



"Renaissance"

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Based on *Spider-Man*,
created by Stan Lee & Steve Ditko

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK

A solitary figure stands before a tombstone adorned with flowers and wreaths. The wind picks up, and as he turns away from it we see that it's PETER PARKER.

He turns back to the tombstone, which reads:

Ben Parker
1957 - 2007
Beloved Husband, Uncle, Father

Peter glances up toward the sky, then back down.

PETER

So, you'd be happy to know I am talking to Mary Jane again.

Peter appears uneasy, glancing around the cemetery.

PETER

Things aren't supposed to happen like this. Bad things to good people. And I'm trying, Uncle Ben, I wish you were here to help me, to tell me what I'm supposed to do.

He looks down at his at his hands, and we see that the bite mark has all but disappeared.

PETER

And now this. I don't even know how to explain it, but I'm different now, and I know you'd say there's nothing I could have done, but I feel like I could have helped you. That I could have stopped it.

(beat)

I'm trying to help people. I've gone out a few nights, saved a woman from being raped, a man from being mugged. I'm trying.

Tears begin to well in his eyes.

PETER

I just wish it didn't take this to wake me up.

Peter sits down to his haunches.

PETER

I'm losing everyone that I care about, and I don't know why. Aunt May says God has a plan... how does a sixteen year-old losing two fathers fit into his '*plan?*'

(beat)

I know you wouldn't want me beating myself up over this, but I know I messed up. These last few years... you tried so hard to help me, and I just ignored you.

Peter stands and wipes the tears from his eyes.

PETER

I won't let you down again.

Peter turns slowly and walks away, the silhouette of the city in front of him.

FADE TO:

ECU of A large monitor, on which we see the fight between MAC GARGAN and a disguised Peter from the previous episode.

Peter is landing punches as the tape rapidly moves forward. It stops as Gargan gets up and approaches Peter.

PAN OUT and we find ourselves in:

INT. SHIELD HQ - BRIEFING ROOM

NICK FURY sits facing the screen. The room is dim, yet we see several AGENTS sitting along the sides of a rectangular table, along with MAJOR TREST.

Fury begins the recording again, and watches as Gargan approaches. Suddenly, he stops and falls to the ground, dead.

Fury rewinds it, and starts again.

CLOSE ON Fury's face. He seems to be very calm and collected, yet with a hint of anger. He watches Gargan fall once again. He repeats it again. Twice more.

Fury stops it finally on Peter, and stares for a moment.

FURY

Who the hell are you?

Fury is silent as he presses play again, and Peter quickly jumps out of frame. He rewinds, then freezes it again.

FURY

Who the hell are you?

Fury turns and faces the others. He rests his elbows on the table, and steeples his hands, looking directly ahead.

FURY

Options?

AGENT 1

We've been able to procure Gargan's body. We should be able to determine what caused his... mutation soon.

FURY

And the other?

AGENT 2

There's no trace of him. Several witnesses in the crowd reported seeing him climb up the side of the building. Then he disappeared.

FURY

Climbed the building?

Fury glares at him, making the AGENT look down nervously.

AGENT #1

Sir, an investigation into...

FURY

(angry)

I want to know who he is now! Washington wants to know who he is yesterday! We don't have time for an investigation!

Fury calms himself, looking around the table.

FURY

He already has a week on us.

The Agents nod, while Trest remains still.

AGENT 2

Sir, it's possible he worked for Osborn as well.

TREST

Then why shoot Gargan?

AGENT 2

Failsafe?

Fury doesn't acknowledge either of them.

TREST

Too sloppy. This was an unknown.
Gargan seemed to think he was
Osborn's man, but I don't think so.

AGENT 1

If...

FURY

Dismissed. The Major and I need to
have a discussion.

The Agents nod and stand. They salute Fury, then exit.

FURY

Say it.

TREST

I think it's time Osborn found out
who's in charge.

FURY

My thoughts exactly. Have a chopper
prepped and ready in fifteen.

TREST

Should I tell him you're coming?

Fury stands and puts his coat on.

FURY

(faint smile)
Of course not.

Trest nods, salutes then leaves the room. Fury turns back to
the screen and pulls out a cigar. He lights it, then looks
back at the image of Peter on the screen.

FURY

You're mine.

Fury puts the cigar back in his mouth as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. PARKER HOME - PETER'S ROOM - MORNING

Peter lies in his bed, fast asleep as the sun pours into his messy room. His alarm clock begins to buzz. He slowly wakes, and slaps the clock, ending the buzzing.

INT. PARKER HOME - BATHROOM - MORNING

Peter steps out of the shower with the towel wrapped around his waist. He stops in front of the mirror, looking at himself, and his new and improved physique.

That, and several large bruises along his chest and arms from the previous episode's fight.

PETER

Lots of change, Uncle Ben.

INT. PARKER HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter is now fully dressed as he comes down the stairs with his backpack. He looks around for:

PETER

Aunt May?

MAY (O.S.)

I'm in the kitchen, Peter!

Peter walks into the kitchen.

INT. PARKER HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Peter walks in to find May completely dressed and ready for the day. She is sitting at the table reading the paper.

PETER

Morning.

MAY

(smiles)

Morning, dear.

She kisses his cheek as Peter sits down opposite her.

PETER

What's that smell?

May drops the paper.

MAY

Oh...

(getting up)

I almost forgot, I was making
cinnamon rolls.

She walks to the oven and pulls them out. She grabs two plates, and retrieves a gallon of milk from the fridge, then returns to the table.

PETER

You're up early.

MAY

Couldn't sleep.

PETER

Again?

MAY

It's fine, Peter. I'm just a little
restless.

She sets a plate and glass in front of Peter, who is now looking at a large pile of papers in front of her.

PETER

What's all this?

MAY

Paper work for your Uncle's
pension, insurance.

(sighs)

So much paper work.

Peter shoves a roll into his mouth.

PETER

Need some help?

MAY

I'm fine. OsCorp's been pretty
helpful in paying for a lot of
things. Mr. Osborn seems like a
very nice man, he even sent a card
expressing his condolences.

Peter rolls his eyes, finishes a roll, and licks his fingers.

PETER

I doubt he wrote it.

MAY

It's the thought that counts. I'm sure he's a very busy man.

Peter quickly finishes his milk.

MAY

You know, Peter, your Uncle kept a journal...

PETER

I never thought of him as the writing type.

MAY

Oh, your Uncle used to be quite the writer. I think you should take a look at it. Might find something there that will help you deal with everything.

Peter looks up at the clock, stands up.

PETER

I'll check it out when I get home, I gotta go.

Peter throws his backpack over his shoulder. May stands, and hugs him tightly.

MAY

I love you, Peter.

PETER

I love you too.

She doesn't release.

PETER

Aunt May, I'm going to be late.

May releases.

MAY

Sorry. Go on.

Peter smiles and kisses her on the cheek, then bolts out the door. May stands around for a second, then sits back down in the chair, letting out a restless sigh.

EXT. OSCORP - NORMAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Norman sits alone looking over some papers. He sighs loudly and looks as he looks up at the clock. He shakes his head, running his hands through his hair.

He looks like he hasn't slept in days.

He opens a desk drawer and pulls out a bottle of pills, taking a handful with a quick swallow of water.

He stands, walks over to a mirror and checks himself, fixing his tie, and straightening his hair. He exits.

INT. OSCORP - WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

On the other side, Norman is greeted by Nick Fury.

Fury is standing over his secretary, JEAN, a stogie in his mouth, and a long black coat falling from his shoulders.

Norman stops dead in his tracks.

NORMAN
Can I help you?

Fury stands up straight, and looks him over for a second. He pulls the cigar out, letting out a stream of smoke.

NORMAN
Who are you?

FURY
In your office.

NORMAN
I'm late for a meeting.

Norman tries to walk past, but Fury grabs him by the tie, choking him. Norman sputters a bit as Fury drags him into...

INT. NORMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Norman staggers through the doors.

NORMAN
(choking)
Call security! Damnit, Jean!

FURY
Don't do that, Jean. Norman and I
need to have a little chat.

Fury turns, and begins to close the doors.

FURY
(smiles at Jean)
Hold his calls, please.

Fury closes them. He turns back to Norman, who is leaning against a chair, trying to regain his breath.

NORMAN
Who the *hell* do you think you are?

FURY
I'm the man running this show now.
I'm your baby sitter.

NORMAN
What...

FURY
And I *hate* baby sitting.

NORMAN
What are you talking about?

Norman moves around his desk, takes a seat and reaches into a drawer. Fury quickly produces a gun.

FURY
Keep your hands where I can see
them.

Norman produces another bottle of pills.

NORMAN
Headaches.

Fury holsters his gun, and takes a seat opposite Norman.

FURY
My name is Nick Fury. You will
refer to me as Colonel and nothing
else. I'm running this circus of
yours.

NORMAN
You replaced Trest?

FURY
Major Test works for me. Your
relationship with him will remain
what it's always been.

FURY (CONT'D)

You will deal with him, and only him about all matters concerning Renaissance... unless I feel I need to become involved.

(beat)

Like I am now.

NORMAN

Now let me explain...

Fury leans forward. He speaks very clearly.

FURY

If I *ever* see a screw up again like the one last week, I will *personally* come down here and make things very unpleasant for you.

NORMAN

That was the first accident in eight years!

FURY

And it will be the last.

Norman looks down for a moment, almost as if he's afraid of Fury. He looks back up finally, a smug look on his face.

FURY

Am I understood?

Norman tries to eye Fury, but relents.

NORMAN

Yes.

FURY

Good.

Fury stands and straightens his coat.

FURY

I think we're going to have a very healthy working relationship. You keep Conners on a need to know basis, and don't allow any more... *accidents*, and you'll find I'm actually a very pleasant person.

NORMAN

You should know... we never found Gargan's body.

FURY

Don't concern yourself with that. What you need to concentrate on is a report on just what the *hell* happened downstairs. Why he did it... how he was able to.

NORMAN

That's going to be difficult without his body to examine.

FURY

You'll manage. Apparently, this project is farther along than either of us realized. I want to know details.

Norman remains silent.

FURY

I don't want to be back here.

Fury turns and exits, slamming the doors behind him. Norman leans his head back and lets out a heavy sigh.

FADE TO:

EXT. QUEENS - STREET - MORNING

Peter is walking down the street alone. He's lost in thought, and doesn't notice a RED JEEP CHEROKEE approaching.

Suddenly the HORN BLOWS.

Peter JUMPS. He turns and finds a laughing ROBBIE in the driver's seat. Peter smiles as he walks around to the passenger's side.

ROBBIE

I couldn't help it man.

PETER

I may be sixteen, but that doesn't mean I'm immune to a heart attack.

ROBBIE

Hop in. I'll give you a ride.

Peter looks up the street.

PETER

It's not far, I can walk. Don't you have class?

ROBBIE

Peter, I don't have class until eleven thirty. I'm not out here for my health.

PETER

Thanks.

He opens the door and gets in. Robbie floors it, and with the sound of squealing rubber, they take off.

INT. ROBBIE'S JEEP - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Robbie is driving through traffic. Peter is quiet, once again lost in thought. Robbie notices.

ROBBIE

You're awfully quiet today. How you holding up?

PETER

Ok, I guess.
(changing the subject)
Did you ever go see Coach Mansfield?

Robbie realizes what Peter's up to, but lets it pass.

ROBBIE

Yeah, turns out he wants me to coach the defense. Can you believe that? All this time I thought I was done with football.

PETER

What about school - your internship?

ROBBIE

I'm gonna give both a shot, I guess. Tell you what though, I just started and I'm already exhausted.

Peter isn't listening. He stares out the window blankly.

ROBBIE

Peter, what is it?

Peter looks back at him.

PETER

What? Oh, nothing.

ROBBIE
(not buying it)
Come on, I think I know you better
than that.

Peter looks at Robbie, considering his next move.

PETER
Remember the other day, when I said
there was something else?

ROBBIE
Yeah, what's up man?

PETER
What if I told you there was
something... *different* about me?

ROBBIE
Different?

Peter nods.

PETER
Different.

Off Robbie's baffled expression:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. WATSON HOME - MARY JANE'S ROOM - MORNING

MARY JANE is rushing around her cluttered room, gathering her belongings. She grabs a small tin off of her dresser, reaches in and frowns, pulling out a hand full of change.

MARY JANE
Broke already.
(yells)
Mom, Dad!

Mary Jane bolts out of her room.

INT. WATSON HOME - HALLWAY

Mary Jane hurries down the hall, but stops short of entering the kitchen when she hears her parents voices - and their topic of conversation.

CRAIG (O.S.)
(quietly)
We can't afford that! It's bad
enough we're so far behind on the
mortgage we have!

Mary Jane sighs - she's heard this before.

KATHERINE (O.S.)
We don't have any other options,
Craig. There's just not enough to
go around. It's this or
foreclosure.

Mary Jane's head snaps up - this she hasn't heard before.

CRAIG (O.S.)
I know, I know.

KATHERINE (O.S.)
How long can we keep this up? We're
going under, Craig. We can't keep
on going like this.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CRAIG AND KATHERINE continue their discussion/argument.

CRAIG

Don't you think I know that? I'm doing everything I can.

KATHERINE

Did you ever call S&R back?

CRAIG

We've been through this, I'm not going to represent a company that's responsible for hundreds of people losing their homes.

KATHERINE

Well pretty soon we'll be the ones losing *our* home. I hope you've thought about that!

Katherine gets up, and storms out. Along the way she runs into Mary Jane, who doesn't give away what she's heard.

KATHERINE

(fakes a smile)
Morning, honey.

Mary Jane puts on an equally fake smile.

MARY JANE

Morning.
(to Craig)
Morning, dad.

CRAIG

Morning, sweetheart. Got time for breakfast?

Mary Jane shakes her head.

MARY JANE

Nope. I'm already late.

She doesn't wait for a response, and quickly exits.

EXT. QUEENS - STREET SIDE - MORNING

GWEN walks alone, wearing a pair of headphones.

UNKNOWN P.O.V.

Watching Gwen walk from behind.

BACK TO SCENE

A HAND grabs her shoulder from behind. She spins around with her fist raised, but stops when she realizes it's:

An out of breath EDDIE.

GWEN
(removing headphones)
Jesus, Eddie, I almost clocked you!

EDDIE
I noticed.

Eddie bends over, bracing himself against a nearby tree, trying to catch his breath.

GWEN
What are you doing?

EDDIE
Taking the long way to school. I've been screaming your name for the past five minutes. What are you listening to?

GWEN
Five Iron Frenzy.

Eddie stares blankly.

EDDIE
Five Iron... that sounds like a murder rap.

GWEN
I'll let you hear it sometime.
Might surprise you.

Eddie stands upright.

EDDIE
So... can I walk you to school?
Pretty girl like you shouldn't be out here alone.

They start walking again.

GWEN
You're awfully sweet today.

EDDIE
Must be the Frosted Flakes.

GWEN

(laughs)

Nice, Eddie. You gonna offer to carry my books too?

Eddie glances over at her rather large backpack.

EDDIE

You gonna offer to buy my casket?

Gwen laughs as they start walking together. Eddie yawns, raising his arm, as if he's going to put it around her...

GWEN

Don't even think about it.

He stops, and they continue walking.

EXT. QUEENS - ALLEY - MORNING

Robbie has his Jeep pulled into the alley. Peter stands in front of it, his gaze fixed on the brick wall in front of him. Robbie hangs his head out the window.

ROBBIE

You're going to be late, man.

Peter closes his eyes, and moves to the wall. He takes a deep breath, looks back at Robbie and grins.

He turns back to the wall, bringing his hand up slowly. He brings up the other as well, and begins to climb.

Robbie's mouth drops as he stumbles out of the Jeep. He catches himself, and moves around the open door, staring in awe for a few moments before:

ROBBIE

How are you doing that?

PETER

(grins)

Magic.

Robbie steps back to take in the full scope of the wall.

ROBBIE

Is this some trick? I mean... it has to be. Some kind of Criss Angel deal or something, I mean...

Peter leaps down, directly in front of Robbie, who jumps back. Peter shows him his empty hands.

PETER

All natural.

ROBBIE

Then how?

(beat, realizes)

Oh my God! Peter, are you a mutant?

PETER

No...

(beat)

This is something else.

Peter LEAPS into the air, at least ten feet, and once again sticks to the wall. He looks down at Robbie with a smile.

Peter jumps from one side to the other, then back before jumping down. He lands directly in front of Robbie.

ROBBIE

Peter... what's going on?

PETER

I honestly have no idea. I mean, I kinda do, but... not really. On that field trip - the one to OsCorp. There was this spider, and... it bit me.

Robbie raises an eyebrow.

ROBBIE

It *bit* you?

PETER

There was something weird going on with it, though. It bit me, and I got sick. Man, I was so sick, Robbie, but then I woke up and... well, you see.

ROBBIE

Wait... this is crazy. I mean...

(beat, realizes)

It was you, wasn't it? That guy everyone's talking about. At OsCorp. It was you...

Peter nods in confirmation.

ROBBIE

This isn't normal Pete. I mean... are you feeling okay?

PETER

Yeah, I feel fine - better than fine - great. Amazing. Spectacular.
(beat, low)
Physically, anyway.

ROBBIE

Pete, no. I know where you're headed with this, and that's the last thing you need right now.

PETER

Robbie, with all the things I can do now, I could have helped...

ROBBIE

(interrupting)
You didn't know, Pete... there's no way you could have. You could have gotten yourself hurt - or worse. There's no telling.

PETER

Maybe, but I can't stop thinking about what might have happened if I'd have been there.

ROBBIE

Pete, it's not your fault. You *do* know that, right? I mean this is... amazing, what you can do, but you didn't know.

Peter shifts uncomfortably, avoiding eye contact.

PETER

I'm going to be late for school.

Robbie watches as Peter walks away, back toward the Jeep.

ROBBIE

School. Right.

Frustrated and concerned, Robbie walks to the jeep. He opens the door, taking one final look up at the wall.

EXT. MANHATTAN - FISK TOWER

A limo pulls up to the front as a large man - SOLOMON - approaches and opens the door. Norman steps out.

SOLOMON

Mister Fisk is expecting you.

Norman walks past him without a response.

INT. FISK TOWER - ELEVATOR

Norman stands with Solomon behind him.

NORMAN
Where's the rest of the security?

SOLOMON
Mister Fisk doesn't believe in
heavy security.

NORMAN
Of course he doesn't.

The elevator stops, and the doors part, revealing:

INT. FISK'S OFFICE

Solomon stays in the elevator as the doors close, and Norman walks forward. Standing near the center of the room with his TRAINER is WILSON FISK. He's in a pair of gym shorts and a tank top, boxing a large punching bag.

He sees Norman approaching, but continues boxing.

Norman stops a dozen or so feet from them. Fisk stops after a moment, grabbing a towel.

FISK
(to the trainer)
That's enough for today.

The Trainer nods, then exits.

FISK
Morning, Norman. Can I interest you
in a cup of coffee?

Norman scowls as Fisk moves to a shelf, and pours two cups of coffee. He returns to his desk, where Norman joins him.

FISK
(sitting)
So, what's got you up this early,
Norman? A board meeting? Family
matters?

NORMAN
After what you pulled...

FISK

I'd like to put that behind us. It was a mistake on my part. I got a little anxious is all. I've made a deposit to cover the cost of the incident.

Norman takes the cup of coffee in his hand, then slowly pours it out onto the floor. He throws the cup down, shattering it.

NORMAN

Stay away from my company, stay away from my labs, stay away from Renaissance.

(beat)

Stay away or you will regret it.

FISK

No need for threats.

NORMAN

It's not a threat.

Fisk's face goes dark.

FISK

Be very careful, Norman. I am not some employee you can toy with for your amusement. You want to end our arrangement, fine. Perhaps we can work out another.

NORMAN

You don't get it do you? This isn't a joke! It's not guns, or heroin or some gimpy police detective you're dealing with here. These people will take you out. They will, and no matter how powerful you think you are, I assure you they can.

FISK

How touching, You're concerned for my well being.

(beat)

Or perhaps it's what would happen if these people found out you'd been going behind their back to develop the serum.

Norman's had enough. He stands up, and looks down at Fisk, leaning over so that they're face-to-face.

NORMAN

Stay away. This is your only warning.

Fisk doesn't respond. Norman turns, and walks briskly back to the elevator. As the doors shut, Fisk picks up the phone.

FISK

Joseph, it's Wilson. Bring him in.

Fisk hangs up, glaring at the door Norman just left through.

FADE TO:

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - GYM - AFTERNOON

Peter is doing a few push-ups on his finger tips. Eddie stands a few feet away playing basketball with a three other STUDENTS. Gwen and Mary Jane can be seen on the opposite side, playing volleyball with the girl's class.

PETER

(to himself)

One hundred twenty, one twenty one...

Peter keeps counting. On the court, one of the boys leaves the game. Eddie rushes over, and kneels down next to Peter.

EDDIE

Hey, Pete, we need someone else. Jason has to take his medication.

Peter stops his push-ups.

PETER

(sitting up)

No thanks, not my thing.

EDDIE

I'll buy you a burger later.

PETER

I'll pass.

EDDIE

Come on, if not for your best friend, then who?

PETER

Eddie, you...

Peter trails off as he looks at a smiling Eddie.

PETER

Fine, but only for a few minutes. I want to give Aunt May a call and see how she's doing.

EDDIE

No prob.

Eddie stands and offers his hand. Peter takes it, and is helped to his feet. They walk back onto the court, where the other two boys begin laughing.

They are GLEN and STEPHEN.

STEPHEN

You got *Parker* to play?

EDDIE

Why wouldn't I?

They laugh again.

GLEN

Parker doesn't do sports. This should be a riot.

Peter is quiet, but clearly annoyed.

EDDIE

(whispering to Peter)

Look, just pass me the ball. We'll take care of them.

PETER

I've got this.

Eddie passes the ball to Peter, who quickly moves between both boys, shoots a basket, and scores.

Eddie slaps him on the back as they go back to playing. The boys try to pass, but Peter steals the ball.

He races down the court and sinks another basket.

PETER

(to Stephen)

Yeah. Real riot.

The process repeats itself several times. The boys are never able to score, while Eddie and Peter do so several times.

Across the gym, Mary Jane and Gwen have left their game, and are watching along with several others.

Pretty soon, the entire gym is focused on Peter.

He makes another basket, after which Glen rushes him, pushing him to the floor. He slides across the court.

As he comes to a stop, he looks down at his hands and sees small wood shavings lining them.

Eddie jumps up in front of him.

EDDIE

Hey, jackass, do that again and I'll beat you like a red-headed step child. We clear?

He glances across the gym at Mary Jane.

EDDIE

No offense!

Peter gets up and dusts off his hands. He takes the ball and begins to dribble.

PETER

Wanna finish this?

EDDIE

Gotta go?

Peter nods and breaks left as Eddie rolls off Stephen. Both are around him before he knows it.

Eddie crosses in front of Glen and then stops. Glen pushes into Eddie but can't move him.

He tries to move again to stop Peter, who's crossing too.

Peter bounces the ball through Glen's legs and is on the other side before Glen knows what's happened.

Peter grabs the ball, leaps into the air and DUNKS it. He retrieves the ball and tosses it to Eddie.

PETER

I gotta go, time to make that call.

EDDIE

Dude, where did you learn to play like that?

PETER

I uh... used to play when I was a kid. I have to go, see you later.

Peter turns and exits the gym, on his way, exchanging smiles with Mary Jane and Gwen. Eddie watches Peter leave.

And watches as Stephen and Glen follow him.

His face suddenly gets dark. He throws the ball down and it bounces away as he jogs after them.

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter is putting his shirt on and grabbing his stuff when the two boys come in and move to push him.

Everything begins to slow for Peter as his SENSE kicks in.

Stephen takes a swing at him, but Peter moves out of the way.

GLEN

Think you're real funny don't you,
Parker?

STEPHEN

You should have just kept doing
your push-ups man.

Peter looks on as Glen raises his fists.

PETER

This is stupid.

Peter tries to push past him but is thrown against a locker.

GLEN

Come on, Parker, let's see what you
got!

Peter sighs and drops his arms. Glen takes a swing...

Peter easily dodges.

Glen's fist impacts the locker, and he screams out in pain.

Peter turns and shoulders his backpack, but Glen isn't done, taking another swing, which Peter once again dodges.

Stephen rushes toward him...

But is stopped short by A PUNCH TO THE JAW!

He looks up to find Eddie standing over him.

EDDIE

What did I tell you?

Eddie grabs him and pushes him into the locker just as COACH MANSFIELD enters. He screams out and everyone stops.

MANSFIELD
Alright! Enough, boys!

GLEN
They jumped us, Coach!

MANSFIELD
Oh really? I doubt that. All of you, take a walk. Wally's office.

Peter looks over at Eddie, who is white as a ghost.

PETER
Thanks, man. You okay?

EDDIE
I hope to God I don't get suspended.

PETER
(grins)
Yeah, me too. It wouldn't be the same without you.

They walk out after Glen and Stephen. Mansfield follows, and as Peter begins to exit he catches up.

MANSFIELD
Peter!
(Peter stops, turns)
How are you holding up?

PETER
I'm okay. You know... as okay as you'd expect anyway.

MANSFIELD
Glad to hear it, and hey - don't let those punks get to you. They're all about ego, guys like that.

PETER
Yeah, I know.

MANSFIELD
I'll make sure Wally knows what really happened. He's a good guy - he won't be too hard on you.

Peter smiles.

PETER

Thanks.

He looks over at Eddie and gives him a reassuring thumbs up.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. DAILY BUGLE - MAIN FLOOR - AFTERNOON

Robbie sits at a desk clicking the mouse at a computer. On both sides of him are stacks upon stacks of papers and folders. Behind him, rows of filing cabinets are ajar.

An attractive woman, roughly his age, approaches.

She is BETTY BRANT.

He looks up at her and smiles.

ROBBIE

Hi.

BETTY

(smiles)

Hi, Betty Brant. I don't think we've met.

She offers her hand. Robbie stands and takes it with a smile.

ROBBIE

Robbie Robertson. What can I do for you Miss Brant?

BETTY

Mister Jameson's secretary asked me to get the files on the accident last week.

ROBBIE

Yeah, sure.

Robbie begins going through the stacks of papers.

ROBBIE

Sorry it's so unorganized.

BETTY

It's okay. It's gotta be tough for you - adjusting to everything. I know it was for me.

Robbie pulls out a folder.

ROBBIE

It's a lot to take in, that's for sure.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

It doesn't look like anyone's organized this stuff since the sixties.

BETTY

(smiles)

That's why we have you.

JONAH (O.S.)

Betty! Get in here and stop fraternizing with the help!

Betty looks over toward Jonah's office.

BETTY

He'll soften up some.

(beat)

Eventually.

ROBBIE

I'm sure.

BETTY

Look, if you need anything, don't be a stranger. I'm just over here.

ROBBIE

Thanks, I'll keep that in mind.

Betty gives him a friendly smile one last time and walks away. Robbie watches her for a second, then sits down and pulls out a copy of the upcoming cover story.

It's a picture of Peter, wearing his makeshift costume and standing outside OsCorp.

The headline reads: **WHO IS HE?**

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

The class bell rings, and Peter and Eddie step out from the principal's office. Eddie has a wide grin on his face.

EDDIE

Dude, did you see that croc? That thing was *HUGE!*

PETER

It wasn't real, Eddie.

EDDIE

Whatever, dude, I'm just glad we didn't get suspended.

PETER

Yeah, I...

GWEN (O.S.)

Eddie! Peter!

Down the hall, Gwen pushes through the crowd.

EDDIE

Man...

PETER

What?

EDDIE

She's just... you know.

PETER

'Hot?'

EDDIE

Beautiful.

Peter gives Eddie an odd look as Gwen finally reaches them.

GWEN

What happened? We heard there was a fight.

EDDIE

(proudly)

We kicked their asses.

GWEN

I'll bet.

PETER

Just the two of them being the two of them. No big deal.

EDDIE

I bet they never try to pull something like that again. I think Wally really freaked them out with that croc story.

GWEN

Are you guys in trouble?

EDDIE

Nope, Wally said it was self defense. He didn't even call our parents.

GWEN

Wally?

PETER

The new principal. *Long* story.

GWEN

MJ and I were talking about hanging out after school. You guys wanna come? They've got student discount week at Dante's.

EDDIE

Definitely.

PETER

Sounds good, but I have to get home. I might catch up later.

Gwen smiles and gives Peter an eager hug.

GWEN

Great, well just call us.

PETER

You got it.

FADE TO:

INT. SHIELD - LAB

A darkly lit room, filled with practically every medical device known to man, and no doubt quite a few that aren't.

Near the center of the lab is an operating table, on which sits a corpse. As we get closer we recognize it as MAC GARGAN. Standing over him is SHIELD DOCTOR MORLEY.

The doors swing open, and in walk Fury and Trest.

FURY

Report, Doctor.

Morley removes his mask, and picks up a folder from a nearby table. He hands it to Fury, who begins reading.

MORLEY

His body is in excellent shape. For someone who had just been through the physical trauma he had, you'd never know.

TREST

Any idea what caused his mutation?

MORLEY

Well, he's not a mutant, if that's what you're asking.

Fury closes up the folder and hands it to Trest.

FURY

It's not.

MORLEY

Right. Of course.

(beat)

An examination of his tissue didn't reveal anything significant, but his blood work... well, you may find that quite a bit more interesting.

Trest is reading over the report with great interest.

FURY

What did you find out?

MORLEY

His blood contained trace amounts of a synthetic material - one I still haven't been able to properly identify. My best guess is that it was designed as a catalyst.

FURY

A catalyst for what, Doctor?

SHIELD DOCTOR

Renaissance.

Fury lets this sink in.

FURY

So the serum works?

MORLEY

Impossible to tell. I can tell you that whatever was used to introduce the serum into his blood stream, it was destructive.

FURY

Meaning what?

MORLEY

Meaning he may have been in peak physical condition, but his mental state...

FURY

Negative side effects?

MORLEY

To say the least. His nervous system is in shambles. If he hadn't been shot, he would have died eventually from the effects of the serum.

FURY

Correct me if I'm wrong, Major, but nothing like this was in Osborn's latest report.

TREST

Not a word.

FURY

That's what I thought.

Fury glances down at Gargan's body, then back up at Trest.

FURY

Keep an eye on Osborn. I want round' the clock surveillance.

Off Fury:

FADE TO:

INT. PARKER HOME - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Peter walks in the front door to find May waiting for him on the couch, her arms crossed. She doesn't look pleased.

PETER

Aunt May?

MAY

Peter.

Peter is confused.

PETER

What's going on?

May stands, and walks over to him.

MAY

I understand that things are rough right now, that you're confused, but that's no excuse for lashing out.

PETER

Lashing out? Aunt May...

MAY

Gym class today. Glen and Stephen ring a bell?

Peter sighs.

PETER

Principal Bartlett said he wasn't going to call!

MAY

He didn't, Coach Mansfield did. He's worried about you, Peter. I know you're angry but that's no reason to act out.

Peter plops down onto the recliner. May sits down on the couch, and leans in close to him. She takes his hand.

MAY

Peter, I know you're confused right now. I know things are rough, but God will get us through this, sweetheart. Just be strong and trust in him. I know we may not always understand, but everything happens for a reason.

PETER

Aunt May, I...

MAY

You know, for the longest time after you came to live with us, your Uncle was scared. He was afraid that you wouldn't be the man you had the potential to be. He'd often pray for God to give you the strength to get through. You weren't his child, but from the day you were born he looked at you like a son.

(beat)

MAY (CONT'D)

If you're going to fight Peter,
fight the good fight.

PETER

I know, but I had to defend myself.

MAY

I know dear. It's just...

She moves in quickly and gives him a strong hug.

MAY

I can't lose you too.

PETER

You won't. I promise.

She pulls away and smiles, a tear rolling down her cheek.

PETER

Are you okay?

May wipes the tear away.

MAY

I'll be fine. What do you want for
dinner?

PETER

I was going to go out after I
finished my homework. But I can
stay if you...

MAY

You'll do no such thing! Peter, I'm
fine, go out and have some fun.

Peter smiles and stands.

PETER

I need to do some bio first.

MAY

Oh, I left something on your bed
for you.

Peter looks up the stairs and raises an eyebrow.

PETER

Thanks?

May smiles.

MAY
You're welcome.

Peter heads up the stairs.

EXT. GWEN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A nice upper-middle-class home, two stories, with a nice-sized garage attached. Gwen, Mary Jane, and Eddie walk up the driveway toward the porch. Eddie lets out a long whistle.

EDDIE
Man, your parents must be loaded.

Mary Jane shoots a glance over at Eddie, who immediately realizes what he said. Gwen stops for a second.

EDDIE
Whoa, hey, Gwen, I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking.

Gwen turns and smiles.

GWEN
Don't worry about it. I'll be right back out.

EDDIE
Need a hand with anything?

GWEN
I think I can find my extra cash on my own, thanks.

EDDIE
You sure? Last time I had to find something in my room I needed a Google search.

GWEN
I'll be okay.

EDDIE
First sign of ninjas, I'm coming in!

Gwen laughs as she walks inside.

MARY JANE
Laying it on a little thick aren't you?

EDDIE
(smiles)
Never.

Eddie waits a moment, then turns to Mary Jane.

EDDIE
You think it's working?

MARY JANE
(sarcastic smile)
Just keep beating her over the head
with it, it'll sink in.

EDDIE
Gotcha!

Eddie continues checking out the house.

MARY JANE
So what's your story anyway?

EDDIE
My story?

MARY JANE
Yeah, I mean, you know all this
stuff about us, but we barely know
anything about you.

EDDIE
What's there to know?

MARY JANE
I don't know, brother? Sister?

EDDIE
Nope.

MARY JANE
Parents?

Eddie suddenly becomes glum.

EDDIE
Yeah... I don't really like to talk
about it.

Mary Jane covers her mouth.

MARY JANE
Oh my God. I'm so sorry.

EDDIE

What? Oh, no, they're not *dead*.
(off MJ's look)
Circus people.

Mary Jane smacks him in the arm, laughs.

MARY JANE

You jerk!

Eddie dodges more blows as Gwen walks out, dejected.

EDDIE

Ninjas?

GWEN

Marshalls.

MARY JANE

You have to stay?

GWEN

No, they want to meet you guys.

Eddie hurries up the stairs.

EDDIE

Awesome! Can't wait to meet the in-laws!

Eddie runs past her with a wink. He runs through the door and can be heard from inside:

EDDIE (O.S.)

Mom! Dad! It's Eddie!

Gwen shakes her head with a laugh.

MARY JANE

You know, I'm no expert, but I *think* he likes you.

GWEN

It's like he's on a constant sugar high!

An awkward silence before:

MARY JANE

You know, we should hang out. Just the two of us. No Eddie or Peter. Just... us. You know... girls night out?

GWEN

Um... you know, no offense, but that's not really my thing.

Mary Jane nods and looks down, disappointed. From inside, Eddie's voice can be heard.

GWEN

We shouldn't leave them alone with him for too long.

Eddie comes back to the door, poking his head out.

EDDIE

Gwen, why didn't you tell me they have a plasma TV? Have you seen this thing?!

GWEN

Must have slipped my mind.

Eddie disappears inside.

MARY JANE

Come on, they're in over their heads.

They head inside.

INT. PARKER HOME - PETER'S ROOM

Peter sets a large brown box down on the bed, filled with various knickknacks. As he sits, he notices a small leather-bound book on his comforter. He picks it up and examines it.

The cover reads: *Ben*

He flips through a few pages, then sits back.

BEN (V.O.)

March 3rd, 2003. I felt something in me die when I got the phone call today. The officer said they were in an accident, and that's all I really remember. My mind immediately jumped to Peter. How can I possibly tell him? How do I take a child's parents from him?

Peter flips a couple of pages back.

BEN (V.O.)

October 3rd, 2001. The second surgery is done. The doctors are hopeful that I'll be walking again in a month. Three pins and a metal plate later and my femur is one-hundred percent reconstructed. All this because I hesitated, and yet all I can think about is the life I've taken. My job is to protect people. I was given the power by God and by the people, to protect them and I failed. I had a responsibility... to protect and serve. I can't help but wonder if I could have done something differently. If I could have somehow prevented the loss of life. A criminal's life, but a life none the less.

Peter puts the book down awkwardly.

PETER

Maybe later.

He opens up the box and pulls out a few pieces of a paintball gun, then begins putting it together. He reaches in and pulls out the CO-2 canister and screws it in.

There's a slight wheeze as he squeezes the trigger, which is quickly followed by a loud pop.

PETER

(grins)

Nice.

Peter jumps to his feet...

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER HOME - KITCHEN

May is at the stove when Peter bursts in.

PETER

Are Uncle Ben's tools still in the basement?

MAY

Yes, why?

PETER

Do we still have any of that glue I made for that project?

MAY

That stringy stuff?

PETER

Yeah.

MAY

I think so, why?

PETER

Just something I'm working on.

May chuckles.

MAY

Be careful. It's probably with the tools in the basement.

PETER

Even the compressor?

MAY

Should be. Why, what are you doing?

PETER

Paintball stuff.

Peter hurries off.

INT. PARKER HOME - BASEMENT

Peter sits at a work bench, a variety of tools in front of him. He finds the can of the glue and tests it.

It shoots out a long string of stiff, sticky glue.

TIME LAPSE MONTAGE

- 1) Peter has a mask on and is welding something together.
- 2) He grabs the paintball gun and pulls the hose off.
- 3) He tinkers with a few small bits of metal.

BACK TO SCENE

Peter puts a small metallic device onto his wrist, feeling it out. He moves it around a bit, making a few adjustments.

PETER

Feels okay.

He pours the glue into the compressor's main chamber, then hooks a small canister about the size of chap stick container to it. He watches as the pressure gauge goes up.

He presses a small red trigger on the device...

A stream of white string shoots across the room.

PETER

(grins)

I still got it.

He takes it off and looks over on the table. We see there is another one of the devices, along with a handful of the canisters. He tosses them into a bag and bolts up the stairs.

INT. PARKER HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

May is sitting on the couch watching TV as Peter runs through, a backpack thrown over his shoulder.

PETER

Going out. Love you, bye.

He blows through the living room, then exits in a hurry.

May smiles at the sight as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. QUEENS - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Peter is standing on the roof of the building, wearing his sweater and ski-mask get-up. He crouches down, then looks across the street at another, taller building.

PETER

No need to go splat in public.

He looks around and moves over to the other side of the roof, looking down into the alley. He ponders for a moment.

PETER

As good as any...

He crouches down again and takes a deep breath...

And LAUNCHES himself into the air.

He presses his middle and ring fingers against his palm, causing a long string of the web substance to shoot out.

It shoots across the alley and sticks to the wall.

Peter catches the string, and swings out of the alley and up over the street. He is silent - the silence of being terrified. He presses the trigger again...

Another strand shoots out.

Peter pulls himself in another direction, and lower toward the street, before shooting one last strand and landing on:

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

He looks out over the street, at the distance he's just covered. He looks down at the shooters in surprise.

PETER

Wow. I *do* still have it.

Suddenly, there's some commotion in the alley below.

Peter moves slowly and looks over the edge.

A MAN is being held at gun point against the wall.

PETER

Prey.

THUG

I ought to kill you!

VICTIM

Please! I'll get you your money, I
just need more time!

THUG

No! You lied to me, which means you
lied to my boss! I ain't dying
because of you, old man!

Peter JUMPS from the ledge.

He once again presses the trigger to active the shooters...

Nothing happens!

PETER

Oh sh-!

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Thug presses the gun against the man's cheek.

THUG

You ready to die?

Suddenly, Peter comes CRASHING down from above, landing
directly on top of the thug!

The man, STANLEY (84) collapses against the wall. He glances
down at the now unconscious Thug...

And an equally unconscious Peter.

STANLEY

Well...

Off his uncertain face:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - MAIN LOBBY

The interior of the movie theater is large and open, with
various banners and posters hanging from the ceiling. Posters
line the walls, advertising upcoming movies.

Gwen and Mary Jane sit at a table as, nearby, Eddie plays a
YOUNG KID on an arcade game.

Gwen turns from watching him.

GWEN

Constant...

MARY JANE

Sugar high.

Gwen laughs as Mary Jane smiles shyly.

MARY JANE

Hey, thanks for helping me out earlier. I am so broke, it's not even funny.

GWEN

Don't worry about it.

MARY JANE

I'll pay you back.

GWEN

It's fine, really.

MARY JANE

Thanks.

An awkward silence, followed by:

GWEN

Mary J...

MARY JANE

MJ

(off Gwen's look)

My friends call me MJ.

Gwen gives her a warm smile.

GWEN

You know, at my house, I'm sorry if I gave you the wrong impression. I didn't mean to blow you off like that.

MARY JANE

Don't worry about it.

GWEN

But I am. You're the only person, aside from Peter - and the walking Trojan commercial -

EDDIE

I'm standing *two feet* away!

GWEN (CON'T)

Who has even tried to help me
adjust. I really appreciate it.

Eddie slams his fist down, then raises them in triumph!

EDDIE

I am the champion! There can be
only one!

Eddie bends down and gives Gwen a big hug. She just sits
there as Mary Jane grins. He lets go, then snaps his fingers,
pointing at the both of them.

EDDIE

Candy and drinks!

He smiles, then turns and makes his way to the concession
booth. Gwen and Mary Jane watch as he walks away.

MARY JANE

You know... he really does seem
like a nice guy.

GWEN

Oh, they're all 'nice guys.'

MARY JANE

He's really helped Peter. He needed
a friend.

GWEN

You mean after his parents...?

MARY JANE

It was really hard for him.

GWEN

Yeah, I guess I should get that
better than anyone, right?

MARY JANE

Yeah. I just can't imagine what you
guys must have went through.

Gwen looks away - she doesn't really want to hear it.

MARY JANE

I'm sorry, I'll shut up now.

GWEN

No, I'm sorry. I guess it's just
the way everything happened.

GWEN (CONT'D)

I mean, maybe if it had been an accident, but...

MARY JANE

You mean it wasn't?

GWEN

Not exactly. He...

(beat)

He killed himself.

Mary Jane covers her mouth.

MARY JANE

Oh my God. I didn't know... I...

GWEN

Yeah, I know.

MARY JANE

But I thought you said both your parents were... you know.

GWEN

Not quite. My mom's still out there somewhere. That is if she hasn't OD'd by now. I could care less. I haven't since the day she left.

Mary Jane is silent for a moment.

MARY JANE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...

GWEN

It's cool. It's not your fault.

MARY JANE

I know, but still. I know you don't right now, but if you ever need to, you know, talk or anything...

Gwen smiles.

GWEN

Thanks.

MARY JANE

I'm sure Peter would say the same thing. But you know, if he's not around, I'm always here. And hey, if I'm not, there's always...

Eddie arrives with his arms full of drinks, candy, and popcorn. He smiles wide.

EDDIE
M'ladies. A feast for queens.

Gwen and Mary Jane look at Eddie, then at each other.
Then burst into laughter.

FADE TO:

UNKNOWN P.O.V. - BLURY ROOM

Gradually our view begins to clear up. After a moment, we realize we're in:

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT

As Peter comes to. He is lying on a couch, his ski mask still on, with an ice pack placed on top of it.

He looks around, confused.

PETER
Hello? Is anyone here?
(lower, to himself)
Can anyone tell me where *here* is?

Stanley enters with a small plastic box.

STANLEY
You're awake, good. How you feeling?

Peter looks up at Stanley, still not sure what's going on.

PETER
Uh... dizzy.

STANLEY
You took a nasty fall. You're lucky it's not worse than it is.

Peter sits up, rubbing his sore head.

Stanley sits down beside him and opens the box. He begins pulling out various materials.

PETER
Did the cops...

STANLEY
They got him.

PETER
Good.

A moment of silence, broken by:

STANLEY
You're that guy from the news,
aren't you? The one who fought that
mutant... man, that was amazing!

PETER
I was... in the neighborhood.

Stanley picks at Peter's sweater.

STANLEY
Lousy costume.

PETER
It was a gift.

STANLEY
Say no more. You know, if you're
going to be saving people, you
should look snazzy.

PETER
I don't plan on making a habit out
of it.

Another pause, broken by:

PETER
So... you, uh, get mugged often?

Stanley stares at him.

PETER
Sorry.

Stanley gives him an odd look, then goes back to looking through the box. Peter looks up at the other side of the apartment, which is filled with similar materials.

PETER
What is all this?

STANLEY
Stuff. For my business - I run it
out of the apartment here.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

You wouldn't believe how high the rent is on a shop in this town.

Peter nods and looks forward again. He looks around the kitchen, spotting a clock on the wall, which reads 9:21.

Peter looks at his wrist and realizes his watch is broken.

Stanley is looking at Peter from behind, eying him thoroughly, and thinking.

PETER

Oh man, I have to go.

STANLEY

Wait, hold on a minute.

Peter stands to leave, but Stanley pulls out a thin piece of tape and starts stretching it quickly. He places it up to Peter's chest, then to his arms, and finally his legs.

Peter is baffled.

PETER

What are you doing?

STANLEY

How tall are you?

PETER

(confused)

How tall...?

STANLEY

Not quite six foot, I would imagine.

PETER

I... guess... why?

STANLEY

Spider-Guy, huh? That's what the papers are calling you.

Peter shrugs.

PETER

I guess. I don't really pay much attention to the news.

STANLEY

That's a shame.

PETER

Look, thanks for everything... for the ice, but I really gotta go.

STANLEY

Anytime. You saved my life! Mi casa su casa!

PETER

Right... well, see you around?

STANLEY

If you ever need anything...

PETER

(smiles)

I know.

Peter exits, leaving Stanley, who pulls out a sketch pad.

FADE TO:

EXT. QUEENS - DANTE'S - NIGHT

Mary Jane, Gwen, and Eddie are sitting outside of the restaurant. A song plays over a pair of speakers nearby:

The Rest of My Life by Unwritten Law.

PAN AROUND the group as Eddie is finishing up a lame joke.

EDDIE

So the chicken says to the cow,
'Then get out of my way!'

Mary Jane and Gwen don't get it. They just stare at him. Eddie shrugs, and takes a big bite of his food.

EDDIE

(mouth full of food)

Whatever, you guys are no fun.

GWEN

Don't talk with your mouth full, honey.

EDDIE

(hopeful)

Honey?

GWEN

(dripping)

Sarcasm.

Eddie isn't paying attention - he's focused on something across the street.

EDDIE
Hey, check it out.

Gwen and Mary Jane turn to see Peter, walking across the street, unaware of them as he continues on his way.

GWEN
Think he sees us?

EDDIE
(grins)
He will, don't worry...

Eddie gets up, and climbs up onto the table.

EDDIE
Hey, Peter! Pete, bro! Over here!

Peter looks around confused for a moment, then spots Eddie.

Peter smiles at the sight of Eddie trying to keep his balance atop the table. He approaches as a WAITRESS walks up.

WAITRESS
Sir, will you please get off the table?

EDDIE
Just a second, honey.

WAITRESS
Honey?

EDDIE
(pointing at Gwen)
Ask her.

Gwen shakes her head as Eddie gets down off the table. The waitress leaves as Peter arrives.

PETER
Hey guys. What's up, MJ?

MARY JANE
(smiles)
Hey, tiger.

Peter blushes.

GWEN
Keep dreaming.

Eddie winks at Gwen, who returns it with a sarcastic smile.

PETER
Did I miss something?

MARY JANE
All. Night.

Mary Jane looks at Peter for a moment, then gives him a hug.

MARY JANE
It's nice to have you back, Peter.

PETER
It's good to be back.

EDDIE
Hey you two, break it up!

Peter grabs a handful of fries and shoves them into Eddie's mouth. PAN OUT as the group laughs, and continue their conversation. Peter has a broad grin on his face.

FADE TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE

An elevator door opens, revealing a rather nervous ALISTAIR SMYTHE. He begins walking toward a nearby car.

He stops for a moment, looking around to make sure he's not being followed, then continues on his way.

PAN UP to a sign displaying the logo of Fisk Enterprises.

INT. FISK TOWER - FISK'S OFFICE

Fisk stands in front of a massive painting on the wall.

He removes the painting to reveal a SAFE behind it. He opens the safe, and we see there is nothing inside.

In his hands is a small glass container.

Fisk carefully places it inside the safe.

ANGLE ON THE SAFE

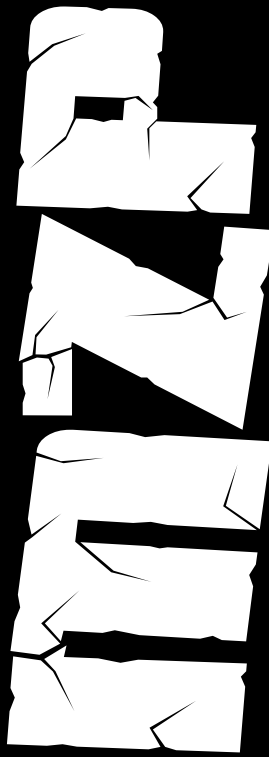
As Fisk places the container inside. Inside the container is a small vial, filled with a faintly green liquid.

The Renaissance serum.

Fisk shuts the safe door, causing us to:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW



spider-man
GIFTS & CURSES

Based on Spider-Man
Created by Stan Lee & Steve Ditko

Developed for MZP by
Jay Everington

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
Jay Everington

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
J.B. Gibson

SUPERVISING PRODUCER
Shannon Hardy

SUPERVISING PRODUCER
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SUPERVISING PRODUCER
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