

# SPIDER-MAN Part 13

screenplay by  
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## **Cast**

Harry Osborn/Green Goblin  
Peter/Spider-Man  
Aunt May  
Miscellaneous (Old Woman, M.J.)

## **EXTERIOR NEARBY SMOKY ROOM – DAY**

*Spider-Man flips through a window, lands, scans the smoky -room, fire leaping about. He sees what appears to be an OLD WOMAN, draped in a shawl, huddled in the corner.*

**SPIDER-MAN:** Everything's going to be okay ma'am.

**OLD WOMAN:** Oh. Thank you sonny. You're my hero.

*SUDDENLY WE HEAR: The CACKLE!*

**GREEN GOBLIN:** What's wrong with lighting up now and then?  
(*another CACKLE*)

*The "OLD WOMAN" lets the shawl fall to the ground, turns.*

**SPIDER-MAN:** (*Sees Goblin through licking flame*) Goblin!

**GREEN GOBLIN:** (*moving closer*) I thought you might be in the neighborhood.

**SPIDER-MAN:** YOU? You started this fire.

**GREEN GOBLIN:** You know what they say: When you want to meet a hero, start a fire. (*then super serious*) What about my offer? Are you in, or Are you out?

**SPIDER-MAN:** It's you who's out, Gobby. (*preparing to attack*) Out, for good!!

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draped- ドレープ  
shawl- ショール

huddled-身を寄せ合って  
smoky- スモーキー

lighting- 照明

**GREEN GOBLIN:** Your final answer?

**SPIDER-MAN:** My final answer.

**GREEN GOBLIN:** Imbecile! You've crawled your last wall.

*He reaches to his belt, hurls a razor bat at Spider-Man who deflects it with his left arm. SNICK!*

**SPIDER-MAN:** (Pain) AHHH!

*Spider-Man looks down at his arm. A deep gash oozes blood. He shoots a "web ball," about the size of a softball, into The Goblin's face, sending him ass over elbows back into the wall. The Goblin rises, determined, pissed, off, flicking gooey web from his face. When his eyes clear, Spider-Man is gone. A trail of blood leads out the window. The Goblin's body tenses, he howls with anger.*

**GREEN GOBLIN:** I don't forgive and I don't forget. You can consider my offer withdrawn!

#### **INTERIOR HARRY'S APARTMENT – DAY**

*A browning turkey is pulled out of the oven by a pot-holder. Aunt May forks the turkey to test it. M.J., in her black dress and apron, helps. The signs of a full Thanksgiving meal are on the counter all around them and the dining room table in Harry's apartment is set for five. Harry is fastidiously checking the table, plumping pillows, straightening chairs. The doorbell RINGS.*

**HARRY:** Okay... he's here.

*Mary Jane comes out of the kitchen, takes off apron.*

**HARRY:** You look great.

ass-尻

bleeding-出血

casual-カジュアル

costumed-衣装

distinctive-独特の

excuse-言い訳

flicking-軽くはじく

attempts-試み

bundle-バンドル

clipped-クリップ

cranny-割れ目

doorbell-ドアベル

fastidiously-気難しく

focusing-焦点

beams-ビーム

carving-彫刻

consider-考慮する

discord-不和

draped-ドレープ

flashes-が点滅

forehead-額

forget-忘れる	forgive-許す	freezes-フリーズ
gooey-ネバネバした	happened-が起こった	howls-遠吠え
huddled-身を寄せ合って	hurried-急いで	imbecile-愚かな
jellied-ゼリー	lighting-照明	lunatic-狂人
messengers-メッセンジャー	narrowing-狭窄	nook-隅
pastry-ペストリー	pissed off-腹を立てて	pivots-ピボット
plumping-ムッチリ	radiant-晴れやかな	ravening
recognizes-認識	ribboned-リボンを付けた	satisfied-満足
sharpens-シャープ	shawl-ショール	slashes-スラッシュ
ユ		
slob-ずぼらな人	smoky-スモーキー	snarling-うなる
sniffing-スニッフィング	steps-手順	stick-スティック
straightening-矯正	strides-前進	tenses-時制
Unmistakably-紛れもなく	unnoticed-見過ごされて	whooshes-風の音
wild-eyed-過激な	withdrawn-撤回	

*Harry opens the door. Norman Osborn stands in the hallway in a very nice suit, dabbing sweat off his forehead with a handkerchief. He carries a small, ribboned pastry box. Mary Jane comes out of the kitchen.*

**OSBORN:** Sorry I'm late. Work was murder. Here's a fruitcake. Who's this young lady?

**HARRY:** M.J., I'd like you to meet my father, Norman Osborn. Dad, I'd like you to meet Mary Jane Watson. M.J.

*She flashes a radiant smile. Osborn steps closer, holding out a hand but also, unmistakably, narrowing his eyes. Studying her.*

**OSBORN:** How do you do? I've been looking forward to meeting you.

**M.J.:** (*senses badness*) Happy Thanksgiving, sir.

**AUNT MAY:** (*moves in*) Hello Norman. We're so pleased you're here. Where's Peter? He better have remembered the cranberry sauce.

*Behind them, a red and blue costumed figure WHOOSHES past the living room window, unnoticed, and lands –*

## **EXTERIOR APARTMENT BUILDING – DAY**

-- on the side of the apartment building. Spider-Man pivots and crawls down a few floors, to his window, opens it.

IN THE LIVING ROOM, They hear the SMALL THUD, and all turn toward his room.

**HARRY:** That's weird, I didn't know he was here.

**AUNT MAY:** Peter?

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### **1) Who was the old woman?**

*She was the Green Goblin in disguise.*

### **2) Did Spider-Man agree to work with the Green Goblin?**

*No, he turned down the offer.*

### **3) Why is everyone at Harry's apartment?**

*They are going to have Thanksgiving dinner together.*

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## **INTERIOR PETER'S BEDROOM – DAY**

Peter crawls across the ceiling and drops onto the floor in his bedroom.

IN THE LIVING ROOM, They hear a BIG THUD.

**AUNT MAY:** My goodness.

IN PETER'S BEDROOM, He pulls off his mask and immediately tends to his injured, bleeding arm. He whips around and looks at the door, wild-eyed. He sees shapes moving through the frosted glass of his bedroom door, hears Aunt May's voice calling to him. He still has his mask off, holding a bundle of street clothes.

IN THE LIVING ROOM, Aunt May is nearly to the door, Norman, Harry, and M.J. just behind her. She turns the handle, opens it, and they see –

IN PETER'S BEDROOM, -- nothing. The room is empty.

**HARRY:** Pete?

**AUNT MAY:** But there's nobody here...

*Osborn comes in and glances around the room. Kind of a mess, clothes and books and science equipment scattered everywhere. But no Peter. We look up. Peter, maskless, clings to the ceiling not three feet over their heads. A big, fat drop of blood is oozing from the cuts on his arm, right over Osborn's head.*

**OSBORN:** Bit of a [slob](#), isn't he?

**AUNT MAY:** All brilliant men are.

*Osborn smiles, loves that Aunt May, they turn to walk out -- and the drop of blood falls. It hits the light-colored carpet, right where he was standing. Osborn, the last in the doorway, [freezes](#), tilts his head at the sound. Good hearing, man. Human Performance Enhancers will do that for you. The others leave, but Osborn turns and walks back to where he was standing. On the ceiling, Spidey's eyes widen -- oh no. Osborn is directly below him. Osborn bends down, studies the carpet. He sees the drop of blood. Quickly, he looks up at the ceiling above him. There's nobody there. He turns, looks at the window. He walks to it.*

*FROM OUTSIDE THE WINDOW Osborn leans outside and looks in both directions. Camera pulls back to reveal Spider-Man clinging to the underside of - the ledge. Apparently [satisfied](#), Osborn turns and goes back inside.*

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**4) Why did everyone go to Pete's bedroom?**

*They heard a loud thud when he fell from the ceiling.*

**5) Why did Peter hide when his aunt and the others came?**

*He was still dressed as Spider-man.*

**6) What did Osborn hear that caused him to walk back into the room?**

*He heard Spider-man's blood drop onto the carpet.*

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## **INTERIOR HARRY'S APARTMENT**

*The front door to Harry's apartment opens again. Peter [attempts a casual](#) entrance, now dressed in street clothes and carrying a brown paper bag.*

**PETER:** Hey everyone. (*kisses Aunt May*) Sorry I took so long, it's a jungle out there. I had to hit an old lady with a [stick](#) to get these cranberries.

**AUNT MAY:** Oh, Peter. Come on everyone, let's sit down and say a prayer.

*They all move for the table. Norman reaches for the [jellied](#) cranberry log. Aunt May slaps his hand.*

**AUNT MAY:** ...and Norman... (*indicates turkey and carving knife*) ...will you do the honors?

*Norman picks up the knife. Aunt May reacts to blood on Peter's arm.*

**AUNT MAY:** Peter, you're [bleeding](#)!

**PETER:** Yeah, I stepped off a curb and got [clipped](#) by one of those bike [messengers](#).

**AUNT MAY:** Let me see.

*She pushes his sleeves up, exposing the X-shaped slashes in his forearm.*

**AUNT MAY:** What in the name of heavenly glory?!

*Norman Osborn's eyes widen. He [recognizes](#) those [slashes](#)!*

**AUNT MAY:** You've got to be more careful out there! This city has a [lunatic](#) on every corner.

*We move in on Norman, holding the [carving](#) knife, his eyes [focusing](#) in like laser [beams](#), staring at the [distinctive](#) cuts on Peter's arms.*

**AUNT MAY:** Everyone sit down, I'll go and get the First Aid kit. And then we'll say grace. This is the boys' first Thanksgiving in this apartment and we're going to do things properly.

**OSBORN:** How did you say that [happened](#)?

**PETER:** ...Bike messenger.

As Peter turns to Norman, his breathing *sharpens*, his eyes widen and fill with fear, suddenly and inexplicably HIS SPIDER-SENSE kicks in like crazy. Everybody around him slows to a crawl, and his P.O.V. pivots around the room, rapidly scanning every *nook* and *cranny* for the source of the danger that must surely be nearby. He flips from frozen face to frozen face – Aunt May, M.J., Norman, Harry -- all friends, right?

BACK IN THE APARTMENT, Peter pops out of his Spider-Sense, confused, drops of sweat on his forehead, to find Osborn still staring at him.

**PETER:** (finishing) ...knocked me down.

**OSBORN:** You'll have to *excuse* me, I'm afraid I've got to go.

**HARRY:** What? Why?

**OSBORN:** Something... has come to my attention.

**HARRY:** Are you all right?

**OSBORN:** Fine, I'm fine. Thank you. Mrs. Parker. Everyone.

**AUNT MAY:** What happened?

He *strides* out of the apartment, throwing one last look back at Peter Parker.

**HARRY:** Dad!

IN THE HALLWAY, Osborn leans against the wall in the hallway, eyes darting, thinking a mile a minute. Harry comes out behind him, leaving the door ajar.

**HARRY:** What are you doing? I planned this whole thing so you could meet M.J. and you barely even looked at her!

**OSBORN:** I've got to go.

He turns, starts down the hall. Harry grabs him by the arm, turns him around.

**HARRY:** Hey, I like this girl, this is important to me!

**OSBORN:** Harry, please. Look at her. You think a woman like that's [sniffing](#) around because she likes your personality?

**HARRY:** What are you saying, Dad?

**OSBORN:** Your mother was beautiful, too. They're all beautiful, till they're [snarling](#) after your trust fund like [ravening](#) wolves.

**HARRY:** Dad... This girl's not...

**OSBORN:** (*interrupts him*) A word to the not-so-wise about your little girlfriend. Do what you need to with her and broom her fast.

*Osborn leaves.*

**HARRY:** What?

*IN THE APARTMENT, M.J. stands on this side of the door. Listening. Everyone else is in the living room or kitchen. They can all hear. M.J. turns away and grabs her coat. Harry comes back in. M.J. storms past him.*

**HARRY:** Where are you going?

**M.J.:** Thanks for sticking up for me, Harry.

**HARRY:** You heard?

**M.J.:** Everyone could hear that creep.

**HARRY:** (*suddenly angry*) That "creep" is my father! Alright?! If I'm lucky, I've got the brains and the guts to become half of what he is, so you keep your goddamn mouth shut about things you don't understand.

**AUNT MAY:** Harry Osborn!

**M.J.:** You're acting like somebody's father -- mine! (*as she goes*) I'm sorry, Aunt May.



*She storms out of the apartment, SLAMMING the door behind her.*

**PETER:** Harry, go after her!

**HARRY:** I don't think so.

**PETER:** Harry, come on!

**HARRY:** No. I can't. *(to Aunt May)* Welcome to an Osborn Thanksgiving.

*He storms into his bedroom and SLAMS the door.*

**PETER:** Sorry, Aunt May. It looked great.

*He jumps up, gives her a kiss, and hurries out of the apartment. Aunt May, shocked at all the discord, sits at the table alone.*

**AUNT MAY:** We didn't even get to say grace.

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**7) How did Peter say he was injured?**

*He said he was clipped by a bike messenger.*

**8) Why did Osborn suddenly choose to leave?**

*He recognized the distinctive cuts on Peter's arm.*

**9) Why did Harry get angry at M.J.?**

*He got angry with her for calling his father a creep.*

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## Vocabulary

ass-尻	attempts-試み	beams-ビーム
bleeding-出血	bundle-バンドル	carving-彫刻
casual-カジュアル	clipped-クリップ	consider-考慮する
costumed-衣装	cranny-割れ目	discord-不和
distinctive-独特の	doorbell-ドアベル	draped-ドレープ
excuse-言い訳	fastidiously	flashes-が点滅
flicking-軽くはじく	focusing-焦点	forehead-額
forget-忘れる	forgive-許す	freezes-フリーズ
goeey-ネバネバした	happened-が起こった	howls-遠吠え
huddled-身を寄せ合って	hurried-急いで	imbecile-愚かな
jellied-ゼリー	lighting-照明	lunatic-狂人
messengers-メッセンジャー	narrowing-狭窄	nook-隅
pastry-ペストリー	pissed off-腹を立てて	pivots-ピボット
plumping-ムッチリ	radiant-晴れやかな	ravenging
recognizes-認識	ribboned-リボンを付けた	satisfied-満足
sharpens-シャープ	shawl-ショール	slashes-スラッシュ
ユ		
slob-ずぼらな人	smoky-スモーキー	snarling-うなる
sniffing-スニフイング	steps-手順	stick-スティック
straightening-矯正	strides-前進	tenses-時制
Unmistakably-紛れもなく	unnoticed-見過ごされて	whooshes-風の音
wild-eyed-過激な	withdrawn-撤回	

## Question Answers

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