

HARRY POTTER AND THE HALF-GOOD SCRIPT:  
a first draft

by

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## SCENE 1

INT, AIRPORT. A handsome MAN is walking through a bustling airport at a leisurely pace. He walks past a seated man whose face is off-screen, who has very scarred hands with many rings. The handsome man recoils at this man's face. Suddenly a SECURITY GUARD stops him.

GUARD: Excuse me sir? So sorry to bother you. It's nothing serious, but I'm afraid there's been a problem with your passport.

MAN 1: Oh no. Really?

GUARD: I'm afraid so, sir. We'll just need to confirm a few things but then we should be able to get you on your way. If you'd just like to step this way, sir.

MAN: This won't take long? My flight...

GUARD: Oh, no sir, it shouldn't take long at all. If you'd follow me, sir.

The guard leads the man round a corner. The scarred man cracks his knuckles, stands up, and calmly follows them.

Cut to the SCARRED MAN, his arm thrown around a glamorous blonde WOMAN, both with big black over-the-shoulder bags, shown from behind approaching the boarding gate. The MAN hands his passport to the staff member, who looks at it uneasily, and then back to his face. It is the passport of the handsome man. The name reads 'Daniel Desario'.

SCARRED MAN: Before... the accident.

WOMAN: It's rude to stare!

The staff member quickly smiles and hands it back to them.

## SCENE 2

EXT, AIRPLANE CABIN. A plane, mid-flight. The glamorous blonde is sat by the window, holding up a mirror and carefully fixing her makeup. The scarred man exits the toilet, zips up his fly, and comes to sit next to her. We see his face; he is very handsome, and looks very similar to the handsome man, except for

his moustache and the fact that his face is totally covered in claw marks and scars. He is KRAVEN THE HUNTER. His partner is THE CHAMELEON.

CHAMELEON: Good piss, Mr Desario?

KRAVEN: Who? I've missed first class restrooms.

CHAMELEON: I know. They've actually got male *and* female pissers on this thing. I'm spoilt for choice!

KRAVEN: So. Should we go over the rules one more time?

CHAMELEON: Why?

KRAVEN: Just for the sake of transparency...

CHAMELEON: I remember them fine.

KRAVEN: You always say that and then there's always some stupid loophole, or fine print or something. I want no funny business this time.

CHAMELEON: I'm sure I have no idea what you're talking about.

KRAVEN: First rule?

CHAMELEON: And need I remind you of *your* little accident in Piter? If you want to talk about following the rules.

KRAVEN: ...that was completely different.

CHAMELEON: Uh-huh.

KRAVEN: Are you *seriously* trying to --

CHAMELEON: I'm joking. Don't get your panties in a bunch.

KRAVEN: Very *amusing*. Look who's talking, anyway.

CHAMELEON: You know I'm not even wearing any? Any panties.

KRAVEN: Shut up. Come on, first rule.

CHAMELEON: Alright. 'Thou shalt not under any circumstances implicate Mother -'

KRAVEN: Okay, right there.

CHAMELEON: What now?

KRAVEN: Would it kill you to be a little discreet? *I* would kill you to be a little discreet...

CHAMELEON: I can't believe you just asked me that.

KRAVEN: Trust me, privacy means nothing to these people.

CHAMELEON: Well, what then? French? *Ca fait longtemps.*

KRAVEN: Too easy. How's your Swahili?

CHAMELEON: Ah, [in Swahili] <sometimes the spider bites.>

KRAVEN: [in Swahili] <Good. So, first rule?>

CHAMELEON: [in Swahili] <Have you seen my hippo anywhere?>

KRAVEN: <No implicating the Motherland. Nothing can trace back to her.>

CHAMELEON: <I thought I saw it defecating by the watering hole earlier.>

KRAVEN: <Second rule.>

CHAMELEON: <No glove, no love?>

KRAVEN: <Are you looking to break another face? And one so pretty...>

CHAMELEON: <Alright, alright. Second rule, no sabotaging your brother. We do it fair and square.>

KRAVEN: <Naturally. Third rule.>

CHAMELEON: <No interference of any kind in the other's game... even to save his life.>

KRAVEN: <*Especially. Especially* then. Fourth rule?>

CHAMELEON: <Umm...No women allowed...>

KRAVEN: <Four in a row, very strong. And the last one?>

CHAMELEON: <Absolutely no harming of innocent civilians.>

PAUSE.

KRAVEN and CHAMELEON burst out laughing.

Wide shot of the plane approaching NYC.

KRAVEN (v/o): [in English] You... you had me going there for a second. Hahaha. That was good. Ha.

### SCENE 3

INT, BEDROOM. TITLE CARD: SEVERAL YEARS AGO. A young boy on his bedroom floor tinkers with a remote control toy plane. We see the room; it is full of models and action figures, all taken apart and reassembled in creative ways. The voice of AUNT MAY calls from downstairs.

MAY (v/o): Peter! Lunchtime!

PETER PARKER does not respond. He is staring at the plane solemnly.

MAY (v/o): Ben, would you go upstairs and see what he's up to now?

The sound of someone ascending a staircase. Then BEN PARKER, a kind-faced middle-aged man, knocks gently before opening PETER'S bedroom door.

BEN: Hey. You. Going deaf in your advanced age?

PETER says nothing. BEN sighs and goes over to sit down next to him.

BEN: What do we got here. A plane? You know I'm no engineer but I think they work better with the wings on.

PETER: I'm making some adjustments. [pause] This one won't crash.

PETER begins to tear up.

BEN: Hey. Hey now. That's okay. You just let it out, mister.

PETER: I'm a baby.

BEN: Are not.

PETER: I just... want them back...

BEN: I know you do. So do I. Hey. Did I ever tell you the story of how your mommy and daddy met?

PETER: ...Nuh-uh.

BEN: Well, it must have been all the way back in '79. Your aunt and I had graduated by then, and were moved in together, much as you'll find us today. But your daddy, he was still a young buck. Boy, what a looker he was back then. He coulda had his pick of any of the ladies at the college. But of course he never had eyes for any of 'em. Always with his head in a book. Until, one day, he was sent on a very important mission, to deliver a very important message to his associate professor. Now, the information entrusted to your daddy at that moment was *vital* to the success of a very *dangerous* chemistry experiment that the professor was performing at that very moment. If he didn't deliver the message there in time, the experiment woulda been a catastrophic failure; the whole university coulda gone up in a puff of smoke! So, there was your daddy, racing to deliver the message, y'know, down the vast hallways of MIT, just racing with that one, singular purpose. *Nothing* was going to stop him. And then, all of a sudden, there was this remarkably beautiful, this positively *angelic* woman just scurrying down the hall towards him, big tall stack of books in her hands, probably not even noticing him with all the books she was carrying, and with how fast he was racing by. And your daddy was *awestruck*. I mean we're talking love at first sight, simple as that, no two ways about it. But he had somewhere to be! And if he didn't get there soon, they'd all be toast! So what did your daddy do? He turned to the woman - and if you hadn't guessed by now, that woman was your mommy - he turned to the woman and he stopped her right in her tracks, and he told her "Lady, I'm torn. Elohim has given me a choice today. If I was to kiss you right now, this whole building could go up in flames and collapse down right on top of us, but at least we'd die in each other's arms. On the other hand, if I leave you to go deliver this message, I could save us all, but... I might never see you again." And so the lady looked at him like he was crazy, and she said "Well, what the heck are you waiting for? Quick, quick, before we're both dead! And your daddy looked back at her, and he just smiled, and he said 'Alright! Alright! I'm going as fast as I can!' and then he

pulled her in real close, and he kissed her so hard that they never, ever, ever forgot about each other, not ever. Y'see Peter, right then and there they decided what was most important to them. Even if the whole world was coming to an end, they knew they'd be alright, so long as they had each other. And a few years later, they got married. And a few years later, they had you. And you became part of a family. And you made them the happiest people I ever saw in this world.

PETER: [smiling] That's not a real story.

BEN: It's real in all the ways that count, smart guy. Now: are you telling me they went through all that just so that their little boy could starve to death before he even had his 7th birthday?

PETER: Nope.

BEN: Well then what the heck are ya waiting for? Your lunch is downstairs.

PETER: Okay.

BEN and PETER stand up.

BEN: And Peter? Don't you ever forget that they loved you. Just like we love you. So much.

They hug. BEN's fingers run through PETER's hair.

BEN: Just like MJ loves you.

PETER: I know.

BEN: And that's why they're dead!

PETER: What?

BEN: And that's why I'm dead.

BEN'S hand begins to turn skeletal.

BEN: And that's why *she'll* die.

The skeleton crumbles around PETER, who screams.

#### SCENE 4

INT, BEDROOM. TITLE CARD: NYC. 4AM. PRESENT DAY. A dark bedroom.  
In bed, PETER PARKER, 23, snaps open his eyes, screaming.

PETER: MARY JANE!

MARY JANE WATSON instantly sits up next to him. PETER is shaking. Someone in the adjacent room bangs on the wall.

MJ: M'up. M'up. Hey. Hey... tiger... whasamatter?

PETER: Oh... oh man... Nightmare.

MJ: Uh-oh. Bad?

PETER: Uh... yeah.

MJ: Aww. Don't worry. C'mon.

PETER: I'm sorry. That's like the third night in a row..

MJ: Don't be sorry. C'mon.

MJ embraces PETER and they lie back down together.

MJ: So... did I feature in this one too?

PETER: Uh... yeah.

MJ: Oh, Petey...

PETER: Why can't they ever be the sexy kind anymore?

MJ: An utter tragedy.

PETER: I'd even take one of those naked-in-public ones... at least  
that's kind of...in the ballpark..

PAUSE.

MJ: I'm not going anywhere, okay?

## SCENE 5

INT, BEDROOM. Morning. An alarm buzz. PETER wakes up. MJ is gone. A note in her place reads "Audition 9am!! Didn't want to wake you! XXX mj".



PETER rolls over exhaustedly. He shuffles over to the wardrobe. We see PETER'S bedroom is tiny and very messy. There are books and boxes everywhere, and various gadgets and equipment, including a pair of binoculars. The walls are covered in post-it-notes. In his backpack, the Spider-Man costume pokes out next to several books and a toothbrush. PETER grabs the toothbrush and heads to the bathroom.

## SCENE 6

EXT, AIRPORT. JFK Airport, NYC. KRAVEN and CHAMELEON, still posing as the blonde woman, exit the airport and take in the busy city, looking bored. KRAVEN casually tosses the passport behind him. The two turn to each other.

CHAMELEON: May the best man win.

KRAVEN: I plan to. Your eyelash is coming off.

CHAMELEON: [adjusting eyelash] If you really thought so little of your opponent, then you wouldn't be competing.

KRAVEN: You are not my opponent. I just never pass up a chance to humiliate you.

They shake hands.

CHAMELEON: *udachi*, brother.

KRAVEN: *da svidanya*, brother.

They walk off in opposite directions.

CHAMELEON: Taxi. Taxi! [deep voice] TAXI!!!

A cab pulls up and CHAMELEON enters. The DRIVER is an older man. The radio plays 'Girls Just Want to Have Fun'.

CHAMELEON: Queens Village, please.

DRIVER: Sure thing. Seeing off your boyfriend, missy?

CHAMELEON: My brother, actually.

DRIVER: Ah right. You gonna miss him?

CHAMELEON: Not really. He's the worst man I've ever known. Can I be honest with you for a second?

DRIVER: Uh. Sure.

CHAMELEON: These days I don't really know what I'm going to do before I do it. But I think I do just want to have fun. Hey, this is a really nice car.

EXT, ROAD. The car heads towards Queens.

### SCENE 7

INT, KITCHEN. PETER PARKER grimly sips a cup of coffee in his tiny kitchen. A mouse scurries past his foot and he regards it passively. PETER'S roommate, a punky-looking girl named HAYLEY, walks in and starts making cereal.

HAYLEY: Urgh. Disgusting. We should so put traps down already. You totally woke me up last night, by the way.

Another roommate, JUSTIN enters.

JUSTIN: What do you got against 'em? They're cute.

HAYLEY: They're disgusting. They spread disease. They eat our food.

JUSTIN: We do all those things. They got a right to live, just like we do.

HAYLEY: You deserve each other. We should so buy some traps.

JUSTIN: It's cruel, man. You really want that little dead mouse blood on your hands, on your flip flops?

HAYLEY: Don't you think we should get some traps, Peter?

PETER: [not paying attention] Umm... you can get those humane traps...

HAYLEY: See? Peter agrees.

JUSTIN: Yeah, cus he doesn't wanna get his head ripped off.

HAYLEY: Oh my God! Why do you have to be such an asshole?

JUSTIN: You're the one who wants to exterminate a race of tiny, peaceful little animals who never hurt nobody!

PETER stands to rinse out his coffee cup. There is a mountain of dirty dishes, bottles, takeout boxes etc piled next to the sink.

HAYLEY: You just want everybody to lives their lives being as gross and filthy as you so you can justify -

PETER: Uhh, hey guys? Do you think you guys could try to do some of these dirty dishes at some point in the next... lifetime?

JUSTIN: [peers over] Mmm, don't actually think any of that is mine, big guy. Those takeout boxes are totally hers.

HAYLEY: Are you seriously kidding me right now?

JUSTIN: They're from like two months ago, you had that stupid party till like five in the morning and -

HAYLEY: [yelling over him] I have literally never heard anything so hypocritical in my entire life -

PETER zones out, places his mug delicately onto the pile and shuffles out of the kitchen. He checks his watch and then immediately panics. He is late for class.

### SCENE 8

EXT, STREET. Busy NYC street, rush hour. PETER is running through the crowds, checking his watch.

PETER: Dammit dammit dammit -

Sirens. A police car zooms past. PETER looks over. There are screams up ahead. He stops in his tracks. Checks his watch. Rolls his eyes painedly. PETER runs into a nearby alley.

SPIDER-MAN leaps out of the alley, still wearing his backpack. He webs over the crowd to the other end of the street and sticks to a high wall, watching the scene below.

### SCENE 9

EXT, STREET. A traffic jam. The police car pulls up and two COPS get out, running over to join a third already at the scene.

A crowd of people surround VERMIN, a grotesque, 7-foot-tall rat-man hybrid who has apparently emerged from a manhole. A woman is splayed on the floor in front of him, clutching a bleeding arm. VERMIN takes in the chaos around him with beady eyes, screeching and hissing at the crowd.

SPIDEY: Of course. Why not.

SPIDEY leaps down to the centre of the crowd.

SPIDEY: Okay, pest control has arrived, people! Come on, back up, nothing to see here, I know how excited you guys get around us celebrities but Steve Buscemi is a *person* like anybody else and I will not have you *hounding* him!

COP 1: Spider-Man! This ...*thing* with you?

SPIDEY: Sure, he's my new sidekick, Rat Boy. He has all the proportional strength of a rat. I've never seen this guy before in my life, man.

People in the crowd are taking pictures. The flashing lights clearly aggravate VERMIN. SPIDEY attempts to get close to the injured woman, addressing VERMIN.

SPIDEY: Hello. I don't know if you're dangerous, but I mean you no harm. I just want to take the nice lady to a doctor. That's it... nice rat boy...

A guy in the crowd throws a bottle at VERMIN and it shatters on his head. VERMIN screams and swipes at a bystander, missing by inches.

SPIDEY: Oh come one, who threw that?!

COP 1: Draw weapons!

SPIDEY: Hey, what is it with you guys and drawing weapons?

SPIDEY continues to approach VERMIN, who watches him intensely. SPIDEY carefully picks up the injured woman and begins leading her away.

SPIDEY: I don't think this guy wants to hurt anybody... do you, pal? He's just a little freaked out... probably more scared of us than we are of --

Another bottle is thrown and some people snigger. More flash photography. VERMIN screeches and slashes out at SPIDEY and another bystander, who falls to the floor yelping and bleeding.

COP 1: OPEN FIRE!

SPIDEY: NO!

The COPS shoot at VERMIN, with at least one bullet grazing him.

SPIDEY webs the officers' guns and yanks them away. VERMIN turns and snarls at him, and SPIDEY protects the crowd with his body.

VERMIN leaps back into the manhole. SPIDEY looks at the flustered COPS.

SPIDEY: Nicely done!

COP 1: You stay right there! Yer under arrest, ya freak!

SPIDEY eyes the two bleeding civilians. He carefully picks them both up and slings them over his shoulders.

SPIDEY: Hey, you guys okay? I'll get you to the hospital. [to the COPS] Sorry I took your guns. How are you gonna recklessly endanger the public now? What was I *thinking*?

SPIDEY leaps up into the air and swings across the city.

## SCENE 10

EXT, HOSPITAL. Hospital exterior. SPIDEY is helping two PARAMEDICS lower the people into gurneys.

PARAMEDIC 1: Thank you.

SPIDEY: Don't mention it. Hey, I might need you guys one of these days!

PARAMEDIC 2: I'll believe that when I see it!

The PARAMEDICS smile and wheel off the injured people. SPIDEY stands satisfied for a moment then panics and immediately checks his watch. He sighs.

SPIDEY: Well, I can still make the last - YOWZA!!!

His SPIDER-SENSE goes off and he instinctively leaps out of the way just as a bullet soars past his head and explodes a small piece of the wall behind him. He ducks out of sight.

SPIDEY: Oh my good gravy. Police? I didn't even hear a shot. Must have been a sniper... Where did it even come from??

SPIDEY stays panting for a moment, then runs off in the opposite direction talking to himself.

SPIDEY: But mommy, I don't understand, were the mystery sniper and the rat man in cahoots, that's what I wanna know...

### SCENE 11

EXT, ROOFTOP. Several blocks from the hospital. A sniper rifle is set up, nestled within a pigeon coop. KRAVEN sits there, calmly writing something down. He then produces from his bag a small pot containing a clear substance. He dabs a cloth into the pot and begins lightly coating the gun with it.

### SCENE 12

EXT, CAMPUS. A secluded section of Empire State University campus. An unknown entrance SPIDEY often utilises. SPIDEY swings into view and lands on the grass. He frantically removes his mask, gloves, and boots and swaps them for his street clothes out of his backpack. He is checking his watch throughout.

When he's done, PETER runs into the nearby building through a door.

Zoom out slowly from this to a car; the cab from earlier, where CHAMELEON, now in the guise of the DRIVER, sits shocked, holding a notebook and a pen.

CHAMELEON: Huh. Lucky guess!

CHAMELEON crosses off every other local university named on the list, and circles 'ESU' written at the top. He then takes out a document listing all the class timetables.

CHAMELEON: This is going to be so much easier than I'd wanted, isn't it? Yes.

### SCENE 13

INT, CAMPUS. A nondescript young man carrying a satchel struts through the busy hallways of ESU. He is the CHAMELEON. He looks at his notepad and enters a lecture theatre with an electronic sign outside saying CHEM 203.

MONTAGE: a variety of science classes in which the CHAMELEON attends, looking progressively more and more bored. He sits, unamused, and looks at his notes: CAUCASIAN. MALE. 5"11. WITHDRAWN. DISTRACTED. ARRIVES LATE. LEAVES EARLY. BLUE SHIRT. BLACK AND RED BACKPACK. CHAMELEON doodles and shoots spitballs. He carves a cartoon chameleon into a desk. He blows bubbles of gum.

CHAMELEON is eventually too frustrated and gets up to leave the lesson early, only to suddenly bump into PETER PARKER, who is doing exactly the same thing. PETER wears a blue shirt and a black and red backpack.

PETER: Oh, sorry man! I have to uh, go to the bathroom. Sorry.

Everyone in the theatre is staring at them.

PETER: Sorry to interrupt, everybody! [to himself] Crap..

PETER hurries off. CHAMELEON stands there, smiling. He holds PETER'S phone, expertly pickpocketed, in his hand.

#### SCENE 14

INT, CAMPUS. The CHAMELEON exits the lecture theatre as PETER runs through the empty hallway. CHAMELEON places a tiny SIMcard-like device into the side of PETER'S phone and clicks it in place.

CHAMELEON: [calling out] Hey! Hey, man, you dropped your phone.

PETER: Oh. [running over] Oh, man, you saved my life! Thank you. I really appreciate it.

CHAMELEON: No problem. [he stares for too long]. Hey, what's your name again?

PETER: Peter... have we met?

CHAMELEON: Yeah, yeah, that's it, Peter..

PETER: Peter Parker?

CHAMELEON: Peter Parker, sure, that's it. We met at that party  
last semester.

PETER: Oh? I don't... think I went to any parties last semester.

CHAMELEON: Sure you did. I never forget a face. Peter Parker.

CHAMELEON smiles, hands back the phone, and wanders off. PETER  
dismisses it and runs off again.

### SCENE 15

EXT, APARTMENT. Evening. A grey building of about 8 storeys.  
PETER is walking home. He unlocks the main door and ascends the  
long staircase up to the front door of his apartment, which he  
also unlocks. Throughout this he is talking on the phone to MARY  
JANE.

MJ (v/o): ...so exciting for me. I mean I guess I just have to  
wait and see what happens but you know how bad I am at that!  
Oohh, I just want it so *bad*, Petey.

PETER: You'll get it! Who else are they gonna go with better  
than you, huh?

MJ (v/o): I dunno. Somebody talented?

PETER: Welp, can't argue with that.

MJ (v/o): And I want us to watch the movie. Even if I don't get  
it we have to watch the movie. Oh my gosh, the movie is so  
funny. You'll love it. The special effects are amazing. It's got  
that guy outta Ghostbusters, you know the guy who plays the  
nerdy guy who gets possessed by the spirit of the evil dog?

PETER: I know he of whom you speak.

INT, CAR. CHAMELEON, in the guise of a middle-aged man, sits in  
his car nearby. He has headphones on, wired up to his very  
tricked-out phone, through which he is listening to the whole  
conversation.

MJ (v/o): You liked that guy, didn't you Petey?

CHAMELEON: [whispering to self] 'Petey'.



PETER (v/o): Mmm. He had a certain charm.

MJ (v/o): He sorta reminds me of you a little. Especially in high school, with the glasses and all...

PETER (v/o): Well, like I said, a certain charm...

CHAMELEON: High school. Petey...

INT, APARTMENT. PETER walks in and tosses his keys in a bowl, stepping over pizza boxes and other people's shoes as he does so. He enters the kitchen, where the pile of dirty dishes remains untouched, and sighs.

MJ (v/o): Urgh, I am just so excited. How am I supposed to sleep! Obviously you will have to come here and see to me.

PETER: I'd love to. When do you find out about this one, anyway?

MJ (v/o): That's the worst part, it could be anytime from tomorrow morning to a whole week from now! It all depends on when everybody else gets cast. But I really think I'm in with a shot, I think it was like, maybe not my best audition ever but easily top five. Top three, I'll say it!

PETER: You'll get it!

MJ (v/o): I love it when you support me. It makes me feel so... supported. You're like an emotional sport bra.

PETER: I love it when you talk dirty.

INT, BEDROOM. PETER, in bed, still on the phone.

MJ (v/o): And no more nightmares tonight, all right?

PETER: I'd like to hope so.

MJ (v/o): I have spoken. You're not thinking of going out tonight, are you?

PETER: Uhh...

PETER eyes the SPIDEY mask in his hand.

PETER: ...no...

MJ (v/o): Well that was obviously a yes. Tiger, you need your sleep!

PETER: Maybe it's just excess energy. If I just thwip around the block a couple times now I just know I'll be out like a light by 5, up by 8, that's a whole... wow, three hours? I thought that'd be more when I started saying that...

MJ (v/o): Your math is getting bad! You! If that doesn't tell you you need a break, I don't know what will.

PETER: The job doesn't allow for breaks, MJ.

MJ (v/o): Yes, I know, power, responsibility, yadda yadda yadda. But you know all those car commercials where they show the guy falling asleep at the wheel and then he crashes the car and dies? And he like, kills some innocent people who *had* made sure they got their forty winks? That's like you, except you're a freaking superhero who could probably crush a car with his bare hands *while* sleeping. It's actually irresponsible for you to be as tired as you are.

PETER: That is actually a pretty good point.

MJ (v/o): I'm serious, Peter. You know how worried I get.

PETER: Yeah, you're right. I know.

MJ (v/o): So, you stay in bed tonight, okay? For me.

PETER: Okay. I promise.

MJ (v/o): Alright. I love you. I'll see you tomorrow at 12.30 for lunch, alright? Don't forget.

PETER: I won't.

MJ (v/o): I'll call you and remind you in case you forget.

PETER: Love you. G'nite.

MJ (v/o): Sweet dreams, tiger. G'nite.

PETER hangs up.

PETER: [to himself] Dating my aunt...

PETER stares at the SPIDEY mask.

## SCENE 16

INT, BEDROOM. Night. PETER wakes up sweating and afraid again. He is panting, and holds his head in his hands. He turns on the light and sits for a moment. A mouse suddenly scurries across his bedsheets and he recoils, knocking over a lamp which shatters, throwing him into darkness again. Someone in the adjacent room bangs on the wall.

PETER looks at the SPIDEY mask on the floor.

PETER: Nuts to this. Just a couple hours. I'll make it up to you, MJ...

EXT, APARTMENT. PETER'S window slowly opens. SPIDER-MAN crawls out, and swings off into the night. From his car, CHAMELEON watches. After a minute he gets out.

EXT, STREET. SPIDEY swings around, looking for action.

SPIDEY: [to himself] Quiet out tonight...

EXT, APARTMENT. CHAMELEON stands at the main entrance to the building, and produces a tool from his belt. He uses the tool to pop out the lock on the door, and enters the building .

EXT, STREET. Near where VERMIN appeared earlier. SPIDEY thinks he sees something scurrying in the shadows.

SPIDEY: [to himself] Rat boy?

SPIDEY jumps down, but sees nothing. There is a clatter behind him and he spins around. A manhole cover sits upturned on the street. SPIDEY approaches it and considers.

SPIDEY: Any other night I'd follow you into the sewers, rat boy. You know I would. But I've kind of got a self-imposed curfew.

SPIDEY puts the manhole cover back in place.

SPIDEY: I'll find out what your deal is eventually, I promise. Which reminds me...

SPIDEY swings away.

INT, APARTMENT. CHAMELEON casually ascends the stairs of the building. He checks his phone, which shows he is tracking SPIDEY'S whereabouts.

EXT, HOSPITAL. SPIDEY lands in the same place he dropped off the injured people earlier. He looks around cautiously, and then approaches the bullet hole in the wall. He investigates it and visually traces its flight path. SPIDEY looks through the skyline and notices the rooftop with the pigeon coop on the horizon. He zips over.

INT, APARTMENT. CHAMELEON uses the same tool on PETER'S front door and it opens silently. CHAMELEON stands briefly in the doorway before walking inside. He checks his phone again, showing that SPIDEY is still far away.

EXT, ROOFTOP. SPIDEY observes the scene. Pigeons flutter around noisily. The sniper rifle sits in the same position, a camping chair next to it, with litter from food and drink scattered around.

SPIDEY: Ttt-ttt-ttt. Sloppy sloppy.

SPIDEY webs the rifle over to him and effortlessly breaks it in half, then puts it in his backpack. He pettily kicks over the chair too. SPIDEY is about to leave but then pauses and picks up all the litter too.

SPIDEY: It's a dirty job, folks... but somebody's gotta do it.

SPIDEY leaps off the edge of the rooftop.

We zoom out to an adjacent rooftop to see that KRAVEN watches from the shadows. He takes a small run-up, then leaps over to the main rooftop. KRAVEN looks down at SPIDEY swinging away into the night. KRAVEN goes into his bag and produces a pair of high-tech-looking goggles. We see through the goggles that the rooftop is now covered with glowing fingerprints, which lead all the way to the street below, in the direction that SPIDEY went.

KRAVEN discards from his bag the empty pot of paint we saw earlier, which glows similarly. KRAVEN begins to follow SPIDEY.

## SCENE 17

INT, APARTMENT. CHAMELEON walks through the kitchen, not noticing a mouse scurry past him. He regards the dirty dishes, and makes his way through the rooms. He pauses at the bedroom

doors, and then correctly picks PETER'S. CHAMELEON enters the room.

It is a mess. CHAMELEON produces a small listening device from his belt and inserts it behind the wardrobe. He goes into the wardrobe and looks around. A spare Spider-Man costume hangs up, hidden inside a large coat. CHAMELEON takes out a few items of clothing and puts them in his bag. He regards a photograph of MARY JANE next to PETER'S bed.

EXT, STREET. SPIDEY swings through the city, heading back to his apartment.

INT, KITCHEN. CHAMELEON is sat on the floor, rifling through his bag, in the process of constructing a small device. The cupboard under the sink is open behind him.

Suddenly CHAMELEON'S phone starts buzzing loudly. Alarmed, he checks it and sees that SPIDEY is fast approaching his location.

EXT, APARTMENT. SPIDEY lands on the wall outside his bedroom window and eases it open.

INT, KITCHEN. CHAMELEON scrambles to his feet and almost drops what he was working on.

INT, BEDROOM. SPIDEY lands softly on his bedroom floor and closes his window. He removes his mask and looks towards the door as his spider-sense goes off.

PETER: Huh?

INT, KITCHEN. CHAMELEON rushes to place everything back in his bag back delicately. Suddenly a mouse jumps out of his bag. CHAMELEON recoils and stumbles backwards into the pile of dirty dishes, causing a devastatingly loud crash.

INT, BEDROOM. PETER, still in costume, quickly puts on his dressing gown and presses his ear against the bedroom door. PETER then opens the door slowly.

PETER: Hello?

INT, KITCHEN. CHAMELEON hears PETER and spins around. He needs to get the hell out of there. CHAMELEON quickly goes to close the cupboard under the sink, then gets an idea. He produces the tool from his belt.

INT, HALLWAY. PETER approaches the kitchen in the dark apartment hallway. His spider-sense is going off like crazy.

PETER: Who's there??

We see that CHAMELEON stands in the shadows, almost completely camouflaged, near the front door.

PETER cautiously approaches the kitchen entrance.

INT, KITCHEN. PETER flicks the light on and jumps in as if to grab the intruder. The room is empty but several mice run out over his feet as the lights come on. There are broken dishes everywhere and a pool of water rapidly spreads from the cupboard under the sink.

PETER: Oh, jeez!

PETER hurries over to the sink, feet splashing in the water, and opens the cupboard. The main pipe to the sink has a large hole in it that is gushing water. PETER angrily webs it.

INT, HALLWAY. CHAMELEON silently slips out the front door.

INT, KITCHEN. PETER squats grumpily on the kitchen floor.

HAYLEY (v/o): Some of us are *trying* to sleep!!

EXT, APARTMENT. CHAMELEON hurries out the main door and gets in his car to drive away. We see from a nearby rooftop that KRAVEN watches him through his goggles. We see the glowing fingerprints go all the way up to PETER'S window. KRAVEN removes his goggles and smiles.

KRAVEN: [in Russian, to himself] <Little too close for you, eh brother?>

INT, CAR. CHAMELEON giggles uncontrollably as he speeds away.

## SCENE 18

INT, KITCHEN. Daylight. PETER is face down on the floor. Water trickles onto his face and he instinctively webs the leaking pipe again. PETER checks his phone groggily. It is past 7am. A text from MJ: 'helloooooooooooooo :D'. PETER painfully gets to his

feet and dials his landlord. As he talks, he gets some duct tape out from under the sink and seals up the leak.

PETER: H-hello? Hi, it's Peter Parker, from apartment 15? Hey, I'm really sorry to bother you so early, but it's uh, pretty... Yeah, we, uh, had a pipe burst last night in the kitchen. There's a lotta water. It's pretty bad. Do you think you could send somebody over... soon?

LANDLORD (v/o): Of course, Mr Parker. We'll send somebody right away. That's no problem at all.

PETER: Okay, thank you.

PETER hangs up. HAYLEY stands in the kitchen entrance looking extremely disgruntled.

HAYLEY: What the *shit* happened in here?!

PETER: I think a pipe burst. I wouldn't go over there.

HAYLEY: Well did you call somebody?!

PETER: Yeah, Mr Ditkovich said he'd send somebody as soon as.

HAYLEY: So in other words a week, minimum.

PETER: Yeah.

HAYLEY: Did you *sleep* in here?

PETER: I only managed a couple hours...

PETER checks the time.

PETER: I probably oughta shower and stuff.

INT, HALLWAY. HAYLEY storms off. PETER goes to the bathroom just as JUSTIN walks in holding his towel.

JUSTIN: Sup, dude.

## SCENE 19

EXT, APARTMENT. MARY JANE walks hurriedly down the street towards the main door, singing excitedly to herself.

MJ: *'...then she lit a fuse and, give her room, stand aside and watch that mutha blooow.. explosion, bang! kerboom! Don't it go to show ya never know...'*

MJ almost bumps into a repairman stepping out of his truck.

MJ: Oh, sorry!

REPAIRMAN: Don't mention it, dollface.

MJ rings PETER'S buzzer. PETER'S voice answers.

PETER (v/o): Hello?

MJ: Guess whooo!!!

The door clicks open. MJ enters and ascends the stairs.

INT, HALLWAY. PETER opens his front door to MJ standing there triumphantly, yet out of breath.

MJ: Getting.. easier every time...

PETER: I gotta say you're the hottest repair guy they've sent yet.

MJ: Huh?

PETER: Our sink sprung a leak last night. I thought you might be the repair guy.

MJ: That quick? Keep dreaming, tiger. I'm sayin' you'll be waiting a week at least.

PETER: Yeah.

MJ walks in and frowns.

MJ: Ooh yeah, it does smell pipey in here. Course that could just be Justin...

PETER: So to what do I owe this dubious pleasure? It's not 12.30 for 3 hours.

MJ: Ooh, I know we weren't meant to meet till later, but after I found out I just couldn't wait. You know my audition?



PETER: Yeah?

MJ: [pauses for effect] I got the part!!! And rehearsals start tomorrow!!!

PETER: *Alright*, MJ!!! I'm so proud of you!

PETER and MJ embrace.

MJ: Gah, how does it feel to be dating the next Elaine Stritch?

PETER: Uhh.. hard to say!

MJ: I'm so happy, Petey. I just couldn't believe it when I got the call. They said I was so much their favourite that they didn't even *need* to audition anybody else!

PETER: That is so cool.

MJ: I know. Oh gosh, and it's just so quick. They've already sent me the full script and I've got to know my part off by heart by tomorrow. Of course I've already known most of it since I was 7. Do you want some coffee?

INT, KITCHEN. MJ and PETER sit drinking coffee. No-one has cleaned up the mess.

MJ: I just feel like this could really be it, y'know? This is what everything was leading up to, all those rejections and false starts. I mean it's still only a crummy amateur production, but -

PETER: Hey, crummy amateurism is our wheelhouse.

MJ: I know. And I know I shouldn't care who sees it, or if *anyone* sees it, but I do.. I do want to be seen, y'know. I'm good, dammit!

PETER: You're amazing. And you will be amazing. [drinks and it dribbles out] Crap, this coffee is *hot* --

MJ: Thank you. What are you up to today?

PETER: Uh, I don't know. Man, I have such a headache. I was actually thinking it might be a good idea to take the weekend off...

A buzzing noise. Someone at the door. PETER goes to get it.

INT, HALLWAY. PETER opens the door to the REPAIRMAN from earlier, holding a large toolbox. He is the CHAMELEON.

CHAMELEON: Mornin'.

## SCENE 20

INT, KITCHEN. PETER and the CHAMELEON walk into the kitchen. MJ reacts.

CHAMELEON: Hello again, dollface.

MJ: Woah, that was fast!

CHAMELEON: Yeah, another job got cancelled so they sent me here instead. I shouldn't take up too much of you kids' time here, I just gotta take a looksee at what we're dealing with and then I should be outta your hair in the next half-hour.

PETER: No problem. We can finish our coffee in the bedroom.

MJ and PETER exit. CHAMELEON crouches down to below the sink and produces from his toolbox the same parts he was working on earlier. He also produces another listening device and inserts it under the sink. He puts some earphones in and begins assembling his device.

INT, BEDROOM. PETER and MJ lie on the bed together.

PETER: It's weird, y'know. My spidey-sense keeps going off at the most random times. Last night we had a couple mice and a burst pipe, and my head was going crazy.

MJ: Well, you said you had a headache already. Maybe you're just getting them confused. How much sleep did you get last night?

PETER: Uh... 2 hours or so.

MJ: You didn't... you know?

PAUSE.

PETER: I'm sorry, I just really couldn't sleep --

MJ: Peter, you can't keep doing this to yourself! To us both!  
You are taking the weekend off and that is final. No ifs, no  
buts.

PETER: Yeah. Okay. I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you.

INT, KITCHEN. CHAMELEON listens to their conversation over his  
earphones as he works. He is assembling a hefty metal device.

MJ (v/o): Well, that actually works out very nicely for me,  
because I was going to ask you to do something for me tomorrow  
anyway.

PETER (v/o): Oh?

MJ (v/o): I ask so little of you, don't I?

PETER (v/o): It's true.

MJ (v/o): Would you come with me to my first day tomorrow? And  
meet me after? It's a long walk and I'm just super excited and  
nervous and I could use the support, you know? I just haven't  
even met the director yet and I don't want to let them down on  
my first day after all this hype now...

PETER (v/o): You won't. And of course I will. Just tell me when  
and I'll pick you up from your place tomorrow and we can walk  
down together.

MJ (v/o): Oh, thank you tiger! Let me get it up right now.

CHAMELEON: [to himself} Tiger.

CHAMELEON pauses and produces his notebook. He scribbles  
SPIDEY-SENSE? and QUESTORS THEATRE 10.30AM. He finishes the  
device and affixes it to the bottom of the sink.

CHAMELEON: [to himself] There we go. A little boring but...  
We'll call you Plan B.

## SCENE 21

INT, KITCHEN. CHAMELEON talks to PETER, MJ, and HAYLEY.

HAYLEY: So how bad is it?

CHAMELEON: Well I won't lie to you honey, it's pretty bad. I don't know who set this place up but you guys have been livin' on top of a death trap. The mice have chewed up all the wiring around the back of your washer where the socket connects to the mains. That thing's full of exposed wiring; you guys got a serious rodent problem. On top of that your pipes are so old and busted it's a miracle you haven't had a leak like this till today. I gotta say, I don't know how you guys have avoided a full-blown electrical fire till now, but in my professional opinion? It's only a matter of time.

PETER: Oh.

CHAMELEON: My advice? You stay outta that kitchen as much as possible till we can get all the parts we need for you. Don't use the washer. And *definitely* don't go lookin' around under the sink. You could be in for the shock of your life.

CHAMELEON slings his bag over his shoulder and heads for the door.

PETER: Thank you.

CHAMELEON: My pleasure.

HAYLEY: Urgh.

CHAMELEON exits. HAYLEY storms off. MJ looks at PETER.

MJ: [quietly] So the leak was dangerous...

PETER: [quietly] Guess I've still got it.

MJ: [quietly] You're still taking the weekend off.

INT, KITCHEN. Under the sink, we see the CHAMELEON'S finished device: a menacing-looking bomb.

**END OF ACT 1**

**SCENE 22**

INT, BEDROOM. Night. PETER tosses and turns in bed. MJ stirs awake next to him.

MJ: Petey? Peter?

PETER sits up with a gasp.

MJ: Oh, Peter. Another nightmare?

PETER: Y-yuh-huh.

MJ: How many times do I have to tell you? I'm not going anywhere!

PETER: You're all I have, MJ. You and Spider-Man. But as long as I'm him, how can I keep you safe?

MJ: Silly Peter. There there.

MJ embraces a sobbing PETER.

MJ: So silly.

PETER: You're all I have...

MJ: You're wrong, though. There is a third option you hadn't considered.

PETER: What is it?

MJ: I'm not going anywhere...

MJ produces a gun much like KRAVEN'S rifle.

MJ: But *you are*.

MJ fires into PETER'S head.

PETER wakes up with a start. He frantically looks at his watch. 9.50am. He has overslept.

PETER: *Dammit!*

PETER throws himself off the bed and rushes to get ready.

### SCENE 23

EXT, APARTMENT. PETER gingerly pokes his head out the window and takes a look around, then retreats. Seconds later, SPIDER-MAN climbs out the window as discreetly as possible.

SPIDEY: [to himself] This reeeally can't turn into a daytime thing... but I can't be late for MJ. I promised her.

SPIDEY scrambles up the wall and then swings off. A figure watching on a nearby rooftop follows him. CHAMELEON'S car does the same.

EXT, STREET. NYC is busy at rush hour again. SPIDEY overtakes a large traffic jam and lands on a lamp post.

SPIDEY: Man, lucky I didn't take my bike.

INT, CAR. CHAMELEON comes up against the traffic and frowns. Ahead, SPIDEY swings away. CHAMELEON turns the car around and drives back the way he came.

EXT, STREET. SPIDEY swings and lands on the side of a wall.

SPIDEY: Just a couple more blocks to MJ's and then I can find somewhere to change. Then I am taking this damn weekend off already if it kills --

Sirens. Police cars zoom past only to come up against the traffic jam. SPIDEY overhears some COPS get out and start running on foot.

COP 2: Did they say a giant *rat*?

SPIDEY: [to himself] Rat boy...

SPIDEY looks over to the direction the cops are headed and then back to the direction of MJ's.

SPIDEY: So many cops this time. *One* is too many.

EXT, STREET. CHAMELEON walks briskly, guided by his phone tracking SPIDEY'S location. He looks up and finds SPIDEY in the distance perched on the wall.

EXT, STREET. An indecisive SPIDEY whips out his phone to check the time.

SPIDEY: No. I'm sorry, rat boy. You'll just have to wait. Maybe I can do both if I --

Suddenly his spidey-sense goes off; there is something above SPIDEY. Before he can move out the way, a large electrified net

suddenly ensnares him. SPIDEY screams, and is immediately hoisted up onto the building rooftop, writhing hysterically, still grasping his phone.

EXT, STREET. CHAMELEON rolls his eyes and throws up his hands.

#### SCENE 24

EXT, ROOFTOP. KRAVEN stands on the rooftop ledge. With his bare hands, he holds aloft SPIDEY, entangled in the net.

KRAVEN: You are not as quick as I expected.

SPIDEY: [convulsing] I -- haven't -- been -- getting -- much -- sleep -- lately --

SPIDEY gets a fist out of the net and swings at KRAVEN, but misses. KRAVEN hurls SPIDEY to the other side of the roof and draws a knife. SPIDEY'S phone slides across the roof.

KRAVEN: You are not as heavy either.

SPIDEY squirms on the floor trying to get his bearings as KRAVEN slowly approaches.

KRAVEN: You're probably wondering who I am. You won't be wondering for long. Soon all you will be able to think about... all you will see... all you will know... will be Kraven.

SPIDEY: [convulsing] It's -- really - hard to hear you -- over this -- buzzing -- can you say that -- again?

KRAVEN smirks, standing over SPIDEY, and presses a switch in his wrist gauntlet. The net stops being electrified and SPIDEY breathes normally again.

KRAVEN: Try anything and you're dead.

SPIDEY: If you're gonna take a shot, why don't you take it?

KRAVEN: I am an honourable man. I would simply prefer that you know the name of the one who takes your life.

SPIDEY: What, 'craven'? You know, on this side of the pond, I'm pretty sure that word means 'cowardly'.

KRAVEN: Mm. Say that again.

SPIDEY: You know, cowardly, chicken, spineless, lily-livered, yellow-bellied... Whassamatter, leave your English thesaurus on the submarine --

KRAVEN kicks him in the ribs but SPIDEY grabs his foot and twists, sending KRAVEN flying. SPIDEY rips the net apart and pounces on KRAVEN, who slashes at him with the knife. SPIDEY easily dodges and pins KRAVEN'S hands.

SPIDEY: I take it you're the degenerate who tried to shoot me outside of a *hospital* the other day? Talk about honourable! Man, you have got to be the ugliest good-looking guy I have ever met. I mean seriously, what's wrong with your *face*? Aw, don't feel like talking anymore? What is it, cat got your face? Ha!

KRAVEN: It was lions actually. And a few tigers.

SPIDEY: What, no bears? No wonder they call you 'craven' --

KRAVEN kicks at SPIDEY, which SPIDEY immediately blocks, but this frees KRAVEN'S hand and he manages to slice SPIDEY'S wrist with his knife. SPIDEY leaps back in pain.

SPIDEY: Gah!! That really burns! What is that?

SPIDEY'S web-shooter is sliced open, and green liquid oozes from his wound.

KRAVEN: A little something I made. And there's more where that came from --

SPIDEY leaps at KRAVEN, who rolls under him and pulls out a blowgun. SPIDEY is already almost on him again when KRAVEN suddenly shoots a dart into SPIDEY'S neck. SPIDEY staggers backwards and falls to his knees.

SPIDEY: Gakk --what the -- what the hell -- did I ever do -- to you??

KRAVEN gets to his feet and pulls out a whip.

KRAVEN: You exist. That invites a challenge.

SPIDEY clumsily tries to stand. KRAVEN lassoes his ankle and yanks him down again.



KRAVEN: The alpha male does not hate the beta. The lion does not hate the gazelle. Yet neither can he tolerate them. I could kill you now, but... the glory of the hunt is in the chase, and the wearing down, and the breaking of the spirit; and in a few seconds you won't even be able to walk, much less run. I'll be seeing you again very soon.

SPIDEY: You're not going anywhere rrrrghhhh?!?!

SPIDEY tries to shoot a web at KRAVEN but his arm sags to one side and he misses by a few feet. KRAVEN hops over the ledge using his whip and disappears.

SPIDEY'S phone starts buzzing. MJ is calling him. SPIDEY'S hand appears to be melting in front of him as he starts to hallucinate.

SPIDEY: Thasss nottt gouooddd...

## SCENE 25

EXT, STREET. From across the street, CHAMELEON watches KRAVEN abseil down the wall and then run off down an alleyway. CHAMELEON checks his notebook and sighs.

CHAMELEON: Plan C it is...

## SCENE 26

EXT, STREET. MARY JANE stands outside her apartment, trying to phone PETER. No answer. She sighs, and turns around to walk to the theatre on her own.

A brief MONTAGE of MJ walking the long walk by herself. She is getting tired of PETER'S shit. MJ goes on her phone and checks the local news. 'RAT MAN REIGN OF TERROR CONTINUES'. 'SPIDER-MAN FIGHTS STRANGE NEW FOE?' MJ sighs deeply.

EXT, THEATRE. A sign outside reads 'LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS REHEARSALS TODAY'. MJ has arrived, and on time. She pulls herself together, flashes a smile, and struts in.

## SCENE 27

INT, THEATRE FOYER. A crowd of people, the cast and crew of the show. People MJ saw at the audition. The casting director, JULIE, appears and takes MJ in.

JULIE: Mary Jane, hello! So good to see you again. And so glad you could make it here on such short notice! So - little awkward, but there's actually been a slight change of plans. We've had to go in a different direction.

MJ: Oh... Oh. I see. You mean - you couldn't have told me earlier?  
I just walked 20 blocks and --

JULIE: The director quit yesterday evening. He was being a total ass and we're better off without him, to be perfectly frank. Luckily we've already found a replacement. It's really amazing timing; I used to work with him years ago, and he's just come back to the city. He's a New Yorker, born and raised. I think he told me once he was actually at the original Off-Broadway premiere, but come to think of it he can be prone to a little... confabulation... Anyway, he knows the show better than anyone.  
Oh, speak of the devil!

MR C (v/o): And he doth appear! Julie, darling - is this her?

MJ turns around to greet the new director. MR C has entered the foyer. He has the appearance of a stereotypical theatre director; scarf, glasses, hat. He is also the CHAMELEON.

JULIE (v/o): Mary Jane Watson, meet Professor Leonid Camille.

MR C: Please, please, call me Mister C. Miss Watson. Our Audrey! How wonderful you look! I hear your audition was really something special.

MJ: Oh, well... hopefully I won't let you down. It's great to meet you.

MR C: My dear, I have no doubt that you are precisely what I'm looking for. I'm sure you know that Audrey is the heart of the show; the burning, fiery core powering the whole engine! You undoubtedly look the part. But let's see what fires your heart has to offer, eh! Now, if everyone is here, I see no reason we should not start! Friends, colleagues, children, I prithee, follow me at once.

MJ grins. Everyone starts to follow MR C. She looks at her phone and sees several missed calls from PETER.

MJ: [to herself] Too little, too late, tiger.

MJ runs after the others.

## SCENE 28

EXT, ROOFTOP. SPIDEY is cowering in a corner gripping his phone. He puts it away, realising no help is coming. SPIDEY pulls off his mask. He is tripping out. He rubs his face and it appears to come off in his hands. He puts the mask back on.

SPIDEY: Home. Goggehome. Druggyou. Hedruggyou.

SPIDEY tries to stand shakily to his feet and immediately falls on his face.

SPIDEY: Auggh. Aghhh.

Various trippy things happen. MJ's face appears to form on the surface of the rooftop.

MJ: This is it, Petey. You've finally done it. Remember the nightmare? It's coming true.

SPIDEY: Nnooo.

SPIDEY splats the face with his hand and it bites at him. He recoils in fear.

BEN (v/o): You gotta get off this rooftop, kid. Gotta get home.

KRAVEN (v/o): It's never going to wear off. You're never going to get home.

SPIDEY whirls around. The sky is shifting in shape and colour. The sun is blindingly bright. SPIDEY staggers backwards and falls over the ledge off the rooftop with a crash.

EXT, ALLEY. SPIDEY is slumped in between two dustbins. A random CIVILIAN walks over to him.

KRAVEN (v/o): I killed you, didn't I? Just like I said I would.

CIVILIAN 1: S-Spider-Man? Is that you? Are you okay?

SPIDEY looks up to the source of the voice groggily and sees the CIVILIAN'S face as a horrifying monster.

SPIDEY: Huaaggh!! Gewway! Gewway!

SPIDEY swats at the CIVILIAN and they back off. SPIDEY staggers upright, pulls up his mask and vomits. Two CIVILIANS are watching him. More stop and take notice.

CIVILIAN 2: He don't look right.

CIVILIAN 1: He's trippin' out.

CIVILIAN 2: Hey, is he takin' his mask off?

SPIDEY: Home. Home.

SPIDEY turns and runs wildly down the alleyway.

## SCENE 29

INT, THEATRE STAGE. The cast sit around while MR C monologues on the stage.

MR C: It is often said that actors are liars. This is a flagrant and insulting misunderstanding. A good actor is more truthful than anyone. She sees the truth in others that they cannot see in themselves. She sees truth from every angle, from every perspective. She sees the hero in the villain and the villain in the hero. The truth is *never* more powerful than when it is shown, illuminated, revealed, seen through an actor. The truth is the gift we give our audience. By the time we are done, each and every one of you will have accomplished this most noble of feats, lest my PhD be stricken from my title and my mantlepiece. But first, my fledglings, we must begin by exploring the truth within ourselves. I have insisted upon this exercise for my cast as the initial starting point of every production I have ever overseen. This is the spark that lights the fuse of the explosion that is a show worth seeing. Let's begin with, oh, Miss Watson. What is your truth?

MJ: My truth?

MR C: Who are you? What do you have to say? What is it that drives you?

MJ: I... I guess... I want what anybody wants. I want to do what I love for as long as I can.

MR C: You want to tread the boards...

MJ: Mm-hmm.

MR C: And what is it, then, that stands in your way?

MJ: All kinds of things. Bad directors. Bad days. Rude customers... Overdue bills... [quieter] busy boyfriends.

MR C: *Wrong*. I don't doubt such obstacles are an inconvenience. But an actor's truth comes from within. When you go out there in front of the world, you can let nothing stand in your way. You live for your truth, and nothing else. And when you concede, when you compromise, when you let all those things dampen the fire inside you... then, you stop *yourself*. No one else.

MJ stares ahead, taken aback but thoughtful.

MR C: Let us consider this, all of us, because while we will of course be working as a finely tuned team, and this does apply to each and every one of you, Miss Watson's role is in many ways the most crucial of all. And we would all do well to understand this.

### SCENE 30

Throughout this scene, keep cutting back and forth between the street and the theatre while MR C'S monologue continues over all.

EXT, STREET. SPIDEY staggers through the streets of New York, bumping into people, inadvertently sticking to things, a string of webbing trailing behind from his broken web-shooter. Almost everyone is staring at him, many filming. COPS just stare at him. No one can figure out what's going on. We see from his point of view; the world is tripping out like before.

SPIDEY: Nno. No. Home. home. Hoozat. Whazit. Druggme. Hedruggme. Goggehome.

INT, THEATRE. MJ briefly checks her phone. 'BREAKING: SPIDEY'S LATEST BLUNDER - SEE LIVE FOOTAGE NOW'. MJ rolls her eyes, turns it off, and focuses on Mr C.

MR C: Now, on the surface level, what this text presents us with is entirely crude farce. A flamboyantly ridiculous pastiche of cheap 1960s science fiction B-pictures designed to elicit equally cheap laughs. Of course it is that, and we love it for that. But there is far more going on beneath the surface than

some plain, penny dreadful pittance. MEN! Let's talk about men.  
For it is a scathing and brilliant critique of men and  
masculinity which invigorates this flimsy narrative beyond the  
trivial pulp and makes it the stuff of legend.

EXT, STREET. SPIDEY is still wandering around. A COP approaches  
him, his face a blank, melting swirl.

COP: Are you okay?

SPIDEY shoves him back.

SPIDEY: Yyyuugghh!!

COP: Alright, that's it. Come on, fella, you're comin' with me.

Across the street, from an alley, KRAVEN watches intently.

MR C (v/o): Take Seymour, the pathetic subordinate male tempted  
and ultimately devoured by his own futile dreams of success  
within the 1960s patriarchal capitalist system, with its rigid  
gender roles and sacred lies of equality and freedom. The  
dentist, the personification of the sadistic male libido, driven  
purely by that incessant, remorseless desire to penetrate, to  
dominate, to destroy - and again, all ultimately to his own  
brutal end; a twisted answer to the alpha male hero archetype of  
myth.

The COP takes SPIDEY by the arm. SPIDEY pushes him harder and he  
falls over. Two other COPS see this and hurry over with some  
handcuffs.

SPIDEY: Nnnooo --

INT, THEATRE. Close-up on MR C.

MR C (v/o): And the plant - now, are we not forced to conclude  
that the plant is the true hero of the piece? A faceless,  
sexless alien hive mind of overwhelming intelligence, entirely  
outsmarting the bumbling, idiotic humanoids and taking its  
rightful place as their master in a brave new world order; the  
architect of a planetary-wide revolution which can only continue  
to consume, assimilate, spread; the triumphant insurgent who  
finally brings crashing down the repetitive, repressive,  
reductive, irredeemable systems of MAN? Simply put, indeed, a  
more advanced form of life - a more deserving one?

EXT, STREET. In the chaos, SPIDEY sees a woman across the street with bright red hair. She briefly turns and he sees MJ's face staring back at him, frightened.

SPIDEY: Home - goggehome --

As the COPS close in, SPIDEY sees a bus speeding past. At the last second he leaps onto its side and is carried away. The world blurs past him in a mess of colour and light.

MR C (v/o): And perhaps we would do well to conclude that - were it not for Audrey.

INT, THEATRE. The cast sit around, enamoured of MR C.

MR C: The sole female, and the soul of the text. Audrey's perfect innocence, her purity, her beauty, all undeniable. She is quite literally too good for this world; and so she must die, a ritual sacrifice to the new gods, the new age. And it is *this* which solidifies the story as fundamentally a tragedy, in the most classical sense imaginable. Subversive to the end, yes, but not mere low farce, nor even high satire; *tragedy*. Drama. The highest art. The highest truth.

MJ stares at MR C dreamily.

### SCENE 31

EXT, THEATRE. MJ walks out, happily chatting with fellow cast members. Eventually they part ways. We see MJ do the same long walk home as earlier, this time smiling to herself throughout. We also see, unbeknownst to her, a mysterious figure following her all the way.

At some point MJ takes out her phone and calls PETER. The call goes to voicemail.

MJ: Oh, now you're not answering... Okay, I don't know what happened today, but I gotta say this is getting old. I'd say you better have a great excuse for this, but honestly I don't even wanna hear it... You let me down, Peter. You really did. [sigh] ...Luckily, you might be happy to hear that I had a *great* first day today. And for some reason I still wanna tell you about it. So whenever you're done acting *totally* irresponsible, you can call me.

MJ is home. She hangs up and enters her building. She ascends the staircase and opens the front door.

MJ: Aunt Anna, I'm home!

MJ approaches her bedroom door. Unusually, it is half-open; a gentle breeze blows on it from inside the room. MJ opens the door. Her window is wide open. PETER has climbed through and lies on the floor, with his mask off, unconscious.

### SCENE 32

INT, BEDROOM. MJ stands over PETER, shocked. The door is still open.

MJ: Oh my god. Oh my god. Peter! Peter!!

AUNT ANNA (v/o): MJ honey? Is that you?

MJ: [to herself] Oh my god... [calling to aunt] Yeah! Yeah, I'm home!

MJ kneels down to PETER and checks his pulse. It's there.

AUNT ANNA (v/o): Ooh, hello! How'd it go??

MJ: Uh, good! It went good, Aunt Anna! I'll - I'll tell you later! I'm going to take a shower, okay?

MJ slams the door. She starts slapping PETER.

MJ: Petey?? Come on, baby, come on, it's me, it's MJ, oh god please be okay...

After a moment PETER comes to. He takes one look at MJ and reels.

PETER: gonna throw up...

MJ scrambles and gets him a wastebasket. PETER hurls into it for a while.

PETER: Oh... oh man... can you... can you give me 'how many fingers am I holding up'?

MJ flips him the bird.



MJ: How about that, huh?! One! One, Peter.

PETER: Buhh?

MJ: What the *hell* are you doing here?! My aunt could've seen you! Any one of my neighbours could've seen you climbing that wall! And what the hell happened to you?? Where have you *been* all day??

PETER: Oh... oh MJ. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Your first day... You gotta believe me, it wasn't my fault this time.

MJ: Let me guess. Some crazy asshole dressed in an animal costume appeared out of nowhere and tried to kill you.

PETER: He... he wasn't wearing an animal costume. [quietly] He did seem to have a kind of... loose animal theme...

MJ: Oh, whatever. Why were you even out Spider-Manning in the first place? You were supposed to be picking me up, remember?

PETER: I - I overslept. I was trying to get to you on time. I'm sorry.

MJ: Ugh... It's fine. It's fine, I just - I mean, you know what would happen if my Aunt saw you. Why did you come here?

PETER: I was drugged. The asshole stuck me with something. Some kind of hallucinogen... I can barely remember what happened.

PETER crawls over to MJ and takes her hand.

PETER: I'm so sorry, MJ. I mean it. You.. you deserve better. I want to give you better...

MJ: I know, tiger. [sighs] I know. It's alright. It's alright.

MJ closes her eyes and calms down.

MJ: God, I'm a jerk, I'm sorry. That all sounds horrible. Let me get you something to drink.

MJ fetches PETER a bottle of water from her bag.

PETER: *I'm* the jerk. You ask me to do one thing and I end up passed out on your floor and vomiting into your trashcan.

MJ: That's actually my laundry basket.

PETER: Oh, shit... I'll clean that.

MJ can't help but laugh.

PETER: What can I do to make it up to you?

MJ: You're sweet. But you already know what you can do, tiger. You can stop putting us both in these situations. Take a damn break. Not every problem can be solved by throwing Spider-Man at it... at some point you gotta let Peter Parker have a shot.

MJ holds his face.

MJ: There are some jobs only he can do.

PETER: I love you, MJ.

MJ: Then promise me. Promise me you'll take it easy. Promise me you'll take care of yourself, that you'll get some sleep. Promise me you'll prioritise yourself, not the mask. Then you might actually have the time for the little things, and the energy too.

PETER: I promise. You're the biggest thing, MJ. You're the biggest thing in my life.

PETER and MJ embrace.

PETER: Oh man, so how did it go anyway? Tell me everything.

MJ smiles.

### SCENE 33

INT, BEDROOM. Evening. MJ's bedroom is far tidier than PETER'S. The walls are decorated with many movie and theatre posters, and photos including many of MJ and PETER together. MJ has a dressing-room style vanity table in one corner and a mannequin next to it, adorned in fancy dress.

PETER and MJ lie on MJ'S bed. PETER is shirtless as MJ sews up his costume.

PETER: Mr C, huh? He sounds pretty loopy.

MJ: I've never had a director like him. He's so passionate, so articulate. It's honestly really exciting. Especially with all the other men in my life being so disappointing...

PETER does puppy-dog eyes.

MJ: Oh, I'm kidding!

PETER: You two are so gonna have an affair, aren't you?

MJ: He's like twice my age... I think. Y'know, It's actually kind of hard to place him. He's got a kind of... otherworldly quality. Like he's really young but really old at the same time. And his skin was *amazing*, I've gotta ask him his secret.

PETER: [sigh] Well, this was good while it lasted. Guess I'll have to find a new nurse-cum-seamstress. Aunt May better clear her schedule...

MJ: Silly.

PETER: No, no, I hear you... who could blame you? I'm not as young and supple as I once was.

PAUSE.

PETER: Hey, we're kind of like those two kids in the play, huh?

MJ: What, Seymour and Audrey?

PETER: Yeah... he's a nerdy, broke, down-on-his-luck orphan with a thing for science...

MJ: ...she's an incredibly good-looking, kind-hearted girl from the wrong side of the tracks... I guess I do see it.

PETER: And I presume... he saves the day?

MJ: Mmm, actually he inadvertently gets the two of them eaten by the killer plant.

PETER: That's how it ends?!

MJ: Yup. It's all kind of a Monkey's Paw thing.

PETER: ..oh, god...

PAUSE.

MJ: Peter... just out of interest... when do you think you're gonna... you know... hang up the ol' webs 'n' tights?

PETER: What do you mean? You mean like quit Spider-Man?

MJ: ...yeah. Like, hypothetically. I don't know. Do you ever think about it?

PETER thinks.

PETER: I don't think I have. I don't think I've thought about it once since I started. It's just... never occurred to me.

MJ: Huh.

PAUSE.

MJ: You know I love Spider-Man.

PETER: I know you do.

MJ: But you know, I love Peter Parker just a teensy bit more.

PETER: Well... there's no accounting for taste.

MJ and PETER kiss.

MJ: Okay, hotshot, I think it's time to go to bed.

PETER: But it's early!

MJ: Some of us have work in the morning.

PETER: They're making you work Sunday mornings now?

MJ: That's when people are most in need of breakfast, I guess. And I've got rehearsals again tomorrow evening. Anyway, you telling me you're not exhausted from another long day of embarrassing yourself in front of the entire population of Queens?

PETER: I guess I am.

INT, BEDROOM. Night. PETER is fast asleep, snoring loudly. MJ sleeps next to him.

EXT, APARTMENT. CHAMELEON'S car sits outside.

### SCENE 34

INT, BEDROOM. morning. PETER sleeps, mumbling and tossing slightly. MJ is awake, dressed in her waitress uniform. She leaves a note: 'diner shift 8am. Didn't want to wake you! Xxx mj'. MJ kisses PETER on the forehead and leaves quietly.

We stay on PETER as a new figure walks into the room, takes the note, and crumples it up. The figure walks out of frame again.

EXT, STREET. Daytime. PETER is running through the same street as earlier, but strangely empty. He runs slowly, awkwardly. MJ stands with her back to him, in the distance. She seems extremely far away. PETER calls out for MJ, but no sound comes out. PETER looks down at his feet. They are covered in webbing, with more and more being shot onto him from behind.

SPIDEY (v/o): What are you without me? You're nothing.

PETER turns around and sees a giant SPIDER-MAN hand about to crush him.

SPIDEY: I'm not going anywhere.

### SCENE 35

INT, BEDROOM. PETER wakes up.

PETER: MJ? What time is it?

A voice calls from outside the room.

MJ (v/o): I'm in the kitchen, petey! I'll be right in!

PETER looks at his busted web-shooter on the bedside table and picks it up to inspect it.

PETER: Is your aunt home?

MJ (v/o): She's gone to the store!

PETER: Do you still have my spare web-shooters I left here in case of emergency?

MJ (v/o): I can't hear you Petey, just one second!

INT, KITCHEN. We see MJ'S hands as she prepares two cups of coffee. She pours rat poison into one of the cups and stirs it.

INT, BEDROOM. The CHAMELEON, posing as MJ, walks in carrying a tray of coffee and breakfast food.

CHAMELEON: Gooooood morning, tiger! Who wants coffee??

### SCENE 36

INT, BEDROOM. PETER eats breakfast while CHAMELEON sits at the foot of the bed.

PETER: [chomping] This is awesome, MJ, thank you. But I thought you had work this morning?

CHAMELEON: I called in sick. You just looked so sweet there sleeping, I couldn't stay away!

PETER: That's sweet. You didn't have to, but thank you.

CHAMELEON: My pleasure. Did you sleep okay? You were out for hours.

PETER: Yeah, I *feel* like I did, but my head is killing me. It's almost like my spidey-sense keeps going off, but like, real dull...

CHAMELEON: Poor Petey. It's just a stress headache, you've been under so much pressure recently. That guy yesterday drugged you, right? Maybe it's even that, like some kind of side effect.

PETER: Yeah, maybe...

CHAMELEON: Have some coffee, it'll wake you up.

PETER: Yeah, it's just a little too hot for me right now.

CHAMELEON smiles patiently.

PETER: You know, I've been thinking about what you said last night. About me... you know. Settling down one day.

CHAMELEON: Oh?

PETER: Yeah. I keep... I just... I keep having these dreams, right? well... In the dreams, I always feel like I'm... fighting something. Fighting against something. It's not just that they're scary - you know I can handle scary by now. It's like something feels wrong - off, in a way. Something in me. And I haven't been able to put my finger on it till now. Till last night. It's you, MJ.

CHAMELEON: Me?

PETER: Yeah. It's you. I love you... so much. More than I've ever loved anyone. And I guess when I started all this I just never thought I'd get here, you know? I don't think I ever thought further than like, two days ahead back then... I wasn't thinking about the future. It was just about me, and what I had to do, right there and then; and it got so easy to just live like that, just staying in the present, taking everything as it came. I guess it kind of started when my Uncle Ben died. You know - it was like it became safer then not to expect things. Not to hope. To just be thankful for every day I made it through that I, or somebody I loved, didn't get hurt.

CHAMELEON: Uh-huh.

PETER: But then we started. And it's changed - you've changed... everything. Everything about my life. I can't be the way I was back then - I don't want to anymore. I thought if I kept us at a distance I'd be saving you; saving you from pain, saving you from getting hurt. But I was too stupid to notice that you saved me, a long time ago. And I'm done taking that for granted. I will always be Spider-Man, and I know you'll always support that... but I want it all with you, MJ. I want kids. I want a home of our own. I want a real life. You've given me so much. I want to give you the life you deserve. I can see it now. All these nightmares weren't about my fear of you dying... they were about my fear that I couldn't give you that. Couldn't give us that. Because I want to, MJ; I want to so bad it hurts. So whatever I need to do, whatever you need to make that happen, I'm going to do it. And if that means taking a break now and then, taking better care of myself, making the time for you, for us, then dammit, that's what I'm going to do. Starting right now.

CHAMELEON: ...Right.

PETER: You don't have to say anything, I know it's a lot. Guh, I'm babbling. My head is just really hurting. I'll stop now...

PETER goes to drink the coffee.

CHAMELEON: Wait!

PETER: What?

CHAMELEON: I just realised... I didn't... put any sugar in your coffee?

PETER: ...I don't take sugar in my coffee.

CHAMELEON: Right. Great. That's what I meant. We're so made for each other!

PETER: Aw sure, make fun of me, but I happen to think that was a really sweet monologue...

CHAMELEON: No, it was. Really. Positively stage-worthy..

PETER goes to drink his coffee again.

CHAMELEON: Peter. Kiss me.

PETER and CHAMELEON kiss passionately.

PETER: I love you.

CHAMELEON: I love you too..

CHAMELEON stares into PETER'S eyes for a while.

PETER: MJ?

CHAMELEON: Yeah?

PETER: What's up? You seem a little... flustered.

CHAMELEON: I've never met someone like you before.

PETER: [laughs] What do you mean?

CHAMELEON: I mean... you're just so... good, aren't you?

PETER smiles.

PETER: I try. Can I drink my coffee now? My head really kills --



CHAMELEON pretends to slip and spills the coffee everywhere.

CHAMELEON: Oh my god! Oh shit! I'm so sorry! God let me grab a towel! Oh it's all over the bedsheets, oh what an idiot! I'm so sorry Petey! Here, drink mine, drink mine, I'll go grab a towel quick!

PETER is bemused. CHAMELEON runs off to get a towel. He comes back and mops up distractedly.

CHAMELEON: What an idiot, knocking over all the coffee! Ruining the moment! God, I'm sorry!

PETER: MJ?

CHAMELEON: Yes?

PETER: Come on - what I said. What do you think? Does that... sound like the kind of life you'd... want to live?

CHAMELEON hugs him tightly.

CHAMELEON: Yes. It *really* does.

PETER: Okay. Awesome. Very, very awesome.

CHAMELEON'S eyes are wide with thought and wonder.

PETER: Guess I just need to deal with the crazy drug-toting animal-themed asshole sniper guy now, huh?

CHAMELEON: Yeah... I had a little idea about that, you know.

### SCENE 37

EXT, ROOFTOP. PETER crouches on a rooftop not too far from MJ's place. He does not have his costume on, just normal clothes with a hoodie and a face mask below the eyes. He is peering through binoculars at a rooftop a few hundred yards away. Someone in a Spider-Man costume appears to be bouncing around aimlessly, pacing back and forth.

PETER is on the phone to CHAMELEON, posing as MJ. As PETER talks, we see the figure on the rooftop is a mannequin with the Spidey suit on, strung up with webbing so its limbs bob and move around in the wind.

PETER: He might just try his sniper routine again. How many bullet holes is too many to sew up?

CHAMELEON (v/o): Relax, you've still got that spare in your closet, right? I'm more concerned about my mannequin. But anyway, from what you've told me, this guy doesn't sound like the type to hang back like that again. He'll want to go in for the kill this time.

PETER: I never knew you had such insight into the supervillainous mind.

CHAMELEON (v/o): Well, there's a lot you don't know about me, Mr Parker. Maybe I oughta be the superhero.

PETER: Let's just hope this works.

CHAMELEON (v/o): It will. Trust me, this guy's just a bag of tricks. Take them away and he could never beat you in a straight fight.

PETER: Ooh, I like that, could you say that again?

CHAMELEON (v/o): "That again".

PETER: You tease. Hey... MJ, why can I hear traffic?

EXT, STREET. CHAMELEON stands in the street peering up at the rooftop, much closer than from PETER is but out of PETER'S sight. CHAMELEON is still posing as MJ but is dressed covertly in a large coat and hat. CHAMELEON looks at his phone. He is tracking someone else, who is getting closer.

PETER (v/o): I thought we said you'd stay in your apartment?

CHAMELEON: I am, I'm just sat by the window. It's just the outside traffic.

PETER (v/o): MJ, you know how dangerous this guy is. You can't be involved, you need to stay as far away as possible.

CHAMELEON: I know, tiger. I have no interest in being shot at by some whackjob, believe me. I'm just trying to get some fresh air to compensate for the delightful scent of coffee and vomit in my room, and it's a busy road outside. I think maybe that rat guy's causing more trouble downtown or something. Honest.

CHAMELEON looks at his phone. Whoever he's tracking is approaching fast.

PETER (v/o): Right, okay. sorry. I'm just a little nervous I guess.

CHAMELEON: The sooner you get this guy the sooner you'll be able to take that break we were talking about.

EXT, STREET. KRAVEN, dressed covertly, sees the SPIDER-MAN-esque figure moving around.

KRAVEN: [to himself, in Russian] <Too easy.>

KRAVEN approaches. CHAMELEON is also across the street, and sees him.

EXT, ROOFTOP. PETER sees KRAVEN advancing down below.

PETER: I think I see him.

EXT, STREET. KRAVEN continues advancing, unaware of CHAMELEON watching him in plain sight. KRAVEN gets a better angle on the rooftop and pulls out a small spyglass. He can see now that the movement is off.

PETER (v/o): He's waiting...

KRAVEN: [to himself, in Russian] <A fake? What does he take me for?!>

KRAVEN departs.

PETER (v/o): He's leaving... I think he knows. Crap, I lost sight of him...

CHAMELEON produces an egg from his pocket and does a wolf-whistle, covering the phone mic. KRAVEN spins around.

CHAMELEON: Hey, scarface! Catch me if you can!

CHAMELEON hurls the egg and it hits KRAVEN in the face. KRAVEN immediately sprints in CHAMELEON'S direction. CHAMELEON dashes away towards the rooftop building.

EXT, ROOFTOP. PETER sees CHAMELEON running towards the alley.

PETER: Okay, he's going for it! When he gets to the alley I'm going in. I'll call you later, MJ. MJ?

PETER sees KRAVEN run in after CHAMELEON.

PETER: [to himself] ...two?

EXT, ALLEY. The alley next to the fire escape leading to the trap rooftop. PETER'S busted web-shooter, exploded open, and clearly having had some new parts added, sticks to the wall. Below it, at ground-level, is a tripwire-like strand of web. CHAMELEON races into the alley, leaps over the tripwire, and ducks behind a garbage can. He speaks into the phone.

CHAMELEON: Be careful, tiger!

KRAVEN is right behind CHAMELEON. He advances down the alley, knife drawn.

### SCENE 38

EXT, ROOFTOP. PETER leaps across rooftops, nearing the alley. He can see KRAVEN standing there.

KRAVEN: Idiot. It is useless hiding. I can smell a trap from miles away. And I can smell you from here...

KRAVEN sniffs the air heartily. He is shocked.

KRAVEN: Dimitri?

CHAMELEON: He's here, Petey! Get him!

PETER swings in and kicks KRAVEN hard in the back. KRAVEN stumbles over and triggers the tripwire. The tripwire activates a massive spray of webbing which blasts KRAVEN backwards, covering his body and sticking him to the opposite wall.

KRAVEN: [to CHAMELEON] Filthy lying dog!

CHAMELEON scurries away, unseen by PETER. PETER approaches KRAVEN.

PETER: Good morning, sunshine! How's the taste of your own medicine? Not so good?

PETER gets closer.

PETER: Is that - is that literal egg on your face?

KRAVEN struggles against the web. There is no way he can get out himself. He is furious.

KRAVEN: You think this is going to stop me? You think --

PETER, with his one working web-shooter, webs KRAVEN'S face, shutting him up.

PER: Not today, thank you.

PETER rips away the webbing around KRAVEN'S pockets, and goes through them. He removes a litany of knives, smoke bombs, darts, rope, etc. PETER empties it all into a garbage can.

PETER: If you've got anything else on you, you'd better tell me now. Hmm? Yes or no? Nod for yes.

KRAVEN cannot breathe.

PETER: Oh, how rude of me. Sorry, I was always a better shot with my right, but *somebody* busted my web-shooter. Normally I leave the nose....

PETER rips off some of the webbing around KRAVEN'S mouth. KRAVEN immediately bites his fingers.

PETER: YOWWW --

PETER punches him hard in the face but KRAVEN won't let go. KRAVEN bites off the top of SPIDEY'S left index finger and spits it out.

PETER: SHHHIIIT!!!!

PETER punches him so hard he breaks some of the web off the wall. KRAVEN is dazed for a moment. PETER is hopping around agonising over his hand.

PETER: You bit my finger off you... you...

KRAVEN: [laughing] You're not even... a man...

With his foot now free, KRAVEN kicks over the trash can with his stuff in and several of the smoke bombs go off. Smoke obscures everything. PETER and KRAVEN both cough profusely. With wild strength, KRAVEN pulls off the rest of the brickwork behind him and is now free. He stands, blood all over his mouth, still largely covered with webbing, with bits of brick sticking to his back and arm.

KRAVEN: Come on! Come on then!

Smoke everywhere. KRAVEN can't see. He begins to sniff.

KRAVEN: I know you're out --

KRAVEN is silenced by a sudden punch to the jaw. His unseen enemy hits him many times from all directions. He is quickly knocked to the ground. PETER picks him up again and hurls him into the wall.

PETER: I don't even need to see you.

KRAVEN desperately throws punches but PETER dodges every one and retaliates even harder.

KRAVEN: not even... A man... a filthy monster...

PETER: You bite off my finger --

Punch.

PETER: -- You drug me --

Kick.

PETER: -- You shoot at me --

Elbow.

PETER: -- in front of a *hospital* --

Punch again.

PETER: -- and *I'm* the monster??

KRAVEN, utterly black and blue, woozily spits a tooth at PETER'S face.

KRAVEN: I've skinned Genoshan werewolves who hit harder than that...

PETER: ...what?!

KRAVEN collapses. PETER stands over him. He checks his hand again.

PETER: Stay down, jackass! And now you're gonna help me look for my goddamn fingertip!

KRAVEN: You haven't... beaten me..

PETER: Oh, really? My bad, should I keep going?

KRAVEN: You had... help...

PETER is ignoring him, scurrying around in the trash looking for his finger.

PETER: Come on, come on...

PETER is suddenly conscious of screams and yells from the street nearby.

COPS (v/o): EVERYBODY CLEAR THE AREA NOW!

PETER: What --

VERMIN suddenly charges screaming down the alleyway. He runs into PETER and the two go flying.

COPS (v/o): IT WENT THAT WAY, COME ON!

PETER jumps to his feet. VERMIN cowers behind PETER, snarling and chirping as if trying to communicate.

PETER: *Gahh what the hell are you doing here rat boy?!*

#### SCENE 40

INT, ALLEY. COPS swarm the alleyway, guns raised. PETER stands at the back of it, VERMIN cowering behind him. KRAVEN lies on the ground at PETER'S feet.

COP 1: HANDS UP, ALL A' YA!

PETER: What is going on here??

COP 2: HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE 'EM, NOW!

PETER raises his hands.

PETER: Listen to me. I'm Spider-Man. I was incognito. This guy [kicks KRAVEN] was just trying to kill me. He literally bit my finger off -

COP 2: You're Spider-Man. Sure, and I'm Howard the Duck.

COP 3: Does look like the kid's bleeding, Sarge.

COP 1: You say this man bit your fingers off?

VERMIN slobbers and snarls behind PETER, visibly afraid.

PETER: Yes. What - what is it you want with Ratatouille over here?

COP 1: Oh man, is that it down there?

They all look to PETER'S severed fingertip, lying on the ground an equal distance between them.

PETER: Holy shit, yes!

PETER starts to move forward.

COP 2: Not one more step, kid!

COP 3: I'm warnin' you!

PETER stops, enraged.

COP 2: Now, *all* of you are coming with us.

VERMIN yowls and grabs onto PETER pleadingly.

PETER: What is it you want with the rat guy?? Answer me!!

KRAVEN, observing this, slowly starts to remove a tiny blowgun from his wrist gauntlet. He aims it at VERMIN, grinning maniacally.

COP 3: All o' you, hands in the air, *NOW!!!*



PETER'S spidey-sense goes off and he notices KRAVEN. He looks at  
VERMIN.

PETER: *NO!!*

KRAVEN shoots a dart at VERMIN, hitting him in the leg. VERMIN  
roars in pain.

COP 2: SHOTS FIRED!

COP 3: FIRE AT WILL!

PETER: *THAT'S - ENOUGH!!!!*

With his one working web-shooter, PETER fires a massive spray of  
webbing which spans the entire alleyway, absorbing the gunfire  
as well as enveloping the COPS. PETER keeps going until the web  
fluid runs out with a pathetic dribbling sound. He runs over to  
VERMIN, who is salivating and starting to shake and swipe at the  
air. PETER pulls the dart out of VERMIN'S leg.

PETER: Rat boy? Hey, you in there? You gotta - you gotta focus,  
okay?? Is that - can you even understand me??

VERMIN looks at him, horribly confused, terrified and panicked.  
KRAVEN slowly gets to his feet.

KRAVEN: Could cause some real damage, couldn't he?

PETER: You shut your ugly face, you sonofa --

VERMIN becomes more and more aggressive and angry.

PETER: Rat boy, listen to me --

VERMIN roars and shoves PETER back a few feet. PETER lands  
painfully on his ass, next to his severed finger.

VERMIN roars at KRAVEN, who is completely unfazed, then scurries  
up the wall and out of sight. KRAVEN smirks at PETER.

KRAVEN: Fetch.

PETER looks desperately at his severed finger, then runs after  
VERMIN, leaving it behind.

KRAVEN: I'll be seeing you a --

PETER knocks him out with a super kick to the jaw as he races up the wall after VERMIN. KRAVEN lands face down in some garbage.

#### SCENE 41

EXT, ROOFTOP. We see the rooftop where the fake SPIDER-MAN continues flapping around. VERMIN scampers over the ledge and zooms across the rooftop. He bleats at the mannequin and swats its head off. PETER appears close behind. He catches the head and yelps.

PETER: Argh!!!

PETER takes the mask off and puts it on mid-sprint as VERMIN leaps over another rooftop and PETER continues after him. We see the COPS below, still stuck in the webbing and yelling at each other.

PETER continues chasing VERMIN across rooftops. In the distance, we see the Brooklyn Bridge, and the East River.

PETER: [to himself] He's headed for the water.

PETER glances down at the busy streets below.

PETER: [to himself] Gotta keep him away from the crowds...

VERMIN, visibly losing his mind, visibly desperate, awkwardly scrambles up walls and over roofs, even when the streets would clearly be faster.

PETER: [to himself] Or is he avoiding them on purpose?

When the tall buildings run out, VERMIN goes for the alleys and the corners. But soon, nearing the riverside, he has to come out into the open.

EXT, STREET. Civilians scream and scatter as a frenzied VERMIN sprints into traffic, knocking people over. PETER closely follows him.

PETER: BACK! EVERYBODY BACK! GET BACK!

EXT, RIVERSIDE. A young GIRL plays catch with her MOTHER. The GIRL throws the ball to the MOTHER, and the MOTHER catches. A large rat runs past nearby.

GIRL: Eww, mommy look at the rat!

The MOTHER does not answer. The ball rolls over to the GIRL'S feet as if dropped.

GIRL: Mommy?

The MOTHER stares at the oncoming commotion, transfixed, then screams. The GIRL follows her gaze and sees VERMIN stampeding towards her. Her eyes widen and she screams too.

We cut to the drugged VERMIN'S POV. The screaming GIRL looks like a nightmarish roaring monster. VERMIN roars back in horror. VERMIN, claws bared, is about to collide with the girl. PETER is right behind them.

MOTHER: NO!!!!!!

PETER: OUTTATHEWAY!!!

PETER tackles VERMIN moments before VERMIN grabs the GIRL. They both go flying over the side of the barrier overlooking the river.

## SCENE 42

EXT, RIVERSIDE. PETER clings to the wall below the barrier and looks down. VERMIN has disappeared into the water. PETER hangs his head.

EXT, ROOFTOP. PETER arrives at the rooftop with the mannequin set up and checks on his costume. It is covered in bird droppings. PETER grimly puts it in his backpack and peers cautiously down to the alley below. The webbing is starting to dissolve and there are COPS everywhere. PETER can't go search for his finger. He surveys his hand, trying to figure out how bad it looks.

PETER: Still... mostly there...

Miserably, PETER takes out his phone and dials MJ. No answer. He texts MJ: 'where are u?????'

PETER sighs, sits down, and puts his head in his hands.

PETER: I guess I blew it, huh MJ?

### SCENE 43

INT, CAR. CHAMELEON, still posing as MJ, sits in his car, on his phone. He is blocking PETER'S call to MJ. The text then appears on his phone, and he selects 'DO NOT SEND'. CHAMELEON pulls up MJ'S number and calls it himself. From outside, we see a brief shimmer of light from within the car.

INT, DINER. MJ is at work at the diner, washing up some glasses. Her phone begins to go off. An unknown number. Her boss, ENRIQUE, works in his office.

MJ: [calling out] Hey, Enrique, can I get five minutes?

ENRIQUE: Knock yourself out. But five minutes means five minutes.

MJ: [calling out] Thanks! [answering] Hello? Peter, is that you?

CHAMELEON (v/o): Hello. Is this Miss Mary-Jane Watson?

MJ: Yep. Speaking.

CHAMELEON (v/o): Good afternoon, dear. I'm so sorry to bother you; it's Mr C from the show.

MJ: Oh! Oh, I'm sorry, I thought it was - never mind. Uh. Hi! What's, uh... what can I do for you?

CHAMELEON (v/o): It's not a bad time, is it?

MJ: No, not at all.

CHAMELEON (v/o): Wonderful. I just wanted to confirm you'll be attending tonight.

MJ: Of course! I wouldn't miss it! Is - is anything the matter?

CHAMELEON (v/o): Oh, not at all, not at all, quite the contrary! I simply can't wait to see you to sink your teeth into tonight's scenes. I'm merely a stickler for details, and for attendance; I've been confirming with everybody. Too often these amateur

productions are rife with attrition and dropouts. To be honest, I was worried my... enthusiasm may have scared some of the less experienced cast members off. I've been told before that the energy I bring to a production can be somewhat intimidating.

MJ: Oh, no, I think everybody loved it! I certainly did. It's so refreshing to have a director who cares so much. I think we all really valued that. I wouldn't miss these rehearsals for the world. I've been thinking about it all day.

CHAMELEON (v/o): Well, that certainly is encouraging.

MJ: Well, I'm glad.

PAUSE.

MJ: Is there, uh, anything else I can help you with there, Mr C?

CHAMELEON (v/o): Oh, no. That's fine, dear, thank you. You've quite reassured me. I'll see you tonight.

MJ: Seven, right?

CHAMELEON (v/o): Seven. Until then.

CHAMELEON hangs up. MJ smiles, charmed but a little puzzled, and checks her phone. We see several unanswered messages to PETER; 'thinking of you <3 <3 <3 xxxxx', 'hey you up yet? xxxxx', 'hey text me when ur up xxx'. MJ frowns and sighs. She checks her local news app. SPIDEY AND RAT MAN CAUSE HAVOC IN QUEENS.

MJ is angry.

MJ: [to herself] *Really, Peter?!*

MJ writes another text: 'Just seen the news. What the hell?? Not happy.'

MJ puts her phone away and gets back to work.

#### **SCENE 44**

EXT, POLICE STATION. KRAVEN, seemingly completely recovered, walks cheerfully down the sidewalk. He walks up to two COPS stood by a squad car.

KRAVEN: Morning, piggie-winks! Fist to the face says what?

COP 1: *What* did you just -

KRAVEN punches the COP in the face and runs away.

COP 1: Augh!

COP 2: Oh, you're dead meat, pal!

COP 2 gives chase and COP 1 soon follows.

KRAVEN runs over to an alleyway. He turns and beckons the COPS.

KRAVEN: Yoo-hoo! Over here!

KRAVEN runs into the alleyway.

KRAVEN (v/o): I've been a very naughty booooyy!!!

COP 2 runs after him into the alleyway. After a few moments, COP 1 makes it over just as COP 2 is emerging from the alley.

COP 1: Where'd he go?

COP 2: I lost him. It's like he disappeared into thin air.

COP 1: Aw, real nice goin'!

COP 1 pulls out his radio.

COP 1: All units, I want an APB on a Caucasian male, moustache, black hair, muscular, approximately six feet tall, face like a goddamn cheese grater..

COP 2 smiles.

EXT, ALLEYWAY. The real COP 2 lies still, buried beneath some garbage.

#### SCENE 45

EXT, APARTMENT. PETER, finger now bandaged, incessantly presses the noisy buzzer on the door to MJ'S building over and over. A NEIGHBOUR sticks their head out of a window.

NEIGHBOUR: Would you knock it off?!

PETER: Mr Aziz! Have you seen Mary Jane today?

NEIGHBOUR: No! And by the sounds of it, you ain't gonna neither!

The NEIGHBOUR retreats. PETER gives up and walks off.

EXT, STREET. The sun is beginning to set. PETER sits on a bench, still trying to call MJ. She still doesn't answer.

PETER: [to himself] Okay, MJ. take a break... I get it now. I get it.

PETER stands up solemnly and walks away.

#### **SCENE 46**

EXT, PARK. KRAVEN limps angrily along, trying to hide his face beneath a wide-brimmed hat. His face is heavily bruised and swollen. He comes across a group of COPS across the street.

COP 1: That him?

COP 2: There he is!

COP 3: Get him!

KRAVEN: Wha -

The COPS all charge KRAVEN. KRAVEN roars and makes short work of the first few charging COPS, punching and kicking in a frenzy. Eventually some of them get in some good hits with their batons and end up taking KRAVEN down. The COPS dog-pile on KRAVEN.

#### **SCENE 47**

INT, APARTMENT. PETER sits in his kitchen glumly eating some food. A mouse runs past the floor. PETER'S head buzzes dully; he barely notices anymore. JUSTIN walks in.

JUSTIN: Sup, dude.

PETER says nothing. JUSTIN makes some cereal and leaves. HAYLEY walks in.

HAYLEY: What's your problem?

PETER: Don't really feel like talking..

HAYLEY: What happened to your finger?

PETER: I... had an accident. On my bike earlier.

HAYLEY: Huh. Hey, you know MJ came by here earlier looking for you.

PETER: She did?! When?!

HAYLEY: A couple hours ago...

PETER: What - did she say where she was going??

HAYLEY: Nuh-uh. Dude, what is it? Is everything okay with you guys?

PETER: She - she's not returning my calls. I think she... I think she's getting kind of sick of me.

PETER begins to cry unexpectedly. HAYLEY doesn't really know what to do.

HAYLEY: Uhh... man. Come on dude. Don't... man. I don't know what to do if you're gonna start crying right now, alright?

PETER: I'm sorry.

PAUSE.

PETER: What did she want? Did she say what she wanted?

HAYLEY: Umm... she said something about... like, oh yeah, she went in to get something from your room.

PETER: She did? Do you know what?

HAYLEY: I mean I didn't like, follow her in, dude. She buzzed, she said she needed something from your room, she went in, she got it, she left. Sorry I don't remember more. And... I hope you guys, y'know, work it out and stuff.

HAYLEY regards the dirty dishes.

HAYLEY: And I guess I can do some of these dishes tonight.

PETER: Thank you.



HAYLEY leaves.

PETER ponders this.

#### SCENE 48

INT, STAGE. MJ is performing a scene with the actor playing SEYMOUR. MR C sits and watches with the rest of the cast.

SEYMOUR: Audrey, you shouldn't waste one more minute worrying about that creep. There's a lotta guys would give anything to go out with you. Nice guys.

MJ: I don't deserve a nice guy, Seymour.

SEYMOUR: That's not true.

MJ: You don't know the half of it... I've led a *terrible* life..

SEYMOUR: Audrey, don't...

MR C watches.

SEYMOUR: Audrey, that's all behind you now. You don't have anything to be ashamed of. You're a very nice person... and I always knew you were. Underneath the bruises and the handcuffs, you know what I saw? A girl I respected. I still do.

MR C discretely checks his phone. He can see via the tracker that KRAVEN is in jail. MR C smiles and checks PETER and MJ'S messages. PETER - 'hey so i can take a hint. I can leave you alone for a while. Im sorry about everything today. I screwed up - more than you know. I know I can do better. But i know you dont need this right now so - when you're ready, ill be waiting. Love, peter'.

MR C smiles again. Everything has gone remarkably according to plan.

#### SCENE 49

INT, BEDROOM. PETER examines his bedroom. He opens the drawers with his web-fluid and equipment; nothing gone there. He looks in some boxes filled with blueprints, wires, circuit boards; nothing gone there. PETER stops and wonders.

PETER goes over to the closet. His spare SPIDER-MAN costume is missing.

PETER smacks his head.

PETER: I won't take a break... so you force me to take a break.

PETER collapses onto his bed, defeated.

PETER: Even when I'm being an idiot, you're still looking out for me...

PETER stares longingly at the wardrobe. He stares for a long time; then he notices something behind it on the wall. He squints. He can't make it out.

PETER stands up and approaches the wardrobe. He begins moving it away from the wall.

#### SCENE 50

INT, THEATRE. SEYMOUR and MJ still doing their scene. SEYMOUR sings to MJ.

SEYMOUR: Suddenly Seymour,  
Is standing beside you,  
You don't need no makeup,  
Don't have to pretend.  
Suddenly... [he removes his glasses] Seymour,  
Is here to provide you,  
Sweet understanding...  
Seymour's your friend.

MJ opens her mouth to sing.

CHAMELEON: Okay, cut it there, shall we? Let's cut it there for now.

MJ and SEYMOUR are confused. CHAMELEON gets up on the stage.

MR C: Jake, that was terrific. You've surpassed my every expectation thus far. I can really feel the naked desperation; the shameless longing of the perennial cuckold finally given affection.

SEYMOUR: Um, thanks.

MR C: Miss Watson - hmm. I wonder. I'm just - I don't know quite know if I'm getting it from you. I mean I'm getting it, but I'm not *getting* it. Do you know what I mean?

MJ: Uh... I think so.

MR C: Alright. Alright. Why don't we all take five? You kids go and get some coffee from the green room. I'm going to have a little word in private with Miss Watson, if that's all right with everyone?

The cast disperse. MR C gestures to MJ to come and sit on the edge of the stage next to him. MJ does so.

MR C: MJ. Can I call you MJ?

MJ: Sure.

MR C: MJ. Talk to me.

MJ: Uhh...

MR C: Something is bothering you. A director knows. And it's frankly, ruining your performance tonight. Now I know you've got more fire than this. And I know it isn't that you simply don't really want to be here. So you may as well tell me; what is it that dampens your fire now?

MJ: Okay... okay. Can I be frank?

MR C: Only if I can be Mr C.

[MJ and MR C laugh]

MR C: No no, MJ, I insist that you do be.

MJ: Well, I'm actually kind of having some relationship issues of my own right now.

MR C: Ah. I presume you refer to the mysterious 'Peter'?

MJ: Heh. Yep. It's just... he's kind of an actor, in his own way. He kind of... has two faces. If you know what I mean.

MR C: All too well, I'm afraid.

MJ: I love him, I do. But loving somebody like that, it's... it's just so hard sometimes. He's there, then he's not there. He's with me, then he's a million miles away. Sometimes literally. I want him to be *with* me, but... I don't know. It gets hard to feel seen, loving somebody like that.

MR C: I see...

PAUSE.

MR C: You know dear, when my brother and I were growing up we had nothing. We lived out on the streets, in the real Skid Row, like Audrey, like Seymour. And like them, we would have done anything to survive, and one day, just maybe, to get out and move up, away, to better things. It pains me to admit, we turned to crime more than once. My brother was always so tough; he was always the muscle, and I was the plant.

MJ looks over at the in-construction puppet of the killer plant backstage.

MR C: No, not like an actual plant dear, I mean the inside man, the confederate. I would pretend to be injured, or sick, or in need of some manner of help, and distract the suckers while my brother did the dirty work. Being that we often were sick or injured, some performances were more elaborate than others, of course... but after a while, I began to realise that the real rush wasn't in pulling off the job, in scamming some upper-class know-nothing out of twenty bucks... it was in pulling off the performance. It was in the moments where i realised it hadn't been me making those decisions at all, it hadn't been my own thoughts in my head, or my own voice in my mouth; it had been the character's. In those moments, my life didn't have to be what it was. It could be whatever I could create. In those moments, Mr C didn't exist at all.

MJ: [enthralled] Do you think it was a way to escape? To escape your real life?

MR C: ...the peculiarities of my psychology are of no significance, Miss Watson. I am merely illustrating the tremendous openness and clarity of mind which acting provides; nay, demands. You are a blank slate upon which Audrey must be rendered to life. You must draw on the fire inside you; you must draw on the power of your truth; but it is the mask, the *performance* which is always paramount. And in performing, Mary Jane Watson must be a ghost; a shadow; a chameleon. The audience

must see only the truth; they must never see the lie beneath the truth. They must never see the acting.

MJ is nodding profoundly, a true believer. MR C puts his arm around MJ.

MR C: Now. Miss Watson. Mary Jane. Audrey. Are you ready for your closeup?

### SCENE 51

INT, BEDROOM. Close-up on PETER'S curious face as he sees the listening device behind the wardrobe. He pulls it off the wall and inspects it. He doesn't recognise it. Highly suspicious. PETER looks deep in thought.

Cut to PETER on his bed, toying with the device. He has taken it apart and wired it up to some earbuds. He listens to one earbud as he slowly turns the dial on the device. He picks up a sound; very faint, high-pitched squeaking sounds. He turns the dial more and picks up another sound; what sounds like garbled singing. He turns up the dial again and picks up another sound; it sounds like men having an angry conversation.

INT, STAGE. The cast are wrapping up for the night, saying goodbye and talking amongst themselves. As the others leave, MJ approaches MR C.

MJ: Mr C?

MR C: Yes, dear?

MJ: I just wanted to say, thank you. I think... you're a really awesome director. And it was really nice just to talk to someone. It meant a lot.

MR C: Well, it saved your performance, dear. You were wonderful. And in the end, I am nothing if not self-serving and manipulative.

MJ laughs.

MJ: Glad to hear it.

MJ starts to leave, then turns around.

MJ: Mr C? That wasn't a real story, was it? About you and your brother?

MR C: How could you tell?

MJ: Skid Row's not in New York. It's in LA. Any born-and-raised New Yorker would know that. And so would the person who knew this show better than anyone. Whoever she may be...

MJ smirks, waves goodbye, and heads off.

MR C: [quietly] Very perceptive.

MR C watches her leave intently. As soon as she is out the door he runs as fast as possible in the opposite direction.

INT, APARTMENT. PETER is walking around his apartment carrying the device and listening to it. He picks up different sounds whenever he approaches different parts of the apartment, following the signal strength. He wanders into the kitchen, barely even aware of what room he's in. The squeaking sound is getting louder and louder.

PETER follows the sound until he reaches the sink. His spidey-sense buzzes but he keeps following the sound. He slowly crouches down to the cupboard under the sink. The squeaking sound on the earphones is incredibly loud now. Cautious, PETER slowly opens the cupboard.

PETER sees the bomb. He sees the second listening device. There are mice everywhere; it is picking up their squeaking. PETER leaps back in shock.

Suddenly it all clicks for him.

STUDENT (v/o): I never forget a face.

REPAIRMAN (v/o): You could be in for the shock of your life.

PETER (v/o): I never knew you had such insight into the supervillainous mind.

KRAVEN (v/o): You had... help...

MJ (v/o): It's just the outside traffic.

MJ (v/o): I've never met someone like you before.

PETER (v/o) ...two?

The duct tape on the un-fixed pipe squeals open and water gushes out onto the floor. The floor is alive with mice as they flee the scene.

PETER sits there, breathing fast, eyes bulging in horror.

PETER: [calling out] HAYLEY! JUSTIN! WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE NOW!

## SCENE 52

INT, POLICE STATION. KRAVEN sits in handcuffs in a holding cell with several others. He looks thoroughly dishevelled. Two COPS, including the one he appeared to punch earlier, stand nearby talking quietly. One of their guns lies on a counter near the door.

Sat next to KRAVEN, a drooling, DRUNK MAN lolls his head. KRAVEN stares straight ahead in fury. The DRUNK MAN falls asleep for a second then snaps awake up again. He looks up at KRAVEN bemusedly. The DRUNK MAN falls asleep again, his head falling finally onto KRAVEN'S shoulder. KRAVEN leaps to his feet in a rage and starts throttling the man with his cuffs.

The COPS stroll over as KRAVEN chokes the DRUNK MAN.

COP 1: [to COP 2] Big guy's at it again. [to KRAVEN] Okay, Mr. Crazy Man? You wanna let this fine gentleman go now?

COP 2: You know you put three of our guys in the hospital today, right? Please, by all means, you keep at it and give us a reason to come in there and break this little mess up for you.

COP 1: Ooh, I like the sound of that, y'know. Yeah, that sounds pretty great. You go right ahead and continue, Mr. Crazy Man.

KRAVEN says nothing but keeps throttling the DRUNK MAN. The man is turning blue and his eye bulge as he starts to go limp.

COP 2: Oh, crap.

COP 1: Get the door open, quick...

Both COPS draw their tasers as COP 1 opens the door to the holding cell. KRAVEN is backed into the corner using the now lifeless DRUNK MAN as a human shield. The other inmates cower in different corners in terror.

INT, POLICE STATION. In a different part of the station, some other COPS notice what's going on on the CCTV footage of the holding cell. They roll their eyes and begin to head over.

INT, HOLDING CELL. The two COPS advance on KRAVEN, still backed into the corner. COP 2 raises his taser.

COP 2: Some guys just don't know when they're beat --

At lightning speed, KRAVEN fires a small grappling hook out of his wrist gauntlet and pulls COP 2'S taser out of his hand. COP 1 fires his taser and it hits the DRUNK MAN. KRAVEN hurls the convulsing DRUNK MAN into COP 1, and they both crash into the cell bars. COP 2 is fumbling for his baton when KRAVEN grabs his arm and swiftly breaks it. COP 2 screams.

COP 1 heaves the DRUNK MAN off him and gets to his feet. Still holding COP 2'S arm, KRAVEN grabs the baton and swiftly breaks it over COP 1'S face. COP 1 goes down. KRAVEN leers over COP 2 and raises his cuffed hands.

KRAVEN: Keys. NOW!!!

INT, POLICE STATION. The other COPS run into the holding cell room. They see the two COPS and the DRUNK MAN unconscious on the holding cell floor and the door wide open. They stare around in disbelief. We see that the gun is no longer on the counter.

All the other inmates are still sitting in the cell, horrified. One INMATE points towards the other COPS.

INMATE: Luh-look out --

KRAVEN bursts from behind the door wielding the gun. He briefly fights and shoots all the remaining COPS. When finished, KRAVEN takes two more guns off the bodies and takes a quick look over at the other inmates.

KRAVEN: [to himself, in Russian] [disgusted] < Dogs in cages...>

KRAVEN leaves the room.



INT, POLICE STATION. Several other COPS run into the hallway and KRAVEN effortlessly shoots them all as he walks out of the station.

### SCENE 53

INT, APARTMENT. PETER yells from his kitchen.

PETER: HAYLEY! JUSTIN! THERE'S A FIRE! FIRE IN THE KITCHEN!  
WE'VE GOTTA GET OUT!

HAYLEY and JUSTIN emerge from their rooms, bewildered.

JUSTIN: What's all the hubbub?

PETER: We've got to go, now!

PETER finds the fire alarm on the wall and smashes it, setting it off. The alarm blares and JUSTIN covers his ears.

JUSTIN: Aahhh, man!!!

PETER: The kitchen. Electrical fire. We've gotta get out, now.  
The whole building's gotta be evacuated.

PETER takes JUSTIN and forcibly leads him towards the door.  
HAYLEY follows.

JUSTIN: Hey man, can't I just grab a couple --

PETER: No time.

HAYLEY: Was it bad?

PETER: The whole kitchen was going up. It was everywhere.

The three of them run out the front door. PETER hits the fire alarm in the shared hallway as the other two run down the stairs.

PETER: FIRE! FIRE! EVERYBODY OUT! THERE'S A FIRE!

Neighbours start coming out of their apartments, confused, scared. People start heading out after HAYLEY and JUSTIN. PETER takes the opportunity to dip back into his apartment.

INT, BEDROOM. PETER runs in, grabs his web-shooters and backpack, and runs out.

INT, HALLWAY. The building residents rush down the staircase and PETER joins them, speaking on the phone.

PETER: Hello? 911? There's a bomb under the kitchen sink in apartment 15, 23 Bagley Street in Astoria. You gotta come quick.

NEIGHBOUR: A bomb? Oh my god!

Everybody runs faster.

PETER heads outside. The building residents, many half-dressed, in pyjamas, etc, are gathered discussing the situation. HAYLEY and JUSTIN are there. HAYLEY sees PETER, who is sprinting down the street away from the scene.

HAYLEY: Peter? Where the hell is he going? Man, that guy is really fast...

JUSTIN: That jerk went back to get his backpack!

#### **SCENE 54:**

EXT, DINER. PETER arrives outside the diner and staggers to a halt, panting. He rushes inside.

PETER: Mary Jane??

The customers and employees stare at him.

ENRIQUE appears from behind the counter.

PETER: Where's MJ? Did she come into work today?

ENRIQUE: Sure she did. She ghostin' you, huh?

PETER: Where is she?

ENRIQUE: Man, take it easy. She clocked off almost three hours ago.

PETER: Where did she go??

ENRIQUE: Hey, I don't much care for your tone. You're freakin' out my customers. Y'know, maybe she doesn't wanna talk to you, maybe I don't want you to talk to her either.

PETER: Please. I - she isn't safe.

ENRIQUE: Pssh. Isn't safe. Not hangin' around with a guy like you, she's not. Get outta here.

PETER, unbearably frustrated, cannot think of anything else to say. He runs out.

ENRIQUE gestures to one of the other waitresses.

ENRIQUE: Hey. Give MJ a call. Tell her her weirdo boyfriend was lookin' for her, will ya?

EXT, THEATRE. MARY JANE walks out of the theatre, saying goodbye to her friends. They part ways and she takes out her phone and sees still nothing from PETER. She cannot understand.

MJ: [to herself] Come on, tiger, what are you doing..

PETER (v/o): MJ..

MJ turns around, shocked. PETER stands there. He is the CHAMELEON.

CHAMELEON: Surprise.

EXT, STREET. PETER paces around muttering to herself, as passers-by regard him perplexedly.

PETER: Where would she be. Where would she go. Where would she go after work. Think. Think. Think, you useless -

PETER realises and dashes away.

## SCENE 55

EXT, THEATRE. MJ stands, confused by PETER/CHAMELEON.

MJ: What are you doing here?

CHAMELEON: Look. I need to talk to you.

MJ: Yeah, well you can just save it. I don't know how I'm supposed to trust the things you say anymore.

CHAMELEON: I know. Please, just hear me out.

MJ: I don't want to, Peter.

CHAMELEON: Just this one time. And then that can be it. I can leave you alone for a while. I get it. It's okay. Just let me say this.

MJ, despite herself, has to listen. But she says nothing.

CHAMELEON clears his throat. For a moment as he gazes at MJ he doesn't appear to know what to say.

CHAMELEON: I... I... I keep... I just... I keep having these dreams, right? well... In the dreams, I always feel like I'm... fighting something. Fighting against something. It's not just that they're scary - you know I can handle scary by now. It's like something feels wrong, off in a way. Something in me. And I haven't been able to put my finger on it till now. Till last night. It's you, MJ.

MJ stares at him suspiciously.

CHAMELEON: Yeah. It's you. I love you... so much. More than I've ever loved anyone. It used to be I wasn't thinking about the future. It was just about me, and what i had to do, right there and then; and it got so easy to just live like that, just staying in the present, taking everything as it came. But then we started. And it's changed - you've changed.. everything. Everything about my life. I can't be the way I was back then - I don't want to anymore. I thought if I kept us at a distance I'd be saving you; saving you from pain, saving you from getting hurt. But I was too stupid to notice that you saved me, a long time ago.

MJ can't help but smile. Still angry, she tries to hold it back.

CHAMELEON: And I'm done taking that for granted. I want it all with you, MJ. I want kids. I want a home of our own. I want a real life. You've given me so much. I want to give you the life you deserve. I can see it now. All these nightmares weren't about my fear of you dying.. they were about my fear that I couldn't give you that. Couldn't give us that. Because I want to, MJ, I want to so bad it hurts. And whatever I need to do,

whatever you need to make that happen, I'm going to do it. Starting right now. I screwed up today. More than you know. And I know that you probably don't need this right now. You got your show, and your cool director, you got your life; and you don't need me ruining it anymore. But I just had to say those things. Because I meant them; every word. So when you're ready... I'll be waiting. Goodnight.

CHAMELEON slowly turns and starts to walk away. MJ taps him on the shoulder.

MJ: Of course I need you, tiger.

MJ hugs him tight. CHAMELEON closes his eyes and savours the victory.

### SCENE 56

EXT, THEATRE. PETER arrives, panting even more intensely than before. There is no-one there. He looks around.

PETER: MJ? MJ? Mary Jane?

Nothing. No-one.

PETER: MARY JANE!!!

PETER kicks a lamp post in frustration, denting it severely. It slowly sags over and then falls, its light shattering and sparking. PETER watches it blankly.

A mouse suddenly appears from around the corner. It approaches the fallen lamp post and sniffs it. It then notices PETER and stares at him. He stares back. The mouse squeaks at him as if communicating. PETER just stares. The mouse squeaks again and runs off a little, then stops and looks back, squeaks again.

PETER: Are you - are you talking to me?

The mouse squeaks some more and runs off, turns round again, squeaks again. Bewildered, PETER stands up and follows it as it runs off.

PETER: I must be going insane...

### SCENE 57

EXT, PARK. CHAMELEON and MJ walk arm-in-arm through the moonlit park. It appears empty, except for the two of them.

MJ: So.. marriage and kids, huh Mr. Parker?

CHAMELEON: I mean it. You know I've always wanted kids.

MJ: Well you kept it pretty quiet!

CHAMELEON: I'm an orphan, MJ. I can't help it. It's the classic 'give them what I never had' thing. And anyway, how could I resist, with you? You'd be *such* an amazing mom. It'd be a crime not to try.

MJ: I so would. But obviously, not after at *least* ten years and a fruitful career. Or I guess I could always just pack the whole actor thing in...

CHAMELEON: You'd never do that. And you never should.

CHAMELEON stops her.

CHAMELEON: You've got a gift, MJ. I'd kill to have what you have.

MJ: What do you mean?

CHAMELEON: Something people want. Something beautiful. Something that brings people happiness. You're not just another... another man, screwing up the world in his own image and not caring about who gets hurt.

MJ: Animal-themed asshole really got to you, huh?

They resume walking.

CHAMELEON: That guy. Well, we won't have to worry about that guy any more. The cops got him earlier today.

MJ: They did?

CHAMELEON: They did.

MJ: And the amazing Spider-Man wouldn't happen to have been involved, would he?

CHAMELEON: My last job, MJ. Honest.

MJ: Ahh, Peter... I never wanted you to quit Spider-Man. I just didn't want to lose you to him. I just want to be *with* you. You. Peter Parker. *That's* my truth.

MJ brings her face to his.

MJ: You're my Seymour.

MJ and CHAMELEON kiss passionately.

CHAMELEON: Let's go away somewhere. Somewhere nice. Away from the city for a while.

MJ: You mean like a... a vacation? Wow, who are you and what have you done with Peter Parker?

CHAMELEON laughs.

CHAMELEON: I'm serious.

MJ: Oh yeah? Where did you have in mind?

CHAMELEON: Oh, I don't know. Someplace... hot.

CHAMELEON pulls her in and they kiss some more.

There is a sudden buzzing in CHAMELEON'S pocket. MJ and CHAMELEON stop kissing.

MJ: What is that?

CHAMELEON takes out his phone. The tracker shows someone is coming towards them fast.

CHAMELEON: [quietly] Oh, no.

## SCENE 58

EXT, PARK. CHAMELEON is suddenly hit in the neck with one of KRAVEN'S darts. He goes limp almost immediately and drops his phone. MJ shrieks.

KRAVEN storms out of the dark trees towards them. Barely breaking his stride, he goes up to CHAMELEON and whacks him in the throat. CHAMELEON goes down, gasping for air.

MJ: PETER!

MJ desperately starts hitting KRAVEN. KRAVEN takes no notice of her, grabs CHAMELEON'S foot and drags CHAMELEON behind him as he marches away.

MJ jumps on KRAVEN's back.

MJ: STOP IT, STOP IT, YOU SON OF A BITCH --

KRAVEN drops CHAMELEON and shakes MJ off. He grabs MJ by the throat, strikes her across the face, and hurls her as far as he can. MJ lands hard on the grass. KRAVEN takes CHAMELEON'S foot again and drags him away. CHAMELEON moans and loses consciousness.

### SCENE 59

INT, BUNKER. Darkness. KRAVEN strikes a match to light a candle, illuminating the room: a dingy underground bunker with a futon on the floor, empty save for a few boxes of equipment, guns, tools, etc scattered around. CHAMELEON, still posing as PETER, starts to come to. He is chained to a chair. KRAVEN lights more candles, with his back to CHAMELEON.

CHAMELEON: Wh...where is she...

KRAVEN: Ha. 'Where is she'. That's good. Very *amusing*.

CHAMELEON: If... if you've hurt her...

KRAVEN turns, grinning.

KRAVEN: You'll what? Use your super strength? Beat me to a pulp? You can drop the idiotic act, Dimitri, I know it's you. Now come on.

KRAVEN sits down in front of CHAMELEON.

KRAVEN: Let's talk, eh? Man to man. I want to hear you try to explain yourself.

CHAMELEON: So this is where you've been hiding out, eh brother? I love what you've done with the place. I guess keeping up appearances really never was your thing, was it?

KRAVEN strikes him hard.



KRAVEN: I didn't say I wanted to listen to you yammer away like a scared little girl. I said I want to hear you try to explain yourself.

CHAMELEON: *Ha!* How long have you got?! Isn't Spider-Man getting away as we speak? Wouldn't want to lose the game now would we --

KRAVEN hits him again.

KRAVEN: We don't seem to be understanding each other. [in Russian] <Maybe I need to jog your memory.>

KRAVEN stands up and pulls out his whip. CHAMELEON laughs.

CHAMELEON: Relax, relax, Sergei. Sit down. You'll wear yourself out. Alright, I'll play your little game. What is it you want me to explain?

KRAVEN: Games. You want to talk about games? Then why don't we start with this: what is the second rule?

CHAMELEON says nothing.

KRAVEN: Say it.

CHAMELEON: No sabotaging your brother...

KRAVEN: That's right. So tell me; how is it that our rules - the rules that we came up with, the rules that we *always use*, that we were *honour-bound to follow*, SPECIFICALLY state 'no sabotaging your brother' - and yet, this afternoon, I found myself locked in an American jail cell like a stinking DOG in a cage, because, in the words of the idiots in charge, who dared to suggest they were QUOTING me, I had been a...

KRAVEN almost chokes on this part.

KRAVEN: ...a 'naughty boy'?!?

CHAMELEON sniggers.

CHAMELEON: You have to admit that is pretty funny.

KRAVEN stands again.

KRAVEN: You won't think it's so funny when I dislocate your  
*spinal* --

CHAMELEON: Oh, give it a rest, you big ape. The rules say  
Dimitri cannot sabotage his brother. They never said anything  
about Dimitri's brother sabotaging himself.

CHAMELEON starts laughing.

CHAMELEON: Come on, that's pretty good!

KRAVEN almost smiles.

KRAVEN: Alright. Alright. I could live with that. That, I could  
live with. Except that wasn't the only rule you broke, was it?  
Do I need to remind you of them too? No interfering with your  
brother's mission. No outside help. No *women*.

KRAVEN gives CHAMELEON a piercing stare.

KRAVEN: How am I to know in all your excitement you haven't  
incriminated the Motherland too? Have you imagined what might  
happen to you if word of this were to get back to her?

CHAMELEON: It wouldn't because I haven't.

KRAVEN: That's what you say. No, there's nothing for it. There's  
no way to trust your words anymore. I'm going to have to get it  
out of you.

KRAVEN stands and goes to get something from his toolkit.

CHAMELEON: Oh, what is it now? What, are you going to hit me  
again? Batter me within an inch of my life? It wouldn't be the  
first time, would it, big brother? You think I can't take  
everything you've got and more?!

KRAVEN returns with a syringe. CHAMELEON eyes it warily.

CHAMELEON: What is that?

KRAVEN: Nectar of the Atlantean vermifowl. The tradesman told me  
they use it to season their soup there... But, give it to a  
human being - even one as singularly degenerate as yourself -  
add in a few finishing touches from my own workshop, and the  
effects can be far more powerful.

KRAVEN injects CHAMELEON'S, holding him as he struggles.

KRAVEN: The perfect truth serum.

CHAMELEON moans. KRAVEN sits down, satisfied.

KRAVEN: There. It should take effect any minute. You see, now we can talk like we used to, eh? Man to man. No more lies.

KRAVEN frowns.

KRAVEN: In fact, there's just one left. Let me get that for you...

KRAVEN leans over and presses CHAMELEON'S belt buckle. It opens and reveals a small computer-like screen.

CHAMELEON: Nnnnoo --

KRAVEN switches the machine off. CHAMELEON shakes painfully as his whole body, clothes and all, transform in a shimmering holographic light show. In a sheen of colour, the face and body of PETER PARKER change into the true appearance of the CHAMELEON.

CHAMELEON is small and slender, and wears a black-blue, high-tech-looking bodysuit up to his neck. His face and skin are supernaturally white and unblemished, smooth like a porcelain doll. He is completely hairless and has no nose or ears. His eyes are strangely colourless. He looks at KRAVEN with a seething, unbearable hatred.

KRAVEN smiles.

KRAVEN: Now. Let's begin.

## SCENE 60

EXT, PARK. MJ comes to. She touches her forehead; it is bleeding a little. She slowly gets to her feet.

MJ: Peter?

MJ looks over at the grass; there is still a sight trail where KRAVEN dragged CHAMELEON away. MJ looks around, terrified. No one there. She begins to follow the trail.

MJ: [calling out] PETER??

## SCENE 61

EXT, STREET. PETER is following the mouse around town with a vacant look on his face. The mouse stops, turns to him, and squeaks outside the fence leading to the park.

PETER: The park?

The mouse squeaks and runs in through the fence, disappearing into a bush.

PETER: aaand you went into the park. The mouse went into the park. Where mice live. God, what was I *thinking*...

The mouse pokes its head out again and squeaks, and ducks back into the bush.

PETER: Okay, fine...

PETER hops over the fence and goes after it.

## SCENE 62

INT, BUNKER. KRAVEN sits happily opposite a defeated CHAMELEON.

KRAVEN: Ah, it's good to see your face again, brother! Or, what's left of it, anyway. After all these years I had almost forgotten just how ugly you really are.

CHAMELEON says nothing. He fights to keep his mouth shut.

KRAVEN: Oh go on. You have your little tantrum. Little baby without his bottle. Always the same, ever since we were boys. You were always so weak.

CHAMELEON strains as if about to burst. KRAVEN is loving it.

KRAVEN: Come on, Dimitri. Why don't you speak your mind?

CHAMELEON: I idolised you. I wanted to be you. And you treated me like dirt beneath your shoe.

KRAVEN: Ah. That's more like it --

CHAMELEON: I told myself you were just trying to toughen me up. That you didn't despise me, that you loved me, that you wanted what was best for me. For years! For years I lied to myself --

CHAMELEON starts sobbing.

CHAMELEON: I hate you. I hate you so much.

KRAVEN: Well, I was trying to toughen you up... Evidently I failed. But here's what I still don't understand. What are you doing here? Why play the game at all this time? If you wanted me gone that badly you could've just tried to have me killed. It wouldn't have worked, but it could have saved you a lot of embarrassment. Why have me arrested? You didn't seriously think a jail cell could hold me? That I wouldn't find you?

CHAMELEON: Thought it would work for longer. For long enough...

KRAVEN: Long enough for what?

CHAMELEON fights incredibly hard but cannot hold it in.

KRAVEN: For what? Eh?

CHAMELEON: I wanted to become him. I wanted to become spider-man and leave, with her. With the girl. I wanted out.

KRAVEN cannot believe his ears.

CHAMELEON: I want to be Peter Parker for the rest of my life. I don't want to be me anymore.

CHAMELEON looks at KRAVEN pleadingly.

CHAMELEON: Let me go, brother. The real parker is still out there. I put a bomb in his apartment and he's there right now. I can detonate it for you from here and you can kill him and then you can win the game and you can let me go and I can go and I can be him... I can be him...

KRAVEN: Oh, little brother. Oh, this is priceless. I almost thought you had run out of ways to be a pathetic embarrassment.

KRAVEN gazes at him, almost fascinated.

KRAVEN: You've lost your mind, haven't you? You've been playing dress-up for too many years and now you've completely and

utterly lost your mind... I might even pity you if it wasn't so repulsive. You're not even a man anymore.

KRAVEN stands up and paces around.

KRAVEN: For years I've endured your nonsense, your lies, your ridiculous gimmickry. Do you know how difficult it is to establish yourself as a professional killer and the world's greatest hunter when your reputation is tethered to the most laughable excuse for an assassin on the planet? 'The Chameleon'. The little boy who dresses up like a little girl and calls it espionage. Calls himself a *threat*. You're a joke. And if you think for even a moment that I'm losing this game to a weasel like you then you really have lost your mind.

CHAMELEON struggles in vain against his chains.

CHAMELEON: You BASTARD! You stupid stone-age BASTARD! How did brawn over brains work out for you last time, *huh?*! He smacked you around you like you were a toddler. There's no way you can defeat him in a straight fight. You'll LOSE on your own. You'll LOSE AND THEN YOU'LL CRY AND THEN I'LL LAUGH ABOUT IT!!!

KRAVEN smiles.

KRAVEN: That's what you think. You see, I have a plan for that. I'd been thinking about this, of course. I knew that for the sake of my own pride, I needed to at least try to beat him as I am... As God made me. But I also knew that I'd never hunted a creature with such capabilities before. And that in the animal kingdom, new challenges demand new adaptations. You either evolve or you die.

KRAVEN walks over to his toolkit. He produces two small vials of potion; one red, one blue. He turns to Chameleon proudly holding one in each hand.

KRAVEN: More of my new recipes. [gesturing to the blue] This one makes him weaker. [gesturing to the red] This one makes me stronger.

CHAMELEON: That's cheating.

KRAVEN: HE is the cheat! When he ingested whatever serum, or absorbed whatever gamma rays or whatever it is he did to become what he is; when he raised the bar, he raised it higher than any mortal man could hope to reach. I can't allow that. How can I

allow that? I'm levelling the playing field. And then he'll go down just like any other beast that thought itself better than Kraven the Hunter. And I want you to know something, little brother. Are you listening?

CHAMELEON: I'm going to get out of here and I'm going to kill you with my bare hands...

KRAVEN: Oh really. Look at me. I'm shaking in my boots.

CHAMELEON: I've killed dozens of people... hundreds...

KRAVEN holds CHAMELEON'S face up.

KRAVEN: You listen to me, little boy. Little Dimitri. Open up those non-existent ear-holes of yours or whatever it is you need to do, and listen: I've beaten you. It's over. I've beaten you, and do you know what the saddest part is? I don't even consider this a victory. There's no honour in this. This is like disciplining a dog. Like spanking a squealing infant to silence his cries. This is simply necessary.

KRAVEN stands up and packs up his bags to head out. He begins blowing out the candles. He pauses. He sighs.

KRAVEN: When I kill the spider. You will forget this madness. And maybe then you'll finally come to your senses.

KRAVEN heads up the short staircase to the surface.

CHAMELEON: Don't... don't leave me here like this. You can't.

CHAMELEON cranes his neck to turn his head to face KRAVEN.

CHAMELEON: Not like this. You know I can't stand it. Change me back. To anyone. Please. [quietly] Have mercy.

KRAVEN regards him with utter disdain.

KRAVEN: This *is* mercy.

KRAVEN ascends the stairs and opens the hatch to the surface. He blows out the last candle, leaving the room in utter darkness.

KRAVEN: [in Russian] <Make me proud, brother.>

CHAMELEON: PLEASE!!!

The hatch slams shut, behind him, leaving the room in utter darkness.

### SCENE 63

EXT, PARK. The mouse walks through the park towards the area where MJ and CHAMELEON were ambushed. PETER follows it curiously but apprehensively.

PETER: If this turns out to be a wild mouse chase I am officially getting traps for my apartment. You hear me, you little...

The mouse squeaks back at him. Eventually they come to the spot of the ambush. There is nothing there.

PETER: [calling out] Mary Jane? Anyone??

No response. PETER looks at the mouse.

PETER: You son of a bitch.

The mouse squeaks. Suddenly PETER hears it; a faint buzzing. He follows it over to find CHAMELEON'S phone lying in the grass, buzzing. He picks it up and inspects it. The screen displays a map with two tracking dots, one moving far away, and one right where he is standing.

PETER: A tracker...

PETER smacks his head.

PETER: Of course!!

PETER hurriedly examines himself for bugs. Then it occurs to him. PETER takes out his phone and examines it.

PETER: Parker, you idiot...

He quickly finds CHAMELEON'S device and crushes it in his hand. The tracker for PETER on CHAMELEON'S phone screen disappears. PETER looks at the mouse.

PETER: Y'see? She wasn't ignoring me! I knew it!

The mouse squeaks.



PETER: But - but how did you --

The mouse runs away. PETER, no time to question it, looks at CHAMELEON'S phone, where the other tracker continues to move away.

PETER: Why do I feel like *I'm* the one being led into a trap...

PETER dials MJ.

EXT, PARK. MJ is following the trail anxiously. She notices several pieces of paper blowing around in the dark. One of them blows near her. She examines it. It is a flyer for Queens Zoo advertising a lion exhibit: 'COME SEE THE REAL KING OF THE JUNGLE!' MJ is reading this when her phone rings. It is PETER. Overjoyed, she stuffs the flyer into her pocket and answers.

MJ: PETER! Oh my god! Oh my god, are you alright?

EXT, PARK. PETER on the phone.

PETER: MJ!! Oh thank you Jesus. Where's he got you? Are you hurt?

EXT, PARK. MJ comes to the bunker. The hatch is hidden in the grass in the park. MJ does not notice it immediately.

MJ: I'm still in the park!! I was following you - where are you??

PETER (v/o): You're in the - Wait - wait a minute.

EXT, PARK. PETER cringes. He hates himself for asking, but has to.

PETER: MJ... is it really you?! Is it you or is it - or is it the fake?

MJ (v/o): ...what?!

EXT, PARK. MJ walking right over the hatch.

MJ: Peter, what are you saying??

PETER (v/o): When we met. Tell me what you said to me when we first met. The first thing you ever said to me. Tell me, MJ!!

MJ stumbles over the hatch. She looks down and notices it,  
shocked.

EXT, PARK. PETER on the phone.

PETER: MJ?! There's no time! I have to know it's you!! *Please  
tell me it's really you!!*

EXT, PARK. MJ kneels down to the hatch.

MJ: Peter, I... I don't understand..

MJ can hear faint screaming from inside the hatch. Her eyes  
widen.

MJ: [to herself] Oh my god. [to PETER] stay there, Peter, I'm  
gonna get you out of there! Just hang on!

EXT, PARK. PETER on the phone.

PETER: What?! What's going on?

MJ (v/o): I'm coming!

EXT, PARK. MJ hangs up, squats and lifts the hatch with all her  
might. It opens a little and she can hear CHAMELEON screaming  
for help more loudly.

MJ: I'm coming! I'm coming Petey, don't worry!

MJ sets the hatch down again and runs off. She finds a tree  
branch. She runs back to the hatch and lifts it up again a  
crack.

MJ: [to herself] face it, tiger --

MJ uses the branch to crank the hatch open all the way. It falls  
open with a crash.

MJ: [to herself] -- you just hit the jackpot.

It is pitch dark inside the hatch. A voice calls out weakly.

CHAMELEON (v/o): ...Mary Jane??

MJ: Peter!!

INT, BUNKER. In the darkness, we see CHAMELEON still sitting chained, and still in his true form.

EXT, PARK. PETER is losing it. He almost smashes his phone in fury.

PETER: [calling out] MARY JANE!!!!

PETER looks at the tracker. It is his only option now. He runs off, following the tracker.

#### SCENE 64

INT, BUNKER. MJ nervously descends the staircase.

CHAMELEON: [quietly] MJ... you came for me...

MJ: P-Peter... is he gone? The animal guy?

CHAMELEON: [quietly] yes... yes, don't worry...

MJ: Peter, your voice... he hurt you, didn't he?

We see CHAMELEON again, still shrouded in darkness. His white skin almost glows. MJ reaches the bottom of the stairs.

MJ: I - I can't see you --

CHAMELEON: [quietly] MJ... I'm chained up. To the left... some tools. Think I saw... bolt cutters...

MJ: O-okay. Okay.

MJ staggers blindly to the left wall, feeling with her hands. Some tools are still hanging up. They clatter when she reaches them. MJ gasps.

CHAMELEON: [quietly] the bolt cutters, MJ...

MJ: Okay. Okay.

MJ finds some bolt cutters.

MJ: I've got them! I've got them!

CHAMELEON: [quietly] just... follow my voice...

MJ staggers over to him and finds him, rattling the chains. MJ starts to use the bolt cutters, straining and grunting.

MJ: Guess this makes... for a nice bit of... role reversal... huh tiger?!

CHAMELEON says nothing. One of the bolts starts to weaken and CHAMELEON strains to break out of the chains. MJ and CHAMELEON both heave until the chains break and CHAMELEON falls forward off the chair.

MJ: YES!

MJ'S phone suddenly rings. MJ screams and drops the bolt cutters. MJ looks at her phone in confusion. PETER is calling. In the background, CHAMELEON activates his belt and a brief shimmer of light again surrounds him.

MJ: P-Peter?

CHAMELEON: [now PETER again] Don't answer it, MJ.

MJ looks up. CHAMELEON, posing as PETER, emerges from out of the darkness. His face looks severely beaten. Suddenly he falls over, weakened. MJ hurries over and cradles him. MJ turns her phone's torch on and examines his face.

MJ: Peter... what's happening?

CHAMELEON: I... was drugged. So weak...

We see that CHAMELEON is still under the effects of the truth serum. MJ'S phone is still ringing in her hand.

MJ: What is this? Who's calling me?

CHAMELEON: There's two of us, MJ. Kraven has a brother. There's been a little... family feud.

MJ: A brother?

CHAMELEON: The Chameleon. A master impersonator... posing as Peter Parker.

MJ: Oh my god...

CHAMELEON: And your director. And the repair guy. And some guy at college. Even you a couple of times. And others. I can't even remember them all...

MJ: ...it *can't* be...

CHAMELEON: I'm sorry, MJ... It's all my fault.

MJ: Oh, tiger...

MJ kisses CHAMELEON'S head.

CHAMELEON: We have to get out of here, MJ...

MJ and CHAMELEON get to their feet weakly.

MJ: Can't you just, y'know, thwip us away?

CHAMELEON shakes his head.

CHAMELEON: Kraven has a new drug. It takes away your powers. And that's not all.

MJ: So that's why you needed my skinny ass to bust you outta those chains... So where's the asshole now? Shouldn't we just, like, call the cops on him?

CHAMELEON: I don't know where he is. But the cops can't stop him. MJ, we're not safe. Kraven made it clear: Spider-Man dies tonight.

With MJ supporting CHAMELEON, they make their way up the staircase.

## SCENE 66

EXT, PARK. PETER hops over the fence to the park and out onto the street. He is following the tracker.

EXT, APARTMENT. The residents of PETER'S apartment building are still gathered outside, along with two fire engines. Firefighters are setting up a ladder going up to PETER'S bedroom window.

EXT, ROOFTOP. From across the street, KRAVEN watches this.

KRAVEN: [angrily, to himself, in Russian] <New York's finest, my hairy ass!>

KRAVEN produces a grenade launcher from his bag and aims for a car parked a few hundred yards down PETER'S street. He fires.

EXT, APARTMENT. Two FIREFIGHTERS ascend the ladder to PETER'S bedroom.

FIREFIGHTER 1: *I don't smell anything.*

FIREFIGHTER 2: Brass said something about a bomb threat. Probably just another stupid prank --

Down the street, the grenade detonates and a massive explosion interrupts FIREFIGHTER 2.

FIREFIGHTER 1: OH SHIT!

The ladder descends again. The fire engines blare off in the direction of the fire.

While the street crowd are distracted, KRAVEN fires a zip wire over to PETER'S bedroom window. KRAVEN zips over and crashes through the window.

On the street below, HAYLEY looks up to the noise. She sees the window is now broken and frowns in suspicion.

## SCENE 67

INT, APARTMENT. Mice scurry back and forth on the floor as KRAVEN wanders around disinterestedly. It is obvious SPIDER-MAN is not there. KRAVEN goes back into PETER'S bedroom. He scribbles a note which we do not see and pins it onto the wall by angrily stabbing his knife into the wardrobe.

About to leave, KRAVEN suddenly hears a strange noise like feedback. He follows the noise over to PETER'S desk, where CHAMELEON'S dismantled listening device sits emitting a whining noise. KRAVEN investigates and quickly realises the sound's relationship with his own wrist gauntlet.

EXT, AIRPORT. A brief flashback to CHAMELEON and KRAVEN shaking hands. This time we see CHAMELEON slip a small device inside KRAVEN'S wrist gauntlet.

INT, BEDROOM. KRAVEN grimaces, and takes off his wrist gauntlet. He finds the device and tries to crush it with his bare hands. He cannot. KRAVEN throws it on the floor and furiously stomps on it instead.

KRAVEN: [in Russian] <snake! Snake! snaaake!!!>

### SCENE 68

EXT, APARTMENT. The main door to the building opens a little and KRAVEN carefully exits. Everyone is distracted by the fire down the street and does not see. Except HAYLEY, who marches up to him.

HAYLEY: Hey! Who the hell are you?!

KRAVEN ignores her and briskly walks away.

HAYLEY: Hey, Borat! I'm talkin' to you!

JUSTIN runs over to her.

JUSTIN: What's up?

HAYLEY: I think that's the asshole who put the bomb in the building.

JUSTIN: Woah, what?

Other NEIGHBOURS take notice of this. KRAVEN continues to gain distance.

NEIGHBOUR 1: That guy? [to KRAVEN] Hey, mister!

NEIGHBOUR 2: Somebody stop that guy!

KRAVEN turns around, glaring, and throws a smoke bomb. He disappears.

EXT, ROOFTOP. PETER has just arrived, led by the CHAMELEON'S tracker. He sees the fire down the street, and that the crowd are distracted. PETER puts his backpack down on the rooftop, and puts on his mask. He then covertly leaps the full distance of the street over to the wall outside his window.

EXT, STREET. HAYLEY, coughing from KRAVEN'S smoke bomb, glances back up to PETER'S window. She sees PETER, in a Spider-Man mask, climbing through the window. Her eyes widen in surprise.

HAYLEY: No freaking way...

EXT, PARK. MJ assists CHAMELEON as they run out of the park. In the street outside, they pause for breath.

MJ: So what's the play, coach?

CHAMELEON: The play?

MJ: Yeah. once whatever he stuck you with wears off. It only took an hour or so last time, right?

CHAMELEON: I - I don't know when it's going to wear off. We... we need to get home. Regroup.

MJ: He knows who you are, right? How do we know he's not just waiting for us at your place?

PAUSE.

MJ: You don't think he knows about Aunt May, do you? Or my Aunt Anna??

CHAMELEON: I don't know. I can't think straight right now, MJ. But he could have hurt you and he didn't, did he? I think... this is between me and him.

MJ: [quietly] tell that to the welt on my forehead.

CHAMELEON runs over to the sidewalk and hails a taxi. MJ hurries over.

MJ: It feels so wrong taking a cab with you!

## SCENE 69

INT, BEDROOM. PETER examines the room cautiously, consulting the tracker. He finds the device on the floor, still intact. PETER takes off his mask, face contorted in frustration, and smashes CHAMELEON'S phone angrily. He seems ready to give up. PETER then notices KRAVEN'S note on the wardrobe.

EXT, APARTMENT. HAYLEY and JUSTIN are arguing.



JUSTIN: -- the dumbest idea you have ever had, and *that* is saying a lot. A loooottt!!

HAYLEY: -- of course you would be too stupid to see something that's been right under your big ignorant nose --

While HAYLEY and JUSTIN debate, the taxi carrying MJ and CHAMELEON pulls up nearby. MJ and CHAMELEON get out and look around at the chaos.

MJ: Woah, what's all this?

CHAMELEON: [to himself] dammit...

INT, BEDROOM. PETER takes the note. It reads 'Come alone if you want her to live'. On the other side is a flyer for Queens Zoo advertising a lion exhibit: 'COME SEE THE REAL KING OF THE JUNGLE!'

PETER scrunches up the note and stares darkly into the distance.

EXT, APARTMENT. HAYLEY and JUSTIN still arguing.

HAYLEY: I swear to god, if you would just shut the hell up for like one goddamn second so I can try to explain it to you in terms simplistic enough for your moronic --

JUSTIN is staring smugly over her shoulder. HAYLEY turns around and sees PETER and MJ across the street. HAYLEY is dumbstruck. MJ approaches them.

JUSTIN: Yo, Spider-Man!! Over here! Over here, Spider-Man, she's got something for you to sign!

HAYLEY: *GODDAMMIT I HATE YOU!!!*

INT, BEDROOM. PETER stands looking out the window. He suddenly sees MJ outside berating JUSTIN. Unthinkingly, he presses up against the glass.

PETER: MJ!

Then PETER'S gaze drifts over to the CHAMELEON.

EXT, APARTMENT. CHAMELEON, trying to hide his panic, glances up to the bedroom window and sees PETER. MJ approaches him from behind.

MJ: So what now, Peter?

INT, BEDROOM. PETER'S mouth hangs open as he stares down at himself, grinning back up at him.

EXT, APARTMENT. CHAMELEON covertly reaches down to his belt buckle and presses some buttons.

INT, BEDROOM. PETER sees CHAMELEON doing this.

PETER: NO!!!

EXT, APARTMENT. CHAMELEON activates the bomb.

CHAMELEON: [to himself] Thank you.

INT, KITCHEN. Under the sink, the bomb beeps for a few seconds and then explodes. PETER'S apartment is engulfed in a ball of flame.

EXT, APARTMENT. The bedroom window explodes outwards and the crowd below react in terror.

## END OF ACT TWO

### SCENE 70

EXT, APARTMENT. Flaming debris rains down over the crowd, who scatter and scream. More fire engines blare down the street. Flames pour out of PETER'S bedroom window.

HAYLEY stares up at the building, horrified. JUSTIN is in awe.

MJ looks around in shock. CHAMELEON stands next to her. For just a second he fails to hide his smile.

CHAMELEON grabs MJ'S hand and sprints away.

EXT, ALLEY. CHAMELEON and MJ run into the alley. For a moment neither says anything.

MJ: [still shocked] I guess we'll be moving in together a little earlier than we thought, huh...

CHAMELEON turns, looking grave, and takes her by the shoulders.

CHAMELEON: We have to get out of here, MJ. Tonight. I was going to suggest we pack some bags, but...

MJ: What - what do you mean?

CHAMELEON: We'll go away from here. Like we said. Just you and me. We can start over. With no crazy animal guys, no shapeshifting doppelgangers, no explosions... Just you and me.

MJ: Peter... what about... school? Our Aunts? What about our lives?

CHAMELEON: We can figure all that out. But *you're* all I need, MJ. These guys will not stop. And I can't lose you. I *can't*...

CHAMELEON embraces MJ.

MJ: Tiger... I know you know we can't do that.

CHAMELEON: What?

MJ: Well, for starters, I can't leave New York. I just - I just can't. Where would we go? But that's not it. Peter, this guy, these guys... They hurt people, right? Even if it is between you and them; they don't care who gets caught in the middle. They're dangerous, Peter. They're dangerous and they're powerful. So you have to stop them. Powers or no powers. We need you. We need Spider-Man... This is a job only he can do.

CHAMELEON looks defeated. MJ takes out the flyer for the zoo from her pocket and unfolds it.

MJ: Maybe with a little help from his friends.

## SCENE 71

INT, BEDROOM. We see PETER'S room, devastated by the explosion, fires blazing in several areas. The ceiling has collapsed. There is a large hole in the wall where the window used to be.

Half-submerged under a pile of rubble, which includes the remains of his wardrobe, PETER lies unconscious, face-down. His one free hand still grasps the flyer for the ZOO. The photo of MJ from his wall floats over and lands near him, wrinkling in the intense heat.

PETER wakes up, coughing and groaning. His mask is half-off already, and he wriggles it off fully. His face is covered in dirt and grime. It is hard to breathe. The rubble is trapping his chest.

PETER cries in pain as he tries to lift the rubble. He cannot. He pants and tries again. He cannot. His breathing becomes more and more laboured. He notices the photo of MJ, now burning up.

PETER: [softly] I'm sorry, MJ... I'm sorry..

PETER gives up. He lies there and closes his eyes.

A voice comes from off-screen. It is BEN PARKER'S.

BEN (v/o): even if the whole world might be coming to an end...

PETER'S eyes open.

BEN (v/o): They knew they'd be alright..

PETER painfully moves his head to look up.

BEN (v/o): So long as they had each other.

BEN'S hand comes and takes PETER'S.

We see BEN, standing over PETER happily.

BEN: Now: are you telling me you're just going to lie there and let her go right when she's needing you the most?

PETER clenches his fist. With his hand still gripping the flyer, he punches into the floor to prop himself up. He takes a deep breath. With all his strength, he lifts. The mass of rubble begins to shift. PETER screams in pain. The rubble rises slowly off the ground as he gets onto his knees. He begins to sag for a moment. Then, with one last push, he casts off the rubble and stands triumphant in the burning room. He webs his mask over to his hand. He stares ahead righteously.

PETER puts his mask on and leaps away, tossing the flyer for the zoo into the flames.

## SCENE 72

EXT, ZOO. We see the gates of Queens Zoo as MJ and CHAMELEON arrive on foot. They note that the security cameras have already been destroyed. CHAMELEON gives MJ a boost over the gate. He is visibly nervous.

Once they're inside, almost immediately, a large alligator slinks past. MJ screams silently and hides behind CHAMELEON, who recoils. They back away and bump into the body of a security guard lying on the ground. MJ shrieks out loud this time.

CHAMELEON puts his hand on her shoulder.

MJ: I - I guess you're going to tell me to 'it's too dangerous MJ, hang back, find somewhere to hide'?

CHAMELEON: I still don't have my powers back. I need you with me.

MJ: ...Really?

CHAMELEON: We're stronger together. Come on; stay low.

CHAMELEON kneels down, takes the gun from the guard's holster and checks it for bullets. He turns and creeps away. MJ stares after him, confused. CHAMELEON turns back.

CHAMELEON: Come on!

MJ follows. Parrots flutter by in the background.

### SCENE 73

INT, ZOO. A shadowy KRAVEN walks from place to place, breaking padlocks on gates to set the zoo animals free. He comes to the lion enclosure, breaks the lock, and casually enters.

EXT, TREES. In the trees outside the zoo lurks SPIDER-MAN. Apart from his mask and web-shooters, his clothes are ruined. He takes off his backpack and produces the Spider-Man costume worn by the mannequin earlier. It is still covered in bird droppings. SPIDEY decides against it and pulls his shirt off instead. He stuffs everything in the backpack and webs it to the tree. SPIDEY leaps down into the grounds of the zoo.

INT, ZOO. SPIDEY lands on the grass. He sees the various animals running loose. SPIDEY spots a sign to the lion enclosure which

reads 'NATURE CALLS!' with a graphic of a roaring lion's head. A few ducks run past being chased by a warthog.

SPIDEY: I'm sorry. I'll come back for you all.

SPIDEY follows the sign.

INT, ZOO. CHAMELEON and MJ huddle together, creeping around. CHAMELEON brandishes his gun.

MJ: [whispering] aren't you going to give me one?

CHAMELEON: [whispering] would you know how to use it if I did?

MJ: [whispering] since when do you?

CHAMELEON: [whispering] you know i hate them. but you pick things up on this job..

MJ: [whispering] give me a web-shooter.

CHAMELEON: [whispering] I'll protect you.

MJ: [whispering] Peter, I don't want to get eaten by an alligator *before* getting shot at by the crazy man. Give me a web-shooter.

CHAMELEON: [whispering, annoyed] alright!

They stop as CHAMELEON fumbles with the web-shooter on his wrist. He does not know how to get it off. After a minute, MJ easily clicks it open for him. She looks at him.

CHAMELEON: [whispering] I'm so nervous. I'm sorry. I haven't been without my powers for so long.. I'm not used to it.

CHAMELEON holds her face.

CHAMELEON: [whispering] you have to help me, MJ. I need you, okay?

CHAMELEON kisses her, then takes her hand again and leads them off. MJ watches him with growing discomfort.

INT, LION'S DEN. Three lions sit inside their enclosure. It is rocky and grassy, with a small waterfall and pool. A shadowy

KRAVEN approaches the lions with a knife in his hand. The lions look up at him and growl.

INT, ZOO. SPIDEY follows the signs to the lion enclosure. Slowly, he enters.

#### SCENE 74

INT, LION'S DEN. Atop the waterfall stands KRAVEN. He is naked except for a loincloth and many straps and pockets slung over his shoulders. He is covered, head to toe, in blood. He has skinned one of the lions and wears its skin draped over his body, with the head and fangs on top of his head. He wears clawed metal knuckle dusters. KRAVEN looks utterly deranged. The other two lions sit on either side of KRAVEN, as if now loyal to him.

SPIDEY slowly approaches KRAVEN.

KRAVEN: You see this? Do you see this, little man? I did this. I did this with my bare hands, and my wits. Come here, and *i'll do the same to you.*

SPIDEY: Where is she?

KRAVEN says nothing. He pulls out his whip and cracks it several times. The lions get up and start advancing on SPIDEY, who does not stop.

SPIDEY: if you've hurt her...

The lions roar at SPIDEY and one leaps at him. He dodges and webs it but the other one pounces on him. KRAVEN jumps down from the waterfall.

KRAVEN: You might not be a man anymore --

KRAVEN pulls a blowgun from one of his pockets.

KRAVEN: -- but you're going to die like one.

KRAVEN fires a dart at SPIDEY, who catches it in mid-air while still tussling with the lion. SPIDEY rolls over and throws the lion at KRAVEN. The lion hits KRAVEN with a yowl and they both land in the water. SPIDEY leaps over to them. The lion runs away but KRAVEN is gone.

PAUSE.

SPIDEY'S spider-sense goes off and he grabs at the water in front of him. He retrieves the empty lion's skin. KRAVEN suddenly pops up, snarling, from the water below SPIDEY, knocking him away. KRAVEN swipes at SPIDEY with his claws and gets in a few licks. SPIDEY kicks him back hard and swings away. SPIDEY examines his wounds. They bleed blue this time.

SPIDEY: [to himself] not good...

KRAVEN: Did I get you? Did I??

SPIDEY staggers backwards.

KRAVEN: HA! I GOT YOU!

SPIDEY: It's not gonna help you this time, Bamm-Bamm.

KRAVEN eagerly takes out a vial of the red potion and gulps it down. He closes his eyes and cackles as new strength flows through him. With superhuman agility, KRAVEN jumps a great distance over to the webbed lion. He tears the webbing apart with his hands. The lion is freed.

SPIDEY: Performance enhancers? How embarrassing for you...

The lion runs at him. SPIDEY tries to jump but can only manage a regular-sized one.

SPIDEY: Oh no.

KRAVEN sprints towards SPIDEY at top speed.

KRAVEN: NOW LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!!!

## SCENE 75

INT, ZOO. CHAMELEON and MJ near the lion enclosure. They hear KRAVEN'S battle cry. CHAMELEON stops MJ and peers through the glass window. He sees SPIDEY and KRAVEN fighting. KRAVEN is wiping the floor with SPIDEY. MJ peers round too. CHAMELEON turns to her.

MJ: is that --?



CHAMELEON: the chameleon. The mimic.. He stole my spare costume. See? He's getting his ass kicked.

MJ: Why are they fighting?

CHAMELEON: I don't know. I didn't get much back there, but i think he wants to replace me. Kraven had a different agenda. I guess they couldn't work it out.

CHAMELEON and MJ back away from the window.

CHAMELEON: Okay. Here I go.

CHAMELEON begins to undress, revealing he is wearing the spare SPIDER-MAN costume under his clothes. MJ regards him skeptically.

MJ: Remind me of the plan again?

CHAMELEON: We let them fight till one of them wins. Then I go in as bait. You sneak up on them and web them up. If that fails, I commence non-lethal shooting.

MJ: Are there actual lions in there?

CHAMELEON: You're still with me on this, aren't you?

MJ: Peter, I don't --

CHAMELEON: MJ. This isn't like anything I've faced before. I can't do this alone. You remember when you talked to me about responsibility? About how going out sleep-deprived was actually putting people in more danger? It's like you said. If we don't stop this guy now, he's only going to go out and hurt other people. If you're not with me on this, I might lose. And if I lose, then more people get hurt. We need to take responsibility now. We need to be brave. We need to be together.

CHAMELEON holds out his hand and MJ reluctantly takes it.

MJ: You're sweating so much.

CHAMELEON: That's because I'm terrified. Stay sharp, MJ. These men are very very dangerous.

CHAMELEON begins sneaking into the enclosure. MJ points the web-shooter at him uncertainly. She then lowers it and hesitantly follows him in.

### SCENE 76

INT, LION'S DEN. as MJ and CHAMELEON hide near the entrance, SPIDEY and KRAVEN continue to battle. SPIDEY sprints around the enclosure in circles being chased by the remaining lion. KRAVEN, cackling, leaps around after him, cutting SPIDEY off at every turn so SPIDEY is forced to change direction.

SPIDEY desperately fires a web to the ceiling and swings away from the oncoming lion, who smashes into a rock. Without his super-strength, SPIDEY loses control and flies into a wall. He pulls up his mask and spits blood. KRAVEN picks up the lion and throws it at SPIDEY, who dodges just in time. The lion hits the wall and doesn't get back up.

SPIDEY fires a web at KRAVEN but KRAVEN catches it and yanks SPIDEY to the ground. SPIDEY lands face-down and groans. KRAVEN lassoes SPIDEY'S neck and drags him, choking, over to the waterfall.

INT, LION'S DEN. CHAMELEON and MJ watch from the bushes. CHAMELEON is gleeful, MJ anxious.

CHAMELEON: [whispering] Yes!

INT, LION'S DEN. KRAVEN drags a struggling SPIDEY into the pool and stands astride him. KRAVEN rips SPIDEY'S mask off and shoves his head under the water repeatedly. SPIDEY fights back weakly. We see there is a large drain for the waterfall now located behind SPIDEY.

KRAVEN: [snarling like an animal] YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD BEAT ME!!! YOU'RE NOT EVEN A MAN!!! YOU'RE NOT EVEN A BEAST ANYMORE!!! YOU'RE NOTHING!!! YOU'RE NOTHING TO ME!!! YOU COULD NEVER BE STRONGER!!! NEVER STRONGER!!!!!!

### SCENE 77

INT, LION'S DEN. CHAMELEON stands up excitedly.

CHAMELEON: Now's our shot! You stay here till I call for you!

CHAMELEON starts sneaking over to the other end of the enclosure with his gun drawn. MJ does not know what to do. She watches KRAVEN drowning SPIDEY with a look of terror on her face.

INT, LION'S DEN. SPIDEY is drowning. He's losing consciousness. Past the raving KRAVEN, SPIDEY dimly sees CHAMELEON, in the guise of PETER PARKER in his Spider-Man costume, creeping towards him. Just past this, he gets a flash of crimson hair. He sees MJ'S face watching from the bushes.

SPIDEY raises a trembling hand, reaching out for MJ.

MJ: [to herself] *Peter?*

CHAMELEON approaches KRAVEN, who is still ranting and roaring, dunking SPIDEY repeatedly. CHAMELEON aims his gun. Out of nowhere, a rat runs past his foot.

CHAMELEON suddenly sees something, and freezes in fear.

MJ gasps in shock.

There is a roaring squeal. KRAVEN looks up, and his face falls.

VERMIN and a small army of rats suddenly burst out of the waterfall manhole, overwhelming a screaming KRAVEN.

## SCENE 78

INT, LION'S DEN. KRAVEN splashes about hysterically in the water. He is covered by a swarm of rats biting him all over. VERMIN roars in his face and beats him relentlessly. KRAVEN spurts blood. CHAMELEON stands in the background, stunned. MJ watches from her vantage point.

SPIDEY staggers to his feet behind VERMIN, almost delirious.

SPIDEY: [weakly] sss...ssttt...stoppp..

SPIDEY tugs weakly at VERMIN'S fur. VERMIN takes no notice, and continues savaging a near-lifless KRAVEN. CHAMELEON slowly resumes his advance upon them. MJ watches it all, frozen.

SPIDEY falls to his knees. He crawls through the rat-infested water over to KRAVEN.

SPIDEY: [weakly] ssstttopppp ittt..

VERMIN screams at KRAVEN and raises his claws for the killing blow.

SPIDEY splashes over to VERMIN'S feet. He stands up in between VERMIN and KRAVEN. Protecting the unconscious KRAVEN with his body. VERMIN pauses, confused.

SPIDEY: Stop...

VERMIN blinks and then roars defiantly, raising his claws again. SPIDEY holds up his hands.

MJ, still in her hiding place, sees and grins tearfully.

SPIDEY: Don't do it... Don't kill him...

Close to passing out at this point, SPIDEY gazes pleadingly into VERMIN'S beady eyes.

SPIDEY: Don't... You're not... You don't have to be...

CHAMELEON smiles. He can't believe his luck. He cocks his gun.

CHAMELEON: [to himself, in Russian] sometimes the spider bites, brother...

MJ (v/o): Hey, Mr C?

CHAMELEON spins around. MJ stands behind him. She swings a potted plant into his face and it shatters.

MJ: *ready for your closeup?!*

CHAMELEON falls to the ground, knocked out cold.

## SCENE 79

INT, LION'S DEN. KRAVEN and CHAMELEON lie unconscious on the ground. VERMIN stands over SPIDEY, confused and agitated. SPIDEY still blocks VERMIN from getting to KRAVEN.

SPIDEY: You don't have to do this... don't have to be this...

VERMIN growls and chirps. The noises become a garbled speech.

VERMIN: *VVEEERRRMNNNN...*

SPIDEY: You don't. You don't. I can help you... I can help...

SPIDEY begins to pass out. MJ runs over.

MJ: PETER!!!

MJ runs over to SPIDEY, catching him as he collapses into the water. VERMIN recoils slightly at her presence. He stares at the two of them as MJ cradles SPIDEY.

SPIDEY: [weakly] Mary Jane?

MJ: [weeping] I'm here, tiger... I'm here...

SPIDEY: [weakly] is it really you?

MJ: yes... yes, sweetheart, it's me... it's me. I, uh, i took care of the chameleon guy.

SPIDEY: [weakly] you did?

MJ: I hit him with a houseplant.

SPIDEY: [weakly] that's... awesome.

VERMIN squeals inquisitively at them. MJ looks at him.

MJ: Peter... What *is* that thing?

SPIDEY: [weakly] I think... we're friends...

MJ: ...okay...okay...

MJ smiles desperately at VERMIN.

MJ: Thank you.

SPIDEY: [weakly] Thank you...

VERMIN snuffles around them a bit and then chirps strangely. The rats all leave KRAVEN and scurry over to VERMIN. VERMIN stands there, regarding MH and PETER, surrounded by his rats. Sirens wail in the distance.

SPIDEY and MJ smile at VERMIN. He gives them something approximating a friendly look, and then disappears back into the manhole followed by his rats.

**SCENE 80**

EXT, ZOO. SPIDEY and MJ discreetly watch from a high web as police and emergency services surround the zoo. KRAVEN and CHAMELEON are wheeled out on stretchers, to which they are handcuffed. Animal wranglers run around desperately trying to catch the loose animals.

SPIDEY and MJ embrace deeply.

MJ: Do you know about the apartment?

SPIDEY: Yeah... I know about the apartment.

MJ: So... I guess you'll be needing a new place to stay for a while?

SPIDEY: I guess I'll be taking out several new bank loans, you mean...

MJ smiles.

MJ: We'll make it work. Together. [sighs] Man, what a view...

SPIDEY: [watching the animals] What a *story*. I wish I had my camera with me.

PAUSE.

SPIDEY: MJ... the Chameleon... was he --

MJ: My director? Yeah.

SPIDEY: Oh my... I'm so sorry.

MJ: Yeah.

SPIDEY: I hope you're alright.

MJ: I will be. I think I will be. Maybe it'll still go ahead, if we can find a replacement. That bastard really did know the show, though.

SPIDEY: [looks at her] Better than anyone?

MJ smiles.

MJ: A gal can dream, I suppose...

SPIDEY: MJ. I love you.

MJ: I love you too.

SPIDEY: I wanted to say something. I thought I did, the other day, but - you weren't - I wanted to, anyway. I keep - I just - I keep having these dreams --

MJ puts a finger to his lips.

MJ: I know, tiger, I know... I saved you.

MJ and SPIDEY kiss.

### SCENE 81

EXT, THEATRE. TITLE CARD: 6 WEEKS LATER. We see PETER walking up the street towards the theatre, which appears relatively bustling. He is talking on the phone.

PETER: ...yeah, Aunt May. It's pretty exciting. If it weren't for the show and the Bugle taking me on full-time again we'd never have been able to afford it... [to himself] that and the side gig ironing Jameson's ties... [to May] uh-huh. Yeah, apparently they're still not sure what it was. Some kind of electrical fire, I heard...

PETER pauses in the street and picks up a copy of the Daily Bugle protruding from a garbage can. The headline reads 'SPIDER-SHAM & BIG BRO HAD LINKS TO MOB CRIME ACROSS 30 COUNTRIES'.

PETER: Uh-huh...

PETER discards it again and keeps walking.

PETER: Yeah, I know, I know...

PETER ascends the steps to the theatre. We see a sign outside reading 'LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS PREMIERE TONIGHT!!!' and in a

comparably tiny font below, 'DIRECTED BY AND STARRING: MARY JANE WATSON'.

PETER: Yeah, I have been working pretty hard. Yeah, you're right. You know, I've been thinking of taking a break?

### SCENE 82

INT, THEATRE. The show proceeds. MARY JANE and the actress playing CRYSTAL, in full costume, perform a scene to a somewhat sizable audience.

CRYSTAL: What kind of place is that, honey? An emergency room?

The audience laughs.

MJ: [strong New York accent] Oh, no. It's just a little day dream of mine. A little development I dream of. Just off the Interstate. Nowhere fancy. Just a street in a little suburb, far far from Skid Row. The sweetest, greenest place -- where everybody has the same little lawn out front and the same little flagstone patio out back. And all the houses are so neat and pretty... cus they all look just alike. Oh, I dream about it all the time. Just me. And the toaster.

The audience laughs.

MJ: And a sweet little guy. Like Seymour...

MJ starts to sing 'Somewhere That's Green'.

In the front row, PETER beams with pride.

### SCENE 83

INT, PRISON. Night. In a maximum-security prison cell, KRAVEN and CHAMELEON share a bunk bed. CHAMELEON is on the top bunk and has his natural appearance. They both wear bland prison overalls. KRAVEN is covered in scabs and wounds.

CHAMELEON: ...and so *that's* when the plant eats everyone and takes over the planet. They filmed an entire sequence for the movie but they ended up having to change it because audiences at that time couldn't handle the brutality. I always thought there was a real poetry to it, myself; nature finally reclaiming the Earth from the folly of man. I bet that really speaks to you, doesn't it Sergei? Of course the mainstream critics never really



see past the puppetry gimmick, but if you ask me, that's just being shallow. There's a lot more going on under the skin... Which reminds me, how are all the rat bites healing up? You must be due for another tetanus shot any day now. Anyway, for a lot of people Ellen Greene will always be the definitive Audrey, but I just never particularly warmed to her voice. So grating. But undeniably inimitable..

KRAVEN tosses and turns miserably, two pillows pressed against his ears.

#### **SCENE 84**

INT, BEDROOM. In a new apartment, slowly close in on PETER'S face, content as he and MJ sleep soundly together with no more bad dreams.

**THE END**