



"Memories"

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

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TEASER

OVER BLACK:

VOICE (O.S.)
GIVE ME THE MONEY!
(beat)
In the bag! IN the bag!

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE

It's a nice store with shelves lined with hundreds, if not thousands of bottles of liquor. A few people are present, the types who are just stopping by after a long day at work for a little something to take the edge off.

But their hands are extended into the air. Standing before them is a young thug wearing a ski mask.

We'll call him KENNEDY.

Sweat pours down his face as he wipes his brow quickly, nervously, frantically moving the gun back and forth from the CLERK to the customers.

The clerk is stuffing money into a large paper sack, trying not to agitate Kennedy anymore than he is.

KENNEDY
Hurry! Quit screwing around!

The clerk puts the rest of the money into the bag and hands it over. Kennedy snatches it away and hurries out the door.

The clerk and customers breathe a long sigh of relief.

EXT. QUEENS - SIDE WALK - AFTERNOON

Kennedy is barreling through people, knocking them over and pushing them into buildings.

Suddenly he's JERKED backwards, into the air. He drops the gun but holds onto the bag of money. He starts screaming as he's slowly pulled upwards.

ROBBER
Oh God! Not this!

He looks up to see two big WHITE EYES in his face. He screams as our VIEW WIDENS TO REVEAL that he's about ten stories up, with SPIDER-MAN holding him by a strand of webbing.

SPIDER-MAN

Is that yours?

Kennedy can't stop screaming. Spider-Man raises his hand and lets out a quick burst of webbing, covering his mouth.

SPIDER-MAN

Now, is that yours?

He finally calms a little bit and shakes his head.

SPIDER-MAN

(sighs)

Stealing is bad, dude. Didn't you ever watch Sesame Street?

Kennedy stares at him, wide-eyed.

SPIDER-MAN

Well you're going to return it and apologize. Then I'm going to drop you off on the roof of the police station. I have some place to be.

Spider-Man hoists him onto his shoulder just as his watch starts to beep. He pulls up his sleeve and notes the time.

SPIDER-MAN

Scratch that. You're gonna have to come with me...

Spidey fires a burst of webbing off-panel, then leaps into the air, and finally swinging out of view.

EXT. BAXTER BUILDING - ROOFTOP

Overlooking the city we find NICK FURY, standing alone, a lit cigar in his mouth. The wind blows, kicking up his jacket behind him. He stares ahead calmly as Spider-Man swings into frame, Kennedy still slung over his shoulder.

He lands on the roof.

FURY

You're late.

SPIDER-MAN

Got tied up... tying someone...

(Fury glares)

Up...

FURY
(re: Kennedy)
What's this?

Spider-Man drops Kennedy, who looks as freaked-out as ever. Spidey quickly webs his hands and feet together.

SPIDER-MAN
You said turn in everyone I caught.

Fury uses his boot to examine Kennedy.

FURY
I didn't mean petty thieves.

SPIDER-MAN
Potato, potato.
(beat)
Alright, so can I go now? I'm here, your here, I'm fine. No evil mutants running around blowing things up...

FURY
No.

SPIDER-MAN
Um... no?

FURY
Not today. You'll recall one of the conditions for your release was that you agree to undergo a psych evaluation. Well, today's the day.

SPIDER-MAN
You can't be serious...
(re: Kennedy)
What about him?

FURY
My agents will take care of him.

Kennedy's eyes widen at the sound of this. Fury motions toward a nearby door, which leads inside the building.

FURY
You know the way...

Spider-Man shakes his head in annoyance as we:

CUT TO:

INT. WATSON RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

CRAIG WATSON sits on his couch, looking rather nervous. He's dressed in dark shaded clothing, and looks up as ROBBIE passes in front of him, wearing a similar outfit.

CRAIG
We're absolutely crazy, you know
that right?

Craig looks to his left, at a coffee table containing a collection of surveillance equipment.

ROBBIE
Yeah, I get that. We're some kind
of major crazy.

CRAIG
Where did you get all of this stuff
anyway?

ROBBIE
It's a loan from some friends at
the Bugle, so we gotta bring it
back. All of it. In one piece.

Craig picks up a camera.

CRAIG
Oh, I figured that much. I just
hope this doesn't turn into an
episode of the Sopranos.

ROBBIE
Don't worry so much, it'll be fine.

CRAIG
You've been investigating this guy
for months without any leads. You
really think we can catch him in
the act? I mean, how can someone so
dirty be so clean?

Robbie picks up a camera and straps it to his chest.

ROBBIE
They can't. That's why we're gonna
take this guy down.

Craig doesn't look quite so convinced.

CRAIG
I hope you're right...

CUT TO:

INT. WATSON RESIDENCE - HALLWAY

Just outside the living room, MARY JANE listens quietly, just out of sight of Craig and Robbie.

Off her confused, concerned expression:

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - HALLWAY

A SOLDIER walks down the hallway, a small canvas bag slung over his shoulder. He comes to an intersection and breaks left. He walks with a sure step, his face and stature causes those who share the hall with him to part and make way.

He takes sharp turn and reassures his grip. After another turn he comes to a DEAD END. A door without a handle, containing just a keypad, which he punches a code into.

There's a hiss and the door slides opens.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - OFFICE

The soldier enters into a large, spacious office with a single desk, two chairs, and a small black couch in the center. The outside wall is one continuous row of glass panes, giving us a breathtaking view of the city.

Fury sits behind the desk, stiff smoking a cigar. Hanging in front of him from the ceiling, Spider-Man waves at the soldier as we approaches.

SPIDER-MAN

Howdy.

FURY

Do you have it?

The soldier hesitates for a moment, then places the bag on the table, pulling out another, smaller paper bag.

It's a take-out bag from Dante's.

SPIDER-MAN

Dante's. Sweet.

He drops from the ceiling and tears into the bag. He goes to remove his mask, but hesitates.

FURY

Is there a problem?

SPIDER-MAN

This is kind of a private moment.

Fury looks to the soldier.

FURY
You're dismissed.

The soldier salutes and exits. Spidey removes his mask, revealing a hungry Peter. He takes a big bite.

PETER
(full mouth)
God, I'm starving.

Fury smiles slightly. Peter cocks an eyebrow.

PETER
Is that a smile I see?

What little smile there was fades.

FURY
No.
(then)
Has your appetite always been this aggressive?

Peter shakes his head as he swallows another large bite.

PETER
Nope. After I got my abilities, my appetite just kinda skyrocketed. No matter how much I eat, I'm always hungry. My metabolism is crazy.

Fury nods as the doors slides open. In enters a tall man with a slight beard. He wears simple clothes, and has a dignified feel about him. This is DOCTOR STEPHEN "STRANGE" VINCENTI.

VINCENTI
Hello.

Peter takes another bite and chews slowly as he looks at Vincenti. Fury greets him with a handshake.

VINCENTI
Am I late?

FURY
Right on time, actually.
(to Peter)
This is Doctor Stephen Vincenti.
He'll be conducting your exam.

Vincenti extends his hand, which Peter shakes slowly.

VINCENTI

You can call me Stephen. Or Doctor Strange if you like.

(off Peter's look)

It's a professional nickname. You must be the infamous Spider-Man.

PETER

How'd you guess?

(then)

Infamous? Is that what they're calling me now?

VINCENTI

(grins)

Among other things.

PETER

Touche.

FURY

Shall we get started?

VINCENTI

Actually, this is going to be a private session.

FURY

Excuse me?

VINCENTI

Is that going to be a problem?

FURY

The stipulations are that the session is monitored at all times by an agent of SHIELD.

VINCENTI

When you asked me to conduct this session, I assumed you knew it was under the same arrangement as my other... *cases*. Now if you're looking for someone to look the other way while you record this boy's every move...

(grabs his briefcase)

You've come to the wrong man.

Fury stares at him, looking annoyed.

FURY
(after a beat)
Very well.
(beat)
I want a full report.

VINCENTI
If by full you mean my opinion as
licensed psychiatrist on the mental
health of the patient, then you'll
get it. Don't worry.

Fury turns his attention back to Peter, who waves rapidly.
Fury shakes his head and turns back to Vincenti.

FURY
Good luck.

Fury takes one last dirty look at Vincenti, then exits.

PETER
How'd you do that?

VINCENTI
Do what?

PETER
Dude, you *owned* him.

Vincenti grins, taps his head.

VINCENTI
All about perception.
(motions to couch)
Shall we begin?

Off an intrigued Peter:

FADE TO:

EXT. BISTRO - DAY

PAN DOWN the face of a large building and we find a nice
outdoor BISTRO. About a dozen or so tables are sitting empty
with only one occupied. Occupied by WILSON FISK.

Sitting across from him is his bodyguard, SOLOMON. Fisk takes
a fork full of his meal as they continue their conversation.

SOLOMON
The cooks want to know if you liked
the preparation.

Fisk nods, gives a thumbs up.

FISK
It was as expected.

SOLOMON
The *ingredients*?

Fisk nods again, taking another mouthful of his food.

SOLOMON
I just got off the phone with
Joseph. The Chess Club's in town.

Fisk stops briefly, taken off guard.

FISK
I see.
(beat)
What of the Renaissance fair? Is
everything shaping up nicely?

Solomon looks away, dreading his answer.

SOLOMON
It's stalled. Looks like we're
going to miss our target date.

Fisk looks angry, but hides it as best he can.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - BACK

Craig and Robbie are sitting in the back of the van with headphones pressed to their ears. Craig throws his down in frustration.

CRAIG
That's it! I can't take anymore!

Robbie takes his headphones off and sets them down.

CRAIG
Son of a bitch is speaking in code.

ROBBIE
Maybe he really likes Italian food,
chess, and frilly shirts.

Craig shoots him a glare, but seems to relax a bit.

ROBBIE

Maybe we're going about this the wrong way...

CRAIG

What do you mean?

ROBBIE

A guy like Fisk isn't going to slip up in public, throw around his business dealings for anyone to hear. We've been trailing him for two days, there are others who have probably been doing this longer and still have nothing.

CRAIG

Where the hell is Castle when you need him?

ROBBIE

I won't even try to understand what goes on in that guy's head. Besides, from the looks of things Fisk doesn't get out much.

CRAIG

I guess it was a little naive to think we could catch him in the act with an old van and a tape deck.

Robbie is about to reply, but is interrupted by Craig's cell phone ringing. Craig glances at the caller id, then looks back at Robbie nervously. Slowly, he answers:

CRAIG

Hello?

FISK

(filtered; through phone)
Long time, no see, Craig. I had hoped you would have contacted me before now. Reconsidered, perhaps.

CUT TO:

EXT. BISTRO - DAY

Fisk and Solomon walk away from the bistro, toward the parking lot with a purpose.

CRAIG
(filtered; through phone)
I thought I made myself clear.

BACK TO:

INT. VAN - BACK

Craig activates the phone's speaker, so that Robbie can hear.

FISK
You made yourself quite clear in
that regard, it's what you weren't
so clear about that concerns me.

Craig and Robbie share a knowing look.

CRAIG
I don't follow.

FISK
I know, Craig. I know what you
know, about the true nature of my
business dealings.

Craig doesn't respond, spooked.

FISK
What I'm not as clear on is how you
came across this knowledge. I think
we need to arrange a meeting, you
and I. To clear a few things up.

CRAIG
I... I'm kinda busy right now.

Suddenly, the back doors of the van are slung open. Waiting
on the other side are Fisk and Solomon!

FISK
Is all this really necessary?

Robbie and Craig JUMP back, startled. Solomon grabs their
tape recorders, SMASHING them together. He pockets the tapes.

FISK
I would like to think we can come
to an arrangement on this matter.
Do business as men, rather than...
(glances around the van)
Resorting to espionage.

CRAIG
How did you...?

FISK
You'll find there is very little
that gets past me.

Fisk looks over Craig's shoulder, at Robbie.

FISK
But you... you seem to have done
just that. I'm afraid I have no
idea who you are.

ROBBIE
Do you really expect me to tell
you?

Fisk laughs.

FISK
No, of course not. It's not
important, I'm sure with a bit of
research the information will come
to me. The more important question
is: why have you been following me?

Robbie doesn't reply.

FISK
You've put me in a difficult
position, the both of you. I'm sure
you know by now how I usually deal
with security issues such as this,
but I don't imagine my former
lawyer disappearing so soon after
resigning would do me any favors.

Craig and Robbie exchange another, concerned glance. Fisk reaches into his pocket, pulling out a slip of paper, which he hands to a nervous Craig.

CRAIG
What's this?

FISK
Your way out.
(beat)
I'm prepared to pay for your
silence. The amount is there. As
for your friend here...
(glares at Robbie)

FISK (CONT'D)

I'm sure you can convince him it's
in his best interest to keep quiet,
because let me assure you, it is.

Craig looks down at the paper, reading the amount.

FISK

Meet me at my office, tonight at
eight. I expect an answer by then.

Fisk walks away. Solomon shuts the van doors, then follows.

Off Craig's conflicted face:

FADE TO:

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - OFFICE

Vincenti sits in his chair, taking notes. Peter isn't on the
couch, though. He's hanging upside down from the ceiling.

VINCENTI

An ice creme truck? Really?

PETER

And three guns. It was crazy.

Vincenti takes a few more notes. After a beat:

VINCENTI

Why do you do that?

PETER

Do what?

VINCENTI

Hang upside down like that. It
can't be comfortable.

PETER

You'd be surprised. It's relaxing.
Plus, it feels... natural.

(beat)

It's hard to explain.

VINCENTI

I see.

PETER

This isn't going to be one of those
"how does that make you feel" type
of things, is it? Because,
seriously, been there, done that.

VINCENTI

I'm aware of that. But to answer your question, no. That's not what they want today. This is about your mental state.

Peter nods, flips down from the ceiling and takes a seat on the couch, kicking his feet up.

PETER

So... Doctor Strange, huh? How'd you get that one? I'm guessing your parents were kind enough to you not to endow you with that one.

VINCENTI

I do a lot of work with the paranormal. Extra-sensory perception, astral projection, that sort of thing. The name stuck.

PETER

So you're a... ghostbuster?

VINCENTI

(grins)

In a manner of speaking, yes.

(then)

But enough about me. Tell me about yourself. That *is* why we're here.

PETER

What about me?

VINCENTI

Whatever you feel comfortable talking about. Your childhood, perhaps. What was life like for the future wall-crawler?

Peter grimaces.

PETER

I'm not big on flashbacks, actually. My childhood wasn't exactly black and white.

VINCENTI

Surely there must be something pleasant that stands out.

(smiles)

Happy memories.

Peter considers.

PETER
Maybe a few... before.

VINCENTI
I'm all ears.

Off Peter's uncertain reaction:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROCKAWAY BEACH - DAY - FLASHBACK

The sun shines overhead as the waves crash along the beach. The picture of perfection, sparkling water, waves and all.

The beach isn't crowded, but there are a few people, and groups of people present along various points along the shore. Near the edge of the water, two young children are digging in the sand.

An older boy watches over them, 10 YEAR OLD ROBBIE. The younger kids are, of course, PETER and MARY JANE, age SEVEN.

Peter stares out at the water. He wears a pair of swim trunks. In his hands are two small plastic sand buckets. He drops one of the buckets, and shields his eyes.

PETER
Is that a shark?

Mary Jane looks out onto the water.

MARY JANE
Shark's don't live out here!

PETER
Yes, they do.

Mary Jane doesn't dwell on it, remembering what they were doing. She reaches for a castle-shaped container filled with sand, and sets the foundation of a crude sand castle.

PETER
It looks funny.

MARY JANE
It's not done, silly!

PETER
How big will it be?

Mary Jane considers this for a moment.

MARY JANE
Bigger than your tree house!

PETER
My dad's not done with it yet!

MARY JANE
No duh. He should let your uncle Ben do it. He's good at building stuff. He should...

The scene FREEZES.

VINCENTI (O.S.)
Let me stop you for a second...

CUT TO:

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - OFFICE

Vincenti drops his notepad for a moment, observing Peter.

PETER
Wrong memory?

Vincenti chuckles a bit.

VINCENTI
I'm just curious... why this particular memory?

PETER
You asked me to pick one.

VINCENTI
Yes, and you chose one prior to your parents death.

PETER
Is that a problem?

VINCENTI
No, I'm just curious why you would choose a memory without them in it.

Peter considers this, not really understanding himself.

PETER
Is this where you ask me how I feel?

VINCENTI

Do you want to tell me how you
feel?

Peter looks down for a moment.

VINCENTI

Tell me about this...
(reads notes)
Mary Jane.

Peter's head snaps up. Vincenti notices.

He makes note of this on his pad as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. GWEN'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

The sound of approaching footsteps greets us. After a moment, MARY JANE walks into frame and approaches the front door.

Through the glass, she spots EDDIE inside. He waves her in.

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mary Jane enters, approaching Eddie, who is engrossed in what he's watching on TV. From the sounds of things, Star Trek.

VOICE (O.S.)
(filtered; through TV)
We are the Borg...

She smiles at the sight, ruffling his hair playfully.

MARY JANE
I never knew.

EDDIE
Few do, so keep it on the down low.

She grins, then looks around and sniffs the air.

MARY JANE
Someone *cooking*?

EDDIE
The kitchen Nazi has banned me from
ze fatherland.

GWEN (O.S.)
I heard that!

MARY JANE
I can see why you...

Eddie throws up a finger.

EDDIE
Shhh!
(then)
Picard was just taken to the cube.

A beat as Eddie continues watching.

EDDIE
Pete coming?

Mary Jane's face drops a little at the mention of Peter. Eddie glances over, noticing.

EDDIE

You two still doing the silent tango?

MARY JANE

I don't know *what* we're doing. He hasn't spoken to me in weeks.

EDDIE

Last I checked you haven't said much either. You know Pete, he's not big on making the first move.

MARY JANE

I'm just afraid I've scared him off. Again. It's becoming a habit.

EDDIE

He'll come around. Trust me, I've seen how he acts around you.

MARY JANE

What do you mean?

EDDIE

I'm the dude's best friend, I notice how he acts around you, it's completely different from anybody else. Me, Gwen, Robbie, even his Aunt. With you, it's like...

(beat)

Like he's trying not to let you down.

Mary Jane takes this in, not fully understanding, but realizing there's some significance to it.

FADE TO:

INT. VAN - FRONT SEAT

Robbie and Craig sit, with Robbie in the driver's seat. They're parked outside the DAILY BUGLE, neither of them looking all that well at the moment.

CRAIG

This is going to get ugly.

ROBBIE

With an attitude like that, how can it not?

CRAIG

What the hell are we supposed to do here? I mean, how the hell did he know?

ROBBIE

The guy's got his bases covered. Can't say that I blame him.

CRAIG

I'm starting to realize how stupid it was of us to try this. We're never going to find the proof we need.

Robbie perks up at that remark.

CRAIG

What is it?

ROBBIE

(thinks)

What if...

(beat)

What if he thinks we already *have* the proof?

CRAIG

Which we don't.

ROBBIE

No, but what we do have are the facts. Mention a few names, dates, places... he'll never know the difference.

CRAIG

Can we fast forward to the part where I *don't* get shot?

ROBBIE

He wants to pay you to keep quiet, why not play along?

CRAIG

I don't like the sound of this...

ROBBIE

Meet with him, tell him we've got
the proof, and demand more money...

CRAIG

He'll be suspicious.

Robbie reaches into the back of the van, pulling out a dish-shaped listening device of some sort.

ROBBIE

These things have a range of up to
a hundred feet, more with the
receiver planted somewhere on you.
I can park outside, record the
whole thing. He's bound to slip up.

Craig considers for a moment, then:

CRAIG

It's worth a shot.

Off Robbie:

FADE TO:

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - OFFICE

Through the windows, we can tell it's late afternoon as the sun is beginning to descend behind the artificial horizon of buildings. Peter stands, looking out at the view.

VINCENTI

What are you looking at?

PETER

The city. It's a great view up
here. I wish you could see the
stars better...

VINCENTI

Do you like the stars?

Peter nods.

PETER

I used to look at them on the roof
of my uncle's house. We were always
over there, me and MJ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARKER HOME - ROOFTOP - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A clear, starry night. Sitting together are NINE YEAR OLD Peter and Mary Jane, gazing up at the sky.

PETER

Millions of them, and it would take like a hundred years to get there.

Mary Jane furrows her brow.

MARY JANE

Why?

PETER

Huh?

MARY JANE

Why are they so far apart?

PETER

Because their gravity is so strong.

MARY JANE

Why would God do that?

PETER

Uncle Ben says it's so we can wonder what's out there and try to reach them one day.

Mary Jane grins.

MARY JANE

If he wants us to get there, why doesn't he just build us a spaceship?

Peter is somewhat confused, thinks for a moment, then:

PETER

We should ask him.

There's a knock behind them and the window opens. Peter's mother, MARY sticks her head out, frowning somewhat.

MARY

Peter, I really wish you wouldn't sit out here like this.

Peter rolls his eyes.

PETER

We're fine, mom. Uncle Ben put the trampoline down there.

Mary shakes her head.

MARY

Remind me to thank him later.

(to Mary Jane)

Mary Jane, Aunt May wants to see you, she needs your help with something.

Mary Jane's grins, sharing a knowing look with Mary. She cautiously moves past Peter and into the window. She turns back to the window and sticks her head out.

MARY JANE

Be right back, tiger!

Mary Jane rushes for the door as Mary smiles broadly at her. She turns back to the window and leans against the seal. She looks over at Peter and runs her fingers through his hair.

MARY

Tiger.

Peter shakes his head.

PETER

She's just being silly.

Mary chuckles and looks up at the stars.

MARY

I wish you could see more of them...

PETER

Me too. The city is too bright.

Mary nods with a grin. She turns behind her and whistles out.

Peter looks back as the door opens, and BEN limps in, a large cast on his leg and a crutch under an arm. RICHARD follows, along with Mary Jane, all of them carrying a large, box.

Peter crawls to the seal as Richard, Ben, and Mary Jane set down the box. MAY appears in the doorway as Ben rests on the bed, grinning at Peter as he climbs in through the window.

BEN

Not too big, but when you only have
one good leg to hobble on,
everything feels twice as heavy.

Peter examines the box curiously.

RICHARD

Here you go, Pete. Have at it.

Peter tears the box open and pulls it apart, revealing a
brand new reflection TELESCOPE. Peter's face lights up.

BEN

What do you say, Pete?

PETER

Thank you!

Richard laughs and hugs his son.

RICHARD

Don't thank me, your Uncle Ben put
it together.

Peter rushes over to Ben and gives him a hug. Ben laughs.

BEN

Just make sure you discover
something important someday.

MARY JANE

Peter, this is so cool!

Peter is beaming as he looks back at his family.

BACK TO:

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - OFFICE

Peter is still looking out the window as the sky turns bright
shades of orange and red.

PETER

I still have it. Never use it,
though. Haven't in years.

Vincenti nods.

VINCENTI

Do you still look at the stars?
When you're out... being you?

Peter hesitates.

PETER
Sometimes. On a quiet night.

VINCENTI
Your parents died a few years
later?

Peter nods somberly.

VINCENTI
But you still had Mary Jane?

Peter looks back at him, still with a somber look.

FADE TO:

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

A nice, modern kitchen, matching the rest of the house.
Standing at the stove is GWEN, in the middle of cooking...
something. The room is a mess, with flour everywhere.

Mary Jane sits on the edge of a counter, looking distracted.

GWEN
(shaking one)
I swear, if I could get my hands on
the bastard that invented the salt
shaker, I'd...
(notices MJ's mood)
Hey, you okay? You haven't said two
words all afternoon.

Mary Jane snaps out of it.

MARY JANE
I'm just thinking.

GWEN
Peter again?

MARY JANE
That, but there's something else.
(beat)
Has Peter said anything to you...
about Robbie?

Gwen looks confused at the question.

GWEN
What about Robbie?

MARY JANE

He was at my house this morning,
talking to my dad about something.
I couldn't tell what, but it
sounded like it might be dangerous.

GWEN

(shrugs)
Probably just some lawyer stuff.
You know how it is...

Mary Jane frowns. She certainly does.

MARY JANE

It's not just that. He's been
acting strange all week. Going out
late at night, leaving early in the
morning. Ever since he quit this
last case, it's like he's been on
edge.

GWEN

Have you tried talking to him?

MARY JANE

He says he's fine, but I know he's
lying. I was starting to think...

She trails off.

GWEN

Think what?

MARY JANE

I was starting to think he may have
been... you know... seeing someone.

GWEN

You think he's cheating on your
mom? Don't get me wrong, I don't
know the guy, but from what you've
told me about him, he doesn't seem
like the cheating type.

MARY JANE

I don't really believe it myself,
especially this morning with
Robbie. If it's not that, then what
is it? Robbie's obviously involved
somehow, too.

GWEN

I wouldn't worry. I'm sure whatever it is, it's nothing serious.

Mary Jane frown, not so sure of this.

FADE TO:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE

An underground parking garage, filled with a few cars, but not many. We find Robbie's Jeep - not the van - parked nearby an elevator.

INT. ROBBIE'S JEEP - FRONT SEAT

Robbie's behind the wheel, with Craig in the passenger seat. Robbie holds up a small black device.

ROBBIE

Just put this in your shoe. It should be sensitive enough to record everything.

Craig takes the chip, placing it on top of his foot, then carefully sliding his shoe on over it.

CRAIG

Wish me luck.

Robbie pats him on the back.

ROBBIE

You sure you want to do this?

Craig takes a deep breath.

CRAIG

I'm damn sure I don't want to do this, but we don't have a choice.

ROBBIE

Remember, he's gonna be suspicious, so stay calm. No need to give him any more reason to be paranoid.

CRAIG

Yeah. Yeah, I got it.

Robbie offers his hand.

ROBBIE

Good luck.

Craig nods and takes Robbie's hand.

CRAIG

I think I'm going to need it...

Robbie nods and puts a hat on and, pulling it down, covering his eyes somewhat. He grabs a duffle bag and exits the Jeep, trying to look like he was doing some maintenance work.

Craig takes a deep breath, here goes nothing as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. PARKER HOME - BACKYARD - FLASHBACK

A bright, sunny day in the spring. A sound greets us - laughter - as a familiar TIRE SWING swings into frame, 12 YEAR OLD MARY JANE inside, the source of the laughter.

Pushing her is Peter, the same age, and with a huge smile on his face. The type we've rarely - if ever - seen on him.

MARY JANE
Stop it! I'm gonna fall!

PETER
Wuss.

She swings back by, slowing a bit.

MARY JANE
I can't fly, dummy!

She finally comes to a stop.

PETER
We're going to be starting high school soon and you can't handle a tire swing? Come on!

MARY JANE
Still got another year.

PETER
Eightieth grade on top is going to be so awesome.

MARY JANE
Are you gonna *finally* try out for the basketball team?

PETER
I wish. I'm too short.

MARY JANE
You're not that short.

PETER
Short enough. Besides, you know Flash would...

MARY JANE
Who cares about Flash? He's a jerk.

PETER

I know. That's why I don't want to be on the basketball team with him.

MARY JANE

Just wait 'till high school...

PETER

You really think it'll be different?

MARY JANE

Well, Robbie's pretty popular.

PETER

Robbie's going to win like a thousand Super Bowls one day. I don't think I'm going to be popular because of him...

Mary Jane smiles.

MARY JANE

Who says you're not popular?

PETER

Every one of my science fair awards...

MARY JANE

You're popular with some of us.

Peter blushes, looks away. Mary Jane swings the tire over toward him, pushing him playfully.

MARY JANE

Who cares what everyone else says?

Peter grins bashfully. The two share an awkward moment of silence before they begin to move closer together.

Their eyes meet, and after a long beat...

BEN (O.S.)

Peter...

Peter suddenly turns to his uncle, who stands on the porch looking out onto the yard, a look of intense and serious sadness on his face.

Off Peter, wondering what's happened:

FADE TO:

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - OFFICE

Vincenti continues to take his notes. Peter sits, facing him, his head hung low, recounting the memory.

VINCENTI

It must have been difficult.

Peter lets out a weak laugh.

PETER

Difficult?

He thinks, then laughs again.

PETER

I guess that's the word for it.

VINCENTI

Is that why you receded into yourself?

PETER

It just became the easy way, I guess. No attachments. I just kind of went day to day. I don't even really understand it myself.

VINCENTI

Sometimes when we find ourselves confronted with a great tragedy, the only way we can deal with it is not to deal with it. You were close to your parents, that kind of loss at that age...

(beat)

It can be traumatic.

Peter doesn't say anything.

VINCENTI

What about Mary Jane?

PETER

What about her?

VINCENTI

You said you were speaking to her again. How's that working out?

PETER

Yeah... not so well right now.

VINCENTI

You have feelings for her.

Peter doesn't immediately respond.

PETER

It's... complicated.

VINCENTI

Usually is.

PETER

I screwed up.

(then)

I mean, I didn't really have a choice. I was off being... well, me, and I kinda blew her off.

(beat)

She didn't take it so well.

VINCENTI

You know, I'm a licensed psychiatrist. I've dealt with mutants, poltergeists, ghosts, and now a real life super hero, but there's one creature I've yet to fully understand.

(off Peter's look)

Women.

Peter grins.

PETER

She had every right to be mad.

VINCENTI

Does that make a difference?

PETER

I... guess so.

VINCENTI

Everyone makes mistakes. It's the ones who admit to them that tend to move past them.

(beat, grins)

So says my ex-wife.

PETER

You're saying I should apologize?

VINCENTI

I'm saying you should make things right. Whether that involves an apology or not is up to you.

Peter considers these words.

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Eddie and Mary Jane sit on opposite ends of a couch, Eddie still focused on the TV.

EDDIE

(mouths with TV)
Mister Worf... fire.

Mary Jane smiles and looks around the living room. She notices several pictures of the Marshalls in various locales around the country, and the world.

She picks one up, which has a cut-out of Gwen's face taped between Bridget and John. Mary Jane smiles at the sight.

GWEN (O.S.)

Rent-a-dad thought it was cute.

Gwen walks into frame.

MARY JANE

It is.

Gwen looks past her at the picture and frowns.

GWEN

At least they're trying.

Gwen focuses back on Mary Jane and gives her a weak smile.

GWEN

Stability is what seems to matter most to the social workers.

MARY JANE

That's not what I meant.

GWEN

I know. Just more of my crappy sense of humor.

Mary Jane grins, setting the picture back down.

GWEN

Any word on your dad?

Mary Jane shakes her head with a frown.

MARY JANE
I tried calling him. No answer.

EDDIE (O.S.)
Is that charred meat I smell?

Gwen glances at Eddie, annoyed.

MARY JANE
My mom hasn't seen him either. I think she's getting suspicious.

GWEN
About what you were talking about before? You think she thinks...

MARY JANE
Maybe. I don't know, but whatever he's gotten himself into, she needs to know the truth.
(beat, sighs)
If I could just talk to Peter. Maybe Robbie's told him something.

GWEN
Then talk to him. You two have been giving each other the silent treatment for way too long.

MARY JANE
I was kinda hoping he'd be the one to make the first move.

GWEN
I think we both know him better than that.

Mary Jane looks away.

GWEN
I think maybe it's time you two worked this out, don't you?

Mary Jane considers this as we:

FADE TO:

INT. FISK'S OFFICE

Fisk is sitting at his desk with a glass of what looks to be scotch in his hand. He takes a sip as the elevator doors on the other end of the office part and Craig walks out, slowly.

FISK

Craig. I was worried you shouldn't show up.

Fisk motions toward his bottle of scotch.

FISK

Can I interest you in a drink? I have a fantastic bottle of scotch from the turn of the last century.

CRAIG

There's no need to sugar coat this.

Fisk nods, accepting this.

FISK

Very well. Then you're prepared...

CRAIG

We have proof.

Fisk stops, eyeing Craig.

CRAIG

Frank Castle ring a bell? What you did to his family? How you had your men gun them down in broad daylight.

FISK

You may want to quit while you're ahead. I'd hate for things to become... less than pleasant.

CRAIG

I'm done with pleasant. I'll make this simple for you - your offer? Not good enough. If you want this kept out of the press, I want it doubled. And my partner? A little something for him as well.

Fisk calmly takes a sip of his scotch.

FISK

You're treading on dangerous ground, Craig. You're in no position to be making demands of me.

CRAIG

And you're in no position not to give in to them. I'm sure you know by now my partner's father...

FISK

Is the chief of police, yes. A tidy little arrangement, I must admit.

Fisk slowly walks around his desk, approaching Craig.

FISK

Let me ask you something, Craig. Do you know how long I've been in business? I mean, my actual business? Do you realize how many men have tried to take me down? Who would kill to see me lose everything? Your Mister Castle is just the most vocal of them.

CRAIG

Until now.

Fisk grins to himself.

FISK

Indeed. But let me ask you something else, Craig...
(glares)
Do you think I'm stupid?

Craig's hard expression falls flat. Fisk grabs his shirt, TEARING it open, searching for wires.

He finds none, and reacts accordingly.

CUT TO:

INT. FISK TOWER - HALLWAY

A clean hallway, one among many in the building. Robbie walks into frame from around the corner, his maintenance outfit on.

ANGLE ON HIS EAR

And a small, black earpiece, about the size of a hearing aid, placed within his left ear.

BACK TO Robbie as he continues down the hall.

CRAIG (O.S.)
(filtered; through mic)
Surprised?

FISK (O.S.)
(also filtered)
It appears I may have underestimated you, Craig. It looks like everyone's favorite 'good guy' lawyer can lie and cheat with the best of them...

CRAIG
Something tells me you respect that.

FISK
I understand it.

As Robbie walks, the conversation fills with static, and as he adjusts his movements, the static fades. He moves around, trying to find the best spot for good reception.

CUT TO:

INT. FISK TOWER - HALLWAY (OTHER)

An identical hallway, just around the corner from where Robbie is. Solomon walks into frame, his sights set on Robbie. He slowly proceeds around the corner as we:

BACK TO:

INT. FISK TOWER - HALLWAY

Robbie finds a spot with good reception, and kneels down, as if working on something. He grabs a mic from his pocket, and speaking into it.

ROBBIE
You need to get something more concrete. He's...

INT. FISK'S OFFICE

Craig reacts at the sound of Robbie's voice. He's obviously been fitted with a receiver.

ROBBIE

... not giving us what we need.

Craig doesn't react.

CRAIG

(to Fisk)

I have a family, Fisk. They're the only reason I ever took this job with you. If I have to bend the rules a little for them, so be it.

(beat)

But I guess you know all about bending the rules.

FISK

As you said, sometimes you've just got to do what's necessary.

CRAIG

If that how you justified having a man's family killed?

Fisk frowns.

FISK

I know you must think I'm the devil incarnate. And you may be right, but I never intended for any innocents to get hurt.

Craig reacts with mock surprise.

CRAIG

(mock realization)

His family wasn't the target. He was. You wanted him all along.

FISK

He wasn't willing to cooperate. He left me no choice.

CRAIG

I find it hard to believe your men would have went after his family without your permission.

FISK

This conversation's starting to sound an awful lot like a police interrogation, Craig.

CRAIG

Just trying to figure out what type
of sick son of a bitch sends his
men to kill a man's family.

As Fisk prepares to answer:

CUT TO:

INT. FISK TOWER - HALLWAY

Robbie continues to listen in.

FISK (O.S.)
(filtered)
A desperate one.

ROBBIE
Better, better. Keep him going and
get the money. That'll be...

SOLOMON (O.S.)
The last thing you ever do.

Robbie's eyes widen. Solomon grabs him, and SLINGS him up,
tossing him across the hall, into the wall.

Robbie does a forward roll, ducking Solomon's attempt at a
punch. He quickly gets to his feet, takes a swing at Solomon,
then takes off running down the hall.

Solomon glares ahead, draws his gun, and gives chase as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. FISK TOWER - MAINTENANCE AREA

A large storage area for various tools, dimly lit, with a few pieces of larger equipment lying about.

Robbie comes running in, stepping to the side, where he finds broom. He quickly SNAPS it over his leg, providing him with a makeshift weapon.

He waits for a moment just beside the entrance. Solomon comes rushing in, chasing him. Robbie responds with a stiff shot to the face with the broom handle.

Solomon staggers back. Robbie takes the opportunity to KICK the gun out of his hand, and TACKLE him to the floor.

ROBBIE

Thank four years of varsity for that!

Solomon blocks several punches, then lands one of his own to Robbie's face. He falls backward, cradling his nose.

ROBBIE

Okay, that never happened on the field!

Robbie gets to his feet, then continues his running. He exits, leaving Solomon to track down his gun.

INT. FISK TOWER - ELEVATOR

Robbie quickly steps into the elevator. Before the doors can shut completely, Solomon appears down the hall, giving chase.

The doors slide shut just before he can reach them, giving Robbie cause to breathe a sigh of relief.

He speaks into his mic:

ROBBIE

If you haven't heard by now, it's time to get the hell out of here!

INT. FISK'S OFFICE

Craig hears this, barely reacting. Fisk has a slip of paper in his hand, which he hands to Craig.

FISK

It may take a couple of days, but rest assured, the money will be there by the middle of the week.

Craig glances at the paper.

CRAIG

What about my partner?

FISK

I've arranged for a modest transfer. If he's not satisfied, you'll just have to remind him who it is he's dealing...

Before he can finish his sentence, Solomon BURSTS through the office doors!

SOLOMON

It's a set-up!

Fisk reacts, turning to Craig with a look of hatred.

FISK

I should have known you wouldn't have the backbone to go through with this!

Craig panics, taking off toward the elevator. Solomon GRABS him, shoving him back. He grabs Craig's head, tilting it to the side, and finding the receiver in his ear.

SOLOMON

He's wired.

Fisk approaches him slowly.

FISK

You've just made your last mistake, Watson.
(to Solomon)
Bring him.

Solomon drags Craig toward the elevator. Fisk follows, but just as the doors slide open...

Robbie leaps out, hitting Solomon with what can only be described as a flying kick. Solomon drops Craig, and hits Fisk, knocking them both to the floor.

Robbie and Craig rush to the office door, and through.

Fisk watches them leave with a glare.

INT. FISK TOWER - STAIRWAY

Craig and Robbie RUSH down the stairs as fast as their feet can carry them.

ROBBIE
He take the bait?

CRAIG
Looks that way.

The finally reach the end of the stairs, and exit into:

EXT. FISK TOWER - PARKING GARAGE

The same parking garage from before. Craig and Robbie continue their mad dash, heading for his Jeep.

As they slam the doors shut, Solomon emerges from the stairway, his gun aimed.

He fires a shot! Craig and Robbie duck down!

The driver's side window is shattered. Robbie starts the Jeep and floors it!

As the Jeep speeds away, Solomon takes several more SHOTS, hitting the back of the Jeep, but nothing more.

He watches, upset, as the Jeep speeds out of view.

FADE TO:

EXT. GWEN'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Mary Jane exits the house, shutting the door behind her. She turns to leave, but finds Peter standing in the driveway.

She stops, surprised.

MARY JANE
Peter. Hey.

PETER
Your mom said I'd find you here.
Hope I'm not interrupting anything.

MARY JANE
No, I was just going...
(beat)
To see you, actually.

Peter walks toward the porch, Mary Jane toward him. They meet half way, both looking nervous.

PETER

Hey, I know we haven't really talked lately...

(beat)

At all, but I owe you an apology.

MARY JANE

Yeah, you do, but don't worry about it. I over-reacted, and I'm sorry for that. I just had this idea that...

PETER

I really *did* want to be there. I mean, I do. I want to be. There's just so much going on with me right now, and I can't even explain it. You wouldn't believe me if I tried, but I never wanted things to turn out the way they have.

(beat)

I let you down. I did, and I'm sorry. And sorry that I can't promise it won't happen again, but... I am going to try.

Mary Jane smiles.

MARY JANE

That's all I wanted.

PETER

I know, and I know I suck at this, but I don't want you to ever think that you're not...

(grins)

'Up there' somewhere.

Mary Jane grins at the reference to her own words.

MARY JANE

Somewhere, eh?

Peter smirks.

PETER

I just never thought I had to tell you that.

MARY JANE
(broad grin)
A little reminder never hurt
anyone.

They hug, and from Peter's perspective we see Eddie and Gwen watching from inside, both grinning ear-to-ear.

Eddie pokes his head out, and is about to speak when:

MARY JANE
Shut up, Eddie.

He stops, breaking into a wider grin. Peter and Mary Jane finally break.

PETER
I don't know about you, but that's
a load off my mind.

She laughs, and ruffles his hair some.

MARY JANE
You have *no* idea.

They head toward the house, laughing.

MARY JANE
Hey, have you talked to Robbie
lately?

PETER
Robbie?

CUT TO:

INT. ROBBIE'S JEEP - FRONT SEAT

Robbie sits, with his head leaned back and his eyes closed, in the driver's seat. Craig is beside him, holding a tape recorder.

FISK
(*filtered; through tape*)
*I know you must think I'm the devil
incarnate. And you may be right,
but I never intended for any
innocents to get hurt.*

Craig reacts with mock surprise.

CRAIG

(mock realization)

His family wasn't the target. He was. You wanted him all along.

FISK

He wasn't willing to cooperate. He left me no choice.

Craig stops the tape. He takes it out and slips it into a mailing envelope, sealing it and handing it to Robbie.

CRAIG

You think that'll do it?

ROBBIE

I hope so. We don't have much time. I'm gonna take this to the Bugle. If I'm right, Jonah's going to be chomping at the bits to print it.

CRAIG

You think he'll come after us?

ROBBIE

Not if he wants to keep it out of the press. I'm guessing you can expect to hear from him with another offer sooner or later.

(then)

Fisk isn't stupid, he knows if anything happens to us, he's screwed.

(then)

You did contact your guy?

Craig nods.

CRAIG

Foggy's a friend. He won't let us down.

ROBBIE

Alright then. We should lay low for a while. We don't wanna give sunshine any ideas.

A beat before Craig responds.

CRAIG

What have we gotten ourselves into?

ROBBIE

Don't worry, it'll be over soon.
And Fisk will be in prison where he
belongs. He can't run forever.

Off Craig's uncertain expression:

FADE TO:

INT. FISK'S OFFICE

Fisk sits behind his desk, nursing a bruise on his forehead.
Standing across from him is Solomon.

FISK

You're certain?

SOLOMON

You were being recorded. The entire
conversation.

Fisk takes this information in.

SOLOMON

Would you like me to take care of
them? I can bring in some help.

FISK

No. Watson's probably got the tape
ready to be released the moment
anything happens to him. I can't
risk it. He's not stupid.

SOLOMON

What about the intern?

FISK

We'll deal with them together.

SOLOMON

It won't take them long to release
the information.

FISK

I have connections who can buy us
some time, but it won't be enough.
This needs to end. Now.

SOLOMON

Just say the word.

Fisk nods.

FISK

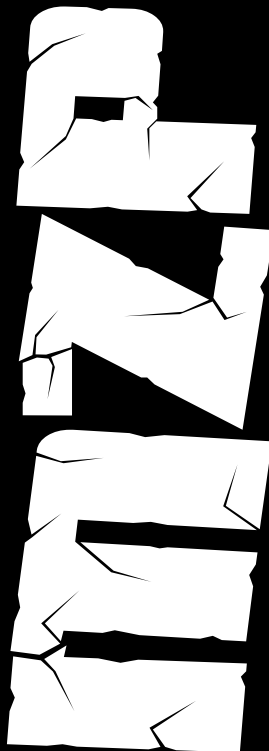
You know what to do.

Solomon nods, then heads for the exit.

Off Fisk's stone cold expression:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW



spider-man
GIFTS & CURSES

Based on Spider-Man
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