

The Remarkable Spider-Man (Fan Film)

"Dedicated to my Stepfather- My Uncle Ben. Thank you for showing me how to be remarkable."

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OPENING: Ext/Int park? Arcade.

POV: We are the eyes of a young child. Walking around, we hear the child's cries, indicating something is wrong. Through the eyes, we see people running and screaming, scattering all around. Bags and purses drop to the floor everywhere around the kid.

We see a couple of goons around the place with guns, picking up the people's belongings.

One of the goons shoves the kid on the floor, still in the POV, all in one shot. We can feel the terror in the child's eyes.

GOON

Beat it, the kid.

The kids get up, we can hear their heavy breathing, getting up, and trying to run. Screaming out for their dad.

Kid

DAD! DAD!

Still, through the Eyes, it starts to get blurry, yet the child is panicking too much. But then.

SLAM, the kid falls again, but this time it isn't a goon. It's someone else.

We see dark blue sweatpants with dirty tennis shoes. The kid looks up to see a man with a red shirt mixed with blue and a mask, with big white eyes, eyes that don't seem to scare the kid.

SM

Hey Kid, you okay?

The hero sticks out their hand, helping the child up. The hero squats down to the kid's level. Cleaning him up.

SM

Hey Danny. Happy Birthday, you Man!

Danny

Wait! How do you know my name?

Sm

Well, it's on your shirt, your Pin.

Danny

Oh.

Sm

Is today your Birthday?

Danny

Yes.

Sm

Aw, no way, man! Mine was last week!

Danny

Really?

Sm

Yeah man.

We hear the goons still wreaking havoc and people still running.

We still feel the panic of the child.

Sm

Hey, Danny Boy?

Danny

Yes?

Sm

Your dad's looking for you.

Danny

I can't find him, I'm scared, sir.

Sm

I know. And it's okay, everything is okay. I can tell you right

now, your dad is more scared than ever.

Danny

Really?

Sm

Yes. He's outside right now looking for you.

Danny

My dad is never scared; I'm always scared.

Sm

He is Danny. Very. Tell you what. I get scared all the time.

Danny

Why?

Sm

I just do, everyone does, even someone like me.

Danny? I need you to be brave, okay? Just like I am right now.

Can you do that?

Danny

I don't know, sir, these bad guys are scary.

Sm

Tell you what, let me take care of these guys. They may have big guns, but these guys are nothing.

Danny

You can take them. How?

Sm

Because I'm brave, just like how I need you to be. Your dad needs you. Just run out there. Look for him, protect him.

Go!

The kid starts running, hearing the hero talking to the goons, we hear a couple of jokes added in, still through the kid's eyes as we hear the punching the twips. One goon flies by the kid as he gets shaken.

Sm

Keep going, kid!

The kid continues to go, running outside, searching for his father. Through the crowded streets of kids and parents, as well as cops, around.

The kid sees his father. As he runs to give his father a big hug.

THIS IS WHEN THE CAMERA FINALLY CUTS TO A MIDDIE SHOT OF THE FATHER HOLDING HIS KID.

Dad

Danny Boy, oh god, I'm so glad you are okay. Are you hurt?

Danny

No dad. No, I was brave. I found your dad. I'm here to save you.

Dad

What kiddio?

We cut to hear clapping as our hero comes out, and the cops rush in to go after the goons.

Our hero meets with the kid and his father. Even through the mask, we can feel emotion through the eye lens.

Dad

Who are you?

Sm

I-I am Spider-

Cut to the title card.

We hear a voice.

Randy

Who are you? Who are you, Parker? Parker..?

INT . OFFICE

We see a man named Randy Robberson talking to our main character, Peter Parker. Wearing a messed-up tie and a jacket.

Peter

Huh, I'm sorry?

Randy

Who are You? Why do you want to work at the Bugle?

Peter Parker. Looks like he hasn't slept in weeks.

Peter

Well. I... I make videos and take pictures, I did photography in high school, and well, I heard you guys need photographs and footage for that Spider guy.

Randy looks at him, giving him a smirk.

Randy

Well, yeah, you're right. We do need pictures of Spider-Man.

But who is Parker? That is what I am asking. That's the question.

Peter raises his glasses and scratches his head.

Peter

Well, I'm in college, and well, I need to. I mean, I want to
experience a true job.

Peter Smiles.

Randy

Dude, this isn't like a McDonald's. Just say you want the cash.

Peter

Well yes. But

Randy

You start next week.

Peter

Wait, really?

Randy

Yes. I mean, you have to experience this, and your resume is
pretty good. You start on Monday. We will see how Jamesons sees
you.

Peter

Oh okay? Well, thank you very much.

Randy

Now, if you give me like 10 minutes, Mrs Betty Brant will give
you your badge and your equipment you need. You know what I
think, you guys go to the same school, how funny.

Peter

Well, I think I have to be somewhere, see this class that I have
to take bc I missed the deadline last-

Peter checks his phone and looks at the time. He's LATE.

Peter

OH Crap.

Please excuse me, I'm going to be late.. I'll be here first
thing on Monday, thank you. You won't regret it.

Randy

Wait! PARKER.

Parker saunters from the office and runs outside. We see how it
goes around the winter or fall time, as he puts on his jacket
and beanie, a song plays.

Hate when you call- Sun Room.

The credits start playing throughout the scene.

We get a long shot from the other side of the road. We see him
pass by people. We see a pizza deliveryman go by a house, take
one pizza out of the box.

We see a parker go into an alley nearby, and we hear a web
swing.

Another bystander walks by the pizza bike. We see a web stuck to
the other box that has a pizza.

The pizza guy and the guy look up, and we see a guy screaming.

We see some money on the bike.

Bystander

Yo. Spiderman took that guy's pizza!!

We cut to multiple shots of New York and apartments and shops as the credits continue to play.

Cut to a shot in the alley.

Peter drops the empty pizza box, as he takes his mask off, and puts back his beanie. The credits and song end.

Peter

Shit shit, I'm late.

INT. COLLAGE HALLWAY.

Peter sprints down the hallway. It seems to be deserted. Peter is very late. Clutching his backpack. He tries to reach the door, but it's locked, and he looks at the note. Parker, you're late, sorry, dropping from this class again.

Peter sighs, mutters under his breath.

Peter

Stupid Parker Luck.

He leans on the wall, and suddenly his phone buzzes. It's MJ. Peter answers.

Peter

Hey MJ...

Mj (phone)

Don't "hey MJ" me. You promised you'd come to my show tonight, at Rusty Cam's. No excuses, you need to be there, Pete!

Peter

half smiles

Cam's really?

Mj

Yes, Cam's, don't be a nerd, I'll see you at Seven

She hangs up, and we get a close up of Peter shaking his head and smiling.

Cut to Cam's Rusty

INT.SMALL BAR/GARAGE VENUE-NIGHT

The atmosphere is lively but intimate. Local band, mismatched lights, sticky floors, The Jane's sign hanging on the wall. We see parking going through the crowd, as he goes to the backstage stage, we finally get to see her, cut to Mary Jane Watson.

MJ jumps down from the stairs, notices Peter, and gives her a beautiful smile.

Peter's eyes count to lock on her.

MJ

Well, well, look who showed up, you're by the way it's 8:00.

Peter

I am late, but only because I wanted the dramatic entrance.

MJ

Mm-hm, lucky you, Parker. I save my best song for last.

She flicks his chest with a playful finger. Peter blushes; he used to her banter.

We see someone come by and give her a water bottle.

She takes a sip, then glances at Peter with the subtle look only best friends see. It's half "see people notice me," Half "why don't you notice me?"

Peter just smiles and signals her, "I'll see you up there," and heads back to the crowd.

We cut back to MJ, staring at Peter walking away as she smiles and walks back to the stage.

Cut to:

The Janes are upstage with MJ commanding the mic full of energy, confidence, and charisma.

In the crowd, we see Peter going through the crowd, looking at her, and bumping his head. MJ isn't just the girl who used to be next door since they were five. She's a star.

They play Ain't it Fun by Paramore.

Nearby, a young man claps loudly- Harry Osborn. Fine-fitted clothes, maybe designer, look expensive. Wearing a watch, trying too hard to look casual, he notices Peter next to him watching MJ, too.

Harry (leaning over, friendly)

She's great, right? Best singer in the room.

Peter

She's always been.

They shake hands.

Harry

Harry Osborn. Guessing you're a fan?

Peter

Peter Parker. Guessing you're not around here?

Harry

Yeah, I mean, I was raised here. But I've been overseas during half of high school, but I'm back, trying to, you know... fit in. Harry waves at one of the band members, Liz Allen. Giving her a wink. Peter raises an eyebrow, looking at Harry.

Peter

Supporting the band, or her?

Harry grins sheepishly. Instant connection. The start of something.

Peter turns back to MJ to perform, and the music swells as the camera focuses on her.

Cut to.

A standing shot of Mj's apartment door opens.

INT. MJ'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

A warm-cluttered space. Poster of bands and film actors covers the walls. Guitars rest against the amps. Scripts and magazines litter the coffee table, and the door wings open.

MJ leads on the ground inside, laughing.

Shot: handheld, following the group in through the door.

MJ tosses her jacket.

Mj

Not bad for a Tuesday night, huh? The Janes are the Next Big Thing!

Liz

Yeah, until your landlord kicks you for all the noise you make.

Everyone laughs while everyone is talking. Harry sets a bottle on the counter. Expensive out of place. He glances at Peter, who lingers by the door. Taking it all in.

Cut to a medium shot of Peter, he smiles softly, reveres MJ, glowing, in her element. The contrast is clear.

Cut back to Harry

Harry (smirking at Peter)

You know what's crazy? I swear we were in the same homeroom back in sophomore year.

Camera: pushes in on Peter's puzzled face as he frowns, trying to recall.

Peter

Really? I don't remember that. I would've remembered you.

Harryshruggingng)

Yeah, probably not. My dad was always sending me away to prep schools, camps, and "leadership retreats." I never really stuck around long.

Peter

That must have been tough.

Harry masked a flicker of pain with a grin.

Harry

Eh, you get used to it. Guess that's why I don't remember anyone
either. Makes it easier not to mess them up.

Harry looks at the girls on the couch. Peter notices.

Peter

What about her?

Harry

Liz? Oh well...umm.

Keeps looking back at her and Parker.

Harry

Well, I mean. We've only been seeing each other for a couple of
months since I came back. So...

Peter (laughs)

I get it.

Harry

Yeah man.

Cut back to Parker, the camera stays back on him, showing his
empathy in a small circle.

Cut to

Music plays finally in the background as the group sprawls
across the living room. MJ grabs Peter's arm, leading him toward
her bedroom.

Camera tracking shows from behind as they walk down the hallway into her room, the cameras sliding slightly past Peter to reveal the space before him.

Mj's room is cozy, cluttered with acting scripts, band posters, and a corkboard full of photos and drawings. MJ as a kid, with the Peters, MJ and Peter at birthday parties, drawing Uncle Ben and Peter with his dorky glasses that he still has.

Mj grab a script.

Mj

Check this out, my acting class wants me to do this monologue next week. And...(smiles) I might have a modeling gig soon.

Camera: medium shot on Peter, his awe is genuine, his eyes soft.

Peter

That's... incredible, you always had a way of lighting up a room.

I know you got this.

Peter's gaze lingers; the silence says more than words. The camera cuts to Mj, who notices but looks away, her smile flattering just slightly.

Camera: slow dolly-in on Peter's POV, he looks at the drawing of Uncle Ben and Aunt May, cut back to MJ noticing.

Mj

You know... I stayed with you guys for two years when things at home were bad. We were like 12 and I was going to just run away, but you begged your aunt and uncle for me to stay with you guys,

your uncle and my, there were like my real family. (beat) still
can't believe he's gone.

Camera: close up on Peter, he stiffens, his jaw tightening, grip
rising, the sound of the room seems to dim slightly.

Mj reaches for his hand, and she hugs him, towering over him.

Mj (whispers)

Hey... you don't have to carry it alone. You know I'm here.

Peter grabs her arm tightly and turns back to face her.

Camera: medium two-shot. Their hands touch, Peter looks at her,
and Mj as well. The moment hangs in the frame, just holding for
a beat longer. Letting the audience feel what isn't being said.
Peter's phone buzzes, breaking the moment, and cuts to a shot of
Peter stepping away to answer.

Peter,

hello...I'll be right there.

He hangs up and looks at MJ.

Peter (fumbling)

Uh, um, yeah, it was May, she needs me, I'm sorry, I should go.
The camera closes up on MJ's face as her smile fades,
disappointment flickering before she masks it.

Mj (forcing cherr)

Sur, Parker, go be the good guy.

Peter heads toward the door. The living room is quieter now, some bandmates dozing. Harry leans on the kitchen counter, talking to Liz, and Harry raises his hand at Peter.

Harry

Hey, man, you're leaving already?

Peter (fumbling again)

Yeah, man I gotta go it's my aunt needs me right now, nothing bad, just you know, listen, it was great meeting you, Harry.

Harry

Hey wait.

Harry walks up to him and exchanges his phone with Parker's

Harry

Let's at least exchange numbers before you go. Let's get lunch sometime.

A camera over the shoulder shot of Peter, he checks his phone with Harry, and both look a little surprised.

Peter slips out.

Liz

Very subtle, Harry? Asking him out?

Harry

What can I say? I like the guy.

Harry looks back at Liz, smiling as Liz rolls her eyes.

Mj lingers at her bedroom door, hearing the door closed.

Cut to.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Camera: a slow dolly wide shot of a dim hallway. Police radio crackles, yellow tape flutters in the doorway.

Photo flashes of the police snap pictures of the crime scene, fuller the screen. Like lighting.

Camera: handshot following an officer coming through as the camera lingers the officer to a down shot of the two dead bodies. A man and a woman are lying on the floor. Bags cover the face, the man is naked, and the woman is just wearing a bathrobe. We see blood flooding from their bodies, as well as writings on their bodies and hands. With what seems to be written with a Sharpie.

On the husband's chest. "SINS OF THE FATHER FALL TO THE CHILDREN"

On the wife's forearm. "THE BLOOD CLEANSSES THE UNWORTHY"

The camera stays on the bodies.

Cut to a mid-shot of an officer.

Officer

Hey, look at the wall.

The camera cut to the symbol and a writing on the wall in a big frame photo. The symbol. A circle intersected by jagged lines, almost a corrupted halo. Inside the circle were four sharp

strokes, resembling an inverted cross mixed with an "X". On the wall near the symbol "THE WACTHER SEE. THE WACTHER JUDGES"

Camera. A wide shot of the disaster. Captain George Stacy comes into frame.

Camera close-up.

Stacy

Jesuses. It's like he wanted to put on a show.

Camera medium shot. Across the room, Jean Dewolff (early 20s, maybe)

Stands back, taking it all in, she's not rattled, but she is clearly processing faster than others. She was wearing a trench coat

that seemed to be much bigger than her.

Camera: push in on Jean's face, the faint red and blue flash of the police lights washing over her.

jean (to stacy)

Sir. I need the room cleared, just me.

Stacy

Jean-

Jean

Trust me. Whoever did this wanted it to be seen. I need the quiet to figure out what they're saying.

Stacy studies her, then nods.

Stacy

Alright, everyone out. Give her space.

Camera: a wide shot as the cops slowly suffer out. The room empties until it's just Jean.

Jean kneels beside the bodies, teasing the writing with her gloved fingers.

Camera: a slow dolly from behind her shoulder, a red and blue flash by the cops' lights. Spider-Man comes out of the shadows.

Spider-man

Not bad. You clear a room better than I do.

Jean doesn't flinch; she half smiles, not looking up.

Jean

Guess I'm getting used to you dropping in.

Spider-man

Hey, you called.

Camera: a medium two-shot, low angle. Spidey croches with Jean, looking at the bodies and the writing.

Spider-man

You see this, too, right?

Symbol first, then the bodies.

Guy's got a flair for the dramatic. If he weren't murdering people, I'd suggest Broadway.

Jean (reading the marking)

This isn't random. This writing needs to mean something. And
this symbol, you recognize it?

Spider-man

I've been swinging rooftops for a few months, I know gang tags,
turf signs, graffiti shorthand, this?

This is something else.

He's quieter now, a bit shaken; he glances at their bodies.

Spider-man

Their kids. There's no one now.

Jean looks up at him; he's not quipping anymore. She notices the
weight behind the mask.

Camera: a close-up on Jean, soft lighting across her face.

Jean

You've seen this before. Not the writing but the aftermath.
Spiderman looks away, jaw tightening under the mask, he doesn't
answer.

Jean (softly, firm)

You want in on this? I mean, I know you're a busy man, but be my
eyes and ears on the street.

Spiderman (chuckles)

Wow. A cop who doesn't think I'm just a "menace," J. Jonah would
have a heart attack.

Jean smirks.

Jean

Well, don't make me regret it.

Spider-Man phone dings.

Spiderman (awkward)

Uh, one sec, sorry.

He checks his aunt may

Spiderman (mutters)

She's gonna kill me before we find this guy.

Jean raises an eyebrow.

Jean (lighty, deadpan)

What, your girlfriend?

Spiderman snaps his head toad her, flustered.

Spider-man

No! No, just someone who worries a lot.

Jean chuckles a bit.

Jean

Look, you should go. I let the others do their thing.

Spider-man

Sure thing. Keep me updated.

As Spider-Man leaves, we look back at Jean.

Jean

Sure thing. Spiderman.

Fade to black.