

BLACK CAP #7 script – “The Blackvine” (15 Apr 03)
By Robert Morales

Page 1:

TOP THIRD OF PAGE:

1) EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETARY—DAY:

CLOSE ON the WEEPING, AGED FACE of Walker Price. He looks 20-30 years younger than he should—there’s an ageless Charlton Heston quality about him (if Heston had played Harry Lime); he looks to be in his 60’s but he’s easily pushing 95. Price has his hair, he’s looking down at—

2) PRICE’S POV:

A SMALL MILITARY HEADSTONE, gleaming white in the fresh grass, bearing the SLIGHTLY-BLURRED name of HARPER PRICE. Underneath the name are BLURRED DATES and WRITING.

3) Similar to **panel 1**, except now Price is looking up and off toward panel right, his eyes sober now and his face still wet with his tears.

PRICE: Oh.

REST OF PAGE:

4) WIDE SHOT:

It’s a BRIGHT, SUNNY DAY.

We’re at an ANGLE FROM BEHIND Price in the f.g., as he removes a WHITE HANDKERCHIEF from his pants pocket. He’s wearing an expensive OYSTER-COLORED SUIT.

Facing Price is STEVE ROGERS in CAPTAIN AMERICA GARB.

Surrounding them—rolling off into the b.g.—are ROWS and ROWS of SMALL WHITE HEADSTONES on fresh green grass. (**NOTE TO KYLE:** Throw in headstones wherever you can throughout this sequence; I’m emailing you lots of reference.) There’re TREES in distance as well, but NO SHADE where the two big men stand.

PRICE: I have to confess I’m impressed, Rogers.

CAPTION: Arlington National Cemetery, Virginia. Two days ago.

Page 2:

1) Cap is closer to Price, as the latter wipes his face with his handkerchief.

CAP: Your brother, sir?

PRICE: Yeah.

2) CLOSE ON Price, casting the off-panel Cap a look of laconic malevolence.

PRICE: He was a **hero**, just like you. Someone else who never had to dirty his hands with the more **mundane** realities of war.

PRICE: Shall we get to it, then?

3) CLOSE ON Cap, watchful for Price's response.

CAP: **Isaiah Bradley**.

4) TWO-SHOT:

Cap watches Price's disconcerted face.

PRICE: Bradley...? **That's** what's had you on my heels the last two days--?!

5) CLOSE ON Price's laughing face.

PRICE: Oh, man, you had me going...

6) CLOSE ON Cap's slightly pissed face as he listens to an OFF-PANEL BALLOON.

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: For a minute there? I thought this was about something **serious**.

Page 3:

1) His composure now returned, Price puts his handkerchief back in his pocket. He looks coolly at Cap.

PRICE: Bradley is **dead**, Rogers. He died on the mission to Schwarzebitte that you missed.

CAP: I've heard otherwise.

2) CLOSE ON Price's gently reproving expression.

PRICE: Don't tell me, **black history** and **white supremacist** websites? "Martyr or bogeyman?" — those cranks call up my press office every other day trying to chisel an interview with me.

3) CLOSE ON Cap, his face now saying, *Don't fuck with me.*

CAP: Sir, I need to know about the Project. And I need you to **explain** how you could wind up running **Koch International**.

4) FROM BEHIND Cap's shoulder, as we see the light in Price's eyes tamped down a bit.

PRICE: Actually, Rogers, it's the **same story**.

PRICE: Let's walk.

Page 4:

1) WIDE SHOT:

In the f.g., a YOUNG SAMOAN MAN in an immaculate U.S. SAILOR SUIT w/ SAILOR CAP drapes his arms over TWO STRICKEN WOMEN who are probably his mother and sister, both DRESSED IN THEIR SUNDAY BEST. They are leaving FLOWERS at a HEADSTONE.

They are surrounded by MANY SMALL HEADSTONES.

In the b.g., Price and Cap amble.

PRICE: A century ago, the world's ruling classes weren't very happy about how quickly the poor—the **unwashed, ethnic, working** poor; immigrants, what have you—were breeding. So a lot of money started to funnel toward ideas of keeping their numbers down—and for many at the top that also meant keeping their bloodlines—**Homo Europaeus**—pure.

2) REVERSE ANGLE:

In the f.g. now, Price and Cap stop to regard the Samoan trio in the b.g.—the mother has collapsed before the headstone; the sailor and younger woman console her.

PRICE: Did you know eugenics was the idea of Darwin's cousin, a crackpot named Francis Galton? He defined it as the "science of improving the stock."

3) Price has turned away from Cap, continuing his walk undisturbed. Cap is struck by the man's clearly routine indifference to the pain of others.

PRICE: So you had what passed for a "science" handily addressing the issues of making anemic family trees **stronger** while trimming away branches of what they considered **deadwood**—the help.

Page 5:

1) Cap strides after Price.

PRICE: Politics doesn't often make for good science, Rogers—or at least the most sensible **application** of science. Politics is about keeping your boss happy.

2) Price has stopped for emphasis as he addresses Cap.

PRICE: Before the first world war, eugenicists from around the world—primarily the Brits, the Germans, and **us**—routinely met to effect **racial hygiene** policy. The U.S. and British governments took the early lead in the sterilization of—**ah**—undesirables, for instance, while Germans like Hitler looked on enviously because they **lost** the Great War and didn't have the resources.

3) CLOSE ON the cool Price.

PRICE: Once he took power, Hitler sent the good doctors **Reinstein** and **Koch** to meet with privately-funded eugenicists here in the States, to introduce their revolutionary medical techniques—

4) CLOSE ON Cap's quietly stunned expression, his mouth slightly open as he hears Price's OFF-PANEL BALLOON.

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: --and as result of those meetings, Rogers, **Project Super Soldier** was born.

Page 6:

1) Cap's raises his arm in disbelief toward Price.

CAP: Hold on, Price! You're saying we and **the Nazis**--?

PRICE: They were just **the German government** then, and we were all on the same page.

2) CAP'S POV:

Price shrugging before him, and the Samoan trio walking past in the b.g.

PRICE: We sterilized the mentally handicapped well before the Germans—they modeled their program after **ours**. Hitler **loved** the American Immigration Act of 1924; it was a blueprint for keeping out **entire ethnic groups** and “degenerates!”

3) Cap and Price stroll along, a FEW DRESSED-UP CAUCASIAN CHILDREN running past them from the opposite direction.

PRICE: In any event, the Project started as a joint U.S.-Germany business venture: Koch was a successful pharmaceutical magnate; and our end found plenty of backers, like Walter Arnold Williams, the cereal king.

4) FROM BEHIND Cap and Price—between them, we see a SOMBER, DRESSED-UP WHITE COUPLE in their late 20's, carrying FLOWERS and a LARGE ZIPLOK BAG with SNAPSHOTS.

PRICE: Reinstein was a brilliant biologist who didn't buy into most eugenics guff, but he knew how to play the game. And when war broke out **again**—because **der Fuhrer** couldn't keep it in his pants—the Project was split in **two**, Reinstein chose to stay here. Koch's interests, however, remained in the Fatherland.

5) CLOSE ON Price's profile.

PRICE: And the race was on.

Page 7:

1) WIDE SHOT:

FROM BEHIND Cap and Price in the f.g. as they regard a MILITARY FUNERAL in the b.g., separated by dozens of headstones.

MOURNERS, A CASKET atop a grave, AN HONOR GUARD OF MARINES firing off to panel right.

2) Price and Cap in profile.

PRICE: Mengele was too territorial to share his facilities in Auschwitz, so Koch set up the German end of the Project at Schwarzebitte.

CAP: And you sent Bradley alone.

3) CLOSE ON Price, irritated.

PRICE: We had a small window! Bradley's unit had recently intercepted a crucial shipment of Koch's serum and other medical supplies, so we needed to hit them before they could re-supply and test on their soldiers.

4) CLOSE ON Cap, absorbing an OFF-PANEL BALLOON.

OFF-PANEL BALLON: You were stuck in the Pacific, and the rest of Bradley's unit was dead. So Bradley had to go in; and he fulfilled his suicide mission. He knew the deal; he was a soldier. End of story.

5) Cap and Price angrily exchange words.

PRICE: Look, Rogers, in a perfect world, Bradley would've survived to rescue everybody held captive there! And you never know, they might've given us valuable information!

CAP: "Valuable information"?!

6) Cap angrily leans into the much older Price, who looks fiercely defiant.

CAP: The war was about saving those people, Price!

Page 8:

1) CLOSE ON Price—what do you know—fiercely defiant.

PRICE: The business of war is **business**, Rogers! It's about the long haul—what your **exit strategy** maximizes for peacetime.

2) Price admonishes Cap now; Cap's leaning aside slightly, as if avoid a gentle parry.

PRICE: We didn't get into the war until it was declared against us! We wanted to **mind our own business**.

CAP: Yeah, and now you're running **Koch's** business!

3) CLOSE ON Price, in sudden self-reflection.

PRICE: That's true.

PRICE: Well, my military career was effectively **washed-up** after Reinstein was killed. The White House made **certain** I took the heat for that--

4) CLOSE ON a rueful Price.

PRICE: You know, part of the reason the S.S. assassinated the doctor was they were under the mistaken impression he was **Jewish**—but he wasn't; he was a Lutheran. Morons.

5) Price is giving Cap a *what-could-I-do?* look.

PRICE: After the war, Koch's interests wound up on the American side of the wall. I was quietly positioned to run them, and once the Cold War ended, I stepped up as CEO.

CAP: You're in surprising good shape for your age--

6) CAP'S POV:

Price gives a smug reply.

PRICE: One of the unexpected **dividends** of war, Rogers.

Page 9:

1) Seemingly more relaxed now—like a tiger looking on its prey with the laconic gaze of Robert Mitchum—Cap regards Price. Price is sneering back.

CAP: Yeah, I know all about that. I just got a fortune in **back pay** for all the years I was in suspended animation—more money than I knew what to do with.

PRICE: Really? Should I be offering you stock options?

2) CLOSE ON Cap, a mild smile on his face.

CAP: Already **got** 'em, Price. Two days ago, I bought enough of Koch International that I'll be at the stockholders' meeting tomorrow in New York with your service record.

3) Price recoils from Cap.

PRICE: But that's--

CAP: **Declassified.** And after you get booted out the door, you'll be arrested for the murder of an Army major, among others--

4) Shaken, Price stands before a stolid Cap.

PRICE: How do you think to prove--?

CAP: Remember your old **aide-de-camp**, Philip Merritt?

5) PRICE'S POV:

Now it's Cap's turn with the rueful look.

CAP: He's a fan.

Page 10:

TOP HALF OF PAGE:

1) EXT. BRONX APARTMENT HOUSE—DAY:

It's a bright, summer day.

In FULL CAP GEAR (w/ SHIELD slung on his back), Steve Rogers is standing on the sidewalk, by TWO GLASSED, WROUGHT-IRON DOORS—the

ENTRANCE to a pre-war apartment building. He has a LARGE, BROWN PAPER SHOPPING BAG.

FAITH BRADLEY, dressed head-to-toe as we saw her at the end of **issue #5**, wears a BURKA. Wiry in her stance, Faith regards the *much larger* Cap. She has a WEATHERED LEATHER SATCHEL in hand, BULGING WITH PAPERS.

Dressed in SUMMER CLOTHES, PASSERSBY pay them no heed—this is the Bronx. We see a YOUNG LATIN MAN and YOUNG BLACK WOMAN hand-in-hand, a WOMAN POSTEL WORKER pushing her MAIL CART. Across from Cap on the other side of the entrance, maybe we see an OLDER BLACK WOMAN in A HOUSE DRESS on a FOLDING CHAIR, lazily fanning herself with a HAND FAN. People like that, Mr. Kyle Baker.

CAP: Excuse me--? Miz Shabazz?

FAITH: Nope.

CAPTION: The Bronx, New York. Today.

BOTTOM HALF OF PAGE:

2) TWO SHOT:

Confused, Cap looks down at the diminutive Faith. Even veiled, we somehow sense her bemusement.

CAP: Ma'am?

FAITH: It's Faith. Please come in.

3) INT. LOBBY—DAY:

The building's very nice: tiled floor, a stand with a potted plant.

Cap holds an OUTSWUNG, OLD-FASHIONED ELEVATOR DOOR open for Faith as steps in. He carries his shopping bag, she her satchel. The door has a GLASS PORTAL. A ROW OF METAL NUMBERS that start with a LIGHTED L, move on to a DARK 2 through 8.

FAITH: It's funny, I was thinking of you earlier...

4) The outer door closed, we can see Cap through the portal, but Faith's too tiny. However, FROM BEHIND THE DOOR where she'd be standing, we get FAITH'S WORD BALLOON:

FAITH: Actually, ever since I heard Walker Price took his life the other night.

Page 11:

1) INT. BRADLEY APARTMENT—DAY:

It's one of those large, miraculously rent-controlled, pre-war Glass Family-type apartments with a large living room, good-sized kitchen, several bathrooms and bedrooms (including a master). The place suggests nothing so much as the homey opulence of the Canfield sitting room in **issue #1**.

Although Faith isn't rigid as a Muslim woman, the LIVING ROOM avoids idolatry: There are LANDSCAPES on the walls, and lush, patterned ISLAMIC RUGS. There's a GLASS '60s MODERN COFFEE TABLE. The ARMCHAIRS and SOFA are solidly handsome and comfortable. However, there's also a BIG TV and ENTERTAINMENT SYSTEM—and the TV's on and it just *looks* loud.

FROM BEHIND THEM in the f.g., we see Faith and Cap entering the apartment FOYER, looking into the living room in the b.g., and they see:

TWO BLACK GIRLS, each around 8 years old, are fighting mightily on the living room rug. A BLACK BOY around 5 years old stands watching them with dumbstruck fascination. A BLACK TEENAGE GIRL around 15 years old lounges on the sofa reading a SOURCE MAGAZINE, oblivious to the melee.

These are *some* of the Bradley's great-grandchildren.

FAITH: STOP THAT FOOLISHNESS! COMPANY!

2) WIDE REACTION SHOT:

The teenage girl looks up wincingly (she knows the blame will fall on her); the two girls look up, shocked in their frozen embrace; the young boy looks with quiet interest.

3) FROM BEHIND the kids as Faith leads Cap (w/ shopping bag) out of the living room.

FAITH: Stephanie, turn that DOWN!

4) INT. KITCHEN—DAY:

It's the kitchen from the end of **issue #5**.

In the f.g., Faith's at the kitchen sink, running tap water into a KETTLE. Cap sits at the far end of the kitchen table in the b.g., his shield and shopping bag against the far wall.

FAITH: **There** we go.

FAITH: So you're obviously here about Isaiah.

CAP: Yes, I am, Faith. What gave it away?

5) CLOSE ON Cap, amused at an OFF-PANEL BALLOON.

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: I can see the family resemblance.

6) *Exactly* as they are at the end of **issue #5**, Faith and Cap sit at the kitchen table, steaming cups between them.

(NOTE TO KYLE: Maybe the **right-hand side of the panel** can *fade* in a shameless attempt to simulate a dissolve...)

FAITH: Now, let's speak to what you probably **don't** know...

Page 12:

1) Still at the kitchen table, Faith waves off Cap's objections.

CAPTION: Sometime later...

FAITH: No, no, that FBI man got it **correctly**: Isaiah was saved.

CAP: Then why would Price--?

2) CLOSE ON Faith, her eyes lit with anger.

FAITH: I wouldn't be surprised if Walker Price ordered a **pizza** before he died, just so some delivery kid would waste a trip to his duplex! That man **enjoyed** bending the truth--

3) CLOSE ON an intent Cap.

CAP: Up to a **point**, ma'am.

CAP: So, your husband...?

4) TWO SHOT:

Faith yells **off-panel**, looking away from the startled Cap.

FAITH: **STEPHANIE!** Go see what Isaiah is up to!

CAP: He's **here?**

5) Confused and slightly chastened, Cap watches Faith undo her veil.

FAITH: This is where we live.

FAITH: I must be more excited about your surprise visit than I **thought--**

6) CAP'S POV:

As he gets the full force of Faith's face. In her early 80's, her face is lined with shrewd irony. She's coy and very beautiful.

FAITH: Usually, I lose the burka soon as I walk in here.

Page 13:

1) ANGLE FROM BEHIND Cap as he addresses Faith, who's finally sipping her tea.

CAP: So you're retired.

FAITH: Mostly. I was a professor of comparative religion. In fact, today I started lecturing the summer semester at Hofstra University—that's why I'm making the effort to **represent**, you know. Given the climate towards Islam, it unsettles people--

2) CLOSE ON Cap, weighing an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: --but it **de**-emphasizes femininity and focuses attention on what I **say**, or on what people choose to **project onto** me. Do you get that sort of thing, because of **your** costume?

CAP: Faith, I'll have to think that over, but I probably do.

3) Faith takes her cup to the sink; Cap looks on in the b.g.

FAITH: I'd like your FBI agent's contact information. His grandfather and the others saved Isaiah from Auschwitz. They hid and fed him for five months—in Nazi Germany!

FAITH: Finally, they passed him over to the Belgium underground. Those people had ties with some black GIs who ran the U.S. army's supply route--

CAP: The Red Ball Express.

4) FROM BEHIND Faith as she stands before Cap.

FAITH: And they're the ones who brought Isaiah back from behind enemy lines.

5) CAP'S POV:

Faith faces him but isn't looking at him, lost in angry and indignant memory.

FAITH: ...And the moment he reported in to command, Isaiah was arrested and court-martialed. He got life...for stealing your costume.

Page 14:

1) Faith stands before the sitting Cap, still not looking at him. His face is pained.

2) CLOSE ON Cap, looking at the off-panel Faith with terrible empathy. There's an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: It's not your fault.

3) Her back to us, Faith rests a hand on the sitting Cap's shoulder, his face in a flinch as he looks up at her.

FAITH: From April, 1943, Isaiah served seventeen years in solitary confinement at Leavenworth. He received less than rudimentary medical care, and I could only afford to see him three times a year—but I was happy to see him.

4) CLOSE ON Faith's profile, ANGLING AWAY FROM US.

FAITH: I spent years trying to get the Army to appeal his case—or at least treat him, for the fallout of the serum—or at least acknowledge we existed!

FAITH: Finally, I took to writing President Eisenhower **directly**, a letter a month for three years...

5) Faith looks down at Cap now, squeezing his shoulder and giving him a slight smile.

FAITH: On the day of Kennedy's inauguration, Eisenhower **pardoned** Isaiah, and then the government swore us to **secrecy**.

Page 15:

1) Faith gives Cap the *coup de grace* with a pitying stare. Cap looks like he's been hit with a building.

FAITH: Now here's the worst of it: The early stages of what made you? It left my husband **sterile**, and after so many years of confined neglect, his brain slowly **deteriorated**. You need to be prepared for that. He's a little boy now; he really can't even talk.

CAP: My God, nobody helped you...?

2) Faith smiles ruefully; there's the start of a shrug to her shoulders.

FAITH: The V.A. reinstated Isaiah's **regular** benefits, but wouldn't recognize damage done by a **program that never existed**. And you can't sue the government, you know.

FAITH: We made do.

3) CLOSE ON Cap's face, more composed as he listens to an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: We'd had our one girl, Sarah Gail, and she gave us a passel of grandchildren. In time, Isaiah regained his **physical** health, and in that, God was merciful.

4) Faith is backing away from Cap as she starts to leave the kitchen, making a welcoming gesture with her arms.

FAITH: Stephanie hasn't come back, so let me check on them. You make yourself at home.

5) Cap stands alone in the kitchen, taking it in as he collects himself.

6) Cap stands outside the kitchen, in the apartment's MAIN HALLWAY. He's staring at a WALL OF FRAMED PHOTOS, **miniatures** of what we'll see on the **following pages**.

Unnoticed by the absorbed Cap, the little boy stands near him, dangling a CHILDREN'S BOOK in his hand.

Pages 16 & 17:

DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD—MEDIUM WIDE SHOT:

We're BEHIND Cap (**centered**) as he regards the WALL OF FRAMED PHOTOS. We see Cap from the waist up.

In **almost every photo**, we see a **happy** Isaiah Bradley, in his **robust 40's**. Whether he's dressed in a polo shirt or pullover sweater or sports jacket—let's leave that to Kyle. What's important is that most of the photos show Isaiah being **visited by luminaries throughout the years since he got out of prison**. (NOTE TO KYLE: Maybe you want to in throw photos of the Baker clan [given that Marvel then doesn't hold trademark or copyright], to alternate the stars by illustrating how large is the Bradley family.)

Among the varied famous pictured with Isaiah are:

- a) **Malcolm X**.
 - b) the very tall **Ralph Ellison**.
 - c) **Alex Haley**.
 - d) the '70s **Robert Redford** (mustached and respectful).
 - e) **Marvin Gaye**.
 - f) **Muhammad Ali** (head to head with Ali mugging the camera).
 - g) **Richard Pryor**.
 - h) **James Brown** and a youngish **Al Sharpton**.
 - i) **Nelson Mandela**.
 - j) **John Lennon** and **Yoko Ono**.
 - k) **Quincy Jones** and the *Thriller*-era **Michael Jackson**.
 - l) **Spike Lee** and **Denzel Washington**.
 - m) **Arthur Ashe**.
 - n) **Flava Flav** (grinning with gold-toothed craziness) and **Chuck D**.
 - o) **Tupac Shakur**.
 - p) **Bono** and **Michael Stipe**.
- [add **Colin Powell**]

...and in the LOWER RIGHT-HAND CORNER of **page 17**, so that it **sneaks up** on us:

r) an AUTOGRAPHED 8' x 10' BLACK & WHITE GLOSSY of **Stan Lee**. It's signed, *To Isaiah and Faith Bradley, Excelsior! Stan Lee* (Can we get Stan to send us one?)

Plus anybody Kyle thinks appropriate.

Page 18:

1) CLOSE ON Cap, jaw dropped, as he turns his head away from the photos, and looks down to see—

2) CAP'S POV:

LOOKING DOWN on the earnest little boy, proffering a copy of WINGMAN by MANUS PINKWATER (Kyle, we'll get a scan).

3) Standing in front of the photos, Cap's picked up the kid, holding him aloft in his left arm, while examining the book in his right hand. The kid is nonchalantly nestled against Cap's chest—a child barometer of decency.

There's an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: It's about a Chinese-American boy who **loves** comic books and dreams about a Chinese superhero.

4) CLOSE ON the boy head's against Cap's costumed chest, staring peacefully as there's an exchange of OFF-PANEL BALLOONS:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON (Cap): What's his name?

OFF-PANEL BALLOON (Faith): "Litigious." **Don't ask.**

5) Faith has rejoined Cap and the kid; Cap still holding the boy while she strokes his head.

FAITH: You look good that way; you should have children.

6) Faith leads Cap deeper into the apartment—he's still carrying the kid and now holding the paper shopping bag in his right hand.

FAITH: You know, you're still a young man...

Page 19:

TOP HALF OF PAGE:

1) INT. ISAIAH'S ROOM—DAY:

It's the master bedroom. There's a LEATHER RECLINER w/ LAMPSTAND and TINY END TABLES. It's *crammed* with SMALL FRAMED PHOTOS and FIGURINES and stacks of BOARD GAME & PUZZLE BOXES on HEAVY SHELVES. It looks like an underworked comic book editor's office, full of crap. There's no bed.

In the f.g., the same Isaiah we saw in the photos—40ish, powerfully built—is being helped by the teenager, Stephanie; she's tugging a polo shirt down about his waist. His arms are still up in a childlike way, from when she'd first started to put the shirt on him. He's caught up in dressing.

In the b.g., framed in a doorway, Faith and Cap regard Isaiah. Cap still carries the child and the shopping bag.

On the floor in the middle ground between the two groups is a HUGE 2/3-FINISHED PUZZLE of A SUNFLOWER FIELD, seemingly impossible to finish.

FAITH: Isaiah, honey, company.

REST OF PAGE:

2) CLOSE ON Isaiah, looking off panel with interest.

3) CLOSE ON Cap, locking eyes with the off-panel Isaiah.

4) Faith takes the child from Cap as he makes toward Isaiah in the b.g., Stephanie standing aside impassively.

FAITH: Let me take him; you go on.

Page 20:

1) ANGLE FROM BEHIND Isaiah as Cap takes his hand to shake it.

CAP: Hello, Isaiah, I'm Steve Rogers.

2) REVERSE ANGLE:

It's an awkward moment—Isaiah's hand is passively in Cap's.

3) Isaiah looks at Cap warmly as Cap speaks solemnly. The two huge men hold hands like kids in line, with innocent assurance.

CAP: I'm really happy to see you.

4) ISAIAH'S POV:

CLOSE ON Cap, speaking solemnly.

CAP: I can't say enough how sorry I am for what happened to you and your family.

5) CAP'S POV:

CLOSE ON Isaiah, listening warmly to the off-panel Cap. Whether there's any comprehension of Cap's words is doubtful, but there's pure understanding of Cap's sentiment in an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON (Cap): I wish I could undo all the suffering you've gone through. If I could've taken your place...

Page 21:

1) Cap continues to speak to Isaiah, Faith holds the child in the b.g. between the men, and Stephanie watches from panel right.

CAP: But all I can is my duty, Isaiah, to you and everyone else. That's why I'm here.

2) Cap lifts and reaches into his shopping bag as Isaiah curiously looks on.

CAP: This may be the **smallest** of consolations...

3) ANGLE FROM BEHIND Cap as he hands ISAIAH'S TATTERED CAPTAIN AMERICA COSTUME to the man himself.

CAP: ...but I believe this belongs to **you**.

4) Holding the costume unfolded before him, Isaiah **beams**.

5) Faith is thrilled to see Isaiah so happy. She hands the child over to Stephanie as she speaks to Cap.

FAITH: Thank you, Steve! Do mind if I get a picture of you two for his collection?

CAP: **Anything**, ma'am, any time.

6) CLOSE ON Faith, squinting through the viewer of a DIGITAL CAMERA.

FAITH: Say "cheese"!

Page 22:

FULL PAGE SPLASH:

A portrait of the two Captain Americas, standing side by side. Cap looks quietly happy, but Isaiah—resting the length of his costume on his front; its top and bottom pinned together—is overjoyed.

In the **lower right panel f.g.** we see an END TABLE. On it is a 10" SOUVENIER MINIATURE of the AUGUSTA SAVAGE SCULPTURE ("The Harp"—I hope Kyle still has his scan) from **issue #1, page 1**—they were sold to visitors of the 1940 World's Fair. Right next to it is the FRAMED BLACK & WHITE PHOTO OF FAITH AND ISAIAH, taken on their wedding day, looking as they did at the start of the series.

CAPTION:

IN MEMORY OF
JUNE JORDAN
1936-2002

Activist • Mother • Poet • Soldier

CAPTION: **The End**