



"Splat!"

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

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Splat!

FADE IN:

EXT. INDOOR PAINTBALL FACILITY - AFTERNOON

A large indoor paintball course dominates the roadside. Several cars are parked outside, while various posters advertising paintball equipment fill the windows.

EDDIE BROCK stands outside. He wears all black and has a duffle bag in his hand, which he sets down beside him.

EDDIE

Tell a woman 10:30 and she thinks
be as late as possible.

He reaches into his bag and produces a rather nice paintball gun. He checks the hose and some of the gauges. Everything seems to be in order.

A bus pulls up. Eddie looks on in anticipation as a few people get off. He frowns for a moment as the flow seems to stop, then smiles when he sees who he's looking for.

GWEN steps off the bus and looks around nervously. She sees Eddie who flashes her a cheesy smile.

GWEN

Been waiting long?

EDDIE

All my life, except on Tuesdays.

Gwen shakes her head.

GWEN

That's it?

EDDIE

Well, we are in public, but if you want...

Gwen smacks him on the arm.

EDDIE

If that's all you've got, you're in trouble.

GWEN

Well, the rent-a-dad *is* a cop. He took me to the range a couple times. Said I was a natural, so maybe *you're* the one in trouble.

As she says this a car pulls into the parking lot. Driving is CRAIG WATSON. MARY JANE and PETER are in the back.

The car comes to a stop and they step out.

EDDIE
Ready for carnage?

PETER
I wouldn't go that far. It's been a while since I've done this.

EDDIE
It's like riding a bike, dude. You try, fall, and get hurt.

GWEN
That's not like riding a bike.

EDDIE
Huh. Never was my thing.
(then)
You guys ready?

Slight reactions from the others.

EDDIE
Sweet. Time to shoot 'em all and let God sort 'em out!

GWEN
You are having way too much fun with this.

EDDIE
I know, isn't it great?

The four of them walk toward the entrance. Eddie holds open the door for Gwen and Mary Jane. As Gwen passes, Eddie gives her a quick slap on the behind. She jumps.

GWEN
What the hell?!

Eddie points at Peter with his best attempt at a serious look. Gwen stomps on his foot.

EDDIE
Ow!

Gwen smiles and continues inside, Eddie not far behind.

INT. PAINTBALL COURSE - FRONT - MOMENTS LATER

The facility is abuzz with activity. Gwen and Eddie can be seen in the distance at the gun counter.

Peter stands alone, peering out the window in silence.

MARY JANE (O.S.)
What you looking at?

PETER
Just thinking.

MARY JANE
How are you holding up?

PETER
Okay, I guess. It's tough.

MARY JANE
I know. I wish there was something
I could do to help.

Peter turns to her.

PETER
You are helping.

MARY JANE
Oh? How's that?

PETER
You're here, aren't you?

MARY JANE
Yeah, sorry. If I'd have known what
he had in mind I'd have warned you.
Apparently paintball is his idea of
distraction.

PETER
He's Eddie, I'm not sure it's safe
to know what's going on inside his
head.

Mary Jane laughs.

PETER
You know, Uncle Ben would have
liked to have seen this. I just
wish he could have...

EDDIE (O.S.)

All right, listen up pansy's!

Peter and Mary Jane turn and find Eddie standing before them, looking like a character straight out of *Waterworld*.

He carries a paintball gun in each hand, wears football pads on his shoulders, and has strips of black paint on his face.

He also wears a life jacket, spray painted black, around his neck and an aluminum-covered motorcycle helmet.

PETER

Except this. This part I would leave out.

EDDIE

This is the way it's gonna work, dudes versus dames!

MARY JANE

Eddie...

EDDIE

Be silent!

(beat)

Good. Now, you two will be defending while Pete and I attack, so you'll have an advantage on us.

Eddie tosses two (much smaller) guns to the girls.

GWEN

Oh, come on!

EDDIE

T-16. They're good guns.

Eddie tosses a gun over to Peter.

EDDIE

That's the *Count*, take care of him.

PETER

Yeah, no problem. I wish I could have found mine.

EDDIE

You have one?

PETER

Somewhere. Probably in the attic. I don't know if it still works.

Eddie nods. He looks over at the girls. He turns a knob and there's a hiss as the pressure is released into the gun.

EDDIE

We're going to destroy them.

INT. PAINTBALL COURSE

Game on. "**On A Wave**" by **Ash** plays as the two teams go their separate ways, ducking and dodging behind various obstacles.

Paintballs whizz by in both directions.

Peter and Eddie quickly duck behind a wall, bursts of paint *splat* all around them, forcing them to take cover.

EDDIE

Gwen wasn't lying.

PETER

Actually, I think that's MJ.

Eddie sticks his head out, paint balls whizzing past.

EDDIE

Yep. Damn.

INT. PAINTBALL COURSE - BEHIND OTHER WALL

Mary Jane and Gwen are doing pretty well on their own, holding down the fort, so to speak.

GWEN

Think you can hold them down?

MARY JANE

Oh yeah. They're not going anywhere.

A few shots are returned, forcing Mary Jane to duck for cover. She stands and fires back their way.

GWEN

I'm gonna see if I can sneak around.

BACK ON PETER AND EDDIE.

Peter is peering around the side of the wall.

PETER

It's just her. Where's Gwen?

EDDIE

She's distracting us. Probably
sneaking around somewhere.

Eddie peers around, noticing Gwen sneaking by.

EDDIE

Sneaky little chipmunk.

PETER

She can't hit both of us.

EDDIE

I'll go after Gwen, you see if you
can sneak around.

PETER

What if one of us is hit?

EDDIE

Make a sound like a dying giraffe.

PETER

What?

Eddie doesn't stop to explain. He breaks from his cover and begins maneuvering forward. Peter waits, then breaks himself.

INT. THE COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Eddie sees Gwen duck behind a wall.

Peter leaps over a wall just as several balls of paint splatter against the wood. He takes a deep breath, then rolls out and returns fire.

Eddie ducks into a small alcove.

Gwen pops up from above and puts three balls straight into Eddie's helmet. He collapses.

EDDIE

Damnit!

He falls onto his back and starts making an atrocious noise.

GWEN

What the hell are you doing?

MARY JANE (O.S.)

Gwen!

Gwen turns around just in time to see Peter behind her.

He pulls the trigger.

The next thing she knows, she's covered in yellow paint.

GWEN

Great.

EDDIE

Score!

Suddenly, Peter's SENSE kicks in. He quickly ducks out of the way as four paintballs splatter onto a nearby wall.

He leaps behind another wall.

He peeks around the corner, spotting Mary Jane running around another nearby obstacle. He stands and gives chase.

He reaches the spot and finds Mary Jane kneeling down, peering around the side of the wall.

Peter takes aim and pulls the trigger.

Nothing happens.

Mary Jane quickly turns. She fires, hitting Peter directly in the chest.

MARY JANE

We win!

Peter looks down at the gun and realizes there's a slow leak in the hose. Eddie walks over to him and looks at the gun.

EDDIE

Dude!

Peter shrugs.

PETER

Your gun.

Eddie flips up his visor.

EDDIE

My bad. Didn't mean to give you a gun that was gonna go all Hendrix.

Peter looks at the gun for a moment. He pulls the trigger and a slight pop is heard. He looks over it, examining the hose and the tanks curiously.

EDDIE

Sorry ladies, party's over. Ain't gotta go home, but you can't stay here!

Peter smiles as he looks at the gun. He pulls up his sleeve and measures with his fingers the length of the hose. He smiles again and pulls his sleeve down.

GWEN

Maybe it's a good thing, I'm starved.

EDDIE

I could go for a burger.

GWEN

What part of vegetarian don't you understand?

EDDIE

Moo!

Gwen rolls her eyes.

GWEN

Gross.

EDDIE

You game, Pete?

Peter looks up from the gun.

PETER

Yeah. Sounds good.

EDDIE

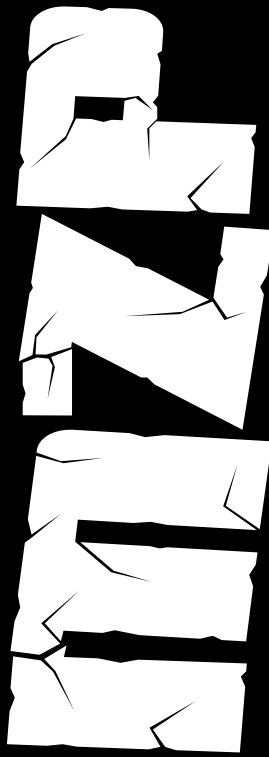
Sweet. Food it is.

They begin to walk away, all except Peter, who is still fixated on the gun, continuing to size it up.

Off his curious gaze:

FADE OUT.

THE END



spider-man
GIFTS & CURSES

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