

BLACK CAP #5 script – “The Math”
By Robert Morales

Page 1:

1) EXT. SCHWARZEBITTE CAMP—NIGHT:

ISAAH'S POV, as he rushes toward the BACKS of TWO GERMAN SOLDIERS w/ SLUNG RIFLES on routine patrol. They're walking away from him, but still in the way.

(NOTE TO KYLE: This issue should be suffocating with menace. Remember when we went to Nicole Brown/Ron Goldman's murder site? That feeling bad shit had been going down there *forever*, that the place was psychically polluted? Can you give us the kind of creepy lighting/coloring one finds in Van Gogh? I'm sending you reference for that weird spectrum of yellow and green he favored; please use as much of it as you think should work to make people unhinged.)

SOLDIER #1 (on left): <I don't know how much more of this I can take, Kurt. This is not the war I signed on for...>

SOLDIER #2 (on right): <Freddie, you should listen to what goes on at Belsen, under Reissman...>

2) REVERSE ANGLE:

Soldier #2 is now in the left-panel f.g., still speaking...for the moment oblivious to the BULKY SHADOW that's loomed up behind Soldier #1, the massive COSTUMED ARM that's snapping #1's neck...

SOLDIER #2 (on right): <...there is man who can make your life hell—>

NECK-SNAP SOUND FX: k-KRAK!

3) The SILOUHETTES of #1's collapsed body, Isaiah impaling the point of his CRESCENT SHIELD into #2's throat, blood darkly **spraying**.

SOLDIER #2: Ahhh...!

Page 2:

FULL PAGE SPLASH:

Isaiah's standing over the soldiers' bodies; #2's head is at his feet, its GLAZED EYES seemingly staring into ours.

Isaiah's eyes are determined, however, and it looks like he's been busy: There are **nicks** and **cuts** all over his Captain America mask and costume, **bruises** along one side of his face, blood and gore **streaked** and **spattered** over the "**double v**" **symbol** on his crescent shield.

The b.g. shows us a nearby DARK ROW of CONCRETE SINGLE-STOREYED STORAGE BUILDINGS on panel-right, angling back to the left, and at the vanishing point...are those more bodies?

There's a BLUE CAPTION BOX that we haven't seen since the end of **issue #1**—Faith Bradley's narrative:

FAITH CAPTION (script): *And this is what my husband had to become.*

CAPTION: SCHWARZEBITTE, GERMANY. OCTOBER, 1942

Page 3:

1) CLOSE ON Isaiah, running toward us with pitiless eyes, shield in hand.

FAITH CAPTION (script): *A tireless killer.*

2) TWO SHOT:

Isaiah stares into the terrified eyes of Soldier #3. He has his left hand over the soldier's mouth, the thumb of his right pushing the guy's nose up into his brain; the soldier's hands trying to remove his—

SOLDIER #3: **Mmmm! Mm!**

FAITH CAPTION (script): *Pitiless.*

3) FROM OVERHEAD as Isaiah sprints away from the still-collapsing Soldier #3 (now dead, nose bloodied) and other dead German soldiers.

FAITH CAPTION (script): *A stranger I've never met.*

Page 4:

1) EXT. ARMORY LOADING AREA:

A sign with the **Reich's eagle** bears the word **WAFFENKAMMER**.

There are a number of dead German soldiers strewn about their useless guns, boxes, crates, a supply truck, and open, heavy metal doors.

2) PULL BACK:

Isaiah is now running out the doors toward panel left, carrying two hefty boxes of dynamite under his arms like they were rolls of toilet paper, fuses wrapped tightly around his torso. We can see more dead Germans and even a couple of dead Nazi officers now.

Page 5:

FULL PAGE SPLASH:

PULL BACK from **preceding panel**:

Now we can see the entire armory—a massive structure—as it **EXPLODES!**... *obliterating* the buildings surrounding it, **fiercely lighting** up the camp.

SOUND FX: ***P-P-BOOM, BA-BOOM!***

Pages 6 & 7:

DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD—WIDE SHOT:

It's pure pandemonium.

In panel left b.g., there's a solid wall of flame.

The streets are *filled* with hoards of confused, armed German soldiers and officers, some half-dressed. Jeeps are jammed in the crowds. Searchlights are crisscrossing the sky. The camp is *huge*, as much a town as Camp Cathcart in **issue #2**.

Soldier #4 is screaming to no one in particular.

Soldier #5 is squinting up at the night sky.

Nazi officer #1 is gesturing to soldiers to follow him as he runs toward us, moving toward panel left f.g.

Nazi officer #2's head is yelling in panel right f.g. Above him is a SCREECHING SIREN.

SOLDIER #4: <It's those crazy Americans, **they're bombing us...!**>

SOLDIER #5: <But I don't see any **planes...**>

REMAINING 2/3 OF PAGE:

4) ISAIAH'S POV:

His huge shadow's cast against double hospital doors as the right door, bearing the word **LABORATORIUM**, is kicked in by a unseen foot. We get a murky glimpse of a full lab beyond the door, silhouettes of the same sort of equipment we saw in the Super Soldier lab from **issue #3**.

FAITH CAPTION (script): *Do not allow yourself to be distracted by whatever you may see, they warned him.*

Page 10:

1) Among Bunsen burners, glass beakers and test tubes, Isaiah rests a box of dynamite on a counter. His shield is slung over his back.

SIREN: eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

2) CLOSE ON Isaiah, as he realizes he's not alone.

3) ISAIAH'S POV:

CLOSE ON METAL SHELVES with GLASS JAR after GLASS JAR of SHAVED CAUCASION HEADS—men, women, and children—staring blankly through clear fluid.

4) Isaiah's backing away from the shelves in horror, turning, his gored shield toward us.

Page 11:

1) CLOSE ON Isaiah, his eyes wide.

ISAIAH: Naw...

REMAINDER OF PAGE:

2) WIDE SHOT, as we now see—as we watch *Isaiah* see—that the lab is a HUGE HANGER filled with EQUIPMENT and BODIES. There are STACKS of bodies lined along the panel right b.g. Nude bodies of adults and children float individually in huge glass-sided TANKS.

We see OPERATING TABLE after AUTOPSY TABLE with body after body, each with an accompanying tray stand bearing medical instruments. The place is *foul*, all the while proclaiming its moral sterility.

FAITH CAPTION (script): *Do not lose sight of your objective.*

Page 12:

1) LOOKING DOWN ON Isaiah as he stands regarding the skeletal bodies of a young bald man and a charred, bald little girl on adjacent tables. The man's chest cavity is open, instruments left in him to start the next day's work more quickly.

2) CLOSE ON a dead woman's shaved head, her skullcap clearly replaced.

3) Isaiah stares at the fetuses of SIAMESE TWINS, floating in a tank. We can see his REFLECTION in the glass.

4) CLOSE ON Isaiah's reflection.

FAITH CAPTION (script): *Do not consider what we did to you, is what they didn't say.*

Page 13:

1) The charred little girl now cradles a bundle of dynamite.

2) His mask damp with tears, Isaiah places dynamite at a stack of bodies.

FAITH CAPTION (script): *Think of the American lives you will save. You just think of me and our little girl.*

Page 14:

FULL PAGE:

His back to us in the f.g., Isaiah is jumping from the height of a second or third storey. The shield is on his back, reflecting the FLAMES from the EXPLOSION he's escaping.

In the b.g, we see German soldiers and officers on the ground with some jeeps, pointing and screaming and shooting at him. Everything is BRIGHT from the explosion.

Page 15:

1) Isaiah runs as bullets **thud** into the muddy ground at his heels, **ricochet** off the shield on his back.

BULLET SOUND FX (ground): **Phut! Phut phut!**

BULLET SOUND FX (shield): **PING! P-KANG!**

2) Isaiah's turning a building corner, now running toward us. His eyes are widening with surprise. Bullets **thud** past him into the ground.

BULLET SOUND FX (ground): **Phut! Phut-phut! Phut!**

3) FROM BEHIND Isaiah as he runs toward a Boschian scene of alarmed, armed German guards who've been ushering a line of EMACIATED NAKED WOMEN AND GIRLS OF VARYING AGES into a building with METAL WALLS that **fierily gleam** from the various fires Isaiah's started around the camp. The METAL HATCH to the inside SWINGS OUT.

(NOTE TO KYLE: I can't say how specific the nudity should be here; this is an Axel call, because of what happened with the Super Soldier Project issue. Anyway, perhaps there should be a deliberate sketchiness to the women on *this* page and the *next* to contrast the women on the interior pages that follow thereafter.)

FAITH CAPTION (script): *Isaiah, do not stop for anyone.*

Page 16:

1) Isaiah plows into the guards while the line of women scatter in all directions. There are 6-DIGIT TATTOOS on whatever FOREARMS we can see, and there's a **pale yellow light** within the open hatch.

ISAIAH: Ladies, **run!** Run and **hide** wherever you can!

2) Isaiah's leaning against the open hatch in the f.g., yelling over his shoulder at those within while firing a machine gun he's gotten from the guards at an ADVANCING LINE of GERMAN SOLDIERS in the b.g.; very Sgt. Fury.

ISAIAH: Don't anybody in there come out!

MACHINE GUN SOUND FX: **BRAT-TAT-TAT!**

3) Isaiah leaps back into the opening, pulling the hatch closed, as we see the armed Germans have nearly reached him. There is an eerie, nightmarish quality to their advance, because even though their guns are drawn—*they aren't firing*.

ISAIAH: Aw, **nuts!**

Page 17:

1) INT. GAS CHAMBER—HORIZONTAL PANEL:

CLOSE ON a LINE of STUNNED or LISTLESS WOMEN'S FACES. We see METAL SHOWERHEADS above them.

There's *specificity* to these women. Some older, some younger, no two alike—and while we may focus on, say, a dozen of their faces, the room is filled with *dozens and dozens* more. They're all naked as well, but we see them ABOVE BREAST LEVEL.

WOMAN #1, centered, has an incredulous sneer on her face—*now* she's seen everything. (Think Bella Abzug.)

2) WOMEN'S POV—HORIZONTAL PANEL:

Imagine: These women have probably never *seen* a black man before—and here's Isaiah, a hulking guy in a bizarre battle-worn costume with a machine gun! And he's looking at *them* worriedly!

FAITH CAPTION (script): *Isaiah, do not forget you are just one man.*

BOTTOM THIRD OF PAGE:

3) CLOSE ON the hatch at Isaiah's back **clanging shut!**

SOUND FX: **CLANG!**

4) CLOSE ON Woman #1, yelling to the others.

WOMAN #1: <Now they send **this** one to attack us for their sport! **Enough!**>

Page 18:

1) Like floodwaters, the women rush toward a dismayed Isaiah, who's in panel right.

ISAIAH: Ladies--!

2) ISAIAH'S POV:

The women batter him with their fists atop tattooed arms, their faces flushed with anger.

There's an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: Ladies, **please!**

3) The lights go **out**. We're *not* in total darkness—artistic license—so we can see the women and Isaiah are frozen with dread.

SOUND FX: **CLICK**

4) GREEN FILIMENTS of GAS drift down from the showerheads in the murk.

SOUND FX: **SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS**

Page 19:

1) In the murk, Isaiah's bracing against the hatch while the women stand nervously. Two women hold hands like little girls. The green gas drifts along the floor at ankle level.

SOUND FX: **SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS**

2) CLOSE ON the two women holding hands, looking at their arms with horror. Their number tattoos are **glowing**. The gas is at hip level now.

SOUND FX: **SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS**

3) The women, their tatts all **fiercely glowing**, are piling onto Isaiah in mad scramble to get *out!* The gas is everywhere now.

ISAIAH: **Please!** I'm trying—trying to get some **leverage**—

SOUND FX: **SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS**

4) CLOSE ON Isaiah, his eyes wide and his mouth clamped shut, and his face **illuminated** by the **glowing numbers** on the forearms on women piled atop him, the arms *themselves* beginning to **brighten** to a lesser degree.

FAITH CAPTION (script): *Isaiah, you cannot save everybody.*

Page 20:

TOP THIRD OF PAGE:

1) A BURST of ASH and TUMBLING GOLD NUMBERS go every-which-way against the green of the gas.

FAITH CAPTION (script): *Isaiah, just do the math.*

REMAINDER OF PAGE:

2) Isaiah lays deathly still, surrounded and covered with ash and **solid gold numerals**.

SOUND FX: **KA-KLUNK!**

3) Isaiah coughs violently, as the numerals **half-melt** into **gold ingots**.

ISAIAH: **Cough! Cough!**

SOUND FX: **kreeeee**

4) The lights are back on, and now Isaiah's retching body is surrounded by JACKBOOTS. The ingots have shaped themselves into **solid gold chais**—the Hebrew symbol for "Life."

Page 21:

FULL PAGE SPLASH:

German soldiers wearing GAS MASKS are using GLEAMING STEEL RAKES to furiously separate the gold from the ashes.

Covered head to toe with soot, Isaiah's trying to sit up. He's surrounded by a half-dozen Germans with their guns trained on him, and we see the backs of an OFFICER looking down on him.

FAITH'S CAPTION will answer what will be clearly identified as STEVE ROGERS' CAPTION by the next page, so...Mr Letterer, please make it look *distinctive*.

OFFICER: <This is incredible! They sent **Jesse Owens!**>

ROGERS CAPTION: **So... Isaiah died at the camp...?**

FAITH CAPTION (script): *Isaiah? No—*

RAKE SOUND FX: SKREE! SKREE! SKREE! SKREE!

Page 22:

FULL PAGE SPLASH:

INT. FAITH'S KITCHEN — AFTERNOON:

Steve Rogers sits in uniform with an ELDERLY FAITH BRADLEY facing him at her KITCHEN TABLE. She has a cup of tea before her; he has a steaming cup o' joe. Also on the table near him, is a PACKAGE—whether it's a shirt box or a bundle wrapped in brown paper, I leave that to Kyle. It contains a costume, so keep that in mind. Light streams in through the kitchen window. It's the present.

Faith is in her early '80s, but her face is full of her teen playfulness as she finishes her sentence. She wears a wear a POWDER BLUE BURKA.

FAITH: Whatever made you think Isaiah was dead?

CAPTION: *The Bronx, New York. Today.*

CAPTION: *To be continued.*