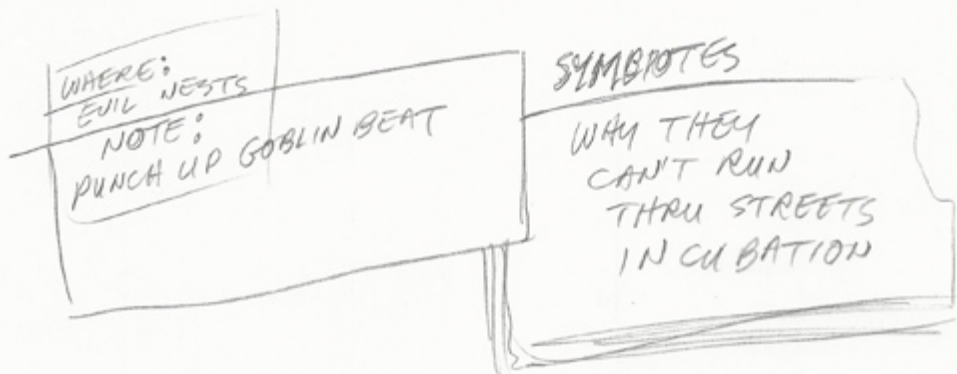




SABAN

SPIDER-MAN UNLIMITED

WORLDS APART, PART ONE (OUTLINE)



EPISODE # 5202.01 OUTLINE
WRITTEN By: Will Meugniot
FIRST DRAFT: 2/17/99

SPIDER-MAN UNLIMITED: WORLDS APART, PART ONE
EPISODE ONE OUTLINE

FIRST DRAFT

Will Meugniot

2/17/99

TEASER:

FADE IN:

CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT - DEAD OF WINTER:

The ground is coated with deeply piled snow. We come in on the middle of an action-packed battle pitting SPIDER-MAN against his arch foes, VENOM and CARNAGE. We can tell from the steamy breath escaping through Spider-Man's mask as well as his heavy breathing when he speaks: Spidey is straining to keep pace with the Symbiotes.

During the fight, we reveal that Venom and Carnage have captured MARY JANE and used her as bait to lure Spidey to the park. Tonight they will triumph by turning Earth into a part of the UNIVERSAL SYMBIOTE COLLECTIVE, and (in keeping with their love-hate relationship with him) they want our hero to be the first convert/victim of the new regime.

Their struggle finally brings MJ into Spidey's view. With her torn winter clothing, mussed hair and partial encasement in a suspended web made of oozing symbiote slime, she looks in about as rough shape as a person who's starring in a Saturday Morning cartoon series can.

Seeing his wife in jeopardy spurs Spider-Man to redouble his efforts. Spidey uses his web, spider-speed and super-human strength with a savagery previously unseen, temporarily KO'ing Venom and Carnage as he battles his way to MJ's side.

Just as he frees MJ, Spidey reacts to a powerful Spider-Sense tingle. A huge inter-dimensional vortex is opening overhead, and through it we can see thousands of symbiotes as they hop, ooze and crawl to its swirling edge, making ready to invade our world!

Spidey quips, "Sure hope you've been paying our health insurance, MJ."

FADE OUT:
END TEASE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

THE SCENE IS AS BEFORE:

Spider-Man holds the still weak Mary Jane in his arms. Above them swirls the inter-dimensional vortex to the Symbiote world, about to spew thousands of Venom-like beings into our world.

Venom and Carnage slither across the snow covered ground and re-form on opposite sides of Spidey and MJ. They do the necessary villain exposition -- they sensed a weakness in the barrier between dimensions at this very spot during their last battle with Spider-Man. Returning here, they were able to establish a mental link with the Symbiote Collective. The Collective has gained access to an inter-dimensional portal device invented by the humans of another existential plane and is using it to conquer the Multi-Verse one dimension at a time.

The Symbiote army begins to drop from the portal. Mary Jane is torn from Spidey's arms. In desperation Spidey threatens to destroy the symbiotes' generator and launches himself into the vortex in an attempt to do just that. The symbiotes drop MJ and give chase.

INSIDE THE SWIRLING DIMENSIONAL VORTEX:

Spider-Man's spider-sense leads him to the generator's location, but he has to run a gauntlet of hundreds of snarling, gnashing and slashing symbiotes to reach it. The generator is surrounded by dozens of vortices through which we catch glimpses of many alternate realities. In some worlds the symbiotes reign. In others, Spider-man strains to reach the vortex but is taken down by the symbiotes. In yet another, a crying, maskless Peter Parker cradles Mary Jane in his arms, and so on.

Near defeat, about to be dragged down by his foes' overwhelming weight of numbers, Spider-Man makes a desperate lunge for the generator, and destroys it. There is a tremendous explosion. Its concussion sends Spidey through one of the rapidly closing portals to another world.

BACK IN "OUR" WORLD:

With a crash of thunder, the vortex closes behind Spidey and the Symbiotes, leaving a horrified MJ standing alone in the park as the Police finally arrive with their sirens wailing.

WITH SPIDER-MAN AS HE HURTTLES THROUGH INTER-DIMENSIONAL SPACE: Shooting through a swirling tube of light and symbiote/Ditko design elements with differing realities blurring and bending around him, Spidey fears that he'll be lost in this madness forever. Then his trusty spider-sense goes off. There's a gap in the tube's wall. Spidey takes a chance, shoots a web through the hole and swings into it.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PORTAL:

We see a swirling, lightning-rimmed pit of darkness suspended in a wintry night sky. Spider-Man's web shoots from the hole, seeming to hook onto its lip. A split second later, Spidey shoots through the aperture. Backlit effects trail from his body as he arcs through the air, out of control. We follow him as he smashes through barren-limbed trees and slams to a stop on the snow-covered ground of this world's Central Park.

Lying in the snow, straining for breath, his costume in tatters, his body covered with abrasions, Spider-Man gasps, "Mary Jane... No matter what... I swear I'll find a way to get back to you."

OVERHEAD - The portal abruptly closes with a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder.

ON THE GROUND - Spider-Man rises wearily to his feet, stumbles and catches his balance against a tree. Leaning against it, Spidey surveys the scene before him. The view initially seems to be of "our" Manhattan as seen from Central Park. There are luxury condos close to the park. Behind them is a familiar version of the skyline with many recognizable buildings. Spidey thinks out loud, "This is just like Manhattan! Did I wind up back home after all?" Then a few unfamiliar-looking megaliths pan into view. "Well, at least this place is almost like home."

Hearing the wail of distant sirens, Spider-Man spins around and "takes" in shock.

SPIDER-MAN

Or maybe not....

SPIDER-MAN'S POV - IN THE MIDDLE OF CENTRAL PARK:

Poking up through the snow are the tops of literally hundreds of military style tombstones arranged in rings around the base of a slightly listing skyscraper-sized object.

THE CAMERA WIDENS AND PANS UP - Revealing the object to be a WWII era battleship with its prow jammed deep into the ground. Withered ivy clings to the first two hundred or so feet of its fifteen hundred-foot length.

The sky around it is suddenly filled with the lights of fast-approaching flying vehicles. As they speed closer, we see they are motorcycle-like devices piloted by MACHINE MEN. In unison, the androids flip on powerful searchlights and begin scouring the ground below them.

BACK ON SPIDER-MAN - Caught in intersecting beams of light, our hero stands out from the snow. He freezes for a second. A Machine Man hails him through a tinny loudspeaker, "Stand firm, citizen. To ascertain the nature of the recent dimensional disturbance in this location we must perform a mind scan upon you. Your cooperation is mandatory."

Spidey thinks that a mind scan might not be the best thing for him just now, and declines it by shooting a web at the nearby condos. He races up the strand on all fours like a giant

spider. Reaching a rooftop he fires his web again, beginning an elaborate chase sequence as the Machine Men pursue Spidey through the city.

And what a city it is! Though on the whole it's a lot like New York, it has the neon, the street vendors and the densely packed sidewalks of an Asian metropolis like Tokyo or Hong Kong, plus there's the added confusion of flying cars and giant holographic displays which float in mid-air. The early part of the chase takes us through the higher strata of the metropolis. Up at this level we see that the towering buildings have a lot of organic motif decorations, and many human-animal hybrid sculptures (with which we have some fun during the chase).

There're action gags utilizing the holographic billboards (Spidey tries landing on one and falls through it, then turns the situation to his advantage by making a web net behind the projection. Not seeing the web, a Machine Man slams his flying bike into it.), and flying cars (Spidey clings to the underside of one, unseen by his pursuers, then fires a web line and starts to swing away, only to have his web snapped by another flying vehicle.) - and so on.

In an effort to lose his airborne enemies, Spidey starts swinging close to the ground. Here we begin to see what the inhabitants of this dimension look like. Everyone on the street has some kind of animalistic trait. For some it's subtle - a feline eye, an ear evocative of a dog, or a slightly inhuman tooth placement, while for others the hybridization is vastly more apparent - literal elephant men with long, prominent tusks jutting from their lower jaws, wolf-like people with tufted fur on their faces, or others with downy feathers where hair would be on a normal human.

Realizing that his costume makes it impossible to lose himself in the crowd, Spidey swings into an alleyway. He loses the closely trailing Machine Men by diving into a Dumpster and hiding inside as his pursuers fly past. Close to gagging, he cautiously gets out of the Dumpster, looks around, reaches back in and comes up with a large, bulky and extremely stinky overcoat - "Phhhewie! This thing stinks so much I bet they can smell it back home."

Pulling on the coat and off his mask, Spidey becomes PETER PARKER and ducks from the alley, back to the street, and into a crowd, all of whom shy away. Peter reacts, "It's the coat, right?"

One of the crowd, an extremely large man with notable Rhino attributes steps forward with menacing purpose. "It ain't the coat, Stinky. Don't ya' know any better than to come uptown at this hour? You NORMS are really startin' to get out of hand."

Before the Rhino guy can exercise his hostile intent, the Machine Men drop into the scene, surrounding Peter. He's forced to use his webbing to get away. "Boy this is some kind of a great disguise - not only can they see me, but now they can smell me, too."

Swinging ever higher with the Machine Men in pursuit, Peter's close to losing them, when his web-shooters run out of fluid. He plummets like a rock towards the distant pavement below.

FADE OUT:
END ACT ONE

ACT TWO
FADE IN:

AS BEFORE – Clad in his newfound overcoat, Peter Parker falls towards the teeming street below.

Regaining his composure, Peter tries slowing his fall by angling his flight. He glances off a flying car, redirects his momentum, and through a series of jumps and handsprings becomes a living pinball, caroming from one floating vehicle to the next, until he finally comes to rest in the passenger seat of a flying cab. The cab's driver is non-plussed. "Where to?"

Peter's slightly flustered, then gets an idea, "Forest Hills."

"Anything you say, pal. I'd recommend riding low in the seat 'til we're past those cops, though. (Sniffs) Oh, yeh when you get home, ya might wanna take a bath, too"

Easing past the still searching Machine Men, the cab drifts to the lower levels of the city and into a slummy looking area. Here the population is distinctly human with no animal traits. These people are considerably poorer looking than the animalistic uptown crowd we saw earlier.

Peter leans towards the driver, "I'm afraid I can't pay you for your help. I just got here and I don't have any money."

The driver laughs. "Like anyone does. That's why us Norms gotta stick together. I was just glad to help anyone get away from those tin-plated tyrants. Well, we're here. Welcome to Forest Hills."

EXT – SLUM AREA STREET – This is the worst looking, toughest slum ever seen by man. Now and then burning gasses jet up from the pavement. Buildings are burned out and abandoned. Factories butt up against huge government housing projects. The cab flies into scene and settles on the pavement. The driver expresses his concern for Peter's well being. "This burg's a tough place. Hope you've got a friend here." The cab slows to a stop and Peter exits. "So do I."

The cab flies off, leaving Peter very alone in a strange and hostile environment.

ON A SLIGHTLY ALIEN LOOKING PHONE KIOSK – Peter into scene, hefting up the phonebook dangling beneath it. He opens the book and guides his finger to a familiar name: Peter Parker. With a sigh he starts out for the listed address. “I figure if there’s anyone I can trust in this wacked-out world – it’s gotta be me.”

WIPE TO - A CRAMPED-LOOKING, INCREDIBLY RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING:

The building is six stories tall with a partially visible half basement. Its floors are about 25’ long by 20’ wide, not including the sagging exterior stairwells and landings that lead to each apartment’s front door. Laundry hangs from a few of the landings. Patches of stucco have fallen off here and there, leaving lathe and chickenwire exposed. Completing the picture, a burned out car sits in front of the apartment building half in the street, half on the sidewalk.

Peter Parker walks to the building. “Boy, the me of this world has had it rough!” As he passes the burned out car, its broken side mirror falls off. “Nice touch.”

Our Peter begins climbing the stairs to the Sixth Floor apartment of this dimension’s Peter Parker. As he climbs we get brief reactions from the building’s other tenants:

Peering through a slit in the half basement’s drapes a pair of unnaturally green eyes narrows: “Parker’s back. Better get my gear ready, just in case.”

On the First Floor, the door opens and we catch a glimpse of a short, heavy-set man with a baseball bat as he starts to stride out, “Hey, Parker! I got something for you!” But he is pulled back into the apartment by a pair of feminine hands. We hear a woman’s voice: “Leave him alone!” The door slams shut.

Second Floor: Two very muscular women with animalistic hairstyles sit on a sofa watching TV. Their apartment has no drapes, so they clearly see Peter as he passes by. “Look, the jerk is back.” “And I thought this joint was finally gettin’ some class.”

Third Floor: An elderly woman with a book in hand peaks out through frilly drapes. “Oh, dear.” She’s joined by an elderly man (who also carries an open book) with a slightly British accent, “Yes, it would appear that our doorstep has once more been darkened by the personification of tribulation.”

Fourth Floor: We can’t tell just how many people are occupying this apartment, but judging from the number of eyes peering out from the cracked drape, it’s a bunch. It sounds like a stampede when they scatter as Peter passes.

Fifth Floor: Peter stumbles on a dish of cat food left on the landing. From inside the apartment we hear dozens of cats hissing and yowling, then a woman’s whispered voice: “Quiet babies, Mommy will protect you from the bad man.”

Finally, Peter reaches the Sixth Floor landing. "Man, I wonder what this guy did to tick everyone off...."

Reaching the apartment's door, Peter finds a tattered eviction notice taped to it. "I guess him not paying his rent might be irritating to some."

He tries knocking -- there's no response, apart from a couple of roaches scurrying from under the door. "Yeh, and I bet he keeps this place real clean, too."

Peter reaches to where a doorknob should be; only there isn't one! In fact there's no keyhole either. It seems there's no way in! This is too much for Peter. His precarious situation finally gets to him. He sags wearily. "... I don't even know how to open a simple door on this world. How am I ever going to survive, let alone find a way back home?"

Peter's head droops down until it lightly rests against the door. He raises his hands and puts their palms flat against its surface, then begins to slowly slide down into a crouching position. As Peter's hands hit the mid-way point on the door, there is a pulse of light from around its perimeter, and it swings open, sending him sprawling into the darkened apartment.

INTERIOR THE APARTMENT -- It's pitch dark inside, save for a faint rectangle of light from the open door. As Peter rises to his feet, the door automatically closes, shutting off even that bit of luminance. "Shoot! This carpeting sounds crunchy! I could use some light here!"

A basketball-sized sphere of light fades up in front of Peter's face. At its core we see a small 3D projection of a cutesy anime style girl wearing a stylized French Maid get up. She immediately begins to scold Peter: "It's not my fault the place is falling apart! You ordered me to cut back to memory maintenance only while you were gone, and you've been gone SIX MONTHS! Where have you been? They're going to cut off our power tomorrow, and if they do that, my programming will be lost for good!"

Peter raises his hands in protest, "Hold it! Who or what are you?"

Sounding very Barbara Eden-ish, the projection folds its arms and looks away from Peter. "Oh, Parker! Don't you remember anything? I am KAI, your Kinetic Actuator Interface. You spent months and months programming me to get me just right. Did I mention that we're going to lose power tomorrow, and that that outage will result in the erasure of my data?"

Peter gives a weary smile. "I believe you might have mentioned it before, but what can I do? I'm broke."

KAI looks shocked, "Broke? Parker, you're never broke!" KAI's getup suddenly pops from the maid's outfit to a turn of the century accountant costume. "Get some of your electronic cash cards out of your stash in your secret closet and let me pay our bills!"

"Uh, I hate to ask this ... But where is my secret closet?"

The little hologram pops into a new outfit, this time she's a nurse. "Parker, have you suffered any blows to the head recently?"

Peter nods. "Yeh, I'm afraid I've taken a few serious punches lately. I'm gonna need a lot of your help to get by. At least until I find myself."

"You can count on me, boss!" A beaming KAI leads Peter to a specific spot. When he places his hand on the seemingly solid wall it melts away. KAI reacts to Peter's shock. "The latest in nano-technology, Parker. You built it yourself."

Inside the closet revealed by the melting wall sit two large metal cases. Peter places the flat of his hand on top of the left one. Its lid melts away, revealing it's filled with hundreds of credit card-like bits of plastic. He asks, "How much are these things worth?"

KAI pops back into accountant mode, "Hold on while I interface with the net... At New York Exchange rates as of 5PM EST... Each of those cards is worth \$10,001.63."

Peter is stunned. "Why would anyone with so much cash live in this dump?"

KAI pops into a glamorous evening gown. "That's what I've been telling you, Parker – even though you're a Norm, a person of your talent could move uptown."

As KAI prattles on, Peter touches the lid of the second trunk. It melts away; revealing a pile of exotic looking weapons with a small envelope attached to the barrel of the uppermost rifle. Peter whispers to himself, "What have I gotten myself into?"

He picks up the envelope gingerly. On its front, written in ornate script is "TO YOU".

He opens the envelope and pulls out a short note. The first few words are in the same ornate style as the lettering on the envelope. The quality of the lettering deteriorates as it goes along, becoming a messy, childish scrawl by the note's end. The note reads:

"If a Peter Parker other than myself
is reading this, I apologize for any
Inconvenience which I have likely
caused you
and
am
likely to cause
you

in the future.”

Peter sighs, “Great”

KAI nags, “Not to nag, Parker, but could you hustle about three of those cash cards over to the interface here? We’ve gotta pay some bills, or there’re going to shut off the power tomorrow and if they shut off the power, my data will be wiped from...”

“We can’t have that, can we?” Peter puts four of the cards into the slot that KAI indicated. She noticeably brightens as she checks off the actions triggered by the deposit: “Utilities and 100% late fee paid.” The lights inside the apartment come on for the first time. “Rent and penalty fees paid. Insurance fees paid. Carrier expresses wish to drop your policies. Entertainment tax and usage fees paid. Additional penalties paid...” the list goes on.

Peter slouches onto the couch, and almost instantly falls asleep.

KAI finishes paying the bills, “All transactions complete. Account balance \$253.84. You might wan to make another deposit...” She turns and sees the conked out Peter snoozing on the couch. “Ooops, he does get tired. Lights dim to sleep mode.”

On her command the lights dim to a faint glow.

KAI pops from accountant mode into sleep mode. She wears a long flannel nightgown with a stocking cap and lies down in mid-air, sleeping over Peter’s head. “It’s good to have you home, boss.”

An L.E.D. clock embedded in the wall reads: 1:30AM

LAP-DISS: The clock now reads: 2:11AM

KAI wakes Peter. “Emergency! Emergency!”

He sits up with a start. “Whhaaa?”

A holographic TV projection hangs in mid-air in front of him. Venom and Carnage are on a rampage in Manhattan. KAI apologizes, “I’m sorry to wake you, but you put it into my programming to constantly scan all media for news concerning Venom and Carnage – and to immediately notify you if they’re in the area, and to get your costume ready.”

Another section of wall (beside the secret closet) melts away, revealing a hollow shaft, large enough for a man to drop through and this world’s latest in Spider-Man attire. We don’t fully see the costume until Peter dons it. “Not bad, but it sure is different.”

Spidey crouches, getting ready to crawl headfirst into the shaft. KAI is horrified. “No, no! Feet first! Jump in feet first, or you’ll hurt yourself!”

Spidey takes her advice and is treated to a 100' drop. He lands in an air-cannon device, which tilts him towards one of four tubes, then blasts him through it. Through a series of fast cuts, we see Spidey shoot the tube and pop up through a hidden hatch in a Manhattan alleyway.

He's web-swinging his way to the Venom/Carnage action when he's hit in the back by an explosive pumpkin! Knocked to the ground, he spins to see the laughing Green Goblin swooping in for the kill! A massive fight between them ensues. (Much to our collective surprise, I'm sure.) We end Act Two with Spidey about to be crushed between the oncoming Goblin and an out-of-control flying truck.

FADE OUT:
END ACT TWO

PRE-END CREDIT SEQUENCE
FADE IN:

AS BEFORE – SPIDEY IN JEOPARDY – he narrowly avoids being crushed. Then uses his web to swing around, landing on the Goblin's back, where he goes to work on tearing his foe's wings apart.

The Goblin and Spidey are going at it so hard that they slam smack into Venom and Carnage. Carnage licks his chops, "How nice. Just the pair we were looking for."

FADE OUT.