

Spider and I

Page 1

Panel 1:

Wide shot of a buick pulling into General Wizardry's parking lot. A Chuck-E-Cheese style arcade and pizza joint.

Panel 2:

We see The Boy sitting in the back of the car playing his Gameboy. He's not wearing his seatbelt and is bouncing happily around the car.

Panel 3:

The Boy looks up from his gameboy excitedly when he sees they've arrived at the General's. The sign is lit up with colorful carnival-style bulbs that sparkle and shimmer in the night sky casting an inviting aura around the sign.

Panel 4:

They exit the car and walk towards the entrance. The Boy is tugging at his mom's purse trying to get them in faster.

Panel 5:

Dad hands his boy a fistfull of quarters.

Dad: Make 'em count tonight son.

The Boy is cocksure with his reply.

Boy: I always do.

Page 2

Panel 1:

Cut to inside General Wizardry. The arcade is full of bright lights, pinball ruckus and the sounds of lasers and explosions. The Boy runs through the arcade. His parents slowly trail behind and walk off-frame to the dining area.

Panel 2:

Cut back to The Boy racing around the arcade. He stops and watches two older boys playing a violent fighting game.

Panel 3:

He watches one perform a fatality. A hot ninja lady dices her cyborg opponent into bloody chunks and then seductively rubs the guts on her body. The Boy loves it.

Panel 4: Cut to The Boy excitedly hopping in a fighter jet game.

Panel 5: He puts his quarters in and an X-wing style headset plops on his head.

Panel 6: He pulls back on the throttle and the cabinet rumbles and takes off into the air inside the arcade.

Page 3

Panel 1: Cut to Mom and Dad sitting in the dining area. An animatronic band plays in the background. Mom is smoking a cigarette. Dad takes a bite of pizza and tosses it to his plate.

Panel 2: Cut to animatronic bear. It's ratty looking. Tattered.

Animatronic Bear: This one's for all the mommas and the papas out there tonight. Thanks for joining us at General Wizardry.

Panel 3:

Cut back to the boy in his fighter jet. He's flying around the arcade and joyously dropping bombs on the other machines.

Panel 4:

Other children go flying and bounce off the walls. It's a scene of wonderful carnage. The Boy loves the power he has.

Boy: Freedom rains upon you!

Panel 5:

Mom yanks The Boy out of the fighter jet sending him tumbling to the ground.

Mom: We're going now.

Boy: But we've yet to liberate General Wizardry!

Panel 6:

The Boy begrudgingly goes along. As they exit General Wizardry we see the bombed children dusting themselves off and walking through the wreckage.

Page 4

Panel 1:

The Buick is driving down the interstate at night. We hear every bump of the highway. His parents sit in silence. The Boy looks out the window and watches the lamp posts race by.

Panel 2:

We see the Buick pull up to the driveway of their 3 bedroom suburban home.

Panel 3:

The Boy races into home and turns on a racy sketch comedy show. A crude clown is berating a group of children.

TV The Boy: My dad says that clowns are losers that can't hack it in the real world.

Clowny Clown: Your dad AND his wife can suck my painted clown ass balls.

Panel 4:

Dad interrupts the broadcast.

Dad: No, off. Go to bed.

Panel 5:

The Boy protests with a scowl and marches upstairs to bed. His room is filled with posters of his heroes “Superbat” and “Murder Men”. He changes himself into his PJ’s and grabs his Murder Men toys.

Panel 6:

He stages a mock war on his bed but stops when he hears his parents arguing.

SFX (Off screen):mshmshhs....shshhhshhs...no, never.

Panel 7:

It’s barely audible but he can hear that they’re fighting. The skirmish is on hold while he listens.

SFX (Off screen): BLAM! CRASH! (plates shattering). !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
(exclamation marks grow in size one after the other).

Page 5

Panel 1:

The Boy hits the deck like a ‘Nam veteran with PTSD. He holds his head until the fighting stops.

Panel 2:

When there is a moment of stillness he low crawls out of his bedroom. To his right is his older brother’s room. The door, barely ajar, is plastered with grunge band stickers. He can see nothing from the crack besides darkness.

Panel 3:

He approaches closer and the door is slammed in his face.

Panel 4:

The Boy creeps over to the balcony by the stairs. He sees Mom smoking outside the front door and staring out at the driveway. A lone car passes by.

Panel 5:

The Boy crawls to his parent's bedroom. The door is ajar. He sees his Dad staring out the window at the driveway. Another car passes by.

Page 6

Panel 1:

Cut to The Boy's room. Interior night. The Boy is screaming hysterically. He is in ruins.

Boy: SPIDER! SPIDER! SPIDER! SPIDER! SPIDER!

Panel 2:

His parents both rush into the room and turn on the lights. There's a black spider in the corner of his room. He's sitting up in his bed pointing at it and shaking. Mom moves to comfort him and rubs her thumb against his forehead. Dad grabs a cup to capture The Spider and releases it outside.

Panel 3:

Mom and Dad come together and soothe The Boy. His hysterics slow to a whimper and then sleep. Mom and Dad look at each other as he slumbers.

Panel 4:

Cut to The Boy's room. Interior day The Boy springs awake. His eyes immediately dart to the corner of the room where The Spider was. All clear...for now.

Panel 5:

He hears his father's car and runs to the window to see him take off for the day.

Panel 6:

Cut to The Kitchen. Interior day. Mom is sitting at the kitchen table smoking. Bills are scattered all over the table. The news is playing on a 6" TV on the counter. She's talking to her sister on the phone.

Mom: No Cara, there's no working it out. That man is evil. He hides things. He takes things. He lies. All with such a straight fucking face.

Panel 7:

As Mom continues on the phone The Boy marches downstairs in his Murder Men army fatigues and makes himself a waffle. Mom doesn't look to him. She lights another cigarette.

Mom: I'm losing my fucking mind Cara. He makes me feel like I'm insane. He doesn't feel anything. I know he's trying to take the boys somewhere.

Panel 8 (insert):

As she mentions "the boys" The Boy points to himself in faux embarrassment and mimes "Who, me? This guy? Oh stop!"

Mom: Over my dead body. I'm serious. My fucking dead body. I won't let it happen. I found a lockbox with their passports and flight vouchers.

Panel 9:

As Mom continues on with her sister The Boy grabs a toy M16 rifle that was laying against the kitchen counter. He marches out the front door, gun in hand, waffle in mouth.

~~**Mom:** With a fucking hammer Cara! How else do you think I opened it...~~

Page 7:

Panel 1:

Cut to suburban streets. Exterior day. A bird's eye view of The Boy marching down the empty suburban street to the woods at the end of the neighborhood. A lone soldier heading off into the shit.

Panel 2:

Cut to woods. Exterior day.

The woods are incredibly dense. More like Mirkwood forest than a normal suburban wooded area. The Boy eats the last bit of his waffle as he surveys the landscape. He moves in, gun ready, moving forward from tree to tree. There's debris scattered around the woods.

Panel 3:

A rusted fence that has been grown over.

Panel 4:

A truck tire covered in overgrowth for some fucking reason. The Boy navigates it all deftly. He's done this a thousand times before.

Panel 5:

He's marching towards his safe space, a clearing in the middle of the forest.

Panel 6:

Right before he approaches the clearing he hops over the last obstacle, a rusted bear trap that must have been there for 60 years.

The clearing is the only bright spot in the forest. A circle of light cast on the soft grass.

Panel 7:

The Boy sits down in the clearing and relaxes. It's the first waking moment of calm he's had since we've met him. We listen to The Boy breath. He goes quiet, almost meditative.

Page 8:

Panel 1:

He's Still.

Panel 2:

He's Calm.

Panel 3:

SFX: *Csssshssshsk.*

The Boy is startled by the sound that he swore came from behind him. He picks up his gun and turns to it.

SFX *Cssshssshsk.*

Panel 4:

Shit! It's coming from the other direction now.

SFX *Cssshssshsk.*

Panel 5:

Oh, what the fuck!?! The Boy notices that the clearing has grown dark.

Panel 6:

He looks up to see that a giant web has formed between the tree tops blocking the light from the clearing. He holds his gun close to his chest and takes a deep breath. Time to get the fuck out of here. Before he leaves he looks up one more time to make sure he wasn't imagining the web.

He wasn't.

Panel 7:

A black spider the size of an Irish Wolfhound descends from the web.

Panel 8:

It lands only feet from him in the clearing. The Spider bears its fangs and begins advancing towards him. The Boy readies his rifle and steadily backs away. The Boy is shaking and on the verge of tears but he's trying not to show his fear.

Page 9:

Panel 1:

The Boy looks over his shoulder for a moment and The Spider lunges at him.

Panel 2:

Just before The Spider's legs reach The Boy he leaps back.

THWACK!

Panel 3:

The Boy is on his ass pointing his gun.

SFX: *Terrible hissing noises. Squealing.*

Panel 4:

Pull back to reveal that The Spider landed in the bear trap and his front leg is badly wounded.

The Spider continues thrashing.

Panel 5:

The Boy sits and stares warily.

The Spider realizes he's trapped. The thrashing stops. The Boy lowers his gun but keeps his eyes on The Spider.

Panel 6:

The Spider begins to whimper like an injured dog.

Panel 7:

The Boy rolls his eyes in response.

Panel 8:

The Spider, annoyed with this, points to his badly injured leg.

Panel 9:

The Boy shakes his head.

Panel 10:

The Spider gives up and lays down with a grunt and a grimace. The Boy leans back against a tree. They stare at each other awkwardly.

Page 10:

Panel 1:

The Boy is quickly becoming bored with this. He's tapping his fingers against the gun and looking at the sky trying to ignore The Spider. The Spider loudly and impatiently mimics The Boys tapping fingers with four of his free legs.

Panel 2:

The Boy: Alright FINE!

The Boy approaches The Spider cautiously and goes to free his leg. The Spider begins to coo in appreciation.

Panel 3:

WHACK! The Spider is free.

Panel 4:

The Boy grabs his gun and points it at The Spider. The Spider is now his prisoner.

Panel 5: *He begins marching him out of the woods.*

Panel 6/7/8:

Cut to suburban streets. Exterior day.

A bird's eye view of The Boy and The Spider marching sideways down the street. Their eyes are locked on another as they march. The Boy keeps his gun on The Spider at all times.

Page 11:

Panel 1:

Cut to the Kitchen. Interior day.

*Mom is on the phone as The Boy and The Spider slip in the front door.
Mom is on the verge of hysterics.*

Mom: NO! NO! That's my account too. That's my money too. You can't do that!

Panel 2:

She screams and tears the phone from the wall and throws it across the room.

Panel 3:

She slumps down to the ground and begins to weep on the floor.

Panel 4:

The Spider stops for a moment to gawk at Mom.

Panel 5:

The Boy jabs him with the gun and points him towards the basement.

Panel 6:

Cut to basement. Interior day.

*The Boy marches The Spider down the stairs to the basement at gunpoint.
They settle into opposite ends of the room in front of the TV.*

Page 12:

Panel 1:

The Boy warily rests his gun against the sofa. The Spider eyes him and relaxes his posture a bit and settles in.

Panel 2:

The Boy grabs the TV remote and turns on a Murder Men cartoon.

TV: Murder Men: Men Who Murder

Panel 3:

Two soldiers stand atop a mound of murdered civilians holding their smoking guns. Lt. Lunatic gives his partner The Remorseless Ninja their signature handshake.

Panel 4:

The Boy and The Spider inch closer to each other and the TV as they flick through the channels. We see them watch an assortment of shows.

Panel 5:

A large breasted blond woman running on the beach.

Panel 6: *The Boy and The Spider squirm embarrassedly when they see her.*

Panel 7:

Cut to a news program depicting the invasion of Iraq. They both pump their fist excitedly and cheer as they see a tank fire on Baghdad.

Panel 8:

Cut to a shootout between drug dealers and the coppers. The Boy and The Spider lay on their stomachs in front of the TV, hands propping up their heads.

Page 13:

Panel 1:

They settle on The Boy's favorite sketch comedy show. Clowny Clown is in the oval office with the president.

Clowny Clown: Well Mr. President, how about you suck my painted clown ass balls?

Panel 2:

The Boy and The Spider erupt in laughter together. Cuz that shit is funny as fuck. The Spider laughs kind of like Muttley from the Hannah Barbera cartoons.

Panel 3:

They look at each other, pause, and rise together. The Boy extends his hand like his hero Lt. Lunatic.

Panel 4:

The Spider meets his gaze with the seriousness of The Remorseless Ninja and accepts his hand with three of his legs.

Panel 5:

The Boy breaks out in a sinister smile. The Spider nods his head in agreement.

Page 14:

Panel 1:

Cut to The Boy standing on the couch wearing a red headband and wrestling pads on his elbows and knees.

Panel 2:

The Spider is rolling on the ground in agony helpless to prevent the flying elbow drop The Boy is about to do.

Panel 3:

Just as The Boy is about to RUIN The Spider with his elbow drop he springs to life and kicks him with all 8 of his legs knocking him into a bookshelf and sending books flying across the room.

Panel 4:

Cut to The Boy and The Spider rocking out to a hardcore punk song on the radio. They look like they could be in Black Flag. The Spider is playing the drums with all eight of his legs. The Boy is fronting the band like he's Dez Cadena. They're putting on the singular best show of anyone's stupid miserable life. Air guitars. Snarls. Moshing. Berating the imaginary audience. The basement is beginning to look more like a warzone.

Radio: Rock out with your dumb dirty cock out and snatch up a FILTHY GORDITA. Believe in nothing and choke to death on a FILTHY GORDITA. Nothing matters, and by nothing we mean you. Taco Shack. Burn in hell.

Panel 5:

They both pause in embarrassment when they realize it's a Taco Shack commercial.

Panel 6:

Cut to The Boy in Satanic robes. He stands in front of a makeshift pentagram with Murder Men at all the five points.

Panel 7:

The Spider is pouring lighter fluid over them. He finishes and throws the can across the room.

Panel 8:

The Boy grabs a pack of matches and lights one of the Murder Men. A pentagram erupts in flames on the carpet before him.

Page 15:

Panel 1:

The Boy begins chanting in the style of Damien's theme from The Omen.

The Boy (chanting): Saddam Huissen. Norman Swartzkoff. Republican Guuuuuuuaard.

Panel 2:

Cut to The Spider hitting a gong.

Panel 3:

Cut back to The Boy.

The Boy: Rise Dark Lord. Rise and do my bidding, for I have sacrificed five of the greatest warriors known to man. Rise and help me purge the light from this world and envelop it in the never ending night.

Panel 4:

Satan himself begins rising from the pentagram.

The Boy: Yes! Yes! Rise Dark One!

Panel 5/6:

Satan stands before them covered in flames. He cackles and raises his arms to the sky summoning his dark power but just then the smoke detector goes off sending Satan, The Boy, and The Spider into a panic.

Panel 7:

The Boy kicks the burning toys over in an effort to stop the fire and The Spider quickly pounces on Satan and eats his head.

Panel 8:

The Boy's stamping spreads the fire from the burning pentagram all over the basement carpet.

Page 16:

Panel 1: *Finally, The Boy has the idea to throw his robes over the fire.*

Panel 2:

The Spider climbs the wall and turns off the smoke detector.

Satan's headless corpse spurts out its last drops of blood in the background.

Panel 3:

Mom runs down the stairs to see what's going on. A toppled book case. Couch cushions thrown around the room.

Panel 4/5/6:

She looks over and sees a melted Murder Man toy fused to the carpet. She races over and lifts the robe to see the pentagram burned into the carpet. Smoke rising from the melted Murder Men punctuating each of the five points.

Mom: How could you do this? You've ruined your home. You don't care about anything except yourself. I can't believe you.

Panel 7:

As his mom berates him The Boy goes from ashamed to furious. He's boiling over.

Panel 8:

Cut back to mom.

Mom: You know what I'm going through and you try to burn the house down? I didn't raise you like this. You're a monster. I don't recognize you. How can you be my son?

Page 17:

Panel 1:

That's it. The Boy lets loose a raging wordless torrent of noise from his mouth blasting out of his soul and onto his mother. As he screams the soundwaves blast debris throughout the room and push his mother back.

Panel 2:

He grabs a melted Murder Men figure and throws it at his mom. It hits her in the mouth, bloodying her lip and leaving a trail of melted plastic across her cheek.

Panel 3:

Mom: You miserable shit. I hate you. I hate you. I hate this family. You make my life so unbearable that I don't want to live anymore. I hope one day you know what it's like to be abandoned by your family. To give everything you have to a home full of people that don't give a shit about you.

Panel 4:

The boy stands in shock. He's never hit his mother before and she's never told him she hates him. She meant it in the moment but the rage is fading from both of their faces. They stand breathing heavily facing one another, avoiding eye contact.

Panel 5:

Mom slumps down to the ground and begins to weep. The boy goes over to comfort her.

Panel 6:

Mom: I'm sorry. I'm so so sorry. You're my sweet boy. Such a lovely boy. I haven't been myself. THIS HOUSE IS DRIVING ME CRAZY.

Panel 7:

Boy: I'm sorry mom. I love you. I don't like this.

Mom: I love you too.

Panel 8:

They sit together on the floor weeping and comforting one another.

Page 18:

Panel 1:

Cut to house exterior day.

The Boy, his mother, and The Spider race to the car.

Boy: I'm going to eat the filthiest gordita and then I'm going to burn in hell!

Panel 2:

Mom replies cheerfully playing along with The Boy.

Mom: Yes you are my sweet little honkey boy.

Panel 3:

The Boy runs to the car and hops into the back seat leaving the door open. Mom walks by and closes the door.

Panel 4:

The Spider crawls around the exterior of the car before squeezing in an open window and plopping next to The Boy.

Panel 5:

Spider playfully punches him with four of his legs in the arm. The Boy punches back. Mom begins routing around in her purse looking for the keys.

Panel 6:

Mom: No, no, no.

She opens the glove box and shovels out everything in a panic while looking for her keys.

Panel 7:

She empties her purse.

Panel 8:

She checks the center console. They're not there. Dad's taken the keys and trapped her at home.

Page 19:

Panel 1:

Mom doesn't say anything. She just holds the steering wheel and looks out the windshield blankly. Defeated.

Boy: Mom? You said we're going to get Filthy Gorditas.

Panel 2:

Mom doesn't turn her head or acknowledge The Boy in any way.

Boy: Mom?

Panel 3:

The Spider is incredibly uncomfortable right now. He'd rather be just about anywhere else in the world.

Panel 4:

He gently opens the door and scoots out. The boy follows suit and leaves the door open as he exits.

Panel 5:

CUT TO BASEMENT INTERIOR

We see the boy in the basement playing video games with the spider.

Dad (from upstairs): You're being unreasonable.

Mom (from upstairs): You stole everything I've had. You've trapped me here.

Panel 6:

The conversation becomes impossible to hear. It's descended into screaming. We see the closed door at the top of the stairs and "hear" the din coming through it.

Panel 7:

Cut back to The Boy and the spider. They're both looking down and resting their controllers on the ground before them. Dad opens the door and shouts down to them.

Dad: GO TO BED.

Panel 8:

The Boy nods to The Spider as they're told to go to bed. As they march upstairs the screaming continues. The Boy crawls into his bed with all his clothes on.

Page 20:

CUT TO BEDROOM

Panel 1:

The Spider scales the wall and retreats to his corner near the ceiling. We see that his SuperBat alarm clock reads 8pm.

Panel 2:

Neither The Boy nor The Spider close their eyes.

Time passes.

Panel 3:

Cut back to the alarm clock. 5:00 AM. The screaming has stopped. The house is still except for the sound of rain on the roof.

Panel 4:

The boy rolls out of his bed and heads to his closet. We see him carefully change into his evening wear, a cat burglar outfit complete with skull cap, face paint, and grappling hook.

Panel 5:

The boy then carefully retrieves a gas canister from under his bed.

Cut to the boy walking throughout the house dousing everything he can see with gasoline.

Panel 6:

He spares the television and gently pats it before forcing himself to move on and continue with his work.

Panel 7:

Cut to exterior night. We see The Spider crawl out of the window onto the roof leaving a rope of silk along his way.

Panel 8:

The boy deftly climbs the rope gas canister in hand.

Page 21:

Panel 1:

The roof is slick with rain as the boy begins dousing it with gas.

Panel 2:

He nearly loses his footing for a moment but catches himself. The Spider moves closer to keep a watchful eye.

Panel 3:

Just then THUNDER! LIGHTNING! We see the silhouette of the boy against the blinding white as he slips and falls off the roof.

Panel 4:

He crashes through a hedge in front of the house. The Spider races down after him leaving a fresh line of webbing behind him.

Panel 5:

Spider pulls the boy out of the hedge. He's scraped up and his clothes are fucked up and torn but other than that he's physically okay.

Panel 6:

The boy dusts himself off and reasserts his resolve by climbing back up the silk line to get the gas canister. This time he does not slip and he retrieves the canister bringing it down.

Panel 7:

The Spider waits for him near the garage. Lightning strikes again to reveal that the garage door is covered in gasoline soaked rags. The Boy produces a Zippo lighter from his pocket. It's time to destroy this evil house.

Panel 8:

Just as he sparks the lighter the garage door opens and headlights blind the boy and the spider.

Page 22:

Panel 1:

Mom runs out of the car frantically and races towards him.

Panel 2:

She grabs him by the arm and begins dragging him into the car. Before he can say a word she has him locked in the back.

Panel 3:

His brother is sitting next to him. Fucker looks just like Kurt Cobain.

Panel 4:

Mom: We'll get your things later, we have to go and we have to go right now.

Mom begins racing off into the night towards an unknown destination.

Panel 5:

The Boy is panicked as he looks to The Spider who begins bounding after the car as it trails off into the night.

Panel 6:

The Boy begins to wail in fear.

Panel 7:

The car blasts through a stop sign narrowly avoiding a collision.

Panel 8:

The Spider leaps over the other car and continues racing towards the boy.

Page 23:

Panel 1:

Mom: I need you to be quiet, you almost made me crash.

The Boy can't be quiet, he is frantically looking out the back window keeping an eye on The Spider who is still trailing the car running at top speed.

Panel 2:

Just then, two Spider Catcher Vans race up behind The Spider.

Panel 3:

Spider Catchers lean out the sliding doors with giant nets and try to scoop up The Spider.

Panel 4:

The Boy defiantly wipes his nose and stops his crying. If you wanna play games, we can play games.

Okay. Okay. Say Hello to my little friend.

Panel 5:

The Boy reaches under his seat and pulls out a machine gun with a grenade launcher attachment.

Panel 6:

He leans out the window and sprays fire at the trucks killing the driver of one van sending it crashing into a lamp post.

Panel 7:

The driver of the second van returns fire blasting out the rear window of their car.

Panel 8:

The Boy's brother is annoyed and turns his back to him facing his window.

Page 24:

Panel 1:

Mom: I SAID KEEP IT DOWN.

The Spider Catcher in the remaining van pulls up directly to the Spider and casts his net at him. Success.

Panel 2:

The Spider violently hisses as he's being scooped up.

Not today fuck face.

Panel 3:

The Boy loads a grenade into the launcher and fires at the truck destroying it.

Panel 4:

It's the explosion to end all explosions. White light turns the night sky into day and then into what looks like a nuclear blast zone. Mom continues racing, unaware of the action taking place behind her.

Panel 5:

The boy anxiously awaits for the smoke to clear.

Panel 6:

We wait a beat.

Panel 7:

We wait for another beat.

Panel 8:

The Spider bursts through the smoke and flames. He's limping now but somehow he's managing to keep up with the car.

Page 25:

Panel 1:

Mom pulls off of the highway and into an apartment complex. The spider limps along behind it, slowing his pace.

Panel 2:

Mom kills the engine and opens the door for the boys.

Mom: You're home now. You're going to love it, I know you boys are going to love it if you just give it a chance.

Panel 3:

She ushers The Boy and his brother into their rooms.

Panel 4:

They're surprisingly furnished. They look like they could be home.

Panel 5:

The boy pays it no regard as he races to open the window to look for the spider.

Panel 6:

He notices some webbing dangling down from the roof. He tugs on it checking to see if it's secure before climbing up.

Panel 7:

The Spider is sitting on the roof staring out at the low moon.

Panel 8:

The Boy joins The Spider and sits next to him.

Spider: Hey kid, tough time, huh?

The Boy:...

Page 26:

Panel 1:

They wait in silence for a while. The Boy doesn't look up. He has his head between his knees.

The Boy: I don't want to be here anymore.

Spider: I know, kid. I feel like that sometimes too. But you gotta keep on.

The Boy: I don't wanna. (sobbing).

Panel 2:

Spider: Yeah. Sometimes I don't wanna either. I think about how it might make people I care about feel. I don't want to hurt them. Hell, that's a lie. Sometimes I want to hurt them. Want to see their stupid faces sobbing for me at my funeral. Maybe even put a bomb in there?

The Boy (surprised and looks up): A bomb?!

Panel 3:

Spider: Hell no. Probably no. *SPIDER WINCES IN PAIN.* I'm just throwing stuff at the wall and seeing what sticks. You're all fucked up and I'm trying to help. So no bomb. No funeral either. Oh yeah, I lost my train of thought. The Boy - you gotta stick around. You feel the bad more than anyone and that's...that's...that's not bad. It's going to make you special. Your hurt is

your gift to the world. It's going to make you feel other people's hurt and maybe just maybe it could help you help them in ways other people can't.

Panel 4:

The Boy: Like a superhero?

Spider: No, like a decent fucking human being. Which are hard to find. *coughing* We had fun, right? Trashing shit, plotting, general fuckery. That's not going to stop. You're chaos in a bottle. You can't deprive the world of that.

Panel 5:

The Boy nods. He gets it. The Spider gestures to the horizon.

Spider: All of this will one day be yours... *COUGH* ...to trash.

Panel 6:

The Boy nods. He's sobbing again. Spider puts four of his arms around The Boy and pulls him close. They look out from the roof at the rising sun.

Spider: You know I gotta go now?

Spider: You think if we stare at the sun for long enough we can burn our eyeballs out?

The Boy: We can try.

Panel 7:

The boy and the spider slump next to each other and rest. The sun moves up, up, up from the horizon.

Panel 8:

We cut back to see that the sun has melted the fuck out of their eyes.

Page 27:

Panel 1:

The Boy gives his eye sockets a thorough rub. Presto. They're back in his head.

Panel 2:

The Boy nudges the spider and he doesn't move.

Panel 3/4:

The Boy sniffles one last time before crawling back into his room through his window. He moves nearly as deftly as the spider now.

Panel 5:

Mom (from out of frame): It's time for school now, don't want to miss your first day!

The Boy goes down stairs.

Panel 6: *His mom hands him a fresh backpack and scoots him out the door towards the bus.*

Panel 7: *He takes one last glance up at the roof. The Spider is gone.*

Panel 8: *The boy moves expressionlessly to the back of the bus among the clamor of the other children.*

Page 28:

Panel 1: *After taking his seat he notices a piece of tape covering a tear on the seat in front of him.*

Panel 2: *It's slowly becoming dislodged with the rhythms of the bus.*

Panel 3: *He stares out of the window blankly.*

The End