know what I would do without you.

GRANDMA TORRES  
*We're all just passing through. One day it will be my time, and one day yours. Our souls live on.*

LANA  
I don't know if I can do this. It's just so hard.

GRANDMA TORRES  
*Nothing good comes easy. Be grateful for the things you have.*

LANA  
I wish Mr. Oaks were still here.

Grandma points to her heart.

GRANDMA TORRES  
He is. And proud of you.

LANA  
It always seemed like you didn't like him. You two didn't speak a word to each other.

GRANDMA TORRES  
Our love for you was the only thing we had in common.

Lana yawns.

GRANDMA TORRES  
You should get some sleep.

LANA  
Maybe later. I have to buy more  
food and figure out what happened  
to the refrigerators.

Grandma gives her the "Don't make me tell you twice" look.

LANA  
Ok, just for a little bit.

She dozes off.

INT. SHADY OAKS - MS. WILSON'S ROOM - DAY

Ms. Wilson wears shorts and a tank top. She fans herself  
while having multiple fans on.

She checks her vents to see if the AC is working. Nothing.

Her hand spasms.

She wipes her brow...

Ms. Wilson faints.

INT. GRANDMA TORRES AND LANA'S ROOM - LATER

Chu is in the room with Grandma Torres. Grandma gently  
strokes Lana's cheek to wake her.

Lana is dead tired and doesn't wake up. Chu slaps Lana's ass.

LANA  
What's going on?

CHU  
Ms. Wilson is in the hospital.

Lana snaps out of her grogginess.

LANA  
What?! What happened?!

CHU  
I'm not sure, but her room was over  
100 degrees when we found her.

LANA  
Oh my god. A heatstroke.

CHU  
You don't know that.

LANA  
(checks vents)  
They work. I don't understand.

She storms out of the room.

INT. HALLWAYS - DAY

Star and Harry meet up with Lana.

SMACK.

Star slaps Lana across the face.

HARRY  
(to Star)  
Hey, that's enough!

He restrains Star with ease.

STAR  
This is all your fault. Why  
couldn't you fix the AC?

LANA  
I... I didn't know.

STAR  
You should.

HARRY  
(to Lana)  
I thought Jake told you.

STAR  
We should have never let you be in  
charge.

Star shrugs off Harry and exits to the stairs.

HARRY  
Forget about that bitch.

LANA  
No. She's right.

He pushes the button.

Elevator arrives.

It can be heard down the hall.

SCREECH.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Harry and Lana enter.

LANA

It's my fault. I screwed up.

She holds back her emotions, not to show helplessness.

He gazes deep into her eyes, into her good soul.

HARRY

Don't say that. You're doing your best.

Her cheek is still red from Star's slap. He kisses it. He moves closer to her lips and kisses her passionately. She kisses back.

Harry presses the "PUSH TO STOP" button.

For a brief moment, Lana escapes into calmness. She needs it.

Lana stops the passion and hits the button. The elevator continues down.

LANA

I need to check the cameras.

HARRY

Don't bother some of them aren't working. Talk to Jake. It's about the food, right.

LANA

How'd you know?

HARRY

I saw him messing around the back of the refrigerator. Have you ever wondered why my grandfather left this place to you.

LANA

I haven't had time to think about it, with everything going on.

HARRY

This place has caused you nothing but problems.

LANA

Part of me wishes he didn't leave it to me.

HARRY  
Acres Development is getting cold  
feet about the deal. In case you  
change your mind... We have until  
tomorrow morning.

He gives her the offer letter.

INT. POOL - NIGHT

A married couple, STAN and MARY (60s), wear swimsuits.  
They're what every couple wishes to be at their age. Sweet  
with one another and in love every day.

They place towels on a couple of chairs near the pool. Mary  
takes off her glasses. Stan helps her into the water.

MARY  
It's movie night, honey.

STAN  
Just a quick swim. It's been hot in  
our room.

Stan hops in the pool. They swim around and have a merry  
time. The moonlight surrounds the lovely couple through the  
colored stained-glass windows.

MARY  
I hope Lana makes sure we keep this  
place.

STAN  
Don't think about it. Wherever we  
go, I'll always be with you. We're  
simply meant to be.

They share an adorable kiss.

Mary catches a glimpse of 8's leg. The length of 2 baseball  
bats. She's in shock.

Her mouth drops open with no words.

Stan sees the dread on her face.

STAN  
What's wrong?

MARY  
S-SP-SPI-SPIDER!!!

8's shadow disappears.

Stan turns around.

Nothing.

Mary grabs her chest...

A heart attack.

STAN

Mary?!

He swims her to the pool steps.

STAN

Help! Someone help!

She attempts to talk. He consoles her.

His eyes are watery, and it's not from the pool.

STAN

What do I do, Mary? Please. Help!

He rocks her back and forth to comfort her as she fades.

Mary goes to speak, "I love you." No words come out.

Stan breaks down in tears.

Mary's dead.

INT. MR. COLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

His room is decorated with martial arts memorabilia, including; KARATE TROPHIES and a Bruce Lee poster. Mr. Cole's bed is covered with a cherry blossom silk comforter.

A pair of KATANA SWORDS with yellow and black handles hang on the wall above his bed.

Yuuki knocks and enters.

YUUKI

What are you doing?

MR. COLE

Expect the worst and plan for the best.

YUUKI

You shouldn't think like that as long as Lana's around.

Mr. Cole ignores her and puts karate items in a box. She scans the room.

YUUKI  
I forgot how much stuff you had.

MR. COLE  
Why bother? Not like I have a place  
to go where I can put these things.

In frustration, he tosses one of his karate trophies in the box. It breaks.

A 70s martial arts movie plays on his tube TV, "*THE CHINESE PROFESSIONALS*."

She takes a step back, performs a Kata (form), and mimics the actor perfectly.

MR. COLE  
How do you know this film?

YUUKI  
Dad is Chinese. I am what Americans  
like to call pointy-head.

MR. COLE  
I'm very familiar with terms like  
that. My mom was Chinese. I'm what  
you would call "Blackanese."

YUUKI  
Like Chris Tucker from Rush Hour?

Mr. Cole laughs. She is happy to see a smile on his face.

A HOBO SPIDER runs across the floor. She screams and throws one of his trophies at it.

YUUKI  
Spider!

HOBO SPIDER crawls underneath the bed. They jump on the bed like scared school girls.

YUUKI  
(in Cantonese)  
*Oh my God, what the fuck?*

MR. COLE  
Oh my God, what the fuck?

They each grab a katana sword and get into Samurai stances.

MR. COLE  
Where did it go? Did you see it?  
Was it big?

YUUKI

There!

They hack away on his bed with their swords. She cuts off the wooden bedpost with one swoop of her sword.

MR. COLE

Did we get it?

Nope.

It was just a shimmer from the silk comforter.

INT. MR. ARNOLD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Arnold is fidgeting around in a DRESSER DRAWER.

Chu enters with a wheelchair and the uniform.

CHU

Ready for movie night?

MR. ARNOLD

I swear, if we're watching another PG movie, I will shit myself and throw it on the walls.

CHU

You better not. There's not enough bleach in this place for your shit.

(re: wheelchair)

Look, I found a better one.

MR. ARNOLD

Where am I going to go if they sell?

Chu sees his vulnerability for the first time.

CHU

Don't you have any family?

Mr. Arnold grabs a PHOTO of his younger self with friends. They're dressed in military uniforms. A plane in the background sprays AGENT ORANGE over fields...

He coughs.

MR. ARNOLD

They were my family. They're all dead from the same shit that got into my lungs or turned the trigger on themselves.

CHU  
You still have me. C'mon. You can  
wear this.

He salutes Mr. Arnold and hands him his uniform.

MR. ARNOLD  
I guess I only have one choice.

He turns his attention back to his dresser drawer.  
Inside it...

A GUN.

INT. MS. WILSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Star is happy and helps Ms. Wilson onto her bed.

STAR  
I'm so glad you're ok. Brb, going  
to tell the others.

MS. WILSON  
I'm fine, dear. Really. Let's  
surprise them at the movie.

STAR  
Great idea. Until then, what do you  
wanna do?

MS. WILSON  
How about some music?

STAR  
Sure thing.

Star and Ms. Wilson listen to Latin-Rap music.

STAR  
So, what do you think?

MS. WILSON  
I like it.

STAR  
I did a dance vid of this song. It  
got me so many followers. Even the  
artist commented.

MS. WILSON  
A vid?

STAR  
Yeah, video. O.M.G.! Let me show  
you. We'll do one together.

MS. WILSON  
Oh no, no, no.

STAR  
C'mon it'll be fun.

MS. WILSON  
It's ok, sweetie. You don't want an  
old lady with a beautiful girl like  
you in a video.

STAR  
Yes, I do.

MS. WILSON  
Ok, but not like this.

Ms. Wilson fixes herself up.

STAR  
Let me help. Let's fix your hair.  
Do you have a brush?

MS. WILSON  
I do, in there.

Star opens a nearby drawer and discovers an OLD PHOTO of Ms.  
Wilson next to a YOUNG GIRL. They're dressed in ballerina  
outfits at a dance school.

STAR  
(re: photo)  
Who's this?

MS. WILSON  
My daughter when she was little.

STAR  
I didn't know you had children.  
Where is she?

MS. WILSON  
With my grandchildren and her  
husband.

STAR  
Why aren't you with them?

Ms. Wilson grabs the photo from her and stuffs it back in the  
drawer. She hands Star the brush.

Star realizes this is a sensitive subject and brushes Ms. Wilson's hair.

Several strokes in, her hair falls into Star's hands.

She brushes slower. More hair falls out.

Star's hands are full of Ms. Wilson's hair.

STAR  
Ms. Wilson? I... I...

MS. WILSON  
This is why.

She grabs Star's hands, and they embrace.

EXT. SHADY OAKS - NIGHT

Lana walks on a trail and reads through the offer letter. She stops and picks from an apple tree. She takes a bite.

Quieter than usual. She continues to walk on the beaten path.

A female DEER grabs her attention. This is the first time she's seen one.

Deer notices Lana eat the apple.

Lana takes a step closer. The deer's recent encounters with man have not been pleasant.

LANA  
It's ok. I'm not going to hurt you.

She does her best to get the cute woodland animal to trust her. Lana bends down as submission of esteem.

She sticks the apple toward the deer.

LANA  
I won't hurt you. I promise.

The deer finally gives in and eats the apple from Lana.

Deer glances at a moving bush...

It stops moving.

Her FAWN pops out from the bush.

The deer steps back and lets her baby eat the apple from Lana's hand.

She is thrilled at the sight of the creatures.

VROOM. VROOM.

In the distance, sounds of chainsaws and cutting machines alert the animals.

The deer and her fawn bolt out of Lana's sight.

The machines get closer to Shady Oaks.

It's inevitable.

Lana turns her attention back to the offer letter.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

The few remaining staff and seniors attend MOVIE NIGHT.

Lines of chairs sit in front of a large tube tv with a VCR. Yes, a VCR.

Seniors sit in the front row with Chu, Yuuki, and Star.

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Jake makes his way to the rec room and approaches a conflicted Lana.

JAKE

Did you hear the good news? Ms. Wilson. She's back. She's ok. Look.

They peek in the rec room. Ms. Wilson sits with Star.

LANA

Why didn't you tell me about the busted AC or the broken cameras?

JAKE

I didn't think it was a big deal. Some rooms were working fine. The cameras were just offline. I'll fix that.

LANA

Only some of the rooms... I blamed myself for what happened to Ms. Wilson.

JAKE

You're right. I'm sorry.

LANA

Were you trying to fix something in the kitchen the other night?

JAKE

What are you talking about?

LANA

If you can't do your job, then there is no point in you being here.

JAKE

If you feel I'm that incompetent, this will be my last night.

LANA

It will be for everyone.

JAKE

What do you mean?

LANA

I'm selling, Jake.

JAKE

(confused)

I don't understand.

LANA

Mr. Oaks left the property to me, and there's been an offer. I can't deal with this anymore and have no money to keep up this place, and my savings are already gone.

JAKE

I know I haven't been supportive, and I can't imagine making such a hard choice like this. But, if you do this, there is no going back.

She's made her decision, but not without a heavy heart.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

Lana enters and is immediately greeted by Star with a hug.

STAR

Forgive me? Please.

Lana doesn't hug back but doesn't dismiss it, either.

Lana moves to Ms. Wilson and gives her a deep hug. A powerful one felt to the bones.

LANA  
I'm so glad you're ok.

MS. WILSON  
I'm glad to be back, sweetie. I wouldn't want to be anywhere else but here with you and the others.

Well, shit. Lana takes a moment to re-think what comes next.

LANA  
Thank you all for coming.

MR. COLE  
What's the word on this place? Are they going to take the offer?

Jake shakes his head at Lana.

Harry gives her a "go for it" look.

LANA  
Huh, still waiting. Let's try and relax in case this is our last movie night.

MS. JOHNSON  
Anything for you, dearly.

Lana puts in the VHS tape and presses play. VCR doesn't work. She smacks it. Movie plays.

CHU  
(re: uniform)  
It was a good choice.

MR. ARNOLD  
Damn right.

He straightens his uniform.

Harry approaches Lana. He gets close. Jake notices.

HARRY  
(to Lana)  
I thought you were going to tell them.

JAKE  
You knew about this?

HARRY

She said she wanted to. This place  
has gone downhill.

JAKE

We were fine until you got here.

Lana realizes this is a good point.

HARRY

Yeah, you've done a bang-up job.

Jake balls up his fist, ready to punch Harry.

LANA

That's enough. Both of you.

JAKE

(to Lana)

You need to tell them. They deserve  
to know.

HARRY

He's right. It's now or never.

He looks at his watch.

Star interrupts the trio's argument. She realizes this but  
continues anyway.

STAR

Have you seen Stan and Mary?

LANA

(to Harry)

I want to tell my grandma first.

(to Jake)

Can you find those two, please? I  
need to check something.

JAKE

Yeah. I got it.

He's a good worker and still has a job to do regardless of  
his feelings.

INT. STAN AND MARY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pictures of the two at various travel sites flood the room.  
They performed different activities; hiking, snorkeling, and  
rock climbing.

A wet Stan holds their wedding photo.

Jake enters.

JAKE  
Hey Stan. Where did you go? We've  
been looking everywhere for you.  
It's movie night.  
(scans room)  
Where's Mary?

Stan remains silent and looks at him with devastated eyes. He  
grabs a tuxedo. The same one from his wedding photo.

Stan enters his bathroom.

JAKE  
(through bathroom door)  
Stan? Where's Mary? Is she still at  
the pool? Stay here.

He exits.

Stan comes out of the bathroom.

He faces a mirror and buttons up his tux.

STAN  
I find serenity in my heart when I  
am with you in eternity, for we  
will never part even in death.

Stan pulls out a ROPE from the closet.

He throws it over a wood beam from the ceiling and grabs a  
chair near the vanity...

He ties a NOOSE.

Stan stands on the chair and wraps the noose around his neck.

One deep breath...

Eyes closed...

He kicks out the chair from underneath him.

Goodbye, Stan.

INT. MS. WILSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lana steps on the bed and opens the vents.

To her surprise, the vents are blocked by towels.

INT. GRANDMA TORRES AND LANA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Grandma sits on the bed, staring at the letter from the lawyer. She clutches her rosary beads.

Lana enters.

LANA  
*Grandma.* I need to talk to you.

GRANDMA TORRES  
*Me too.*

Lana sits next to her grandma.

Grandma extracts a PHOTO wrapped in the letter of a YOUNG MAN and WOMAN.

LANA  
(re: letter)  
What is that about?

She passes it to Lana.

LANA  
Is this you? When you were young?

Grandma nods.

LANA  
And the man?

She takes a deeper look at the image.

LANA  
It looks like Mr. Oaks. What's he doing in this photo with you? What are keeping from me, *Grandma*?

Grandma stares back at her, hoping her long-kept secret won't cause her to lose her only grandchild.

GRANDMA TORRES  
Joseph Oaks is your grandfather.

Lana's shocked. She takes a long pause to gather words and her emotions.

LANA  
You told me he was dead.

GRANDMA TORRES  
*He was to me for a while.*

INT. MR. OAKS' RESIDENCE - DAY [FLASHBACK]

1940s. Beautiful cars sit in front of a white mansion.

INT. POOL - DAY [FLASHBACK]

In his (20s), Joseph Oaks generates a lot of attention from the ladies. He entertains WHITE GUESTS with his PARENTS.

A family friend of the Oaks, an attractive WHITE WOMAN (20s), adores Joe in his swimsuit.

MARIA TORRES (30), hands the guest towels with humility.

She encounters Joe. They exchange a discreet and flirtatious grin. Not discreet enough...

White Woman notices.

INT. POOL - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Maria and Joseph meet up.

They hug and kiss each other, more than lust.

White Woman spies on them.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- White Woman tells Joe's parents what she saw at the pool.

- His father yells at him and threatens to cut him off. They bring in Maria and question her.

- Maria tells the truth. She tells the family she loves their son, Joseph.

- Maria embraces Joseph, but he shoves her back.

- Her eyes well up in sadness and despair.

- Joe's father pulls a checkbook from his desk drawer and fills it out. He hands her the check.

- Maria refuses the check and rushes off.

- Maria looks at her belly and rubs it. She's pregnant.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. GRANDMA TORRES AND LANA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lana and Grandma as they were.

LANA

You kept this from me all these years. Why?

GRANDMA TORRES

*If he wasn't a part of his daughter's life, why should he have the privilege of knowing his grandchildren?*

LANA

You never told Mom?

GRANDMA TORRES

No. He reached out to me when he was diagnosed. He apologized for everything, so I agreed to come here with you as long as he didn't tell you.

LANA

I can't believe you would do this.

GRANDMA TORRES

I wish I got to tell Joseph goodbye. My guilt has been my punishment I must live with.

Religious trinkets are mostly on her side of the room.

GRANDMA TORRES

*I'm so sorry. Please forgive me.*

They share a moment in each other's eyes, worth so many feelings, but only one comes to Lana... FORGIVENESS.

LANA

Of course, I do. This place reminds me so much of him, and it makes it harder to be here.

Grandma nods in agreement. They embrace.

GRANDMA TORRES

*What did you want to tell me?*

LANA

I made my decision about this place. Let's tell the others.

INT. SHADY OAKS - LOBBY - NIGHT

SCREECH. THWACK. The elevator has arrived.

Lana exits the elevator.

Lana has the offer letter in her hand. Harry approaches.

HARRY

With a couple hours left to spare.

He takes the letter from Lana.

Lana's signature is missing.

LANA

It's not what he would've wanted.

HARRY

This place brings back so many memories. I used to come here as a kid. Joe, would talk to me about the importance of being a family and how there is always heart in a business.

LANA

Harry, I'm sorry, I know --

HARRY

-- I fuckin' hated this dump.

LANA

What?

HARRY

This place always smelled like stale denture water and applesauce.

LANA

I thought you wanted to help me.

HARRY

If you want to be a nurse, you need to have better instincts.

Jake approaches the intense discussion.

JAKE

What's going on?

LANA

I'm not selling.

HARRY

After everything I've done to try and get you to sell, I hoped that old bat would croak. You're going to sign and help get what's owed to me.

Harry grabs Lana's arm. Jake performs an arm lock on Harry and is forced to release Lana.

LANA

Ms. Wilson could have died.

HARRY

That was the goal.

Lana slaps the shit out of him. Jake tosses him to the wall.

JAKE

Don't show your face around her property again.

Harry picks his battles and raises his arms in surrender. He's no match for Jake's strength.

Harry storms off like a man-child.

LANA

Jake, I'm sorry and I shouldn't have blamed you. There's no excuse for the way I acted and what I was going to do.

Jake moves close to Lana and caresses her face. He's longed to touch her beautiful face.

JAKE

I get it. We'll talk about it later. I'm worried about Stan. He's talking crazy, and I can't find Mary.

LANA

I'll check the pool, and you check the other rooms and cameras.

They exchange smirks and head in opposite directions.

She stops Jake dead in his tracks and kisses him.

Grandma Torres exits the elevator. She's so short and quiet, like a ninja. Everyone forgot she was there.

She gives a thumbs up.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone watches the 1985 movie, "COCOON."

MR. ARNOLD  
I wish it were a porno.

CHU  
Me too.

MR. ARNOLD  
Why did you have to make it weird?

Star and Ms. Wilson are covered in blankets and share earbuds. She records a video of the two having fun.

Yuuki and Mr. Cole share candy.

Grandma Torres eats popcorn. Star gives Grandma Torres her blanket. Chu gives Mr. Arnold a gift.

CHU  
I forgot to give you this.

MR. ARNOLD  
What is it?

CHU  
Open it.

Mr. Arnold unwraps the gift. A small PLUSH PANDA.

MR. ARNOLD  
What the fuck?! A panda!

SENIORS AND STAFF  
Shhhhhhhh!!

CHU  
Yes. Black, white, and Asian.

MR. ARNOLD  
What part of you is black?

Chu winks at him. Mr. Arnold is caught off guard for once.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Jake barges in and checks the security cameras. He watches Harry enter Mr. Arnold's room. Jake clenches his baton.

JAKE  
Motherfucker.

INT. MR. ARNOLD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Harry rummages through the dresser drawers. He grabs some gold jewelry and places it in his pocket. Piece of shit.

HARRY  
Where is it? Where is it?

He finds it.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Jake exits the elevator, ready to whip some ass.

JAKE  
Can't you take a hint?

HARRY  
I'm going to make that bitch sell.

JAKE  
I'd like to see you try.

Jake takes out his baton...

Harry pulls out the gun...

BANG.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Arnold hears the gunshot.

MR. ARNOLD  
Did you hear that?

Chu shakes his head.

INT. POOL ROOM - NIGHT

Lana scans the area.

Mary's body lies on the other side of the pool. Her READING GLASSES are in the water.

LANA  
Mary.

Unbeknownst, the doors open behind Lana....

8 enters.

It's the size of a smart car.

It crawls fast along the inside of the pool. It stops as Lana covers Mary's body with Stan's towel.

Curious about Lana and what she does...

8 dives down to the bottom of the pool.

SPLAT.

LANA  
(re: noise)  
Stan? Jake?

Power goes out.

She uses her phone as a flashlight.

She reaches for Mary's reading glasses in the water. They're out of reach.

She moves closer to the edge of the pool.

A concentrated BODY OF WATER advances toward Lana.

She retrieves the glasses but drops her phone into the water.

LANA  
Shit.

The body of water is near Lana...

She backs up.

SPLASH.

8 rises out of the water. Hairs bend as water cascades off its body.

Eight eyes stare at Lana, sizing her up.

Lana attacks first with a POOL SKIMMER.

She stabs it hard in the head.

8 defends itself and jabs her with its leg into her ribs, driving her against the wall.

She screams in pain and exits to -

INT. POOL LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Metal lockers and benches line the wide aisles. Moonlight gives slight visibility.

Lana investigates her injury and keeps pressure on it.

8 breaks the doors like twigs.

SNAP.

8 can't fit through the doorway with its large leg span.

Too big.

Or is it?

8 sticks its front legs through and uses them to inch forward. Other legs retract against its body to make itself more NARROW.

Slowly, with the aid of each leg...

It creeps through the doorway.

Lana hides behind lockers to elude the arachnid.

8 barrels over lockers and benches while others tumble across the room, hitting a couple of exposed pipes.

The water explodes out. Lana gets wet.

Drains are clogged mainly by calcium build-up keeping the water from draining.

All the thrashing around has got 8 tired.

Movements desist.

Lana stays quiet. She scans the room for a way out.

8 taps the tip of one of its legs.

Vibrations in the water create ripples.

It waits...

Lana creates ripples with her movements.

They hit the tiny hairs on 8 legs.

8 searches for her...

A game of "MARCO POLO."

Lana moves closer to the back exit door.

She bumps into an open locker.

THUD.

8 darts toward the noise.

Lana ducks into a locker and shuts the door.

8 turns the corner.

Searching...

It stops at the exit door and blocks Lana's escape path.

It taps its legs again...

More ripples.

No response.

She exits her locker. Lana's blood drips in the water...

Ripples.

8 blitzes after her and bulldozes through lockers like sheets of paper.

A locker crashes on Lana's head. She's knocked out cold.

Blood flows from her head and ribs.

8 rams a column...

Ceiling cracks.

8 sprays webs everywhere and claims its territory.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Harry fidgets with a huge gray control panel. Fuck, this thing is old.

The control panel is a heap of switches, colored wires, and unreadable labels.

Harry isn't dealing with this shit.

BANG.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

BANG.

Power goes out.

Everyone panics.

MR. ARNOLD

I knew that it was a gunshot.

MS. JOHNSON

A gun?

MR. COLE

What in God's name?

CHU

Everyone stay calm.

MS. WILSON

Oh, dear Lord.

STAR

It's fine, Ms. Wilson. I got you.

The Staff reach for their cell phones and try to call the police...

No service.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - NIGHT

The back of a construction trailer is torn off.

Debris is broken and scattered furniture.

Eight puncture holes pierce the top and sides of the trailer.

A hard hat lies on the floor, full of blood.

No bodies.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - NIGHT

Web strands cover construction signs on the ground, a crane is tipped over, and other machines are busted.

A fallen PHONE TOWER is nearby.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

The young Staff uses their cell phones for flashlights.

Mr. Arnold grabs flashlights from a supply cabinet and hands them to his companions.

MS. JOHNSON  
King! I got to see if he's ok.

She bolts out the door like a bat out of hell before anyone can grab her.

Ms. Wilson calls out to her friend.

MS. WILSON  
Phyllis!

She chases after. Star stops her.

STAR  
(to Ms. Wilson)  
Stay here.

CHU  
(to Staff Member #1)  
Get Ms. Johnson, use the stairs,  
and be careful.

Staff Member #1 complies.

MR. COLE  
Where's our Lana? And Jake?

STAR  
They went to find Stan and Mary.

CHU  
Jake is probably with her. I'll  
find them.

YUUKI  
Me and Mr. Cole will lead everyone  
outside.

MR. COLE  
You got it.

MR. ARNOLD  
I got your six.

Everyone lines up along the door.

Mr. Cole leads the troop. Mr. Arnold gets the rear.

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Seniors and Staff slowly come out of the room.

Harry exits the elevator.

CHU

Harry. Are you ok? Do you have any  
idea what's going on?

HARRY

Where's Lana?

Harry drags Jake's body by his arms and out of the elevator.

They stop...

CHU

What the fuck? What happened to  
Jake?

He lets go of Jake's body and pulls out the gun.

HARRY

Answer the question, queer.

CHU

Eat me. You piece of shit.

He points the gun at Chu and looks at the clock.

HARRY

I don't have much time. Someone  
tell me now.

He cocks the gun and points it at everyone.

Yuuki approaches Harry with empathy.

YUUKI

(in Cantonese)

*Harry. Just stop, please.*

MR. COLE

Come on, now, son. You don't need  
to do this. We'll figure it out.

Mr. Cole inches forward.

BANG.

SCREAMS.

BANG.

INT. POOL LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Lana wakes in grogginess and pulls herself from underneath the locker.

Red water from her bloody wounds surrounds her.

She breaks out the webs and exits to -

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Walls and floors are covered with SHEET WEBS. 8 has become a permanent resident.

Lana's in dire pain. She treks through webs with difficulty.

She enters -

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

No webs here.

She grabs the landline phone... No dial tone. She slams the phone. The gift Mr. Cole gave her falls to the floor.

She unwraps the purple silk cloth and unveils a MINI SHEEPDOG KNIFE. Popular in China and practical for self-defense. It has black and yellow handles.

Lana places it in her pocket.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Nobody.

Only webs of silk fill the once-occupied seats.

Lana rushes to the supply cabinet. Webs make it challenging to open. She uses her new knife and cuts the webs. Success.

She grabs the FIRST-AID KIT, clears webs off the couch, and sits. The kit is bare, nothing useful for her wounds.

A moment of clarity hits her...

She cuts some webs and wraps them around her rib...

Natural nurse in the making.

She exits -



EXT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Lana pushes the button again and again. *Nada.*

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Webs catch Lana's feet.

She struggles, but the knife comes in handy. She slashes away, allowing her to get up the stairs.

She makes it to -

INT. STAN AND MARY'S ROOM - NIGHT

No webs.

Lana is in disbelief as Stan's body dangles.

LANA

Stan. No.

She grabs the chair. Not letting compassion fatigue get the best of her, she musters her strength to pull him out of the noose. He's too heavy for her.

She puts Mary's reading glasses around his neck.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The door to the fifth floor is slightly ajar. Lana pushes and pushes. Something blocks it.

Staff Member #1's bloody arm falls through.

She staggers back and goes to -

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elevator.

Lana tries one more time. She presses the button repeatedly.

No screeches or thwacks.

LANA

C'mon.

She pries open the elevator doors.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Webs everywhere.

ELEVATOR dangles, attached to a **thick** *w i d e* web strand.

No elevator or stairs to the top floor.

Only one choice...

She takes a few steps back and JUMPS to the web strand. It slightly sways as she mounts it.

She begins her ascension into darkness.

The elevator creaks below with every inch she climbs. She passes one floor.

A noticeable SPECK comes at her.

It gets closer... She stops.

It gets bigger, drawing near.

Eyes widen in fright...

A Large WOLF SPIDER lands on her face.

SPLAT.

She swats the Wolf Spider off.

Another similar speck falls heading for her...

Another spider.

Another.

She whacks the spiders off while holding on, barely. She loses her grip and falls.

She lands hard on the dangling elevator beneath her.

WHAM.

Air is knocked out of her. She's stunned for a few moments.

Suddenly...

A swoon of weird noises grabs her attention.

From above...

An infinite sight of HUNDREDS OF SPIDERS.

They crawl down the webbed walls of the elevator shaft. Some fall, while others descend on their silk webs.

Lana hops back on the web strand and climbs fast on a mission. Spiders fall on her.

An ELEGANT GOLD JUMPING SPIDER lands on her face. She throws her head back to rid the spider and continues up.

She gets to the vestibule of the elevator door on the top floor. She reaches but can't grab on.

SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

The elevator is about to give AWAY. Shit.

She swings herself to the elevator vestibule.

THWIP.

Web tears above her. She swings herself one more time...

SNAP. Web breaks.

In the nick of time, she makes it to the vestibule...

Elevator plummets down.

BOOM.

She tries to pry the vestibule doors open. She can't.

She reaches for a small horizontal WINDOW above and breaks it with the butt of the knife. She escapes the dreaded shaft and falls into -

INT. TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

Lana lands hard. No webs on this floor.

She sprints through the hallways.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDMA TORRES AND LANA'S ROOM - NIGHT

No webs.

Lana bursts in and searches for her grandma. *Nada.*

CUT TO:

INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lana opens doors to empty rooms and empty hopes.

CUT TO:

INT. MS. JOHNSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lana hears shuffling under the bed.

MEOOWWWW.

King.

She attempts to grab him. He scurries back.

LANA  
Here kitty, kitty. Come here.

She gets closer to the cat.

He's scared, poor thing.

She grabs a pet carrier and a laser pointer from a closet.

UNDER THE BED

King stares at Lana with his cute and deformed face.

She turns on the laser pointer. He goes berserk with playfulness.

She gets him into the carrier.

They exit -

INT. TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

Lana sprints as fast as she can with the pet carrier.

SLAM.

Harry collides with Lana. They fall. The pet carrier slides across the floor.

Harry gets up fast.

HARRY  
There you are!

LANA  
Harry!

He pulls the gun on Lana before she can pull out her knife.

HARRY  
Get up! Hurry!

He yanks her to her feet.

LANA  
You shot Mr. Cole and the others.  
You bastard.

HARRY  
Let's go. C'mon.

Lana manages to collect the pet carrier.

MEOW.

LANA  
Have you seen my grandma? Where is  
everyone?

HARRY  
Forget them. We have to go, now.

LANA  
I can't. Not without my grandma and  
the others.

He drags her like a little schoolgirl.

Exit to -

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

A SPIRAL ORB WEB is below. Complemented by sheet webs on the  
floors and rails.

Harry and Lana journey down the stairs. Webs get thicker.  
It's like walking in mud after a landslide.

HARRY  
Did you see that monster?

LANA  
It's a spider.

HARRY  
The fuck it's a spider. I would've  
been out of here if you had just  
signed. This is all your fault.

He looks at his Rolex watch.

HARRY  
There's still time.

He pulls out the offer letter.

LANA  
You're crazy.

HARRY  
Sign. I'll help you get the others.

LANA  
How?

Harry waves the gun proudly.

HARRY  
Plus, I know where they are.

Lana takes the offer letter. Harry hands her a pen. The same one at the lawyer's office. He stole it.

She signs it using the pet carrier to write on.

She shoves him the signed offer with disdain but a necessary evil.

LANA  
Why? Your family isn't hurting.

HARRY  
Wrong. We're on the verge of bankruptcy. Why else would I give a shit? He should have left this dump to his family in the first place.

LANA  
I am family.

HARRY  
Bullshit. My grandfather was sitting on this gold mine, and all he wanted to do was help old people put on diapers. Good riddance.

She spits on him.

HARRY  
You should of told me you wanted a kiss --

He grabs her by her hair and forces his mouth on hers.

They struggle back and forth, causing the webs to move.

8 sits on the rails and watches Lana struggle against her predator. The moonlight casts its shadow upon them.

HARRY  
(re: spider shadow)  
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

He frantically struggles to get his feet free from the webs. Lana does the same.

He squirms and wiggles out one of his feet.

HARRY  
No! No! No!

He scrambles to get his other foot free.

8 crawls down to exposed prey.

Harry fires at 8.

BANG.

Misses.

He can't get his foot loose. He fires a round near his foot.

BANG.

His dumbass shoots his foot, but at least he's free.

Blood flows.

8 hunts its injured prey with leisure.

He turns the gun at 8...

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Empty.

Harry whimpers and staggers down the stairs, leaving a trail of blood.

Lana and King are left to their fate. She freezes.

8 approaches them...

Lana pulls out her knife for one last stand...

8 stops and turns its large hideous head at them...

Lana puts away the knife...

She's learned her lesson.

8 continues after Harry and crawls over Staff Member #1's dead body. A bullet wound is in his neck.

Lana struggles to free herself from the webs as she holds the cat carrier.

She cuts the webs from her feet.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHADY OAKS - NIGHT

Webs treat the doors and walls. Thanks to 8, Shady Oaks is a protected fortress.

Or a webbed-enforced tomb.

INT. SHADY OAKS - LOBBY - NIGHT

Harry limps in pain. His whimpers cloud the stale air.

He runs past the bodies, not giving them a second look.

He fails to escape from a window or door. He can't rip apart the mighty webs.

Harry limps to --

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - SAME

Harry's face is whiter than usual due to blood loss.

He stops to inspect his wound. He can't stop the bleeding.

He's alone, scared, and injured. A meal served on a silver platter.

Unaware, 8 hovers above him on a web...

8 descends upon him.

Legs move with a purpose, ready to pounce...

Getting close...

It stops.

Quiet.

Yellow gummy liquid falls on him. He touches it.

Smells it.

Face grows disgusted. Another drop lands.

He looks up...

WHAM.

Good riddance, Harry.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

No webs.

Lana searches for a place to stash King. She opens a cabinet and stores him out of harm's way.

She grabs a flashlight.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

Lana musters up her courage. Like a horror maze attraction, she tiptoes down the wood stairs. Light only illuminates so much.

She marches on, deeper into the basement. The floor is a mix of dirt and a carpet of sheet webs...

A "Welcome" mat.

Victim leftovers are embroidered into the tubular webs. Bones from animals, limbs of construction workers, and the hunters are now part of a webby graveyard.

Lana picks up the pace. She comes to body-sized webbed COCOONS. She carefully cuts them open.

The first one...

Chu. ALIVE.

Next...

Ms. Wilson. DEAD.

She continues to search for her grandma. She goes after the smallest cocoon.

She opens it...

Grandma!

Lana rips the webs off her grandma, breaking her free from her white-encased tomb.

LANA  
No, no. Please. God, no. Grandma.

No response.

LANA  
*Grandma!*

Lana sobs, conquered by despair.

Moments pass. Then...

GRANDMA TORRES  
*Oh, dear God. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.*

LANA  
(hugs grandma)  
I thought you were dead.

GRANDMA TORRES  
*Not yet, Mija. I still got a long life to live.*

Lana cuts the rest of the webs off her grandma.

She goes back to Chu. She shakes his body to wake him.

LANA  
Chu? Chu? Wake up.

Nothing.

She slaps him...

CHU  
Yaaas!!

LANA  
Chu!

CHU  
Covered in thick white stuff? Is this a dream come true, or did that giant ass spider get me?

LANA  
What happened?

CHU  
Power went out, then gunshots.

LANA  
Where's Jake?

CHU  
We saw Harry drag his body. I don't  
think he made it. I'm sorry, Lana.

Lana refuses to believe it.

LANA  
Help me free the others.

Chu sets Star free.

STAR  
What's happening?

CHU  
You know... Just a giant spider  
after us and a crazy white boy  
shooting up the place.

He studies her wounded leg. A bullet just grazed her. She  
comes out of a daze with motivation.

STAR  
Ms. Wilson! Where is she?!

He gives her a non-verbal answer of sadness.

STAR  
(sobs)  
I tried to save her.

CHU  
You did. Time to go. Ok?

Mr. Arnold has a strand of web in his mouth. Chu pulls and  
pulls, finally, all out of his system. Mr. Arnold falls to  
the floor and comes to...

MR. ARNOLD  
What the fuck Chu-Chu?!

CHU  
Sorry, Mr. Arnold.

He helps Mr. Arnold to his feet. Chu runs off to open another  
webbed cocoon.

Leftover staff and seniors are lethargic but free from webs.

MR. ARNOLD  
Where are all the others?

LANA  
This is it.

MR. ARNOLD  
It's all my fault.

CHU  
No, it's not.

MR. ARNOLD  
He used my gun. I didn't know what  
to do if I didn't have this  
place... Or you.

CHU  
Mr. Arnold, taking your own life is  
not the answer. You'll never lose  
me. I'll always be your family.

Tears run down Mr. Arnold's face. It's been a long time for him to finally feel like he's apart of a unit. He hugs Chu so hard they stagger back.

Jerks from the webs have informed 8 of the survivors. Lana, Grandma, and Star lag behind the rest of the group.

Lana spots Jake dangling deep inside the web tunnel. She passes her grandma to Star.

LANA  
Take her.

STAR  
What about you?

LANA  
I got to get Jake.

GRANDMA TORRES  
*Be careful. I love you.*

LANA  
*I will. I love you too. Time to go.*

Star takes Grandma Torres.

An overweight SECURITY GUARD #1 lags.

Down the WEB TUNNEL...

Eight STAGGERING thumps...

thump. thump.

thump. thump. thump.

thump. thumb. thump.

CLOSER...

Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump.

Thump. THUMP. THUMP.

THUMP.

Silence.

Lana shines her flashlight down the web.

Security Guard #1 grabs his TASER.

LANA

Wait!

He FIRES.

Two copper wires shoot into blackness...

The probes connect to something. He excessively holds the trigger. The copper wires ascend and sway side to side.

Wires fall to the floor.

FOUR of 8's front legs peek out the webs. The legs are bigger... the length of two trucks.

Out of the dark, one of 8's legs extends toward the Security Guard and places its leg behind him.

He wants to scream and run, but his brain can't channel a response to his vocal cords or limbs.

8 thrusts out its giant head. It gently pulls him close...

8 perks itself up and exhibits an immense TEN FOOT BODY.

Security Guard finally SCREAMS. The air hits the hair on 8's head.

8 shoots a web ball with pinpoint accuracy. The force of the web ball, at close range, decapitates the Security Guard.

Lana uses this time to rescue Jake out of the webs.

LANA  
 (checks his pulse)  
 Jake?! Jake?! Wake up! Wake up!

JAKE  
 Lana.

She frees him. They steer back to the basement door.

8 reveals the remaining four legs. It creeps toward them.

8 maneuvers slower. It's too big and doesn't know how to control its body.

It crashes into columns...

Debris fall.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ms. Johnson and others enter.

MEOW.

She opens the cabinet door.

MS. JOHNSON  
 King!

King eagerly greets his master with soft meows. She takes him out of the carrier and hugs him.

Shady Oaks foundation shifts and cracks.

MR. ARNOLD  
 Let's go!

GRANDMA TORRES  
 My Lana.

She clutches her rosary beads and mumbles a prayer in Spanish.

STAR  
 We have to go, Mrs. Torres.

MS. JOHNSON  
 Lana will be ok.

Ms. Johnson takes King and Grandma Torres to safety.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The building begins to collapse.

LANA  
I shouldn't have trusted Harry.

JAKE  
You didn't know. Let's get out of  
here. Where is he, anyway?

Lana clocks Harry's Rolex watch stuck on the web.

The building begins to collapse.

8 is close behind. Lana trips and falls.

Debris falls on Lana. She's pinned down.

JAKE  
Lana!

LANA  
Go!

JAKE  
I'm not leaving you!

She struggles to get clear. More debris rain and piles on  
Lana and Jake. He's knocked out.

LANA  
Jake?!

8 hovers over her, but it isn't immune to the fallen debris.

A giant chunk of CEMENT falls on its head. Blue blood drips  
past its eyes.

8 squabbles around in uncertainty and backs into a big  
column. The column breaks in pieces and crushes one of its  
legs. Another leg is broken at the tip.

It's hurt and scared.

8 struggles to get up.

So does Lana.

They stop. Tired.

8 rests its head.

Its home, broken.

8 and Lana's eyes meet for a moment. Lana's reflection is shared in its EIGHT EYES.

It's more frightened than her.

8 closes its eyes...

Lana does the same.

WHAM.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SHADY OAKS - MAGIC HOUR

Half of the building COLLAPSES.

The other part remains unscathed, thanks to the help of webs.

GRANDMA TORRES

*Mija!*

STAR

CHU

No!

Lana!

They watch in utter horror as their home is gone in moments.

AMBULANCES and POLICE CARS arrive on the scene. Sirens blaze.

EXT. SHADY OAKS - DAY - LATER

PARAMEDICS tend to the wounded, and the POLICE OFFICERS question others.

Star receives a TikTok notification on her phone. She has over a million views on her latest video.

She shows it to the group...

It's a video of the seniors dancing. Mr. Cole and Yuuki perform karate moves. Star and Ms. Wilson listen to music together. Lana eats lunch with her grandma.

GRANDMA TORRES

*Mija.*

Everyone consoles Grandma.

FIREFIGHTERS scour the building remains.

POLICE OFFICER #1 trips over one of the spider's giant legs.



MS. JOHNSON  
 What's going to happen to the rest  
 of us now?

GRANDMA  
*Would this help?*

Grandma unveils a folded check and shows it to the group...

A CHECK for THREE MILLION DOLLARS.

It's Mr. Oaks' life insurance.

Everyone is taken back with joy and relief.

LANA  
 Grandma! Why didn't you tell me?

GRANDMA TORRES  
 He made me promise.

They hug with the satisfaction of closure and peace.

CHU  
 Now to find a new home.

MR. ARNOLD  
 There is a place down the road not  
 far from here.

Note: He's referring to the mansion from earlier with the  
 "For Sale" sign.

A LAND ROVER and LEXUS pull up. Donald and Mr. Oaks' lawyer  
 exit their respective cars.

DONALD  
 (to Lana)  
 What the hell happened here?  
 Where's that idiot son of mine? He  
 said it was a done deal.

LANA  
 He's dead.

DONALD  
 Well, fuck. At least I'll get the  
 life insurance.

Grandma Torres waves the check at him.

DONALD  
 (enters car)  
 Goddammit.

He speeds away. Lawyer's phone rings. He answers...

It's Acres Development.

LAWYER

They still want to buy. It's a yes  
or no. Right now. What do you say?

Lana looks at him with a smirk. She walks away.

LAWYER (O.S.)

(into phone)

It's a no.

MS. WILSON

Too bad this can't be our home  
anymore--

Past the sirens and the flashing lights, Lana listens to the  
sounds of animals...

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Squirrels run up a tree.
- Baby raccoon eats with his mom.
- Deer and fawn gallop.
- Black widow builds a spiral web.

LANA

--It can be for others.

Lana discovers the university letter near some rubble. She  
picks it up and dusts it off.

She prepares herself for the news. She's more scared than she  
was minutes ago. She opens it...

She smiles.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

MEN in tactical gear and SCIENTISTS wear yellow HAZMAT SUITS  
with red trim. A CRAVEN CORP logo is etched in the shoulder.

They search the wreckage from the Craven Corp. truck accident  
and discover crates and metal containers. ***Some are numbered.***

In the distance, a metal container is labeled "#8." It  
moves...

Eight legs push out...

They're BIGGER...

THIS is the FEMALE.

FADE OUT: