

Friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man (2016) #18
"Night of the Wraith, Pt 2: Leave Behind the Worst of Us"

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[Page 1]

[Panel 1: Continuing directly after the final panel of the previous issue. Wraith is still tugging at the edge of Spider-Man's mask, but the mask won't budge. This frustrates the Wraith, who fires a bullet into the ground.]

Wraith: C'mon!

Why won't your damn mask come off?!

It's a piece of spandex!

[Panel 2: Close side shot of Spider-Man's mask, lenses narrowed in a more tired state than angered.]

Spider-Man: Do you really think that after the dozens of times I've been unmasked, I'd overlook that when I made a new suit?

I thought of a solution. Fingerprint locks.

[Panel 3: A cross-section of beneath the mask at Spider-Man's neck. The mask is sealed against the main costume, secured by a large line of locking mechanisms with a fingerprint scanner lined along the entire belt.]

Spider-Man [OP]: The whole neck area is lined with a fingerprint scanner.

If your fingerprints don't match the ones registered in that neck lining?

Sorry, no secret identity.

[Panel 4: Spider-Man's fist, which is gripping itself with growing intensity.]

Spider-Man [OP]: And the suit itself? It can withstand *me* tearing it apart.

Thanks, by the way.

Wraith [OP]: What?

Spider-Man [OP]: For letting me get my strength back.

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[Panel 1: Large panel. Grabbing Wraith by the gun hand, Spider-Man has leaped up and recovered, tossing Wraith off of him and letting go of the pistol.]

Spider-Man: Glad to know Stark built his tech lightweight.

Makes throwing my rogues easier.

[Panel 2: Wraith slams into a metal pillar, a loud crack of metal-on-metal being made on impact.]

Spider-Man [OP]: Oops. Guess I broke the power supply of your hydraulics.

[Panel 3: Spider-Man crushes the glock in his hands, mocking surprise at his super-strength.]

Spider-Man: Oh, gosh! I just broke your gun, too!

I'm so, so sorry!

Except not really.

[Panel 4: Wraith holds her finger to her head, which Spider-Man casually dismisses.]

Wraith: Still-**erk**- still got the Spider-Sense jammer lodged in my mask.

Spider-Man: Right. Because I'm really worried about you hurting me with **that**.

Just give it up--

[Page 3]

[Panel 1: Spider-Man has yanked off the Wraith's mask, to reveal (to himself, not the audience since we already know) Yuri, who is panicking at how quickly the tables have turned.]

Spider-Man [OP]: --Captain Watanabe?!

What?!

[Panel 2: Spider-Man webs up Captain Watanabe by the wrists, holding her by the back.]

Spider-Man: Y'know what, I don't care.

Let's just get you to the nearest precinct.

[Panel 3: Spider-Man tightens the webs to get Yuri's attention, lenses narrowing.]

Spider-Man: Which, as it happens, is Carlie's precinct.

Boy, things are really not coming up your way, are they?

Yuri: Urgh... shut... up.

[Panel 4: Spider-Man directs Yuri towards the stairs, putting her mask on her head as she moves towards the edge of the panel.]

Spider-Man: Here. I'm not going to humiliate you by parading you in public.

Not my game.

[Page 4]

[Panel 1: Spidey begins to question the Wraith, as they walk down the streets, civilians looking at the two over their shoulders.]

Spider-Man: So, gotta ask, for personal reasons.

You went after me.

You went through a large swath of my D-list rogues, but I was your endgame.

And not only that, but you steal the face of Jean DeWolff- a **good cop**- to run around the city on some crazed crusade.

Why?

[Panel 2: Close up of Wraith's face, whose lenses are scrunched in anger.]

Wraith: Because you're responsible for every one of those super-freaks.

[Panel 3: Wraith, on a black background, with all of Spidey's living rogues in white lines.]

Wraith: You coddle your supervillains. Make lame jokes. Visit them in prison, even.

Tell them they have a chance to do better.

That's not how justice works. They hurt innocents, and the punishment needs to be just as severe, maybe even more.

Because letting people off with a prison sentence won't tell them that they're doing the wrong thing. The only way to deter them is to lay down the law the only way your kind knows. Brute force. They don't stop unless you make them stop.

And I figured that you'd do everything in your power to get them back on their feet, but that would just lead them down the same path. Keep encouraging them to go back to the good 'ol days. And I figured, "Hey, maybe if I stop the **cancer**...

Maybe I can get this city off **chemo**."

[Panel 4: Spider-Man has stopped Wraith, standing in front of her as they stand on the deserted sidewalk.]

Spider-Man: And what happens when they **recover**?

Wraith: What?

Spider-Man: Those people you put in hospital.

Grizzly, Hypno-Hustler, 8-Ball...

They'll get out of their hospital beds eventually.

Then go to prison for a bit, no matter how much you tried to stop them from getting there.

And then? They go after **you**.

[Panel 5: Spider-Man has leaned in closer, lenses narrowed and thumping his index finger against her chest.]

Spider-Man: Except you've changed the rules.

In **their** favor.

They don't have to hold anything back now. It's just you against a wave of bullets. You stepped up your game, what's to stop them from stepping up theirs? And what happens when your tactics were the best you had?

Game.

Over.

Wraith: I... No.

Not how it works.

Spider-Man: That's what you think.

Because you don't understand the average supervillain the way I do.

Your method... it's simply get rid of them. Without any attempt to convince them to give it up aside from brute force.

[Page 5]

[Panel 1: Spider-Man begins walking, pushing Wraith to keep up with him.]

Spider-Man: And take it from somebody who was pushed around **a lot** as a kid.

The more you try to **force** people to stop? The less likely they are to actually **change**.

[Panel 2: Spider-Man parks in front of the precinct, Wraith slowly coming to a halt.]

Spider-Man: Well, looks like our little therapy session is over, Captain.

Hope you enjoy those windows they put in the cells, because they may be your favorite sight for a while.

Hey, maybe I can send Black Cat over to sing *Memories* from *Cats*. Big hit with the last tour.*

*-See *Spider-Man/Black Cat: The Evil That Men Do*- Neil

[Panel 3: Spider-Man pushes open the door, looking away from the sight behind them. Wraith, however, has noticed, her lenses widened in horror.]

Spider-Man: In you go.

In all seriousness? I want you to think about your--

Wraith: Oh, my God.

Spider-Man: What? No, I--

[Panel 4: Similar panel to the previous one, only Spider-Man's head has turned to match Wraith's line of view.]

Spider-Man: Ah.

No--

[Page 6]

[Splash page. The background light from the streetlamp outside is providing a shadowy perspective of Spider-Man and Wraith. Lying in the floor is a pile of corpses as blood flows like a fountain, leaking and pooling on the floor in front of the two.]

Spider-Man: --somebody tell me this isn't happening.

[Page 7]

[Panel 1: Wraith is struggling against her restraints, frantic to escape and search every inch of the building. Spider-Man is knelt on one knee, examining the pile of bodies.]

Spider-Man: Oh, man... I knew this guy.

James Cardini.

We played poker once.

Wraith: Gag! Lemme outta here!

I gotta find-

[Panel 2: Spider-Man has gripped Wraith by the wrist, calming her down as he talks to her.]

Spider-Man: Stop.

You're going to hyperventilate.

I'll find Carlie. Make sure she's safe.

In the meantime, I want you to calm down.

'Kay?

Wraith: ...Fine.

[Panel 3: Spider-Man has turned his Spider-Signal on, cautiously tip-toeing his way down the hall.]

Spider-Man [capt]: The blood dripping down the walls doesn't exactly get my hopes up.

But I'm not letting anybody else die if I can help it.

The Symbiotes already took too much away from us.

[Panel 4: Spider-Man steps over Hoya's corpse, blood stains marring the boots of his costume as he continues his trek.]

Spider-Man: Nuts.

Please be okay, Carlie.

Please be okay.

Please.

[Panel 5: Spider-Man has kicked down the door to Carlie's office, light gleaming through the debris from Peter's waist.]

Spider-Man: She's not here.

No bullets in the wall. No blood stains.

[Page 8]

[Panel 1: Spider-Man pokes around on Carlie's desk, until his hand finds what he's looking for.]

Spider-Man [capt]: Hang on a sec.

A-ha.

What do we have here?

[Panel 2: Spider-Man's hand has a business card gripped in it, reading in fine cursive "Courtesy of your Friendly Neighborhood Lyman".]

Spider-Man [OP]: Figures that somebody would start stealing my card gimmick.

Guess I gotta drop that out of poor taste, too.

[Panel 3: Spider-Man walks back into the main lobby, Wraith having given up escaping from the webbing and now seated in one of the chairs.]

Wraith: Did you?...

Is she?...

Spider-Man: She's not dead here, at least.

Her unit was looking into a Marcus Lyman last time she and I talked.

He probably has her held somewhere. As leverage.

Wraith: Can you take off the mask? I... I need some air.

[Panel 4: Spider-Man yanks off Yuri's mask, as she begins to slow her breathing and regain control.]

Yuri: Thanks.

We were running that case together. Marcus Lyman.

Crazy bastard. Shot up a law firm and didn't flinch once.

Spider-Man: I know what you're thinking.

And no, I won't let him kill Carlie.

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[Panel 1: Spider-Man pulls out his smartphone, a spider-symbol appearing on a map app.]

Spider-Man: After the Symbiote Invasion, I wanted to make sure that my close friends and family were safe.

So, I offered Carlie, among others, a Spider-Tracer. In a less morally ambiguous manner, I sort of micro-chipped her.

I began linking them to my smartphone on a secure radio-wave rather than relying on my Spider-Sense to drag me in multiple directions.

So, if I zero in on her--

[Panel 2: A close-up of Spider-Man's lens, where the address is reflected in the one-way chrome gleam.]

Spider-Man: Yep. Got it.

I'm going there to get her.

[Panel 3: Spider-Man attempts to put the mask on Yuri, who resists furiously.]

Spider-Man: You're staying here.

Wraith: Nuh-uh. I'm coming with.

Spider-Man: Says the maniac who beat Shocker and Steeplejack near death.

[Panel 4: Yuri wrestles with her bonds, lunging her top half at Spider-Man.]

Yuri: Think of it this way.

Lyman will be expecting you. Have some kind of way to overload your Spider-Sense.

But he won't be expecting me.

I'm a wild card. The one variable he has no idea is even there.

Face it, webhead. You need me on this one.

[Panel 5: Spider-Man looks off to the side, sighing heavily.]

Spider-Man: Ugh...

[Panel 6: Spider-Man rips the webbing off of Yuri's wrists, giving her more freedom of movement.]

Spider-Man: Fine. I'm willing to look the other way this time.

But once this guy is dealt with, the web zip ties go back on. Clear?

Yuri: I don't care what happens to me. I just want Carlie to be safe.

Spider-Man: You'd go to the ends of the Earth for her, wouldn't you?

Yuri: ...Yeah. And then some.

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[Panel 1: Spider-Man holds up a small, velvet box in between his thumb, index and middle fingers, the Wraith noticing the object in his hands.]

Spider-Man: Well, that explains this.

Yuri: Did--

--did you frisk my pockets when I wasn't looking?!

Spider-Man: Yeah.

[Panel 2: Spider-Man looks over to her, pocketing the box in his suit.]

Spider-Man: Honestly? I trust you about as far as I can throw you.

Which, admittedly, would be pretty far, but the point remains.

I'll let you tag along, if only to keep an eye on you.

[Panel 3: Yuri dons her mask again, frowning as she tugs the spandex on.]

Yuri: But I'm still gonna have to complain about the fact that you microchipped my girlfriend.

Spider-Man: Hey, not like I just dumped nanoprobes in her body without her permission.

Like you preached on earlier, we do have ethics.

Those tendrils still work?

[Panel 4: As Spider-Man and Wraith exit the precinct, Spider-Man puts his hand up to his bluetooth, as Wraith looks on in confusion, one lens raised in confusion.]

Wraith: Uh, yeah.

Why?

Spider-Man: If we're gonna free Carlie, we need a plan.

Phone, dial Silk.

[Panel 5: Close up of Spider-Man's face, as he looks back towards Yuri.]

Spider-Man: Yeah, gear up, kid.

We're giving a crash course in web-swinging.

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[Panel 1: A dark, musky workroom. A large, burly man, Lyman sits in his office chair, polishing the barrel of one of many guns hoarded in his room. Also present are a large and varied assortment of knives, with fluids still coating the blades.]

Lyman: Did you know, Captain Cooper, that Turtle Wax is my preferred choice for cleaning my weapons?

All of my former friends-- traitorous lot, mind you-- said it was combustible. I proved them right.

On that note, I'm fairly certain Spider-Man will come for you.

[Panel 2: Carlie, unconscious in the corner of the room, is blissfully unaware of Lyman's monologue.]

Lyman: Thankfully, I'm more than prepared enough to take him on.

Even that sidekick he has.

Oh. You're still asleep. I apologize for interrupting your beauty rest.

[Panel 3: Lyman's attention is caught by a figure off-panel, in the direction of the window.]

Lyman: Allow me to allow a more permanent sol-

??? [OP]: You kidding? Just give her the usual 8-10 hours!

Works wonders for me.

[Panel 4: A stream of bullets pierce the window and brick wall, as Silk leaps off of the windowsill.]

Silk: I mean, I'm only twenty, and Captain Cooper's, what, forty?

Wraith [Comms]: Thirty-six!

Silk: Still, sizable age difference.

Alright, Chief, you're good to go.

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[Panel 1: Spider-Man bum-rushes the room, creating a crater in the wall before rolling to the ground.]

Spider-Man: Thanks, kid.

Attention, Axe-Crazy man with a ton of guns! Your name is stupid and you're holding my friend hostage!

Why don't you come quietly and we'll discuss this over a nice glass of prison?

[Panel 2: Another rifle of generic make has come into Lyman's grip, firing into the space where Spider-Man was seconds before.]

Spider-Man: Figures.

Oi, Wraith!

You plan on showing up anytime soon?

Silk and I can dodge bullets all the livelong day, but, you know, it gets pretty monotonous after awhile.

[Panel 3: Wraith is charging up the stairwell, panting as she clears the fourth floor.]

Wraith: Yeah, yeah, I'm coming.

Doesn't help that he parked himself in tight on the fifth floor.

I'll be up there as fast as I can.

[Panel 4: Spider-Man has webbed up the gun, though the bullets easily break through the webbing and grazes Silk's costume on her right arm.]

Silk: Gah!

Spider-Man: You good, kid?

Silk: Yeah, just a graze. I'm still ready to go.

Spider-Man: Great.

Now, if I'm timing this right...

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[Panel 1: The door to Lyman's home bursts down, a flurry of wood splinters and metal flying as a purple boot smashes through.]

Wraith: YAAAH!

[Panel 2: The Spider Duo take advantage of Lyman's distracted state, tackling him with enough force to loosen his grip on the gun.]

Spider-Man: NOW!

Lyman: Oof!

[Panel 3: Spider-Man has Lyman pinned down on the ground, hands behind his back, while Silk fires her webbing on a spread setting to secure him.]

Spider-Man: Alright, ya walking massacre.

Just sit tight and I'll have the lovely assistant take you away to the nearest precinct that isn't filled with bodies.

[Panel 4: Spider-Man points in the opposite direction of Silk, addressing her as she stops spraying webs on Lyman.]

Spider-Man: I'll take care of the Wraith.

Think you can take care of Lyman here?

Silk: You got it.

I'll take him over to the third precinct. Watanabe's guys have been looking for Lyman since the Symbiotes came from the dark below.

Spider-Man: Thanks.

[Panel 5: Silk begins trying to lift Lyman, initially struggling but slowly gaining momentum as Spider-Man exits the room..]

Silk: Alright, up you go!

Oookay, you're a bit of a heavy--

There we go!

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[Panel 1: Spider-Man has entered the room where Carlie was held, but holds his tongue at the scene off-panel.]

Spider-Man: Hey, we got the bad guy and-- oh. Sorry.

[Panel 2: Yuri has taken off the Wraith mask, holding a still-unconscious Carlie in her arms. Spider-Man's leg can be seen, though not much.]

[Panel 3: Spider-Man sits down next to Wraith, crossing his legs as he lowers himself down.]

Yuri: Sorry. She's sleeping. She hates to be moved when she sleeps.

Spider-Man: I... I get it. I think.

[Panel 4: Close up of Spider-Man's face, as well as Yuri's on Panel 5.]

Spider-Man: You really love her, don't you?

That's what this is all about. You want to keep her safe.

Yuri: I do. More than **anything** or **anyone**.

Spider-Man: She says the same thing about you.

Yuri: What?

Spider-Man: That she does her whole cop gig to keep you safe. She loves you more than you'll ever know.

[Panel 6: Spider-Man's face, with a gray, ghostly image of Peter and MJ snuggled together on their couch with Annie.]

Spider-Man: If the last three years have taught me anything...

It's that I'm Spider-Man to keep my family safe. They're my greatest responsibility.

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[Panel 1: Spider-Man's hand slaps the velvet box from earlier into Yuri's palm.]

Spider-Man: I want you to have this back.

I said that Carlie loves you more than you'll ever know.

Act on it. Trust me, you'll regret the rest of your life if you don't.

[Panel 2: Spider-Man has stood up, Yuri looking up at him as he leaves.]

Spider-Man: Marry her. Give her the life and happiness she deserves.

Yuri: Thank you. I... I mean it.

You went to all of this for me... after I tried to kill you?

I don't know what to say.

[Panel 3: Forward shot of Spider-Man's front as he walks away from Yuri and towards the reader.]

Spider-Man: I'm not doing this for **you**. I'm doing it for **Carlie**.

You make her happy. And her happiness is important to me. So I'm going to take a gamble.

[Panel 4: Spider-Man has ripped open the window, wind blowing in as Yuri braces herself.]

Spider-Man: Here's how this works out.

Tonight, the Wraith died. Never unmasked, simply... vanished, forever.

The mystery that was never solved.

[Panel 5: Tight panel, of Spider-Man's lenses narrowed in a mix of disappointment and a need to make this happen, all tucked away in the cloak of shadows.]

Spider-Man: And you have to live with **everything** you've done as the Wraith. Never able to tell anybody how you feel about it without getting cuffed.

Nobody gets away scot-free. **Especially** not people like **us**. We have to live with the blood on our hands.

[Panel 6: A quick motion blur as Spider-Man swivels around quickly to point a finger at Yuri.]

Spider-Man: And if I **ever** find out that the Wraith is back in business--

--Even as some kind of knock-off **Lethal Protector** schlock--

--I **will** bring you in. Regardless of how much you claim to have changed.

Yuri: I understand. Thank you.

[Panel 7: Spider-Man swings off into the night, the light from the moon illuminating his exit.]

Spider-Man: Have a safe night, Captain Watanabe.

[Panel 8: Yuri looks down at a still-unconscious Carlie.]

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[Panel 1: Carlie's eyes snap open as she notices the first major change to her situation: white sheets, and a purple and yellow fleece throw. She's been changed out of her police uniform in her sleep into a cozier hoodie.]

Carlie: Hrnn...

[Panel 2: As Carlie has risen, the shot has expanded outwards, to showcase her environment; her and Yuri's room (See FNSM #4 for continuity in room design and layout.)]

Carlie: What the hell?...

How'd I get back home?

[Panel 3: Opening the door, Carlie sees only darkness in the main living area, the sole light source being from the bedroom.]

Carlie: 'Lo?

Yuri? You there?

[Panel 3: A light from off-panel catches Carlie by surprise, as she covers her eyes to recover.]

Yuri [OP]: Hey, Carlie.

We need to talk.

[Panel 4: Yuri is seated on their couch, with only a lamp off to the side providing any form of light. Her hands are held together, almost like she's trying to stress-ball her nerves away with her hand.]

Yuri: Please.

It's important.

[Panel 5: Carlie sits down, rubbing her eyes and yawning as she sits down on the couch.]

Carlie: Yeah, I--

What happened at the precinct?

Yuri: I have my officers cleaning up the place. Maybe ten casualties, no more.

You were kidnapped. Some kind of hostage situation.

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[Panel 1: Yuri puts her hand on Carlie's shoulder, the shadow masking half of her face.]

Yuri: I was so worried. Spider-Man... he saved you.

The Wraith helped.

Carlie: The Wraith? But... why? After all the bad things she did, I wouldn't have--

Yuri: Maybe we didn't know everything about her.

It's possible that underneath all of that... maybe there was a good person who just lost their way.

[Panel 2: Yuri's face turned away from the light; we can't see any of her face except the slightly lit edges of her mouth.]

Yuri: When Spider-Man saved you from Lyman?

It made me realize *I* had lost *my* way, too. What it meant to be a good person, cop, and girlfriend.

[Panel 3: Yuri's hand has slipped into her pocket, pulling out the same box from earlier, covered in small dings and finger dents from the earlier scuffles.]

Yuri: I want to fix this.

I mean it.

But... I can't do it alone.

It's gonna need both of us to do it.

[Panel 4: Yuri is getting on the floor, Carlie quizzically looking at her.]

Carlie: Uh, what're you--

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[Splash page. Yuri has gotten down on one knee in front of the couch, opening the box to reveal a ring large enough to fit on Carlie's finger. Not much flair to it, just nice enough to believe you could buy it on the salary of a police captain. Carlie's reaction to this is pretty standard; absolute shock, just frozen in place and unable to emote beyond a mix of small amounts of all emotions racing through her system.]

Yuri: Carlie Ellen Cooper...

Will you marry me?

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[Panels 1-4 are completely silent. Panel 1 is Carlie shuffling uncomfortably, almost rejecting of the proposal, but not outright saying it.]

[Panel 2: Carlie shifts off the couch, still a little uncomfortable, to join Yuri on the floor. Yuri has dropped the box, and also shifted to match.]

[Panel 3: Having finished maneuvering, Carlie stares Yuri eye-to-eye.]

[Panel 4: Carlie, now smiling, cups Yuri's face in her hands, slightly tearing up.]

[Panel 5: The two have now touched noses, rubbing against each other. Carlie's eyes are now freshly spilling tears, Yuri's instead shocked by the response.]

Carlie: Yes.

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[Panel 1: The two kiss. Nothing fancy.]

[Panel 2: Outside. Next to the window is Spider-Man, having just moved away from looking through the window.]

[Panel 3: Spider-Man's hand is pressed up to his bluetooth, looking at the smartphone in his hand as he listens in through Carlie's Spider-tracer.]

Carlie [Tracer Comms]: Oh my God, I'm getting married!

[Panel 4: Spider-Man drops down into the alley of the apartment building, the light of the moon casting a shadow over his front as he leaps down.]

[Panel 5: Spider-Man has landed on the cement, near a dumpster with the lid closed, a purple glove with yellow lining hanging out the side. Silent panel save for the slight splash from impacting on a small puddle of water.]

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[Panel 1: POV of the dumpster's interior, as Spider-Man lifts the lid to see the Wraith's costume tossed in, parts covered by other garbage.]

Spider-Man: Huh.

[Panel 2: Spider-Man has picked up Wraith's mask, examining it thoroughly as he holds it in both hands.]

Spider-Man: Good choice, Captain Watanabe.

[Panel 3: Spider-Man's grip on the mask intensifies, snapping the fibers and causing the glass of the lenses to shatter as he pulls in opposite directions.]

[Panel 4: Spider-Man looks to his belt, noticing his smartphone ringing.]

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[Panel 1: Spider-Man picks up his cell-phone, acting calm and collected as he views the contact information while pressing his bluetooth.]

Spider-Man: Ah-- Hey, Carlie.

No, I'm not busy. What's up?

...

No way!

[Panel 2: Peter feigns surprise, acting as though he wasn't just hearing what Carlie is describing.]

Peter: Congrats! What? No, I- I'm really happy!

Come over soon! We'll celebrate!

...

Yeah, I'll tell MJ.

Okay, have a nice night. And congrats; I mean it.

[Panel 3: Spider-Man has launched himself into the air, swinging away with a flurry of web-lines.]

Spider-Man: Trust me. After all the crap we've been through recently?

[Panel 4: Perspective against the sidewalk. In the far background, we can see Spider-Man swinging away. In the foreground, however, we see the Wraith's mask, torn apart with shattered chrome glass sprinkled across it.]

Spider-Man: I think we deserve a bit of happiness.

[End]