

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

IS SPIDER-MAN INTO BONDAGE?
(WORKING TITLE)

By J.M. Frey

Script Sample

SET UP:

Sunny O'Keefe is a phone trauma councillor by day, and a serial dater with a comics fetish at night. She assigns all of her dates cute comic book alter egos, and writes about the peril and pitfalls of dating the in the big city on a blog.

At this point of the story, Sunny's blog has just gone viral. She's also working on the side on creating a pastiche superhero comic with her friend and comic book artist, Barika Tendaji. The comic is titled No Boob Windows Allowed.

They both frequent The Sidekick Cafe, where the barista Neil, a trans man, is both their confident, caffeine-slinger, and catty commentator

60

INT. THE SIDEKICK. DAY.

60

Sunny shows up for her lunch break, to find Barika and Neil crowded around a tablet again.

SUNNY

Seriously, my date stories can't be so riveting that you are still reading them twelve hours later.

Barika waves her over.

BARIKA

It isn't the blog. It's this.

Barika points to a BuzzFeed Article: **"TWENTY CHOICE BURNS FROM OUR FAVOURITE NEW GEEK DATING BLOG. It's like a glorious, self-aware trainwreck and we can't look away."**

Beneath that are screencaps from Sunny's blog, only the cattiest lines. Sunny is a bit floored. She scrambles to get her phone out of her purse. She opens it and boggles.

SUNNY

Oh my god, I have like a thousand new followers. I left it on silent.

NEIL

Are you still thinking about doing that comic together?

SUNNY

Yeah, why?

NEIL

Cause I mean, seriously, this is something you gotta use, Sun-Light of-my-Life. Attention like this, you gotta jump on it.

SUNNY

Then good thing I did this last night.

Sunny pulls a sheaf of ten or so freshly-printed papers out of her bag. They are enclosed in a cute Avengers folder.

BARIKA

What's this?

SUNNY

The script.

BARIKA

The... the script? (Penny drops).
Wait, the script?

SUNNY

Just issue one. I didn't, um, have time and I wanted to, you know, see what you thought before I wrote more.

BARIKA

You just sat at home and wrote a comic script in one night?

SUNNY

Yes?

BARKIA

I thought you said you didn't know how to format it.

SUNNY

I looked it up? Oh, and I downloaded that software you were
(MORE)

SUNNY (CONT'D)

talking about. It was free. And, you know... I'm a quick learner.

BARIKA

I have to be careful what I say around you. You take everything I suggest as a challenge.

SUNNY

Were you not serious?

BARIKA

No, I was, I just... wow.

SUNNY

So, it's good? That I did it, I mean?

BARIKA

Yeah. Yeah, it is.

SUNNY

Okay. Good.

Sunny's phone buzzes and clangs and vibrates. She quickly puts it back to silent.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm actually a little freaked out by this. Look.

She holds the phone out so Barika can see her full inbox.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Interview requests! Geek Chic Elite, On Wednesdays We Wear Capes, The Mary Sue, Vaginal Fantasy, Jezebel...holy crap.

Sunny looks faint. Barika guides her down into a chair. Neil fetches Sunny a glass of water.

NEIL

Small sips, Sunny-Side-Up.

Sunny sips and starts to calm down.

BARIKA

So, are all those sites important?

SUNNY

Yes. Yes. Oh my god, yes.

BARIKA

Should I be telling you that the post got picked up by i09?

SUNNY

(desperate)

Shut up, oh my god, shut up.

Barika and Neil laugh at Sunny's distress. It takes her a moment, and then she starts to find it funny and joins in.

SUNNY(CONT'D)

I didn't think this was how this was going to go. My shot at fame.

BARIKA

Don't let your head get too swollen. As of right now you're still just a one-day wonder.

SUNNY

No. No, I won't let that happen. (firmer) I'm gonna write more, and I'm gonna use it to leverage this for our comic.

BARIKA

Okay, but like, don't actually do it for the fame.

SUNNY

What? No. I want to do it because... because I love comics. And I want to write them.

BARIKA

It's not easy. Comics is a boy's club. It can get hard.

SUNNY

I can handle it.

BARIKA

I never said you couldn't.

SUNNY

I'm going to write important, feminist comics, and it's going to be amazing.

BARIKA

Okay.

SUNNY

But before that, I need to write more date blogs. And for that, I need more dates.

She looks around the Snail. Looking through a rack of action figures, she spots a nebbish, geeky guy with brown hair. This is SPIDER-MAN. Sunny stands, smooths out her clothes, marches over to him, and starts to flirt. At first he looks confused - "why is this woman talking to me?" - but when she gets a bit bossy, he is twitterpated.

NEIL

We've created a monster.

61 INT. RANDOM COFFEE SHOP OF RANDOM. DAY. 61

The next day, Sunny and Spider-man meet for coffee. Sunny keeps interrupting him to pull out her notebook and jot script notes.

62 INT. SUNNY'S OFFICE. DAY. 62

Sunny is neglecting work to write. Her BOSS - a no-nonsense woman in business casual - comes by, and Sunny scrambles to throw some paperwork over her notebook, and picks up the phone, plastering on a faux sympathetic expression.

63 INT. THE SIDEKICK. DAY. 63

Sunny comes in and her latte is already on the counter.

NEIL

(repremanding)
My Only Sunshine.

SUNNY

Yeeees?

NEIL

I am disappointed. You went on a date this weekend. I have waited two whole days and you have not updated your blog.

SUNNY

How do you know that?

NEIL

Your beau told me. He does shop here, you know.

Sunny blushes.

SUNNY
I'll do it tonight. I was working
on the comic. And speaking of...

Sunny sidles over to the table and peers at Barika's art.
Barika holds it out to her proudly.

SUNNY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Ooooh!

BARIKA
You like?

SUNNY
I love! I mean, look at that! And
That, that is a perfect call back
the the 60s era X-Men, oh my god I
love everything about this. Is that
the super team, their headquarters?
Does that say Hero Hoarde?

Barika basks in Sunny's approval.

BARIKA
So what are we calling it?

SUNNY
I was thinking... "No Boob Windows
Allowed". Because, you know, the
joke about her uniform, and the...

She makes a gesture across her own cleavage. Barika tries
really hard not to stare. Sunny misinterprets that.

SUNNY (CONT'D)
Never mind, it's stupid.

BARIKA
No. No, it's good. It's clever.

SUNNY
Really?

BARIKA
Really. I'll get a domain name.

SUNNY
Amazing!

Sunny and Barika turn to look at each other at the same time,
and realize how close their faces are. A moment. Two.

Sunny licks her lips, nervous, and Barika stares at her mouth. Sunny jerks back.

SUNNY (CONT'D)
I should... I should go. For a walk. Or something. Get some fresh air while the weather's still... Yeah.

Barika stares after Sunny, surprised at herself. Then mad. She bangs her own forehead with her fist.

BARIKA
She's straight, you dumbass. Don't do it. Not again.

64 INT. A CLIMBING GYM. DAY. 64

Spider-man and Sunny tussle and flirt as they help each other put on their hip harnesses.

65 INT. SUNNY'S OFFICE. DAY. 65

Sunny is on the phone with a client, but she is watching a counter on the No Boob Windows Allowed website count down to zero. It's at 10 - 9 - 8

SUNNY
Yes, of course. Would you like me to assign someone to accompany you to your court date?

-7-6-5-

SUNNY (CONT'D)
Uh-huh. Okay. Right, absolutely. Well, I can have that form couriered over to you, if you like. Of course we'll cover all the costs for it. No worries. Yes. Yes. Okay. I'm here any time you want to call, Cathy. Of course. Any time. Bye.

4-3-2-1!

Sunny hangs up the phone hastily and refreshes the page. Page one of No Boob Windows Allowed loads. Sunny throws up her hands and spins around in her office chair and makes a very small, very quiet *squee!* sound.

66 INT. SUNNY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 66

Sunny rushes in her apartment door, shedding her outerwear, and dives for her laptop. She pulls up the website and scrolls down to the comments. It's barren. Disappointed, she thinks for a minute, then brings up her blog. She types:

SUNNY (V.O.)
 Sorry for the radio silence lately,
 but I've got an exciting new
 project in the works. Head on over
 here... a h-ref quotation mark...
 and ... paste... close link... and
 check it out!

Sunny hits "post" and then jumps up. She paces a bit, and then dives into the kitchen. She grabs a bottle of wine. There's not much left in it so she just pulls out the cork and drinks straight from the bottle.

Her laptop beeps and she lunges for it.

COMMENT: **That's neat I guess, but I'm here for your dating stories.**

A few more comments pop up, all in a similar vein, and finally:

COMMENT: **Was all this just to get people to read your dumb Mary Sue comic? Whatever. I bet none of these date stories are even real.**

Sunny sits back, stung. She brings up a reply box and starts to type an angry response. Then she catches herself, takes a deep breath, and deletes it.

SUNNY
 Don't feed the trolls. Don't feed
 the trolls. Don't feed the trolls.

She brings up a blog post instead and starts to type.

SUNNY (V.O.)
 Thanks for checking out my comic,
 everyone! I'm really proud of it.
 Not much to report on the dating
 front yet. I've had two dates with
 someone who's actually really
 awesome, and therefore I don't have
 a lot of funny things to share with
 you. For now, though, I've decided
 that his nick-name shall be
 Spider-Man. He's skinny and
 (MORE)

SUNNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 adorkable like Peter Parker, and his eyes are just so bright when he looks at me. Like I'm Mary Jane or something. I'll tell you more later when everything with the launch of the comic has settled down! We'll post pages every weekday.

Sunny sits back, her celebration ruined, and finishes off the bottle of wine in one go. She throws the empty bottle onto the sofa, stands, and slams into her bathroom.

67 INT. THE SIDEKICK. DAY.

67

Barika and Neil look up every time the front door chimes, but Sunny doesn't come in. Barika refreshes Sam's date blog, but nothing has changed.

BARIKA
 That's it, I'm texting her.

NEIL
 Yeah.

Barika does just that. A moment passes. Her phone beeps.

BARIKA
 She says, "I'm fine. Just feeling kind of bummed that the comic wasn't received better. I'll be in tomorrow to launch page #2."

Barika sighs.

NEIL
 Poor Sunday Roast.

BARIKA
 I told her it wouldn't be easy.

68 INT. SUNNY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

68

Sunny is moping on her sofa, staring at the comic website. She brings up her date blog, but can't seem to make herself write anything. She snaps her laptop shut and picks up her phone. She calls Spider-man.

SUNNY
 (on phone)
 Hey! Are you free this weekend? I need some cheering up. Saturday?

69 INT. THE SIDEKICK. DAY. 69

Sunny comes moping in. She doesn't even stop for her latte. She just flops down beside Barika. Barika wraps her arms around Sunny's shoulders, and kisses the top of her head.

BARIKA
I warned you.

SUNNY
At least that wasn't an "I told you so".

BARIKA
It's never easy. Just because people came to your blog quick doesn't mean they'll migrate to your other work.

SUNNY
They should though.

BARIKA
You'd think.

Sunny heaves a deep sigh and sits up.

SUNNY
Okay. Let's get this over with.

Barika pulls up the website on her tablet and hits "post".

SUNNY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(sarcastically)
Weeeee.

BARIKA
Hey now. Don't be like that.

SUNNY
Be like what?

BARIKA
You're the one who was excited about this, don't forget. I didn't hold a gun to your head and make you write these scripts.

SUNNY
(chastened)
Yeah, no, you're right.

BARIKA

It takes time for an audience to find a new book. You'll see.

SUNNY

(glumly)
Okay.

BARIKA

Go get your latte, you sourpuss.

Sunny slinks off. Over the following offscreen conversation, Barika reaches up and tentatively, touches her lips. Then she remembers herself and scrubs the kiss off them.

NEIL (O.S.)

Sunberry Bright - here you are.

SUNNY (O.S.)

Thanks.

NEIL (O.S.)

Any exciting plans for tonight?

SUNNY (O.S.)

Naw.

NEIL (O.S.)

No dates with mister stars in his eyes?

SUNNY (O.S.)

Saturday.

NEIL (O.S.)

Taking it slow?

SUNNY (O.S.)

I wanted the time to focus on the comic. Not that it matters.

NEIL (O.S.)

It will. Buck up, buttercup.

Barika bends her head to the tablet when Sunny turns back around, pretending to look at the stats.

BARIKA

Three hits already. Two likes.

SUNNY

That's good, I guess.

BARIKA
It is. I promise.

Sunny ducks back in for another hug and they watch the screen, cuddled up together. Sunny is perfectly comfortable, and Barika is trying so hard to be chill.

70 INT. FANCY PANTS RESTAURANT. NIGHT. 70

Sunny and Spider-man on a date. He isn't very confident, and he's nervous, curled around his glass of wine. He is wearing blue and red, but he's clearly dressed up.

71 INT. THE BACK OF A TAXI. NIGHT. 71

Sunny jumps in and gestures for the driver to go! go! Sunny grabs her cell phone and punches up Barika's contact info.

TEXT: **Oh my god. Will you be at the cafe tomorrow?**

TEXT **BARIKA: I wasn't planning on it. Should I be?**

TEXT: **YES.**

72 INT. THE SIDEKICK. DAY. 72

Barika is sitting at their customary table. Barika has her sketch board across her knees, and is working on the latest page of No Boob Windows Allowed.

The cafe is practically deserted this afternoon, and NEIL has nothing better to do than lean artfully on the counter. The street door opens. No one enters. A beat.

Sunny's head peeks around the frame. She is wearing ridiculously large glasses, a Thelma-and-Louise scarf (patterned with superheroes, natch) over her hair, and a shade of lipstick which just... oh, honey. No.

SUNNY
Is he here...?

NEIL
You're gonna have to put a proper noun in there, Sunny-sunshine.

SUNNY
Him.

BARIKA
Mister "Stars In His Eyes"?

NEIL

Oh! Pe-

SUNNY

No! Shhht!

She comes into the open.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Use the code-name!

Barika swats the butt of a Spider-man standee in the corner.

BARIKA

Only web-head in this place is this hottie.

SUNNY

Praise be to Stan.

Sunny removes her glasses and impromptu disguise, wiping at her mouth with her scarf. She flops into the seat opposite Barika, pausing to peer at the page. She gets a little soft around the edges at the sight of it, and grazes a kiss against Barika's temple.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

I'm sure you already know, but to be clear: You're A Freaking Goddess.

Barika touches her temple thoughtfully, but Sunny doesn't see as she's turning to Neil. Sunny clutches the back of the chair and makes adorable puppy eyes and sticks out her bottom lip, sets it to quivering.

NEIL

You're so cute I'm gonna barf.

SUNNY

As long as you don't do it in my latte.

Neil doesn't, in fact, barf into Sunny's latte. He just puts it on the counter, though, and Sunny bounces up to grab it.

NEIL

So why the disguise this morning, oh great heroine of the dating sphere?

SUNNY

I, uh...?

NEIL

You did not go straight home and write a blog post, so I'm going to guess that, the date went perfect. Puppy dogs and goddamned rainbows.

SUNNY

Goddamned something.

Neil makes a "you're kidding" face. Barika barks:

BARIKA

Oh, just tell us. Drama queen.

Sunny goes thoughtful for a moment, quiet and small. Sunny and Neil notice. Barika gets a look on her face like she's preparing to have to rip out an eyeball with her inking nib.

BARIKA (CONT'D)

Do we need to...?

SUNNY

What? Oh! No, nothing like that.

NEIL

You're making us nervous, Sunny Bun.

SUNNY

God, I don't even know where to start with this, seriously. So. Soooooo... right. Okay.

73

INT. DATE CAM - FANCY PANTS RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

73

It's the night before.

SUNNY (V.O.)

Okay, so, I hear third dates is where you're supposed to start trusting that your date isn't a crazy person planning to murder you and/or eat your entrails. That's what I hear, anyway.

Spider-man is slowly coming out of his shell as he talks, using the accouterments of the table to tell a story that becomes more elaborate as he goes. Sunny is engaged.

SPIDER-MAN

And then my aunt kicked him in the nuts!

SUNNY

God, ow! I don't have any and I can feel mine crawling up into my body in horror.

SUNNY (V.O.)

So Spider-man wasn't a total goober.

74 INT. RANDOM COFFEE SHOP OF RANDOM. DAY.

74

Spider-man and Sunny, back on their first date. He tried really hard, bless; Sunny is in jeans and a Black Widow tee.

SUNNY (V.O.)

Date #1 established that though he was quiet he was very passionate about his work and his hobbies.

Spider-man is talking enthusiastically about something, showing Sunny photos on his phone.

75 INT. A CLIMBING GYM. DAY.

75

Spider-man is, ironically, afraid of heights. He bullies through the last few meters of his climb and then Sunny and an instructor help rappel him back down. He is genuinely enthusiastic. They celebrate with a kiss.

(All this over the following:)

SUNNY (V.O.)

Date #2 proved that while he was super uncomfortable out of his comfort zone, he was willing to give it a try anyway. Passion, and a sense of adventure, if only a little one.

Spider-man fingers the rope on his harness and looks at Sunny thoughtfully as she and the instructor are focused on getting her ready to climb. (Foreshadowing! Dun dun dun!)

76 INT. FANCY PANTS RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

76

Back to the previous evening. Spider-man holds open the door for Sunny. He rests his hand at the small of her back as they are shown to their table, which Sunny glances back at, smiling, and then he holds out the chair for her. Sunny sits.

SUNNY (V.O.)
 He does the door-and-chair thing
 too, but not in any sort of
 obnoxious way. So, you know, a
 keeper, right?

Time for desert. Sunny takes the initiative for an ice-creamy
 kiss.

SUNNY (V.O.)
 And kissing is chemistry - takes a
 few experiments to get it right.
 And experiments are only
 experiments if you write down the
 results so... yup, blogging.

77 INT. SPIDER-MAN'S CAR. NIGHT.

77

Spider-man is back to being nervous, curled around his
 steering wheel.

SUNNY (V.O.)
 So third dates are for being alone
 together - no need for crowd safety
 - and, if I am to believe anything
 at all that I have learned while
 being raised by the TV, The Sex.

The action freezes as they have their aside:

BARIKA (V.O.)
 Oh, Jesus, don't capitalize it.

NEIL (V.O.)
 Orgasms always require
 Capitalization.

SUNNY (V.O.)
 Do you want to hear or not?

BARIKA (V.O.)
 Does it involve man-parts?

SUNNY (V.O.)
 Yes. Hooo-boy. Yes.

BARIKA (V.O.)
 And your girl parts?

SUNNY (V.O.)
 No. Hoo-boy. No.

BARIKA (V.O.)
 Colour me intrigued. Proceed.

Action resumes.

Sunny and Spider-man reach the house. Spider-man lets her in, and they hover awkwardly in the kitchen. Sunny, after a moment to see if Spider-man will offer a drink, goes to the fridge and fishes out a beer. When she turns around, Spider-man is nekkid. Sunny drops the beer.

CLOSE ON: Another freeze; the beer-bottle, mid-smash.

NEIL (V.O.)
 Entrepreneurial.

SUNNY (V.O.)
 Optimistic, at best.

BARIKA (V.O.)
 Gross.

SUNNY (V.O.)
 Nerve wracking.

After a moments' hesitation, they sidestep the broken glass and start to make out. Spider-man is a bit handsy, possibly too enthusiastic. This is still new to Sunny.

Spider-man directs her to some stairs, and they kiss and giggle their way up to his bedroom. He turns on the light.

Sunny freezes in the door. It's not a bedroom. It's a sex dungeon. Spider-man throws himself happily at the rope on the wall which, (totally coincidentally, you understand) is shaped like a giant spider web.

NEIL (V.O.)
 No!

SUNNY (V.O.)
 Yes. Anyway, that's why the codename Spider-man is suddenly way more appropriate than I thought it was at the start!

SPIDER-MAN
 There's a flogger on the credenza.

NEIL (V.O.)
 "Credenza."

SUNNY
 No, no, I'm... I'm good.

SPIDER-MAN
Oh, open palm kind of girl.

SUNNY
Is that... ribbon?

SPIDER-MAN
I wanted to dress him up for you.

SUNNY
Okay. Ooookay.

Sunny pulls out her phone and starts scrolling.

SUNNY (CONT'D)
Well, this has been. This has been.
Something. It's something, for
sure. And, oh, look! My cab's here!

SPIDER-MAN
But I just-

SUNNY
(cheerily)
Well, this has been remarkably
uncomfortable and really, really
strange. Thank you for the lovely
dinner, and please don't call me
again.

SPIDER-MAN
But my cuff-

SUNNY
Bye!

SPIDER-MAN
This never happened to Christan
Grey!

SUNNY
(over her shoulder)
Don't believe everything you read
in fiction! Ta!

Sunny books it down the driveway to the cab. She dives in the back seat and slumps back, stunned. And then she laughs.

SUNNY (V.O.)
 I mean, really, who springs a
 fully-stocked bondage dungeon on
 someone on the third date? There
 has got to be some sort of
 etiquette about that kind of thing.

NEIL (V.O.)
 Watch out! Here cums the
 Spider-man!

INT. THE SIDEKICK. DAY.

Back to "normal cam."

SUNNY
 You're fired, Neil. No more DVD
 commentary for you. I mean it.

BARIKA
 So that's that, then.

SUNNY
 Yes. Though, in hindsight, I do
 feel a bit bad for... uh...

NEIL
 Leaving him hanging?

BARIKA
 Groan.

NEIL
 I have the perfect joke about Peter
 Parker's Sticky White Stuff, but
 I'm still stroking it into being,
 and it doesn't want to come out.
 Maybe if you flog me a little?

BARIKA
 Oh, yuck. Semen is gross. Don't.

NEIL
 Semen is natural. It's good for the
 complexion and the palette.

Barika makes gagging motions.

NEIL (CONT'D)
 And that, ladies and gentlemen, is
 why Barika is gaaaaaaay.

This is news to Sunny.

BARIKA

(to Sunny)

Do not tell me that you like it. I will have to resign our friendship forever, sail to Africa, and live among the bonobos.

SUNNY

That would be aaaaaaall the nope.

NEIL

Do you even know?

Sunny blushes and ducks her chin into her sweater.

NEIL (CONT'D)

D'awwww. Lookit the wee baby country girl. Are our evil city ways too much for you?

SUNNY

Shut up.

NEIL

If I shut up, I can't tell you about the guy I met for you last night.

SUNNY

(perks up)

Met for me?

BARIKA

What, not even a moment of silence for the dear departure of Spider-man?

SUNNY

Onwards and upwards.

BARIKA

With great power comes great responsibility.

SUNNY

No more Spider-man references, please. So what's he like?

NEIL

Short, hairy, likes craft beer.

SUNNY

Oooh! Wolverine!

NEIL

Nerd.

Sunny looks around the cafe in askance.

SUNNY

Did you give him my number?

NEIL

Done and dusted, Sunny Bunny.

SUNNY

I cannot wait for the day when you run out of stupid puns.

NEIL

Nevah.

Sunny's phone makes an alarm noise. She shuts it off, but it turns right back on again.

BARIKA

Go to work, slacker. Go be a hero.

SUNNY

I don't waaaaaanna.

BARIKA

Stan Lee is frowning at you. His is disappointed in you, Sunwise.

SUNNY

Nooo. Not Disappointed Stan!

BARIKA

He is shaking his head, tsk tsk.

SUNNY

Aurgh. My one weakness.

NEIL

Go be a do-gooder, Sunny Side Up. Use that gigantor brain.

SUNNY

Knowledge is Power.

BARIKA

Power corrupts.

SUNNY

So work hard?

Sunny pulls herself to her feet, puts her empty cup on the counter, and dons her scarf dramatically.

SUNNY (CONT'D)
Kiss kiss, dahlinks!

BARIKA
Bye.

NEIL
And write this up in your blog! Not
at work though! This was great!

Sunny flounces out. Barika touches the side of her face, where Sunny kissed her, wistful. Her gay heart can't handle this.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Oh, Barika Blossom.

BARIKA
Shut up.

Neil puts up his hands in surrender, "don't shoot the messenger!", and goes to clean Sunny's mug. Barika tries to focus on the page in front of her, but she can't. Instead she opens her laptop and brings up the No Boob Windows Allowed website.

CLOSE ON:

Barika clicks open the dashboard, and scrolls down to the site stats. The little grey bar is, for the first time ever, stratospherically high.

BARIKA (CONT'D)
Oh my God. Oh my god. Holy fu--

<<END EPISODE>>