

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

America's Dreaming

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Example Draft

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PAGE ONE

Panel 1: Apartment - Open planned loft apartment with two story living room and large windows. Early morning, long before sunrise. Modern yet somehow old fashioned reminiscent of an old gym. Large windows overlooking Manhattan, brick walls, old wooden furniture. Pictures on one wall full of newspaper clippings and memorabilia. Old American flag from 1917 in a large case in the center. In the foreground is a kitchen, clean except a drip coffee machine steaming away. A door is open and light streams through the entrance.

NARRATOR:

Manhattan, November the eleventh.
It's 4:36 in the morning and it's
still dark. Dawn's almost two hours
away.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)

Captain America doesn't know it yet,
but today is going to be the longest
day of his life.

Panel 2: Camera moves forward, out of the kitchen and into the living room. Shot of the lower part of the flag and a focus on an ancient photograph beneath it. A couple at the beach wearing very old fashioned beach-wear. They're arm in arm and laughing.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)

He's been awake for half an hour. He
dreamt of his parents last night.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)

Of his mother's cool hands, and a
laugh he thinks might have been his
father's.

RADIO:

(tiny muffled voice))
"... .."

NARRATOR:

He liked that. Woke happy and
refreshed. Glad there was a part of
them still inside him. Still alive,
in a way.

RADIO:
(tiny muffled
voice - barely
legible)
"...back to Jail, right Jan?"

Panel 3: Large Panel. Camera moves towards the window and looks out on the street. Meat district with the skyscrapers of Manhattan beyond. Outside the streets are empty. Almost all the windows nearby are dark.

NARRATOR:
Steve doesn't dream much. He barely
sleeps anymore.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
He tells his friends he's already
wasted too much of his life
slumbering under the ice. But that's
a lie.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
It's the Serum. It won't let him
rest.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
It still floods through his veins,
even after all these years. Burning
away any toxins that threaten to slow
him down.

RADIO:
(slightly louder but
still small text))
*"That's right, Don. Looks like New
Yorkers won't be troubled by the
Wrecking Crew anytime soon!"*

Panel Four. View of the open door, with light pouring
through it

NARRATOR:
So he rises early. Tidies his already
neat apartment. Makes himself a
coffee, then starts working out.

RADIO:
(still slightly
small)
*"Afterwards, Thor and She-Hulk
stayed at the bar and partied late
into the night. Here's wishing
them... and their hangovers...well!*

RADIO: (cont'd)
Hahahaha!

PAGE TWO

Panel One: Home Gym. All old 'classic' equipment. worn weights and heavy sandbag that's been patched and re-patched over the years. On one wall is a mirror. Steve's standing lifting a barbell overhead that bends slightly at the sheer amount of weight being lifted. He's in simple track pants and a tank top, very 'Rocky'. Muscular and athletic. The perfect human operating at peak efficiency. A radio is stood on a stool nearby.

RADIO:
*And now here's a golden oldie your
Great-Grandparents might have
listened to. Louise Armstrong with
'I wonder'*

STEVE:
Twenty Two... Twenty Three...

NARRATOR:
He can feel his muscles strain from the pressure of the weights. Just a whisker over half a ton.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
Half a ton. The ridiculousness of this struck him earlier as he loaded the bar.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
Even after almost a century, the sheer improbability of what his body can do never fails to amaze him.

Panel Two: In the mirror we see him reflected. Not muscular, but thin. A weak, pale, 90 pound boy, barely 19. With a sunken chest and hollow cheeks. Straining to lift tiny weights above his shoulders.

STEVE:

Twenty Four... Twenty Five

RADIO

(background and small panel)

*"I wonder, my little darling where
can you be this moonlit night."*

NARRATOR:

His friends, the other heroes he works with, all seem so comfortable with their new forms. With their speed, their flight, their tungsten muscles.

NARRATOR

Most of them, especially the youngsters, abandon their old lives with the ease of a butterfly slipping out of a cocoon.

NARRATOR:

But not Steve. He's never forgotten his.

Panel Three: He's straining now, muscles covered in sweat. Moving like an industrial engine.

STEVE:

Twenty Six... Twenty seven.... Twenty eight....

NARRATOR:

He's walked alongside gods. He's done things that have changed the world.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)

Saved it enough times that he's got medals from every country on Earth.

Panel Four: Similar to above. Straining as he makes a final effort.

NARRATOR:

He's even seen the Universe crumble and been rebuilt. More than once.

NARRATOR:

But he always remembers who he was.
The frailty. The way life grinds you
down.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)

What it feels like to be the little
guy.

STEVE:

Twenty Nine.... Thirty!

RADIO:

(small box across
panels)

"Are you holding someone tight? Oh
baby, I wonder."

Panel Five: He stands with a towel around his shoulders,
framed by the Sweating lightly but still looking like some
ancient greek statue. Weights at his feet. One hand resting
on the mirror. Reflected isn't Captain America but that
young skinny man, face serious, their hands touching against
the glass.

NARRATOR:

That memory, more than anything else,
makes him who he is.

STEVE:

(smiles)

Happy birthday, Steven. Hope you're
still enjoying the ride.

PAGE THREE.

Panel One: Steve walks back into his living room carrying
the radio. He puts it down on a table by the window and
listens to messages from an answering machine.

NARRATOR:

Afterwards, he listens to his
answering machine. Tony hates it.
Complains it's old and antiquated.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)

which is why Steve likes it.

RADIO:

"My heart is aching, I'm a fool..."
(MORE)

RADIO: (cont'd)

Panel two: Close up of his finger pressing the play button

NARRATOR:

There's something about old,
abandoned things he finds comforting.
One relic keeping another alive.

ANSWERING MACHINE:

You have... four... new messages.

Panel Three: Outside of the building looking in. Steve leans on the glass with a forearm, looking out.

ANSWERING MACHINE: (cont'd)

First Message. *Beep!* Hey Steve.

NARRATOR:

The voice is African-American. Warm
as Molasses and friendly as the first
days of summer.

RADIO:

*"Maybe I'll awake and find that I'm
mistaken... I wonder"*

Panel Four: Camera from behind him, showing the city he's watching. Far away, clouds are building above the skyscrapers eating away at the moon.

ANSWERING MACHINE:

Just wanted to reach out. Wish you
Happy Birthday. It's... heh, listen.
Hell of a day, my friend. Hell of a
day. You take care, okay?

NARRATOR:

He's heard this voice every November
for over a decade. Ever since his
resurrection.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)

And he still has no idea who's
calling him or how they know when he
was born.

Panel Five: Shot of the Wall, of a picture of him in his original costume shaking hands with a smiling Roosevelt.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
Everyone thinks his birthday is July
the 4th. Even the other Avengers.
But it's not.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
The war department liked that date.
Liked the way it worked with the myth
of Captain America.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
They liked Americans thinking Steve
came into the world christened with
fireworks.

Panel Six: Close up shot of the picture of his mother and
father, focused tight on his mother's face.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
He never liked that. Felt it was
dishonest to the memory of his
parents.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
But he was young, and determined to
be of use. So he'd agreed. And after
a while, it was too late to change it
back.

PAGE FOUR

Panel One: Close up of his face, framed similar to his
mother. Top of his face is cut off focused on his chin and
chest.

ANSWERING MACHINE:
Second Message. *Beep!

ANSWERING MACHINE: (cont'd)
Hello, Steven. It's been a while.

Panel Two: He smiles. He doesn't know who this is but we
can tell he likes hearing the speaker.

NARRATOR:
This one is as familiar and
unfamiliar as the previous caller. A
woman this time.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
American again but with a hint of an
Eastern accent buried deep beneath
it. Her voice soft as old perfume.

RADIO:

*"You went traveling but will it last?
While I'm traveling nowhere fast"*

Panel Three: He turns and looks at the answering machine.
Not moving, just wondering about the speakers.

ANSWERING MACHINE:

Happy Birthday, Steven.

ANSWERING MACHINE: (cont'd)

I'm thinking of you, same as every
year. I... listen... we'll talk soon.
I mean it this time. I miss you.

Panel Three: Steve walks away from the window and pours
himself a coffee.

ANSWERING MACHINE: (cont'd)

(Background bar
noises)

Message Three. (Beep!).od
Captain! Tis Thor Odinson who greets
thee, this...

ANSWERING MACHINE: (cont'd)

Wait, Is this wretched thi...en
working? Can he hear me? Confounded
device!

Panel Four: Steven smiles fondly at the conversation as he
walks back into the living room.

ANSWERING MACHINE: (cont'd)

(background noise
and laughter)

(small text/green bubble) Ugh, you're
holding it upside down. Give it here.

ANSWERING MACHINE: (cont'd)

Hey Cap, Jen here. Um, Thor's telling
me to remind you about that thing at
headquarters later today. The
presentation.

ANSWERING MACHINE: (cont'd)

Anyway, speak soon. Jen Walters is
here to parttttyyyyyy!!!! *click*

RADIO:

*"I wonder well, well, well, little
baby..."*

PAGE FIVE:

Panel One: Shot of him frozen in place, coffee falling out of his hand.

ANSWERING MACHINE:
Fourth Message (beep!). Hello,
Kapitän Rogers.

NARRATOR:
No matter how long you live, there
are some voices you never forget. No
matter how much you want to.

Panel Two: He races towards the window, running into the panel from the left. The focus is on a photo of an Aryan man in Nazi regalia. He stands on a podium lit by fire and beams of light. Very Reichstag. There's an old Allied stamp on the photo and a typewritten note marking it as *'Believed to be Commander J Schmidt, 1941, 3rd Berlin Rally'*

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
Steve first heard this one on a
German broadcast, long before he was
sent overseas.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
Seductive. Whispering and roaring
hatred out into the airwaves.

Panel Three: He's exiting the next panel, half out of it as he sprints forward. In the center is a framed newspaper clipping of him battling the Red Skull in 1944.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
That voice terrified him back then.
Even now, two hundred and twenty
pounds heavier, it still sets his
teeth on edge.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
Johann Schmidt. The Red Skull.

Panel Four: Shot from outside through the window from above, his head is sticking round the window frame, trying to spot a sniper.

ANSWERING MACHINE:
You are wondering how I got this
number, perhaps?

ANSWERING MACHINE:

Or, if I'm standing nearby with a
rifle aimed at that oh-so blonde head
of yours?

PAGE SIX

Panel One : Steve grimaces (it's true) but ignores the
voice, looking around the room for his shield.

ANSWERING MACHINE:

Don't worry. That wouldn't be
very... operatic of me, would it?

Panel Two: He fixes his eyes on the hallway, where the
shield hangs on the wall.

ANSWERING MACHINE: (cont'd)

And you know I love my opera. The all
encompassing purity of it. 'Das
Gesamtkunstwerk', as Wagner would
say.

RADIO:

*If this new love dies, where will you
be?*

Panel Three: He leaps forward, racing for his weapon.

ANSWERING MACHINE:

No, I just called to say... goodbye.
I'd like to think we've had our
moments over the years.

RADIO:

Will your heart come back to me?

Panel Four: Window POV. Steve crouches behind the shield,
staring out across the apartment and out into the night.

ANSWERING MACHINE:

But, I think you'll agree, this
particular bit of theatrics has gone
on for far too long.

Panel Five: Closeup of Steve looking out searching for the
threat. Shield is in foreground and the white star dominates
the panel

ANSWERING MACHINE: (cont'd)
So, as my countrymen say, "Viel Glück
zum Geburtstag, Kapitän".

TRANSLATION:
"Good luck on your birthday,
Captain."

Panel Six: Almost all white - closeup of center of shield.

ANSWERING MACHINE:
You're going to need it. *click*

PAGE SEVEN

Panel One: Shot of the apartment from above looking down out of the window onto the street. The radio is still on, next to the answering machine.

RADIO:
Baby, I wonder.

RADIO: (cont'd)
*What a song. Boy, they don't make em
like they used to, do they Jan?*

RADIO: (cont'd)
*They sure don't, Don, though I have
to say, nowadays that could describe
us!*

RADIO: (cont'd)
Hahahahaha!

RADIO: (cont'd)
*Now, on a more serious note, here's
Connie with the weather. Connie? What
have you got for us night-owls?*

Panel Two: Similar shot, but lights from Steve's motorbike are pulling out onto the street.

RADIO: (cont'd)
*Thanks, Jan! Well, looks like
winter's finally coming. And it's
coming fast.*

RADIO:
*That cold front we've been tracking
all week should be with us by early
afternoon.*

Panel Three: Above the buildings, Steve's bike is the only light on and visible from far above.

RADIO:

And it's bringing snow with it. We're expecting two feet to fall in the next 24 hours. Maybe more!

RADIO: (cont'd)

You heard her, folks. Better bundle up or, if you can, play it safe and stay home.

Panel Four: Largest panel. Far above now, up in the clouds. All of New York is laid out below. Dark except for the light from his bike. POV of someone floating far above the city, wearing wearing a black and red cloak that whips around them. Only a leg and arm can be seen. At the edges, lightning has begun to build and crackle across the clouds.

RADIO: (cont'd)

It's going to be one monster of a storm!

TITLE CARD/CREDITS

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