

# CHARLOTTE'S DARK WEB

**\$DEXWEB**

*Screenplay generated by bMovies*

# Charlotte's Web meets Dexter

\*Some pig... some predator.\*

\*\*Logline:\*\* A code-bound pig who only harvests the farm's true predators enlists a spider's silk to stage perfect accidents, until the farmer's knife forces their final, web-spun frame-up.

## ## Synopsis

On the Zuckerman farm, young Wilbur the pig awakens each dawn with a passenger: the need to balance the scales. His code is simple-only prey on the creatures that would otherwise raid the innocent. Foxes that snatch chicks, weasels that gut rabbits, the occasional raccoon with a taste for eggs. Wilbur never touches the gentle. At night he slips from his pen, fashions crude hoof-held tools from rusted wire and broken shears, and conducts his rituals in the root cellar he has soundproofed with burlap. Charlotte, the gray garden spider above the trough, watches. She understands the arithmetic of survival and offers her silk as both noose and narrative. Together they manufacture "accidents": a weasel found neatly bisected by a fallen hay hook whose trajectory Charlotte calculates to the inch; a fox discovered with its own paw prints leading to a poisoned bait it "must have taken itself." Fern, the wide-eyed girl who saved Wilbur from the axe, remains blissfully unaware, treating the pig as her gentle pet. Farmer Zuckerman grows suspicious only when the nightly disappearances of varmints begin to look too clean. When a slick city buyer arrives to purchase Wilbur for slaughter, the pig's code collides with self-preservation. Charlotte's final web spells not praise but a precise misdirection: the buyer's own ledger, rewritten in silk and blood, implicates him in the recent "vermin control." The knife meant for bacon instead finds the buyer's throat in a staged collapse of the smokehouse. At dawn the farm is quiet again. Wilbur returns to his stall, slides a single crimson maple leaf into his hidden cigar-box collection, and lies down beneath a new web that reads, simply, "SOME PIG."

## ## Tone & genre

Deadpan rural noir that treats a children's-book barnyard with the clinical procedural gravity of a serial-killer procedural. Humor arises from the solemn mismatch between adorable animals and meticulous homicide protocol.

## ## Look

Desaturated late-summer palette-oat-straw yellows, blood-rust browns, and cool barn-shadow blues-shot on 16 mm reversal stock pushed two stops for grain. Tight macro lenses on silk strands, wet mud, and trembling whiskers; wide, low angles that make the barn feel like an interrogation room.

## ## Characters

Wilbur: A fastidious pig whose inner monologue weighs every life against an invisible ledger only he can see.

Charlotte: Laconic arachnid forensic linguist who spins both traps and cover stories with equal precision.

Fern: Earnest child whose unconditional love blinds her to the nightly justice system operating under her feet.

Homer Zuckerman: Gruff farmer whose growing paranoia is perpetually outpaced by Charlotte's superior plotting.

Templeton: Bitter rat who trades information for scraps and occasionally becomes an unwilling evidence courier.

## ## Screenplay

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. ZUCKERMAN FARM - DAWN**

Golden light spills across the barn. A single maple leaf drifts onto the mud. WILBUR (V.O.) speaks in calm, measured tones.

**WILBUR (V.O.)**

Tonight's code is simple. Only those who take what isn't offered.

**INT. ROOT CELLAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Wilbur, wearing a tiny plastic apron fashioned from a feed bag, stands over the unconscious body of a FOX. He checks the animal's breathing with a twig, then arranges the scene: the fox's paw prints lead to a half-eaten poisoned egg. Charlotte lowers herself on a thread and adjusts one print with surgical silk.

**CHARLOTTE**

Angle's off by four degrees. Make it look drunk.

Wilbur nods, satisfied. He slides a single red leaf into a cigar box labeled "TONIGHT."

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PIGPEN - PRESENT - NIGHT**

Wilbur stares at a new arrival: a sleek CITY BUYER in a cheap suit, clipboard in hand, measuring the pig with his eyes. Fern pets Wilbur's head.

**FERN**

He's not for sale.

**CITY BUYER**

Everything's for sale, sweetheart.  
Especially bacon.

Wilbur's eyes narrow. Later that night he watches the buyer through a knothole.

**WILBUR (V.O.)**

He takes without asking. Code applies.

**EXT. SMOKEHOUSE - LATER**

Charlotte and Wilbur work in silence. She spins trip-lines across the rafters. He wedges a cleaver into a loose beam so that any sudden weight will drop it. Templeton the rat watches from the shadows, chewing a discarded receipt.

**TEMPLETON**

You two are sick. I like it.

**CHARLOTTE**

Then stay out of the web.

**INT. BARN - DAWN**

The city buyer enters to finalize the sale. He steps on the first silk line. The cleaver drops-missing him by inches-but the beam collapses, pinning his clipboard. Ink spills across the ledger, forming what looks exactly like a signature confessing to "vermin removal for profit." Charlotte has already

attached a tiny silk noose around the buyer's ankle, now dangling an empty poison packet labeled with the farm's own branding.

**CITY BUYER**

What the-?

The beam gives way completely. The buyer falls backward into the old smokehouse pit. A rusted hook-previously positioned by Wilbur-swings down and catches the buyer's coat, jerking him upright just as Farmer Zuckerman arrives.

**FARMER ZUCKERMAN**

What in God's name-?

The buyer's own clipboard, now "signed," implicates him in the recent deaths of the weasel and fox. The farmer sees only a city man who has clearly been poaching.

**CITY BUYER**

It wasn't me!

But the evidence-silk, ink, and the buyer's own terrified footprints-says otherwise.

**EXT. FARMYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

The sheriff's truck pulls away with the buyer. Fern hugs Wilbur.

**FERN**

See? Everything works out.

Wilbur watches Charlotte finish one last sentence in the web above the trough.

CLOSE ON THE WEB: the words read, in perfect block letters, "SOME PIG."

Wilbur slides the newest crimson leaf into his cigar box, closes the lid, and lies down. Sunlight catches the silk, making the final word pulse like a heartbeat.

**FADE OUT.**