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ONE:

Looking at a TRANSPORT COFFIN as used by the United States Army for moving dead soldiers from the field. The COFFIN is actually a large rectangular box, gunmetal gray. The AMERICAN FLAG is draped over the coffin.

The COFFIN sits alone in an empty hangar. Heavy shadows.

1. CAPTION/Hill: “Commander Rogers?”
2. CAPTION/Hill: “I have the casualty figures from the operation in Broxton.

TWO:

SIX SOLDIERS - mix gender and ethnicity, please - wearing DUTY FATIGUES (probably current digital camo) carry the COFFIN out of the hangar into the daylight. They carry the body with respect.

They pass other SOLDIERS, likewise in DUTY FATIGUES. Everyone has come to a stop, facing the coffin. ALL are SALUTING, right hands crisply to their foreheads.

3. CAPTION/Hill: “Looks like we got off light.
4. CAPTION/Hill: “Only one KIA. Body was found in a barbershop on Main Street...

THREE:

Now we're in the casualty receiving facilities in Dover, Maryland. This is intake, with FOUR STAFF, wearing white containment suits (these are the zip-ups, not hazmat), latex gloves, and eye-protection.

The COFFIN has been opened, and a BLACK BODY BAG is now being carefully laid upon a gurney.

5. CAPTION/Hill: “...he'd been stabbed through the neck, taken from behind. Presumably the work of the Wolverine wannabe.

FOUR:

Close, unzipped body bag, looking at the mid-chest. On the RIGHT HAND SIDE of the body - our left - we can see the NAMETAG of the dead soldier. He's still in his combat dress. BLOOD SOAKS his flak jacket.

We can make out PART of his name: HORODOWSKY

6. CAPTION/Hill: “PFC Horodowsky, Donald. From Memphis.

FIVE:

Gloved hands and white-clad sleeves - the same containment/work suits from Panel Three - removing the CHAIN of ID TAGS - dog tags - from around HORODOWSKY'S NECK. There are FOUR ID TAGS, two on the main chain, another TWO joined by a smaller chain, linked to the larger.

7. CAPTION/Hill: “The body’s at Dover now for processing.

8. CAPTION/Hill: “If that’s everything, sir?”

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ONE:

Interior STEVE’S QUARTERS. Again, assuming this is in Avenger’s Tower. No idea if this has been established. If it has, run with that. If it hasn’t, then figure it’s neat and trim, military-kept, military quarters.

STEVE is opening his CLOSET.

NO COPY.

TWO:

Past STEVE, bottom of the closet, reaching for his FOOTLOCKER, and yeah, figure it’s WWII era.

The closet, like the apartment, is neat, everything in its place.

His name is stenciled on the FOOTLOCKER, as would be his original rank, etc. “PFC ROGERS, S.” And probably a “United States Army” as well, or somesuch.

NO COPY.

THREE:

Wider, the FOOTLOCKER is out of the closet, now, resting on the bed, open. STEVE stands facing it, head lifted slightly as he answers Hill.

1. HILL/elec/taillless: Commander? The service for PFC Horodowsky will be held at Memorial Park Funeral Home. I’m forwarding the address.
2. STEVE: Thank you, Maria.
3. HILL/elec/taillless: Do you want me to arrange transport, sir?

FOUR:

OTS STEVE, into the FOOTLOCKER. We can SEE:

STEVE’s MEDALS CASE - glass topped, and pretty much ridiculously full.
STEVE’s WWII CLASS A DRESS UNIFORM, neatly folded, including his CAP.
A WWII era .50 CALIBER AMMUNITION BOX.

The BOX is the key to the story, here. Battered and dented. Recovered from combat.

4. STEVE: No, I'll handle it myself.

5. STEVE: Thank you, Maria.

FIVE:

STEVE standing, holding up his CLASS As, looking at them thoughtfully.

6. HILL/tailless/elec: Yes, sir.

Pages 4 and 5

ONE:

Main horizontal, top of both pages, wide shot.

Interior of a funeral home in Memphis, looking from the back of the room. EMPTY PEWS and an ELEGANT WOODEN COFFIN resting in place of honor, closed, at the end of the room, centered. An AMERICAN FLAG is draped over it, as befits a KIA.

The room is empty but for SGT. MILLS, black, late 20s, standing at the foot of the coffin, gazing at it. MILLS is in his CLASS A dress uniform.

STEVE is approaching the coffin, coming down the main aisle. Back to us. He’s wearing his CLASS As, removing his cap as he approaches.

1. CAPTION/locator: Memphis, Tennessee

TWO:

MILLS looks to his side, reacting, as STEVE reaches the CASKET. STEVE is looking down at it. His expression is somber, deep in thought.

MILLS is reacting to the uniform, not the man. The uniform is entirely out of place - current Class As are a dark blue; WWII Class As were that taupe/tan color.

From this angle, we can see STEVE’S decorations, the “fruit salad” on his left breast - and if we want to be really anal, I can get you all of the ribbons, but, seriously, there’d be a metric fuckton of them. Don’t think he’d be wearing any of his medals - he’d use the ribbons for them, instead. He has CAPTAIN’S BARS at his collar.

NO COPY.

THREE:

CU on STEVE’S CHEST - the nametag: ROGERS.

NO COPY.

FOUR:

MILLS reacting, snapping to attention and saluting.

- 2. MILLS: Sir!
- 3. MILLS: Beg your pardon, I...I didn’t know you--
- 4. MILLS: --I mean...

FIVE:

STEVE, returning the salute. He’s Captain America. Confidence and trust rolls off him like water from a melting glacier.

MILLS is immediately relaxing.

5. STEVE: At ease, Sergeant.
6. MILLS: Sir!
7. STEVE: You’re Horodowsky’s escort?
8. MILLS: Yes, sir.

SIX:

Stet, but STEVE is shaking MILLS’ hand, now.

9. STEVE: Steve Rogers.
10. MILLS: Yes, sir, I know, sir.
11. MILLS: David Mills.

SEVEN:

STEVE and MILLS, both looking at the CASKET.

NO COPY.

EIGHT:

MILLS looks to STEVE.

12. MILLS: Did you know him, sir?
13. STEVE: I did not, Sergeant.

NINE:

STEVE now looking to MILLS.

14. STEVE: You?
15. MILLS: Yeah, we were in the sand together. Made it all the way home and then that damn thing in Broxton and...

16 MILLS: ...I don't even know what we were doing there, sir.

TEN
STEVE.

17. STEVE: Your duty, Sergeant.

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ONE:

Same set as panel one, previous, but now well-lit and the pews are PACKED. HORODOWSKY’S FAMILY sits in the front row - his WIFE, KAREN, their DAUGHTER, EMILY (8), and Horodowsky’s parents, SARAH and TOM. Blue collar all the way.

MILLS sits in the row behind the family, alongside another TWO OR THREE soldiers in their DRESS UNIFORMS. There are representatives from the local VFW CHAPTER in the assembly as well, mostly men in their 60s and older, wearing their VFW caps. LOTS of CIVILIANS, as well.

A MINISTER stands at the head of the assembly, speaking.

NO COPY.

TWO:

Reverse on KAREN and EMILY. KAREN is weeping, an arm around EMILY, who looks uncomprehendingly at the coffin.

STEVE visible behind them, watching them. His expression somber, sympathetic.

KAREN clutches a small RED VELVET BAG in one hand - the bag that held Horodowsky’s personal effects recovered from the body.

NO COPY.

THREE:

Angle, the MINISTER is moving away from the COFFIN, as MILLS and FOUR OTHERS - TWO in UNIFORM, TWO in CIVVIES (Horodowsky’s friends) move towards the COFFIN, to act as pallbearers.

NO COPY.

FOUR:

MILLS speaking to the others over the COFFIN. One of them is looking our way (towards Steve).

NO COPY.

FIVE:

Angle, wide. KAREN and HORODOWSKY'S FAMILY have turned to see STEVE rising. MILLS, at the coffin, is motioning him forward. They want him to be one of the pallbearers.

SIX:

Tight past STEVE, just body in shot, as he passes KAREN and EMILY.

KAREN is reacting - she's realized who he is. She's not happy.

NO COPY.

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ONE:

Longshot. Exterior establishing, Memphis National Cemetery, mid-afternoon. Sunlight.

STEVE, MILLS, and the FOUR OTHERS, are carrying HORODOWSKY’S COFFIN to the gravesite.

The FAMILY - KAREN, EMILY, etc - follows, followed in turn by the other mourners.

NO COPY.

TWO:

The FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN in the FG, as the HONOR GUARD (FOUR SOLDIERS in FULL DRESS), their RIFLES at their shoulders, firing off their salute.

NO COPY.

THREE:

STEVE standing beside MILLS and the OTHER PALLBEARERS, respectful in their silence. STEVE is watching Karen, past us.

NO COPY.

FOUR:

STEVE’S POV, watching as a UNIFORMED OFFICER, back to us, hands the FOLDED FLAG to KAREN. EMILY clings to her sleeve.

KAREN’S EYES are full of tears, but she’s stopped crying. She’s accepting the FLAG, but staring past the OFFICER, at us/Steve. There’s a hint of definite ANGER in her expression, now.

NO COPY.

FIVE:

Wide shot of the gravesite, as the MOURNERS begin to move away, the service over.

STEVE stands with MILLS as before, not having moved.

KAREN stands as before, holding the FLAG and the RED VELVET BAG, watching as EMILY moves off with her grandparents.

NO COPY.

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ONE:

KAREN’s anger beginning to really leak out, as she glares at STEVE.

1. KAREN: A favor? You want a **favor**?
2. KAREN: They won’t even tell us **how** Donny **died**!
3. KAREN: You took my baby’s **father** from her, but Captain America wants a **favor**?

TWO:

KAREN turns away from STEVE.

STEVE hasn’t moved.

4. KAREN: You can go to hell.

THREE:

On STEVE, glancing down, mouth tight. Thinking. How do you answer this grief?

NO COPY.

FOUR:

Stet.

5. STEVE: Donald died the way soldiers have **always** died, ma’am.

FIVE:

Stet, but STEVE has raised his head again, looking at us. The expression here is everything. Sympathy, understanding, but not maudlin, not sorrow. Almost determination, perhaps.

7. STEVE: He gave his life in service to his country.

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ONE:

Past STEVE, to KAREN, where she’s stopped, back to him. Grief is rising.

1. KAREN: His **country**?!?
2. KAREN: His country doesn’t even **know** he’s **dead**!

TWO:

Angle, KAREN whirls around to shout at STEVE.

3. KAREN: And even if they did, do you think they **care**? Just **another** dead soldier!
4. KAREN: They don’t know who he **was**! They don’t know what he left behind!

THREE:

KAREN and STEVE, facing each other. She’s caught between her grief and her rage.

5. STEVE: Then tell **me**.
6. STEVE: Because that’s **why** I’m here.

FOUR:

Pull back, they’re still facing each other. KAREN has dropped her gaze. STEVE hasn’t moved.

7. STEVE: Tell me who he was, so I can **remember** him with you.

FIVE:

Pull back to longshot.

STEVE and KAREN sit opposite each other by the gravesite. She still holds the flag and the bag, but now is gesturing, telling Steve about her husband.

And STEVE is listening. With everything he is, he’s listening.

NO COPY.

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ONE:

VFW POST, Memphis, interior. The wake for Donald Horodowsky.

The MOURNERS are here, drinking, talking, crying, laughing. The PARENTS, KAREN, and EMILY are gathered around a round table.

MILLS and STEVE stand with them. The mood is lighter.

1. KAREN: --gave him this, you remember when you gave him this, honey?
2. KAREN: You were in kindergarden when you made it for him.

TWO:

Closer, KAREN is pulling the CHAIN with the DOG TAGS from the VELVET BAG, which now lies on the table. We can see a WRIST WATCH, here, and a POCKET KNIFE, and maybe a CHAIN with a small CROSS on it.

EMILY is holding a shrinky-dink like charm, a FLOWER, looking at it seriously.

3. EMILY: It was in Daddy's pocket?
4. KAREN: Yes, it was, honey...
5. KAREN: ...oh...

THREE:

KAREN holding the CHAIN, with the two sets of TAGS, her expression more somber. Staring at the tags.

6. KAREN/small: ...his tags.

FOUR:

Stet.

NO COPY.

FIVE:

KAREN looking to STEVE. MILLS is looking at STEVE, curious.

7. KAREN: You...had a favor you wanted to ask?
8. STEVE: Yes, ma'am...

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ONE:

Back in Steve's apartment.

The FOOTLOCKER is open on the bed, as before. STEVE is replacing his DRESS UNIFORM carefully inside it. The AMMO BOX is open beside it. We cannot see inside the ammo box.

1. CAPTION/Steve: "...a small one, if you're willing..."

TWO:

STEVE holding one of the TAGS. Looking at it seriously.

2. CAPTION/Steve: "...just something for me to remember him by."

THREE:

STEVE drops the TAG into the AMMO BOX.

1. SFX: tink

FOUR:

And now we can see the interior of the ammo box.

It's FILLED with DOG TAGS. Every soldier who's died at his order, at his side.

All of them remembered, in this box.

NO COPY.