

**BLACK CAP #6 script – “The Whitewash”**  
**By Robert Morales**

**Page 1:**

1) INT. INTERROGATION ROOM—DAY:

CLOSE ON the face of CAPTAIN AMERICA, i.e. STEVE ROGERS in his Cap outfit, staring intently at us.

There’s an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: Well, look who’s here...!

2) INT. ARMY PRESS ROOM—CAP’S POV (**MEMORY**):

LOOKING DOWN at the 1940s LT. PHILIP MERRITT, in uniform, beaming as he looks up at Cap. We see UNIFORMED LEGS milling about around him.

(**NOTE TO KYLE:** This is Cap/Rogers’ **memory** at play. Maybe you want to develop a halftone or double border to set these apart from other panels.)

MERRITT: Just look at you, boy! **Look** at you!

3) CAP’S POV:

Now we’re LOOKING DOWN at **much older** Merritt, in his 90s, wearing an **orange** prison jumpsuit with a **white** T-shirt, sitting at a standard interrogation room table. He has UNOPENED MAIL and a bunch of COMIC BOOKS at his hands; let’s plug the Rawhide Kid. Sixty years later, the liver-spotted Merritt is still beaming.

MERRITT: Long time no see, Cap.

CAPTION: Lompoc Federal Prison, California. Five days ago.

**Page 2:**

1) TOP 2/3 OF PAGE—WIDESHOT:

Cap stands facing Merritt. There are a couple of empty chairs across from the prisoner. One of the walls is half-mirrored; there’s a closed door.

Leaning against a bare wall in the b.g. between them, is a black federal agent in his late 30s, DAMIAN SPINRAD. He’s as laconic as Homer Tully; he wears a simple grey suit and tie with an FBI ID on his lapel. He has a MANILA FOLDER in his hand.

CAP: Murdering a **federal agent**, conspiracy to commit acts of **domestic terrorism**, gun-running, money laundering, racketeering, arson in the commission of **hate crimes**—

2) Cap stares stonily at us as he settles in a chair, Spinrad still leaning in the b.g., looking on.

CAP: —kidnapping, selling ecstasy and methamphetamine to minors out of your chain of **comic shops**. And on and on.

3) CLOSE ON Merritt, who's fuming as he addresses an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: You're a piece of **work**, Merritt.

MERRITT: Hey now, Cap—the **feds** set me up for those drug charges! I got the best stores in the Bay Area, and I keep my babies **pure!**

**Page 3:**

1) TWO-SHOT:

Cap and Merritt face off.

CAP: I'm glad you have your priorities straight, Merritt. Agent Spinrad here was leading me to believe otherwise.

MERRITT: Who're you gonna believe, Cap? I'm a fellow veteran **like you!** The government just picks up honest, hard-working Americans whenever it needs scapegoats to parade in front of the Zionist media—

2) CAP'S POV (**MEMORY**):

A BLOW-UP of the 1940s Merritt's face from **panel 2** of **page 1**. His smile is frozen now—it looks forced; his eyes have darted OFF PANEL.

3) MERRITT'S POV:

CLOSE ON Cap, looking intently at us.

CAP: I remember you now.

4) CLOSE ON Merritt, who's puzzled.

MERRITT: What?

5) CAP'S POV (**MEMORY**):

Similar to his **memory** of Merritt, we see a well-dressed, MUSTACHED CIVILIAN MAN in his 30s, looking at us among the hectic hustle and bustle of PASSING MILITARY PERSONNEL.

6) CLOSE ON Cap, his eyes now angry.

CAP: You were there when Doctor Reinstein was killed.

**Page 4:**

1) CAP'S POV (**MEMORY**):

Same as **page 1, panel 2**. The 1940s Merritt gives us an apologetic grin.

MERRITT: Gotta get to work, Cap! You go make us proud!

2) CAP'S POV (**MEMORY**):

Tracking Merritt as he heads toward the EXIT from a LARGE PRESS ROOM. There are 1940s SOLDIERS, CIVILIANS, REPORTERS wearing hats and holding pens and notepads, PHOTOGRAPHERS with flashbulb cameras, and some nerdy SCIENCE PERSONNEL wearing lab coats. There's a PODIUM flanked by AMERICAN FLAGS on an EMPTY RAISED STAGE.

3) CAP'S POV (**MEMORY**):

**Same as panel 2**, except Merritt is nowhere in sight and we see the Mustached Civilian reaching the exit.

4) CAP'S POV (**MEMORY**):

ANGLE off the left side of the podium, where the normally taciturn Dr Reinstein wears a shy smile—and his white lab coat as well--and beckons toward us with his left arm. Homer Tully and Walker Price stand to his immediate left, applauding.

In panel right b.g. FLASHBULBS EXPLODE from the front of the stage—and we see the Mustached Civilian is pulling out a REVOLVER, as he stands in the forefront.

5) CAP'S POV (**MEMORY**):

Reinstein reels from a gunshot to his chest, blood **splattering** across his lab coat.

**Page 5:**

## 1) WIDE SHOT:

Cap addresses Merritt. Agent Spinrad leans one hand on the back of the remaining empty chair, staring at Merritt as well; the manila folder is still in his other hand. Merritt looks terrified.

CAP: I collared the guy, but he was quick with a **cyanide capsule** in his tooth.

CAP: But while all this was going on, someone **else** firebombed the Doc's lab. It wiped out his life's work.

## 2) CLOSE ON a sweaty Merritt as he answers an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: That was you, Merritt.

MERRITT: No, you can't pin that on—

## 3) CLOSE ON Cap.

CAP: You betrayed the Doc, and your **country**, Merritt. And you call yourself a **patriot?** How much did the Nazis **pay** you to sell us out?

4) Merritt's protesting on panel left, Spinrad's placing the open folder with 8"x10" black-and-white PHOTOS on the table before him. Cap looks on.

MERRITT: You got me all—

CAP: Agent Spinrad, let's see if the prisoner can explain what you found at his warehouse—

**Page 6:**

FULL PAGE SPLASH (CREDITS PAGE?):

CLOSE ON the OPEN FOLDER on the table. At the page's bottom, we see Merritt's LIVER-SPOTTED, WRINGING HANDS.

The photo at the top of pile in the folder is something:

We see a warehouse filled with COMICS, NAZI FLAGS, GERMAN MACHINE GUNS, POTATO MASHERS, a FRAMED PORTRAIT of ADOLF HITLER, and whatever ASSORTED FANBOY CRAP Kyle can think of.

But prominent is the shot is a MALE DRESSER'S DUMMY — **wearing Isaiah's tattered Captain America outfit.**

From the top of the page, where Cap would be sitting, comes an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: This ought to be good...

**Page 7:**

1) INT. HITLER'S OFFICE—NIGHT:

CLOSE ON Isaiah's face; it's **harshly lit** by an as-yet-unseen movie projector. The room is otherwise **dark**. He looks groggy and his eyes are opening—he's no longer wearing the do-rag and Cap cowl covering his head last issue.

There's a SPEAKER BALLOON:

SPEAKER BALLOON: **Captain America!** Scourge of the **Evil Axis!**

2) ANGLE ON a '40s portable MOVIE SCREEN on which we see the **grainy black and white projection** of the **Steve Rogers' Cap** beating up W.W. II-ERA JAPANESE MILITARY OFFICERS somewhere.

There's a SPEAKER BALLOON:

SPEAKER BALLOON: Take **that**, Tojo! You've just met the U. S. of A.'s new **secret weapon!**

3) FROM BEHIND Isaiah's silhouette. We see HEAVY CHAINS bind him to a HUGE STEEL STRAIGHT CHAIR.

In the b.g., the screen shows **black and white** footage of the ill-fated press conference from the previous scene: Seconds before he's shot at the podium, Dr Reinstein beckons to Rogers/Cap, Tully and Price to one side.

SPEAKER BALLOON: Here's Cap now at the press conference that introduced him to the free world, moments before a **Nazi assassin** tragically took the life—

4) ANGLE ON Isaiah, turning his disturbed face toward a SILHOUETTE standing near him in panel right f.g.

SPEAKER BALLOON: --of Doctor Josef Reinstein, the **government genius** behind the Super Soldier program! Cap makes short work of his cowardly murderer--

**Page 8:**

TOP 2/3 OF PAGE:

1) Isaiah's WIDE-EYED PROFILE in panel left. DOMINATING THE PANEL, a **uniformed** ADOLF HITLER leans his face toward the super soldier, a **twinkle** in his eye.

HITLER: I very much like **the eagle** you have drawn on your shield!

SPEAKER BALLOON: --and as the program's **first success thus far**, he vows to avenge Reinstein's death!

2) Isaiah's jaw hangs with astonishment, and Hitler's hands are raised expansively, eerily similar to the Sarge's stance when addressing Isaiah in **issue #4**.

ISAIAH: Wha' ...?

HITLER: Yes! I am an artist **also!**

HITLER: <Lights!>

**Page 9:**

TOP HALF OF PAGE:

1) PULL BACK:

We're in Hitler's **now-lighted** huge, opulent office—DESK and CHAIRS on end, COUCH and CHAIRS on the other. (Reference sent to Kyle.)

Hitler stands looking at Isaiah with benign amusement, as Isaiah—**still wearing his Cap uniform** with the cowl bunched around his neck—surveys the scene:

There's the portable screen with a **black and white** CLOSE UP of a grinning Rogers/Cap; the '40s PROJECTER on a portable STAND; its FEMALE PROJECTIONIST (a secretary); SEVERAL GERMAN SOLDIERS w/ MACHINE GUNS trained on Isaiah; and ANOTHER MAN with his back to us in panel right f.g.

HITLER: You have fought **most valiantly**, Isaiah Bradley--

CAPTION: Office of the Gruppenfuhrer, Berlin. October, 1942.

REST OF PAGE:

2) Hitler looks at Isaiah, while he beckons to someone off-panel.

HITLER: --but Deutschland is not **at war** with your people.

HITLER: Allow me, please, to introduce my friend and colleague--

3) The unseen man from the top of the page is JOSEF GOEBBELS. He's in UNIFORM, his head dipped slightly toward a weirded-out Isaiah as he stands ramrod straight and clicks his heels. Der Fuhrer looks on.

HITLER: --our esteemed Minister of Propaganda, **Josef Goebbels**.

GOEBBELS: Private...

4) CLOSE ON Isaiah, eyes downcast in furious thought, looking like he's fighting off a migraine.

There's an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

ISAIAH: Hold up, now... What do you **mean**, you're not fighting America--?

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: Not **America**, Private Bradley--

**Page 10:**

1) Isaiah's flanked on the left f.g. by Goebbels and on the right f.g. by Hitler. In these pages, Goebbels is anal and prim; Hitler's all eerie dynamism. Isaiah continues to look bewildered.

GOEBBELS: --**your people**.

HITLER: We have **no quarrel** with you Negroes, you understand?

2) ANOTHER ANGLE:

Hitler's warming up to his mindfuck; Goebbels regards Isaiah coolly. In the b.g., the projectionist is folding up the screen.

HITLER: I know something of your history, how **brutally** the Americans have **treated** you, **enslaved** you--

GOEBBELS: They are barbarians...

3) Same as previous, but the projectionist is gone. Hitler's in mid-pace as he orates; Goebbels hasn't budged.

HITLER: Like your Scotsboro boys, **I, too**, have been unjustly convicted--

GOEBBELS: It is the way of the **oppressor**...

**Page 11:**

1) ISAIAH'S POV:

CLOSE ON Hitler as we get the full force of his sly malevolence.

HITLER: Why do your people fight for them? Is it fear?

HITLER: Why do **you** fight, when they deny you **the glory** of this other soldier--

2) ISAIAH'S POV:

CLOSE ON Goebbel's piercing stare.

GOEBBELS: Private, we want to offer you the **opportunity** to help you people and yourself...

3) Isaiah's stone-faced as he faces Hitler and Goebbels.

HITLER: If you stand with **us**, we will help **free** your people when the time comes. On my honor as a fellow **artist**--

4) Isaiah fights off a smirk as they look at him coldly now.

5) CLOSE ON Isaiah, his face resigned at his probable fate; a hint of amusement in his eyes.

ISAIAH: Guys, no. **My wife would kill me.**

**Page 12:**

1) INT. LOMPOC INTERROGATION ROOM:

CONTINUING FROM **PAGE 6**, as the now-seated Spinrad (left) and Rogers/Cap (right) listen to a subdued, earnest Merritt. Comic books, mail, and the folder of photos are still there on the table.

MERRITT: You know, Cap, I come from a military family. I could've been assigned to **anything** in the war—the Manhattan Project, anything—but I **chose** the Super Soldier program. You know why?

2) CLOSE ON Merritt, smiling tightly at his memory.

MERRITT: Because I read the first issue of **Captain America**, that's why. And I figured I could volunteer for the serum myself once it got past the initial testing stage, and do my country and my family **proud**.

MERRITT: Who knows? Maybe I could wear the uniform, too, someday...

3) CLOSE ON MERRITT, a flash of anger in his eyes.

MERRITT: Imagine my **disgust** that no one running the project cared what it meant to **real** Americans.

MERRITT: Testing on swamp guineas like Mr. FBI here was all well and good--

4) CLOSE ON a mild-mannered Spinrad, all ears and unruffled at an OFF-PANEL BALLOON.

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: --but they were sent out on **missions!**

**Page 13:**

1) Merritt is impassioned.

MERRITT: And those guys resented you, Cap! They didn't get America needs real heroes! They were even jealous of your costume!

2) CLOSE ON a stone-faced Rogers/Cap as he listens to an OFF-PANEL BALLOON.

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: Imagine that! Like this country would put up with Captain Americoon!

3) Scratching his ear, Merritt addresses Cap and Spinrad.

MERRITT: Then it hit me like a stroke—the government would put up with it! The government was not America. It didn't care.

MERRITT: It was run by foreigners for foreigners, and I started to follow up on what the war was really about—

4) CLOSE ON Cap's profile in the f.g., with Spinrad eyeing him from panel right b.g., both listening to an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: It was about keeping things right and pure—and we were on the wrong side.

**Page 14:**

1) Merritt is adamant.

MERRITT: No, listen! Europe was going through a population explosion of mongrels, just like the USA! Hitler wanted to protect Germany from outsiders, and to do that he had to go on the offensive. Remember, they were screwed by the Treaty of Versailles!

2) CLOSE ON Spinrad, mildly tossing a curveball.

SPINRAD: I'm part German, Merritt.

3) Merritt looks at Spinrad contemptuously.

MERRITT: Some boast! Lots of colored GIs got tramps to put out during the Occupation.

4) CLOSE ON Spinrad.

SPINRAD: There were plenty enough Blacks in the Fatherland **before** and **during** the war, Merritt. They were **Afro-German**, courtesy of German colonialists that took over southwest Africa in the late 1800s—where **Namibia** is today.

**Page 15:**

1) Spinrad on panel left as he addresses the dumbstruck Merritt, and Cap listens.

SPINRAD: We fought for Germany in **the Great War**, so the Nazis were on the fence about us. While some Blacks were sent to the camps—**without** colored badges, because we had our **skin**—

SPINRAD: --others thought beneath notice, like my **grandparents**, were active in the Resistance.

2) Cap interrupts, as Merritt tries to absorb the news.

MERRITT: That's **right**, Hitler complained about colored soldiers in **Mein Kampf**...!

CAP: Damian, that's fascinating, but that veering us away from this costume...

3) Merritt's shaking his head, as if warding off a bad dream.

MERRITT: The last of the colored test subjects stole it and I got it back before--

4) Similar to **panel 1**. Spinrad's excited now, Cap's bewildered, and Merritt looks utterly weirded out.

SPINRAD: What?! **That's** the costume Isaiah Bradley wore...?

CAP: Who?

5) CLOSE ON a shocked Cap.

SPINRAD: Don't tell me you haven't heard of **Isaiah Bradley!** He was the **black Captain America!**

**Page 16:**

TOP HALF OF PAGE:

1) INT. HITLER'S OFFICE:

CONTINUING FROM **PAGE 11**, we see Hitler and Goebbels intensely conversing in the f.g.--with their backs to Isaiah in the b.g., who's still chained in his steel chair, getting a machinegun butt to the stomach from one German soldier, while another aims his machinegun butt toward Isaiah's head.

HITLER: <Mengele has asked for him, what do you think?>

GOEBBELS: <There would not be much left of him then, for propaganda purposes.>

REST OF PAGE:

2) CLOSE ON Hitler addressing Goebbels' profile in panel right f.g.

HITLER: <That's true.>

HITLER: <But the Doctor may determine how far the Americans have gotten with Koch's formula.>

GOEBBELS: <It would appear they've been successful, my leader.>

3) PULL BACK:

Hitler's lost in fury while Goebbels waits him out, standing perfectly at ease.

HITLER: <One of Mengele's associates had the temerity to suggest they inject this creature's blood into our soldiers! Why not sow's blood then, or a Jew's? I have ordered the fool be dealt with!>

HITLER: <Who could think such deviltry aloud?>

**Page 17:**

1) TWO-SHOT:

Goebbels tries to reason with a defiant Hitler.

GOEBBELS: <Perhaps somehow Mengele could distill the serum--?>

HITLER: <NO! I won't have that!>

2) CLOSE ON Goebbels in f.g., Isaiah getting worked over by the guards visible over his left shoulder in the b.g.

There's an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

GOEBBELS: <Then the doctor could help me make an example of him?>

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: <Tell me...>

GOEBBELS: <Mengele could **sterilize** him if the Americans already haven't, and then he could remove Bradley's **limbs--**>

3) CLOSE ON a gleeful Hitler smacking his palms with satisfaction; over his *right* shoulder we see the head blow Isaiah's receiving from the one soldier's machinegun butt, while the other is readying to get another shot to the Bradley gut.

Hitler responds to an OFF-PANEL CAPTION:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: <--and then **we** send him back to the Allies with a note, something like, "Take better care of your pets.">

HITLER: <Excellent! Sounds like a plan...>

HITLER: <Guards, ENOUGH!>

HITLER: Private Bradley, I have good news for you...

4) Isaiah stares dully at a reassuring Hitler, Goebbels and the guards visible in near b.g.

HITLER: A doctor will treat your wounds, and **then** we shall let you go!

**Page 18:**

1) INT. LOMPOC INTERROGATION ROOM:

CONTINUING FROM PAGE 15. Spinrad is animated, while Cap is amazed and Merritt is glowering.

SPINRAD: Every black person in America's heard of Bradley — although what **happened** to him is pretty much a mystery.

SPINRAD: I remember **Denzel** and Spike Lee were going to do a movie about it years ago, but they wound up doing the **Malcolm X** story instead.

CAP: Well, where have I been?

2) CLOSE ON Spinrad's sympathetic face.

SPINRAD: Hey, Cap — being in **suspended animation** cuts you some slack.

3) CLOSE ON Merritt's sneer.

MERRITT: Don't believe any of that crap, Cap! These people are always trying to **piggyback** on our achievements--

4) Cap looks at Merritt with disgust, Spinrad's unfazed.

MERRITT: --next they'll want **affirmative action** to reclassify their rappers and basketball players as superheroes!

CAP: Shut up, Merritt.

**Page 19:**

1) Cap and Spinrad are standing now, Merritt sits anxiously.

CAP: Unless you know what happened to Bradley, Merritt, I'm done with you.

MERRITT: I got the costume from a Belgium collector, but I recognized it as the real deal.

2) MERRITT'S POV:

Spinrad's addressing us, folder of photos back in his hand, and Cap's turned to leave.

From Merritt's vantage comes an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

SPINRAD: Stay put, Merritt. A guard'll be along to take you back to your cell.

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: Cap, please? One veteran to another?

3) CLOSE SHOT of a shamelessly grinning Merritt. He's holding up a copy of the *Rieber/Cassaday Captain America #1*.

MERRITT: Think you could sign this before you go?

**Page 20:**

1) INT. LOMPOC CORRIDOR:

Sterile, high-tech prison corridor with a barred entrance in the b.g.

Cap's *fuming* as he stands outside the interrogation room, Spinrad's trying to chill him out.

SPINRAD: Come on, that's how a lot of fans are.

2) REVERSE ANGLE:

Walking away from the interrogation room, Cap's still heated on panel left, and a brightened Spinrad is smacking the folder on his hip. We see a GUARD walking toward the interrogation room in the b.g.

CAP: Rotten traitor...

SPINRAD: Hey! I didn't want to go into this in front of Merritt back there--

3) CLOSER ON Cap and Spinrad as they walk, Cap giving the man his full attention now.

SPINRAD: --but my grandfather Klaus always told this story--

**Page 21:**

1) EXT. ROAD--MORNING:

A beautiful SUNRISE. We see a GERMAN TRANSPORT TRUCK speeding along a road with FOREST on one side and FARMLAND on the other.

CAPTION: The morning after Der Furher bids Bradley a dry "Auf Wiedersehen"--

CAPTION: The Road to Auschwitz. October, 1942.

2) The TIRES on the TRUCK are SHOT OUT. The TRUCK CAB and DRIVER are riddled with GUNFIRE.

SOUND FX: **BRAT-TAT-TAT**

SOUND FX (TIRES): **BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!**

3) The truck overturns, blown tires SQUEALING.

SOUND FX (TIRES): **SQUEEEEEEEAL!**

4) We the back of the truck, it's on its sides, wheels turning and smoking. Lots of dust.

**Page 22:**

1) We see Isaiah—chained and in his Cap outfit—climbing out the back of the truck, and looking at us with widened eyes.

2) REVERSE ANGLE:

FROM BEHIND Isaiah, as he's met by a dozen or so RESISTENCE FIGHTERS. They're all HEAVILY-ARMED with RIFLES, MACHINE GUNS and PISTOLS. They look like German peasants; some are very old; one is a young woman... and there's a GRINNING BLACK MAN who looks like a younger version of Damian Spinrad; grandfather KLAUS.

KLAUS: **Guten Morgen**, Captain America.

CAPTION: **To be concluded.**