

FIONA'S TALE

9. 15. 10 Draft

BLACK.

Close shot, CAMERA SHOOTS THRU ENTWINED FINGERS GIVING BLADES OF LIGHT. We hear a child's voice counting down.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)
Five... four... three... two...
one!

The fingers move, the light comes in.

INT. NEW YORK BROWNSTONE - DAY

Well appointed. PETER PARKER (4) in a game of HIDE AND SEEK.

He is crouching, moving slowly, searching. He is the seeker. We explore the house through the eyes of a four year old. Passing a table with family photos. Maybe the hider is in the front hall closet? Peter flings it open...

Nothing in the closet. Peter looks hallway. A LARGE OAK DOOR at the end. Peter pauses. Considers. Pushes it open...

INT. RICHARD'S STUDY - DAY

A forbidden land for the boy. Polished wood. Thick carpet. Old world. Peter walks through it like a tourist.

The room is filled with specimens: drawing, diagrams, and a vintage bell jar with a RARE SPIDER SPECIMEN mounted onto webbing. His father's glasses on a sideboard. Peter picks them up. Tries them on. Looks around. Stops.

There is BROKEN GLASS on the wet rug.

It's raining outside. The window broken. His father's desk drawers, torn open. Papers flutter in the wind. Ransacked.

PETER

Dad-

A HAND claps over Peter's mouth! The INTRUDER. Gripping Peter roughly. Could strangle the boy and no one would know. The hand raises off his mouth slowly. Peter stands frozen. Terrified. The Intruder slinks out the window. Peter walks to the broken glass. Looking out into the storm after him.

PETER (CONT'D)

Dad!

The door opens and RICHARD PARKER comes in (we see adults only from the shoulders down - no faces). Pulls Peter back from the glass and leads him to the couch out in the hall.

RICHARD

Stay here.

Moving past him. Richard pulls open the lowest desk drawer. False bottom. Extracts a folder of papers with a DOUBLE ZERO insignia on them. Clearly what the intruder was looking for. Suddenly his mother MARY is there too. Concerned.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Get in the car.

Thunder and lightning.

INT. CAR - MOVING

Mary driving hard through the storm, Richard sorting through his papers in the front, placing them in his briefcase with the initials "RP" engraved on the side. Peter plays with a ball in the hole game. Looks up at his Dad.

PETER

Where were you hiding?

His father doesn't hear him.

EXT. MAY AND BEN'S APARTMENT

BEN PARKER (40's) holds the door open for Richard, behind him, Mary carries Peter.

INT. BEN AND MAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tight on Peter as Mary is trying to hand him to Aunt May (40).

MARY (O.S.)

Sorry for the short notice, he loves puzzles and only chocolate milk.

Aunt May is now holding Peter.

MARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mommy and daddy have to go on a trip for work.

RICHARD (O.S.)
 This is your Uncle and Aunt.
 Remember them? Ben's my brother.
 They're going to take care of you
 while we're gone.

Richard leans down and we finally see his face.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 This is hard, I know, but we'll be
 back, I promise. I need you to be
 a brave boy. Can you do that?

Peter begins to cry. His parents hurriedly kiss and hug him.
 Peter is being left behind.

PETER
 I wanna go! Take me with you!

MARY
 We'll be back, Peter. We love
 you...

MAY
 Come on inside.

She tries to pull Peter away, but he bites her and as she
 shouts, he squirms free.

PETER
 No! Take me with you! Please!

Ben's powerful arms scoop Peter up and pull him back towards
 the house, away from them. Heartbreaking.

RICHARD
 Be a good boy, Peter.

INT. BEN & MAY PARKER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Ben & May try to take off his shoes. He won't let them.

PETER
 (crying)
 I want to go home...

In a frenzy, he kicks and screams. TIGHT ON PETER'S FACE AS
 HE HYPERVENTILATES...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - 12 YEARS LATER

CLOSE UP on Peter, now 17, breathing in and out as he looks into camera...

WHAM! A fist CRASHES in to Peter's face! His head swings to the left. A solid shot.

PETER
I'm sensing a lot of hostility
here...

We pull back to see the fist belongs to FLASH THOMPSON, blond, almost handsome, bully. He hits Peter again - WHAM!

FLASH
You wanna talk smack about me
behind my back? Call me stupid to
my face, I dare you.

Peter holds up his hands in surrender - enough, please.

PETER
Okay, okay...
(pause)
You're stupid.

WHAM! Peter is rocked back against the lockers.

PETER (CONT'D)
It's not my fault you're stupid,
Flash! These things begin in the
home-

WHAM! Another blow, it knocks him down. The crowd of students winces, including GWEN STACY, (17), blonde and "pretty as a picture."

FLASH
Stay down!

Peter spits blood, struggling to his feet...

PETER
Where would the fun in that be?

Flash kicks him. Gwen can't watch anymore. Leaves.

ARIEL
Leave him alone, Eugene.

FLASH
I told you, don't ever call me
that.

The BUZZER sounds. Flash shakes his head and walks away. The hallway empties. Peter picks himself up. On his own.

INT. CLASSROOM

Gwen takes her seat. MISS RITTER, 25, is putting quotations on the board. She sense Peter, the last to enter.

MISS RITTER

Mr. Parker, you think just once you could make it to class on time?

EXT. BLEACHERS - DAY

Lunchtime. Peter sits in the top corner of the stands, alone. Laying out his lunch. The food of a boy-man. Cheese sandwich. Juice box. He holds the cold juice to his jaw, icing it.

On the court below kids play a pick up game of basketball. Laughing. Back-slapping. Peter watches their camaraderie.

Hoists a dog eared paperback in front of his face. *The Stand*. Takes a bite of sandwich. Then notices

Gwen Stacy sits on the bleachers across the court from him. Eating alone as well. A Chemistry book for her literary poison. Engrossed. Peter watches her for a bit. Looks back down. Flips his book around - he was holding it upside down.

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASS - LATER

The teacher drones on. Peter sits behind Gwen. He watches her open her notebook. Perfectly organized, 3x5 cards in a side pocket, a pencil holder. She senses him. Turns.

GWEN

Can I help you?

PETER

No. I was just. Organized. Your book. Alphabetized. All those little tabs...

GWEN

Mm-hmm.

She looks at him as if he's from Jupiter. He shrugs, sits back. She takes a pencil from its holder. Uncomfortable now. Peter leans in a little. Whispers:

PETER

I like the little pocket on the side for your note cards.

She ignores him. He sits back. Looks around the study hall. People studying or whispering to one another.

PETER (CONT'D)

Where do you plan to go? Princeton or Yale?

GWEN

(without turning)

I'm not going anywhere if I don't concentrate. And you're annoying me, and I don't exactly know why. And, you know what else? I don't understand why you let Flash Thompson beat you up all the time.

From the front of the room:

CHEMISTRY TEACHER

Mr. Parker, Ms. Stacy! Would you like to answer the question?

Gwen freezes. No idea what the question is.

PETER

Assuming 1L, you multiply by the molar mass of CaF_2 to find the number of grams that dissolved.

CHEMISTRY TEACHER

That's... correct.

She continues on. Peter looks at Gwen.

PETER

He doesn't hurt me.

She looks at him. Bullshit. Turns back to her work. Peter is embarrassed. He mutters:

PETER (CONT'D)

Sorry to annoy you.

BACK TO GWEN - Thinking of him. Trying to put him somewhere.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Peter goes to locker, opens it. We see some books, loose papers, disorder. He grabs his backpack. SLAMS the locker. Once. Twice. KIDS nearby jump. He moves away.

INT. PARKER HOME

Peter comes banging in the door. Aunt May is in the kitchen beginning dinner. Ben sits at the table fixing a wristwatch. Wears a BRIDGE BUILDERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA t-shirt.

AUNT MAY

I'm making spaghetti for dinner.
Do you want a salad too?

PETER

Whatever's fine.

Peter stomps upstairs with his bad mood. We hold on Ben & May for a second as they stare at each other: HERE WE GO AGAIN.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM

Peter enters his room. Tosses his backpack down. Claps his hands - music cranks, computer on. Whole system hooked up to the clapper. Sits at the computer. Moving closer to the screen to see that he has brought up GWEN STACY on Facebook.

The room is small, books in piles, magazines: Science Weekly, Wired, Photography, dirty clothes next to a hamper. A couple of cameras hang on a hook. Some empty dinner plates. Photographs: night shots of the apartments across the way.

On a mirror over a chest of drawers is a HAND PRINTED NOTE "Peter. PLEASE USE THE MIRROR. AUNT MAY" He never looks in. A knock on the door as it opens. Ben steps in.

BEN

Did you get in another fight?

PETER

It's okay.

BEN

It's not okay. That Flash Thompson character again?

PETER

I'm fine, honest. Don't worry about me. Okay?

