



"Blitz"

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

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. MIDTOWN HIGH - FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The bright Friday night lights shine overhead, illuminating the field, and revealing the Midtown Football logo - a Panther - painted at midfield. The bleachers are filled with a hundred or so spectators, awaiting the start of the game.

Our focus drifts to the chain-link fence which separates the field from the stands. Gathered around the entrance to the field are PETER, MARY JANE, GWEN, and EDDIE.

From the coaches bench, a nervous ROBBIE approaches.

PETER

Ready for the big night?

ROBBIE

As ready as I'll ever be. This is worse than lunch with Jonah.

MARY JANE

You'll do great, Robbie.

EDDIE

Yeah, this stuff's in your blood.

ROBBIE

It's a different animal, Ed. I'd kill to be out there myself. Guess this is as close as I'm gonna get.

PETER

You never know. Life's full of surprises.

Robbie grins at the irony of Peter's words.

GWEN

Who knows, you could be coaching in the Super Bowl one day.

ROBBIE

(grins)

One step at a time now.

FLASH (O.S.)

Just be glad you're not running the offense tonight, coach.

FLASH THOMPSON and KENNY MCFARLANE approach from the field. They're wearing their uniforms, minus the helmets.

KENNY

Seriously. The Rhino is gonna own our o-line tonight.

ROBBIE

Nice to see you supporting your teammates, Kenny.

FLASH

I hate to say it, but he's right coach. The dude's a beast!

MARY JANE

"The rhino?"

GWEN

Alex Sytesvich. All-American nose tackle for Empire. Broke the state record for sacks in a single season his freshman year. The guy's had college scouts drooling over him for the last three years.

Stunned looks all around.

GWEN

(shrugs)
Rent-a-dad's big on football.

EDDIE

(mesmerized)
Marry me...

ALEX (O.S.)

Roulette Robinson! I thought you'd be on your way to the NFL by now!

The group turns as ALEX SYTESVICH approaches.

Alex is the definition of an athlete. Tall, well-built, and has a confident - scratch that - cocky attitude about him.

ROBBIE

Wow. The man himself decides to grace us with his presence. Must be a special occasion.

ALEX

You never know, records get broken every night.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You should know that, *coach*. I was there the night you broke the pick record. Place was going nuts. Guess things change.

Robbie doesn't respond, but is clearly annoyed.

ROBBIE

I've got some plays to go over. See you guys later.

Robbie walks away, followed by Flash and Kenny. Alex turns his attention to Gwen, grinning and giving her a once over.

ALEX

I'll tell you what, you Panthers always did have the better scenery. What do you say you and I check out the victory party later? MVP's get *special* treatment, you know.

Gwen laughs sarcastically.

GWEN

You wish. This MVP's getting *no...*

EDDIE

You know what, why don't you quit running your mouth before I shut it for you!

ALEX

Oh, is *that* how it is? I didn't realize I was encroaching on your territory, bro.

EDDIE

How about I *encroach* my foot on your ass!

Eddie starts to jump the fence, but Gwen grabs his arm.

GWEN

Eddie, stop!

Eddie stops, looks over at Alex, then back at Gwen.

GWEN

Screw him. Lets go.

Eddie gives Alex one last dirty look, then backs off.

GWEN

Oh, and for the record...

(glares at Alex)

I'm no ones territory.

Gwen grabs Eddie by the arm, and pulls him away.

Alex laughs, then turns his attention toward Mary Jane.

She slides over next to Peter, grabbing his arm, placing her hand in his, and fakes a smile.

Alex gives the two a once over, then walks off.

Meanwhile, Peter is beet red.

MARY JANE

(backs away, smiles)

Sorry. Guy's a jerk.

Peter can only nod his head awkwardly in agreement.

EXT. MIDTOWN HIGH - FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT - LATER

The game has started. **The Arrival** by **Atmosphere** begins as the EMPIRE KICKER boots the ball high into the air.

MONTAGE

1) The MIDTOWN QUARTERBACK throws a deep pass, complete near the Empire endzone. The receiver is pushed out of bounds.

2) The MIDTOWN RUNNING BACK receives a handoff, but is STUFFED at the line of scrimmage by Alex.

3) A MIDTOWN DEFENDER intercepts a pass. Along the sidelines, Robbie cheers the result of the play.

4) The EMPIRE RUNNING BACK breaks a tackle, and runs for a LONG TOUCHDOWN into the Midtown endzone. Along the sidelines, Robbie shakes his head in disgust.

5) The Midtown quarterback drops back to pass. Alex comes bursting through the line, and quickly rushes toward him. The quarterback scrambles away, buying time for his running back to DIVE into Alex's mid-section, attempting a block.

Alex hits the ground, and hits it awkwardly.

He flips head over heels, with his upper body and neck taking the brunt of the impact. The Quarterback finally throws the pass - incomplete and out of bounds as the music fades.

But nobody notices. All eyes are focused on Alex, who lies motionless near midfield. Several of his teammates approach to check on him, as well as a few Midtown players.

ALONG THE MIDTOWN SIDELINE

Robbie, COACH MANSFIELD and other coaches look on in concern.

ALONG THE EMPIRE SIDELINE

The EMPIRE COACH looks on, even more concerned.

BACK TO SCENE

The crowd is dead quiet. The game has stopped, and the players stand in stunned silence.

Paramedics rush the field as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - ALEX'S ROOM

All the familiar surroundings you'd expect in a hospital. Beds, IV tubes, various equipment, and a TV. Alex lies in his bed, staring up at the ceiling.

He wears a neck brace, and is wide awake.

BRYAN (O.S.)
Visiting hours over?

Alex doesn't respond. His brother, BRYAN, walks into view. He wears a brown jacket, jeans and carries a small white box.

BRYAN
Come on, Alex, I know you. You'll lay around here feeling sorry for yourself until someone comes along and snaps you out of it.

ALEX
Feel *sorry* for myself? What in the hell do I have to feel good about?

BRYAN
Maybe more than you realize. If dad was here, he'd tell you the same thing.

ALEX
Well he's not, okay? I'll be lucky to walk again, forget playing football. You know what that means? No scholarship, no college, no NFL.
(beat)
No future.

Bryan opens the white box, and pulls out a small vial. Inside is a familiar green liquid.

BRYAN
Maybe not.

ALEX
What's that?

BRYAN
This comes straight from the top.

ALEX

What's it do?

BRYAN

Honestly, I'm not sure. I know what it's *supposed* to do, and if it even comes close to that, you'll be playing at Southern Cal in no time.

Bryan walks closer to Alex, and fastens his IV to the vial. The liquid is quickly absorbed into the tubes.

ALEX

If they catch you doing this...

BRYAN

Don't worry.

Bryan quickly returns the IV to its original state, and backs away, pocketing the vial.

ALEX

I don't feel any different.

BRYAN

Give it time.

ALEX

Like I have a choice.

BRYAN

Trust me. Look, I gotta run. I'll stop by later and check on you.

Bryan turns and we CLOSE ON his jacket...

And the logo of FISK ENTERPRISES.

FADE TO:

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - HALLWAYS

As usual, students crowd the hallways. Peter and Mary Jane walk together down the hall. We join them mid-conversation.

MARY JANE

I just don't get it. Liz is... well, she's Liz. Why would she want to join the cheerleading squad?!

PETER

Uh-huh.

MARY JANE

She's just not the type. You know what I mean?

PETER

Sure, I guess.

Mary Jane stops. Peter as well.

MARY JANE

You okay?

PETER

What? Yeah, I'm fine.

MARY JANE

You're so quiet today.

(beat)

Hey, look, about the other night.

PETER

The other night?

MARY JANE

You *know* what I mean. At the game... I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. I know I probably weirded you out big time there. That guy was such a jerk though. It's horrible what happened to him, but it's the truth.

PETER

It's fine, I wasn't uncomfortable.

MARY JANE

Uh-huh.

PETER

No, seriously. I wasn't.

Mary Jane just grins at him.

MARY JANE

If you say so.

PETER

I didn't... I mean, I wasn't...

MARY JANE

You're cute when you're nervous.

Peter blushes, looks away to hide it.

MARY JANE
What's with Eddie today?

Mary Jane nods across the hallway at Gwen and Eddie.

PETER
He has been acting weird. It's not like him to be so quiet.

MARY JANE
Maybe we should talk to him.

PETER
Think we should pry?

MARY JANE
Maybe you're right.

INDY (O.S.)
Hey, Peter! MJ!

INDIRA DAIMONJI (aka INDY) comes running up to them, bursting at the seams to get something off her chest.

MARY JANE
Hey, Indy. What's going on?

INDY
Did you two hook-up at the game?

PETER
What?!

MARY JANE
What?!

INDY
(shrugs)
It's the word.

Peter cringes at this news.

MARY JANE
Well, it's not true. We didn't... I mean, we're just friends.

Indy raises an eyebrow, flashing a coy smile at Peter.

INDY
Oh, I see...

PETER
You came all the way over just to ask us that?

INDY

What? Oh, no! Remember that Alex guy? The one at the game?

PETER

What about him?

Indy takes out a copy of the newspaper.

INDY

He was *released* today.

PETER

Released? I Thought they said...

INDY

Months of rehab, I know. The doctors are calling it a medical miracle. Crazy, huh?

Indy looks over toward Gwen and Eddie.

INDY

Did *they* hook up at the game?

Peter and Mary Jane stare at Indy, who shrugs.

EXT. EMPIRE HIGH - PRACTICE FIELDS - AFTERNOON

The practice fields of the Empire High Avengers, filled just as you would expect, with the team. In charge of the practice is the Empire Coach, who blows his whistle frantically.

EMPIRE COACH

Jordan, what are you *doing* son? If this had been a real game, we just gave up a touchdown!

The Coach continues to look over his playbook as the team moves back into their positions. They stop as they notice something in the distance.

EMPIRE COACH

What are you standing around for? Get in position!

He turns to see what all the fuss is about. Walking toward him is Alex, in full practice gear.

ALEX

Sorry I'm late, Coach.

EMPIRE COACH

What are you doing here, Alex?

ALEX

I'm here for practice.

EMPIRE COACH

I thought they said...

ALEX

Old news. I'm good to go, seriously.

EMPIRE COACH

I can't let you practice in your condition.

ALEX

There's no condition. I'm fine. Better than fine. Perfect.

EMPIRE COACH

But...

ALEX

Coach, the scouts from USC are coming Friday night. I gotta play!

EMPIRE COACH

You can't play hurt, son.

ALEX

I'm not hurt! Can't you see that?!

The Coach is taken back by Alex's shouting.

EMPIRE COACH

We'll have the doctors look at you... if you're really good to go, you can play against Avondale.

ALEX

Avondale?! That's in *three weeks*! I have to play THIS FRIDAY!

EMPIRE COACH

I'm sorry, Alex. I can't.

Alex has had enough. In a rage, he grabs the Coach by his collar and lifts him off the ground, face-to-face with him.

ALEX

I said I'm FINE!

Alex THROWS the Coach back, where he hits the turf hard. The rest of the team rush to his side, looking at Alex in shock.

Alex shakes his head in disgust, then turns and walks away.

FADE TO:

EXT. MIDTOWN FOOTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS - MORNING

Looking out onto the field, we see the team in the middle of early-morning practice. Eddie sits, his backpack beside him.

He stares out onto the field, clearly lost in thought.

GWEN (O.S.)
Thinking of joining up?

Gwen takes a seat beside him.

EDDIE
No, just thinking.

GWEN
I missed having you to walk with.

EDDIE
Sorry.

GWEN
Everything okay?

EDDIE
Sure.

GWEN
Really? You seem kinda... well,
just not yourself lately.

EDDIE
It's nothing.

GWEN
Boy, that sure sounds familiar.

EDDIE
I don't want to talk about it. It's
really no big deal.

GWEN
You don't have to tell me. Just...
if there's anything I can do.

EDDIE

Thanks. I'm good, but thanks.

An awkward silence. Finally, Eddie looks over at Gwen and:

EDDIE

Ever think about what you're gonna do after school?

GWEN

After?

EDDIE

Yeah, like after you graduate. What your life's gonna be like.

GWEN

All the time. Especially... you know, lately.

EDDIE

What do you see?

GWEN

Heh, it's weird. I used to have all these big plans. Medical school, husband, family, all that stuff.

EDDIE

Used to?

GWEN

Yeah, ever since... you know, I just started seeing things differently, I guess.

EDDIE

What do you mean?

GWEN

I don't know... you ever just feel like you're supposed to be unhappy? I mean like - no matter what - that's how it's *supposed* to be?

Eddie looks her in the eye, but she looks away.

GWEN

God, I am such a head case!

EDDIE

That makes two of us then.

Gwen looks back up at him with a slight grin.

EDDIE

That actually makes sense. Maybe a lot more than it should.

GWEN

What about you? What do you see?

Eddie hesitates.

EDDIE

I don't know anymore.

Gwen smiles sadly, and puts her arm around him.

GWEN

Sure you don't wanna talk about it?

Eddie looks over at her, and seems to relax a little.

EDDIE

I'm fine, really. It's just something I gotta work out.

Gwen smiles, then glances down at her watch.

GWEN

Wow. Three whole minutes without one bad pickup line.

EDDIE

You gotta give me time to write this stuff.

GWEN

Ah, is that it?

(then)

Or is this the *real* Eddie Brock?

Eddie gives her a faint smile.

EDDIE

Maybe someday you'll find out.

EXT. MIDTOWN HIGH - FOOTBALL FIELD - MORNING

On the field, the team is in the middle of post-practice stretching exercises. The coaches watch over them, including Robbie, who is looking over a playbook.

Suddenly, there is a commotion among the players. Robbie glances up as Alex approaches. He's wearing a Midtown Panthers t-shirt and carrying some paperwork.

ROBBIE

What are you doing here?

ALEX

Weird, I know. Believe me, I never saw this coming either.

ROBBIE

I heard you were released, but...

ALEX

(rubbing his neck)

Better than ever. Walking medical miracle and all that.

Robbie is as confused as ever when Coach Mansfield approaches, with questions of his own.

MANSFIELD

What's going on here, Robbie?

Alex hands Mansfield the paperwork.

ALEX

You're looking at the newest student at Midtown High. I'm here to join the team.

Robbie is shocked. Clearly, this is the last thing he expected. Mansfield is surprised as well, but smiles.

MANSFIELD

Right this way, son. Right this way...

Mansfield leads Alex onto the practice field, and we hear him announcing the news to the team. They cheer wildly, and slap hand with Alex, who glances over at Robbie with a grin.

Robbie looks on in stunned silence.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. DARK ROOM

We can't see much, but we can tell that the room is completely empty. Empty with the exception of a man tied to a chair in the middle of the room.

A door opens, and a sharp beam of light can be seen for a moment. The sound of footsteps can be heard approaching the man, who we now recognize as Bryan Sytesvich.

BRYAN

What's this about?

From behind, THREE MEN approach. One steps into view. There's no mistaking WILSON FISK as he begins his interrogation.

FISK

I think you know what this is about, Bryan. I think you know very well as a matter of fact.

BRYAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

FISK

I don't appreciate being lied to. I despise it almost as much as I do being stolen from by my employees.

BRYAN

I didn't take anything from you.

One of the THUGS standing behind Bryan strikes him hard across the back of the head. Bryan screams in pain.

FISK

You know, this is the easy way. There are other methods that I use only in the most... *extreme* circumstances. I don't imagine you'd be very fond of those.

Bryan looks up nervously.

FISK

Where is the sample?

BRYAN

Sample?

The other Thug punches him HARD across the face. Blood begins to flow from his nose.

FISK
I don't enjoy these games, Bryan.

The first Thug pulls out a pistol and cocks it.

BRYAN
(jumps nervously)
Please!

FISK
Where?

BRYAN
(hesitates)
I don't have it...

The Thug pressed the gun to the back of his head.

BRYAN
Anymore! I don't have it anymore!

Fisk bends down, face-to-face with Bryan.

FISK
Where is it?

BRYAN
My brother... at the hospital.

Fisk realizes.

FISK
That was very foolish of you.
(beat)
I heard about that unfortunate accident on the field. He was being heavily recruited from what I hear.

BRYAN
Please, leave him out of this. He doesn't know anything.

FISK
Now why on Earth would I want to hurt him?

Bryan is uneasy, but appears at least a little relieved.

FISK
He's much more valuable to me
alive.

Bryan is irate. He begins to struggle to get free, but with little success. Fisk stands and begins walking away.

BRYAN (O.S.)
Leave him out of this! FISK!

Fisk continues walking, a smirk on his face.

A GUN SHOT rings out and we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - CAFETERIA

Peter approaches a table, lunch tray in hand. Mary Jane, Gwen, and Eddie are already seated. Peter takes his seat.

GWEN
There he is!

The others quickly turn and look.

PETER
Who?

GWEN
Wally.

MARY JANE
The principle?

EDDIE
The awesome Aussie.

MARY JANE
Okay, I'm lost.

GWEN
He's got a stuffed croc in his
office. They say he killed it with
his *bare hands*.

EDDIE
True story.

MARY JANE
Right...

ALEX (O.S.)
This seat taken?

Alex approaches. His lunch tray is stacked with food. Mary Jane's eyes widen, while the others just look surprised.

ALEX
(to MJ)
I was hoping I'd run into you.

PETER
It's taken.

ALEX
What?

PETER
The seat. It's taken.

Alex looks around, but doesn't see anyone.

ALEX
Coulda fooled me.

Alex takes the seat with a cocky grin.

PETER
Can you not take a hint?

ALEX
Don't start something you can't
finish, bro. It's not my fault your
girl wants a real man.

Eddie stands up, obviously with bad intentions.

Gwen holds him back.

GWEN
Stop it! Peter, you too!

Alex stands up, looking at Eddie, then back at Peter.

ALEX
Whatever.
(grins at MJ)
They call me the Rhino for a
reason, you know. Let me know when
you're ready to find out why.

Peter's had enough. He stands and walks over to Alex, getting right up in his face. Gwen once again holds Eddie back.

Alex doesn't back down, but neither does Peter.

ALEX

You *don't* want to do this, bro.

By now, the entire cafeteria is focused on them.

STUDENTS

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

Peter glances around at the cheering students, then back at Alex, who appears genuinely amused.

WALLY (O.S.)

Whoa! Hold it there, boys!

WALTER BARTLETT (aka WALLY) approaches.

Wally's in his late fifties, with a head of thinning white hair. Rather than the suit you'd expect, he wears a pair of jeans, a casual denim shirt with a school id attached, and a pair of blue stingray boots.

WALLY

What seems to be the problem?

ALEX

I was just eating lunch. This guy just needs to relax or something.

WALLY

Hey, no need to spit the dummy.
Cool it, and we'll figure this out.
(to Peter)
Pete, isn't it?

PETER

Peter.

WALLY

Yeah, I remember you. Got yourself into another one, eh?
(to Alex)
And who might you be?

ALEX

You must be joking. You haven't heard of me?

WALLY

Some reason I should have?

ALEX

Alex Sytesvich.

(Wally shakes his head)

The Rhino?

(still nothing)

Football?!

Wally stares at him, clueless.

WALLY

Tell you what, why don't the two of you just take a walk, cool down for a bit before someone gets hurt?

Alex glares at Peter, then at Wally.

ALEX

Whatever.

Alex storms off in a huff.

WALLY

Don't let him get to you. I had a friend like him once - thought he could take on the world.

(beat, thinks back)

Went out in the woods hunting for Bigfoot a few years back. Never heard from him again.

Wally pats Peter on the back and walks off.

WALLY (O.S.)

Try and stay outta trouble from now on, Petey!

Off Peter's still annoyed expression:

CUT TO:

A FOOTBALL PLAYER

Receiving a CRUSHING hit.

The crowd gasps as he is thrown back several feet.

EXT. MIDTOWN HIGH - FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Cue music: "**Crash**" by **Papa Roach**.

The player lies on the ground, in obvious pain. Standing over him is Alex, now in full Midtown Panther blue, and smiling.

Trainers rush the field, and check on the injured player. He's still shaky, but stands and is helped off the field.

Robbie storms onto the field, grabbing Alex by the facemask.

ROBBIE

What do you think you're up to?!
You're going to kill someone!

ALEX

It's a rough game, deal with it.

Alex runs back toward the middle of the field, joining the rest of the defense as they prepare for the next play.

Robbie watches him leave, then walks back to the sideline and glances up at the scoreboard:

Home: 24 - Visitors: 0

Back on the field, the offense snaps the ball. Alex charges into several blockers, knocking them all back easily, and rushing toward the quarterback.

Alex records a brutal sack, hurling him to the ground.

ON THE SIDELINES

Coach Mansfield walks up behind Robbie.

MANSFIELD

This keeps up we'll win state.

Robbie glances back at him, uncertain.

BACK TO SCENE

Another snap, and this time the quarterback is able to get the pass off to a nearby receiver, who begins to run.

Out of nowhere, Alex launches into him with a devastating hit, causing the receiver to fumble the ball. Another Midtown player recovers the ball, and runs it in for a touchdown.

Home: 30 - Visitors: 0

On the ground, the receiver isn't getting up. Trainers rush the field once again and check on the boy.

Alex returns to the sidelines with a smile on his face, but Robbie isn't nearly as pleased.

ROBBIE

What is your problem?! That's *three* guys you've taken out tonight! Keep this up you'll be watching from the bench!

ALEX

Mansfield isn't going to bench his best player! I'm just playing...

ROBBIE

You're *playing* like you're trying to put everyone out there in a wheelchair!

ALEX

Hey, they can't take the heat, stay away from the flame.

Alex walks away, leaving a disgusted Robbie behind.

BACK ON THE FIELD

The Midtown Kicker boots through the extra point as we:

FADE TO:

EXT. MIDTOWN HIGH - FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT - POSTGAME

The game is now over. As the teams make their way off the field, we catch another glimpse of the scoreboard:

Home: 45 - Visitors: 3

Alex stands along the side of the bleachers, talking with a very ATTRACTIVE FEMALE STUDENT. She slips him her number and Alex walks off, entering into:

INT. LOCKER ROOM TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

A dark tunnel set between two sets of bleachers, which leads to the Midtown locker room. A poster on the wall reads:

DESIRE. HARD WORK. VICTORY.

Alex appears to be alone, but soon passes a man in black.

MAN IN BLACK

Alex Sytesvich?

Alex stops and turns back.

ALEX

Yeah?

MAN IN BLACK

Great game tonight, son.

ALEX

You with SC?

The man steps into the light and we see it's Wilson Fisk.

FISK

No, though I understand they were very impressed.

ALEX

Look, if this is about the Kansas State thing, forget it. I've got bigger plans.

FISK

I like that. A young man you're age ought to have some ambition.

ALEX

Whatever man. I gotta get dressed.

Alex begins walking away.

FISK

I must admit, I wasn't sure what effects the steroid would have.

Alex stops, turns back to Fisk.

ALEX

What are you talking about?

FISK

I think we both know your *victory* tonight was a result of more than... *desire* and *hard work*.

ALEX

(looking hard at Fisk)

Wait, I know you. Fisk, right? My brother works for you.

FISK

And is that how you managed to get a hold a steroid so experimental, there are only five vials in existence?

Alex looks away nervously.

ALEX

Look, don't fire him or anything, okay? This is my deal.

FISK

Oh, I would never fire him. In fact, he's just been selected for a very lucrative overseas job. Left this morning as a matter of fact. I was actually hoping to speak with you about a job opening.

ALEX

I... don't know about that. I'm not the business type.

FISK

What I have in mind is far more lucrative than business... and far more dangerous.

(beat)

Are you aware that the effects of the steroid are only temporary? Sooner or later you'll be bed-ridden once again. Unable to walk, let alone run... or tackle.

ALEX

What do you want?

FISK

I have an opportunity for you. One I think you'll find appealing.

Fisk reaches into his pocket, retrieving a small vial of the green liquid and shows it to Alex. There is a small, retractable syringe attached to the end of the vial.

ALEX

I thought you said there were only five vials of this stuff?

FISK

Simple supply and demand. I have the resources to produce more.

ALEX

And what do you get out of this?

FISK

Your services.

He hands Alex a small slip of paper.

FISK

There's a safe on the twenty-first floor at this address, a package inside. I want that package.

Alex reads the paper, then looks up nervously.

ALEX

Won't there be security?

FISK

Of course, which is why I'm recruiting you for this job. Just think of them as blockers... and since when have blockers ever been able to stop the Rhino?

Fisk hands him the vial.

FISK

You'll receive one vial for each job you complete successfully, along with a small token of my appreciation.

Fisk pulls out a small stack of cash and hands it to Alex.

FISK

Consider this my down payment.

Alex stares at Fisk, the vial, the paper, and the cash in his hands. Fisk turns and begins walking away.

ALEX

How do I get in touch with you?

FISK

I'll contact you.

Fisk exits the tunnel, and disappears around the bleachers.

Off an uncertain Alex:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. HAMMER TECHNOLOGIES - NIGHT

A large skyscraper, towering at least fifty stories. The main lobby can be seen through several large glass windows surrounding the entrance doors.

All is quiet, peaceful. Not for long.

A SECURITY GUARD comes crashing through one of the windows. He lands on top of a nearby parked car as alarms blare.

INT. HAMMER TECHNOLOGIES - FLOOR 21

A pair of large chrome elevator doors part to reveal Alex - wearing all black - with a matching ski mask.

He steps out and proceeds down the hallway.

INT. HAMMER TECHNOLOGIES - FLOOR 21 - OUTSIDE OFFICE

Two stern-faced GUARDS stand on either side of the entrance to the office. Both are armed, and they mean business.

A noise is heard down the hall. The Guards look at each other, then the first moves to investigate, his gun drawn.

INT. HAMMER TECHNOLOGIES - FLOOR 21 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He rounds a corner, has a look around, and sees nothing.

He turns around, and is met with a BLOW TO THE HEAD!

Alex takes the Guard's gun as he falls to the ground, unconscious. He crushes it in his hand, then tosses it away.

INT. HAMMER TECHNOLOGIES - OFFICE

The other guard comes crashing through the door.

Alex storms into the office, and makes a beeline for a large painting on the wall. He tears it down to reveal a safe. Alex grabs the safe door and begins to twist the handle.

Alex turns around and is met with a stiff punch to the face. He doesn't seem to feel any pain, though. He drops the guard with a punch of his own, then grabs him...

And THROWS him into the plate glass window!

It shatters, sending him into a free-fall toward the street below!

Alex turns his attention back to the safe, grabbing the door and attempting to tear it from its hinges. With all his strength, he pulls at the safe and it begins to bend.

VOICE (O.S.)

You threw him out the *window*?

He turns and finds SPIDER-MAN, hanging upside down from the shattered window frame.

SPIDER-MAN

Dude, that's cold.

ALEX

You shouldn't have come here. This doesn't have anything to do with you!

SPIDER-MAN

Oh, if I had a bruise for every time I heard *that* one! Oh, wait...

Spidey flips down from the window, landing in front of Alex.

SPIDER-MAN

Nice mask.

Alex grabs him and slams him against the safe!

ALEX

Don't make me hurt you!

SPIDER-MAN

(dazed)
I'll try.

Alex spins around with Spidey, throwing him toward the far wall, but he is able to land feet-first onto it.

SPIDER-MAN

So, what's a big, ugly fella like you doing in a high-class joint like this?

Alex charges Spidey and the wall. Spider-Man flips out of harms way, but Alex can't stop his momentum, and impacts the wall, creating a large crater.

Spider-Man shoots a string of webbing at him, attempting to pin him into the wall, but the shooters begin to sputter.

SPIDER-MAN

Not *now*!

Alex grabs the large wooden desk at the front of the room, picking it up over his head.

SPIDER-MAN

Oh, great.

He throws it at Spidey, who manages to dodge it.

Spider-Man flips in the air, landing on top of Alex. He lands several hard blows to the back of his head, before Alex manages to grab hold of him, and slam him to the floor.

Spidey is dazed. Just long enough for Alex to pick him up, and catch him with a hard backhand across the face. The blow sends Spidey flying backwards into what remains of the desk.

Alex prepares to deliver one final blow, but stops.

He winces in pain, grabbing his head, and falls to his knees.

ALEX

Ugh!!!

Spider-Man slowly finds his footing and looks on.

SPIDER-MAN

You need some uh... aspirin? I'm sure the cops have aspirin.

Alex reaches into his pocket and pulls out the vial given to him by Fisk. He injects himself and the relief is almost immediate. He tosses the vial aside and stands up.

Alex rushes Spidey, grabs him and lifts him over his head.

SPIDER-MAN

Or that. That works, too.

Spider-Man fights back, flipping up and attempting to land a few more punches, but Alex is having none of it.

He SLAMS him into the safe!

With Spidey down and hurt, Alex once again turns his attention toward the safe, pulling with all his strength.

Finally, the safe door is torn from its hinges.

Spider-Man is now slowly making his way to his feet. Alex notices, and takes a swing at him with the safe door!

Spidey flies backwards, hitting the wall.

Alex turns back and reaches into the safe. He pulls out a small clear container and gazes inside at a black microchip.

He pockets the device and exits.

Leaving a barely conscious Spider-Man on the floor.

EXT. GWEN'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

Gwen stands outside in the driveway. Getting in their car are JOHN AND BRIDGET MARSHALL, all dressed up for a night out.

BRIDGET

You're sure you don't want to come?

Gwen waves her off.

GWEN

I'd just get in the way.

JOHN

Gwen, it's fine. If you want to come, come.

GWEN

It's okay, I've got a ton of homework to do anyway.

BRIDGET

If you're sure.

GWEN

(smiles)
I'm sure.

BRIDGET

Alright then. There's food in the fridge, I'm sure you know what to do with it.

JOHN

Some meatballs, I think.

GWEN

(rolls her eyes)
Ew.

JOHN

Veggie head.

Gwen laughs as they get into the car, and buckle up.

BRIDGET

If you need anything, you've got our cell number.

GWEN

I'll be fine.

Bridget smiles.

BRIDGET

We know.

John starts the car, and they back out of the driveway. With a honk of the horn, they take off down the road.

Gwen watches for a moment, then turns to head back inside. She's greeted by the sight of Eddie standing on the porch. He's wearing an old gray hoodie, and jeans.

GWEN

Eddie?

She walks closer and we see that he also sports a black eye.

Gwen gasps and rushes up to him.

GWEN

Oh my God! What happened?

EDDIE

Just an accident.

GWEN

Are you okay? What are you doing here?

EDDIE

I just... I'm not sure.

GWEN

What's the matter?

EDDIE

I didn't know where else to go.

Gwen appears to be even more concerned now.

GWEN

Come on inside. It's getting cold out here.

She grabs him by the arm and leads him into the house.

INT. ROBBIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Robbie sits on the couch, a text book and notebook in front of him and a phone to his ear.

ROBBIE

Yeah, it's a biology project.

(listens)

He ran down to the drink machine, actually. I'll have him call you when he gets back.

(listens, smiles)

Okay. Alright, bye.

Robbie ends the call, and sits the phone down.

PETER (O.S.)

One of these days I'm going to hire a secretary.

Peter - wearing his costume, minus the mask - climbs in through one of the windows. We see the mask in his hand.

ROBBIE

She's just worried about you.

(notices his face)

Can't say that I blame her. What happened to your face?

Peter rubs a large bruise along the side of his face.

PETER

You should see my pride.

Peter walks over to a chair and flops down.

ROBBIE

What happened?

PETER

Ran into a wall.

ROBBIE

We talking literally or figuratively here?

PETER

No, he ran into the wall. I just got smashed over the head with a safe.

Robbie cocks an eyebrow.

ROBBIE

Who?

PETER

I have no idea. Some guy in a mask.
(beat, remembering)
He was strong, though. Man, was he strong. I've never felt anything like it, Robbie... not even Gargan.

ROBBIE

What was he after?

PETER

He got it, whatever *it* was.

ROBBIE

Mutant?

PETER

I don't think so...

Peter pulls out the now empty vial. He rolls it across the floor to Robbie, who picks it up.

PETER

I need you to find out what it is.

ROBBIE

(examines it)
Some kind of drug?

PETER

I don't know, but the guy seems to be seriously hooked on the stuff.

ROBBIE

I'll see what I can find out.

Peter leans back in the chair, closing his eyes.

PETER

I have to be more careful.
(beat)
I barely got out of there before the cops showed up. If they would have taken my mask off...

ROBBIE

Front page news, I know. I'd be the one printing it.

PETER

What's going on, Robbie? Crooks and thugs are one thing, but now this - whatever this guy is - how am I supposed to deal with that?

ROBBIE

I don't know, Pete. Right now you need to take it easy. Go home and see your aunt before she starts posting your picture all over Queens.

PETER

(nods)
Right.

Peter stands up and heads toward the window.

ROBBIE

You know, we *do* have stairs.

Peter grins.

PETER

(re: web shooters)
First class.

ROBBIE

Yeah, yeah. Be careful, I don't like those things.

Peter puts his mask back on, steps out the window, and disappears into the night.

Off Robbie:

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Eddie sits alone on the couch, looking down at the ground. Gwen enters from the kitchen with an ice pack.

GWEN

Here, try this.

She walks up to him and places it on his black eye.

EDDIE

(taking it)
I got it. Thanks.

Gwen sits down beside him, taking another look at his eye.

GWEN
An accident, huh?

EDDIE
Yeah.

Gwen isn't buying it.

GWEN
Eddie, you don't have to tell me everything, but I'm not stupid.

Eddie looks over at her and sighs.

EDDIE
What do you want me to say?

GWEN
The truth would be nice.

EDDIE
You don't want to hear the truth.

GWEN
I *want* to help.

EDDIE
You are.
(removes the ice pack)
It's starting to feel better already.

Gwen shoots him a glare.

GWEN
Eddie, for once would you just let me in? No jokes, no lies, just the truth.

Eddie looks away from her at the floor.

EDDIE
You don't quit, do you?

GWEN
Learned from the best.

Eddie cracks a slight smile. He looks back up at her, closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

GWEN
What is it?

EDDIE

You remember the other day... I wasn't there to walk with you?

This is obviously very hard for Eddie. Gwen notices, and places a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

EDDIE

I haven't exactly been sleeping at home the last few days.

GWEN

Then where...

EDDIE

School, mostly. Out in my mom's car one night.

GWEN

Eddie, why did you... I mean, what happened? Is everything okay?

EDDIE

It was my dad... there was this big fight with him and my mom. I had to get out of there.

Gwen is beginning to get the picture.

GWEN

How... how bad was it?

EDDIE

I've seen worse. I don't know why I freaked the way I did, but I just couldn't stay there anymore.

GWEN

Eddie, you could have come here, or to Peter's or MJ's. You didn't have to sleep at *school*.

Eddie nods somberly.

EDDIE

It's just not something I like to spread around, you know?

GWEN

Yeah, I can understand that. You don't have to lie to us, though. You have friends, Eddie, we'll always be there to help.

EDDIE

(sad smile)

I know. It took a little while, but I'm starting to get the picture.

(beat)

I thought I could go back. I thought things had blown over, that I could just go home and it wouldn't be a big deal.

GWEN

Eddie, do you mean your dad...

He nods in embarrassment.

GWEN

(gasps)

Oh my God... that's terrible.

Eddie grins slightly.

EDDIE

You should see his.

GWEN

Don't do that! This isn't *funny*, Eddie!

Eddie's smile fades as he looks at Gwen, surprised.

EDDIE

Yeah, you'd think I'd know that better than anyone, huh?

GWEN

Has this... I mean, is it a recent thing?

EDDIE

Sort of... back when I was a kid he used to get drunk and pissed off. He'd take it out on me and my mom.

GWEN

God, Eddie. Why haven't you told anyone?

EDDIE

It wasn't a big deal since then. He still drinks, but this is the first time he's hit me in a while.

GWEN

That doesn't make it okay.

EDDIE

I know, but I didn't want to mess everything up. You start telling the counselors your dad used to beat on you, they start snooping around and... you know.

Gwen slides closer to him, grabbing his hand.

GWEN

Eddie, promise me something.

EDDIE

(surprised, confused)
What?

GWEN

I'm serious! Promise me you won't keep this kind of stuff to yourself. Come to me, or to Peter, or MJ, or even one of the school's counselors. Don't keep this all bottled up, okay?

Eddie looks at her, for once, speechless.

GWEN

Eddie...?

EDDIE

(snapping out of it)
Uh... yeah. Okay.

GWEN

You promise?

EDDIE

Yes.

GWEN

Do you need a place to stay? I'm sure Bridge and John won't mind.

Eddie hesitates, then sighs.

EDDIE

I better not. I need to go home. This has gone on long enough, I just need to figure everything out.

GWEN

Are you sure? What about you're dad?

EDDIE

He won't do it again, don't worry.

GWEN

How do you know?

EDDIE

Like I said, you should see his.

Gwen smiles sadly, looking Eddie in the eye.

GWEN

Are you sure?

EDDIE

Yeah... I uh... I gotta go. I've whined enough for one night.

Gwen stands and hugs him.

GWEN

It's fine, Eddie. Remember, you promised.

EDDIE

I know.
(beat, uncertain)
I should get going...

They begin to pull away, but stop.

Their eyes meet as an intensely awkward moment passes between them. Gwen pulls herself to him slowly and kisses him.

Eddie remains still for a moment, then quickly pulls away.

Gwen stares at him for a moment, her face conveying so many emotions. Eddie meets her gaze, but soon looks away.

EDDIE

I have to go.

He turns and exits, leaving an uncertain Gwen behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISK TOWER - DAY

A long black limo pulls into a nearby parking garage.

INT. LIMO - BACKSEAT

Inside the limo is Alex, who holds a cell phone to his ear.

BRYAN'S VOICEMAIL

(filtered)

Hey, you've reached Bryan. I'm busy right now, so leave a message and I'll get back to you.

Alex sighs and flips the phone shut.

The limo comes to a stop and the door beside Alex opens revealing Fisk, who takes a seat next to Alex.

FISK

I assume you have something for me.

Alex takes out the microchip and hands it to him.

FISK

Outstanding.

ALEX

Good, now where's mine?

Fisk takes out another vial. He hands it to Alex, along with another stack of bills.

FISK

I must say, I am impressed. It would have taken ten of my men to get that job done, and even then it wouldn't have been a sure thing.

ALEX

Yeah, well I ran into some extra security.

FISK

I heard. You handled yourself well though, obviously. I wonder...

Alex begins to grimace in pain, just as he did before.

FISK

What is it? What's wrong?

ALEX

Just these... headaches. I go more than a few days without the stuff and they start.

FISK

It's the steroid wearing off.
(tosses him another vial)
For emergencies. Keep up the good
work and there's more where that
came from.

Alex quickly reaches for the vial and injects himself.

ALEX

Yeah, well what do you have in mind
this time?

Fisk pulls out a small roll of blueprints, which he lays out
in front of he and Alex.

FISK

If you thought the security at
Hammer was intense, you haven't
seen anything yet.

Alex glances down at the blueprints.

ALEX

OsCorp?

FISK

They have several hidden floors to
their facility. Once you clear the
janitorial levels, there's a hidden
elevator behind...

(points)

This wall. Once you're inside, look
for level thirteen. That's
classified R&D.

ALEX

What exactly am I looking for?

Fisk pulls out a smaller piece of paper from behind the
blueprints. He hands it to Alex.

ALEX

A flying snowboard?

FISK

A highly experimental, very
advanced piece of technology. Be
extremely careful once you have it.
I don't want it damaged.

Alex folds up the paper and pockets it.

ALEX

Got it.

FISK

Good to hear. Any questions?

ALEX

Where did you say you sent my brother again? I've been trying to call him, but all I get is his voicemail.

FISK

Hong Kong. Just spoke with him this morning as a matter of fact. It's probably just a problem with the signal. Keep trying, I'm sure you'll reach him eventually.

Fisk exits, shuts the door and pokes his head in the window.

FISK

Same place, same time. Three days from today.

ALEX

Got it.

FISK

Keep up the good work, son. I have a feeling this is the start of a very prosperous relationship.

Off Alex:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. DOCKSIDE - DAY

We find ourselves near the docks, overlooking the river. Several police cars are gathered nearby.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON makes his way through a crowd of officers toward the edge of the dock, where a BODY is being hoisted out of the river with a small crane device.

WILLIAM

I take it there was something to that tip after all.

OFFICER

You could say that.

WILLIAM

How long's it been down there?

OFFICER

We won't know for certain until after forensics gets a look at it, but from the looks of it, a week.

WILLIAM

Keep me posted.

OFFICER

You got it.

William walks away, leaving the other officers to do their grizzly work. The crane finally turns and sets the body down on the dock and we finally realize who it is:

Bryan Sytesvich.

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - HALLWAYS

Peter grabs a few books from his locker and shuts the door.

Suddenly, he stops as his SENSE kicks in.

Peter looks around frantically, trying to spot what's wrong. After a moment, the sense begins to fade.

Peter looks around, confused.

ROBBIE (O.S.)

Peter?

Robbie rushes up to him, a worried look on his face.

ROBBIE

You okay?

PETER

Yeah, I... I don't know what just happened. Don't you have class?

ROBBIE

No time, I did some checking on that vial you gave me. Turns out this guy at the Bugle has a contact at Mount Sanai. He took a look at what was left inside.

PETER

And?

ROBBIE

And it turns out they found the same stuff in a patients blood work last week. They never could figure out what it was.

PETER

Is there a name?

ROBBIE

Peter, the guy at the Bugle... he was working on a story about Alex's miracle recovery.

PETER

Wait, so you're saying...

ROBBIE

The bloodwork belonged to Alex.

Off Peter's reaction:

EXT. MIDTOWN HIGH - FOOTBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

The team is in the middle of practice. On the field, Alex is dominating as usual. A group of blockers try to hold him back, but he bursts through.

Along the sideline, two POLICE OFFICERS approach Mansfield. They exchange a few words before Mansfield blows his whistle.

MANSFIELD

Alright! That'll do it, Alex!

Alex stops, removes his helmet and returns to the sideline.

MANSFIELD

These men would like to have a word
with you.

Mansfield returns to the field. Alex turns to the officers.

ALEX

What's going on?

OFFICER #1

I'm afraid we have some bad news.

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - PANTHERS' LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alex staggers into the empty locker room, tears in his eyes,
and obviously in a great deal of pain. He reaches his locker
and rather than opening it, he tears the door away.

He grabs the extra vial given to him by Fisk and injects.

As he begins to recover from the pain we hear the sound of
approaching footsteps in the background.

ROBBIE (O.S.)

Walking medical miracle, huh?

Alex looks up, glaring at Robbie.

ALEX

Stay out of this.

ROBBIE

Alex, that stuff's not safe. I've
talked to the doctors, you keep
this up, it'll kill you.

ALEX

Better dead than laid up in a
hospital somewhere the rest of my
life!

ROBBIE

It won't be like that!

ALEX

Leave me alone!

Alex turns and begins walking away. Robbie follows and places
a hand on his shoulder.

ROBBIE

I can get you some help...

Alex jerks his arm forward, sending Robbie to the hard floor. We hear a cracking sound as he hits.

Alex takes one last look at him, then exits.

Off Robbie's pained expression:

INT. FISK'S OFFICE

Fisk sits behind his desk, a phone in one hand, and a glass of scotch in the other.

FISK

And you say you've had no contact with him at all?

(listens)

That's unfortunate. It's possible Osborn found him out.

(listens again)

He's a hard man to figure out. I couldn't even begin to...

Fisk is cut off when his bodyguard, SOLOMON, comes crashing through his office doors!

Alex enters, stepping over Solomon's unconscious body and heads straight for Fisk.

ALEX

Did you *think* I wouldn't find out?!

FISK

Alex, what are you...

ALEX

You lied to me! You *killed* my brother!

Alex reaches the desk and violently tosses it aside, sending it crashing into the far wall. He grabs Fisk by the shirt collar, lifting him off his feet.

FISK

Alex, whatever's happened, I assure you I had nothing to do...

ALEX

Shut up! You're lying!

FISK
No, this must be some kind of...

ALEX
Don't try and talk your way out of
this!

Alex drops him.

He hunches over in pain as another attack comes on.

FISK
Alex, what's wrong?

ALEX
The steroid... I need more.

Fisk hesitates. Alex grabs him again, and slams him against the window, producing a large crack.

ALEX
Give it to me! I need it NOW!

Fisk looks around nervously.

FISK
Just... give me a moment.

Alex sets him down and falls to his knees, grasping at his head in pain. Fisk slowly walks over to the wall and opens up his safe. He reaches in and pulls out a vial of the steroid.

Alex notices and staggers over to him. He snatches the vial from Fisk and injects. As he begins to recover, he notices a dozen or so other vials inside the safe.

ALEX
I want them all.

FISK
We had an arrangement.

ALEX
That was before you killed Bryan!

Alex strikes Fisk HARD across the face, sending him gliding across the office floor. Alex grabs the rest of the vials and begins to pocket them.

Outside, police sirens can be heard from the street below.

FISK
You hear that? If they...

ALEX

Shut up!

Alex walks over to him and picks him up off the floor. He walks over to the window and slams Fisk against it again, shattering a large portion of it, and leaving a large hole.

He holds Fisk out over the street below.

ALEX

I should kill you.

Fisk looks down, and for the first time, we see fear in his eyes.

SPIDER-MAN (O.S.)

Now that wouldn't be very nice.

Spider-Man swings in through the hole, grabbing Fisk along the way, and sitting him down in a nearby corner.

He shoots a strand of webbing at Alex's feet, tripping him up. Alex hits the floor hard.

He grabs the web and PULLS on it, violently knocking Spidey off his feet. Alex gets to his feet and walks toward him.

ALEX

I am *sick* of you!

Spider-Man flips back as Alex approaches, then lands a HARD KICK to his jaw with both feet. Alex staggers back as Spidey lands back on his feet.

ANGLE ON FISK

With his back against the wall, watching on.

BACK TO SCENE as Alex grabs one of the broken legs of the desk and chucks it at Spidey, who leaps into the air over it. He fires a strand of webbing back toward the leg...

Then fires it back!

It impacts Alex's abdomen, causing him to hunch over in pain.

Spider-Man takes advantage of the opening. He webs Alex's feet to the floor and his hands to his abdomen.

Alex RIPS the webbing away from his hands, but seems to be having trouble freeing his feet. Spidey jumps onto his back, and lands a few solid blows to his head.

He flips backwards, tearing the webbing away from Alex's feet as he flies backwards and impacts the hard granite floor.

Not waiting for him to recover, Spider-Man attempts a kick, but Alex blocks it and flips him backwards.

Spidey lands on his feet, but Alex is already back on his and catches him with a HARD PUNCH to the chest!

Spidey hits the floor and rolls several feet until he hits up against the wall. Alex approaches, his fist raised.

Spider-Man is dazed as Alex reaches him...

And stops, hunching over in pain.

Blood begins to trickle from his nose and he falls to his knees, clutching his stomach in agony.

Spider-Man slowly climbs to his feet and backs away, unsure of what's going on and what to do.

Alex is now bleeding from his eyes and ears as well.

He slowly turns and looks at Fisk, then back at the empty vial on the floor. Fisk looks on with great interest, but doesn't seem to be overly concerned.

Clearly, this isn't entirely unexpected.

Spider-Man kneels down beside Alex.

SPIDER-MAN
We have to help him!

FISK
What's *wrong* with him?

Spidey has no answers. He can only look on in horror as Alex slowly draws his last breath and falls to the floor, dead.

A moment later, COPS rush into the office.

They draw their guns on Spider-Man.

OFFICER
Stay where you are! We have a lot of questions for you!

Spidey backs off toward the broken window....

As he passes Fisk:

FISK

Thank you.

Spidey falls backward out of the window. A moment later we see him swing up and over a nearby skyscraper.

EXT. MIDTOWN HIGH - FRONT STEPS - AFTERNOON

The parking lot has cleared out, and only Eddie remains. He sits on the front steps, his backpack beside him.

"Leave 'Em For Dead" by **OPM** serves as our soundtrack.

Gwen quietly takes a seat beside him.

GWEN

How'd it go?

EDDIE

I'm not sleeping here tonight if that's what you're asking.

GWEN

No more black eyes?

EDDIE

It went okay. We didn't even speak to each other. I guess that's a step up, right?

GWEN

You know, I meant what I said. If you ever need someplace to stay...

EDDIE

I know.

GWEN

And hey, about that... other thing...

EDDIE

You don't have to explain.

GWEN

I wasn't going to.

EDDIE

I know what you're thinking. Poor beat-up Eddie, shows up, spills his guts, and gets the girl.

GWEN

Hey, that's not fair.

EDDIE

Look, I suck at this, I know. This whole... opening up thing, I'm terrible at it. I just don't want the one person I can actually talk to thinking I'm just trying to get in her pants.

GWEN

You are being way too hard on yourself here. Besides, you're not the one looking like a fool for throwing yourself at *me*.

EDDIE

You're worried about looking like a fool in front of *me*?

GWEN

I know it was kind of out of the blue, and if you don't...

Eddie looks over at her.

EDDIE

It's not that I don't. I do, I just... I want it to be right. Everything's been so messed up with me, I shouldn't have unload all that on you like I did. That's not the way I want this to work.

GWEN

Eddie, you sat there through all my Marshall drama, you put up with me when there's no reason you should have... I just wanted to help you the same way you've helped me.

Eddie smiles.

EDDIE

You did.

Gwen smiles back, then hugs him around the neck.

GWEN

I'm glad.

EDDIE

Thanks.

Gwen smiles wider, then it fades to a grin.

GWEN

Oh, and by the way.
(beat, pulls away)
It was just a kiss.
(smirks)
Nobody's getting in *these* pants
anytime soon.

Eddie looks at her for a moment, then laughs.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM

Robbie sits on a bed, his arm in a sling. Peter enters and takes a seat in a chair beside him.

PETER

(looking at his arm)
Battle scar?

ROBBIE

Broken. Could've been worse, I
guess.

PETER

I can hear Flash right now.

Robbie sighs.

ROBBIE

Actually, I don't think I'll be
doing much coaching from now on.

PETER

What, why?

ROBBIE

I just can't keep this up, Pete.
Football's in the past, and right
now I need to focus on the future.
School, my internship... everything
else. I'm gonna call coach in the
morning and let him know.

PETER

Sorry, man.

ROBBIE
(beat, changing subject)
Any news on Alex?

PETER
Some guys in suits took his body.
I'm still trying to figure it
out... what was that stuff? Where
did he get it?

ROBBIE
I have no idea, but whatever it
was, someone's gone to an awful lot
of trouble to cover it up.

PETER
What do you mean?

ROBBIE
Remember that vial you gave me?
(Peter nods)
I checked in with the Bugle a few
minutes ago... it's gone, along
with all of Alex's blood work.

PETER
Just gone?

ROBBIE
I checked the news. Apparently,
Fisk didn't bother to mention his
abilities to the cops.

PETER
Why would he do that?

ROBBIE
I don't know, but get this - they
pulled a body out of the Hudson
yesterday - Alex's brother.

PETER
You think Fisk had something to do
with it?

ROBBIE
I don't know, maybe. There's
definitely something going on with
this guy. Don't worry, though.
(then)
I'll keep on eye on Fisk.

Off Robbie:

FADE TO:

INT. OSCORP - LAB

In the center of the room is a chrome table, which is obscured for us by TWO MEN standing back to us. PAN AROUND the table to reveal NORMAN OSBORN and ALISTAIR SMYTHE.

SMYTHE
We've disposed of the samples.

NORMAN
All of them?

SMYTHE
All but the one. Looks like Fisk was using the serum to develop some sort of steroid.

NORMAN
Witnesses?

SMYTHE
Just Fisk. And...

NORMAN
Spider-Man.
(beat)
We're lucky. The mute bastard saved our asses this time.

SMYTHE
What should I tell Conners?

NORMAN
Nothing.

Smythe looks over toward him.

NORMAN
We can't have Fury finding out about this.

SMYTHE
He won't.
(beat, looks down)
What should I do with it?

A beat as Norman stares down at the table.

NORMAN

Burn it.

Norman walks away. Smythe continues to stare down at the table, where we now see ALEX, pale and very, very dead.

SMYTHE

Yes, sir.

Off Alex's body:

FADE TO:

INT. SHIELD - FURY'S OFFICE

NICK FURY sits behind his desk, looking over some reports. The door opens and MAJOR TREST enters.

TREST

Sir.

Fury looks up.

FURY

What's the word, Major?

TREST

Another sighting. Fisk tower.

FURY

Any leads?

TREST

Drone three reported something near Queens.

Trest hands him a print-out. Fury looks over it and then back at Trest in mild surprise.

FURY

Is this accurate?

TREST

As far as we can tell. It would be consistent with the mutant theory.

Fury continues reading the print-out.

TREST

Should I prep the operation?

Fury considers for a moment.

TREST
Colonel?

FURY
I want this confirmed. Once it is,
initiate containment procedures.

TREST
Understood.

FURY
Dismissed.

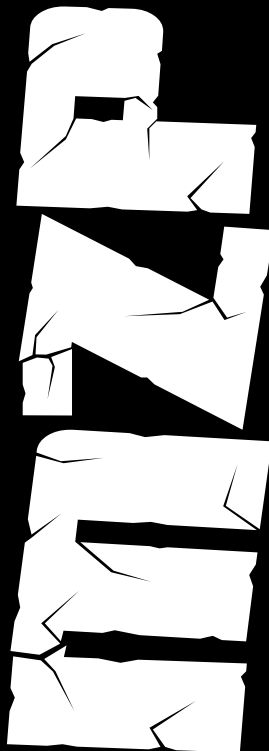
Trest salutes and exits.

PAN DOWN to the print-out. It's an overhead shot of Queens.
The image is a familiar one.

The image is of Midtown High.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW



spider-man
GIFTS & CURSES

Based on Spider-Man
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Developed for MZP by
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