



"The Good Guys"

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

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK COUNTY COURT - MORNING

The hard gray exterior of the court sits before us, patrons moving into and out of the building.

INT. NEW YORK COUNTY COURT - OUTSIDE COURTROOM

Outside of a courtroom we find CRAIG WATSON, one among many dozens of people that have gathered. Craig wears a very expensive looking suit, and speaks into a cell phone.

CRAIG

I understand that, but it's going to be difficult without a reason.

Craig listens, sighs.

CRAIG

Yes, I suppose so, but...

(beat)

July is a long shot. Right now our best bet is March, and even then...

(sighs again)

Okay. Alright. See you then.

He hangs up the phone, frustrated.

VOICE (O.S.)

Watson? Craig Watson, is that you?

Craig turns and is shocked to find FOGGY NELSON standing before him, looking rather surprised himself.

FOGGY

Well this is something I never expected to see.

They shake hands.

CRAIG

It's a long story.

FOGGY

I heard you're working for Wilson Fisk now? How's that working out for you?

CRAIG

Money's good, but he's got to be the most unreasonable man I've ever met, much less represented.

FOGGY

Get used to it. These corporate types? It's their way or the highway. I'm guessing Fisk is no different.

(beat)

So that explosion, it seems pretty clear cut to me. How do you plan to defend against all those charges?

CRAIG

It was an accident, apparently.

FOGGY

An accident? Craig...

Craig puts his hand up.

CRAIG

I know, I know. Believe me, I know how it sounds. Officially, we're going with a shipping mix-up with the chemicals. He says he has documents to prove it.

Foggy looks at Craig for a moment.

FOGGY

What are you doing, Craig?

CRAIG

What do you mean?

FOGGY

All this... it's not you. Wilson Fisk? That's not the Craig Watson I remember.

CRAIG

The Craig Watson you remember didn't have a family to support. I can't afford to be picky right now.

FOGGY

Oh, you've done alright for yourself. Every lawyer in the city wanted the Fisk gig. It's no secret why he chose you.

CRAIG

Yeah, okay. I get it, Frank. Bring in the good guy for sympathy. You know what? That's fine with me. It doesn't change anything.

FOGGY

Doesn't it? You can tell yourself that all you want, but I know you too well. This is getting to you.

Craig doesn't respond as he considers Foggy's words.

FOGGY

Just do me a favor.

(beat)

Watch yourself, alright?

Foggy pats him on the shoulder before walking away. Craig, meanwhile, is left to his own thoughts.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISK TOWER - AFTERNOON

The building towers above the heart of the city.

FADE TO:

INT. FISK TOWER - CRAIG'S OFFICE

A nice office, if a bit on the small side. The doors part as Craig enters with his briefcase in tow. He suddenly stops.

Standing in front of his desk is WILSON FISK.

CRAIG

Mr. Fisk...

FISK

Sorry if I startled you. I was just anxious to see how things went.

CRAIG

I managed to buy us another three months. It's the best I could do.

Fisk doesn't seem pleased.

FISK

I'm disappointed, Craig. I was counting on you to buy us the time we need. What went wrong?

CRAIG

Wrong? Nothing went wrong. This judge doesn't make a habit of pushing off trial dates for anything other than special circumstances.

FISK

Did you explain...

CRAIG

Yes, and I don't think he bought it. To be honest...

(beat)

I'm not sure I do either.

Fisk's expression hardens.

FISK

What are you implying?

CRAIG

Nothing, it's just that... people already have this preconceived notion of who you are. There's no sense in playing into that by pushing off the trial date. It's bad for public image, and in a situation like this, that's bad for the case.

FISK

What the public thinks is of no concern to me. I deal in facts, and the fact is what happened at that plant was an unfortunate accident.

Fisk steps closer to him.

FISK

Now I need to know we're on the same page here, you and I.

Craig hesitates.

CRAIG

Of course we are.

FISK

Good. We have nothing to worry about then.

Fisk looks back, picking up a small framed photo off Craig's desk. The photo is a portrait of Craig and his family.

FISK
Your family?

Craig appears uneasy, but nods.

FISK
They're lovely.

Fisk sets the photo back down and begins to exit, first stopping beside Craig.

FISK
You're doing this for them,
remember. They're lucky to have
you.

Fisk exits, leaving a nervous and uncertain Craig in his wake. Craig walks to his desk and picks up the photo.

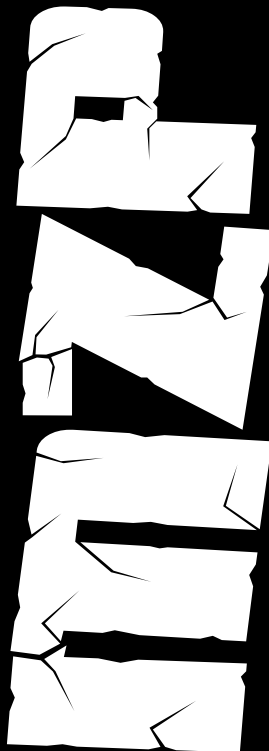
CRAIG
(low, to himself)
For them...

He stares at the photo for a long beat, then sits it down. As he walks around to take his seat, we CLOSE ON the photo of a smiling Craig, KATHERINE, and MARY JANE.

Off this image:

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END



spider-man
GIFTS & CURSES

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