

Friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man (2016) #7
“Our Power Always Rhymes, Pt. 3: Conclusive Results”

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[Page 1]

[Panels 1-4: We see Cindy go through the normal routine of her morning. Let's take a look at the first page of the “I Killed Tomorrow” arc, and use a similar framing device. Waking up, getting dressed, brushing teeth, etc. Cindy's captions, as opposed to Peter's white and red, are instead red and black.]

Cindy [cap]: My name is Cindy Moon.

A week ago, my life was perfectly normal. College student, good grades, great internship at one of the greatest start-up labs in the country.

Cut to today. I have Spider-powers. And I'm being taught how to use them so I can become the OG's sidekick.

So I guess my life isn't so normal after all. Well, either that, or I need to redefine “normal”.

Something like that.

[Panel 5: We see Cindy Moon getting breakfast in the atrium, to hear a voice call out her name and look in that direction.]

???: Cindy Moon?

Cindy: That'd be me. And you are?...

[Page 2]

[Panel 1: Takes up a majority of the page. We see Mary Jane standing in front of her, shaking Cindy's hand.]

MJ: Hi. I'm Mary Jane Parker. Peter's wife. Peter's been keeping me up to date on what's been going on.

He's out for the count, so I volunteered to pick up your training for the day.

Cindy: Mary Jane... where have I?... Eh, not important.

Nice to meet you. When do we get started?

MJ: Soon as you finish eating.

[Panel 2: MJ and Cindy are seated at a table in the atrium, Cindy eating as MJ talks.]

MJ: -so I'm going to be teaching you hand-to-hand. While Spidey may be teaching you how to use your main powers- like, you know, crawling up walls- it's important we hone your Spider-sense and make sure you can control your strength.

Since you haven't broken anything yet, I'm willing to bet you've been working on the latter?

[Panel 3: Closer shot of Cindy, who is still eating.]

Cindy: That'd be right. The sense is still out of whack, though. Haven't been able to use it right since I got these powers. Every little thing I see used to set me off. It's better, but.

Wait, you're gonna teach me hand-to-hand? I didn't really take you as the type of person to-

[Panel 4: Cindy panicking, worried that she might have offended MJ]

Cindy: Oh, geez, I'm so sorry! I've been working on not generalizing people and-

[Panel 5: close shot of MJ, who is amused by Cindy's innocence.]

MJ: It's okay, kid. Don't worry.

But yeah, I did pick up self-defense back in the day.

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[Panel 1: Long, horizontal panel. MJ fondly remembering the time she took a baseball bat to Chameleon.]

MJ: Let's just say it's paid off in the past.

[Panel 2: MJ getting out of the chair.]

MJ: I'll get ready in the gym.

Say, fifteen minutes?

Cindy: Sounds good.

[Panel 3: Top shot of Horizon's boxing ring. MJ and Cindy are both wearing protective gear and gloves, and MJ has already assumed a fighting pose.]

MJ: Alright, I'm gonna give you the first shot.

Hit me.

Cindy: Uh, you sure? I really don't wanna hurt you.

MJ: I'll be fine. Now go for it. Swing.

[Panel 4: Cindy punches forward, MJ swiftly dodging with ease.]

MJ: You're telegraphing. I could see that one coming from a mile away.

Cindy: Sorry!

MJ: Don't apologize. Keep trying. But don't tell me where you're going to hit.

[Panel 5: Cindy swings forward again, MJ brushing by, but only barely.]

MJ: Whoa.

Now we're talking.

Now, I want to see some fire!

Some vigor!

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[Panel 1: Cindy reels back for another punch.]

Cindy: Vigor!

Got it!

[Panel 2: MJ hooks Cindy in the chest, causing her to wince in shock.]

MJ: Not fast enough.

Cindy: Guh!

[Panel 3: MJ socks Cindy square in the jaw, the angle of the panel showing a winded expression on Cindy's face.]

Cindy:...

[Panel 4: Cindy rubs her cheek, a bit disappointed that she was beaten down.]

MJ: You did okay for a first tussle, Cin.

Cindy: No, I really didn't. I was so focused on not hurting you that-

[Page 5]

[Panel 1: Takes up a majority of the panel. From Cindy's perspective, MJ is holding out a hand to help her up.]

MJ: Hey, that's only natural. And that's why you practice. So you can get better.

Don't beat yourself up over this, kid. It was really sweet of you to try and pull your punches for me. But out there? The people on the streets don't do that.

[Panel 2: MJ gets out of the boxing ring, Cindy following after her.]

MJ: If it makes you feel any better about yourself, I was taught by Captain America.

Cindy: Um. Okay. That might have been nice to know before we started.

MJ: Heh.

[Panel 3: MJ is unwrapping her arm, while Cindy leans on the ring ropes.]

MJ: Look, I'm not trying to make you feel bad. I'm just trying to tell you that you have a gift. And while it may come with a price... well, so does everything else. Just because it has a price tag, doesn't automatically make it a curse.

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[Panel 1: Close up of MJ's face, which is fixated in a slightly disappointed expression.]

MJ: My husband has spent the last five days training you and keeping you alive. He barely spent any time at home because of it.

He sees something special in you. And so do I.

[Panel 2: MJ walking away from the gym, Cindy looking on the background, having exited the ring.]

MJ: Maybe I'm just feeling helpless. He's talking to other people about his problems, and I want to be able to understand what he's going through.

The question is: do you want all of this time spent to go to waste? Or do you want to use your gifts and make the most of them?

Cindy: I... I don't know.

Um... we never finished sparring.

MJ: I need to go home and check on Peter. In the meantime, practice on the bags. Just do me a favor and don't break them.

You'll do fine, Cin. Just gonna take some time.

[Panel 3: A silent panel of Cindy just sitting down on the steps of the ring, at a loss for what to do.]

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[Cap: 33rd West End Avenue; the apartment of Peter and Mary Jane Parker.]

[Panel 1: Peter is half-asleep in bed, face buried in a pillow, as MJ walks into the room.]

MJ: Hey, Tiger.

Annie: Daddy!

Peter: Mmph.

MJ: You still asleep?

Peter: Kinph-of.

MJ: You're cute when you're half-asleep.

Peter: Ah thinf soh too.

[Panel 2: Peter lifts his head from the pillow to look at his wife.]

Peter: So. How'd your time with Cindy go?

MJ: The kid's still learning to balance her strength. Lost the sparring because she didn't want to hurt me.

Peter: She'll learn eventually.

[Panel 3: Peter looks at some of his notes on the desk, an epiphany striking him.]

Peter: Or, maybe she won't have to.

[Panel 4: MJ looks over her shoulder as she slips into non-sweaty clothes, a surprised expression, Peter watching.]

MJ: Really? And why's that?

Peter: Because I just looked at some of my notes and found a sequence that I can use to cancel out her healing factor.

It'll remove her powers, but I can work that out later. It'll take months for a more advanced formula to be constructed to just take away the healing factor problem, but if we needed to slap together a cure now, it'll remove every foreign element from her body. She'll be 100% Cindy Moon again.

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[Panel 1: MJ sits on the bed next to Peter, who has sat upright.]

MJ: So, the big question is... do we make her take it?

[Panel 2: Tight shot of Peter's face.]

Peter: No. She's 19 years old. Almost 20. She's an adult. And I trust her to make her own decision. But....

[Panel 3: Peter holds his Spider-Man mask on his lap, gripping the edges with his hands. The lenses reflecting his own eyes back to him.]

Peter: ...She deserves the truth. Not just telling her that we can cure her of her powers. That unless she takes this cure, she'll be handicapped for a long time. I need to be transparent with her.

[Panel 4: Another close shot of Peter's face, this time a somewhat confused look.]

Peter: I can whip this up in under 48 hours. After that-

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[Panel 1: Takes up a good chunk of the page. MJ is sliding off the bed, Peter following.]

Peter: -It's her choice whether or not she takes it.

MJ: I think you deserve some time off. Lunch and a movie? Then you can get started on the cure.

[Panel 2: Peter tosses his mask onto the bed, following his wife.]

Peter: Yeah, I think I'd like that.

Annie: Yay!

[Panel 3: The door closes behind him. A silent panel save for the sound effect of the door closing.]

[Page 10]

[Cap: Horizon Labs: The Next Night.]

[Panel 1: Floor shot of Cindy, walking from the Horizon atrium in her workout clothes. It's clear that she's just finished beating the bags in the gym, judging by how sweaty she is, and has just rushed through the atrium to grab dinner.]

Cindy [cap]: I think I'm getting the hang of this.

Emphasis on "I think". I only managed to break one bag. That's good control, right?

I'm just glad that nobody saw me when I rushed Horizon security last week. People still think I'm Peter Parker's lab intern.

Well, I am.

But, the less people that know who I am outside of that, the better.

So far, the only people that know are the Parkers and Captain Cooper. Best keep that list small and tight, Cin. Small and tight.

What was I thinking about again? Oh, yeah. Food. Wait, that wasn't it. Eh, I'll think of it later.

[Panel 2: Cindy walks up to Peter's lab, putting her hand against a scanner.]

Computer: *Moon, Cindy. Handprint accepted. Access granted.*

Cindy [cap]: Think I'll eat, write my paper that was due- what, yesterday?- and hit the hay.

[Panel 3: Cindy walks into the lab, the lights all turned out.]

Cindy [cap]: Huh. Don't remember turning the lights out when I left the lab. Maybe it just does that on it's own.

[Panel 4: The lights burst back on, temporarily stunning Cindy. A voice off panel draws her attention, prompting her to look in that direction]

Unknown voice [op]: Hey, Cindy.

[Page 11]

[Panel 1: A panel the similar size of the first panel on the last page. Peter is standing on the railing, wearing his Spider-Man costume minus the mask.]

Peter: We need to talk.

[Panels 2-4 are A series of panels nearly identical to each other, save Cindy's posture in each of them.]

[Panel 2: Cindy is a little confused, but still maintaining an easily upbeat attitude.]

Cindy: Hey, Mr Parker! What're you doing in a?-

[Panel 3: Cindy puts her hand to her chin, slightly hunched over.]

Cindy: Ohhh.

[Panel 4: The hand has moved to clutching the forehead, Cindy having closed her eyes having come to the realization that Peter is Spider-Man.]

Cindy: **Ohhh.**

[Panel 5: Cindy looking up at Peter, from a ceiling perspective. Takes up maybe the bottom quarter of the page.]

Peter: Surprise.

Cindy: Are you really Spider-Man? Because before you didn't really-

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[Panel 1: A bit large, but takes up about maybe a third of the page. Peter flips over the railing, multiple frames of him in motion to simulate it before having him land in front of Cindy, who has just had her skepticism debunked.]

Cindy: -fit the costume.

Huh.

[Panel 2: Peter puts his hand on Cindy's shoulder.]

Peter: Listen. I know this is a lot to take in.

Cindy: You're telling me.

Peter: But I need you to make a big decision now. Because whatever choice you make will probably change your life forever. And that is no exaggeration.

[Panel 3: Peter holds up a vial, filled with the cure he made. It looks similar to the Anti-Venom cure from Spider-Island, but with a more fluid texture to it.]

Peter: See this?

This is a cure for your powers and every foreign thing in your body that belongs to my blood.

Cindy (op): But... what if I don't take the cure? I mean, these powers?... I'm not sure if I really want to lose them now.

[Panel 4: A close up shot of Cindy's face, disturbed by what Peter has just told her.]

Peter (op): Then you may die.

[Panel 5: A shot of Peter sitting down at his desk. The bottom right quarter is entirely made up by this panel.]

Peter: I did some research when you passed out during your training. My healing factor- and now your healing factor- did its job. It healed you. But it kept healing.

But there was nothing to heal. So it kept going.

Your body will keep going into a biochemical shutdown, and the only way to stop it, is a fresh injection of my blood. Every **week**.

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[Panel 1: Peter looking at the vial, a bit of depression in his facial expression]

Peter: If you don't to take this, you'll be stuck here with me until I can make a cure that won't remove your powers. And that could take months. Years even.

[Panel 2: A close up of Cindy's face. Though it appears she's made up her mind, she is clearly still weighing her options.]

Cindy: Can I ask something?

Peter (op): Yes?

Cindy: Why not just tell me to take that cure? I'd probably do it.

[Panel 3: Peter turning in his chair, facing his intern. A thinner panel, but wide enough to show the motion.]

Peter: Because you're an adult, Cindy.

I have to respect your opinion on this. You aren't a kid anymore. You get to have a say on what happens to you in this matter.

[Panel 4: Wide, short panel spanning the entire bottom of the page. We see Peter's hand held out to Cindy, gripping the vial. Cindy's hand is opposite it, hesitant to take the offer to become normal again.]

Peter (op): So, we come to a fork in the road, kid. What'll it be?

Normal, human Cindy Moon?

Or a handicapped superhuman relying on somebody else to keep them alive?

[Panel 1: A close up of Cindy's mouth. She's made up her mind.]

Cindy: I can't accept it.

[Panel 2: Large, about $\frac{2}{3}$ of the page. Full shot of Cindy and the lab, as Cindy assumes a sturdy pose.]

Cindy: You've done so much to help people as both Peter Parker and Spider-Man. Now it's my chance to pay you back for saving my life.

I don't care if I'll be stuck at Horizon. I love it here! And if a hundred people can be kept safe at the temporary cost of my health, so be it! You'll eventually find a cure that won't take away my powers, just imagine what I can do in that time!

I want to see what I can do with these powers, Mr. Parker. I want to do good with them.

And if I can... I will.

[Panel 3: Peter places his hand on Cindy's shoulder, using his other hand to hand her a box from his desk. Note: Let's put this box (large, cardboard, taped hastily) in previous panels featuring his desk. (Including Page 12, Panel 5 and Page 13, panel 1 and 3)]

Peter: Good choice.

Cindy: What?

Peter: This whole thing? Pointless. I knew you would want to keep your powers. This whole thing was a test of **character**.

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Panel 1: Thin panel, showing only half of Peter's face on a black background.]

Peter: See, if I'm going to let anybody share my powers, I want to make sure that they're a good person. Somebody who's going to use them for the better of the people.

I knew you were a good person. What I wanted to know was how you'd react to the possibility that you'd lose your powers. You were Rational, smart, understanding of the consequences if you didn't. And you kept your cool about that chance.

It's a *Kobayashi Maru*. This was a no-win scenario. What mattered here was how you'd react. And you reacted right.

[Panel 2: Cindy opens the box. We don't see the contents at this point, but we can tell that what she sees excites her.]

Peter: Chin up, sport. You've earned this.

[Panel 3: Larger panel, similar to the scene where Mayday receives her father's Spider-Man costume in *Spider-Verse*. (Without the implication that, you know, MC2 Peter is dead.) In one hand, Cindy holds a pair of custom-made web-shooters, similar in design to Peter's, with very minor aesthetic differences including the size of the web cartridge. The other hand holds a brand-new, freshly-finished spandex costume, not one made of organic webbing. (Also, the design is completely redone.) In the background, Peter is looking pleased, like everything is finally back on track for once.]

Peter: Welcome to the team, Cindy.

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[Panels 1-3 is a montage of Cindy having a montage of going back to her normal life. Panel 1 is Cindy running around on a track (As far as I'm aware, ESU has some kind of mandatory first-year athletic program.) Panel 2 is Cindy sitting down with her family, having a nice cup of coffee and enjoying themselves. Panel 3 is both Peter and Cindy back at ESU as teacher and student, Cindy writing vigorously in the crowd to keep up with Peter's writing.]

Cindy [cap]: My name is Cindy Moon.

I learned that if I don't take a special pill my teacher cooked up to mimic his blood, I'll die.

Not something you'd typically like to hear.

[Panel 4: Cindy is in her dorm at ESU, looking through the package Peter gave her. Of particular interest to her is a pill bottle filled with medicine. A label on the side reads "Take with Water weekly. -P".]

Cindy [cap]: I'm not particularly sure I liked hearing that.

But you know what? Given the circumstances, I think I can live with it.

Wanna know why?

[Panel 5: Cindy's attention is diverted from the pills by a knocking noise, a grin on her face when she sees what the noise came from. Silent panel.]

Cindy [cap]: I'll tell you.

[Page 16: Splash page. A simple hype page of Spider-Man swinging off from ESU campus, Cindy not far behind in her Silk costume.]

Cindy [cap]: You get to call me [editorial logo] Silk.

[Cap: End.]

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[Cap: Tales From The Friendly Neighborhood: The Death of May Parker]

[Cap: St. Luke's Roosevelt Hospital. Two Years ago.]

[Panel 1: Peter and MJ are both asleep in hospital chairs, MJ leaning on Peter's shoulder. We see via the sound effect that there is a heart monitor, performing its duty of determining a person's mortality diligently. Silent panel]

[Panel 2: The beeping pattern changes slowly, changing its rhythm just enough that Peter's eye, which is the only object in the panel, to groggily lift.]

Peter: Aunt May?

[Panel 3: Peter throws off the blanket he and MJ were sharing and bolts over to the person on the bed. We now see that it's Aunt May, though only confirmed just now, and only implied by Peter's dialogue in the previous panel. MJ is also woken as well, but she reacts a little slower.]

Peter: Aunt May!

May: Peter, please....

[Panel 4: Peter clutches Aunt May's hand. It's clear that May is fading, and Peter is just as desperate to save her as somebody else who's losing the closest thing to a mom would be.]

Peter: Just... hang in there. I'll get a doctor. They'll fix you. I...

I promise.

May [wobbly speech bubbles]: Peter... listen to me...

My time here is long over due... it's time I joined Ben...

And don't make me a promise unless you can keep it.

Peter: I...

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[Panel 1: Close-up shot of Peter's distraught face]

May [op]: But I know you can keep this one.

Keep Mary Jane safe... keep... keep the city safe. Raise a good family.

And... because I know you'd chase me to the ends of the earth... don't let me hold you back.
Live your life.

[Panel 2: Close-up of Peter's eye, with a tear streaking away from it.]

Peter: *I promise.*

[Panel 3: Peter's hand grips May's, the final squeeze they'll ever share.]

Peter [op]: I won't let you-

[Panel 4: May's hand slips from Peter's, and the sound effect shows the heart monitor has begun displaying her flatline.]

Peter [op]: -down.

[Page 3]

[Panel 1: MJ has come to Peter's side, wrapping her arms around his waist.]

MJ: Peter...

Peter: I'll be okay, MJ.

She's gone now, but...

[Panel 2: Close up of Peter's face, a stone-cold look on his face. He's trying to contain all of his emotion.]

Peter: But... she died happy.

And that's all I could ever-

[Panel 3: Peter's facade is breaking. He's breaking down in tears.]

Peter: Ever-

[Panel 4: Large panel; Peter has broken down completely, MJ holding him, even though we can see that she's crying as well.]

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[Panel 1: Peter, still in MJ's arms, looks up, wiping away the tears.]

Peter: I'm... uh, I'm gonna go outside.

I... I need some air.

MJ: Take your time. I'll be here.

[Panel 2: A close-up of Peter's mouth. It's still some time in the winter or early spring, as is indicated by the fact that we can see Peter's breath as it hitches.]

Peter [capt]: I have some air now. And I can think straight for the first time in an hour.

May Parker- my aunt- is gone.

May Parker- my **mom**- is gone.

I'm Peter Parker. I'm the **last** Parker.

??? [op]: Hey.

[Panel 3: Zoom out, to see Peter looking up at the speaker: Felicia Hardy, dressed in civilian clothes, covered by a trench coat.]

Peter: Hey, Felicia.

Felicia: I... um... I heard about your Aunt. I wanted to come by and say, I'm sorry.

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[Panel 1: Felicia sits down with Peter on the bench. They don't even come close to touching, perhaps a precaution.]

Peter: Thanks. She was a great woman who lived a hell of a life. Half the people in the world would've killed to have done the things she had.

Felicia: Y'know, I didn't just come here to say condolences.

[Panel 2: Felicia leans over to Peter, a look of worry on her face.]

Peter: Then... why?

Felicia: To let you know I'm here for you. Every time somebody in your life gets hurt or dies, you have your "it's all my fault" spiel. You go into a downward spiral and don't let anybody break your fall.

[Panel 3: Felicia now has her hand on Peter's shoulder.]

Felicia: I want you to know that no matter what, I'll be a safety net.

Peter: ...

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[Panel 1: MJ has now joined the group, with Felicia quickly standing up with her presence noticed.]

MJ: Hey.

Felicia: Hey, MJ.

I should really get going.

[Panel 2: Upwards shot of Felicia looking back to Peter]

Felicia: I meant what I said, Peter. You need me, I'll be there.

Always.

[Panel 3: Felicia has gained considerable distance, still walking away.]

Felicia: I really am sorry about your aunt. From what you told me...

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[Splash page: Peter and MJ, in the present day, with Annie in their shared grasp, are standing at May's grave, the engravings barely visible.]

[capt: Maple Grove Cemetery, Queens. Present Day.]

Felicia: She was one hell of a woman.

[End]