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Earth vs. the Spider

By Mark 'Crash' McCreery

Everybody, I woke up
and I said, "You go to hell."
I can't do anything.
I don't have any power. I'm nothing.
I'm nothing.
Yo, Willie. You okay?
Very nice. Thanks.
Morning to you too.
Hey, come on! Get back here, bitch!
Thor, you ever wish
you had another hand?
See you, buddy.
Hey, Quentin.
Hey, Stephanie. How are you?
I'm fine. Going to work?
Yeah. Paying the rent.
Can you believe
we pay to live here?
-Hi. There's my boy.
-Get back, Thor. I'm sorry.
Come here.
The mighty Thor, god of thunder.
Exactly.
Right on.
-See you, Thor.
-Wait, I'll walk you down.
-Are you a doctor yet?
-Yeah. You see my Beamer out front?
I'm a nursing student. I moved
here to be close to the hospital.
-You're not from here?
-No, a little town.
Didn't exactly fit into their mold,
so here I am.
That's too bad.
No, it's okay.
Small town, small minds, right?
Anyway, I wanted to help people.
They need more help here.
Yeah, it's rough here.
Yeah. Did you see the front page?
That Midtown creep?
Yeah. All those cops,
and they can't catch this guy?

I swear, if I was in uniform...
...I would not sleep
until I smashed that insect.
I'm sorry.
It's not right, it makes me mad.
I hate it when the bad guys win.
You ever catch
any bad guys at the Bio...?
ChemCo? No. I did catch a guy
kicking the snack machine once.
-Did you take the perp down?
-Yeah. No, I mean....
-Oh, nurse. I got me a pain.
-Kiss and make it all better.
No need to disrespect.
Tell me you're not hooking up
with this rent-a-pig.
-He just guards her tight little ass.
-You should guard your mouth.
-Who's protecting who here?
-You guys just back off.
Or what? You'll pull out your gun?
Oh, fuck! He don't have a gun.
-He's got his little mace can.
-I'll call the cops.
By the time they get here,
I'll be scraping Renty off my boots.
-Renty, go guard a pile of crap.
-Like the one you crawled out from?
-Clowns.
-You didn't have to do that.
-Do what?
-Stick up for me.
No, I wasn't sticking up for you, I--
See you later.
Get your ass over here.
-Came in last night.
-Oh, man! This is just....
I know, dude. It rocks!
But it's 300 dead presidents. Damn!
That is a big problem.
Hell, no. Because I'm putting it
on a layaway deal for you.
-Pay me in installments.

-Seriously?

You're my number one
Arachnid Avenger fan.

This is so cool.

This morning started out bad.

Yeah, yeah. You can blow me later.

Okay, so now, check this out.

I .1 of the new graphic novel series.

-I've been waiting for this.

-This kicks ass on anything!

It's got his whole story.

How he got injected in Desert Storm
and got his powers.

Oh, man.

Look at this!

The way he just cleans house.

God, I wish I could do
some of that stuff.

This issue is mint.

Do not spooge on this one.

-Don't worry.

-Forget it.

I'm giving this pig a double-bagger
and a comic condom.

Morning.

-What's up, Papa Nick?

-Hey. How's tricks?

-Okay, I guess.

-"Okay"? "Okay"?

You're 23, your prostate's the size
of a pea, and you got two good legs.

You ungrateful punk. The world
should be great. It's beautiful.

-Want a bite of my sandwich?

-I'm okay.

-Bologna with Kalamata olive spread.

-No, thanks.

All right, then.

Let's make our rounds, kid.

-So you ask her out this morning?

-Who?

Who? Who? The goddess
of the hallway, Stephanie who.

-No, I didn't.

-No?

No. You know, Nick, you can't....

There's some girls

that you can't approach like that.

You got a point.

Too bad it's on your head.

She's not mean. She's nice.

But she's out of my league.

She wouldn't think twice about me.

You're a good security cop

at an important lab.

You're good at your job.

If she doesn't like that,

that's her problem. You're a good kid.

I'm damned proud of you.

-So any action today?

-Oh, yeah.

A tech is selling plutonium to Arabs

in lab 5. I got illicit meth in 7.

And in 9, Dr. Carson's taking

the longest dump in history.

Poor little bastards. Every day

getting sliced and diced. For what?

Hey, hey, hey. There's Hairy Larry.

Hairy Larry. Nick, you kill me.

That baby's new.

They must have installed that

last night.

I wonder what it's for.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

That has got to hurt.

-What did they do that for?

-I don't know.

-Larry must have something special.

-Yeah, makes him invincible.

That's why they pump the others

with his mojo juice.

Quentin. Hey, Quentin!

-What time is it?

-Almost 6.

We kept the place safe

one more day.

What is with you and these comics?

My kid used to read that crap,

but he was 1 0.

I don't know.

I guess they're like dreams.

Colour dreams.

There's one guy in the whole world
that has something different.

And there comes this moment when
someone needs exactly what he has...

...and he saves them.

He stops the killer and he's a hero.

When you read it,

you can imagine you're the guy.

I mean, if you had something special.

-Don't you have dreams?

-Yeah.

Not about guys dressed up like bugs.

They're about Stella Stevens.

-Who?

-Before your time.

They're at it late in Lab 1 0.

Are you ready for one last round?

You mind finishing up?

I'll meet you here.

No problem, Nick.

Attention all personnel.

We are closing in five minutes.

No.

No!

Nick! Turn around! Turn around!

-Let the real cops handle this.

-My partner's in there.

-Take no prisoners. Go!

-Wait!

No! Nick! No, no, no. Nick.

Poor girl.

I was too slow.

I should have been here.

I'm sorry.

-Your bullshit killed my partner!

-Your bullshit killed my partner.

He wasn't worth shit!

You piece-of-shit wannabe!

Officer Williams! Go sit

in your cruiser and cool down.

I got 1 00 bodies here. Do I have
to referee a playground fight?
Sure thing, Detective Grillo.
Get the hell out of here!
Are you all right, kid?
I'm Detective Inspector Jack Grillo.
I got a lot of questions.
Will you be all right with that?
Detective, I'm the facility manager.
You wanted to talk to me.
-I'd like your insights.
-I don't understand myself.
We don't have any cash here.
We're a research lab.
What kind of research?
Weapons resistance research.
Drug therapies with military ops.
I can't tell you anymore.
Can you hang around?
I'll have more questions.
Of course.
Halloran! Nobody leaves here
without you getting their names.
How can you let this happen?
Clean out your locker.
-Jeez, I hate spiders.
-Don't!
-Did you see that?
-It's the guy who killed his partner.
What did you say?
What do you expect,
heroes for 5 bucks an hour?
Mojo juice makes them invincible.
Yeah, makes them invincible.
Mojo juice makes them invincible.
Okay. Bye. See you later.
See you tomorrow.
Okay, bye!
Good night.
Oh, my God! Quentin.
Quentin?
Hello?
Thor. Hi, sweetie. Where's Quentin?
It's Stephanie.

I just wanted to see if you're okay.

Quentin?

Hello?

Are you here?

Quentin! Are you okay?

I saw the newspaper.

I just wanted to save Nick.

I let them stop me.

But all that's gonna change.

Oh, God! Let me help you. Okay.

Let me see.

I think I have the flu, so you....

You can relax. I got my flu shot.

Okay.

Here. Sorry. You want to sit down?

-I'm sorry it isn't very clean.

-Don't worry about it.

With what you've been through,
the break-in and your friend....

Nick, yeah.

I'm so sorry.

-Are you sure you're okay?

-I'm fine.

-We should get you to a hospital now.

-No, no, no, I'm fine.

God, you're burning up.

Come here.

I have to go.

-No, it's not what you think.

-I've seen a needle track before.

It's not that. I was at work.

It was an accident, I swear.

-I don't even know what it was.

-Okay.

Okay, okay.

God, that really looks like it hurts.

-You don't have to do this.

-Shut up.

We're neighbours.

You'd do the same for me, right?

Yeah.

Whatever you need, I could do it.

Thanks.

So, what did you mean before?

-When?
-When you said that's gonna change.
It's just....
I'm so tired of being a nice guy.
I just want to change
into something....
I don't know, something else.
I hate to break it to you, but
some people actually like nice guys.
You don't have to be a gentleman 24-7.
I can walk myself to the door.
You take care of him, okay?
Good boy.
If you change your mind
about the hospital, I'm next door.
And get some rest.
Next time I'll ask her out.
Twelve hours.
Thor, what are you doing?
Excuse me, officer, but that
is disgusting. Tell me more.
Soon as I get my handcuffs.
-Another round here.
-Make it snappy.
-Where did you get that?
-What?
The ink, your arm.
That's a beaut.
I got these years ago in the Army.
I'll never forget that night.
You gotta be some bad-ass
to wear that.
-See that guy at that table?
-What about him?
Will he leave with that woman
or by himself?
Let me do you a big favour.
There are two reasons why
you don't want nothing to do with her.

Reason one:

the biggest dickhead on the force.
If you fuck with him, I promise
he's gonna hard-core fuck with you.

-What's the other reason?

-Her husband.

Detective Grillo. Poor bastard fell
in love with a uniform junkie.

Trixie back there loves
the tough guys.

But Grillo? I guess he ain't
tough enough, you know?

He's not?

I'll tell you this.

Cops sit around here and talk about
how Grillo went soft on the shield.

His partner got blasted away
six months ago by some dust freak.

Grillo headlight-froze. Panicked.

Couldn't shoot the perp.

Understand? He's in need
of some serious respect.

And he just walked through the door.

Uh-oh, Dad's here.

-Let's go home.

-Golly, I just got here.

Sorry to interrupt
the mourning of your partner.

-At least I tried to save my partner.

-Still, he's at the morgue.

They take guns from guys
who can't use them.

Take them.

Pop, where I come from...

...if the juice is empty,
you throw away the carton.

Yeah, Jack.

What are you gonna do about it?

-Let's go.

-Let me go! You are so rude!

-You're drunk.

-I am not drunk!

Hey, Grillo!

You need help catching
the Midtown Murderer, give me a call.

Hello.

What's your name?

Bitch, turn over!

I swear I just ran out of gas
and my car is right over there.
Willie, it's me. Don't give me
that line. You don't have a car.
Right, I'm sorry. Could you give me
a dollar? I'm saving up for a car.
Here you go.
Don't drink it all in one place.
-Did you feel that?
-What?
-Movement, like somebody shaking.
-I didn't feel anything.
-Who are you?
-How dare you touch her, you insect?
She likes it.
Take a look at this.
Someone threw this guy so hard
his neck snapped like a twig.
Someone took care
of the "Midtown" for you.
-You'll be okay.
-Will she be all right?
-I'm Detective Inspector Grillo.
-Stephanie Lewis.
You've been through a lot.
But I'd like a description
of the guy who saved you.
Look...
...that bastard hit me so hard
I was barely conscious.
Hold it. This is a crime scene.
But I live here.
-I.D.?
-Oh, yeah.
-Here.
-That must have hurt.
What?
The tat.
Yeah. Yeah, it hurt.
All right, go ahead.
I didn't see anything.
He must have been pretty big,
to snap your assailant's neck.
I.... Quentin.

-You okay?

-Yeah.

Detective Grillo, this is Quentin.

He was here, that guy.

That creep grabbed me in the hallway.

Somebody saved me.

He was a hero,

and I don't even know who he was.

He was gonna kill me.

You're safe now, he's gone.

A couple more details.

I'll talk to you later, okay?

I had to kill him. You and me,

we do what we have to do to save lives.

That's me! I'm that guy!

I stopped the killer.

I'm a superhero, Thor!

I'm a superhero. Come on.

I'm a superhero! I'm a superhero!

Oh, my God.

Papa Nick,

I finally got something special.

You're a superhero!

Baby, it's me.

The Midtown Murderer was killed

tonight. By a civilian.

A civilian hero.

It should have been me.

I know this case

has been tough on us.

The last six months have been tough.

We can try to work it out.

You can work out anything

in life, can't you?

Trix?

It's all right.

Everybody stop moving!

Perfect.

Hi.

You okay? You look....

-I'm okay.

-You look better. Are you packing?

No, I took the day off.

I decided to sort through some stuff.

I hear they have some space
in the basement.
Listen, I'll come with you.
I got a few things.
-That's it?
-I'll get those.
Here, I'll take these.
Listen, thank you so much
for letting me cry on your shoulder.
I'm glad I was there to help.
-You know, after the....
-Hey, check it out.
-Back off.
-You guys moving in together now?
Hey, nursie, can I get your box?
Leave! Get out of here!
-You all right?
-Yeah.
-God, it's grungy down here.
-Nobody ever uses this place.
I can see why.
-So who are you?
-What?
That wasn't you out there.
Maybe it was. Maybe....
I guess I'm just mad
about what happened to you.
-I didn't mean to upset you.
-Oh, no! No.
It was great. It felt great.
God, you were amazing. Thank you.
You're welcome. Absolutely.
I thought I'd be prepared
for what happened to me.
I tried to fight back.
I guess sometimes
you just aren't strong enough.
We all need someone else sometimes.
-Stephanie?
-Yeah?
What if I told you--
Oh, God, I'm so embarrassed!
I've had these since I was a kid.
I can't believe you saw these.

No, it's fine. It's great.
-Dude, what happened to you?
-I've been pretty busy.
No. I mean, what the hell happened to you?
You got this whole new vibe.
-Finally get laid?
-Better.
-Did you get laid by Lara Croft?
-No.
I have superhero powers.
No, you don't.
All you got was a new credit card.
You always have to pay up later.
No, I'm serious. Something very cool is happening to me.
-Why doesn't she play dead?
-Why?
Spiders like their prey alive.
If you don't move, they don't attack.
What superpowers do you have?
I don't know. I'm still trying to figure that out.
It must not include unlimited charge power.
You maxed out your credit limit.
That's okay, just bill me.
You know I don't bill.
I'm good for it. Okay?
Okay, now I need a moving target.
Okay, boy, I'm sorry.
I'll get you out.
I'm hungrier than I thought.
Oh, God!
What's the hurry?
Watch out!
You crazy!
No!
Come here!
I am not crazy!
-Get off of me!
-I could rob you.
Hey. I could rape you.
-Please, stop! No!

-What the fuck?

You're safe, go home. Why are you crying? He was hurting you. He was not! He was not! He is my boyfriend, you psycho! 91 1 ! Please send the police-- You don't need the police.

-What are you?

-I'm your hero.

Don't touch me! Don't touch me!

Wait! Stop!

Shut up!

Jesus Christ.

Police!

What kind of weird, freaky shit are you into?

What is this shit? Huh?

Hey, Thor.

What are you doing here?

Where's Quentin? What's going on?

" Dear Stephanie,

please take care of Thor.

I can't right now. Quentin."

I want to tell you what's happening.

I want you to help me.

-But I'm too scared.

-Quentin?

I don't want you to be afraid of me.

I don't want to lose you.

Looks like a mummy.

Well, he looks like he was....

How should I put it technically?

-Like something sucked the life out.

-Christ.

Yeah. I think blasphemy is

probably appropriate here.

Getting dry-sucked killed him.

But before, he was thrown on these shelves with incredible force.

Sound familiar?

Okay, doc,

let's see what else we can find.

It looks like very big cobwebs.

Anybody heard from Williams?

There's blood on the step.
Have it typed against Williams.
-How is she?
-Fine, since we cut her free.
She's babbling about
some guy with a claw.
Get her medical attention,
have her screened for drugs.
I can't believe it.
I can't believe it.
Quentin, are you okay?
Open the door!
-Goddamn it, open the door!
-Stephanie.
-Not now.
-You sound terrible.
Let me help you.
You're scaring me now, okay?
I'll get Thor. You want to see Thor?
He really misses you.
Wait!
I need to ask you something.
Anything.
Would you ever have....
-Would you have gone out with me?
-You?
Of course I'd go out with you.
You never asked me.
I wanted you to.
-Quentin? Ask me now.
-I can't.
Why?
-It's too late.
-It's not too late.
It is.
Go away, please. Please!
Go away.
Oh, my God.
I can make this work.
I can control this.
Oh, no.
Hungry! Still hungry!
Hungry! Still hungry.
Still hungry! Shut up!

Still hungry! Shut up!
Still hungry!
Hey, bitch!
-What did you say?
-I didn't say nothing.
I'm here.
Hey, Renty.
Where you at?
Down here.
Oh, yeah? What are you doing?
Creaming with the cockroaches?
No. Your sister.
-Motherfucker! I'm coming down.
-Kick his ass.
Where you at?
Lloyd, get down here
and help me find him.
No!
Get away from me, man--
No!
I saw the news.
-Did they find him yet?
-The killer?
Not the killer.
I don't give a damn about the killer.
I don't care if he kills
the whole fucking city.
Nobody's seen Officer Williams.
Maybe he got himself lost,
or he got himself dead.
Either way, he's out of your life.
Oh, Jack.
Oh, Jack.
I used to love you so much.
You were so strong.
I need strength, Jack.
I need him. I'm sorry.
-You've done something to him.
-What?
You liar, he's not dead!
You jealous bastard,
you know where he is!
You're one piece of work.
I know you know where he is!

-Can you help me with this?
-This is not a forensics laboratory.
Dr. Callaway, you are the manager.
-Why was Kemmer fired?
-It's standard for breached security.
That's fair enough.
-Tell me, what exactly do you do?
-That's classified information.
I know, top secret.
The sign says BiochemCo.
I assume you do genetics research?
Genetic engineering?
The engineering of genetic material?
If I get a warrant,
all of your work becomes public.
Okay.
You ever see what a spider can do?
What it can survive?
Sure, I remember my biology.
They regenerate limbs.
They're strong, fast, and have a
constant hunger that makes them kill.
Right.
Any data on introducing spider
material into a human organism?
-We never got that far.
-That you know of.
Quentin? Quentin!
You are in there. This is bullshit.
You have to talk to me.
Go away. Please.
Quentin?
Go away.
Fine! You got it.
And I'm keeping your dog.
Somebody stop me.
I'll call the police.
-Don't move.
-You got it.
I told you I had superhero powers.
What do I do with them?
I don't know.
What do you want?
-You need help.

-I'm beyond help, or I'm gonna be.

That's why I'm here.

Here's your money.

You've been a good friend to me.

What's wrong?

Hungry.

-Dude, I got McNuggets--

-No!

Stay still!

Remember what you told me
about spiders and prey?

I need to know one thing.

I looked in all my comics.

What would kill
the Arachnid Avenger?

-His heart.

-What?

His heart.

What kind of fan are you?

Issue four, an early one, dude.

His heart's human.

It breaks and doesn't grow back.

Don't move...

...until I'm gone.

Damn.

I always knew this shit was real.

-Ever feel like you just can't move?

-Every day and every night.

Like someone's tied you up,
and you can't find the knot.

After a while it makes sense
to stop struggling.

You know what I'm struggling with?

I'm trying to finish up here.

Yeah, I got you, Walter.

Me too.

-Thanks, buddy.

-Thank you, Grillo.

-See you soon.

-Yeah. Be careful out there.

Mr. Kemmer.

It's Detective Inspector Grillo.

I'd like to talk to you.

Mr. Kemmer?

Come on, don't make this hard.

It's very important

that I speak with you.

Save us both a lot of trouble.

Please open up.

Wrong place.

Wrong place, wrong time.

-Inspector Grillo.

-The blood outside the liquor store.

-It's Williams' blood.

-Thanks, Doc.

-What about the other specimen?

-What about it? It's a spider web.

I know, but I thought there might be another component there.

-Like what?

-Deoxyribonucleic Acid.

Human DNA?

Jack, listen to me. Be careful.

They're about to pull you off the case.

Kemmer?

Kemmer, is that you?

I can help you.

Just come out

where I can see you.

Williams!

Didn't kill me...

-...like the rest.

-The rest?

Okay, I'm going to get you down.

-Too late.

-No, it's not too late.

Kill me.

-Jack?

-Trixie?

Keep me and my baby apart?

You're wrong, Jack.

No, baby! Don't come here!

I know you have him in there.

Trixie!

Get away from her now!

Get away!

I'm here. It's gonna be okay.

It's gonna be okay, baby.
Trix, I'm so sorry.
Hello?
It's okay, Thor.
I'm coming. Hold on.
Come on.
Damn it.
Quentin?
Oh, my God.
-Oh, my God!
-You'd better go away.
-I'll get you down.
-No. You don't understand.
He's here.
He's here.
-Save her.
-What?
Save her? Yes.
I very much want to save her.
Stop killer.
-Want me to shoot you?
-Don't shoot him!
I won't do it.
No, I won't do that.
-It's not too late!
-I won't.
Stop! Stay away from her!
Don't make me do this!
-Stop!
-Don't shoot him!
Thank you...
...for saving me.
I rarely say this,
but that's not for sale.
This is the new, limited edition:
Quentin Arachnid.
He's a friend of mine.