



"The Jacket"

A Short by
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Based on *Spider-Man*,
created by Stan Lee and Steve Ditko

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FADE IN:

INT. MIDTOWN HIGH - HALLWAYS

In the midst of the standard between-class mayhem. Hundreds of students make their way down the hall, talking, laughing, and rummaging around in their lockers.

Our focus falls to a familiar face standing in front of her locker. GWEN grabs a few books and drops them into her backpack. She grabs something else as well...

A PACKAGE.

Wrapped in gold and blue, with a small white bow on top.

She looks at it with a smile.

EDDIE (O.S.)
What's the occasion?

Gwen turns and finds EDDIE approaching.

GWEN
Well, turns out it's a certain
someone's birthday!

Eddie eyes her suspiciously.

EDDIE
What did you do?

GWEN
Just a little gift...

She hands him the package. He looks down at the wrapping paper and grins.

EDDIE
"Happy freakin' whatever." Nice.

Gwen laughs. She leans in close and kisses him tenderly.

GWEN
Happy birthday, baby.

Eddie looks her in the eye and smiles to himself.

EDDIE
You really shouldn't have. I don't
expect this...

GWEN

Yeah, yeah. Just open it.

Eddie shakes his head with a grin. He tears away the paper, revealing a white box. He opens the lid and his eyes widen.

EDDIE

Wow.

He reaches in and pulls out a NICE JACKET. It's black and light blue and looks like it didn't come cheap.

GWEN

You like it?

EDDIE

Yeah... wow. This must have cost you a fortune!

GWEN

Just a small one.

Eddie puts the jacket down and looks at her.

EDDIE

You shouldn't have done this. You could have used the money. I never expected this...

Gwen cringes.

GWEN

You don't like it.

EDDIE

What?! Of course I do! It's great, but you don't have a job. How did you afford this?

GWEN

I have my ways... and my Marshalls.

Eddie smiles at her.

EDDIE

It's great. Really, I love it. You still shouldn't have, but it looks great!

GWEN

Well, I noticed you're always freezing in the morning when we walk to school. You've worn that old hoodie out, babe.

EDDIE

Tell me about it.

He picks the jacket back up.

EDDIE

Man... this is nice, Gwen. I mean it's *really* nice! Triple digit stuff.

GWEN

Yeah, well don't expect another one for Christmas!

EDDIE

Damn December birthdays. What a rip!

Gwen hugs him with a grin. She whispers into his ear:

GWEN

I'll have to come up with something a little more... *creative* for Christmas.

Eddie grins deviously.

EDDIE

You naughty little elf, you.

Gwen laughs loudly as we:

FADE TO:

INT. BROCK APARTMENT - LATER

Through the windows we see it's now night. MORGAN and MELANIE BROCK are in the living room. Morgan in his recliner drinking a beer, and Melanie is asleep on the couch. The door opens and Eddie walks in, now wearing his new jacket.

Morgan looks up at Eddie with a nasty look.

MORGAN

What'd you do, rob somebody?

Eddie walks past, trying to ignore him.

MORGAN
Hey, I'm talking to you!

Eddie stops.

EDDIE
It was a gift. You know, for my
birthday?

Morgan scoffs.

MORGAN
Birthday my ass. Where'd you get
it, that tramp girlfriend of yours?

Eddie takes a deep breath, trying to control himself.

EDDIE
Don't talk about her that way.
Matter of fact, *don't talk about
her at all!*

MORGAN
Get me a beer while you're up.

EDDIE
Get it yourself.

Eddie turns and walks toward his room...

MORGAN
Don't talk back to me, you little
shit!

Eddie looks at him, disgusted. He walks to the refrigerator
and grabs a beer, slamming the door shut.

MORGAN
Watch it, boy!

Eddie walks over to him and hands him the beer. Morgan shakes
it lightly and opens it. Eddie begins walking away.

MORGAN
Hey...

Eddie turns back. Morgan tosses the open beer in his
direction, causing it to spill all over the jacket.

MORGAN
Happy birthday.

Eddie is barely controlling his anger. He closes his eyes tightly, and KICKS the can across the room. Morgan laughs. Eddie walks into his room, SLAMMING the door behind him.

INT. BROCK APARTMENT - EDDIE'S ROOM

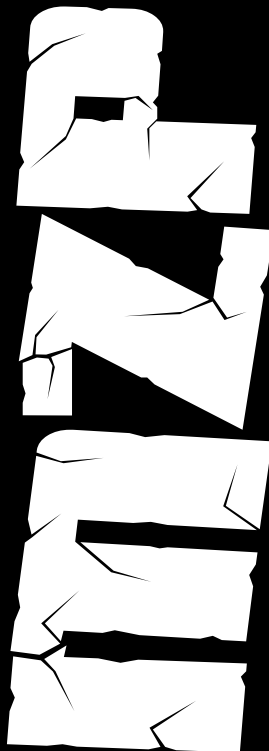
Eddie enters, and sighs. He massages his temples, and sits down on the edge of his bed, which is a mattress with no sheet. He removes the jacket, and examines the stains left by the beer. He frowns and appears extremely upset.

Eddie sighs once again and lies down on the mattress. He clutches the jacket tightly in his arms, an angry, frustrated expression on his face. He closes his eyes briefly and when he opens them we see a single tear trickle down his face.

He wipes it away as we:

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END



spider-man
GIFTS & CURSES

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