



"Soldiers"

Teleplay By
J.B. Gibson, Harrison Cartwright, & Jay Everington

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

Episode 1.06
Originally Released: October 17th, 2007

Spider-Man and all related names are registered trademarks of Marvel Comics. This work of fiction was written for non-profit purposes. No copyright infringement is intended.

© 2007 Monster Zero Productions.

All Rights Reserved.

www.mzp-tv.co.uk

M Z P

Monster Zero Productions

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. MIDTOWN HIGH - MORNING

Students are already mulling about in the early morning sunshine. Some get off of buses, others their own cars.

PRINCIPAL WALTER "WALLY" BARTLETT watches with a smile.

WALLY

Not a bad gig...

He smiles warmly at several students as they pass, then notices one in particular. He politely pushes through the students to an exhausted and bruised PETER PARKER.

WALLY

Petey? Don't tell me you got yourself into another one?

Peter looks up, just now noticing him.

PETER

I'm fine. Just an accident.

WALLY

You know Pete, if there's something going on at home...

Peter smiles weakly.

PETER

Thanks, but I'm good.

WALLY

If you're sure...

PETER

It's not like that. Really.

Wally nods, looks up, and is immediately annoyed.

WALLY

Flash Thompson! That annoying...
(smiles at Peter)
See you later, Petey.

Peter watches as Wally storms off.

PETER

(quietly)
No Wally, I'm Spider-Man.

PETER (CONT'D)
I get beat up for a living.
(beat, louder)
I need a hobby.

EDDIE (O.S.)
Tried yoga?

From behind him, EDDIE, MARY JANE, and GWEN approach.

EDDIE
I hear great things. Just watch
your... *sensitive* areas.

MARY JANE
(re: the bruise)
What have you been *doing*?

PETER
Shadow boxing.
(beat)
My shadow's a tough cookie.

Mary Jane touches a bruise lightly. Peter winces.

MARY JANE
Maybe you should skip tomorrow
night. You look exhausted.

PETER
No way. Movies with my peeps, what
could be better?

EDDIE
Frosted strawberry pop-tarts.

Mary Jane gives him an odd look.

MARY JANE
I worry about you sometimes.

EDDIE
What can I say? I have issues.

GWEN
The kind you keep under your bed.

EDDIE
Hey, I happen to *like* National
Geographic!

PETER
I think I'm gonna throw up.

EDDIE
Not a nature fan?

PETER
No really. I'm gonna throw up!

Peter breaks and runs towards the school.

Off the others' confused reactions:

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - HALLWAY

Peter bursts through the door, his hand over his mouth. He passes another student - BOBBY - on his way.

BOBBY
Whoa, Peter! You okay?

Peter shakes his head emphatically as he runs past.

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON A DRIPPING WATER FAUCET

Peter BURSTS in and heads straight for a stall. We hear him throwing up and switch FOCUS to him as he comes out.

He makes his way slowly to the mirror and looks at himself.

He's pale, with dark circles under his eyes, to go along with the bruises. He splashes some water on his face just as --

His SENSE kicks in.

Peter quickly spins around, scanning the room. He finds nothing. After a moment, everything goes back to normal.

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - HALLWAY - MEANWHILE

Eddie runs up next to Bobby.

EDDIE
You seen Pete?

Bobby thumbs towards the bathroom. Gwen and Mary Jane come running up next to them.

EDDIE
Gonna give him second to exorcise
the demon.

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - BATHROOM

Peter winces as his sense begins to fade. He punches the metal towel dispenser, knocking it off the wall.

With amazing speed, Eddie rushes in.

EDDIE

Pete! You okay man?

Peter looks over at Eddie. His eyes have glazed over.

He collapses backwards, slamming his head into the wall, leaving a small crater and a spot of blood sliding down as he falls to the floor, unconscious.

EDDIE

Pete!

Eddie rushes over to him. Soon, Bobby, Gwen, and Mary Jane enter and react as they see Peter collapsed, and at the sight of the blood trickling down the wall.

EDDIE

Bobby, go get some help!

Bobby exits quickly.

EDDIE

Come on, Pete! Wake up, man!

Mary Jane takes a few steps closer, deeply concerned. Behind her, a few other STUDENTS have gathered to see what's going on. Bobby returns, along with Wally, who rushes to Peter.

WALLY

What happened?

PAN UP towards a small window over one of the stalls.

EXT. MIDTOWN HIGH - SKY ABOVE

High above the school, a small metallic drone spins quietly.

It turns to one side and we can make out an emblem on the side. Though no text is present, there's no doubt.

It's the emblem of S.H.I.E.L.D.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

PETER'S P.O.V.

Gradually, the room fades into view.

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - NURSE'S OFFICE

Peter lies on a small bed, surrounded by Mary Jane, Eddie, Gwen, and the SCHOOL NURSE, a woman in her 40's.

He sits up slowly, rubbing the back of his head.

PETER

What happened?

The nurse approaches, a clipboard in hand.

NURSE

You collapsed. Took a nasty fall too. How's your head feeling?

PETER

Like I ran into a brick wall.

GWEN

Are you okay?

PETER

I... think so. I mean, it hurts, but I'll live.

EDDIE

Dude, what happened?

PETER

I have no idea. The last thing I remember is throwing up, then... I'm waking up here.

NURSE

Are you taking any medications? Any... recreational drugs?

PETER

No.

The nurse eyes him suspiciously

NURSE

You know, this is no time to be keeping things to yourself.

PETER

I'm not on drugs.

NURSE

Fair enough. Have you been sleeping okay?

PETER

Depends on your definition of okay.
(off her look)
Not exactly.

NURSE

Any reason for this?

PETER

I wish I knew. I try to sleep, but when my head hits the pillow, it's like my mind starts racing.

NURSE

That's not uncommon for someone your age, but you might want to see a doctor. Your aunt's on her way to pick you up now. I'm going to suggest she make an appointment.

The nurse exits. Mary Jane leans in closer to the bed.

MARY JANE

Are you sure you're okay? You really had us worried back there.

EDDIE

Seriously, bro. You gotta take it easy.

PETER

Easy for you to say.

The nurse returns. She motions toward the others.

NURSE

Alright, you three should get back to class. Everything's fine here.

Mary Jane leans in and gives him a quick kiss on the cheek.

MARY JANE

Get some rest, Tiger.

Eddie gives Peter a pat on the shoulder.

EDDIE
Feel better, bro.

Peter smiles weakly.

PETER
See you guys.

Everyone exits, leaving Peter alone.

He lies back onto the bed. His SENSE kicks in. He jolts up, looking around in a panic. Once again, nothing's there.

He lets out a loud, frustrated sigh.

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - HALLWAY - OUTSIDE NURSE'S OFFICE

Mary Jane studies the BULLETIN BOARD intently. Her focus seems to be on a small yellow flyer reading HELP WANTED.

EDDIE
Hey, red, you coming?

She quickly looks back at Eddie and Gwen.

MARY JANE
Coming.

She tears the flyer down, and stuffs it into her pocket.

FADE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - S.H.I.E.L.D. CARRIER - MORNING

We find ourselves out at sea, with not even a hint of land nearby. Before us is the massive S.H.I.E.L.D. CARRIER.

The carrier is huge in every way imaginable. It's base is massive, and it extends dozens of stories into the sky, topped with a glass-enclosed command center.

Scattered about the deck are several AIRCRAFT, along with similarly designed SEACRAFT and dozens of SUVs.

INT. S.H.I.E.L.D. CARRIER - COMMAND CENTER

Looking out onto the sea, we find NICK FURY. He wears his usual combination of black, and smokes a cigar.

Clearly, he's in his element here.

A pair of doors part to reveal MAJOR TREST.

FURY

I hope you've got some good news.

TREST

We've narrowed the search to a few square miles in Queens.

Fury turns to face him.

FURY

Is that the best we can do?

TREST

At the moment, yes, but there is one common area of activity.

Trest hands Fury a photo.

Fury looks at it, and we see that it's the same photo from the previous episode. The photo of Midtown High.

TREST

I think it's clear we're dealing with a student. None of the faculty members match his physical traits.

FURY

This is going to be one hell of a mess.

TREST

What are you suggesting, Colonel?

FURY

We know where he is. We need to act now.

TREST

By taking over a public high school in the middle of Queens?

FURY

It's not the safest option, but if we wait for him to reveal himself to us it could take weeks.

TREST

He'll slip up. Eventually.

FURY

He will, but will we be there when he does? We're wasting time here. What if he's about to graduate?

TREST

With all due respect, sir,
continued surveillance seems to be
the safest option at this point.
See if we can nail down his
movement patterns.

FURY

Time table?

TREST

Best estimates say at least another
three to six weeks. General Lee...

FURY

Is becoming a pain in my ass. We
operate autonomously and still have
to deal with his garbage?

TREST

There are other options.

Fury doesn't respond.

TREST

We can try to track him through the
city. Intel has him out every
night. We can try tracking him...

FURY

Do you have kids, Major?

TREST

Sir?

FURY

Miniature humans.

TREST

No, sir.

FURY

If we were half as good at keeping
our secrets as they are, we'd have
no need for containment teams.

(beat)

Teenagers especially. They're
expert liars. They keep secrets
from their parents, from each
other. It's what they live for.

Trest is at a loss. Fury looks him in the eye.

FURY

We have to enter the belly of the
beast.

TREST

Permission to speak freely?

Fury doesn't respond. Trest takes that as his sign.

TREST

Washington's going to eat us alive
if we do this. The PR will be...

FURY

If thirty years of this has taught
me anything, Major, it's that
sometimes you have to take risks.

(beat)

Especially when your back's against
the wall like ours is now. I'm not
going to let some kid in a bad
Halloween costume beat me.

Trest waits for a moment, then nods.

TREST

If those are your orders.

FURY

Prep the operation.

Trest salutes and walks away.

Fury turns back to the ocean and lights up a cigar.

EXT. MIDTOWN HIGH - PARKING LOT - DAY

Peter and MAY exit the school, heading for her car.

MAY

I'll call Doctor Bennett when we
get home. See if he has any
openings this afternoon.

Peter sighs.

PETER

It's fine. I don't need to see a
doctor.

MAY

You collapsed, Peter. Now unless there's something you're not telling me about *why* you collapsed, I'd say that's a pretty good reason to see a doctor.

PETER

I'm just tired. It's no big deal. I'll be fine.

They reach the car. May walks around to the driver's side, while Peter slowly tosses his bag into the back seat.

INT. MAY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The two settle in, but May makes no move to start the car. She stares over at Peter, who looks away.

MAY

Is there something you want to tell me?

PETER

Like what?

MAY

I don't know, you tell me. We barely speak anymore. You come home at all hours of the night, after you claim to have been *studying* with Mary Jane, but your grades are lower than they've ever been. Not to mention all these strange cuts and bruises that seem to come out of nowhere.

(beat, shakes head)

If I didn't know better, I'd say...

Peter quickly turns back to her.

PETER

I *know* what you'd say, and no, I'm not on drugs.

MAY

I certainly hope not, but if it's not that, then what? I live in the same house with you and I don't even know who you are anymore.

PETER

It's nothing, Aunt May. I don't get it, I thought you'd be happy that I'm not locked up in my room all the time. You've been nagging me about it for years.

MAY

I *am* happy, Peter. I really am, but I'm also worried. I don't know what it is you're out there doing all the time and it scares me.

PETER

Don't be. There's nothing to worry about. I'm just busy doing... *things*. Homework, hanging out with MJ and Gwen. Eddie. Helping out Robbie. Believe me, I haven't run off and joined the pro wrestling circuit behind your back.

May grins.

MAY

Well that's good to know.

(beat)

Peter, I know things have been rough lately and we haven't had a chance to sit down and really talk, but I hope you know... if you ever need to, I'm always here.

Peter nods quietly.

PETER

I know.

May reaches over and hugs him.

MAY

I love you.

PETER

I love you, too.

They pull away and Peter rests his head against the back of his seat. May starts the car and they pull away.

EXT. MIDTOWN HIGH - PARKING LOT

The car starts and pulls away. Just as it leaves the lot, several BLACK VANS pull up, lead by a BLACK SUV.

The passenger side door opens, and Fury steps out.

He looks ahead at the school.

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - OFFICE

Fury, Trest, and several S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS have gathered across from the main desk. Wally enters, a large fishing net hanging over his shoulder. Trest raises an eyebrow.

WALLY

What can I do for you gentlemen?

Fury pulls out a badge.

FURY

I'm agent Frank Wyche, D.E.A. This is agent Sartz. We have reason to believe a drug dealer we've been trailing for the last year is a student at this school.

WALLY

I see. So... what can I do for you gentlemen?

Fury looks back at Trest, annoyed.

FURY

We're going to need to speak with a few students. Male students.

WALLY

Well that's all well and good, but is the gun really necessary?

Fury stares at him.

FURY

I beg your pardon?

WALLY

Yeah, the gun there in your coat.

Fury reaches into his coat and pulls out a gun.

FURY

Let me guess, X-ray vision?

WALLY

Drugs. Guns. Cops. It all goes together, you know?

They stand there for an awkward beat.

WALLY
(re: gun)
I'll be needing that.

Fury shakes his head, sighs.

FURY
Very well.

He slams his gun down onto the desk.

WALLY
And the others. Knives, too.

Trest laughs quietly behind Fury's back. Fury turns back and glares at him. Trest stops, covering his mouth.

FURY
Do it.

Trest and the other agents take out their guns as well. Many of them have multiple weapons. Before long, the desk is covered with guns and knives.

WALLY
Now I'll just need to see some ID.

FURY
Mister Bartlett, we can provide you
with all the ID you need.

WALLY
Right this way, then.

They all exit. A moment later, the RECEPTIONIST returns to the office, reading a romance novel and humming a song. She looks up briefly and her eyes widen at the sight of the guns.

WALLY (O.S.)
Take care of those, Cindy!

Off her horrified reaction:

FADE TO:

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - GYM

The GIRLS PE CLASS has gathered, with the BOYS CLASS on the opposite side of the gym. Mary Jane sits on the bottom of the bleachers, reading the help wanted flyer from before.

GWEN (O.S.)
Whatcha got there?

Mary Jane quickly stuffs it back into her pocket.

MARY JANE
What? Oh, nothing.

Gwen raises an eyebrow.

GWEN
Didn't look like nothing.

MARY JANE
Just something I picked up.

GWEN
You're looking for a job?

Mary Jane sighs.

MARY JANE
I've been thinking about it.

GWEN
Um... no offense, but why would you
want to do that?

MARY JANE
It's a long story.
(beat)
A long, broke story.

Mary Jane fishes the flyer back out. Gwen takes it.

GWEN
Movie house? That place is dead.
(then)
Have you tried Dante's? They can't
seem to keep a waitress to save
their life.

MARY JANE
I heard the owner's a jerk.

GWEN
Get used to it. Most bosses are. I
remember last summer...

Before she can finish, the gym doors BURST open.

Soon, the gym is flooded with a dozen S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS.
Fury and Trest enter behind them.

FURY

Major.

Trest grabs a megaphone from one of the agents.

TREST

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.
My name is Agent Sartz. My
associates and I work for the
United States Drug Enforcement
Agency. It's come to our attention
that some of you fine gentlemen may
be involved in some not so fine off-
campus activities. Therefore, we're
going to ask that all male students
between five foot six and five foot
eight, between one hundred forty
five and one hundred sixty pounds,
remain here. The rest of you are
free to continue.

(beat, smiles)

Outside.

The girls class begins to exit, along with many of the male students. Mary Jane and Gwen appear completely baffled.

The GIRL'S COACH turns back to them.

GIRL'S COACH

Coming, ladies?

They look at each others, unsure, then follow the others.

Across the gym, Fury watches on as the male students of the correct height and weight are gathered along the far wall.

Off his stoic expression:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. DAILY BUGLE - MAIN FLOOR

Buzzing with activity as always. Sitting at his very small desk is ROBBIE ROBERTSON. He has the phone pressed to his ear, and is surrounded by files and folders.

His arm remains in a sling, the effects of the previous episode still lingering, though it seems to be more of an inconvenience at this point than a serious source of pain.

ROBBIE

Minor traffic violation? That's it?

(listens, frowns)

Something's not right with this guy, Enrique. It doesn't add up.

(beat, sighs)

Alright, well Let me know if you get anything. Alright, bye.

He hangs up the phone, disappointed.

BETTY (O.S.)

Still working on that Fisk thing?

BETTY BRANT walks into frame.

ROBBIE

Trying to. Whatever this guy's story is, he's got a good front.

BETTY

Ever consider that you're chasing a ghost here? I'm sure he's got a few skeletons in the closet, but that doesn't make him a crime lord.

ROBBIE

I don't know, Betty. I just got a feeling about this guy. One of his employee's gets dragged out of the Hudson, and six hours later his kid brother is lying on Fisk's office floor, dead? Then the body disappears from the morgue? It's too much. This guy's into something serious, and I'm going to find out what it is.

Betty sits down on his desk.

BETTY

Are you sure that's safe? I mean, if the guy's as bad as you say he is, he's probably not someone you need to be snooping around.

Robbie smiles sarcastically.

ROBBIE

Welcome to journalism.

BETTY

(smirk)

Speak for yourself, I'm just the secretary, remember?

(beat, more serious)

Really, though, be careful, okay? I'm still not sure I buy your Kingpin theory, but you should watch yourself, alright?

Robbie smiles.

ROBBIE

Don't worry, I'll be fine.

JONAH (O.S.)

Miss Brant!

Betty cringes.

BETTY

Lunch time. Lucky me.

Robbie smiles as she walks away. He picks up one of the files and studies it. A CLOSE UP reveals that it's a FINANCIAL REPORT on Fisk Enterprises.

Robbie tosses it back onto the desk in frustration.

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - GYM

The male students are lined up, as several S.H.I.E.L.D. agents busy themselves taking swabs from inside their mouths.

Amongst all this we find Eddie, lined up along with several other students. He looks around at the others.

EDDIE

Why do I feel like a criminal?

FURY (O.S.)

Maybe you are.

Eddie looks back as Fury approaches.

EDDIE
Look, cyclops, I'm just passing
through. I'm not with these peeps.

He starts to walk away, but two AGENTS step into his path.

FURY
You look like you are.

EDDIE
And you look like you're
constipated. You should get that
checked out, dude.

Fury looks back at Trest, who shrugs.

FURY
What's your name?

EDDIE
Marty. Marty McFly.

Fury scowls.

FURY
Age?

EDDIE
Four.

A few of the boys laugh. Fury gives him a dirty look.

EDDIE
Okay, okay!
(quickly)
Four and a half.

FURY
Work out much?

EDDIE
Only with my right arm.

The other students continue to laugh.

FURY
Do much... swinging?

EDDIE
Dude! That's *personal*.

Fury sighs and rubs his temples.

FURY
This is going nowhere.

He nods at an agent, who approaches Eddie with a cotton swab.

FURY
Open w...

VOICE (O.S.)
What is going on here?

Fury stops, and silently curses at the sound of the voice.
GENERAL LEE approaches him, clearly not pleased.

GENERAL LEE
What the *hell* is going on here?

Fury doesn't turn around. He's still glaring at Eddie.

EDDIE
I think the Quaker Oats guy wants
to talk.

Fury gives him one final dirty look, then turns to face
General Lee. They walk away from the line of students, to a
spot near the door where they can't be heard.

GENERAL LEE
What *is* this, Fury?

FURY
We're in the middle of an
operation, General. An operation
you ordered us to carry out.

GENERAL LEE
I *ordered* surveillance, not an
illegal search of a public high
school! Do you have any idea how
much trouble you've caused?

Fury doesn't back down, getting right up in Lee's face.

FURY
Your *surveillance* was getting us
nowhere. You *do* want to catch this
kid, don't you?

GENERAL LEE

There are at least three dozen pissed off parents outside protesting this little stunt of yours. The D.E.A. is denying all of it, because they don't have a clue what the hell's going on! Not to mention that half-cocked principal showing off your *guns* to the photographers outside!

FURY

If it were up to me, *General*, we'd have handled this whole situation differently, and you *know* it.

GENERAL LEE

If it were up to *you*, you'd have half the city poked and prodded on prime time national TV. This ends. Now. Clear your people out of here.

FURY

We're not finished yet.

GENERAL LEE

You are, and as soon as we can come up with a half-decent cover story for this little stunt of yours, your ass is in line for demotion.

An AGENT approaches them, sees Lee and salutes.

AGENT

General.

GENERAL LEE

(glares at Fury)
At ease.

The agent turns to Fury.

AGENT

That's everyone, sir.

Fury glares right back at Lee.

FURY

Load everything up. We're done here.

Fury walks away, leaving a pissed-off Lee behind.

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - CAFETERIA

The cafeteria is abuzz with the general bustle of lunch, and speculation on what's going on in the gym.

Mary Jane and Gwen sit, eating their lunches. A long stream of S.H.I.E.L.D. agents can be seen exiting the nearby gym.

MARY JANE

Something is definitely up with these guys.

GWEN

You think?

MARY JANE

It just seems like there's something more to it, you know? I mean, the *D.E.A.*? Just seems kinda extreme.

GWEN

Not to mention illegal.

MARY JANE

That, too.

GWEN

Who knows, it may *be* legal these days. It's hard to tell anymore.

MARY JANE

Just seems a little over the top for a drug investigation.

The girls are joined by Bobby (from the teaser) who takes a seat, keeping an eye on the agents outside.

MARY JANE

Hey, Bobby. Survive the lockdown?

BOBBY

Apparently I didn't fit their "*physical parameters.*"

GWEN

Sounds like a sweet deal.

BOBBY

Yeah, I talked to Sarah's brother. He said it was pretty hardcore.

MARY JANE

Speaking of Sarah, I thought you two were attached at the hip?

BOBBY

Her mom came and took her home. A lot of parents are pretty pissed off. Teachers, too. I heard Miss Saunders bitching about it to one of the coaches. It's pretty messed up, if you ask me.

INDY (O.S.)

Know any freaks?

They're joined by INDY and LIZ ALLEN.

GWEN

Um... what?

LIZ

Here we go.

INDY

You *know* I'm right!

MARY JANE

Right about what?

INDY

There is seriously no way it was just drugs these guys were after!

GWEN

Don't you guys think you're reading a little too much into this?

INDY

Gwen, no offence, honey, but have you been living under a rock?

GWEN

A boulder, apparently.

Indy leans in closer, and with a whisper:

INDY

If you ask me, they weren't trying to find a drug dealer.

(beat, looks around)

They were looking for mutants.

Off the reactions:

INT. PARKER HOME - PETER'S ROOM

Peter lies on his bed, looking exhausted. The phone rings.

ANGLE ON THE RINGING PHONE

As a strand of WEBBING sprays it, pulling it into:

PETER'S HAND.

BACK TO Peter, as he tosses the shooter away and answers:

PETER

Hello?

ROBBIE

(filtered through phone)
Still among the living?

PETER

Robbie, hey. Barely.

ROBBIE

I heard what happened. What's up?

PETER

I wish I knew. I have no idea
what's going on. It's really
starting to scare me.

ROBBIE

It's that bad?

PETER

I think I'm going crazy. I hear
things that aren't there, see
things that aren't possible. It's
starting to freak me out.

EXT. EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY - SIDEWALK

Robbie walks briskly down the sidewalk, his cell phone pressed to his ear. He looks around, checking to see that nobody's listening in as he walks.

ROBBIE

Well, these abilities are still
pretty new to you. Maybe this is
something else developing?

PETER

Just my luck. Clark Kent gets to
fly, and what do I get?

PETER (CONT'D)
Headaches and barf bags.
(beat)
I don't know. It's just...

Peter pauses.

ROBBIE
It's just what?

INT. PARKER HOME - PETER'S ROOM

Peter sighs.

PETER
I can't help but feeling like
there's something more to this.
Something right in front of me...

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEENS - FOREST HILLS - SKY ABOVE - CONTINUOUS

PETER (O.S.)
Something I'm not seeing.

An aerial view of the neighborhood, seen from several hundred feet up. The familiar silver DRONE spins into view, stopping to take several photographs of the surrounding area.

BACK TO:

INT. PARKER HOME - PETER'S ROOM

As before.

ROBBIE
Well, if that's true, you'd better
keep your eyes open.

PETER
Something tells me *that* won't be a
problem anytime soon.
(then)
How's your investigation going?

INTERCUT BETWEEN PETER AND ROBBIE

ROBBIE
It's not. From the looks of things,
Fisk has more in common with Mr.
Clean than their hair style. I'm
starting to wonder if I've been
wrong about this guy all along.

PETER

I saw what happened to Alex, up close and personal. Something was definitely up with that...

(yawns)

Situation.

ROBBIE

Don't worry. He's got his secrets buried somewhere. I've just gotta find the right place to start digging.

Silence on Peter's end.

ROBBIE

Pete?

(nothing)

Pete, you there?

He glances down at his phone. It's still connected.

INT. PARKER HOME - PETER'S ROOM

Peter lies in his bed, now fast asleep.

INT. WATSON RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

Mary Jane enters through the front door, dropping her backpack on the floor. She looks around.

MARY JANE

(yelling)

Anybody home?

No response.

She pauses briefly, then pulls out the helped wanted flyer.

INT. WATSON RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mary Jane enters and grabs the phone, dialing the number from the ad. It begins to ring as we hear the front door open.

VOICE

(filtered)

Movie House...

Mary Jane panics, quickly ending the call. Craig enters.

CRAIG

Oh. Hey, honey.

MARY JANE

Hey.

CRAIG

What's going on?

MARY JANE

Oh, nothing. Just... hanging out.

Craig raises an eyebrow.

CRAIG

Okay. Well... have fun?

Mary Jane smiles.

MARY JANE

Actually, I've got a ton of homework to do, so I'm just gonna go... do that. Okay?

CRAIG

Is everything okay?

MARY JANE

Oh, yeah. I'm just... busy.

She turns to exit, but the flyer slips out of her pocket, landing on the floor. She quickly tries to pick it up, but Craig beats her to it, snatching it up.

CRAIG

What's this? *Help wanted?*

Mary Jane hangs her head low.

MARY JANE

I know what you're going to say, but I was sorta thinking that... maybe it's time I... get a... job?

CRAIG

Honey, you *know* how I feel about you working, especially during the school year. You need to focus on your grades, on your art.

MARY JANE

I'm *sixteen* dad! I can *handle* it! Besides, I thought...

She trails off.

CRAIG

You thought *what*?

MARY JANE

Well... don't you think it would help you and mom if I was bringing in some money, too?

Craig lets out a troubled sigh.

CRAIG

Look, I appreciate what you're trying to do here, MJ. I really do, but you shouldn't worry about that right now. That's my job, it's your mother's job, not yours.

MARY JANE

But...

CRAIG

No buts. Look, if you want to get a summer job, then fine, but you don't need the pressure of work *and* school. There's plenty of time for that once you start college.

MARY JANE

It's not like I'd be working during school. It's only a few hours a week. Why won't you let me do this?

CRAIG

Look, we've been through this. If you need money, all you have to do is ask. I know things have been a little tight around here lately, but I'd take a case representing Satan himself before I'd force you to go out and work for this family.

MARY JANE

The only thing you're *forcing* me to do is walk around broke all the time! This doesn't have anything to do with you or mom. Why can't you see that?

This clearly bothers Craig.

CRAIG

Honey, you just need to trust me here, okay? Can you do that?

CRAIG (CONT'D)

The last thing you need is a job to worry about on top of school.

Mary Jane crosses her arms, not pleased.

MARY JANE

Alright. Whatever. You win.

She storms out of the room in a huff.

CRAIG

(calls out)

You understand this! I know you do!

MARY JANE (O.S.)

Whatever.

Off a frustrated Craig:

FADE TO:

INT. PARKER HOME - PETER'S ROOM

Peter lies on his bed, apparently sleeping.

EDDIE (O.S.)

He's dead.

GWEN (O.S.)

(loud whisper)

Shut up! You're gonna wake him!

With his eyes still closed:

PETER

I already am.

EDDIE

Just what we need. Zombies.

Gwen slaps him in the back of the head.

GWEN

(to Peter)

You haven't slept?

PETER

Got a few minutes in, yeah.

GWEN

Lame.

EDDIE

You shoulda stuck around, bro. You missed all the action.

PETER

Action? At Midtown?

GWEN

You should have seen it. There were these cops in weird looking suits everywhere. Said they were looking for drug dealers or something. The news was there after school.

PETER

Weird *cops*?

EDDIE

D.E.A. or something. I was there, dude, believe me, be glad you didn't have to get a cotton swab jammed down your throat. That's an invasion of my personal space!

PETER

Hang on, there were cops at our school and they were taking saliva samples?

EDDIE

More like tonsil samples.

PETER

You're serious?

GWEN

You left before things got interesting.

PETER

Over a *drug dealer*?

GWEN

Yeah, but everyone knows that's a load of crap.

PETER

(alarmed)
They do?

GWEN

Indy thinks they were looking for mutants.

PETER

Since when did you start listening to what Indy has to say?

GWEN

Since what she said actually makes sense for once.

EDDIE

Yeah, she's right, bro. Something was definitely up with these guys.

GWEN

Can you imagine what would happen if they *did* find one?

Eddie grins.

EDDIE

I can just see it now!

He holds up his hands and draws them apart, banner-style.

EDDIE

Mutants at Midtown! News at eleven!

Gwen and Eddie both laugh, but Peter only slightly.

Off his concerned face:

FADE TO:

EXT. OPEN SEA - S.H.I.E.L.D. CARRIER - NIGHT

Night has fallen, but the carrier remains as it was.

INT. S.H.I.E.L.D. CARRIER - COMMAND CENTER

Fury and Trest stride into the room, where they find DOCTOR MORLEY (from 1.03) already seated.

FURY

You said you had news?

Morley hands Trest a manila folder.

MORLEY

We tested seventy two students in that gymnasium, and not one turned out to be anything more than normal. I'm sorry, I wish I had better news.

Fury slams his fist down onto the table.

FURY
I should've known.

TREST
Are you absolutely positive?

MORLEY
I checked all the results twice.

TREST
He must have been absent. I mean,
that has to be it. We knew it was a
risk, we can...

FURY
It doesn't matter. We can't go
back.

TREST
We can contact them individually...

FURY
We've already ruffled enough
feathers. Stirring up more trouble
at Midtown isn't the answer.

TREST
Then what?

Fury ponders this for a moment.

FURY
Prep a chopper. I need to be in
Washington. Now.

Trest is confused, but does what he's told.

Off Fury's glare:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. PARKER HOME - NIGHT

Exterior shot of the Parker home.

MARY JANE (O.S.)
(filtered; through phone)
Feeling better?

INT. PARKER HOME - PETER'S ROOM

Peter sits at his desk, the phone to his ear.

PETER
A little, yeah. No more cracked
tiles at least.

MARY JANE
Well, that's good.
(beat)
Look, I just wanted to call and say
I'm sorry.

PETER
Sorry?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WATSON HOME - MARY JANE'S ROOM

Mary Jane lies on her stomach, on her bed.

MARY JANE
I completely ditched Gwen and Eddie
this afternoon. They said they were
going to check on you, but I had
some stuff to take care of at home.

PETER
(filtered)
You didn't miss much.

MARY JANE
I still should have been there.

PETER
You don't have to apologize. It's
cool. It's not like I'm in the
hospital or anything. Yet.
(beat)

PETER (CONT'D)

Well, come to think of it, you did miss Eddie's lecture on the benefits of being a mutant.

MARY JANE

(laughs)

On second thought, maybe I'm not so sorry after all.

INTERCUT BETWEEN PETER AND MARY JANE

PETER

So what's going on? At home, I mean?

MARY JANE

Oh. Just... family stuff.

PETER

Everything okay?

MARY JANE

Oh yeah, it's fine. I'll probably end up apologizing to my dad, but it's no big deal.

PETER

Doesn't sound that way.

MARY JANE

Just an argument, that's all.

PETER

Join the club. I think my aunt thinks I'm on drugs.

MARY JANE

Ouch.

PETER

Honestly, I can't blame her after today. The thought crossed my mind once or twice.

MARY JANE

You're feeling better though, right?

PETER

I've been better, but I should be alright. Actually, I'm about to crash. Maybe I can get more than a few minutes in tonight.

MARY JANE
Guess that's my cue.

PETER
Sorry.

MARY JANE
It's cool. It's getting about time
for that apology anyway.

PETER
Good luck.

MARY JANE
Thanks.
(then)
Talk to you later.

PETER
Later.

Peter hangs up, and places the phone against his chest, as his gaze wanders through the room.

He pulls up one of his web shooters. He toys with it for a moment, then looks across the room at his closet.

Finally, he straps on the shooter.

EXT. S.H.I.E.L.D. CARRIER - HANGER DECK - NIGHT

Fury steps off of a helicopter. Trest approaches him, salutes and offers him a fresh lit cigar. Fury takes it.

FURY
I knew I kept you around for
something.

TREST
Demotion?

Fury smirks.

FURY
Not this time...

They begin walking...

INT. S.H.I.E.L.D. CARRIER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Fury and Trest walk past other agents, who salute.

FURY
Status of our teams?

TREST
All green.

They turn the corner into:

INT. S.H.I.E.L.D. CARRIER - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fury stops in front of a large screen. He watches the tracing lines: red, yellow, blue, green, purple, black, white. Trest stops just behind him.

Trest points to a spot on the screen.

TREST
Here. Every night.

FURY
These are accurate?

TREST
Two months of tracking him. They're as accurate as we're going to get.

FURY
I've seen invasions planned off of worse.

TREST
What did Washington say?

FURY
We have 48 hours to ascertain his abilities, identity, and threat level or General Lee comes in and takes over personally.

TREST
What did you have in mind?

Fury turns back to Trest, pulls the cigar from his mouth.

FURY
We've been going about this all wrong. Tracking out of his element. Kid thinks he's a hero?
(beat)
Maybe it's time we become the villain.

An AGENT rushes into frame.

AGENT
He's been sighted.

Off Fury's determined reaction:

FADE TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

SPIDER-MAN swings between the buildings, then out of frame.

Behind him, a DRONE appears.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Spidey swings up, then lands gracefully atop the building.

DRONE'S P.O.V.

Tinted red and green, with various electronic symbols, graphs, and numbers flashing across the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

Spider-Man suddenly spins around as, once again, his sense kicks in. The drone quickly glides out of view.

SPIDER-MAN
Alright, you can stop now.

The sense begins to fade.

DRONE'S P.O.V.

Slowly, the drone moves back into position, fixated on Spider-Man. The symbols and graphs continue to flash, but are soon replaced by something else: **PRIORITY OVERRIDE**.

BACK TO SCENE as the drone slowly pulls out, now in full view for Spidey to see. It stops about ten feet in front of him.

SPIDER-MAN
Flying thingy. Not good.

The drone suddenly accelerates, moving away from him.

SPIDER-MAN
This is probably a bad idea...

Spidey jumps up onto the ledge, fires a strand of webbing, then swings away in pursuit of the drone.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - MOVING

Inside, Fury, Trest, and several AGENTS are gathered. They're focused on several monitors, displaying the drone's feed.

It's aimed at Spider-Man, filming as he gives chase.

FURY
Location?

OFFICER
Two hundred yards out.

FURY
Our guys?

TREST
Ready and waiting.

FURY
Proceed.

Fury remains fixated on the monitors.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The drone banks into an alley and disappears. Spider-Man swings in and lands against the wall, ready to pounce.

He looks down and notices an armored truck. THREE MEN with guns are pulling the GUARDS from the vehicle.

SPIDER-MAN
Interesting.

The crooks are screaming, while the DRIVER and guards have their hands up against the wall. One CROOK is trying to break into the back of the truck, with little success.

CROOK
Goddamnit!

He grabs the driver, pressing his gun to his cheek.

CROOK
The key, where is it?

The driver remains silent.

CROOK
I *will* kill you!

WEBBING sprays his gun, ripping it from his hands.

SPIDER-MAN

Didn't your mother teach you any manners? It's not nice to rob someone without saying *please*!

Suddenly, the crooks, the driver and guard all turn on Spidey, pulling guns and aiming them at him.

DRIVER

FREEZE! GOVERNMENT AGENTS!

SPIDER-MAN

Uh-oh.

Spidey leaps into the air, flipping up onto:

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

He turns and starts to swing away, but stops in his tracks as two BRIGHT SPOTLIGHTS shine down on him from above.

He looks up to find TWO HELICOPTERS hovering above.

HELICOPTER AGENT (O.S.)

(through megaphone)

Surrender now, Spider-Man! You have no way out!

SPIDER-MAN

Look guys, can't we just talk about this?

His SENSE kicks in as a TRANQUILIZER DART flies his way.

He quickly flips back, dodging it, then jumps down into:

EXT. ALLEY (OTHER) - CONTINUOUS

He lands, only to find two BLACK SUV'S blocking his exits.

Several more agents jump out, guns aimed at him.

SPIDER-MAN

Guess not.

AGENT

We've got you surrounded. Come in quietly and we can avoid making a big scene.

SPIDER-MAN

Funny, I thought you wanted to give me one of those nice black trucks.

The agent glares at him.

AGENT

Look, kid. Give it up, you only
have one chance before...

SPIDER-MAN

You didn't say please.

Spider-Man jumps to the wall, firing a strand of webbing onto one of the helicopters, and pulling himself up and away. He dodges additional gunfire. More darts.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

Watching from the van, Fury doesn't budge.

"America's Army" by **Propagandhi** begins to play as:

FURY

(dead serious)
Take him down.

BACK TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN - ABOVE THE ALLEY

Spider-Man climbs along the side of the helicopter. An agent peers around the door, taking aim with his gun.

Spidey quickly leaps off the helicopter, snatching the gun on the way. He throws it at the second helicopter, where it hits the blades and EXPLODES.

It sends the chopper into an uncontrollable spin.

INT. HELICOPTER

Inside, the scene is chaotic. The PILOT grabs a radio.

PILOT

We're losing control!

TREST

(filtered; through radio)
Abort! I repeat: abort!

PILOT

Easy for you to say!

The pilot grabs the controls and turns sharply.

EXT. MANHATTAN - STREET - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter spins in the general direction of the river, but has to clear the street, where a long line of cars are waiting at a stop light. Civilians also crowd the sidewalk.

The helicopter continues to wobble back and forth, and doesn't appear as if it's going to make it to the water.

ALONG THE SIDEWALK

A WOMAN and her DAUGHTER stare in awe at what's happening.

That awe quickly turns to fear as the helicopter spins in their direction. There's nothing stopping it.

Until Spider-Man swings in, grabbing them both, and swinging them out of harm's way. He quickly leaps away.

BACK TO SCENE as he fires a quick barrage of web bursts at the chopper blades. They catch, and snatch him into the air.

He lands feet-first on a nearby building, and begins pulling with all his strength.

The blades quickly slice through his webbing, but the sticky substance is enough to clog them, and they begin to slow.

The chopper comes to a stop on the roof of a small shop.

SPIDER-MAN

(calls out)

Sorry about that! My fault!

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Spidey swings as fast as his webs will take him. Civilians on the street below look up, and point in amazement.

The other helicopter buzzes past.

INT. HELICOPTER 2

The PILOT weaves around and over buildings, barely keeping Spider-Man within view.

TREST

(filtered; through radio)

Report!

PILOT

We're having a hard time keeping up! These wind sheers are hell!

INT. VAN - BACK SEAT

Trest sits with Fury, who snatches the radio from him.

FURY
Do not lose him!

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Spider-Man swings past a skyscraper, quickly changing direction. The helicopter gives chase, but can't keep up.

Its blades slice through the windows of the building across the street. Glass shatters, and falls to the street below.

INT. HELICOPTER 2

The pilot jerks the controls around, trying to stabilize it.

PILOT
Chopper six-zero-one, copy?

A burst of static comes across the radio

PILOT 2 (O.S.)
Copy, Spider-Hunter! This guy is fast!

PILOT
Copy that, six-zero-one. We need to finish this before someone gets hurt. Up and over.

PILOT 2 (O.S.)
Roger that, Hunter. Push him east!

PILOT
Just be waiting.

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Spider-Man is barely keeping ahead as the chopper follows.

SPIDER-MAN
This is a workout.

INT. HELICOPTER 2

The pilot grits his teeth.

PILOT
Come on, you little bastard!

Spider-Man is ahead in the distance, barely visible.

PILOT
Six-zero-one, he's coming your way!

PILOT 2
Roger that.

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Spider-Man approaches a building, swings around it...
And finds himself directly in front of a THIRD HELICOPTER.

SPIDER-MAN
Oh, crap.

In a split second, the chopper fires a large NET.

Spidey's sense kicks in, but it's too late. The net expands, covering him, and sealing up along the bottom.

INSIDE THE NET

Spidey struggles to get free, but we now see that the net is made from some sort of metal fibers.

BACK TO the chopper, which accelerates, Spidey in tow.

INT. HELICOPTER 3

The pilot quickly jerks the controls sideways.

PILOT 2
Got him!

The pilot steadies the chopper and grabs his radio.

PILOT 2
Target acquired, Major. We're bringing him in.

As he begins to bring the chopper down, he looks down to see several dozen people below, staring up.

PILOT 2
We've got civilians.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Fury grabs the radio.

FURY

This is Colonel Fury. Clear the area of civilians. I repeat, clear the area. We're on our way.

PILOT 2

(filtered)

Copy, Colonel!

TREST

This almost seems too easy.

FURY

It's not over yet.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DOWNTOWN

Both helicopters swing around and train their spotlights on Spider-Man, who is still bound by the net. Around him, the CROWD OF PEOPLE is steadily growing.

The pilot begins shouting over a megaphone:

PILOT

Everyone back away! You are interfering with a government operation! If you do not back away we can and will use force!

A YOUNG BOY kneels down, next to Spider-Man.

YOUNG BOY

Are you okay, Spider-Man?

SPIDER-MAN

Anyone get the plates off that star destroyer?

PILOT

Back away now!

Spider-Man nods to the boy.

SPIDER-MAN

Go ahead. I'll be fine.

The boy backs away as, suddenly, a convoy of S.H.I.E.L.D. SUV's drive up, screeching to a halt. Behind them, the van pulls up. Fury steps out, along with Trest.

Several agents rush to Spider-Man, their guns trained on him.

They remove the net, and place a pair of heavy handcuffs on his wrist. Fury watches, then approaches Spidey slowly.

He gives him a once over, not looking particularly impressed.

FURY

Load him up.

The agents drag him along toward a waiting VAN. One pulls out a needle, injecting it into Spider-Man's neck.

SPIDER-MAN

Hey, do you have anything for...

He stops, and begins to go limp.

SPIDER-MAN

(slurred)

Insomnia.

He collapses, but the agents catch him. They load him into the back of the van and slam the doors shut.

FURY

You have your orders. Proceed as planned.

The agents salute and do as they're told.

TREST

Should I contact General Lee?

BYSTANDER (O.S.)

Leave him alone! He didn't do anything wrong!

The crowd erupts in agreement.

FURY

No. You stay here, take care of this. It could get messy.

(beat)

I'll handle the kid personally.

Off Fury:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. WATSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Craig and KATHERINE sit on the couch. Craig watches the TV, while his wife reads a magazine. Mary Jane enters.

CRAIG
Still mad?

She walks to the back of the couch, leaning over the edge.

MARY JANE
Sorry.

CRAIG
(smiles)
It's okay, honey. I know it's tough on you sometimes.

MARY JANE
I still think I can handle it.

CRAIG
I never said you couldn't handle it, sweetheart. That's not the point. You shouldn't have to.

KATHERINE
Did I miss something?

CRAIG
The job thing again.

KATHERINE
You know, maybe she is ready.

Mary Jane perks up.

MARY JANE
I am?

CRAIG
She is?

Katherine laughs.

KATHERINE
I don't know, but you never know 'till you try, right?

Craig shoots her a glare.

CRAIG

I thought we agreed on this.

KATHERINE

We do, I just think we should at least consider it.

MARY JANE

Um... don't I get a say in this?

CRAIG

Of course. We just already know what your say is going to be.

Mary Jane rolls her eyes.

KATHERINE

You do realize that, whenever it happens, you're probably going to wish you'd never opened your...

(beat, notices the TV)

Mouth.

She quickly turns up the volume.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN

Filled with a **BREAKING NEWS!** headline.

INT. PARKER HOME - LIVING ROOM

May sits on the couch, reading a book. Suddenly, her attention is drawn to the TV as a special report flashes.

The headline reads: **BREAKING NEWS: SPIDER-MAN ARRESTED.**

May puts down her book and leans forward, turning up the volume as the NEWS ANCHOR begins.

ANGLE ON TV

As the Anchor reports:

NEWS ANCHOR

We're taking you live now to downtown Manhattan where Federal Agents have just apprehended Spider-Man. Trish Tilby is there at the scene, reporting live. Trish?

EXT. MANHATTAN - STREET

The reporter, TRISH TILBY, stands in the same spot where Spider-Man was mere moments ago. Behind her, the crowd is noticeably larger, and still growing.

TRISH

This is Trish Tilby with a Channel three exclusive. Amidst numerous reports, and eyewitness accounts, we have just learned that, mere moments ago, Government Agents apprehended...

INT. WATSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mary Jane and her parents watch on.

TRISH

... Spider-Man in a daring pursuit that spanned half the city in a matter of minutes. It's not known where he was taken, and thus far there has been no comment on...

Mary Jane grabs the phone, dials.

INT. PARKER HOME - PETER'S ROOM

Peter's cell phone buzzes across his dresser.

INT. WATSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Mary Jane frowns, then ends the call.

TRISH

... the operation from government officials. Several injuries were reportedly sustained during the chase, though there have been no reported fatalities, and none of the injuries appear to be severe.

Mary Jane dials again.

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE - GWEN'S ROOM

Sitting on her bed, Gwen watches a movie. Eddie sits in a chair nearby. Gwen's cell phone rings. She answers:

GWEN

MJ?

(after a beat)

No way!

She grabs the remote and switches off the movie.

EDDIE

Hey, what the hell?

Gwen sits the phone down as the news broadcast continues, now with a WITNESS being interviewed at the scene.

WITNESS

Saw the whole thing! If you ask me, the freak got what he deserved! We let his kind run around free, they'll have us all locked up in cages while they run the place!

GWEN

Oh my God. I can't believe they're letting him say this on TV.

TRISH

That's just one side of the divide here. Already, Spider-Man supporters are gathering in protest of the wall-crawler's arrest.

Eddie stares at the TV, then quickly turns to Gwen.

EDDIE

Let's go down there!

GWEN

What? Are you crazy?

EDDIE

It'll be cool. Look, people are already showing up to protest. It's like a rave or something!

Eddie jumps up and starts putting his shoes on.

GWEN

A rave? Eddie, it's dangerous.

EDDIE

Come on! I'll be there, it'll be fine! We should call Pete.

GWEN

I don't know...

Eddie stops, looks back at her.

EDDIE

What are you so worried about?
We'll make a couple signs, try and
make the news. It'll be fine.

Off Gwen's uncertain reaction:

INT. PARKER HOME - LIVING ROOM

May stands as the report continues, now with amateur footage
of the chase being flashed across the screen.

She heads toward the stairs.

MAY

(yells out)

Peter? Are you still awake? You're
going to want to see this!

There's nothing. May begins moving up the stairs.

MAY

Peter? I know you're tired, but I
really think you should see this.

(no response)

Peter?

She disappears upstairs.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

The room is about as barren as you can imagine. No windows,
only pure gray walls. A small table and two chairs are
positioned in the center of the room.

The door opens and two S.H.I.E.L.D. agents enter, carrying a
woozy Spider-Man. They sit him down in one of the chairs and
take a step back. Behind them, Fury enters.

FURY

I'll take it from here.

AGENT

Sir?

FURY

Dismissed.

AGENT
Sir, he's dangerous.

FURY
I said you're *dismissed*.

They quickly salute, with a hint of fear.

FURY
Stand guard. If anyone but me tries
to get in, shoot them.

The agents look at each other.

FURY
Am I understood?

AGENTS
Yes, sir!

They exit, leaving Fury alone with Spider-Man, who is
conscious, but barely so. Fury removes his mask, and Peter
looks up at him, dazed.

FURY
What's your story, kid?

Peter doesn't respond. He's in no condition to.

INT. PARKER HOME - OUTSIDE PETER'S ROOM

May knocks lightly on the door.

MAY
Peter? Are you awake?

No response. She grabs the door knob and twists.

INT. PARKER HOME - PETER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

May slowly enters.

MAY
Peter?

She turns on the light. The room is empty.

Off her reaction:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Fury removes the cuffs from Peter's wrists. He takes off the
gloves and finds Peter's web shooters.

FURY

What's this?

He removes one of them, examining it curiously. He sets it down and then pulls the other one off.

As he curiously toys with the shooters:

FADE TO:

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Eddie and Gwen sit together, nearly alone on the bus. Beside them are two home-made signs.

GWEN

You're sure about this?

Eddie smiles.

EDDIE

It'll be fun.

Gwen doesn't seem convinced. The bus comes to a stop. In the distance we see a large crowd has gathered.

BUS DRIVER

Alright folks, this is it.

Eddie hurries to his feet, grabbing Gwen's arm.

EDDIE

Time to rage against the machine!

INT. DAILY BUGLE - MAIN FLOOR

The room is buzzing with activity.

JONAH (O.S.)

Get to work! This is big time, folks! I want updates every five minutes! And if I catch anyone napping, my foot will have a safety meeting with their ass!

Among the chaos, Robbie stands, focused on a TV displaying the familiar news broadcast. Betty joins him.

BETTY

Pretty crazy, huh?

Robbie doesn't take his eyes off the TV.

ROBBIE

It's going to get a lot crazier.

Off a deeply concerned Robbie:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

The room is smoky from Fury's cigar. He sits calmly opposite Peter, who finally begins to come to. Fury taps his index finger rhythmically on a manila folder in front of him.

Peter looks around, coughs.

PETER

Is this hell?

FURY

Not quite.

Peter sees his mask on the table. He looks up at Fury.

PETER

Who are you?

FURY

Who I am doesn't matter. You on the other, hand....

(begins reading)

Peter Parker, son of Richard and Mary Parker, deceased. Legal guardian May Parker, your aunt.

Peter drops his head.

FURY

You go to Midtown High. Brilliant kid, but a C student.

Peter chews his lip.

PETER

Where's this going?

FURY

Your uncle, Ben Parker, was a stabbing victim. Three weeks later, the guy responsible was nearly beaten to death in his motel room.

Peter looks down, a hint of anger flashing across his face.

PETER

He deserved it.

FURY

You'll get no argument from me.

Peter looks up at Fury curiously.

PETER

Then what do you want?

FURY

I want to know. About you.

(beat)

The *other* you. Everything.

Peter looks around the room, searching for a way out.

PETER

No cameras?

FURY

Perceptive.

Fury smiles as he takes another drag of his cigar.

FURY

Welcome to my world, kid.

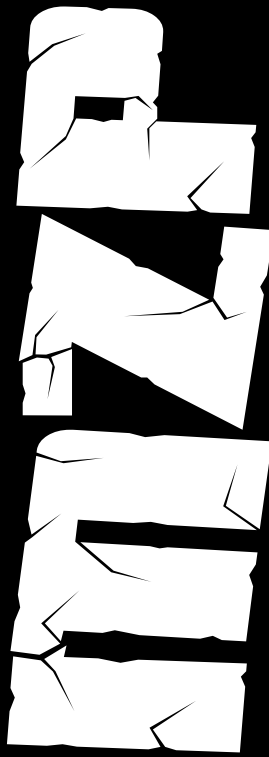
FADE TO:

BLACKNESS

SUPER: *To Be Continued...*

FADE OUT.

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
Robert Kenneth

SUPERVISING PRODUCER
Bobby Torres

STAFF WRITER
Jamel Baker

STAFF WRITER
Harrison Cartwright

STAFF WRITER
Rich Gentile

CREATIVE CONSULTANT
Tom East

CREATIVE CONSULTANT
Colby Pryor

STAFF EDITOR
Britney Gray

MEDIA PRODUCER
Mike Weiss

BETA-READERS
Sam Anderson
Paul Francis
Aaron Percival

SPECIAL THANKS
Lee A. Chrimes
Joshua Maley
Kyle West
Waylon Wyche