

Int. Old barn, late afternoon, sunny outside, gloomy inside.

The old barn is dark.

Enter Lurvy, first an ominous shadow blocking the door, then a man with a stupid look on his face. Lurvy is gaunt, worn like a piece of driftwood. Forget about the ocean. He's about as far from the ocean as you can get.

Cut to:

In the gloom, with the breaks of sunlight pulling up the dust of his footsteps, dripping memories sliding through the grip of his mind –

[I'm here!]

Cut to:

Lurvy does a dance step, arms outstretched embracing an invisible partner. His tight slacks balloon around his ankles in giddy flatulence –

[A younger Lurvy loved to dance]

Air thick dust and the smell of old manure, wooden board breaks, his eyes shut, long lashes almost pretty now that his face has gone wan and smooth. His body following the sharp twists of hunger. His cheeks flushed tan with the blossom of past years – escape, departure, arrival.

Lurvy does the fancy promenade orbit. He hits a thick rope hung through the rafters and stops.



Caught in the rope, Lurvy's dance suspends the way a dream ends –

[Open your eyes]

Ext. Path just outside barn. Dirt and weeds. Two children flushed and giggly: Fern, fourteen-year-old girl, and Avery, ten-year-old boy.

They crouch, staring through the crack in the barn wall, almost not daring to watch.

Avery (whispers): He's gonna swing.

Fern pushes Avery's head away.

Cut to:

The trajectory of the rope.

Cut to:

Close-up:

Fern's eyes widening, eyes framed by brown thin lashes, propped open. A peculiar languor. A slow dust farm day.

[Where's Papa going with that axe?]

Cut to:

Close-up:

Lurvy's crotch against the braided wear of the smooth knot seat of the rope.

Lurvy (voice-over): Kids. It's not safe anymore for kids.



Cut to:

Lurvy hanging on, testing the rope. He wraps his body around and pulls his long legs up so that his knees are touching and the lumpy seat bunches into his asshole. Trajectory. Angles. The space is absolute. The sound of his own breathing. The kids hear it too. He smiles a wet-boy-inside sodden smile.

[summer of love smile]

Lurvy lets go of the rope, walks over to the ladder. The ladder doesn't look very safe. Steps are missing. Ribs against drawn chest. Lurvy looks up.

Lurvy (amazed): The loft.

Cut to:

Lurvy crouching in the small loft space. He takes the curved, peeled branch he recognizes from his purgatory childhood.

Cut to:

Kids watching (wide-eyed).

Cut to:

Lurvy splayed trying to hook the swaying rope with the curved stick. He catches it, pulls it in to him. He positions himself, then flies off the loft, holding on to the swinging rope.

Lurvy (thrilled): Wahooooo...

His legs are spread.

Cut to:

Avery's stupid sticky breath hits Fern on the face.

Cut to:

Lurvy tucks into himself, almost flies through the barn door, misses by a whisper.

Cut to:

Fern's soft hair lifting and falling. The rafters creaking into life. Lurvy hangs on, his oscillations get smaller. A few dizzy moments. The hay-strewn floor. The afternoon sun flashes ineffectual over the weathered wood, warped to admit a translucent darkness. Lurvy lets go, staggers a little.

Lurvy: Whoa. Geez.

Lurvy spits twice in the cup of his hand. He smooths at the sides of his hair.

Cut to:

Fern still feeling a perfect breeze on her freckled forehead, lets her body go soft and disappear in the swaying grass –

[luuuuv]

Int. A brand new gleaming farmhouse.

Livestock disturbed. Pigs. Pigs.

Ext. Outside with the old crumbling farm behind. A dirt path jutting through long grass. Late afternoon. Still sunny.

Frogs swaying in the tiled run-off of fields, insects jumping up from the earth and settling over everything. The land, sloped into its own boundaries.

(camera pans: long lingering shots)

[Hours for a sound. Hand-clap thunder of wood on wood.]

Ext. The middle of a field of long grass that comes up to Lurvy's knees.

Lurvy gets down on his haunches. Muddy water seeps from the deep scars.

Lurvy: A body should never mow after rain.

He dips a finger in and presses. The mud eats his hand.

Cut to:

Palm of a hand flat fertile on the press of the earth.

Lurvy: First thing to do is fix that truck.

Cut to:

In up to his elbow.

Cut to:

Lurvy walking through the field, his body lashed by overgrown grass.

Cut to:

The space where his body once. The stretch of a calloused finger. Mowing done with an old thresher, he sees the irregular, careless stripes. Blunt blade –

[Patience, Lurvy.]

Ext. From the porch of an old house painted a gleaming white. The house was built a long time ago, fell into disrepair and has obviously been recently restored. The house is on a hill. A portly, jolly figure (Mr Arable) stands on the porch holding a cup of tea on a saucer.

Mr Arable's gaze follows fields of grass (camera pans fast). He sees Lurvy from a distance, a solitary, frozen figure standing in the middle of the pasture, holding his arms up to the sky. Along with the pasture, Mr Arable owns the farm and several more lucrative business concerns. A cow's grin on his face. A fat heart itching. Smelling earth all around him.

Cut to:

Mr Arable dabs at his nose with a monographed handkerchief –

Mr Arable (looking straight at the camera): Touch of hay fever. I prefer the city.

Cut to:

In front of him, the vagabond Lurvy. Ah, the country. An old picture, sepia depression come back to seek some benevolent redress. Mr Arable owes him something.

Ext. Mr Arable and Lurvy meet on a path bordered by tall grass.

Mr Arable: Our last farmhand. The man was an Italian. He said I should butcher the animals, because they would never make money. That thief. (*Mr Arable pushes his gold glasses up his nose. They glitter in the sun. The white handkerchief in his other hand shakes.*) Can you imagine? A farm with no animals? (*He blows his nose.*)

Cut to:
Lurvy swallowing.

Cut to:
Mr Arable nodding –

[eager to resign his knowledge and display his understanding of country ways]

Cut to:
Lurvy grins shyly.

[The glow of his big teeth]

Cut to:
Arable tripping back. A body to himself. The sun curt on a pasty face. The round fat land of his throat.

Lurvy (voice-over): Call me Lurvy.

Cut to:
Lurvy following Mr Arable up the path toward the farmhouse.

Cut to:

Lurvy's eyes, widening (amazed, disgusted).

Cut to:

He trails behind watching the luxury of Arable's ass in fresh khaki. Horseflies buzzing around twin lardy globes. Something screams in the bushes – just a cicada caught in a spiderweb.

Webs

Argiopidae. Round orb webs, made with spokes and spirals. Found all over.

Agelenidae. Funnel web. Wide, flat webs on grass or in corners of barns.

Theridiidae. Loose, irregular webs in corners of rooms, on fences, rocks and branches.

Linyphiidae. Web is a large sheet, sometimes curved or domed. Found near the ground in shade.

Ciniflonidae. Web is sometimes round but usually irregular, round, and tangled-looking. Found on tops of plants and grasses.

The Spider (1)

She scurries out of the night's black vortex, a stooped horror seemingly spawned from the pits of hell:

The skin was sallow, shining where it drew tightly over cheekbones, her mouth a lipless gash, the nose a predatory beak. She wore a wig of lanky black hair. About her twisted, deformed shoulders, a billowing black cape, and beneath the wide brim of a black hat, long fangs gleamed in a horrid, sharp-toothed mouth.

She is the *Spider*, pulp fiction's most ferocious masked vigilante! Half saint and half headsman, the Spider employed her never-cool .45s to scythe the city's streets of some of the most bizarre criminal vermin to ever erupt from a pulp writer's overheated imagination.